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there were bottles in the fo'castle. But Captain Titcomb, usually the first to DR. F. BLANCHARD GRADUATE TORONTO UNIVERSI scent the presence of these abominations and to punish their owners, now, SITY, CORONER FOR COUNapparently, was unaware of their pres-TY OF VICTORIA. ence. And the first mate, too, either nice.-Ridout-st., corner Kent and

did not see or did not care. Bradley was standing by the fe'castle just at dusk that evening when a sailer bumped violently into him in passing DR. FULTON S. VROOMAN The second mate spoke sharply to the offender, and the answer he received VW. oor. Cambridge and Peel streets

Continued from page two.

was impudent and surly. "Here you," exclaimed Bradley, seiz ing the man by the shoulder and whirl ing him violently around, "do you know who you're talking to? Speak to me again like that, and I'll break you in

The man-he was a new hand-mum bled a reply to the effect that he "hadn't meant to say nothin'." "Well, don't say it again. Stand up.

You're drunk. New, where did you get your liquor?" "Ain't got none, sir."

we of women and children. Hours 10 10 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m. Office, "You're a liar. Stand up or you'll lie down for a good while. Anybody with a nose could smell rum if you passed a mile to wind'ard. Where did you get

The sailor began a further protestation, but Bradley choked it off and shook him savagely. The first mate, hearing the scuffle, came hurrying up. "What's the row, Mr. Nickerson?" he asked.

Special attention given to difficult "This man's drunk, and I want to know where the rum came from." to examining and treating the Mr. Burke scowled fiercely. "Look me with proper lenses when required. Lesse, eye-glasses, spectacles etc., "No. sir." Hours .- 9 to 5. Saturday eveninge,

"You're mighty close to it. Why"and here the first mate swore steadily for a full minute. "Do you know what I'd do to a man that brought rum aboard a vessel of mine? I'd use his blankety-blanked hide for a spare tops'l and feed the rest of his carcass to the dogfish. Git out of here, and remember I'm watchin' you sharp."

different departments of dentistry He gave the fellow a kick that sent him flying, and, turning to Bradley, said in a confidential whisper: "Ain't it queer how a shore drunk'll stick to a ly opposite the post office. Special attention given to children's teeth. man? I've seen 'em come aboard so full that they stayed so for a week afterward."

"I think they've got the liquor down

"I guess not. If I thought so, I'd kill the whole"-half dozen descriptive adjectives-"lot. They can't play with me, blank, blank 'em!"

But in spite of Mr. Burke's flerceness Bradley wasn't satisfied. He believed that if the first mate had let My. Honor graduate of Toronto him alone he would have found the now. liquor. However, he thought if nel-Dentistry. All the latest and imther the skipper nor Mr. Burke cared groved branches of dentistry sucit was none of his business. But he mesfully performed. Charges modwas uneasy nevertheless.

sate. Office over Gregory's Drug Store, corner Kent and William-By 9 o'clock the signs of drunkenness were so plain that even the first mate had to admit the fact. Only a MS. NEELANDS & IRVINE. Denvery few of the men were strictly sober. One of these was the big Swede, Swensen. Oddly enough, this man had all the latest methods of dentistry. stuck to Captain Titcomb's schooner every voyage since one trip on which Crown and Bridge the skipper had knocked the fight out work. The successful extraction of of him. The nevelty of a good sound teth under gas (Vitalized Air) and thrashing was, apparently, just what the giant had needed, and for the man dentures continues to be a specialty who had "licked" him he entertained of this office. Office nearly oppotremendous respect and almost love.

