

LOVER WORTH WHILE

Lovely Lass—Derelict and the Precious Treasure Left in the Ship's Cabin.

By FLORENCE LILLIAN HENDERSON.

Melvin Warrington was a lover worth while. Strange things happen in this world at times that recall the age of chivalry. Romance is not entirely dead, and amid a quiet, everyday existence this superior young man suddenly found himself enmeshed in a labyrinth of daring and adventure well worthy of the knights of old.

It all came about in the most natural fashion. He loved Myra Evans—he, poor and ambitious. So did Rolfe Daniels—rich, selfish and an idler. Her father had borrowed all the money he could to fit out an expedition to Australia to import a new breed of sheep. The Lovely Lass was purchased, sailed away with her young brother in charge, was wrecked in a terrible storm at sea, and Lisle Evans came home crippled, a pauper and his health broken.

The worst of it was that when all hands were forced to abandon the Lovely Lass 350 miles west of the South American coast, in the rush and peril of the occasion Lisle had left in a certain box in a certain part of its cabin over \$20,000 in money to buy the ship with, and papers representing as much more. An abandoned derelict, the captain and crew gave her up for lost. The blow crushed the proud spirit of old Colonel Evans. He had mortgaged his home to fit out the venture. In some way Rolfe Daniels had secured the notes. He pressed payment. Ruin stared the Evans family in the face. It was then that Daniels proposed to cancel the obligation if Myra would become his wife.

A despairing father, a helpless brother, poverty ahead, not for a moment did the poor girl forget her lover, Melvin Warrington, but drooping daily, for the sake of her father she consented to make a great sacrifice. She spoke a last heart-broken farewell to Melvin. She was to marry the man of money in six months.

One day Lisle Evans called upon Melvin. There were tears in his eyes as he spoke of Myra. He deprecated the selfishness of his father. He sought some way out of the sacrifice that was destined to bring gloom and



Sailed Away.

despair into his life and that of poor, loyal Myra.

"Listen, Melvin," he said, "this marriage must never take place. I can do nothing in my condition, but you—if I show you a possible chance to save Myra, what would you say?"

"You know without asking," responded Melvin, with deep emotion. "I would give my life for her, for any member of her family.

"Then listen, my friend. I am satisfied that the Lovely Lass is still afloat," declared Lisle. "I feel certain that somewhere on the bosom of the broad Pacific she is knocking about, with that treasure, which means the salvation of our family, aboard. Lloyd's Register has printed her 'foundered,' but this marine obit was later changed to 'Abandoned at Sea.' January 12 a tramp schooner sighted her 600 miles west of Chili, and attempted to take her in tow. During February she was passed by six different ships. In March the French liner, Dubois, nearly ran into her during a night storm. She has become such a menace to navigation that the American Lloyds have posted notices for her destruction wherever found, else some fine night some big liner will smash into her, carrying down every soul on board."

"And since March?" inquired Melvin.

"Not a word regarding her until last month, when she was sighted 400 miles west of the Bolivian coast near the Djalmi islands, at which no ships stop on account of the unfriendliness of its savage population."

For two days Melvin Warrington re-flected over this interview. He studied maps, he consulted old sailors, then he made up his mind to devote all his money and time to scouring leagues of trackless ocean, to traverse thousands of weary miles to seek for the missing Lovely Lass and win back a fortune from the deep—and Myra Evans.

This is why, two months later, the deserted lover found himself the in-

mate of a hotel at Valparaiso. His little store of money was all but exhausted when he had chartered a small yacht. From close investigation Melvin had decided that the Lovely Lass, if afloat, was grounded in some of the numerous inlets of the Djalmi islands.

The day before the yacht sailed, a brisk, business appearing young man sought out Melvin.

"I learn you are going on a cruise to the Djalmi islands," he observed. "I will pay you \$500 to take me there and return."

Of course Melvin accepted the offer. He found his passenger, who called himself Hudson, decidedly reserved as to the motive of his strange voyage, however. He constantly carried a small satchel, and Melvin often wondered what it might contain.

