

Submarine One of Morgan Robertson's Best Yarns About the Subconscious Finnegan Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

The

ne ases hare thin and illed me rect lief. 8

W

1 a

he

ed

e of

(CONCLUDED)

able to report unofficially, but decisively, on the character of a long, low, destroyer type of craft that crept around the headland downstream, hovered a few minutes and then hurried seaward at thirty knots, followed by about half a ton of steel from the Argyll's six inch and secondary guns.

"Russian scout boat," he remarked to the deck, then turned his glasses elsewhere on the smooth waters of the strait, where might appear some traces of his lost boat or his men. Late in the afternoon, when the tide had turned and sained its maximum strength, he called attention to something that glistened in the sun far over toward the other shore, and soon after he pointed out another such object just behind it. then another, farther out in the stream, then a fourth, far to the rear of them all.

"Terpedces!" he called to the bridge beneath. "They've shot them out to lighten her."

He turned his glass around for a monent, then hailed again. "Man overboard!" and pointed dead ahead. Bronson came down to the bridge.

The man could be seen with the naized eye-a swarthy, bearded fellow, who swam remarkably high out of water. But Bronson, after another inspection, stopped the comment on this by the quiet remark: "He's not swimning at all. He's riding a torpedo. Look out for it, gentlemen, for you'll and the safety gear unscrewed from etenator. That's my engineer."

The captain glanced inquiringly at him, then said, "I will release you from parole if you wish."

"Thank you, sir. I accept the release officially, but will always maintain it personally between you and myself. But I am still pondering. I cannot desert yet. Please put me in

The captain smiled. "No." he said. 'You cannot escape."

Being a prisoner no longer under parole, Bronson left the bridge, and by this time two fountains of water had . Argyll. arisen on the smooth waters of the ! strait perilously hear to the Argyll. proving that the men behind those twinkles of flame had the range.

Then two booming reports came over the sea, but the Argyll remained at at something which only Bronson, anchor and waited.

The gunfire from behind the head land below had not ceased, and soon appeared, three miles out, howeverthe scout boat of the day before. She passed slowly across the opening, firing at the mother ship, but maintaining a safe distance. Then a three funneled, high sided amound ed, high sided, armored cruiser appeared in view, then a short, bulky battleship and another smaller cruiser. All directed their fire at the reeling mother ship, coming on in her smoke, her crew working at the heavy forward crane.

"Only three submarines on her deck," remarked the captain as he viewed her through his glass. "She has left two of them somewhere. I wonder if they're near by."

And now the two ships coming on from above, battleships evidently, changed their fire from the Argyll to the other, and their range finders were good, and their aim was good, and the shell that they sent were heavy, and when one lifted a shower of water over the whole slanting deck of the mother ship the Argyll acted.

She was caught in a trap, but that unarmored, unprotected mother with her five small ducklings needed her care, and, lifting her anchor, she steamed out to meet her, the secondary battery stlent the while, but the after turret guns belching at the two ships at sea, the forward ones at the battleship, the two cruisers and the scout. And her range was good and her

THE BEACON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1918

"Your master-at-arms will not conine me. cantain

"Are you still pondering on the ethics of desertion?" asked the captain. again gluing his eye to a peephole. "The probable is unsolvable." said Bronson. "By the laws of honor and of Russia I should be fighting against you; by the laws of nature and blood should be with you. There are penalties for violation of law." "What do you mean?" asked the aptain, without looking around. "I notice that your fighting top bat-

teries are silent The captain paid no more attention

to him, and Bronson climbed the ladder that led up the mast to the lower top.

It is an axiom in the world's navies that no man may live through an action in a fighting top, and Bronson, aloft with the dead, could not but have been impressed by the sight of the fall of the lower Russian ship's foremasts, tops, guns, dead men and living, and the small signal yard to which, even as the mast crashed down,

small flags were ascending. But the ship went on, a man now exposed on her forward bridge waving a wigwag back and forth until abreast of the

And how, though her heavy shells,

still came toward the big, invulnerable Englishman, it was noticeable that her whole secondary battery of quick fire and machine guns was directed astern high in air with a pair of service hine plars, could make out.

"A submarine!" he called. "They're running away from it! Now it has lived."

Gunfire on the upper ships suddenly seased, and the Argyll's captain and aids came out of their refuge to see these two, with a furious turmoil of water at their sterns, backing and turning in their lengths. The wigwag bad told the news.

"There it is again!" shouted Bronson excitedly. "It's up for a peep around. Now it's under again.' Professional excitement and enthusiism are excusable, even when aroused over the performances of an enemy. Bronson, who had gone aloft to die, had a new interest in life.

"The mother boat must have dropped one somewhere," said the captain, "or else it's the one they had hoisted when she blew up. Just in time too," he added calmly as a crash sounded and a quiver went through the ship, while a cloud of smoke and splinters went up from the stern.

A shell from the lower ship had struck.

"Steering gone, sir!" called a quartermaster from within the conning tower.

"Thought so," remarked the captain. We're hit in our weak spot. We're helpless, but praise God for that submarine! Look at them go!"

