

# Deceived

# Disowned

# True as Steel!

CHAPTER XX.  
FRIENDS IN FORTUNE.

FORTUNE plays many tricks; those that are set on high one day are cast down the next—Fate has no veneration for persons.

While in England, Olive's heart was being wrung with grief, those of her lovers, so strangely met, were being imbued with a new peace; and Lord Cravenden seemed to act as a mascot to "Digger Jack."

Since the night he had been so happily rescued, Cravenden had asked no questions, and had plunged into the arduous labor of gold digging as if he were the poorest man alive; he little knew that his companion was acquainted with his real status, and often wondered at his lordship's sudden passion for manual work. On the other hand, Cravenden never gave another thought to the chance resemblance of Reuben to some one he had seen or known in England.

One day they had gone out with a pick to try the bed of a stream near which they had pitched their camp on the preceding night. Cravenden struck the first blow into the rough earth, and, as he did so, he started back with a cry of astonishment. Wynter, who was a few yards away, hurried over to his partner, and he too gave a cry, as Cravenden, with a triumphant laugh, held up an immense nugget of gold ore, glittering thickly with the precious metal.

Up to now, neither of them had shown much enthusiasm in their search for wealth—Cravenden, because riches were no novelty; Reuben, because he did not see of what use a fortune would be to him. But it was impossible to be wholly callous to riches so sudden and immense—for it was evident that their find was but a sample of the treasure that lay beneath their feet—and it was with something like a school-boy's shout that Lord Cravenden jumped into the hole and pitched out another nugget.

"Our fortune's made, Jack!" he cried gleefully, with an excitement that from him, to whom such immense sums were paid yearly, seemed a trifle ridiculous.

Reuben smiled.

"Yes, we have certainly 'struck it rich,' as they say; or rather," he added, more gravely, "you have, my"—he was about to say "my lord," but checked himself in time by substituting—"my friend."

Lord Cravenden started.

"What do you mean?" he asked, almost angrily, jumping out of the hole as he spoke; "surely we are partners, if not friends—it's ours, of course! Jack, I'm disgusted with you."

"I apologize," said Reuben quickly. "You're right—we are partners and friends."

Cravenden extended his hand, which Reuben grasped heartily. Here in Australia they were no longer peer and groom, but men equal in the

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The finest cough syrup that money can buy—costing only about one-fifth as much as ready-made preparations—can easily be made up at home. The way is to take hold of a common distressing cough, throat and chest colds will really make you enthusiastic about it. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth). Pour this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Shake thoroughly and it is ready for use. The total cost is about 35 cents and gives you 16 ounces—a family supply—of a most effective and pleasant remedy. It keeps perfectly. It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the inflamed or swollen throat membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough will disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, whooping cough or bronchial asthma.

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right of labor.

"We'll stake our claim," said practical Wynter, "and then get to work."

"It's a modern El Dorado!" exclaimed Lord Cravenden, gazing around him, "and we are the first to set foot here."

"Yes," said Wynter, "we are wealthy men."

Lord Cravenden nodded.

"Yes," he said, "we can go back to England now, set up carriages, buy an estate, and marry the girl of our hearts, eh, Jack?"

Reuben's face lit up with an ecstatic glow, as a strange hope flashed into his mind.

"Money is power," he said quickly. "I never found it so," said Lord Cravenden absently; then added, as he saw his blunder: "At any rate, not with what I had." Reuben made no reply, but turned away to hide a smile, as he thought of the treasures and revenue of Falcot Manor.

Reuben had already told Lord Cravenden of his agreement with the mates he had left behind in the camp; so that that gentleman was not surprised when he saw Reuben peg out an equal-sized portion of the gold-jaden earth, side by side with their own claim.

The pair worked hard all that day, roughly inclosing the land they meant to work; and Reuben, writing on a scrap of paper the names of his mates as owners, buried it in a tin can in a certain place noted by himself and Lord Cravenden.

