

**SUPER-DETECTIVE LIBRARY No. 2**

**8<sup>D</sup>**

*Introducing*  
**ERNEST DUDLEY**

# *The* **ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE**

SUPER-DETECTIVE LIBRARY - No. 2 - THE RIDDLE OF THE FRENESHAM WILL.

*in*  
**THE RIDDLE OF THE  
FRENESHAM WILL**

**TOLD IN PICTURES**



# TIMBER!

BOB, WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE DAD'S MEN? THEY'RE TOUGH WITH TERRIFIC STAMINA!



GUESS I'LL NEVER BE LIKE THEM!

WHAT ALICE FEELS IN THAT GUY I JUST DON'T KNOW!



THAT DOES IT! I'LL SHOW 'EM! BUT HOW?



GEE! THIS IS IT! JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR -- 5 TERRIFIC BODY BUILDING COURSES FOR ONLY 2/6. I'LL WRITE TO-DAY TO GEORGE F. JOWETT.



TWO WEEKS LATER



WHO'S THAT? MUST BE THE CHIEF! LOOK AT THOSE MUSCLES! HE'S CHOPPING TREES LIKE FAGGOTS!



GOSH! IT'S BOB!

ALICE! COME HERE! YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A MAN!



BOB! YOU'RE TELLING ME!



For only 2/6 you can get FIVE terrific power-packed Courses, compiled by George F. Jowett, the Champion of Champions. Build a body you'll be proud of! FIVE Test Courses show how to build (1) **MIGHTY ARMS** (2) **Giant BACK** (3) **LEGS of oak** (4) **Brawny CHEST** (5) **Vice-like GRIP**. IN ADDITION a **FREE BOOK**, "Sorres of Steel, Muscles like Iron." PLUS two **FREE art plates** AND details of **FREE Membership of The Body Sculpture Club**. Send 2/6 P.O. now to Body Sculpture Club, Dept. 105/A.10, Success House, Surbiton, Surrey.

## Body Sculpture Club

Dept. 105/A.10, Success House, Surbiton, Surrey.

Send by return mail my **FREE Book**, **FREE Art Plates**, details of **FREE Club Membership** and **FIVE Test Courses**. In full payment I enclose 2/6 P.O. (crossed and made payable to Body Sculpture Club).

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

**ERNEST DUDLEY**

# **THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE**

## *in* **THE RIDDLE** *of* *the* **FRENESHAM** **WILL**



NOT FAR FROM THE ROAR OF CITY TRAFFIC STANDS MANDRAKE MEWS... A QUIET AND EERIE BACKWATER OF LONDON... FITTING HOME FOR THAT REVELLER IN THE MACABRE THAT STUDENT OF MAYHEM AND SKULDUGGERY... YES... ERNEST DUDLEY, THE ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE... THAT'S ME!

ONE WINTER EVENING THE RAIN WAS BEATING DOWN IN SQUALLY GUSTS, AND LAMPLIGHT WAS REFLECTED IN THE STREAMING PAVEMENTS, AS A FURTIVE FIGURE PAUSED AT THE GLOOMY ARCHWAY OF THE MEWS...



I WAS COMFORTABLY SETTLED IN A DEEP ARMCHAIR, WHEN MY FRONT DOORBELL PELED...



MR. DUDLEY?... THANK HEAVEN YOU WERE IN!... YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!..!

SUPPOSE WE STEP INSIDE AND TALK... IT'S A MURKY NIGHT FOR CHIT-CHATTING ON DOORSTEPS...



HE FOLLOWED ME IN, LOOKING RATHER LIKE A HALF-DROWNED RAT, AND LEAVING A TRAIL OF POOLS ON MY PRECIOUS CARPET... FILTHY MESS!..!

LET'S SEE, NOW... I KNOW YOUR FACE... YOU'RE YOUNG LETHBRIDGE, AREN'T YOU? A CLERK AT OLD PREEDY'S, MY SOLICITORS...

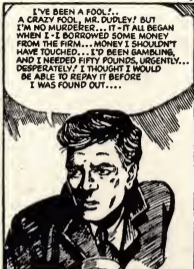
THAT'S RIGHT... AND I'M AT MY WIT'S END, MR. DUDLEY.. I'M IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE... I-I DIDN'T KNOW WHO TO TURN TO...!



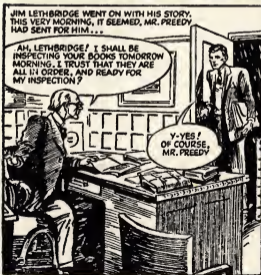


UNLESS YOU CAN HELP ME, I'M GOING TO HANG! HANG, I TELL YOU... FOR A MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT!

HEY NO... NO REST FOR THE WICKED... GET THIS DOWN YOU... THEN SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT...



I'VE BEEN A FOOL... A CRAZY FOOL, MR. DUDLEY! BUT I'M NO MURDERER... IT - IT ALL BEGAN WHEN I - I BORROWED SOME MONEY FROM THE FIRM... MONEY I SHOULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED... I'D BEEN GAMBLING, AND I NEEDED FIFTY POUNDS, URGENTLY... DESPERATELY! I THOUGHT I WOULD BE ABLE TO REPAY IT BEFORE I WAS FOUND OUT....



JIM LETHBRIDGE WENT ON WITH HIS STORY. THIS VERY MORNING, IT SEEMED, MR. PREEDY HAD SENT FOR HIM...

AH, LETHBRIDGE? I SHALL BE INSPECTING YOUR BOOKS TOMORROW MORNING. I TRUST THAT THEY ARE ALL IN ORDER, AND READY FOR MY INSPECTION?

Y-YES! OF COURSE, MR. PREEDY



JIM'S HANDS WERE TREMBLING AS HE CLOSED THE DOOR OF PREEDY'S OFFICE...

WHAT AM I TO DO?... I'VE GOT TO GET THAT FIFTY POUNDS TODAY... SOMEHOW! IF I DON'T, IT'S PRISON FOR ME.. RUIN AND DISGRACE...!

12  
 "I WAS NEARLY FRANTIC, MR. DUDLEY.. ALL MORNING MY BRAIN WAS IN A WHIRL... I COULDN'T WORK OR THINK STRAIGHT.. I WAS DESPERATE. SO, AT LUNCHTIME, I SOUGHT OUT THE MAN WHO HAD LURED ME INTO GAMBLING, THINKING HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME... A MAN NAMED HANSARD - PETE HANSARD. I FOUND HIM WITH A FRIEND, A BLONDE NAMED GILDA, AT A CAFE WHERE THEY OFTEN LUNCHEA. A PLACE CALLED THE "POULET D'OR"... I TOLD THEM OF MY DESPERATE FLIGHT... 17



SO YOU SEE, I'VE GOT TO GET THAT FIFTY POUNDS TODAY...

I'M SURE SORRY TO HEAR IT, KID! SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT...



