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NOTICE

Indian Oil Gusher on Way to Londonderry, N. S., to Prepare for Xmas

It has been noted that 15,000 Xmas trees have been sent to New York this year from New Brunswick, as a big demand will be needed, said the Indian Oil Gusher. Three of the main shipping places were McAdam, N. B., Edmunston, N. B., and up North. 1302-12-11M31.

(Sgd.) JENKINS & FRASER  
1265-12-10M41.

CAPTAIN BLOOD

A Romance of the Spanish Main

by RAFAEL SABATINI

Copyrighted, 1922 by Rafael Sabatini. "CAPTAIN BLOOD," a Vitagraph picture with J. Warren Kerrigan in the title role, is an adaptation of this thrilling novel.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

In answer, the half-caste pointed out beyond the frothing surf that marked the position of the reef constituting one of the stronghold's main defenses. Away beyond it, a mile or so distant, a sail was standing out to sea.

"There she go," he said. The Frenchman gazed and stared. The half-caste shrank terrified before his fury. "Then up anchor, and let us after the Dutchman," he cried.

"Steady, captain. What's that?" There was a restraining hand upon his shoulder, and the broad face of his lieutenant Cahusac, a burly, callous Breton scoundrel, was stolidly confronting him. "A Dutch brig!" said he. "Impossible! We should never be allowed."

"And what the devil will delay us?" Levasseur was between amazement and fury. "For one thing, there's your own crew will be none too willing. For another, there's Captain Blood."

"I care nothing for Captain Blood." "But it is necessary that you should. He has the power, the weight of metal and of men, and, if I know him at all, he'll sink us before he'll suffer interference with the Dutch. He has his own views of privateering, this Captain Blood as I warned you."

Cursing in his soul, and even before the anchor was weighed, the association into which he had entered, he was already studying ways of evasion. What Cahusac implied was true. Blood would never suffer violence to be done in his presence to a Dutchman. But it might be done in his absence; and, being done, Blood must perforce condone it, since it would then be too late to protest.

Within the hour the Arabella and La Foudre were beating out to sea together. Without understanding the change of plan involved, Captain Blood, nevertheless, accepted it, and weighed anchor before the appointed time upon perceiving his associate to do so.

All day the Dutch brig was in sight, though by evening she had dwindled to the merest speck on the northern horizon. The course prescribed for Blood and Levasseur lay eastward along the northern shores of the Arabelle continued to hold steadily throughout the night. When day broke again she was alone. La Foudre under cover of

the darkness had struck away to the northeast with every rag of canvas on her yards.

Cahusac had attempted yet again to protest against this.

"The devil take you," Levasseur had answered him. "A ship's a ship, be she Dutch or Spanish, and ships are our present need. That will suffice for the men."

Dawn found La Foudre close on the Dutchman's heels, not a mile astern, and the sight of her very evidently flustered the Jongvrouw. They sent a warning shot across her bow. The Jongvrouw veered, showed them her rudder, and opened fire with her stern chasers. The small shot, went whistling through La Foudre's shrouds with some slight damage to her canvas.

Five minutes after that they were board and board, the Jongvrouw held tight in the clutches of La Foudre's grappels, and the buccanniers pouring noisily into her waist.

The Dutchman's master, purple in the face, stood forward to beard the pirate, followed closely by an elegant, pale-faced young gentleman in whom Levasseur recognized his brother-in-law elect.

"Captain Levasseur, this is an outrage for which you shall be made to answer. What do you seek aboard my ship?"

"At first I sought only that which belongs to me, something of which I am being robbed. But since you chose war, I have opened fire on me with some damage to my ship and loss of life to five of my men, war it is, and your ship a prize of war."

From the quarter rail Mademoiselle d'Oregon looked down with glowing eyes in breathless wonder upon her well-beloved hero. Gloriously heroic he seemed as he stood towering there, masterful, audacious, beautiful. He saw her, and with a glad shout sprang towards her. The Dutch master got in his way with hands upheld to arrest his progress. Levasseur did not stay to argue with him; he was too impatient to reach his mistress. He swung the poleaxe that he carried, and the Dutchman went down in blood with a cloven skull. The eager lover stepped across the body and came on, his countenance joyously alight. But mademoiselle was shrinking now, in horror, in a bound her well-beloved was beside her. But she still shrank even within his embrace, which would not be denied; a look of dread had come to temper the normal arrogance of her almost perfect face.

