

# Marked Down for Killing

A Tiger Standish Adventure

by Sydney Horler

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**MARKED DOWN—**

**MAN WITH THE DEAD FACE**

Carlmero's hand reached out. He took the mask from the mummy's face—and then Professor Lablonde gave a wild shriek.

For the mummy's face had moved; moreover, its lips spoke.

"Well, Carlmero, you see I managed it!" said the man who was supposed to have died thousands of years before.

With Lablonde speechless with amazement, the mummy sat up, and began to unwind the bandages which had been about his body after climbing out of the sarcophagus.

"You must introduce me, Carlmero," he said, smiling malignantly, after the Caronian, with a few deft strokes of a pocket-knife, had freed the other.

For all his former resolution, Carlmero found himself nervous. But this thing had to be done, and he did it.

"Allow me to introduce to you, Professor, my friend Rahusen," he said.

The Egyptologist stared at him. It was a malignant stare, and Carlmero, in spite of himself, drew back a little.

"Why have you played this trick off on me?" the Professor demanded.

"With my weak heart, it might have been the death of me—do you realize that?"

It was the "dead" man who replied.

"This deception was necessary, Professor; I had to get back to London, and with all the ports and air stations watched, this was my one real chance. You must forgive Carlmero, because he has acted in your own best interests—difficult as that may seem to you at the moment. You wish to become a Pharaoh ruling over Egypt once again; you wish to drag the name of Britain in the dust. Well, I, Rahusen, can promise that you shall do both! What use is a dead man to you compared with me? Carlmero knows my record; he knows of the successes I have scored over the British; he knows that I am the greatest organizer alive! Haven't I worked for years in London for Ronstadt?"

"Ask any of their agents what they know of Rahusen."

The old man appeared convinced in spite of his former animosity.

"But my money—I paid my Paris agent ten thousand pounds."

"It will be refunded to you, Professor," replied Rahusen; "besides, the supposed mummy of **Pearl the Overseer of Ramesses III** was a fake—the American collector will be swindled!"

A thin, cackling laugh greeted the statement. The thought of his rival being diddled in this way evidently appealed to the humour of Lablonde.

"That is capital!" he cried, rubbing his hands together; "capital!"

After this demonstration, complete mollification became easy. Rahusen, who now disclosed himself as wearing a silk shirt, shorts and stockings, agreed.

"Yes, it was a capital scheme," he said. "Those fools of Customs officers never suspected anything, I suppose?"

"Not a thing," was the answer. "But how did you breathe?"

"If you look at the case you will find holes," replied Rahusen. "And the natural pallor, of my face would have helped if they had become too inquisitive."

Then came a slight change of temperature. Lablonde turned to the third man.

"All the same, Signor Carlmero, you should have told me," stated Lablonde. "To have deceived a friend like this—it is unpardonable."

The Caronian hastened to repair the breach.

"I did not like to tell you because your plan might have miscarried," he explained; "but now that Rahusen is here, everything will be all right." He did not go on to explain that it was

because of his jealousy and hatred of the Ronstadtian agents with whom he was supposed to work that he had sent an S O S out to his father's former Chief whom he knew was living in Paris. After being worsted in his latest encounter with Tiger Standish, Rahusen had lain low in the French capital awaiting an opportunity to return to London. This determination had been frustrated by the vigilant watch that had been kept on sea and air ports throughout the United Kingdom; and, as Rahusen now acknowledged, but for the ingenious ruse which Carlmero had himself thought out—he was grateful enough to acknowledge his debt to the younger man—he might still be on French soil.

"I've finished with Standish!" Lablonde again became mollified.

"So long as you place yourself entirely at my disposal, and do all I want you to do, Mr. Rahusen, I shall forget the trick," he stated. "You spoke just now of Ronstadt—are you still being employed by that country?"

It did not need the sign from Carlmero to remind Rahusen that he must give a discreet reply to this direct question.

"I have come to London to place myself exclusively at your service, Professor," he said—and for once he made his voice sound humble and conciliatory.

The house telephone by the side of Lablonde rang. The Professor listened and then turned to Carlmero.

"Herr Greisner has called," he announced. "I shall have to see him."

