

Southern Atlantic Legacy

BY SYDNEY PARKMAN

"Some time before mid-day," he told her. "And when we do get there, you'll realize just how pig-headedly wrong you've been. I would never have believed you could be so idiotically obstinate about anything as you have been about this. Just because you happen to like the way Malone...

The two negroes were squatting forward, smoking and talking. Diana turned to her father. "Woman! you are to be relieved for a bit?" she asked, and as he looked at her doubtfully, she added, a touch impatiently, "It's all right, you know. I'm not going to cry and get back or anything like that."

"I don't suppose you would," he returned, smiling at her. "You know the course—nor nor west, a half west. And if you see any signs of land, let me know at once. He rose stiffly to his feet and she took over the tiller from him and checked the course from the little binoculars. The Major stood for some time, staring out ahead under the foot of the mainmast, and then slowly descended to the cabin.

For the next half hour Diana remained at the wheel, the breeze blowing through her hair and an occasional drip of spray striking her cheeks in the hot sunshine. The noon was beautifully balanced, and she has no difficulty in holding to the course she had given. Forward, the two negroes kept up an intermittent, low-voiced conversation of which he could hear only an occasional word above the crisp sound of the tiller, and the steady hum of the trade wind. As far as she could see, the Major appeared to be studying the chart again on the cabin table, and she marvelled anew at his credulity in having embarked on this expedition on the word of this man Becker.

From what he had told her on the previous night, it seemed that this mysterious American had mysteriously set out to sow mistrust of the little priest in her father's mind at their first interview in Havana—an interview of which she had been completely unaware at the time. What the man's aim had been, she could not think, but it seemed to her that his interest in their affairs could not be ascribed to sheer altruism.

She fell to wondering what Toby and Father Maloney were doing about it now. They would have no idea of what had happened, and she pictured their consternation at finding that she and her father had vanished in this way. They would know of course that the absentees had gone out to sea in the sloop late at night, and they would probably imagine that some disaster had overtaken them. What else could they think in the circumstances? Probably they were even now searching the coast for the wreck of the sloop!

Her train of thought was interrupted by William Ewart Gladstone, who turned round suddenly and called out, "Dar's an' she's Miss! An' guess de Malshill want to know 'bout dat'!"

"Where is it?" she called back; he pointed out over the port bow. Diana leaned down and peered under the foot of the mainmast. At that moment the Major emerged hurriedly from the cabin. "What's that? Land?" he demanded, "Where is it?" "Off the port bow," she told him. "But I can't see... Yes, I can! There it is!"

"WHAT DO YOU SAY, NOW?" A vague yellow blur was showing in the distance across the blue waste of tumbling water—a blur which might easily have escaped Diana's notice had not her attention been called to it.

The Major stared hard at it for some moments, and then he turned to her with a light of excitement in his eyes. "That's it!" he declared. "That's San Domingo Island at the southern end of the Columbus Bank. But we ought to have it on the starboard bow. We've been heading up a little too much."

"Is that where we're making for?" Diana asked, half-impressed in spite of herself by his evident satisfaction. "No; but we get our bearings from here," he told her. "We should pass to the south of this, and when it's bearing due north from us, we alter course again. If I slacken off those jib sheets a bit, will you?"

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to the south of this, and when it's bearing due north from us, we alter course again. If I slacken off those jib sheets a bit, will you?"

"He was already painting off the main sheets as he spoke, and Diana put the helm up and brought the sloop on to a course which would bring the island on to her starboard bow."

"I'll take over again now," the Major told her as he made fast the sheets, and she relinquished the tiller to him and sat up on the coming of the cockpit.

"How much farther away is it now?" she asked after a few moments. With the wind on the quarter, the sloop was driving through the water at a good six knots, and already the island was beginning to assume a more definite shape against the blue of the sky.

"We pass San Domingo within a mile, and then alter course to north-west by west," he told her. "Our particular bay lies dead ahead then, at about six miles. We shall pass several others on the way—if we can see them. They're only a few feet above sea-level though, and the one we're looking for is slightly higher. About fifteen feet at its highest point."

"That's not much," she commented doubtfully. The sooner they arrived at the island they were seeking, the better she felt. She cherished no kind of hope that it would actually prove to be the site of her uncle's cache, but to miss it would be to prolong the search—and their subsequent return to Carbonara.

"It's sufficient, if we keep our course," her father told her confidently. "It's all your uncle had to see by. The only thing that's been worrying me is the tidal factor, but as I've made this landfall successfully, I've no doubt I can manage the rest easily enough."

They were within a couple of miles of San Domingo Island now and closing it rapidly. As far as Diana could see it appeared to be nothing more than a large mound of yellow sand, rising some thirty or forty feet above the surface of the sea, and she wondered why it had been thought necessary to endow it with such an imposing name.

