

Love Kept Its Faith;

Or, The Girl With the Nut Brown Hair and Dreamy Eyes.

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd)

Louder and shriller grows the chorus, more malevolent the sea. Suddenly the brig makes a heavy lurch; as she rises her bulwarks scoop into the flood, and David is carried off his feet, regards himself as lost, but clings with might and main to the windlass and again finds the deck beneath him. Impressed at last by the peril of his outlook, moved, too, by a desolating sense of loneliness, he consents to a retreat, with difficulty makes the passage of the deck, and brings to under the break of the poop. Behind him Goliath magnificently towers, calm, conscious of his own strength, and placing all his confidence in it, the man to build up the despairing and give leading to those who are made for following.

Horror grows with the tempest. Huddled by the poop, one arm clasped around a rail, he watches all the movements in the grim battle. Not yet is the brand of Cain upon his brow!

So the night drags on and ever the Daniel flounders through the smother, groaning, rolling, pitching, but tough and dauntless as in her better days.

Morning discovered her scudding before the wind under half-clad poles. Dog-tired though he was, David still had no thought of sleep, but now that the ghosts of the night had fled he yielded to the claims of hunger, and the renewed appeals of Goliath, and went below for a snack and a change of clothing.

"A storm, d'ye call it, Maister David; why, this is nowt but the wind we've aw been whistling for. We've had a grand run, a bit too much west, mebbe, bit what's it matter, we'll soon knock that off. As for t' brig, she's as dry as a bone an' what mair can ye ask for? Storm, d'ye call it?" and the men hurst into a roar of scornful laughter—"ay, a landsman's gale, an' if ye divvent mind, it'll blow the cap off your heid."

On deck once more he worked his way back by short tacks to the station he had held through the night, took counsel with Goliath, and was assured that the tempest was not worth mention as compared with some that the skipper had won through.

"I'll own—been a bit worried—'bout brig," Goliath roared in his ear, some of his words being snipped off and blown away to leeward. "Got too little freeboard—how gears held—miracle."

"Can't you lighten—bit, Casson—heave some—cargo overboard. Do what—like's long—keep afloat." "Too late—took hatches off—these seas coming aboard—down like a stone. Never fear—all do—best."

With a nod and a smile, Goliath scrambled up the tilted steps, and with grim, fierce intensity, fought for life, fought as none save the men of the merchant marine ever do fight.

Twice Death laid his hand upon the brig and almost forced her down into those depths wherein the lost navies of the world are lying. Twice again he snapped her time-worn ropes as though they were but lines of flimsy packthread and spread her sails, flapping, with artillery crack, along the wind. And amid all the stress and tumult, their hands bleeding and bodies sorely bruised, the men of the Daniel did their best, and when the sun went down David lay peacefully sleeping in his bunk.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Davie, boy."

Clank, thump, clank.

"Davie, boy."

Clank, thump, clank.

Reluctantly David opened his eyes and peered blinkily out of the shadowy depths of his berth into the blurred fo'e's'le light.

"Davie, boy."

Clank, thump, clank.

In a trice he was out on the floor, thunderstruck, speech paralyzed by the sight of the squat figure crowned by the moonish face and the bulging eyes. And all the time that spasmodic, metallic throb palpitated along the planking, literally a sound that might be felt.

"Cap'n Dan, you here?" he gasped, when the shock had spent itself.

"Ay, Davie, it's me."

"But how—"

"I've been aboard all the time, been quartered aft; that's one of the reasons the cabin door's been locked on you. But this isn't the time for explainin'. You've a lot to hear, a lot to forgive me for—but not now. You must hurry on deck an' we must away."

"Away?"

"Ay. Cannot you hear?"

Clank, thump, clank.

"What is it, Cap'n Dan?"

"It's the pumps, boy. The wind's blown itself out but the brig's leaking like a collander."

"But she'll float?"

"Davie, in an hour's time the Daniel'll be fathoms deep."

"Sinking! Oh, God, help me!"

It was not the wail of helpless dread; it was the cry of remorse, and Dan understood.

Clank, thump, clank.

"Hearken, Davie, them pumps are calling us. We're not on our beam ends; there's the boats left, and—and—and our Father's chart in heaven. But we must tumble up—and if we're needed, we can bear a hand."

Hatless, dishevelled, he mounted to the deck, glanced along its tiny length and beheld, not the terror of shipwreck but the heroism of men. From the pumps only the din of panic. Dismally discordant, the iron arms rocked in their sockets, beating time to their sway a foul, black-dyed stream spurted from the spouts and gushed along the scuppers. All other sound was calm, dignified, all other movement precise, unfurried, the movement of intelligent effort.

