

## Graces

## TORE

ntre

ety to Alma College.

y, Williams-street, and

the tea-hour in honor of

Adams and her sister

and Miss Moore, bride-

-day.

Adams and her sister

of Hamilton were the

W. H. King, Southwick,

Smith, Roseberry-place,

daughter, Mrs. George

so.

J. George Jones of New

have been visiting Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H.

for Atlantic City.

and Mr. Henry Roe

a three-months' trip

so.

J. H. Hutchinson, who

ending the past year in

ed home this week.

Bell and Miss Nellie

and are the guests of

and will be present at

a marriage on

Silcox of Stratford are

for the Allworth-Mann

and daughters of Mad-

visiting Mr. and Mrs.

"Court Park."

Smith of Seattle in

r. and Mrs. C. H. Wenz,

for a few weeks, prior

Europe, where she ac-

her son and daughter,

a couple of years. Mr.

merly Miss Sue West

of Toledo is visiting

and will be a guest at

a wedding on June

er in Grove

camp

NGS

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S. COOMBS

ER LEADING OFFICERS.

Chief Secretary in Com-

ed by Colonel and Mrs.

Night. Lieut.-Col.

West Toronto Officers.

Social Staff and Presi-

dents. A Special Meeting

will give special Rec-

ders will assist.

ar Cry, in charge, assist-

COOMBS will lead three

the Chief Secretary and

in command, assisted by

conduct special meetings.

Territorial Staff Band.

bandmaster, assisted by

and Mrs. COOMBS

and Territorial Band-

at 11 a.m., 8 and 7 p.m.

assisted by COOMBS

by the Chief Secretary.

8 and 7 p.m. COOMBS

Mobilization of Forces

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pany

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ns for the summer

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## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Captain Alfonso Payton, an alderman expert, know as the Sky Pirate who makes a specialty of abducting wealthy people and whisking them off to his rendezvous in a forest many hundreds of miles from civilization, on an evening in June in the year 1888, swoops down on the home of one, Grayman, a New York millionaire, and carries off his beautiful daughter, Helen, and her maid. The young heiress treats the matter as a practical joke perpetrated by her friends and enters into the spirit of the thing with all a girl's impulsive love of adventure. The Sky Pirate, a man of charming personality, does not enlighten the girl as to the true state of affairs but, speeding thru the night at eighty miles an hour, hundreds of miles from New York City, in the darkness, distracted at the discovery of loss of his child, of what he had done and coolly demanded ten million dollars ransom for the safe return of the heiress.

Billionaire Grayman fumes, refuses at first to consent to meet the abductor at a certain time and place and not pay over the money. He does not, however, intend to pay the ransom but, with the help of the police, he may capture the noted outlaw.

He accordingly, calls in the commissioner of police and a plan is laid to thwart the Sky Pirate by the stationing of officers of four speedy police cars in a wood close to the selected place of meeting.

From his spies Captain Payton learns of the billionaire's plans and swooping down captures the police ship and takes the money king prisoner.

The multimillionaire is beside himself at the miscarriage of his plans and, gives his promise to the Sky Pirate to pay over the ten millions ransom money as soon as the latter places his daughter safely in his keeping. Captain Payton accepts Mr. Grayman's word and releases him in New York City. The Sky Pirate delivers a letter to Miss Grayman, supposed to be from Mr. Grayman, which states that the father has been unable to come to his daughter on account of his disabling his aero. The letter states that she is to feel no uneasiness because she is in the hands of friends who will take her home very soon. Mr. Grayman receives a reply to the letter bearing the postmark of a city many hundreds of miles distant. In despair he turns to the national government for help and a new scheme is laid to outwit the outlaw.

By means of a new device for locating hidden points, the Sky Pirate is discovered some eight hundred miles away in a wooded district of Labrador. It is decided to arrest him and take the

Continued From Last Sunday.

triumph than in the object itself of the expedition. And then his significant, enigmatical, remark about the "ward" that he had been coming back into my mind. He was the best friend I ever had, and I never knew how I won him.

Mr. Grayman, meanwhile, had fallen into a meditative mood. He was thinking about his daughter and her peril.

"The poor girl!" he heard him mutter. "The poor girl! Heaven protect her!"

"See here, Grayman," said the secretary. "This won't do. Don't go to worrying now. The thing is almost ended. The time for worry is gone. We've got the rascal located, we're going to drop upon him without

the slightest warning, and we've got the force needed to overcome him. Your daughter's danger is past, and inside of ten hours, at the most, she will be in your arms."

Mr. Grayman tried to smile and to look cheerful, but his heart was heavy.

"We must begin to work out the details of my plan," said the secretary, turning to him. "Do you think that you could find him at night? If possible, it might be best to drop upon him in the darkness. We might catch him asleep, if we knew the exact spot."

"That's the difficulty," I replied. "Of course, my plan does not give me the mathematical point where he lies. I may be a mile or two out of the way on one side or the other. But inasmuch as the lady lodge must be situated in an uninhabited and practically unexplored wilderness, the least light that might show would inevitably betray his location from our point of observation."

