

Marked Down for Killing

A Tiger Standish Adventure

by Sydney Horler

Copyright

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 Ronstadtian 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.

A few years previous to the start of the story he had had an encounter with an international criminal named Carlimero, which had resulted in Carlimero's death. When the tale begins, Carlimero's son, MAJOR VINCENTO CARLIMERO, has arrived in London with a fixed determination to kill Standish, and also SIR HARKER BELLAMY, Standish's Secret Service chief.

Carlimero, as an under-secretary at the Ronstadt Embassy, cannot be deported.

A number of enemy agents, including Carlimero, use the Wimbledon "hide-out". The Professor is a distinguished Egyptologist, whose brain has been affected by sunstroke. He hates Britain, and his greatest ambition is to become a modern Pharaoh. His mania is played upon by the agents who use the professor's fortune for their own ends.

After two remarkable escapes from death, Standish and his henchman, BENNY BANNISTER, follow Carlimero in a special high-powered taxi to the house in Wimbledon—with Standish as the driver.

(Now Read On)
CHAPTER VIII (Continued)
FLASH OF A KNIFE

A huge patch of gloomy waste, which Benny was able to recognize as Wimbledon Common, now loomed in front of them. Owing to his having to play the cat-and-mouse game in his strange piece of motor-sleuthing, Tiger had momentarily lost sight of his quarry, and when he came up to it again he was just in time to see the big car disappear into the drive of one of the large mansions overlooking the Common.

Crossing the road, he pulled up the taxi-cab beneath some trees which afforded admirable seclusion and, getting down from his seat, conferred with his "passenger."

"Well, so far reasonably good, Benny," he said in a tone that hid some of his disappointment. "The man in the car was undoubtedly Carlimero, and he's gone into that house. He may be paying a purely social call, of course, since I can't imagine that any of the residents in this part of London are anything but what they appear to be. One can't tell, of course, but, on the surface, I should certainly say that tonight's effort has been largely wasted."

"I don't agree there, guv'nor," said Bannister; "you could take a job as a London taxi-driver to-morrow—if you wanted to, that is."

The mouth hidden by the walrus moustache twitched in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Very nice of you to say so Benny; I don't mind admitting myself that I didn't do so badly—but what I want to try to find out now is whether it was all worth while. You wait here a bit; there is a fellow over there I want to ask a question or two."

Benny, who by this time was almost at the end of his second cigar, leaned forward.

"Will you be all right by yourself, guv'nor?" he inquired anxiously; "you never know, y'know."

"You stay there," was the rejoinder. Tiger, using the gait of a man who spent most of his walking hours at the wheel of a car, crossed the road. The person he had espied walking on the other pavement stopped at his hail.

"Beg parding, sir, but could you tell me who lives in this 'ouse?" pointing to the drive up which he had watched Carlimero's car go. "I got a passenger 'ere," jerking his other thumb back in the direction of the taxi-cab, "and—"

To his delight, he was cut short.

"Yes, driver," said the man, a tall, distinguished-looking individual, who looked as though he might be a retired army officer, "that house is 'Fairlawns' and is lived in by a very great friend of mine, a Professor Lablonde."

"Professor Lablonde, eh...? No," he went on, shaking his head, "that's not the party my passenger wants; 'e was talkin' about a Mr. Fairweather."

This time it was his informant who shook his head.

"I know nobody by the name of Fairweather round about here, driver—sorry," and he walked on.

Purely out of habit, Standish watched him for a few seconds, and then saw his disappear up the drive of "Fairlawns." Curious? Or was it? True, the fellow had said that he was a great friend of the man who lived in this house, but—

His further musings on the point were sharply interrupted; on the other side of the road there came the sound

of an unmistakable scuffle. Benny must have been attacked!

Sprinting across with the speed that had become familiar to the Swifts football club supporters, he found his surmise correct. Benny, out of the taxi, was struggling with no fewer than four assailants. Whether these were ordinary ruffians, merely intent on robbery, or whether they were connected in some way with that night's happenings, he didn't stop to speculate; but hurling himself into the fray, hit out to right and left.

