

SOUTH ATLANTIC LEGACY

By Sydney Parkman

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Principal Characters in the Story
TOM SALTER, bachelor sea captain of British origin, mostly engaged on American coastal trade.
STEINER, LEFTY FRENCH, seafaring man of doubtful repute, who at one time sailed with Salter.
FATHER FRANCIS MALONEY, an Irish priest in Cuba, in whom Salter confides.
MAJOR SALTER, Tom Salter's brother living the life of a retired regular officer in England. Regards his seafaring brother as slightly disreputable.
DIANA SALTER, Major Salter's daughter and Tom Salter's niece.
TOBY BISHOP, Hardworking, ambitious young man who wants to marry Diana.
JULIAN BECKER, mysterious American lawyer.

Synopsis

Returning to the Havana port in which he had his home, Capt. Tom Salter interviews his bank manager in regard to a sugar estate which he (Salter) has decided to buy in preparation for his retirement from the sea.

Thereafter he sails a few miles up the coast to the coastal village in which he lives. He learns from his friend, Father MALONEY, that a stranger has been in the village inquiring about Salter. Arriving at his homestead the skipper is surprised to find that his housekeeper is absent and the place in darkness. Entering, he is confronted by a man with a revolver.

(Now Read On).

CHAPTER III

VISITOR WITH A PISTOL

The man came slowly into the room as he spoke, and the captain saw that he was holding a heavy automatic pistol in his right hand, with its muzzle trained upon his chest.

There was a suggestion of feline stealth in his movements as he advanced slowly towards the other side of the table. He was shabbily dressed in a dust-coloured linen suit, and wore a cheap "panama" hat. His age might have been anything between 35 and 40.

At that, the captain found his voice. "I remember you all right, Steiner," he said slowly. "So you're the fellow who was nosing round the village after me, are you? Well, what do you want? And what have you done with my house-keeper?"

"The man's smile broadened, and he sank into a chair.

"Why, she's been entertaining a couple of old friends of yours in the kitchen while we were waiting for you," he explained easily. "Come right in, boys!" he called. "The Cap's wild to know you!"

There followed shuffling of feet from the adjoining room, and a moment later two more men came in through the doorway. One was the yellow-faced man who had recognized the captain in Antilla, and the second was a short, powerfully-built fellow, with a scowling, heavy face.

The yellow-faced man raised his hand in jaunty salute as he entered. "How'd it come, Cap?" he asked cheerfully.

The other man merely nodded and grinned.

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The captain looked at them both with the same impassive face, and then turned to their leader.

"Well?" he said. "What's it all about? What have you come here for, and what's the idea of making free with my house?"

"Why, it's a little surprise party," the other told him calmly. "Lefty, here, saw you in Antilla a week ago, and he passed the good news on. So we thought we'd come out and say howdy. I must say though, you don't look like you're glad to see us. You aren't as hospitable as we'd 'hoped!"

"Glad to see you!" the captain echoed with a short, barking laugh. "I never was partial to rattlesnakes."

The short, swarthy man moved a pace forward with a growl, but Steiner checked him with a gesture.

"Don't get sore, Frenchy!" he don't mean anything by that, do you, Cap? He's not got his bearings properly yet. Let's fix things comfortably and see if we can't get together. Left, just step out on to the verandah and see that we don't get interrupted. Take a seat, Cap. You, too, Frenchy."

The amiable Left took up a position on the verandah where he could watch all that went on inside the room, and the other fellow drew a chair up to the end of the table. The captain remained standing, eyeing Steiner with the same impassive though watchful expression on his face.

"I'm still waiting to hear what you've come here for," the captain told him coldly. "Let's have it. And the sooner you beat it the better I'll be pleased."

Steiner shook his head reproachfully. "Just because we had a little run-in with you in the old days, Cap," he complained, "you've got it into your head that we want to get tough with you. Well, that's all wrong. We're out for peace and friendly feelings all round, aren't we, boys?"

"Sure we are!" Lefty agreed jocularly from the verandah; and the scowling Frenchy laughed shortly.

"That being so," Steiner went on, "let bygones be bygones. I know we didn't always see eye to eye when we were working the coast together, but that's all over now. In a racket like that, you're bound to bump up against trouble now and again. It's business competition, but—"

"Business competition, my boot!" the captain interrupted, with sudden harsh impatience. "It was plain dirty play! You rats weren't content with legitimate profits! You had to start hip-jacking—and even there you couldn't put up a straight fight for it."

Steiner's thin lips tightened, but when he spoke his voice was soft as ever.

"Hard words, Cap," he said. "But you made out, didn't you? We got the sticky end of that deal—not you!"

