

## Always Had Headaches

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious  
Spells Brought Sick Headaches  
—Lost Much Time, But is  
Now Completely Cured.

Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Overeating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. You lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headaches and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and downhearted.

No treatment so quickly awakens the action of the liver and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For this reason this medicine is wonderfully popular and has enormous sales. Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N.B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep every month with bilious sick headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines, and also many other patent medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach."

I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, druggist, of Sussex, N.B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone suffering from sick headaches is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."

Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement, and says:—"This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.

## DALTON'S Livery Sales and Exchange Stables

Edward Dalton, Prop.

Phone 47 48-172

**Bakery Goods**  
Bread, Cake, Pies, Etc. Fresh Daily.  
**Confectionery**  
Canned Goods  
Beer and Cigars  
Stationery  
15c Lunches Served

MRS. DAN HOGAN  
Phone 120 Wyse Building

## Doing Our Bit

The most patriotic service we can render is to continue to fit young people to take the places of those who have enlisted.

There will therefore be no Summer Vacation this year. One of the principals and other senior teachers always in attendance. Students can enter at any time. Send for Catalogue!

**THE KERR**  
Principal

## THE SAFEST MATCHES IN THE WORLD also THE CHEAPEST are EDDY'S "Silent 500's"

SAFEST because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished.

CHEAPEST because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than any other box on the market.

War Time economy and your own good sense, will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.

## Dr. J. D. McMillan

Physician  
Lancaster Block, Newcastle  
S. B. - Oct 10, 1917. Dr. J. D. McMillan  
Not Monday of next month. 19-17

## The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY.  
Author of the "Pillar of Light," "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Captain of the Kansas."

Copyright, 1909, by Edward J. Clode

[CONTINUED]

"No—not unless some of the men strayed down the gully, which they were told not to do. The breakers would drown the noise of the engines and screws."

There was a slight pause. "Will you tell them?" she went on. "Why not?"

This time the pause was more eloquent than words. Quite unconsciously Iris replied to her own question.

"Of course, as you said a little while ago, we owe our lives to Dom Carlos de Silva," she murmured, as if she were reasoning with herself.

By chance, probably because Hozier stooped to help her to her feet, his arm rested lightly across her shoulders.

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you," he said. "If the Brazilians do not mean to play the game it would be a just punishment to let them rush on their own doom. But De Silva may not agree with this top of an officer, and, in any event, we must go straight with him until he shows his teeth."

"You seem to dislike Captain San Benavides," she said inconsequently.

"I regard him as a brainless ass," he exclaimed.

"Somehow that sounds like a description of a dead donkey, which one never sees."

"Mademoiselle!" came a voice from the lip of the ravine.

"One can hear him, though," laughed Hozier, with a warning pressure that suspiciously resembled a hug. These two were children in some respects, quicker to jest than to grieve, better fitted for mirth than tragedy.

They moved out from their niche, and San Benavides blustered into vehement French.

"We are going to the landing place before it is too dark," he muttered angrily. "We must not show a light. In a few minutes the path will be most dangerous. Please make haste, mademoiselle. We did not know where you had gone."

He took her hand. Philip followed. He was young enough to long for an opportunity to tell San Benavides that he was a puppy, a mongrel puppy.

After a really difficult and hazardous descent they found the others waiting them in a rock shrouded cove. The barest standing room was afforded by a patch of shingle and detritus. Alongside a flat stone lay three broad planks tied together with cowhide. The center plank was turned up at one end.

This was the catamaran, which De Silva had dignified by the name of boat.

"Were 'ave you bin?" growled Coke. "We've lost a good ten minutes. You ought to 'ave known, Hozier, that it's darkest just after sunset?"

"We could not have started sooner, sir."

"Why not? We were kept waiting up there, searchin' for you."

"That was our best slice of luck to-day. Had any of you appeared on the ledge you would have been seen from the launch."

"Not launch?"

"The launch that visited us this morning. Ten minutes ago she was standing by at the foot of the rock."

Philip spoke slowly and clearly. He meant his news to strike home. As he anticipated, De Silva broke in.

"You saw it?" he asked, and his deep voice vibrated with dismay.

"Yes. I even made out, by actions rather than words, that the darkness alone prevented the soldiers from coming here tonight. The skipper would not risk it."

De Silva said something under his breath. He spoke rapidly to San Benavides, and the latter seemed to be cowed, for his reply was brief. Then the ex-president reverted to English.