"In that case, professor, I am afraid I must be excused," put in Rahusen.

"It would complicate matters very seriously I am afraid, if Herr Greisner knew that I was in London. Let me tell you something in confidence; although the Ronstadt agents are making you believe that they are working exclusively towards crowning you King of Egypt, yet I know from conversations I have had in Paris that they are merely using you as a pawn."

"WHAT?" exploded the Egyptologist.

"Please be calm!" replied Rahusen in a tone that convinced Lablonde he would be wise to obey the behest; "I haven't time now to tell you more, but directly this man Greisner has gone, I will give you proof of what I have just said. Meanwhile, behave to him exactly as you would have done in normal circumstances—otherwise, stupid fool as he is, he may become suspicious. Now, remember, Professor, I am your friend—your friend to the death!"

The speaker's manner was so convincing, in spite of the melodramatic language he had purposely used, that Lablonde lost no further time in arguing.

"Very well," he said, "I trust you. You stay here and wait until the man has gone; meanwhile, I will go up and receive Herr Greisner."

"I had better come with you perhaps," remarked Carlmero.

"Certainly, my friend—arent you and Herr Greisner on the closest possible terms?"

Carlmero did not reply to this, but, behind the Professor's back, he exchanged a swift look with Rahusen.

"You will not say anything about me being here?" remarked the latter.

"Of course not," replied Lablonde. He spoke as though he had already attained to Pharaoh-rank.

When the Chief of the Ronstadtian Espionage System was shown into the big upstairs room a few minutes later, he smiled grimly at Carlmero, after saluting his host.

"I'm glad to find you here," he said, "because it enables me to tell you that I have settled with Standish."

The Latin was unable to conceal his dislike of the other.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand you," he replied sarcastically.

Greisner noted the infection in the man's voice and replied heatedly.

"It is a pity you Caronian do not care for plain language," he retorted. "I have said that I have finished with Standish; he was blown to pieces in the Haymarket this afternoon. Whilst he was at the Embassy talking to you to-day, I arranged for a bomb to be placed beneath the seat of his car."

Carlmero's shrug of the shoulder was offensive.

"I am afraid you are being too optimistic, Herr Greisner," he replied; "for, according to my own information, Standish was seen entering his house in Chapel Street, Mayfair, about two-forty-five this afternoon. A bomb may have blown his car to pieces in the Haymarket, as you say, but he was not in it. Your own agents should have told you that—especially as you informed me at the Embassy to-day that you had the man under constant watch. And may I ask why you did not give me your confidence in this matter?"

The other bridled.

"Why should I do so?"

**WHEN THIEVES QUARREL**

"Because, as you know, this man Standish is my special affair. Whilst he is an enemy of both our countries, the question of his—shall we say, dissolution?—was to be left entirely to me. Isn't that so, Professor?" turning to Lablonde.

The latter, who had been observing with increasing anxiety the growing quarrel between the two other men, put up his hand in a gesture of deprecation.

"I do not want to be brought into this," he replied. "All I asked was that when Standish was captured, he should be brought here—for me to deal with him. I'm sorry, Herr Greisner, that you did not remember that fact."

The Ronstadtian temporized. The time had not come for him to have an open breach with this crazy fool.

"I'm sorry, Professor," he said in a surprisingly humble tone; "but I am afraid the matter has been taken rather out of my hands; word has come through from Menke that Standish is to be got rid of at any price."

Carlmero stamped his foot.

"I don't care, Herr Greisner, what orders have come through from Menke; I tell you that Standish must be dealt with only by me."

"You have had time," acridly commented Greisner. "And," thrusting his scarred face forward, "am I to take my orders from you?"

Carlmero shrugged again.

"Perhaps if you did, my friend, you would have more success."

"It shall be reported!" roared the other. "Professor, I wish you good evening!" And he stamped out of the room.

Lablonde, whose body was shaking, turned to the Caronian.

"I cannot have any quarrels in this house; remember that we are all working for the same end."

In spite of his blistering rage—if Greisner had stayed in that room he would have attacked him—Carlmero restrained himself. Lablonde was still too useful to him to be put out.

