

COUNTY CLUB

By HOLLOWAY HORN

BEHIND GUARDED GATES

Ducros whistled and characteristically slumped back into his chair. "They're packing up here. I've just got back from letting Fernandez know that we're through with the case."

"They won't slip away this morning."

"No. I've got men at both gates of the park with instructions to detain them if they attempt to leave the place. I think it's right that the murderer completely finished the place as a club. But apart from that they're bolting. He's apparently paid for nothing and is in debt everywhere."

"The Chief thinks Miss Stenning is in the club, Dollimore said."

Ducros thought. "Of course, I've never searched the place, but I've been into dozens of rooms, but I don't suppose I've been into them all. Still why on earth should they detain her?"

Dollimore told him.

"I don't like it," he said. "They're far more likely to have taken the quicker way if she was dangerous. After all, why should they stick at one murder?"

"I thought about that. She may have information that we're missing."

Ducros nodded. "It's the Chief's funeral, anyway," he said. "If we arrest them and then find nothing there, it'll be a first-class mess."

"I think we shall find something; the Chief himself is coming down later in the afternoon. The rest of the gang will be in the kitchen at two o'clock. There is a lot in what the Chief says. If they've detained her at all she's probably in the club—there's a whole wing practically unused."

"I've some grub anyway. I'm glad the Chief is coming. If the whole thing is a mess-up, he'll be on the spot."

Dickman Green is one of the best and most peaceful spots in the Home Counties. The two police cars had been drawn unobtrusively into a little farm-lane leading from it. Ducros saw at a glance that the Chief had sent down some of the most competent men in the force. He had with him a rough plan of the park and the club, and explained the situation to the men. At half-past two, when the police cars drew up at the front steps of the club, the men quietly alighted and took up the positions which had been allocated to them. Ducros and Dollimore, together with three of the Chief's colleagues, went up the steps into the club itself.

There was no porter on duty and the conservatory and the dance-hall beyond were deserted. They went at once to Fernandez's office. The door was locked.

A glance passed between the two detectives.

"They can't have gone," Ducros said.

"I've had men at the lodge gates since I was here this morning."

"Let's ring and see what happens," Dollimore said.

In reply to his ring a rather untidy maid came through the baize door that led to the kitchen.

"We're police officers," said Ducros. "Where is Mr. Fernandez?"

"Isn't he in his office, sir?" she asked.

"He's locked. He was here at lunch time. What servants are here still?"

"Only two of us. And Mr. Jones, the porter."

"Where is he?"

"He's been about."

At that moment a car drew up at the front door and through the glass they saw Fernandez and Sadie Pachmann alight. One of the local police who had been on duty at the second lodge gate was with them.

Fernandez was in an ugly temper. "This is an outrage!" he stormed as he came into the hall. "What right have these men to stop us?"

"They did it under my orders," Ducros said calmly. "For the moment nobody is to leave this house."

"Are we under arrest?" Sadie Pachmann demanded.

"If that is the only method of preventing you leaving... yes," Ducros replied.

"And the charge?"

"Interfering with a police officer in the execution of his duty, will do for the time being. A far more serious charge may be preferred later."

"You can't get away with this," Fernandez said.

"Cut the cackle, there's a good fellow," said Ducros. "We've got a lot to do. Open the office."

"It is open."

"The door's locked."

"There are two doors. Why didn't you try the other?"

"Have you a key of this door? You will be well advised not to make

my duty more difficult than is necessary."

Ducros touched his own hip-pocket. Dollimore and a sergeant closed in suddenly on Fernandez and the inspector ran his banes over him. From his hip pocket he took a small black revolver.

"You were very wise not to use this at the gate, Dollimore said."

"The gate was padlocked, sir," the constable put in. "Mr. Ducros's orders."

"May I see the license authorizing you to carry that weapon?" Ducros asked.

"I haven't one."

"Let's have your keys. We have a search warrant."

Fernandez produced them and unlocked the door.

The office was in confusion. Drawers had been emptied hurriedly and the contents scattered.

"You were moving, Fernandez?"

"Why not? There's no point in staying here. The business has gone phut!"

"We intend to search the house from top to bottom, Fernandez."

"But I would rather you sat in that little alcove leading from the dance hall. You will find it more comfortable," Ducros said. "And you, too, Fernandez," he added.

"I see," said Fernandez. "What are you looking for? I may be able to help you."

