

BROCKLEBANK'S ADVENTURE



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AUTHOR OF "THE MAN WITH THE SQUEAKY VOICE," ETC.
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"YOU'RE A WONDER!"

Brocklebank in a state of excited speculation, discussed the same question with himself. He looked forward to a thoroughly interesting development at 4 a.m. which would get the self-confident Mr. Worth guessing much harder than he had made other people guess.

"Bill Brocklebank," he told himself, "you're a hulking great blunderhead, but you certainly do have the devil's own luck! If you play your cards right, my boy, you've got a straight flush. But, Bill, if any one of 'em discovers that you're on this lugger before the psychological moment arrives, your hand goes west. Now, think hard!"

Brocklebank knit his brows in the darkness for several minutes while the murmuring next door continued. If his presence were revealed before Worth had gone so far with his adventure that he could not draw back, it would be the simplest thing in the world to run for the shore and dump Mr. Brocklebank. Whereas, if he made his appearance only when the police boat came up—as it certainly would—to find out the reason for this rendezvous in the North Sea, he Brocklebank would be in absolute command of the situation. Worth would be unaware that the police knew he was on board. The police would be unaware that he possessed the secret of Worth's intentions.

He held all the cards that mattered. The murmuring had ceased. A rustling noise close to his right ear. Brocklebank turned his head to the crescent of light. A spill of paper waggled up and down. He seized it, constituted his photographer's hood again, switched on his torch, and read: "You're a wonder. You understand the plan—to take us on board a ship, the Persimmon, off the Nore. If this comes off I fear we've lost—unless you have been able to take extraordinary measures ashore. What do you advise?"

"G. H. C." Brocklebank wrote on the back of this note. "Advise all wise people to go to bed till four o'clock. Only thing that can stop us winning the war is false step now. Do nothing. Agree to everything except to go on board before I turn up. When you see me register surprise and nothing else. On these conditions we've got 'em beat. You'll probably see some fun. Bandit's homage to Pamela. Pass this back; it might be dangerous for you to have it while Briggs and Norrie and Rogivo are about. After 4 a.m. I guess we shall be quit of them."

Brocklebank folded the paper and passed it through. It came back with a pencilled scrawl across it in Pamela's writing: "O.K. Bandit." He switched off his light and composed himself to await events—and involuntarily composed himself to sleep.

The sudden absence of vibration woke him—as he thought almost immediately. The bow of light had gone. He was in pitch-darkness, and in silence save for the lap of water along the boat's side. He flashed the lamp for an instant upon his watch. A quarter to four!

He had slept for more than three hours. The first sound to reach him was the opening of the bulkhead door, followed by a thud of footsteps down the narrow passage. "Pack up, Charles, and be ready." "Very well, Henry. Is everything going well?" "Like an Easter collection for the dear vicar, Charles. But get a move on."

stopped. Brocklebank scrambled to his knees, gently turned the key in the door of the flat, and pushed it open an inch. He pulled out one of his revolvers. A bulkhead light shone in the passage. It was empty. He squeezed through. The door at the end of the alleyway was closed. Gun in hand he crept aft to it and, with his left hand on the handle, listened. Animated talk was going on outside.

"Anything in reason, Henry," Harrison-Clifford was saying, "but I absolutely refuse to let Pamela try to get up that ladder. Either you have a proper gangway shipped or we stay where we are."

"But it's a mere nothing, George—and we're in a hurry. Pamela—you aren't going to job at that?" "Worth's voice, agitated. 'I'm certainly not going to climb a rope ladder to oblige you, Henry. Why should I?'"

Pamela's voice, with a hint of amusement in it. "Well, I hate to coerce you, Pamela—or you, George," said Worth. "But we're in force and you're not—Eh?" Worth broke off to answer a hail. What's that?"

Brocklebank strained ears to catch the reply. The voice was distant; he heard detached words—"came up without light... less than a quarter of a mile... hurry..."

