Marked Down for Killing

A Tiger Standish Adventure

by Sydney Horler

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Principal Characters

"TIGER" STANDISH, famous as a sportsman, also an agent of the British Intelligence Service.

SONIA STANDISH, his wife

BENNY BANNISTER, "Tiger's" henchman and chauffeur

SIR HARKER BELLAMY, Standish's chief, head of "Q. I." He is known as "The mole"

MAJOR VINCENTO CARLIMERO, Agent of the Kingdom of Caronia, and a sworn enemy of Standish

HERR GREISNER, a Ronstadtion Secret Agent

PROFESSOR LABLONDE., Distinguished Egyptologist, with a mad ambition to become a modern Pharaoh

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Tiger Standish, famous as a sportsman is also an agent of the British Intelligence Service. He is about to leave for a public dinner at which he is to make a speech SIR HARKER BELLAMY (otherwse "The Mole"), his secret Service Chief , warning him to look out for trouble.

After the dinner he is accosted by an elderly man who turns out to be Bellamy, and who, on account of the imminent danger, is disguised. Bellamy points out a handsome swarthy man who is watching them both very closely.

"That is Major Vincento Carlimero, son of the Carlimero we "put out" some years ago, and who has come to England with a fixed determination to kill you—both of us if it can be managed!"

Carlimero is an under-secretary at the Ronstadt Embassy, and so cannot be deported.

(Now Read on)

Chapter III

CARLIMERO CONSIDERS THE KILLING

Major Vincento Carlimero left the Cosmopolis Hotel with a satisfied smile playing around his unpleasant full lips. This Caronian officer had a romantic film-starish appearance; and if a "shot" could have been taken of him as he stepped into his car in the courtyard of the famous hotel, many a Hollywood producer would have offered him a contract on the spot.

As he gave his chauffeur a Wimbledon address, Carlimero felt that his conceit with himself was justified; his visit to the Cosmopolis that night had been well-repaid. He had seen the man he proposed to kill in as short a time as was possible and the sight had given him intense satisfaction.

Carlimero had arrived in London a fortnight before on two separate and distinct objectives. As the guest of the Ronstadtan Embassy, he would be fulfulling, his duty as Caronian Military Attache under the pact, and in that capacity he would be in the position to exchange confidential information with his country's ally. That was the official side of the situation.

But there was also a personal aspect to this visit. For years he had nurtured the desire to seek out and kill the man who had murdered his father, Dr. Guiseppe Carlimero. The name of that man was the Honourable Timothy Overbury Standish, better known by the ridiculous name of "Tiger'" Standish. It was his mother who had passed on to him the news that his father was dead —and, wilst soldiering in the Caronian African Colony of Littoria, he had sworn not to die himself until he had killed his father's murderer.

Now the opportunity had come.

The fact that his father, Dr. Carlimero, had not been a criminal in no way affected his purpose. Guiseppe Carlimero had been a genius in medical research, and it was not surprising, perhaps, that such highly developed brain should have turned in later life to other activities. Not at all surprising according to Pro. Lombardo who had taken the trouble to explain at some length that the difference between normality and abnormality in the case of a character like his father's was so minute that the slightest maladjustment of the workings of the brain could easily account for the change. A ruthless person himself, the Major found glory rather than dishonour in recalling his dead father's association with that other genius the grim, ruthless enemy of society, Rahusen, ("The Man With the Dead Face"). What further triumphs these two — Guiseppe Carlimero and Rahusen—might not have accomplished together had not this interfering swine, Standish broken in on their plans.

Ever since he had arrived in London Carlimero had collected all the available information not only about the man he proposed to kill but about his occasional employer, Sir Harker Bellamy, C.M.G., D.S.O., the Chief of QI Branch of British Intelligence. Standish must come first, of course, but after he had killed that hound of an English man, he would turn his attention to Bellamy. For the latter was normally responsible for his father's death, inasmuch as he had put Standish on the job.

He had found ready and willing assistance at the Ronstadtian Embassy The special staff employed there, whose principal occupation it was to co-ordinate the espionage activities of the many agents at present working in Britain had been more than willing to help him. Many of these men were fanatical haters of the British—but none could equal the visitor in vehemence If Major Vincento Carlimero could have had his own way unimpeded—if, for instance, he could have changed places with fate for a short space of a few minutes—he would have brought down upon the whole of the British Empire such a pestilence that not a single living creature, man, woman or child, would have survived.

ENEMY'S HEART FLUTTERS

He had gone to the Cosmopolis Hotel that evening with a dual purpose; he was pleased to accept the invitation of the charming countess Beckwit, who was fooling the stupid British to the top of her bent but pretending to be a perfervid admirer or all things English whereas actually she was supplying the Ronstadtian Embassy with every available scrap of military, naval and air information that she could glean as a result of he assiduous society entertaining. The Countess Keckwit, whose husband was high in the esteem of Herr Kuhnreich, the Dictator of the country she secretly served, was not averse to relieving her more serious duties; and it was in concequence of her bright smiles in his direction that Major Vincento Carlimero had gone to dine with her a deux at her suite at Cosmopolis Court that night.

