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OHN. N. B

Agenta

The Wings of the Morning By LOUIS TRACY

(Continued.)

"Robert, dear," she said, "if the attack comes to our very door, so to speak, surely I must help you. Even my slight aid may stem a rush in one place while you are busy in another." He explained to her that if hand to hand fighting were necessary he would depend more upon a crowbar than a rifle to sweep the ledge clear. She

might be in the way. "Very well. The moment you tell me to get behind that fence I will do so. Even there I can use a revolver." That reminded him. His own pistol was unloaded. He possessed only five more cartridges of small caliber. He placed them in the weapon and gave it

"Now you have eleven men's lives in your hands," he said. "Try not to miss if you must shoot."

In the dim light he could not see the spasm of pain that clouded her face. No Dyak would reach her while he lived. If he fell, there was another use for one of those cartridges.

The sailor had cleared the main floor of the rock and was placing his four rifles and other implements within easy reach when a hiss came from beneath. "Mir Jan!" exclaimed Iris. "What now?" demanded Jenks over

the side.
"Sahib, they come!"

"I am prepared. Let that snake get back to his hole in the rock, lest a mongoose seize him by the head."

Mir Jan, engaged in a scouting expedition on his own account, understood that the officer sahib's orders must be obeyed. He vanished. Soon they heard a great crackling among the bushes on the right, but Jenks knew even before he looked that the Dyaks had correctly estimated the extent of his fire zone and would keep out of it.

The first physical intimation of the enemy's design they received was a pungent but pleasant smell of burning pine, borne to them by the northerly breeze and filling the air with its aroma. The Dyaks kindled a huge fire. The heat was perceptible even on the ledge, but the minutes passed and the dawn broadened into day without any other result being achieved. Iris, a little drawn and pale with sus-

pense, said, with a timid giggle: "This does not seem to be so very serious. It reminds me of my efforts to cook.'

"There is more to follow, I fear, dear one. But the Dyaks are fools. They should have waited until night fell again after wearing us out by constant vigilance all day. If they intend to employ smoke it would be far worse for us at night."

Phew! A volume of murky vapor arose that nearly suffocated them by the first whiff of its noisome fumes. It blotted out sea and sky. They coughed incessantly and nearly choked, for the Dyaks had thrown wet seaweed on top of the burning pile of dry wood. Mir Jan, born in interior India, knew little about the sea or its products, and when the savages talked of seaweed he thought they meant green wood. Fortunately for him, the ascending clouds of smoke missed the cave or infallibly he must have been

"Lie flat on the rock!" gasped Jenks. Careless of waste, he poured water over a coat and made Iris bury her mouth and nose in the wet cloth. This gave her immediate relief, and she showed her woman's wit by tying the sleeves of the garment behind her neck. Jenks nodded comprehension and followed her example, for by this means their hands were left free.

The black cloud grew more dense each few seconds. Nevertheless, owing to the slope of the ledge and the tendency of the smoke to rise, the south side was far more tenable than the north. Quick to note this favorable circumstance, the sailor deduced a further fact from it. A barrier erected on the extreme right of the ledge would be a material gain. He sprang up, dragged the huge tarpaulin from its former location and propped it on the handle of the pickax, driven by one mighty stroke deep into a crevice of the rock.

It was no mean feat of strength that he performed. He swung the heavy and cumbrous canvas into position as if it were a dust cloth. He emerged from the gloom of the driven cloud red eyed, but triumphant. Instantly the vapor on the ledge lessened, and they could breathe, even talk. Overhead and in front the smoke swept in ever increasing density, but once again the sailor had outwitted the Dyaks' ma-

"We have won the first rubber," he whispered to Iris.

