

# The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY

[CONTINUED.]

"You infernal blackguard, have you seen this?" he roared.

David stood up. He held on to the table to steady himself. Even Bulmer, white with rage, could not fail to see that he was stunned.

But Dickey was not minded to spare him on that account.

"Answer me, you scoundrel!" he shouted. "You are glib enough when it suits your purpose. Were you in this? Is this the reason you didn't tell me Iris was on board last night? Now let's have it! No more of your flamin' inside up tines. Wot took you to shove the Andromeda into a rat trap of this sort?"

David seemed to be laboring for breath.

"Arf a mo'. No need to yowl at me like that," he protested.

He fumbled with the lock of a corner cupboard, opened it and drew forth a decanter and some glasses.

"Ah," he said, smacking his lips with some of the old time relish, "that puts new life into me. The story is all moonshine on the face of it."

"If think otherwise, Mr. Verity, and Mr. Bulmer, I take it, agrees with me," said the reporter.

"Wot!" blazed David, into whose mind had darted a notion that dazzled him. "Dye mean to insinuate that I lent my ship to this 'ere Dom Wot's-is-name? Dye sit there an' think that I'd allow a bonnie lass like my Iris to take a trip that might end in 'er bein' blown to bits. It's crool, that's wot it is, reel crool."

"The lady referred to was Miss Iris Yorke, then?"

"O' rise? I've only one niece. My trouble is that she went without my permission, in a way of speakin'. 'Ere, you'd better 'ave the fax. She was engaged to my friend, Mr. Bulmer; but, bein' a slip of a girl an' fond of romancin', she just put herself aboard the Andromeda without sayin' 'with your leave' or 'by your leave.' She wrote me a letter, w'ich sort of explains the affair. Dye want to see it?"

"If I may?"

"No," said Bulmer.

"Look 'ere, Dickey," went on David, "this dashed fairy tale wot'n hold water. You know Coke. Is 'e the kind o' man to go bumpin' round like a stage 'ero an' holistin' Union Jacks as the ship sinks? I ax you, is 'e? It's nonsense—stuff an' nonsense. An' if the Andromeda was scrapped at Fernando Noronha, 'oo were the freebooters that collared the island, an' 'ow did this 'ere De Sylva get to Macelo? Are you listenin'?"

"Yes," said Bulmer, turning at last and devouring Verity with his deep set eyes.

"Well, wot 'dye think of it?"

"Did you send the ship to Fernando Noronha?"

It is needless to place on record the formula of David's denial. It was forcible and served its purpose. That should suffice.

"If 'ere Iris is alive the partnership goes on," said Bulmer. "If she's dead it doesn't."

"Dye mean it?"

"I always mean wot I say."

The click of an indicator on the desk showed that Verity's private telephone had been switched on from the general office. By sheer force of routine David picked up a receiver and placed it to his ear. The subeditor of the newspaper whose representative had not been gone five minutes asked if he was speaking to Mr. Verity.

"Yes," said David. "Wot's up now?" and he motioned to Bulmer to use a second receiver.

"A cablegram from Pernambuco states specifically that the captain and crew of the Andromeda fought their way across the island of Fernando Noronha, rescued Dom de Sylva, seized a steam launch, attacked and captured the German steamship Lusar Fritz and landed the insurgent leader at Macelo. The message goes on to say that the captain's name is Coke and that he is accompanied by his daughter. Eh? What did you say? Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm 'ere, or I think I am," said David with a desperate calmness. "Is that all?"

"All for the present."

"It doesn't say that Coke is a ravin', 'owlin' lunatic, does it?"

"No. Is that your view?"

Bulmer's hand gripped David's. "I was thinkin' that the chap who writes these 'ere 'sensation' wire news 'ave rounded up his facts in good shape," said Verity aloud.

"But there is not the slightest doubt that something of the kind has occurred," said the voice.

"It's a put 'n' job," roared David.

"Iris is alive!" murmured Bulmer. "Now, David, I'll tell you wot I had in me mind in comin' 'ere this mornin'. You're hard up. You don't know where to turn for a penny. If you're agreeable I'll put a trustworthy man in this office an' give 'im full powers to pull your affairs straight. Mind you, I'm doin' this for Iris, not for you. An' 'ow that we know wot's appenin' in South America you an' I will go out there and look into things. A mail steamer will take us there in sixteen days, an' before we sail we can work the cables a bit so as to stop Iris from startin' for 'ome before we arrive."

