

# SOUTH ATLANTIC LEGACY

By Sydney Parkman

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## CHAPTER XXI

## WHO ARE THE RESCUERS?

"She certainly seems to be coming this way!" the Major announced, peering out under his hand. "And at a pretty good pace, too. But who can it be?"

Diana made no answer to this. She was staring out at the approaching vessel, which appeared to be a large motor-launch of the cabin-cruiser variety.

"It can't be Becker," the Major went on. "And if it's Maloney..."

"I don't care who it is as long as they don't pass without seeing us," she interrupted. "I'm going to get your coat so that we can attract their attention with it."

She turned and ran down the slope and after a moment's pause, she followed her.

"Wait a minute!" he called as she picked up the garment. "I want to cover up the traces here first."

"Well, for goodness sake hurry up!" she exclaimed, as she snatched the jacket from her.

"Go back and keep an eye on them then," he jerked out; and she turned and mounted the ridge again.

The oncoming launch was already much nearer. It must have been making a good twelve knots, heading directly for the island. Her heart rose at the sight. An illogical conviction swept over her that this must be Toby who was coming to their rescue, and as she discerned a man's figure standing on the vessel's fore-deck, she waved a frantic greeting.

By that time her father joined her the launch was within half a mile of the beach below them and was sweeping round to clear the sand-pit.

The Major peered at it closely.

"Look here," he muttered. "If they're strangers say nothing about the gold. Just tell them that we were cruising round here when those two blackguards ran off with the sloop."

"All right," she agreed. "But I believe it's Father Maloney and Toby."

"More likely Maloney without. Bishop," he retorted. "And in that case I'll deal with him. Come on. We'll go down to the beach."

He set off down the sand slope, and by the time he had reached its foot the launch was within a hundred yards of the shore, and was heading in towards them with her engine cut off.

A moment later the water boiled up round her stern and the man on the fore-deck stooped down and knocked the slip off the anchor, which plunked over the side with a splash and a rattle of chain.

At the same moment a portly figure emerged from the glass-cased deck-house, and the Major gave a gasp.

"It is Becker," he exclaimed, and he waved madly.

The man waved back and then turned aft where two more men were already lowering a small boat which hung on davits over the stern.

"Well, of all the luck," the Major exclaimed. "He told me he'd be in Havana to-day."

"But I don't think I like this much," Diana remarked. She had so convinced herself that Toby must have been aboard that it came as a considerable shock to find that it was the American who was their rescuer.

"Don't like what?" he demanded staring at her. "You're not carrying your insane prejudice to the length of objecting to be rescued by Becker are you?"

"No; but I'd like to know why he should turn up here now," she said slowly. "How did he know we were still here? We ought to have been gone hours ago."

But she found herself talking to his retreating back for he had left her and was advancing down the beach to meet the boat, which had just left the launch.

Becker was seated in the stern sheets, with the other two men at the oars and as the little craft drew near, the major hailed his friend joyously.

"Stout fellow," he called. "Gad—you don't know how glad we are to see you. Those two ruffians have cleared off with the sloop, leaving us stranded here."

She saw Becker stare at him for a moment and then he leaned forward and appeared to be saying something to the other two men in the boat.

By this time they were close in to the beach, and a few moments later the boats keel touched the sand, and one of the men jumped out and hauled it half clear of the water, while the other shipped his oars and slewed round on the thwart to stare at the Major.

He was a short, heavily-built man, with a blue jowl and a pair of small cunning black eyes and his fellow—a yellow-faced individual in dungarees—was no more prepossessing in appearance.

They both eyed the Major oddly as though they found something faintly amusing about him but his attention was concentrated upon Becker who was making his way forward along the thwarts and looking at him with a kind of smiling alertness.

As he stepped down on to the sand he advanced to meet him with outstretched hand.

"You're the very last man I'd expected to see here," he told him. "I

thought you'd be in Havana by this time."

