

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.

The intruder turns out to be STEINER who summons his confederates, LEFTY and FRENCH, who make it clear that they are on a blackmailing visit, based on the fact that Salter in the past engaged in smuggling liquor into the United States. There is a struggle in which the captain is shot dead, after the men have overhauled his money and papers.

(Now Read On).

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN SALTER'S NIECE

Toby Bishop brought the car to a standstill under the tall yew hedge. His companion opened the rear side door and stepped out to the narrow grass verge. Then still holding the door open, she turned and looked at the dismal Toby.

"Thanks for the lift" she said lightly. And then: "Don't look so miserable, old boy! People will be getting to know that expression!"

"What do I care?" he demanded in an embittered tone. "What does it matter how I look?"

"Well, it matters to me," she returned briskly. "I don't want people to think I'm the original hard-hearted Hannah—and that's what they will think if you always look this way whenever you leave me!"

He glanced at her sun-tanned face, with its frank blue eyes, and the rather

wide, humorous mouth, and sighed heavily.

"It's the way I feel," he told her. "I know you think I'm a fool, but I can't help it."

"I don't think you're a fool—I think you're rather a dear, Toby," she said. "But I could wish you'd keep off this subject when it makes you so humpy. Why can't we go on as we used to before you went away?"

"Because we can't!" he returned stubbornly. "We were just kids then. But it's different now. I've knocked around since then and seen places and people. Those three years in the Air Force gave me a chance to see the world a bit."

"I know," she admitted. "But I still don't see why that should make any difference where I'm concerned."

"It's made all the difference!" he retorted warningly to the argument.

"It's shown me what I didn't know before. When the gun died and I had to chuck the Service and come back here and take things over I wasn't half so sorry as people thought I ought to be. And that was just because I was going to be near you again. It was because I knew then as surely as I knew anything that you were the one and only girl I should ever want to marry." He paused and then went on more gloomily: "Of course, I knew I wasn't good enough for you."

"Oh, rot!" she interrupted inelegantly. "Just think of all the girls we know who are dying to get married and can't find a man!"

"That's their worry!" he returned, callously. "I'm not interested in any other girls—it's you I want."

She sighed with humorous despair. "Just cussedness!" she declared. "If you could have me, you'd probably get fed up in a month and go chasing someone else—someone more difficult!"

"Why not take a chance on it?" he urged, leaning forward in his seat. "Just try me out."

She met his eager gaze with a half-reverent smile and a slow shake of the head.

"You really are the most persistent man!" she said. "You just can't bring yourself to think that I might prefer someone else."

He sat back with a jerk and stared at her.

"You don't mean that, Di?" he exclaimed. "I never thought of that! Is there someone else?"

"There you are, you see!" she said. "You'd never even thought of it as a possibility! If that isn't arrogance, I'd like to know what is!"

There was a hint of laughter in her eyes as she spoke, and he reached forward with a sudden movement and caught her by the wrist.

"You're pulling my leg!" he accused her. "There isn't anyone, is there? Come on! Admit it!"

She shook her head, still smiling at him.

"No, there isn't," she conceded. "But it wasn't very complimentary of you to take it so much for granted, was it? There might have been, you know."

"Perhaps so," he admitted, still retaining his hold of the wrist. "But seeing that there isn't... Look here, you do like me, don't you, Di? Just a little, anyway?"

The laughter died out of her eyes as she returned his gaze. "Yes, Toby. I do like you—a little," she returned soberly.

"Well, in that case..." he began eagerly.

But she was shaking her head slowly, and he broke off.

"No Toby," she said quietly. "It's no use. I can't do it."

He looked at her with a world of longing in his eyes.

"But why not?" he demanded. And then, with a trace of bitterness in his

tone, "I know your father doesn't think much of me, but after all... Just because my gun ran a livery stable and I started as an apprentice in the garage that succeeded it..."

"Oh, stop it, Toby!" she exclaimed. "You know that isn't the reason—not as far as I'm concerned, anyway. It's never even occurred to me!"

"Not to you—not!" he retorted gloomily. "But you can't deny that that's how your father looks at it—and his ideas count with you. Isn't that so?"

"No, it isn't," she protested. "At least... It isn't a question of his ideas at all. It's something entirely different."

She broke off, and then went on: "Oh, you can't understand, Toby. And it isn't a thing I can ever talk about. But I know I'm right."

He looked at her in silence for a moment.

"I think I could understand if you'd give me the chance," he said at last. "But now that we've got as far as this, let me ask you something else. If there were no difficulties; if it was just a question between you and me—would you marry me then?"