"I'm sorry, Professor," he replied, "but these Ronstadtians are barbarians—they have no manners. You saw how Greisner himself behaved just now?"

Lablonde nodded.

"Yes, they are barbarians," he confirmed; "but no quarrels, if you please."

"Very well, Professor."

(To be Continued)

## English Can Survive Without Roast Beef or Tea



Perplexing is the problem of how to live for a day on the amount and variety of food the young lady finds before her—and make the same thing do day after day. Nutrition authority Sir John Orr says English citizens can do it if necessary in a case of long siege. No meat, not even tea, if things get really bad. For the prescribed 1 1/4 ounces of fat, butter patties were used in this picture, at which the perplexed diner brightened. Said Herta Buchberger of Toronto, recently come from Australia: "We never had that much butter at home even before the war!"

## Flag That Braved a Thousand Years is Still Gaily Flying

### No Sense or Reason in Any Defeatist Talk

(From The Amharburg Echo)

"It"—"if and when." So the commentators say again and again. "If the British fleet is destroyed"; "If England is invaded"; "If the Allies lose the war." So the radio commentator says and nauticum until some simple-minded folk in this country become followers of iffy and believe his luffs may come true. Because the Nazi juggernaut prepared through years of deception and cunning, has rolled through the ill-prepared and helpless little nations of Europe, that does not mean that the British Empire is about to totter and fall.

True, in 1066, William of Normandy, a man of dogged perseverance and inexhaustible faculty of resource, aided by a favourable wind and a Trojan horse, invaded and conquered England. Since then others have tried and failed.

In 1588 Philip II of Spain, with resources gathered from the new world prepared an armada of 149 ships to attack and invade England. Sixty-five of these warships were huge galleons armed with fifty guns apiece. The British fleet consisted of only 80 vessels, only four of which equalled in tonnage the smallest of the Spanish galleons. But the English ships were faster and their Admiral Howard was backed by captains who had won fame on the Spanish seas, amongst whom were Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. As the English seamen said, "The feathers of the Spaniard were plucked one by one." Galleon after galleon was sunk or driven on shore. The armada fled north and was wrecked on the rocky shores of Scotland and Ireland—only a small fragment getting back to Spain. Thus ended in disaster Philip's attempt to invade England.

At the beginning of the 19th century Napoleon was obsessed with an unholy ambition to subdue Europe and conquer England. So sure was he of the latter that he had medals struck and inscribed "Descended upon England and reached London, 1804." However, like the others, he had underestimated the bulldog qualities of the British, and met his Waterloo, and another attempt to crush England met with disaster.

And now Hitler struts about Europe and hurls threats of invasion of England. For 900 years no enemy has set foot on English soil. But it is said conditions today are different and that the Nazis with their mighty air force and overseas craft might succeed. So think and say the simple.

It is true we have to fight a mighty enemy, drunk with success, unscrupulous, bent on conquering and enslaving all Europe, and indeed perhaps the world. We dare not underestimate his strength. Every resource of the whole

George Masson, were elected. A. F. McDowell, President, was in the chair. Guests were F. H. Colton, St. Catharines Kiwanis Club; C. Gorman, of North Bay and Stan Blake, South Porcupine Kiwanis Club.

Resignation of Mr. Geo. Lake from the Timmins Kiwanis Club was announced. It was indicated that Mr. Lake, who is living at Langstaff, will join a Toronto club.

In future when Kiwanis Club members are late for meetings they will be expected to buy a war savings stamp as a penalty.

Announcement of the Kiwanis Carnival, which will take place on August 8 and 9 on Cedar Street between Third and Fourth Avenues, was made by J. L. Fulton. Proceeds will go to war work and for the care and treatment of underprivileged children.

Empire must be enlisted against him. Every man, woman and child is called upon to make sacrifices and to do his utmost to help build up the defensive and offensive weapons of the nation.

There is no defeatist talk coming from England. Listen to Churchill, Eden, Duff Cooper, and others. They say there are several factors that must be borne in mind when assessing the future. The first is the determination, the vigor and the unity of the British people in every part of the Empire.

