# SOUTH ATLANTIC LEGACY

By Sydney Parkman

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They had gone— and she was left alone with a dead man and her sorely stricken father for company!

She half turned and looked down into the valley where the two prone figures lay and her nerve broke.

The next moment she was flying down the sandy slope to the beach, waving frantically to the distant launch.

"Come back!" she called despairingly. "Come back for God's sake! You can't leave us like this! You can't!"

She ran down the beach crying out hysterically, and came only to a halt when she was standing knee-deep in the water, but the launch continued on its way steadily, diminishing in size with every minute as its powerful engine drove it southward.

She continued to wave and cry out to the men for some little while, refusing to admit to herself that her efforts were utterly unavailing; but gradually the futility of hoping that they would turn back was borne in upon her, and she fell silent—gazing blankly and hopelessly at the fast receding boat.

She remained standing there in the water for a while, a prey to black despair, and then she slowly turned and made her way with dragging steps back to the beach.

She was facing the worst now, for all hope had died within her. She had no vestige of faith in Becker's promise that he would arrange for help to be sent. It seemed in the last degree unlikely that he would give them another thought when once he got safely away with his spoils. And as no one else knew where they were, the future held only the grim prospect of a lingerng death by hunger or thirst.

It was a hideaus thought, but oddly enought the full realization of her desperate plight had the effect of reviving her flagging courage to some extent. Its very finality called forth a kind of despairing spark of resolution, and as she walked slowly up the beach towards the first sand ridge, she even felt dimly ashamed of her late outburst of hysteria. It was a bitter reflection that their high hopes should end in such a fashion, but now that things had come to this pass, she found herself begnning to face the facts with a certain calmness and detachment.

She reached the top of the ridge and paused for a long moment to look back at the now distant launch. It was no more than a black speck on the sea's surface, and soon it would be out of sight altogether She gazed at it long and earnestly, as though taking farewell of her last hope, and then turned her face to the valley.

And then, as her eyes fell upon her father's form outsretched on the valley floor, ner new-found calmness temporarily deserted her—for she saw at a glance that he had moved during her absence! His left hand was now partly covering his face from the rays of the westering sun!

She ran down the slope and arrived breathlessly at his side, and as she did so, she saw that his eyes were open and that his face had lost something of its leaden color.

"Daddy!" she exclaimed, as she dropped to her knees beside him. "Are you—are you feeling better?"

He looked up at her face vacantly for some moments, and then she saw a faint light of recognition come into his eyes.

"Lucy!" he breathed, scarcely above a whisper. "I've been — wanting you. The sun—draw the blinds."

He had addressed her by her mother's name, and she looked down at him with a sinking heart.

"It's Diana, Daddy," she said, moving so that her shadow fell across his face. "Your daughter, Diana."

"Diana," he repeated vacantly. And then with a feebie flicker of impatience. "Never mind 'bout the child now. Wife's firs' duty to husband. Tell khidmutgar bring me whisky-peg!"

His mouth was curiously distorted as he spoke, and the words were mumbled so that she could hardly comprehend their meaning.

"All right, dear," she said in a muffled voice, and she soaked her handkerchief with tepid water from the can and squeezed the moisture out between his lips.

He choked a little over swallowing it, and almost immediately his eyes closed and he seemed to fall into a natural sleep.

She remained crouched at his side, shifting her position occasionally to prevent the rays of the sun reaching his face, and after the first shock of the discovery she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that the had so far recovered from the blow that had felled him.

For it was obvious that it had left him completely paralysed down the one side of his body — and it was equally clear that his brain was seriously affected.

CHAPTER XXIII

WINGS OF HOPE

"Sorry to have kept you so long!" the Consul told them breathlessly, as he closed the door of his office and went over to his desk. "But you know what it is dealing with Cubans, don't you, Padre?"

"A mighty slow business!" Father Maloney agreed gazing at him expectanly. "But ye've got something?"

