

The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY

So there were strenuous days and anxious nights at Las Flores, where President De Silva sought to equip and discipline his levies, and at Caragu, where President Barraca called on all the gods to witness that De Silva was a double dyed traitor.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that a grand display of money and audacity, backed by sundry distant roars of the British lion, should enable two elderly Britons and a young Brazilian lady to pass through the lines of the Exército Nacional, as Barraca had christened his following in opposition to De Silva's army of liberation. Least too many people should become interested in the adventure was essayed on the night of Oct. 2.

Early next day the travelers and their guides reached the rebel outpost. The young lady, who seemed to be at home in this wild country, at once urged her horse into a pace wholly beyond the equestrian powers of her staid companions. They protested vainly. She waved a farewell hand, cantered over several miles of a rough road and dashed up to the Liberationist headquarters about 8 o'clock.

There was no hesitancy about her movements. She drew rein in approved gaucho style, bringing her mount to a dead stop from a gallop.

"Where is the president?" she asked breathlessly.

"There, senhora," said an orderly, pointing to a marquee open on every side, wherein De Silva sat in conference with his staff. She entered the tent and uttered a little scream of delight when the president, who was writing at a big table, happened to glance at her. De Silva rose hastily, with an amazed look on his usually unemotional face. Forthwith the girl flung herself into his arms.

"Father?"

"Carmela?"

San Benavides, whose back was turned, heard the joyous cries of the reunited father and daughter. They were locked in each other's embrace, and the eyes of every man present were drawn to a pathetic and unexpected meeting.

For that reason and because none gave a thought to him the pallor that changed the bronze of his forehead and cheeks into a particularly unhealthy looking tint of olive green passed unnoticed.

He managed to recover some shred of self control ere Senhora de Silva was able to answer her father's first eager questions; then, with a charming timidity, she found breath to say:

"And what of Salvador—is he not here?"

Yes, Salvador was there—by her side—striving most desperately to look lovingly. They clasped hands.

"You have come to bring me luck, Carmela, my dear," said De Silva, stroking his daughter's hair affectionately.

"Today we make our first real advance, Salvador and I are going to the front now, almost this instant. But there will be no fighting—an affair of outposts at the best—and when everything is in order we shall return here to sleep. Expect us, then, soon after sunset. Meanwhile at the quinta you will find the young English lady of whose presence you are aware. Give her your friendship. She is worthy of it."

"Adeos, senhora!" echoed San Benavides, bringing his heels together with a click and saluting. He gathered a number of papers from the table with nervous haste and at once began to issue instructions to several officers. De Silva renewed the signing of documents. Russo and he conversed in low tones. A buzz of talk broke out in the tent. Carmela went out, unlatched her tired horse and waited to the house.

Filled with tumultuous memories, her heart all throbbing at the prospect of her father's fortunes being restored, the Senhora de Silva was entering a gate that led to the left front of the house when a young man came out whom she had seen leaving the headquarters tent. Again he rode like one in a hurry, and she noted that he emerged from a side path which gave access to the lawn. He gave her a sharp glance as he passed. She received an impression of a strong face, with stern looking, bright, steel blue eyes, a mouth tensely set, an aspect at once confident yet self contained. She was sure now he was not a Brazilian, and he differed most materially from the mental picture of Captain James Coke created by the many conversations in which he had figured during her long voyage from Southampton in company with David Verity and Dickey Bulmer.

So Carmela wondered now who he could be, nor was her wonder lessened when she peered through the screen of trees and saw a girl, whom she recognized instantly as Iris, furtively dabbing her tear stained face with a handkerchief.



"WHAT, THEN? DOES THIS WOMAN COME HERE AND TAKE ALL?"

Unhappily the president's daughter was not attractive in appearance, and her surprise that such an uncommonly good looking girl should be the niece of David Verity was not unmingled with pique at finding her already installed in remote Las Flores.

On the way to the stables she heard a man singing. The words were in English. They were also quaint for they dealt with life from a point of view which differed widely from that presented by Dom Corria's fancies.

Oh, it's fine to be a sailor [sang Watts] an' to cross the ragin' main.

From Hull bar to New Orleans to roam, But I hope that my old woman will put me on the chain.

Next time I want to quit my 'umble home.

"Are you one of the Andromeda's men?" asked Carmela, speaking in the clear and accurate English used by her father.

