One of the Garrison;

Or, A Mysterious Affair.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd)

"Gabriel says that she has explained to you that the governor is always a changed man after this particular date, on which his fears reach a crisis. He apparently has more reason than usual this year to anticipate that trouble is brewing for this unfortunate family, for I have never known him to take so many elaborate precautions or appear so thoroughly unnerved. Who would ever think, to see his bent form and shaking hands, that he is the same man who used some few short years ago to shoot tigers on foot among the jungles of the Herai, and would laugh at the more timid sportsmen who sought the protection of their elephant's howdah? You know that he has the Victoria Cross, which he won in the streets of Delhi, and yet here he is shivering with terror and startling at every noise, in the most peaceful corner of the world. Oh, the pity of it, West! Remember what I have already told you—that it is no fanciful or imaginary peril, but one which we have every reason to suppose to be most real. It is, however, of such a nature that it can neither be averted nor can it profitably be expressed in words. If all goes well, you will see us at Branksome on the 6th. With our fondest love to both of you, I am ever, my dear friends, your attached Mondaunt."

This letter was a great relief to us as letting us know that the brother and sister are under no physical restraint; but our powerlessness and inability even to comprehend what the danger was which threatened those whom we had come to love better than ourselves was little short of maddening. Fifty times a day we asked ourselves and asked each other from what possible quarter this peril was to be expected; but the more we thought of it the more hopeless did any solution appear. In vain we combined our experiences and pieced together every word which had fallen from the lips of any inmate of Cloomber which might be supposed to bear directly or indirectly upon the subject. At last, weary with fruitless speculation, we were fain to try and drive the matter from our thoughts, consoling ourselves with the reflection that in a few more days all restrictions would be removed, and we should be able to learn from our friends' own lips. Those few intervening days, however, would, we feared, be dreary long ones. And so they would, had it not been for a new and most unexpected incident, which diverted our minds from our own troubles and gave them something fresh with which to occupy themselves.

CHAPTER XI.

October had broken auspiciously with a bright sun and a cloudless sky. There had in the morning been a slight breeze, and a few little white wreaths of vapor drifted here and there like the scattered feathers of some gigantic bird; but as the day wore on, such wind as there was fell completely away and the air became close and stagnant. The sun blazed down with a degree of heat which was remarkable so late in the season, and a shimmering haze lay upon the upland moors and concealed the Irish mountains on the other side of the Channel. The sea itself rose and fell in a long, heavy, oily roll, sweeping slowly landward, and breaking sullenly with a dull, monotonous booming upon the rock-girt shore. To the inexperienced all seemed calm and peaceful, but to those who are accustomed to read nature's warnings there was a dark menace in air and sky and sea.

My sister and I walked out in the afternoon, sauntering slowly along the margin of the great sandy spit which shoots out into the Irish Sea, flanking upon one side the magnificent Bay of Luce, and on the other the more obscure inlet of Kirkmaiden, on the shores of which the Branksome property is situated. It was too sultry to go far; so we soon seated ourselves upon one of the sandy hillocks, overgrown with faded grass-tufts, which extended along the coast line, and which from nature's dykes against the encroachment of the ocean. Our rest was soon interrupted by the scrunching of heavy boots upon the shingle; and Jamieson, the old man-o'-war's-man whom I have already had occasion to mention, made his appearance, with the flat circular net upon his back which he used for shrimp catching. He came toward us upon seeing us, and said in his rough, kindly way that he hoped we would not take it amiss if he sent us up a dish of shrimps for our tea at Branksome. "I aye make a good catch before a storm," he remarked.

"You think there is going to be a storm, then?" I asked.

"Why, even a marine could see that," he answered, sticking a great wedge of tobacco into his cheek. "The moors over near Cloomber are just white wi' gulls and kittiewakes. What d'ye think they come ashore for except to escape having all the feathers blown out o' them? I mind a day like this when I was wi' Charlie Napier off Cronstadt. It wellnigh blew us under the guns o' the forts, for all our engines and propellers."

"Have you ever known a wreck in these parts?" I asked.

