

# SOUTH ATLANTIC LEGACY

By Sydney Parkman

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## CHAPTER XIII HALF A CLUE

Diana took the envelope and turned it over for some minutes before attempting to open it.

It had been addressed to her in her own handwriting, she saw, and from its creased and crumpled appearance, it would seem that it had been carried about by Father Maloney ever since he had come in possession of it.

Becoming conscious that the others were all watching her, she tore open the flap and drew forth the contents which consisted of a single sheet of notepaper.

She unfolded it and began to read. The Major waited till he could bear it no longer, and then he burst out.

"Well?" he snapped. "What is it? What does he say?"

"She looked up at him in puzzled bewilderment.

"I don't understand it!" she said. "It isn't a letter at all really. It's a kind of description of some place or other."

She turned to the priest: "I think that must have got into the envelope by mistake. I don't think it's intended for me at all."

"Nonsense!" the Major ejaculated. "It's addressed to you isn't it?"

And he leaned forward across the table and took the sheet of paper from her unresisting hand.

Father Maloney sat up sharply as though to protest at this, but apparently he thought better of it, for he said nothing.

Apparently the Major found the letter as puzzling as had his daughter, for after a moment he uttered a disgusted exclamation and started to read again from the beginning—but aloud this time.

"Anchor of the southwest sandpit on account of the trades," he read. "Then head up over the sandhills towards the middle of the island, where there's a few timbers from a ruined shack. Maybe you'll have to hunt for these because the loose sand is liable to bury them after a blow. Sixty yards north of the shack, in a patch of low scrub and tangledweed, you'll find a small keedge anchor buried, with one fluke just showing. It isn't easy to spot it among the weed, unless you know it's there, but you'll find it if you keep looking. That's it. Good luck with it and don't forget to dash the padre something for his everlasting poor. He's a good old scout and he'll see you

through."

He raised his eyes from the paper as he finished reading and looked round at the others with an expression of almost ludicrous bewilderment on his face.

"And that's all there is of it!" he exclaimed. "There's no beginning and no end—and as far as I can make out, no sense in it either! It strikes me he must have made an idiotic mistake of some kind and put this into the envelope instead of something else. Unless I suppose there isn't anything else, is there?"

"No, nothing!" Diana said, displaying the empty envelope. "That's all."

They looked at one another blankly for some moments, and it was Father Maloney who broke the silence.

"It conveys nothing to you at all?" he asked slowly, looking at Diana.

"Not a thing!" she told him. "I can't imagine what it means!"

"Might I ask if it conveys anything to you?" the Major demanded, with heavy sarcasm.

The priest looked at him thoughtfully for a moment before replying.

"Well, yes it does," he said, without apparently noticing the other's tone. "That is to say, I've a pretty good notion what lies behind it, up to a point."

"Indeed?" the Major exclaimed incredulously. "Well, perhaps you'll be good enough to explain it for I'm hanged if I can see any sense in it at all!"

"What I know won't be much actual help now, I'm afraid," Father Maloney told him slowly. "I can explain what this refers to, but that's about all."

He turned to the girl. "Something has gone seriously wrong with your uncle's plans, if you never received that other letter, and I don't know what we can do about it now."

"Well, for Pete's sake, let's hear what you do know about it!" the Major ejaculated impatiently. "What's it all about?"

"I was coming to that," Father Maloney said. "But perhaps I'd better begin by explaining that the late captain held rather peculiar views in some ways. I don't know whether you knew it, but he was very nearly a millionaire once—a dollar millionaire, that is."

"Was he?" the Major ejaculated. "No, I certainly didn't know that!"

"He didn't talk of it much," Father Maloney admitted. "But that was the case. Apparently he'd been saving money steadily all the years he was at sea, and then—in '28 I think it was—he got bitten with the gambling fever that swept over the States, and he started playing the markets. But he played them carefully. He was a shrewd speculator, and he stuck to good sound stocks, with the result that in the course of 12 months or so, he'd piled up something like a million dollars—on paper."

