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CHAPTER XI ADDITION TO THE CREW

Several bullets had drilled their way through the sides of the dinghy during the fight with the Arabs. Most of them were above the water line. The others had been roughly plugged, and it was possible to make the journey to the trawler without a catastrophe. As they reached the 'Lucky Lady' Crockett came running across the deck and leaned over the side. 'There must be dozens of them!' he cried excitedly. Captain Wicks was perfectly calm. He turned to Gallop and said: 'You'd better get down to the engine room right away. We may want to leave in rather a hurry. You can have Gordon to help you.' Once on deck, after supervising the slowing away of the dinghy, Wicks inspected the Arabs. They were coming down the coast just on the fringe of the main line of dunes. Those nearer to the ship were much smaller, and there were not many of them, so that Wicks realized they would not offer much shelter for an attack on the trawler. 'I expect they think we're aground,' he remarked. Then he turned to the Russian girl. 'Is that what happened to your ship?' he asked. 'Yes. I think they must have been watching us during the storm. No sooner had our boats landed than they attacked us.' 'I see. By the way, what were you on the ship—a passenger?' Alla shook her head. 'I was the cook,' she explained. 'That's interesting.' Wicks said in a casual tone. 'Maybe you wouldn't mind performing similar duties on board this ship. We lost a hand in crossing the Bay of Biscay, and it's made things a little difficult.' 'I'd be only too glad to help,' the girl said, and gave a shy wink in Peter's direction. He realized the cleverness of her answer. As cook she would be perfectly free to wander about at will, and thus prove a very valuable ally in the event of trouble.

Crocket and Howe had already selected rifles from those brought from the shore. They moved forward and looked eagerly at the advancing Arabs. 'Reaching for a fight,' Wicks muttered. 'All the same, we're leaving here pretty soon. But I'd like to give the Arabs a bit more of a lesson—just to teach them not to take liberties with seamen.' It was not long before the Arabs came running along the beach, firing as they charged. The shots, spattered against the side of the trawler. Wicks started to shoot back. The motion of the ship made it a little difficult to take effective aim, but a steady fusillade did much to cool the ardour of the attackers. Alla took a gun, and with a

set face started to shoot at the Arabs. Peter realized that she was thinking of the seamen who had been tortured by these same Arabs. He sympathized with her savage delight as she shot down three of the enemy. After a few seconds of this the Arabs fled to the safety of the dunes. Crockett amused himself by firing every time a head appeared. He was a rotten shot, but it was obvious that the bullets worried the hidden men. Wicks moved forward and deliberately shot down the wounded Arabs as they tried to crawl out of range. Peter took a step forward as though to remonstrate with him, but thought better of it. Gallop sent Gordon up to say that they were having trouble with the engine. Wicks nodded his head and fumbled in his pockets for his pipe. A few stray shots whistled through the air, but there was very little danger. 'Evidently they realize they've bitten off more than they can chew,' Wicks commented, puffing out a cloud of smoke. 'It will be interesting to see if their leader gets a bright idea about anything. I'd like to do a bit more damage before we put out to sea once more.' But it soon became obvious that the Arabs had had enough. Crockett gave a shout when he noticed that they were slipping away inland. He fired after them and, by some fluke, managed to bring down a man who was just slipping from a place of concealment. Wicks gave a sardonic grin. 'I bagged him!' Crockett called out. 'Howe spat over the side. 'He wasn't the one you aimed at,' he said in disgust. 'There's no need to waste any further ammunition.' Wicks told them. 'You can see about repairing the dinghy now. And tell the engineer that it's quite all right. He can get on with his repairs. We shall not be bothered by Arabs again to-day.' He looked shorewards. 'Beastly unpleasant coast,' he commented. 'I think we accounted for about seven more Arabs though. So perhaps it was just as well that we called.'

