

Marked Down for Killing

A Tiger Standish Adventure

by Sydney Horler

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RAHUSEN TO THE RESCUE

Outside the side-entrance to the Ronstadtian Embassy a caller whose face was puckered into lines of anxiety, continued to argue with the servant who had been roused from his sleep, and was ill-tempered in consequence.

"I tell you again it is impossible to see any of the Embassy staff," the servant said, "they are all in bed."

"Then I will see Herr Greisner—I'm quite sure he's not in bed because I happen to know first, that he is now in the Embassy, and secondly, that he does not sleep here, but at his flat in Mount-st. . . Now, hurry, man, unless you want me to get you dismissed."

"I have no authority to allow you in to see anyone," the servant replied stolidly.

"There is my authority," retorted the late caller; "give that to Herr Greisner." He put a copper disc into the servant's hand.

His manner was so impressive that the other stepped aside.

"I will tell Herr Greisner," he said; "but if I should have done wrong—"

"I'll see that you don't get into trouble," was the quick reply.

Just as his finger was about to pull the trigger, a knock came on the door. Greisner swung around with an oath.

"Who the devil's that?" he demanded.

The door was opened; a servant entered. He was already very nervous and when he saw the revolver in the hand of the man to whom he was due to speak, he trembled.

"Well, fool?"

"Pardon, mein herr, but I was asked to give you this," and he presented the copper disc.

After he had looked at the emblem of the Ronstadtian Secret Police, Greisner bowed.

"Who gave you this?"

"A man who came to the side door and said he had to see you. He seemed very impatient and angry and said that if I gave you that," pointing to the copper disc, "you would understand; he said it was his authority to see you."

A minute later the man who had saved—at least, momentarily—Tiger Standish's life walked into the room. He had a rosy face, and an authoritative manner.

"Lads!" exclaimed Greisner, "what do you mean by this? How—?"

He was interrupted by an unlifted hand.

"My real name is Rahusen," replied the caller; "and I am here by the order of Brassiano himself. These are his express instructions. The disc of the Secret Police belongs to the time when I worked for Ronstadt, Herr Greisner."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed a voice; "what is a bloke to do when he has too many enemies? How are you, Rahusen?"

The man with the rosy face turned to the speaker and smiled.

It was a horrible smile.

"I'm glad to see you're still alive, Standish," he replied.

CHAPTER XXV

EARS NEVER CHANGE

Greisner went scarlet.

"Be good enough to confine your remarks to me," he replied stiffly; "this man," indicating Standish, "is no concern of yours."

"That is where I beg to differ, was the equally firm reply; 'Mr. Standish is an old—a very old—adversary of mine, and if he is to be killed as I am afraid must be the case, for he is a dangerous enemy of both our countries, then I claim the honour.'"

"You cursed fool!" exploded Greisner; "do you dare to dictate to me?"

Where is your authority to be here at all?"

For reply, Rahusen pulled out a piece of paper which he held before his critic's eyes.

"That is my authority—and I think it will suffice," he said. "And, since you no doubt wish to know my reason for coming here so late to-night, I will explain that I have just received a message from Brassiano himself, ordering me to receive from you a full explanation of what he terms 'the abominable treachery' Ronstadt has endeavoured to play off against Caronia. He knows, by the way, that I am here, so that should you attempt to do anything foolish . . . well, there might be very awkward complications."

The words sobered Greisner somewhat, but he quickly regained his former arrogance.

"The proper person to have come here for information was a duly-accredited official of the Caronian Embassy," he shot back.

"In the ordinary way, yes," he was informed, "but, it happens, that this is purely an Intelligence affair, as you yourself know very well."

"I have no power to tell you anything," was the answer and Greisner turned to the envoy who had arrived from Menke in such peculiar circumstances that night.

"It is a matter for the Ambassador himself," stated the latter, speaking for the first time.

"Then I will see the Ambassador," remarked the visitor.

Greisner stamped his foot.

"The Ambassador is in bed—such impudence!" he cried.

The other remained unimpressed.

"I came here as the personal representative of Brassiano; you've seen my authority. I suggest that it would be wise, perhaps if you informed his Excellency that I am here."

Greisner hesitated. A glance from the envoy persuaded him.

"Very well," he replied.

