



COUNTY CLUB

BY HOLLOWAY HORN

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Principal Characters

Arthur Dollimore: 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 Rolliter: A solicitor whose knowledge of the law enables him to ignore it for a time.

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

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Superintendent Ducros and station Inspector Dollimore ("Dolly" for short) arrives 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 Glinshie who was at Oxford with him and who has taken the job as a temporary measure. Glinshie tells him that 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 identity, 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 a 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 Glinshie is questioned, he declares Mrs. Lewin has been murdered. On being shown a photograph of Flash Cardew, he recognizes him as having been at the club earlier in the evening in the company of Rolliter, Fernandez's solicitor. Rolliter is also Mrs. Lewin's solicitor. He is sent for.

On arrival he informs the police that he has telephoned Mrs. Lewin's son in Paris, and told him the news. The son has been estranged from his mother for some time, and unless a will is found, is the only heir. Mrs. Lewin had made a will, and then destroyed it.

SADIE PACHMAN, a hostess at the Club, is questioned, and her story agrees with that of Fernandez. The police are also curious about one McKENSEE, whom Rolliter admits to have been his companion that evening. Although he has been doing business with him, he is very vague as to his whereabouts now.

(Now Read On)

CHAPTER IV (Continued)

"I WAS AWAKE ALL NIGHT"

At the sight of Mary Stenning descending the stairs, Dollimore paused and greeted her.

"I was just going out for a breath of air," she said, a little formally, as though obliged to explain her movements.

"You've had breakfast?" Dollimore inquired.

"A cup of tea—all I want."

"May I come with you?"

"Please do. I want to talk to you. Mr. Ducros seems so suspicious, somehow."

"No—no!" smiled Dollimore. "That's just his manner. Isn't it a lovely morning?" he said as they stood at the top of the steps overlooking the park.

The policeman on duty there struck the one inharmonious note. He saluted Inspector Dollimore as they went down the steps.

"I had no idea last night that you were a detective," she said.

"I'm beginning to wonder if I am," he said. "So far, we haven't detected very much in this case."

"I was awake all night," she said "thinking."

"I'm sorry, but I suppose it was to be expected."

There were shadows beneath her eyes but to Dollimore she was even lovelier than she had been the previous evening.

"No. The son was—he'd almost killed her affection for him. He was really hopeless. Drink drink drink. The only time I saw him he was drunk. He'd been in prison at least twice. He nearly broke her heart. He was sent down from Oxford—among other things."

"I suppose you will have to make new plans now?" he asked after a silence.

"Yes. Something will turn up."

"I hope we shall keep in touch with each other."

"So do I," she said simply. "I have very few friends in this country. I shall have to leave here, of course. I imagine Mr. Rolliter will be in charge of all arrangements."

"You don't like him?"

"No. I don't know why, but I don't like him. He has always been courteous and indeed, kind to me, but there is something about his expression. Perhaps it's merely my fancy."

"Mrs. Lewin apparently trusted him."

"I often wondered. I don't think she trusted anybody very much. Perhaps I was an exception."

"I don't know what is going to happen to-day. Your friend Parminter is coming this morning, by the way."

She made no comment.

"If I can get an hour after tea would you care for a stroll or a run with me?"

"I should. Usually I don't mind loneliness but I don't seem able to read or to get my mind away from this terrible affair. To think of her lying dead up there!"

"I'm afraid I shall have to go back now," he said. "My eminent colleague will be snorting if I don't. I see him waiting on the steps."

"I shall stroll on," she said and added, "it is very kind of you."

"Rot!" he said, "promise me you won't be miserable."

"I'll try not to be," she smiled.

And with the memory of her smile he turned back to the club where the Superintendent awaited him.

"I noticed you snooping off," Ducros said. "Made an arrest yet?"

"Not exactly. She's a very arresting girl, though. But I managed to glean some information about the son."

"Oh?"

"He's a heavy drinker, a general scamp and he's been in prison at least twice."

"What for?"

"I didn't actually ask her."

Ducros looked at his colleague.

"You're sorry for her?" he asked.

"Naturally."

"You're certain that she didn't do it?"