The Consul subsided into his chair and fanned himself with his blotting pad.

"I've got something—yes," he said. "It isn't much, but it's something. I gave them the description of this fellow with whom Major Salter was seen to spend yesterday afternoon, and they promptly started asking me questions! It seems they're anxious to meet him on their own account, for he was one of a party of four men who stole a motor launch from over in Banes Bay early this morning. Naturally, they wanted to kn w why I was interested in him and —"

"This morning!" Toby exclaimed. "Here, in Antilla? Then he couldn't have been aboard the sloop!"

"No; and that seems to upset your theory, doesn't it?" the Consul said. "It shows he's a crook all right, but I can't see that it links up with the disappearance of the sloop at all!"

"But I'm dead certain there's some connection if we could only——" Toby began. Then he stopped short, staring ntently at the Consul, as another thought entered his head. "Look here! Was this launch a sea-going affair?" he demanded.

"Yes, quite a biggish cabin cruiser," the other answered. "I know her quite well. She belongs to an American living here, and she was moored off the Yacht Club jetty. It seems these four fellows drove over there in a taxi loaded up with cans of gasoline, and they actually got the watchman to ferry them out in his dinghy."

"I think I see the game now!" Toby exclaimed jumping suddenly to his feet. "When did this happen?"

"About nine o'clock this morning," the Consul said, staring at him. "But what———?"

"Nine o'clock!" Toby groaned. "And here we've been wasting all this time in useless inquiries along the coast! Why didn't we know this before?"

"Now wait a minute, me boy!" Father Maloney put it. "Easy does it! I don't know what ye've got in your head now, but we had to make those inquiries, didn't we?"

"Now listen, Father!" Toby said with forced calm. "We agreed yesterday, didn't we, that the chances were that the gang who murdered the Captain were now out to get this cash. They'd got the position of the island, but they didn't know where the stuff was hidden—and they staged that burglary in the hope of getting hold of the other half of the clue. Well, they failed there; so they had to think up something else. They'd been keeping us under observation ever since we arrived in the country, and this one chap had already made contact with the Major—for I'm pretty certain from his description he's the same merchant I saw him talking with in the hotel at Havana. Yesterday he got hold of him again—and you can imagine what happened. He's evidently got his confidence, and no doubt he started by trying to get the information out of him direct. That wouldn't be any good, of course, for Diana was hanging on to that letter, and it's a safe bet thatt he Major wouldn't remember what was in it. But there's another fairly obvious way of working things—and that's by the old confidence trick. Supposing this bird announced that he had come into possesion of the secret of the island's position, and generously gives it to him. He'll have some explanation of how he came to know of it, of course, and he'll make it a condition that the Major is not to tell anyone else about it."

Maloney interrupted him.

"And why would he be doing that?" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't that be giving everything away?"

"No it wouldn't!" Toby told him. "It probably wouldn't be the right island anyway. But if it came off, it would ensure that the Major would be at this place—with the rest of the clue—some time today. Now do you see what I'm getting at?"

"You mean that these toughs would then go to this place—wherever it is—and help themselves to the other half of the clue by force?" the Consul suggested slowly. "Yes, I see the idea. But of course, that's only a theory, isn't it?"

"Well, is it?" Tony retorted. "Look at the facts and see if you can explain them any other way? There's the landlord's story of the old idiot's agitation when Diana didn't turn up to dinner; and the way he rushed her off for a moonlight sail the moment she did appear! A moonlight sail! I don't suppose it was part of his original plan to take her at all, but when he found that the clue only existed in her head he had to take her. And then, when we pick up the trail of his mysterious pal here, it's to find that he's working with a bunch of fellow toughs and they've just stolen a sea-going motor launch! What for? You're not going to tell me that all this is just coincidence, are you?'

"I begin to think you're right!" the little priest told him, with an expression of almost ludicrous dismay on his chubby face.

