

THE ISLAND OF DEATH

A Weird Tragedy of a Man Who Called Himself "Monsieur the Devil."

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

INSTALLMENT I.
CHAPTER I.
The Hidden Eye.

The pool of sweet water glowed like a round bit of the sky, a round mirror that reflected the clear, cerulean blue which the children-lung artists hit exactly, and which the Kang-hsi artists missed with their green-tinted tinge.

Fifty feet was the diameter of that circle. About it, on all sides save one, ran a 20-foot strip of white sand, unstrained and beautiful as snow. On the one side was stretched a long, winding, green, shady avenue, carpeted with the same white sand, walled by the pine-apple-like trunks and the inter-laced pinnate fronds of the palms.

Behind this canvas, leading down to the green, shady avenue, carpeted with the same white sand, walled by the pine-apple-like trunks and the inter-laced pinnate fronds of the palms.

Round about this white sand circle rose a 20-foot wall of weathered pink stucco. This circular wall was broken by many odd projections and ledges, over which had been trained climbing roses. Just now the wall was a mass of rich pink foliage that shut out all the world—or seemed to.

The only break in this wall was where the avenue of palms lay like a street of greenish-black shadows pointing away from the pool. On the side opposite this break was a gate in the wall, a gate as solid as the wall itself. Thus, within this wall was a little world, and the wall shut out all the horizon and the sea, and those who might intrude upon the little world within.

Yet, in the back of Sigurd was a tiny space the size of a leaf, and there the mangle blood of Fatih had not touched, and by this tiny space came the hero to his death. Likewise in this wall was a gate, and in this gate, which was seldom opened, was a tiny keyhole.

A single swimmer was disporting herself in the pool, making evident its depth by her long dives. She was no marvellous swimmer; still she enjoyed this pool with the whole-hearted abandon of one who relaxes absolutely to the pleasure of the moment.

Against the rippling blue of the water her body glowed golden. Her hair of yellow, curled, her half-tired of swimming, she turned upon her back and floated idly, her figure half-revealed, half hidden by the lapping waves, about her neck, upon the blue sky above. Staring thus into the depths of the sky-bowl, she lay motionless, and presently lost her noise in the calm of the water. A quietly her staring eyes went down into the fluid.

A splutter and cough, and her body flashed. She laughed at her own mischance. In the time she had been gazing at the sea and the pink wall and the blue pool. Suddenly she gazed at the pool with the whole-hearted abandon of one who relaxes absolutely to the pleasure of the moment.

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sunlight, were mingled with the fat, sleek greenery of figs. And amid the mangoes was that tree with the most rare and wonderful of all tree perfumes, the Chinese magnolia, ivory petals ready to fall.

CHAPTER II.
Berangere.

Around the trees one glimpsed a thick pomegranate hedge, while water ran in rivulets from some hidden source, following channels which seemed haphazard, yet which were deeply grooved—the rains were long since over and a little irrigation hurt nothing. A hundred feet distant the land dropped sharply away in a thin, sword-like line, and beyond it appeared the sea horizon. That drop was very abrupt and startling. There was no shore; nothing, in fact, but a drop of cliff, with ocean at the bottom.

A strange place, this, beneath the tropic sun!

The girl beheld no living thing in sight, although many might have lain concealed there before her; and one, in fact, did so lie. She dropped back from the wall into the white sand, swam across the pool again, and came to land. Beneath the awning, she picked up a robe of gossamer silk, wrapped it about her shoulders, and stepped into the shady avenue of palms. The row had vanished from her face, and she sang light-heartedly as she walked.

In the garden orchard over which she had just stepped, a brown figure of a man arose from the thick hedge. This man had some excuse for hiding himself, since he was stark naked. He rose again, and his head was a thatch of dark hair, white with brine from the sea water. His face was that broad, powerful, without being refined, the black eyes, glittering beneath dark reddish brows, were alight with an incredible intelligence and energy. His body was bony from hunger and suffering, drawn by long immersion in water, yet very muscular.

