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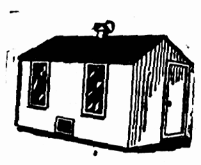

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NOTICE

A meeting of Progressive Conservative Electors, Kelly's Cross Poll, will be held in the School Hall, July 24th, 8:30 P. M. All interested please attend. Candidates will be present.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

Seven Sailed For Pleasure

By Graham Yorke

Moyra confessed what she had told Stephen about her own feelings earlier.

"I'm afraid I feel just like that, too," Lady Kitty murmured with her old shyness.

Sir Timothy looked around the table quickly.

"Where's Mrs de Boinville?" he demanded, and there was a tremor in his voice. "And Greatrix; where is he?"

The assembled company stared at their host with frightened eyes.

"Mrs. de Boinville is probably in her cabin . . scared by the storm," Stephen suggested, at the same time conscious that his suggestion lacked any conviction.

A steward was dispatched to the cabin and returned to say that Mrs. de Boinville was not there. It was doubtful whether she was on the yacht at all.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Sir Timothy, white-faced. "We've not been dreaming. We can't have been. That island did exist and Greatrix and Ursula de Boinville must have. . ." His voice trailed away in an agonizing whisper.

Ventriss broke the uncanny spell. "You're quite right, sir, Mrs. de Boinville left the yacht immediately after dinner to join her fellow conspirator, Claude Greatrix. They had planned a get-away for last night. If you will look in number one starboard lifeboat, sir, you will find a keg of fresh water and a supply of provisions. I discovered them this morning because that particular boat had received a nasty buffeting."

Silence descended over the breakfast table. It was a depressing, eerie silence, and Lady Kitty's eyes were suspiciously moist.

"It's terrible,' she whispered, "to think . . ."

"It's not worth thinking about Lady Kitty," Ventriss assured her. "Things like this happen, and who are we, poor puny mortals to question the wisdom of it?"

"Very well put, Ventriss," beamed Sir Timothy "All the same, it seems to me more like a dream than ever. I don't think I'll ever bring myself to believe that it's true, and we're going to have the devil of a job convincing the authorities that we've lost two members of our party."

"I shall make my official report, sir," said Ventriss. "Of course, it may get into the newspapers, and we're likely to let ourselves in for some publicity. That can't be helped, since we've been present at one of the world's most extraordinary vents."

Sir Timothy shuddered. "Let's have some more coffee," he suggested, "and this time I don't think a drop of rum in it would be amiss."

* * *

Later that day Stephen and Captain Ventriss found themselves summoned once more to Sir Timothy's private cabin.

The millionaire was still more subdued in his manner than usual.

"I'll be as brief as I can," he told them, "but there are one or two things that will have to be cleared up sooner or later, and I'd better start now. In the first place, about that box. We've heard that Greatrix suggested to Hylton that Moyra Winstanley, my private secretary is my daughter. I can only say, gentlemen, that I wish she were. Actually she's the daughter of a very old friend of mine who died in an epidemic of plague out East twenty-five years ago. His wife had died when the mite was barely twelve months old. He was a broken man after that, and once he had made arrangements for the infant to be properly cared for, he took a post somewhere in Manchuria. I think it was but before he went I promised that I'd look after the girl later in life when probably I could be a greater assistance to her.

"She doesn't know all the details I didn't want her to imagine that she was under an obligation to me. She's been with me now for seven years, and I'll be sorry to lose her."

Sir Timothy looked quickly at Stephen as he uttered the words.

"However, I've no intention of standing in her way. But to revert to my explanation. Greatrix, I suppose was a thoroughgoing bad lot. I never liked the man. Only invited him because Mrs. de Boinville persuaded me, and I suppose the pair of them were in collusion."

Secret Of The Box

"But why should Greatrix want your deed box?" Asked Stephen, unable to restrain himself.

"I can only think that he'd got hold of that story concerning my 'bigamous' marriage," said Sir Timothy. "Who told him the tale I can't imagine, and I suppose discovering that the box went with me wherever I went, and also that I was in the habit of taking it from the strong-room, at my bank every week must have convinced him he was on the right track.

"Of course, when I found him with my box open I'd no idea about this other complication. I thought only about my other papers in the box. You see, gentleman, that box contains a sheaf of weekly reports from my agents aboard regarding gold yields in certain mines in which I am heavily interested financially. The information is confidential to me, and if that information had been broadcast it might on occasions have caused a terrific slump in the price of shares in the various companies. That was what I wanted to avoid. You see, here are many thousands of small investors in these companies who would stand to lose heavily were the shares to slump even temporarily.

(To Be Continued)

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