"And meanwhile, I will have a little talk with Mr. Standish. I presume that it is entirely due to his becoming involved in this same affair that he is here with us? Well, he is a very capable secret agent, as I know to my cost—the best in the British Intelligence Service; otherwise, I doubt if he would have penetrated my own identity."

"You should have got your plastic surgeon to change your ears, Rahusen," was the comment of the prisoner.

"Yes," was the slow reply, "a man's ears never change, however much his face may alter—I should have remembered that. However, it is not too late to stop further mischief being done. Standish, our friend Carlimer may be angry with me, because he had sworn to kill you himself, but I cannot help that. In any case," picking up the revolver which Greisner had laid down when he had left the room, "a bullet kills quickly; you'll be lucky. . ."

The voice of Sir Ronald Waters, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was polite but grim.

"Your Excellency," he said, "I apologize for troubling you at such a late hour, but I have just received reliable—very reliable—information to the effect that your Government contemplated putting into effect a certain plan. I will make no comment on this plan except to say that it is revolting to the average civilized and normal mind in the highest degree."

"The plan in all its details was brought to me through a member of our British Intelligence. His name is Standish, and I am given to understand that he is at present being held a prisoner at the Ronstadtian Embassy."

"Now, Your Excellency, I want you fully to understand that if Mr. Standish is not immediately released, the consequences will be most grave. In the first place photostatic copies of the documents in my possession will be issued to the Press of the world. The result must be overwhelming disapproval, even detestation of the methods your Government contemplated using against this country. . . You will release Mr. Standish immediately? Thank you! I will send a car around to the Embassy at once. . . No, I am afraid I can say nothing about the documents until I have consulted further with the Prime Minister, and a special meeting of the Cabinet has been called."

"You may possibly have saved peace to-night, Waters," remarked the Prime Minister.

"I wouldn't bank on that, sir" was the comment of Sir Harker Bellamy; "and in any case, I'm thinking of Standish. . . may I go?"

The Prime Minister nodded.

"Bring him around here—I should like to thank him personally."

The door burst open.

"Don't shoot, you fool!" cried Greisner, and, rushing forward, he knocked up Rahusen's arm. The bullet, which had been intended for Tiger Standish's brain, buried itself in the ceiling.

"He is to be let go," went on Greisner; "it is the Ambassadors own orders."

Rahusen smiled.

"So, once again, the final settlement is postponed, Standish."

"Yes, old cock" was the answer.

"And I do hope that if you mess about with that mug of yours any more, you won't forget the ears . . ."

Sonia, too happy now to bother about the past, laughed as she showed her husband a newspaper photograph.

"Who did you get to represent you at the Swifts match on Saturday?" she asked.

"Whilst I was very much otherwise engaged? Oh that was Claud Ravenswood, the film star. Fortunately he's much about my build, although Benny had to do a great deal of padding with his clothes, and the joke appealed to him. He seems to have done the job pretty well. Of course, if he had gone on the field . . ."

The invalid was interrupted by a weight suddenly falling on the bed. It had beautiful fur and it purred like a dynamo.

"Hello, rascal!" Tiger called.

Richard, the Lion, the finest half-Persian in Mayfair, settled himself comfortably on the shoulder of the man he loved best in all the world.

(The End)

Wedding of Interest at Erskine United Church at Toronto

Miss Jean Rutherford Crerar and Dr. Douglas Arthur Garrett Married.

The following account of the Garrett Crerar wedding which took place on Saturday, Sept. 7th, in Toronto, as related by the Toronto Evening Telegram, will be of interest to the many friends of the couple here.

Garrett—Crerar Tall cathedral candles lighted Erskine United Church on Saturday evening for an early fall wedding, when Jean Rutherford, daughter of Professor Samuel Rutherford Crerar and the late Mrs. Rutherford, became the bride of Dr. Douglas Arthur Garrett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arthur Garrett. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Phillip Duncan, and throughout the service Mr. John Linn was at the organ.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, was gowned in chalk white faille taffeta, the stately bouffant skirt sweeping into a circular train. Her veil of tulle illusion falling to a length of her train, was caught to her head with lily-of-the-valley and she carried a cascade bouquet of Killarney roses and bouvardia. Mrs. Robert Christie, sister of the bride was matron of honour and the bridesmaids were Miss Mary Lackie and Miss Marion Garrett, sister of the groom. They were gowned in deep rich tones of sapphire blue and mural vine. Fashioned after the brides their frocks had bouffant skirts sweeping from the tight fitting bodice and demure bustle bows. On their heads they wore matching caps trimmed with ostrich plumes and they carried cascade bouquets of gladioli petals and cornflowers. Mr. John Garrett, brother of the groom, was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Robert Christie, Dr. Alec Finlayson, Dr. Cameron Gray and Mr. Stewart Crerar, brother of the bride.