I GUESS WE CAN HELP HIM OUT. EH, GILDA?

SURE WE CAN, PETE! WHAT'S FIFTY POUNDS, BETWEEN - FRIENDS?



JUST WRITE ME OUT AN I.O.U. FOR FIFTY POUNDS, AND THE DOUGH IS YOURS, KID! IN HARD CASH!

I - I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, HANSARD! YOU'LL GET IT BACK, I SWEAR IT - EVERY PENNY!

JIM HAD HANDED OVER THE I.O.U., BUT AS HE REACHED FOR THE MONEY, HANSARD HAD PULLED IT AWAY!

JUST A MOMENT, KID!  
NOT SO FAST! THERE'S ONE OTHER  
THING YOU'VE GOT TO DO FOR ME  
BEFORE YOU GET THIS DOUGH...

WHY, YOU -  
YOU! BUT YOU'VE  
TAKEN MY I.O.U.,  
GIVE ME THAT MONEY!

THEN HANSARD'S NEXT WORDS MADE ME REALISE THAT THEY HAD BEEN PLAYING ME ALONG, ALL THESE WEEKS...GETTING ME INTO DEBT... PLANNING TO GET ME UNDER THEIR THUMB, FOR SOME CROOKED PURPOSE... IN A MENACING VOICE THE CROOKED RAT TOLD ME THAT I WAS TO GET THE FRENSHAM WILL FROM THE OFFICE SAFE, AND HAND IT OVER TO HIM THIS EVENING!... HE THREATENED ME WITH JAIL IF I DIDN'T... SAID HE WOULD TELL OLD PREEDY ABOUT THE BOOKS AND THE FIFTY POUNDS... AND SHOW HIM MY I.O.U....

YOU - YOU PLANNED  
ALL THIS!... YOU DIRTY  
BLACKMAILING  
CROOK...!

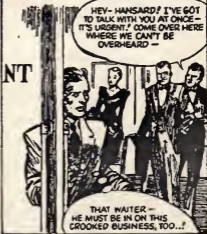
IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S  
GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL  
BRING THE FRENSHAM WILL  
TO MY FLAT TONIGHT!  
FAIL TO TURN UP AND  
YOU KNOW WHAT  
TO EXPECT!



I MADE FOR THE STREET, NEARLY SICK WITH FEAR AND RAGE... I HAD SUCCEEDED IN GETTING MYSELF INTO A WORSE MESS THAN EVER... BUT UPON ONE THING I WAS DETERMINED, NOT EVEN TO SAVE MYSELF FROM PRISON WOULD I STEAL THE FRENCHMAN WILL AND HAND IT OVER TO THAT CROOK! I'D GO TO HIS FLAT THAT EVENING, AND TRY TO CHANGE HIS MIND... IF THAT FAILED, I WOULD MAKE A CLEAN BREAST OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR TO MR. PREEDY, AND THROW MYSELF ON HIS MERCY...



THEN THE WAITER WHO HAD SERVED THEM HAD HURRIED ACROSS TO HANSARD AND HIS MANNER WAS SO OJRT THAT LETHBRIDGE COULD NOT HELP NOTICING IT.



"THIS EVENING, AS SOON AS IT WAS DARK," SAID JIM LETHBRIDGE, "I GET OFF FOR HANSARD'S FLAT IN BELLINGHAM TERRACE..."



HE HAD FOUND THE FLAT IN DARKNESS, BUT THE DOOR WAS STANDING WIDE OPEN!



HE SWITCHED ON THE STANDARD LAMP AND TOOK THE GUN FROM THE DRAWER, BUT AS HE TURNED, HE FROZE WITH HORROR...

IT'S HANSARD!... DEAD! MURDERED! SOMEBODY SHOT HIM!... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... IF THE POLICE CATCH ME HERE, THEY'LL THINK... THEY'LL THINK I MURDERED HIM!



SO THAT WAS THAT. JIM FINISHED HIS STORY, AN INTERESTING CASE, I COULDN'T HELP THINKING...

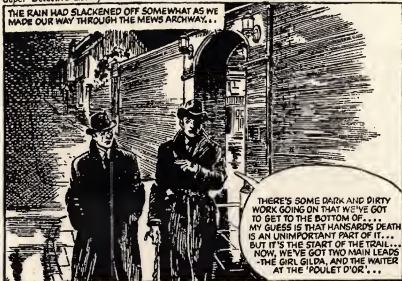
I PANICKED AND RAN... I DON'T KNOW WHETHER ANYONE SAW ME LEAVE THE BUILDING... I WAS ALL TO PIECES, MR. DUDLEY... THEN I THOUGHT OF YOU, AND CAME HERE...

HO HUM? YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOT YOURSELF INTO A GARGANTUAN MESS - THAT IS, IF YOU'RE TELLING ME THE TRUTH - AND NOW YOU EXPECT ME TO GET YOU OUT OF IT, ALL NEAT AND TIDY... JUST LIKE THAT...





THE RAIN HAD SLACKENED OFF SOMEWHAT AS WE MADE OUR WAY THROUGH THE MEWS ARCHWAY...



THERE'S SOME DARK AND DIRTY WORK GOING ON THAT WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF.... MY GUESS IS THAT HANSARD'S DEATH IS AN UNIMPORTANT PART OF IT... BUT IT'S THE START OF THE TRAIL... NOW, WE'VE GOT TWO MAIN LEADS - THE GIRL GILDA, AND THE WAITER AT THE 'POULET D'OR'...

BUT ONE VITAL THING... DO YOU KNOW WHERE GILDA, THE BLONDE, LIVES?

YES! SHE HAS A SERVICE-FLAT IN TOLLINGTON SQUARE...

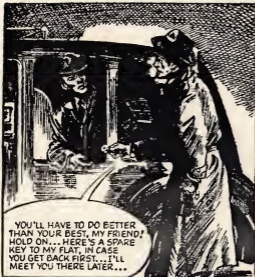


I LIFTED MY FAVOURITE SILK UMBRELLA AND BECKONED A TAXI...

GOOD! GO THERE AND FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN FROM HER. THE WAITER AT THE 'POULET D'OR' SOUNDS MORE LIKE MY CUP OF TEA!... HI! TAXI!

I - I'LL DO MY BEST, MR. DUDLEY!

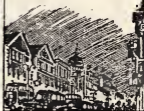




I BROWSED OVER THE FACTS AS I MADE MY WAY TO THE 'POULET D'OR'... AN OLD HAUNT OF MINE... I HAD A NOSE FOR THESE PLACES, WHERE ONE CAN EXPECT TO RUN INTO A SPOT OF SKULDUGGERY...

BUT THIS WILL BUSINESS WAS A NEW ONE ON YOURS TRULY? OF WHAT POSSIBLE USE COULD THE WEALTHY SIR HENRY FRENHAM'S WILL HAVE BEEN TO THE MURDERED CROOK? UNDER WHOSE ORDERS HAD HE BEEN ACTING, AND WHAT WOULD THEIR NEXT MOVE BE?

