

tract the natives by fair promises aboard his schooner until he had a full cargo, and then drive them below by force of arms, imprison them under hatches, and sail away to another island where there was a promising market for such labor. Chapman called it recruiting; the missionaries, amongst whom was Challoner, called it—and rightly—slave-hunting.

The native village that Chapman had in mind to deplete of its male population was some fifteen miles up the coast, beyond the projecting point that could now be seen from the *Flower's* deck. The currents ran up alongside the land, and the wind was fair; before nightfall there was every prospect of the schooner being safely harbored. If the expedition were well planned it meant a considerable profit to its perpetrators, for each captured native was worth so much head-money, willingly paid by unscrupulous planters.

"Oh, I'm getting squeamish in my old age," said Chapman, dashing his cap to the deck. "It's thinking of Dot—that's what it is. Hallo! I wonder what is showing there?" He thought he saw a flash of white against the dark-green background of the jungle that ran down almost to the water's edge, abreast of where the schooner was. He fetched his binoculars, and carefully studied the object; he looked again, wiping the glasses, and then he muttered something that Ford could not hear.

"It's a signal of some sort," was his mental decision. "So far as I can see, there's a native waving some sort of a cloth above his head. There—it's dropped. Well, it don't concern me."

Ford studied the object closely through his own glasses, and expressed the opinion that it was a signal that might affect them.

"Probably the blacks have got wind of our intention," he said. "That may be to warn us off. Hadn't we better send a boat?"

"No; there's no need. Anyway, it might be a trick to decoy us ashore. Let her go as she's going." He resolutely faced the other way, but in another minute his eyes were again fixed on that patch of white. The uneasiness that he had noticed for an hour back grew within him until it was almost unbearable.

"Here, I can't stand this," he said roughly. "Heave her to, and lower a boat; I'll go and see what it means. Tell the men to arm themselves in case of treachery." The *Flower of the Home* carried a crew that was reputed to be capable of any devilry, reckless ruffians who would have followed their captain through fiery torments for the sheer love and lust of the thing.

The schooner's way was checked forthwith, and as a sounding gave a bottom of forty fathoms, she came to an anchor, whilst the boat was swung out and manned. Chapman seated himself in the stern-sheets and gave the order to pull away. Like a feather the beautiful craft sped over the sparkling waters. As she grounded on a soft coral stretch, Chapman leaped out, and saw what it was that had attracted his attention.

It was a native—no doubting that—but not one of the type he knew lived on the island. He had denuded himself of his white waist-cloth, and had waved it above his head as long as his strength lasted; but now he lay collapsed and fainting on the sand, and his eyeballs rolled in dumb terror.

"Well, what's wrong?" demanded Chapman, without any great show of kindness. It was his belief that kindness shown to a native was mistaken to a degree.

The man rolled his eyes pitifully, but was unable to speak. He pointed to his improvised flag, he pointed to his throat. "Get some water," said the captain briefly. "He's pretty near dying of thirst."

There was water in the boat, and some of it was applied to the sufferer's lips; he swallowed greedily, and the drawn agony of his face somewhat relaxed.

"You can keep your rifles handy," said Chapman. "It might be a trick, after all."

But it was not a trick; the native was still deeply distressed. He was making fresh efforts to talk, and when Chapman bade a couple of men life him into the boat, the native made vigorous protests.

"Doesn't seem to want to go; maybe he knows us," said Chapman, with a grin.

The native spoke in his own tongue, and the trader, to whom the many dialects of the island were well known, bent his head.

"Eh, what's that? A white man in trouble up in the interior? A what? A missionary?" He stood up, and his face bore an unholy light.

"Now, that's what you call justice," he said roughly. "They've done their best to do me down at my own trade, and when they've got caught in their own net it's me they appeal to for help. I'll see them far enough before I help an inch."

