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CAPTAIN BLOOD

by Rafael Sabatini

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CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

And upon that she passed at once to speak of other things.

On the second day out the Royal Mary met the mad-dog Spanish Admiral. The Captain of the Royal Mary was not disposed to be intimidated even when Don Miguel opened fire on him. But a lucky shot from the Milagrosa got among some powder stored in his forecastle and blew up half his ship almost before the fight had started.

Before the men of the Royal Mary had recovered from their consternation the Spaniards boarded her.

n the Captain's cabin under the poop, to which Miss Bishop had been conducted for safety, Lord Julian was seeking to comfort and encourage her.

And then the cabin-door flew open, and Don Miguel himself, tall, sunburned, and aquiline of face, strode in. Lord Julian span round to face him, and clapped a hand to his sword.

The Spaniard was brisk and to the point.

"Don't be a fool," he said in his own tongue, "or you'll come by a fool's end. Your ship is sinking."

They stayed no longer than was necessary to enable Miss Bishop to collect some spare articles of dress and my lord to snatch up his valise.

As for the survivors in that ghastly shambles that had been the Royal Mary, they were abandoned by the Spaniards to their own resources. If Lord Julian and Miss Bishop were retained, it was because Don Miguel perceived their obvious value. He received them in his cabin with great urbanity. Urbanely he desired to have the honor of being acquainted with their names.

Lord Julian, sick with horror of the spectacle he had just witnessed, commanded himself with difficulty to supply them. Then haughtily he demanded to know in his turn the name of their aggressor.

"I am Don Miguel de Espinosa," he was answered.

"I offer you no violence. On the contrary, I have saved your lives. . ."

Don Miguel's smile persisted. "Meantime it is your lives that will cost you dear. Colonel Bishop is a rich man; and you, milord, are no doubt also rich. I will consider and fix your ransom."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MEETING.

The Milagrosa, with her consort, the Hidalga rolling after her, ran straight into the arms of Captain Blood. That happened early on the following morning. Don Miguel came upon the Arabella at a time when, separated from the rest of the fleet, she was alone and at a disadvantage.

Miss Bishop, newly risen, had come out to take the air on the quarter-deck with his lordship in attendance when she beheld the big red ship that had once been the Cinco Llagas out of Cadi. The vessel was bearing down upon them, the long pennon with the cross of St. George fluttering from her main truck in the morning breeze.

They advanced to the poor-rail and watched the bustle. Telescope in hand on the quarter-deck, Don Miguel was issuing his orders and signaling to his consort, in response to which the Hidalga had drawn steadily forward until she was now abeam of the Milagrosa.

The Arabella was advancing now along a course which, if continued, must carry her straight between the two Spanish ships.

The Admiral raised his hand; in the waist below him, a trumpet blared, and immediately the gunner on the prow touched off his guns. As the thunder of them rolled out, his lordship saw ahead beyond the English ship and to larboard of her two heavy splashes. Almost at once two successive spurts of flame leapt from the brass cannon on the Arabella's beakhead and scarcely had the watchers on the pood seen the shower of spray, where one of the shots struck the water near them, than with a rending crash and a shiver that shook the Milagrosa from stem to stern, the other came to lodge in her forecastle. To avenge that blow, the Hidalga blazed at the Englishman with both her forward guns. But even at that short range—between two and three hundred yards—neither shot took effect.

At a hundred yards the Arabella's forward guns, which had meanwhile

"We meet again at last," he said. "I hope you are satisfied."

been reloaded, fired again at the Milagrosa, and this time smashed her bowsprit into splinters.

At last the Arabella was right between the Spanish ships prow to poop and poop to prow. Don Miguel spoke to the trumpeter, who had mounted the quarterdeck and stood now at the Admiral's elbow. The man raised the silver bugle that was to give the signal for the broadsides of both ships. But even as he placed it to his lips, the Admiral seized his arm, to arrest him. In attempting to fire now upon the Englishman, the Milagrosa and her consort would also be firing into each other. Too late he ordered his helmsman to put the tiller hard over and swing the ship to larboard. At that very moment the Arabella seemed to explode as she swept by. Eighteen guns from each of her flanks emptied themselves at that point-blank range into the hulls of the two Spanish vessels.

The Milagrosa staggered slowly ahead, a gaping rent in her bulwarks.

Instead of holding to her course as Don Miguel had imagined that she would, the Arabella had gone about under cover of smoke, and sailing now in the same direction as the Milagrosa, was converging sharply upon her across the wind. There was a rattle and clank of metal as a dozen grapnels fell, and tore and caught in the timbers of the Milagrosa, and the Spaniard was firmly gripped in the tentacles of the English ship.

Beyond her and now well astern the veil of smoke was rent at last and the Hidalga was revealed in desperate case. She was bilging fast and it could be no more than a question of moments before she settled down.

Of this Don Miguel's anguished eyes had no more than a fleeting but comprehensive glimpse before his own decks were invaded by a wild, yelling swarm of boarders from the grappling ship.