"Why, so I should but I heard last night that that conference has been cancelled," the American explained slowly. "So, having a day to kill, I thought I'd hire a launch and see how you were making out here."

"And I'm thundering glad you did," the Major told him fervently. "Pon my soul—I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't turned up. My daughter and I... by the way you haven't met my daughter have you?"

He grasped the American's arm almost affectionately and led him up the beach to where the girl had remained standing watching the scene.

"This is my very good friend, Mr. Becker," he announced. "Or our very good friend, I ought to say for we've a tremendous lot to thank him for between us."

"I'm sure we have," she responded somewhat ambiguously. And then to Becker: "This must come as rather a surprise to you, Mr. Becker. You hardly expected to find me here did you?"

"Why—er—no I certainly didn't," the American returned eying her keenly.

"No of course, you wouldn't," the Major put in. "I'd forgotten that. But as a matter of fact circumstances compelled me to—er—well I'll explain that later." And he shot a glance over his shoulder at the two men by the boat who were still within earshot.

Becker took the hint and led the way slowly up the beach towards the sand-hills. As he came to the foot of the slope he stopped and turned to face them.

"So the niggers skipped out on you, did they?"

"Yes, the scoundrels!" the Major told him. "The moment we were out of sight they got the anchor up and cleared out. And I'm practically convinced that they must have had orders from Maloney to do it!"

"Well, as it happens, I had a kind of notion that they might try to do you dirty and that's one of the reasons I'm here. But how about the dough, Major? Have you succeeded in locating it?"

"Yes," the latter told him. "And what's more we've moved it to a fresh place. So when our friend comes to look for it, all he'll find is the empty cases. Gad—I'd give anything to see his face when he digs 'em up!"

"Nice work, Major!" Becker told him with an appreciative chuckle. "But what we've got to do now is to transfer the stuff to the bank. I've fixed every thing up, like I told you and the sooner we get going on it the better. Where have you got it now?"

The Major hesitated for a moment. "It's quite handy here," he said at last. "Just over the other side of this ridge, as a matter of fact. But are you sure of these fellows you've brought with you? They look a bit—er—ruffianly, don't they?"

"There's all right!" Becker assured him confidently. "Maybe they look a bit tough, but I've picked 'em because I know them. If you can trust me, you can trust them, Major."

"I don't want any better recommendation than that!" the latter told him with a laugh. "Well, I'll show you—"

He stopped short, for at that moment there came a shout from the launch. They all looked round and saw that a man was standing on the fore-deck waving to the others by the boat.

"What's the matter, Lefty?" Becker called out.

The bilious-looking man turned and indicated the launch with a jerk of his thumb.

"He's yellin' to come ashore," he called back. "Are you O.K. if we go fetch him, or do you want one of us should stay?"

"No; go right ahead!" Becker told him; and he turned to the other two again. "Now, Major."

Salter led the way up the slope, with Becker following close at his heels and Diana bringing up the rear a few paces behind. The girl had said nothing, but

she was already feeling distinctly uneasy about this business. It seemed to her that her father repaid a blind faith in this man which she most certainly did not share. And this was not so much the result of her earlier prejudice as of a small slip which she fancied Becker had made. She was practically certain that he had not been at all surprised to find her here, and if that were the case, it opened up a whole field of suspicion to her mind.

As she followed the two men down the farther side of the ridge, she was conscious of a distinct feeling of apprehension.

"Well, this it is!" the Major announced as they reached the valley floor. "But you wouldn't know where to start looking, would you? It's pretty neatly hidden, eh?"

Becker glanced about him and then brought his eyes back to the Major's face.

"I'll say it's neat!" he agreed. "Mighty nicely done. But listen, Major. Antilla ahead of us, so if you'll just point out the exact spot, we'll get to work on it right now."

To Diana's ears, there was a slight tremor of eagerness in the man's voice, but the Major appeared to notice nothing.

