

## CAPTAIN BLOOD

By Rafael Sabatini

## BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Captain Blood, physician and adventurer, is convicted, unjustly, on a charge of treason against King James of England. With JEREMY PITT, a young shipmaster, he is sent into slavery in Barbados, where he is purchased by COLONEL BISHOP, uncle and guardian of ARABELLA BISHOP, who is as sweet and beautiful as her uncle is ugly and vindictive. Blood is given an unusual degree of freedom when he successfully treats Governor Steed and his wife for illness.

## CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

They fetched from her hold over a score of English seamen as battered and broken as the ship herself, and together with these some half-dozen Spaniards, the only survivors of a boarding party from the Spanish galleon that had invaded the English ship and found itself unable to retreat. These wounded men were conveyed to a long shed on the wharf, and the medical skill of Bridgetown was summoned to their aid. Peter Blood was ordered to bear a hand in this work, and partly because he spoke Castilian and he spoke it fluently as his own native tongue—partly because of his inferior condition as a slave—he was given the Spaniards for his patients.

With the assistance of one of the negroes sent to the shed for the purpose, he was in the act of setting a broken leg, when a deep, gruff voice, that he had come to know and dislike as he knew the voice of a living man, abruptly challenged him.

"What are you doing there?"

"I am setting a broken leg," he answered, without pausing in his labors.

The Colonel delivered himself in a roar. His long bamboo cane was raised to strike. Peter Blood's blue eyes caught the flash of it, and he spoke quickly to arrest the blow.

"I am acting upon the express orders of Governor Steed," he echoed.

"Governor Steed!" he echoed. Then he lowered his cane, swung round, and without another word to Blood rolled away toward the other end of the shed, where the Governor was standing at the moment.

It was two days later when the ladies of Bridgetown, the wives and daughters of her planters and merchants, paid their first visit of charity to the wharf, bringing their gifts to the wounded seamen.

Again Peter Blood was there, ministering to the sufferers in his care, moving among those unfortunate Spaniards whom no one heeded. Rising suddenly from the re-dressing of a wound, he saw to his surprise that one lady detached from the general throng, and was placing some plantains and a bundle of succulent sugar cane on the clock that served one of his patients for a corset.

She was elegantly dressed in lavender silk and was followed by a half-naked negro carrying a basket.

Peter Blood, stripped of his coat, the sleeves of his coarse shirt rolled to the elbow, and holding a bloody rag in his hand, stood at a gaze a moment. The lady, turning now to confront him, her lips parting in a smile of recognition, was Arabella Bishop.

"The man's a Spaniard," said he, in the tone of one who corrects a misapprehension, and also tinged never so faintly by something of the derision that was in his soul.

The smile which she had been greeting him wither on her lips. She frowned and stared at him a moment, with increasing haughtiness.

"So I perceive. But he's a human being none the less," said she. That answer, and its implied rebuke, took him by surprise.

"Your uncle, the Colonel, is of a different opinion," said he, when he had recovered.

She continued to stare at him.

"Why do you tell me this?"

"To warn you that you may be incurring the Colonel's displeasure."

"And you thought, of course, that I must be of my uncle's mind?"

There was a pause, and then her voice, an ominous challenging sparkle in her hazel eyes.

"I'd not willingly be rude to a lady even in my thoughts," said he.

But the lady was not satisfied at all.

"First you impute to me inhumanity, and then cowardice. Faith! For a man who would not willingly be rude to a lady even in his thoughts, it's none so bad."

Her boyish laugh trilled out, but the note of it jarred his ears this time.

He saw her now, it seemed to him, for the first time, and saw how he had misjudged her.

"Sure, now, how was I to guess that . . . that Colonel Bishop could have an angel for his niece?" said he recklessly, for he was reckless as men often are in sudden penitence.

"You wouldn't, of course. I shouldn't think you often guess aright."

Having withered him with that and her glance, she turned to her negro and the basket that he carried.

From this she lifted now the fruits and delicacies, and now the things which she had piled them up on the beds of the six Spaniards that by the time she had so served the last of them her basket was empty, and there was nothing left for her own fellow-countrymen.

Having thus emptied her basket, she called her negro, and without another word or so much as another glance at Peter Blood, swept out of the place with her head high and chin thrust forward.

Peter watched her departure. Then he fetched a sigh.

CHAPTER VI.  
Plans of Escape.

AFTER that Arabella Bishop went daily to the shed on the wharf with gifts of fruits, and later of money and wearing apparel for the Spanish prisoners. But she contrived so to time her visits that Peter Blood never again met her there.

Also his own visits were growing shorter in a measure as his patients healed.

One day, whether by accident or design, Peter Blood came striding down the wharf a full half-hour earlier than usual, and so met Miss Bishop just issuing from the shed.

