

40 ADVENTURES OF BINDLE

"Gals an' women," he replied. "Saw 'em gettin' in down the road, out of motors. Dressed in white they was, with coloured sashes over their shoulders. Suffragettes, I should say. They didn't see me though," Le added.

Bindle gave vent to a low, prolonged whistle as he resumed his walk.

"'Old me, 'Orace!" he cried happily. "Wot 'ud Mrs. B. say if she knew." Suddenly he paused again, and slapped his knee.

"Well, I'm damned!" he cried. "A raid, of course."

The man looked anxiously up at the blue of the sky.

"It's all right," said Bindle reassuringly. "My mistake; it was a bird."

A few minutes later the man turned off from the main road.

"Hi! Tippy," Bindle hailed, "don't you forget that stone-ginger at the next dairy."

A muttered reply came from Tippitt. Five minutes later he drew up outside a public-house on the outskirts of Wimbledon. Bindle took the opportunity of climbing up on the top of the van, where he gained the information he required. Every inch of the roof was perforated!

"Air-'oles," he muttered with keen satisfaction; "air-'oles, as I'm a miserable sinner," and he clambered down and entered the public-bar, where he convinced Tippitt that his mate could be trusted with money.