Above, beneath, beyond, they could see nothing. The air they breathed was hot and fetid. It was like being immured in a foul tunnel, and almost as dark. Jenks looked over the parapet. He thought he could distinguish some vague figures on the sands, so he fired at them. A volley of answering bullets crashed into the rock on all sides. The Dyaks had laid their plans well this time. A firing squad stationed beyond the smoke area and supplied with all the available guns commenced and kept up a smart fusillade in the direction of the ledge in order to cover the operations of the

scaling party. Jenks realized that to expose himself was to court a serious wound and achieve no useful purpose. He fell back out of range, laid down his rifle and grabbed the crowbar. At brief intervals a deep hollow boom came up from the valley. At first it puzzle them until the sailor hit upon an explanation. Mir Jan was busz.

The end of a strong, roughly made ladder swung through the smoke and banged against the ledge. Before Jenks could reach it those hoisting it into position hastily retreated. They were standing in front of the cave, and the Mohammedan made play on them with a rifle at thirty feet.

Jenks, using his crowbar as a lever, toppled the ladder clean over. It fell outward and disconcerted a section of the musketeers.

"Well done!" cried Iris. The sailor, astounded by her tone, gave her a fleeting glance. She was very pale now, but not with fear. Her eyes were slightly contracted, her nos trils quivering, her lips set tight and her chin dimpled. Resting on one knee. with a revolver in each hand, she seemed no puling mate for the gallant man who fought for her.

There was no time for further speech. Three ladders were reared against the



Now both crowbar and revolver

They were so possed and h below that Jenks could not force them backward. A fourth appeared, its coarse shafts looming into sight like the horns of some gigantic animal. The four covered practically the whole front of the ledge save where Mir Jan cleared a little space on the level.

The sailor was standing now, with

the crowbar clinched in both hands. The firing in the valley slackened and curled like a black pall over the face of died away. A Dyak face, grinning like a Japanese demon, appeared at the top of the ladder nearest to Iris.

"Don't fire!" shouted Jenks. And the iron bar crushed downward. Two others pitched themselves half on to the ledge. Now both crowbar and revolver were needed. Three ladders were thus cumbered somewhat for those beneath, and Jenks sprang toward the fourth and most distant. Men were crowding it like ants. Close to his feet lay an empty water cask. It was a crude weapon, but effective when well pitched, and the sailor had never made a better shot for a goal in the midst of a hard fought scrimmage than he made with that tub for the head of the uppermost pirate.

Another volley came from the sands A bullet plowed through his hair and sent his sou'wester flying. Again the besiegers swarmed to the attack. One way or the other they must succeed. A man and a woman—even such a man and such a woman-could not keep at bay an infuriated horde of fifty savages fighting at close quarters and un-

der these grievous conditions. Jenks knew what would happen. He would be shot while repelling the scaling party. And Iris! Dear heart! She

was thinking of him. "Keep back! They can never gain the ledge!" she shricked.

And then, above the din of the fusillade, the yells of the assailants and the bawling of the wounded, there came through the air a screaming, tear ing, ripping sound which drawned all others. It traveled with incredible speed, and before the sailor could be lieve his ears-for he well knew what it meant—a shrapnel shell burst in front of the ledge and drenched the valley with flying lead.

Jenks was just able to drag Iris flat against the rock ere the time fuse operated and the bullets flew. He could form no theory, hazard no conjecture All he knew was that a twelve pounder shell had flown toward them through space, scattering red ruin among the amazed scoundrels beneath. Instantly he rose again, lest perchance any of the Dyaks should have gained a foothold

on the ledge. The ladders were empty. He could hear a good deal of groaning, the footsteps of running men and some distant shouting.

"Sahib!" yelled Mir Jan, drawn from his retreat by the commotion without.

"Yes," shouted Jenks. The native, in a voice cracked with excitement, told him something. The sailor asked a few rapid questions to make quite sure that Mir Jan was not mistaken

Then he threw his arms round Iris, drew her close and whispered: "My darling, we are saved! A war

ship has anchored just beyond the south reef, and two boats filled with armed sailors are now pulling ashore."

mission for thirty-five years, and this is the first occasion he has been absent CALAIS, Me, Aug 23-Ard, sch Bat, on leave. He is making a tour through Canada for the benefit of his health.