"Lord love ye, sir, it's a famous place for wrecks. Why, in that very bay down there two o' King Philip's first-rates foundered wi' all hands in the days o' the Spanish war. If that sheet o' water and the Bay o' Luce round the corner could tell their ane tale they'd have a gey lot to speak of. When the Jedgment Day comes round that water will be just bubbling wi' the number o' folks that will be coming up frae the bottom."

"I trust that there will be no wrecks while we are here," said Esther earnestly.

The old man shook his grizzled head and looked distrustfully at the hazy horizon. "If it blows from the west," he said, "some o' these sailing ships may find it no joke to be caught without sea room in the North Channel. There's that bark out there—I daresay her maister would be glad enough to find himsel' safe in the Clyde."

"She seems to be absolutely motionless," I remarked, looking at the vessel in question, whose black hull and gleaming sails rose and fell slowly with the throbbing of the giant pulse beneath her. "Perhaps, Jamieson, we are wrong, and there will be no storm after all."

The old sailor chuckled to himself with an air of superior knowledge, and shuffled away with his shrimp net, while my sister and I walked slowly homeward through the hot and stagnant air. I went up to my father's study to see if the old gentleman had any instructions as to the estate, for he had become engrossed in a new work upon Oriental literature, and the practical management of the property had in consequence devolved entirely upon me.

I found him seated at his square library table, which was so heaped with books and papers that nothing of him was visible from the door except a tuft of white hair. "My dear son," he said to me as I entered, "it is a great grief to me that you are not more conversant with Sanscrit. When I was your age I could converse not only in that noble language, but also in the Tamulic, Lohitic, Gangelic, Taic, and Malaic dialects, which are all offshoots from the Turanian branch."

"I regret extremely, sir," I answered, "that I have not inherited your wonderful talents as a polyglot."

"I have set myself a task," he explained, "which if it could only be continued from generation to generation in our own family until it was completed, would make the name of West immortal. This is nothing less than to publish an English translation of the Buddhist Djarmas with a preface giving an idea of the position of Brahminism before the coming of Sakyamuni. With diligence it is possible that I might be able myself to complete part of the preface before I die."

"And pray, sir," I asked, "how long would the whole work be when it was finished?"

"The abridged edition in the Imperial Library of Pekin," said my father, rubbing his hands together, "consists of 325 volumes of an average weight of five pounds. Then the preface, which must embrace some account of the Rig-veda, the Sama-veda, the Yagur-veda and the Atharva-veda, with the Brahmanas, could hardly be completed in less than ten volumes. Now if we apportion one volume to each year there is every prospect of the family coming to an end of its task about the date 2250, the twelfth generation completing the work, while the thirteenth might occupy itself upon the index."

"And how are our descendants to live, sir," I asked with a smile, "during the progress of this great undertaking?"

"That's the worst of you, Jack," my father cried petulantly. "There is nothing practical about you. Instead of confining your attention to the working out of my noble scheme, you begin raising all sorts of absurd objections. It is a mere matter of detail how our descendants live, so long as they stick to the Djarmas. Now I want you to go up to the bothy of Fergus McDonald and see about the thatch, and Willie Fullerton has written to say that his milk-cow is bad. You might look in upon your way and ask after it."

I started off upon my errands, but before doing so I took a look at the barometer upon the wall. The mercury had sunk to the phenomenal point of twenty-eight inches. Clearly the old sailor had not been wrong in his interpretation of nature's signs. As I returned over the moors in the evening the wind was blowing in short angry puffs, and the western horizon was heaped with sombre clouds which stretched their long ragged tentacles right up to the zenith. Against their dark background one or two livid sulphur colored splotches showed up malignant and menacing, while the surface of the sea had changed from the appearance of burnished quicksilver to that of ground glass. A low moaning sound rose up from the ocean as if it knew that trouble was in store for it. Far out in the Channel I saw a single panting, eager steam vessel making its way to Belfast Lough, and the large bark which I had observed in the morning still beating about in the offing, endeavoring to pass to the northward. At nine o'clock a sharp breeze was blowing; at ten it had freshened into a gale; and before midnight the most furious storm was raging which I can remember upon the weather beaten coast.

