



By ALROY WEST

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CHAPTER XXVII

ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND

The two men who were guarding the boats were looking along the narrow stretch of beach in the direction taken by their companions. This meant that they were facing a trifle away from Peter and were taken completely by surprise when he ran forward and showed at them. They could not understand what he said, but the message conveyed by the revolver which he pointed at them rendered words superfluous. Both dropped their guns and raised their hands.

Peter called to the girl who raced across to join him. She darted towards the men and took up the rifles which they had dropped. Then she hurried to the launch which was in the deeper water.

Peter, still keeping his revolver leveled on the men, moved to the other launch and jumped into it. It required only a matter of seconds for him to put the engine out of action. Alla placed the two rifles in the second launch and returned to the one in which Peter was standing. She removed the petrol tank and carried them over to place with the rifles. This time she stayed in the launch and Peter quickly joined her.

The manoeuvre was carried out at a surprising speed. Each item was done neatly and efficiently. Before those on board the yacht realized what was taking place, the launch was heading out to sea.

The shouts from the men on the beach attracted the attention of those who were searching the area covered by the trees. They came scampering back in confusion and wasted time by firing wildly. None of the bullets came anywhere near the swiftly-moving launch.

"It is well supplied with food and water!" Alla exclaimed.

Peter smiled grimly.

"No need to call at the trawler then," he said. "We'll get clear away before the yacht can get up steam in order to follow us."

The small launch was coming round from the leeward side of the yacht. It was hopelessly outclassed so far as speed was concerned, but Alla took up one of the rifles and fired towards it. Evidently her shots were sufficiently near to be unpleasant, for the tiny launch swung round and returned to the yacht.

Peter exchanged smiles with Alla. "Very satisfactory so far," he commented.

The launch was easy to handle. Owing to her shallow draught there was no likelihood of her coming to grief on any of the sandbanks which surrounded the island.

Peter glanced anxiously at the sky. "That storm seems to be blowing over," he remarked. "It caused us to lose the trawler and I suppose it has not done its worst."

"You shouldn't say that," Alla replied. "You might tempt it to smite us."

Peter smiled at her fears.

"We're more likely to have trouble from another source," he pointed out. "The yacht will be after us pretty quickly."

The launch was making excellent progress and was already working round the island.

"What do you propose to do?" Alla demanded. "Surely you don't contemplate taking her out to sea?"

"She's built for sea work," Peter replied. "I know our position, and I think we shall be able to make Gre-

nada with the amount of fuel we have on board. I'll say one thing for Nunez. He did see that his launches were fitted properly. I should imagine he had a terror of being drowned."

This was perfectly correct. Raul Nunez had come near to losing his life when he was on a small liner which caught fire. Ever since, being an exceedingly cautious man, he had made certain that the launches he carried on his yacht would be perfectly capable of both supporting him and of carrying him to safety. There were additional lockers in order to hold the extra quantity of food and drink.

Nunez wasted valuable time in getting his men from the shore. Then the particular dread which had caused him to be so careful aided Peter and Alla to an extent that was little short of miraculous. Nunez refused to leave the yacht put to sea. From his examination of the two men left as guards he was satisfied that the gold had not left the island. It was the gold which he was concerned. It was troublesome to think of two of the crew of the trawler eluding him, but he expected that they would be lost at sea.

It was when he realized that there was only the small launch that Nunez lost his nerve. The small launch was only intended for pottering about between the yacht and the shore. As a means of escape from a disaster at sea it was hopelessly inadequate. The remaining launch had been put out of order.

Nunez, despite the urgings of those about him, refused to give chase to the escaping launch.

"I will not do it," he declared over and over again. "Once I had four launches. One has been sunk. Another has been stolen. A third is damaged. I will not run the risk! We might strike a sandbank after the manner of the trawler. Then we should drown."

The thought of the water slowly rising up to engulf him was too much for him. He retired to his cabin to fortify himself with a drink.

When he felt calmer he sent an urgent radio message in the hope that Delgado would pick it up. Then he ordered the search to continue on the island. The gold was there, he felt certain of that. Also there were some more of the trawler's crew.

OUT TO SEA

In the meantime the launch was drawing away from the island at a fairly good speed. Time after time Peter glanced backwards expecting to see the yacht bearing down upon them. But the yacht never came.

"What shall you do if the yacht overtakes us right out at sea?" Alla demanded. "She could open fire on us."

"I doubt if it would do much good. A launch can be a very difficult target. They would never be able to get right alongside us because this is very easy to handle. And there is nothing to fear from that very small launch which I damaged. I think I did the job efficiently. It will take an hour or so to get it put right. And if I know anything of the sort of helpers Nunez has to depend upon, it will take the best part of the day."

"It will not be so long before the day is gone," Alla observed.

"We can go on through the night in this. There is nothing to worry about. We shall see the lights of any ships long before they are dangerously near to us."