So he had abandoned all pretense. HE drifting smoke was still so He was ready to face the world at her dense that not even the floor of side. She stole a loving glance at him the valley could be discerned.

CHAPTER XV.

"Take off your turban and hold it

"It is all right, sahib," came the

cheering answer. "One boat is close inshore. I think, from the uniforms,

they are English sahibs, such as I

have seen at Garden Reach. The Dy-

Nevertheless Jenks waited. There

was nothing to gain by being too pre-

cipitate. A false step now might undo

Mir Jan was dancing about beneath

"They have seen the Dyaks running

to their sampans, sahib," he yelled,

"and the second boat is being pulled in

that direction! Yet another has just

A translation made Iris excited, ea-

ger to go down and see these wonders.

The boom of a cannon came from the

sea. Instinctively the girl ducked for

safety, though her companion smiled at her fears, for the shell would have

long preceded the report had it trav-

"Poor wretches!" murmured Iris.

"Cannot the survivors be allowed to

"Well, we are unable to interfere.

Those caught on the island will proba-

bly be taken to the mainland and

hanged for their crimes, so the manner

of their end is not of much conse-

To the girl's manifest relief, there

was no more firing, and Mir Jan an-

nounced that a number of sailors were

actually on shore. Then her thoughts

turned to a matter of concern to the

feminine mind even in the gravest mo-

ments of existence. She laved her face

with water and sought her discarded

Soon the steady tramp of boot clad

feet advancing at the double was

heard on the shingle, and an officer's

voice; speaking the crude Hindoostanee

of the engine room and forecastle,

"Hi, you black fellow! Are there

"Yes, two of us! Perched on the

rock over your heads. We are coming

He cast loose the rope ladder. Iris

"Steady, sweetheart," he whispered.

"Don't forget the slip between the cup

and the lip. Hold tight, but have no

It was well he took this precaution.

She was now so unnerved that an un-

guarded movement might have led to

an accident. But the knowledge that

her lover was near, the touch of his

hand guiding her feet on to the rungs

of the ladder, sustained her. They had

almost reached the level when a loud

exclamation and the crash of a heavy

blow caused Jenks to halt and look

A Dyak, lying at the foot of one of

the scaling ladders and severely wound-

ed by a shell splinter, witnessed their

descent. In his left hand he grasped a

parang; his right arm was bandaged.

Though unable to rise, the vengeful

pirate mustered his remaining strength

to crawl toward the swaying ladder. It

was Taung S'Ali, inspired with the

hate and venom of the dying snake.

Even yet he hoped to deal a mortal

stroke at the man who had defied him

and all his cutthroat band. He might

have succeeded, as Jenks was so taken

up with Iris, were it not for the watch-

ful eyes of Mir Jan. The Mohammedan

sprang at him, with an oath, and gave

him such a murderous whack with the

butt of a rifle that the Dyak chief col-

At the first glance Jenks did not rec-

ognize Taung S'Ali owing to his change

of costume. Through the thinner smoke

he could see several sailors running up.

their last peril had gone. The next in-

stant they were standing on the firm

ground, and a British naval lieutenant

"We seem to have turned up in the

"We are the sole survivors," answer-

"Yes. She struck on the northwest

"Miss Deane! Can it be possible?

Let me congratulate you most heart-

ily. Sir Arthur Deane is on board the

Iris was dazed. It was all too won

"Do you hear? They say my father

"No need for that, miss," interrupted

warrant officer. "Here he is coming

ashore. He wanted to come with us,

but the captain would not permit it,

as there seemed to be some trouble

Sure enough, even the girl's swim

ming eyes could distinguish the gray

bearded civilian seated beside an offi

cer in the stern sheets of a small gig

now threading a path through the bro-

ken reef beyond Turtle beach. In five

minutes father and daughter would

Meanwhile the officer, intent on duty,

"My name is Anstruther-Robert An-

Iris, clinging to his arm, heard the

Major Robert Dixon, J. P., of the

his daughter, Miss Dixon, are at the

Royal. Major Dixon has held a com-

addressed Jenks again.