He turned away and went down to his cabin. After a time he returned and ordered Peter to supervise the repairs to the dinghy. Fortunately Peter still had the plugs in his pocket, so that the very rough ones which had been inserted in their place could be dispensed with. Wicks offered Alla his cabin, but she declined it, saying that she had seen the galley and could well manage to sleep there. ALLA IS QUESTIONED 'Suit yourself,' said Wicks. 'As a matter of fact there is supposed to be room for the cook to sleep there. You see, when this trawler was built I had an idea that I might want to take her for a long voyage some time. We're going on one now. Do you have any objections?' She shook her head. 'Of course not. And, even if I had, I'm not in a position to start grumbling.' Wicks favoured her with a smile. 'You look at things from the right angle,' he said approvingly. 'I suppose you don't know anything of navigation by any chance?' She shook her head. 'I'm afraid not,' she told him. 'That's a pity. The mate has had a rather trying time of late and really wanted to leave the ship when he knew we were making a long voyage.' 'Didn't he know at first?' Alla questioned, with a fine show of innocence. Wicks pulled at his beard.

that he could get rid of the man who had rescued her. She shook her head. 'No, Captain Wicks, we shall not be caught that way,' she said to herself. Then there was Gallop. Evidently he did not feel that he could work on his own. He wanted somebody who could attend to the navigation part. And he would prefer her to the mate. It was a situation fraught with danger. Once they realized that she was capable of taking charge of the trawler both parties could unite and get rid of Drew. But so long as Drew was a useful ally there was something to keep the two sides working against one another. She didn't know what Howe felt about the matter, but it was quite plain to whom Gordon and Crockett would give support. She decided that it would be a good thing to get into conversation with Howe. With this intention she left the galley.

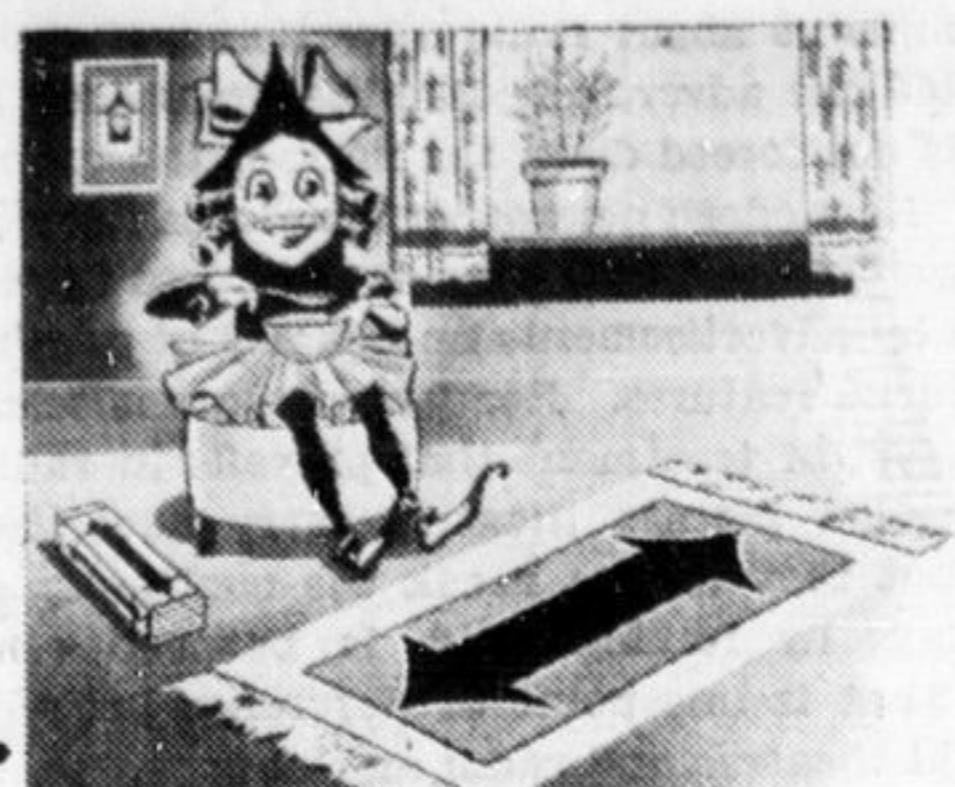
CHAPTER XII YOU LOOK AFTER THE GIRL!