She looked down at the broad, sinewy hand still lightly grasping her wrist.

"That's not a fair question," she said slowly.

He surveyed her with sudden elation lighting up his face.

"That's just hedging!" he accused her. "But you've answered me all the same!"

She raised her eyes in startled surprise at the change in his voice.

"But I didn't say anything!" she protested.

He grinned at her triumphantly.

"That's all right!" he assured her. "You know darned well if you wouldn't—and you're too straight to play with me! Di, my dear, you're as good as married if you only knew it! It's all I wanted to know."

He had started to draw her gently back into the car again while he was speaking when with a sudden jerk she released herself from his grasp, and the next moment she had stepped hurriedly back and slammed the car door shut.

To his astonishment, he saw that she had flushed hotly and her blue eyes were misty with tears.

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded. "Di! What is it?"

"It's—it's nothing," she said, her voice oddly muffled. "It's—it's the idiotic way you jump to conclusions! I said nothing to make you think..."

And I've been trying so hard...

She turned away abruptly without finishing and fumbling the garden gate open, fairly fled up the path to the house.

He stared after her in utter bewilderment till he saw her enter the cottage and heard the front door slam behind her and then he sank back in the driving seat and gazed blankly down the empty road.

For a full five minutes he sat motionless, thinking over all that had passed between them. There was nothing that could account for her behaviour that he could recall. She had practically admitted that if it wasn't for the dashed off snob of a father of hers, she would marry him. It was he who was making the "difficulties" that she had talked of. But that didn't explain why she had suddenly bolted like that.

He roused himself at last, and with another glance in the direction of the house, switched on the engine and drove off in a mood which alternated strangely between sober jubilation and reproachful introspection.

The girl did not see him go. She was lying face downward across her bed when the sound of the engine came to her ears, and she continued to lie motionless for awhile.

The house was very still and the only sounds to break the silence were the solemn ticking of the grandfather clock in the room immediately below and the occasional convulsive little sobs from the pathetic figure on the bed.

At last she stirred and turned over, sat up on the edge of the bed and wiped her reddened and tear-stained eyes slowly with a ridiculously little apology for a handkerchief.

She remained sitting there for awhile, staring woefully and unseeingly at a photograph of a college group on the wall and then she rose listlessly to her feet and made her way into the adjoining bathroom.

She returned to the bedroom presently, with the worst of the ravages of her late emotional storm washed away, and set about changing from her somewhat crumpled tennis kit into a cotton house-frock. Then she went over to the tiny dressing-table and combed and patted her hair into shape again.

This done, she sat for some moments eyeing her reflection in the mirror with an expression of fearful disgust upon her distinctly attractive face.

"You awful little idiot!" she apostrophized it at last, with what seemed unnecessary bitterness.

Then she rose, and making her way downstairs, set about preparing supper.

CHAPTER V.

NEWS FROM CUBA.

On the stroke of seven o'clock, the garden gate clashed noisily, and a few moments later, Diana heard her father enter the cottage by the front door.

He went straight into the one small living room, and with a sigh of relief at this promptitude, she opened the door leading out of the kitchen and looked in at him.

HE DIDN'T GET SOUTH OF THE BORDER



Alexander Berckhardt Siegle, who used to go to the University of London and manufactured cigarette lighters in London until he was interned last July, made a bolt for the border, Sept. 17, when he escaped from an internment camp west of Toronto. Thanks to a Burlington citizen and Police Chief Lee Smith, that's as far as he got before prison guards headed him back to camp, as shown here.

He was glancing at the evening paper which he had brought in with him, but at her appearance he looked up at her.

He was a big man and had evidently been a handsome man in his time, though there was now a hint of coarseness in his heavy red face. The mouth beneath the grizzled closely-cropped moustache sagged a trifle, and the blue eyes had lost something of their clearness and appeared heavy and more than a little bloodshot.

"Hallo, m'dear," he greeted her. "Dinner ready?"

It was the way in which he always referred to their modest evening meal, and he would have been shocked to hear it called supper.

"Yes, Daddy," she returned. "You're prompt."

"Got to be!" Major Salter jerked out. "There's a committee meeting down at the club house at 8 p. m. And that reminds me, m'dear, I shall want a little money. I find I've only got about a shilling on me."

She stared at him in dismay.

"But, Daddy, you had over a pound yesterday!" she remonstrated.

His eyes had returned to the paper, but at this he looked up at her again with a frown creasing his brows.