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN YOUR BEST, MY FRIEND! HOLD ON... HERE'S A SPARE KEY TO MY FLAT, IN CASE YOU GET BACK FIRST... I'LL MEET YOU THERE LATER...



I PAUSED IN THE WHITE AND GOLD DOORWAY OF THE 'POULET D'OR', AND SCANNED THE RESTAURANT THROUGH THE GLASS...



AND NOW FOR OUR FRIEND, THE WAITER... AH! THERE HE IS! HE FITS LETSBRIDGE'S DESCRIPTION TO A T.





THEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT, PLUNGING THE CELLAR INTO DARKNESS, AND I SPUN ROUND AS I HEARD A STRANGE WHIRRING NOISE BEHIND ME!

SO THINGS ARE STARTING TO HAPPEN!



MY SPOTLIGHT BEAM CUT THE DARKNESS, AND I SAW THAT THE STAIRS HAD BEEN RAISED, CUTTING OFF MY RETURN...

INGENIOUS!.. AND VERY EFFECTIVE.. NOW WHAT NEXT? THIS PLACE LOOKS PRETTY SOUND-PROOF, AND I HARDLY THINK OUR FRIEND WILL LEAVE THINGS AS THEY STAND...



THEN AT A STEALTHY SOUND BEHIND ME I SWUNG MY BEAM SWIFTLY DOWNWARDS!

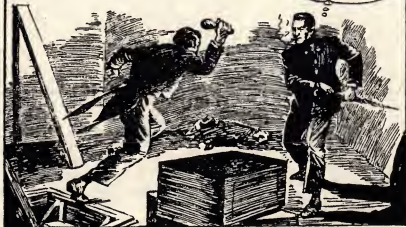
AH! THERE YOU ARE! FASCINATING PLACE FOR A CHIT-CHAT! BUT JUST A TRIFLE CHILLY...

YOU TALK TOO MUCH — AND YOU KNOW TOO MUCH, MISTER SNOOPING ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE!



AS HE SPRANG AT ME, COSH IN HAND,  
I DROPPED THE TORCH AND GRASPED THE  
HANDLE OF MY FAVOURITE UMBRELLA...

I HAD AN INKING  
I MIGHT BE NEEDING  
THIS TONIGHT...!



MY FAVOURITE UMBRELLA ---HADN'T I TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT? IT CONTAINED A SLIM RAPIER....



THE POINT OF MY RAPIER FLASHED TO HIS THROAT, AND THE WAITER'S COSH FELL TO THE FLOOR!

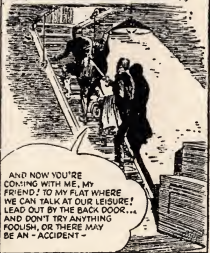
JUST A LITTLE TOY THAT I'M RATHER FOND OF! COMES IN USEFUL AT TIMES! KEEPS THE RAIN OFF, TOO... NOW START TALKING!

I'LL TALK - I'LL TALK!



THE MAN WHO TELEPHONED WAS NAMED LAVERY... A-A BUSINESS PARTNER OF HANSARD'S... HANSARD WAS GOING TO DOUBLE-CROSS HIM OVER THIS JOB, AND LAVERY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT... HE SAID, "TELL HANSARD I KNOW EVERYTHING!"

WITH MY POINT AT HIS BACK, THE MAN OPERATED THE SWITCH THAT LOWERED THE STAIRS...



AND A FEW HOURS LATER, HANSARD CAME TO A STICKY END. I MUST MEET THIS LAVERY!

AND NOW YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, MY FRIEND! TO MY FLAT WHERE WE CAN TALK AT OUR LEISURE! LEAD OUT BY THE BACK DOOR... AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING FOOLISH, OR THERE MAY BE AN ACCIDENT -

IN THE MEANTIME, JIM LETHBRIDGE HAD  
ARRIVED AT TOLLINGTON SQUARE . . .



THEN AN EXPENSIVE CAR PULLED AWAY FROM THE  
KERB AND SWUNG AROUND PAST THE TAXI . . .





THAT WAS HER, IN THAT CAR!..

DRIVER! TURN ROUND AND FOLLOW THAT CAR! DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF IT...!

VERY GOOD, SIR..



THE CITY STREETS FELL BEHIND AS THE CAR ROARED NORTHWARDS OUT OF TOWN, WITH THE TAXI ON ITS HEELS ...

KEEP HIM IN SIGHT... WE MUSTN'T LOSE HIM...

DON'T WORRY SIR.. WE WON'T..



THEN THE TAXI PULLED TO A HALT UNDER SOME TREES ...

THERE HE IS, SIR! OUTSIDE THAT LODGE!

SWITCH OFF YOUR LIGHTS, AND WAIT FOR ME HERE!



JIM LETHBRIDGE CROPT FORWARD STEALTHILY, THEN FLATTENED HIMSELF AGAINST THE WALL OF THE LODGE AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS!

HERE HE COMES... HE MUST HAVE CARRIED HER INTO THIS HOUSE... ..I'LL WAIT TILL HE'S GONE....

AS THE CAR DROVE AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS, LETHBRIDGE TRIED THE LOCKED DOOR, THEN LOOKED UPWARDS...



THAT WINDOW... IT'S OPEN... I'LL GET IN THROUGH THERE...

IT'S GILDA ALL RIGHT! AND SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS! I'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE QUICKLY, IN CASE THAT FELLOW RETURNS...



JIM LETHBRIDGE STAGGERED BACK TO THE TAXI WITH GILDA IN HIS ARMS...



STREWTH, WHAT'S THIS? I'LL LOSE MY BUNKIN' LICENSE IF...

CONFOUND YOUR LICENSE... OPEN THE DOOR FOR ME... MY-FRIEND ISN'T WELL...

THE TAXI SWUNG AROUND,  
AND ROARED BACK TOWARDS  
THE CITY...



TO MANDRAKE MEWS!

BIG BEN WAS BOOMING OUT THE HOUR OF NINE AS I  
ENTERED MANDRAKE MEWS WITH MY UNWILLING GUEST...

THROUGH THE ARCHWAY...  
AND NO TRICKS! I SHOULD HATE  
TO HAVE TO USE MY-UMBRELLA-  
ON YOU, MY FRIEND!



MR. DUDLEY!

AH! SO YOU'RE BACK,  
LETHBRIDGE, WITH SOME  
SUCCESS, I HOPE... I DON'T  
NEED TO INTRODUCE OUR  
MUTUAL FRIEND, HERE.  
I THINK YOU'VE MET..

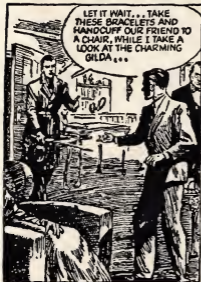
THEN I SAW THE STILL FIGURE OF GILDA,  
THE BLONDE, LYING IN MY ARMCHAIR...

