

Marked Down for Killing

A Tiger Standish Adventure

by Sydney Horler

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M. LUDX LUXEMBOURG

The memory of this talk returned to Standish now, as, a cigar between his teeth, he looked quizzically at the spectacle that, like a colour film, unrolled itself before his eyes. He recalled in particular the closing sentences of his Chief's.

"The Foreign Secretary asked me if there was one man in the whole of the British Intelligence whom I felt was competent to get the low-down on the truth or untruth upon which might rest the future security of this country," Bellamy had wound up, speaking with a seriousness which was at once as impressive as it was unusual with him, "and I gave him your name. He said he would like to see you himself, but I replied there was no need; I would put the situation to you and I was confident of what answer you would give. . . . Wait a moment, my boy," he had gone on, as the younger man had seemed about to make a comment; "if you bring this off—and I'm not attempting to deny that it will be a terribly difficult proposition—then I will give your wife a solemn promise that I will never call on you again. Now, what do you say?"

The answer was provided by the fact that Standish was sitting at that corner-table at that very moment.

A man, whose noticeably rosy face looked oddly at contrast with the mephitic atmosphere, sidled up to them. "Good evening, gentlemen," he purred. "I hope you are enjoying yourselves?"

Bellamy was the one to answer. "Very much," he replied; "oh, my boy," turning to Tiger, "you ought to know this gentleman; he's Monsieur Ludx, once of Luxembourg, but now manager of the Three Graces." As he spoke, his foot touched his companion's beneath the table.

Tiger played up. "Delighted!" he drawled; "from Luxembourg, eh? That must be an interesting place, M. Ludx; I wonder you ever left it."

The rosy face split itself into a smile. "It is unfortunately necessary for me to earn my living, Monsieur, and opportunities in my native country are not very numerous. That is why I am in London. Perhaps, if the fates are kind, I shall return one day to my farm."

"Farm! You look as much like a farmer as my uncle here," indicating Bellamy, "looks like a gas inspector." M. Ludx smiled for the second time. "I should have said to the farm I hope to return to," he replied; "all my forebears were farmers."

With that, and yet another smile, he bowed himself away.

"What's the matter, Tiger?" asked Bellamy, in a low tone; "why are you fidgeting?"

"Because," was the answer, "I feel exactly like a dog that's run across a strange and horrible smell. Who is that fellow?" he went on sharply.

"I've already told you; he is the manager of this night club—the new manager, to be exact; his predecessor did a flit with all the money he could lay his hands on—and he comes from Luxembourg."

"I'll bet you he's a wrong 'un, B.," returned Standish; "I feel it in my bones."

"I daresay he is," agreed Bellamy; "but that's for you to find out; it was one of the reasons I brought you along here tonight."

"The rummy thing about that cove is that I feel certain I know who he is, although I've never met him before. How do you account for that?"

"Ask me something easier," was the reply.

Standish continued to be abstracted. At the end of at least five minutes' soliloquy with himself, he said: "B. if I told you what was in my mind, you'd send me to join that poor old coot, Lablonde, in the mental home!"

"Tell me, all the same."

"Not yet; I want to verify it first," was Standish's reply.

STANDISH REMEMBERS SOMETHING

With that, he appeared to cast off the equivalent of dull care and yielded himself to the joy of the hour. He was interested to hear Bellamy's comments on many of the notabilities present; and his eyes shone when he saw Herr Greisner come in accompanied by a spectacular blonde.

But he was most interested of all when, just before announcing he had had enough for one spasm, M. Ludx came sidling up to his table again. "You are going, Monsieur?" enquired the rosy-cheeked one.

"Yes, M. Ludx—it's long past my usual bed-time." He grinned as he looked straight into the other's eyes.

"I hope you will come again, Monsieur," M. Ludx sent back.

"Bet your life I will—I'm quite interested in this show," was the emphatic reply.

"I am honoured, Monsieur," said M. Ludx.

On the way out, Bellamy and Standish were forced to pass the table at which Greisner sat with his orchidaceous blonde. Tiger grinned; the Ronstadian scowled.

"How are you?" inquired Standish, and waved a hand.

"Who was that man?" asked the blonde, a minute later.

"Someone I hope shortly to kill," was the reply.

"How sad!" commented the latest recruit to the Ronstadian Secret Service in London; "I thought him quite interesting. Do you wish me to get to know him?"

"No!" was the ungracious retort; "I will attend to him myself."

Smoking a final pipe, Tiger suddenly

jumped to his feet.

"Benny!" he called, and Bannister burst in from the servants' quarters.

"Lor lumme, guv'nor!" he protested, "ave a 'ear! You nearly made me upset my beer! Wot's the matter?"

