The Knock-out

But There Was a Still Worse Blow to Come

By WILLIAM FREEMAN

tion hide, and allowed his gaze to 'smornin'" He paused.

with imagination to the very newest! "Told you I'd look you up, didn't

Opposite-weil, you couldn't see what was opposite—though, in point of fact, it was just a field-because understanding. the fog was too thick. Henry, in short, was as much alone as the late I wants fifty quid, and the promise of R. Crusce, Esq., of Footprints Parade, another fifty in three mouths' time." The Island. It had been his condition since seven o'clock in the evening, when his daily help departed.

Abruptly his attention wandered. 'Enery-" Footsteps, too faint to be noted by an ear less experienced than Henry's, were coming along the gravel path to the side door.

Henry, with astonishing speed for a man who weighed fourteen stone and was fifty-one last birthday, rose, slipned into the hall, changed the coat he was wearing for another, and, returning, switched off the light and turned out the gas-fire. The room was at the back, and heavy plushette curtains covered the french windows.

The visitor's step paused at the side door. Henry, sitting motionless in the darkness, smiled sardonically as he heard the handle softly turned; he had locked up the entire house an hour earlier. The footsteps resumed ship and pitch 'eadlong and get took. "Where-where's Albert?" inquired flowered chiffon as the smartest afterhalted immediately outside,

A series of small, scratching ounds ensued. There was a creak, and the left-hand window swung open, and someone stepped lightly into the room Henry continued to smile sardoni-

Following further uncertain movements, including a stumble that brought a muttered curse from the visitor, an electric torch clicked, a wedge of yellow brilliancce cut the darkness.

"Hello, Albert!" said Henry in a loud, cheerful voice. Albert, whose other name was

Price, dropped the torch with a crash. The room was plunged in darkness Don't get rattled." said Henry

pleasantly. He rose to his feet and switched on the light. "Glad to see you: more glad than I'm surprised. Mind shutting the widnow? The fog's pouring in like-well, like fog, Thanks! And now sit down." But Mr. Price, having closed the

window, carried obedience no further. He was a tall, loosely-built man, dressed with funeral respectability in black that went with his long, melancholy face, the chin of which was muffled in a woollen scarf. "Come by train?" continued Henry.

"No; walked," said Albert sarcasti-Seventeen miles in thirty-five min-

"You're telling stories!" said Henry reprovingly. "You did come by train. The only walking you've done has been from the station."



In short it's good



195(1F. No. 13-30

"That was a deal farther than I wanted, anyway."

"And now you have come-" "Listen to me, my lad!" Albert's growl was a menace in itself. "No. don't talk-don't try to talk. Just

listen! If you don't, you've as much chance of seeing the sun rise to-mor-Henry Benyon sat in an imitation row morning as—as a goldfish has of Jacobean chair upholstered in imita- having kittens. I came out o' clink

wander contentedly over the rest of Henry-wisely-refrained from comthe drawing-room furnishings of his ment. But his expression hinted that new house in St. Chrysilda's Avenue, he had known all about Albert's re-It was the name given by a builder lease—which, indeed, he had.

thoroughfare in London's very newest 1?" continued Albert. "Wrote it down suburb. On the left of Henry were on prison paper last month. And houses which would doubtless be oc- the guv'nor let it go. Didn't contain cupied directly the walls were paper, no threats, that letter didn't. 'Oping own wit. ed, the electric fittings fitted, and the to call and see you on the 14th uit. first instalment paid. On his right it said. Not that 'ult.' was the right were plots still awaiting the laying word; but I couldn't remember the do your best to murder me." right one, and I knew as you'd understand."

"Very well, then-'ere I am. And

"You want 'all that?" "I do. And I'm goin' to get it. And if there's any silly 'anky-panky, tween Albert's eyes.

"I've not got the money in the house. And a cheque wouldn't help." "Not a hit. But there's other things a buffet on the side of his face. besides money and cheques."