He doffed his hat and stood aside to give her passage. She took it, chin in the air, and eyes which disdained to look anywhere where the sight of him was possible.

As he was leaving an hour or so later, Whacker, the younger of the other two physicians, joined him—an unprecedented condescension this for hitherto neither of them had addressed him beyond an occasional and surly "good-day!"

"If you are for Colonel Bishop's, I'll walk with you a little way, Doctor Blood," said he.

Dr. Whacker drew closer to him as they stepped along the wharf. He lowered his voice to a confidential tone.

"How often have I not seen you staring out over the sea, your soul in your eyes! Don't I know what you are thinking? If you could escape from this hell of slavery, you could exercise the profession of which you are an ornament as a free man with pleasure and profit to yourself. Lower still came the

until it was no more than a

whisper. "It is none so far now to the Dutch settlement of Curacao. At this time of the year the voyage may safely be undertaken in a light craft. And Curacao need be no more than a stepping-stone to the great world, which would lie open to you once you were delivered from this bondage."

"I have no money. And for that a handsome sum would be necessary."

Whilst Dr. Whacker was professing that his heart bled for a brother doctor languishing in slavery, Peter Blood pounced like a hawk upon the obvious truth. Whacker and his colleague desired to be rid of one who threatened to ruin them.

Blood laughed. "If I should be caught and brought back, they'd clip my wings and brand me for life."

"Surely the thing is worth a little risk?" More tremulous than ever was the tempter's voice.

"Surely," Blood agreed. "But it asks more than courage. It asks money. A sloop might be bought for twenty pounds, perhaps."

"It shall be forthcoming. It shall be a loan, which you shall repay us—repay me, when you can."

That betraying "us" so hastily re-vised completed Blood's understanding. The other doctor was also in the business.

They were approaching the people's part of the mole. Quickly, but eloquently, Blood expressed his thanks, where he knew that no thanks were due.

"We will talk of this again, sir—tomorrow," he concluded. "You have opened for me the gates of hope!"

He was in haste now to be alone. Also he must consult another. Already he had hit upon that other.

For such a voyage a navigator would be necessary, and a navigator was ready to his hand in Jeremy Pitt. As a result Blood was betimes that evening in the spacious stockade that inclosed the huts of the slaves together with the big white house of the overseer, and he found an opportunity of a few words with Pitt, unobserved by the others.

"Tonight, when all are asleep, come to my cabin. I have something to say to you."

The six months of plantation life in Barbados had made an almost tragic mark upon the young seaman. His erstwhile bright alertness was all departed. His face was growing vacuous, his eyes were dull and lack-lustre, and he moved in a cringing, furtive manner, like an over-beaten dog. But the man was still there, got yet dormant, but merely torpid from a surfeit of despair; and the man in him promptly shook off that torpidity and awoke at the first words Blood spoke to him that night.

"Awoke and wept."

"E'en so," he panted. "O God! He took his head in his hands, and fell to sobbing like a child."

Among the privileges enjoyed by Blood was that of a hut to himself, and they were alone in this.

(Continued Tomorrow.)



POOR FORLORN WELCOME ROBIN.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

When life seems darkest do not fear. Some friend will bring a word of cheer.

—Peter Rabbit.

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# Women of London and Western Ontario Here Are Bargains Galore At the "ARTISTIC" Your Favorite Store

YES, MADAM, this is the big annual bargain event staged once each year by London's justly popular and favorite store. The store that is known to the women of London and Western Ontario as the store where the latest styles and finest quality of "Ready-to-Wear" apparel is always in stock and where prices are always fair and equitable. And this is the big bargain event that is awaited so eagerly each year, when Fur Coats, Cloth Coats, Dresses, Blouses, Sweaters, Pullovers, Skirts, Millinery and Fur Pieces are sold regardless of cost to us, at prices that are ridiculously low.

OUR BUYER has just returned from the Eastern markets, where "ready cash" was able to purchase quality goods at prices that are so low that we tell you that you will have to see these goods to really appreciate what wonderful bargains you are getting. At prices quoted here you will imagine that these are cheap goods, made to sell cheaply, but if you stop a moment and think of the reputation of the "Artistic" store and the prestige built in its years of business by truthful statements and highest quality articles, you will realize that the prices and goods listed are rare bargains you cannot afford to miss.

