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DOIRON'S CREEK SCHOOL Report for the month of March. Grade X. A.—1, Marie Hagen. Grade X. B.—1, Margueret Hagen. Grade VIII.—1, Frances Gallant; 2, Louis Pineau. Grade VII.—1, Joan Gallant; 2, Patricia Gallant; 3, Leo Pineau. Grade V.—1, Vincent Doucette; 2, Laurina Pineau; 3, Joan Hagen. Grade III.—1, Noel Gallant. Grade II. A.—1, Delma Gallant. Grade II. B.—1, Douglas Hagen. Teacher—Helen Gallant. SOUTH SEA ISLAND New Guinea, with an area of 347,450 square miles, is the largest island in the Pacific Ocean.

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Murder Could Not Kill

Robin's mind was in a turmoil. He could hardly bring himself to believe all she had told him—and yet there was something beyond her beauty about Laurette Dexter; some dauntless, fine-steel quality of character which impressed him beyond logic.

"Yes, you can count me in with you," he said.

For the first time in their conversation that morning she smiled.

"I might have known I could—I think I did know," she answered, impulsively extending her hand. As he clasped it, she added: "Will you see him—hear his story from himself? I must go to him. The poor man must be hungry—I slept so late I wasn't able to take him up breakfast as I intended."

Robin nodded agreement. They left the room together, and after a preliminary survey made their way quietly upstairs. None of the servants was in evidence.

On the top landing they moved along the uncarpeted floor of the passage. Laurette, with a bunch of keys in her hand, advanced to a door; knocked warningly; selected and inserted a key in the lock, and as quietly as possible turned it. The key turned over without any feel of resistance. A look of astonishment crossed her face as she realized that the door had already been unlocked. She looked at Robin in alarm, then entered, and Robin, following her, heard her utter a gasp. He went in beside her to discover the cause.

The room, which was lit only by one small window placed right in the center of the slanting ceiling, was unoccupied. The one chair the room contained was overturned, one of its legs having been broken off, and on the dusty, uncovered wooden floor were traces of slithering feet.

"Oh, Robin, what can have happened? Laurette stammered blankly.

"God knows," Robin answered soberly, as he saw some small dark stains beside the plain couch set against the wall. Some rugs and pillows on it were tossed untidily over it and the floor. He stooped down and touched one of the stains with a finger. "Blood," he said quietly, looking up at her. He straightened himself and faced her. "There seems to have been a pretty fierce scrap. There's been more than one visitor here."

"But what can it mean? I—I— She halted, her eyes wide open in suspicious dread.

"That's what we have got to find out," he replied grimly. "Steady now! We may get some sort of clue."

He looked up at the window, drew a finger along the lower part of the woodwork; then shook his head.

"Nothing came in or went out there, that's certain. Some marks would have shown. See—that dust hasn't been distributed at all... Well, it can't have been the police who collared him—that's clear, so we eliminate that. You'd have heard all about it if that had been the case. So if it's kidnapping it's been done from inside the house. There's either a traitor in your camp or an entry has been forced or made somehow. You say you had the only key of this room?"

"So far as I knew."

"That's true. The lock hasn't been forced or anything?" Robin continued, stepping across to examine it. "No; the door has been opened in the ordinary way—the bolt has been turned back without any damage being done. A key or an expert lock picker. It must have been opened by someone with another key or a lever. It's an ordinary simple lock. What servants are there in the house?"

"A cook-housekeeper—an elderly person, Mrs. Deeming—and two servant girls, Mary and Elsie, and my own maid, Beaton. There's also Ethridge, the valet-chauffeur. It was taken on with the car—it's only hired by the month—but he lives out."

Robin pondered for a moment. "I'm afraid this is where our troubles begin," he said. "It must have been one of your own household who opened this door or led the people in who did. You heard no sound of a struggle?"

"No I remember nothing after I got into bed, until I was awakened with difficulty this morning by Mary to speak on the telephone."

"What's underneath here?" Robin asked, stamping on the floor.

"A bedroom—unoccupied."

"You're not what you'd call a heavy sleeper, are you?"

"Far from it. As a matter of fact, for the past week I have been sleeping very badly. I can understand how I hear nothing, for my bedroom's also on the floor below, although at the front."

"Had you anything to drink before you went up to bed? You know, I am beginning to suspect you may have been drugged. It sounds fantastic, but—well, if there has been someone helping from inside—"

"I didn't want to say it, but I was beginning to have the same suspicion myself." Laurette returned.

"This headache, the fact that I slept so soundly and so late—it all seems so queer."