In this man crept to the gate in the wall and peered through the keyhole. He rose again, a grin upon his lips, and hastened to the nearest dark water. He flung himself down and drank thirstily. Rising, he drew his hand over his lips and glanced at the sun. "Nine o'clock!" he muttered. "All morning climbing that cliff!"

He cast a malevolent glance toward the many to the nearest dark water, and hastened to the nearest dark water. He flung himself down and drank thirstily. Rising, he drew his hand over his lips and glanced at the sun. "Nine o'clock!" he muttered. "All morning climbing that cliff!"

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TOMORROW'S RAZOR

TUESDAY, JUNE 24.

Tuesday's Best Features.
WJZ, NEW YORK—Nahan Franko's Orchestra.
WEAF, NEW YORK—WEAF Concert group.
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—Banquet of the Society St. Jean Baptiste.
KGO, OAKLAND—California Mixed Quartet.
WGX, DETROIT—Red Apple Club.
NOTE—Democratic National Convention broadcast all day.

(Eastern Standard Time.)
WEAF, NEW YORK—492.
5 p.m.—Dinner music from the Waldorf.
6:45 p.m.—Vanston Lee, baritone.
7 p.m.—The Mazza Orchestra.
7:30 p.m.—Vanston Lee, baritone.
7:40 p.m.—Katie Brown, pianist.
8:05 p.m.—Irma Caron, dramatic soprano.
8:30 p.m.—Irma Caron, dramatic soprano.
8:50 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.
9 p.m.—Frank Dolc, on "Togs."
9:30 p.m.—Nahan Franko's Orchestra.
9:45 p.m.—The "Times."
9:50 p.m.—Lee D. Butler, baritone.
9:55 p.m.—Astor Dance Orchestra.
10 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.
10:30 p.m.—Motor camp talk.
10:45 p.m.—Wright and Resinger, songs.
11 p.m.—Estey Organ recital.
11:15 p.m.—American Legion program.
11:30 p.m.—Song and dance hits.

WOR, NEWARK—405.
1:30-3 p.m.—James F. Nash, tenor.
The Madrigal Trio.
3:15 p.m.—Music White You Dine.
3:30 p.m.—The "Times" Orchestra.
6 p.m.—Halsey Miller's Orchestra.
6:20 p.m.—Daily sports resume.
6:30 p.m.—The "Times" Orchestra.
6:45 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.
7 p.m.—WIP, Philadelphia—509.
7:15 p.m.—The Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra.
7:30 p.m.—WIP Light Concert Orchestra.
7:45 p.m.—James F. Nash, tenor.
7:50 p.m.—Uncle Wip's bedtime stories.
8 p.m.—Comfort's Philharmonic Orchestra.
8:15 p.m.—Studio program.
8:30 p.m.—WIP Studio program.
8:45 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.
9 p.m.—Sunny.
9:20 p.m.—Meyer Davis Concert Orchestra.
9:30 p.m.—Program of dance music.
9:45 p.m.—WIP Studio program.
10:15 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.
10:30 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.
10:45 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.
11 p.m.—The WEAF Concert Group.

HOT WEATHER HALTS GOLF ENTHUSIASTS
Two Hundred and Fifty Play on Thames Valley Course During Week.

On Saturday about sixty members of the Thames Valley golf course took advantage of the privileges offered by the new municipal grounds and played out the nine holes. During the week the attendance of active players was about 250.

The first week of operation of the new course hasn't broken any attendance prognostications. In fact, due to the continuous hot weather, it is doubtful if more than 100 members actually played at the course, as some of those attending came several times.

Terrid weather, lasting from early morning until after sunset, is blamed for lack of enthusiasm. The grass is not being worn off the fairway on other courses this weather for the golf is truly a pursuit for spring and fall and a pepping of attendance is never looked for at this part of the season.

