

# COUNTY CLUB

BY HOLLOWAY HORN

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### Principal Characters

**Arthur Dillmore:** A very modern product of the Metropolitan Police College.

**Superintendent Ducros:** An older and more experienced member of the Police Force.

**Mrs. Lewin:** The wealthy widow of a South African magnate.

**Mary Stenning:** Her young secretary and companion.

**Silas Rulliter:** A solicitor whose knowledge of the law enables him to ignore it for a time.

**Marty Fernandez:** Who manages the Mossford County Club—suave and cosmopolitan.

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Superintendent DUCROS and Station-Inspector DOLLIMORE ("Dolly" for short) arrive as guests at Mossford County Club. They are tracking FLASH CARDEW, who has arrived in England from America and is wanted by the police. He is a former associate of MONTY FERNANDEZ, who is running the Club.

Dollimore discovers that the professional "host" at the club is RONNIE GLINSHE, who was at Oxford with him, and who has taken the job as a temporary measure. Glinshe tells him there is a furtive atmosphere about the Club, which he suspects.

While the detectives are in the Club, an old lady, Mrs. LEWIN, is found dead, and her jewels stolen.

The two police officers immediately reveal their identities, and call in the local police. Fernandez is questioned and confesses that all his visitors are not members, and that anybody might have got in, committed the murder—if it is murder—and gone away again.

MARY STENNING, Mrs. Lewin's companion and secretary, with whom Dollimore had been dancing earlier, tells of a son of Mrs. Lewin who lives in Paris, and says that most of Mrs. Lewin's fortune was in diamonds. When questioned as to her own movements that evening, she says that she had been with Mrs. Lewin's nephew, who has a farm near by, and that she had just declined to marry him.

When Glinshe is questioned, he declares Mrs. Lewin has been murdered.

(Now Read On)

### CHAPTER II (Continued)

**More Facts Emerge**

"I say it's murder," repeated Glinshe. "She wouldn't commit suicide."

"Look here, Ronny," Dollimore put in. "A fact or so would help us more than all these impressions. What first started you thinking that they were crooks?"

"My room overlooks the garage. The first night I was here, a car went out at three in the morning and came back just before it was light. Fernandez was in it."

"You've nothing more definite? That isn't criminal."

"No. There was one man who insulted a middle-aged lady. She seemed terrified. It looked like blackmail. I told him what I thought of him and he called me a qualified gigo. Fernandez told me to mind my own business or get out. You'll find that I'm right and they're a bunch of crooks. And I don't think you need look beyond them for the murderers."

"You include the Solicitor?"

"Wait until you've seen him yourself. He was here this evening."

The phone bell broke across the conversation.

"Hello!" said Ducros, as he lifted the receiver. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Rulliter. This is Superintendent Ducros of Scotland Yard speaking. I should like to see you immediately."

A silence, and Ducros continued: "Your client, Mrs. Lewin, has been murdered. No doubt whatever. I shall be here."

He replaced the receiver: "He's coming down at once," he said. "He should be here within the hour. He's apparently only just got in."

"By the way," Dollimore asked. "What about the jewellery?"

"Gone," said Ducros. "The empty cases are there. The rings were taken from her fingers, even. Thank you, Mr. Glinshe," he went on.

"The three police officers were left alone in the office."

"I like that fellow," Inspector Pertwee said. "But what's he doing here at all? He's not the type."

"He took the job as a stop-gap. I knew him at Oxford," Dollimore said.

"I think he's right about their being crooks," Pertwee said thoughtfully. "We've heard vague rumours about the place for some time past. There was a case of robbery a few weeks ago. A lady staying here lost her jewellery."

Ducros nodded: "We've no guarantee that this list is correct," he said. "There are several ways out of the place, and whoever did it had a clear hour in which to get away. If Fernandez is a crook, it might have been done by someone of whom we haven't heard at all. And the jewels have gone, too. You can bet on that."

"That's so," Pertwee agreed.