"Now then, Pamela," said Worth. "Look slippy. If not, Norrie and Briggs will sling you up." "You don't dare, Henry!" "Don't! You see! Here, Briggs, Norrie—"

Brocklebank pushed the door wide open, and took a second gun from his coat pocket. Norrie and the man whom Brocklebank had last seen as a shadow rolling down a grassy bank were coming out of the darkness under the tall black side of a ship towering above the starboard side of the boat. Brocklebank stepped out. On the port side clustered in the well of the boat were Pamela and her uncle, Worth and Stubbs. Brocklebank's voice rasped—"Norrie and Briggs will stay where they are!"

"Good God!—you?" cried Worth. "Hold your tongue, Worth!" said Brocklebank. "I'm in command here, Briggs!" he barked, "let that line alone if you want to live. Come here—pronto!"

Briggs shuffled the three steps to him. "Pass in, Rogivo. Make any disturbance and you're for it!" Briggs slunk past him through the bulkhead doorway. "First door on the left, Briggs, and shut it after you. Norrie, come here. First door on the right and shut it after you. Mr. Harrison, have the goodness to lock them in... Rogivo!... I see you. Leave the engine alone. Come here!"

with a swirl. "Ahoy—motor-boat! What motor boat is that?" "Make fast, Mr. Weston, and come aboard," said Brocklebank. "Mr. Brocklebank—that you, sir? Want any help?" "No. Come by yourself, Mr. Weston."

A boathook hitched on the gunwale. An athletic figure in uniform came over the side, and stood in the cockpit. "Well, I'm jiggered!" said Weston when Brocklebank had hurriedly given him the facts and outlined his plan. "You think that's safe, sir?"

"Absolutely, if you send my message to Lord Brownwood, and if you'll pull in those three damned rascals for something or other. I don't want them on the trip." "Righto, Mr. Brocklebank. We'll find enough in their lurid past to keep 'em quiet anyway."

"You understand that the essence of the thing is to let everything go as if nothing had happened? Not a whisper of failure, and not a hint that I'm on board?" "That's all right, sir." "Then come and be introduced to the passengers."

They went amidships to the well, where four people stood silent with a row of faces looking down on them from above. "This," said Brocklebank, "is Mr. Weston, of the Thames Police. Mr. Worth, Mr. Harrison-Clifford, Miss Harrison-Clifford."

Weston saluted politely. "I understand you have orders for the steamer Persimmon, sir," he said to Worth, "and that you and this lady and gentleman propose to join her as guests of the captain?"

"That's so," Worth answered. "You hired this boat to bring you off?" "Yes." "I presume you have passports and embarkation permits, and everything's in order. I'm not concerning myself about that. But I wish to see the captain, and if you'll go on board now, I'll follow you. Baggage?"

"These few things," said Worth, pointing to the half-dozen cases on the deck. "Ahoy, there!" Weston called. "Send down a sling for the baggage." When the sling was lowered it was Weston who neatly rove it about the bags and called out "Heave!" And it was Weston who summoned one of his men to help him steady the ladder as the white-faced Stubbs timorously faced the ascent. Harrison-Clifford next, and then Pamela, who went up nimbly of them all. Brocklebank next. Worth was about to go. Weston detained him.

"Before you leave, sir, I want a note of the names and identities of the persons embarking." Weston produced notebook and pencil and stood where the light of the hurricane lamp fell on his paper. "Myself," said Worth. "Henry Worth of 215, Chapel Court; Mr. Charles Ferraby of the same address. It's a business address, officer," as Weston looked doubtful. "Mr. George Harrison-Clifford, of Bystock House, Caterham; Miss Pamela Harrison-Clifford, his niece, who lives in Nottingham Gardens, Chelsea; Mr. William Brocklebank—but I'm afraid I can't—"

lay where he was for the present, and Worth shrugged his shoulders and acquiesced. Weston, having adjusted things to his liking on Mr. Briggs' boat, nipped up the ladder and informed the world that he would see the captain. He returned in five minutes.

"Mr. Worth," said he, "I wish to have a word with Mr. Brocklebank in private," and he led Brocklebank aside. "A queer go, sir," said he. "This is an American ship, and I've no right even to be on board. Captain very polite and all that, but just a bit niffed; seems to wonder what the devil the Thames police have got to do with him. I've not asked to see papers or anything. Just explained that I don't like Mr. Briggs' face, and got away with that. Sure you want to go on, Mr. Brocklebank? Shan't I take you back?"