PLAYGROUNDS VISITED BY YOUTHFUL VANDALS
Police Protection Will Be Inaugurated, Utilities Officials State.

Feats of amateur thieving and vandalism that awoke the envy of the ultra barbarous have been reported at civic playgrounds. There has appeared to be such a continuity and persistence in the campaign of ruffians against city property that officials are up in arms and threaten police action.

"We are going to police the playgrounds," one official said this morning. "We were troubled all last year with vandals and already this season it is getting quite general."

Young gangsters, between the ages of sixteen and twenty years, are reported to be responsible for damage done to the playgrounds. Some tools have been stolen on two occasions. At Becker's Island a heavy concrete bench has been smashed and repaired. Ordinarily such a bench could be broken only by wielding a sledge hammer or by a gang lifting the bench above their heads and dashing it to the ground.

Monday it was reported that police officers would patrol the playgrounds and culprits would be dealt with to "the fullest rigor of the law."

RECORD CATCHES OF FISH ARE MADE AT GRAND BEND
Special to The Advertiser.

Parkhill, June 22.—For the last time in the history of the Grand Bend has enjoyed a catch of white fish unparalleled in recent years. On Wednesday a two-ton catch was made by Mr. George W. Bend. Excitement was at its height when the fish are being peddled locally, the fish are being peddled to eastern buyers.

Canadian National trains make excellent connections with steamboats, which serve every part of the district.

Complete information and literature can be obtained from any Agent of the Canadian National Railways—Advt.

APPOINTED MODERATOR.
Special to The Advertiser.

Parkhill, June 22.—Rev. T. T. Bingham has been appointed moderator of the Middlesex Lambton Baptist conference, held this week in Forest.

RED ROSE TEA "Is good tea."—Advt.

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS
By LOUISE GERARD.

INSTALLMENT XIII.
CHAPTER XXV.

But Desiree was not easy to find. By the time she reached the foot of the steps there was no sign of her anywhere.

Wilson paused.

All around frogs croaked, crickets chirped, and flies flashed, as if by magic. But as he stood listening he noticed that the old reservoir with the stone crocodile, where the frogs usually croaked the loudest, was silent.

By now he had learned enough of the habits of the creatures to know that their silence portended the presence of some person.

In that direction he hurried through a maze of scented trees.

Presently a bend in the path showed Desiree standing in the moonlight, the water a silver sheet behind her.

"You make me forget myself," she flashed the moment he appeared, "you, with your cold English heart!"

Wilson was no more afraid of her anger now than he had been of her tears on a former occasion. In a moment he had her in his arms, and immediately her shamed face was hidden against his shoulder.

"I don't think you'll find my heart specially cold and hard, even if it is English," he whispered.

Then he had a lot more to say into her ear, the only part of her face that was accessible.

Wilson clouded the moon for a few minutes. When it passed, the light revealed John Wilson and the princess of his dreams sitting on the old stone seat together. But she was not sitting sedately beside him as was her habit when she was a phantom of his own imaginings and he was a small, shabby boy with the sun and moon in his trousers. He had found another place for her in those far-off days.

She was on his knee, her head resting on his shoulder, hugging one

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Wilson was no more afraid of her anger now than he had been of her tears on a former occasion. In a moment he had her in his arms, and immediately her shamed face was hidden against his shoulder.

"I don't think you'll find my heart specially cold and hard, even if it is English," he whispered.

Then he had a lot more to say into her ear, the only part of her face that was accessible.

Wilson clouded the moon for a few minutes. When it passed, the light revealed John Wilson and the princess of his dreams sitting on the old stone seat together. But she was not sitting sedately beside him as was her habit when she was a phantom of his own imaginings and he was a small, shabby boy with the sun and moon in his trousers. He had found another place for her in those far-off days.

She was on his knee, her head resting on his shoulder, hugging one

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS
By LOUISE GERARD.