"Quite. Where are Fernandez and Rolliter? They're late."

"Fernandez is down. I think he's in his office. Rolliter has gone back to town. We didn't want him and he'll be back this evening or in the morning."

By the way, between half past eight and half past nine last night—that is, I think the material time—the servants were at supper. None of them was missing, excepting the two waiters who were on duty upstairs. That rather simplifies things."

"I don't think it was one of the servants. But it means that whoever did it had a clear run and probably knew that the servants would be out of the way. Fernandez—or anyone else could have walked from his office up the back stairs and down again without a soul being the wiser."

"But that doesn't get us any farther!" Ducros said.

"Does. You have the motive and the opportunity."

"That makes it sound very simple. Personally, I wish I'd never seen this infernal place. Here we have a murder committed almost under our eyes and we don't know a darn thing about it. Somebody's going to smile."

A maid nervously announced that Mr. Parminter had arrived.

"Bring him out here," said Ducros and went on to Dollimore, "we shall be quite alone in that corner."

Parminter proved to be a big fair-haired fellow with level blue eyes.

"It's good of you to come so quickly," said Ducros. "Come over to that table in the corner, will you?"

"Murder," said the flower-grower as he sank heavily into a chair. "So that is the end of it! I'm not altogether surprised."

DOLLIMORE IS SURPRISED

Ducros and Dollimore exchanged glances and remained silent.

"Apart from her money and her marriage my poor aunt was not a bad soul. She was merely stupid," he went on.

"Smoke?" suggested Dollimore and held out his cigarette case.

"I do not smoke," said Mr. Parminter.

"It almost seems as if fate were taking a hand," he went on. "That money—that vast mass of money—was made dishonestly. My uncle should have ended in prison instead of which he died almost in the odour of sanctity."

"Diamonds, wasn't it?" Dollimore asked in order to start the strange

fellow again.

"Yes. Obtained illegally from the men who risked their lives to smuggle them from the newly found diamond deposits along the coast. The smugglers risked their lives—if that be a virtue—but my uncle risked nothing. And now it has ended in murder. All that is left is that half-imbecile son—a drunken parasite. Which shows the value of a vast and unhealthy accumulation of money."

"Our main job at the moment, is to find the man or woman who murdered your aunt."

"So that he may be hanged by the neck until he is dead?"

"Precisely," agreed Ducros.

"And you expect me to help you?"

"I expect every law-abiding citizen to help me. Moreover, it is the obvious duty of every citizen."

"I am opposed to capital punishment in all circumstances," said the flower-grower.

"I think I am, too," Ducros said, surprisingly. "But I'm afraid we haven't time to discuss the ethical aspect of the case with you interesting as it no doubt would be. Our job is to see that the law—altogether apart from whether we as individuals, agree with it or not—is carried out. Our job is to find the murderer, and hand him over to justice. What happens then is the concern of justice—not of us."

Dollimore listened with increasing surprise, but Ducros changed his approach: "You were in the club last night, Mr. Parminter?"

More Than Hundred Million Available for Housing Needs

Director National Housing Refers to Necessity for Better Accommodation.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 14.—More than \$100,000,000 has been made available for home construction and renovation under the National Housing Act and the Home Improvement Plan. F. W. Nicolls, director, National Housing Administration, Ottawa, revealed yesterday at the 15th anniversary convention of Building Products Limited in the Mount Pleasant Hotel.

In spite of this expenditure, the housing director continued, a definite housing shortage still exists in Canada. "Based on the lowest housing mortality rate, two per cent, and an approximately 2,200,000 habitable housing units, about 44,000 new units per year are required to take care of destruction and obsolescence," he said. "This figure does not take into account new units required as a result of increased population and marriages. Actually we have produced an average of less than 20,000 units per year for the past five years."

Financing low cost homes is no longer a problem, Mr. Nicolls concluded. The problem is simply one of design and cost and in finding the solutions building material manufacturers are playing an important part.

W. R. McNeil, president of Building Products Limited, welcomed delegates to the convention from all parts of Canada and thanked the housing director for his address. D. P. Hatch, vice-president and chairman of the convention sessions, expressed confidence in business prospects for 1940 and declared the company had no wish nor intention of making excess profits as a result of war conditions.