When the yacht reached the Djalmi islands, Melvin ordered that it land him on the barren eastern coast of the largest of the group. This was done to evade the natives, who lived at the more fertile southern end. The Lovely Lass had been sighted about the center of the group of islands, to the west. To his surprise, when he left the yacht, Hudson accompanied him.

Neither disclosed his purpose in the curious jaunt. That day shortly after noon, while lining an impassable ravine, they came to a rude bamboo bridge. They had just traversed it, when a shower of darts rained about them, and half a hundred savages appeared in the distance.

"We are safe, so long as they cannot cross," observed Hudson. "I'll fix that."

He opened the satchel he carried so constantly, selected an oblong package, opened one end, and gave it a fling. In an instant the bridge was shattered to atoms.

"Dynamite," explained Hudson, and Melvin marveled more than ever at the eccentric comrade who went about loaded with the deadly explosive.

They camped that night near the west shore. At daybreak Melvin was on the move. He went along the shore, came to an inlet, and there, dismantled and lying on her beam ends, was—the Lovely Lass.

How his heart beat as he swam to the wreck and descended a water-logged cabin, to find the hiding place, and within it—the precious tin box!

Melvin came back to the deck with a cheer, the box thrust in his bosom. He glanced to glance ashore. There stood Hudson. He had just fired at the wreck one of his sticks of dynamite.

Just in time Melvin dove. A frightful crash sounded out. Even in the water he could feel the concussion. Coming up, he dove again, for the air was filled with hurtling splinters. He came ashore finally, to confront the astonished Hudson.

Then there were mutual explanations. Hudson was a special representative of the Lloyds of London, commissioned at any cost to destroy the derelict.

"One minute more inside that ship," shuddered Melvin, "and she would never have known my fate!"

"She," questioned Hudson, with his usual quaint, challenging smile.

"Yes, the sweetest, dearest, loveliest woman in the world!" replied Melvin, with fervor.

He knew that she was all his own three months later, when he handed to Colonel Evans the little tin box rescued from the Lovely Lass—derelict.

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DID MUMMY'S CURSE CAUSE THE TROUBLE?

Wild Story of Egyptian Relic Said to Have Finally Gone Down With the Titanic

Mr. Edgar Davies, photographer of the British Museum, tells a remarkable story of the fate of an Egyptian mummy which is said to have brought misfortune upon every person who had anything to do with it. "I was afraid of the mummied Priestess of the Sun," said Mr. Davies, "believe me or not, but do not scoff.

"About ten years ago a great English landowner brought the mummy from Egypt to adorn his hall. Report declared that of the mummy's five discoverers two had almost immediately lost their fortunes, one had suffered amputation of an arm, one had been blinded by an explosion and one met a mysterious death.

"Within six months the Englishman's fortune was lost on the stock exchange. Worried by misfortune, he grew nervous about the mummy and presented it to the British Museum. That week his luck changed. He is again a rich man. Within a month, of the four porters who carried the mummy into the Egyptian room, two were dead and one had broken his arms. I knew the men and their stories, but I laughed at the legend.

"It became my business to photograph the Priestess of Aman-Ra. The camera discovered that the mummy

SYMPATHETIC PASSENGER.

Every seat in the car was occupied when a group of women got in. Going through the car to collect fares, the conductor noticed a man who he thought was asleep.

"Wake up!" shouted the conductor. "I wasn't asleep," said the passenger. "Not asleep!" snapped the conductor. "Then what did you have your eyes closed for?"

"It was because of the crowding condition of the car," explained the passenger. "I hate to see women standing."

TALL STORY MATERIAL.

"Did Perkins have any luck on his fishing trip?"

"Enough to keep him in conversation for several weeks."

BALKED.

"How fast can your car go?"

"I asked of Stead."

"The dashed cops won't let me find out," he said.

REASONS ENOUGH.

The Minister—Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now?

Mackintosh—For three reasons, your honor. Firstly I dinna like yer theology; secondly I dinna like yer singing; and thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met ma wife.

SETTLED.