The second is the definite superiority of the Royal Navy over any combination of fleets Hitler and Mussolini can muster. The third is that there are more men under arms in Britain than ever before, at least 3,000,000; the production of arms and planes is increasing rapidly; planes are arriving in a steadily increasing stream from the United States and Canada, and that all Britain is mobilized for the single task of turning back the invader who must first escape the navy and the Royal Air Force.

"If and when England is destroyed," To think and speak in this way is to cultivate the spirit of defeatism and some smeltions are overcome by it. The enemy would desire nothing better than that Englishmen should think in terms of defeat, indeed, defeatist talk is no doubt enemy propaganda.

Nothing in English history warrants it. Nothing in the character and preparations of Britishers warrants it. They stand with solid and united determination behind the liberties and blessings of this Christian civilization and nothing can move them. We would venture to suggest that on Saturday last Hitler reached the pinnacle of his success when he made a triumphal return to Berlin amid the acclam of the multitude. His big job is ahead of him. In attempting to invade England he will bring down upon himself and Germany complete and irrevocable disaster.

## Suggests that Hunger May Result in German Revolt

Averting food uprisings among millions of ill-fed people in Nazi-dominated countries looms ahead as a Herculean task for totalitarian regimentation says The Toronto Telegram. Over 150,000,000 Europeans are now dependent on Germany. Food for coming months is, at best, likely to be short. At worst, there will be famine.

Whether actual famine will bear down on large areas in Europe, food economists hesitate to predict. If crops are favored by the weather, if enough refugees and ex-soldiers get back to farms in time to help with this summer's crops, if supplies are distributed and doled out with super-efficiency, then, hunger, generally speaking, may not go beyond the tight-belt and malnutrition stages.

Hunger caused the fall of the Roman Empire in the opinion of one well-known geographer, Dr. Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University. Droughts in Asia roused hungry hordes to overrun Europe.

The French Revolution was started by hungry masses.

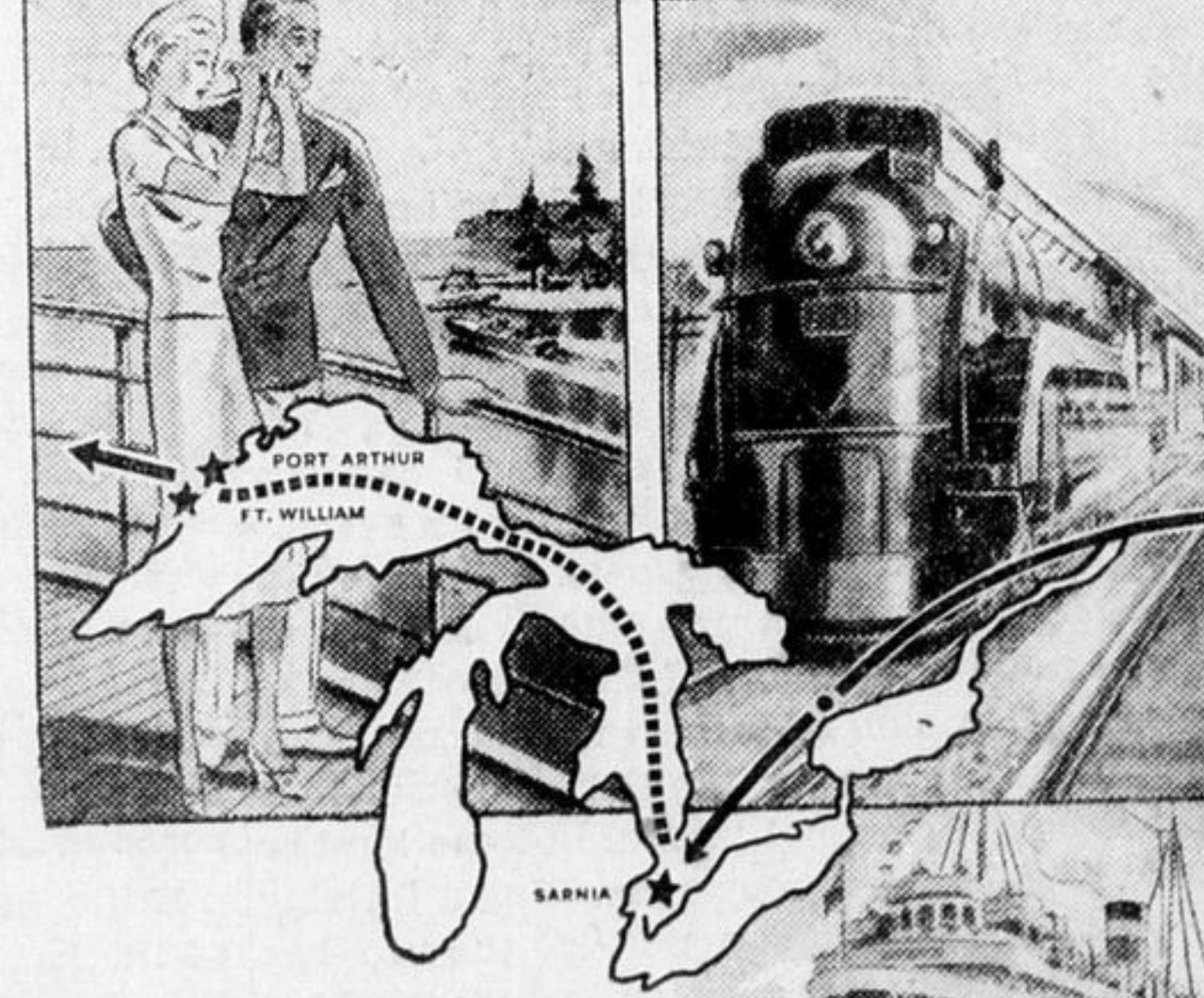
The Russian revolutionists were hungry. Prof. J. Russell Smith of Columbia University, geographer, cites the significance of bread lines month after month in St. Petersburg when the Czar's government doled out bread. One day there was none to distribute. The next day came rioting. Soldiers, ordered to quell the excitement joined with the people instead. The rising masses and army ended the Czar's rule. Kerensky, in turn, controlled the situation so long as he could provide bread.

