



COUNTY CLUB

BY HOLLOWAY HORN

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CHAPTER VIII
By Night Train To Paris

"So you've returned," said the chief to Dollimore, when the Inspector arrived to report.

"Yes, sir. And my report doesn't get us a great deal farther, I'm afraid." He proceeded to tell the chief what had happened at the club, and added that the trunks were still at Euston.

"Um!" said the chief, and slumped even deeper in his chair. "What do you think is behind it?"

"I've given you the facts, sir. My view of the matter is that Miss Stenning has information either about the son or the will which is dangerous to these people. They may think she knows where it is. Its production would upset their whole game."

"That may be so. I've had Dr. Lovell Faber in here this afternoon, by the way."

"Then his nervousness has increased," Dollimore said.

"It has, indeed. His wife was with him and she's very nearly frantic. I did my best, of course, to calm her down, because, at the moment, there is nothing we can do."

Dollimore watched him in silence.

"If she is a free agent, all we should do by broadcasting and starting the Press to work would be to ally the anxiety of her friends. If she is not a free agent and these people are holding her until she divulges certain information which she may have and which they think she has, publicity may drive them to desperate measures. If they detained her, they dare not let her go."

"You don't think, sir, that I've imagined the whole thing?"

"Indeed I don't. The bulk of her clothes are obviously in those trunks. What woman would have left them in a cloakroom for all this time as she has done? Even if she were ill, she would have asked someone to communicate with Dr. Lovell Faber or another of her friends."

"But we can't let it just go on!"

"I'm taking the case over myself, Dollimore." A smile touched his lips for a moment before he added: "I don't think you are quite as unprejudiced as an official should be in this case."

"I don't pretend to be, sir. I'm extremely anxious about Miss Stenning."

"Frankly, when you first outlined your theory of the case I regarded it as fantastic. I don't-to-day. You see, the initial crime would not have been committed that night if they had suspected that Ducros and you were police officers, assuming, of course, that it was committed by the gang and not by a casual burglar or robber."

Dollimore nodded.

"The whole affair was hurried when they discovered that you two were actually on the scene. An essential part of the plan was that they should find the will and destroy it. From what you said about that young fellow, Glinshie, I'm inclined to agree that they have not found it, and may suspect Miss Stenning of having it or knowing where it is."

"We shall feel rather off the rails if some simple explanation of his disappearance is forthcoming," Dollimore said.

"We shall feel very foolish, my dear Dollimore. But it's a salutary feeling very often, I find," he added with a smile.

"You say that you are taking the case over personally?"

"Yes. Actually it will remain your's and Ducros', of course. I want you to leave on the night train for Paris, by the way. I think you will be of more use to Miss Stenning in Paris than in Scotland Yard. You know what I want you to do?"

"I can imagine."

"I want you to find out everything you can about Mrs. Lewin's son. You have several addresses and you can look up my friend, M. Pichon. I'll give you a note of introduction. My present information is that for several weeks Lewin has not been in Paris at all. Find out everything you can."

"Very good, sir. I should be back in a day or so, I hope."

"Possibly. But I want to know about this fellow and where he is and what happened to him. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

It was dark when Dollimore left Scotland Yard that evening and turned down Whitehall to his flat in Westminster. The square in which it stood had, to a great extent, been modernized, but the two narrow entrances to it were still as they were when the square had been laid out in the reign of the fourth George—narrow and inconvenient. There was barely room for two cars to pass and, under normal conditions, Dollimore would have remonstrated with the driver of the rakish sports car which was standing in the square facing—indeed, almost blocking—one of these entrances—the one, incidentally, which he always used when he came from the Yard.

But, that evening, he was too deeply involved in his own uneasy thoughts to take note of a car, however unwisely it was parked.

Who Fired?

The side lights of the car were on and the two men watched him closely as he approached and passed them. The driver started the engine and let in the clutch, and the car began to move forward towards the entrance. As it did so, the second man turned in his seat, levelled an ugly little black revolver at Dollimore's retreating figure and fired. Dollimore threw up his hands and fell forward on his face. The car leaped ahead, turned into the street beyond the square and was gone like a flash.