"Cap'n Ez, he knock the tar out of me," said Swensen. "He stand no foolin'. He's a man. Hey?"

sented the latter with a miniature model of a three masted schooner in a bottle, beautifully done and such "put- what is it?" tering" work that it was a wonder how

But though Swensen and the Portuguese cook and one or two more were sober, the rest of the crew were not. Mr. Burke confessed as much to Brad-

use startin' a row till daylight. Then some of these smart Alecs 'll find out who's who in a hurry or my fist don't weigh what it used to. Better not say nothin' to the skipper," he added. "No

It was odd advice from a mate, but, risk another snub from the mate, and as Bradley could see, to his astonishment, there was no need of telling Captain Titcomb. It was plain enough Tifcomb was not in command, and that the latter knew his crew's condition and deliberately ignored it. Men stumbled past him, and he looked the too close to the dangerous Cape Cod other way. Simple orders were bun- beaches. The course she was on was gled, and he did not reprove. Only taking her still closer in, and the fog once that evening did his wrath blaze out in the old manner. A sailor was ordered by him to do something and,

he replied with a muttered curse. The next instant Captain Ezra's fist "Mr. Burke, are you sure that wasn't

instead of the dutiful "Aye, aye, sir,"

twisted in his shirt collar. "Hang you!" said the captain be- I better try soundings?" tween his teeth. "I'll-I swear I'll"-Mr. Burke came running and whispered eagerly in his commander's ear. Captain Titcomb's arm straightened, and the sailor was thrown across the

"Go for'ard," roared the skipper, "and if you want to live you keep out of my sight! I can't help it, Burke.

I've got some self respect left yit." That was all, and Bradley wondered. Under such circumstances accidents were bound to occur. But the one that

did occur was serious. Bradley was in?" below when it happened. He usually took the first watch, but tonight Captain Titcomb said he would take it, of some one running. Swensen came and Mr. Burke would stay up with him | bounding up the ladder from the main for awhile. So the second mate turn- deck. ed in. He was awakened by a racket and the sound of voices are the sound of voices and the sound of voices are the sound of voices and the sound of voices are th footsteps on the companion ladder. Opening his stateroom door, he saw four men descending the ladder, carrying a fifth in their arms.

"What's the matter?" asked Bradley. "Who's hurt?"

"It's the skipper," replied one of the men in a frightened voice. "He fell and hurt his head. He"-Bradley sprang into the cabin and Swenson. "Put her over! You can BAW Captain Titcomb unconscious an

"Hush up!" commanded the first sound grew, as it were, into Bradley's mate. "Don't make a row. "Tain't ears a low, steady murmur, new risnothin' serious, I guess. Jest cussed ing now sinking. He sprang toward foolishness. Put him on the locker the wheel. there, you." This is what had happened: The

schooner was passing out of the Starboard!" sound, and, as the night was black and hazy, they were using the lead frequently. The Thomas Doane had a high after deck, and to reach the waist one must descend a five foot ladder. A sailor, not too sober, had thrown the lead and in passing aft with the line had fouled it at the ladder. Captain Titcomb, losing his temper at the man's clumsiness, had run toward him, tripped in the line and pitched head first over the fellow's shoulder to the main deck. The sailor's body had broken the fall somewhat, and the skull was not fractured, but it was bad enough.

The cook, who had helped bring the captain into the cabin, lingered after the first mate had gone. Bradley questioned him about the accident. "Thoma, he done it," said the cook.

"The line, she git mess up by the"-"He was drunk," broke in Bradley. "He's been drunk all the afternoon. Isn't that so?"

"Ya-as, sir. They most all drunk. I never seen so much drink on schooner -not on Cap'n Titcomb's schooner, year."

But Bradley would not go to bed. He was worried about the captain and even more worried about the schooner. He did not like Mr. Burke, and he was by no means sure—judging by what he had seen-that the mate knew how to handle a crew. About 2 o'clock he decided to go on deck. Bradley leaned on the rail and look-

ed over the water toward where the shore should be. As he stood there of a light. Then it disappeared again. was at the wheel, and there was a distinct smell of rum in the vicinity. "Who gave you that course?"

"Mr. Burke, sir." shrouds, looking over the side. He the beach and toward the open sea. started when Bradley touched his arm. "Excuse me, Mr. Burke," said the second mate. "Where are we?"

"Turned the Rip an hour or so ago." Burke's tone was distinctly unpleasant. "What are you doin' here?" a minute. Isn't she pretty close in? I

thought I saw the Skakit light just "Saw nothin'! Skakit light's away off yonder. Water enough here to float a Cunarder. What's the matter with you? 'Fraid I ain't on to my job?