With totalitarian governments restlessness of ill-fed people is a problem sternly handled. Gestapo leaders have said that no one in Germany escapes watching.

So complex and machine-like is the Nazi system for preventing uprisings that history shows only the ancient Incan Empire in South America has

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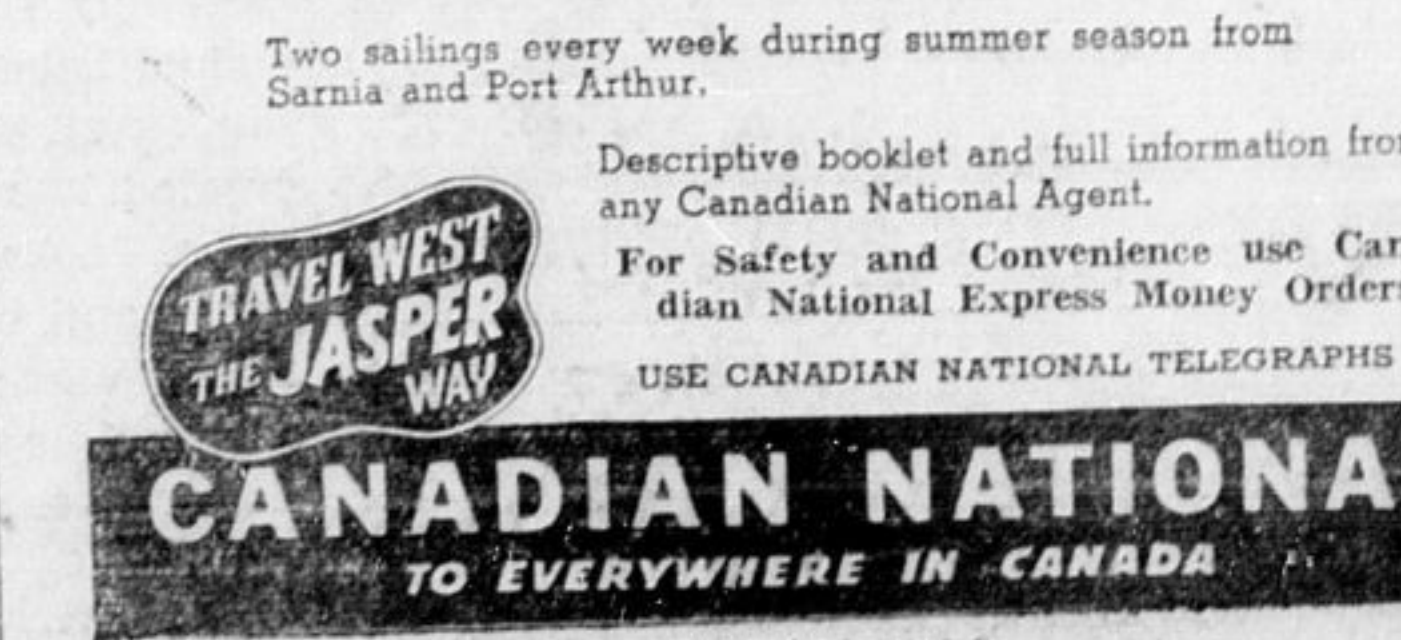
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## Plans Completed for Registration of All in Dominion