"I know, Albert. But-" "You talk too much, Enery. You always 'ave talked too much. If you ly, and flung himself bodily on Albert, achieves the lengthened line so im 'adn't been so chatt while we was crackin' that crib o' Lord Putney's, the cops wouldn't have rumbled there by side with their heads on the kerb, bute further slenderizing effect. 'ave got the stretch I did."

"I tried-" "It was me as was tried. You-you was all right." A growing sense of black darkness. injustice made Albert raise his voice. damned lines as we'd laid for 'is lord- him. You got clear with about a thousand Henry. quids' worth of antique joolery and bricky-brack. Never even saw your silly old fat face, they didn't."

"Anyhow-" "Down 'ere you're the respectable bachelor, ain't you—the retired City bloke? Takes round the plate on a his ankle when he fell-" Sunday, I shouldn't wonder- Thinkin' o' standin' for the Urbing Districk Council, with yer photo in the local rag, and all the rest of it!"

The more exasperated he became the more Mr. Price's English deterior-

ed!" he concluded flercely. "And we followed him." don't care, as long as I get what I come for!'

Henry rose to his feet, his arms smile on his face. He took a couple yon," said the sergeant. of quick paces towards the visitor. Albert backed even more quickly. From his pocket he whipped a small block pistol.

"'Ands up!" he snapped, his muffler slipping from his chin in his excite-"No 'anky-panky! Quickment. 'fore I counts three! One, two-"

Henry's arms rose with convulsive suddenness, while Albert readjusted his muffler with his free hand. "Glad to notice you ain't lost what cally. "All the way from 'Aggerston. little sense you started with!" sneered Albert.

"Quite true," said Henry. "Fifty quid was what you said, wsn't it?" "Yes. And another fifty in three months."

"But I haven't got it." "Said that before, didn't you?"

"Fact!"

"It's either the money or the shiners. 'Ow much 'ave you got?" Henry's forehead wrinkled as he nade a hasty calculation.

"Eighteen. Twenty, if you include couple of sovereigns I've been savng as souvenirs."

'Not good enough!" "Try something else, then!" From somewhere in the depths of Henry's coat a fist shot out and landed on Albert's muffled-up chin. Al-

ert went down with a crash. But Albert, contrary to tradition and legitimate expactation, did not stop down. He was on his feet again almost instantly. Nor did he appear to be suffering. Judging from expressions, it was Henry who was the victim. Albert, after one giance at him, sat down in a chair and collans-

ed in kelpless laughter... He had excuses. Henry, to begin with, appeared suddenly to possess four arms-two raised rigidly above his head; two with the hands grasping one another across his waistcoat

And his face was distorted with agony. At last Albert's guffaws ceased. 'Enery-

"Weil?" groaned Henry. "What made you think of a couple of false arms fixed in a coat while the real ones was underneath?"

Henry unbent sufficiently, in both es, to confess that he had become ed the invention from the late Charles

"But that there goin' up with a jerk when I says, "Ands up'?" "That was my own idea." ted Henry. "Dashed neat, I calls it!" said Al-

where credit was due. "I put on the coat when I heard you coming," said Henry, still further unbending. "What made you think of that chin-spike?"

bert, handsomely bestowing credit

"More'n once," said Albert, "I been put to sleep by some chap giving me the knock-out, and woke up to find myself in the charge-room. It's my weak spot, that there chin of mine. So I fixed up a metal gadget with a sort of nutmeg grater surface, which is hid by a muffler. Any bloke can knock me down ,but 'e can't knock me out-unless, o' course, the back of my 'ead 'Its something knobbly. 'Enery-" "Well?" -

"I got an idea. What about letting bygones be bygones, and making a fresh start together?"

