



By ALROY WEST

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

Principal Characters
CAPT. WICKS, captain of the trawler Lucky Lady.
PETER DREW, his mate.
GALLOP, engineer on board the trawler.
ALLA BARLOVA, a Russian girl, captain of the steamer Tovarish Bykoff.
RAUL NUNEZ, an unscrupulous politician interested in the trawler because of the gold.
CAPT. DELGADO, his helper. In command of a destroyer.
SINCLAIR, a pearl fisher of Margarita.
DOYLE, one of his helpers.
CROCKETT, on board the trawler.

CHAPTER I
"IT'S GOLD! THAT'S WHAT IT IS!"
"It's gold! That's what it is!" Captain Bartholomew Wicks leaned forward slightly, his eyes sparkling with excitement. On the small table in his cramped cabin were two boxes, iron-bound and substantial looking. Both boxes were liberally coated with mud, and one of them had been forced open to reveal the small bags inside. It was one of these bags, ripped open by Wicks's strong fingers, which brought the cry of excitement from the captain. Peter Drew felt a queer fluttering of his heart as he stared at the gold coins. "Five bags to the box," Wicks muttered. More usual to have four I believe. But I won't quarrel with whoever packed 'em over a little subject like that. Five bags suit me better than four.

"I don't see that it makes much difference," Drew cut in. "There's sure to be a reward, but it would be a round figure, and I doubt if the extra bag would make much difference to it." Wicks cocked his head on one side and tugged at his short, pointed beard. "You're out of your mind," he said with a grin. "Do you realize that there are a thousand sovereigns in each of these bags? Five bags to the box makes a matter of ten thousand pounds—in gold! Worth more than that! Call it half as much again, and that makes a cool fifteen thousand. Split it three ways, say. A thousand each for the crew, five for you, and five for me. And you can all pay me a commission of ten per cent. on your shares. That will be for my trouble."

"You're the crazy one!" Drew snapped. "You can't get away with a thing like that! Use your reason. How long do you think it will be before they find that the gold has gone?" "They'll find that out fast enough! But they'll think that it went straight to the bottom of the sea. The pilot of that plane won't have the slightest idea of where he dropped it. It was only a light machine, and any sudden lurch was enough to stove a hole somewhere and let this little packet through. Probably stowed badly in the first case. It wouldn't be a normal consignment going to Paris, because they use big machines for that." "Do you think it was a private plane then?" "I doubt it. It's only just daylight. They always send gold over by a sort of dawn patrol. Maybe there's been a rush on and they were short of ma-

chines. Bad luck for us, in a way. There could well have been a larger consignment. But in that case it might have been a better plane, and then there wouldn't have been anything for us to save from out of the mud. Doesn't do to grumble just when Fate's starting to be kind to you." Drew shook his head. "You can't be serious about hanging on to the money," he protested. "It's too impossible for words. How are you going to exchange it in the first place? An odd sovereign or so—yes. But not five or ten thousand of 'em. By the time you've sold them to dealers in little lots and cleared about a quarter of them everybody may be back on the gold standard again, in which case they won't be worth so much."

Wicks gave a sardonic laugh. "I'm not a fool!" he cried. "I know how to deal with a little matter like this. You know, I thought something was going to happen when I stood on deck and watched that plane. I had an idea that this was going to be rather a long journey. Then I forgot about my notion. I was too interested in watching the pilot of that sky-bus. Low clouds evidently bothered him. He almost looked as though he thought of coming down in the sea. I thought he was a gonner when the machine gave a sudden lurch."

"Probably an air pocket," said Drew, who had not been on deck at the time. "Who's telling this?" asked Wicks unpleasantly. "If you want to start answering before any questions are asked, you'd better say so—here and now. I'm being friendly because we're partners from now on. It's going to be a slightly different relationship, you see."

"Partners what in?" Drew demanded. "You wait until I come to that," said Wicks, picking up some of the coins and jingling them in his great fist. "I watched that plane pretty closely," he continued. "I even saw these beauties drop." He tapped the two boxes. "Evidently the pilot didn't realize what had happened, for he went straight on, having stowed his machine. I was curious. Always have been curious about things. You know what happened next. And here the gold is." Wicks took a step forward, placed his handful of coins on the table and caught Drew by the shoulder. "And here it stays," he said deliberately. "Get the idea?"

Drew shook himself free. "I don't! I've already told you that I'm not going to be a fool! I'm mate of a trawler—not a thief. We've got one thing we can do—and that is to turn this stuff over to the authorities." Wicks thrust his hands deep into the pockets of his rather soiled jacket. "That's your idea, is it?" "It is. I don't fancy spending several months in prison. It might be a longer stretch; something running into years. The law takes rather decided views when it comes to property, you know."

