

BROCKLEBANK'S ADVENTURE



By **R. A. J. WALLING**

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE SQUEAKY VOICE," ETC.

You may start this thrilling story here and now without missing much of what has gone before. Just read the synopsis given herewith and then go on with the story.

SYNOPSIS

BILL BROCKLEBANK, a young athletic Englishman, saved a stranger, **GEORGE HARRISON**, from being murdered in New York.

Harrison takes Brocklebank to his apartment, where he shows a desire to do something to reward the young man. Discovering that Brocklebank is a dependable person of excellent education, who speaks French fluently, he asks him if he would care to undertake an errand to Europe, for which he is prepared to pay 2,000 dollars. Brocklebank who is in American getting business experience, but has lost his job, is attracted by the offer.

The task is to meet Harrison's niece, **PAMELA** at Marseilles, where she is arriving from the Near East, and to conduct her to London, where Harrison will be awaiting her at the Felton Hotel. Harrison explains that his niece will have in her possession something of great value which certain individuals are intensely anxious to get. In this connection Harrison explains that he is engaged in what he calls a "private war" with certain money interests. He shows Brocklebank a photograph of a middle-aged man with a grey moustache and narrow eyes, and who is Brocklebank against him.

When the story opens, Brocklebank is on his way from Paris to Marseilles by train. When he goes to the restaurant car for dinner, he sees in a far corner a man closely resembling the photograph which Harrison showed in New York.

And at the next halt he sends a wire to a friend, **GUICHARD**, at Marseilles. Towards the end of the journey the narrow-eyed person whom Brocklebank nicknames **YELLOW DOG**, appears at the entrance of Brocklebank's compartment and asks if he may smoke a cigar, since his own compartment is a non-smoked. Brocklebank agrees and Yellow Dog brings a companion whom

Brocklebank recognizes as **SIR ARTHUR ACKERTON**, an old friend of his father.

Although the conversation so far has been in French Ackerton suspects Brocklebank of being English, but Brocklebank skillfully maintains the fiction that he is French, and that he does not understand English. Even so, Ackerton is not convinced, and tells Yellow Dog he believes the man to be English and named Brocklebank.

When Ackerton has finished his cigar and left the compartment, Yellow Dog takes the earliest opportunity of asking Brocklebank what his game is. In reply, Brocklebank, still speaking in French, produces his pistol. Ultimately the man makes off to another part of the train.

At Marseilles Brocklebank is met by Guichard, an old friend.

Brocklebank is now in Guichard's cafe, telling his French friend his troubles.

Guichard is keeping track of Yellow Dog for Brocklebank.

(NOW READ ON)
"Unbelievable!" he exclaimed. "But we have him! Do you know where he is?"—"In there!" He pointed to the wall.

"What!" cried Brocklebank
"Next door—at Ricard's. Too near, I admit. But leave him to me, Bill."

"I'm not afraid of him Raoul; but I want him kept away from that ship. I rather relish you."

"Have no fear, my friend! We'll throw him in the basin first. But about your ship—the Camillo Cavour, you said? And on the 20th?"

"Or the 21st—tomorrow or the day after. You know all about the shipping in the port, Raoul. Do you know her?"

"Yes, perfectly. An Italian. Trades to the Levant. Calls at ports in the Aegean, then to Palermo, Naples, Genoa here. The trouble is that she docks in the Joliette basin."

"Ah, a stone's throw from here," said Brocklebank. "Why trouble?"

"Early in the morning I shall inquire. Leave it to me, Bill."

During the next day he reported to

Brocklebank—that the Camillo Cavour was leaving Genoa at ten o'clock in the evening and would reach the docks between eleven and midnight on the 21st; that Yellow Dog had lain in bed late, breakfasted at half past eleven, walked round the Old Port and up the Canebiere, called at a gunmaker's shop and bought a revolver, spent an hour sitting at a cafe at the corner of the Boulevard Garibaldi, returned to La Joliette, dined at Ricard's.

