

THE ISLAND OF DEATH

A Weird Tragedy of a Man Who Called Himself
"Monsieur the Devil."

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

INSTALLMENT II.
THE LEADING CHARACTERS:
BERANGERE DES GAUCHONS,
beautiful daughter of
JEAN DES GAUCHONS, wealthy
French colonist who dwells with
Berangere on an island paradise in
the South Seas.
A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER,
who is lurking about Des Gauchon's
premises.

CHAPTER III.
A Game of Cards.
At sight of his daughter, Des
Gauchons struggled to his feet and
bowed. He kissed her cheeks, and
the two young men trembled. She
dutifully kissed his cheeks and the
two secretaries turned pale. They
bowed profoundly as she directed
smiling greetings toward them.

"Mon pere," she said, allowing Des
Gauchons to repeat himself and draw
her upon his knee. "I must go to
Saigon again, at once."
The big man's brows uplifted in
Gallic astonishment.
"So soon, Berangere? So soon,
when we have just returned to our
charming home after spending the
entire season of the rains in this
little Paris?" "Exactly," said the girl.
"You see, all six of those frocks I
had made, are absolutely impossible!
I ordered the sleeves very short, to
conform with the newest modes—after
cabling to Paris in the matter, too!
—and that assassin of a modiste
has made them too long! So I must
go and attend to it."

Des Gauchons grimaced uncomfortably.
"But my tender little shepherd-girl," he said, lingering on the
diminutive of her name, "but Berangere,
you perceive that I must
finish this paper—"

Her shoulders lifted in a shrug.
"Tiens, done! I am not going to in-
terfere, mon pere. I shall take old
Paul, who keeps your fleet in order,
and we may have the small cruiser,
is it not? Three days, and we shall
be in Saigon. A week there, and we
return."

"Oh, if you insist! I shall have to
refuse to permit it! Am I a
child, then? Am I a silly little
thing?" "The good God knows you are
not!" Des Gauchons stifled a sigh.

"Never mind the rest." The girl
stooped and planted a swift kiss upon

his cheek. "Then we shall leave to-
night—"

"If you wait but two days," said
Des Gauchons, with the air of one who
is resigned to the inevitable, "I shall
have this paper completed, ready for
you to mail from Saigon. It must
reach the Revue Archeologique at the
earliest date, for it completely refutes
certain theories of the great peilott
in the Bulletin de—"

"Very well," cut in the girl. "Very
well." In three days, to give you an
extra day of grace! Now I shall not
interfere further with your work.
She withdrew. Des Gauchons eyed
after her with another of his heavy
sighs. The two secretaries echoed the
sigh.

"Should she go thus, unaccom-
panied?" ventured one of them. A
mournful hope in his voice. Des
Gauchons darted a look at the
speaker, then smiled drily.
"Mon brave, when you can take
care of yourself as well as this girl—
nom d'un nom! I would like to see
the man who can handle her! Heaven
knows I cannot. Now, where did we
leave off with those quotations—"

He resumed his work.
Berangere, meantime, followed a
certain walk that led from the house
amid its bowers of green; she de-
scended this walk to its precipitous
end. She came out upon the small
terrace. Directly below her, at some
30 feet, was a small, perfectly in-
closed harbor. At the edge of this
harbor were boat-houses. Anchored in
the little port were a large motor
cruiser, a smaller and faster model
exactly like it, a schooner, tiny in
size but perfect in detail. On the sand
were a number of whalebacks.

The girl touched a lever at the
edge of the cliff, and brought into
view an escalier which was moved
by an ingenious arrangement of
counterbalance weights. She stepped
on to this and set it in motion. It de-
posited her on the shore beneath,
and from the boat-houses ap-
peared an old man wearing
a Breton cap, who saluted her re-
spectfully. Berangere danced up to
him and kissed his brown cheek.

"In three days, Paul, we go to Sai-
gon, you and I—with the little
cruiser."

"Ciel!" exclaimed the old seaman.
"Pas un mot, Paul!" exclaimed the
girl. "Not a word! And listen; you
know that papa was expecting a con-

signment of brandies from America?
We shall bring them back as a sur-
prise!"

"Heaven knows," said Paul with
the grumbling air of one who is
privileged; "there is a cellar full of
liquor up above now! An army could
not drink it all!"