"Yesterday?" he said. "Surely not? I couldn't have—oh, perhaps I did though. Yes, I remember now. I was playing with Clarkson in the afternoon and he suggested having something on the game. Unfortunately, I lost by the merest fluke. We were all square at the fourteenth, and he managed to scrape home by a series of the most idiotically lucky strokes! There was a ten foot putt on the seventeenth—"

"But a whole pound?" she interrupted agitatedly.

"No, of course not!" he said testily. "That was only five shillings. But I was just going to tell you. It was a pure fluke, and he admitted as much and suggested a game of piquet to square things up. Well, to cut a long story short, his luck held and I went down another ten shillings. So there you are, you see. What with that, and one thing and another, I found myself in the ridiculous position of not being able to ask Packard to have a drink just now. It was really most humiliating for a man in my position."

She looked at him helplessly.

"But surely you needn't have played for money," she ventured. "Your pension isn't due for another six weeks, and we've only got just over twenty pounds left till then."

"Well, whose fault is it?" he demanded. "On your suggestion I turn it all over to you every quarter, and heaven knows I see little enough of it back! I can't be expected to bury myself alive in the house here. You are like your poor mother in that respect. She was perfectly content to remain in our quarters and never go out at all! It was a fatal policy and though I don't actually say that it prevented my promotion, there is no doubt that it had a lot to do with it." He paused for a moment and then went on: "But that's neither here nor there. We're wasting time in this absurd argument and I shall be late for the meeting if I'm not careful. Hurry up with the dinner, there's a good girl, and let me be off. Is there any post by the way?"

"I don't know," she said dispiritedly, realizing the futility of further discussion. "I didn't look when I came in."

She turned back into the kitchen while he rose and went out to the front door to look in the letter box. The meal so grandiloquently described consisted chiefly of a small potato pie and a wedge of cheese, and by the time she had removed the pie from the oven and brought the tray into the sitting-cum-dining room the major had returned and was once more immersed in his paper.

Apparently there had been a post, for two letters lay on the table. One, which was addressed to him, he had opened. It was a bill from his tailor. The other, addressed to Miss Diana Salter, in a thin spidery handwriting, bore a foreign stamp.

"Why, this must be a letter from Uncle Tom!" she exclaimed, looking at the envelope. "It isn't his writing, though."

(To be continued.)

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

Sudbury Star: Rumania is much smaller than it was, therefore it only needs a boy as king.

Germans Gaining Name of Doing Well at Kidnapping

Egypt, Ravens, Snood, Errors and Other Things.

Thomas Richard Henry writing in his happy column in The Toronto Telegram this week has the following:

Egypt

The new Egyptian cabinet is committed to a policy of full co-operation with Britain, but no immediate declaration of war on Italy.

This situation has a strong resemblance to a joint bank account, in which a wife co-operates with her husband in somewhat the same way.

Kidnappers

The Tristan Kidnapper turns out to be a man named Muehlenbroich.

The Lindbergh Kidnapper was a man named Hauptmann.

The Germans seem to do well at this sort of thing.

Overwhelmed

We are sort of overwhelmed with song and verse.

Contributors will just have to rely on our private enjoyment because after all we can't just give the editors of this paper a song and rhyme in return for their weekly remembrance.

Gilding the Lily

"There's Glamour in that modern natural look" advertises a beauty concern.

This is surely rather dangerous advertising. They might tempt the girls to try the natural look.

Where would the artificial beautifiers be then?

Maybe they mean to arrive at a natural look by artificial means—which seems to be getting a little complicated.

Ravens

We always looked on ravens as the tough guys in bird life.

The United States Department of the Interior confirms this opinion.

It says that ravens often substitute old pieces of fence wire for branches and twigs in building their nests... and they often choose high-power electrical transmission poles as their nesting sites.

Now, apparently a transmission pole is a fine nesting site as long as the birds stick to branches and twigs but mixing fence wires up with transmission wires is as dangerous as mixing whisky and gasoline.

These fence wire raven nests often break a circuit which, according to the Department of the Interior, causes distraction to the customer and expense to the company.

It doesn't mention what it causes to the raven, but we expect a high voltage charge would be just sort of a mild stimulator to a real tough raven.

Gentlemen, I Was Wrong

A report in (whimsical vein) on a defective casting by a molder as it was printed in Canada's foundry journal begins:

"Gentlemen, I feel that I alone am responsible for this disaster—"

Has anyone in a foundry ever heard of a molder accepting responsibility for any miscue?

