

# SOUTH ATLANTIC LEGACY

By Sydney Parkman

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It was the opening he was looking for, and he lost no time in seizing his opportunity.

"Not in money, perhaps," he said seriously. "But there's that letter, you know. I've been thinking over what young Bishop said last night, and it seems to me that it might have fallen into the hands of these blackguards. And in that case, they would have a very strong incentive to waylay you in the hope of getting possession of the other half of the clue. That's what has been worrying me all the while you've been away. I don't like the idea of your carrying it about with you, and I really think you ought to give it to..."

"It's funny," she interrupted. "But both Father Maloney and Toby have been saying the same thing. I pointed out to them if that were the case these men would still probably have a shot at holding me up, for they wouldn't know that I'd handed it over to someone else to keep would they? However we've settled the matter now, as far as the plan's concerned—though I don't see that it takes things any safer for me."

"How do you mean settled—it?" the Major demanded in some agitation. "You don't mean you've given it to one of the others?"

"No," she said calmly. "Nobody's got it now for it doesn't exist any longer. I burned it."

"You—burned it!" he repeated staring at her with horror-struck eyes.

"Yes," she said dramatically. Burned it and scattered the ashes to the four winds. So no one will ever see it again!" She regarded him with laughter in her eyes. "But before I did that I got it off by heart," she continued. "It wasn't very difficult, you know that I'm word perfect now. I could recite it off in my sleep—and that's the only way anyone else could get hold of it. They'd have to hypnotize me first. Don't you think it's a good idea. Father Maloney thought of it."

The Major gaped at her speechlessly, utterly aghast at this latest blow. He saw his hope of carrying out Becker's plan fading away, and with it the last chance of gaining possession of the money. It almost looked as though Maloney had had some idea of what was in the wind, and had taken this step to ensure that it would not be carried out. Of course, he knew the contents of the destroyed letter—he had probably made a copy of it before they had appeared on the scene—and once he had succeeded in convincing them of the hopelessness of locating the island, he would have the field to himself.

It was a maddening situation, and he stared at his daughter hopelessly. Obviously he couldn't ask her for a copy of the letter she had memorized, for he would be able to advance no reason without explaining what he intended to do with it—and that was out

of the question. She would never believe the priest's perfidy without absolute proof—the fellow had obviously gained her complete confidence—and unless she could be convinced of that, he knew it was hopeless to expect her collaboration. And it would be equally useless to attempt to compel her. "Why—what's the matter, Daddy?" she demanded puzzled by his silence and the look of despair in his eyes. "Don't you think it was a bright idea?" He merely continued to look at her dumbly.

"Of course, I don't see that it's going to make any real difference," she went on. "It isn't as though we could advertise that I no longer have the letter in my possession—except in my brain. And even if we could, if they really were out for the goods, they'd probably try to kidnap me then!"

He started and then broke into a short forced laugh. "Kidnap you?" he echoed. "Well it has been done, hasn't it?" she said. "I don't think it's in the least likely—but then I don't think it's likely that there's some deep-laid plot to rob me of the letter, either. It's only the way you're all fussing and worrying about it that makes it seem possible."

He made no reply to this but turned away, and gazed out of the darkened window for some few seconds. Then: "Well, I'm glad you've had a nice day," he said at last with an abrupt change of tone. "Are you—are you tired?"

"No; not particularly," she returned, regarding him curiously. "We didn't actually do much walking. Father Maloney's friend had sent a car to meet us. But what made you ask? Do you want me to do something?"

He glanced at her fleetingly, and then drew his pipe from his pocket and started to load it.

"No—er—that is, yes, in a way," he said haltingly. "I'd arranged with those negro fellows to take the sloop out for a little sail. Of course, I'd thought you'd be coming back sooner than this, but I believe they're still waiting and it ought to be rather pleasant."

"Of course I'll come with you if you want me to!" she interrupted. "I'd love to. It's a bit late, of course, but we needn't be out very long, need we?" "We can see what it's like when we get outside," he replied stuffing his pipe and pouch back into his pocket again. His manner had suddenly become brisk and business-like, and he made for the door and held it open for her. "Come on, m'dear! We don't want to waste any time about it."

"Hahn! we better tell the landlord what we're going to do?" she suggested as he followed her out into the passage. "We may be longer than you think, and we don't want him to sit up for us, do we?"

He stood for a moment thinking. "Yes, perhaps that would be a good idea," he said. "You go on and I'll catch you up. The man's waiting on the beach about two hundred yards down the road towards Maloney's place."

Diana went out and started walking slowly along the waterfront in the direction he had indicated. She was a little puzzled by his manner

and this sudden decision to take a night trip in the sloop, but she concluded that he had been thoroughly bored during the afternoon and evening and simply wanted something to do.

She was a little tired but she told herself that she would be selfish to balk him in the matter.

It would seem that the Major had been delayed with the landlord, for she had covered a good two hundred yards without seeing any sign of the negro, and was thinking about turning back to meet him when a man detached himself from one of the little groups of drinkers and came across the road towards her. It was the diminutive Zach.

"Is yo' lookin' fo' me, Missey?" he asked as he came up to her.

"Yes," she told him. "My father has arranged with you to take the sloop out for a sail, hasn't he? He'll be coming along in a minute."

"Dat's so," he agreed. "Jes' fo' a lil' run in de moonlight." He hesitated for a moment. "But yo' isn't coming wid we, is yo', Missey?"

"Yes," she said in some surprise. "Didn't my father tell you?"

"No, Ah guess de Majah ain't done tell we 'bout dat," he said slowly. He appeared to find something disturbing about it, for he stood staring down at the ground for some moments. Then he glanced up at her. "Yo' stay right here, Missey," he said. "Ah'll be right back." And he turned abruptly and made his way across the road to the group of men he had just left.

She saw him join them and bend down to speak to one man who was sitting with his back to her. He was a white man, she could see but apart from the fact that he was dressed in brown overalls there was nothing to distinguish him from any other of the group.

At that moment she heard footsteps behind her, and turning round saw her father's form approaching her through the darkness.

"Oh, here you are!" he exclaimed, looking down at the beach. "I couldn't make that idiot of a landlord understand. That's the boat drawn up there, but where's the man?"

It was the negro himself who answered him.

"Heah I is suh?" he announced. "An' dar's de dory. Coce right down, suh, an' we'll git going."

He led the way down the beach and shoved the dory into the water; the other two climbed aboard and settled themselves in the stern sheets; and a moment later he had scrambled in over the bows and thrust the boat off into deep water.

A silver radiance was already beginning to show in the sky above the hills on the eastward side of the bay as they were pulled out to where the sloop lay, and by the time they arrived alongside, the whole bay was lighted up with a kind of modified, ghostly glow.

Diana went off to explore the cabin where an oil lamp hung in gimbals, and while the two negroes manned the sweeps and started to work the sloop towards the passage, the Major roamed about on deck, making himself acquainted with the disposition of the running gear.

The cabin which was entered by a small hatchway from the cockpit, was fitted with two fairly wide settees, which had evidently been used as bunks. Almost automatically, Diana began tidying the place up—folding blankets, tucking odd garments out of sight in the lockers under the settees, and generally making the cabin more presentable—and it was not till she felt the first pitching motion of the vessel that she realized they had negotiated the passage and were heading out into open water.

She glanced round the now tidy cabin with a certain sense of satisfaction and then turned aft and climbed up the diminutive companion-way into the cockpit.

The Major was seated aft at the tiller, and to her surprise she saw that the two negroes were engaged in hauling the dory up on deck and stowing it on top of the cabin skylight. It seemed an unnecessary expenditure of energy in view of the fact that they would be needing it again very shortly, but she thought nothing more about it at the time, for the beauty of the night was fully engaging her attention. The moon was well clear of the eastern horizon—a burnished silver shield set in the luminous heavens—and the flood of white light transformed the coast astern into a scene of transcendent loveliness.

She remained at the head of the companion-way drinking in the beauty of the scene and drawing in deep breaths of the cool wind, and it was not till her father repeated his question that she turned to look at him.

"Charts?" she echoed. "Yes, I think so. There's a tin cylinder on one of the racks down there that looks as though it might be a chart case. But what do you want a chart for, daddy? We're not going to rediscover America, are we?"

"Take over the tiller, will you, m'dear?" the Major asked her, rising from his seat, and ignoring her laughing query. "Keep her just about as she is."

She took over the helm, and he went below to the cabin. The wind was

coming from the starboard beam and the sloop was cloveholed and heeled over easily under the steady pressure. Occasional little bursts of spray pattered on her fore deck—the drops sparkling like diamonds in the moonlight—and there was exhilarating feeling her motion that was a sheer joy to the girl. Her only regret was that Toby was not there to enjoy it with her.

By bending down, she could look into the cabin, where the Major had a chart laid out on the table and seemed to be poring over it closely and doing something with a pair of parallel rulers. She wondered what he was doing, and concluded that he was making sure that there was no reefs or shallows in the vicinity on which they might come to grief.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour later when he made his way up to the cockpit again and came aft to where she was sitting.

"Isn't it a gorgeous night?" she asked. "This really was a brainwave of yours, Daddy! What have you been doing down there? Plotting out a regular course for us?"

"Yes," he said slowly. "I've got the course now. It's nor-nor-est, a half west. And that means we'll have to point up a trifle more." He cast off the main sheet and took a pull or two at it before making it fast again. "Haul in that jib sheet a bit!" he called out to the negroes; and then to Diana: "All right, m'dear. I'll take over again now."

"All right," she said relinquishing the tiller to him. "But why the particularity? You'll have to beat up to windward soon, won't you?"

"Why—er—no" he told her, with an assumption of ease and assurance. "As a matter of fact m'dear, we'll be holding this course all night. I haven't said anything about it before, but if you want to know the truth, we're now

## Legion Helps to Remove Monotony From Army Life

Montreal, Nov. 20—Life is not one endless round of drill, fatigue duty and lectures for officers and men of the C.A.S.F. and N.P.A.M. units in this provincial gateway to the battlefields of Europe.

That is due in part to the Canadian Legion War Services, which has dedicated itself to the task of helping to win the war by offsetting the monotony and boredom of military life through the provision of education, entertainment, recreation and other essential activities.

Statistics just compiled by George S. Layton, C.L.W.S. entertainment officer in Military District No. 4, reveal that for the past six months 121 shows of varying kinds were presented by the Legion for troops in the Montreal area alone. There was a total attendance of 47,540. Motion pictures, for example, were presented regularly five nights a week during May, June, August, September and October, while scores of farewell parties, dances and variety performances were spotlight features in between.

A. F. Goodier, entertainment officer for the C.L.W.S. at Valcartier Camp, announces that during the month of October alone in the neighbourhood of 44,255 men enjoyed moving picture shows, amateur concerts, ping-pong contests, sing-songs, darts, horseshoes and other diversions arranged by the Legion.

During the same period at Valcartier on our way to pick up that buried treasure of yours" (To be continued)

tier upwards, of 24,219 troops were served at the dry canteen in the Legion's spacious and comfortably equipped recreation hut. In addition, a rushing business was done on behalf of the Post Office department for more than 18,192 letters were received, stamped and mailed. This desire on the part of the men to write to their loved ones and friends was stimulated by the fact that an abundance of free notepaper and envelopes is always available in the Legion hut, more than 22,477 sheets and envelopes having been used from October 1 to 31.

**FAIRY MAGIC**  
Science tells us that the coloring of the foliage in the fall is caused by thus and so; that each flaming leaf is the result of a chemical process. However, old-fashioned folk will con-

tinue to believe that color-loving fairies are responsible for the painted leaves; indeed, that color-mad fairies concocted the chromatic brew. In a process that so smacks of magic as does the transformation from green, russet and brown to gold and scarlet, one is firmly convinced that it must be explained on the basis of unscientific fairies. Let science with its causes and effects give way for October to the little unseen artists of the woodlands.—(From the New York Sun).

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T. B. McQUESTEN,  
Minister of Highways.

Toronto, Nov. 18, 1940.

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