When I want your help I'll ask for it. I've sailed these waters when you "Well, I didn't mean to"-"Then shut up! You go below and

tend to the skipper." Bradley bit his lip and turned away. If Burke was right, he had no business to interfere; if he wasn't right, the Thomas Doane was shaving the shoals altogether too close. He went below, found Captain Titcomb sleeping quietly and a little later came on deck again to lean on the rail amidships and once more stare at the feggy darkness.

A big figure loomed close beside He liked Bradley, too, and had pre him. It was Swensen, and he obviously wanted to speak.

"Well. Swensen,"

The Swede leaned forward and, shadhis big, clumsy fingers could have ing his mouth with his hand, whispered hoarsely: "Mr. Neekerson, you know 'bout the fust mate? He all

> Bradley had been brought up to discourage familiarity with men before

"What are you talking about?" he asked sharply. "Nawthin' sir. Only he know this course? Ah see Skakit light twice yust

now and only a mile 'n half off. That not 'nough-not here." "Are you sure you saw it?"

Bradley turned away. He hated to

he fully realized the danger of interfering with a superior officer, but Captain here was Swensen's testimony to back his own that the schooner was running was growing thicker.

This time Burke was standing by the man at the wheel. He swore when the second mate approached and snarled. "Well, what's the matter now?"

the Skakit light I saw? Swensen says be jerked to his feet again and back he's seen it twice and not more than a to the rail with the skipper's hand mile and a half away. If that's so, we are running into shoal water. Hadn't

In a blast of profanity Burke consigned both Bradley and Swensen to the lowest level in the brimstone fu-

"Go below!" he yelled. "Go below and stay below, or I'll find out why!" Then, as if he realized that he was showing too much temper, he added in a milder tone: "It's all right, Nickerson. We're three mile offshere, and Skakit's astern of us. Go below. Ain't the skipper enough to make me nervous without you shovin' your car

And then from somewhere forward came a frightened yell and the sound

"Breakers ahead! Put her over! Keep her off, quick!" Burke's face went white and crimson.

"Breakers be hanged!" he crie "Keep her as she is!" But the Swede was dancing up and down. There were confused cries ferward, and other men came running. "Starboard your helm?" bellowed

hear 'em! Listen!"

silence, and for a moment every soul "For God's sake"- he began, but on deck stood listening. The waves was interrupted by Burke, who, with clucked along the schooner's side, the a very white face, was descending the wind sang in the rigging, and the masts creaked. And then another

> are breakers! Starboard your helm! Burke, bending forward with his fists

"Put her over!" he shouted. "There

clinched. "Don't turn a spoke!" "But, for heaven's sake, Mr. Burke, are you crazy? We'll be ashore in ten

The first mate's eyes shone in the dim light. His teeth showed white between his opened lips. "By glory," he gasped chokingly, "I'll

show you who's running this craft! Keep her as she is!" Bradley fergot his duty as secon officer, fergot that half the crew were watching him, forgot everything ex-

cept that his best friend lay helpless in a berth below, while his schooner was being run into certain destruction. He leaped to the wheel, and the mate leaped to meet him. Bradley stooped as he sprang forward, and it was lucky for him that

he did so. Burke's fist whizzed past his ear, and the next moment the two mates were clinched and struggling in The cook looked hastily at the lad- the little space between the deck der, then at the captain. Then, nod- house and the after rail. Bradley did ding emphatically, he whispered: not attempt to strike; his sole idea was to get to the wheel. Therefore he merely warded off the furious blows aimed at his head and struggled silentanyway, and I sail with him for five ly, but the one sided fight could not last long. Burke gradually backed his opponent to the rail, and then without turning his head he shouted: "Thoma, pass me a handspike. Live-

and naturally stupid-obediently placed the handspike in the first mate's

"Now then!" panted Burke. "By"-And then Bradley struck-a half arm uppercut-right under the ugly, prothe haze blew aside for a moment, and truding chin. Burke's teeth clicked tohe saw not more than two miles away gether; he seemed to rise from the and ahead of the schooner the twinkle | deck and fell backward at full length almost under the feet of Swensen. He walked aft. One of the new hands Bradley shoved the sailor from the wheel and gave the latter a whirl The schooner shivered, turned slowly, the booms swept across her deck, and she heeled over on the other tack. Burke was standing by the fore with her nose pointing well away from