It was well for Watts that the tree prevented him from falling backward. He was quite sober, but cheerful withal, as he had nothing to do but sleep, smoke, eat and drink the light wine of the district, of which his only complaint was that "one might mop up a barrel of it an' get no forrarder."

"My godfather!" he howled, springing from the rail and recovering his wits instantly. "Beg pardon, mum, but you took me aback all standin' as the sayin' is."

"I am afraid it is my fault," said Carmela. "I have just arrived here, and everybody seems to be so full of troubles that I am glad to hear you singing."

"Oh, that's just hummin', mum! If you're fond of music you ought to 'ear Schmidt, Captain Schmidt of the 'Unser Fritz'."

Carmela struck an attitude.

"Wot d'ye know 'im?" asked Watts. "No, it is something—rather important. I must go back to my father. Ah, I ought to explain! I am the Senhora de Silva, Dom Corria's daughter."

"Are you really, mum—miss?" "Oh in the world did ye manage to come up from the coast? Accordin' to all accounts."

"Yes, what were you going to say?" for the man hesitated.

"Well, some of our chaps will 'ave it that we're runnin' close hauled on a lee shore."

Carmela knit her brows. The Watts idioms were not those of her governess.

"We had no great difficulty in passing through Dom Barraca's lines, if that is what you mean," she said. "Mr. Verity and Mr. Bulmer had obtained special permits, but in my case—"

"Mr—oo, did you say, miss?" demanded Watts, whose lower jaw actually dropped from sheer amazement.

"Mr. Verity, the owner of the Andromeda. You are one of the crew, I suppose?"

"I'm the chief officer. Watts is my name, miss. But d'you mean to tell me that ole David Verity 'as come 'ere—to Brazil—to this rotten— Sorry, miss, but you've me a turn, you did. An' Dickey Bulmer—is 'e 'ere too?"

"Yes, or he soon will be here. I rode on in advance of the others."

"Well, there—if that don't beat cock-fightin'!" cried Watts. "Wot'll Coke say? W'y, 'e'll 'ave a fit. An' Miss Iris! She's to marry ole Dickey. Fancy 'im turnin' up! There'll be the deuce an' all to pay now wot beatin' 'im an' 'Holier an' the dashin' colonel."

"Who is Mr. Holier?" asked the girl calmly.

"He is, or was, our second mate, but since the colonel an' 'e got to loggerheads 'e took an' raised a corps of scouts. Some of our fellows joined, but not me. Killin' other folks don't agree with me a little bit."

"And the colonel—what is his name?" broke in Carmela.

"San Benavides, miss. Captain 'e was on Fernando Noronha. 'E took a mighty quick jump after we kem ashore. But I ax your pardon for ramblin' on in this silly way. Won't you go inside?"

The Senhora de Silva might have been seized with mortal illness if judged solely by the manner in which she staggered into her father's house, threw her arms around the neck of an elderly serving woman, whom she petted by her appearance, and almost fainted—not quite, but on the verge, much nearer than such a strong minded young lady would have thought possible an hour earlier.

Mirth screamed loudly. Tongue tied at first, she was badly scared when Carmela collapsed on her ample bosom. Restoratives and endearments followed. Carmela asked to be taken to a room where she could wash and shake

the dust from her half-dried clothes. Maria considered ways and means. Every room in the big house was crowded.

"Why in my own apartment?" she mused. Carmela.

Even before the answer was forth coming she guessed the truth. The Senhora Ingleza, of course. Those thin eyes of hers flashed dangerously.

"What, then? Does this woman come here and take all?" she cried.

"Ah, pequininha, do not be angry," said Maria. "Who save the good God could tell that you would come from Paris today? And the Senhora Ingleza will be glad to give place to you. She is so kind, so unselfish! All the men adore her."

"So I hear," murmured Carmela, trying to still the passion that throbbled in her heart, since she was aware that neither Maria nor any other among the old domestics at Las Flores knew of her engagement, and pride was now coming to her aid.

She will have no word to say to any of them," gabbled Maria. "There is a young Englishman—well, it is no affair of mine, but I am told she loves him, yet is promised to another, an old man too. Santa Mae! That would not suit me if I were her age!"

This homecoming of Carmela was quite an important event in its way. At first sight it bore the semblance of a mere disillusionment such as any girl might experience under like circumstances. She had been taken from Las Flores to occupy a palace at Rio de Janeiro and was driven from the palace to the hotel life of the continent.