For the next few days they worked long and hard at their own claim, till at last, loaded with gold, they decided to strike camp, and make their way back to civilization, such as it was at Ballarat, where they might register their claims. Accordingly, on the fourth day, they rose early; and, having divided the gold into two portions, each stowed away their shares into belts and pockets, and started on their journey once again.

They had scarcely proceeded a mile from the Golden Valley, as they had named it, when Wynter stopped short and knelt down on the grass.

"We are nearer to human beings than we thought," he said. "These are sheep tracks."

"Hurrah!" said Lord Cravenden. "So much the better—it will be company, eh?"

"Not so fast," said Reuben cautiously; "they may be thieves again." Lord Cravenden's face lengthened; he had had more than enough of that variety of companionship, and he had no wish to give up his hard-earned treasure. Suddenly Wynter held up his hand.

"Look," he said, and pointed downward where, on the side of the hill, there lay a rude farmhouse, surrounded by a roughly cultivated field and sheep-folds.

"It looks deserted," said Cravenden thoughtfully. "I wonder if anything is wrong."

Almost as he spoke there came a trampling of horse's feet, and, in quick succession, a woman's shrieks. Cravenden clutched at his gun, but Reuben restrained him.

"We have come just too late, I fear," he said. "The thieves are there."

At that moment four men, mounted on wiry Australian horses, rode out from among the close scrub near the farm, and, galloping to the sheep-folds, proceeded to drive the sheep and cattle into the bush.

"They have killed the family," said Wynter grimly. "It is probably Black Dick's gang, and there are too many for us to fight single-handed."

Again the woman's voice rang out, and instinctively Lord Cravenden started forward.

"Great heavens!" he cried hoarsely; "we must rescue her."

"Yes," said Reuben, sternly, "but not by being shot ourselves. You stay here and cover me with your rifle, while I crawl toward them. I am more accustomed to bush tracking," he added, seeing Cravenden about to protest. "If I am attacked, pick the man off with your rifle, then move away from the spot where you fired."

Lord Cravenden nodded assent, realizing the truth of his friend's words; and, with a cheery nod, Wynter glided into the long, sheltering grass. It seemed hours, though in reality it was but a few minutes, before Lord Cravenden saw him emerge from the thick scrub, and beckon to him cautiously.

Arrived by Wynter's side, Cravenden gasped, for his friend had crawled almost into the midst of the ruffians, four of whom were seated near the house, disputing over the division of the spoils. But something else arrested his attention. It was the figure of a girl, who lay on the ground just as she had been thrown. Her face, even with the pallor of fright and perhaps of death, was a beautiful one; and Lord Cravenden's heart thrilled at the sight of it. With a strange pang he muttered to Reuben: "Dead?"

Wynter shook his head, as if in doubt, then motioned to the horses which stood near by, tethered.

"I'll cut one free," he whispered, as he pulled out his knife. "You cover me, and fire if one man attempts to follow."

With scarcely a rustle, he crawled cautiously up to one of the horses, and, offering it a bit of bread, cut the tethers while the animal sniffed at it; then, as Reuben glided back, it followed the unaccustomed food.

One of the men turned, with an oath; and Cravenden's heart seemed to stand still, for if the man went to see what was the matter, "Jack" would be discovered. But the man was too deeply engaged in haggling over the spoils, and so, fortunately for Reuben, he turned back again.

Meanwhile Reuben coaxed the horse nearer, then whispered to Cravenden, who came up and took the reins from him:

"I'll creep in and get the girl—you throw her over the saddle in front of you and ride on to the next farm, there's sure to be another near."

Lord Cravenden stared at him. "What! Leave you behind; is it likely?"

"You must," said Wynter firmly; "I shall be all right, and it is the only way; remember it is for a woman's life!"

Lord Cravenden glanced wistfully from the apparently lifeless form of the girl to his friend.

"I don't like it," he said, "but I'll ride south—and you'll follow."

"I promise," said Wynter firmly, and pressed his friend's hand. Then, after waiting a moment to cock his revolver, he slid behind a tree, quite near to the group of men, and, with noiseless ease, lifted the slender form of the girl in his strong arms.