"May I ask who you are?"

derful to be quite understood yet. She

is not far away. Take me to him."

reef of this island during a typhoon.

This lady, Miss Iris Deane, and I were

nick of time. Do you, by any chance,

But, with the passing of the chief,

shouted to Mir Jan:

Jenks sang out:

any white people here?"

was limp and trembling.

fear. I will be just beneath."

the achievements of many weeks.

in a state of wild excitement.

He called to Mir Jan:

see you from the warship."

aks have all gone."

left the ship."

eled their way.

escape?"

quence."

skirt

down."

downward.

in a groan.

was saying eagerly:

belong to the Sirdar?"

"You two only?"

Orient at this moment."

"The Orient!"

turned to Robert:

ahead."

struther"

reply.

ed the sailor.

flung ashore"-

warship is firing at her."

Jenks dared not leave Iris at

"Yes; Captain Anstruther of the Indian staff corps. If he will not tell you all that he has done, how he has saved my life twenty times, how he has fought single handed against above your head if you think they can eighty men, ask me!"

"Captain Anstruther does not appear to have left much for us to do, Miss Deane," the officer said. "Indeed," turning to Rebert, "is there any way in which my men will be useful?" "I would recommend that they drag the green stuff off that fire and stop the smoke. Then a detachment should go round the north side of the island and drive the remaining Dyaks into the hands of the party you have landed.

medan here, who has been a most faithful ally during part of our siege, will ari as guide." The other man cast a comprehensive glance over the rock, with its scaling ladders and dangling rope ladder, the cave, the little groups of dead or unconscious pirates-for every wounded man who could move a limb had crawled away after the first shell burst

as I understand, at the farther end of

the south beach. Mir Jan, the Moham-

and drew a deep breath. "How long were you up there?" he

"One of the remaining sampans has "Over thirty hours." got under way," he explained, "and the

"It was a great fight!" "Somewhat worse than it looks," said Anstruther. "This is only the end of it. Altogether we have accounted for nearly twoscore of the poor devils." Robert looked toward the approaching boat. She would not land yet for

a couple of minutes. "By the way," he said, "will you tell me your name?" "Playdon - Lieutenant Philip H.

Playdon." "Do you know to what nation this island belongs?" "It is no man's land, I think. It is

marked 'uninhabited' on the chart." "Then," said Anstruther, "I call upon you, Lieutenant Playdon, and all others here present to witness that I, Robert Anstruther, late of the Indian army, acting on behalf of myself and Miss Iris Deane, declare that we have taken possession of this island in the name of his Britannic majesty the king of England, that we are the joint occupiers and owners thereof and claim all property rights vested therein.

These formal phrases, coming at such a moment, amazed his hearers. Iris alone had an inkling of the underlying motive.

"I don't suppose any one will dispute your title," said the naval officer gravely. He unquestionably imagined that suffering and exposure had slightly disturbed the other man's senses.

"Thank you," replied Robert with equal composure, though he felt inclined to laugh at Playdon's mystification. "I only wished to secure a sufficient number of witnesses for a verbal declaration. When I have a few minutes to spare I will affix a legal notice on the wall in front of our cave."

Playdon bowed silently. There was something in the speaker's manner that puzzled him. He detailed a small guard to accompany Robert and Iris, who now walked toward the beach, and asked Mir Jan to pilot him as suggested by Anstruther.

The boat was yet many yards from shore when Iris ran forward and stretched out her arms to the man who was staring at her with wistful

"Father! Father!" she cried. "Don't you know me?"