"I have decided to send Marcel and Domingos ashore first," he said. "They will select the safest place for a landing. Marcel will bring back the catamaran and take off Mr. Hozier and the young lady. Captain Coke and I will follow, and the others in such order as Senhor Benavides thinks fit. The catamaran will only hold three with safety, but Marcel believes he can find another for Domingos. Remember, all of you, silence is essential!"

CHAPTER IX.  
THE RIGOR OF THE GAME.

In obedience to their leader's order, Marcel, the tactician, and Domingos, from whose lips the Britons had scarce heard a syllable, squatted on the catamaran. Marcel wielded a short paddle, and an almost imperceptible dip of its broad blade sent the strangely built craft across the pool. Once in the shadow it disappeared completely. There was no visible outlet. The rocks threw their stark ridges against the sky in a seemingly impenetrable barrier. Some of the men stared at the jagged crests as though they half expected to see the Benavides making a portage just as travelers in the Canadian northwest had done up a river obstructed by rapids.

"Well, then, give me the paddle," growled Coke, whose alert ear caught no sound save the rippling of the water. "I say, mister, 'ow is it done?"

"Must be."

"It is a simple thing when you know the secret," said De Silva. "Have you passed Fernando Noronha before, captain?"

"Many a time."

"Have you seen the curious natural canal which you sailors call the Hole in the Wall?"

"Yes; it's near the 'sub'ard end."

"Well, the sea has worn away a layer of soft rock that existed there."

"It is a simple thing when you know the secret," said De Silva. "Have you passed Fernando Noronha before, captain?"

"Many a time."

"Have you seen the curious natural canal which you sailors call the Hole in the Wall?"

"Yes; it's near the 'sub'ard end."

"Well, the sea has worn away a layer of soft rock that existed there."

be called on to face, and her anguish was made the more bitter by the necessity that they should go from each other's presence without a spoken word.

Nevertheless she forced herself to extend a hand in farewell. Her eyes were blinded with tears. She knew that Hozier drew her nearer. With the daring of one who may well cast the world's convention to the winds he gathered her to his heart and kissed her. Then she uttered a little sob of happiness and sorrow and fainted.

It was not until she was lying helpless in his embrace, with her head pillowed on his breast and an arm thrown across his shoulder, that Philip understood what had happened. He loved her, and she, the promised wife of another man, had tacitly admitted that she returned his love. Stumbling through the gloom he carried her until the Brazilians left him and went on alone toward a wretched hut.

A dog barked. Marcel whistled softly, and the animal began to whimper. The Brazilian vaunted. Hozier still held Iris in his arms. His heart was beating tumultuously. His throat ached with the labor of his lungs. His straining ears caught rustling among the grass and roots, but otherwise a solemn peace brooded over the scene.

Then Marcel came and aroused him from the stupor that had settled on him, and together they entered the boat, where a dark skinned woman had a comely girl fostered who, sympathetic sound when Iris was laid on a low trestle and Hozier took a farewell kiss from her unheeding lips.

Two weary hours elapsed before the little army of the Grand-pere rock was reunited on the shore of Cotton Tree Bay. Then the war was further delayed while their indefatigable scouts brought milk and water, some coarse bread and a good supply of fruit from the hut. It was part of their scheme that they should give their friend's habitation a wide berth. If their plans miscarried he was instructed to say that he had found the English lady wandering on the shore soon after day-break.

About midnight there was a bright moon sailing overhead, and De Silva gave a low order that they were to form in Indian file. Marcel led; the ex-president followed, with San Benavides, Coke and Hozier in close proximity. Domingos brought up the rear in order to prevent straggling and assist men who might stray from the path. It was barely a mile to the village, convict settlement and citadel. Some bright lights gleamed near the shore showed the exact whereabouts of the inhabited section. Another mile away to the right lay Fort San Antonio, which housed the main body of troops. Watch fires burning on South point, whence came the shells that displayed the Andromeda, revealed the presence of soldiers in that neighborhood. De Silva explained that a paved road ran straight from the town and landing place to the hamlet of Suesse and an important plantation of coconuts and other fruit bearing trees that adjoined South point.