"Maybe; but I lost two of the best hands I ever had through it!" the captain retorted. "Murdered by treachery! I tell you, the best thing I ever did was when I fixed it for the Coastguards to pull you scum in! I ought to have cleaned you up for keeps while I was about it, but it did me good to know that you were all booked for a stretch in the pen!"

Frenchy half rose with a deep-throated snarl, but Steiner waved him back to his seat again.

"That's all right, Cap," he said smoothly, though his black eyes were hard and menacing. "We could take it—and we did. And since we came out of the pen, things haven't been so good either. Frenchy, here, is holding down a job as greaser on a sugar boat; Lefty is trying to make a living as a one-man transport corporation; and slinging hash in a low-down eating joint. That's the kind of luck we've had—till now."

The captain eyed him in silence, guessing the meaning behind the last two words. He had intended to play for time in the hope that the two negroes from the sloop would turn up with his baggage and cause a diversion, but unfortunately he had allowed his temper to get the better of him, and thus lost the opportunity for temporizing. Out-numbered as he was, however, he was still not without hope of being able to turn the tables on them if he was given half a chance.

"Yes—till now," Steiner repeated slowly. "But now, I guess, things are looking up a bit. Just what can you afford to give a few old side-kickers who've met with misfortunes?"

The captain nodded grimly.

"A hold-up, eh?" he said. "Well, your bad luck is still holding. You'll get nothing from me. You're too late, Steiner. I've just slunk what I had in a sugar estate here—and if you can take that away with you, you're welcome to it."

"We're not out for a million dollars, Cap. When folks are down to our level we're glad of anything, and what looks like chicken-feed to us is real money to us. So let's have a look at your wallet to start with."

"Come and get it!" the captain told him. "I'm not laying myself out to help you this trip—and if I can say afterwards that you took it from me, I'll add a few more years to the stretch you're going to get for this."

"That's O. K. with us," Steiner agreed pleasantly. And then, to the scowling Frenchy: "Frisk him, big boy—and do it properly!"

The man rose, and coming round the table, approached the captain from behind. With a quick jerk he pulled his jacket down over his biceps, partly imprisoning his arms, and then proceeded to go through his pockets methodically. His victim stood perfectly still under the menace of the gun muzzle pointed straight at his chest, and in the course of something under a minute the search had been completed, and his possessions lay in a heap on the table before him.

They did not amount to very much, consisting of his watch and wallet, a bunch of keys, a little loose change, a pocket-knife, and a flat leather cigar-case.

"Dat's de lot," Frenchy growled, giving the captain a series of pats over the body. "He don't tote a rod."

"Why should he?" Steiner asked lazily, and he reached out with his left hand and flipped open the wallet.

In the back compartment were a number of bills in Cuban currency, and he jerked them out, and then explored the other pockets. These yielded nothing more than a few papers and a letter in a sealed envelope, and he examined them carelessly, commenting on them as he did so.

"Nothing very thrilling here," he remarked. "Here's a lawyer's receipt for five thousand pesos in payment for the estate known as Las Palmas. Well, you weren't lying about that, anyway. Another lawyer's receipt, for services performed. What's that? A letter to Miss Diana Salter, of Westfield, Sussex, England. She'll be a relative, eh? Well, we don't aim to look into your private correspondence. And a bank receipt. Now this is more interesting." He glanced at the slip of paper and then looked up at the captain. "So you paid in something over nine thousand pesos that day Lefty saw you in Antilla? We ought to have met up with you a little sooner—before you paid so much of it out again! Still there ought to be a useful balance."

"Dat ain't no use if it's still in de bank!" Frenchy put in impatiently. "How much dough's in dat wad, boss? Dat's what I wanna know."

"All right! All right! Steiner told him with lazy good humour. He picked up the notes and flicked them over casually. "Here's a thousand, and here's one, two, three, four hundreds. And a fifty. Not a lot, but enough to make the trip worth while for us."

"Say, dat's only about five hundred each when it's split 'twee ways!" Frenchy grumbled.

"That's all," Steiner agreed. "But this paying-in check interests me. It seems you paid this lot in cash, Cap? Where'd you been keeping it before?"

The captain looked at him grimly but made no reply.

"In an old sock maybe?" Steiner went on slowly. "It looks like we haven't combed out this joint as well as we should, boys, and I'm wondering whether we couldn't persuade the Cap to come through with a bit more."

"How come?" Frenchy demanded in a puzzled voice. "I don't get you."

"Well, if he can dig up nine thousand in cash for a bank deposit, maybe there's some more around the premises." Steiner explained painstakingly. "And if we worked on him a bit—"

"Say, dat's an ideal!" Frenchy interrupted excitedly. "I guess I c'n make him talk even if he's a dumb-bell. Jest leave it to me—"

He broke off short, for at that moment the watchful Lefty slipped into the room from the veranda.

"There's folk coming up the track!" He reported briefly, in a low voice.

