

**frog in the throat?**

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### Murder Could Not Kill

He opened the door, watched her walk quickly through the outer apartment and outside, then hailed his henchman brusquely: "Here, I want you Benson."

"What's the trouble, Maurice?" asked anxiously.

"Trouble? I'm scared stiff! Sit down."

As the other obeyed, Gordon himself sat down and bent forward across the table that separated them.

"These skirts!" he said. "Damn! If you can trust 'em an inch, I told the bird to keep away—well, you saw for yourself. Can you beat it! Comes here for no perishin' reason at all: none. Wants to see me—and rinks our necks over the head of it. That's bad enough, but she comes here on top of that young swine Robin Foster's nosing around—remember his dia. in the papers?"

"You mean this one that was with the Dexter girl last night?"

"Who else should I mean?" Gordon growled. "Well, I got something to tell you about him. He hooked me after lunch in the Negro—couldn't dodge it. Not that I wanted to, for I had a cast-iron alibi and it might have been worth the chance to learn just what he knew. He'd been there earlier, pumping Jim the waiter about me. A proper workman, I give you my word. Didn't know my mother, but he knew I had this blasted mitt. I know I'll get me put away one of these days."

"May I die! But 'ow could 'e 'ave known about you?" Benson asked fearfully.

"Don't you see?" Gordon wiped his forehead. "This Brett must have had time to mouth to that Dexter girl. God knows what game she's up to. He'd got enough daylight through his brainpan to be able to tell her that he had been with me in the Negro last Tuesday. I somehow thought the old perisher had guessed that I'd doped him. When she got her hooks into him I suppose he must have coughed up all he knew and could remember. She's 'wised' this Foster bloke, and either off his own hook, or shoved on by her, 'e's got nossey."

"That's a crampin', an' no error. How much d'you think he's rumbled?"

"It fair beats me," answered the other as he got to his feet and started to move nervously about the little room. "I'd a dam' hard job keeping him off the scent, I give you my word. But I, fancy I bluffed it off all right."

"How's that?"

"Can't you see he was in queer street himself? If he dropped it, as it were, through Brett, they'd got the office about me—well, where the hell has he tripped over Brett, see? What tale could he pitch about that, eh? Though what old Dexter's daughter wanted with Brett fair knocks me stiff. What game has she got on, eh? That's a teaser, if you like. It beats me to put either a hear or a tail on that! Bother me if I didn't actually have to keep this Foster from wandering into the trap he was laying for his own self. See? If I had once let that perisher blow the gaff on himself and I hadn't gone right off to Scotland Yard, what'd he have thought? See?... Much help you are!"

"Ah, that would 'ave made 'im suspicious," commented Benson.

"Oh, it's dawning on you, is it?" sneered the other. "Nice blinkin' mess we'd have been in. I wouldn't have taken a hundred quid to have ricked Scotland Yard again. Makes me feel damp all down my back to think of it. If it wasn't for the brass that's in it I'd say no more jobs like this for me. I give you my word solemn. If we hadn't had such a raspin' bad time with the book I wouldn't look at for double the money."

**INSTALLMENT 12.**

David Langley, rising thirty, lean, clean-shaven, but not in any outward fashion remarkable, sat in his shirt-sleeves writing furiously at a desk in an untidy third floor single-window room near Ludgate Circus.

His one enthusiasm, life-interest and hobby was the theater. Being the fortunate possessor of a fair private income, some years previously he had launched a monthly publication called the Stage Chronicle.

The destinies of his periodical—really a first-class production of its kind—he controlled from this dingy little office in the orthodox lane off Fleet Street. He did not look up from the litter on his flat desk as he heard the outer door swing open, the clump of feet on the bare flooring of the passage, and the "Good morning, Mr. Foster" of his woman secretary and assistant in the tiny outer room.

Only when his visitor appeared in his own sanctum did he take notice.

"Hullo, Foster, my lad," he sang out. "You're on the move early this morning. What is it—guilty conscience or something? Olgarrette?"

"Thanks, No; it's nothing unusual. Strange though it may seem, I am merely attending to my duties with that Parisworthy thorough-

ness so characteristic of this distinguished artist. You must have noticed it by now," returned Robin Foster, grinning at him cheekily.

"You don't tell me! So far it certainly has escaped me; it's as well you drew my attention to it."

"You always were pathetically unobservant. Too much ego, my son. There; I've brought along that drawing of our dear and only Norman Ashcroft, complete with the usual dope-potted biography."