"The liddle from the finger-prints will be here soon," Ducros went on. "He'll find dozens—mainly of the girl, Miss Stenning, and the maid who did the room. The person who pulled the actual job would wear gloves of course. I'm beginning to wish I hadn't been here. It would then have been your pigeon, Pertwee."

The local Inspector smiled.

"Now, who are the possibilities?" Ducros said, glancing at the list in his hand. "The girl, Stenning."

"Cut her out!" said Dollimore calmly. "Cut out, nothing!" snapped Ducros. "Miss Stenning, Fernandez, the nephew—we haven't seen him, by the way—and the girl Pachmann—"

"And anyone else who was here—the entire staff of servants for example," Dollimore put in, "and any one else who could have got in. There were strangers here at tea-time, for example, who could have concealed themselves."

"In short," Ducros interrupted him. "The usual person unknown. Anybody might have walked in—through this office—for example. That door leads into the garden, and that one to the back of the house."

"Flash Cardew?" Dollimore suggested.

"Exactly. It's a job after his own heart. We know that he has actually been here within the last day or so, according to Glinshe."

"It may be that they did not expect her to go up to her room so early. She may have found him there and he killed her because she had recognized him—or recognized one of them," Dollimore put in.

Ducros nodded: "That's a point. They could have got away—she was an infirm old lady—but if she had recognized them they dare not leave her to talk. Where's Fernandez, by the way?"

"In the dance-room doing his best to soothe the guests," Dollimore said. "You don't propose to search the

place for the jewellery?" Pertwee asked.

Ducros shook his head: "No," he said. "They have either gone—as I suspect—or they've hidden it where we shouldn't find it."

The local inspector smiled, "I get steadily more thankful that I'm not in charge of the investigation."

"The newspaper men will be down in the morning," Dollimore pointed out.

"Make sure that they are," Ducros said. "Phone to one of the news agencies right away, Dolly. We're going to need all the publicity we can get in this case, unless I'm very much mistaken."

There was a knock at the door and Glinshe came back into the room.

"Forgive my butting in," he said.

"But I've just linked up that photograph. He was here with Rulliter. He was here to-night. He's dark and the man in the photograph is fair. He has a moustache and the picture is clean-shaven, but the expression is there. There's something about the eyes." Ducros and Dollimore glanced at each other.

"You're certain, Ronny?" Dollimore asked quietly.

"Absolutely," said Glinshe. "I solemnly went through everybody I could remember having met here. And suddenly it flashed on me. I'm quite sure."

Ducros was stroking his chin: "You're right," he said. "And he was within a dozen yards of me."

### CHAPTER III

#### Detective Versus Lawyer

Mrs. Lewin's solicitor, Rulliter, had no idea when he reached the Mossford County Club a few minutes before one that his visit was other than a professional one.

As a lawyer, he was, of course, anxious to give the police every assistance in his power. The London police had got into touch with him at his private flat, and at their request he had agreed to go to Mossford immediately, in spite of the fact that it was already late and he was tired. His conduct, indeed, was all—and even more—that could be expected in a reputable solicitor.

When he reached the club, the police had been making detailed and methodical enquiries for nearly three hours and both Ducros and Dollimore knew that, as a result of the enquiries, they were no nearer the solution of their problem than when they had heard Mary Stenning's scream.

Rulliter was a dapper little man of forty. His dark hair was greying at the temples and, superficially, he appeared to be a prosperous and conventional professional man. But long experience had taught Ducros never to take a man at his face value, never to judge by appearances.

Dollimore, too, watched every movement, every change in his expression.

There was something wrong with Rulliter's eyes, but neither of the men who examined him was quite sure what it was. A peculiar cast in the left eye gave the effect that Rulliter was watching with one eye only, but with strange intensity.

The policeman stopped him at the main entrance and while he was sending the news of the arrival to his superiors, Fernandez, who had been sitting alone in the dance-room the picture of dejection, came out to him. For a minute, at least, the two men were alone together, but, when Dollimore appeared to take Rulliter into the office, they stepped apart.