## CHAPTER XIII THE LURE OF GOLD.

"PHILIP, I want to tell you something."

"Something pleasant?"

"No."

"Then why tell me?"

"Because, unhappily, it must be told. I hope you will forgive me, though I shall never forgive myself. Oh, my dear, my dear, why did we ever meet? And what am I to say? I—well, I have promised to marry another man."

"Disagree!" said Philip.

"Philip, dear, this is quite serious," said Iris, momentarily withdrawing her wistful gaze from the faraway line where sapphire sea and amber sky met in harmony. Northeastern Brazil is a favored clime. Bad weather is there a mere link, as it were, between unbroken weeks of brilliant sunshine. At her present pace the Unseer Fritz would enter the harbor at Pernambuco on the following morning.

Iris, her troubled face resting on her hands, her elbows propped on the rails of the poop on the port side, looked at Philip with an intense sadness that was seemingly lost on him.

"I really mean what I say," she continued in a low voice that vibrated with emotion. "I have given my word—written it—entered into a most solemn obligation. Somehow the prospect of reaching a civilized place to-morrow induces a more ordered state of mind than has been possible since—since the Andromeda was lost."

"Who is he?" demanded Hozer darkly. "Coke is married. So is Watta. Dom Corria has other fish to fry than to dream of committing bigamy. Of course I am well aware that you have been flirting with San Benavides."

"Please don't make my duty harder for me," pleaded Iris. "Before I met you, before we spoke to each other that first day at Liverpool, I had promised to marry Mr. Bulmer, an old friend of my uncle's."

"Oh—he? I am sorry for Mr. Bulmer, but it can't be done," interrupted Hozer.

"Philip, you do not understand. I—I cared for nobody then, and my uncle said he was in danger of bankruptcy, and Mr. Bulmer undertook to help him if I would consent."

He turned and met her eyes. There was a tender smile on his lips.

"So you really believe you will be compelled to marry Mr. Bulmer?" he cried.

"Oh, don't be horrid!" she almost sobbed. "I cuc-cuc-can't help it."

"I have given some thought to the problem myself," he said, "and I appreciate exactly how well it would serve Mr. David Verity's interests if his niece married a wealthy old party like Bulmer. By the way, how old is Bulmer?"

"Nearly seventy."

"It is a pity that Bulmer should be a patriarch, because his only hope of marrying you is that I shall die first. Evey then he must be prepared to expose my widow. By the way, is it disrespectful to describe him as a patriarch? Isn't there some proverb about threescore years and ten?"

"Philip, if only you would appreciate my dreadful position!"

"I do. It ought to be ended. The first person we meet shall be commanded. Don't you see, dear, we really must get married at Pernambuco."

Iris clinched her little hands in despair. Why did he not understand her misery? Though she was unwavering in her resolution to keep faith with the man who had twitted her with taking all and giving nothing in return, she could not wholly restrain the tumult in her veins. Married in Pernambuco! Ah, if only that were possible!

"I am sure we would be happy together," she said, with a pathetic confidence that tempted him strongly to take her in his arms and kiss away her fears. "We must forget what happened in the land of dreams. I will never love any man but you, Philip. Yet I cannot marry you."

"You will marry me in Pernambuco."

"I will not because I may not. Oh, spare me any more of this I cannot bear it. Have pity, dear!"

"Iris, let us at least look at the position calmly. Do you really think that fate's own decree should be set aside merely to keep David Verity out of the bankruptcy court?"

"I am sure we would be happy together, and two men are certain I will keep it."

"Ah, they will release you. What then?"

"You do not know my uncle or Mr. Bulmer. Money is their god. I owe everything to my uncle. He rescued my mother and me from dire poverty. He gave us freely of his abundance. We have had our hour, dear. Its memory will never leave me. I shall think of you, dear, when I am in prison, if you will, some other girl—oh, no, I do not mean that! Philip, don't be angry with me today. You are writing my heart."

