



PRISONER IN MAJORCA

By
BENTLEY RIDGE

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

ROGER KENT: Young, ambitious private secretary to E. C. Smallbridge, a business magnate.

KITTY SMALLBRIDGE: Daughter of Roger Kent's employer. She is somewhat spoiled, and very obstinate, but charming in her more rational moments.

GEOFFREY PAISH: Kitty's cousin and accomplice in rash exploits.

CAPTAIN CULLEN: Master of E. C. Smallbridge's yacht, "Glorious Kat."

"CHARLIE": Cullen's 17-year-old assistant.

(Now Read On)

CHAPTER VII (continued)

SOLDIERS IN SIGHT

Roger stood up stiffly and gazed at the nearest cliff. It was not very high perhaps thirty feet; but its summit ran along what appeared to be a broad facade of white masonry.

Kitty rose too, and stood straining her eyes in the half-light.

"What on earth is that?" she said.

Captain Cullen climbed laboriously to his feet also.

Roger gazed while every instant the light showed the curious appearance of the cliff top in clearer detail. . . could those four long things projecting at even intervals from the dark slits in the masonry be the muzzles of guns?

They were. Higher up among the pines on the hillside was another long line of white:

"What are they," cried Kitty.

"Gun emplacements," said Roger. "The island is fortified."

"There must be soldiers here."

"Of course."

He looked lower down as he spoke, and caught sight of something they had failed to find in the dark. Dragged up under the shelter of the cliff was a boat covered with tarpaulin.

"Look a boat! We'll be able to get to the mainland," cried Kitty.

"Come along," said Roger.

He strode off immediately, towards the track which zigzagged up the cliff. Kitty followed rapidly. For all that they had been out all night and that he was hungry and thirsty, Roger was desperate with impatience.

To judge from Kitty's haste in following him, she felt much the same.

Cullen and Charlie trudged after them.

"I hope to heaven," said Geoffrey, wearily bringing up the rear. "That we'll be able to get something to eat and drink!"

"Cripes!" said the boy Charlie. "I could do with a bite of something. I'm starved!"

"It's a wonder nobody has seen us before this!" said Cullen.

"They have," said Geoffrey.

A small group of soldiers had suddenly come into sight coming down the track.

"YOU ARE UNDER ARREST"

There was a lieutenant, a corporal and four men. They all wore khaki uniforms and peaked caps. The men's uniforms were aged and very dirty, but that of the lieutenant was bright and new. They came down the path with their rifles ready; 15 yards from Roger who was leading, the lieutenant called to his own troop to halt, and then stood surveying the English party with a look of deepest suspicion in his plump waxen white face.

"Buenos dias!" said Roger in his best Castilian.

"Buenos dias!" replied the lieutenant. "What do you do here?"

"It's a long story—" began Roger. The officer didn't want to hear it.

"You are under arrest," he said.

"But why? I must explain—"

"Fortifications," said the officer waving his hand. "It is a military offence to land on the island."

"Yes, but let me explain. We were in the bay in a yacht, which was boarded by thieves last night and stolen from us. They brought up here in a launch and stranded us. All we want to do is to get away. We wish to recover the yacht."

"A yacht?"

"Yes it was stolen from us."

"I do not understand," said the lieutenant. "These are fortifications. You are not permitted to see them. You are under arrest."

"But we are here against our will. We only wish to go away."

"It is quite impossible! You must explain to the Captain. You are under arrest!" The pale face of the lieutenant twitched with nervous determination.

Roger explained the situation to the others.

They looked at one another. Kitty was pale with suppressed impatience. Roger said nothing. Geoffrey groaned.

"What next?"

The soldiers stood aside for them to pass, and they marched on up the track to the top of the cliff, the lieutenant in front and the corporal and the soldiers

bringing up the rear.

The morning grew and brightened behind them, the sky above was flooded with the rays of the unseen sun. Roger looked back at the azure bay of Manreal, vainly searching for any sight of the "Glorious Kate."

PRISONER IN WAITING

On the top of the cliff the track led them past the gun emplacements to an open drill ground at the back, round which was built a one-storey concrete barracks. There were anti-aircraft batteries on its roof.

On the right was an ancient grove of gnarled and twisted olives and through them a glimpse of whitewashed peasant dwellings.

A large black sow and seven little pigs were rooting by the door of the barracks, but otherwise there was no living thing in sight. Evidently the Majorcans began the day late.

A number of yellow fowls ran out of the guard room as the prisoners were driven in. The floor was bare. The whitewashed walls were pencilled with inscriptions written, perhaps fortunately in the language of the country.