"Bah! If it pleases Papa, why not?
He says that when all the world has
gone dry, this island shall be an as-
sum for the next thousand years! In
three days, remember!"

Paul nodded.
Neither the old Breton nor the girl
perceived a slight movement upon
the crest of the cliff above, nor the
imperceptible glitter of a flashing
eye.

Upon the following day, old Paul
reported that one of the whalebacks
had vanished from the lagoon. No
one was missing from the island. The
thing was inexplicable, unless the
boat had been laid up too low on the
shore, and had washed out with the
tide. So, they concluded, it must
have done.

Saigon is a city consciously mod-
elled, in general plan, buildings,
streets and customs upon Paris—that
is to say, upon the Paris of a genera-
tion ago. One may find much in
Saigon that is supposedly forgotten
in Paris—even to very bad French.

For example, there is a certain Cab-
aret du Chat Gris, located in the
lower part of the city, convenient to
the wharves and railroads and the
Arroyo Chinois. Here, for a few
cents, one may drink from divers
fountains of evil. Here, for a few
dollars, one may disappear forever.
The cents largely predominate, natu-
rally.

Five men were sitting about a table
in the Gray Cat, fingering a greasy
deck of cards and drinking execrable
red wine. Le Brisetout was a huge,
uncouth monster of hair and flesh,
who worked in the nearby abattoir.
L'Etoile, a fiery little devil of a man,
wore a green patch over one eye;
the other orb blazed like a star of
green fire. Le Morpion was a human
bulldog, bulging of brow and chin, a
retired seaman whose hands were
knotted and lumpy, and whose glit-
tering little eyes were extremely dan-
gerous.

The fourth man was different. He
had come of a finer strain; even in
his poverty and dirt he retained a
certain grace, a certain debonnaire
scoundrelism. His beard was some-
what trimmed, and one conjectured
that he might have been a gentle-
man.

CHAPTER IV. Struggle.

The fifth man was dissimilar to all
these four. Like them, he was ragged,
unkempt, prone to vicious words. His
unshaven features were bony and
rugged, his gray eyes were blood-
shot. Unlike these others, he was
neither French nor of mixed blood,
but an American. He had drifted
into Saigon, broke, and was working

GO TO PORT STANLEY



Western Ontario's
"Coney Island"

—GIANT MARTIN SEAPLANE—

SEAPLANE
FARE

\$5

6 PASSENGER ENCLOSED CABIN FLYING BOAT
DELIGHTFUL 15-MINUTE RIDE OVER LAKE ERIE, DAILY
AIRSHIPS DUE IN PORT STANLEY TODAY

\$5

SEAPLANE
FARE

All Passenger Flights made from L. & P. S. Beach. Ship in
charge of Capt. J. C. Davis and Lieut. Jean Laverne, formerly
of Lafayette Esquadille, pilots of American and British Avia-
tion Corporation.

Fly with confidence! Same ship and same pilots who have thrilled
Miami and Key West, Florida, Chesapeake Bay, New York City,
Detroit and Chicago. Passenger flights every day commencing
Wednesday.

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT ADDED ATTRACTION! MASONIC PICNIC TOMORROW.

FIRST BIG CELEBRATION OF 1924 PICNIC SEASON

THRILLING STUNT FLIGHTS—Special Stunting Land Plane—NOT the Martin Passenger Seaplane; New Thrills, Loop-the-
Loop, Dives, Falls, and the Wonder of the Aviation Age—SMOKE WRITING ON THE SKY.
Sports For Everybody. Band Concerts. BABY SHOW—Your first chance to qualify in race for Western Ontario Grand Cham-
pionship and NORTHERN LIFE Investment Bonds to Insure Winning Baby for Twenty Years and Then Pay \$500 Cash.
START EARLY! YOU CAN WIN!

FAST ELECTRIC TRAINS EVERY HOUR EVERY DAY—London to Port Stanley and Return, Adults 50c; Children 25c; St. Thomas
to Port Stanley and Return, Adults 30c; Children 15c.

THE LONDON & PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

TAKE YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY TO THE CONEY ISLAND OF WESTERN ONTARIO.

The CASINO BATHS

Are now open for the sea-
son. Enjoy an invigorating
swim in cool, sparkling
waters before the heat
becomes oppressive. Clean
rooms and obliging service.

Hot and
Cold Showers

Summer Toilet Requisites

Talcum Powders, Cold Creams,
Lotions. Also complete line of
Bathing Caps.