Next day the watch on Yellow Dog continued. Guichard regretted that the dirty type was so light a sleeper that Ricard had not been able to appropriate his revolver. Still, that did not matter much, since Yellow Dog, wherever he chanced to be at nine o'clock that night would be quietly but firmly removed to another place.

All went well with the vigil till evening. But at six o'clock Yellow Dog set out for a walk. He turned off to the Boulevard de Paris, and thence to the Great Avenue. At seven o'clock he stopped at a corner facing the oncoming traffic, and waited there for half an hour. At half past seven a large saloon car coming from the North drew up. Before the watchers could cross the road Yellow Dog was in the car and it was moving on. Before they could capture a taxi it had disappeared.

"My dear friend, I have failed you!" Guichard moaned.

"Nonsense, Raoul," said Brocklebank. "I had not thought of a car. And how could you? But did your fellows see who was in it?"

"They say an elderly man—no details. Just a monsieur."

"Not a slim, dark man—like you, but ugly."

"No—they speak of an old gentleman."

"Two of 'em! Raoul, you're standing in with me. What shall it be—force or guile?"

"What do you say?"
"I mean, should we hustle 'em off, or try to outwit them? Is it possible to get at the ship before she docks?"

"Ah!—outside? Difficult.

"A mad idea, I expect," said Brocklebank. "I'd thought of a motor boat."

"Yes—but to find the ship—and then in addition to stop it—"

"I shouldn't worry!" Guichard looked puzzled. "I mean that if I could get within hailing distance it might do. If not, we could follow her in."

"Yes, I see. You put them on the quiver for the Yellow Dog. Good. A motor boat—" he stretched his head. "I have it! What's the time? Nine o'clock. Leduc at the Quai du Vieux Port—he has a fast boat. It will cost you two hundred francs, Bill. Do we go?"

"If you're game."
"I telephone immediately. Wait here."

BILL HAS DOUBTS
Brocklebank, left alone in the empty dance-room, felt two thousand dollars weighing heavily on his mind. Harrison's private war might easily be too hot for him. Harrison's enemies were cleverer and better informed than Harrison believed. If he was to get Miss Pamela through to London with her treasure intact, whatever it was, happy chance would have to smile on him again, since he was hardly a match for two conspirators with a motor car. He could call on the police, get them to put a guard on wharf and ship. But there was Harrison's strict injunction against publicity. . . . Even Yellow Dog was playing the game of private war according to the rules, or Brocklebank and his two revolvers might have been in the custody of the Marseilles police long ago.

A grizzled, red-bloused man pushed open the door and looked in.

"Salut!" said he, in a deep bass growl. "I look for Monsieur Raoul."

"He's at the telephone," Brocklebank answered. "Back at once."

"Good." The man shuffled to a chair and picked up "Le Soleil." Brocklebank returned to his reflections. Nothing for it but to match his wits against the Yellow Dog's Guichard came back the most crestfallen youth in France.

"What's the matter? No boat?" cried Brocklebank.

"No boat, Bill. Leduc's was taken out half an hour ago."

"Monsieur Raoul—"
Guichard shot round at the sound of gruff voice.

"What—Jacquot! You have news?"

"I had—but you've got it. That sacre type—it was he took out the boat from Leduc's."

"Holy Blue!" Guichard threw up his arms. "Bill, I have—what do you say?—I have damwell let you down? How do you know it, Jacquot? What happened?"

Red blouse folded the paper and dropped it on the bench.

"When I left you, Monsieur Raoul, I went along to the Quai du Port, just in time to see the dirty pig going out under the transporter-bridge, and to recognize Leduc's boat."

"But," cried Guichard, "it was dark."

"Oual, oual—but there was a lorry waiting for the bridge with lights that showed his ugly visage plain as day."

"He's gone out to see?"

"No, Monsieur Raoul—into the Joliette basin. He's tied up behind that big steamer near the outer jetty."

"What! We will have him, Bill. Come on!—you also, Jacquot."

"Attention, Monsieur Raoul! It's not quite so simple as that."

"Why—what do you say, Jacquot?"