INSTALLMENT XIII.
CHAPTER XXV.

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UNION FIGHT WILL BEGIN TOMORROW

Bill May Enter Upon Last Stages in House of Commons.

CONSIDER CHANGES
Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, June 22.—The church union bill is scheduled to enter this week upon its last stage in the House of Commons.

The bill comes up on Tuesday, according to the arrangements in the committee stage, and will be given right of way by agreement with the government. If this measure follows the usual course of legislation, it will proceed through committee and then be moved for third reading.

The sponsors of the bill, however, have given notice of amendments to remove the provision referring the bill to the courts, and this may lead to its being referred back to the private bills committee to have this amendment made.

The amendment, of which notice has been given, fixes the date for the coming into effect of the bill on June 10, 1925.

Interest in the party tactics in the House during the rest of the session has received a fillip by the addition of six of the Progressive members in notifying Robert Forke, Progressive leader, that they will not in future attend caucus. There has already been some speculation as to what the new group will be called and how the bill is affected by this action.

The House of Commons has not yet taken action in regard to the report of the Privileges and Elections Committee on the charges against Mr. James Murdock. Consideration of this question has been delayed by the illness of E. Guss Porter, Conservative, West, who made the charges. The date for the debate has now been fixed, however, for Wednesday next. In the meantime, Mr. Murdock is absent from his seat in the House, though he still carries on the functions of minister of labor.

Banking questions still continue to occupy the attention of the House. Depositors to appear before the banking and commerce committee of the House of Commons on Wednesday, June 23, will be almost entirely absent. In many cases the boys are semi-uniformed. Some have caps, breeches and puttees to match and some haven't uniforms at all. It is hoped that progress in outfitting the boys will assist the movement considerably.

CHESLEY AVENUE CADETS LEAD
Proficiency Merit Is Announced by Lieut.-Col. Gillespie.

Following the inspection of public school cadets in London this month, Lieut.-Col. Gillespie, senior inspecting officer, has announced Chesley Avenue School as the most proficient. Riverview third, and Simcoe Street fourth. Standing of the other fourteen school companies is not given.

The inspecting officer has shown considerable appreciation of the efficiency of the cadet corps in general. Good work all round by cadet instructors is reported.

Riverview third in cadet drill came first in shooting honors, both for the individual and team competitions.

Next season, enthusiasts of the movement hope to have more cadets in uniform, as it adds much to the smartness of the units. In all the 18 school companies have uniformed, the boys are almost entirely a matter of individual effort as the boys advance money for the bare cost of their outfit and this is returned in two years' time by the government.

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SPRINGBANK ATTRACTS MANY PICNIC PARTIES
Among the picnics at Springbank Park within the next two weeks for which transportation arrangements are being provided by the London Street Railway Company are the following: June 27, Askin Street Methodist Church; June 28, Cronyn Memorial Church; St. Paul's Cathedral; Canadian National Car Shops, Puthorough Construction Company; July 1, Chalmers Sunday school; Southern Congregational Church; July 3, New St. James' Church; July 9, Centennial Methodist Church; and Adelaide Street Baptist Church.

RECORD CATCHES OF FISH ARE MADE AT GRAND BEND
Special to The Advertiser.

Parkhill, June 22.—For the last time in the history of the Grand Bend has enjoyed a catch of white fish unparalleled in recent years. On Wednesday a two-ton catch was made by Mr. George W. Bend. Excitement was at its height when the fish are being peddled locally, the fish are being peddled to eastern buyers.

Canadian National trains make excellent connections with steamboats, which serve every part of the district.

Complete information and literature can be obtained from any Agent of the Canadian National Railways—Advt.

APPOINTED MODERATOR.
Special to The Advertiser.

Parkhill, June 22.—Rev. T. T. Bingham has been appointed moderator of the Middlesex Lambton Baptist conference, held this week in Forest.

RED ROSE TEA "Is good tea."—Advt.

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