Sir Arthur Deane was looking at the two strange figures on the sands, and each moment his heart sank lower. This island held his final hope. During many weary weeks, since the day when a kindly admiral placed the cruiser Orient at his disposal, he had scoured the China sea, the coasts of Borneo and Java for some tidings of the ill fated

To examine every sand patch and lapsed and breathed out his fierce spirit tree covered shoal in the China sea was an impossible task. All the Orient could do was to visit the principal is lands and institute inquiries among the fishermen and small traders. At last the previous night, a Malay, tempted by hope of reward, boarded the vessel when lying at anchor off the large island away to the south and told the captain a wondrous tale of a devil haunted place inhabited by two white spirits, a male and a female, whither a local pirate named Taung S'Ali had gone by chance with his men and suffered great loss. But Taung S'Ali was bewitched by the female spirit and had returned there with a great force, swearing to capture her or perish. The spirits, the Malay said, had dwelt upon the island for many years. His father and grandfather knew the place and feared it. Taung S'Ali would never be

seen again. This queer yarn was the first indication they received of the whereabouts of any persons who might possibly be shipwrecked Europeans, though not survivors from the Sirdar. Anyhow. the tiny dot lay in the vessel's northward track, so a course was set to arrive off the island soon after dawn.

Events on shore, as seen by the officer on watch, told their own tale. Wherever Dyaks are fighting there is mischief on foot, so the Orient took a hand in the proceedings.

But Sir Arthur Deane, after an ago nized scrutiny of the weird looking persons escorted by the sailors to the water's edge, sadly acknowledged that neither of these could be the daughter whom he sought. He bowed his head in humble resignation, and he thought he was the victim of a cruel hallucination when Iris' tremulous accents reached his ears:

"Father, father! Don't you know He stood up, amazed and trembling.

"Yes, father, dear, it is I, your own little girl given back to you." They had some difficulty to keep him

MONTREAL, Aug. 23-Prince Louis of Battenburg accompanied by Arch-4th Batt, of the Border Regiment of Bishop Bruchesi and members of the Levengrove, Dumbarton, England, and Ecclesiastical household this morning visited the Grand Seminary and Hotel Dieu, the two leading Roman Catholic institutions. With his staff the Prince then drove to the Montreal Hunt Club at Outremont where they lunched with the members, later attending the civic garden party.

in the boat, and the man pulling stroke smashed a stout oar with the next

wrench. And so they met at last, and the sailors left them alone to crowd round Anstruther and ply him with a hunared questions. Although he fell in with their humor and gradually pieced together the stirring story which was lemented each instant by the arrival of disconsolate Dyaks and the comments of the men who returned from cave and beach, his soul was filled with the sight of Iris and her father. and the happy, inconsequent demands with which each sought to ascertain and relieve the extent of the other's anxiety.

Then Iris called to him: "Robert, I want you."

The use of his Christian name created something akin to a sensation. Sir Arthur Deane was startled, even in his mmeasurable delight at finding his shild uninjured, the pictere of rude health and happiness. Anstruther advanced.

"This is my father," she cried, shrill with joy. "And, father darling, this



And so they met at last. is Captain Robert Anstruther, to whom alone, under God's will, I owe my life many, many times since the moment the Sirdar was lost."

It was no time for questioning. Sir Arthur Deane took off his hat and held out his hand

"Captain Anstruther," he said, "as I owe you my daughter's life I owe you that which I can never repay. And I owe you my own life, too, for I could not have survived the knowledge that she was dead"

Robert took the proffered hand. "I think, Sir Arthur, that of the two am the more deeply indebted. There are some privileges whose value cannot be measured, and among them the privilege of restoring your daughter to your arms takes the highest place."