The two backing and turning itus sians had straightened around."



Baking Day in Grandmother's Kitchen

RANDMOTHER did her baking in tin kitchens set U before the fire. Sometimes she baked a sponge cake in an iron kettle, browning the top with hot coals heaped on the lid. On baking day the kitchen was filled with delicious fragrance because Grandmother made her cakes and pies with old fashioned brown sugar.

Gone are the cranes and bellows and tin kitchens but we still enjoy Grandmother's favorite dishes. Mince pies, plum puddings, cakes and many sweets and beverages are much better made just as she made them with soft brown sugar. It is easy to get both the recipes and the sugar with which to make them up. Lantic Old-Fashioned

Brown Sugars come in three kinds -Light, Brilliant and Dark Yellow-and are for sale by grocers throughout Canada. Brilliant Yellow is particularly good for baking. Grandmother's Recipes have been reproduced in a delightful little book which we will send to you for a 2c. stamp to cover cost of mailing.

ble to any craft carry. ing tubes, and boats were sent to bring them in, one of which brought ise the bearded Russian engineer. Mr. Bronson manslated his story.

"It was the quartermaster," he said, "who reached up and moved the start-ing switch in the conning tower. He easily surmised by my talking in a. lansmage strange to Finnegan that we

were captured." "But did anybody drown?" asked Mr. Classes eagerly. "Where's Finnegam? How did that man get out?" '

"Some must have drowned," went on Bronson gravely. "The quartermaster get Finnegan out of the way and closed the hatch, and then she was ing along the bottom, unable to rise even by her own motion against the during rudder-hard up. They shot out the humedoes, but still she would not mise. Then they drew lots and ejected themselves one by one. The guartermaster swam to a torpe-

to and was rescued by that scout boat, but the seat must have drowned, for the engineer did not see them."

"But who remained behind?" asked Mr. Classen. "Who drew the fatal umber

The

"Ever on Finnegan!" groaned the executive officer. "Done for at last! He has saved thousands of lives when trunk and now must die, sober and instructed, to save a half dozen ene-Mick

The stean echoed mentally throughout the ship, and men went to their sleep that might praying for the soul of the scale and ridiculous old man they had loved.

bit at deplight there were other things is high of. Sharp firing was been, and here staggered around the heading telew a large merchant built stemmer with huge derricks fitted to mast, a few small, ouick fire are as the came, the white maval en-

a a dittain flying from each mast and and a volume of smoke belch-" ward from amidships.

was aire, and she was perceptiin the head, proving that at

least are compartment was filled. "The moment ship, lieutenant." ex-planted the capitain as Bronson appear-ed at the buildge. "She carries our five statutes and a holdful of White-Your friends are after her."

after you, too. captain," answerthe upper end of the strait, ter, in out over the gray sea, were two grouper spets from each of which, even as they looked, came a twinkle of fame. "That scout boat has reported

"and yes, too, lieutenant," answered the explain grimly. "She rescued one four men. What will happen to you that boat ?!!

"The ant mines of Siberia for me," "The ant mines of Siberia for me," "The pondering on the effices of desertion."

she sent so much heavier than those sent at her that with a little more time she might have saved that distracted mother, for the two cruisers

and the scout withdrew from range s fast as their horsepower would ad-

But the battleship remained broadside to the target. flame, smoke and pointed steel coming from her turrets, and every fountain of water raised by these pointed steel shells closer to the fleeing mother ship than the last. until finally one struck her in the stern and raked through her length. She separated into fragments.

It was not an instantaneous explosion. Beginning at the stern, she seemed to split in two, while a line of rising flame and smoke traveled forward. Then the two sides disintegrated and sank. The masts leaned-one forward, the other aft-and fell. A cigar shaped submarine boat swung high at the forward derrick went higher in air and fell into the turmoil beneath, while two others, lifted sidewise from the shattered halves of the hull, whirled end over end and fell

into the sea. Up and out from this riot of destructive forces came a huge expanding cloud of black and yellow smoke, while over the sea, echoing and reverberat-ing against the wooded shores of the strait, went a crashing continuity of sound as of a repeated drum call of artillery.

Every Whitehead in the hold had exploded separately, and when the cloud had thinned there was nothing left of the mother shop but a few floating fragments of wood and, show-ing for one instant before it sank, the round conning tower of a single submarine.

And now the Argyll received the sunfire of the three ships, one but a nile below her, the other two, breast to breast, coming down the strait. The cruisers and the scout boat were still going. They seemed to be agi-tated, smoking hard from their funnels and flying numerous small flags in different combinations. The battle ship they had deserted, though weaker than the Argyli, steamed boldly into the strait, and, as she was already close enough, the latter stopped her engines and drifted with the tide. Then the two ships above slowed down, and, the Argyll in the center, there en-

sued one of the hammer and tongs, give and take conflicts from which the big English battleship had ever merged victorious, because no shell made that could penetrate her ghteen inch armor and no armor that ald withstand her thirteen inch

Bronson, gloomy of face, appeared ning tower, where the imin the con perturbable captain and his aids had taken refuge from the storm of steel. He waited until the captain had withdrawn his eyes from a peeph

other, still waving the wigwag from her bridge, had passed them and was leading the parade. Behind was an occasional glimpse of a small, circular conning tower, which appeared for only an instant and then dived.