I sat for some time in our small oak-paneled sitting-room listening to the screeching and howling of the blast and to the rattle of the gravel and pebbles as they pattered against the window. Nature's grim orchestra was playing its world-old piece with a compass which ranged from the deep diapason of the thundering surge to the thin shriek of the scatfered shingle and the keen piping of frightened sea birds. Once for an instant I opened the lattice window, but a gust of wind and rain came blustering through, bearing with it a great sheet of sea-weed, which flapped down upon the table. It was all I could do to close it again in the face of the blast. My sister and my father had retired to their rooms, but my thoughts were too active for sleep, so I continued to sit and smoke by the smoldering fire. What was going on in the hall now, I wondered? What did Gabriel think of the storm, and how did it affect the old man who wandered about in the night? Did he welcome these dread forces of nature as being of the same order of things as his own tumultuous thoughts? It was only four days now from the date which I had been assured was to mark a crisis in his fortunes. Would he regard this sudden tempest as being in any way connected with the mysterious fate which threatened him? Over all these things and many more I pondered as I sat by the glowing embers until they died gradually out, and the chill night air warned me that it was time to retire.

I may have slept a couple of hours when I was awoke by some one tugging furiously at my shoulder. Sitting up in bed, I saw by the dim light that my father was standing half clad by my bedside, and that it was his grasp which I felt on my nightshirt.

"Get up, Jack, get up!" he was crying excitedly. "There's a great ship ashore in the bay, and the poor folk will all be drowned. Come down, my boy, and let us see what we can do." The good old man seemed to be nearly beside himself with excitement and impatience.

I sprang from my bed, and was huddling on a few clothes, when a dull booming sound made itself heard above the howling of the wind and the thunder of the breakers

"There it is again!" cried my father. "It is their signal gun, poor creatures! Jamieson and the fishermen are below. Put your oilskin coat on and the Glengarry hat. Come, come, every second may mean a human life!" We hurried down together and made our way to the beach, accompanied by a dozen or so of the inhabitants of Branksome.

The gale had increased rather than moderated, and the wind screamed all round us with an infernal clamor. So great was its force that we had to put our shoulders against it, and bore our way through it, while the sand and gravel tingled up against our faces. There was just light enough to make out the scudding clouds and the white gleam of the breakers, but beyond that all was absolute darkness. We stood ankle deep in the shingle and seaweed, shading our eyes with our hands and peering out into the inky obscurity. It seemed to me as I listened that I could hear human voices loud in entreaty and terror, but amid the wild turmoil of nature it was difficult to distinguish one sound from another. Suddenly, however, a light glimmered in the heart of the tempest, and next instant the beach and sea and wide tossing bay were brilliantly illuminated by the wild glare of a signal light.

She lay on her beam ends right in the centre of the terrible Hansel reef, hurled over to such an angle that I could see all the planking of her deck. I recognized her at once as being the same three-masted bark which I had observed in the Channel in the morning, and the Union Jack which was nailed upside down to the jagged stump of her mizzen proclaimed her nationality. Every spar and rope and writhing piece of cordage showed up hard and clear under the livid light which sputtered and flickered from the highest portion of the forecastle. Beyond the doomed ship out of the great darkness came the long rolling lines of black waves, never ending, never tiring, with a petulant tuft of foam here and there upon their crests. Each as it reached the broad circle of unnatural light appeared to gather strength and volume and to hurry on more impetuously until with a roar and a jarring crash it sprang upon its victim. Clinging to the weather shrouds we could distinctly see ten or a dozen frightened seamen, who when the light revealed our presence turned their white faces toward us and waved their hands imploringly. The poor wretches had evidently taken fresh hope from our presence, though it was clear that their own boats had either been washed away or so damaged as to render them useless.