In the course of the next ten minutes, Gladstone unexpectedly provided confirmation of the Major's theory. (To be Continued)

Today's Short Wave Radio Program (AD Time at Eastern Standard)

FRIDAY, JUNE 28 BERLIN 5:00 p.m.—Municipal Youth Singers. DUB. 13.20 meg., 19.7 m. 6:35 p.m.—Orchestra. Last: "Mephisto Waltz." HATS. 9.62 meg., 31.17 m.

LONDON 8:15 p.m.—"As the Black Dog." GSD, 11.75 meg., 25.5 m.; GSC, 9.58 meg., 31.2 m. 8:30 p.m.—Band Music by Toyama Military Band. JLESZ, 17.84 meg., 16.3 m.

ROME 8:40 p.m.—Request Selections. 2R03, 31.15 m.; 2R04, 25.40 m.; 2R06, 19.61 m.

Prince Street School Closing Today

Closing exercises for the Intermediate and Senior Grades of Prince Street School will be held this morning beginning at 10 o'clock.

The program today will consist of musical numbers and choruses and, of course, the awarding of certificates and prizes usual at this time of year. Mr. E. A. Foster of the Board of School Trustees will be Chairman of the proceedings. Musical items will be directed by Miss Lillian MacKenzie. The Junior program took place yesterday morning.

An invitation is extended to all parents and friends of the pupils to be present. Today's program follows: Opening chorus—"O Canada"—The School. Chorus—"Men of Harlech"—Grades 4 to 10.

Remarks by Chairman, Mr. E. A. Foster. Presentation of Awards to Grade IV. Song—"Golden Slumbers" (descent by Grades VI and VII)—Grades VI-X.

Presentation of awards to Grade V. Chorus—"Strawberry Fair"—Grades IV and V. Piano Duet. Presentation of awards to Grades VI and VII.

Two-Part Song—"Fairy Folk" (Handel)—Grades VII to X. Presentation of awards to Grade VIII. Chorus—"Rule, Britannia"—Grades IV to X.

Presentation of awards to Grade IX. Song—"Slumber, Dear Maid" (Handel)—Grades VIII to X. Piano Solo—Selected—Mary Bentley. Presentation of awards to Grade X. Chorus—"Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" (descant Grades IX and X)—Grades VI to X. God Save the King.

talk by Wickham Steed. GSC. 9.58 meg., 31.3 m. 11:30 p.m.—"Cretia's Gossip" in English. TPA. 11.72 meg., 23.6 m.; TPB. 11.84 meg., 23.33 m.; TPC. 9.82 meg., 31.51 m.

3:00 a.m.—English Period RV. 96. 15.34 meg., 19.7 m. MORE SCALLOPS FOR N.B. CATCH

SAINT JOHN, N.B.—(CP)—Discovery of new scallop beds off Charlotte County gave scallop fishermen reached an aggregate of 8,720 gallons, compared with 2,912 gallons in October-April, 1938-39.

PERFECT AUSTRALIAN.—Noise pests in this eastern Australian city are frogs. Citizens have petitioned Mr. Hill played Bonnet's "Song Without Words."

Marion Findlay Weds James Richardson of Charlottetown

(Guelp Mercury, June 22)

One of the loveliest weddings of the early summer season and one of wide social interest was solemnized Saturday afternoon at four o'clock in St. George's Anglican Church when Miss Marion Stephens Findlay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pattullo Findlay, became the bride of James Ernest Richardson, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Alexander Richardson, Halifax.

Venerable Archdeacon G. F. Scovell, rector of the church, officiated at the ceremony for which the altar and chancel were decorated with a profuse and graceful arrangement of pale pink peonies and blue anemones. Added interest was given to the occasion in that the wedding was held on the anniversary of the wedding day of the bride's parents.

While the guests were assembling in the church, the organist, Mr. L. Eugene Hill, Mus. Bach, A.R.C.O. played softly and when the strains of the Prelude from the third act of "Lohengrin" were heard, the bride entered the church on the arm of her father, who gave her the attractive young maid of the bride, fair-haired, with a frock of turquoise organdy figured in white. The full skirt fell in soft folds to the floor from a high, shirred waistline. The bodice was fashioned with a sweetheart neckline and long sleeves. The skirt, which fell in long folds, swept into a full, circular train. Her long veil of French tulle, which fell gracefully over the train of her gown, was caught to her head with a twisted bandeau of tulle, covering her face with a short veil. Her flowers were white roses and bouvardia in a cascade bouquet.

Her attractive young maid of honor, fair-haired, with a frock of turquoise organdy figured in white. The full skirt fell in soft folds to the floor from a high, shirred waistline. The bodice was fashioned with a sweetheart neckline and long sleeves. The skirt, which fell in long folds, swept into a full, circular train. Her long veil of French tulle, which fell gracefully over the train of her gown, was caught to her head with a twisted bandeau of tulle, covering her face with a short veil. Her flowers were white roses and bouvardia in a cascade bouquet.