So intent was he on rescuing his servant from disaster that he did not think of himself; and it was in consequence of this act that he did not stop once to look round.

He paid the penalty by receiving a heavy blow on the back of the head. As he reeled, he saw the unmistakable flash of a knife. . . .

"Cripes guv'nor, I thought it was all up then!"

Tiger, recovering from the brief spell of unconsciousness, looked up into the anxious face of Bannister. He was lying on the cushions of the taxi-cab, he noticed.

"Where's—?" he started.

"'Opped it," was the succinct reply; "you made a couple of 'em feel very sorry, and when I kicked the cove with the knife 'e 'opped it, too—but he went a bit sly-footed, I can tell you! As for the other, 'e seemed to kind of lose 'eart after that and you and I were alone once again. . . . But that's not to say we're goin' to be alone much longer, so far as I can see; 'ow are you feelin' now? I'm goin' to get at the wheel of this 'ere 'bus and tootle away."

"You saved my life, Benny," said Standish, slowly recovering his wits.

"Well, wot abt it? We're only quits once again," replied Bannister as he closed the door of the cab and proceeded to climb into the driver's seat.

A few minutes later, a taxi driven at such a furious pace that it broke all existing speed records for London taxi-cabs, shot away in the direction of London's West End.

CHAPTER XI
THE MUMMY TALKS

Professor Edmund Lablonde was in the hall waiting for his visitor. The Egyptologist was in a state of such great excitement when he shook hands that Carlimero wondered if the other was not due for another of his heart attacks.

"It has come!" the Professor said in a tense whisper; "you shall see it soon—I promise you!"

Carlimero, who had his own reasons for feeling excited, said the appropriate thing. He knew very well to what the Professor was referring; according to his own statement, he had recently purchased the mummy of Ptah, the Overseer of Rameses III.

In doing so he had outbid by several thousands of pounds an American collector. His agents in Paris had had definite instructions to purchase the mummy and to go to any price to secure it. Now, apparently it had arrived at the house in Wimbledon, and Lablonde was eager to show it to his friend.

"But you are not looking well, my dear Carlimero," the Professor said, after looking at his caller. "Has anything happened to upset you?"

The Caronian decided that it would be better to tell the other the truth.

"I'm not sure—but I may have been followed here to-night," he replied.

"All the way from the Embassy, a taxi-cab kept dodging in and out of the traffic and it was just behind me when I turned into the drive a few minutes ago."

He expected his hearer to evince some sign of perturbation, but the crazy Lablonde merely chuckled.

"Would it be the man Standish who followed you?" he inquired.

Carlimero shook his head.

"I don't know," he replied, "but if it was it might be serious."

Again Lablonde chuckled—and this time his merriment sounded sinister.

"You needn't worry," he said. "I have four men on guard always outside this house. If they saw anything—or anyone—suspicious, they would beat them up first and bring them in here afterwards. With so much at stake"—here the fanatical fires which were never long absent from the speaker's eyes broke out again—"I must take all necessary precautions."

The butler entering broke in on Carlimero's reply.

"Colonel Fortescue has called, Professor," the man said.

Lablonde made an impatient gesture. "I can't be bothered with him now. I have a tremendous lot to do. Give him my excuses and say that I'm indisposed."

"Very good sir," and the servant disappeared.

"Shall we go down now," continued Lablonde, turning to his visitor.

It was on the tip of Carlimero's tongue to spring the sensation which, he felt certain, was due to take place before many more minutes. How would Lablonde take it? How would he react to the amazing fraud that had been practised, and of which in some measure at least, he was the victim? Well, if he showed any resentment, he would have to be got rid of—the thing could easily be done; they would be far enough away from any possible in-

terference. And Lablonde's heart trouble would be a sufficient alibi.