Burke lay still for an instant, spreadeagled on the deck; then he rose to his feet. Bradley stooped and picked up the handspike. The first mate glared at the man who had knocked him down. Also he looked respectfully at "I couldn't sleep, so I came on deck the handspike. But if he had been angry before he was crazy now. "You mutineer!" he shouted, with an

oath between every word. "Just wait



"Thoma, pass me a handspike." a minute! I'll show you how I treat

He ran to the cabin companion and jumped down. Bradley, trying to appear calm before the crew, glanced at the sails and then out over the side. Suddenly, so close that their eardrums throbbed with it, there boomed out of the dark a thuttering, shaking roar, that swelled to a shrick and died away -the voice of the great steam foghern of the Skakit light. "Ugh!" muttered Swensen. "We vos

Burke came bounding up the companion ladder. Something bright and shiny gleamed in his hand.

"Now, then," he cried, "we'll But two mammoth paws clasped his wrists, the hand with the revolver was

turned backward till the barrel pointed at the end of the gaff and big Swensen's voice said calmly: "Yah, I guess not. Yust vait a minute, Mr. Burke. Mr. Neekerson, vat I

do vit him, hey?" It was mutiny, of course, mutiny pure and simple, but Bradley had gone too far to back out now.

"Take him below and lock him in his stateroom," he said. "Tell the doctor to see that he doesn't break out. Then come back to me. Yes, you may give

Swensen twisted the pistol from the first mate's hand and then, picking him up as he would a ten-year-old boy, started for the cabin. Burke struggled furiously and swore like a wild man, but he couldn't break away. shouts grew fainter and then were muffled almost entirely by the closing of the stateroom door. Bradley put the revelver in

"Now, then, men," he said, "I'm skipper of this schooner for the rest of this voyage. Is there anybody here that doesn't understand it? No? All right. O'Leary, go for'ard on lookout. Peterson, heave the lead. Swensen," as the big Swede came up the ladder, "take the wheel and keep her as she is."

All that morning until daybreak sent the fog rolling to the north in tumbled clouds the lead was going, and the crew were busy on the Thomas Doane. Bradley stood close at Swensen's elbow and edged her out, feeling his way of the fog horns. The schooner's own honesty that made ha'f the millionfoot power horn was kept tooting, and | aires? Are Williams Bres. rich because ship channel, it was answered by other

some distant. But by breakfast time it was clear and fine, and, before a cracking wind, the schooner walked along as if she realised her escape and was trying to show her gratitude. Through that day Bradley stood by the wheel, only leaving to eat a mouthful and to inquire after Captain Titcomb, who was much improved and beginning to ask questions. And just at dusk the gilt dome of the Boston statehouse shone dimly in the dying light, and the Thomas Doane, resting from her labors, moved easily beland the tug up to her dock. She had made splendid time, but Bradley was far from happy. There was trouble coming, and he knew it.

the latter to unlock the stateroom door and release the imprisoned first mate. A minute later the cook came on deck. his eyes shining with excitement. "Mr. Burke, he go right into the skipper's room and shut the door," whispered the Portuguese. "And now they

He sent word to the cook ordering

talk, talk, talk. And Mr. Burke he swear all the time." When the first mate appeared he did not speak to any one, but jumped to the wharf and hurried away. A doctor was sent for and Captain Titcomb's

wound was dressed. The physician said

the injury was not serious. There was

ne concussion of the brain, and the pa-

tient would be all right in a couple of Bradley didn't sleep much that night. Next morning the captain sent for him. When the second mate entered the stateroom he found the skipper sitting on the edge of the berth with a big bandage on his head, but looking very bright and like himself.

