



BY HOLLOWAY HORN

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A Sterner Job

"As soon as it's dark," the Chief said, when Dollimore reported by phone, "raid the place. You still have some of the Yard men at the club?"

"Yes. They're waiting for me."

"Take no risks. Get men from other stations and surround the place. And let me know the moment you have any news. But—be careful! Cardew is probably armed."

"They may not be there—yet. Very likely they will wait until it's dark before they come down."

"Yes. But let me know what happens. So far, there's no report in, but we've got almost the entire available force watching the likely haunts. Pull this off, Dollimore, and I'll take off my hat to you."

"That's very kind of you, sir," Dollimore said with a smile which, fortunately, the telephone could not carry to the Chief.

The local inspector entered the office as he was phoning, and the necessary arrangements were rapidly made. Men were to come from two adjoining stations, and with those waiting for him at Mossford, Dollimore judged that he had sufficient.

The constable whose beat contained the tiny village of Frithsden St. Mary, I never been in it. There's a chap living there named Furness. Retired tradesman, I heard. Married. Seems very respectable. They sometimes take paying guests like, I've heard."

"Has he any now?"

"You mean to-day?"

"Yes—yes," Dollimore said impatiently.

"That I can't say."

But the constable could and did mark the exact spot which the bungalow occupied on the large scale map in the inspector's office. "It's in a three-sided garden at the junction of those two roads," he said. "There's a gate at the corner into the garden."

"Any other gates?"

"No, sir. It's a corner cut off a field, as you might say. There's a fence and a bit of a hedge separating the garden from the field."

"Thanks!"

Dollimore turned to the local inspector: "Can you fix the phone with the local exchange?"

The inspector nodded: "You want it definitely out of order?"

"Please, when I give you the word, I'll go ahead with the men who are here already. Perhaps you will come on with

the others. I'm not sure how many will be there, or whether they'll put up a fight."

It was growing dark when Dollimore, with one of the plain-clothes men from the Yard, strolled past the bungalow. They had left the car in a quiet turning a quarter of a mile away. The bungalow itself was hidden from the road, but it could be seen from the field. There was one light in the back of the building.

"All seems quiet," the plain-clothes man said.

They turned and walked back.

"The danger is that they will probably be armed. We aren't," Dollimore said; "but we shall have to risk it. Let us get back to the others."

In all, Dollimore had eight men with him when the second car nosed its way silently into the lane which had been chosen as a rendezvous. He explained his plans to them in detail, and made quite certain that they were understood.

Four of them, with the local Inspector in charge, were to approach the bungalow from the field; the remainder were to accompany Dollimore.

When he judged that Pertwee and his men had reached the fence, Dollimore gave the signal, and he and the men with him left the shelter of the spinney opposite the bungalow and crossed the road to the gate. They were all experienced men, and made no sound as they followed Dollimore along the grass by the side of the curved drive that led to the bungalow.

It was almost dark, and when they came to the bend in the drive the bungalow was indistinct against its background of trees.

A light appeared in a room at the left of the building.

"Wait," whispered Dollimore.

Inside the room they could see the man who switched on the light. He was a stranger to them all, and presumably the caretaker whom the constable had mentioned.

They watched him put a white cloth on a table and turn to the sideboard.

"He's laying for several people," one of the men whispered a minute or so later.

"Come on," said Dollimore. "Bunch on the doorway and take your cue from me. If he turns ugly we'll rush him."

Their rubber-soled shoes made little noise as they crossed the gravel path to the door of the bungalow. Dollimore pulled an old-fashioned handle that was suspended at the side of the door. As they stood in silence they heard the bell in the interior of the bungalow. Almost at once they distinguished steps in the hall. The door was opened by the man they had seen in the dining-room.

As he did so Dollimore stepped inside.

"I'm Inspector Dollimore of Scotland Yard," he said. "These men are also police officers. Is Silas Rollier here?"

"No," the man said sullenly.

A woman with her sleeves rolled up came out from the back of the bungalow. She stood watching them, a look of fear on her face.

"Search the place," Dollimore said.

"You got a warrant?" the man demanded. "This is my house. I've never heard of the name you said."

"No?" said Dollimore. "You will be well advised to be silent and to stay just where you are. I've nothing against you at the moment and if you're wise I shan't have."

Two of the men made a hurried search of the bungalow, and as they rejoined Dollimore with the news that, beyond the man and woman, there was no one in the house, Inspector Pertwee came from the back of the bungalow.

