

ABOARD
THE WARSHIP

authorities at
will sink cruise
which outbreak of

Dec. 5—Heavy firing was
in progress this morning
action of the arsenal. Soon
spread that a revolu-
tion had occurred, and
had set a warship
on fire. Several shells have
been fired from the
arsenal.

It appears to have been
the cruiser Chao-Ho, the
which notified the senior
officer of the station that
the vessel had been set
on fire and that the Chao-Ho
was sinking.

Accounts of the nature of
the current, and owing
to the fact that the au-
thorities had no official
information, it is
impossible to say
whether the vessel was
set on fire by a revolu-
tionary party or by a
foreign settlement in
the vicinity of the Kiang-
su river.

The launch of the crew
was not mangled, appar-
ently. At about six
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READ HERE NOW—THEN SEE IT ALL IN MOVING PICTURES.

INTRODUCING
EARLE WILLIAMS - - - Tommy Barclay
ANITA STEWART - - - The Goddess
WRITTEN BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
(One of the most notable figures in American Literature)
Dramatized into a Photo-Play by
CHAS. W. GODDARD

Author of "The Perils of Pauline" "The Exploits of Elaine"

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SYNOPSIS TO PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his
dear wife, Mrs. Amesbury, was left a widow
with a young child. She was a woman of
high character and noble mind. She was
loved by all who knew her. She was the
center of a large circle of friends. She was
the soul of the household. She was the
light of the life. She was the joy of the
heart. She was the love of the world.

CHAPTER XV.

Gordon Barclay's servants had orders to
admit no one without orders. The city was
in a turmoil. With each fresh edition of
the newspapers the situation of the conspirators
became more serious. In the public
parking places, the automobiles were
burned. It became necessary to keep a
cordoned police about Barclay's house. In
the morning, Barclay, Semmes and
Sturtevant were awakened by the sound of
explosions. They looked out of their
windows and saw a scene of destruction.

There was a fountain—a bronze vase,
arms akimbo, who with purple cheeks,
a fine spray of water. Him certain stray
violet from the orchard through which he
passed, and he was able to keep an eye on
the man who was following him. He was
swinging him by the feet and passing
through a prodigious sum of money, consented
to the man who was following him.

This done the leaders rushed in, and for
a moment were halted by the uncompromising
dignity and grandeur of the old. Facing
him, then, was a man of middle age, with
a white mustache and a pair of eyes that
were like a pair of diamonds. He was
wearing a dark suit and a white shirt with
a high collar. He was looking at Barclay
with a steady gaze.

Barclay was half crazy with fatigue. He
was a far corner of the hold he found a pile
of sacking and flung himself down on them.
But there was something hard among them.
That hurt him. He groped for this, and
found that it was a powerful, two-handed
saw, fixed with an inch and a half bit.
He pushed it to one side and in a moment
was sound asleep.

Barclay was restless; the cabin was stuffy
and warm; he preferred the deck at
the open air. So it happened that in passing
the main hatch, in a hull of the vessel,
he heard a sound as of a man snoring.
He had left Semmes and Sturtevant com-
plaining of the discomfort of the cabin. Cap-
tain Nye was at the wheel, the two men and
the boy forward.

never swerving, Gundersorf clung to the spar
tree. His feet were worthy of a better
cause than the Lord's. "Vengeance is
mine, and I will repay it," said the Lord.
The old fishing town of Giddings was dark
as sin. The financiers, conferring, had de-
termined to make this, rather than Miss-
quid, their point of departure. They would
be up to the neck in a shed that had been
charter some craft to convey them to the
island, there would be a great saving of
time.

The car ran half way through the little
town, turned a right angle and descended to
the wharves, and here, in the darkness,
stopped. Gundersorf was the first to alight;
he stepped into the shelter of a shed that
smelt of fish and flung himself to the ground.
Why didn't he shoot down the financiers
as they alighted from the car? His hands

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The Serial Beautiful
Presented By This
NEWSPAPER IN COLLABORATION
With The
VITAGRAPH CO. OF AMERICA

What madness to suppose that such a
man as Barclay would stay by the Mary
Nye till she went down? She carried a
boat for just such an emergency. But he,
Gundersorf, while the others rowed merrily off,
would be left to drown in the dark.

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And all the time and Gundersorf saw from the cliff

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Face
Question

It will save a
great deal of
worry if the
Christmas
presents are
selected early

RED BALL
ALE and
PORTER

for some of
your friends?

WINE & CO.

St. John, N. B.

DAY -

SAY PERCY
I WUZ JUST
KIDDING YOU
YESTERDAY -
HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE TO
BE MY PARTNER



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