"Yes, queer's the word. Did you have anything to drink?"

"Yes; that's the most curious part of it. I took only a glass of hot milk. I generally have that as a nightcap."

"Who brought you the milk?"

"I think Mrs. Deeming prepared it, or Beaton. She brought it."

"Normally you would have heard the sound of any struggle from where your bedroom is?"

"I think so."

"Where do the servants sleep?"

"Right at the bottom of the house, in the basement at the back."

"Then it's very likely or even possible they would hear nothing unless it were an absolute riot."

"That is so. Otherwise they'd surely have raised an alarm or made some inquiry. Unless, of

York Highlights

Miss Sue Jones of Cross Roads spent the week-end in York as the welcome guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Vessey.

The Misses Mary and Annie Gill of Union Road were the guests on Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Vessey, York.

The many friends of Mr. Frank Watts are sorry to learn of his illness in the Prince Edward Hospital and hope for complete restoration to health in the near future.

Mr. William MacEwen of York is now convalescing at his home in York after his recent operation in Prince Edward Island Hospital. His many friends are glad of his speedy recovery.

A Sunday School Teacher and Parent's Training Programme is being held each Wednesday evening at York Mansie of the United Church. The class with the minister enjoy many profitable and interesting discussions.

The numerous friends and neighbors of York extend their sincere sympathy to the immediate family and brother, Mr. Pope Cook, of the late Mr. Gorham Cook, East Royally in their recent sad bereavement. A large number from York attended the funeral on Wednesday.

The Smiling Juniors of Junior Red Cross Group of York School met in class room on Friday March 31st. The president Alan Brown opened the meeting. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. Roll call was answered by twenty-five members with four lettered jumbled word. Collection amounted to thirty-five cents. Reports of old committees were given. New Committees were appointed: Water—Earla and Joyce Lins. Health and Cleanliness—Erma Watts. Fire—Frankie Lewis. The meeting on motion adjourned.

The Installation of Sunday School Officials and Teachers of York United Church took place at the regular service of Worship on March 2, by the minister Rev. John Douglass. Mr. Milton Vessey, Superintendent, Mr. Raymond Vessey as Assistant Superintendent, Mrs. Leigh Vessey and Mrs. Frank Vessey as teacher and substitute teacher of the Intermediate class. Mrs. John Douglass and Mrs. Horace Vessey as teacher and substitute teacher of the Junior Class. Miss Evelyn Underhay and Mrs. Peter Proud, teacher and substitute teacher of the Primary Class. Mr. Arthur Brown and Miss Francis Vessey teacher and substitute teacher of the Beginners Class. Mr. Milton Vessey is also teacher of a division of the intermediate class.

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

ded, "there was a great lot of traffic." In the rocking chair, we sewed substantial patches on the heels of Jamie's worn socks, and made ship-shape the knees of the younger lad's overalls. "Faith and it's of iron they should be making the knees of young ones' trousers—and seats!" we remembered then with a smile the words of a woman of the long ago, obliged to sew many a stitch for her masculine brood, as we set the new pieces in place.

Grist were taken to the mill; logs too for the Spring sawing. One man turned back the years by hauling sand to effect a work of repair to his farmer's boiler, in order to place cooked potatoes on his hog's bills-of-fare. And at a pigery here a young sow, about to go out to make her own way and reputation in the world of porcinies was ear-marked in a ceremony that was interesting, if a bit fearful to the three-year-old bystander. "Put a good wish on her!" we laughed to Rob, as her new owner drove out along the lane "your father always sends the like with such sales!" It was on Rob's behalf and in a belated work that our farmers collected loads of fire-wood this afternoon—trees that had been cut by the roadside in a project of Winter clearing, the teams drawing them to a heap close to the scene of the cutting, in a field "out home."

And by day-showers. And now, no star, no moon. A night dark and damp, and veiled by fog.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night . . .

ST. PATRICK'S ROAD

School report for March. Grade IX.—1, Ollie Birt; 2, Pearl Grant.

Grade VI.—1, Fred Handrahan; 2, Mabel Grant; 3, Arthur Stewart.

Grade V.—1, Hurdley Stewart; 2, Tommy Grant.

Grade IV.—1, Patricia Grant; 2, Clarence Birt; 3, Billy Rogerson.

Grade I.—1, Aletha Stewart; 2, Ruth Donnelly.

Teacher—Freda Mullen.

course—" She broke off. "D'you know I'm beginning to feel seriously alarmed about these women here. Surely they're not all in league against me! No, they can't be. I refuse to think these very ordinary, decent people are in a plot. There must be some other explanation."

To be continued



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