"Oh, certainly!" he agreed. And he moved forward a few paces, and dropping on to his knees, began to scrape the sand away from the spot where he had so laboriously hidden the bags a short while before.

Becker followed him, and plumping down opposite, assisted in the work of excavation. He burrowed with a vigour that sent the sand flying to one side in a continuous stream. Standing by and watching them, Diana reflected that neither of them could have realized at that moment that she was the rightful owner of the treasure they were unearthing.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds, eh?" Becker remarked, allowing the coins to dribble slowly back into one of the bags. "That's well over a hundred thousand dollars! Quite a packet of money, I'll say! And it's all here, is it Major?"

"Yes. There's nothing but the empty cases left in the original cache," the Major told him, with a chuckle.

He broke off sharply, for at that moment the sound of voices reached their ears, and as they all looked round at the ridge behind them, three men came into sight, and stood looking down at them from above.

Two of them were the men they had already seen; but the third—a lean rather good-looking fellow, in a white drill suit—was evidently the man who had been left aboard the launch.

No one spoke for a moment and then the newcomer came plunging down the slope, with the other two following more slowly behind.

"Say, what's coming off here, Becker?" he demanded menacingly, as he reached the foot of the slope, and advanced towards them. "What kind of game are you playing?"

Becker had lowered the bag to the ground and risen to his feet, and the Major, after an instinctive movement as though to try and cover the exposed bags up again, slowly followed his example. Diana had turned, and with a feeling of crisis strong upon her.

"What's the game?" he repeated with a snarl. "If you're trying to double-cross..." He broke off abruptly, for at that moment he had caught sight of the cavity in the ground, and the closely packed row of bags. "What's this?" he went on, in a changed voice. "You're not telling me you're on to it this quick?"

Becker stepped back a pace, and indicated the cache with a wave of his hand.

"Take a look for yourself, Steiner!" he invited softly. "It's all there—the Major here has figured it out right! And here's a sample of it." And he stretched out his left foot and kicked over the bag he had been examining, sending a stream of gold coins cascading into the sand.

"Holy Mackerel!" the man ejaculated, and the next instant he had jumped forward and was on his knees, grubbing among the sand for the spilled coins.

"Here! What the..." the Major began indignantly; when his protest was suddenly cut short.

"Steiner"

Becker's voice had a ring of steel in it, and his right hand had disappeared into his jacket pocket.

The man jerked his head up and stared at him—his eyes suddenly narrowing into slits.

"That's the third time you've made that crack about double-crossing," Becker told him evenly. "I've got kind of tired of it."

"Is—that—so?" Steiner drawled—and with the last word his hand flashed up to his breast with a movement too quick for the eye to follow.

But quick as he was, Becker was quicker.

A sharp crashing explosion rang out, and the kneeling man pitched limply forward and lay with his face pressed into the loose sand.

Becker drew the smoking gun from his pocket and eyed the still form coldly.

"And that's where you get yours Steiner!" he remarked.



By James W. Batton, M.D.

## That Body of Yours

## Lessening the Prostration from Measles

Measles is such a common and harmless disease that it would seem that little attention should be given to it yet it is the one disease of children that has not been reduced in numbers or in the severity of its symptoms during the past twenty-five years.

As measles takes some lives and often produces great prostration, Drs. Herman N. Bundesen, William I. Fishbein, Irving R. Abrams and Richard D. Miller, Chicago, endeavored to lessen the number of cases and prevent the prostration in children who had come in contact with measles.

In the Journal of the American Association these physicians show the results obtained by the use of serum collected from measles patients who had recovered. This is called convalescent serum. And also by use of human globulin.

When measles was reported a visit was paid to the home by the Health Department investigation who quarantined the patient and reported the children in the home who had been in contact with the patient.

If there was no private physician, a health officer was sent to inject the convalescent serum or globulin into these contacts. Only the younger children in the home were injected and the older ones (who had not had measles) were not injected but used to compare with the ones receiving the serum.