Picking his way daintily came a tall man with a deeply tanned face that was shaded by a Spanish headpiece. He was armed in back-and-breast of blacks teel beautifully damascened with golden arabesques. Over this, like a stole, he wore a sling of scarlet silk, from each end of which hung a silver-mounted pistol. Up the broad companion to the quarter-deck he came, moving with easy assurance, until he stood before the Spanish Admiral. Then he bowed stiff and formally.

"We meet again at last, Don Miguel," he said. "I hope you are satisfied."

Speechless, livid of face, his mouth distorted and his breathing labored, Don Miguel de Espinosa received the irony of that man to whom he attributed his ruin.

A moment they stood looking into each other's eyes.

"What do you intend by me?" the Spaniard inquired at last, his voice hoarse.

Captain Blood shrugged. The firm lips smiled a little. "All that I intend has been already accomplished. Your boats are being launched. You are at liberty to embark in them with your men before we scuttle this ship. Yonder are the shores of Hispaniola. You should make them safely."

"Ye don't mean, sir, that you'll let that Spanish scoundrel go free?" cried Lord Julian.

The gentleman in the black corselet appeared to become aware of his lordship for the first time.

"And who the devil may you be?" he asked, with marked Irish accent. "And what business may it be of yours, at all?"

His lordship conceived that the fellow's truculence and utter lack of proper deference must be corrected. "I am Lord Julian Wade," he announced with that object.

Apparently the announcement made no impression.

"Are you, indeed! Then perhaps ye'll explain what the plague you're doing aboard this ship?"

Lord Julian controlled himself to afford the desired explanation. He did so shortly and impatiently.

"He took you prisoner, did he—along with Miss Bishop there?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Bishop?" cried his lordship, passing from surprise to surprise.

But this mannerless fellow had stepped past him, and was making a leg to the lady, who on her side remained unresponsive and forbidding to the point of scorn. Observing this, he turned to answer Lord Julian's question.

"I had that honor once," said he. "But it seems that Miss Bishop has a shorter memory."

"I do not number thieves and pirates among my acquaintance, Captain Blood," said she; whereupon his lordship exploded in excitement.

"Captain Blood!" he cried. "Are you Captain Blood?"

"What else were ye supposing?"

CHAPTER XX.

THIEF AND PIRATE.

Captain Blood paced the poop of his ship alone in the tepid dusk. A group of men squatting about the main hatch were softly chanting, their hardened natures softened, perhaps, by the calm and beauty of the night.

Captain Blood did not hear them; he did not hear anything save the echo of those cruel words which had dubbed him thief and pirate.

His lordship's pale, dreamy eyes had a habit of observing things, and his wits were tolerably acute.

He had observed, for instance, that Blood's ship was named the Arabella, and he knew that Arabella was Miss Bishop's name. And he had observed all the odd particulars of the meeting of Captain Blood and Miss Bishop, and in the curious change that meeting had wrought in each.

After dinner Jeremy Pitt paused in the doorway to impart a piece of information.

"Maybe it'll comfort you to know that the Captain has altered our course for your benefit. It's his intention to put you both ashore on the coast of Jamaica, as near Port Royal as we dare venture."

(To be continued.)

The Sovereign People

Le Soleil (Lib.): The Minister of Justice declares that the sovereignity of the people "operates through the agency of the Federal Government in those matters which our Constitution assigns to it; it operates through the agency of the Provincial Governments in other matters reserved to the provinces; it operates through the agency of other organized bodies of the Federal and Provincial Governments in questions which have been reserved to these organizations. But it is always the people of Canada which acts." In other words, all government in this country is responsible to the people in the last resort, and if in any respect the administration does not comply with the popular will, it must give way to another which in its turn must be governed by the wishes of the majority or resign, until at last the people get what they want done. It is true then that the citizen commands the manoeuvres of the State. This is the reason for Mr. Lapointe's dictum "In a democracy every citizen becomes a dictator."

"Behind the clouds the sun still shnes," but this is seldom true of a clouded face.

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Canadian Firm Opens New Building In Boston, Mass.

Salada Tea Co. Opens New Home Under Auspicious Circumstances

BUSINESS EXPANDING

One hears a great deal about the expansion of United States industry in Canada; therefore, it is interesting to note that Canadians can, and do, expand their business in the other side of the border. This was emphasized at the recent opening in Boston, Mass., of the magnificent new building of the Salada Tea Company—a Canadian enterprise with world-wide ramifications.

Thebuilding was opened by the Honorable P. C. Larkin, in the presence of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, Mayor Nichols of Boston, and leading State and city officials. Referring to the imposing nature of the building, and the fact that it was the largest in the world devoted to the packing of tea, each speaker commented upon the success which had attended this great Canadian enterprise in the United States field.

Architecturally the building is a handsome ten-storey structure, and enjoys the distinction of possessing a pair of the finest bronze doors in the world. These doors, which are the work of Henry Wilson, an English sculptor, were awarded a medal by the French Salon, where models were on exhibition this spring. They are said to rank in beauty with the doors of the cathedrals in Milan and Mayence.