Dollimore glanced at him: "Nothing,"

he said.

"They're expecting four people judging by the table," one of the men put in.

"Who is the meal for?" Dollimore asked the caretaker.

"Me and my wife," the man said; "and my son and his pal if they come."

"I see. You will stay in the kitchen with two of these officers," Dollimore said.

"You've made a mistake, mister," the man said. "An' you'll hear more about it before I'm through with you. I gotter do what you tell me now, but I do it under protest."

"Let's have a look at the table in the dining-room," Dollimore suggested to Pertwee.

"Rather elaborate for people like these," Pertwee pointed out.

"They're coming down here — and they're coming soon," Dollimore said.

"We'll get them at the gate. If it's shut they'll have to pull up and one of them get out. And it's quite dark now," Pertwee nodded.

"Let's get the men out there."

In the darkness Dollimore explained the situation to the men.

"Make no mistake — they're dangerous and probably armed. The car will turn in here, and the man who is not driving will probably get out on this side. The moment he does, you two chaps will rush him and grab his arms. I expect only two people — in spite of the table being laid for four. As you grab him I'll hop into the car. You others will come up at the side and open the driver's door."

"What about the lights of the car?" Pertwee asked. "If they come from London they'll come from the main road. Here they are!"

Ambushed

The sound of a car reached them and instinctively the men darted into the shelter of the hedge. But the car went straight on. It was driven by a woman and obviously was not the one they wanted.

"I don't know how long they will be, but any minute now, I fancy. If they're coming this way, the best shelter is between those bushes just beyond the gate. They mustn't see us, or they'll probably drive on."

"Mind if we smoke, sir?" one of the constables asked.

"I'm going to."

They talked quietly as they waited, but it was getting colder as they huddled in the shelter of the damp bushes. A cyclist passed without noticing them. Suddenly the high note of the engine of a sports car came to them from a distance.

"That sounds like it," said Dollimore. "Remember—grab the arms of the man who gets out to open the door—and hold on to him."

The car flashed round a corner of the road; its headlights stabbed the darkness. It slackened speed as it approached and gently nosed its way into the little drive.

"The damned gate's closed," they heard a man say.

They heard the door of the car open and the sound of a step on the gravel. There was a rush, a stream of oaths, a wild struggle. Dollimore materialized from the darkness on the other side, wrenched open the door of the car and said: "Hands up!" Two other men closed in and grabbing the man at the wheel, hauled him from the car. He seemed too dazed to resist and the handcuffs were snapped on.

"Watch him!" Dollimore cried to Pertwee and dashed round the back of the car to help the men who were struggling with the man who had alighted.

He was a man of great strength, and as Dollimore came up had wrenched an arm free. Dollimore waited; it was intensely dark save from the glare of the headlights. He dare not hit in case he got the wrong man, but the swaying mass lurched suddenly out into the light. It was Cardew. He was striving desperately to get to his hip pocket and his revolver. Dollimore had no compunction. He hit him on the point of the jaw in a way he had learned originally at a far more ancient educational establishment than the Metropolitan Police College.

He went down heavily, and when, a minute later, he stirred, discovered that he was handcuffed.

"Good evening Mr. Rollier," Dollimore said, turning to the second prisoner.

"I'll—I'll make you sit up for this," the solicitor snarled.

"Don't talk nonsense. I arrest you for complicity in the murder of Mrs. Lewin. Other charges will doubtless be preferred, and it is my duty."

"I know the rest," said Rollier.

"To warn you that anything you say may be used against you. Fetch the cars," he went on.

"What about the people in the bungalow," Pertwee asked.

"You can have them," Dollimore smiled. "These are the lads I wanted. Have a look round the place, and if there's nothing suspicious—as far as they are concerned, I mean—let them go."

"They lied about the people coming here," Pertwee said uneasily. "Looks to me as if they're in it."

"Better get particulars from them and ask them to stop in the bungalow for the time being. I'm off to London. There's someone there I want to see, apart from the Chief. I'd better phone him, by the way."

"There's a phone in the bungalow," Inspector Pertwee said with a grin. "I'm sure Mr. Rollier won't mind your using it."

A minute later Dollimore was, with a certain feeling of satisfaction, demanding: "Whitehall 1212."

CHAPTER XII

Interrogation at the Yard

"Where are we going, may I ask?" The solicitor seated in the back of the police car broke a long silence with his question.

"To Scotland Yard," replied Dollimore.

"So far you have not formally preferred a charge against me," the solicitor went on. "This arrest is wholly illegal."