"I shall never give you up to any other man," he said. "I have seen you by the sword, O Lord, I shall never give you up. Not while I live! Why, you yourself dragged me away from certain death when I was lying unconscious on the Andromeda's deck. A second time you saved not me alone, but the ten others who are left out of the twenty-two, by bringing us back to Grand-pere in the hour that our escape seemed to be assured had we put

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"WE REALLY MUST GET MARRIED AT PERNAMBUCO."

out to sea. We are more than quits, dear heart, when we strike a balance of mutual service. We are bound by a tie of comradeship that is denied to most. And what other man and woman now breathing can lay better claim than we to have been joined by the Almighty?"

The strange exigencies of their lives during the past two days had ordained that this should be Philip's first avowal of his feelings. Under the stress of overpowering impulse he had clasped Iris to his heart when they were parting on the island. In obedience to a stronger law than any hitherto revealed to her innocent consciousness the girl had down to his arms when he came to the hut. And that was all their lovemaking—his blissful moment of delirium wrenched from a time of gaunt tragedy and followed by a few hours of self negation. Yet they sufficed—to the man—and the woman is never too ready to count the cost when her heart declares its passion.

"No, Iris, not if Satan brought every dead Verity to aid the living one in his demand."

Coke, to whom that was anathema, chose that unhappy instant to summon him to take charge of the ship.

"We're givin' Pernambuco the go-by. It's Macelo for us, quick as we can get there," said Coke.

Hozer was in no humor for conciliatory methods. He turned on his heel and walked straight to where De Sylva was leaning against the rails.

"Captain Coke tells me that we are to make for Pernambuco," he said, meeting the older man's penetrating gaze with a glance as firm and self contained.

"That is what we have arranged," said Dom Corria.

"It does not seem to have occurred to you that there is one person on board this ship whose interests are vastly more important than yours, senator."

"Meaning Miss Yorke?" asked the other, who did not require to look twice at this stern visaged man to grasp the full import of any words but the plainest.

"Yes."

"She will be safer at Macelo than at Pernambuco. Our only danger at either place will be encountered at the actual moment of landing. At Macelo there is practically no risk of finding a warship in the harbor. That is why we are going there."

"And not because you are more likely to find adherents there?"

"It is a much smaller town than Pernambuco, and my strength lies outside the large cities, I admit. But there can be no question as to our wisdom in preferring Macelo, even where the young lady's well being is concerned."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Handy Story.

Daughter—For the shame of you, pa, I saw you kiss the parlor maid as you went out.

Fa—Don't be ridiculous, dear. I've missed two or three bottles of Scotch lately, and, as I suspected Nellie, I took the opportunity of smelling her breath, that's all.

## Coun. Vanderbeck Wants a Museum

### Genial John Endeavors To Secure Old Government Building in Fredericton For That Purpose

(Saturday's Gleaner)

A movement is on foot to purchase the old Provincial Assembly building on Queen street, where the Legislature first assembled in Fredericton in 1788, and to turn the place into a museum, where old-time souvenirs and archives, relating to the history of the province, may be kept.

One man offers to finance the scheme, if the building can be secured at anything like a reasonable figure.

Mr. J. W. Vanderbeck of Millerton, who was in the city during the past few days, is the man behind the scheme, and is willing to put up a reasonable amount of cash to secure the building. He would also like, if possible, to remove the building to a site on the river bank in Parliament Square, and make it one of the show places of the city, similar to many old buildings of the kind to be found in Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. Vanderbeck has had a special interest in this scheme for some time, and this has been increased by reading letters relating to the old building which have recently been published in The Gleaner.

Mr. Vanderbeck says that his great grandfather, Abraham Vanderbeck, erected the building over 130 years ago, for one of the early settlers of Fredericton, named Cornelius Ackerman, who in turn rented the building to the first Government of the Province for forty pounds sterling per year. The first session of the Legislature to be held in this city opened there on July 15, 1788, and house continued to meet there until 1870, when it removed to the old provincial building, which was burned about 1873. Here the courts were also held and the King's Provision Store was located; and here it is also said, that the first sermon in English ever preached in Fredericton was delivered to an audience of sixty or seventy persons by the first rector, Rev. Samuel Cooke.

It was remarked by Mr. Cooke that the population of Fredericton then numbered 400, "of whom 100 attended church, but many of a common sort preferred to go a-fishing."