During two years she had not seen either father or lover, and lovers of the San Benavides ilk are apt to console themselves during these protracted intervals. Yet Carmela's shattered romance was the pivot on which rested the future of Brazil.

Had she gone straight to Iris on leaving her father and made known the astounding tidings that Verity and Bulmer were riding up the Mosoto valley barely three miles away Iris would surely have devised some means of acquainting Philip Holier with the fact. In that event, assuming that he thought desirable would peculiarly be postponed. And then—well, the recent history of Brazil would have to be re-written.

Not the slightest doubt that Dom Corria de Silva would never have occupied the presidential chair again.

It would be idle now to inquire too closely into the springs of Philip's resolve to take service under a foreign flag. Perhaps the risksome state of affairs at Las Flores, where there was no mean between looting and soldiering, was intolerable to a spirited youngster. Perhaps San Benavides, constantly riding in from the front, irritated him beyond endurance by his superior aims, or it may be that a growing belief in Iris' determination to sacrifice herself by redeeming her bond made him careless as to what happened in the near future. The outcome of one or all of these influences was that he sought and was readily given a commission in the army of liberation.

Like all sailors, he preferred the mounted arm, and De Silva, having the highest opinion of his thoroughness, actually appointed him to command a branch of the intelligence department.

Philip, trained to pin his faith in maps and charts, came to the conclusion that Las Flores could be attacked from the rear, which lay to the northwest. The Brazilians laughed at the notion. Where were the troops to come from? Barraca must bring all his men by sea. There were none stationed in those wild mountains.

"Better go and make sure," quoth Philip.

He ascertained the president's intentions as to the next twenty-four hours, assembled his little body of scouts, saw to their forage and equipment, took leave of Iris and hurried off.

When two stout and elderly fellow countrymen of his climbed the last mile of the rough valley beneath the Las Flores slope Philip and his troop were a league or more beyond the Mosoto's watershed.

If San Benavides were really Carmela's accepted lover, then, indeed, Iris had good cause for foreboding. Though the Brazilian had never directly avowed his passion, since he knew quite well that she would refuse to listen, she could not be blind to his infatuation. Only the threat of her dire displeasure had restrained Holier from an open quarrel with him. Her position, difficult enough already, would become intolerable if De Silva's daughter became jealous, and she had no doubt whatsoever that San Benavides would seek to propitiate the woman he loved by callously telling the woman he had promised to marry that his affections were bestowed elsewhere.

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Manitoba Makes Another Record in Butter Exports



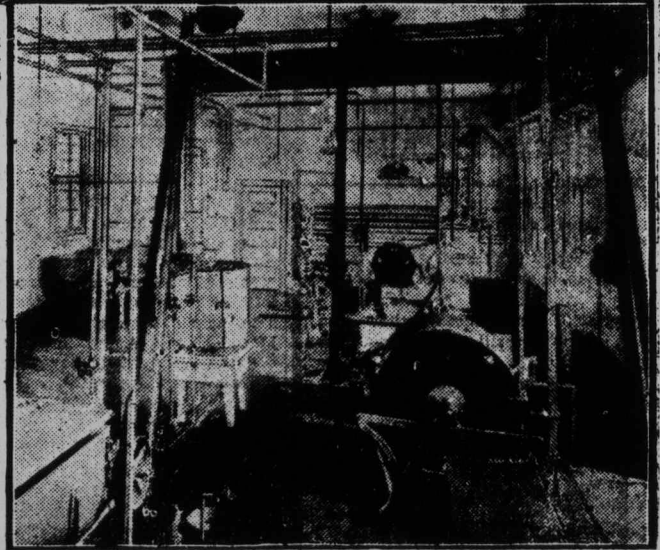
MANITOBA expects to export butter to the value of over \$1,000,000 this year. When it is remembered that up to a very few years ago, it was necessary for this province to import butter for its home needs, the growth of the dairy industry there is remarkable. In 1916 fifty-eight cars of butter were exported. Last year the number was increased to ninety-six cars. Up to June 1st this year, with the grass season only well begun, fifty-six cars of butter had been sent out of the province. This number compares with twenty-five cars in the corresponding period of last year. The butter is made up in fifty-six pound solids and four hundred boxes make up a car-load, so that at present prices each car-load is worth \$10,000.00.