"Why, why did you kill him?" He laughed as a hero should; and answered her heroically, with the tolerance of a god for the mortal to whom he condescends: "He stood between us. Let his death be a symbol, a warning. Let all who would stand between us mark it and beware."

It was so splendidly terrific, the gesture of it was so broad and fine and his magnetism so compelling, that she cast her silly tremors and yielded herself freely, intoxicated, to his fond embrace. Thereafter he swung her to his shoulder and stepping with ease beneath that burden, bore her in a sort of triumph, lustily cheered by his men, to the deck of his own ship. Her inconsiderate brother might have ruined that romantic scene but for the watchful Cahusac, who quietly tripped him up, and then trussed him like a fowl.

Thereafter, what time the Captain languished in his lady's smile within the cabin, Cahusac was dealing with the spoils of war. The Dutch crew was ordered into the longboat, and bidden go to the devil. Fortunately, as they numbered fewer than thirty, the longboat, although perilously overcrowded, could contain them. Next, Cahusac having inspected the cargo, put the quartermaster and a score of men aboard the Jongvrouw and left her to follow La Foudre, which he now headed south for the Leeward Islands.

The lady's brother was presently conducted to the cabin. The Captain rose to receive him, bending his stalwart height to avoid striking the cabin roof with his head. Mademoiselle rose, too. "Why this?" she asked Levasseur, pointing to her brother's pinioned wrists. "I deplore it," said he. "I desire it to end. Let M. d'Oregon give me his parole. . . ."

"I give you nothing." "Henri, this is foolish! You are not behaving as my brother, you are."

"Little fool! Don't you perceive your wicked folly in the harm it has brought already? Lives have been lost—men have died—that this monster might overtake you. And don't you yet realize where you stand—in the power of this beast of this cur born in a kennel and bred in thieving and murder?" He might have said more, but that Levasseur struck him across the mouth. Mademoiselle suppressed a scream, as the youth staggered back under the blow.

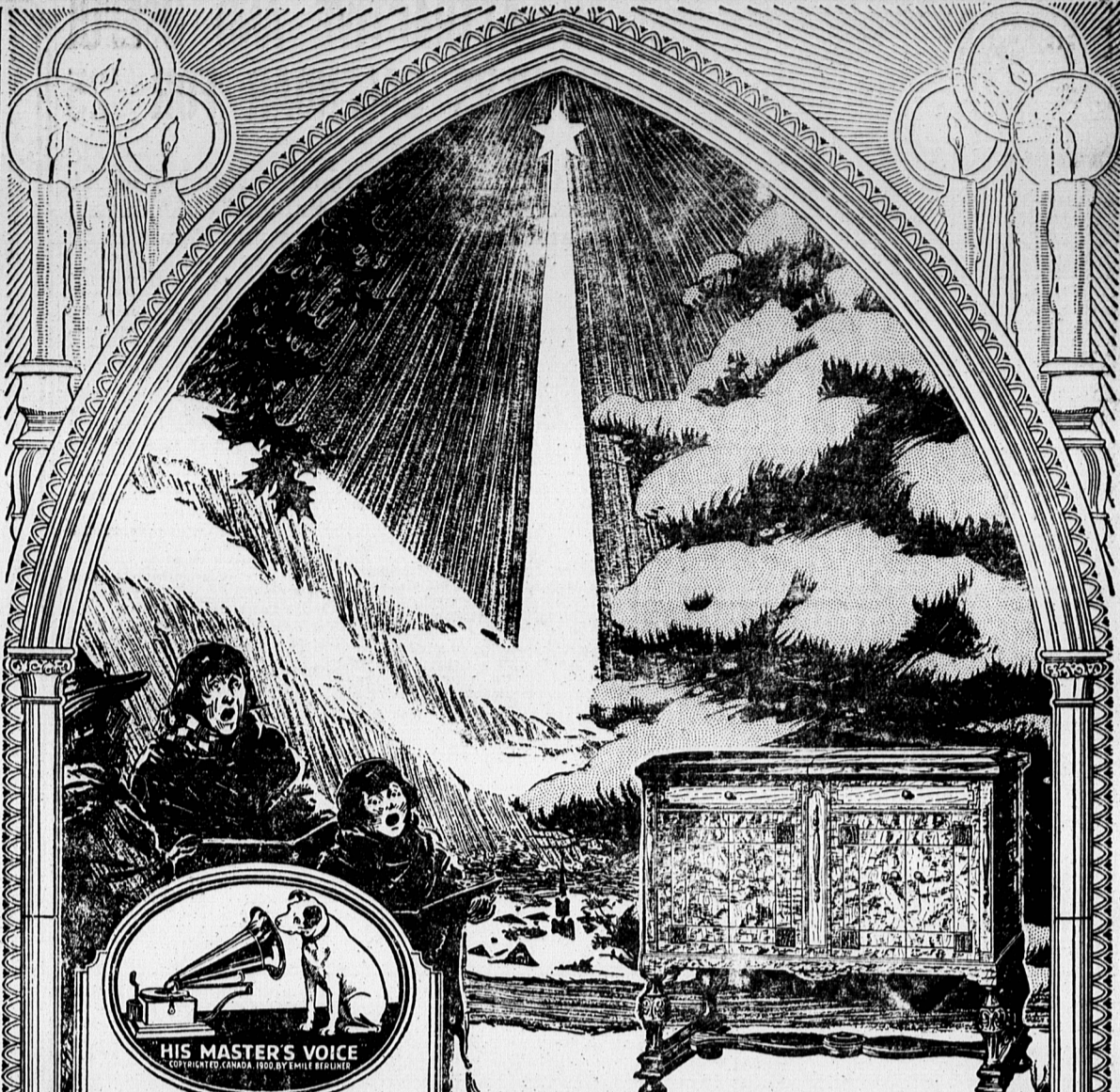
"You see," he said simply. "He strikes a man whose hands are bound."