Deciding that he would defer the disclosure, he assented, and followed his host to a secret door in the flooring and down a long, steep flight of steps until he found himself in a huge cellar that had once evidently been used for storing wines.

"There is perhaps my greatest trophy!" declared Lablonde, pointing to a bier on which was a magnificent mummy case. This was open so that the masked face of the bandaged occupant was freely exposed.

As he teetered towards the case, wringing his hands and showing every sign of almost maniacal delight, Carlimero found himself wondering whether the old fool's brain had not completely gone.

"You shall take off the mask yourself," he declared the Professor; "that is the treat I have reserved for you. In a moment from now you shall look upon the face of a man who has been dead for thousands of years!"

With that, beckoning to his companion to follow him, he clambered up the steps of the catafalque, and peered into the huge coffin.

"Take off the mask," he whispered, his trail body and wrinkled face twitching with excitement.

(To Be Continued)

District Deputy Grand Masters Masonic Order

Toronto, July 19—Elections of district deputy grand masters in the Ontario Grand Masonic District was held Thursday and results in Northern Ontario sections are as follows: Algoma—Charles E. Wilkins, Fort William; Nipissing West—Matthew Nisbet, Capreol; Timiskaming—John W. Fanning, Kapuskasing.



That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

HARD OF HEARING DUE TO INFECTION, NOT TO HEREDITY

I remember a family with four children, all of whom became hard of hearing as they reached their teens. As their mother was hard of hearing, it was thought that the youngsters had inherited the condition, but even as a youngster I couldn't figure why these children were not hard of hearing at birth if the condition was inherited.

These children all developed what is now called the adenoid or tonsil expression on their face, which then was not generally recognized by parents.

Infected tonsils and enlarged masses of adenoid tissue inflame or block the passage of the eustachian tube which carries air from the throat to the middle ear. If this tube gets inflamed and its surface lining swells, then air cannot get up into the middle ear to ventilate it properly and allow the eardrum to vibrate and send sound of the right amount and pitch to the auditory or hearing nerve.

Similarly, adenoid tissue can actually block, or partly block, the entrance of the eustachian tube and air cannot get up to the middle ear.

An inflammation extending up this tube to middle ear sets up mucous and then pus formation, middle ear infection (otitis media), a forerunner of a great number of cases of hard of hearing.

If you could get a view of the back of the throat and nose you would find that the tonsils, adenoid formation, and certain sinuses are so close to the entrance or mouth of the eustachian tube that a twenty-five or fifty-cent piece would cover or touch all of them. It is not hard then for inflammation of tonsils, infected teeth and sinuses to reach this eustachian tube entrance directly, aside from reaching it by way of blood vessels and the helpers of the blood vessels, the lymphatic vessels.

Most physicians believe that tonsils should not be removed as they act as filters and disappear later in life anyway. But physicians agree that infected tonsils and adenoids are the cause of many cases of hard of hearing and should be removed.

Remember, hard of hearing in most cases is not inherited. The tendency to loss of hearing may be inherited in that certain organisms are very destructive in certain families.

The Common Cold

The common cold which is so often neglected may lead to many complications if it is not given the proper care. Send for Dr. Barton's booklet entitled "The Common Cold" (No. 104) today. Address your request to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., enclosing ten cents to cover cost of handling and mailing and mention the name of this paper.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

MAY COME TO AMERICA



Now in London, Queen Geraldine of Albania may sail across the Atlantic with her son, Prince Alexander. The half-American queen of King Zog was forced to flee with her newly-born son when Mussolini's hirelings walked into Albania unannounced.

Germany Will be the One to Get the Big Surprise Now

Future President of United States, A Farmer at \$8,000 a Year. Other Items.

In his column in The Toronto Telegram, Thomas Richard Henry has the following breezy comments this week:

Surprise Party
The German weekly "Die Wehrmacht" indicates a surprise attack on Britain by Germany. Such a surprise attack would probably come under the heading of a "not entirely unsuspected surprise."