Wicks laughed. "YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE A CHOICE." "Have you ever walked the streets looking for a job?" he asked. "You know I have."

"Yes. I was just reminding you. Have you ever known what it was like to go hungry?" "Yes." "And have you thought about how miserable you'd feel if this job started to vanish into thin air?" "That's the very thing I am bearing in mind." "It's as good as gone already," said Wicks. "We're not going to do any trawling. We're just going to show a very clean pair of heels. We're getting out of the English waters as fast as we can. See?" "You're mad! Where can you go? They'll get you just the same whether you stay in England or France; or any other country for that matter." "They won't know that I've stolen the gold." "But there's the ship." "I have a share in this ship," Wicks said. "A third, to be exact. And my

third is going a journey. I'm afraid that the portions owned by my partners will have to come along with my lot. It can't be helped. As for the gold, as I said, nobody will think that I've picked it up. How can anybody know?" "They'll know when you start changing it!" Wicks threw back his head and laughed.

"Do you think I'm going to spend the rest of my life sneaking about from place to place trying to change a miserable sovereign, or so at a time? You'd better guess again Mr. Mate! Do you think I don't know my way round the world? Think I've been fishing all my life? You listen to me for a minute."

"I've done nearly everything in my time. I've gone after pearls and had plenty of trouble with the Japs. I've run weapons across to the Arabs in the Red Sea. I've been in American waters rum running by way of a change. There was only one man smarter than myself. His name was Hutch. He could do anything. He started with a broken down schooner. When I last saw him he had a dandy yacht. He used to wear a bowler hat always. He was still wearing one—and I'll vow it was the same one—when he was on the bridge of his yacht. He'd died now. Muscled in on something a bit too big for him. Maybe he was getting old. He was much older than myself. First time I came up against him he put me across his knee and walloped me with a belt. I broke his nose for that—ten years later. Afterwards we became friends."

"He was a smart man. He wouldn't have turned gold over to the authorities. He'd rather have grabbed the boxes and gone plumb to the bottom of the Tuscarora Deep with them!" "But you've got to make a choice, Mr. Drew," Wicks took his hands from his pockets. "Just in case you don't quite understand the position I'd better tell you that this little ship may be a trawler called the Lucky Lady, but when she was built I had a say in her construction. I like to look well ahead and I saw to it so that she could be good for a long voyage. She's going to make it—now! The men on board—apart from Wellings—have sailed with me more than once. They'll go where I tell 'em. So you can decide what you're going to do. You'd be useful to me—I admit that right away. But I don't find you so useful if you won't help me. You can come in on this and get a fair share of the gold. Or you can stop out—in which case, Mr. Drew, you'll have to leave the ship. And I'm afraid that we can't spare the dinghy. All we'll be able to give you is some good, heavy ballast. Do you quite understand me?"

CHAPTER II
"IM WAITING FOR ANSWER"
For a minute or so Peter Drew stared at Captain Wicks. It seemed incredible that such a plot could be discussed on board a trawler that was still within sight of the English coast. "Well?" Wicks asked. "I'm waiting

for your answer, Drew. This isn't a game, you know." Peter nodded his head. "I know it isn't a game," he said curtly. "Eetter do your thinking quickly," Wicks snapped. "There was nothing about Wicks to suggest playfulness. He was only short but remarkably broad in the shoulder. His face was as brown as leather and only a shade or so lighter than his short, pointed beard. His eyebrows, darker than his beard, were thick and straight. He had a habit of raising the right one slightly when he was thinking. He was waiting, quite prepared for either of the two possible answers. Peter made an effort to appear calm. His natural impulse was to spring on Wicks and overpower him, but it was an impossible feat in the cramped quarters of the cabin. Wicks would be able to make full use of his powerful arms. "Suppose I want a little more time?" Peter asked. "You'd best suppose that I don't feel disposed to give it to you," Wicks said grimly.