(To be Continued)

Flattery corrupts both the receiver and giver.

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Most of the remodeled apartments that house the great army of business folk consist of little rooms which are appalling in their unlikeness to anything resembling a home. Lucky is she who can boast of a fireplace and who is fortunate that does not feel the need



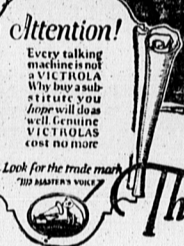
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Theatre of the Home

"His Master's Voice" Victrola

of at least a mantel for the clock. In a little restaurant famous for its hominess there is no such thing as a fireplace, but the hostess ingeniously contrived to put over the idea of one by constructing a mantel shelf for the old-fashioned clock and painting the wall beneath it to imitate bricks. It might not be advisable to do the brick trick but you can make a nice wide mantel shelf to accommodate the clock and candlesticks and any odd plates you might possess. They will repay you for your trouble by at once creating a homely look.

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etence west one hundred chains, thence south five chains, thence east one hundred chains, thence said Road, and thence north along the said Road to the place of commencement, containing fifty acres of land a little more or less, and is the land mentioned and identified in a certain Indenture of Quit Claim from certain of the heirs of John Lynn to James McKenna, bearing date the 16th day of March A.D. 1848, and is also the northern moi-

ety of one hundred acres of land leased on the 15th day of May, A.D. 1843, by the Reverend John McDonald to the aforesaid John Lynn, principal and interest secured thereby. For further particulars apply to McLean & McKinnon, Solicitors, Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Dated this 26th day of November, A. D. 1924. ELIZABETH McKAY WARES Mortgagee

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V. SCROOGE AS A BOY

(Drawing: Same as title). Scrooge, with the Spirit of Christmas Past, saw a boy all alone in a school room, when the other fellows had gone home for the Christmas Holidays. The boy was crying and so was Scrooge because he knew that the boy was his very own self many years ago. But a little girl came into the school room and wrapped her arms around the lonely boy, it was Scrooge's little sister, Fan, dead these many years. She had come to bring her brother home for Christmas—and it had been such a merry Christmas.

"Take me away, Spirit," pleaded Scrooge. But the Spirit took him along the long road of his past, for years and years, finally bringing him back home, where Scrooge immediately fell asleep. He waked up in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore and knew without even looking that the clock was just about to strike ONE again and that he had slept twenty-four more hours. He was right, the clock did strike one and Scrooge waited, with his knees knocking together. (What made his knees knock? Read tomorrow's scene; At tells.) (Copyright, 1924)



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