"It's good of you to come down at this unearthly hour," Ducros said as he waved the visitor to a chair.

"Not at all. I was terribly distressed when your colleagues in town got through to me with the news. Needless to say, gentlemen, anything I can do to assist you will be done."

"Thank you. Now in the first place, how long have you known Mrs. Lewin?"

Rulliter appeared to think: "About eight or nine months, I should say."

"Where did you meet her in the first place?"

"She called at my office in Gowril Street, to sign certain documents in connexion with a furnished flat she had taken. I was acting for the landlord."

"Prior to that you had no knowledge of her?"

"No. I've gleaned certain information since. I made out her return for income tax in this country, for example, and it was . . . illuminating."

"She was a wealthy woman?"

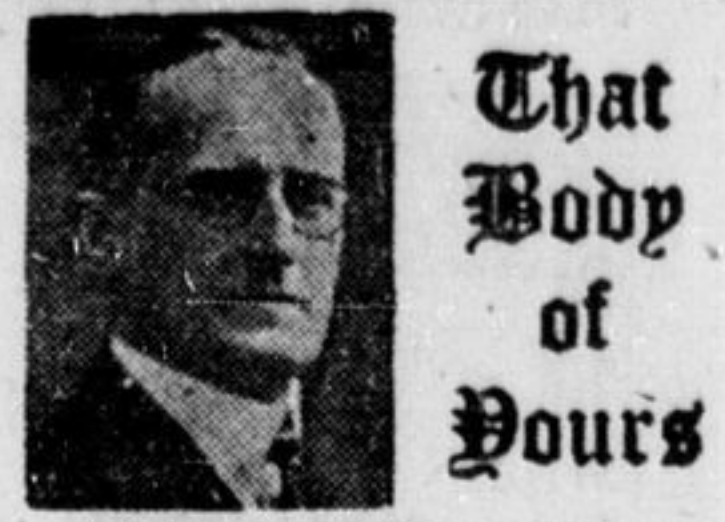
"Yes." He hesitated a little in replying, showing a proper professional reluctance to talk of his client's private business even to the police. "But she managed most of her affairs herself."

"Did she leave a will?"

"Not to my knowledge. But there is probably one in existence, I imagine."

"You're sure on the point?" Dollimore asked.

"As far as I know. I certainly have none in my custody, if that is what you



## That Body of Yours

(by James W. Barton, M.D.)

**Cause of Obscure Fever**

When a patient is admitted to hospital with a rise in temperature there is usually some disease or infection present which accounts for the rise. However, it is not unusual to see the chart of a patient marked P. U. O. pyrexia (fever) of unknown origin. This means that the cause of the fever will have to be found so that proper treatment may be given.

Dr. C. F. Keefer, Boston, in the Texas State Journal of Medicine, tells of his study of eighty cases of obscure fever. He points out that in trying to find the cause, "One must take into account geography, climate, and the presence of certain diseases in that community. Also the history of other infections and the habits of the individual must be investigated."

The methods used to find the cause of the fever varied with individual cases and included locating special organisms, finding definite signs of certain diseases, cutting out small pieces of tissue for examination under a microscope, and the use of X-rays. "In a few cases the cause of the fever was found only making an opening by surgery."

In the group of cases in which fever was caused by infection, the commonest causes were tuberculosis, staphylococcus, and the streptococcus (teeth and mouth), and undulant fever.

The second large group of cases in which fever was a prominent feature consisted of ten patients with tumors which they are found being the intestine and the kidneys.

In a number of cases the heat-producing processes of the body were normal but the process which gets rid of the heat, particularly the skin, were not normal. This condition was found in patients with heart failure, lack of thyroid juice, hardening of the skin, acquiring or inherited absence of the sweat glands, or following use of some drugs which prevent sweating; and in anaemia (thin blood).

As we consider the above causes of fever, it can be seen that many of them would not suspect if careful investigation had not been made.