What was the effect of the use of globulin, or the serum, as compared with the other children in the home who received no injections?

Six hundred and seventy-eight (678) contracts who never had measles were injected with placental human globulin; 353 (52 per cent) failed to contract measles and 325 (48 per cent) contracted measles. Of the 325 and who contracted measles, over 90 per cent had mild cases.

Two hundred and ninety-nine (299) children who never had measles were injected with convalescent serum; 219 (73 per cent) failed to contract measles; 80 or 27 per cent, had measles. Of those that contracted measles about 95 per cent had it in mild form.

What about the children, who had never had measles and were given neither globulin nor serum? Of this control group of 328 children, only 27 per cent failed to contract measles and 73 per cent contracted measles. Of the group that contracted measles, about 77 per cent had it in mild form.

From this large number of case injections of globulin or serum in "contacts" appears to be very much worth while. In adults, measles sometimes is followed by pneumonia. A vaccine to

prevent measles is now reported.

## Why Worry About Your Health?

Is your heart irregular? Skipping beats? Send for this informative booklet by Dr. Barton entitled "Why Worry About Your Heart?" Address it to The Bell Library, Post Office Box 75, Station O, New York, N.Y., enclosing Ten Cents and the name of this newspaper.

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Empire Still Has Glories of Humour, Affection, Cheerfulness and Industry.

In recent years there had arisen in this and in other countries, groups of so-called intellectuals who were inclined to sneer at patriotism and suggest that it did not go well with religion said Mr. G. A. Macdonald, editor of The Porcupine Advance, who was the speaker at Thursday night's meeting of the Lions Club.

The speaker complimented the Lions Club on the fact that their activities always had featured loyalty and patriotism.

There were, he said, many recent examples of nations turning false patriotism into a religion. Surely the people of the British Empire who had the right to be truly patriotic, could make a true patriotism founded on freedom and progress, successful and inspiring. If they didn't it seemed inevitable that they would lose any religion they had.

Mr. Macdonald quoted incidents from the past and present history of the British Empire to show that she still had glories of humour, affection, cheerfulness, self-sacrifice and undaunted courage.

The glories of the British Empire did not rest on sword and battle alone, the speaker said. The glorious days of Queen Elizabeth were days of battle but they were also the days of Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon and Bunyan. Today the Empire was not only keeping up the battle on land and sea, but in the air also the battles of industry, commerce, literature, science and art.

For our own sakes; for the sakes of New Canadians, many of whom have the same high ideals, the same passion for freedom and the same self-sacrificing desire for the better way of life and for the sake of our children we should emphasize and extol the glories of the British Empire—not for vanity or boasting but as an inspiration to dedicate our lives in an effort to build and hold a better world," said the speaker.

The address was concluded with the quoting of a part of a poem written 25 years ago by a woman; the last verse of which seems singularly prophetic today:

Shatter her beautiful breasts ye may, But the spirit of England none can slay.

Dash the bomb on the Dome of St. Paul's Dream ye the plan of the Admiral falls!

Fry the stone from the chancel floor Deem ye that Shakespeare lives no more?

Where is the giant shoe that kills? Wardsworth walking the old green hills? Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,

Cast her ashes into the sea— She shall escape, she shall aspire, she shall arise To set men free

She shall arise in sacred scorn Lighting the lives of the yet unborn Spirit, supernal, splendour eternal, England.

Under the direction of Mr. Garfield Bender music supervisor for Timmins public schools, seven girls sang a number of patriotic songs, one of which was "There'll Always be an England". All of the songs were well done but "There'll Always be an England" was done with so much feeling and expression and the technique of part singing was handled so well by the girls that they were given an ovation by the club and members. A nice gesture on the part of the Lions Club was the presentation of war savings stamps to the girls.

The girls in the septet were: Misses Hazel, Menear, Iris Munro, Betty Jen-

kins, Doris Lillo, Betty Williams, Norma Richards and Betty Jordan. The girls were assisted at the piano by Herbert Treheer who did his usual good job as accompanist.