The door clanged shut upon the arrested party and the lieutenant and his men marched away down the passage. An armed soldier took up his post outside with his back to the barred window; an occasional loud sniff which they heard through the grating betrayed the presence of another guard outside the door.

"This is frightful," Kitty burst out. "If you want to sit down there's a bench in the corner," said Roger.

"I don't mean the place is frightful—I mean this delay. How long will they keep us here?"

"A week or two perhaps," said Roger drily. "Or possibly until the end of the civil war."

But underneath his levity was a bitterness deeper than she could know. While Cullen sighed and Geoffrey groaned, and they settled themselves gloomily to wait on the benches round the walls, Roger looked out of the barred window, and what he saw was not drill ground and the olive grove—but poor Smallbridge waiting for news in the villa at St. Raphael.

Half an hour passed, Roger paced up and down. Kitty stood at the barred window. A smell of roasting coffee began to drift in through it and set all their hungry mouths watering.

At seven o'clock the garrison performed its morning parade with fixed bayonets on the drill ground in front of the guardroom. There was a captain, two lieutenants, a sergeant, a corporal, and eight men.

"Do they need so many officers?" said Kitty.

"MILITARY INTERROGATION"

The parade was dismissed. Ten minutes later the lieutenant came with three men, escorted the prisoners along a passage and herded them into another white washed but this time uninscribed room, in which there was a table. At this was seated the Captain.

He was a thin middle-aged man, with a similar-like nose, and bright black eyes which he immediately fixed upon Kitty.

During the entire proceedings he kept his eyes fixed upon Kitty. Roger noticed it. Another five minutes, he supposed, sardonically, and there would be another wretched male with his head turned and his will undermined!

The lieutenant explained the charges against them in Spanish.

"You were found looking at the fortifications," stated the Captain. "It is a very grave military offence."

"We were not looking at the fortifications," began Roger. "We were looking for a boat."

"It is an offence for civilians to be on the island of Santa Fe at all! What is your nationality?"

"British."

"And these others?"

"British also."

"Is the lady the wife of one of you?"

"No."

"She is your sister?"

"No, she is the cousin of this gentleman here," Roger explained patiently.

"Where are your papers?"

Roger and Kitty produced their passports and he explained that Geoffrey Cullen and Charlie had none. He explained how they had been cruising in a motor yacht called the "Glorious Kate" and how she had been boarded and they had been marooned ashore.

"We beg to be released as soon as possible because we wish to try to trace the yacht and recover her."

The Captain looked incredulous. He stared at Kitty and fidgeted.

"Impossible!" he said, suddenly turning red and showing the whites of his eyes angrily. "A yacht stolen! People do not cruise here since the war."

REMANDED FOR THE COMMANDANT

"We are extremely hungry," remarked

ed Geoffrey in careful French in the ensuing pause. "Could we have something to eat?"

"I cannot deal with the matter," said the Captain, ignoring him. "It is a military offence. You have seen the fortifications. Those with passports will have to go before the Commandant at Manreal. The others can stay here."

Their personal differences forgotten for a moment, Roger and Kitty glanced at one another. They were the two with passports. So far so good. Manreal would be a step on the way to freedom.

"When will you send us?" asked Kitty.

"You will go this morning."

Geoffrey meanwhile absorbed by needs which were to him more urgent, continued to try to make himself understood by the Captain:

"Je suis faim," he said. "Faim!"

"If you have money," said the Captain, "you can buy food from the guards."

He did not say what they should do if they had no money.

As they had only French franc notes, he had to exchange 200 francs for them in order that they should be provided with the necessary pesetas.

Roger pointed out that their being in possession of none but French and English money supported their story of how they had come there. The Captain shrugged his shoulders.

The guards marched them back to the guard room, and ten minutes later they breakfasted on coffee, brioche and sausages. The food cost them two pesetas each.

Roger drank a little coffee ate a brioche and walked up and down like a caged wolf. Kitty sat tense and pale gazing into space with thought darkened eyes.

"The food might be worse," said Geoffrey in a melancholy tone. "Perhaps it's just as well that they're sending you two to Manreal. I think I shall leave it to you Kitty, and to Kent, to do what you can about the yacht. Honestly, I don't suppose there's much hope. You may trace it eventually, of course."

Kitty gazed at him in dumb rage at his inertia.

CHAPTER IX TO ANOTHER SHORE

At 11 a.m., escorted by the lieutenant and four men, Roger and Kitty crossed the bay of Manreal in a fast up to date launch. Manreal, a cluster of white green-shuttered houses overlooked a tiny harbour clustered with fishing boats; purple expanses of fishing nets dried on the stony beach in the sun. An ancient tower overlooked the harbour. The low hills behind were terraced with olives, and the neat promenade with olives, and the neat promenade between the green shuttered houses and the bathing beach was planted with an avenue of yellow-flowered Majorcan oaks.

