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CANADIAN COURIER

pipe which Strangways in his excitement had left on my table. I instantly resolved to utilise it—it would give me an excuse to go to his cabin. Morrison had already departed. I now opened my own door softly and went out into the dark saloon, and made my way towards Strangways' cabin. I hurried my footsteps, and when I reached his door opened it without knocking.

Never till my dying day shall I forget the sight that there met my eyes. As it was past midnight the electric light was of course out, but by the light of a reading lamp on the wall I could see Strangways lying half dressed on the lower bunk. His face was white as death, his mouth slightly open, his eyes shut as if in heavy slumber. Was he dead or drugged?

Before I had time to call his name, a rustling sound caused me to turn my eyes in the direction of the porthole. A woman was leaning out of it. My God! she was the girl who had posed as Annie Keele. Without a moment's hesitation I rushed up to her, seized her arm, and said, "What is the meaning of this? What are you doing here? Speak at once."

"Let me go, Mr. Conway; I can explain everything," was her reply.

"What have you done with Strangways, and where is his belt?" I cried.

Still holding her arm, I went up to the unconscious man and bent over him.

"You have robbed this man, and must account for it," I said. "I know all about the treasure which he carried; you are found out, Miss Keele—your game is up."

"No, it is not up," she said, drawing herself to her full height and by a sudden quick movement slipping away from my detaining hand. "It is not up, for I have succeeded. Do your worst; I care about nothing now. I said I would do it, and I have done it."

"But you have killed him," I cried; "you have given him poison!"
"No, not poison; I had to drug him, but he will recover after some hours. I liked him too well to poison him. Do what you will with me, the belt is gone, and you will never see it again. I have fulfilled my mission; you can lock me up if you wish."

Without a second's delay I pushed the electric bell. A moment or two later footsteps were heard approaching. The doctor and chief steward were on the scene immediately. I blurted out what was necessary of my story; the doctor bent over Strangways, and the steward took possession of Miss Keele. She was searched, but no sign of the jewels could we find.

"I have succeeded," she said briefly; "nothing else matters. I said I would do it, and I have done it."

A wild thought struck me. One of the ways in which smugglers evaded Customs in the old days flashed through my mind. A celebrated and successful trick was the following: The goods were placed in small metal cylinders which were hermetically sealed. A line sufficiently long to allow the cylinder to reach the bottom of the sea was attached; it was then pushed through the porthole and dropped into the water. At the other end of the line was a cork float to mark the spot. The cylinders were subsequently hauled up by small rowing boats from the shore, and the goods brought to land—thus the Customs were evaded. Was it possible that Miss Keele had disposed of the Maharajah's regalia in a similar manner? If so, was I in time?

I dashed my way roughly through the crowd and flew up the companion like a madman. I made straight for the bridge. Belphege, our first officer, was on watch.

"Man overboard!" I shouted. "Sling over a lifebelt."

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The housewife finds the cooking has been done better and with greater economy. The cook finds this stove does all the cooking a coal range can do and does it better, because the intense heat of the blue flame is steady and is concentrated at the burners. She also finds the kitchen is cooler in the hot summer days.



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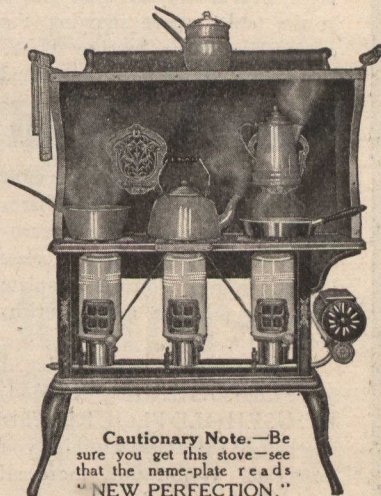
It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive.



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