The sailors who clung to the rigging were not, however, the only unfortunates aboard. On the breaking poop there stood three men who appeared to be both of a different race and nature from the cowering wretches who implored our assistance. Leaning upon the shattered taffrail they seemed to be conversing together as quietly and unconcernedly as though they were unconscious of the deadly peril which surrounded them. As the signal light flickered over them we could see from the shore that these immutable strangers wore red fezes, and that their faces were all of a swarthy, large featured type, which proclaimed an Eastern origin. There was little time, however, for us to take note of such details. The ship was breaking rapidly, and some effort must be made to save the poor sodden group of humanity who implored our assistance. The nearest lifeboat was in the Bay of Luce, ten miles away, but here was our own broad, roomy craft upon the shingle, and plenty of brave fisher lads to form a crew. Six of us sprang to the oars, the others pushed us off, and we fought our way through the swirling, raging waters, staggering and recoiling before the great sweeping billows, but still steadily decreasing the distance between the bark and ourselves.

It seemed, however, that our efforts were fated to be in vain. As we mounted upon a surge I saw a giant wave, topping all the others, and coming after them like a driver following a flock, sweep down upon the vessel, curling her great green arch over the breaking deck. With a rending, riving sound the ship split in two where the terrible serrated back of the Hansel reef was sawing into her keel. The after-part with the broken mizzen and the three Orientals sank backward into deep water and vanished, while the forehalf oscillated helplessly about, retaining its precious balance upon the rocks. A wail of fear went up from the wreck and was echoed from the beach, but by the blessing of Providence she kept afloat until we made our way under her bowsprit and rescued every man of the crew. We had not got half way upon our return, however, when another great wave swept the shattered forecastle off the reef, and extinguishing the signal light, hid the wild denouement from our view.

Our friends upon the shore were loud in congratulation and praise, nor were they backward in welcoming and comforting the castaways. They were thirteen in all, as cold and cowed a set of mortals as ever slipped through death's fingers, save indeed their captain, who was a hardy, robust man, who made light of the affair. Some were taken off to this cottage and some to that, but the greater part came back to Branksome with us, where we gave them such dry clothes as we could lay our hands on, and served them with beef and beer by the kitchen fire. The captain, whose name was Meadows, compressed his bulky form into a suit of my own, and came down to the parlor, where he mixed himself some grog and gave my father and myself an account of the disaster.

"If it hadn't been for you, sir, and your brave fellows," he said, smiling across at me, "we should be ten fathom deep by this time. As to the 'Belinda,' she was a leaky old tub and well insured, so neither the owners nor I are likely to break our hearts over her."

"I am afraid," said my father sadly, "that we shall never see your three passengers again. I have left men upon the beach in case they should be washed up, but I fear it is hopeless. I saw them go down when the vessel split, and no man could have lived for a moment among that terrible surge."

(To be continued.)

Unreasonable Turkey.

Not long ago, in a western market town, an Irishman was observed with a live turkey under his arm. The turkey was squawking and gobbling in a distressed way, a racket to which the Irishman did not at first pay any particular notice. Finally, however, the disturbance got on the nerves. Giving the bird a poke in the side he exclaimed:

"Be quiet, you! What's the matter wid ye, anyhow? Why should yez want to walk whin I'm willin' to carry ye?"

Shorter engagements, if followed by longer marriages, would help some.

The Order of Merit, designated by the letters O.M., was instituted by King Edward VII. in 1902; and the man on whom it is conferred may deem it one of the highest compliments the Sovereign can bestow.

"SALADA"
The TEA of Surpassing Excellence.
Last year its Sales Increased over those of the previous year by almost a Million and a Quarter Pounds.
Appreciation is the final test of merit. 067
Black, Mixed and Green.

FLEET FOOT

Outing Shoes
For Everybody
THE PERFECT SHOE FOR SUMMER SPORTS
ASK YOUR DEALER. 1

Because they act so gently (no purging or griping) yet so thoroughly
NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES
are best for the children as well as the grown-ups. 25c. a box at your druggist's.
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited 162

On the Farm

The Adulteration of Seeds.

As a rule, successful seed adulteration is made possible by the similarity existing between the inferior seed and that of the crop seed with which it is used, says Mr. F. H. Hillmann. It often happens, therefore, that the adulterant used is the seed of some plant very closely related to the adulterated crop seed. The dealer who adulterates his seed bases his faith in the success of the deception upon the very careless examination made or the absence of any examination of the seed by the average purchaser, including the majority of retail dealers. If, before purchasing, a careful examination of the seed offered for sale was made by all buyers guided by a knowledge of the various adulterants used, seed adulteration would soon cease.

