

to become convener of the committee, but succeeded in getting men chiefly of his own opinion placed on it. At supper that night in Charlie's cottage, while enjoying May's cookery and presence, and waited on by the amused and interested Buttercup, the sub-committee discussed and settled the plan of operations.

"It's all nonsense," said Hunky Ben, "to talk of tryin' to persuade Crux. He's as obstinate as a Texas mule wi' the toothache."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Captain Stride, smiting the table with his fist. "We mustn't parley with him, but heave him overboard at once! I said so to my missus this very day. 'Maggie,' says I——"

"And what do *you* think, Charlie?" asked Mr. Crossley.

"I think with Hunky Ben, of course. He knows Crux, and what is best to be done in the circumstances. The only thing that perplexes me is what shall we do with the liquor when we've paid for it? A lot of it is good wine and champagne, and although useless as a beverage it is useful as a medicine, and might be given to hospitals."

"Pour it out!" exclaimed Shank, almost fiercely.

"Ay, the hospitals can look out for themselves," added Shank's father warmly.

"Some hospitals, I've bin told, git on well enough without it altogether," said Dick Darvall. "However, it's a subject that deserves consideration.—