"We have evidence in connection with the murder of Mrs. Lewin."

"Then... good luck," said Sadie Pachmann. "Mind if I sit down?"

"But I would rather you sat in that little alcove leading from the dance hall. You will find it more comfortable," Ducros said. "And you, too, Fernandez," he added.

"I should like to see the servants—all of them," Dollimore said.

"Right. I'll send them up."

Ducros gave the remaining police their instructions and himself went down to the kitchen while Dollimore began to go through the drawers.

Cardew's passport had disappeared and most of the curious assortment of papers and oddments were of little interest.

The first servant to come up was the one who had replied to the ring. She was a local woman and rather stupid. Dollimore could tell almost at once that she was useless.

"What other servants are here?" he asked.

"There's the housekeeper, Mrs. Lawes."

"Where is she?"

"She was in the kitchen just now."

"Tell her I want her."

"You won't want her again, sir?"

"No, thank you. And there's Jones, the porter. Have you seen him since I've been here?"

"Then send up Mrs. Lawes."

The housekeeper was a stranger to Dollimore. She was a stout, middle-aged woman of perhaps fifty, and regarded the detective with an unfriendly eye from the door.

"Where is he?"

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"It is open."

"The door's locked."

"There are two doors. Why didn't you try the other?"

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my duty more difficult than is necessary."

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Islanders Winners In Canadian Contest

Congratulations are extended to Mrs. Athol Roberts of Highfield, Prince Edward Island, for winning first prize in the "Purina Embryo Chick Contest," for having the most outstanding Purina Fed flock at eight weeks old in the whole of Canada. In addition there were also

two other prize winners. Mrs. Hugh McLean of Cornwall, P. E. Island and Mrs. James Coles of Emerald, P. E. I.

The above chicks were purchased from Dillon and Spillet's Chick Hatchery, Charlottetown and when you stop to consider that chicks from practically every hatchery in Canada were competing in this contest, it seems quite evident that our local Hatchery is producing the finest chicks that money can purchase.

In view of the great demand for those chicks in the past season, Dillon and Spillet's have doubled their hatching capacity for the coming year.

When you buy Purina Embryo Fed Chicks, hatched from Purina Fed Flocks, you are assured of "Lower Mortality" "Faster Growth" and a higher production of eggs when carried through on the Purina Schedule. L-1665-10-28-11.

Brackley Beach

The farmers of this vicinity are grading and shipping potatoes through their dealer, Mr. George Hughes.

The work provided this fall by the National Park has been a great boon to this and other communities, filling the pockets of the needy and the unneeded.

The new school teacher, Miss McPherson, is carrying on the good work of her predecessor Miss McKenzie.

Mrs. Fred Proude, North River, has been visiting her old home in Brackley Pt.

Miss Emily Stewart has returned to Massachusetts after enjoying a vacation at her old home.

The October meeting of the W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. Hamilton Shaw on Oct. 16th with a good attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin McLure are receiving congratulations on their fiftieth wedding anniversary on Oct. 23rd.

LOST CHANCES

Wife (to husband inquiring what she thought of his speech): "You didn't make the most of your opportunities."

Husband: "What opportunities?"

"Why all the opportunities you had of sitting down."

Reply Formally To Soviet Note

LONDON, Oct. 26—(CP Cable)—Sources close to the government said tonight Great Britain will reply formally to the Russian protest against inclusion of food in the British contraband list, but that the list will not be modified.

These sources said the British list conformed in all major respects with the German list, and if Russia protested against one she should protest against the other.

The list is practically the same as was in effect in the latter years of the first Great War, to which

Russia subscribed as an ally of Britain, it was pointed out.

Several neutral countries have protested against the operation of Britain's contraband control, but Russia was the first to do this publicly. Japan, Chile, Argentina, Panama and other countries have protested against different features of the contraband system but none of their protests was over inclusion of food.