His men grunted approval; they did not love missionaries. The native spoke again in a harsh dialect, raspingly, and stretched out a hand for the water-tin. He slacked his thirst greedily, and the water seemed to invigorate him, for he made shift to sit up and speak a little more intelligibly.

Chapman translated the tale for the benefit of the boat's crew. "He says that his master went up into the interior to convert the natives there. The natives didn't want to be converted; and after they'd made pretence to receive him, they made him a prisoner. Serve him right! Eh—what's that? They are going to kill him? You're dreaming, man!"

The native spoke excitedly, adding gesticulations to his words. For a while Chapman listened in silence, and then he turned to his men.

"This fellow says that there's a big feast on to-morrow, and that this missionary chap is to be sacrificed to their god. He says he heard some of the nigs discussing it; and because he wasn't allowed to go anywhere near his master he bolted down here, hoping to find a chance of getting help. Pretty wild hope, considering we're the only schooner in these waters. And so the missionary has to go out, because we're not going to do a single thing to help him."

He bade his men take the native to the boat, and they obeyed, despite the sufferer's protests. The crew embarked, and gave way, the boat skimmed back to the parent schooner, and Chapman thought of the tale he would have to tell amongst some of his choice companions of how the missionary had been hoist with his own petard.

But as the boat swung alongside the *Flower of Home* he forgot his original intention, and became thoughtful again. Once more the nameless sense of calamity obsessed him; it seemed to him as though some voice were crying to him from the Unknown, bidding him pause.

He dashed the thought from him with anger; he had made his plans, and they should not be set at naught in this fashion. He climbed up the schooner's side and gave orders for the anchor to be weighed, and the strange drawing sensation filled his soul.

"Think we're going to risk everything this way?" he demanded of his mate. "I like the idea! Go up to that village close on twenty miles away, and pull a missionary out of a mess by the slack of his pants! We'd cut our own throats if we did. There wouldn't be a native for a hundred miles around would trust us as far as he could throw us; and so—no more recruiting for this little ship, Ford, my boy."

"They won't kill him—they're his black brethren, and all that sort of thing," said Ford gloomily.

Now, it may be that the black messenger had exaggerated the facts of the case. Afterwards, Dr. Challoner always said he had when the story was told to him. Perhaps the natives inland had no intention of murdering the missionary; it is to be hoped they had not; but they had certainly made him prisoner, and the morrow was certainly a feast that was to be celebrated with human sacrifices.

And Bully Chapman knew this: that whatever the natives intended to-day, they would be wild with anger against any who bore a white skin by the next day, when his own act of treachery was completed. If the manhood of this coast village were kidnapped and practically enslaved, the story would spread with the swiftness of a lightning flash, and excessive rancour would be bred up in every savage heart on the island. It would not be an enviable position to occupy—that of prisoner in their hands.

"Serve him right!" he said again. "He's one of the men I've no cause to love. I'll bet he's done me all the harm he could do, and I'm getting a bit of my own back now. I hope they do butcher him—it might warn some other interfering swabs off the field."

He paced the deck, and he noticed that the wind was dropping almost to a flat calm.

"I was a fool to go and inquire," he said moodily. "We've lost the best part of an hour's good breeze, and it'll just be my luck to be becalmed here all night, and then to-morrow they'll be too busy feasting, and—and—"

Something within was urging him to answer that piteous call from the interior. He refused to listen to it, but there it was, clamorous, insistent, not to be denied.

"Oh, it's rot!" he said. "I'll queer my own pitch, and—a missionary." But argue he never so wisely, the demand was still as strong as ever—nay, it was growing stronger. The wind died away completely, the sails flapped against the mast; the schooner came to a standstill. It seemed as though the very currents had ceased to run—as if the whole world were standing still to await his decision.

"I can't stand this," he said. "No, I'm blamed if I can. Hands, lay aft!" They trooped aft—a big crew, for the *Flower* was engaged in dangerous work. Chapman fought with words, and found them difficult in the coming. If he obeyed this strange impulse he must climb down before all these men, and undo all that he had done in the past. But the voice was whispering in his ear, and it must be obeyed.