Apart from the Daniel, barely a trace of the storm remains. The night of black fury has melted to the morn of radiant peace. Yet the pumps are throbbing, the noise streams are flooding the scuppers, and yonder are the boats. Hastily, David strides to the rail and looks along the rail. A few more inches and the decks will be awash.

"Come, boy, come." Cap'n Dan gently coaxes, but David pays no heed. Instead, he wheels about and his voice cuts clearly through the keen air—

"Captain Casson."

The skipper responds on the run. "Has everything been done?"

David demands. "Everything. We've jettisoned some of the load to lighten her a bit, and we've got sheets slung under her hull, but she's been too badly strained, and now she's making water in every seam."

"But can't you lighten her further, clear more of the cargo out?"

"That might keep her afloat a bit longer if the pumps were equal to the flow, but as it is the water's gaining on them. I've been below, Master David, and I tell you, she's just a sieve."

"Casson."

"Ay, sir."

"Would this have happened if you'd got those repairs you asked for?"

"No." Goliath's anger suddenly blazed up, and he shouted his reply. "No; a scrap o' tow would have saved her, only a measly scrap o' tow—my poor old brig, my bonny brig."

"Hush, man, hush. The day may come when you'll thank God for the ship you've lost."

"It'll be a canny day, sir, if—"

But David silenced him with another question—

"How much longer will she last?"

"Not more'n an hour."

"And is all ready?"

"Ay, we can leave her this minute, if you like."

"Not just yet, Casson. I've a message for the men. We may never meet each other again, and if one boat—goes down—the other may take my message to land. Better here and now."

"Right, sir. Just you bide a moment and I'll hail the lads. Ahoy, there, ahoy, tumble along, all of ye. Sam Hodgson, you may lash the helm, keep her before the wind, and then come down here. Barney Rigg'll stand by in the jolly boat and hold her off the brig; and you, Jerry Dudgeon, look to the dinghy. Lively, now—an' the rest of you under the poop."

Nimble they respond to the call. Looking away over the waste of waters, yet seeing nothing, David slowly moves aft and halts before the expectant group. Grimy faced,

GOWGANDA—The Second Cobalt

GOWGANDA, with its magnificent silver veins, is being heralded far and wide as the second Cobalt, and since last fall millions have been invested by Capitalists on the reports of the leading mining engineers of the continent. Cobalt mines have paid \$11,600,000 in dividends. GOWGANDA will equal if not surpass it in richness, and the MacGREGOR properties are in the rich section.

PROPERTIES. M.R. 3507, M. R. 3523, M. R. 3524, about 40 acres each, about 120 in all, at the south end and east of Gowganda Lake. Promising because of the splendid fissure leads on the properties, and because they are surrounded by splendid silver veins. We confidently expect that these properties will prove rich in silver and that large profits will be made by the members of this Syndicate.

SILVER

MacGREGOR MINES SYNDICATE

Shares \$100.00 Each. Half Shares \$50.00. No Personal Liability.

SILVER

THE PLAN. The MacGREGOR Syndicate is being formed for \$20,000. \$16,000 will go to pay for the properties, and \$4,000 is being placed in the Treasury for stripping veins, initial development and such works as may be deemed necessary for the success of the Syndicate. The three properties will be absolutely owned by the Syndicate. By our plan the Syndicate members come in on the actual purchase of the properties, and reap the profits that usually go to promoters.

Send in your application at once for as many shares as you desire to take. This is a chance that seldom happens. Write at once for map and further particulars as to Syndicate plan.

SAFETY.—Our confidence in the safety of the investment is expressed in the fact that we have taken 50 shares in the Syndicate. We think it is a first-class investment, and we offer it to careful, conservative men as such, in our belief. We call it a unique opportunity for men of moderate means; that others appreciate it to be so is shown by the keen demand for shares.

CHAPMAN, LYNCH & CO.,
704 705 Traders Bank Building, TORONTO

their garments dripping in tribute to the night-long warfare, they wait in wonder tinged with awe.

"My lads," David begins—his lips are hot and dry, his voice hard but firm—"my lads, I've a word for you before we bid good-bye to the Daniel—a message and a promise. The old brig's at the end of her voyaging, and none of us can tell what's going to happen out there in the boats. It may be, please God, we shall all of us win through, it may be only a part. My message is for the folks at home. If I can't give it to them—myself, you must do it—for me—those of you whom the waters spare.

