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chronic cases, with every meal. Doctors recommend ALL-BRAN because it is 100% bran. It works as nature works. Serve it with milk or cream, fruits or honey added. Use it in cooking—there are delicious recipes on the package. Grocers sell ALL-BRAN. Restaurants, hotels, dining-cars serve it. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.



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The 7 DIALS MYSTERY

By Agatha Christie

CONTINUED

SEVEN DIALS AGAIN

They went together in Bundle's car. The police inspector was a slow-speaking man. He was somewhat overawed by Bundle's name and address when she gave it to him, and he took down her statement with great care.

"Lads!" he said. "That's what it is. Lads practicing! Cruel stupid, them young varnints are. Always loosing off at birds with no consideration for any one as may be on the other side of a hedge."

The doctor thought it a most unlikely solution, but he realized that the case would soon be in abler hands and it did not seem worth while to make objections.

"Name of deceased?" asked the sergeant, moistening his pencil.

He had a cardcase on him. He appears to have been a Mr. Ronald Devereux. She was sure she had heard it before.

It was not until she was halfway back to Chinnery in the car that it came to her. Of course! Ronny Devereux. Bill's friend in the Foreign office. He and Bill and—yes—Gerald Wade.

As this last realization came to her, Bundle nearly went into the hedge. First Gerald Wade—then Ronny Devereux. Gerry Wade's death might have been natural—the results of carelessness—but Ronny Devereux's surely bore a more sinister interpretation.

TO THE FATHER

And then Bundle remembered something else. Seven Dials. When the dying man had said it, it had seemed vaguely familiar. Now she knew why. Gerald Wade had mentioned Seven Dials in that last letter of his written to his sister on the night before his death. And that again connected up with something else that escaped her.

Thinking all these things over, Bundle had slowed down to such a sober pace that nobody would have recognized her. She drove the car round to the garage and went in search of her father.

Lord Caterham was happily reading a catalogue of a forthcoming sale of rare editions and was immeasurably astonished to see Bundle.

"Even you," he said. "can't have been to London and back in this time."

"I haven't been to London," said Bundle. "I ran over a man."

"What?"

"In the East End somewhere, I fancy. I have frequently observed busses going there—or do I mean Seven Sisters? I have never been there myself. I am thankful to say. Just as well, because I don't fancy it is the sort of spot I should like. And yet, curiously enough, I seem to have heard of it in some connection just lately."

"You don't know a Jimmy Thesiger do you?"

Lord Caterham was now engrossed in his catalogue once more. He had made an effort to be intelligent on the subject of Seven Dials. This time he made hardly an effort at all.

"Thesiger," he murmured vaguely. "Thesiger. One of the Yorkshire Thesigers?"

"That's what I'm asking you. Do attend, father. This is important."

Lord Caterham made a desperate effort to look intelligent without really having to give his mind to the matter.

"There are some Yorkshire Thesigers," he said earnestly. "And unless I am mistaken some Devonshire Thesigers also. Your Great-Aunt Selina married a Thesiger."

"What good is that to me?" cried Bundle.

Lord Caterham chuckled. "It was very little good to her, if I remember rightly."

"You're impossible," said Bundle, rising. "I shall have to get hold of Bill."

"Do, dear," said her father absently as he turned a page. "Certainly. By all means. Quite so."

Bundle rose to her feet with an

THE OLD RELIABLE

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"Only I didn't really. He was shot."

"How could he have been?"

"I didn't know how he could have been, but he was."

"But why did you shoot him?"

"I didn't shoot him."

"You shouldn't shoot people," said Lord Caterham in a tone of mild remonstrance.

"I daresay some of them richly deserve it—but all the same it will lead to trouble."

"Well, who did?"

"Nobody knows," said Bundle. "Nonsense," said Lord Caterham. "A man can't be shot and run over without any one having done it."

"He wasn't run over," said Bundle. "A tire burst, I suppose," said Lord Caterham. "That does sound like a shot. It says so in detective stories."

"You really are perfectly impossible, father. You don't seem to have the brains of a rabbit."

"Not at all," said Lord Caterham. "You come in with a wildly impossible table about men being run over and shot and I don't know what, and then you expect me to know all about it by magic."

Bundle sighed wearily. "Just attend," she said. "I'll tell you all about it in words of one syllable."

"There," she said, when she had concluded. "Now have you got it?"

IN EAST LONDON

"Of course. I understand perfectly now. I can make allowances for your being a little upset, my dear. I was not far wrong when I remarked to you before starting out that people looking for trouble usually found it. I am thankful," finished Lord Caterham with a slight shrug, "that I stayed quietly here."

He picked up the catalogue again. "Father, where is Seven Dials?"

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Impatient sigh.

"I wish I could remember what that letter said," she murmured more to herself than loud. "I didn't read it very carefully. Something about a joke—that the Seven Dials business wasn't a joke."

Lord Caterham emerged suddenly from his catalogue.

"Seven Dials?" he said. "Of course. I've got it now."

"Got what?"

"I know why it sounded so familiar. George Lomax has been over."

"Tredwell failed for once and let him in. He was on his way up to town. It seems he's having some political party at the Abbey next week and he got a warning letter."

"What do you mean by a warning letter?"

"Well, I don't really know. He didn't go into details. I gather it said 'Beware' and 'Trouble is at hand,' and all those sorts of things. But anyway it was written from Seven Dials, I distinctly remember his saying so. He was going up to it. You know George?"

KNOWN AS CODDERS

Bundle nodded. She was well acquainted with that public-spirited Cabinet Minister, George Lomax. His Majesty's permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who was shunned by many because of his inveterate habit of quoting from his public speeches in private. In allusion to his bulging eyeballs, he was known to many as Bill Eversleigh, among others—as Codders.

"Tell me," she said. "was Codders interested at all in Gerald Wade's death?"

"Not that I ever heard of. He may have been, of course."

Bundle said nothing for some minutes. She was busily engaged in trying to remember the exact wording of the letter she had sent to Lorraine Wade, and at the same time she was trying to picture the girl to whom it had been written. What sort of a girl was this to whom, apparently, Gerald Wade was so devoted? The more she thought over it the more it seemed to her that it was an unusual letter for a brother to write.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

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Auction Sale

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction Saturday, November 2nd, commencing at 1.30 P. M. sharp for John F. Simmonds, St. Avards, the following household furniture:—Dining room table and chairs, settee and two rockers, Maurice chair, antique mahogany bureau, two bedroom sets, kitchen range, two large tables, couch, cooking utensils and dishes, 1 Farmacette (new) 1 two burner oil stove, 1 buffalo robe, 1 extra heavy horse blanket; also 50 Plymouth Rock chickens, 20 hens, 1 pair pigs (3 months), wheelbarrow, lawn mower, pruning shears, garden tools, carpenter tools, also numerous other articles. Sale positive as property is sold.

JOHN A. McDONALD, Auctioneer. 9586-10-30-Nov. 17r.

S. S. Rosolend

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October 4, October 18, November 1, November 15.

October 7, October 21, November 4, November 18.

11th Oct. 1929, 9182-10-14,18,21,25,Nov. 1.

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