"Arm yourselves, men," he said shortly. "We land in two minutes, and we might have to fight. Bring two days' grub with you."

The men stared at one another in bewilderment. This could only be a result of what the native had said. But Bully Chapman roared at them, and they trooped away to fill haversacks and bandoliers, to discuss this amazing happening amongst themselves.

"You ain't really goin'?" said Ford. "Not really?"

"Yes, I'm going," said Chapman roughly. "Don't you forget it. I'm all sorts of a fool, I know, but there's something drawing me there. I've just got to go, Ford."

The mate threw up his hands bewildered; he had never heard his commander speak in this strain before. And before

Real Whole Wheat Bread

The digestibility of ordinary whole wheat bread is a much debated question—but there is no question about the nutritive value or digestibility of

TRISCUIT

the Shredded Wheat Wafer, a crisp, tasty toast containing all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded, compressed into a wafer and baked a crisp, golden brown. It is a delicious "snack" for luncheons or for any meal with butter, soft cheese, peanut butter or marmalades.

Made of the Highest Grade Canadian Wheat
A Canadian Food for Canadians

Made by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

S11

his bewilderment had passed Chapman had sprung into his boat, and shouted a few final orders, and was on his way to the shore.

"I'll be the laughing-stock of the islands for this," he said as he went. And twelve well-armed men of the *Flower of Home* disappeared into the tangled undergrowth. Only the native who bore the message knew the way; he accompanied them gladly, for he saw that help was speeding to the master he loved.

III.

The chief of the village had threatened the missionary vilely, but the man of God showed no fear. He knew that he had entered the fight from good motives, desirous only of serving the natives well; and it was not his fault that his ministrations had been looked on by the superstitious blacks as witchcraft and the work of devils. He had tended a sick man, and unfortunately the sick man had died; his death—he was a son of the chief—was laid at the missionary's door.

And these blacks were the most treacherous of any in all the islands; they were steeped in gross ignorance and superstition. To them a white man was something to be execrated, for what little they knew of them was merely by way of rumor from natives of other islands, captured in the many intertribal wars that raged in that dangerous locality. They had heard sinister tales of recruiting, of men snatched from their homes to serve the white man's will; and they believed that this white man was but such another, luring them to a false peace, in order that they in their turn might vanish from their homes.

So it had gone forth that much suffering awaited the unfortunate man. Not that the natives were to be blamed; the

reckless, blasphemous traders were the sole cause of it all. Wonder at the thought of a white-skinned man who was looked on at first as a god, had changed to fear and loathing, and the innocent must pay the price of the guilty.

It was growing near to the dawn, and already the tomtoms were thundering in the village; already the shouts and yells of a populace working themselves up to frenzy, sounded around the small hut in which Dr. Challoner lay, bound, a prisoner, awaiting a fearful death. He felt no anger towards the natives; in his heart he pitied them for their savagery, he pitied them for their blindness in that they would destroy him who had come to them solely to aid. But the decree had gone forth—at the dawn he must die, and he prayed resolutely for strength and courage to abide the issue without showing fear. For others, he knew, would come after him; he was but a sower, and he must make all things ready for that day when the reapers came and the harvest was stored.

There came a clamorous burst from without, and the door of his prison opened. Entered many black men, weirdly painted, chanting in blood-curdling fashion, who snatched him roughly from the place where he lay, and bore him to the open. They carried him along swiftly until they halted in an open place, surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of natives, men, women, and children, who had come forth to witness such a spectacle as had never greeted their eyes before.

Dr. Challoner turned his eyes to the clear blue sky that smiled serenely upon him. The world was very fair to look upon at that mystic hour, but it was only an anteroom to a fairer world by far. There would be wet eyes when the story

(Continued on page 30.)