Four members of the Algonquin Regiment were present as guests of the Lions Club and were specially thanked for their kindness in acting as a guard of honour for the singers.

Mr. Macdonald was introduced by Charles Yates and thanked, on behalf of the club, by Phil Parfitt. President Alex Allen occupied the chair.

## SIFTING THE NEWS

By Hugh Murphy

The discovery by the Timmins police of a huge mass of pamphlets, estimated to be well over 3,000 in number, as well as about thirty-five bound volumes near the DeSantis mine brings the sect "Jehovah's Witnesses" again into the foreground. The pamphlets and books evidently had been dumped there to get rid of them. And well might "Jehovah's witnesses" try to get rid of the literature. Their sect is outlawed in Canada.

Led by 70-year-old Judge P. Rutherford, the "Witnesses" have been denounced as fifth columnists, saboteurs, and fascists. They have been ridiculed and denounced. Their campaign against recruiting or military training, their refusal to salute the flag of whatever country they may be, their cry "Religion is a racket", and their fierce attacks on Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike have aroused violent opposition. In some places they have been beaten. In others interned. Hitler, for example interned 6,000 "Witnesses" because they refused to "Heil."

The rank and file of the sect apparently believe quite sincerely that Judge Rutherford is leading them to an exclusive heaven-on-earth. For some strange reason there are few skeptics in their ranks. They take Judge Rutherford's strange interpretations of the Bible quite literally and none of his followers dares or even thinks of questioning them.

There are, it is estimated, about 1,000,000 "Witnesses" in the world. They have converts in nearly every country including Africa where there are thousands of natives who "believe".

In San Diego California the organization has built a magnificent \$75,000 Spanish home which King David Isaac, Camuel and other prophets are expected to occupy when according to Judge Rutherford's prophecy they return to earth almost any day now. Meanwhile, until the prophets do come down to earth, Judge Rutherford and his wife are occupying the palace.

Jehovah's Witnesses have succeeded in developing one of the biggest and strangest businesses in America. In Brooklyn, N.Y., they own a seven-story apartment house and an eight-story, modern printing plant which every year turns out tons of pamphlets and books. Together the establishments are said to be worth more than \$1,000,000.

About 150 persons work in the publishing house. They all are "Witnesses" and they live in the apartment building where they rise at 6.30 a.m. and retire at 10.30 p.m.

They eat silently in a common room

and go to work. Wages are \$10 a month and "all found". Literature are called "publishers" and the door-to-door distributors of the all over the world pamphlets are printed in eighty languages they "exchange for a contribution" about 11,000,000 booklets and 1,500,000 bound books a year. The witnesses claim they have printed and distributed to date at least 300,000,000 books and pamphlets.

The publishers probably collect over \$1,000,000 a year for the books and pamphlets. Over a fifth of that is profit but Judge Rutherford makes public no financial report.

## ARMOURIES REINFORCED

The Timmins armouries, formerly the curling rink has, through the efforts of workmen during the past few weeks, been made weather proof. The outside of the building has been reinforced and openings and crannies in the building filled in. A store room has been constructed at the rear of the building. It will also be used as an arsenal.