The fact that tuberculosis was found to be the cause of so many of these is worthy of consideration; and also the fact that growths in intestine and kidney are likely a frequent cause of obscure fever.

### Scourge

Many persons suffer from one of those two dreaded social diseases—gonorrhoea and syphilis—without knowing just what is the matter with them. Send for this useful booklet by Dr. Barton entitled "Scourge" which deals with the subject frankly and helpfully. Send your request, accompanied by Ten Cents to cover cost of handling, to the Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N. Y., and mention the name of this paper.

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## Legion Helping Prepare for Days After the War

### Valuable Assistance to the Fighting Men in Their Time Off Duty.

Ottawa, Feb. 7.—The end of a day's training schedule is more than a mere recess from army routine for thousands of young men now serving in Canada's active service forces. Tonight, at home and overseas, they will be found seated in camp lecture rooms or beneath study lamps in barracks.

They have become enrolled in a Canadian "university" which is spreading its lecture rooms from the Pacific coast to somewhere in France behind the Maginot Line. Mathematics, music, and motor mechanics; languages, literature and electricity; aeronautics, art, agriculture and skilled trades of all kinds have become their everyday problems.

Wherever there are concentrations of Canadian seamen, soldiers or airmen, the educational facilities provided by the Canadian Legion War Services, will be available. Since the outbreak of war it has become a far-reaching, thorough-going educational institution with a flood of enrolments from every branch of the services.

Through the active co-operation of the Canadian Association for Adult Education, the Legion has arranged classes and courses of instruction in every military district in the Dominion. Last week officials of the Legion arrived at Aldershot to extend the work in England and later in France.

A typical report to Legion officials from its education committee in Military District No. 3 (Eastern Ontario) reveals the response from the men when the educational services were offered.

In one area 110 men have registered for a course in motor mechanics; 161 in conversational French; 58 in conversational German; 80 in electricity; 55 in machine shop work; 65 in mathematics. At another point it is reported that 25 different classes have been organized.

In general the program of education is being pursued in three directions (1) vocational education for military purposes; (2) vocational education for ultimate civilian needs; (3) general, liberal or cultural education.

Apart from the specialized studies that are being pursued, many lectures of a general character on a wide variety of subjects have been arranged in most of the districts. Every effort is being made to make the courses of study attractive, interesting and profitable to the men. In many cases films, radio, books, pamphlets and magazines will be supplementary means of instruction to the organized studies.

The facilities of Canadian and British universities have been given freely and fully to assist in the programme. In the cultural studies art, music and history have gained many students. Engineering and agricultural courses are also provided through university lecture services. Correspondence courses recognized as credit courses to matriculation have been made available to many.

The development and extension of this far-flung "university" is the pro-

## Funeral at Eganville of the Late Martin Deloughery

(From Eganville Leader)

Mr. Martin Deloughery, a native of Grattan, and a capable and valued employee at the International Paper Mills at Timiskaming, Que., died on Sunday last following an accident the previous day. While getting a pail of water he slipped on the icy surroundings and falling sustained head injuries of a severe nature. He was given medical attention but the shock culminated in a fatal heart attack the following day.

The deceased was fifty-five years of age and was born in Donegal, Grattan, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Martin Deloughery (Brigid Kelly). For an extended period of years he was engaged at Timiskaming.

The body was forwarded to Eganville, and arrived at an early hour on Tuesday morning. Accompanying the remains were a brother, James, of Timmins, and J. H. Gallagher, a member of the Canadian Legion. The following morning at nine o'clock the funeral was held from the home of his brother, Mr. John Deloughery, to St. James' Church and cemetery. Rev. Father Flynn officiated at the Requiem High Mass and the Libera, and at the conclusion of the church services burial took place in St. James' cemetery. The pallbearers were John Glover and Leo Deloughery of Ottawa, John S. Gallagher, of Timiskaming, John A. Gallagher, James T. Gallagher and Charles Deloughery of Eganville.