Brocklebank was sure he wanted to go on; all the more so because of what Mr. Weston told him. He watched Weston go over the side, and said to him in a loud voice as he reached Mr. Briggs' deck. "Be sure to let Lord Brownwood know where I am, Weston."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Weston. Then Brocklebank turned pleasantly to Worth and said he was ready. He had been installed in this jolly cabin before the Persimmon's engines began to turn. A steward brought him a whiskey and soda and sandwiches, which he wolfed down. The steward came again with some pyjamas and Mr. Worth's compliment. It was then close on five o'clock. He had slept four hours.

He heard seven bells go, and immediately the steward entered to inquire what he would like for breakfast and whether he would take it in his room or in the saloon? And here were a dressing gown and some shaving tackle—also with Mr. Worth's compliments—and in fact, Mr. Worth was apparently out to provide everything that Brocklebank could need except shirts and collars; owing to that beef and brawn of his, were not in Mr. Worth's repertory.

He remarked to the steward that the ship seemed to be shifting. "Yes, she's got a decent turn of speed," the man answered; "used to be on the service between New York and the Bahamas." "Indeed?" said Brocklebank. (TO BE CONTINUED)

British Millionaire Generous in Giving

Benefactions of Lord Nuffield Have Become a Proverb in Britain

In recent issues of The Advance there have been references to Lord Nuffield—chiefly in regard to generous donations he has made to worthy causes. Some readers have asked for scns particulars in regard to this remarkable man, but such particulars appear difficult to secure. He receives little mention in works of reference. In The Globe and Mail on Tuesday this week, however, there was the following article by J. V. McAree, that may be of interest:

"With the exception of the statements arising out of the King's abdication and the predictions of the sports experts before the Louis-Schmelting fight the most remarkable thing we have read in the recent months was a short speech by Lord Nuffield. He was at a meeting held to discuss plans for or make acknowledgement of a gift of £1,250,000 he had made to Oxford University to assist medical research. When the time came for him to speak he arose and said something like this: 'While I have been sitting here the thought has occurred to me that the gift of which such kindly mention has been made might not be quite large enough for the purposes I had in mind. It seems to me it would be a great pity if these plans should fail of their full achievement because of the lack of a few thousand pounds. So I have decided to increase the gift to £2,000,000.' It struck us that Lord Nuffield, of whom we were hearing for the first time, must be rather a remarkable person and since then we have been on the lookout for some biographical data about him.

Bicycle Repairer "We have found very little. We suppose the reason is that Lord Nuffield is such a celebrated character in England that it would seem ridiculous to tell anything about him except as new instances of his generosity arise. So all we know is the amount of his public benefices, the fact that he is 59 years old and that he began his career mending bicycles at a few shillings a week. It was by way of a bicycle shop that the Wright brothers created the aviation industry. Lord Nuffield might be called the Henry Ford of England. He was born William Morris and his lineage goes to Oxford; he received his education in Oxfordshire. But it was not in any of the storied colleges. It was in the parochial school at Cowley for he went early to work as a bicycle repairer. We infer that he prospered greatly because after the war he began to manufacture cars on mass production principles. We do not know anything about the Morris-Cowley cars but our guess is that they are moderately priced.

Princely Giver "Later he bought the controlling interest in the Wolseley Motor Company for £730,000. The companies he controls have an annual turnover of £20,000,000 and he has 15,000 employees. He was created a baron in 1929 and became a peer in 1934. Lord Nuffield has no heir. That may be one of the reasons that he has become by far the largest public benefactor in England. In 1936 he distributed £8,340,000. A little more than a month ago he distributed shares to the value of £2,125,000, among his employees, and it was only a few days be-

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fore that his princely endowment for Oxford had been announced. Earlier in the year he had given away about another million dollars to miscellaneous charities. In the ten-year period ending in 1935 it has been estimated that his public benefactions amounted to more than £1,000,000, made up as follows:

Radeliffe Infirmary, Oxford	£148,000
To Prevent Child Cripples	125,000
St. Thomas' Hospital, London	104,000
Wingfield Orthopedic Hospital	70,000
Guy's Hospital, London	65,000
Crippled New Zealand Children	60,000
Birmingham Hospital Centre	52,000
Crippled Australian Children	50,000