The Future President
It is always an amazing thing to us, considering the kind of a wild west side show American political conventions are, and the kind of crack-pots that take part, that they finally sort out a pretty fine sort of man as presidential candidate.

After all the bally-hoo the Languishing Americans have Wendell Willkie for whom to vote—and he is no slouch. It amazed us to see a candidate of his stature on the ticket after consideration had been given to people like Dewey. Dewey wouldn't do, but Willkie will.

Then we come to the Vanquishing Americans, and they stick with Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who is a good neighbour, a statesman, and a gentleman.

\$8,000 Farmers
Three times Saturday, Hon. Harry Nixon was called from the hayfields and the barns to answer long-distance telephone calls about affairs pertaining to the government office that he fills.

Considering the fact that the Hon. Harry gets something over \$20 a day, counting Saturdays, Sundays and holidays for filling that government office, and haymakers come at two or three dollars a day, maybe he should leave the haymaking to haymakers and just loiter around close to the telephone.

He sort of changed his mind back at Dominion election time, about making farming a full time job again—so it shouldn't be such a terrible hardship to make governing a full-time job—even on Saturdays—not at a haying hand's pay tacked on top of \$20 a day.

Chickens Piece-Meal
You can now buy chicken by the piece in Chicago.

We mean the edible variety.

The idea is that some families don't need or can't afford a whole chicken, so William Grunow, who used to be something in radios, is now selling pieces of roasted chicken to two-member families, and families who don't want any part of a chicken but the white meat or some other favoured portion.

Inefficient
"Smash Bottle Necks in Your Production Department" advises an ad.

This seems a somewhat crude method in this day and age.

Why don't they hang a few bottle openers around?

Finance
For the last few days we have formed the custom of strolling into the stock exchange for peace and quiet.

It is about the quietest place in Canada right at the moment and the trading floor that once rang with shouting and with tumult seems like a cloistered chapel.

Trades are few and far between, and they are recorded in the book by statisticians who only a few short years ago would deal only in astronomical figures—and would only speak their trippingly to their secretaries—not write them out laboriously to be corrected later by the help that still remains.

A great brooding silence reigns over the market place now—Some day we are going to write a poem about "The Deserted Pillage"—but we find out by cautious enquiry that it is not the Toronto market alone, that is acting as if it was the last resting place of many misspent dollars.

Dictator victories have caused a paralysis to creep through all the markets of the world and we find the following

advertisement in "The Bawl Street Journal."

"Our statistical department has been augmented by an expert tea leaf reader who will make market forecasts without charge. Bring your own tea."

That "Bring your own tea" is the cue.

The financial business has all gone to nil.

Trifling
We see that rifle women have been referred to in the morning paper as "rifleists."

So we presume that we are a bowlist, Bobby Hewitson is a golflist (a "golflist" is not a "goldfish" and Ted Reeve is an old lacrossist).

Hitler
The Post has an article about "A Tortured Neurotic, Flop House Derelict," in answering the question "Who Was Hitler?"

And now America had better rush its preparedness program.

Plain Speaking
In an open letter to Representative Lewis Thill, of Milwaukee, Wis., A. J. Denne, of Toronto, writes, "Hitler already has bought the war to United States—and you know his methods. I am afraid you know them too well!"

This seems to be more of a crack over the head with an axe than any subtle dig with a rapier.

Unorthodox
"American industry must adopt unorthodox business methods," advises a trade bulletin.

Does that mean denying the cabbage leaf in the cigars—or is that the orthodox method?

Armed Posse Out Hunting for Bear in Englehart District

Pigs and Chickens Killed by Bear This Season.