It was desirable to strike into that road immediately. A little more to the right there was a track leading to the curral, or stockyard. If they needed for the latter place the men could obtain some stout cudgels. The convict peons in charge of the cattle should be overpowered and bound, thus preventing them from giving an alarm, and it was also possible to avoid the inhabited hillside overlooking the main anchorage until they were close to the citadel. Then, crossing the fort road, they would advance boldly to the enemy's stronghold, first making sure that the launch was still in her accustomed station in the roadstead beneath the walls. San Benavides would answer the enemy's questions, there would be a combined rush for the guardroom on the right of the gate, and if they were able to master the guard as many of the assailants as possible would do the soldiers' accounts.

Granted success thus far, there should not be much difficulty in persuading the men in charge of the launch that a cruise round the island was to be undertaken forthwith.

Marcel would remain with them until the citadel was carried. He would then hurry back to bring Iris across the island to an unfrequented beach known as the Porto do Conqueiro, where he would embark her on a catamaran and row out to the steamer, which by that time would be lying off the harbor out of range of the troops who would surely be summoned from the distant fort.

THE RAFT BORE SHARPLY OUT BETWEEN TWO HUGE BOWLDERS.

In the course of centuries a channel has been cut right across the 200 yards of land. Owing to the same cause the summer rains have excavated a ravine through the crater up above, and a similar passage exists here, only it happens to run parallel to the line of the cliff. It extends a good deal beyond its apparent outlet and is defended by a dangerous reef. Marcel once landed on a rock during a very calm day and saw the opening. He investigated it, luckily for me—luckily, in fact, for all of us."

Thus the minutes sped until a dim shape emerged from the opposite blackness. It came unheard, growing from nothing into something with ghostly subtlety. Iris, a prey to many emotions, managed to stifle the exclamation of alarm that rose unbidden. But Hozier read her distress in a hardly audible sob.

"It is our friend Marcel," he whispered. "So Domingos has made good his landing. Be brave! The sea is quite calm. This man has been to the island and back in less than a quarter of an hour."

The catamaran swung round and grated on the shingle. Marcel was in a hurry.

"Are you ready?" asked De Silva, bending toward Iris.

"Yes," she said, and she stepped forward. "Then you had better kneel behind Marcel and steady yourself by placing your hands on his shoulders. Yes, that is it. Do not change your position until you are ashore. Now, you Mr. Hozier."

"Ah, good!" cried De Silva softly. "Domingos, too, has secured a catamaran. He is bringing it at once in order to save time."

A second spectral figure emerged from the gloom. Without waiting for further instructions Marcel swung his paddle, and the one craft passed the other in the center of the pool. Iris felt Hozier's hands on her waist. He obeyed orders and uttered no sound, but the action told her that she might trust him implicitly. When the narrow catamaran was crossed and she saw the open sea on her right there was ample need for some such assurance of guardianship.

Viewed from the cliff the swell that broke on the half submerged reef was of slight volume, but it presented a very different and most disconcerting aspect when seen in profile. It seemed to be an almost impossible feat for any man to propel three narrow planks, top heavy with a human freight, across a wide channel through which such a sea was running. Indeed, Hozier himself, sailor as he was, felt more than doubtful as to the fate of their voyage. But Marcel peddled ahead with undaunted energy once he was clear of the tortuous passage, and, before the catamaran had traveled many yards, even Iris was able to understand that the outlying ridge of rocks both protected their progress and created much of the apparent turmoil.

At last the raft, for it was little else, bore sharply out between two huge bowlders that might well have fallen from the mighty pile of Grand-pere itself. Pointed and angular they were and set like a gateway to an abode of glass. Beyond there was a shimmer of swift moving water, with a silver mist on the surface, though from a height of a few feet it would have been easy to distinguish the bold contours of Fernando Noronha itself.

Marcel held up a warning hand even while he brought the catamaran ashore on the shingle so gently that not a pebble was disturbed. He rose, a gaunt coarsenow, stopped off and drew the shallow craft somewhat farther up the sloping beach. Then he helped Iris to her feet and indicated that she was to come with him. At once she shrank away in terror. Though in some degree reassured by this gesture, she felt it lay as the cruellest blow that fortune had dealt her during a day crowded with misfortune. In all likelihood these two would never meet again. She needed no sailing as to the risk he would soon

be called on to face, and her anguish was made the more bitter by the necessity that they should go from each other's presence without a spoken word.

Nevertheless she forced herself to extend a hand in farewell. Her eyes were blinded with tears. She knew that Hozier drew her nearer. With the daring of one who may well cast the world's convention to the winds he gathered her to his heart and kissed her. Then she uttered a little sob of happiness and sorrow and fainted.