"The whole project seems insane," Peter complained. "I might join you if I could feel there was some likelihood of success. But what chance is there? You haven't even started on the voyage. You're losing valuable minutes even while you're waiting for me to come to some decision." Wicks smiled and shook his head. He moved back to the table and idly played with the loose coins. "I'm being very sensible," he said. "Gallop is tinkering with his precious engine. We may have been observed by some ship. It might look exceedingly suspicious if the Lucky Lady suddenly darted away as though she wanted to make New York sometime tomorrow afternoon. I know exactly how I shall do things. Gallop will play with his engines, then we shall move in a leisurely fashion down the Channel. "We'll keep to the French coast. I should like to have made one of the Spanish ports, but that can't be done. I doubt if they'd stop the civil war for us. "Put you can depend upon one thing. We shall get right away from here to a place where we can use this money. I know how to manage things." Peter was not listening. He realized that it was useless to argue with Wicks. It would be useless to declare that he would have nothing to do with the project. That would only result in being knocked on the head and dropped over the side. It was clear that Wicks could not afford to let him go. That would inevitably lead to the chase being taken up long before the Lucky Lady could get into water which were little frequented. He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't seem to have any choice," he said slowly. "The only way I can save my skin is to enter into the venture with you. But I don't know that I want any of the gold. I suggest that, as you are the captain of the ship you merely regard me as the mate; and not as a partner." Wicks raised his eyebrow slightly. "That's a queer idea," he muttered. "It's not going to be a picnic, you know." "I've guessed that." Wicks turned to the small table and started to take the other bags from the box which had been forced open. "I'm pretty sure about these," he said. "But I'm not going to be fooled. I like to see everything. Only fools take a lot of unnecessary chances. You can stay with me. I'm not going to try to persuade you to go against your scruples. I reckon that the sight of the gold will do that for me. You won't be able to stand out against it. It's fresh to you at the moment. The full meaning of it hasn't sunk into your mind. Before this voyage is over you'll feel different. Gold is a peculiar companion. You start to dream about it. You'll dream that all the golden sovereigns in the world are trickling through your fingers. It's not unlike the thought

of an iced lager on a sweltering hot day. You know how you can imagine that cool trickling down your throat? Gold's like that. Only it sends a queer quiver round your heart." He chuckled. "You'll dream of it right enough. By the time we've made land—a good distance from here—you'll feel that you've earned every confounded coin in these bags." "We'll see about that," Peter said defiantly. Wicks laughed. "You're young," he declared. "You haven't experienced the things I've gone through. I expect you've still got some ideals tucked away inside you. They're not bad in their way. I suppose I had some once. But after a time I started to love myself more than my ideals. Go on rather well then. I'd been holding myself back, as it were. "There are a lot of ups and downs in life. It's rather like a switchback. I came down badly not so long back. Do you think I'm in the kind of man who has played it in a cramped trawler all my life?" He broke off and started to open another small bag. "I had to live honestly for a time," he continued. "You have to be rich to be dishonest. I suppose you didn't know that? Think it out. Crime doesn't belong to the poor, half-starved wreck who tries to get a bit in order to keep himself. That isn't crime, that's misery. Crime is being smart enough to maintain your own interests at the expense of the body of mugs commonly called society. "Anyway, you'll learn all that one of these days." Peter made no reply. He was wondering if there would be any chance of escaping from the trawler, either before she left the English coast, or when she made the French shore. (to be Continued)

he hasn't his beat for work; But I sez ter myself, "Lookout, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!" Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way. He p'sumed he was behindhand with the dain's at Injun Bay. I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns. An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones. Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long. Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong. One day I was pickin' currants down by the old quince tree. When I heard Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be ye willin' ter marry me?" An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', you sh'd say." Our Jake he put his foot down in a plum, decided way. "No wimmen-folks is a-going ter be re-arrangin' me. Hereafter I says "craps," "them is," "I calk' late," an' "I be." Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say; But I ain' a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay. I ask you free an' final, "Be ye goin' ter marry me?" An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, "I be."

he hasn't his beat for work; But I sez ter myself, "Lookout, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!" Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way. He p'sumed he was behindhand with the dain's at Injun Bay. I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns. An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones. Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long. Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong. One day I was pickin' currants down by the old quince tree. When I heard Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be ye willin' ter marry me?" An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', you sh'd say." Our Jake he put his foot down in a plum, decided way. "No wimmen-folks is a-going ter be re-arrangin' me. Hereafter I says "craps," "them is," "I calk' late," an' "I be." Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say; But I ain' a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay. I ask you free an' final, "Be ye goin' ter marry me?" An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, "I be."

he hasn't his beat for work; But I sez ter myself, "Lookout, my gal, yer a-foolin' with a Turk!" Jake bore it wonderful patient, an' said in a mournful way. He p'sumed he was behindhand with the dain's at Injun Bay. I remember once he was askin' for some o' my Injun buns. An' she said he should allus say, "them air," stid o' "them is" the ones. Wal, Mary Ann kep' at him stiddy mornin' an' evenin' long. Tell he dassent open his mouth for fear o' talkin' wrong. One day I was pickin' currants down by the old quince tree. When I heard Jake's voice a-sayin', "Be ye willin' ter marry me?" An' Mary Ann kerrectin', "Air ye willin', you sh'd say." Our Jake he put his foot down in a plum, decided way. "No wimmen-folks is a-going ter be re-arrangin' me. Hereafter I says "craps," "them is," "I calk' late," an' "I be." Ef folks don't like my talk they needn't hark ter what I say; But I ain' a-goin' to take no sass from folks from Injun Bay. I ask you free an' final, "Be ye goin' ter marry me?" An' Mary Ann sez, tremblin', yet anxious-like, "I be."