From the folder he carried, Robin produced a sketch and passed it across to Langley, at the same time laying on his desk a sheet of manuscript.

Langley examined the "sketch." "Devilish good," he commented. "By the way, cast your eye on this, my lad."

He rummaged among the con-

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fusion of papers in front of him and eventually disentangled a letter written in a large sprawling hand. He pushed it over to Robin.

To be continued

### IN MEMORIAM

**MR. CYRIL PINEAU**

The community of North Rustico lost one of its oldest and most respected citizens in the death of Mr. Cyril Pineau, who passed away on March 19th, 1950, in his eighty-fifth year.

The late Mr. Pineau, who was a lifelong resident of North Rustico and the last surviving member of a well known family, was of a quiet and unassuming nature, but nevertheless, he was always active in community life, and ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand.

Besides his sorrowing widow, the former Julia Pineau of Rustico Parish, he will be fondly remembered by an adopted daughter, Mrs. George A. LeClair and eight grandchildren.

His funeral which was largely

attended was held from his late residence to Stella Marie Church, where Requiem High Mass was sung by the pastor, the Rev. Eric Robin who also conducted the service at the grave in the church cemetery.

The pallbearers were Benoit Pineau, Wallace Pursey, Arch. Hartling, Joseph S. Gallant, Lawrence Gauthier and Napoleon Doucette.

The many Mass Cards and Messages of Sympathy testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held.

**Card Of Thanks**

The family of the late Cyril Pineau wishes to thank all who sent Mass Cards and Messages of Sympathy. Also those who helped in any way during their bereavement.

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**Appreciation**

We wish to thank all our friends and neighbours who helped us in any way, after losing our Barn, Livestock, Seed, etc., by Fire on May 18th, 1949.

Signed  
Don Johnston,  
Peter's Road.

**Card Of Thanks**

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Stewart and Francis wish to thank all friends and neighbours who helped in any way during the recent fire in their garage.

**CARD OF THANKS**

The wife and family of the late Willard Kitchener MacDonald, 39 Harvard St., Halifax, N. S., wish to express their sincere thanks and appreciation to all those who assisted them in any way during their recent sad bereavement. Also for the many floral offerings, letters, telegrams and cards.

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**HERE'S HOW:**

Ingredients: 1 lb. Canned Salmon, flaked; 1/2 cup grated cheese; 2 eggs, well beaten; 1 cup milk; 2 tablespoons melted butter; 3 rolled crackers; juice of 1 lemon.

Directions: Combine Salmon and cheese, add beaten eggs and milk. Pour into buttered casserole. Cover with buttered cracker crumbs. Over all pour lemon juice. Cover, set casserole in pan of water and bake in moderate oven, 350-375° F., for 30 minutes. This Canned Salmon Casserole serves 4.

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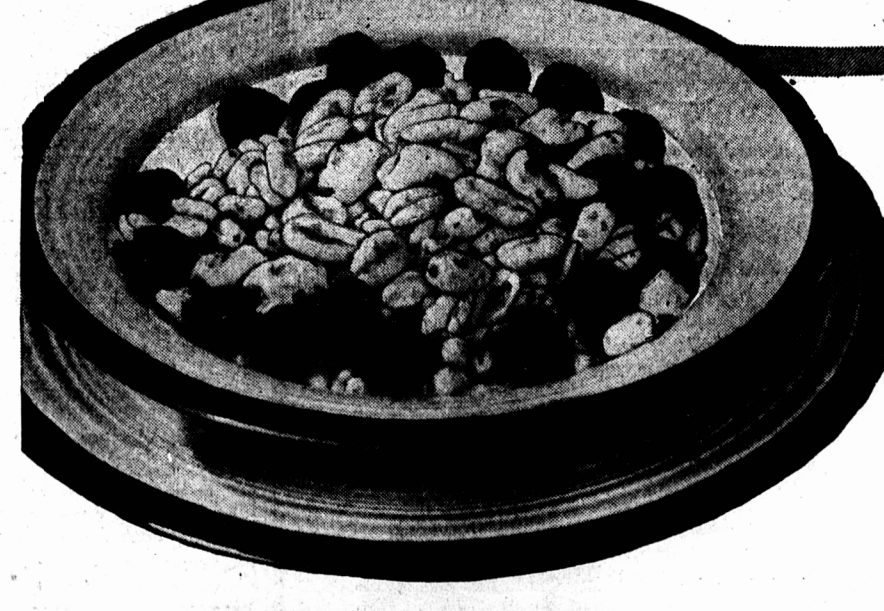
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