It was not until she was lying helpless in his embrace, with her head pillowed on his breast and an arm thrown across his shoulder, that Philip understood what had happened. He loved her, and she, the promised wife of another man, had tacitly admitted that she returned his love. Stumbling through the gloom he carried her until the Brazilians left him and went on alone toward a wretched hut.

A dog barked. Marcel whistled softly, and the animal began to whimper. The Brazilian vaunted. Hozier still held Iris in his arms. His heart was beating tumultuously. His throat ached with the labor of his lungs. His straining ears caught rustling among the grass and roots, but otherwise a solemn peace brooded over the scene.

Then Marcel came and aroused him from the stupor that had settled on him, and together they entered the boat, where a dark skinned woman had a comely girl fostered who, sympathetic sound when Iris was laid on a low trestle and Hozier took a farewell kiss from her unheeding lips.

Two weary hours elapsed before the little army of the Grand-pere rock was reunited on the shore of Cotton Tree Bay. Then the war was further delayed while their indefatigable scouts brought milk and water, some coarse bread and a good supply of fruit from the hut. It was part of their scheme that they should give their friend's habitation a wide berth. If their plans miscarried he was instructed to say that he had found the English lady wandering on the shore soon after day-break.

About midnight there was a bright moon sailing overhead, and De Silva gave a low order that they were to form in Indian file. Marcel led; the ex-president followed, with San Benavides, Coke and Hozier in close proximity. Domingos brought up the rear in order to prevent straggling and assist men who might stray from the path. It was barely a mile to the village, convict settlement and citadel. Some bright lights gleamed near the shore showed the exact whereabouts of the inhabited section. Another mile away to the right lay Fort San Antonio, which housed the main body of troops. Watch fires burning on South point, whence came the shells that displayed the Andromeda, revealed the presence of soldiers in that neighborhood. De Silva explained that a paved road ran straight from the town and landing place to the hamlet of Suesse and an important plantation of coconuts and other fruit bearing trees that adjoined South point.

It was desirable to strike into that road immediately. A little more to the right there was a track leading to the curral, or stockyard. If they needed for the latter place the men could obtain some stout cudgels. The convict peons in charge of the cattle should be overpowered and bound, thus preventing them from giving an alarm, and it was also possible to avoid the inhabited hillside overlooking the main anchorage until they were close to the citadel. Then, crossing the fort road, they would advance boldly to the enemy's stronghold, first making sure that the launch was still in her accustomed station in the roadstead beneath the walls. San Benavides would answer the enemy's questions, there would be a combined rush for the guardroom on the right of the gate, and if they were able to master the guard as many of the assailants as possible would do the soldiers' accounts.

Granted success thus far, there should not be much difficulty in persuading the men in charge of the launch that a cruise round the island was to be undertaken forthwith.

Marcel would remain with them until the citadel was carried. He would then hurry back to bring Iris across the island to an unfrequented beach known as the Porto do Conqueiro, where he would embark her on a catamaran and row out to the steamer, which by that time would be lying off the harbor out of range of the troops who would surely be summoned from the distant fort.

THE RAFT BORE SHARPLY OUT BETWEEN TWO HUGE BOWLDERS.

In the course of centuries a channel has been cut right across the 200 yards of land. Owing to the same cause the summer rains have excavated a ravine through the crater up above, and a similar passage exists here, only it happens to run parallel to the line of the cliff. It extends a good deal beyond its apparent outlet and is defended by a dangerous reef. Marcel once landed on a rock during a very calm day and saw the opening. He investigated it, luckily for me—luckily, in fact, for all of us."

Thus the minutes sped until a dim shape emerged from the opposite blackness. It came unheard, growing from nothing into something with ghostly subtlety. Iris, a prey to many emotions, managed to stifle the exclamation of alarm that rose unbidden. But Hozier read her distress in a hardly audible sob.

"It is our friend Marcel," he whispered. "So Domingos has made good his landing. Be brave! The sea is quite calm. This man has been to the island and back in less than a quarter of an hour."

The catamaran swung round and grated on the shingle. Marcel was in a hurry.

"Are you ready?" asked De Silva, bending toward Iris.

"Yes," she said, and she stepped forward. "Then you had better kneel behind Marcel and steady yourself by placing your hands on his shoulders. Yes, that is it. Do not change your position until you are ashore. Now, you Mr. Hozier."

"Ah, good!" cried De Silva softly. "Domingos, too, has secured a catamaran. He is bringing it at once in order to save time."