The reception was held at the Old Mill. Receiving the guests was Mrs. P. A. McArthur, aunt of the bride, in a gown of red wine lace. A small matching hat and a corsage of Joanna Hill roses and bouvardia completed her costume. Assisting was Mrs. Garrett, mother of the groom, who chose for the occasion a gown of black net over which was worn a short turquoise jacket. Her hat was of black and she wore a corsage of butterfly roses and bouvardia.

Later the bride and groom left on a motor trip the bride travelling in an imported wool ensemble of moss green. With this she chose a matching hat and lizard skin accessories. Kolinsky furs, the gift on the broom and a corsage of red roses completed her costume. The bride and groom will make their home in Timmins.

On the Home-makers' page on Tuesday there appeared the following which may be of local interest or inspiration.

"We don't hear much about these Unknown Warriors of the Battle of Britain; we read of the gallant deeds of the Airmen, the submarine menace and the risks and threats of invasion, but we do not hear much of the War of the Mines, which has entered on a new phase and one which brings a twofold peril to the men engaged in this work. These men kept the ports of Holland and France clear while the need lasted; now they are strung out around Britain to keep free every harbor and river channel so that the British ships may come and go in safety—at least from hidden peril below the seas—and no port in Britain has been closed for as long as twenty-four hours. And so we do want to do all that women can for these brave fellows: And here is something that groups of women can do. Each group can adopt a minesweeper—a trawler on which there is an average of a dozen men, and can send them winter comforts such as leather wind-breakers (made from old pieces of soft leather and lined with chamoisette. These are very warm and cosy) turtle-neck sweaters (jersey is the English name), helmets, mitts, scarfs, short socks and seaman's socks. Between

United Church Needs More Ministers in the North

Winnipeg, Sept. 11:—The United Church of Canada will this year require between 46 and 55 more ministers than appear to be in sight from the theological colleges. This fact was disclosed to-day when a committee on Recruits for the Ministry reported to the Ninth General Council of the United Church meeting in Augustine Church, Winnipeg.

There is no shortage of ministers in the eastern and central conferences, but Manitoba Conference needs 17, Saskatchewan 18, Alberta 5 Northern Ontario 6 and Foreign Missions 6 to 9.

There is no significant decrease in enrolment in theological courses of United Church colleges, the General Council was told. On the other hand is an increase in some of the colleges. The real concern seems to arise from the diminution of students in arts.

The committee recommended that the publication of the United Church be used to interest youth in the ministry as a calling. Church leaders might be invited to address high school gatherings. Appeals for youth to enter the ministry might be made at conferences and rallies and groups of students should be encouraged to conduct missions to reach young people and seek out recruits for the ministry.

Rev. Dr. George Dorey of Toronto is Secretary of the Committee on Recruits for the Ministry.

Recruits Wanted to Train as Wireless Operators

Ottawa, Sept. 11—The Royal Canadian Air Force require recruits to be trained as wireless operators it was announced at Air Force Headquarters.

The necessary requirements follow:

(1) Age: from 18 to 45.

(2) Must be able to send and receive clearly 18 words a minute in Morse code.

(3) Must be capable of passing the medical examination in 'A' or 'V' category and free from color blindness.

(4) Educational requirements: High School entrance or equivalent. Those enrolling as wireless operators for ground duty may have the opportunity of overseas service when training has been completed.

Application for enlistment should be made to the closest R. C. A. F. recruiting centre.

The Proof Present

"There's only one thing wrong with me, Biondie. I'm colour blind."

change.

not surprising that these physical ailments—asthma, palpitation of the heart, loss of appetite, and rheumatism—may follow emotional disturbances.