He would have gone in any case; but he went with all the more ardour because of reading in the morning papers earlier in the day about the Football Association's banquet at which the man he had sworn to kill was to be a principal adornment.

Major Vincento Carlimero had done many things in his life—but he had never played football. This was one reason, perhaps why his unpleasantly full lips had curled in disdain when he had perused those articles in that mornings newspaper. How could a man like himself—a soldier, a hater of the mob—be expected to treat with respect an enemy who indulged in such a ridiculous sport as football? As he had smoked his cigarette, Carlimero had thought of Dr. Crispi, so often referred to in the British Press as the Mouthpiece of the Dictator of Coronia, whose British had so often (to the amazed and sarcastic invective at the expense of the furious rage of Doctor Crispi himself) been hailed with hilarious delight by the very persons against whom it had been directed! Doctor Crispi having no senset of humour himself resented its possession by other people.

Carlimero had determined to use this opportunity to get a close view of the man he was determined to kill, and so it was that, excusing himself to the Countess on the pretext that he had to meet an important member of his own Embassy in another part of the hotel, he had left the private suite and had gone down to the banqueting room. Amidst that great crowd, no notice had been taken of him; and it was an easy matter to get to the man who was such a celebrity pointed out.

But who was the funny little elderly man with whom he had seen Standish in such close conversation in one of the corridors? Well it didn't matter. It couldn't be anyone of any importance—probably a newspaper reporter of some kind.

But the woman who had come out to speak to Standish! She was breathtaking. Fresh as he was from the inviting smiles of the Countess Beckwit Carlimero had felt his heart thumping wildly as he looked upon the beauty of his enemy's wife.

By the time he had come to the end of his reflections, the car had driven him through a wide gateway overlooking Wimbledon Common.

CHAPTER IV

"I THINK HE'S HORRIBLE!"

The other residents in Parkside, Wimbledon, were very proud of having as a neghbour that eminent Egyptologist, Professor Edmund Lablonde. The latter, to every outward aspect, at least was a most desirable person. He was evidently wealthy—otherwise, how could he have lived in such a massive mansion as "Fairlawns"? He was the world-famous—his excavations of the many tombs in the Valley of Kings had received the attention of the world's Press years before—and he was also known as the author of several monumental works on the Pharachs.

Being very old the professor was not often seen in the outside world; but those who were sufficiently inquisitive could watch him walking in the spacious grounds of his impressive home. A few—a very few—had been admitted to the privilege of his friendship These, after a visit to "Fairlawn," had dilated on the magnificence of the house and its rich curious, if somewhat bizarre furnishings. They reported that the mansion must be one of the finest and most valuable repositories of Egyptian antiques in the world. It contained cases of mummies, sacred cats, sacred hawks and a vast amount of jewellery of ancient Egypt—even a chariot which the possessor had told them had once been used by Amenemhet III himself.

Amongst the few privileged to meet the professor had been the Forsyths, father and daughter. Arthur Forsyth, a retired British Consul-General, had declared himself to be tremendously impressed after a visit to "Fairlawns" and had talked a great length about the honour that had been paid them but Barbara, his 22-pear-old daughter had taken another view.

"In spite of all you say, daddy," she said determinedly, "I feel that there is something very queer about the Professor."

"Queer"? repeated her father, giving one of his famous impersonations of a British Consul-General (Retd.). "You don't know what you are saying, my child! You're being nonseniscal."

But Barbara stuck to her guns.

"All right have it your own way," she said, "but I'm entitled to my opinion and I'm going to exercise; I don't think the Professor is a nice old man at all; with his brown skin, funny eyes and goats beard, I think he's horrible. Yes, daddy, horrible! If ever I saw a sinister person, it is him!" (forgetting her grammar in the heat of the moment).

The argument went on far into the night. Arthur Forsyth became very angry, but Barbara, for all her affection for him, could not help wondering once again if British Consul-General were not appointed mainly on account of pig-headed stupidity. In spite of all her father had said to the contrary she had gone to bed that night feeling convinced tat Professor Lablonde was actually far from being the harmless if slightly eccentric, celebrity her father had declared him to be.

And when she had looked out over the dark grounds of "Fairlawns" she had shuddered. The memory of Professor Lablonde's eyes as he had looked at her in parting had induced a fresh feeling of instinctive horror.