"Quick!" he hissed, "for your life!" Lifting her limp form into the saddle, Lord Cravenden dashed off. The next instant the bushrangers were

# Annual Meeting

OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND MARINE INSURANCE CO., LTD.

On Tuesday, January 8th, 1918, the shareholders of the Newfoundland Marine Insurance Co., Ltd., held their seventh annual meeting in the Board of Trade Rooms. The report for the year closed was submitted by the Managing Director, Mr. W. A. Munn. This is the seventh year since the Company started, and the shareholders were all pleased with the results shown. After the adoption of the report the ballots for the new Directors were counted, resulting in the re-election of the same Directors:

President—Hon. E. K. Bishop. Vice-Pres.—Hon. A. F. Goodridge. Managing Director—W. A. Munn. Board of Directors—Hon. M. G. Winter, C. P. Ayre, John S. Munn, J. Browning, A. H. Murray, W. S. Monroe.

REPORT OF DIRECTORS. Seventh Annual Report of the Directors of the Newfoundland Marine Insurance Company, Ltd.

To the Shareholders of the Newfoundland Marine Insurance Co., Ltd. It is gratifying to your Directors to have at this the seventh annual meeting another good report to present to you, although early last year things did not look well from the standpoint of the Underwriters.

The many losses in our foreign going fleet during last winter were probably the worst experienced in this trade in any one season, but it had no discouraging effect upon Newfoundland merchants and exporters, as is evidenced by the large fleet of new vessels now owned in this country and engaged in our foreign carrying trade. The unusually large number of vessels which have been built in this country during the past year of larger tonnage than formerly, bears a striking testimony to the enterprise of those interested in our export trade.

During the year 1917 we accepted Marine Risks to the amount of \$6,262,648.20, and War Risks \$1,246,183.47, a total amount of \$7,508,831.67, with gross premiums amounting to \$108,231.51.

We had losses upon the Marine Risks of \$16,377.00, and upon our War Risk Commitments amounting to \$25,817.00. After making allowances for all losses or claims that have been reported to date, and placing further amount to reserve against risks not yet run off, your Directors make the following proposition to the shareholders for ratification: For an increase in paid up scrip of ten per cent, making 45 per cent, paid up, and a cash dividend of five per cent on the paid up capital.

From a small beginning seven years ago we now have through conservative methods paid up capital and surplus of \$74,495.76, and during that time we have returned the shareholders over fifty per cent, upon their investment in cash dividends.

Lloyd's Underwriters have notified the trade here within the past week that there will be a substantial advance in their rates on Newfoundland risks by domestic sailing craft, as well as on all our foreign going sailing vessels. This is a matter that should receive earliest consideration of the new Directors. Lloyd's rates are now getting extreme on our local craft, and the high values of our produce greatly increase the aggregate amount of premiums. It is important, therefore, that as much as possible of this money should be kept in the country, and it is hoped the whole trade will give to this local company as much of their business as the Directors feel warranted in accepting.

These frequent advances in rates show the need of local Underwriters, and we must do everything in reason to protect the local business with all due consideration for the shareholders.

Antarctic Relief Ship Thought Lost.

Former Newfoundland Sealing Steamer Believed to Have Sunk.

London, Jan. 2.—The Daily Mail says it is feared that the Antarctic relief ship Aurora, which took part in the Shackleton expedition, has been lost with all hands, while returning to England. It is understood the vessel sailed from Wellington, N.Z., in June, with a crew of about 22, and nothing has been heard from her since. Vessels sent out to search for the vessel found only a life buoy marked Aurora and some wreckage. Lloyd's recently posted the Aurora as being considerably overdue.

The Aurora, formerly a Newfoundland sealing steamer, carried the Mawson antarctic expedition in 1913 and recrossed the expedition later in the same year. While going to the assistance of the Shackleton expedition early in 1914 the Aurora was damaged and returned to New Zealand, after leaving some of her crew at Ross Barrier. Sir Ernest Shackleton set out to rescue the members of the Aurora's crew in December, 1916. He found seven of them alive, but three others had perished.