"What about the destroyer? Nunez may send for it."

"We shall travel without lights. I

don't think for a minute we shall be spotted. A launch doesn't show up all that well."

"You seem to have an answer for everything!"

"I feel decidedly optimistic," Peter informed her. "The man I am sorry for is Captain Wicks. I'm afraid he's going to have a very unpleasant time. He was foolish not to come to terms with me."

"I wonder if he saw us get away? He must have been envious. Probably very angry as well. His revolver made it possible. I can imagine his language."

"He's far more likely to be worried over the gold. It's really very funny. Wicks brought the gold all the way from the English Channel. Doyle has plotted to get it all for himself from the moment he knew about it. Sinclair—who was kept in ignorance for some time—has similar sentiments. And obviously Nunez is after the gold. They are all near it—and I doubt if they'll be able to find it. We have the secret and are getting farther and farther away from the island."

"The only other one who knew was poor Gallop," Alla said sadly.

"I'm sorry about his death—in a way. But I can't get rid of the idea that he would have taken the first opportunity of knocking me over the head and dropping me over the side."

"I expect you are right," the girl said thoughtfully.

Night fell quickly and Peter took charge while Alla had a sleep. Later on she relieved him. There was a compass in the launch, and Peter had already worked out a course which should bring them to the Windward Islands.

He had studied the chart very carefully when on the crawler. Unfortunately Wicks had not possessed a very good one, but it had been sufficient to guide him across the Atlantic. Peter hoped that his recollection of it would be good enough to enable him to reach one of the islands. To have gone to the south would most certainly have brought him to the land, but he did not like to risk running into the destroyer again.

Apart from that the mainland was the sphere where Nunez had considerable influence. Accordingly, the only reasonable thing to do was to make for the islands. Peter did not let his mind dwell on what would happen if he missed them. There was just a wilderness of sea and almost certain death.

The launch behaved reasonably well in the open sea, although the manner in which it was tossed up and down by the waves was not always conducive to comfort. Even when Alla relieved him he was not to get very much rest.

By dawn he was anxiously scanning the horizon. There was no sign of land.

"Should we be making a landfall yet?" Alla demanded.

Peter shook his head.

"I very much doubt it," he said. "But there was just a chance that we have made better progress than I calculated."

LAND AT LAST

The day wore on and the heat became almost unbearable. The glare of the sea hurt their eyes and the tossing of the launch wearied them.

Fortunately there was no shortage of supplies, and they both felt better after a good meal. There were even cigarettes in a small locker and these, although not very good, were exceedingly welcome.

"Some time this afternoon we may see some indication of the land," Peter announced.

But when afternoon came there was still the same dreary expanse of glittering sea under a pitiless sun.

Alla frowned and turned to Peter. "Do you think we've gone past them?" she asked, in little more than a whisper.

Peter shook his head.

"We couldn't have done that," he said in a very decided tone. But, somehow, the doubt persisted. He found himself trying to work out the course and remember the chart. Each time he arrived at a rather different result.

Later in the afternoon they saw the grey feather of smoke from a passing steamer. She was too far away for it to be possible to alter course and overtake her. There was no method of signalling to her. The red lights in the watertight tin were useless during the day. So they had to watch the thin trail of smoke move gradually out of sight. Alla was near to tears.

As there was a slight breeze, Peter rigged up a sail in order to conserve the fuel. But by nightfall they were once more relying on the motor. Peter reduced speed for fear of passing the land during the night. Neither of them slept, and when morning came they were hollow-eyed from lack of rest.

Their meal cheered them up considerably, and Peter once more hoisted the sail. They remained close to-

gether during the best part of the morning, just smoking cigarettes and gazing at the great expanse of sea.

As the day wore on their spirits drooped. They lost the desire to talk to one another. The only sound was the slight flapping of the sail mingled with the eternal splashing of the waves.

With the passing of the morning the breeze strengthened. Peter, more with the idea of occupying his mind than anything else, tried to calculate how much fuel they had, and how far they could expect to travel by using the motor. The result of his calculations was not encouraging, and he did not say anything about it to the girl.

Alla stared out at sea and made no comment.

In this way the time went past, until she suddenly disturbed Peter, who had started to drowse.

"Land ahead!" she cried.

Instantly he was sitting up, staring in the direction which she was indicating. There were some anxious minutes, and then they sat helplessly and laughed at one another like foolish children.

They were in sight of land. There was no mistaking it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Some Suggestions in Springtime Foods

Jellied Ham, Rolls, Eggs a la King, Cheese Sandwiches.

The following timely article is from the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa:—

With the approach of spring comes a yearning for lighter foods, and everyone welcomes a change from the more or less heavy meals which are served during the winter months. It is natural that each new food such as maple syrup, rhubarb, and asparagus, which appears on the market as spring progresses, is heralded with delight, and that other foods which suit the springtime taste are in popular demand.

