

Massey's Illustrated

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 4.]

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.]

[All rights reserve.]

The Wreckers of Sable Island,

BY

J. Macdonald Orley.
Author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Floes," and
"The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa."

IN SIX CHAPTERS. —CHAPTER IV.

IN EVIL COMPANY.

THE sudden appearance of the man who was to him the most hateful object on earth caused Eric to make a startled spring backward that seemed to amuse Evil Eye immensely. A hideous grin distorted his countenance, and extending his hand as though he wished Eric to take it, he said, in what no doubt he intended to be a very jocular manner:

"Oh! don't be scared, my beauty. I'm not going to eat you. I'd rather have something else for dinner."

Eric shrank from the proffered hand, at which

Evil-Eye pretended to be much offended, and advancing towards the boy, who kept backing away from him, he at last caught him by the collar, saying:

"Well, if you wont shake hands with me, I'll shake you," and he was just about to do so when a voice called out sternly:

"What are you about there, Scar-Cheek? Leave that boy alone, will you!"

Evil-Eye, who seemed to be always called Scar-Cheek to his face, and the other name behind his back, pushed Eric away from him with a rough laugh.

"I'm not hurting your baby. Just giving him a lesson in manners, that's all."

Eric was rejoiced to see Ben again, and at once ran up to him, whispering:

"I'm so glad you're back. I dread that man, but you wont let him do me any harm, will you?"

Ben threw his brawny arm about him for answer, and then as if moved by a sudden impulse, turned round to the men who, to the number of twenty or more, now filled the room, and said in a loud tone:

"See here, mates. This boy and his dog I've taken as my share of our last prize, and its only fair play that none of you should do them any harm, isn't it?"

"Aye—aye—Ben," a number of those listening shouted in chorus.

"All right, mates. Fair and square's the word. I'll be surety that they give us no trouble."

Ben was perfectly sincere in saying this. He had no more idea of being the means of the betrayal of his associates than that they should betray him. The ultimate disposition of the boy he had taken under his protection was a matter which gave him no thought. He certainly never imagined what would be the result of his sudden fancy to champion a defenceless lad, and save him from a cruel fate. If he had done so, perhaps he would have hesitated before taking a step which had occasioned so much surprise among his companions.



"WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT THERE, SCAR-CHEEK? LEAVE THAT BOY ALONE, WILL YOU!"