I SEE YOU  
PERSUADED THE LADY  
TO COME IN PERSON...  
BUT DID YOU HAVE TO  
KNOCK HER ON  
THE HEAD?



I DIDN'T,  
MR. DUDLEY...  
IT HAPPENED  
LIKE THIS...

LET IT WAIT... TAKE  
THESE BRACELETS AND  
HANDCUFF OUR FRIEND TO  
A CHAIR, WHILE I TAKE A  
LOOK AT THE CHARMING  
GILDA...



I FELT HER PULSE AND LIFTED AN EYELID..

SHE'S BEEN DRUGGED...  
WON'T COME OUT OF IT  
FOR A FEW HOURS YET,  
I FANCY... NOW LET'S  
HAVE YOUR STORY,  
LETHBRIDGE...



AS YOUNG LETHBRIDGE SPILLED HIS STORY OF THE KIDNAPPING OF GILDA, I BEGAN TO WARM TO THIS CASE. WHAT HAD STARTED AS A RATHER DULL AND BORING EVENING, WAS BEGINNING TO DEVELOP INTO A REALLY COZY PIECE OF SKULDUGGERY - JUST MY CUP OF TEA!

NOT THAT THERE WAS MUCH DOUBT AS TO WHO HAD MURDERED HANSARD, BUT WE HAD YET TO FIND THE TOP MAN BEHIND THIS FRENCHMAN WILL BUSINESS...

I TOLD LETHBRIDGE WHAT THE WAITER HAD SAID ABOUT LAVERY, AND THE NAME RANG A BELL. ONE LAVERY, IT SEEMED, HAD SEEN MR. FREEDY REGARDING A TENANCY...



I THINK WE CAN TAKE IT THAT THE ROUGHNECK WHO KIDNAPPED OUR FAIR CHARMER, HERE, WAS FRIEND LAVERY. I'M EAGER TO MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE, AND THE NIGHT IS YET YOUNG, I THINK WE'LL PAY A RURAL VISIT, IN CASE HE HAS RETURNED TO THE LODGE... THESE TWO WILL BE QUITE SAFE HERE TILL WE GET BACK...



NOT POSSESSING A DUNGEON BELOW THE CASTLE MOUNT, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO ROUGH IT HERE TILL WE RETURN, FRIEND. MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!

YOU'LL LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR FACE WHEN LAVERY HAS FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU AMATEUR SNOOP!




OUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE MANAGED WAITER WAS DRAGGING HIMSELF ACROSS THE FLAT, TOWARDS THE TELEPHONE...



KNOCKING THE 'PHONE FROM IT'S CRADLE WITH HIS HEAD, THE WAITER SEIZED A PENCIL BETWEEN HIS TEETH, AND STARTED TO DIAL...



MEANWHILE, THE SPEEDOMETER NEEDLE WAS  
TICKLING EIGHTY AS WE FLASHED NORTHWARDS . . .



IT'S NOT VERY  
FAR NOW, MR. DUDLEY,  
... ONLY A COUPLE OF  
MILES TO GO . . .



THAT'S THE  
PLACE, MR. DUDLEY.

HMM... NO SIGN  
OF THE OTHER CAR . . . .  
YOU'D BETTER WAIT HERE  
AND GIVE ME WARNING  
IF IT SHOWS UP.

THERE ARE FEW LOCKS THAT CAN DEFEAT MY PRECIOUS SKELETON-KEY, AND THIS ONE WAS NO EXCEPTION...



AH, GOOD! NOW TO PROBE AROUND A BIT BEFORE THE ELUSIVE MR. LAVERY RETURNS...

THAT DESK MIGHT BE INTERESTING...



BUT MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE LODGE, FROM THE SHADOW OF A TREE, A SILENT SINISTER FIGURE MOVED...



THOSE ARE THE TWO SNOOPERS... I'D BETTER FIX THIS ONE QUIETLY...

THE GUN-BUTT THUDDING DOWN, AND JIM LETHBRIDGE DROPPED WITH A GROAN...



THAT FOR YOU!... NOW TO SETTLE WITH THE OTHER ONE...

AS I SEARCHED THE DESK DRAWERS, A FLOORBOARD CREAKED IN THE HALLWAY!

WHAT'S THAT?... IT MUST BE LAVERY! HE'S BEEN WAITING HERE FOR ME TO TURN UP!... AND I WALKED INTO HIS TRAP LIKE A HALF-WITTED MORON!

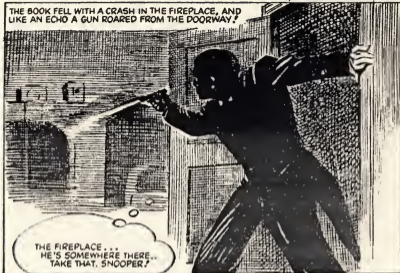


SWIFTLY I TOOK A HEAVY BOOK FROM THE DESK, AND TOSSED IT TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM...

THAT SHOULD START SOMETHING!



THE BOOK FELL WITH A CRASH IN THE FIREPLACE, AND  
LIKE AN ECHO A GUN ROARED FROM THE DOORWAY!



THE FIREPLACE...  
HE'S SOMEWHERE THERE...  
TAKE THAT, SNOOPER!

SWORD-STICK IN HAND I SPRANG  
UPON HIM FROM THE SIDE!



AN OLD, OLD TRICK!  
BUT IT WORKS EVERY TIME...  
NOW, DROP THAT GUN!

AAAGH!...  
WHAT THE...

THEN A WILD FIST LASHED OUT, SENDING ME STAGGERING, AS THE MAN DASHED TO ESCAPE.



OH!... CONFOUND IT!  
... HE'S GOT AWAY...  
I AM A HALF-WITTED  
MORON...

I RACED THROUGH THE HALLWAY, AND AS I REACHED THE OPEN FRONT DOOR...



MR. DUDLEY?...  
IT'S YOU... ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT? I-I  
HEARD SHOTS..

LETHBRIDGE? WHAT'S WRONG,  
MAN? WHAT HAPPENED?  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
THE OTHER FELLOW...



SOMEONE SLUGGED ME  
FROM BEHIND... WHEN I  
CAME TO, HE'D VANISHED...  
THEN I HEARD FIRING FROM  
HERE, AND A MAN DASHED  
OUT... I THOUGHT YOU'D  
BEEN SHOT...

NOT A SCRATCH! BUT FRIEND LAVERY SCORED A NEAT BULLS-EYE ON VOLUME THREE OF THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA...



LAVERY? BUT THAT WASN'T LAVERY, MR. DUDLEY! I'D NEVER SEEN THAT MAN BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

IT WAS MY TURN TO BE STARTLED! I HAD TAKEN IT FOR GRANTED THAT OUR NOCTURNAL AMBUSHER HAD BEEN THE MYSTERIOUS LAVERY... BUT WHO ELSE COULD IT HAVE BEEN? ...NO-ONE HAD KNOWN OF OUR TRIP TO THE LODGE EXCEPT THE WAITER FROM THE 'POULET D'OR' AND HE WAS SAFELY MANACLED IN MY FLAT, BACK AT MANDRAKE MEWS... OR... WAS HE?