WHEATON

PORT STANLEY DRUG STORE.

Everything Fresh and Clean

Our stock never grows old.
We keep it right up to the
minute. Delivery, or course.

Bert Nicholas

GROCER ONT.

as a laborer at the Quai Francois
Garnier.

Aside from these five at the table,
two other persons were in the room.
One was the proprietor, who was
reading a newspaper across the bar.
The other was a man with a dirty
handkerchief about his jaw. He had
entered, demanding wine and "de
quot ecire," and sat at a table in a
dark corner. Here, however, he wrote
only briefly.

"Now, as for me," said L'Etoile in
crisp argot, "I have been at honest
work for six months—laugh, fools,
laugh! But it is true. When they
took M. le Diable, and sent him to
Noumea, I swore that I would turn
to honest work until he escaped."
"Bah! said Cured, he who might
once have been a gentleman. "One
does not escape from Noumea."

"Exactly," Le Brisetout reached
out hairy paws for the cards. "One
does not! I know, for I have been
there, me!"

There was a laugh. Smith, the
American, looked up.
"Who is this M. le Diable? I've
heard you speak of him, but—"

"Yes," Le Brisetout mouthed an
oath. "Who is he, you? We know
him not, in Saigon. Between
these two men passed a glance
of singular meaning. It was Le Mor-
pion who answered, as though in that
glance he had read a command.

"Monsieur the Devil? Why, he is
Monsieur the Devil—that is all! He is
the king of all good rascals and
honest thieves. They say that he is
an artist, a man of talent, and that
something happened to him. You
know the crazy artists who lived on
the Tahiti for years? Something like
that. At all events, one night in
Shanghai—Croule! And they had
him. They brought him down here
for trial and sent him to Noumea for
life, the dogs! It was a betrayal."

"Yes," said L'Etoile with a certain
mournful satisfaction. "It was a be-
trayal. But the man who betrayed
us—I mean the man who betrayed
him—confound this wine, it thickens
the tongue!—Well, that man died
very suddenly the next day."

"Good enough," put in Cured lan-
guidly. "I hope this M. le Diable
escapes. I have heard of him. I
would like to meet him. I think that
he might break the monotony of
life's facts."

Le Brisetout glared at the speaker
in scorn.

"Escape? Bah!" he roared. "No
one can escape from Noumea. All
around in the hills are brown devils,
armed with clubs shaped like—like—
well, you know what, you! When one
escapes, they beat him nearly
death, then drag him back. And, be-
sides, one cannot swim a hundred

miles!"

"Ah! But M. le Diable can," said
L'Etoile with conviction.
"Certainly he can," said the Ameri-
can. "I can myself. At least, if it
were a question of escape from that
hell, Noumea."

The eyes of the bandaged man in
the corner dwelt curiously on the face
of Smith.

The cards were dealt. The five
men fell to their game. Presently it
was over, and Cured gathered up the
money. Le Brisetout stretched out one
hairy, mammoth paw.

"A hundred miles!" he said, as
though recollecting the former train
of speech. "Ah! That is clearly im-
possible, M. Smith."

Cured's voice cut in, a bit dreamily.
"I should like to meet this M. le
Diable," he reflected aloud. "Decid-
edly, the monotony of life is a fearful
thing. The facts of life—you apprehend!
One desires to get away from
facts. How pleasant to be a bolshevik
and abolish all fact!"

L'Etoile, adjusting his green patch,
laughed softly. That laugh was like
the snicker of steel on steel.

"If you ever meet M. le Diable," he
responded, "you will have no more
monotony, my gentleman! As for
your facts of life, I know nothing
about them. You should have known
our M. le Diable—a true artist! No
gutter pickings for him. 'Cre nom!'"

"He was an Apache, perhaps?"
queried Cured, dealing.

SEAPLANE RIDES FEATURE AT PORT

Gigantic Martin Accom-
modates Six Passengers—
Stunt Plane To Perform.

SMOKE WRITING

Visitors in Port Stanley today are
scheduled to receive one of the great-
est thrills in the history of the resort
with the arrival of a gigantic Martin
seaplane, equipped with an enclosed
cabin accommodating six passengers,
and also a "Jenny" Curtiss stunting
land plane, equipped for all of the
tricks of the modern birdman, in-
cluding the new eighth wonder of
smoke writing on the sky.