## Sale Starts Tomorrow, January 4, at 9 A.M. FINAL REDUCTIONS AND LAST SALE OF THE SEASON



### SUITS—

Here is a rare opportunity to secure a beautiful Suit at a price you would hardly believe possible; in navy, brown and reindeer; some embroidered, together with the very popular strictly tailored, long-length lines—

\$37.50 Suits, \$49.00 Suits, \$65.00 Suits,  
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**\$19.75 \$29.50 \$34.50**

Then the finest Suits in the store, trimmed with genuine beaver, are grouped and reduced to ..... **\$39.75**

### Salt's Esquimette Plush Coats—

These Coats need no introduction from us. They bear the genuine Salt's label and everyone knows what that means and that they sell regularly up to \$57.50; sizes 16 to 40 only; our prices for this sale... **\$29.75**

### ENGLISH TAILORED STYLE COATS—

These Coats are extremely popular now. Everyone wants one, because they are so stylish, so warm, so comfortable; in lovat and brown shades, trimmed with genuine leather buttons. They sell regularly at \$35, our special sale price... **\$18.75**

### Beautiful Dresses

A large assortment of beautiful, well-made latest style Dresses, in taffeta and canton crepe. These are in navy and black, some draped, some embroidered, others tailored, beauties every one of them, and valued up to \$55.00, to be cleared at ..... **\$14.75**

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These are extraordinary bargains that you must see; some of them plain, some braided and others embroidered. You are sure to want one. **\$9.75**

### MILLINERY—

We are going to clear it out—  
Lot No. 1, at **\$1.00** Lot No. 2, at **\$1.95**

### ODD MUFFS

In seal, wolf and marmot. The Neckpieces have been sold and so we must sacrifice the Muffs. Some of them are worth \$25 and more, to be cleared out **\$10**

### Most Elaborate DRESSES—

These Dresses simply cannot be described by the printed word. If we were French, we should say, "They are as gorgeous as the peacock's plumage." They are in canton crepe, satins and new crinkled crepes, trimmed with the latest of Persian and Tricosham trimmings. For this sale they are priced:

Reg. \$35, for **\$19.75** Reg. \$45, for **\$24.75** Reg. \$50, for **\$29.75**

### COATS—

#### BEAUTIFUL COATS.

Yes, the finest and best Coats in this store. You have, no doubt, seen or heard of them; rich fabrics, trimmed with the finest furs, elaborately lined and just the Coat you'll love to own.

Up to \$50.00 Up to \$65.00 Up to \$85.00  
values, for values, for values, for  
**\$29.75 \$34.75 \$47.50**

Absolutely the finest Coats in this store, and the work of master designers and tailors, trimmed with finest of plucked beaver and softest of Persian lamb. We guarantee these Coats. Formerly sold as high as \$145.

Our special price for this sale ..... **\$89.00**

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9 TO 11 A.M. ONLY.

#### A Coat—A Suit—A Silk Dress

—Some of them valued as high as \$65.00, on sale at the above hours only,

**\$5.00**

Think what it means! What wonderful bargains! There are 67 garments in this lot. Not this season's styles, yet every one of them wearable and not friskish. Coats are all-wool, many fur-trimmed; others are velours, silvertones and bolivias; all well made, well lined and serviceable.

The Suits are in the same class as the Coats, well made, serviceable and good colors.

The Dresses would be appreciated by anyone, and are such unusual bargains that we know they will not last long.

These specials are all smart styles; as it is worn as they are or remade. As it is distinctly against the policy of this modern store to carry goods over from year to year, we are practically giving them away to make room.

Because of this price there will be no approvals, no exchanges, no refunds.

RUSH SPECIALS ALL ON MAIN FLOOR.

### Evening Gowns—

We have for this special sale what we believe to be the finest assortment of beautiful Evening Gowns in London. Every one at a greatly reduced price.

### Tweed and Serge SKIRTS—

Every woman loves to have extra Skirts in her wardrobe. You will like these stylish, well-made Tweed and Serge Skirts; mostly in navy and black; some tailored with silk braid. At the ridiculously low price of ..... **\$3.95**

### GEORGETTE BLOUSES—

These are attractive! well-made Blouses and wonderful bargains, at ..... **\$2.95**

### WOOL SWEATERS

Values up to \$7.90, while they last, at **\$2.95**

### Wool Pullover SWEATERS

Only 18 left; slightly soiled; in melon, harding blue and henna. Regular to \$4.50, to clear ..... **\$1.00**



## THESE WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN GUARANTEED FUR COATS

#### TWO ONLY FRENCH SEAL COATS

58 inches long, one trimmed with sable and one with ringtail opossum. **\$98**

#### SELECT PERSIAN LAMB COATS

With choicest sable collars and cuffs, pussy willow linings and other beautiful finishings. **\$275**

#### PLAIN SEAL COATS

With deep shawl collar, made of finest chapell skins. Regular **\$119** \$175, on sale for

#### MUSKRAT COAT

Trimmed with seal collar and cuffs. Regular \$169, on sale **\$110**

#### TAUPE CONEY COATS.

36 inches long. Regular \$85, on sale at **\$49.75**

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