A second spectral figure emerged from the gloom. Without waiting for further instructions Marcel swung his paddle, and the one craft passed the other in the center of the pool. Iris felt Hozier's hands on her waist. He obeyed orders and uttered no sound, but the action told her that she might trust him implicitly. When the narrow catamaran was crossed and she saw the open sea on her right there was ample need for some such assurance of guardianship.

Viewed from the cliff the swell that broke on the half submerged reef was of slight volume, but it presented a very different and most disconcerting aspect when seen in profile. It seemed to be an almost impossible feat for any man to propel three narrow planks, top heavy with a human freight, across a wide channel through which such a sea was running. Indeed, Hozier himself, sailor as he was, felt more than doubtful as to the fate of their voyage. But Marcel peddled ahead with undaunted energy once he was clear of the tortuous passage, and, before the catamaran had traveled many yards, even Iris was able to understand that the outlying ridge of rocks both protected their progress and created much of the apparent turmoil.

At last the raft, for it was little else, bore sharply out between two huge bowlders that might well have fallen from the mighty pile of Grand-pere itself. Pointed and angular they were and set like a gateway to an abode of glass. Beyond there was a shimmer of swift moving water, with a silver mist on the surface, though from a height of a few feet it would have been easy to distinguish the bold contours of Fernando Noronha itself.

Marcel held up a warning hand even while he brought the catamaran ashore on the shingle so gently that not a pebble was disturbed. He rose, a gaunt coarsenow, stopped off and drew the shallow craft somewhat farther up the sloping beach. Then he helped Iris to her feet and indicated that she was to come with him. At once she shrank away in terror. Though in some degree reassured by this gesture, she felt it lay as the cruellest blow that fortune had dealt her during a day crowded with misfortune. In all likelihood these two would never meet again. She needed no sailing as to the risk he would soon

be called on to face, and her anguish was made the more bitter by the necessity that they should go from each other's presence without a spoken word.

Nevertheless she forced herself to extend a hand in farewell. Her eyes were blinded with tears. She knew that Hozier drew her nearer. With the daring of one who may well cast the world's convention to the winds he gathered her to his heart and kissed her. Then she uttered a little sob of happiness and sorrow and fainted.

It was not until she was lying helpless in his embrace, with her head pillowed on his breast and an arm thrown across his shoulder, that Philip understood what had happened. He loved her, and she, the promised wife of another man, had tacitly admitted that she returned his love. Stumbling through the gloom he carried her until the Brazilians left him and went on alone toward a wretched hut.

A dog barked. Marcel whistled softly, and the animal began to whimper. The Brazilian vaunted. Hozier still held Iris in his arms. His heart was beating tumultuously. His throat ached with the labor of his lungs. His straining ears caught rustling among the grass and roots, but otherwise a solemn peace brooded over the scene.

Then Marcel came and aroused him from the stupor that had settled on him, and together they entered the boat, where a dark skinned woman had a comely girl fostered who, sympathetic sound when Iris was laid on a low trestle and Hozier took a farewell kiss from her unheeding lips.

Two weary hours elapsed before the little army of the Grand-pere rock was reunited on the shore of Cotton Tree Bay. Then the war was further delayed while their indefatigable scouts brought milk and water, some coarse bread and a good supply of fruit from the hut. It was part of their scheme that they should give their friend's habitation a wide berth. If their plans miscarried he was instructed to say that he had found the English lady wandering on the shore soon after day-break.

About midnight there was a bright moon sailing overhead, and De Silva gave a low order that they were to form in Indian file. Marcel led; the ex-president followed, with San Benavides, Coke and Hozier in close proximity. Domingos brought up the rear in order to prevent straggling and assist men who might stray from the path. It was barely a mile to the village, convict settlement and citadel. Some bright lights gleamed near the shore showed the exact whereabouts of the inhabited section. Another mile away to the right lay Fort San Antonio, which housed the main body of troops. Watch fires burning on South point, whence came the shells that displayed the Andromeda, revealed the presence of soldiers in that neighborhood. De Silva explained that a paved road ran straight from the town and landing place to the hamlet of Suesse and an important plantation of coconuts and other fruit bearing trees that adjoined South point.