There is every indication that the present rate of export will be maintained, if not accelerated, during the year. All the exported butter from Manitoba is being sent to Montreal for shipment to the Allied nations in Europe.

The cheese industry is also progressing. It is only so far back as 1916 that fifty to fifty-five car loads of cheese were brought into the province for local consumption. With the output of the provincial factories increasing continually, the quantity of cheese imported was considerably reduced last year, and now for the first time in the history of the province a full carload of cheese is on its way for consumption elsewhere.

The consignment left Winnipeg a few days ago for Montreal, where it will be graded and shipped overseas.

Although still in its infancy and capable of considerable growth yet, the dairy industry in Western Canada has been developing rapidly during the last few years. A high standard of quality is striven for, the aim



being to produce butter of the best flavor with long keeping qualities. That the efforts in this direction have met with some measure of success is evidenced by the growing demand for butter from these provinces—a demand which is far greater than the output.

Pasteurization is almost universal in the creameries of Western Canada, and more than ninety per cent of the butter made in Manitoba this year will be from pasteurized cream. The application of the Storch test has been very satisfactory in enabling the dairy officials to determine whether this process has been properly

carried out. At rural points the cream is tested in the creameries by a travelling inspector; in the laboratories of the Department of Agriculture the test is applied to representative samples of butter. When the Department now tests and grades a car load of butter, it can, to all practical purposes, tell just how long it can stand in cold storage without deterioration.

At the present time the creameries are receiving forty-three cents a pound at point of shipment for special grade of butter; forty-two cents for No. 1 and forty cents for No. 2.

Fishing On Vancouver Island

ALTHOUGH I had always looked upon British Columbia as one of the very best trout fishing countries in the world, it was not until I came to Vancouver Island to live, that I fully realized how superlatively good it is.

Spokane which would be considered excellent in the best district of Eastern Canada, may be had at any time in dozens of streams and lakes on this island, and that, too, without it being incumbent on the fisherman to travel more than half a dozen miles from the railroad, which, by the way, is now a branch of the Canadian Pacific system, although still retaining its baptismal title of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway. At anyone of a dozen points on this line, the sportsman who is not ambitious to overcome some of the really big fellows, can find excellent hotel accommodation within walking distance of water, which, for the reasonably skilful fisherman may be relied upon to yield daily baskets of from three to six dozen speckled beauties, running all the way from 1/4 of a pound to two pounds in weight, and without a fall of fight and as game fish as can be found anywhere in the world.

There are many camping inns where the best of accommodation can be secured, and the ardent fisherman who is looking for sport can make no mistake if he starts out from Victoria by train and drops off at any station which spies an hotel.

Should he desire a somewhat more elaborate outing with an even greater diversity of sport, let him take an automobile and strike out boldly. The simplest of camp equipment will suffice for such a trip during the summer time, and no difficulty will be experienced in obtaining frequent and ample supplies of gasoline. This equipped our sportsman may easily penetrate to lakes and streams which are veritably an angler's paradise.

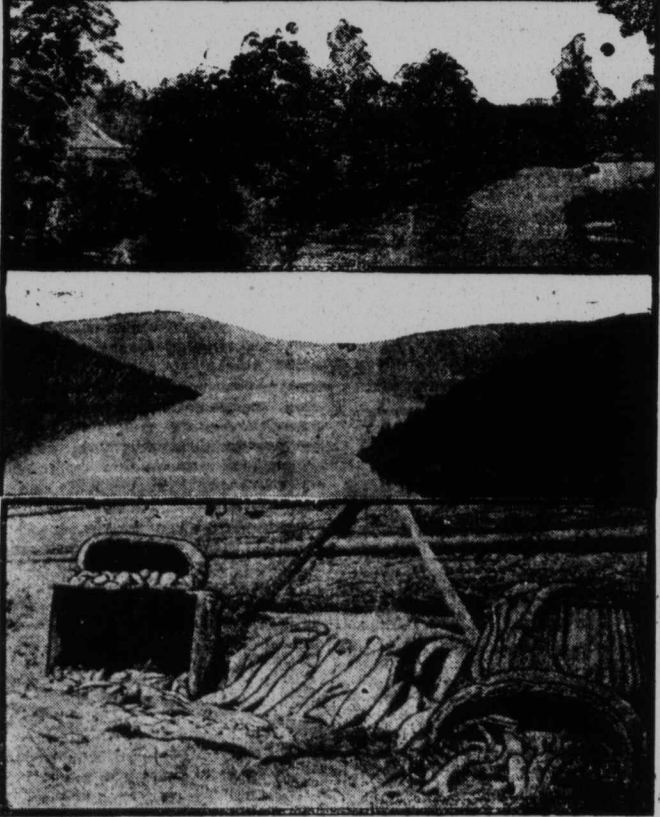
He will, however, find that on some, if not most of the lakes, fishing with a fly will be practically barren of results. Here he will need to bring a small spoon or an artificial minnow into play, and he will be rewarded with fish running as high in weight as three or even four pounds, monsters, which, if he be fishing for the sport with light tackle, will tax his skill and resource to the utmost see he is able to slip the net under them.