"What is the charge? I am naturally curious."

"I can give you several, but if you don't mind I'd rather not discuss the matter."

"You are presumably acting under instructions?"

"If you say so."

"How did you find out about the bungalow?" Rollier persisted.

"A little bird whispered."

"Someone must have given it away," Rollier said almost to himself, in an ugly tone. "Fernandez?" Was it Fernandez?

"You will doubtless know in due course."

Rollier relapsed into a silence which remained unbroken until they were passing through the outer suburbs when he said, as if he were thinking aloud: "It may be better to tell the truth."

"The thought may have occurred to other people," Dollimore pointed out.

"So! The rat has squealed! I thought he would."

"Rats do squeal," Dollimore said. "It's one of their habits."

At Scotland Yard the prisoners were taken to different rooms and Dollimore was asked to report at once to the Assistant Commissioner.

"Good work, Dollimore," the Chief greeted him. "Sit down. So far we've no evidence at all against them as far as the murder is concerned. He had plunged at once into the middle of the affair."

"But a very strong presumptive case, sir," Dollimore replied.

"Yes. Strong enough to justify arrests. We have evidence that Rollier was endeavouring to obtain money by false pretences, that he forged Lewin's name on a receipt after he was dead. We found that among his papers at his office this evening. In any case, Cardew is wanted by the American police for murder and we have definite evidence that Pachmann and Fernandez kidnapped Miss Stenning—the evidence of the lady herself."

The telephone rang: "Yes, speaking," the Chief said. "Good work, Ducros. Stick at it. We may want every scrap of definite evidence."

"He has found the Inland Revenue affidavit made out by Rollier in connection with Mrs. Lewin's estate," he said as he replaced the receiver. "That may be useful."

"I fancy Rollier thinks that Fernandez has squealed," Dollimore suggested. "He had no idea how we got on to that bungalow."

"We'll have Fernandez in first," the A.C. decided.

The Chief touched a bell and almost at once the swarthy manager of the Mossford County Club was brought in.

"Sit down, Fernandez. You have been arrested on charges of murder and kidnapping—among other crimes," the Chief said, conversationally.

"Bluff!" snapped Fernandez.

"We shall see. Your friends Rollier and Cardew are here, by the way."

Fernandez started.

"They were arrested this evening at their bungalow—what's its name?"

"Helmhook," said Dollimore. "In Frithsden St. Mary."

Fernandez watched them in silence. "Rather a neat hide-out, I thought," Dollimore put in. "Only a mile or so from the club, Fernandez."

"And Rollier knows when to throw in the sponge," the Chief went on. "You murdered the old lady—the moment the news came through that her son was dead."

"I never murdered her!" Fernandez burst out.

The Chief shrugged his shoulders: "In English law, one who aids and abets a criminal is as guilty as the criminal. I didn't mean that you had actually struck the blow which killed her—that is a matter of no particular importance. But you were there, and you knew that Rollier and Flash Cardew were there, and you knew why they were there. Why did you kidnap Miss Stenning?"

The question was asked so quietly that Fernandez was taken by surprise.

"I am saying nothing," he burst out. "Very good. You have already been warned, of course. We'll get on with the statements from the others, Dollimore. Mrs. Lawes, I fancy, is simply bursting with her story."

"Look here . . . Fernandez said, uncertainly.

"It's entirely up to you. You know as well as I do that I have no power to attempt to make you talk — and frankly I don't care whether you do or not. It means, though, as far as I can see, that you will probably be left with the baby."

Men's Forum to Stage Mock Trial on Monday Night

Several Prominent Lawyers to Take Part.

A feature of the general meeting of the Men's Forum of the Timmins United Church on Monday evening, April 8th, in the church basement will be a mock trial. While mock trials are by no means new, they are nearly always specially interesting and amusing. The one on Monday night should have particular attraction in view of the fact that so many experts are expected to figure in the affair. The event has been prepared by Inspector Art Olson of the Timmins police force, and such prominent local lawyers as W. O. Langdon, A. Wetmore, Charles Yates and others will take part. The meeting will start at 8:15 p.m. on Monday and a specially interesting evening is expected.

A Far, Far Better Thing

Magistrate's Clerk: "Why haven't you paid this fine?" Man: "When I had the money to pay, my wife wanted a new hat." Clerk: "And you gave her the money for the new hat?" Man: "Yes, I thought you would be more lenient than she would be if I refused."