"We at home in Canada have a job to do as well as the soldiers, sailors and airmen who are fighting for this country," he said. "Any exploitation of the necessities of life, or any excess profits in war purpose products will be unforfeivable."

During the day C. P. Cowan, vice-president, discussed the company's manufacturing achievements. C. M. Canfield, Toronto central division sales manager, spoke on insulated sidings. S. M. Barclay, eastern division sales manager, discussed product changes in asphalt shingles, and C. L. Smart, representing Cockfield Brown Advertising Agency gave an outline of the business trend under war time conditions.

Australian Air Minister Thanks Canadian Legion

Confidence that Australian airmen who come to Canada in connection with the Empire air training scheme will be well cared for is expressed in a letter received at Ottawa by J. R. Bowler, M. B. E., general secretary of the Canadian Legion, from Hon. J. V. Fairbairn, Minister of Air for Australia.

Mr. Fairbairn, who took part in consultations held at Ottawa by high-ranking empire air force officers in connection with the Empire training scheme and who was the first minister for another Dominion to be sworn in Canada, wrote from Melbourne extending appreciation of the hospitality and privileges which the Legion is offering members of the air forces of the United Kingdom, Australia, and New Zealand.

Mr. Fairbairn states that "I want to thank you personally, as minister of Air, and say how greatly we appreciate your Legion's offer. My own experience of Canadian hospitality leaves no doubt whatever in my mind as to how well our young men will be looked after during their training in Canada."

A similar letter was received by the Legion from Major G. A. Harrison, general secretary of the New Zealand Returned Soldiers' Association extending the appreciation of that organization on behalf of the New Zealand Royal Air Force.

The Legion's gesture has the active support of its 1,100 branches throughout Canada, who are inviting the visiting airmen to participate in their social activities and to enjoy the reading and recreation facilities which their club-house offer. The airmen may also enrol for study in the Legion's wartime education programme and make full use of its numerous personal services bureaux.

Kirkland Lake Official Given Term in Prison

Florian Poisson, formerly an official in the Works Dept. of the Township of Teck at Kirkland Lake, was sentenced last week by Magistrate Atkinson to six months on each of four charges, two for forgery and two for false accounting. The four sentences are to run concurrently so Poisson will only secure six months. Character evidence was given to show that Poisson had an excellent record before the lapses that resulted in his imprisonment.

Awarded

(Exchange)

Conjurer: "Now, sir, you hear your watch ticking inside this handkerchief. Are you satisfied?"

Spectator: "I'm more than satisfied, I'm amazed; that watch I gave you hasn't gone for six months."

Dollimore: "Later on, I should like to very much. At the moment we have this job of work on hand, I'm afraid you know why your cousin was deported?"

"No. But in all probability it was due to drink—directly or indirectly."

"Have you his Paris address?"

First Married



First soldier of the C.A.S.F. to be married overseas was Gunner W. B. Edgett, 29, son of a former Vancouver chief of police. An old-fashioned English Christmas party, love at first sight—and less than a month later he married pretty Gwendolyn Hamer, daughter of Lieut.-Commander G. V. M. Hamer.



That Body of Hours

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

Blood Transfusions not an Emergency Operation Now

A recent movie illustrating the various emergencies confronting the young ambulance physician showed him giving a blood transfusion to a gangster. He obtained the blood direct from the gangster's sister and made the transfusion by means of some rubber tubing. It all took place in a none too clean cellar or basement. It was a dramatic picture because the blood being transferred direct from one person to another to save life requires extreme care and cleanliness. Unfortunately, however, the blood of one willing to donate it may not be the right type and might cause death if used.

"Blood transfusion should no longer be regarded as a desperate emergency but as a safe routine procedure supplementing other forms of treatment for numerous diseases."

I am quoting Drs. Noah Fabricant and Leo M. Zimmerman Chicago, in Hygeia. "Modern knowledge of typing blood and new methods for preserving and transferring blood have greatly decreased the dangers that once attended blood transfusion. There are four group types known and it is possible to determine by simple and reliable tests into which classification a person's blood falls.

