

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 3.]

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.]

[All rights reserved.]

The Wreckers of Sable Island,

BY

J. Macdonald Oxley.
Author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Floes," and
"The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE WRECKERS

QUICK as Evil-Eye's movements were, Eric's dauntless defender was quicker. With a short deep growl that sounded like a distant clap of thunder, Prince launched his huge body full at the ruffian's throat. His aim was unerring, and utterly unprepared for so violent an attack, the man rolled over upon the sand, the sword falling harmlessly from his hand.

Having thus achieved Evil-Eye's down-fall, Prince did not pursue his advantage, but stood over the prostrate scoundrel, who, thoroughly frightened, made no attempt to move, while he implored Ben to take the dog off him.

Ben at first seemed in no hurry to comply. He evidently enjoyed his companion's sudden discomfort, and felt no sympathy for him in his unpleasant predicament. Then, as he glanced from the mastiff to his young master, in whose countenance fear for himself was already giving way to admira-

tion for his noble dog, a happy thought struck him. His face brightened. He was almost smiling as, turning to Evil-Eye, who scarce dared to breathe lest those great jaws should again close upon his throat, he said:

"Say, Evil-Eye—I'll take the dog off on one condition."

"What is that?" groaned Evil-Eye.

"Why—I've taken a fancy to this lad and his dog, and am willing that they should be my share of the plunder," replied Ben. "Now if you'll swear to me that no harm shall come to them so long as I want them, I'll take the dog off. If you won't—I'll just let you two have it out."

Evil-Eye was silent for a moment. Twisting his head he looked around to see if any other of his companions were near, but there was not a soul in sight, and the storm was still raging furiously.

"All right, Ben. I'll swear," he said, sulkily, and then a crafty look came into his baleful orb, as he added: "and will you give me the rest of your share if I stand by you for the boy?"

Ben was about to say something bitter in reply,



"THERE'S A RING FOR YOU, MY HEARTIES!"