"I had no hand in the murder! Flash Cardew did it. I was downstairs in the dance-room and my office the whole evening. Mr. Dollimore knows it."

"I know you said you were there," Dollimore put in. "You could get from your office without coming through the dance-room and without my seeing you at all!"

"How do you know who did it if you were not there?" the Chief asked.

"Rollier and Cardew were in my office. They went upstairs. I didn't see them afterwards. The next I heard was that Miss Stenning had found the body. They came down that night to do it. The son was dead in Paris."

"In his original report Ducros mentioned that Fernandez was downstairs for the whole material time," the Chief pointed out to Dollimore. "If you think it advisable you can, of course make a statement, Fernandez. By the way, we've got the will, the one you tried to frighten Miss Stenning into giving to you. Here it is." He took a document from his desk as he was speaking.

"I think I will make a statement," said Fernandez quietly.

"Very good. It is as you wish. The others probably will whether you do so or not."

The Chief placed a pad in front of him and handed him a pen. When it was done, he read it over to Fernandez who signed it.

"I'm not going to swing for what they did," Fernandez said as he handed back the pen.

(To be Concluded)



By James W. Barton, M.D.

That Body of Yours

Control of Sinus Disease

As medical students, the commonest joke about the profession was that we should all be skin specialists because the skin patient did not rouse the specialist at night, his skin ailment never killed him, and the ailment never got better.

A few years later, the joke was that we should all be ear, nose and throat specialists in a temperate climate where everybody has some nose, throat, sinus, or ear trouble, the best location being, perhaps, the Great Lakes region. It was about this time that operations on the turbinate bones in the nose, straightening the septum of the nose, and opening up the sinuses by surgery—inside and outside—were very common.

What about sinus operations to-day?

In speaking about the control of nasal sinus disease, Dr. Lewis J. Silvers, New York, in Ear, Nose and Throat Monthly says:

"Sinus disease has challenged our best efforts towards its removal during the past ten years. Surgery, electro-surgery, physical therapy (heat-electricity), change of climate, treatment of allergic conditions, and the prevention and care of infections of nose and throat have all contributed somewhat to the removal of the ravages of sinus disease. To-day we rarely perform radical disfiguring sinus operations. The use of electro-surgery—knife heated by electricity which prevents infection and bleeding—with x-ray and ultra-short wave treatment, has done much for the removal of infections that are deep seated and hard to reach."

Dr. Silvers states that with each treatment by the electric knife or needle to the swollen turbinate bones which are blocking the nose, the heat of the instrument not only stirred up

a healthy activity of the normal cells but destroyed many harmful organisms. Chronic sinusitis may be infectious or non-infectious. If infectious, all infected teeth, tonsils or polyps (small masses of fleshy material which hang in the nose), should be removed. If non-infectious, electro-surgery usually suffices to shrink the turbinates and permit sufficient ventilation and drainage.

For the great majority of sufferers with simple "head colds," the salt and water injections or the sprays of ephedrine or epinephrine (adrenalin) are sufficient to shrink the lining of nose, and so ventilate the sinus.

The Common Cold

Did you know that practically every cold infects the sinuses to some extent? Yet the common cold is probably more neglected than any other ailment. Send today for Dr. Barton's booklet entitled "The Common Cold" (No. 104), which contains many helpful suggestions. Send your request to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., enclosing Ten Cents to cover cost of handling and mention the name of this newspaper.