It was desirable to strike into that road immediately. A little more to the right there was a track leading to the curral, or stockyard. If they needed for the latter place the men could obtain some stout cudgels. The convict peons in charge of the cattle should be overpowered and bound, thus preventing them from giving an alarm, and it was also possible to avoid the inhabited hillside overlooking the main anchorage until they were close to the citadel. Then, crossing the fort road, they would advance boldly to the enemy's stronghold, first making sure that the launch was still in her accustomed station in the roadstead beneath the walls. San Benavides would answer the enemy's questions, there would be a combined rush for the guardroom on the right of the gate, and if they were able to master the guard as many of the assailants as possible would do the soldiers' accounts.

Granted success thus far, there should not be much difficulty in persuading the men in charge of the launch that a cruise round the island was to be undertaken forthwith.

Marcel would remain with them until the citadel was carried. He would then hurry back to bring Iris across the island to an unfrequented beach known as the Porto do Conqueiro, where he would embark her on a catamaran and row out to the steamer, which by that time would be lying off the harbor out of range of the troops who would surely be summoned from the distant fort.

THE RAFT BORE SHARPLY OUT BETWEEN TWO HUGE BOWLDERS.

In the course of centuries a channel has been cut right across the 200 yards of land. Owing to the same cause the summer rains have excavated a ravine through the crater up above, and a similar passage exists here, only it happens to run parallel to the line of the cliff. It extends a good deal beyond its apparent outlet and is defended by a dangerous reef. Marcel once landed on a rock during a very calm day and saw the opening. He investigated it, luckily for me—luckily, in fact, for all of us."

Thus the minutes sped until a dim shape emerged from the opposite blackness. It came unheard, growing from nothing into something with ghostly subtlety. Iris, a prey to many emotions, managed to stifle the exclamation of alarm that rose unbidden. But Hozier read her distress in a hardly audible sob.

"It is our friend Marcel," he whispered. "So Domingos has made good his landing. Be brave! The sea is quite calm. This man has been to the island and back in less than a quarter of an hour."

The catamaran swung round and grated on the shingle. Marcel was in a hurry.

"Are you ready?" asked De Silva, bending toward Iris.

"Yes," she said, and she stepped forward. "Then you had better kneel behind Marcel and steady yourself by placing your hands on his shoulders. Yes, that is it. Do not change your position until you are ashore. Now, you Mr. Hozier."

"Ah, good!" cried De Silva softly. "Domingos, too, has secured a catamaran. He is bringing it at once in order to save time."

A second spectral figure emerged from the gloom. Without waiting for further instructions Marcel swung his paddle, and the one craft passed the other in the center of the pool. Iris felt Hozier's hands on her waist. He obeyed orders and uttered no sound, but the action told her that she might trust him implicitly. When the narrow catamaran was crossed and she saw the open sea on her right there was ample need for some such assurance of guardianship.

Viewed from the cliff the swell that broke on the half submerged reef was of slight volume, but it presented a very different and most disconcerting aspect when seen in profile. It seemed to be an almost impossible feat for any man to propel three narrow planks, top heavy with a human freight, across a wide channel through which such a sea was running. Indeed, Hozier himself, sailor as he was, felt more than doubtful as to the fate of their voyage. But Marcel peddled ahead with undaunted energy once he was clear of the tortuous passage, and, before the catamaran had traveled many yards, even Iris was able to understand that the outlying ridge of rocks both protected their progress and created much of the apparent turmoil.

At last the raft, for it was little else, bore sharply out between two huge bowlders that might well have fallen from the mighty pile of Grand-pere itself. Pointed and angular they were and set like a gateway to an abode of glass. Beyond there was a shimmer of swift moving water, with a silver mist on the surface, though from a height of a few feet it would have been easy to distinguish the bold contours of Fernando Noronha itself.

Marcel held up a warning hand even while he brought the catamaran ashore on the shingle so gently that not a pebble was disturbed. He rose, a gaunt coarsenow, stopped off and drew the shallow craft somewhat farther up the sloping beach. Then he helped Iris to her feet and indicated that she was to come with him. At once she shrank away in terror. Though in some degree reassured by this gesture, she felt it lay as the cruellest blow that fortune had dealt her during a day crowded with misfortune. In all likelihood these two would never meet again. She needed no sailing as to the risk he would soon

be called on to face, and her anguish was made the more bitter by the necessity that they should go from each other's presence without a spoken word.

Nevertheless she forced herself to extend a hand in farewell. Her eyes were blinded with tears. She knew that Hozier drew her nearer. With the daring of one who may well cast the world's convention to the winds he gathered her to his heart and kissed her. Then she uttered a little sob of happiness and sorrow and fainted.