Windows in the square opened and people seemed suddenly to materialize.

"Are you hurt?" a man asked anxiously as Dollimore picked himself up.

"No. I'm not hurt," he said unsteadily. "The car is gone, of course?"

"Did they shoot at you, guv'nor?" an incredulous Cockney asked.

"I don't know. They certainly shot at something and nearly got me."

As he spoke he felt the shoulder of his coat. The bullet had torn its way through the shoulder padding.

"There's a bobby; late as usual," said the man as a policeman came running up.

"Here... what's all this?" he gasped. "All right, constable," Dollimore said and added in a low tone: "I'm Inspector Dollimore of the Yard. Just come along to my flat with me and I'll tell you what happened."

"Are you hurt, sir?"

"No. Come along," said Dollimore hurriedly.

"Pass along... pass along," the constable ordered the crowd that already had collected: "You look a bit shaky, sir," he added as he fell in by Dollimore's side.

"So would you if you'd been as near that bullet as I was. Confound these people! I don't want a song and dance about this. Come inside. I'll explain to you."

"Do you mean to say they tried to get you?" the amazed constable demanded when they were inside Dollimore's flat.

"Yes. I'd better report it to the Chief at once. I'm leaving for Paris on the night train."

"You were on that Mossford case?"

"Yes," said Dollimore as he dialled the famous number of Scotland Yard.

The Chief listened gravely to the news.

"Not even a scratch, as I told you, sir. It was uncomfortable near, though, I've been wondering why they did it."

"Zuup! zuo auoid, il 'moux' tuop I, Dollimore, beyond doubt—which is, that the theory you have built up is sufficiently near the truth to frighten them. I will send a car for you at eight-thirty. You'll be safe in Paris. I should say, but I shouldn't take any chances. When you turn up anything definite, phone me. If this business has upset you, would you care to wait until the morning?"

"Oh, no," said Dollimore. "It was a bit unexpected, here in London, but, of course, we're dealing with American crooks among other varieties."

"That struck me, too," the Chief said. "Didn't you mention to that solicitor by the way, that you might go to Paris?"

"I did; it was bluff at the time."

"He may not have taken it as bluff," the Chief said quickly. "Anyway, good luck! I may have news for you when you get back."

"I hope so, sir. Good-night."

"Have a whisky?" Dollimore suggested the constable, as he turned from the telephone.

"No sir!" said the constable firmly. "I'm on duty."

"So am I," smiled Dollimore as he poured out two drinks.

"Always remember your instructions and act in accord with them as far as possible. Cheerio!"

The constable grinned, and finished his drink as deftly as Dollimore had done his.

"They're not likely to return?" he asked as the thought occurred to him.

"I don't think so. The old trick probably deceived them. If a person shoots at you—fall. They think they got me."

"Then I'll go. But it's obvious that they know where you live," he added doubtfully.

"Don't worry. A police car will take me to Victoria in style, presently."

"I'd rather be on traffic duty, personally. You do know where you are."

"And to think that I never even noticed what make the car was!" Dollimore said regretfully.

"By the way, sir—do I report this little affair?"

"Better not. I think I'll be responsible. The chief will not want it to get into the press. If you do report, it, make that quite clear."

"If you'd rather I didn't," the con-

stable said doubtfully.

"Officially, I have already reported it to the chief," Dollimore suggested.

"I get you, sir. Good night."

Dollimore was already late for his evening meal which had been ready for some time. His packing was a matter of minutes, and he was ready for the car before it arrived. He was in the mood when inaction of any kind is irksome.

CHAPTER IX
Inquiries in Paris

The Rue Blanche is a long, and in many respects a typically Parisian street. It runs from La Trinite to the Boulevard de Clichy and even in the early morning it is—to an Englishman—extremely interesting.

Perhaps Inspector Dollimore found it the least bit interesting, for he reached the end of the long street without discovering the object of his search—the Cafe des Rosiers. Facing him, on the Boulevard, was the very modern Moulin Rouge, garish in the daylight. The sight of it, and the memories it recalled, jerked him back to reality and he set out to retrace his steps.