* * * *

Barbara Forsyth's fears would have received ample substantiation—at least, in her personal opinion—could she have been present at the strange scene which was being enacted behind the closely-shuttered windows of an underground room. It was a huge apartment, measuring something like 45 feet by 30, and very curiously decorated. For example, the entire wall space was draped in heavy gold covering, and at a long table set in the centre of the room sat 12 men all dressed in fantastic costume, Egyptian in character.

As each man wore over his face a mask that gave him the appearance of a hawk, any stranger who had succeeded in passing the closely-guarded entrances might have considered that he was watching a proceeding taken bodily out of some prepostercus penny tale of adventure. For, apart from the drapings of the room, and the face-masks, there was a good deal of other abracadabra paraphernalia. The illumination of this room was very dim, owing to the fact that it was lit only by dully-burning candles, placed at irregular intervals on the long table,

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SECURITY SERVICE

Expelled from Mexico

Arthur Dietrich, press chief of the German legation in Mexico City, has been asked by the Mexican government to leave the country. He wears the Nazi button on his coat lapel.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D

Our Civilization Raises The Blood Pressure

I overheard two physicians talking about another physician who had gone to China to live. The physician in China had writen that he had found that the blood pressure of the chinese was much lower than among the people of the United States. I felt like breaking into conversation and telling these two physicians that the blood pressure of the Chinese living in the United States but who had been born in China was as high as that of United States people.

Further, United States people, after living in China for a few years, find that despite their increase in age there has been no increase, often a decrease in their blood pressure.

What does this mean? This means that the manner of living in China—no hurry, acceptance of circumstances as they arise, no intense competition—keeps the blood pressure from rising beyond normal limits.

Some interesting research work in blood pressure by members of the staff of the Institute for Psychoanalysis, Chicago, is decorded in their recent Five Year Report.

They tell us that chronic emotional tensions—intense ambition, aggressive competitiveness, fears and uncertainties of existence which act as causative factors in these and other bodily disturbances—are determined by the individual's circumstances or surroundings. High blood pressure might turn out to be the result of emotional conflicts in the individual, produced by a civilization in which the high competition arouses hostile mpulses, continually but which offers no outlet for these impulses, thus requiring a great effort on the part of the individual to control them.

Another most interesting finding recorded by the report is that among African negroes high blood pressure is found less often than among North American negroes.

Now none of us would want to change our civilization but that of China, India or Africa, but it can readily been seen how natives of these countries with their easy-going life, their willingness or ability to take things as they come without getting upset or worried, keeps their blood pressure within normal limits so that heart, kidneys, and other fatal diseases are less common.

The lesson for us is not to lose our ambition or our competitive spirit but to try to acquire some of the calmness of spirit of the people of these other countries.

How Is Your Blood Pressure

Is your blood pressure high? Is it low? Do you know what may be causing it to be above or below normal and what precautions you should take? Send for Dr. Barton's helpful booklet entitled "How Is Your Blood Pressure? (Uo. 108) today. Address your request to the Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station 0, New York, N. Y., enclosing Ten Cents to cover cost of handling and mailing, and mention the name of this paper.

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Sudbury Star:—After a few highballs, a local golfer says he feels as if he could make a hole in one, if someone held the hole.

Canada Started Idea of Women's Institutes Now Active Overseas

First British W.I. Started in Wales.

(By Kathleen Conyngham Greene, O.B.E.)

A Women's Institute—its friends call it "our W. I."—is a countrywomen's club. The first women's Institute in England was a Welsh one. It was founded in 1915. Now, in May, 1940, the Women's Institutes in England and Wales number more than five thousand seven hundred.

The Institute idea began in Canada. It was a very simple idea; that women living in the country should unite to work for themselves and for other people. This slow-witted island of Great Britain heard of the movement before the last Great War. It might have spread here in any case. But war, and the need for growing more food at home, gave W. I. a definite reason for existence and, in early life, a Government financial blessing.

It is easy to forget just how rural were the rural villages of England, Twenty-five to thirty years ago. There were no motor buses to link village to village, and village to town. There were few cars. Town tradesmen did not dash round country disticts delivering goods. The village housewife had to trudge dusty miles to the market town, or buy in the village shop. It was THE shop very often, selling anything and everything, from bacon to a packet of pins. There was no wireless.

On the other hand , old country crafts were disappearing, with the traditional country dance, and the mumming play.

I do not know if the founders ofW. I. in Britain saw themselves as saving the best of the old while they started the best of the new. This is what they have done. Institute members want good country housing, water supplies, proper sanitation and so on. They can make their voices heard quite loudly on such matters. But they are also keeping alive knowledge of cross-stitch quilting and weaving, and other similar lovely handiwork of the past. They believe in the arts as well.