All members of the family with the exception of one brother and one sister (Michael Deloughery and Mrs. Forsyth) assisted here at the obsequies. Two nephews and a niece, Mr. Daniel Deloughery of Kingston and Mr. Leo Deloughery and Miss Zita Deloughery of Ottawa were also present.

The late Mr. Deloughery was un-

married. He is survived by three brothers and three sisters, namely, Michael in the State of Oregon, James of Timmins, and John Deloughery of Eganville, Mrs. H. A. Dickson of Port Arthur, Mrs. J. A. Boland of Montreal, and Mrs. R. G. Forsyth of Lowell, Mass.

The deceased was attached to the 38th Battalion in the first Great War and was a member of the local union of the Canadian Legion in Timiskaming.

A semi-military funeral was held in Timiskaming before the body was brought here for burial. From the War Veterans' Hall there the mourners proceeded to the Roman Catholic church, where Rev. Ambrose McInnery chanted a Libera service.

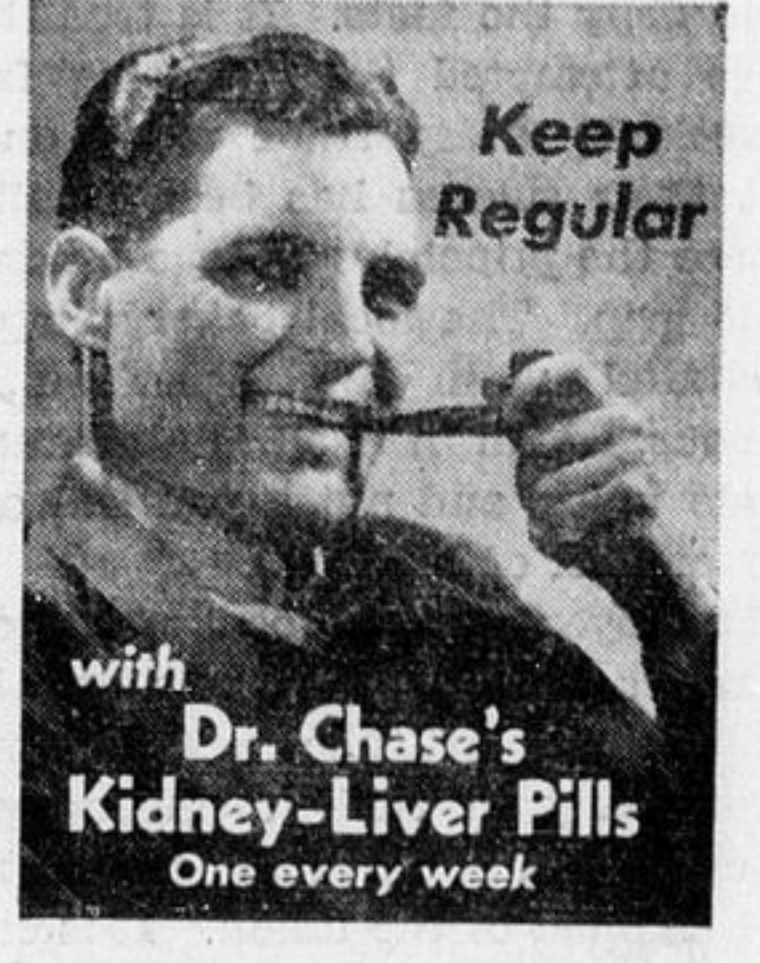
Among the many floral tributes were pieces from the International Paper Mills, the Canadian Corps Association; Labor Union, 283, Timiskaming, and the Empire Mutual Benefit Association.

### Secret Weapon?

(From Exchange)

At a British observation post on the Western Front, Private Jones was peering into the distance with his field glasses, when suddenly an adventurous flea started climbing across the glass at the far end.

The watcher gazed for a moment in amazement, then turned and gasped: "Lummee—they're coming over on camels!"