"That's it!" exclaimed Mr. Grayman. "You've hit the nail on the head. We must look out for a light."

"In that case," I replied, "it will be necessary to time ourselves to arrive not too late in the evening, because, since he evidently has a regular habitation, and one, as it would seem, of considerable pretensions, it is unlikely that he keeps an all-night watchfire like a camper-out. His lights will be out pretty early."

"Right again," said the secretary. "Suppose you go over your calculations and see how near you can determine the exact number of miles that we must still run. Then we can regulate our speed accordingly."

I did as Mr. Grayman requested, and, consulting the excellent charts that we carried, I announced that from Ottawa to the apparent intersection of the lines the distance was very close to five hundred and one hundred and twenty miles. Mr. Grayman took out his watch.

"Three o'clock," he said. "The days are long, and longer the farther we go north. There is an all-night twilight in Central Labrador, but if we arrive at 10 o'clock it will probably be enough for our purpose. I don't believe his lights will be out earlier than that."

"That means a trifle less than fifty-nine miles an hour," I remarked.

"Yes; that, then, should be our speed."

Immediately I signalled the aces astern to reduce their speed to calculate with our own. My engineer dropped to fifty-nine miles. Then we entered my cabin to complete our plan operations and to pass away the time, which seemed very long, viewed in prospect. As to the tactics we should adopt, they were quickly decided upon, as far as we could foresee the work. I will explain them in a few moments.

I had already ordered Ethan Haig to get his bow-gun in shape for quick work; for, in an emergency, I counted more on him than on the other gunner. Besides, I had no thought of showing my heels. The small arms were also in complete readiness and every man carried twenty cartridges in his belt, besides the ten in the magazine of his rifle. This applied to the other aces as well.

It was a light, I didn't believe that Captain Alfonso would stand up to it very long. My chief fear was as to his running away. As I have already intimated, I had a great confidence in the Eagle and knew her powers to a nicety, but I was willing to allow that the Chameleon might be able to draw away from her in a race.

Consequently I didn't mean that there should be any race.

As to my course, I had set it with extreme care, and I was sure that it would take me very close to the intersection of my lines. But would it find Payton's hiding place. In my soul I believed it would.

Labrador does not present a very entrancing view—at least from above. It is not a country to grow enthusiastic over. We cared very little about the scenery when we went on deck again, but we watched every feature of the landscape beneath us as attentively as if we had been selecting a place to settle. So the afternoon whiled away, and I glanced frequently at the formidable line of aces trailing after us, rising and falling with the atmospheric billows, while their polished guns glinted in the sunlight; and, as I watched, my heart alternately swelled with pride and sank under the weight of anxiety.

We dined about the middle of a clump of towering hemlocks, we were astonished to see the light again, now very close, bright and undulating. It reflected from the surface of water, whispered Mr. Grayman.

It was true. We had come in sight of the little lake in front of Payton's lodge, and, as we drew nearer, we saw on the opposite shore the lodge itself, with lights streaming from the lower windows.

"It must be the place," I said. "It immediately we backed off until we were out of sight of the lodge, and then I signalled the fleet to advance. I sent them about in such a manner as to surround the lodge on every side. When the manoeuvre was completed the five aces floated within a hundred rods of the building, their noses all lowered, and their bow-guns bearing upon the lair of Captain Alfonso Payton."

CHAPTER XV.

A Night Attack and an Exciting Chase.

The Eagle had assumed her position on the opposite side of the little lake from the lodge, and directly facing the entrance of the latter. I could see the dim forms of the other aces silently creeping up the shore, and I was showing about them. The Eagle, from her position, was the only one that might be seen from the lodge, but, covered by the shadows of the tall trees, the tops of many of which rose above us, I was confident that we would not be noticed as long as we did not move, especially since it was before the windows were open, so secure that he was keeping no watch—at least, for enemies in the air.

Now we held a consultation in whispers. Occasionally we caught glimpses of forms moving in the building. They had taken no pains to close the shutters, and we could see three men who passed at irregular intervals before the windows, quickly. Payton is running away with his prisoners.

But we were powerless to interfere. The Eagle hovering and dipping like a wounded bird over the lake, and refusing to answer her helm. We could not even return the fire, for neither of our guns could be brought to bear, and if they could have been, we might have killed the prisoners as they were carried aboard. It was this consideration that led me to refrain from ordering the small arms to be used, for they could have had no effect in stopping the Chameleon.

I managed to signal the other aces to close in. I doubt if they noticed the signals, but they endeavored to close just the same. I saw the blue flashes from two or three times, and how soon they swept down over the trees to the lake, but the shells exploded in the forest beyond, and a minute later the Chameleon rose like a frightened hawk in short, swift spirals, making straight up into the darkening heavens.

The Skylark which I recognized by her rig, darted after her, and I saw several shots fired, but evidently without effect; and the Chameleon, suddenly changing her ascent to a horizontal course, rushed away with amazing speed, while the Skylark continued to chase her. The other three moved confusedly about, and I shouted to the Osprey to drop down by us.

