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Murder Could Not Kill

(continued)
"Knock. He'll probably think it's Leasing and open."
It fell out as the detective had surmised. Without delay the door was confidently opened by Dowson. He looked alarmed when he saw the two unexpected figures. At once he closed the door to a bare twelve inches' aperture and peering through, asked angrily:
"What the devil do you want here?"
"To see Mr. Lessing." West replied blandly, his shoulder against the door in readiness to thrust if any attempt were made to close it completely. Robin remained behind him in the shadow.
"He isn't here. You'll probably find him downstairs."
"I think we'll just wait for him, if you don't mind," said the inspector, at the same time lurching with his shoulder against the door so that Dowson was forced to move back. The detective entered and Robin followed him.
Quite unsuspecting for a second, Dowson's indignation at the intrusion kept him silent, then at sight of Robin his face went suddenly pale. He realized, too late, that he was trapped. He backed away irresolute. West observed pleasantly:
"This is Mr. Foster. I believe you have met him before."
Dowson ignored the pleasantry.
"Who the dickens are you?"
"My name is West—I'm a police officer."

Dowson was a swift thinker. Before the words were quite uttered he had made a dive for the still-open door. He was quick, but West was quicker. He caught him by the arm as he jumped and spun him back towards Robin. Dowson swung round and struck at Robin, furiously, wildly. West watched closely, but made no move to take a hand in the ensuing scuffle, which was short and sharp.
Slipping the other's onslaught, Robin checked his rush with two half-arm jabs on his ribs, then, still using his left, he planted a flush hit; and bringing across his right although anxiety caused him to misjudge his distance, he sent Dowson reeling. "Quite neat," said West to himself.
The man staggered back and in his backward lurch reeled against and clutched the arm of a chair, which overturned with him as he crashed to the floor. He lay there, raising himself on one hand to glare in hate and apprehension at his aggressor.
Nonchalantly West moved to the door, and as he closed and bolted it remarked to Robin lightly:
"I gave you a free hand, Foster; I thought you might enjoy the chance."
"Thanks, West. Jolly sporting of you, I certainly did enjoy it," Robin answered cheerfully, if somewhat breathlessly. "Although I haven't done much since I was a young'un."
"Get up!" the detective addressed Dowson curtly. "Pick up that chair and sit on it; I hope that lesson did you good."

Obeying sulkily, the man tried to assume an air of righteous indignation as West unceremoniously searched him before he allowed him to sit, and then, finding no weapon stepped back.
"I don't know what you're after, but I'll see you pay for this," Dowson said. "What is it you've got against me? I've done nothing."
"No? I fancy you're too modest. Better think again my lad. The more you say, the easier time you're likely to have."
"I don't know what you're talking about," Dowson persisted. "I tell you I'm merely here on private business, waiting for Mr. Lessing."
"You'll wait a long time for him."
"What do you mean?" There was no doubt of the intensity of Dowson's alarm.
"Just that he's fixed all right . . . all right."
West smiled at him disarmingly, and then with abrupt severity demanded: "How often do you dodge in through that trap entrance from the mews to Lessing's house in Charles Street? Do you remember using it the night you murdered Sherwood Dexter—eh?"
The man's nerve left him completely. "I didn't do it. I didn't do it. I tell you," he cried. "It was Lessing shot him. I had no idea he was going to do it. I only drove the car. I did as I was told. I had to, I tell you."
"You only drove the car, eh? Acting under orders, eh? Just as when you tried to do in Mr. Foster, eh? Well, we may give you the benefit of the doubt. You see, as I told you, the franker you are, the better it may pay you. I gather that you had been instructed to hold yourself in readiness with the car that night he went after Dexter?"
"That's so; you've got it right," Dowson assured him eagerly. "I didn't know what he wanted it for. I thought it was perhaps just an ordinary job."
"Just an ordinary job. I see; we know these jobs." Then you followed Dexter's car?"
"The other nodded. "He told me to. But it was Lessing who did the job. I did nothing. I swear it! I swear it!" He was almost in tears.
"I believe you," the detective said, looking at him contemptuously. "What was your game to-night? Arranging to make a run for it, weren't you?" Again Dowson nodded.