Then he turned to Iris. "I think," he said, "that your father should take you on board the Orient. Iris. There you may perhaps find some suitable clothing, eat something and recover from the exciting events of the morning. Afterward you must bring Sir Arthur ashere again, and we will guide him over the island. I am sure you will find much to tell him

The baronet could not fail to note the manner in which these two addressed each other, the fearless love which leaped from eye to eye, the calm acceptance of a relationship not to be questioned or gainsaid. Robert and Iris, without spoken word on the subject, had tacitly agreed to avoid the slightest semblance of subterfuge as unworthy alike of their achievements

and their love. "Your suggestion is admirable," cried Sir Arthur. "The ship's stores may provide Iris with some sort of rig-out, and an old friend of hers is on board at this moment, little expecting her presence. Lord Ventnor has accompanied me in my search. He will, of course be delighted"-

Anstruther flushed a deep bronze, but Iris broke in:

"Father, why did he come with you?" Sir Arthur, driven into this sudden squall of explanation, became digni-

"Well, you see, my dear, under the circumstances he felt an anxiety almost commensurate with my own."

"But why, why?" Iris was quite calm. With Robert near, she was courageous. Even the perturbed baronet experienced a new sensation as his troubled glance fell before her searching eyes. His daughter had left him a joyous, heedless girl. He found her a woman, strong, self reliant, purposeful. Yet he kept on choosing the most straightforward means as the only honorable way of clearing a course so beset with unsuspected obstacles.

"It is only reasonable, Iris, that your affianced husband should suffer an agony of apprehension on your account and do all that was possible to effect your rescue."

"My-affianced-husband?" "Well, my dear girl, perhaps that is hardly the correct phrase from your point of view. Yet you cannot fail to remember that Lord Ventnor"-

"Father, dear," said Iris solemnly, but in a voice free from all uncertainty, "my affianced husband stands here! We plighted our troth at the very gate of death. It was ratified in the pres ence of God and has been blessed by him. I have made no compact with Lord Ventnor. He is a base and un worthy man. Did you but know the truth concerning him you would not mention his name in the same breath with mine. Would he, Robert?"

AMHERST.

AMHERST, Aug. 22.-The marriage of Miss Emma Davison, only daughter of the late Arthur Davison and Mrs. Davison of Havelock street, to Frank Holmes will take place on the 30th inst., Rev. Mr. Gaetz officiating.

"Be advised by me, Sir Arthur, and you, too, Iris," he said. "This is no hour for explanations. Leave me to deal with Lord Ventnor. I am content to trust the ultimate verdict to you, Sir Arthur. You will learn in due course all that has happened. Go on board, Iris. Meet Lord Ventnor as you would meet any other friend. You will not

marry him, I know. I can trust you." "I am very much obliged to you," murmured the baronet, who, notwithstanding his worry, was far too experienced a man of the world not to acknowledge the good sense of this advice, no matter how ruffianly might be the guise of the strange person who gave it.

"That is settled, then," said Robert, laughing good naturedly, for he well knew what a weird spectacle he must present to the bewildered old gentle-

Even Sir Arthur Deane was fascinated by the ragged and hairy giant who carried himself so masterfully and helped everybody over the stile at the right moment. He tried to develop the change in the conversation.

"By the way," he said, "how came you to be on the Sirder? I have a list of all the passengers and crew, and your name does not appear therein.' "Oh, that is easily accounted for. I shipped as a steward in the name of Robert Jenks."

"Robert Jenks! A steward!" "Yes. That forms some part of the

romised explanation." Iris rapidly gathered the drift of her lover's wishes.

"Come, father," she cried merrily. "I am aching to see what the ship's stores, which you and Robert pin your faith to, can do for me in the shape of garments. I have the utmost belief in the British navy, and even a skeptic should be convinced of its infallibility if H. M. S. Orient is able to provide a lady's outfit."

Sir Arthur Deane gladly availed himself of the proffered compromise. He assisted Iris into the boat, though that active young person was far better able to support him, and a word to the officer in command sent the gig flying back to the ship. Anstruther during a momentary delay made a small request on his own account. Lieutenant Playdon, nearly as big a man as Robert dispatched a note to his servant, and the gig speedily returned with a complete assortment of clothing and linen. The man also brought a dressing case. with the result that a dip in the bath and ten minutes in the hands of an expert valet made Anstruther a new man.