He found the Cafe des Rosiers at length, hidden away—in spite of its fragrant name—in a rather unsavoury alley. Indeed, he also discovered that the name was the only fragrant thing about it, for it was a buvette of the poorest kind. The proprietor, arrayed in trousers and shirt, both of which were badly in need of washing, was unshaven; his eyes were curiously prominent and blood-shot and the impression he made on Dollimore was not a pleasant one.

"Monsieur?" he said in a guttural tone when Dollimore approached the zinc bar.

"Cafe," said Dollimore.

He was aware that several of the men in the bar were glancing furtively at him; there was something in the atmosphere of the place which made it quite clear that it wasn't an ordinary buvette and the men sitting or standing about were, in was equally clear to Dollimore, not ordinary, decent working men.

"Merci," he said as the coffee was pushed at him—there is no other phrase for the off-handed gesture. It was obvious that he was a suspect, and not wanted there. The conversation, which had been animated when he entered, died down to an uneasy silence.

"I'm looking for an old friend of mine, Monsieur," he said in French.

"A man called Lewin."

"Why come here? There is none of that name here."

"I know that. But I fancied you might be able to help me. He once gave this address in order that letters might be sent to him here."

"Many do that, Monsieur, as you see."

The proprietor indicated a green baize board, criss-crossed with black tape in which several letters were fixed.

"Why do you want Monsieur Lewin? I see no reason why I should hand out information about my clients to strangers. I get nothing out of it and my clients pay for their letters to come here. They are entitled to—discretion."

"Of course. I understand that, Monsieur. I will be frank with you. It is greatly to the gentleman's advantage that I should find out where he is."

"So?"

"Yes."

"Then I am doubly sorry that I cannot help you," the man in the dirty shirt said with a sudden grin which revealed a row of broken teeth.

"Listen, Monsieur. I am a police official," said Dollimore quietly.

"So? I had gathered the fact; it is, if one may be permitted, obvious."

"Moreover I am, as you probably also gather, a British police official," Dollimore went on with a pleasant, frank smile.

"I congratulate Monsieur," he said, with an irony which was not lost on his visitor.

"By the way, M. Pichon, of whom you have doubtless heard, knows that I am giving myself the pleasure of calling on you at this hour," Dollimore said casually.

"M. Pichon," the other repeated. "Oh yes, I know M. Pichon. He called here a day or so ago in connexion with the same Monsieur Lewin, who must surely be an important man."

"He is, in some ways. I should be extremely grateful if you could give me some information about him."

"Alas, I cannot! And, moreover, when I was visited by the excellent Monsieur Pichon, I told him that Monsieur Lewin had not been in here at all for several weeks. It appears, however, that I was mistaken. My wife remembers that he called at different times, although I did not see him."

Dollimore was certain that the fellow was lying, but his manner gave no indication of this.

"He was living near here?" he asked.

A look of cautious cunning flashed

into the other's face: "Who knows, Monsieur? I told M. Pichon I knew nothing. Monsieur will understand that my clients do not always come here from choice."

"It was only a day or so ago that Mr. Rolliter was here!"... another shot in the dark.

The man's start was not lost on Dollimore. "It might be so," he said unobtrusively. "Of the Monsieur Lewin I know nothing whatever. Nothing!"

"I understand," said Dollimore, who saw that the fellow was not going to talk, and turned to the door.

Slowly, he walked back along the Rue Blanche. The admission into which he had tricked the gentleman with the broken teeth puzzled him. Why had Rolliter been to Paris? Why had he been to that dingy little buvette when, if what he said were true, Lewin was on his way back to London?

And why had the proprietor of the buvette been so definite in his refusal to give any information? It was obvious Dollimore decided, that the two facts were connected. Had Rolliter been to the Cafes des Rosiers to make quite certain that the proprietor would not talk? And what was the information he was so anxious to suppress.