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Confidence Betrayed



Authorities are investigating charges made in the U.S. Senate by Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Montana isolationist that Sir George Paish, British economist told him he was visiting the U. S. to draw that country into the war. Paish denied the charge and said anything he told Wheeler was in confidence. A London spokesman described him as "an elderly gentleman with a distinguished record who has no connection with the government."

Urging Notice for the Mine Sweepers in Their Noble Work

Suggests that Women's Clubs 'Adopt' These Mine Sweepers.

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That Body of Hours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

Emotional Disturbances Cause Rheumatism And Other Ailments

You may be greatly enjoying your dinner when the telephone rings and the information that comes over it so upsets you that you cannot finish your dinner; in fact you may be sorry that you ate anything. In addition to the loss of appetite, as the worry or anxiety continues you may have crying spells, attacks of coughing much like asthma, your heart may beat rapidly, and your hands and feet may feel cold.

Thus as circumstances which affect your mind may effect the workings of the body, some physicians point out that the effects of these emotional disturbances is to cause rheumatism in many cases.

Dr. James Halliday in the British Medical Journal, in dealing with the relation of rheumatism to mental upsets points out that in 145 consecutive rheumatic cases, about 40 per cent suffered from an emotional disturbance. The results of a second inquiry show that in 62 consecutive persons suffering from rheumatism 37 per cent was disabled because of emotional or mental disturbances.

That the upset or disturbed mind affects the beating of the heart, the flow of digestive juices, disturbances of the bladder and large bowel, in fact affects all parts of the body, is now definitely known.

"This may be illustrated by considering the emotion of grief which is the response to the loss of a person or object that has been loved. The acute phase may involve all the working parts of the body, and include tears, sobs, choking sensations, twitching of the lips and hands, a general sense of coldness, distaste for foods (especially flesh foods and milk), with a feeling of the food ticking in the gullet, and the heart turning to stone, or breaking. Also, the sufferer feels stiff and sore as if he had been thrashed. As time passes all these symptoms may pass away. There are some cases where the choking and sobbing may merge into asthma, the pain of the broken heart into angina (gripping pain under breastbone, and the stiffness and soreness into rheumatism."

When we remember what grief does to the working parts of the body it is

twenty and thirty groups have already taken over trawlers and are sending the much-needed woollens to the men. These garments, of course, need to be constantly replaced, so that means that we must be constantly at work. I quote below from a letter received from one of these brave fellows:

"I received your letter and was very pleased to know that you think of us here with such good spirit and consideration of our welfare. I think Hitler has upset the appeacart, but we will have him and his satellites before long. We are very confident over here. We must be victorious or the world would not be fit to live in. We are not worrying; the sun will shine for us again. It is good of you to want the names of some more ships. I'm sure they will be very grateful for your generosity and kind consideration. (A list of names of trawlers follows.) —A. H. B. Skipper."

Mrs. W. H. T. Douglas, 19 Roxborough Street East, Toronto, to whom this letter was sent says: "Any organization or group that would like to adopt one of this lot or trawlers can get full information from me. We are told it is not advisable to include cigarettes in parcels to British seamen and soldiers, as the cigarettes are subject to heavy duty (\$12.65 per thousand), or confiscated if discovered. Candy is very acceptable.

I feel confident that Mrs. Douglas will not have enough trawlers to go around. Who will be the first to adopt one?"

Death of Laurent Tellier at Verner, Ont., Last Week

Verner, Sept. 11—The funeral of Laurent Tellier of Verner, took place Friday morning with service conducted at St. Jean Baptiste Roman Catholic Church by Rev. O. Racette.

The pall-bearers were Edward Louiseze, Francis Beaudry, Donat Pillatreault, Edmond Roberge, Thomas Remillard and Sigefroid Bouffard. Interment was in Verner Roman Catholic Cemetery.

Mr. Tellier died in Brobeouf Hospital Sturgeon Falls, last Tuesday after a brief illness. He was in his 71st year, and was widely known in Verner region.

He was born at St. Cuthbert, and was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tellier. His marriage to the former Cordelia Champagne took place 51 years ago at St. Cuthbert.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. A. Lapointe, of Windsor; Mrs. A. Wilfred Beauchamp, of Timmins, and

Ste. Mary's Journal-Argus: The judge was reproving a negro for deserting his wife. "Wife desertion is something I must deal with severely," he said. "I feel very strongly on this the offender. You don't know that woman, I ain't no deserter—I's a refugee."