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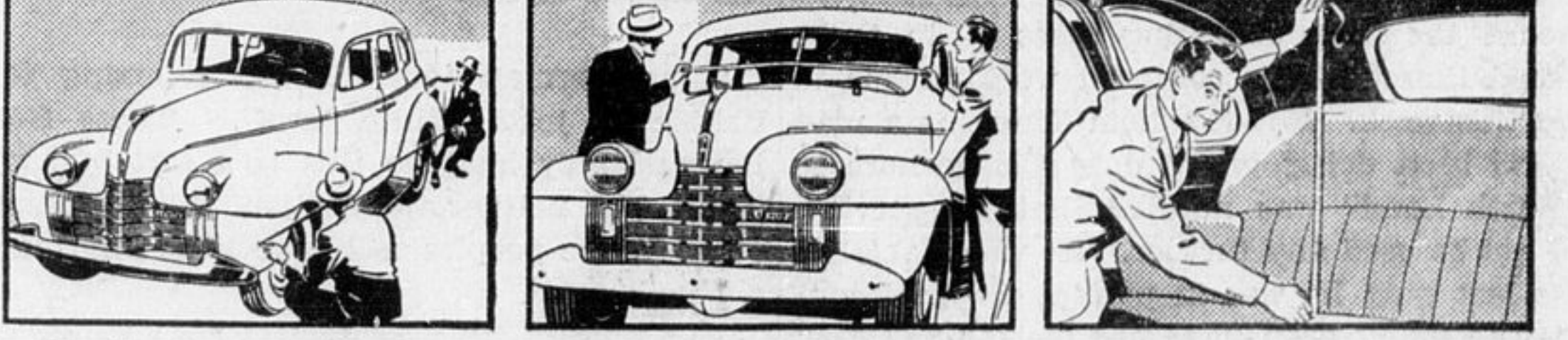
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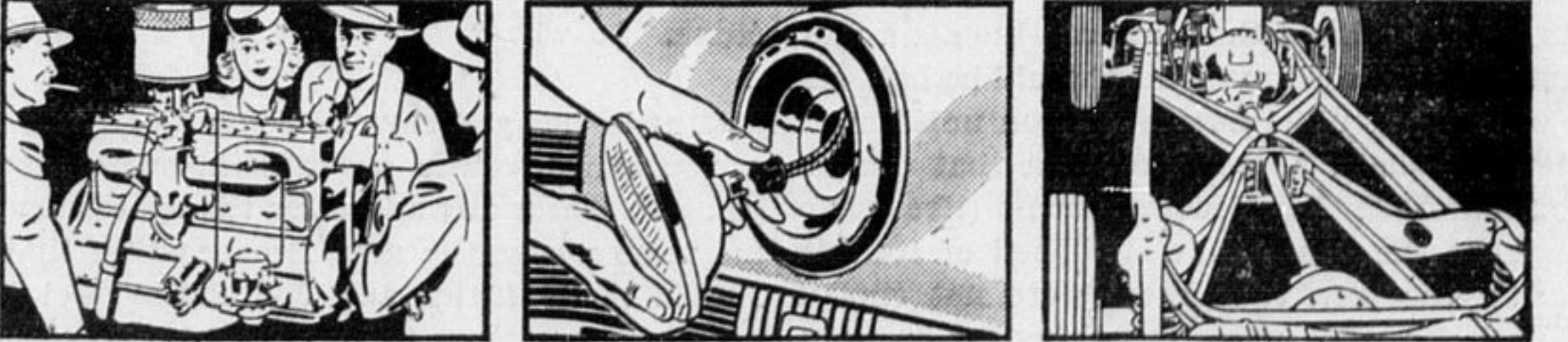


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Bargain Coach excursion tickets will be valid on Train 46, Thursday, February 15th. Passengers will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C. P. Depot and take C. P. train No. 8, leaving 1:00 a.m. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1940.

Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than C. P. train No. 7, from Montreal 8:15 p.m. Sunday, February 18th, to connect at North Bay with our Train No. 47, Monday, February 19th.

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