In the cabin Wicks leaned against his bunk and stared at Peter. 'You've given me a fair amount of trouble,' he said slowly. 'It would serve you right if I put you ashore and left you to the Arabs.' Peter contented himself with a shrug of the shoulders. He knew that Wicks could not dispense with his services. 'Yes,' the captain said thoughtfully. 'You realize that you're useful to me. But we've got to have an understanding, Mr. Drew. I take it that you haven't changed your mind about coming into partnership with me?' 'Frankly I don't see why you should make that offer to me. You want me to help you to take the ship across to America. After that—well, how do I know that I should receive a share of the gold? I haven't any guarantee.' Wicks stroked his beard. 'I can see your point,' he admitted. 'On the other hand I don't see what security I can give you. And I think, maybe, that you have the wrong idea, Mr. Drew. I am the captain. It so happens that you are in my hands. I don't propose to leave you behind because you will be useful to me. And when the voyage is over I shall not knock you over the head for the very obvious reason that you would still be useful. There isn't sufficient money for us to be able to retire for life. The main point about this money is that there is sufficient for us to earn more with it. Money really does make money. You can't get away from that. And I know scores of ways of making money—given the required capital. You're going to help me.'

'I don't seem to have any option— at the moment,' Peter said quietly. Wicks stepped forward and clapped him on the shoulder. 'You'll be all right,' he encouraged. As the days go by you'll begin to realize that your wisest plan will be to fall in with my suggestions.' He cocked his head slightly on one side and his eyes screwed up slightly. Then he leaned nearer to Peter. 'I'd better warn you about one thing,' he said in little more than a whisper. 'We've extra trouble now—because of the girl you rescued. It's going to be a hard crossing for us all. We may have to protect her from the crew. There's no knowing what ideas they may get when they've spent several days in mid-ocean and it's too hot to do any work. So you might as well bear in mind the thought that you are sharing a certain responsibility with me.' Peter was taken somewhat by surprise. He hadn't expected Wicks to adopt this attitude. 'Surprised, eh? You shouldn't be. I'm looking after the gold, man! I don't want the added responsibility of a woman on my hands. I think the best thing that you can do is to look after her. And in order that there isn't any trouble which we cannot manage, those rifles must be dropped over the side when we leave here. I don't believe in the crew having weapons. It might put wrong notions into their heads.' 'The guns might come in useful for when we get across to the other side,' Peter reminded him. 'It's just possible that we might get off our course and land along a coast just as wild as this one.' 'You mean the Guiana coast? I've heard that it is bad in parts. But that is not our destination.' Wicks shook his head. 'I think I prefer to run the risk,' he declared. 'It will not be nearly so great as the risk of having rifles which might be obtained by a discontented crew. I've heard of locks being broken more than once.' He shook his head again. 'They go over the side to-night,' he said. 'I'll see to it when Crockett is on deck. I can trust him more than the others.'

So it came about that as the trawler left the inlet and made her way southwards once more, the guns taken from the Arabs were dropped over the side. The following morning Drew once more a prisoner in his cabin. He began to worry about Alla, but she came to the cabin in order to bring him some food, and stayed for a second or so to talk. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Midland Free Press:—'As we slipped and slid down the hill to the office the other day when the whole town was one sheet of ice, we wondered why some bright young fellow had not invented a personal sending device. Just think how much safer we should all be if we could carry a pail fastened somewhere out in front which would drop a steady stream of sand on the ice in front of us. Equipped with this and a cushion tied on our rear we should be ready for all emergencies.'



Little Miss Muffet-Spear Sat on a tuffet-queer, Eating her curds and whey, And when I espied her With Wrigley's beside her I knew she was happy that day!

KEEP HEALTHY! Wrigley's aids digestion, brightens and preserves teeth, keeps mouth cool and moist. Get several packages today! Write Wrigley's, Toronto, for new Mother Goose Book.