From this it is but a step to the last and most exciting phase of trout fishing on the island. This consists in the following up of some few of the mountain streams, rivers would readily be the best word to use, which empty into the west coast of the island and which are comparatively difficult of access, but in which sport the partnership of the trout family, heady fish, which have been known to run as high as 100 pounds in weight, and which, as the less as full of life and vigor, are the most brotherly of fish.

Here may the true fisherman taste the excitement of all earthly joys, that of landing a really big fish after a battle royal of perhaps a couple of hours duration, in the most beautiful waters of a rapid and difficult stream.

This experience is not, however, for the dainty, unless one can catch a long line, light as, thrilled down a lead with unerring accuracy, never a rise will one secure from the big ones.

Let us suppose that our angler has been successful in his morning's sport. Leaving the capital he will soon come to some famous grise water where large bass are caught almost every day in the proper season. The



(1) Cowichan River, Vancouver Island, B.C.
(2) Sanich Inlet.
(3) A morning catch at Nanaimo Lake.

view of this water, known as the Sanich Arm, which is here shown, was taken from the roadway, several hundred feet above the water level. It is really a land-locked arm of the sea, and provides splendid sport for hundreds of fishermen from Victoria. Just a little further along one reaches another fine stretch of salmon and grise water known as Tod Inlet, and here also excellent sport is to be had for the asking. Leaving the inlet behind and travelling some half a dozen miles further up the line, one comes to the Shawigan Lake station, from whence it is but a short ride to the lake itself. Here, while domiciled in comfort at either one of the two excellent hotels to be found on the lake shore, the very best of sport with lake trout which sometimes run as large as five and even six pounds in weight, may be had, and that too in the midst of scenery which will appeal to anyone with even the most rudimentary love of the beauties of nature.

Eight miles further up the line Cowichan is reached, and here will be found one of the most famous trout streams on the island. This may be most conveniently fished from the town of Duncan, where the hotel accommodation is of the best. From this centre also a run of an hour's duration will take the angler to Cowichan Lake, where he is certain to find ample opportunity of testing his skill in the uttermost perfection of his sport.

Excellent fishing may also be had in numerous small streams in this neighborhood, still making Duncan one's headquarters. The most famous

will be one of rather greater magnitude, to Nanaimo, in fact, just over thirty miles, though the angler who has chosen to make the trip by car, will find plenty of small streams occurring in the intervening section which will well repay his attention. Having arrived at Nanaimo, the Nanaimo Lakes will first claim notice. They are not exactly easy of access, lying as they do some eight miles from the town, but there is a good road leading to them, though not as yet in a fit state for motorcars. As will be seen from the accompanying view of a morning's catch on this lake, there is no lack of fish, and that, too, of goodly size. While at the Nanaimo Lakes a tramp through the woods of an hours duration will bring one to Echo Lake, a sheet of water which is also well stocked with magnificent fish, which will amply reward the angler for his pains in arriving thereat.

Returning to Nanaimo itself, the Millstream, which runs right through the town, holds many a fine trout, steelhead having frequently been caught here running up to 8 and 9 pounds in weight. The bay surrounding the coal city, also produces splendid sport in the shape of trolling for salmon for those who like this branch of the angler's art, and, indeed, he who will indulge in a bit of sea fishing, will find himself well suited here, for the variety of fish to be taken is endless. Excellent sport is also to be obtained in the lakes and streams of the upper and northern end of the island.—Spent