Ottawa, July 24—Plans for the registration of all Canadians having reached the age of 16 years were made known by Hon. James G. Gardiner, Minister of National War Services, in the House of Commons. Necessary organizations have been created. It is hoped that registration will be completed by the end of August.

Members of Parliament have nominated registrars and deputy registrars in their constituencies, and they in turn will appoint deputy registrars in all polling subdivisions. The deputy registrars will post notices of registration as soon as the dates are fixed and will secure registration booths.

All persons are required to attend registration booths on the given dates, to answer questions (18 for men, 19 for women) put to them by the deputy registrars. Answers will be written on registration cards. In cases where a person is ill or incapacitated the deputy registrar may send an assistant to complete the registration at that person's home.

If a person fails to register, he or she will be punished by a fine of \$200 or imprisonment for three months or both, with an additional penalty of \$10 a day for each day elapsing between the close of registration and the person's registration or trial.

A fine of \$100 is provided for refusal to answer any registration question; a fine of \$200 and imprisonment for any person advising any citizen to refuse or omit to comply with the regulations or impeding any officer in carrying out the regulations.

All persons will be given registration certificates, which they will have to carry with them at all times. Penalties are provided for refusal or failure to produce certificates on demand. Other penalties are provided by the Registration Act for the protection of both the State and the people.

In the words of Hon. James G. Gardiner, registration of all the people of Canada will serve two purposes, "the first one being to get a complete picture of the conditions existing with respect to man-power and woman-power in Canada today, with regard to where they are, their background and their condition of health. All information of that kind would be required, and it will be made available not only to the Department of National Defence, but to all departments of government—old age pensions, health, and so on. This information can be used for different purposes in connection with the care of our population during a period of war, and perhaps afterwards."

The other purpose is the one which has been outlined, namely that of obtaining registration of those who are available for training in Canada immediately and throughout the war period.

Indications are that voluntary organizations will be set up in each constituency, in addition to officials appointed by the government, to help carry out the task of registration.

Registrars and Members of Parliament have been deluged with offers of voluntary aid.

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## States Vast Area of N. W. Territory Rich in Minerals

### Stationed There as Member R. C. M. P., Karl Eyre Describes Area

The North West Territories, that vast section of Canada located north of the western provinces and stretching right to the North Pole, was described by Mr. Karl Eyre, who was the speaker on Monday on the "Know Your Canada Better" series which has been taking place at meetings of the Kiwanis Club.

Mr. Eyre, who was stationed in the North West Territories twenty years ago when a member of the North West Canadian Mounted Police force, said that the vast territory was but thinly populated. There were a few Indians and Eskimos in the area who made their living from trapping and fur trading, but aside from the Hudson Bay Company factors and police there were few white men.

Rich in minerals, the territory was, at that time, almost impassable for commercial traffic because there were few railroads or motor roads.

The terrain was mostly rocky, the speaker said, and was dotted with small lakes and hills. Vegetation was scarce and consisted mainly of shrubs and moss and scrub timber.

In the summer there was no night and during the winter there was little else but darkness. Ducks, wild geese and swans abounded on some of the islands of Hudson Bay particularly Southampton.

Two new directors, Frank Bailey and