But Kitty and Roger had eyes only for the shipping in the little harbour as the launch ran alongside the jetty.

The lieutenant ordered them curly ashore. They disembarked, closely followed by the soldiers.

As they walked along the jetty they passed a big white painted motor-boat moored alongside. Roger gazed at it fixedly, and turned to find Kitty looking at it too.

"That looks to me extraordinarily like the launch which we were in last night!" he remarked.

"So I was thinking!" said Kitty.

But there was nothing to do but to march. A large crowd of urchins gathered and watched them; soon the crowd of urchins was joined by a cyclist or two. Soldiers lounging against the wall and smoking cigarettes asked questions of their comrades as they passed. The people spoke a patois mixture of Catalan and Basque, which Roger's Castilian did little to help him to understand.

The village bore signs of war damage. Several houses they passed were heaps of bomb shattered wreckage and here and there walls were pitted with machine gun fire.

The Commandant of Manreal was quartered in a white, green-shuttered building which had been a hotel for tourists. Withered geraniums grew in stagnated in a neglected fountain in his front courtyard.

Kitty and Roger were marched through the building to some outer houses at the back, in a yard which smelled strongly of the live stock inhabiting it.

"I OBJECT"

The soldiers stopped and opened two doors in the nearest shed. Roger looked into two adjoining and equally filthy compartments, each with a wooden bench in it and nothing else.

He stopped.

"I object," he said abruptly.

The soldiers understood the obstinacy

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The following memo has been received by The Advance from the Post Office Dept. of Canada:

Low Parcel Post Rates Applicable to Our Forces

To help ease the burden of those with relatives serving overseas, Hon. William P. Mulock, K. C., Postmaster General, has been active in extending in an ever widening range the low parcel post rates, as opportunities arise, to facilitate the mailing of comforts to our forces.

The special Parcel Post rate of 12 cents a pound (limit 11 pounds) now applies on parcels mailed in Canada addressed to the following:

Members of British, Canadian, Dominion or other Colonial troops serving in the United Kingdom, and His Majesty's Forces serving in the Middle East.

Members of the official Auxiliary Services.

Members of the Forces of General de Gaulle serving with the British forces in the United Kingdom.

Members of Belgian, Polish and other allied forces serving with British forces in the United Kingdom.

Members of the Canadian army on duty in Iceland.

Parcels for those serving on H. M. and H. M. C. ships abroad.

The rate of 12 cents a pound applies on parcels sent members of the Canadian forces on duty in the West Indies (limit 20 pounds).

The rate on parcels to members of the Canadian forces on duty in Newfoundland is 10 cents a pound (limit 20 pounds).

Nurses attached to units of the forces mentioned are classed in the same category as soldiers and are entitled to the respective cheap rates.

Mrs. W. Thomas Hostess to Sweet Caporal Club

Mrs. W. Thomas, 50 Waterloo Road, was hostess to the Sweet Caporal Club on Wednesday evening at the regular weekly knitting and sewing meeting.

After the evening's social, a delicious lunch was served. The next meeting will take place at the home of Mrs. Archie McCann, 39 Laurier avenue, on Wednesday evening.

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One of his tone, better than his Spanish. One of them lifted the butt of his rifle with a look of menace.

"Better take it quietly," said Kitty rather pale, but calm.

Roger realized the necessity for it, and walked reluctantly into his low, and lightless cell. Kitty went into hers. The door slammed, and there was a rattling of padlocks being adjusted.

Roger sat down on his bench. The walls were of stone but the partition between the two cells was made of rough wooden boards.

The motive of his quarrel with Kitty seemed no longer material. Roger seemed no longer material.

"Can you hear me?" he said.

Kitty's voice came through quite plainly.

"Yes."

He was considering his surroundings. A stench rose from the floor. Evidently the place has been used as a hen-house before it had been strengthened for use as a prison.

"I have an idea," he said through the wall. "That were in rather a tight corner."

"I think so too," said Kitty.

Two hours later Roger managed to extract a little information from the guard to whom he had given five pesetas to bring some cigarettes and matches. The man spoke a dialect near enough to Spanish of Messrs. Hugo for Roger to understand him.

"How long are we to be kept here? When are we to see the Commandant? Are we to stay here all day?"

The soldier decided to speak.

"You are waiting for the arrival of Senor Nome."

"Senor Nome? Who the devil is Senor Nome?"

The soldier looked incredulous.

"You do not know who Senor Nome is? Senor Nome is the director of the crusade against disaffection. He is the Conscience of Majorcan. Have they not heard of the Conscience of Majorca in England?"