LIKE A FLASH I REMEMBERED THE TELEPHONE, AND I COULD HAVE KICKED MYSELF...



THEN A TRAIL OF FOOTPRINTS IN THE WET SOIL CAUGHT MY EYE...



LOOK HERE! HE MUST HAVE GONE THIS WAY, BEHIND THE LODGE! COME ON, LETHBRIDGE... LET'S SEE WHERE THIS TRAIL LEADS...



THE FOOTPRINTS SEEM TO LEAD STRAIGHT UP THE HILLSIDE TOWARD THE OLD MANOR HOUSE

WE'D BETTER FOLLOW SUIT... I WONDER WHOSE PLACE IT IS?... LET ME THINK...





THEN AS THE BUTLER TURNED AND MADE HIS WAY UPSTAIRS, MY EYES FELL ON HIS WET AND MUDDY SHOES!



AS THE BUTLER DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW, I STARTED UP THE STAIRS, TREADING SOFTLY...

SO THAT WAS OUR FRIEND AT THE LODGE... I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH HIM...





BUT AS MY HAND GRIPPED THE SWORD-HILT..



THEN JIM LETHBRIDGE CRASHED THROUGH THE WINDOW!



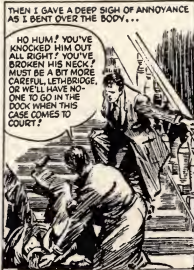
LOCKED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, JIM LETHBRIDGE AND THE CROOKED BUTLER ROLLED DOWN THE STAIRCASE!





THEN I GAVE A DEEP SIGH OF ANNOYANCE AS I BENT OVER THE BODY...

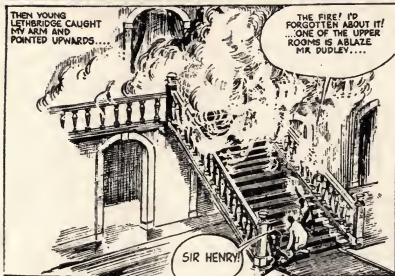
HO HUM? YOU'VE KNOCKED HIM OUT ALL RIGHT? YOU'VE BROKEN HIS NECK! MUST BE A BIT MORE CAREFUL, LETHBRIDGE, OR WE'LL HAVE NO-ONE TO GO IN THE DOCK WHEN THIS CASE COMES TO COURT!



THEN YOUNG LETHBRIDGE CAUGHT MY ARM AND POINTED UPWARDS....

THE FIRE! I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT! ...ONE OF THE UPPER ROOMS IS ABLAZE MR DUDLEY....

SIR HENRY!





FRENESHAM HALL ROARED UP IN FLAMES AS WE MADE OFF ACROSS THE FIELDS...



AT LAST WE'RE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF LAVERY AND HIS HIGHER-UP... WHOEVER THAT IS?... AND FROM NOW ON WE'RE GOING TO KEEP THAT LEAD!

A JUMP AHEAD OF THEM?

THAT'S RIGHT! THEY'VE SET THE PACE UP TO NOW! NOW IT'S OUR TURN... I'LL EXPLAIN...



AS WE ROARED BACK TO TOWN, I PUT LETHBRIDGE WISE TO THE SITUATION. NOT BEING A DABBLER IN THIS SORT OF SKULDUGGERY, HE HAD BEEN UNAWARE OF THE SIGNIFICANT SWING IN OUR FORTUNES!

THE CROOKS WOULD NOW BELIEVE SIR HENRY TO HAVE DIED IN THEIR FIENDISH FIRE-PLOT. WHATEVER MOVE THEY MADE WOULD BE BASED ON THAT ERRONEOUS ASSUMPTION! AND WHEN THEY DID MAKE THAT MOVE, WE WOULD BE READY FOR THEM WITH THE ONE WITNESS THEY WOULD NEVER EXPECT... SIR HENRY! ... RAISED FROM THE DEAD!



THEN I HEARD A DEEP SIGH AND A GASP FROM BEHIND ME AS I DROVE INTO TOWN.

“AHHH... WHERE  
...WHERE AM I...?”

“MR. DUDLEY!  
HE'S RECOVERING!”

“YOU'RE QUITE  
SAFE NOW, SIR! THIS IS  
MR. ERNEST DUDLEY, THE  
ARMCHAIR DETECTIVE...  
WE RESCUED YOU  
FROM THE FIRE...”

“FIRE?... AH, YES!...  
THE FIRE! IT COMES BACK  
TO ME NOW... THAT  
SCOUNDREL LAVERY...  
HE AND MY NEW BUTLER...”

THEN SIR HENRY TOLD HIS GRIM STORY... OF HOW LAVERY HAD RENTED THE LODGE FROM HIM, AND HAD STRUCK UP AN ACQUAINTANCE. THEN THE ATTACK THAT EVENING, WHEN HIS NEW BUTLER TURNED OUT TO BE AN ACCOMPLICE OF THE CROOK... OF THE MYSTERIOUS PHONE-CALL THAT HAD INTERRUPTED THEM AND SENT THEM HURRYING FROM THE MANOR... AND FINALLY, OF THE BUTLER'S RETURN, AN HOUR LATER, ALONE, WHEN HE SET THE ROOM ABLAZE, IN COLD BLOOD! THE KNIGHT COULD REMEMBER NOTHING MORE, HAVING BEEN OVERCOME BY FUMES...

WE SWUNG IN THROUGH THE ARCHWAY OF MANDRAKE MEWS...

“IT'S A DARK AND  
MURKY BUSINESS,  
SIR HENRY, BUT I THINK  
WE'RE BEGINNING TO  
SEE DAYLIGHT NOW!”







WHAT SHALL I DO, MR. DUDLEY?

GET OFF HOME FOR NOW. IN THE MORNING, GO TO BUSINESS AS USUAL AND SQUARE UP THOSE BOOKS. RING ME THE MOMENT ANYTHING HAPPENS ABOUT THE FRENTHAM WILL? I'M EXPECTING THINGS TO BREAK WIDE OPEN ANY TIME NOW...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN MR. PREEDY'S OFFICE.



I'VE BROUGHT MY BOOKS FOR YOUR INSPECTION, SIR...

I'M AFRAID THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT, LETHBRIDGE. I AM GOING OUT, AND I SHALL NOT BE BACK TILL THIS AFTERNOON. IF ANY CALLS COME FOR ME, PRAY TAKE NOTES...

MR. PREEDY HAD NOT BEEN GONE LONG WHEN THE 'PHONE RANG...



MR. PREEDY'S CHAMBERS... WHO IS THAT SPEAKING, PLEASE?