There was something missing—some fact that would link up the information he possessed into an intelligible whole. Originally, the man had told M. Pichon that Lewin had not been to his shop for several weeks. That morning he had said that he was wrong—he had volunteered the statement. The original statement to the French detective, Dollimore decided, had been the truth. It was Rolliter who wanted them to think that Lewin had been in Paris, Rolliter who had asserted that Lewin had been in Paris on the night of the murder, Rolliter who, clearly, had no intention of allowing them to get into touch with Lewin if he could in any way prevent it.

GOLD CASES AT ROUYEN SET
BACK TO THURSDAY, MARCH 28

Joseph Lavalee, Quebec city, and A. C. Desmarais, formerly of Val d'Or, were remanded in court on Tuesday by Magistrate Armand Bolly to March 28th. Neither man was there in person, Marc Fortin appearing for them. Lavalee has a charge under the Gold Export Act, against him, the prosecution alleging that he offered gold for sale in the United States, contrary to Canadian law. The two men are also alleged to have dealt illegally in gold and to have attempted to possess gold illegally. They were arrested following the episode in January in which a diver descended beneath Lake Ontario.

Sudbury Star: In romantic South Africa, a railway company has given the name of "Mae West" to a new locomotive, instead of the roundhouse.



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

That Body of Yours

X-Ray Treatment in Acute Middle Ear Infection

From time to time, and from different parts of the world, physicians have been reporting excellent results in the treatment of chronic catarrh and deafness by X-ray treatments. The X-rays have been particularly helpful in old or chronic cases of catarrhal deafness. Failure to obtain results by X-rays is attributed to not giving the proper dosage at the right distance from sinuses and ears.

It is interesting to learn that in acute disease of the middle ear which so often follows or accompanies diseases of childhood, treatment by X-rays is now being used successfully.

Dr. A. H. Howdy, in Radiology, states that the use of X-rays in these acute middle ear cases does not bring about the cure so much by killing the organisms causing the infection, but because X-ray treatment increases the number of white corpuscles in the blood. And it is these white corpuscles that fight and kill the harmful organisms, thus bringing about a cure.

Further, the sooner the X-ray treatment is given, the sooner are the results obtained. One of the reasons for the pain and distress in middle ear infection is the great thickness of the pus. This thick pus pushes against the surrounding tissues, including the drum of the ear, and causes the intense pain. The X-ray treatment has the effect of preventing the pus from becoming so thick, it becomes so thin that it can readily drain from the ear and thus relieve the pressure and pain. The little tube—eustachian—which carries air from back of throat up to inner side of ear drum is thus enabled to become more widely open and some of this thin pus drains out of middle ear into the eustachian tube to throat and can be coughed out.

Also, if pus is so thin and watery it can very readily drain out of ear drum through a small puncture or opening.

Dr. Dowdy's concluding statement is: "Roentgenotherapy (treatment by X-rays) has been of distinct value in cutting short acute catarrhal middle ear infection (otitis media); and in lessening the necessity for surgery in acute cases complicated by mastoid infection. It is gratifying to know that X-ray treatment may prevent an acute case

from becoming chronic which so often is followed by deafness or hard of hearing.

Health Booklets

Any one of Dr. Barton's ten booklets may be obtained by sending Ten Cents for each one desired to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., mentioning this newspaper.

Booklets are: Eating Your Way to Health; Why Worry About Your Heart?; Neurosis; The Common Cold; Overweight and Underweight; Allergy or Sensitiveness to Various Foods and Other Substances; Scourge (gonorrhoea and syphilis); How Is Your Blood Pressure?; Chronic Rheumatism and Arthritis; Cancer; Its Symptoms and Treatment.

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Something New

"This collar stud is my own invention," said the cheap Jack, "and the name I have given it is 'Fault'."

"Because everybody has faults?" said the red-nosed man in the crowd.

"No, my dear sir; simply because it's so easy to find."—Exchange

And Then Hard

"Ah, dear me; things aren't what they used to be," sighed grandmother, discussing the younger generation.

"Why, about the only time a modern mother puts her foot down is when the traffic light turns green." — Exchange

Toronto Telegram: A doctor says absolute silence for forty-eight hours in an attack of laryngitis will do wonders for the voice. But, doctor, why prescribe the impossible?

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