Acting under his advice, the bodies of the dead were thrown into the lagoon, the wounded were collected in the hut, to be attended to by the ship's surgeon, and the prisoners were paraded in front of Mir Jan, who identified every man and found by counting heads that none was missing.

Robert did not forget to write out a formal notice and fasten it to the rock. This proceeding further mystified the officers of the Orient, who had gradually formed a connected idea of the great fight made by the shipwrecked pair. though Anstruther squirmed inwardly when he thought of the manner in which Iris would picture the scene. As it was, he had the first innings, and he did not fail to use the opportunity In the few terse words which the militant Briton best understands he described the girl's fortitude, her unflagreadiness, to do and dare.

When he ended, the first lieutenant, who commanded the boats sent in pursuit of the flying Dyaks-the Orient sank both sampans as soon as they were launched-summed up the general verdict:

"You do not need our admiration, Captain Anstruther. Each man of us envies you from the bottom of his soul."

"There is an error about my rank." he said. "I did once hold a comm in the Indian army, but I was court martialed and cashiered in Hongkong six months ago. I was unjustly convicted on a grave charge, and I hope some day to clear myself. Meanwhile I am a mere civilian. It was only Miss Deane's generous sympathy which led her to mention my former

rank, Mr. Playdon." Had another of the Orient's twelve pounder shells suddenly burst in the midst of the group of officers it would have created less dismay than this unexpected avowal. Court martialed! Cashiered! None but a service man can grasp the awful significance of those words to the commissioned ranks of the army and navy.

Anstruther well knew what he was doing. Somehow he found nothing hard in the performance of these penances now. Of course the ugly truth must be revealed the moment Lord Ventnor heard his name. It was not fair to the good fellows crowding around him and offering every attention that the frank hospitality of the British sailor could suggest to permit them to adopt the tone of friendly equality which rigid discipline if nothing else would not allow them to maintain.

The first lieutenant by reason of his rank was compelled to say something. "That is a devilish bad job, Mr. Anstruther," he blurted out.

"Well, you know I had to tell you." He smiled unaffectedly at the wondering circle. He, too, was an officer and appreciated their sentiments. They were unfeignedly sorry for him, a man so brave and modest, such a splendid type of the soldier and gentleman, yet by their common law an outcast. Nor could they wholly understand his demeanor. There was a noble dignity in his candor, a conscious innocence that disdained to shield itself under a partial truth.

The first lieutenant again phrased the thoughts of his juniors. "I and every other man in the ship cannot help but sympathize with you. But whatever may be your record-if

QUEBEC VILLAGE BURNED.

SHERBROOKE, Aug. 22.-At Lamb on, Que., on the Quebec Central Railway, fire was started today, caused by hot ashes being put near the barn of Thos. Lapointe. Twenty-nine houses, a church, convent, and Presbyterian church were destroyed. The burned houses formed about one-third of the you were an escaped convict. Mr. Am struther-no one could withhold from you the praise deserved for your magnificent stand against overwhelming odds. Our duty is plain. We will bring you to Singapore, where the others will no doubt wish to go immediately. I will tell the captain what you have been good enough to acquaint us with. Meanwhile we will give you every assistance and-er-attention in our power."

A murmur of approbation ran through the little circle. Robert's face paled somewhat. What first rate chaps they were, to be sure!

"I can only thank you," he said unsteadily. "Your kindness is more trying than adversity."

A rustle of silk, the intrusion into the intent knot of men of a young lady in a Paris gown, a Paris hat, carrying a Trouville parasol and most exquisitely gloved and booted, made every one

"Oh, Robert, dear, how could you? I actually didn't know you!"