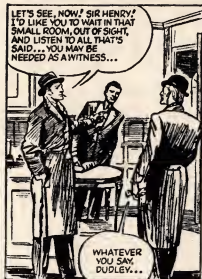






THAT'S TRUE, BUT..

IN THAT CASE, MY DEAR LETHBRIDGE, I AM MR. PREEDY. OUR CLIENT IS EXPECTING TO SEE A MR. PREEDY, AND WE MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT HIM!



LET'S SEE, NOW? SIR HENRY, I'D LIKE YOU TO WAIT IN THAT SMALL ROOM, OUT OF SIGHT, AND LISTEN TO ALL THAT'S SAID... YOU MAY BE NEEDED AS A WITNESS...

WHATEVER YOU SAY, DUDLEY...



THEN YOUNG LETHBRIDGE HISSED AT ME, AND MADE A FRANTIC GESTURE!

SHHH! THERE'S SOMEONE COMING! HE'S JUST ENTERED THE OUTER OFFICE, MR. DUDLEY!



DOUGLAS FRENSHAM DROPPED INTO A CHAIR...

I READ IN THE MORNING PAPER OF MY UNCLE'S DEATH. I BELIEVE I AM THE ONLY SURVIVING RELATIVE, SO I HAVE COME TO CLAIM THE ESTATE.

AH YES!  
A SAD BUSINESS!  
A GREAT BLOW, MR. FRENHAM.  
BUT YOU SAY YOU ARE SIR HENRY'S NEPHEW? I WAS UNAWARE OF ANY SURVIVING HEIRS...

CALMLY, DOUGLAS FRENHAM TOOK A FOLDED BIRTH-CERTIFICATE FROM HIS WALLET, AND TOSSED IT ON TO THE DESK BEFORE ME. IT WAS GENUINE ENOUGH, AS I HAD EXPECTED! HE WAS THE SON OF SIR HENRY'S WASTREL BROTHER, BORN IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE, AND HEIR TO THE FRENHAM FORTUNE, BUT FOR SIR HENRY'S WILL, WHICH LAY IN THE OFFICE SAFE... THE WILL THAT LEFT THE ENTIRE FORTUNE TO CHARITY!... REVELLING IN THE SITUATION, I AWAITED HIS NEXT MOVE...

THE NEWSPAPERS SAY THAT SIR HENRY HAS LEFT THE FAMILY FORTUNE TO CHARITY, MR. PREEDY, BUT TAKE A LOOK AT THIS... IT'S A LATER WILL, SIGNED IN MY PRESENCE BY SIR HENRY HIMSELF, AND PROPERLY WITNESSED! MY UNCLE MADE THIS WILL ONLY A MONTH AGO...





HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET SNARLING, AS SIR HENRY STEPPED INTO THE ROOM, HIS FACE GRIM AND STERN!

SO YOU'RE MY RASCALLY BROTHER'S BOY! LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON! YOU LYING SCOUNDREL! THERE'S NOT A WORD OF TRUTH IN HIS STORY, DUDLEY! THAT WILL IS A FORGERY!

I HAD AN IDEA IT WAS!



BUT-BUT HE CAN'T BE SIR HENRY! IT'S A TRICK! MY UNCLE WAS BURN'T TO DEATH THROUGH HIS BED CATCHING FIRE!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU - NO! BUT I'M INTERESTED THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FIRE HAVING STARTED IN THE BEDROOM! THE PAPERS DIDN'T MENTION IT! SHOWS A CERTAIN FORE-KNOWLEDGE OF THE CRIME, DON'T YOU THINK, MR. FRENHAM?



FRENHAM SPRANG FOR THE DOOR, BUT I HAD BEEN EXPECTING SUCH A MOVE!

NOT SO FAST, FRENHAM! I HAVE A FEELING THAT THE POLICE WOULD LIKE A CHAT WITH YOU, ABOUT A CERTAIN MURDER, AND AN ATTEMPTED MURDER, TO MENTION AT LEAST TWO THINGS!

CURSE YOU!



I SHEATHED MY SWORD-STICK  
AND TURNED THE KEY IN THE LOCK...

NOW ALL WE NEED TO COMPLETE THIS  
FASCINATING LITTLE CASE IS FRIEND LAVERY!  
SEARCH HIM, LETHBRIDGE. HE'S SURE TO  
HAVE LAVERY'S ADDRESS ON HIM SOMEWHERE!

I'VE NEVER  
HEARD OF HIM!  
YOU CAN'T PIN  
ANYTHING  
ON ME!



LETHBRIDGE PULLED A WALLET FROM THE  
CROOK'S POCKET AND HANDED IT TO ME...

AH! HERE WE ARE...  
STRANGE YOU SHOULD NEVER  
HAVE HEARD OF LAVERY, MY  
FRIEND! IT MIGHT ASTONISH  
YOU TO KNOW THAT HIS NAME  
IS IN YOUR ADDRESS-BOOK!  
... LAVERY, OLD MILL COTTAGE,  
WOODLEY-ON-THAMES.





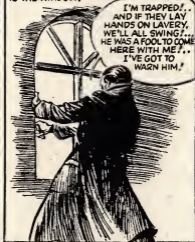
SOON I WAS SPEEDING THROUGH THE CITY TRAFFIC,  
HEADING WESTWARDS FOR THE OPEN COUNTRYSIDE...

IF LAVERY HASN'T  
DONE FOR THE FAIR GILDA,  
THEN IT'S ODDS ON THAT SHE'S  
HELD PRISONER AT THIS MILL  
COTTAGE... AND I DON'T THINK  
IT'LL TAKE MUCH TO PERSUADE  
HER TO TURN QUEEN'S  
EVIDENCE....



BUT MEANWHILE, LOCKED IN THE SMALL  
ANTE-ROOM, DOUGLAS FRENTHAM DASHED  
TO THE WINDOW,

I'M TRAPPED!..  
AND IF THEY LAY  
HANDS ON LAVERY,  
WE'LL ALL SWING!..  
HE WAS A FOOL TO COME  
HERE WITH ME!..  
I'VE GOT TO  
WARN HIM!



LOOKING DOWN TO THE STREET BELOW,  
FRENTHAM MADE FRANTIC SIGNS  
FROM THE LITTLE WINDOW...



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET, LAVERY LOOKED UP AND GAVE A START!

IT'S FRENSHAM!  
THE FOOL! HE'S BUNGLED IT!  
WELL, HE CAN  
STEW IN HIS OWN JUICE!  
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!  
THE GAME'S UP!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN MR. PREEDY'S OFFICE, SIR HENRY GAVE A CRY!

LETHBRIDGE!  
- QUICKLY, MAN!  
LOOK DOWN THERE!  
ACROSS THE ROAD BY  
THE LAMP - STANDARD!  
IT'S THAT SCOUNDREL  
LAVERY!



THAT'S HIM, JUST  
MOVING AWAY FROM  
THE LAMP STANDARD!