"Well, he did. He hired a house here and for the next two years he looted around taking an interest in local affairs. Then he suddenly announced he was taking a trip to England. I had a notion that he might be going back there to live, but he wasn't away more than a couple of months and when he returned he told me that he'd finally decided to settle down here for the rest of his life. He bought the house he'd been living in before and after a bit he told me he was thinking of buying a small sugar estate which would give him something to occupy his mind and his time. I'd been on pretty intimate terms with him all this while and knowing now that he'd got relatives in England I suggested that if he did so he ought to make a will in order to avoid the heavy intestacy duties. He said he didn't care what happened about the estate, for the bulk of his money was beyond the reach of the Cuban law. He wasn't risking being robbed of his earnings by and Government during his lifetime

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## Canadian Mining Vital Factor in Helping Win War

### Annual Number of Northern Miner Gives Graphic Picture of Progress.

The annual number of the Northern Miner—152 pages elegantly printed in colours, and profusely illustrated—is to hand and its size and attractive appearance made the first good impression necessary for attention. And the more the issue is studied the deeper is the impression of its value to the mining industry and to the country at large, and the more marked is the conviction that the part played by mining in Canada's war effort cannot be over-emphasized.

It would take a Macaulay to give any adequate review of this Northern Miner annual number for this year so complete is its survey of the mining industry. Indeed, it goes much further than reviewing mining in all its phases; it shows in very striking way the vital relation that mining bears to Canada's war effort, and Canada's war effort, let it not be forgotten, is the most important matter to all Canadians to-day.

Some facts and figures from the annual number make inspiring news for these days.

Canada's mineral production this year will be in excess of \$500,000,000 in value.

Canada's gold will reach the record high value of \$205,000,000.

All of the base metals will make new records, and many of the non-ferrous metals.

A perusal of the annual number will leave no one in doubt in regard to the vital part the mining industry is playing. Not only does this apply to gold and the metals popularly connected with munitions and other war needs, but it is surprising how important all metals and some of the non-ferrous metals are in war work, particularly in reference to the great need of the moment—aircraft.

In the non-metals such as asbestos, new records are also being created. Petroleum production has increased ten fold in the past few years and Canada has now achieved second place in the British Empire in the provision of this vital necessity. Coal output is climbing steadily.

The annual number notes that in recent years the Dominion has added to the list of its metal production radium, selenium, carmium, uranium, tellurium, iridium and rhodium. In 1940 for the first time in the history of the Dominion a commercial production of mercury has been recorded. After a large of decades Canada is again producing iron and promises to increase importantly its supply of domestically mined ore within the next few years.

So fully and effectively has the mining industry risen to the special demands of the day and of the war-time needs that people are liable to forget or overlook the many problems in which the war has automatically involved the mining industry. These include the necessity for control of foreign exchange, the need for maintaining the dollar quotation, the call to guard against inflation, the automatic demand for control of metal exports to prevent the aid of the enemy. All these matters are clearly dealt with in the annual number of the Northern Miner.

In passing, it is only fair to say that the efficiency and extent of the mining industry's part in the war effort may be traced to the appointment at the opening of the war of a Metals Controller—and the man appointed for that position—G. E. Bateman. The mining industry was ready, anxious to do its full part—workers as well as managers and owners. All that was necessary was co-operation between all con-

He paused again for a few seconds as though to make certain that he had forgotten nothing and then concluded quietly: "Well, that's the story. As I told you before, I didn't like the scheme overmuch, but knowing the man I couldn't think of a better one that would suit him. So I agreed—and here's the result. I've done my part—but did he do his? Anyway, you can see for yourselves what his letter means now. It's a description of the place where all this gold of his lies hidden—and from the sound of it I'd say it referred to one of the Bahama cays."

His pipe had gone out while he had been talking, and as he brought his narrative to this abrupt conclusion, he began to load it again while his three listeners stared at him in speechless silence.

"Well, we talked about it quite a bit, then and later. It seemed he'd taken a liking to his English niece and was wishful to pass on the secret of his cache to her when he died. But he wasn't trusting anyone with it while he lived and at last he worked out this scheme. I was told to hold a letter in trust for his unofficial heir, and he'd notify her of what was in the wind, so that she'd know enough to come here when she heard of his death. Without actually telling me what was in the letter he explained that it would fit in with his own communication to form a complete key to his secret."

and from that he went on to tell me all that I've just told you—explaining that he'd cached the gold somewhere on his way here from New Orleans, in a place where he could always get it when he wanted it. He admitted it was a crude way of doing things, for the money was earning nothing, but at least it was safe—and that was the only thing that mattered as far as he was concerned.

(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.

## SIFTING THE NEWS

By Hugh Murphy

Of all "Les miserables" of the Rion treason trials none would appear to have more misery than M. George Mandel, former Minister of the Interior in the French government. Few liked him very much in the days when it wasn't a crime to like him. As a tough-minded cabinet minister in charge of the police, he made enemies Right and Left.

Mandel was pro-British, anti-Munich, anti-armistice, and he is a Jew, and yet, apparently, Mr. Mandel is not a bit worried about his predicament. He twits his jailers and worries more about his food and lodgings than his fate at the hands of the German-inspired Rion court. The reason?

Foreseeing the fate of France long before it happened, Mandel sent to friends

concerned. That has been secured, and so in this bouquet to The Northern Miner and the mines and their men, there should be an orchid for G. C. Bateman.

Local interest in the annual number of The Northern Miner will naturally be centred in the gold industry and especially in the mines in this camp. It is more than interesting to be reminded that through its entire history Hollinger Consolidated has been a mighty contribution to the well-being of the nation. Last year the Hollinger added \$15,484,394 new gold to the wealth of the nation. It will do even better this year. Hollinger to date has produced over \$300,000,000 in gold. McIntyre is produced at a rate close to \$9,000,000. Dome is producing at the rate of over \$7,462,000 per year; Buffalo-Ankerite, at \$2,625,030; Preston east Dome \$2,116,140; Hallnor, \$2,660,180; Pamour \$2,561,030; Coniaum, \$1,753,902; Young Davidson \$1,488,041; Moneta \$1,100,806.

The Northern Miner number gives a complete review of production policy and plans of the mines. There are numerous articles by recognized authorities on financial and industrial matters as well as on mining. In addition there are historical articles dealing with mining in Canada in its various phases, as well as extended references to property and prospectors.

Pressing notice is also given to the fact that this is the twenty-fifth anniversary of The Northern Miner's service to the mining industry and to Canada, and the effort made through the past quarter of a century by The Northern Miner to advance the cause of mining—a patriotic effort of no mean proportions.

It seems appropriate at the time to close this inadequate but sincere review with one direct quotation.

"Gold production in 1918 was 700,000 ounces; it is now over 5,200,000 ounces Canada occupies second place in the world in new gold output. It holds first place in nickel and platinum, third place in copper, zinc and cobalt and fourth place in lead. All of these metals are essential to the conduct of the war and it is notable that in the case of copper, lead and zinc the Canadian producers have contracted with the British War Supply Board to provide the bulk output at prices ruling slightly lower than the world market at the outbreak of war. This patriotic gesture has helped to reduce the cost of war and has prevented the inflation of prices due to munitions demand."

in America a dossier on the personal corruption of many of the men of Vichy-Laval, Flandin, Baudoin and Bonnet among others.

The existence of the documents is known to those who govern France to-day. They know that eight cases of them were shipped last May, immediately after the French collapse with instructions to publish them if Mandel was to be killed.

Major Vidkin Quisling, Fuhrer in Norway by the grace of Hitler, the man whose name is synonymous with treachery, sought a totalitarian catchword recently found it in "Lebensraum"—living space. Turning his globe, this little Hitler sought unoccupied territory he might claim as his own. He found it in the broad south pole area.

Accordingly, Quisling called in his new propaganda minister, his little Dr. Goebbels, one Gudbrande Lunde, and Goebbels campaign in miniature began. The Antarctic was and would always be Norwegian, Lunde declared, because Norwegian whalers had visited there; because Norwegians had led the way to the south pole. The U. S. A. was a rich plutocrat trying to jump Norway's claim. A chair of Polar Geography was established at Oslo University to acquaint Norwegians with their new colony.

The quiet peace-loving people of Norway were not interested in their frozen assets at the South Pole. Their interest lay more in direct and immediate things—guns for example which they might use to get Quisling and his protectors. Nazi police who hung their belts and baynets in restaurants found them missing. Nazi soldiers were found mysteriously murdered at night, always minus their guns and ammunition. Nazi side arms were said by the Swedish paper "Dagens Nyheter" to be disappearing so fast that it was found necessary to place special guards around supply dumps and ships. A government decree forbade the possession even of a knife.

While Quislings were out to get "lebensraum", Norwegians were out to get guns to get Quislings.

Golf in London

Notice posted recently at golf clubs near London: "Emergency Rule—Players may pick out of any bomb crater, dropping ball not nearer hole without penalty. Ground littered with debris may be treated as ground under repair."—Time

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1932	16,052,000,000
1939	28,352,000,000

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Any subject in the above list will be cancelled if a sufficient number of applications for that course is not received.

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