Thus Iris, bewitchingly attired, was gazing now with provoking admiration at Robert, who certainly offered almost as great a contrast to his former state as did the girl herself. He returned her look with interest.

"Would any man believe," he laughed, "that clothes would do so much for woman?"

"What a left handed compliment! But come, dearest. Captain Fitzroy and Lord Ventnor have come ashore with father and me. They want us to show them everything! You will excuse him, won't you?" she added, with a seraphic smile to the others.

They walked off together. "Jimmy!" gasped a fat midshipman to a lanky youth. "She's got on your

Meaning that Iris had ransacked the Orient's theatrical wardrobe and pounced on the swell outfit of the principal female impersonator in the ship's com-

CHAPTER XVI. ORD VENTNOR was no fool. While Iris was transforming herself from a semisavage condition into a semblance of an ultra chic Parisienne, Sir Arthur Deane told the earl something of the state of affairs on the island.

His lordship, a handsome, saturnine man, cool, insolently polite, counseled patience, toleration, even silent recognition of Anstruther's undoubted claims for services rendered.

"She is an enthusiastic, high spirited girl," he urged upon his surprised hearer, who expected a very different expression of opinion. "This fellow Anstruther is a plausible sort of rascal, a good man in a tight place, too-just the sort of fire eating blackguard who would fill the heroic bill where a fight is concerned. Hang him, he licked me

Further amazement for the shipown-"Yes, it's quite true. I interfered with his little games, and he gave me the usual reward of the devil's apothecary. Leave Iris alone. At present she is strung up to an intense pitch of gratitude, having barely escaped a terrible fate. Let her come back to the normal. Anstruther's shady record must gradually leak out. That will dis gust her. He is hard up—cut off by his people and that sort of thing. There you probably have the measure of his

ning. He knows quite well he can never marry your daughter. It is all a matter of price." Sir Arthur willingly allowed himself to be persuaded. At the back of his head there was an uneasy consciousness that it was not "all a matter of price." If it were he would never trust a man's face again. But Ventnor's well balanced arguments swayed him. The course indicated was the only decent one. It was humanly impossible for a man to chide his daugh-

ter and flout her rescuer within an hour

of finding them. Lord Ventnor played his cards with a deeper design. He bowed to the inevitable. Iris said she loved his rival. Very well. To attempt to dissuade was to throw her more closely into that rival's arms. The right course was to appear resigned, saddened, com-pelled against his will to reveal the distressing truth. Further, he counted on Anstruther's quick temper as an active agent. Such a man would be the first to rebel against an assumption of pitying tolerance. He would bring bitter charges of conspiracy, of un believable compact to secure his ruin All this must recoil on his own head when the facts were laid bare. Not even the hero of the island could prevail against the terrible indictment of the court martial. Finally, at Singapore, three days distant, Colonel Cos-tubel and his wife were staying. Lord Ventnor, alone of those on board, knew this. Indeed, he accompanied Sir Arthur Deane largely in order to break off a somewhat trying entanglement. He smiled complacently as he thought of the effect on Iris of Mrs. Costobell's indignant remonstrances when the baronet asked that injured lady to tell the girl all that had happened at Hong-

kong However, Lord Ventnor was most profoundly annoyed, and he cursed Anstruther from the depths of his heart. But he could see a way out. father. The captain of the Orient also joined the party. The three men watched Robert and the girl walking

"Anstruther is a smart looking fellow," commented Captain Fitzroy.

toward them from the group of offi-

Truth to tell, the gallant commander of the Orient was secretly amazed by the metamorphosis effected in Robert's appearance since he scrutinized him through his glasses.

Poor Sir Arthur said not a word, but his lordship was quite at ease. "From his name and from what Deane tells me I believe he is an ex-

officer of the Indian army." "Ah! He has left the service?" "Yes. I met him last in Hongkong." "Then you know him?"

"Quite well, if he is the man I im

(To be continued.)