"Two guys anyway, for I heard 'em talking. They must be comin' here, for there ain't no other house up here, is there?"

"Heck!" Steiner ejaculated, rising

MISSILES FOR HITLER



Shells being tested in a Canadian factory before the Public Information Commission. Official photograph. Passed by application of the copper driving band. Thousands of shells, these are being turned out daily. From Director of

Help the Red Cross to Continue Work It Has Been Doing

(Continued from Page One)

plies and comforts for the men of the merchant marine, trawlers and patrol boats; \$100,000 to the French Red Cross early in the war.

Sent \$50,000 worth of food for Canadian prisoners of war.

Aided refugees in the invasions of Finland, Poland, the Netherlands, Belgium and France.

Established hostels and recreational centres for Canadian and allied soldiers and sailors in England and in Canadian ports.

Carried on Red Cross "peace-time" activities in Canada.

Met every call for war and disaster relief.

Able Administration

Those who subscribed to the Red Cross last year can easily recognize the good work their dollars have accomplished. A chart issued by the Red Cross headquarters shows that out of every dollar, forty cents is represented by war work by the National Council; forty cents; war work by branches; four and a half cents; peace-time services; three and a half cents for administration; two cents for campaign and publicity work. This means on the face of it, that all but a very small fraction of the dollar goes to direct war work.

As a matter of fact the money contributed in the last campaign has rolled into an amount of actual value (through the generous work of volunteer workers who contribute their services in knitting, sewing, etc.) that the administrative cost is an insignificant part of the total product of the Red Cross.

The Greater Task Ahead

What headquarters describes as "the Greater Task Ahead" now faces the Red Cross—and the people.

The Red Cross needs more money because—

1. At the request of the British Red Cross it has undertaken to provide from Canada 10,000 foodstuffs parcels each week for British prisoners of war in Germany. This is certain to be increased. We can help lessen the strain on Britain's food supplies.

2. At the suggestion of the Canadian Government, the Canadian Red Cross will provide, equip and co-operate in maintaining a number of convalescent hospitals in various parts of Canada for use by Canadian soldiers, here and from overseas.

3. The Canadian Red Cross will aid in the supply of clothing and other necessities to the more than 100,000 evacuee children in Britain and the

swiftly to his feet and gathering up the notes and the other papers. "All right, boys! Beat it out through the back! Well, so-long, Cap! It's been a pleasure seeing you. Maybe we'll look you up again some time!"

He still had his gun trained on the captain, and as the other two disappeared through the doorway, he began to back towards it.

"Don't head the posse after us!" he went on, speaking hurriedly but coolly. "You might find us—and then you'd be mighty sorry! Just laugh it off and say you're lucky this time!"

He had reached the doorway and was about to pass through it, when the captain moved.

With a sudden leap sideways, he snatched up a heavy copper vase which stood on the window sill behind him, and almost in one movement hurled it straight at the man in the doorway.

Steiner saw it coming and instinctively ducked, but it struck him full on the shoulder and spun him half round.

With a yell of triumph the captain sprang forward towards him, but the man had recovered before he could cover the intervening space, and with a snarl of rage he thrust forward the gun and pulled the trigger—twice.

The shots crashed out deafeningly in the confined space, and as the bullets struck home the captain pitched forward on to his face and lay sprawling with his head almost at the other's feet.

"Swne!" Steiner grated vociferously, and fired a third shot into the prostrate body.

Then he whirled on his heel and plunged out after the others.

Some Stories

Good Word

"I want to be procrastinated at the next corner," said the raggy passenger to the bus operator.

"You want to be what?" demanded the operator.

"Don't lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary myself before I found out dat 'procrastinate' means 'put off.'—Calgary Albertan.

Logic

Before criticizing your wife's faults, remember it may have been those very defects which prevented her from catching a better husband.—Rostown (Sask.) Eagle.

Turn About

If the Government insists on going into business, it will eventually be necessary for businessmen to take over the Government.—North Sydney Herald.

More Faith Needed

"Don't Forget to Exercise Your Face," rums the caption on a newspaper health column. Substitute "faith" for "face," sister, and you'll be talking more to the point.—Windsor Star.

Here's a Suggestion

The names of railway stations in England have been removed. Another method of baffling the invader would be to let the porters continue to announce them.—Halifax Chronicle.

Everything in Stock

Mrs. Nextdoor—What a wonderful variety of articles you bought today. You must have run all over town.

Mrs. Neighbor—No, I spent the entire day in one drug store.—Exchange.

Did I'ver Well

She—Yes, I never had such cheek from a bus conductor in my life. I see to 'im, I see. 'If I wasn't a born lady, with relations in the aristocracy, I'd twist yer bloomin' neck in three places.' I see.—Globe and Mail.