THEN MR. DUDLEY'S  
GONE ON A WILD-GOOSE  
CHASE! YOU STAY HERE,  
SIR HENRY! I'M GOING  
TO FOLLOW LAVERY!

JIM LETHBRIDGE RACED DOWN THE STEPS OF THE OFFICE BUILDING, IN TIME TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF LAVERY, MOVING AWAY THROUGH THE CROWDS...

THERE HE GOES!  
I'VE GOT TO KEEP  
HIM IN SIGHT!



BUT AS HE SWUNG ALONG THROUGH THE CITY CROWDS, LAVERY GLANCED BACK, AND HIS EYES NARROWED!

THERE'S SOMEONE JUST COME FROM PREEDY'S CHAMBERS! LOOKS LIKE HE'S TAILING ME!



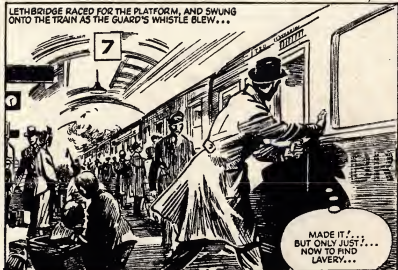
LAVERY HEADED FOR A MAIN-LINE RAILWAY STATION, AND TURNED IN THROUGH THE GATES...



ONE RETURN, WOODLEY-ON-THAMES - AND HURRY, PLEASE!



LETHBRIDGE RACED FOR THE PLATFORM, AND SWUNG ONTO THE TRAIN AS THE GUARD'S WHISTLE BLEW...



MADE IT?...  
BUT ONLY JUST?...  
NOW TO FIND  
LAVERY...

AS THE TRAIN GATHERED SPEED, JIM LETHBRIDGE MOVED ALONG THE CORRIDOR, PEERING WARILY IN AT EACH COMPARTMENT...



HE MUST BE  
FURTHER ALONG  
THE TRAIN...

THEN HE STIFFENED WITH A GASP AS A GUN JABBED SHARPLY INTO THE SMALL OF HIS BACK...



LOOKING FOR  
SOMEONE?

LAVERY!!

PUSHING JIM LETHBRIDGE ROUGHLY INTO AN EMPTY COMPARTMENT, LAVERY SLAMMED THE DOORS AND PULLED DOWN THE BLINDS.



MEANWHILE I HAD FOUND LAVERY'S HIDE-OUT, AN OLD WATER-MILL AND COTTAGE ON THE LONELY OUTSKIRTS OF WOODLEY...



THERE WAS NOT A SIGN OF LIFE ABOUT THE SILENT PLACE, AS THE LOCKED CLICKED OPEN TO MY SKELETON-KEY...



THEN AS I STEPPED QUIETLY INSIDE, THE ROOM BLAZED WITH LIGHT...

SO! MR. POKE-NOSE-IN-OTHER-PEOPLE'S BUSINESS-DUDLEY! YOU SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO YOUR ARMCHAIR! THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY SO EASY!

AH! OUR FRIEND THE WAITER! THE POULET D'OR MUST BE LOST WITHOUT YOU!





THEN LAVERY SWUNG TO HIS FEET, AND REACHED FOR THE COMMUNICATION-CORD...

OPEN THAT DOOR!  
THIS IS WHERE WE GET  
GOING! AND REMEMBER  
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU  
WITH THIS GUN!

OKAY,  
LAVERY...

WITH A HISSING OF STEAM, THE TRAIN SCREECHED TO STANDSTILL!

SO YOU THOUGHT  
YOU'D BLAB TO THE COPS  
AT THE NEXT STATION!  
I'M ONE JUMP AHEAD  
OF YOU, MISTER!  
KEEP GOING!

WITH LAVERY'S GUN AT HIS BACK, JIM LETHBRIDGE HEADED ACROSS THE FIELDS TOWARDS THE MIST-LADEN RIVER...

MAKE FOR THAT OLD MILL!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, LAVERY! YOU DAREN'T SHOOT ME! YOUR HIDEOUT'S KNOWN! DUDLEY'S ON TO YOU!

MEANWHILE, I WAS FORCED INTO THE MILL-LOFT, ABOVE THE LAPPING WATERS OF THE RIVER.

QUITE A JOLLY PARTY...

SHUT UP!



I LET MY UMBRELLA SLIDE DOWN INTO MY HAND, BUT AS I SWUNG ABOUT...

DROP THAT SWORD-STICK! YOU DON'T CATCH ME TWICE WITH THAT TRICK! GET YOUR HANDS UP! HIGH!

AH, YES! I'D FORGOTTEN THAT I'D SHOWN YOU MY LITTLE TOY BEFORE...

THEN THE HEAVY TREAD OF FOOTSTEPS SOUNDED ON THE STAIRS...

THAT'LL BE THE BOSS! IF YOU KNOW ANY PRAYERS YOU'D BETTER SAY THEM NOW, ARMCHAIR! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT YOU HAVEN'T GOT LONG TO LIVE...

I'D LOVE TO CONTRADICT YOU, FRIEND, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE RIGHT!

THEN LAVERY STEPPED INTO THE MILL-ROOM  
PUSHING YOUNG LETHBRIDGE BEFORE HIM...

MR. DUDLEY,  
THEY'VE GOT YOU!

NICE WORK,  
BUD?

OPEN THE MILL-WHEEL DOOR,  
BUD! THESE GUYS ARE GOING TO  
TAKE THE BIG DROP... WITH A BULLET  
THROUGH THEM! THEY'LL BE OUT TO  
SEA BY DAYLIGHT!... AND WHILE WE'RE  
AT IT, WE'LL TOSS THE GIRL IN, TOO!  
SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH!



HERE'S  
WHERE YOU  
GET YOURS!

MAYBE...

THEN LIKE A FLASH I SWUNG MY GLOWING CIGARETTE DOWN, AND JABBED IT IN LAVERY'S SNEERING FACE!

AND MAYBE NOT!  
GRAB HIM, LETHBRIDGE!  
I'LL GET THE WAITER!

AAAGHH!

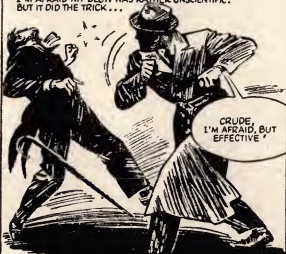
BUT AS I RUSHED HIM, THE WAITER SNATCHED MY SWORD-STICK FROM THE FLOOR!

LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

I FELT A COLD TRICKLE OF PERSPIRATION DOWN MY BACK!

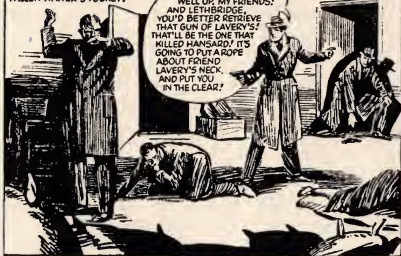
IT'S ONE THING TO BE AT THE HANDLE-END OF A SWORD-STICK, AND QUITE ANOTHER THING TO FACE IT'S DEADLY STEEL POINT! THEN HE GAVE A CURSE AND TUGGED SAVAGELY IN VAIN AT THE UMBRELLA HANDLE! IN A FLASH, REALISATION DAWNED UPON ME! IT WAS NOT MY SWORD-STICK! I HAD BROUGHT PREEDY'S UMBRELLA WITH ME BY MISTAKE!