Mr. Vanderbeck's forefather at that time owned the whole block on Queen street from Regent to St. John streets and built the first brick house in Fredericton.

Mr. Vanderbeck interviewed Mrs. George N. Segee, who owns the building at the present time, and, while no negotiations were completed, he is hopeful of coming to some agreement in the matter.

## GERMANY AND THE POLISH NATION

The principal features of the German solution of the Polish question, which are approved by all the Central Powers, are published in the Abend Zeitung of Augsburg, Ger., says an Exchange Telegraph despatch from Zurich. The conditions are:

"The frontiers will be fixed by the German high command, according to military necessities.

"The Polish army will be restricted to 90,000.

"For 50 years Poland must make most favorable economic concessions to the Central Powers on the principle of the most favored nation."

"Publication of German, Austrian, Hungarian, Bulgarian and Turkish papers must be allowed."

"In any locality where there are 10 German children a German school will be opened."

Provision, the newspaper adds, also is made for an elective monarchy. The German conditions will be incorporated in the Constitution which cannot be modified without the approval of the Central Powers.

## NEW VENDOR

Mr. M. Schaffer, of Blackville was last week appointed a licensed vendor under the N. B. Prohibitory Act.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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## Survivors Land at Nova Scotia Port

Reporting the sinking of their vessel on Sunday, July 7th, by a U-boat, twenty-two men of the crew of the Norwegian iron sailing ship Marosa arrived at Canso, N. S. Wednesday morning in the two boats in which they had made their escape before the submarine sank their vessel.

They said that the Marosa, bound from Newport News, Va., with cargo of coal for Buenos Aires, was held up by a submarine in latitude 40 W, longitude 50.53 N, about seven hundred miles southeast of this coast.

The commander of the U-boat, after firing a warning shot, ordered Captain Nyhus, master of the Marosa, to leave to and abandon his ship. This he did, taking with him plentiful supplies of food and water, also compasses, sextants and a chronometer. The U-boat, which the Norwegians describe as a large one, then fired shell after shell into the Marosa's hull until she sank.

## Summer Heat Hard On Baby

No season of the year is so dangerous to the life of little ones as is the summer. The excessive heat throws the little stomach out of order so quickly that, unless prompt aid is at hand, the baby may be beyond all human help before the mother realizes he is ill. Summer is the season when diarrhoea, cholera infantum, dysentery and colic are most prevalent. Any of these troubles may prove deadly if not promptly treated. Dettol, the summer the mothers' best friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels, soothe the stomach and keep baby healthy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## KIERSTEAD TO HANG SEPT. 24th

Robert Kierstead, to Gagetown, who was recently convicted of the murder of his wife last December was sentenced on Tuesday by Judge Barry to be hanged on Sept. 24th.

## MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

TO MRS. R. D. BARRICK: The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother— I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping invited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Your affectionate son, ROS.

Manufactured by the Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd. Yarmouth, N.S.

## S. S. "Max Aitken"

Until further notice the Time Table of the above steamer will be as follows:

Leave Redbank every morning (Sunday excepted) at 8.45 A.M.

Leave Newcastle for Chatham, 11 A.M.

Leave Chatham for Newcastle, 12.15 P.M.

Leave Newcastle for Chatham 1.45 P.M.

Leave Chatham for Newcastle, 3 P.M.

Leave Newcastle for Redbank, 4.15 P.M.

On Saturdays will return from Redbank to Newcastle in the evening.

Calling at all intermediate points between Redbank and Chatham including North, Bushy, and Douglastown.

Information regarding Freight and Passengers rates will be furnished by the Captain.

All freight must be delivered 15 minutes before Steamer is scheduled to leave.

Commencing Saturday July 6th. Every Saturday will be Excursion day from Chatham, Douglastown, Newcastle and Nelson, to Redbank at intermediate points.

Leave Chatham at 3 p. m. and Newcastle at 4.15 p. m. Returning to Newcastle at 8.30 and Chatham at 9 p. m.

Fare for Round Trip 50c's. Children from 8 to 12 yrs. 25c's from all points. Tickets good for date of issue only.

Evening Sail Every Saturday evenings the people of Newcastle will have an opportunity of having a sail to Chatham and return. No stopover at Chatham. Tickets 25c's. Newcastle Steamboat Co Ltd.

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