"Benny, have you ever known a man to have two separate and distinct faces?"

Bannister looked at him in fresh perplexity.

"You're not seein' snakes or red 'ot elephants or anythin' like that, as well, I s'pose, guv'nor?"

"No, Benny, but to-night I saw—come here; I'll whisper it."

After Bannister had straightened himself up, the pipe he had been holding fell out of his hand.

CHAPTER XXII

TIGER'S LAST JOB

Kuhnreich, the Dictator of Ronstadt was an incalculable being. Possessed of an abnormal brain, the use of which he devoted to one object, and one object only—the insatiable pursuit of personal power—he frequently startled even the most favoured members of his Inner Council by breaking off one project, on which for months he had placed great store, and ordering that an entirely new policy should be started, even, as sometimes happened, at the expense of the old.

It was after studying exhaustive reports from every other European country, that at exactly five minutes past midnight one night he called for his Foreign Minister.

"There is one way—and only one way—in which we can hope to succeed," he declared.

The conference between the two lasted for several hours.

Tiger kissed his wife tenderly.

"I know exactly how you feel, my sweet, but I had to tell you—and Bellamy has promised faithfully this shall be my last job—my very last! I promise it, too."

Sonia clutched at his arm.

"I'm getting tired of saying: 'You've done enough,'" she replied; "just as tired as you must be of hearing it. . . . Is it very important?"

"A great deal depends on it," was the grave reply.

"How long will you be away?"

"I can't say; I may not have to leave London; B. thinks the thing is being hatched here."

"But you won't be at home?"

"No; I shan't be at home, the fact is that, directly I leave here now, I must disappear. Courage, my sweet."

Her tears were hard for him to see, but she quickly dried them.

"All right darling," she said; "I won't try to keep you. And then, because she did not wish him to see the agony she could not keep out of her face, she turned and ran from the room."

Benny Bannister, who had been waiting outside the door, popped his head through.

"Can I come in?" he enquired, and when permission had been given, he added reproachingly: "May you be forgiven, guv'nor!"

"Shut your face!" he was sharply ordered.

"O.K. guv'nor; I know I talk too much, but when I saw Mrs. Standish just now. . . ."

"You needn't remind me, Benny," replied his master in a softer tone; "you don't think I like to see my wife in tears, do you?"

H. W. Warren First to Announce Will Run For Council

Intends to Fulfill Promise After Defeat Last Year, He Says.

First to announce his candidacy in the forthcoming municipal election, in December of this year, was ex-Councillor Herbert Warren.

"I realize this is a little early," said Mr. Warren today to The Advance, "but when I was defeated last election day's titanic struggle.

A great cheer went up when a smiling-faced, broad-shouldered man, said to be Standish, was pointed out by the spectators in the enclosure below the grandstand.

The man sitting by Benny Bannister's side leaned down to whisper.

"They seem pleased to see me," he remarked.

"Of course they are," was the prompt reply. "Ain't you Tiger Standish?"

But he grinned as he uttered the words.

The match proved not nearly so thrilling as had been expected, and the general opinion was that this defect could be traced directly to the fact that the famous centre-forward of the Swifts was missing from the home front-line.

Many remarks to this effect were passed to the man walking out by Benny Bannister's side, but the recipient said nothing.

Perhaps he was too modest.

(To be Concluded)

I committed myself to running for the 1941 council and I certainly intend to do so. If you would care to make that fact public then, by all means, do so."

Asked about his campaign, Mr. Warren said that it was a little early for commitment on that point. He was, he said, well known in Timmins. The electors knew what he could do without him making any promises.

Mr. Warren was a member of the town council in 1939. He was elected by acclamation following the resignation of three of the members elected to the 1939 council. It will be recalled that following election to the 1939 council, Councillors Brunette, Cousins and Roberts resigned from office. The statement they made public at that time gave as their reason the fact that they could not work with Mayor Bartleman and Councillors Armstrong, McNeil and McCabe.

After the resignation the candidates who intended to run in the by-election held a meeting and chose three of their number to be elected by acclamation. One of those chosen was Mr. Warren. Mr. Warren ran for council in 1939 but was defeated.

Hints on nutrition as well as a shopping list are contained in the leaflet. The Health League, through its nutrition committee, is attempting to educate house-wives in the low income brackets how to feed their families on little money, and yet enabling them to eat the food that will do them the most good.

"It's not how much you eat, but what you eat that counts" officials of the Health League said today.

Two Nutrition experts were on duty at the C.N.E. booths maintained by the League. A table was set with a whole week's food supply, which could be purchased for \$8.24. Thousands were attracted to this display. Toronto doctors were in attendance every day to answer questions of Exhibition visitors.

The rest of the Health League exhibit showed how through public education sickness could be prevented and waste eliminated. War-time objectives of the League were told in posters. They are: protecting the health of workers in industry; education in nutrition; combating venereal disease; prevention of diphtheria, and the universal pasteurization of milk.

All-Season Car

"This is the radiator and here is the fan," explained the car salesman. "That's fine!" announced the lady. "I've always wanted an all-season car." —New Yorker.

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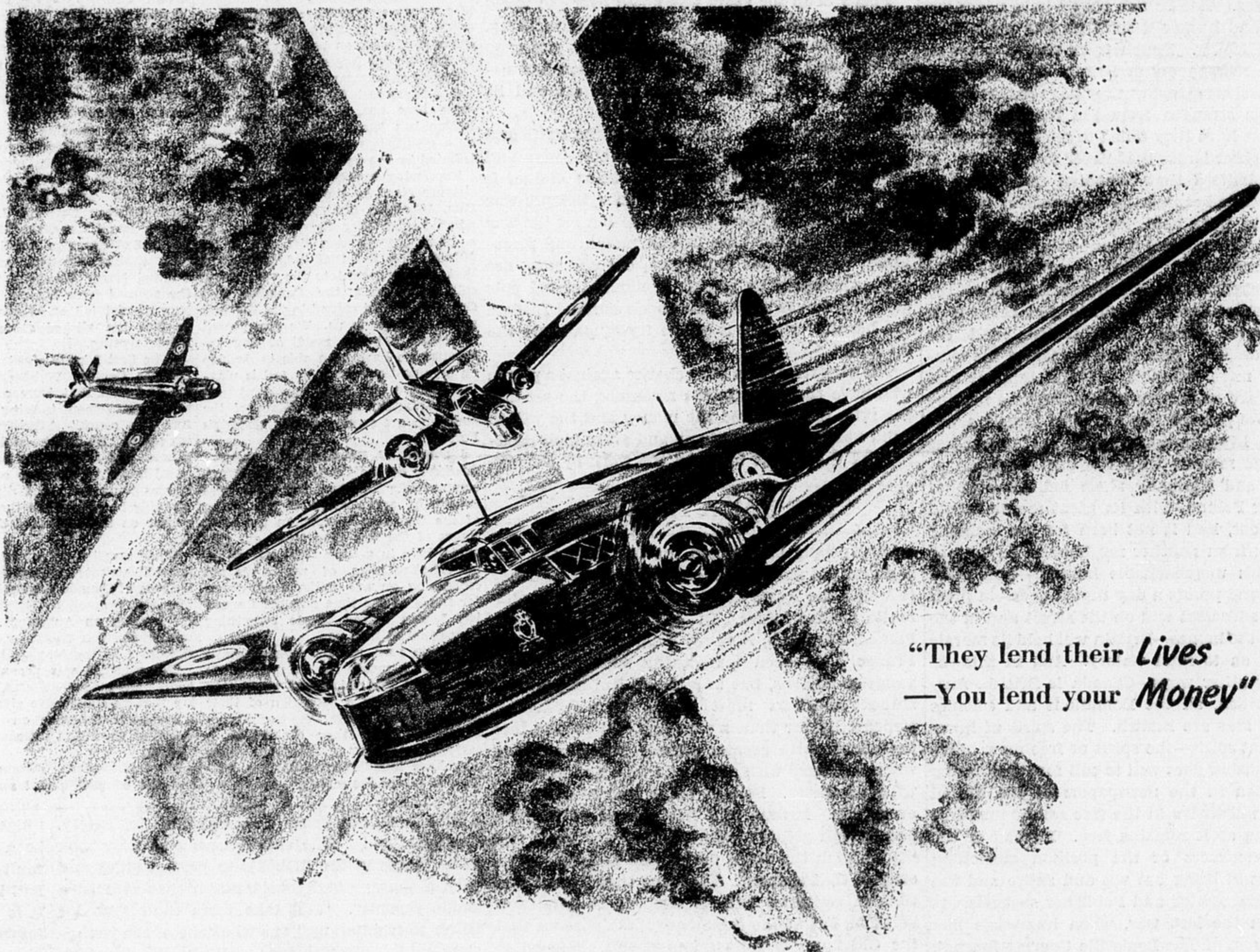
How to Feed a Family of Five on \$8.24 Per Week

Toronto, Sept. 4.—More than 20,000 housewives who visited the Canadian National Exhibition learned how to feed a family of five on \$8.24 a week, thanks to the Health League of Canada.

The Health League, with nutrition education as one of its war-time objectives, distributed 20,000 leaflets giving a week's menu of nutritive food which could be purchased for \$8.24 and is sufficient to feed a family of five for a week.

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