The combination of seeds of standard farm crops commanding uniformly different prices in the seed market constitutes adulteration when the mixture is sold at the price of the more expensive seed. This is illustrated by the combination of redtop and timothy offered as redtop.

Another form of adulteration is the use of dead seed of the kind offered for sale. Such dead seed may have lost its vitality from advanced age or from unfavorable conditions of harvesting or of storage, or it may consist of light screenings in which the seed germs never developed. Old seed having very low vitality, or none at all, doubtless is often offered for sale. Considerable worthless shriveled red clover and alfalfa screenings are imported each year for use in adulterating these seeds.

One of the commonest and most objectionable forms of adulterations is the use of low grade screenings, consisting chiefly of miscellaneous weed seeds. In many instances such adulterants have been purchased in foreign countries. The statement, often made, that low grade weedy screenings are imported for the purpose of recleaning before being marketed is without foundation because the quantity of good seed to be secured would cost the dealer more, usually very much more than the same quantity of good seed produced in this country. Such low grade seed, therefore, is unquestionably imported exclusively for use either in competition with or as an adulterant of higher grade seed.

Cow Drags Boy to Death.

Don't tie the rope around your waist or wrist when leading an animal. Should it become frightened and unmanageable, serious injuries might result, unless the hold could be released at once.

An instance of this has been recently reported. With one end of the rope tied to his wrist and the other end to a runaway cow, a fourteen-year-old boy was dragged over sharp rocks for one-fourth of a mile and so badly injured that he died within a half hour.

Becoming frightened at a passing automobile, the cow started suddenly on a dash down a rocky lane. The boy's attention was attracted to the auto, and he was not prepared for the sudden jerk given by the cow.

A loop in the rope was around his wrist, and he could not get loose. He fell on his face, and as the cow tore down the lane his face, head and body were dashed against the sharp rocks. His clothing was stripped from his body, and even his shoes were torn off.

Mixed Stock Farming.

As a rule, on the average farm at least, it will be better to have a few cattle, some horses, a score of swine and small flock of sheep, than to have the same amount of money invested in either cattle or hogs alone. There is greater safety in such distribution of capital, inasmuch as the different kinds of stock subsist somewhat on different kinds of food, and if on account of drouth or for some other reason one kind of food fails, others may be made available to carry through in good condition at least one or more of the classes of animals kept.

They Own Britain's Land.

Britain's landed dukes and earls were in the limelight in the House of Commons recently when Mr. Outhwaite, during the debate on the motion for the second reading of the Rural Cottages Bill, gave an interesting table of the little patches of land held by members of the House of Lords. Here is is: 28 Dukes hold 4,000,000 acres; 31 Marquesses hold 1,500,000 acres; 194 Earls hold 5,862,000 acres; 270 Viscounts and Barons hold 3,784,000 acres; 525 Nobles hold 15,000,000 acres.

A soft answer may not turn away wrath, but it saves a lot of useless talk.

Why doesn't she take
NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers
They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.
NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 122

THE CAPLIN FISH.

It Is Very Prolific and Is Food for Larger Fish.

That great things may depend upon small is strikingly proved by the caplin, the little fish that, so to speak, underwrites the great cod-fisheries. The caplin or capelin is a small, slender, silvery sea fish, akin to the smelt. It inhabits the arctic seas, especially on the Atlantic side of the globe. It spends the winters in quiet depths, where it feeds on minute marine creatures, and forms the staple food of larger deep-sea fishes.

In late spring the caplin rise in hordes to the surface, and, guided by incomprehensible instincts, hasten toward the land to fulfil the duty of propagation. The schools are preyed upon as they go by every creature beneath and above the tumbling rollers, and are awaited with cruel impatience by foes on shore. Thus only the strongest reach the strand—but in countless numbers!

Nearing the shallows, they rush in reckless haste toward the sand where their yellow eggs must be deposited; and their coming to the shores of Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, and all along the Scandinavian coast, is awaited with eager anxiety. It means the prosperity of the fishing season, upon which the life of the people depends. Some halt on suitable bottom fifteen or twenty fathoms deep; but most press on to the strand, and fleeing before their pursuers, crowd up into the surf to its highest verge. The hosts that scramble to high-water mark are amazing; each falling tide leaves thousands stranded.