If You Like Books (By A. H.)

Every reader likes to read humorous poems, especially if you can understand the joke of the story. But doesn't it make you tired and disappointed when you read something that a friend has recommended as being "so very, very funny," and that you find is utterly without fun for you? That is why today, "Courtin' in Kentucky" provides and regular "rigmarole" of spelling the way it shouldn't be, and English the way it should be. Read it, and tell us, be you willing to agree that it is a delightfully different poem, the only trouble being, that if you read it too often you too will be saying, "I be."

Courtin' in Kentucky (by Florence E. Pratt) When Mary Ann Dollinger got the skull down that on Injun Bay I was glad, fer I like ter see a gal makin' her honest way. I heard some talk in the village about her flyin' high. Tew high fer busy farmer folks with chores ter dew ter fly; But I paid no sorter attention ter all the talk ontell. She came in her reg'lar boardin' round ter visi' with us a spell. My Jake an' her had been cronies ever since they could walk. An' it tuk me aback ter hear her kerrectin' him in his talk. Jake aint no hand at grammar, though

Best Anthracite Mined "SILVER" COAL DOMESTIC and BLOWER SIZES Low in ash Lasts Longer ASK YOUR DEALER

SNAP Cleans Dirty Hands and the circumstances different. But the patient fashion in which they have turned the other cheek to all and sundry during the present decade ought to convince us all that they also hate and loathe war, and despise its certain futility while dreading its disorganization of everything that makes life worth living. These two people are also alike in talking loudly and emphatically against war—right up to the time when they reach for their "artillery." Great Britain sounded and looked so peaceful in 1914 that even the Kaiser was deceived. United States elected a president because he "kept us out of war" in November, 1916, and went to war in April, 1917. Japan might wisely consult her new ally in Berlin about the wickedly deceptive practices of these Anglo-Saxon democracies. Toronto Telegram.—Statement of a commission member at Ottawa—that there are too many gasoline stations—will win as much approval as would the assertion that there are too many commissions.

Attitude of Great Britain Deceives Other Nations (Montreal Star) The Americans hate and loathe war, but they can be tung into fighting. The British are more accustomed to the idea of war and are conspicuously less optimistic about the possibility of avoiding it.—Their history is longer

KLEEREX FOR SKIN DISEASES The quick-healing salve for Cyanide Poisoning, Eczema, Psoriasis, Impetigo, Salt Rheum, Itch, Chaps and most skin ailments. 50¢; \$1.00; \$2.00 sizes. (Medium and strong). Ask your local Druggist or write Kleerex Manufacturing Co., Toronto, Ont. FIRESIDE TEA Auspices Fireside Club of the United Church will be held on Saturday, February 19th, 1938 From 3 to 6, at the home of Mrs. Clifford Sullivan, 158 Spruce St. North There will also be tables of Home Baking and Hand-knitted Infants' Wear.

NO TERRIBLE HEADACHE NOW Found Quick, Sure Way to End Them It's fortunate that a great Canadian doctor made the famous fruit, herb and tonic remedy, Fruit-a-tives. Mr. C. D., Toronto, writes, "I was bothered with very severe headaches. Pain on top of head and in forehead was more than I could bear. My doctor advised me to take Fruit-a-tives. Since then I have not had any trouble with headaches." When you take Fruit-a-tives, your liver is cleansed. Stomach, kidneys and intestines work naturally. Poisons and wastes go. Food nourishes. Health comes. 25c. and 50c. All druggists. FRUIT-A-TIVES LIVER TABLETS

WESTERN Canada Special Bargain EXCURSIONS From all Stations in Eastern Canada GOING DAILY—FEB. 19—MAR. 5 inclusive Return Limit: 45 days TICKETS GOOD IN COACHES at fares approximately 1 1/2c per mile. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS at fares approximately 1 1/2c per mile. STANDARD SLEEPING CARS at fares approximately 1 1/2c per mile. COST OF ACCOMMODATION IN SLEEPING CARS ADDITIONAL BAGGAGE Checked. Stopovers at Port Arthur, Armstrong, Chicago and west. Tickets, Sleeping Car reservations, and all information from any agent, ASK FOR HANDBILL CANADIAN NATIONAL

BOY PREACHER IN ACTION [Image of a young man in clerical attire] Canon Barry had a brilliant career at Oxford University.

New Telephone DIRECTORY will go to press soon. Arrange for any changes, additions, or advertisements at once. For further information apply local office Northern Telephone Company Limited