The following recipes suggest a few of the many foods which seem to be rightly associated with warm, spring days, and should prove effective in whetting lagging appetites.

Jellied Ham Rolls
6 slices cooked ham
1 small bar white cream cheese or 1 cup cottage cheese
Cream to moisten
1/2 cup horseradish
1 package lemon jelly powder
1 1/2 cups boiling water
1/4 cup vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of cayenne

Make a paste of cheese, cream and horseradish. Spread generously on thin slices of ham. Roll tightly. Arrange rolls in mould. Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water to which vinegar, salt and cayenne have been added. Pour over ham rolls and chill. When thoroughly set, cut into oblong shapes with one ham roll in each. Serve on crisp lettuce. If desired one-half cup seedless raisins may be added to the jelly mixture when partially set.

Eggs a la King
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons minced onion
1/2 cup mushrooms, sliced
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
3 tablespoons flour
1 1/2 cups milk
2 tablespoons chopped pimento
6 hard-cooked eggs
1 egg yolk
Salt and pepper

Cook onion in butter 5 minutes. Add mushrooms and green pepper and cook until mushrooms are delicately browned. Blend in flour. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Cook 10 minutes. Add pimento and hard-cooked eggs cut in quarters. Pour some of sauce over beaten egg yolk and stir into sauce. Cook one minute. Serve on toast. One-half cup green peas may be added in place of green pepper and pimento.

Cheese Sandwiches—Spanish Style
3 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup chopped celery
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
Salt and pepper
12 slices bread
Cheese

Cook onion 5 minutes in 2 tablespoons butter. Add celery and tomatoes and simmer 15 minutes. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, blend in flour, and add tomato mixture. Stir until sauce is slightly thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Toast bread. Place slices of cheese between each two slices of toast. Cover sandwiches with hot tomato sauce.

Pompadour Rice
1 1/2 cups cooked rice
3 tablespoons fruit sugar
Few grains of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup whipping cream
Maple syrup

Combine rice, sugar, salt and vanilla. Whip cream and fold into rice. Boil syrup until thick. Cool. Pour syrup over rice mixture in sherbet glasses. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Acton Free Press—In his book "Tickets to Fortune," which reviews the whole question of lotteries, Eric Bender reaches the following conclusions: "Any state that legalizes lotteries will have a new source of income, but must also be prepared for the following consequences: It will gain a few thousands of dollars at a cost to its people of millions. It will increase its own relief problem. It will encourage new rackets and racketeers. It will not be able to frown upon other forms of gambling. It will do incalculable harm to the morals of its children and its adult irresponsibles. It will increase public disrespect for government."

Foolish to Expose Children to Measles

Value of Serum in Cases of the Disease.

(By J.W.S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.)

The tiny baby does not have measles provided the mother has had this disease. The baby, under such circumstances is immune to measles. Why, since only about 3 per cent. of all persons escape measles, is the little baby immune?

The reason for this protection is that the baby has substances in its blood, gained from its mother, which prevent for a time at least, its taking measles.

It is well known that one attack of measles almost invariably confers a definite protection against subsequent attacks. Rather rarely a person may have a second dose of measles, but this is uncommon. In a study of 14,744 cases in Providence, R.I., 689 had a second attack and of these 41 had measles a third time. The close similarity between measles and German measles accounts for many of the so-called second attacks.

In scarlet fever and diphtheria, immunity comes with adult life to a considerable extent; this is not the case with measles for in measles adults are just as susceptible as children; in fact measles is rather malignant in virgin soil. Both measles and influenza may wipe out a large proportion of people who had never before experienced these afflictions. In 1775 measles was introduced into the Sandwich Islands, and in 4 months 40,000 of a population of 150,000 died. The son of the Chief of the Fiji Islands carried the disease from Sydney, Australia, to his home with the result that one-fifth of the population (20,000) died. These facts indicate that a certain amount of resistance to the disease is acquired by communities in which it has prevailed for a long time.

After an attack of measles the blood is rich in what are called immune-bodies able to neutralize the virus of the disease. This property of the blood gradually weakens with advancing age but retains its efficacy for life. Because of this, convalescent serum, that is the watery part of the blood of a person who has had measles, is now used to cut short an attack. If given before the middle of the period of incubation, namely the 5th day after exposure, an appropriate dose of this serum will usually protect the person exposed. This protection will last for about three weeks. Fresh whole blood will act quite as well. The serum is injected into the muscular tissues.

If given between the 5th and 8th day after exposure the serum will not prevent but is likely to modify the seriousness of the attack. After the rash appears the serum seems to have no effect.

Measles is an extremely "catching" disease. Its virus is probably transmitted by means of the secretions of the nose and throat and most often during the early stages of the disease. It is always wise to prevent, if possible, children taking measles. It is foolish, as parents used to do, needlessly to expose their children to this or any other infectious disease. Over



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