What he said brought deep lines to Brocklebank's face as he stood listening to their quick exchanges. Harrison's foes had an O. C. Intelligence who knew more than Guichard and knew it earlier. For instance, down at the Quai de la Joliette, everyone had been quite certain that the Camillo Cavour would lie at her usual berth. But Jacquot had discovered ten minutes ago that she was to take up a mooring in the basin for the night and would not communicate with the shore till daylight. And Yellow Dog, said Jacquot, must have known that long ago, for he had telephoned his order to Leduc for the motor boat early in the day—when he entered the post office in the Rue Colbert ostensibly to buy stamps. Whereas at the quay the instruction was not received till the evening.

That meant that Brocklebank could get touch with the ship only by boat, and then surreptitiously. But Yellow Dog had a boat in waiting, in hiding indeed—and that a fast one.

Time slipped on. Twenty past nine. The ship might be there in not much more than an hour. The door swung twice. Habitués of the Rat looked in, saw the conference, retired.

"Let's get outside," said Brocklebank. "This wants thinking about."

The three went silently through the square to the quay. Staring at the silhouette of the ship to which Jacquot pointed, Brocklebank found himself in two minds again.

The simple way—the police. Harrison's way—silence and secrecy. But Harrison's vision was imperfect. He had foreseen the possibility that Brocklebank might have to safeguard his Pamela against one crook—but not against two.

The forces in the war were becoming unequal. Brocklebank's army consisted of merely the two excellent privates but poor strategists who walked one on either side of him. Whereas he need only say to the police or the dock officials, "See that boat sinking behind that steamer? Up to no good! Keep an eye on her." But Harrison, damn him, had said, "On no account risk publicity—you'll spoil everything."

How the devil could he see to her safety with Yellow Dog keeping a pip ahead of him all the time like this? Even knowing before the port authorities themselves what Pamela's ship was going to do? That bothered Brocklebank more than anything. How? It came to him in a flash. From the ship herself! Of course. An accomplice on board. A radio from the ship to Marseilles; all ships carried wireless nowadays. The thing was done. In that case, not two crooks to cir-

cuvent, but three!

If the accomplice had boarded the ship at Naples, or even only at Genoa, he had given himself ample time to commit a robbery. The treasure (so Brocklebank thought of it without knowing its nature) would be dropped into Yellow Dog's prowling boat. Before ship communicated with shore tomorrow it would be far away in a big car with a narrow-eyed man at the wheel. Brocklebank might certainly meet Miss Pamela and escort her to London, but Harrison would have lost his war.

Gazing at the big steamer riding high in the water, Brocklebank resolved his two minds into one.

"Raoul," said he, "we must be there when the steamer comes in. If not—"

"If not—cooked done for," Brocklebank nodded. "Yes, I see." Guichard nodded too.

Monsieur Raoul, there's Le Perroquet's punt—"

"Ah!—yes, and why not?" exclaimed Guichard.

Brocklebank looked down at the swaying boats.

"He's got a gun, Raoul. I've no right to take you into danger—"

"Danger?" said Guichard. "If he has a gun, you have two."

Harrison's vague sketch of his private war had not included a cutting-out expedition, thought Brocklebank as he stood on the bottom step and watched Jacquot disentangling the painter of the Perroquet's punt from the mass of ropes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Letters from One of Co-op Founders Here

Objects to Some Statements Made as to the Movement Here.

Timmins, Ont., Nov. 6th, 1936
To the Editor of The Advance, Timmins.

Dear Sir:—We have noticed that the Workers Co-operative Store has recently celebrated its tenth anniversary. This event was very extensively advertised in the local press, including articles and editorials. Of course this is all right from a purely business point of view. Business concerns expect favourable comment and patronage from publishers according to the amount of advertising granted.

However there is another angle to the case. Among these writeups and articles were statements, which may be of value as publicity, but which are not altogether true to facts. The undersigned, who is one of the 30 pioneers credited with starting the co-operative movement here, takes exception to certain statements purporting to interpret the policy of said co-operative.