He seemed oddly embarrassed when Bradley came in. For a moment or two he did not speak. The second mate, who had expected a scorching rebuke and was prepared to meet it, was surprised at the mildness of the first re-

"Now, then, Brad," said Captain Titcomb, "set down, What's this about you and the mate? Tell the whole yarn, first and last."

So Bradley told it just as it happened-the crew's behavior, his suspicions, the sighting of the light and what fol-"Humph!" Captain Ezra nodded.

"Yup, that's about what Burke said. Now, Brad, I s'pose you knew that Mr. Burke was your superior officer and that what he said was law for you didn't you?" "Yes, sir; but"-

"Never mind the 'buts' now. Taking command by force is serious-mighty

"I did what I thought was right, Cap'n Ezra-what I b'lieved you'd think was right. The schooner would have been aground in ten minutes it I hadn't." "Well, s'pose she would. There'd

have been no lives lost. Plenty of boats and a smooth sea." But Mr. Burke knew she was headed for the shoals. He must have known

it. The owners would have"-"What do you know about the owners and their affairs?" "But the schooner?"

"She's a hulk, that's all-and in-

The reply was an odd one, but the tone in which it was made was odder still. Strange things had happened during the past week; Captain Titcomb's silent ill humor, the interview the day before leaving New York. the sudden change of mates, the skipper's studied indifference to the demoralization among the crew, Burke's frantic determination to keep on the course set by him even after the proximity to the shoals had been proved beyond a doubt -all these were fingers pointing in one direction. Bradley, however, had not looked in that direction. But now the last wisp of fog blew away and he

"Cap'n Ez!" he gasped. "Cap'n Ez! Were you going to wreck her on pur-

The captain shifted in his seat, but did not look at his companion. "Orders are orders," he said. "Mr. Burke was your skipper-with me out of the way-and you ought to have

minded him, just as I should my own-"Wreck a vessel for her insurance!" groaned Bradley. "I didn't think you'd do it, Cap'n Ez. I didn't think you'd

The dismay, the grieved disappointhigh. You turn in. I'm goin' to set ment and horror in his friend's tone, seemed to hurt Captain Titcomb sorely. He glanced at Bradley and then

looked away again. "I've heard all sorts of yarns about you in Orbam," went on Bradley. "They say you're too smart and that you'll bear watching and all that. I've called those that said it liars, and I've stood by you through thick and thin. But now- What do you think they'd say if they knew of this? What do you think Miss Prissy and Miss Tempy would say? Why, they b'lieve you're

The captain broke in testily. "Never

mind all that," he said. "As for 'Squealer' Wixon and Jabe Bailey's talk, I don't care a snap. And the old maids ain't exactly up to date in this world's way of leokin' at things. S'pose the old Doane was booked for thunderation by the shoal route-what of it? Mind, only say s'pose. Better to go that way on a smooth night, with all hands saved, than to bust up in a squall and drown us all, as was likely to happen any minute. Nobody loses but the insurance folks, and they'd lose quick enough anyhow. Why, it's done a hundred times a year all along this coast. 'Member when the Bay Queen piled up on the beach off Setuckit last summer? Everybody was as sartin as could be that 'twas done a-purpose, but you couldn't prove nothin'. So with the Rhoda Horton and the Banner and any quantity more. S'pose-mind, I'm only s'posin'-that you'd got orders from your owners-orders, you understandto do somethin' you didn't like? S'pose you'd always stuck to owners' orders a good deal closer'n you had to the Bible? You talk a lot. So do other folks. But what would you have done?" "I'd have been honest and said 'No."