"Where's Brett?"
The question was shot at him with terrifying abruptness. It made Dowson start and almost jump in his seat. He involuntarily threw a glance over his shoulder at a door in the far corner of the room. Without moving his head, West followed the glance, but his eyes showed no sign of what he thought.
"Did—did Lessing tell you that?" Dowson asked him, all his debonair bluster gone.
To be continued

Prince of Wales' First Aid Class Receives Certificates

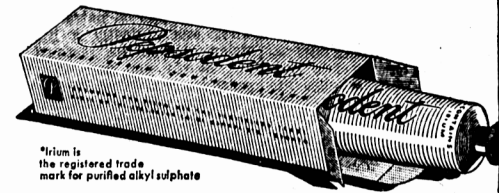
The students of the Teacher Training Department of Prince of Wales College received Standard First Aid Certificates at a jolly function held in the Vocational School on Friday, May 19th at 4:30 p.m.
Mr. R. H. Rogers, President of the Prince Edward Island Division of the Canadian Red Cross and Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan, O.B.E., Past-President addressed the students and presented the awards.
An innovation at this ceremony was the presentation of two First Aid Kits as prizes.
Mr. Walter Hyndman, Manager of Hyndman & Co. Life Assurance Company and Provincial President of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce presented the first kit to Mr. Roy Compton of Bangor. This prize was donated by Mr. H. C. Bohaker, of the Sun Life Assurance Company and president of the Life Underwriters Association. It was given in recognition of an essay on the "Saving of Life by the Prevention of Panic during a Fire."
Miss Iphigenie Arsenault, Red Cross Commissioner, presented a First Aid Kit donated by Mrs. E. M. Bagnall, chairman of the Red Cross First Aid Committee, to the student attaining the highest aggregate in First Aid for the year. This practical First Aid Kit was awarded to Miss Reta MacNeill of Milton.
Mr. Frank MacMillan of the Prince of Wales College staff spoke briefly and commended the Red Cross on their effective work.
Mrs. Harry Cutmore, Director of the Red Cross First Aid Services, thanked all those who had participated in this programme.
Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the afternoon through the helpful co-operation of Miss Doris Anderson.

The following students received certificates, cards and pins:
Janice Beaton, Joan Carr, Edith Currie, Norman Ford, Gerda Hansen, Georgina Johnston, Christine MacInnis, Bernadette MacKenzie, Ruth MacKenzie, Aletha MacLeod, Laura MacNevin, Helen MacRae, Catherine Peters, Percy Sentner, Esther Stewart, Margaret MacLeod, Rene Arsenault, Ivan Cherevo, Marie Duffy, Cedric Gallant, Miriam Hickey, Gerald Kelly, Kenneth G. MacDonald, John McKenna, Joan Murphy, Mary C. Wilson, Ellen Buchanan, Lorraine Coffin, Mary Doyle, Theresa Gorman, Olive Howard, Georgina Kelly, Mary A. MacKay, K. Jean MacKenzie, Vincent MacKenzie, Louise MacLeod, Anita MacPhee, Anna Matheson, Mary Riley, Mabel Sherry, Elaine Sudbury, Irene Bernard, Roy Compton, Janet Dunphy, Phyllis Gillis, Edna Hughes, Elizabeth McCaughey, Theresa MacDonald, Agatha McLennan, Gladys Murray, Eliza Campbell, Virjane Crozier, Josephine Fitzpatrick, Sarah Handrahan, Shirley Jenkins, Evelyn MacDonald, Margaret MacKenna, Emma Tweedy, Katherine MacKinnon, Reta MacNeill, Marie MacQuaid, Elmon Nicolle, Anita Roche, Frances Sinnott, Uldine White, Marlon Cairns, Rene Doucette, Albert Gallant, Alexander Green, Florence Hughes, Evelyn McCormack, Florence McKenna, Susan Mallard, Lloyd Simmons.



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NEW HAVEN W. I.
The meeting of New Haven Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Michael Murphy, May 3, president. Mrs. Richard MacPhee was in the chair. Meeting opened by singing "Ode" and repeating the creed in unison. Twenty members answered roll call with exchange of flower seeds or slips. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved and signed by the president. The business part of the meeting then took place. Reports of the various committees were heard.
Bills amounting to \$1.28 were handed in and ordered paid. The correspondence was read and discussed. It was moved and seconded that \$5.00 be given to Salvation Army Fund. The Institute News was distributed among the members. Many thank you notes were received.
The following are new committees for next month. School—Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. Moore. Helper for Sewing Club—Mrs. Artie MacPhee. Collection was taken and amounted to \$1.0. Two new members joined. Roll call next meeting to be answered with article for Grab bag. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Duncan Gass. Contests were put on by Mrs. Murphy and Mrs.

BAN QUIZ PROGRAMS
BUENOS AIRES, May 24—(AP)—Argentina has told its radio broadcasters to stick to their scripts and out of the quiz programs. The Government banned unrehearsed lines on the air after a question-and-answer session May 12 produced a remark interpreted as a slight to Eva Duarte Peron, the President's wife.
Lloyd MacKinnon and were won by Mrs. Brewer Boice and Mrs. Earl Moore.
Meeting closed with "The King" A dainty lunch was then served by the hostess.

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Ladies' House Coats 2.95 to 7.95	Pillow Cases, special, 2 for 1.00
Ladies' House Dresses 1.39 to 3.95	Dish Towels 25c to 49c
Ladies' Blouses 1.00 to 5.95	Table Cloths, special 98c
Ladies' Dirndl Skirts 1.95 to 3.95	Bath Towels, special, each 25c
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