It was stated here that the 1930 declaration of London, on which Russia based her protest, has never been ratified. It was an attempt to standardize products which should not be included in contraband lists but it obviously could not be used today because it included such goods as cotton, wheat and other agricultural products which are used not to manufacture

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

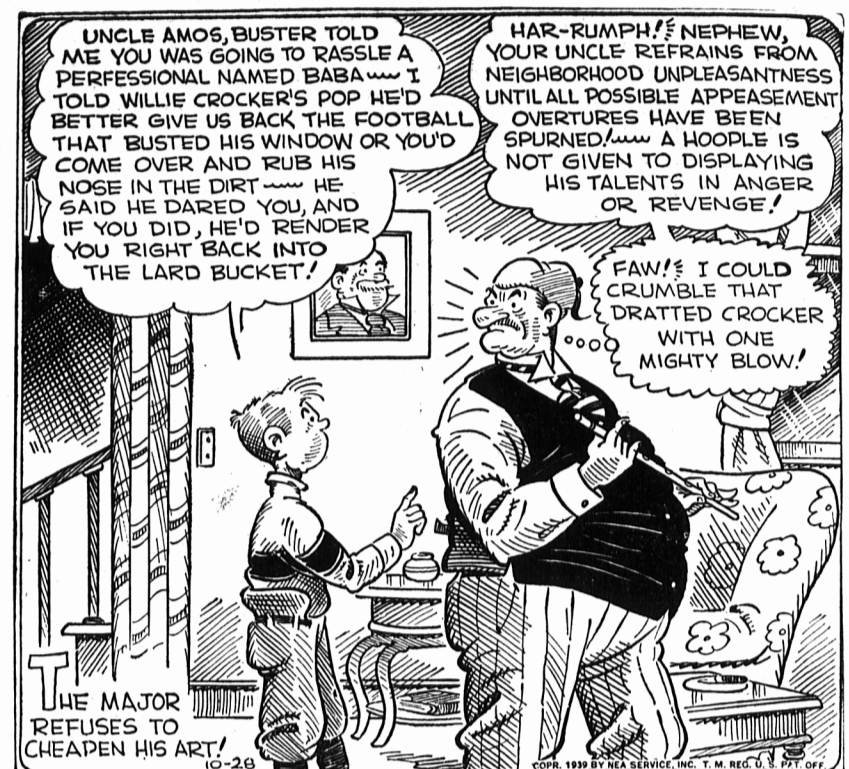


WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

J.R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

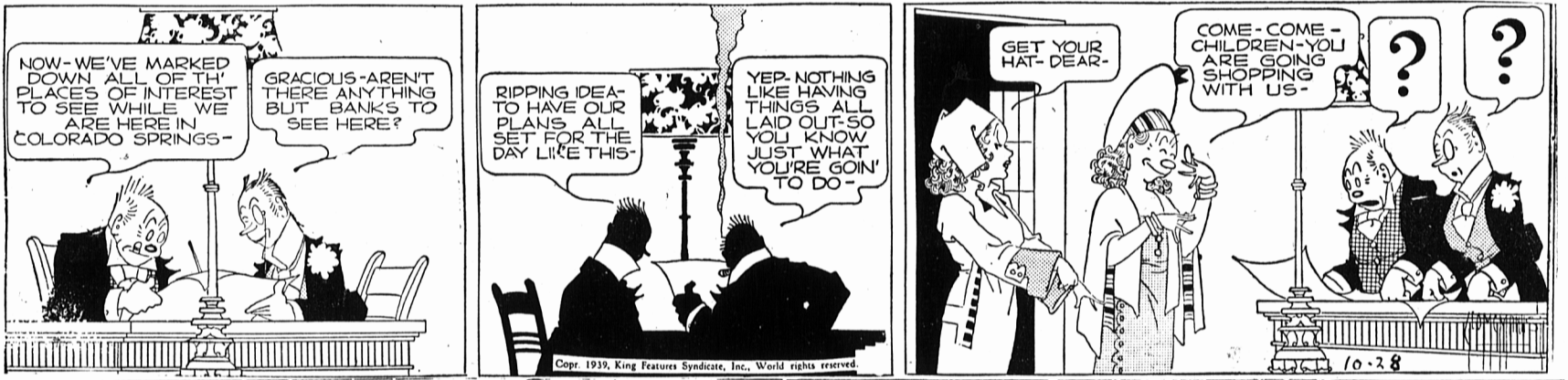


THE MAJOR REFUSES TO CHEAPEN HIS ART!