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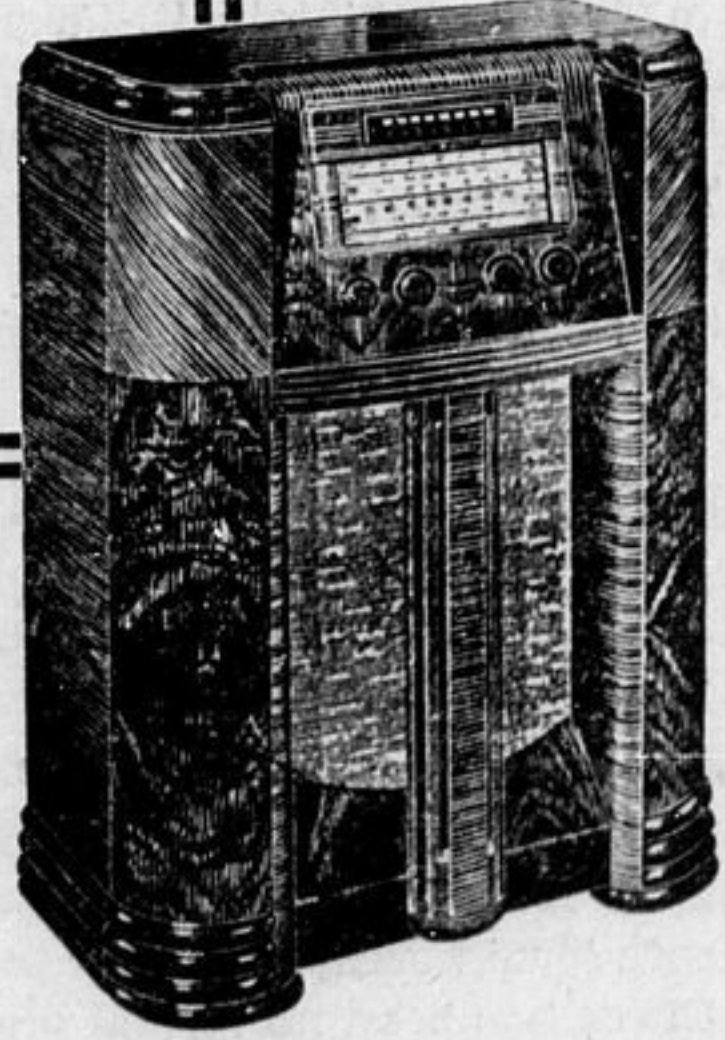
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Mrs. A. Remillard, of Detroit, and two sons; Aurelien Tellier, of Windsor, and Odeur Tellier, of Verner. One brother Pierre Tellier, of St. Cuthbert, and a sister, Mrs. O. Vamals of Waterbury, Conn., also survive.

Blended For Quality

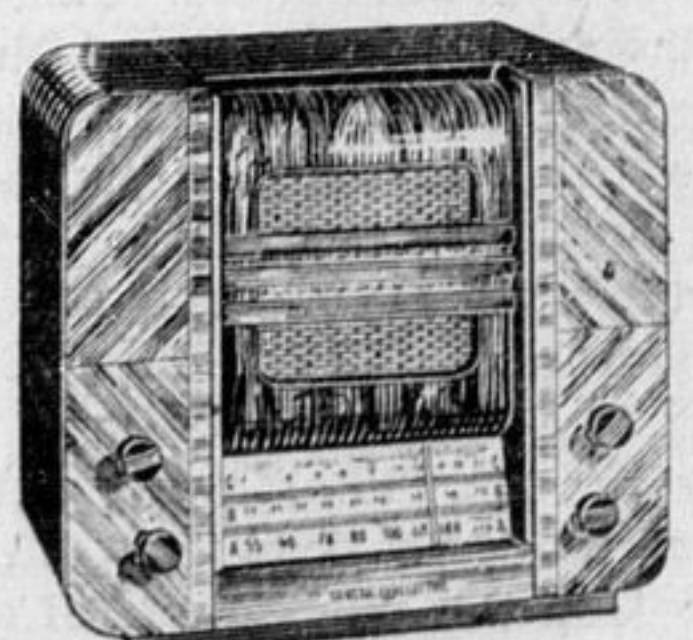
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