Getting the Wind Up

In London, Ont., a saxophone player has been charged under Defense of Canada regulations, which seems a bit drastic, but the court no doubt will note any extenuating circumstances.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Eatskraig

Indigestion is likely to prove the end of the German menace. The Nazi army, if it gets into a country well supplied with food, is likely to eat itself to death.—Toronto Star.

Not as Good as a Rest

A Montreal boy given a ten-dollar bill to buy a packet of cigarettes, disappeared and was later found at Toronto. He probably thought the change would do him good.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

SHOPPING AROUND

"Mother says may she have a pound of butter and some sugar on trust till father comes home," said the little girl in the grocery's shop.

"And why doesn't your mother come herself?" asked the grocer suspiciously.

"Oh," said the child, full of innocence, "mother's trying another shop."—Swift Current Advocate.

SCAREPROOF SCOTS

The height of futility, says the Sidewalk Cynic, is the Germans' use of screaming bombs on Scotland. As if such things could frighten people who've been listening to bagpipes for centuries.—Regina Leader-Post.

It Was the Buck

Heard over the radio—"The report was said to be untrue, without foundation and having no basis in fact." Probably means there is nothing to it.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Dated

Assistant—Here's a hat, madam, that will make you look forty years younger.

Fussy Lady—Really, but it's a hat I want, not a baby's bonnet.—Nothing Serious.

Life Begins at 40.

An Eskimo woman is old at forty, says a man who has spent several years among them in the Far North. The same applies to those hereabouts who admit to being forty.—Sudbury Star.

HELPING ITALY

The Italian government has banned exports. The British Navy will see that the order is obeyed.—Edmonton Journal.

BEHIND THE TIMES

The Irish make it plain that they will defend their neutrality without help from the British. They speak like brave, sturdy, independent people who have not read the papers lately.—The New Yorker.

INVENTION NEEDED

The Australian scientist who announces he has discovered a revolutionary process to prevent the shrinking of wool might now turn his attention to bacon.—St. John Telegraph-Journal.

Windsor Star: Arrest of three aliens here on charges of failing to produce National Registration cards calls attention to one phase of this matter which should not be overlooked. It is not enough that you have registered. You must have your card always with you, unless you wish to run the risk of trouble and prosecution. Many people believe that, so long as they possess the cards, they are safe from inconvenience. That is not the law. The certificate must be on your person at all times, and failure to carry it constitutes an offense for which you may be fined.

Ladies from Timmins Attend District Rally of Women's Institute

Mrs. Hayes of Toronto, the Guest Speaker.

The Officers' Rally of the Women's Institute which took place in Monteith on Thursday and Friday was attended on the latter day by eleven members of the local branch of the Institute. The rally was presided over by Mrs. Hayes, of the Department of Agriculture, Toronto, assisted by Mrs. Lethian, of Monteith, and was conducted each day from 10 o'clock in the morning to 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Several districts were represented, five members as delegates from Monteith, three representatives from Vall Gagne, six representatives from Shillington, two representatives from Kelo, and eleven from Timmins.

Timmins delegates were Mrs. P. G. Howard, president of the local branch; Mrs. G. Gibson, Mrs. L. Durkin, Mrs. MacLaren, Mrs. Dicker, Mrs. Cassidy, Mrs. Pezzetti, Mrs. Court, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. Johnson. Acting as chauffeurs for the group were Mrs. F. Walkley and Mr. Kerr.

Mrs. Hayes, as the guest speaker, stated that the Institute General at Toronto has supplied a rest room at Camp Burden, which cost the Institute over \$500. Each piece of furniture in the rest room is marked with a silver plate bearing the Institute crest.

Mrs. Hayes continued that as the Institute is a peace-time organization, and not fitted to conduct war work by itself, she would advise all branches to work closely with the Red Cross and war services organizations. In this manner the work would be very effective, and the best work would be done.

The speaker added that she had travelled throughout Ontario, and that in every city, town or village she had visited, the Women's Institute had been doing good work in assisting in war time activities.

In a general discussion, Mrs. Hayes outlined the duties of the president, secretary and district director, and also the directors and members of each branch. She spoke on events of interest, and then outlined a good programme which the branches might follow in their activities.

The Timmins members have expressed their pleasure at the fine hospitality offered by the Monteith members, who prepared luncheon and afternoon tea for the visiting delegates.

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TO

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Excursion travel will be handled on Train No. 46, connecting at North Bay with C.N.R. No. 2

On the RETURN journey, tickets will be valid for travel on C. N. R. Train No. 1 from Montreal 8.20 p.m. Monday, Sept. 30th, 1940.

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1940

TO

Points in the Maritimes via North Bay and Canadian National Railways

Tickets will be valid to leave destination points Wednesday Oct. 2, 1940.

Bargain Coach excursion tickets not valid on "The Northland," Trains 49 and 50.

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