"Tell the people"—more tender now his voice, strong and loud and free it overtops the clash of the seas—"tell the people in the old place, the only folks I care about, that the David Graham they knew was nothing better than a puppy with blinded eyes. Tell them that for two years he lived for gold and power, and, like the fool he was, he thought these more to be desired than honor and love and the peace of right dealing. Tell them that before—the end—David's eyes were opened because the men of the Daniel were faithful, and that when—the end came—he was sorry."

Grimy eyes are red-rimmed now, and the mariners look upon him as through a mist.

"That is my message; it is in your keeping; you mustn't fail me. Now you shall have my promise; it's the old one over again, the promise I made and broke. In the presence of Death, I made it, under the Shadow of Death I renew it. You mustn't doubt me, lads, you mustn't doubt me." He held out his hands in passionate appeal—"Here on the deck of this sinking ship I give you my pledge. I've done with the shame and agony of greed, done with the nightmare of Self-seeking. If I'm spared, the Graham ships shall sail again under the old flag."

He has made his vow again. Once more he has pledged his days, entered into a bond with Time and Truth. Like every man who has failed, he stands at a disadvantage, before the coldly doubting world beyond the seas he would be suspect.

Their ship is going down, down, into the mystic realm of the darkened underseas, but they themselves are exalted on the sunwashed plains of triumph. This is their hour. They have saved a man from himself. Joyfully they crowd about him, and in silence wring his hand. They would cheer if heart and throat were not so full. A little later, when their voices have returned, they rend the air with a tumultuous shout, but memory has then begun to fill up the blanks, and it is not to David that this act of homage is rendered.

They are about to enter the boats when Cap'n Dan becomes conscious of a grave omission in their congratulations, and arrests the departure with a stentorian cry—

"Avast, there, avast; lay by, you lubbers. What're you dreamin' on! You've forgot somebody. Three cheers for Missy—three cheers for Missy—Hip, hip, hip—"

And with a cheer for Margery Manesty, the crew of the Daniel take leave of their ship.

Riding heavily upon the writhing seas, now high poised on the ridge,

now cast low into the valley of buoyant green, the two boats lie off the length of a couple of cables and wait, sentinels in the place of death. This is deference to the heart-deep pleading of Goliath.

"I can't leave my old brig while she floats, Master David. I must stand by her as long as she shows her spars. It won't be for long."

Stealthily, inch by inch, the water rise round her, unprotestingly she yields to their lure. Lower and lower, and lower still. At last the watchers behold her quiver from stem to stern, as though for the first time she feels the throb of fear. And after that, a mighty crash of rending timber, as the pent-up force, caged within the hold, bursts the deck, the snap of riven spars, rattle of cordage, rip and flap of tearing sail, a maddened swish and swirl—Two tiny boats alone upon the bosom of the sea.

(To be continued.)

ALL HE HAD.

"But," said Goodley, "Dr. Price-Price doesn't ask for pay from poor patients."

"No," replied Markley, "because he wouldn't get it. When he treated me he asked me if I had any money, and I said 'yes,' of course."

"Well?"

"Well, he said: 'I'll take it.'"

MACGREGOR PROPERTIES.

The announcement of the MacGregor Mines Syndicate is attracting much attention from investors who have been waiting for an opportunity to get in on the ground floor in the wonderful Gowganda Silver field. It is not often that the investor of small means has the opportunity to get in on the actual purchase of properties as splendidly located as are the properties of the MacGregor Mines Syndicate, as well as an opportunity of receiving the profits that usually go to promoters. Altogether it would seem to be a proposition that should commend itself to thinking men.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

"Come, come, Willie," remonstrated the teacher, "you must say 'they are not' or, if you wish, 'they aren't,' but never 'they ain't.'"

"Why not?" demanded Willie.

"Because it ain't right!"