The New Liskeard Speaker last week has the following account of a bear hunt in the Latchford area:

"Led by Chief of Police P. A. Summers, a posse of Latchford citizens will be formed to scour the nearby bush in an attempt to rid the town of its present menace to domestic animals and fowl. Bruin the bear, which is also deemed a peril to children living in the outskirts of the town. In all the culprit has taken to date six pigs and three chickens, and attempted to break into the third hen house at the north end of the town. Joseph Goureaux, the owner of the latter, had prepared for the attack, however by nailing the door with six inch spikes. Deep claw marks were plainly visible where the prowler had attempted to gain entrance. The fourth pig to be seized by the marauder was on Thursday evening last, when Captain McCarthy Burns, hearing the squeals of one of his pigs, set out in a canoe, armed with a rifle, to "The Point," an island 200 yards from the lake shore, where he houses a number of pigs and sheep. Seeing the animal thief with a pig, the owner fired at the bear but missed in the darkness. The latter dropped the mangled pig, which later had to be shot, and scurried off into the bush.

"His tracks were also noticed Saturday morning in a vegetable garden in 'Little Quebec' and he made his appearance at a window of another house during the night, attracted in the mother's opinion who was alone with the baby, by the cries of the infant.

"Game Warden Elgin Binkley of New Liskeard (whose jurisdiction extends to Latchford) has presented Chief Summers with a rifle and authority to take armed men into the bush to try and shoot the animal.

"Scarcity of food in the bush is the reason advanced by local game hunters for the bear's municipal visits, which incite considerable interest to tourists in these parts who have tried in vain to get a glimpse of the pilferer.

"The pig scuttler's latest daring act of swine stealing was on Sunday night last when he took two of Wilfred Robillard's 3½-year-old hogs. The bear was apparently disturbed by dogs, however, as he dropped his quarry side by side a short distance away."

The Perfect Thirst Quencher

"SALADA" ICED TEA

Never Doubt That We Shall Win, Says Essex Air Warden

English Woman Writes Plainly to Friend in the U.S.A.

Would Help Canada and Put No Limit on the Help

(Letter to the New York Herald Tribune)

Sir:—It seems to me that in the whole crisis between the totalitarian states and the democracies there has been in the United States too much talk, too little action.

For just this reason, I am organizing a popular demand that all support, short of nothing, be given to our neighboring democracy, Canada. We cannot be secure in any world in which there is not equal security for Canada.

It is our purpose to have Canada exempted from all provisions of the present neutrality law. If the American people wish to contribute to the defence of Canada—as many of them do—no law should be permitted to stand that would prevent them.

Also there should be no quibble over cash or credit. Had our northern boundaries been occupied by a hostile nation in the last century, instead of by friendly Canada, the cost to us would have been almost incalculable.

VINCENT BURKE,
West Haverstraw, N.Y.,
July 10, 1940.

"Never doubt that we shall win," writes a woman air warden on the Essex coast of England to a resident of the U.S.A. who was born in Britain. In her letter, which is printed in the New York Sun, she says, in part:

"England will win, all right, if the United States doesn't have a Nazi revolution first. If the United States turns out the metal and the Canadians & Co. mind the kids and train the airmen we'll bottle that chap up and starve him out and finally kill him. There is, I hear, a certain amount of defeatist talk among the intellectuals, but you know England. She doesn't take her intellectuals seriously. They lie on the surface of the country like duckweed on a pond, and are about as deceptive, as reliable and as yellow.

"The country itself is as deep and clear and sound as it ever was. At the moment it's positively elated in a quick secret sort of way.

"There is always a chance that they will evacuate all this part of the coast, and if so I imagine all those with German friends will stay. I'm a First Aid Commandant of rather a large area, so I take it I shall remain. Anyway, I see no point in leaving. If one had an eighteenth century enemy it might be reasonable, but this lad is an Attila (he, too, does his hair in a funny way, you notice) and I'm convinced that the only way to beat him is for every living creature to fight inch by inch all the way.