## TRACTORS AND SNOW PLOWS

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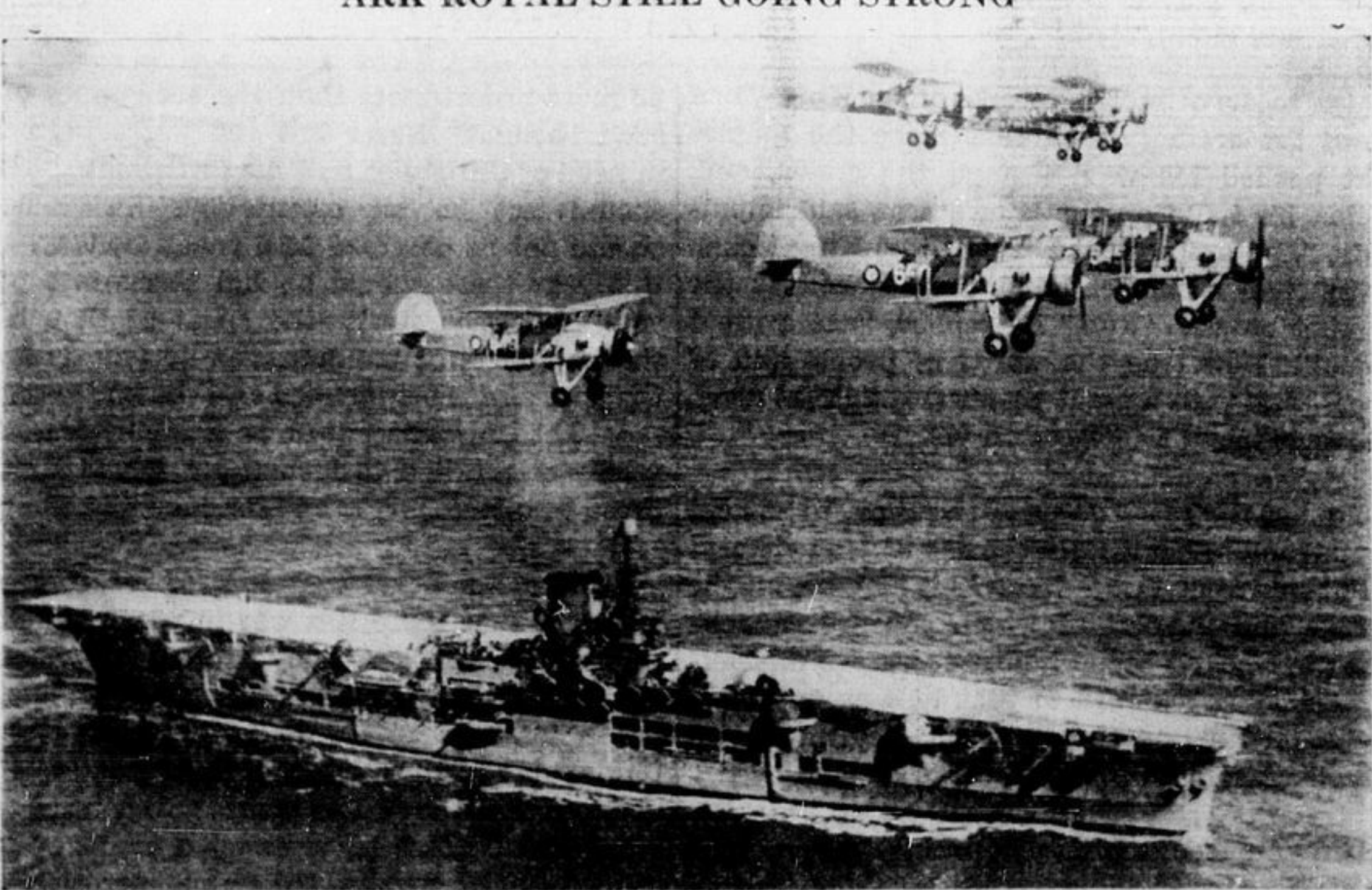
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## ARK ROYAL STILL GOING STRONG



The Ark Royal (supposed to have been sunk several times by Germans and Italians) played a leading part in the battle last week with the Italian Fleet.



"I May be a crank - - - - -"

"But by gosh, I have a right to demand comfort. Take shirts for instance. If the collar isn't finished just right it either saws your neck or curls and wrinkles as though it had been worn for weeks. I've no complaint with the Timmins New Method Laundry, though. They've raised shirt finishing to a fine art. In fact they're perfect; real comfort and smart appearance that lasts for days."

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