And, anyway, the wording sounds like the linesman who is alleged to have told his mate he should be more careful when he inadvertently spilled some molten lead over him.

Probably the reporter who wrote the story was practising restrained journalism calculated to meet the approval of the strictest censorship.

The Nazis can celebrate another glorious triumph.

A well-aimed torpedo resulted in the drowning of 83 children.

It probably was the greatest number of children the Nazis were able to bag at one time since they were able to bomb the women and children out of their villages and got them on the way down the roads of France and Flanders.

There should be an iron cross in the feat for the submarine commander.

We hope he dreams at night of little children floating on the angry waves, or moaning with cold in the crowded lifeboats.

Sacrifice

A social note says that Jose Trallero, noted jewelry designer, a refugee from France, lately arrived in New York—and is now in Montreal to resign a

special set of jewelry for Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, cousin of the Prime Minister.

Now, in times of peace we like to see the wealthy spend their money on luxuries because if they only spent it on bread they wouldn't spend enough to create much demand.

War time is different.

We think it fair to assume that Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie must be a lady of considerable means if she can afford to have a special set of jewelry designed.

It seems too bad that the Prime Minister could not tell her about a more patriotic use of her money than to spend it on herself to decorate herself.

Nero may have fiddled while Rome burned—but it is not on record that Nero had much regard for the Rome that was burning, so he may have been callous but was not necessarily silly.

But when we have wealthy ladies fiddling away their funds on jewels with the Hun thundering at the gates they show the careless indifference of Nero along with the lack of judgment of the Foolish Virgins.

It is the people of wealth who have most to lose if Hitler wins.

It would look much better, then, to see the people of wealth throwing their money into war bonds than putting it into jewelry.

The widow's mite and the poor man's small bank account may bring the greatest spiritual return, but it is the kind of money that can pay for special designs in jewelry that really adds up.

Hitler gave his followers no choice between butter and guns—all we ask is that society try for a few stars in their crown—and fewer sparklers around their neck.

Of course the story may not be true as far as Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie is concerned—or it may be a petty job of designing around which a big story has been written—but regardless of that the principle stands. The wealthy should not exercise their expensive idiosyncrasies when the country needs tanks and guns airplanes.

Snood

We agree with a western newspaper editor, who declares: "A snood doesn't look any better than its name sounds."

No Malingering

A fellow was being medically examined for the Army, and they began testing his sight.

He couldn't read the chart, so the medical officer held up half a crown and asked: "What's this?"

"A sixpence," replied the man.

When they showed him a huge toy balloon he said it was a marble and when they showed him a manhole cover he said it was a button. So they told him he could go.

Then the medical officer said to a sergeant: "Follow that man and find out if he's just faking shortsightedness."

"I'll give you tastier bread... free from holes, doughy spots, sour taste"



MADE IN CANADA

out if he's just faking shortsightedness."

Presently the man came to a nine-storey building in the middle of a square. He went in. He walked up the nine flights of stairs and on to the roof.

When the sergeant followed him he found him sitting quietly in a chair. As the sergeant approached he held out two pennies.

"Tell me, conductor," he said, "does this bus go to Piccadilly Circus?"—Montreal Star.

North Bay Nugget: In the East, a counterfeiter was converting the hotel silver to coin. Happily, police arrived before he could boil the doorman down for old gold.

Help smask Hitler

This New WAR SAVINGS PLEDGE has been mailed to you



For each monthly deduction of \$4 you receive a certificate for \$5
\$8 " " " " " \$10
\$20 " " " " " \$25
\$40 " " " " " \$50

SIGN UP FOR THE DURATION

in Canada's Army of 2,000,000 Regular War-Savers

Be one of the first to enlist. You will be receiving your official enlistment blank—the new War Savings Pledge. Use it to instruct your bank to make purchases of War Savings Certificates for you every month—automatically. Your bank looks after everything for you—sends your money to Ottawa each month, and the Certificates are mailed direct to the registered holder. There is no charge for this service.

Here is an effective way to serve—and a sure way to save. And remember, too, you are not giving your money, but lending it, at a good profit to yourself: a full 25% in 7½ years! So watch the mail for this new official War Savings Pledge. When it arrives, use it to Help Smask Hitler. Additional Pledges are available at your bank or from your local War Savings Committee. Sign up now!

"You Serve by Saving"

Invest Regularly in War Savings Certificates



Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway
The Nipissing Central Railway Company

WILL OPERATE

BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1940

TO

Pembroke