In one editorial published last Wednesday, October 28th, is the following statement:—

"It is a credit to the some 30 pioneers that started the Co-operative movement here and a tribute to the men that have guided the destinies of the business through to its present stage."

"Every member, official, employee and customer of the Workers' Co-operative is to be congratulated on the interest they have taken in this institution and the success that it has been made."

Furthermore in one of the front page sections of the same issue we find the following declaration:

"The outstanding reason for the success of the Workers' Co-operative lies in its adherence to the Rochdale principles, on which basis one vote is allowed each shareholder regardless of the number of shares each holds, and the surplus saving divided according to the purchases of the individual customer."

Now this is perfectly satisfactory as far as it goes, but what does the history of the above co-operative show to substantiate these statements? Slightly over five years ago there occurred a split within the ranks of members of the said Co-op, for the simple reason that despite the allegation of the Co-op, adhering to Rochdale principles, the control of the society was in the hands of the Communist party through a faction of members located within the said Co-op. In fact the affairs of the Co-op, were discussed by the party group previous to Co-op meetings. The party control of the Co-op, was so effective that even employees were compelled to transfer a part of their monthly wages to the coffers of the party.

Owing to these implications a greater part of the pioneer members, mentioned above, rose in opposition to this policy of converting the Co-op into an auxiliary of the party. Unfortunately the "destinies" of the workers at that time were "guided" by the aforesaid faction, and its well known party leader, Tom Hill. The pioneer members were silenced and their rights to an equal share in the benefits and demands for democratic control in accordance with Rochdale principles were not recognized. Instead party control of the Co-op, was given recognition, it being openly admitted that the place of the Co-op is in the class struggle under the leadership of the Communist party.

Since then the Communist party has undergone certain changes in tactics. The "face" of the party, which at that time was openly exposed, is now covered, but the spirit of group control still exists.

It is quite significant that the Co-op, movement in Timmins had to undergo a development, whereby another Co-operative was organized by those same pioneer members, who laid the cornerstone for the Workers' and helped to build it into a strong organization dur-

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ing the first five years of its existence. The sole reason for this unusual development was that the Rochdale principles of the original Co-op, were ignored and the Co-op, transposed into an auxiliary of a political group.

It is also significant that the Co-operative Union of Canada has not accepted the Workers' application to join the Union, because the said Co-op, does not comply with Rochdale principles. The Union is an affiliate of the International Co-operative Alliance and is therefore in the position to decide the bona fides of Canadian co-operative societies in regard to their policies and requisitions as co-operatives.

The undersigned feels it necessary to draw public attention to the above facts in order that the consumers of this district will become versed with the true phases of the co-operative history of the co-operative movement of Timmins join in this criticism of the policies of the Workers' Co-operative, relating to its attitude towards factionalism and group control, foreign to Rochdale principles of co-operation.

Yours truly,
A Charter Member of Workers' Co-op.

his beginning in an alien land.)
"King," by Thomas C. Hinkle. (The story of a golden sheep dog who seeks out the cowboys at a ranch, when still a 7-month-old puppy.)

"Murder in Mesopotamia," by Agatha Christie. (The story of a trained nurse whose "patient" is murdered. Hercule Poirot, great detective, is called in.)

"She Married Raffles," by Barry Perowne. (Raffles finds that a crook's career does not end when he marries.)

"Shadow Mountain," by B. M. Bower. (Bad medicine at a mountain that had long carried an evil reputation among the Indians there. Three murders start a range war.)

"Renfrew in the Valley of Vanished Men," by Erskine. (Western.)

"Forgotten Village," by Kroger. (A German prisoner in Russia during the war tells of his experiences.)

"Into the Sunset," by Jackson Gregory. (Western.)

"Tall Grow the Pines," Byrd. (Romance.)

"Beyond Sing the Woods," Gulbransen. (Scandinavian tale of a man who gained power over villages.)

"The Two Doctors," Cambridge.

"Think of the Earth," Bertram Brooker. (Murder story with no murderer. An Englishman in Canada is possessed of a strange mania.)