J.R. WILLIAMS

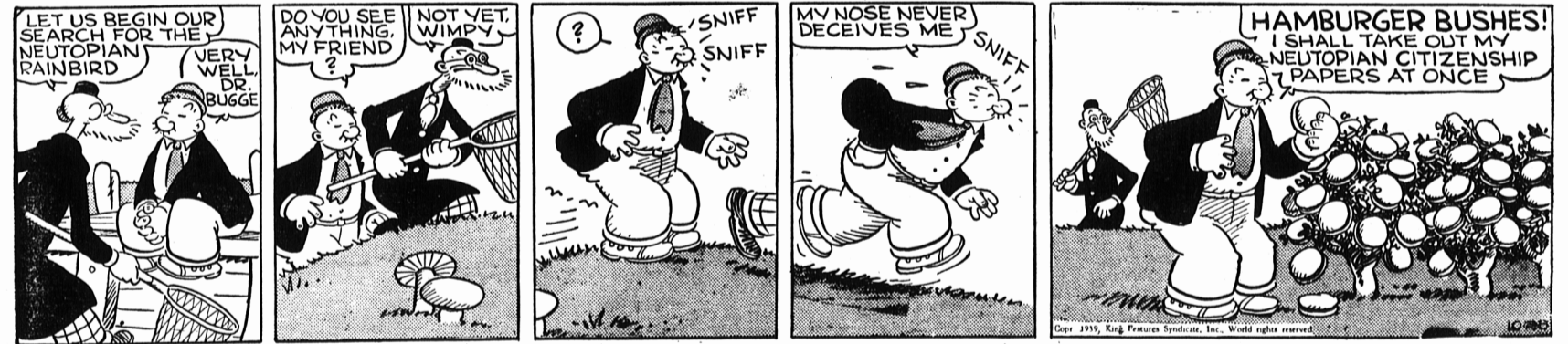
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManu



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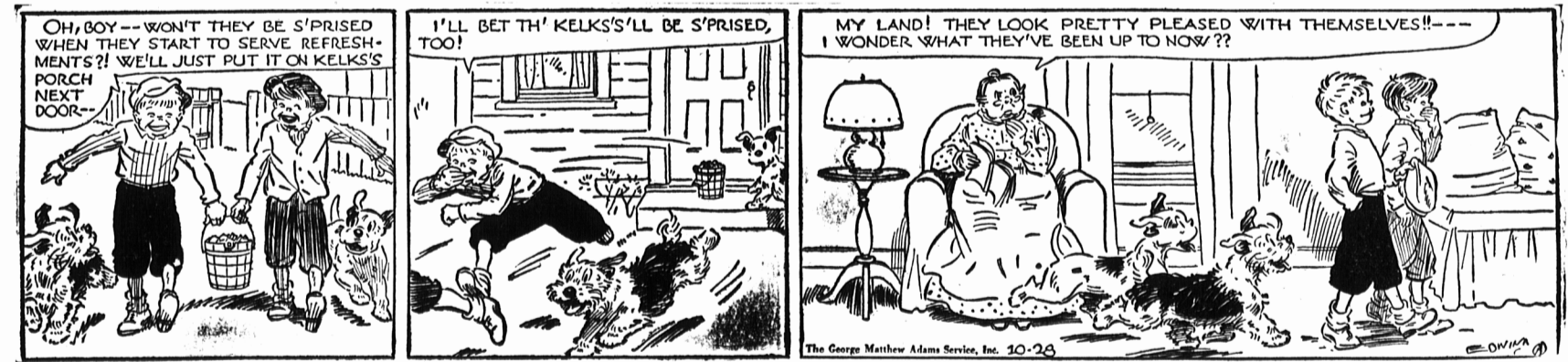
Thimble Theatre. Starring POPEYE



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TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

By EDWINA



The George Matthew Adams Service, Inc. 10-26

TILLIE THE TOILER

ALSO AMONG THOSE PRESENT!

By Westover



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He can't slip!
ON O-Cedar Self-Polishing WAX

- NO POLISHING
- NO DRUGGERY
- NON-SKIDDING
- WEAR-RESISTING
- WATER-RESISTING
- LONG-LASTING LUSTRE

for all floors

O-Cedar Self-Polishing WAX

How Are Your Eyes?

If you are having symptoms of strain--headaches, sore eyes or dizziness--consult a specialist.

At your service with years of experience a thorough refracting service.

Call in and discuss your difficulties.

G. F. Hutcheson

G. F. HUTCHESON, F. G. HUTCHESON

THROAT SORE?

For common ordinary sore throat

JUST RUB ON

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT