

Marked Down for Killing

A Tiger Standish Adventure

by Sydney Horler

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CHAPTER XXIII
STANDISH A CASUALTY

As the fast-driven car loomed opposite him, appearing as a phantom of the nerve-ridden darkness, Tiger Standish leapt like a gymnast performing some phenomenal feat, and landed on the running board.

"Stop, if you value your life!" were the words the astonished chauffeur heard. At the same moment he saw the dull gleam of a revolver that was held in the right hand of the masked man, who had unexpectedly materialized out of the night in such goblin fashion.

The car slowed down. The chauffeur had seen murder done many times in his own country, but he had no wish to be a victim of early death himself.

Once the car had stopped, Standish turned his attention to the passenger inside. Thank goodness, the extraordinary secrecy used in this affair had caused the envoy not only to travel alone, but to arrive without welcome of any kind.

He had to act quickly, for every second counted.

"Open that door!" he said sharply to the chauffeur, "and keep your hands away from your clothes—at the first suspicious sign I shall shoot! Remember that!"

The man hesitated, but a sharp prod from the revolver forced his into action. With a philosophic shrug, he opened the main right-hand door of the car.

"Be pleased to alight," the masked man said.

"Quick, Benny, into the car and drive like Hades. Here's the stuff . . ."

His voice becoming faint through loss of blood, Standish pushed the leather satchel which he had to break off by force from the wrist of the Ronstadtian envoy, once the latter had descended into the country road across to his servant.

Bambister protested.

"But I can't leave you 'ere, guv'nor—those swine 'ave plugged you . . . Why, you may die!"

"Do what I say . . . and be quick . . . they're almost 'ere . . . now . . ."

The voice failed, the speaker collapsed.

Benny bit his lower lip until the blood came. He was faced with a far greater problem than in his wildest imaginings he would ever have thought possible; he had to decide between doing what was his obvious duty to the State Department for which his master had performed his last service and leaving the man he loved to the vengeance of relentless enemies. He groaned as he picked up the leather satchel, and, bending double, began to run toward the concealed car which was to take him back to London and Sir Harker Bellamy—whom now, he felt, he could have killed without the slightest hesitation or scruple.

The last couple of hours had been like the disordered workings of some preposterous dream; life had outstripped the cinema.

At seven o'clock Tiger had telephoned, as arranged, and told him where to be with the car. The drive to this lonely part of the Essex coast had been a silent one; scarcely a dozen words had been exchanged between them. But Benny was content; he knew that Tiger had done the first part of the terribly difficult job he had been given, and that they were now on their way to do the second. Together! That knowledge made him proud. Criticize his master for continuing to work for Sir Harker he might, yet once the task was started, he, like Standish, never looked back.

Tiger, for once had not given his henchman his full confidence. Benny

had not resented this; he knew that there must be circumstances which forced his master to keep quiet; and doubt the issues were too important—and with so much at stake, the fewer the people who knew afoot, the better. Which was why he, in turn, had not attempted to ask any unnecessary or superfluous questions.

All he had been told was where to drive. Arrived at this desolate spot in the Essex countryside, he had obeyed further instructions and had waited, with the superb engine kept running, whilst Tiger had disappeared into the dense gloom. Where his master had gone, or what he was intending to do, he did not know; it was sufficient from his point of view that he was in this thing, playing a small but vitally important part—and that his own time would come.

It had come now! A couple of minutes before, Standish, running hard, had dropped to his side beneath the hedge, following the sound of a revolver shot.

"You're 'it, guv'nor!" he had cried. "Is it bad?"

"I don't know, Benny," the reply had come, "but the swine are after me!" Then had followed the words which had contained so much urgency.

The last sound that beat upon Standish's consciousness was the rapid throb of the car's engine gradually fading away on the night air. Then, with a smile on his face—for the job had been practically done—he felt oblivion stealing over him like refreshing sleep. He forgot the pain in his chest; he forgot everything but that one essential fact.

CHAPTER XXIV
TOO MANY ENEMIES

He awoke to find himself being stared at by a number of men, all of whom he knew to be enemies.

Greisner was the first to speak. His voice was hoarse with hate and strained with passion.

"How much do you know?" he roared. "Tell me—or I'll tear every inch of skin off your body with these hands!" He raised his fists.

Standish, although feeling like a good imitation of Death itself, tried to force a characteristic retort.

"Why, it's my old friend, Greisner," he said feebly. "How are you Greisner?"

The Ronstadtian lowered his hate-convinced face.

"You still think you can play the fool then, you swine-dog!" he snarled; "well let me tell you, you cursed British spy, that you have played the fool for the last time. You are in the Ronstadtian Embassy—does that convey anything to you? You came here the other day of your own free-will, but now you are here by my orders . . . My orders!" he repeated, turning to stare belligerently into the face of a man Standish was just able to recognize—his vision was very blurred—as his other enemy, Carlimer.

"I do seem to be in luck," returned the prisoner, making another courageous attempt to rally himself; "all my old pals together . . . How are you, Carlimer?"

He saw the Caronian's face gleam.

"You take too much on yourself, Greisner," the Military Attache said before the man he addressed could reply to Standish. "You appear to forget that my country is vitally concerned in this new secret plan of Kuhnreich."

Greisner brushed him aside.

"I'll deal with you later," he retorted crudely; "your country is merely a puppy led on a string."

The crass insult was too much; the Caronian, stepping forward, smacked the speaker across the face.

"Barbarian!" he cried. "I will teach you that you cannot insult Caronia with impunity!"

Someone in the throng uttered a cry of warning. But it was too late; before he could be stopped, before even a restraining hand was lifted, Greisner had snatched a revolver from a nearby table and had shot Carlimer through the heart.

"Take that offal away!" he ordered. "Later we will send a message to Brasiano saying he died from a sudden heart attack! . . . And now, Standish, Greisner resumed, after the brief pause during which his command was carried out, "I will attend to you!"

"It was clever, I admit, to manage that burglary at my flat so neatly; that was how you got to know about tonight, I suppose?"

"If you would be kind enough to let me have a little brandy, I'll be pleased to answer." Thought of his wife forced him to make the request; with the death of Carlimer—regrettable as that had been—one at least of his enemies had been removed. With returning strength, hope began to stir in him again.

"Let him have it!" curtly replied Greisner, signalling to one of the other men.

"Thank you," said the prisoner, as the small glass was held to his lips; "thank you . . . yes, my dear Greisner," he continued, when he had swallowed about a tablespoonful of the spirit; "it was due to the visit that I paid to your flat in Mount-st. that I got on to what was due to happen to the Essex coast of the distinguished personage I now see standing by your side. By the way, Greisner, I regret I had to use such unorthodox methods, but I'm sure you will be the first to admit that, in the circumstances, it was the obvious thing to do."

"To be fair, Greisner, not very much of the credit—if it can be called 'credit'—attached to this night's business (I am speaking from my country's point of view now, of course, not yours), is due to me. You see we have wind—oh, never mind how!—that your Kuhnreich contemplated something especially drastic several days ago; I was merely told to look into it from this end. Now do you understand?"

"I understand too well, swine-dog! But you have done your last piece of spying!"

"Dear me, that's too bad," was the comment; "I didn't expect any bouquets of course, but I should have thought you might have given me a word of appreciation as from a fellow craftsman."

"The only appreciation you will get from me is—this!" was the reply. Greisner raised the revolver with which he had already killed one man that night.

(To be Continued)

Crystal Shower in Honour of Miss Marion Ostrosser

Miss Marion Ostrosser, bride-to-be, was guest of honour on Saturday afternoon at a crystal shower at the home of Mrs. G. H. Gauthier, Hemlock street. Hostesses were Mrs. E. Bader-ski, Miss Cherry Gauthier and Misses Margaret and "Bunnie" Burke.

About thirty-five friends of the popular guest of honour were present, and extended their best wishes for future happiness, as well as a large number of lovely gifts. A delicious lunch was served during the afternoon.

Miss Ostrosser was also guest-of-honour at a shower at the home of Mrs. L. Labaw, of the Pamour.

Canadians Ready for Any and All Attacks Overseas

Think Germans May Use Gas Again.

Mr. P. J. Beaudin this week received a very interesting letter from his son, Private Blake Beaudin, with the 48th Highlanders, "somewhere in England."

After referring to the soldier's usual pleasure at receiving letters from home, Pte. Beaudin says:—"I saw a piece in the paper where you had a fellow in court for saying a guy's a fool to enlist. Give them hell, dad, that's the way. . . . We guys over here don't know what to do with ourselves just at present. One thing I would advise anyone to do is to get in the militia. It may come in handy if they are called up. . . . The air force is sure raising hell with the Hun over here. To-day we had two air-raid warnings—one this morning and one just before supper. I heard the Hun flying over this morning. As soon as the siren blows we get on our respirators and gas capes, take our rifles and ammunition, and get in our trenches. They are expecting him to use gas for an entry into England. We have little pieces of yellow paper that turn red when a gas spray is used, so we are always on the alert. . . . It used to be funny on guard up in Timmins, but when we go on guard here we don't fool. We carry a rifle loaded and if anyone doesn't stop when called on we are ordered to shoot. . . . I go on leave this week and I am going to London

Royal Air Force Bombs Berlin With Much Damage Done

Flying Low Over Berlin British Bombers Set Fire to State Buildings.

Berlin, Sept. 7.—Sweeping over Berlin at altitudes of only 3,000 feet and lighting their targets with parachute flares, British bombing planes raided Berlin for three hours in the early hours of this morning, dropping high explosive and incendiary bombs.

Fires were started at various points in the city, including a huge warehouse and a stable a few blocks north of Unter Den Linden, municipal buildings in the Welseensee suburb in North-eastern Berlin, the old criminal courts building in the centre of the city, a store house and police station in the diplomatic quarters a few blocks southwest of Unter Den Linden, and a radio factory and dwellings in the Wedding District in North Berlin.

Barrage balloons were raised in some sections for the first time.

An incendiary bomb set fire to the old Moabit Court House, scene of many a famous trial, including that of the Evangelical Lutheran pastor, Martin Niemöller.

Prisoners awaiting investigation found safety in a cellar, but an officer was killed by a falling wall. A doctor and one other were injured.

In another part of the city, two bombs fell 40 yards apart, in a street in a workers' residential area, killing a workman and injuring seven others and blasting out a section of the street car line.

Military Targets

A tour of the city showed that bombs had struck near legitimate military objectives at most points. Across the street from the criminal courts building is a great military barracks.

A bomb struck the Tegel railroad station in northern Berlin, not far from the Borsig arms factory. One was killed and 10 were wounded when a bomb struck near an automobile chassis plant. It was admitted that one searchlight of a battery had been destroyed at Brandenburg, 55 miles west southwest of Berlin, where a number of soldiers were killed and injured.

The raid was the noisiest and most dramatic yet. Heavy anti-aircraft gun fire started immediately after the first alarm. Flashes of heavy batteries lighted the sky to the west, north and east. About 15 minutes later, the hum of airplane motors was distinctly audible. British planes had begun to cruise over the city.

The planes dropped dozens of parachute flares. One dropped direct over the United Press building in Unter Den Linden, the centre of the city. The Wilhelmstrasse and Adolph Hitler's ornate chancellery, situated on it, must have been visible to the flyers, in the blue-white glare.

It was evident that the planes were flying back and forth across the city on the same paths.

Blind Lights

Daringly, the planes came down to about 3,000 feet, but not once were they picked up by searchlights. The British planes seemed to be disregarding entirely the heavy fire from the ground. One plane dropped a string of parachute flares across the centre of the city from west to east, circled and dropped another series farther south from east to west.

As soon as a flare dropped, guns blazed into furious action, trying to shoot them down. Pom-pom and machine guns joined in the fire, unavailingly.

Several times, it was observed from the United Press Building, as soon as a flare would go out a British plane would return to the spot and drop another at almost exactly the same point despite deafening ground fire.

After an hour and a half reddish glow began to appear in the northern and northeastern sky. Two fires, it could be seen, were put out quickly. A third burned for two hours.

Windows rattled and buildings trembled in the din of gun fire. The attack on Berlin was part of a general raid on Germany in which Royal Air Force bombers have crossed the Netherlands border in waves, some going into the industrial Ruhr and others continuing eastward to Berlin.

They dropped numerous flares over Potsdam and Spandau.



That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

The School Medical and Dental Examination

You may be sending a youngster to school for the first time and are surprised, perhaps annoyed, when you receive a report from the school physician and dentist that various defects have been found—adenoids, infected tonsils, some cavities in the teeth or even a foot infection. There may also be a notice that there is a curvature of the spine that should receive attention.

Now your first reaction should be one of gratitude that a competent physician and dentist have been employed to safeguard the health of your child; and that of the taxes collected for street, road, and other community improvements it has been thought advisable to use some of the money to "improve" the health and physique of a more precious asset—the children's health.

Your first duty therefore is to have your youngster overhauled by the family physician and dentist. If funds are low, the school authorities will see that the youngster gets the medical, surgical or dental attention necessary.

There are some parents who object to having their youngsters' clothing removed during the examination. While this can be understood to some extent in the case of little girls, it is hard to understand why parents should not allow a boy to remove his clothes for examination just as he would go swimming or bathing.