"You can take up with a shovenet as plentiful as you do wheate in a shovell," wrote Parkhurst in 1578, "sufficient in three or four hours for a whole citie." Soon the dropped eggs appear in incredible numbers; "the beach becomes a quivering mass of eggs and sand."

People collect at favorable places to gather the harvest. They go out in boats and scoop up caplin by the barrelful, to be eaten, to be used as bait, to be dried for winter dog food, and in Newfoundland to be salted and dried for the English market. Formerly they were gathered by the wagon-load in that colony for manuring the land, but this waste is now prohibited. Even the ocean is not inexhaustible in its treasures.

Who that has read Kipling's "Captains Courageous" does not recall the vivid scene when the Banks fleet, clustered about the Virgin Islets, seethes with excitement as the caplin arrive, and the men, in a mob of jostling dories, dip them up in feverish haste to bait their trawls, knowing that now the big fish will throng the waters?

With the first arrival of the caplin, the bays are filled with pursuing fish of every sort. And this is only the beginning, for cod and halibut and other food fishes stay to devour the fry as they hatch, and linger at the feast, exposing themselves to hook and net, until cold weather drives their prey to the depths, and the fishermen to their firesides.

STRANGERS BRING SICKNESS.

Natives of St. Kilda Call It the "Strangers' Cold."

The inhabitants of St. Kilda (Scotland) regard the landing of strangers as fraught with danger to their health. John Sands, who thirty years ago spent some months in St. Kilda, writes that "the most extraordinary complaint that visits the island is called the strangers' cold.

"The natives firmly believe that the arrival of a boat communicates this disease. They say that the illness is more severe when the ship or boat comes from Harris, and that they suffer less when the vessel comes from Glasgow or London. It is curious that every one caught the distemper when an Austrian vessel visited the island during my stay there. Not one St. Kildan escaped. The symptoms are a severe headache and pain and stiffness in the muscles of the jaw, a deep rough cough and rapid pulse."

One may have the courage of his convictions and yet not amount to much.

HOME DYEING

Is CLEAN, and as SIMPLE as "A.B.C." NO chance of MISTAKES if you use
DY-O-LA
The Guaranteed "ONE DYE for All Kinds of Cloth."
TRY IT and prove it for yourself! Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited. - Montreal

QUEEN'S
ARTS, EDUCATION, MEDICINE, SCIENCE, including ENGINEERING
Arts Summer Session
July 2 to Aug. 16
HOME STUDY
The Arts course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session.
For calendars write G. Y. CHOWN Kingston, Ont.
UNIVERSITY
KINGSTON . . . ONTARIO

BOOST YOUR TOWN BY ORGANIZING A
BRASS BAND
Information on this subject with printed instructions for amateur bands and a printed form of Constitution and By-Laws for bands, together with our big catalogue, will be mailed FREE on request. Address Dept. "D."
WINNIPEG MANITOBA | THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., LIMITED | TORONTO ONTARIO

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH
GOOD FOR THE LEATHER IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER
EASY TO USE GOOD FOR THE SHOES

FOR THE HORSES
INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD
FOR THE COWS
GUARANTEES RESULTS
We guarantee that your horse will thrive better on 4 quarts of oats with a tablespoonful of INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD than on 5 quarts of oats without it. Also, in addition to saving feed, that it will keep your horses sleek, fat and full of energy and endurance so that they will do more work.
We guarantee that
INTERNATIONAL · STOCK · FOOD
will fatten your Hogs, Cattle and Sheep in 30 days less time and save grain—and that it will make your Milch-Cows gain from one to four quarts of milk a day. It purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system, prevents many forms of disease in all kinds of live stock and only costs you 3 feeds for 1 cent. We positively guarantee results or your purchase price will be promptly refunded
For sale by dealers everywhere or if your dealer canno supply you, write us direct.
INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., LIMITED Toronto, Ont.
FOR THE PIGS
FOR THE SHEEP
91