"Here," I said to Lieutenant Osborn, her commander, "take charge of the Eagle and beach her. I'll take the Osprey with my crew, and you can transfer yours to the Eagle. Quick now!"

The transfer was effected in less than five minutes, and immediately I rose out of the shadow of the trees, commanding the Crow and the Bobolink to follow me at full speed. Mr. Grayman and the secretary, of course, accompanied me aboard the Osprey. It was a desperate move, but the only thing to be done, as the Eagle had become utterly unmanageable.

When we had attained a considerable elevation, we caught sight of the chase far off to the north, the heavens yet retaining a twilight glow. The Osprey was far in the rear, but keeping nobly at her work, and occasionally firing a gun, to which there was no response.

The revenue fliers were all built on the same general plan, so that I ran no risk of confusion or uncertainty for my men in transferring them. I wanted my own crew, because I knew every man of them like a book, and particularly I wanted Ethan and the engineer. I should have liked to give Ethan his own gun, but, of course, when every second was precious, no transfer of armament could be thought of. As soon as the chase was located I ordered top speed, and then took Mr. Grayman and the secretary into the cabin for a consultation. They were greatly cast down by the unfortunate turn that the affair had taken, particularly the millionaire, who fairly groaned.

"He's run off with Helen, and now he'll kill her! Oh, why did we undertake this?"

Mr. Grayman evidently felt that the responsibility rested on him, and he showed no disposition to shrink it. Neither was he altogether discouraged, and he started to inspire his friend.

"Don't take it that way, Grayman," he said. "All's not ended yet. We surely began well. We have smoked the fox out, which is an immense thing in itself. Now we've got him on the run, and we'll catch him. Trust Allan for that."

"Gentlemen," I said respectfully, "pardon me for saying that we have no time now for talk of this kind. It is not for that that I invited you into the cabin. Mr. Grayman, what have done me the honor to put me in command. If I am to succeed from this time forth, I must be unhampered. I wanted to ask you, Mr. Secretary, if you would be willing to leave me in absolute control. I have hitherto felt that I ought to consult you in critical moments. I do not want to do that in the future. Our only chance is in having a single responsible commander and no divided councils."

"You are entirely right," exclaimed the secretary. "I believe it's my fault that Payton got off. From this moment you are in absolute control. I'll simply be a spectator."

Mr. Grayman said nothing, and I was greatly gratified.

"That's all I wanted, Mr. Grayman," I said. "And now to work."

I went immediately on deck, the others following. I was delighted to perceive that the Chameleon was still visible, the dim in the distance, with the Skylark doggedly churning after her and yet firing from time to time. Close behind us rushed the Crow and the Bobolink. I visited the engineer.

"Jim, do you know the Osprey's motors?" I asked.

"I've been aboard her often," he said, "and I know her whole make up pretty well."

"What is her best speed?"

"Jack (the regular engineer of the Osprey) often told me he had made a hundred and thirty miles."

"See if you can't work it up to a hundred and forty."

"I don't say 'bust her' but I say see what is the best that's in her."

"Oh, if I only had the Eagle!" he responded.

"No use wishing for what you can't have. Now, go at it and make her speed."

The Osprey certainly had never been made to reveal her full powers before. In ten minutes I was surprised at the speed she was making. The sharp, steady whirr of the aeroplane as we cut the air was inspiring to listen to. The wind of our passage struck us in gusts from right to left and made us cling to the supports.

By this time the moon, approaching its last quarter, had well risen, and added her silvery glimmer to the twilight glow, enabling us more clearly to make out the chase with our glasses. We were dropping the Crow and the Bobolink, and I signalled them to do better, but evidently they were already doing their best—for they had not any engine—and gradually they fell farther astern. Then I signalled them to be by no means lose sight of us, and on we went.

It was a strange sight as the moon rose higher and higher and her beams overspread the wild landscape below us. Occasionally we saw the glimmer of a lake lying in the wilderness, framed by the woods. Sometimes open spaces appeared, but no cultivated clearings. We were too high to hear the night voices of the forest.

The Skylark was supposed to be, next to the Eagle, the fastest flier in the fleet, but now we were plainly overhauling her. Jim was giving us every inch of ground. The motors contained, as the Osprey must have been surprised at herself. I began to doubt if even the Eagle could have done better. It is sometimes as much the man as the engine that counts, and Jim I knew to be the best in the service for his job.

It was half after two o'clock in the morning and the northeastern heavens were beginning to lighten when we passed the Skylark, close at hand, so that I could call across to her commander. Of course I did not slacken speed.

"Grimes!" I shouted. "Can't the Skylark beat the Osprey?"

"She always used to," he called back. "But by Jove, you must have bewitched that aero." Where Osborn?

"I changed fliers with him after the Eagle was disabled, and I've got my own crew, with the secretary, aboard here. It's my engineer who is doing this. See if you can't stir yours up to a little livelier work. We mustn't let Payton escape; he's got his prisoners with him."

"You don't say so!" cried Grimes.

"I saw that you were disabled, and I simply put out after him, but I didn't know he had the prisoners."

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