If You Like Books

(By A. E.) 'Disabled' is the poem that was chosen by a war veteran at the library a few nights ago, as one of the best he had read in regard to a soldier who lost a great deal of hope, but not his life, in the war. And if anyone can tell which poem carries the most understanding, that person ought to be one who has gone through the horrors and the bravery of war. Disabled (By Wilfred Owen) He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark, And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey, Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn, Voices of play and pleasure after day, Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him. About this time Town used to swing so gay When glow-lamps budded in the light-blue trees And girls danced lovelier as the air grew dim. In the old times, before he threw away his knees, Now he will never feel again how slim

Girls' waists are, or how warm their subtle hands, All of them touch him like some queer disease. There was an artist silly for his face, For it was younger than his youth, last year. Now he is old; his back will never brace; He's lost his colour very far from here, He had read in regard to a soldier who lost a great deal of hope, but not his life, in the war. And if anyone can tell which poem carries the most understanding, that person ought to be one who has gone through the horrors and the bravery of war. Disabled (By Wilfred Owen) He sat in a wheeled chair, waiting for dark, And shivered in his ghastly suit of grey, Legless, sewn short at elbow. Through the park Voices of boys rang saddening like a hymn, Voices of play and pleasure after day, Till gathering sleep had mothered them from him. About this time Town used to swing so gay When glow-lamps budded in the light-blue trees And girls danced lovelier as the air grew dim. In the old times, before he threw away his knees, Now he will never feel again how slim

salutes; And care of arms; and leave; and pay arrears; Esprit de corps; and hints for young recruits. And soon, he was drafted out with drums and cheers. Some cheered him home, but not as crowds cheer Goal. Only a solemn man who brought him fruits Thanked him; and then inquired about his soul. Now, he will spend a few sick years In Institutes. And do what things the rules consider wise. And take whatever pity they may dole. To-night he noticed how the women's eyes Fashed from him to the strong men that were whole. How cold and late it is! Why don't they come And put him into bed? Why don't they come? Globe and Mail:—Sympathy even of those with bad colds should go out to that seven-foot-necked giraffe in the Chicago Zoo that is suffering with a sore throat.



In our Interest — and Yours!

The Brewing Industry has a selfish reason for the hope that the idea of Control will supplant the idea that law can make men temperate. For excess and abuse are as much the enemies of our industry as they are the enemies of the law. If dependence is placed on restrictions, the experience of Prohibition will be repeated. Restrictions from the outside which refuse the individual the right to exercise his own judgment provoke resistance. Excess and abuse by the individual can be curbed only by the exercise of his judgment. Thus the fundamental principle of Control is that the drinker, NOT the drink is the problem! So we ask you, the majority of the citizens of this Province, to join us in making the system of Control work, by yourselves observing the law and by your example encouraging others to observe it. You will agree with us, that, far from helping temperance, harm is done by those dry extremists whose method of approach and propaganda ignore fundamental principles of human nature.

TOWARDS SAFER DRIVING

Everyone abhors the drunken driver. He is a menace and all good citizens should help to eliminate him. BUT the Ministry of Highway figures show that 98.9% of all accidents and 97.4% of all fatalities were not classified as caused by drunken drivers.

This advertisement is inserted by the Brewing Industry in the interest of a better public understanding of the problems of temperance and local option.

Stop that headache



with Alka-Seltzer

● No matter whether your headache is caused by a cold, upset stomach or over-indulgence of any kind—take Alka-Seltzer, the new, modern way to get glorious relief. One or two Alka-Seltzer tablets in a glass of water make a friendly, sparkling, alkalizing solution that contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). This ingredient brings prompt relief from pain and discomfort. Then its alkalizing agents help correct the cause of common ailments usually caused by excess acidity. Doesn't look like medicine—doesn't taste like medicine. No laxative after-effects. Get a 30c or 60c package from your druggist and try Alka-Seltzer on a money-back guarantee of satisfaction.



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