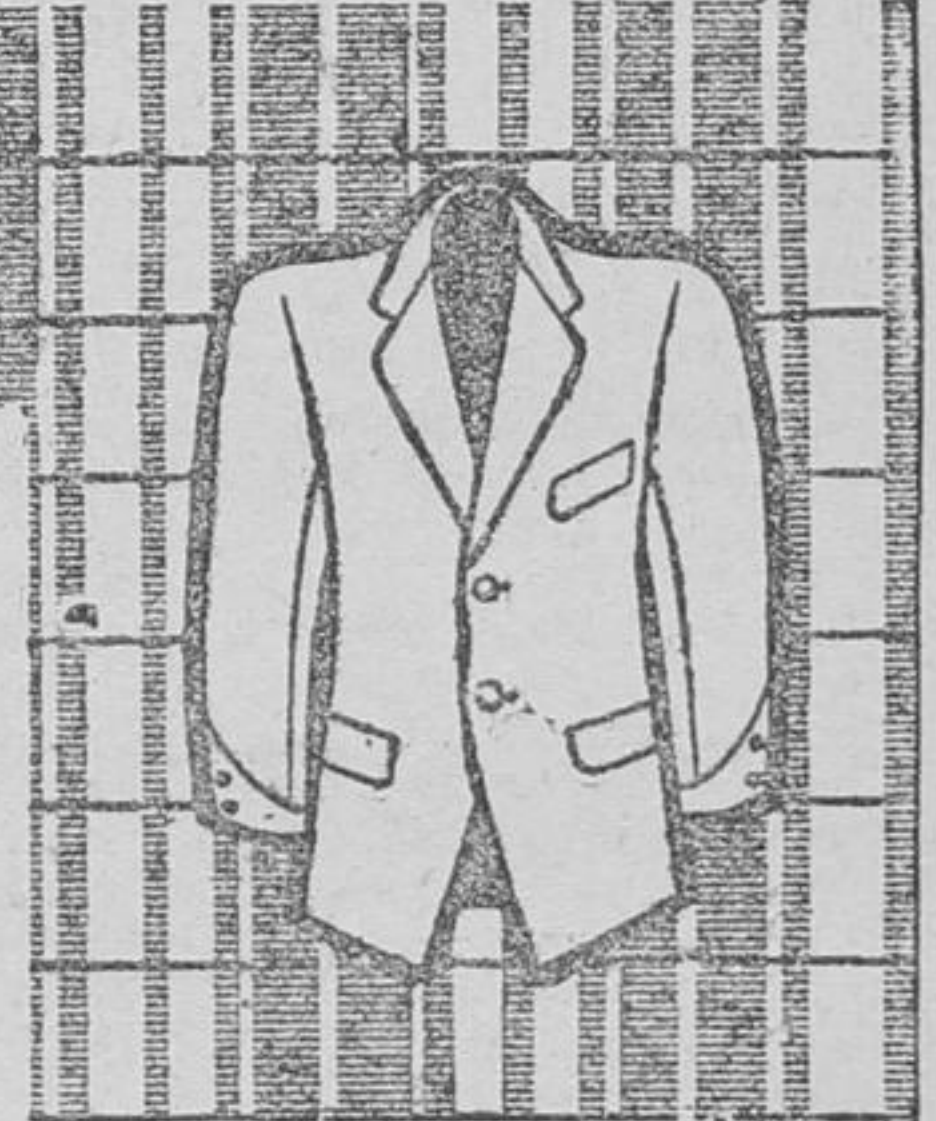
HIS GLORIOUS PAST.

Sympathetic Matron (giving him a plate of hash)—You haven't always been compelled to beg your living, have you?

Saymold Storey (with a gleam of pride)—You bet I hain't, mum! I was wunst operated on fur appendicitis!

PAQUET
Guaranteed
CLOTHES

THE MOST PERFECT
METHOD OF CLOTHES
MAKING YET DEVISED



CLOTHES. to fit perfectly, MUST be made to measure. The Old fashioned Ready Made Clothes are all made to fit AVERAGE types, not REAL men. That's why they don't fit YOU. PAQUET Guaranteed CLOTHES are not Ready Made. They are cut to your exact measurement BEFORE they are made up at all. Our new method makes this possible. It is the most perfect method of Clothes Making yet devised.

PAQUET Guaranteed CLOTHES give you all the advantages of Custom Tailoring at Half the expense. The Materials used are absolutely PURE WOOL of the highest grade procurable. They are sold direct to YOU at Wholesale Prices, and are Guaranteed to be the best value in Canada to-day at from \$10.00 to \$13.75—worth \$13.50 to \$18.00.

The most highly trained experts only are engaged in the production of PAQUET Guaranteed CLOTHES.

Our handsome Style Book tells all about our exclusive method of Clothes Making. Write for it to day. Don't put it off until another time—a postcard will do—you'll get the Style Book by return mail. It'll surprise you.

THE PAQUET COMPANY
LIMITED
QUEBEC, CANADA.