Village Expert (on the duration of the war)—Zome zes this, an' zome zes that an' tother, but wot I zes is—the realt ain't no knowing' an' no tellin', an' I b'aint far wrong neither.—Punch

THE "MALIGNANT MUMMY"

case was inscribed with a hoary curse. More surprising still, a photograph of that bland wooden face developed as that of a fierce, malignant woman. I laughed while I took that picture. A few weeks later I was blind.

"A clergyman who came to comfort me told this story of the Egyptian princess. He had taken 20 children into the museum, advising them not to tarry in the Egyptian room. But one little girl saucily stuck out her tongue at the malign mummy. Next day the child was armless from a motor accident.

"I could tell you fifty similar stories. There was no hiding the horror of such happenings. Attendants in the Egyptian department petitioned the museum trustees. Two of their number had died mysteriously since the arrival of the mummy. The rest lived in fear.

"To avert further catastrophes the Priestess of Aman-Ra—Divine Wife of the Sun—was carried into the museum cellar. A harmless copy took her place. Misfortunes ceased. The sight of one of my eyes came back so that I can distinguish light from darkness, but I cannot see to read. After three years of peace an American Egyptologist, studying in the museum, discovered the "fraud" and traced the missing mummy to the underground store rooms.

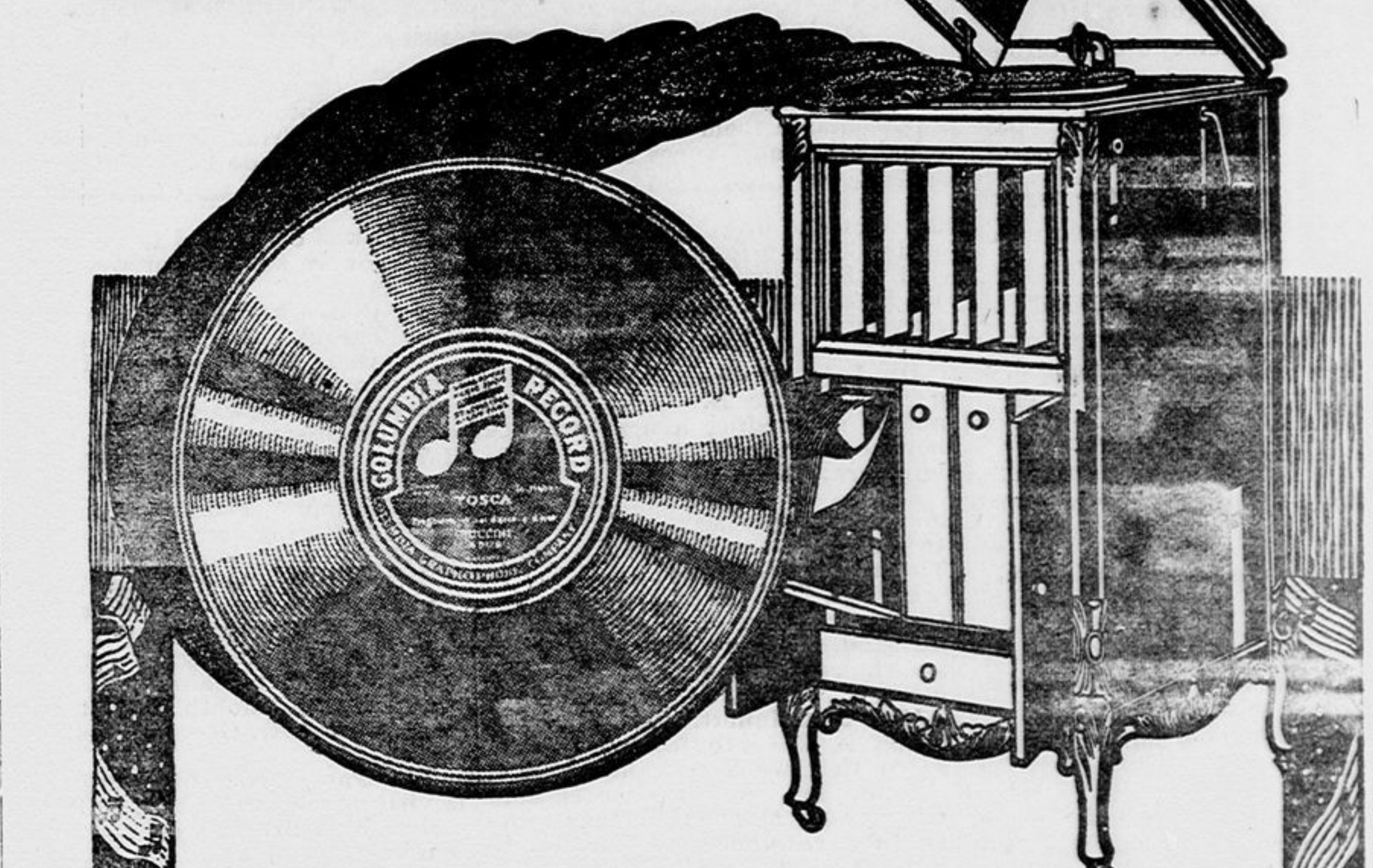
"He was eager to buy, the trustees were willing to sell. No packing was ever done more quickly. The mummy case had to be put on board ship secretly at night, for it looked like a casket.