The London & Port Stanley Rail-
way has closed a contract with the
American and British Aviation Cor-
poration to bring the machines to
Port Stanley for an indefinite en-
gagement. The ships are scheduled
to be in action at the lakeside resort
as an added attraction for the big
Masonic picnic to be held tomorrow.

The ships are in charge of Capt. J.
C. Davis and Lieut. Jean Laverne,
both of whom served with distinction
during the world war, the latter as a
member of the famous international
LaFayette Esquadille organized by
Americans who sought to repay the
debt of the United States to France
from the days of General LaFayette.

The Second Ship.

The arrival of the seaplane marks
the second appearance of a ship of
this type on the Canadian side of
Lake Erie. Last summer when the
late-fate American balloon fell into
the lake off Port Stanley the U. S.
government despatched seaplanes
from Cleveland, one of which crossed
the lake in the sensational speed of
55 minutes. This great flying boat
will have its match in the big Martin.
This machine is really built for long
distance cruises as a bomber, but has
been equipped with the six-passenger
cabin. She has been in service in
Miami, Key West, and more recently
at the fashionable resorts of Ches-
apeake Bay, in New York harbor, at
Belle Isle and Chicago.

Scores of Londoners in recent years
have enjoyed the \$10 rides given by
land machines capable of carrying
one passenger with the pilot. During
its stay in Port Stanley, however, the
Martin seaplane will carry passen-
gers on fifteen-minute flights around
Port Stanley at \$5 a passenger. The
first passenger trips are scheduled
to be made on Wednesday during the
Masonic picnic and flights will also
be carried on daily thereafter until
further notice.

The giant Martin machine is
equipped with Liberty 12 motors of
great power. The machine, however,
is used purely for passenger service
and never for stunt exhibitions. Pas-
senger tickets will be on sale at the
L. & P. S. Cafe.

Stunt Flying.

Capt. Davis and Lieut. Laverne are
bringing another aeroplane, a "Jenny"
Curtiss, capable of terrific speed, for
all of the big occasions in the near
future in Port Stanley, commencing
with the Masonic picnic and includ-
ing such events as the Dominion Day
celebrations. The Curtiss is a land ma-
chine that will take off from the
baseball diamond at the foot of In-
vererie Heights. It is a high speed,
fast-climbing machine that is booked
to add great thrills to the Masonic
program, when Capt. Davis will give
a demonstration over the lake of
looping the loop, back falls, spinning
nose dives, turns, slides and all the
other death-defying features. The
machine is also equipped for the
newest in stunt flights that has de-
veloped as a world sensation—smoke
writing on the sky. If conditions are
favorable, Capt. Davis intends to
write a message for the Masonic pic-
nicners against the sunset sky.

The Masons have arranged for a
big sports program with events open
to everybody, a splendid feature
being the Invererie Heights in the
afternoon and in the evening a com-
munity sing song with massed
gave a sudden heave of his shoulders
and arms.

(Copyright, 1924, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Tomorrow—Berangere Visits Saigon.

SUMMER DAYS AT THE LAKE-
SIDE ARE HUNGRY DAYS.
Keep a Plentiful Supply of Fresh,
Nourishing Neal's Bread on Hand.

NEAL'S Good White Bread

NEAL BAKING COMPANY, LIMITED.
Windsor London St. Thomas Sarnia

ALWAYS WAS—ALWAYS WILL BE
**5c MACKIE'S
ORANGEADE**
Obtainable only one place—on the Board Walk,
PORT STANLEY

THREE OF FAMILY DIE INSIDE OF SIX WEEKS

T. Rutherford of Tillsonburg
Dies From Shock After
Wife's Funeral.

Special to The Advertiser.
Tillsonburg, June 23.—Death visited
the home of the Thomas Rutherford
family this evening for the third
time in six weeks, and twice within
seven days, when the father, Thomas
Rutherford, aged 74 years, died from
shock. A week ago Sunday his wife
was buried, her death occurring after
a few days' illness. He was taken ill
suddenly after the funeral services and
never left his bed since then. Six
weeks ago Mrs. Roy Rutherford dropped
dead. The youngest daughter,
Maude, is confined to her bed.

For the greater portion of his life
the late Mr. Rutherford resided in the
vicinity of Delmer, and was a very
successful farmer. The last seven
years he has lived retired in Tillson-
burg.