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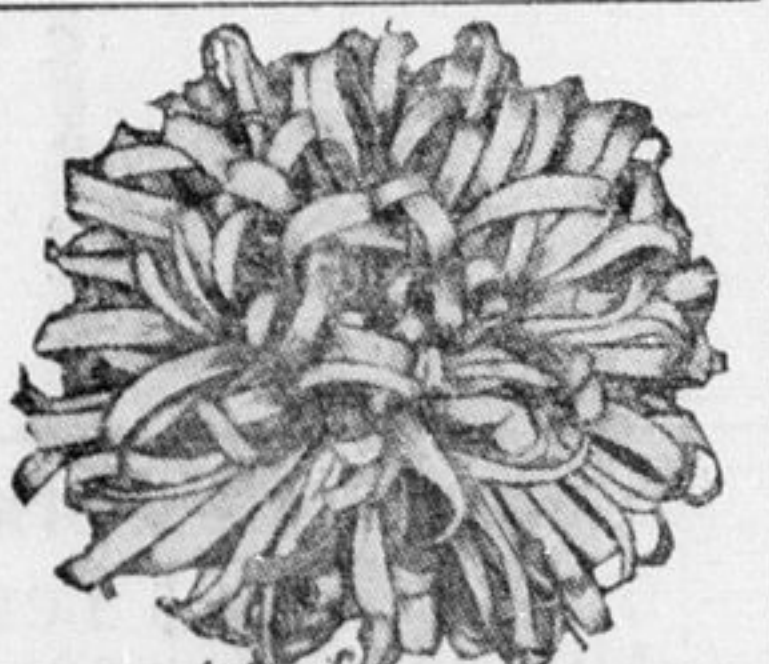
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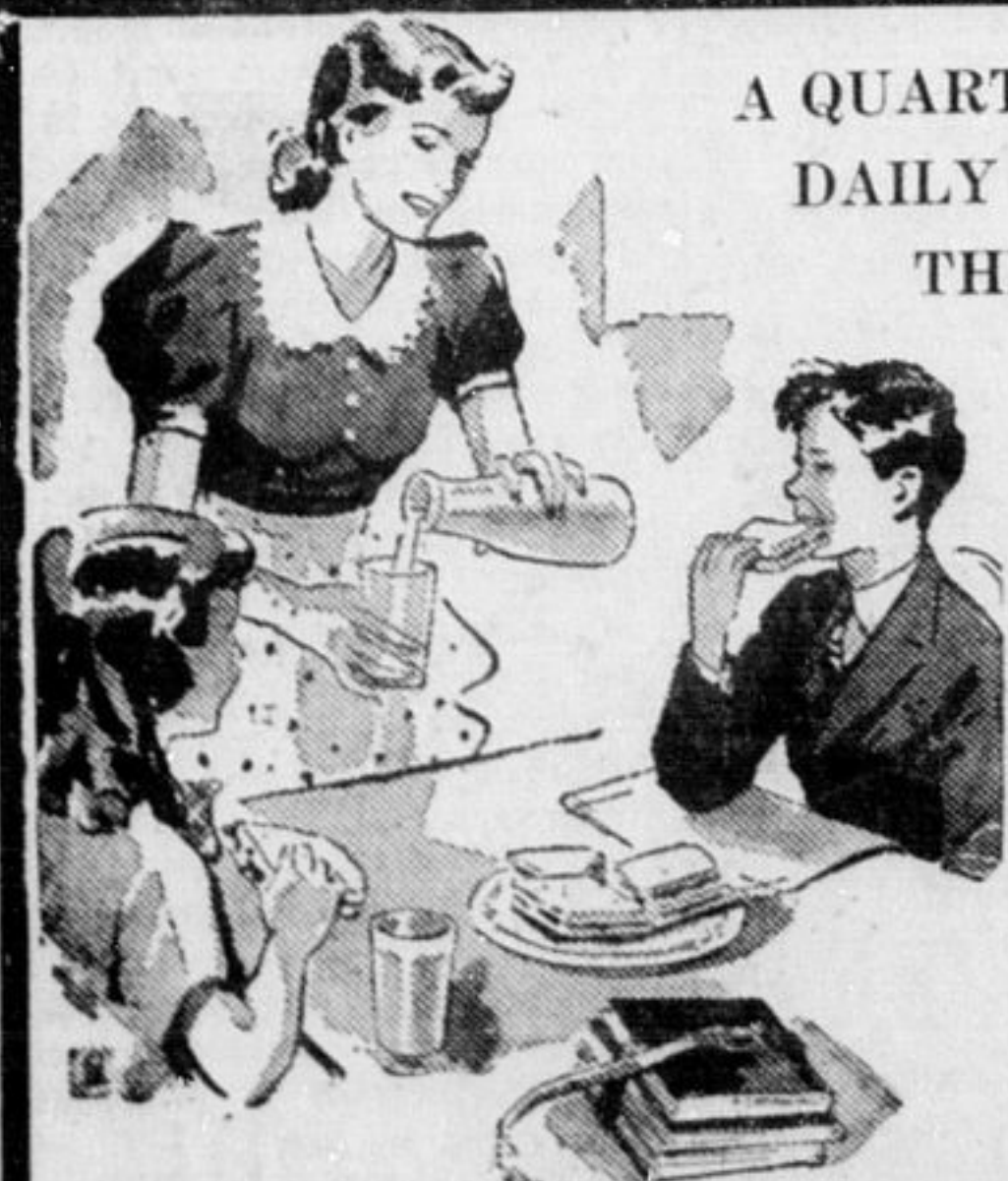
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