NOT BEING AN ADEPT AT THE ART OF PUGILISM, I'M AFRAID MY BLOW WAS RATHER UNSCIENTIFIC! BUT IT DID THE TRICK...



I PULLED THE GUN FROM THE FALLEN WAITER'S POCKET!

KEEP THEM WELL UP, MY FRIENDS! AND LETHBRIDGE, YOU'D BETTER RETRIEVE THAT GUN OF LAVERY'S! THAT'LL BE THE ONE THAT KILLED HANSARD! IT'S GOING TO PUT A ROPE ABOUT FRIEND LAVERY'S NECK, AND PUT YOU IN THE CLEAR!



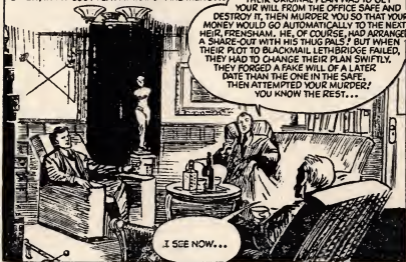
WE CUT BLONDE GILDA FREE, AND MADE OUR WAY OUT TO THE CAR...

WE'LL DROP THIS LITTLE LOT IN AT SCOTLAND YARD ON THE WAY BACK, LETHBRIDGE?... AND I RATHER THINK THIS COMPLETES THE CASE!



LATER, IN MY COSY FLAT AT MANDRAKE MEWS...

THEIR ORIGINAL PLAN WAS TO GET YOUR WILL FROM THE OFFICE SAFE AND DESTROY IT, THEN MURDER YOU SO THAT YOUR MONEY WOULD GO AUTOMATICALLY TO THE NEXT HEIR, FRENHAM. HE, OF COURSE, HAD ARRANGED A SHARE-OUT WITH HIS THUG PALS! BUT WHEN THEIR PLOT TO BLACKMAIL LETHBRIDGE FAILED, THEY HAD TO CHANGE THEIR PLAN SWIFTLY. THEY FORGED A FAKE WILL OF A LATER DATE THAN THE ONE IN THE SAFE, THEN ATTEMPTED YOUR MURDER! YOU KNOW THE REST...



I SEE NOW...

THEN MY 'PHONE-BELL RANG...

YES?... DUDLEY  
SPEAKING?... WHO?  
LETHBRIDGE HERE? YES  
INDEED?... OF COURSE!  
NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR  
FELLOW?... I'LL  
TELL HIM...  
GOODBYE...



THAT WAS YOUR  
MR. PREEDY BURNING UP  
THE WIRES, LETHBRIDGE!  
HE HAS ARRIVED BACK TO FIND  
HIS PRIVATE OFFICE FILLED WITH  
POLICEMEN, AND A CRIMINAL  
LOCKED IN HIS ANTE-ROOM!  
APPARENTLY YOU'VE GOT THE  
KEY! HE WANTS TO TEAR  
YOU INTO LITTLE PIECES,  
SO YOU'D BETTER BE ON  
YOUR WAY! THIS IS ONE  
LITTLE SPOT YOU CAN  
GET YOURSELF OUT OF!  
BETTER HAVE A GOOD  
STORY READY!

MR. PREEDY!  
OH, HEAVENS, I'D  
FORGOTTEN ALL  
ABOUT HIM!





IT'S A STRANGE THING, BUT THE JUICIEST BITS OF MAYHEM AND SKULDUGGERY ALWAYS SEEM TO DROP OUT OF THE SKIES FROM NOWHERE WHEN YOU'RE LEAST EXPECTING THEM... JUST LIKE THIS ONE! BUT TRY GOING IN SEARCH OF THEM, AND YOU'RE IN FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT... AND SO, UNTIL THE NEXT SPOT OF LARCENY AND OLD LAGS DROPS INTO MY LAP... THIS IS ERNEST DUDLEY SAYING... TILL THEN!

*The End.*

Have you seen No. 1 of

## **SUPER-DETECTIVE LIBRARY?**

Ask your Newsagent for

### **THE CASE OF THE CONTRABAND PEOPLE**

An adventure of *THE SAINT*—the famous character  
created by **LESLIE CHARTERIS**

## **TOLD IN PICTURES!**

*Now on Sale*

*Price 8d.*

Printed in England and published on the first Thursday in each month by The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Northern and Southern Rhodesia, Messrs. Kingstons, Ltd. Subscription Rates: Inland and Abroad 15/- for 12 months, 9/6d. for 6 months. **SUPER-DETECTIVE LIBRARY** is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. 98

**COMING NEXT MONTH!**

*Two More Issues of*

**SUPER-DETECTIVE LIBRARY**

---

---

*No. 3.*

**"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"**

*"Sapper's" Famous Thrill-Story  
Told in Vivid Pictures!*

**AND**

*No. 4.*

**"THE RETURN OF  
THE THIRD MAN"**

*Further Adventures of Harry Lime,  
The Third Man,*

**TOLD IN PICTURES**

*On Sale the First Thursday in May*

**PRICE 8d. EACH**

**ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT TO RESERVE THEM FOR YOU!**

Sent to your home **FREE**

on approval for 7 Days

# PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL

Edited by SIR JOHN HAMMERTON

3,250 Photographs and Diagrams

52 Colour Plates

**T**HIS famous work has helped many thousands of people to achieve success. It can be of equal assistance to you, whatever your age or occupation. Equip yourself now with the knowledge that is vital to success. To the ambitious man or woman, and to the young student, these volumes are indispensable.



Strongly and handsomely bound, each volume measures 8 by 6 in.

Post this **FREE EXAMINATION FORM** Today

Just sign and post the form on the right and on acceptance we will send you this work, carriage paid, for 7 days' free examination.

## 50 Specially Graded Courses Including :

Accountancy	Literature
Architectural	Mechanics
Biology	Music
Chemistry	Politics
Drawing and Design	Radio and Television
Engineering	Social History
Journalism	Foreign Languages
Law	

### FREE EXAMINATION FORM.

To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD.,  
(Dept. T.C.1), 96 and 97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, carriage paid, for seven days' FREE examination, "PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL," complete in six volumes. It is understood that I may return the work on the eighth day after I receive it, with no further obligation. If I keep it I will send you a first payment of 10 s eight days after delivery and eleven monthly payments of 10 s, thus completing the purchase price of 55.5.0. **Cash Price Within 8 Days, 23.**

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation..... State if Householder.....

Signature..... Date.....

(Parent's if under 21)

DL1.

Please fill in all particulars asked.