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# The British Navy

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In Men's Suits we have also just received another couple of "Cracker-Jacks" in fine Worsteds at \$20.00 each. These come in Blue and also Brown effects, and will easily pass as \$35.00 tailor-made suits.

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# EARLY ME

LABOR REPRESENTATIVES ISSUE MANIFESTO.

LONDON, Jan. 9. Representatives of British labor issued a manifesto to-day giving whole-hearted support to the programme presented in President Wilson's speech yesterday. The manifesto says that in essential respects it is so similar to that which British labor put forward that we need not discuss any points of difference in detail. The manifesto was adopted at a joint meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of Trades' Union Congress and National Executive, and the Committee of the Labor Party. It declares the President's speech opened peace negotiations and that the world awaits proof of the sincere desire of the Central Powers to carry them to conclusion. It welcomes the reference to the freedom of the seas and support of Russia.

THE NEW MAGNA CHARTA. LONDON, Jan. 9. President Wilson's speech takes a leading place in both the news and editorial columns of the press. One paper describes it as the Magna Charter of future peace. Coming so closely on the heels of Premier Lloyd George's address at the Labor Conference, the words of the heads of the American and British Governments are compared closely, and while some differences are found in the manner of discussing the various questions, the newspapers find no disagreement in the essential policy. It is noted that the President deals more sympathetically with Bolshevism than did the Premier, but it is pointed out that America hasn't suffered from the Russian collapse as the Western Allies have. However, the Westminster Gazette welcomes Mr. Wilson's careful, sympathetic language, and says it hopes that all misunderstandings which may have arisen from other statements will be removed by the unequivocal language in which the President adopts the Russian demands as his own.

MISUNDERSTANDS RUSSIA. LONDON, Jan. 9. While considering President Wilson's speech to Congress a very fine pronouncement, Henry M. Hyndman, leader of the British Socialists, thinks it took a mistaken view of Germany's present position. There is no democracy in Germany at present, said Hyndman. Equality instead of mastery is just what the German nation will not accept. I think the President misunderstands the position in Russia. The majority of Russian people and the complete majority of the constituent Assembly are not represented by the Bolsheviks at Brest-Litovsk, or by the Leninite section in Russia. The Russian social revolutionary majority is neither disposed to surrender to Germany nor to have German Bolsheviki tyranny at home.

COAL SHORTAGE. PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 9. The coal situation became so acute here to-day because of the protracted cold that D. W. Kuen, fuel administrator, commandeered one hundred cars of coal and delivered them to munition plants. He also arranged to take over another hundred cars during the day. The low temperature had frozen the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers along which some of the most important mills were located, and it was impossible for boats to reach their docks. It became known that not more than sixty per cent. of the mines in Pittsburgh district were operating due to the lack of cars and severe weather.

CONSERVING FUEL. BOSTON, Jan. 9. Draastic measures for conservation of fuel and light are provided in an order issued to-day by Jas. J. Stor, Fuel Administrator for New England, and applicable throughout Massachusetts. They include the opening of business houses at nine a.m. and closing at 5 p.m. and the closing of theatres, bars and all places of amusements at 10 p.m.

AN INEXCUSABLE CRIME. LONDON, Jan. 9. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—The torpedoing of the hospital ship Rowa must be regarded as another inexcusable crime. When the vessel was struck everyone worked with a will in the difficult task of transferring the wounded to the boats and a patrol ship which speedily arrived. The survivors were landed and everything possible done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded, who were quickly placed in hospitals.

A HERO OF THE AIR. LONDON, Jan. 9. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—an article in the London Gazette to-day publishes a statement of the services for which Captain William Avery Bishop, of Owen Sound, Canada, was awarded a bar to the Distinguished Service Order which was announced on Sept. 28th last. It says: "His consistent dash and great fearlessness have set forth a magnificent example to the pilots of his squadron. He destroyed no



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## The Evening Telegram

is The People's Paper