The funeral will be held on Thurs-
day afternoon with interment at
Delmer. Three daughters and five
sons survive: Mrs. Edna E. Charl-
ton, Windsor; Mabel E. Brooks, Pic-
ton; Maude E. at home; Dr. T. Dun-
can of Burford; Roy S. Delmer;
Harry B. Ella Lake; John S. Blen-
heim, and Dr. Scott E. of Windsor.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER.
Special to The Advertiser.
Embryo, June 23.—A great many
friends and neighbors of Miss Sarah
McCorquodale met at her home on
Wednesday night. Alex. Sutherland
was appointed chairman. Roy Suth-
erland and Alvin McKay played a
violin duet. Arthur McPherson
read a suitable and well-worded ad-
dress to Miss McCorquodale, and
Misses Ina and Lettie McPherson
tendered her a miscellaneous shower,
which included china, cut glass, sil-
verware, towels, linens, fancy work,
etc. Several impromptu speeches
followed. Music on the violin was
given by Mrs. Alex. Campbell, Roy
Sutherland, Alvin McKay, Burns
McCorquodale, and on the piano by
Misses Anna McKay, Edna McCor-
quodale and Mrs. James Hossack.

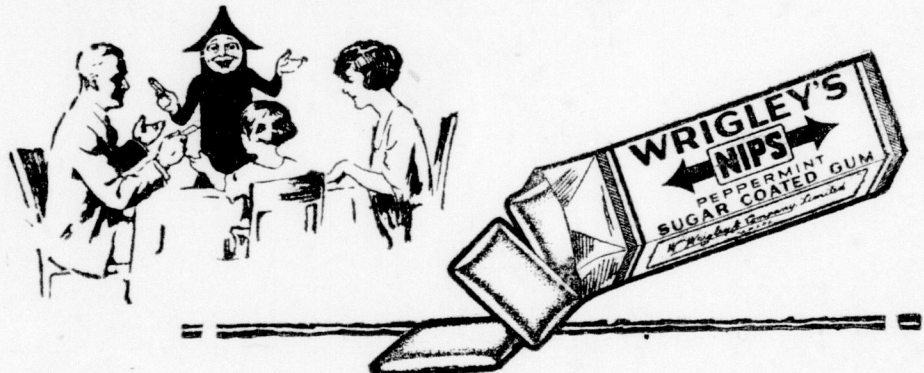
THE WATER ROUTE TO THE WEST.

For those who this summer are in-
tent upon seeing the glories of Jasper
National Park, the Canadian Rockies
or the Pacific Coast, travelling part
of the way by water makes a de-
lightful break in the long journey.
By rail to Sarnia—thence to Port
Arthur aboard the luxurious steamers
of the Northern Navigation Company,
the traveller loses very little time,
and is amply repaid by the change
of scene, cool lake breezes and social
life aboard.

There is dancing every evening,
concerts, sing-songs and promenade-
ing, not to mention the quiet hours
reclining in a comfortable deck chair
with a book or magazine. The cuisine
is excellent and the staterooms rival
the comfort of the great ocean liners.
Any agent of the Canadian Nation-
al Railways or Northern Navigation
Company will gladly give full par-
ticulars or illustrated booklet.—Ad-
b

EVELYN WINS.

Embryo, June 23.—Evelyn and
Embro baseball league teams played
here. The umpire was Mr. Garnet
Francis of Thamesford, the pitcher
for Evelyn, McIntyre, catcher, Judd;
pitcher for Embro, C. McNeill;
catcher, William McKay; score, 5-0
in favor of Embro.



Guard Your Mouth

Let WRIGLEY'S be the guar-
dian of your mouth and throat.

It will combat trouble of various
kinds. It helps to keep the teeth
free from food particles that fer-
ment and cause decay.

It has an antiseptic effect. It re-
lieves acid mouth and thus not
only prevents harm to the teeth,
but serves to sweeten the stomach.

It stimulates digestion and helps
to prevent the forming of gas
that causes dyspepsia.

Read, from a widely known
medical work:

"Chewing gum aids tooth nutri-
tion and the cleansing action is a
definite benefit—it prevents
dyspepsia. Good chewing gum
is excellent for bad digestion."

So we say, use

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

R13

Four brands—
different flavors—
all made from
best ingredients
obtainable



Sealed in its
purity package—
fresh, clean and
full-flavored