"Humpn! Well, I guess you would. to the lowest possible point consis You're the nearest thing to an honest man that I've run across yit. Henesty is the best policy, they say. But was it they've always been honest? Jesh Bangs is in the poorhouse, and he's the | 91 Kent-ste

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"stop talkin' that way. You don't be-

lieve a word of it. I know you too

well. The trouble with you is that ev-

erlasting 'owners' orders.' I almost

think that that accident last night was,

as Miss Tempy would say, 'sent' to

keep you from doing something you'd

The captain looked at the speaker

oddly. "Then you cal'late," he said,

"that I ought to thank God A'mighty

and a tipsy fo'mast hand for savin'

what the book folks would call my

honor? That's all right; only wait till

Williams Bros. send me their thanks

on a clean plate with gilt doo-

dads round the edges. Williams

Bros. and your particular friend,

Mr. Burke, ain't been heard from yet,

my son. Well, Brad, I s'pose you'll be

packin' up tonight anyway. An honest

man, 'cordin' to your log, ain't needed

on the Thomas Doane. I told you you

"I didn't ship on the Arrow because

I'd rather be with you than anybody

else on earth. I wouldn't sail with a

rascal that would wreck a schooner,

and I don't believe-I know you're not

a rascal. Oh, can't you see? It isn't my-

self I'm thinking about-it's you-you!"

pocket and whittled a corner off the

cabin table before replying. Then he

"Much obliged, Brad. But what do

"S'pose those orders are the same

"Then say 'No,' like an honest man."

Captain Ezra gave a short laugh.

"Honesty, my son, is like di'monds

sometimes - it's pretty, but it comes

Bradley reluctantly went to bed, but

when he awoke, several hours later,

Next morning the skipper received a

"Williams Bros., havin' heard from

friend Burke, want to have a little

chat with the commander of the

clipper Thomas Doane," he remarked

to Bradley. "That doctor squilgeein'

my maintop with his physic stuff has

made me feel Al again. I'm goin' to

New York tonight on the Fall River

And he went, leaving Mr. Burke in

command of the schooner, a state of

affairs not too delightful to Brackey.

But the captain's stay was a short

one. He was back on board early the

second morning and called the second

mate into the cabin.

"Yes, sir," anxiously.

"'Bout the same as the last."

"And-and what did you say?"

(Continued next week.)

he heard the captain stirring in his

you s'pose Williams Bros. will want

me to do when they give me orders

for this liner's next trip?"

as the last, what then?"

up awhile and smoke."

"I don't knew."

said slowly:

The captain took his knife from his

ought to ship 'board the Arrow."

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most honest critter in Ornam, while his -THEbrother Sol is chairman of school committee, deacon in the church, has money in the bank and would skin the eye teeth out of a down east horse jockey. "Cap'n Ez." interrupted Bradley.

> Manufacturers of The Highest Grade Farm

The Dennis Pump has its share of friends throughout the province and can be supplied on short notice, wood or iron, for shallow or deep wells.

> Prompt Attention. Satisfaction Guaranteed

Windmills

ior Windmills on specifications

to quote the closest prices. I have lately installed a pneumatic plant for Lettering and Tracing. We

Call and get designs and prices be-WORKS.-In the rear of Market on

R. OHAMBERS

Grand Trunk Railway Time Table.

ARRIVALS 60 From Toronto....

From Port Hope...... 2.05 p.m 42 From I. B. & O. Jet ... 5.45 p.m. From Port Hope..... 6.28 p.m From Whitby 7.80 p.m 24 From Toronto 3.05 p.m 56 From Whitby...... 8.45 p.m 18 From Toronto 9.20 p.m. MONEY TO LOAN on Mortgages | 84 For Port Hope 6.00 a.m. at lowest current rates. I HAVE ac | 51 For Toronto ...

55 For Whitby ... For Toronto ...

33 For Haliburton 28 For Toronto...... 81 For Coboconk..... 18 For Peterboro8.05 a.m.

Soothern 19 For Toronto... Lindsay, Cat. | 61 For Fension Falls 8.15 p.m.

re, Coal, Iron H MEEHAN CTIONEER

P. O., Ont. Same as Usual you said you weres' any more."

ve are drinking as more

ded man never less an

somine Prism Paint Floor Wax Cement zed Sewer Pipe Fire Bricks

Cages

orse Clippers

Poultry Netting

lounty of Victoria. es of all kinds promps to. Satisfaction As