"Secret Lives," Starr. (Romance.)

"Ann of Windy Poplars," L. E. Montgomery. (Romance.)

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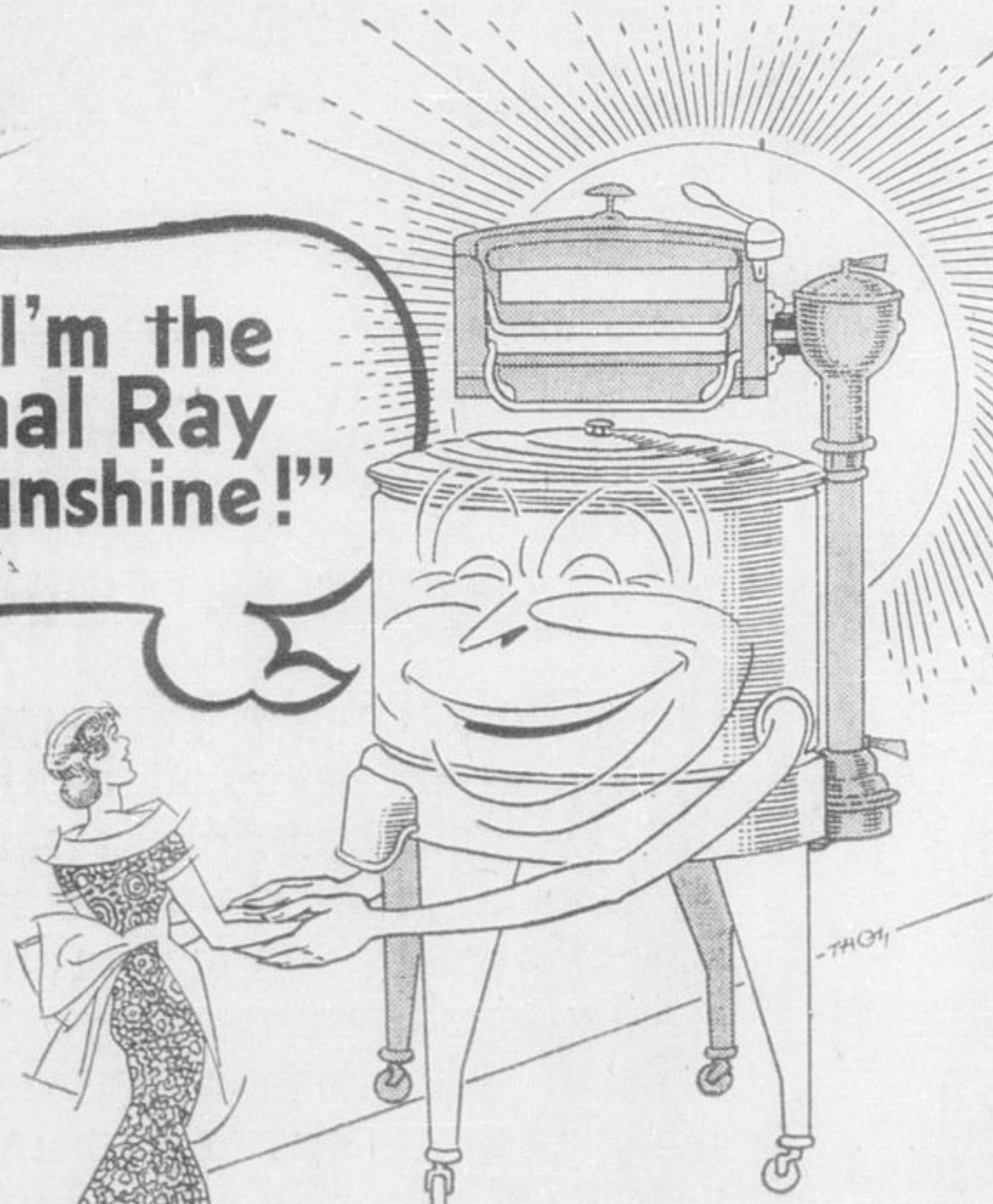
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