I have been looking down the Diary of Events for the National Federation of Women's Institutes in May and June a year ago. "Singing Festival in Kerkshire . . . Handicraft Exhibition in Carmathen . . . Knitting Conference in Cambridgeshire . . . Drama Festival in Durham . . . Folk Dance Festival in Derbyshire . . . Plain Sewing School in Bucks . . .!"

Perhaps the most remarkable discovery of the movement has been the hidden acting talent of the ordinary country woman. It is less extraordinary that W.I. actresses are at their best in Shakespeare. Shakesppeare was a man of the soil. In spite of a distressing film made eruption of "O.K.s" and "Says Yous" among the younger generation, his language is still the authentic English tongue.

The deeper purpose of Institute work is hidden in the words of "Jerusalem," the poem written nearly a century and a half ago by the visionary, William Blake, and sung, to Parry's fine tune, at every Institute meeting. It is easy to laugh at the skinny school-mistress and the farmer's fat wife, demanding their "chariots of fire' and their "bows of burning gold." They have not yet

". . . built Jerusalem
In England green and pleasant land."

But they are making a start with the job!

Now has come another war and with it, naturally, the quenching of a good deal of W.I. activity. There has been no great Annual General Meeting in London this year, to fill the Albert Hall with W.I. delegates from every part of the land. Here and there Institute Halls have been taken as First Aid Posts, or for other Government work. The black-out regulations made evening meetings difficult. But the war has seen W.I., as a whole, returning to its first sphere of usefulness, as producers and preservers of food.

Through the Institutes, and their Produce Giulds, the Government has asked countrywomen all over the country not only to grow as much food as possible, but also to can and bottle all available fruits when grown. Tins and bottles can be bought at special prices. Travelling sealing-up machines are to go from village to village. Above all, women are asked to provide, where possible in every village and hamlet, a suitable central storeroom for these cans and bottles, in which potatoes, carrots, onions, and such like can be kept, free from fear of damp and frost; a communal squirrels' hoard for possible future needs.

Decentralization is a horrible word! But what it means is of very great importance in "total war."

A year ago the Associated Countrywomen of the World held a conference in London at the invitation of the National Federation of Women's Institutes in England and Wales.

There were meetings, formal and informal. There were official receptions at the Foreign Office and the Nansion House. Mr. Chamberlain, then Prime Minister—whose sister, by the way, is Treasurer of the whole National Women's Institute movement — gave the delegates a special greeting. These delegates were from all over the world. The spcial ovation given to the German contingent was described at the time as "a typical instance of the good manners of country folk who wish everyone to feel welcome and at home." After the formal Conference nearly a thousand of the overseas visitors were entertained for ten days in English country houses, and in farms.

To-day, in the lovely summer weather, at the peak of the farmers' year, the people of one of those visiting nations are ferociously, and with every form of barbarous modern weapon driving the country people of smaller neighbour nations from their homes.

"England is the country and the country is England."

So wrote Lord Baldwin; a countryman Prime Minister.

Six hundred years ago, on Lord Baldwin's native Malvern Hills, an English poet wrote "The Vision of Piers Plowman"; a vision of a world where men and women could be happy, and free to serve God and follow the way of right.

Piers Plowman is still the basic Englishmen. He and his countrywoman wife, have still that vision before them.

Death at Muskoka This Week of H. D. St. Germain

Toronto, June 26—North Bay citizens learned with regret of the death Monday morning of Harold Daniel St. Germain, son of C. D. St. Germain, 68 Ferguson street, and the late Mrs. St. Germain.

The young man was in his 30th year and had been confined to hospital in Muskoka for the past three weeks.

He was born in North Bay and attended separate school here. He received higher education at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and returned to this city. He afterwards was in the employ of the geological department of International Nickel at Sudbury and later became agent for the Barrett Company Limited.

As representative of that concern, he took up residence in Kirkland Lake and became well known to residents of that district.

During his life in North Bay he was well known as an athlete and he played on a number of hockey teams.

He is survived by his father, one sister, Miss Bertha St. Germain, of Kirkland Lake; five half-brothers, Louis and Victor Cousineau, of Englehart; Joseph Cousineau, of Timmins; Horace, of North Bay, and Lorne Cousineau of Burkes Balls, and two half-sisters, Mrs. A. J. O'Donnell, of North Bay, and Mrs. James McFarland, of Noranda, Que.

The body was brought to North Bay Tuesday and was at the family residence, 68 Ferguson street, prior to the funeral on Wednesday.

Toronto Telegram:— Eleven kings have been exiled since 1914, says a London despatch. This flying age attaches more importance to aces.

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A man was boasting of his strength, and how he had once felled an ox by a blow from his fist.

"That's not bad," said a listener, "but I once saw a chap knock down a factory with one blow of a hammer."

"Some Samson, that chap!" sneered the boaster.

"No," replied the other. "He wasn't much of a chap to look at, but he was a jolly good auctioneer!"—Montreal Star.

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