"Everyone Not Here Is Missing Something"

"Mind you, everyone who is not here is missing something. It may all end in blood and tears and death and tyranny (which I doubt very strongly and see no reason why), but now at the moment it has restored the Elizabethan England. The most constant regret I have is that father has missed it now that it's here. I am glad he missed the last three years of nightmare anticipation (it's been like living in a shed with a tiger cub and seeing the blasted thing growing in size and offensiveness every day), but now that the moment has come it's worth being alive to see it. It would have interested him so. If we should go down (I suppose there's an outside chance of it, but cannot possibly believe it) we shan't have rotted away. We're as tremendous as we were in 1545. Think of it! Think of the parashots, the trossides, the church bell alarms. It's glorious stuff, and the spirit of the country has awakened to it as it awakened when the secret call went round to the little boats to go to Dunkirk.

"The last war took the glory out of fighting and left a world of pacifists. My generation has been trained (on second-hand disillusionment) to think

of honor (in the field) as foolhardiness and heroism as a chemical peculiarity. Now, for the first time, we're being given a demonstration of what these words meant to the Elizabethans, and I think all those nations who still think of England as France's little brother, now left alone, are going to be surprised—and delighted."

Would Help Canada and Put No Limit on the Help

(Letter to the New York Herald Tribune)

Sir:—It seems to me that in the whole crisis between the totalitarian states and the democracies there has been in the United States too much talk, too little action.

For just this reason, I am organizing a popular demand that all support, short of nothing, be given to our neighboring democracy, Canada. We cannot be secure in any world in which there is not equal security for Canada.

It is our purpose to have Canada exempted from all provisions of the present neutrality law. If the American people wish to contribute to the defence of Canada—as many of them do—no law should be permitted to stand that would prevent them.

Also there should be no quibble over cash or credit. Had our northern boundaries been occupied by a hostile nation in the last century, instead of by friendly Canada, the cost to us would have been almost incalculable.

VINCENT BURKE,
West Haverstraw, N.Y.,
July 10, 1940.

"Never doubt that we shall win," writes a woman air warden on the Essex coast of England to a resident of the U.S.A. who was born in Britain. In her letter, which is printed in the New York Sun, she says, in part:

"England will win, all right, if the United States doesn't have a Nazi revolution first. If the United States turns out the metal and the Canadians & Co. mind the kids and train the airmen we'll bottle that chap up and starve him out and finally kill him. There is, I hear, a certain amount of defeatist talk among the intellectuals, but you know England. She doesn't take her intellectuals seriously. They lie on the surface of the country like duckweed on a pond, and are about as deceptive, as reliable and as yellow.

"The country itself is as deep and clear and sound as it ever was. At the moment it's positively elated in a quick secret sort of way.

"There is always a chance that they will evacuate all this part of the coast, and if so I imagine all those with German friends will stay. I'm a First Aid Commandant of rather a large area, so I take it I shall remain. Anyway, I see no point in leaving. If one had an eighteenth century enemy it might be reasonable, but this lad is an Attila (he, too, does his hair in a funny way, you notice) and I'm convinced that the only way to beat him is for every living creature to fight inch by inch all the way.

"Everyone Not Here Is Missing Something"

"Mind you, everyone who is not here is missing something. It may all end in blood and tears and death and tyranny (which I doubt very strongly and see no reason why), but now at the moment it has restored the Elizabethan England. The most constant regret I have is that father has missed it now that it's here. I am glad he missed the last three years of nightmare anticipation (it's been like living in a shed with a tiger cub and seeing the blasted thing growing in size and offensiveness every day), but now that the moment has come it's worth being alive to see it. It would have interested him so. If we should go down (I suppose there's an outside chance of it, but cannot possibly believe it) we shan't have rotted away. We're as tremendous as we were in 1545. Think of it! Think of the parashots, the trossides, the church bell alarms. It's glorious stuff, and the spirit of the country has awakened to it as it awakened when the secret call went round to the little boats to go to Dunkirk.

"The last war took the glory out of fighting and left a world of pacifists. My generation has been trained (on second-hand disillusionment) to think

FOR SALE LICENSED HOTEL

Good Location, very modern and completely furnished. Has 22 bed-rooms and is nicely laid out throughout.

The total gross for the past 12 months was \$39,200