"No."

The soldier backed towards the door; he glanced behind him into the courtyard to see that no one was there to overhear him.

"They took away seventy-three people from my village," he said. "Seventy-three!"

"Oh?" said Roger, a trifle nervously.

"What did they do with them?"

"They stood them up against a wall and turned the machine guns on them!"

Sudden suspicion came into the man's face, he looked hard at Roger.

"And a good thing to do too," he mumbled. "No doubt it was well deserved. It is a crusade you see!"

"Odd sort of crusade," said Roger. "So that is Senor Nome?"

"Yes," said the soldier. "He is coming this afternoon. You are waiting for him."

He shut the door hurriedly.

(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.

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Dropped Between Stitches

By Ann

Mr. and Mrs. Verner Rekela who said "I do" in Sudbury last summer but who kept their marriage a secret until recently, were honoured on Wednesday evening, when their many friends gathered together at a surprise party in honour of the couple.

during the evening, friends extended belated good wishes and congratulations, as well as making presentations of many lovely gifts.

Mrs. Rekela, was formerly Miss Lily Philaja, and the couple have taken up residence in town.

Writing to a friend in town, Randy Thomas, a former Timmins lad who left a few months ago for the Gold Coast, is very enthusiastic in his praise of the country.

especially, he remarks on the efficiency of the three native servants who "look after" himself and his friends.

then, too, Randy goes on to tell of the fine facilities for sports and recreation provided by the mine.

but, says he, outside of the few women who are with their husbands, no others are allowed.

Another former Timmins boy, now with the 2nd Road Construction company in England, tells that the soldiers are billeted for the winter months in the beautiful homes of the wealthier people of England.

he says that although the soldiers do no wilful damage, their hob-nailed boots ruin the fine floors of these mansions.

Here are a few of the events for the coming week . . . to-day, the members of the Eastern Star Knitting Club meet at the home of Mrs. R. S. Anderson, and the Nursing Auxiliary of the S. J. A. B. holds its monthly business meeting.

on Tuesday, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Canadian Legion entertains at a whist drive.

there is a meeting of the C. G. I. T. and the I. O. D. E. . . . on Wednesday, there's to be a very lovely wedding . . . a meeting of the Dime Club, the A. Y. P. A., the Y. P. U., the Sweet Caporal Club and the Finnish Work Unit . . . as well as an afternoon tea by the Women's Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church . . . on Thursday there's a meeting of the Gold Nugget Rebekah Lodge . . . on Friday, the Bombed Victims' dance at the Riverside Pavilion . . . on Saturday, a bake sale by the Junior C. W. L., and another wedding . . . and, of course, there are many other events which you'll probably hear about on Thursday.

Miss Doris Sweet, bride-elect of this week was guest of honour on Thursday evening at a delightfully arranged bridge and china shower at the home of Mrs. A. C. McKenna, 168 Tamarack street . . . many friends of the popular bride-to-be were present, and she was

A SHY FELLOW

Charlie was the most bashful lad in the village. Naturally the family were astonished when he told them one evening he was going courting. After spending a hour getting ready, he set out. Half an hour later he returned looking very pleased with himself.

"You're back soon," said his mother. "How did you get on?"

"All right," replied Charlie, with a grin.

"Did you see her?"

"Ay, I did an' all. An' if Oi 'adn't ducked down behind the 'edge, she'd 'ave seen Oi too."

—Exchange

WHY NOT?

"What's your idea of civilization?"

"It's a good idea. Somebody ought to start it."

—Exchange

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W. I. War Services Entertains at Bridge

Councillor Spooner Guest Speaker for Occasion.

The war services committee of the Women's Institute entertained on Friday evening at a very successful and enjoyable bridge party in the recreation room of the worker's Co-operative Bakery.

Before the bridge, Councillor J. W. Spooner addressed the gathering, mentioning the worthiness of the cause for which the bridge was being held, and complimenting the members of the W. I. for the splendid work they are doing. He also announced that another bridge party will be held in the near future.

Winners at bridge were as follows: Ladies, 1st, Mrs. V. Kerwin (donated by Modern Beauty Salon); 2nd, Mrs. P. Conway (donated by Harvey's Drug Store); consolation, Mrs. H. Parnell (donated by Sole Brothers). Gentlemen, 1st, Mr. Spencer (donated by the W. I.); 2nd, Mr. McClung (donated by O'rosser's Men's Wear); consolation, Mr. E. Clement (donated by United Cigar Store).

The presentation of prizes was made by Councillor Spooner, and a delicious lunch was served by the refreshments committee.

The war services committee of the Women's Institute is making plans for an old-time dance to be held at the Hollinger Hall on January 30th.

FREE! 1941