The interior of the building is notable for the remarkable collection of tapestry, carvings, cloisonne wear, metal work and ceramics. Great Buddhas, which have seen centuries pass, gaze patiently with folded arms upon a modern business. Richly colored Oriental rugs transform the floor into gay garden patches with aisles of marble. In the great windows some of the smaller and rarer pieces present themselves to the passing public. Throughout the building officials and employees will have light, airy and most pleasant surroundings in which to work, with a luxuriant clubroom on the top floor for rest and relaxation. The clubroom is furnishedwith handsome lounges, and large, comfortable chairs upholstered in English red morocco, tables in color to match, Oriental rugs on the floor, and rare Chinese tapestries on the walls, with antique pieces distributed around the room, and on the inner wall a huge, inviting, open fireplace. Just below the clubroom is the cafeteria, to be maintained for the use of the employees.

Speaking about the beauties of the new building, Mr. Larkin said: "Of course, you know, we don't want to be boastful about these works of art. The building is new, but we have been many years collecting some of the nicest things we have. All our buildings have the same general sort of surroundings for executives and employees. We started doing these things years ago—before we even had much money to spend in such ways.

"It isn't extravagance, really. Forbidding surroundings hinder production in any line of business. I know that it's good business. We very seldom have any one leave our employ. Sometimes two whole years go by without a person leaving the company either in Canada or United States. We have never had any labor disputes of any kind. Such things cost money. It is expensive to train new employees. It is expensive to put employees in a jail-like place and have them merely endure their workuntil the time comes when they can get out."

Slightly Twisted

A spirit interview reported by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will attract the interest of good Dickensians, whose favorite pastime is attempting to solve the mystery of "Edwin Brood." According to Sir Arthur, the shade of Dickens says Drood was not murdered and was to appear trimuphantly in the last chapter to confront his wicked uncle. With all due respect to the accuracy of Sir Arthur's system of communication with the spirit world, there is plenty of authenticated testimony to the fact that Dickens while in the flesh informed intimates regarding the ending of the story he purposed. He stated that Drood was to die at the hands of his uncle, who was to strangle him with a thick, black scarf. In the light of this recorded assertion of the author himself, it is to be feared that this latest message from the spirit land will not carry conviction.

"Hello, Perkins, where did you get that black eye?" "It was only a sweetheart's quarrel." "Sweethearts' quarrel! Why, your girl didn't give you that, did she?" "No, it was her other sweetheart."

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Regular Exercise

Victoria Colonist (Cons.): These are days of Sate and municipal hygiene, but the State never interferes with the pleasures of a people to the extent of forbidding exercise of any character that is harmless. The State, through its health authorities, advocates exercise as necessary to well being, but it can only advocate, not enforce. In the last analysis it is not so much diet as lack of well regulated exercise that is responsible for so much national disease. The person who exercises with the best discretion can afford to ignore the advice of cranks and quacks on the diet question because he or she will eat healthy condiments if they live healthy lives in every other way. The possession of good health should be a matter of self respect and a family duty.

Aviation

Le Soleil (Lib.): It seems to us that there is nothing definitely scientific about these (aviation) exploits. They bring glory, sensation and enthusiasm. That is not what the world asks of aviation but some certainly of diminishing distance with the least possible danger. To obtain such a result it is necessary for the genius of man to be applied with less publicity and more exactness not only to render aeroplanes more stable in the air, but also to find means of creating stopping places in mid-ocean. Unfortunately, the sea is so restless and so deep that it hardly permits the fixing of floating islands where aviators could depend upon being able to break their journey.

GILLEX

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A Bad Leak

Vancouver Province (Ind.): In the year ending June 30 last, in round figures, 81,000 people left this country to make their homes in the United States. It was the greatest contribution of any one country to the diminished stream of immigration which flowed across the borders of our neighbor people—being 15 per cent. of the 538,000 who arrived there in that period. In 1926, immigrants to Canada numbered 135,984, and of these 20,000 came from the United States. There are several ways of looking at these figures, but on the face of them, and overlooking for a moment the fact that Canadian immigration is increasing, last year we lost to the United States nearly half of our new population of immigration. It is a serious business for Canada, and it is not by any means a satisfactory business.

Policy of Co-operation

Manchester Guardian (iLb.):: For English observers the most striking fact about industry in the United States is the new policy which has attracted both employers and trade unionists in the last few years. This is the policy of co-operation. We think of the employer in the United States as hostile to trade unions, and we know that industrial disputes there are conducted with a ferocity and bitterness unknown here. This is true, but it is also true that employers and trade unionists in the United States are giving more attention to the problem of co-operation than has been given by employers and trade unionists in Great Britain.

The English language has again displayed its versatility. Lee Long of Chicago's Chinatown, stirred to honor Lindbergh, but unable to pronounce his name, has called the new arrival at his home One Long Hop.

A New Slip

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