"I sincerely hope you're not!" the Consul said emphatically. "I'm thinking of Miss Salter's position in that case.

"So am I!" Tony interrupted. "Look here! have you got a map or a chart showing these waters. Between here and the Bahamas, say?"

"There's an Admiralty chart in the next room," the Consul began. "I'll fetch it." And he rose and left the room.

* * * *

"Here's Antilla — and there's Carbonaras, away to the east."

"Good!" Toby returned, studying the chart intently. "Did I see a pair of compasses on your desk? Oh, thanks! Now, what's the scale? All right, I can work that out nearly enough. A degree of longtitude is roughly sixty sea miles, isn't it?"

He was adjusting the compasses as he spoke, and a moment later he dug the point into the spot marking Antilla and described a quarter circle line in pencil, from north-east to north-west of the port.

"That'll do to start with!" he said while the others watched him in puzzled silence. "Now, there's just one other point. You say you know that launch that they stole? Do you happen to know her speed?"

"Yes; it's about twelve or thirteen knots," the Consul told him wandering ly. "Why?"

"Say twelve then," Toby muttered. "That means it would take them at least five hours to reach any point on that pencilled line—allowing for the fact that they'd lose a certain amount of time in getting out of the bay into open water, and sixty miles is about right, I should think. Now what does that give us?" He leaned over the chart forsome moments and then straightened up suddenly and looked at the other two with a kind of grim satisfaction. "Well, that just about settles it!" he said. "There's only one place where that line touches the sand cays—and that's at the southern end of the Columbus Bank!"

They both stared at him uncomprehendingly, and then the consul said: "But what are you getting at? What makes you suppose they've headed in that direction anyway?"

"It isn't supposition—it's a practical certainty!" Toby told him. He turned to Father Maloney. "You remember what you said the other night? It took Captain Salter about thirty hours to get here from Carbonaras, having called at his cache on the way. And from that, you deduced that it must lie within a hundred miles of Carbonaras—and in a northerly or nor-westerly direction. Well, here we are! The southern end of this bank answers the description, doesn't it? It's roughly ninety miles from Carbonaras, and lies about nor' nor'-west from it! What's more it's the nearest of the Bahama banks—and the only one he could have made in the time!"

The little priest leaned down and studied the chart short-sightedly.

"Yes, but where does that get you?" the Consul asked doubtfully. "Even supposing you are right, you're no nearer knowing which particular cay he visited out of the hundreds of 'em there. And in any case, it's too late to do anything about it now. On your own showing, these fellows would have arrived there somewhere around two o'clock—and it's nearly five now. Of course, I'll notify the authorities to keep a look-out for them . . ."

"Oh, never mind the authorities," Toby interrupted with sudden harsh impatience. "I'm not interested in them or the cursed money! It's Diana I'm thinking about! The odds are that those swine will have left her and her father stranded on some ghastly sand-dump while they make their getaway, and I've got to get to her somehow!"

"But how can you?" the Consul expostulated, eyeing him sympathetically "I appreciate how you're feeling, but what can we do? I could arrange to have a boat sent out there, but it'll be dark in little more than an hour, and they couldn't do anything till morning.

"Never mind about a boat!" Toby cut in, turning to him. "That's no good, anyway. But what sort of a pull have you got with local flying crowd?"

"The local flying crowd?" the Consul echoed, staring at hm. "How d'you mean?"

"I mean that I want a machne—now! And I'm prepared to buy, beg, borrow or steal it!" Toby told him curtly, "What can you do about it?"

(To be Continued)


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# Archbishop of Moosonee Guest of Honor at South Porcupine Church Supper

## Archbishop Anderson Gives Graphic History of Church in South Porcupine and Recounts Interesting Stories of Incidents in Missionary Work in the Early North.

South Porcupine, Dec. 7. Special to The Advance.

The anniversary supper (fifteenth) held by the congregation of St Paul's in the Parish hall on Wednesday last was attended by nearly a hundred parishioners. His Grace the Archbishop of Moosonee, Metropolitan of Ontario, was guest of honour on this occasion.