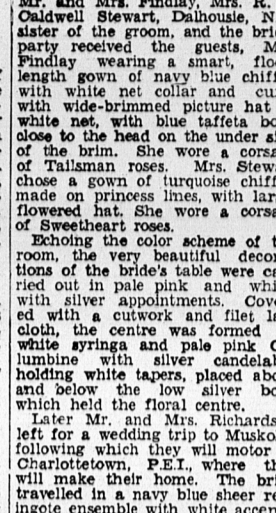
Miss Richardson, of Halifax, N.S., aunt in a gray lace gown with matched hat and corsage of Sweetheart roses; Mrs. Adam Ballantyne, Mrs. Percival Foster, Miss Marion Findlay, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Plaxton, Dr. and Mrs. Donald H. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ross, Mr. John Oldfield, Mr. Allen Nickson, Miss Mary Elizabeth Findlay, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Alfred Snyder and Miss Isabel Snyder, Waterloo; Mr. and Mrs. Newton Irwin and Master Donald Irwin, Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. Ted Bauland, London; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wright, Galt; Miss Flora Morrison, St. Catharines; Miss Margaret Davidson, Welland; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Adair, Welland.

MISS Helen Fleming and Miss Peggy Fleming, of Toronto; Mrs. Reg. Morris of Charlottetown; Mrs. Mrs. Stuart Snyder and Miss Mary Elizabeth Snyder, Miss Margaret Davidson, Montreal; Mrs. Burchell Ballantyne and the Misses Ballantyne, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Biglow and Miss Emily Biglow, Detroit; Mrs. Elizabeth Findlay, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Alfred Snyder and Miss Isabel Snyder, Waterloo; Mr. and Mrs. Newton Irwin and Master Donald Irwin, Windsor; Mr. and Mrs. Ted Bauland, London; Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wright, Galt; Miss Flora Morrison, St. Catharines; Miss Margaret Davidson, Welland; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Adair, Welland.

During the signing of the register Mr. Hill played Bonnet's "Song Without Words." A reception followed at the Country Club, of which Mr. Findlay is president this year. The lounge where the reception was held was decorated attractively with many pink and white peonies. Mr. and Mrs. Findlay, Mrs. R. D. Caldwell Stewart, Dalhousie, N.B., sister of the groom, and the bride party received the guests, Mrs. Findlay wearing a smart, floor-length gown of navy blue chiffon with white net collar and cuffs, with wide-brimmed picture hat in white net, with blue taffeta bows close to the head on the under side of the brim. She wore a corsage of Tallman roses. Mrs. Stewart chose a gown of turquoise chiffon made on princess lines, with large, flowered hat. She wore a corsage of Sweetheart roses.

Echoing the color scheme of the room, the very beautiful decorations of the bride's table were carried out in pale pink and white, with silver appointments. Covered with a cutwork and filet lace cloth, the centre was formed of white spring and pale pink flowers. The table was set with silver appointments. Covered with a cutwork and filet lace cloth, the centre was formed of white spring and pale pink flowers. The table was set with silver appointments.

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YEAH? SEE HOW TIGHT THIS DRUM IS? WELL, IT REMINDS ME OF MY TROUBLE. I CAN'T SWING HIGH WHEN I FEEL SO LOW



CONSTIPATION AGAIN? YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THAT, DON'T YOU? JUST NAME A CATHARTIC I HAVEN'T TAKEN, NAME ONE, EVEN, AND A LOT OF GOOD THEY DO

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LAST WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS 1. MILDRED MURRAY, Clyde River. 2. MRS. J. DAVIS, 220 Fitzroy Street, City. 3. MRS. LESLIE PROWSE, Charlottetown, R. R. 6 4. MRS. LESLIE BRYNTON, Winslow Station.

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HUMANE HOBBY Houston, has made a hobby of mending the broken bones and torn wings of wild birds. So far this year she has treated more than 30 patients.

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CONTEST RULES Any readers of the Charlottetown Guardian may participate. (Excluding employees of the Guardian Publishing Co., and members of their families.) It is important that each report shall be accompanied by a receipt from any one of the firms whose announcement appears in this contest. It is also important that you state on your entry which of these firms you wish to draw your prize from. All correct replies have equal chances of winning. The winning entries are drawn for and the prize will be awarded. The order in which they are drawn. All prizes are awarded in the form of orders on the advertisers indicated in the replies and are NOT TRANSFERABLE. All replies must reach this office not later than noon on Thursday. Send in as many replies as you wish but be sure to attach a self-addressed reply to each. Address all replies to CONTEST EDITOR Guardian Office Charlottetown