"What d'you meau-fresh start?" "Partnership, 'Enery-us two. We done it before. Two inventive blokes like me and you ought to be able to make a do of it-joois and drawingroom stuff. Me shoving open the scullery windows, and you choosin' the best pieces out o' the cabinet. 'Ighclass 'ouses only visited, not by appointment." Albert chuckled at his

"There's something in the idea," admitted Henry. "Though you did

"That there pistor wasn't loaded, not really." He reverted to the part-Henry nodded to indicate complete nership. "We'll make it fifty-fifty, Enry. You with them faise arms o' yours: me with my patent chin." "The trouble with that," said Henry.

"is that it doesn't cover all your silly mug." His fist shot out again, this time aiming at the limited space be-

Albert, ducking sideways, escaped scatheless. He leapt for Henry's veals chic femininity in Alencon lace throat, was shaken cff, and received collar with jabet frill at front. The "Look out!" he shouted suddenly. "The cops! Be'ind you!"

"Nothing doing!" said Henry grim-They swayed and fell to the floor portant to slenderness. with a crash which landed them side was anything wrong, and I wouldn't and knocked two china ornaments. Style No. 233 is designed in sizes from the mantelsheif. One of them 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 pitched on Henry's temple, turning inches bust.

"You didn't trip over one of the Four policemen were bending over Later for Spring it can be made of

the cupboard under the stairs. We lar of lace or of self-fabric. found him hiding there—he hadn't time to get out of the house—and for immediate and later wear. locked him in. If he hadn't twisted "Twisted his mkle, did he?"

"That's right. Feeling better? Be-silk in dark green tones and canton cause if so, we've a car waiting at crepe in navy blue are only a few of the corner." "W-what for?"

"To take you and your pall to t e station. We got the tip from the Yard "An' you a bloomin' welsher turned that Albert was on his way here by cracksman and crasksman turned— the 10.22; and as he don't take evenwell, I ain't sure what you 'ave turn- ing trips in the fog for his health,

"But what have I got to do with "We've had our eye on you, official-

hanging stiffly at his side, a faint ly speaking, for some time, Mr. Ben- Use Minard's in the Stable. There was a short silence, during which a key turned in the passage,

and another official voice said. "Come out of it, my lad!"

Albert a new nickname, anyway. 'Old Tin-chin," that'll be his tally!" voice of Albert from the passage. stars arise, and the night is lonely.-

'Four-Armed Fatty' - that's what Longfellow. they'll shout after you, my lad!" "I wouldn't lose no sleep over that if I was you," said the sergeant

soothingly; "it isn't likely to happen for another three years." And it was so .- Answers.

Col. Barker, V.C.

Now, he, who in the battlefields of air, Scathless thro' many a stirring combat came,

Till half a hundred victories crowned his name, And valour's proudest cross was his

to wear: He, who, in those broad battlefields,

did dare Death, winged with shot and shell, and flying flame, Here, under peaceful skies, with the

selfsame Heroic poise of soul, soared, unaware That death had shipped with him in

his last flight. The doom he could not strive with struck him down.

So passed the many-laurelled hero; he Abides forever on the shining height, With those brave sons of starry-bright renown.

And heroes of the earth, and air, and J.C.M.D.

THE PAST

There are those who want to get away from all their past; who if they could, would fain begin all over again. Their life seems one long failure. But you must learn, you must let God teach you, that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it.-Phillips Brooks.

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it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

SETTING OF HOPE

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightnss of our life is gone. Shadows of "Well, well!" said Henry, rising, evening fall around us, and the world with philosophic calm. "This'll give seems but a dim reflection—itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The "What about yourself?" came the soul withdraws into itself. Then

TRUE COURAGE

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.-Henry Van Dyke.

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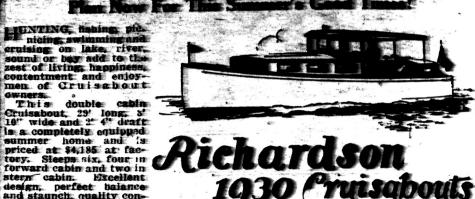
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