A bountiful repast cocked by the men of the church and served by members of the A.Y.P.A. was enjoyed by all. Dr. B. H. Harper acted as chairman and introduced Archdeacon Woodall, who, in a short address introduced the Archbishop.

As Bishop Anderson His Grace has often addressed the congregation of St. Paul's, but this was his first speech at an anniversary, since his accession to archepiscopal dignity.

He gave a short history of the Anglican Church in S. Porcupine, and referred to all the ministers from early days—Mr. Wilfred Trivett (now ordained and in Montreal), Rev. Wakefield, Mr. Brown (1914), Mr. A. H. Acland, Mr. T. Jones, Mr. J. J. Callan, Mr. A. Marchant (now ordained and living in Gateshead, Northumberland, England) Archdeacon Woodall took over the duties as rector in 1920 from Porquis Junction and has resided here for six years.

The first Church was built here during Mr. Trivett's curacy, but the first Anglican Church in camp was burned down in Golden City in the fire of 1911. He referred also to many of the wardens who gave noteworthy service: J. Boyle and G. Brooks, C. B. Morgan, H. Warren and H. Wilkins, W. Freeman and W. Fairhurst, T. Neil and Maxwell-Smith.

He spoke of his work among the Indians and gave a few stories, some humorous, concerning his early work among them fifty years ago.

He told of an old savage Chief at Lac Seul who was chief of a tribe of pagan Indians, and who was an object of fearful interest to young missionaries. This story was told in connection with reference to long and short texts for sermons. In one instance, he said, he took a long text but the choice was not his. In visiting this district, said the bishop, he was taking a cup of tea with a friend, when in walked the old chief who told him all was ready. "You are in for it now," cheerfully remarked the friend, and the young missionary meekly followed the old chap, in trepidation. There was no welcome from the band of Redskins, no smile,—they were seated and waiting for him.

Thrusting a bible into his hands (many young ministers had tried to Christianize the Chief, hence the book) the old man said "Come and tell us what is in big book from beginning to end"—

"That," said the bishop, "was the longest text I ever took." He gave a talk, was well received, and parted the best of friends. Unfortunately, the old chief later died a pagan.

Community singing, solos by Mrs. W. H. Johns and Mr. Billings, finished the evening.

His Grace the Archbishop was the guest of Archdeacon and Mrs. J. E. Woodall during his stay.

# To be 'Candle-Light' Service by Y. P. U. at South Porcupine

## Officers to be Installed at Ceremony.

South Porcupine, Dec. 7th. Special to The Advance.

A "Candle-Light" service is to be held on Sunday at the United church at which installation of officers of the Y.P.U. is to take place. This will be the first time such a ceremony has taken place here.

The regular weekly meeting of the United Church Young People's Union was held in the church on Wednesday evening, President Trueblood in charge.

After the opening hymn the president led in the discussion of business. It was decided to change the night of meeting to Monday, commencing on Dec. 9th. It was hoped to increase the attendance by this change. The committee in charge of reading plays stated that they would have a report in the near future. A special Christmas programme will be put on at the December 16th meeting which will be in charge of Ken Davis. The president then turned the meeting over to Mr. Lyttle, who took charge of the election of officers. Following are the results which will comprise the 1941 executive:

Hon. President (Past President)—Jerry Trueblood.
President—Ken Davis
Vice-president—Elmer Williams
Secretary—Gladys Stitt
Treasurer—Harold Barnett.
Christian Fellowship — convener — Wynne Appleby.
Christian Missions convener—Valerie Morley.
Christian Citizenship—Harold Tole
Christian Culture—Mary Anderson
Director of Publicity—Arthur Moyle
Recreation convener—Arthur Moyle
Pianist—Jerry Trueblood
Refreshments — Myrtle Grobber and Eileen Hoelke.


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