Giving to the Poor "But the most striking gift of all was made about a fortnight ago, when he announced that £2,000,000 had been given to relieve conditions in what are known as the special areas. It was in a special area that Edward VIII a few months ago said that something would have to be done. These districts are special in the sense that they have not shared in the prosperity which is more general in England to-day than for many years. They are districts in which the manufacturing industries that once supported them have languished, leaving the workers stranded, without means to move elsewhere, and with only the dole between them and destitution. The money will be used to revive these industries if possible or to establish other industries and generally to improve the social circumstances of the inhabitants. One of the trustees who will administer the fund says that the gift "looked like one of Lord Nuffield's 30-second decisions."

Doing Government's Work "Lord Nuffield himself said he decided to give practical shape to the current expression of goodwill toward the new King, and to do what he can in support of the present government, particularly for the prime minister, "for whose unceasing efforts on the country's behalf he has the most sincere admiration." Nevertheless it seems rather puzzling. It strikes us that if there is any essential duty of a government it is the duty of seeing to the welfare of the citizens, especially those who have lost employment partly in consequence of government policies. In other words, if Lord Nuffield were to build a battleship and present it to the nation he would not be more certainly relieving the government of one of its prime functions. The inference is that Lord Nuffield is a generous hearted man who has more money than he knows what to do with."

House Owners Anxious for Relief From Relief

(St. Catharines Standard) It seems assured the Minister of Labour, Rogers, is determined to help the Finance Minister all he can in periodical and seasonal reductions of the Federal relief grants. Government now pays about 50 per cent. of the total cost. Reduction will surely mean that the municipality will have to pay more. The relief lists have been cut down appreciably, but there is an irreducible minimum which will have to be taken care of in the years to come. The St. Catharines contribution is about seven mills on the dollar, and largely this city believes in a pay-as-you-go policy.

How much more should property be burdened with relief charges? Government both at Ottawa and Toronto hold as the chief desideratum a balanced budget. This municipality also prides itself on paying its way. But there is a limit to which the basis of nearly all municipal taxation—property—may be subject to impost. The home owner will be hard to convince that he should pay any more to provide relief than he has been paying. In truth, every home owner yearns for the day when he will have some relief from relief.

About Toronto's Threat Regarding Secession

(From Sudbury Star) Northern Ontario in past years has developed several spasms of secessionary agitation, inspired by the lack of governmental regard for its aims and aspirations, but the Northland never really expected to hear similar sentiments from sections of Old Ontario.

Yet, there it is, Toronto, which is hard hit by the Hepburn government's new welfare plan, whereby it assumes cost of mothers' allowances and old-age pensions and takes all income tax revenue in return, is destined to lose nearly \$500,000 through medium of the shift. And the Queen City is mad. Some of its leaders have already expressed a desire and intention to organize an attempt to secede from the province.

Of course the movement will come to naught, as similar proposals in the North have done. Toronto is taking it on the chin from the Hepburn administration, and will probably continue to do so. Northern Ontario, back in 1924, chose a solid bloc of Liberal members, supporters of Mr. Hepburn, and look what the North got for its pains. Now Toronto is taking a licking, but perhaps that is because the Queen City failed to elect a solid Liberal phalanx. At any rate, from the first, the Hepburn crowd has never shown a great regard for the interests of the city that houses the legislative buildings.

Apart from the fact that scores of smaller municipalities, which never very assiduously collected income tax, are going to benefit from the new deal, there is little doubt that the government is looking ahead and that its acceptance of the entire obligation in connection with social welfare will in a very short space of time be found to

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be a meagre burden when set up against the revenue that will eventually accrue from the income tax collected in the face of steadily expanding industry.

Toronto, of course, won't secede. In fact, those in municipal posts will see that radical agitation to that end is submerged. But the city has something of which to complain and will make itself heard, and in this respect the North, which has long been kicking against treatment accorded by the Hepburn government, will sympathize with the Queen City.

Globe and Mail:—An air pilot has been fined for smuggling goods from France. Thus truth tries to catch up with fiction, which has exploited the idea for years.

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