The big, helpless ship swung slowly around, steering, after a manner, with her twin screws, but helpless to maneuver. Yet her batteries were intact, and she continued her hammering blows on the fleeing ships. The submarine's conning tower now seemed to be approaching the Argyll, which had swung end on to it. Then it dived again.

"She's coming," said the captain. "I wonder if she fired a torpedo.

199

"I was released from parole, you re-

ember," said the letter. "and took .

going out did the business, and she

"He only had to start the motor, but

must have floated up with Finnegan.

the water awash in her destroyed her

trim. That is why she dived so often.

He turned on the oxygen too, and I

nearly suffocated before I got things

"Oxygen," murmured the surgeon.

you ask for something more substantial?"

It's mighty seldom that I strikes anybody

'I'm a student of human nature, mum.

what's mean enough to give me just a

crust and a cup of water."-Birmingham

The Safest Matches

in the World!

Also The Cheapest

ARE

Eddy's

"Silent 500s"

Age-Herald.

guished.

"That's what made him drunk."

"Don't think she got near enough, sir," answered one of the lieutenants. "But consider the moral effect of these boats, captain. She frightened away chance that Finnegan had weathered: the scout boat and the cruisers. They that's all. Five torpedoes' going out went away signaling." did not lighten her enough, but five "Yes, one such boat is worth a whole men, nearly a thousand pounds more, fleet until fighting begins. She has

frightened them all away. Here she is again." The small conning tower again arose,

hundred yards ahead. "Ship aboy!" yelled a man standing knee deep in the water ahead of the ship. "Why d'ye run away fur? Hey,

straight. ye brass bound, murtherin' sons ov a codfish a-rishtocracy! Lemme out o' this contrapshion! D'ye hear me, blast yer eyes!" "Finnegan!" yelled a chorus of voices

from gunports and apertures, and the beloved name went through the ship. He began dancing about in the water, shaking his fist and reviling his officers profanely and unkindly and rebuking them for their heartlessness in running away. Then the captain spoke. "He's drunk," he said, an expression of awe and wonder on his smoke

stained countenance, "and still an instrument of Providence. But how did he raise that boat alone, and how did he get drunk?" As the small submarine boat came

abreast men on the main deck went over after Finnegan. Yelling and shouting joyously, they pulled the profane and abusive old man off into deep water and held him up, finding him at last an inert and lifeless load on their hands. Then a bowline was lowered, and he was pulled abboard.

But in the confusion in the water no one had noticed that one man had climbed up the submerged deck of the submarine, floundered along to the tower and entered it. It was only when the noise of the hatch snapping down came to their ears and they saw the small conning tower disappear be fore their eyes that they suspected who had entered the boat.

But as to how Finnegan had raised boat they did not learn from, him. He knew nothing about it, he in when the surgeon had revived him. Months later the explanation came in a letter, part of which the captain read to his officers.

Old Fashioned Brown Sugar

Lantic

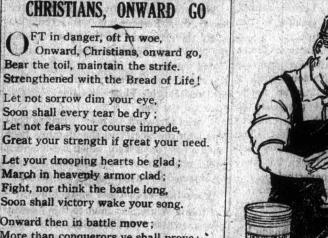
is put up only in 100-lb. bags with the well-known Lantic trademark from which your grocer will serve you any quantity you require. Our booklet tells you among other things how to keep brown sugar fresh, moist and ready for use.

Lantic Old-Fashioned Brown Sugars are made by the same firm that makes the famous Lantic "FINE" Granulated.

Atlantic Sugar Refineries Limited

1806.)

Montreal, Oue.



"Will you give me a crust of bread an' a cup of water, mum?" "Certainty, I'll fix you up a nice lunch. But why didn't Though opposed by many a foe, Christian soldiers, onward go !

> HENRY KIRKE WHITE. (Born March 21, 1785; died October 19,

> > A TOTAL LOSS

Archbishop Magee, of New York, after staying at a hotel, had an extortionate bill presented to him by his host, who, af ter receiving payment, solicitously in-quired if his lordship had enjoyed the change and rest. "No. I have had neither," replied the Archbishop. waiter had the change, and you've had the rest."—The Argonaut.

"Miss Howles studied singing .abroad." "How considerate of her."-Baltimore American.

Caller-"Here are some verses I wrote. What ought I to get for them?" Editor (after glancing over lines)—"I am an editor, not a magistrate."—Boston Tran-Safest because they are impregscript.

nated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extin-"The author of this story is a clever chap." "That so?". "Yes, it takes brains to sell such rot."-Judge.

guished. Cheapest because there are more perfect matches to the sized box Man—"She said that she had to get some warm clothes for winter." Nan— "How hopelessly out of style she always was!"—Buffalo Express.

than in any other box on the market. War Time economy and your own good sense, will urge the necessity good sense, will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.