What is known as the Blood Transfusion Betterment Association was formed in 1929. Persons in every walk of life apply to the hospital or clinic to have their blood tested and then typed. They leave their address and telephone number and when their type of blood is needed, they report immediately. To qualify, a donor must be registered with the department of health, be of normal weight (at least 150 pounds), have a normal blood pressure and show a negative Wasserman (syphilis) test.

The latest development is blood "banks" by which blood is drawn from the donors and kept in a refrigerator until it is needed. By this means "precious hours are not lost while prospective donors journey over long city distances, and the willing donor is no longer rejected because his blood is not the right type."

These blood banks with their supply of "ready" blood of each type mean much to the peace of mind of the physician.

Scourge

Send for Dr. Barton's valuable and informative booklet entitled "Scourge", (No. 107). It deals with those two most dreaded social diseases—gonorrhoea and syphilis. Know the truth and save endless worry. Send your request to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N. Y., and mention the name of this newspaper. Enclose Ten Cents to cover cost of mailing and handling.

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Former Popular Resident Here Dies in Toronto Hospital

Charles M. Clarke, With Goniorium Six Years Dies at Christie Street Hospital.

Word from Toronto at the week-end told of the death at Christie Street hospital of Charles Marshall Clarke, a former resident of the North Land and well-known and esteemed in Timmins and district. For some six years he was on the staff of the Coniarium Mine and made many friends here. There will be very sincere sympathy to the widow and family in their bereavement. In 1929 Mr. Clarke left here to join the Dominion Explorers at Great Bear Lake.

For the past eight years the late Mr. Clarke had been a patient at Christie Street hospital, Toronto, his illness being due to wounds received in France where he was on active service during the last war. He enlisted with the 159th Battalion and was transferred to the 109th Battalion and gave distinguished service overseas.

The late Charles M. Clarke was a son of the late Dr. D. K. Clarke, at one time superintendent of Toronto General hospital, and a grandson of the late Hon. Charles Clarke, Speaker of the Ontario Legislature in 1881. He was born in Kingston when his father was superintendent of Rockwood hospital there. After attending the Kingston public school and collegiate institute he took a term at the Royal Military College at Kingston and graduated from Queen's University in mining engineering in 1902. After graduation he went to Toronto where he was in the city's municipal service in the public works department as assistant engineer. After the war he took up work in his profession as mining engineer. He was a member of the Masonic Order and the Canadian Order of Foresters. He was a member of the Anglican Church. A widow and one son, Randolph, and one daughter, Patricia, survive.

Grateful

(Exchange)

"Is it true, Miss Lollop, that you are going to be married soon?"

"No, it isn't. But I'm very grateful for the rumor."

Ten Births Registered During the Past Week-end

Born—on January 15th 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Reiden of 35 Columbus avenue—a son.

Born—on January 14th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lamarre of 60 Spruce street north at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on January 19th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Eli Charter (nee Lawrette Gagne) of 114 Maple street north at St. Mary's Hospital—a son.

Born—on Feb. 12th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Jubs Edouard Marier of 107 Commercial avenue—a son.

Born—on December 27th, 1939, to Mr. and Mrs. Michal Andercheck of 254 Elm street south—a son.

Born—on January 31st, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bazinet of 53 Montgomery avenue—a daughter.

Born—on January 24th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. John Baxter of 36 Patricia Boulevard—a daughter.

Born—on January 28th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Bernicky of 258 1/2 Pine street south—a son.

Born—on February 4th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Larche of 159 Avenue Road—a daughter.

Born—on January 10th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Palu H. Baril of 14 Hillside—a daughter.

London, England, Punch:—A Detroit hotel-keeper famous as an angler has just married his fourth wife. But you should have seen the one that got away.

Knights Bachelors

Knights Bachelors belong to the most ancient order of English knights. Bachelor Cigars also have an honourable tradition . . . and they make splendid "nights". For, through many years now, they have been justly famous, never failing to give the mellow, rich taste and aroma of 100% pure Havana filler—and that at only 10c each!

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