If parents could realize that the removal of the clothing enables the physician to see whether or not the spine is straight, the shape of the chest (perhaps not getting sufficient width in proportion to depth—an immature or baby chest), they would certainly not object to the removal of the clothing.

Further, a proper or complete examination of the chest—heart and lungs—cannot be made without the removal of all the clothing on the upper part of the body. A spine just beginning to curve, a heart that needs play or exercise, an early or beginning tuberculosis, cannot always be detected unless the clothing is removed. Should any of these go unprotected, the parent is to blame.

I therefore believe it is only fair to the school health authorities that thoughtless parents should be reminded of their duty to their children at this critical age.

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*They're So Convenient "SALADA" TEA BAGS

President C. L. U. Association Speaks at Meeting Here

Thirty Insurance Men Gather at Luncheon in Grand Hotel on Friday.

There were, it was estimated, 30,000 men who died in Canada each year and left their wives and families penniless and without resources. It should be a source of satisfaction to life insurance underwriters to know that their efforts were directed towards avoidance of that sort of thing.

Mr. McPhail spoke at some length about the Association. It was, he said, formed some years ago as a means of eliminating some of the unethical practices rampant in insurance then. It was a common thing, for example, for a prospect to expect a rebate on his first year's premium. If he did not get it from one agent he went to another. Such practice now was against the law.

The Association's educational programme tended to cut down on the number of insurance agents and fitted those who remained to sell with insurance knowledge and, incidentally, to make themselves more money, Mr. McPhail emphasized.

Vice-President, Mr. Armitage referred to the work being done by the association and urged that insurance men join it. He said that insurance men too were fighting a war—a war against poverty.

On behalf of the twenty-five or thirty insurance men present Mr. A. J. Brown, of Timmins, thanked the speakers.

Chairman of the meeting was the President of the local branch of the Canadian Life Underwriters' Association, J. W. Spooner.

Sense and Nonsense: A long weekend is the one where you are entertaining a house full of guests.

Dollars saved in life insurance were invested in the nation itself, Mr. McPhail said. There were insurance dollars invested in the bonds of the Dominion of Canada, of the provinces and of the towns and cities in Canada. They were invested in university's and schools and in every activity in which dollars were needed to keep the wheels of industry and transportation turning.

Speaking of insurance companies' contributions to the war effort, Mr. McPhail said that to begin with many active proferous young underwriters red to the work being done by the a-had gone overseas and many would continue to go.

One way of safeguarding a democracy was to make certain that its financial structure was sound. Insurance tended to make that more certain inasmuch as it saved money for the people—money which at later dates would help to ward off poverty and unemployment.

Insurance dollars were invested in such a way that they give as many people employment as possible. Furthermore, insurance companies were among the largest subscribers to war

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Infantile Paralysis Case Reported at Kirkland Lake

Kirkland Lake, Sept. 7.—While stating that there is no cause for undue alarm, and that there is no indication at present of danger of the disease spreading in Kirkland Lake, Dr. E. R. Harris, medical health officer, this morning announced that one case of poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis has been located, and warned parents to be on the look-out for symptoms. The family doctor should be called in case of the slightest suspicion.

The symptoms are: Fever; nausea and vomiting; irritability; sometime a stiffness of the neck; fatigue; pain and tenderness in the arms or legs, and muscle twitching.

The patient under observation has been away from town, and probably caught the disease elsewhere, Dr. Harris believes.

Royal Mis-Fit

The recruit was disappointed with his uniform. It seemed to fit nowhere. He was still trying to make the buttons of his tunic meet when he passed the colonel on the parade ground. He forgot to salute.

"Pull yourself together," said the colonel. "Don't you know you're wearing the King's uniform?"

"Oh, that's it," said the recruit. "I knew it wasn't meant for me."—Exchange.

"You-all sho' mus' be, Mistah."—Exchange.

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Bargain excursion tickets to Peterboro good only on C. N. R. exclusive trains between Toronto and Peterboro.

Bargain excursion tickets NOT GOOD on "The Northland"—Trains 49 and 50.

RETURNING

Leave destination up to and including Monday, Sept. 16th, EXCEPT as follows: From Windsor up to 12:30 a.m. Tuesday, September 17th; From Jellicoe, Geraldton, Beardmore, Nakina, Tashota and Longlac up to Wednesday, September 18th, 1940

Children 5 years of age, and under 12, when accompanied by guardian. HALF FARE — No Baggage Checked

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