"We are safe from her at last," said the master packer to me. "We were, though the worst was yet to come. For next day the Priestess of Aman-Ra left England on the steamship Titanic.

"Did the mummy's diabolic power bend the leviathan to its doom?"



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AT HER POST OF DUTY

Heroic Manner in Which Telegrapher Foiled Band of Train Robbers.

MARION LOWELL LIVINGSTON

"You are not afraid, Esther? Not a particle, Nettie. Why be? This is not my first duty here, you know."

"Yes, but at night, and all by self! I should think you would with lonesomeness."

"What! With your dear Paul to think of? Why, no, imagine it—he may be a peep on the very train I send speed the city at midnight."

Esther Manning mounted a ladder leading to the track half a mile from the nearest of a small scattered settlement.

Her father had been dispatched Tower 10 for fifteen years, and that in other employment was Central Northern. He was son of an invalid, and in one month he was due for honorable retirement the service and a pension, if happened to spoil his record. The past year, while not at school, his helpful daughter, had learned telegraphy and had farized herself with all the of her father's work. The night with its chill mists and treadmill system, had been ship to old Mr. Manning. He peculiarly indisposed this evening, and Esther had been acting as his substitute.

She was engaged to Paul who had been for a year in and was expected home duster had accompanied Esther tower, as noted. The latter till Bruce Vallette, the day was relieved by Esther. They walked away, leaving Esther her post of duty in the dusk.

Tower 10 commanded the west thirty miles to Lyons and east past the dangerous and trestles of the next section track inspection patrol reported that branch shortly after dusk Esther saw an accommodation to the east, and by nine o'freights in the opposite. Everything was now trim and



She Had Shot Out the Signal.

the schedules. She had only Flyer to take care of, due that crack train of the road went through clean as a whet. Esther had to look out for orders from either end of the line.

Esther saw that the wire phone was set for clear track a mile distant where the began was the east semaphore noted that the go-ahead wire showed. Some occasional went over the wires, but Tower 10 through the east.

"Now for a comfortable spell," reflected Esther; but ing spell merged into a re-then into a thinking pleasant to realize that she her duty and helping her was still more so to ant home coming of Paul Res had written a glowing success as a gold miner, comfortable nest egg. Esther to keep her eyes neat little cottage, big enot to shelter "father," as we selves.

Esther roused from her reverie with something. Very suddenly the trap floor was given a great from a man's strong should had taken the precaution. She heard a muffled edisappointment. Warned—ed—Esther sprang up, threw the tin shade over the operator's table.

She ran to the window down. It was just in the lurking form steal from base and sink over behin pens. Here he was join men. They seemed to c matedly. Two of them the ditch at the side of and started in the direct east semaphore. The stood half concealed by a filled with hay used in the Esther wondered what cious movements betot then she chanced to glan