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### Slow Boat From Marcellis

By Michael Hastings  
continued

As he left the saloon, the warning bell was sounded for the incoming watch. He went up to the bridge and found Captain Zakas walking slowly up and down. "Everything in order down below?" Zakas asked.

"Yes, sir. We're giving the passengers a meal—and they will probably go to bed after that."

"Best place for them," said Zakas. "We do not want them on deck."

"Dr. Rutter has told them that they are to remain below."

Zakas nodded. "It is your watch?" It was more a question than a statement.

"Yes, sir."

"I will take her out. It will be sufficient if you relieve me in an hour's time."

"Very good, sir."

Zakas turned away, and Oliver accepted this as a dismissal. He went from the bridge and down into the forward well deck. Some of the crew—presumably the watch due for duty—were assembled there. In the dim light they were little more than a collection of shadows—with two exceptions. One was Connor, who was standing with one foot placed on the hatch. The other was a man named Luis, an awkward, lanky creature. Watching him during the day, Oliver had realized that there was considerable strength in his arms and legs.

He was standing under a solitary light, like an actor upon a stage.

"The perfect gentleman—that is the new first mate!" he cried. "So much the ladies' man." With an exaggerated politeness he tripped forward a few paces and gave a mock bow. "Permit me, mademoiselle," he said. And he made the motion of taking up a case, holding it with extreme delicacy.

From the shadows came peals of laughter, and there was a bull-like roar of amusement from Connor.

So far, Oliver had remained unnoticed. He wondered whether to fight down his anger and slip away. But the next second it was too late for such discretion. Connor turned and saw that he was standing there.

For a moment Connor hesitated. The he said, "We was just having a little entertainment, sir."

"I saw," said Oliver. His voice was sharp, efficient. He moved into the small area of the light. Luis backed away a little, then, encouraged by murmurs from the darkness, edged forward again.

Then there was silence, made heavy with the tension of waiting.

"Are you as good a fighter as you are an actor?" Oliver asked. His voice was quietly menacing.

A cunning gleam came in Luis's eyes.

"It's mutiny to strike an officer," he grunted.

"Then we'll forget I'm an officer. This will help you to remove the idea from your mind."

Oliver's left hand moved out swiftly and gave Luis a sharp slap on the side of the face. For a moment the seaman stood there glaring at him with sudden rage. Then he leapt forward with all the fury of an angered bull. Oliver side-stepped and Luis floundered past him.

Luis spun round and came back. This time he was ready for Oliver to dodge. But Oliver did no such thing. He made a weak motion with his useless right and crashed home with his left. Luis, who warded the first blow, never saw the second. He went down like a log.

A peculiar mass sigh came from the darkness. It might have been admiration—or disappointment.

Oliver turned quietly to Connor, who was still staring down at the fallen Luis.

"Is the watch ready for duty?" he asked crisply.

Connor shook himself, as though to dispel the cobwebs of a dream. "All except one, sir," he said. He moved quickly and prodded Luis with his boot. "Get up—you," he said. There was a note of contempt in his voice. Oliver went past him and climbed to the upper deck.

### IN THE ATLANTIC

Mediterranean blue gave way to Atlantic grey. The passage became rougher and the ship's lurching grew more noticeable. Although the weather was not truly bad, the skies formed a heavy, colourless blanket which barred the sun.

The restriction on the passengers were removed. Before they had only been permitted to come up on deck in the early hours of the morning, or at dusk. Now, they were permitted to come up as they pleased.

At first they were eager to experience this new freedom; but only the most hardy remained. They did not possess good clothing and the wind was searching.

Oliver saw little of them. One, the young Pole named Jan Kiera, talked with him for a little time on deck one night.

"The weather—it is not going to be good, sir?" he asked.

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"It isn't too promising at the moment."

"I am not surprised that the sea does not want us," Jan said bitterly. "Probably it knows that the land rejected us. It can be no recommendation."

"You'll be surprised how it will improve later on," Oliver said briskly.

He did not particularly wish to talk with Jan—or with most of the others. It was the girl who interested him. He was disappointed because he saw so little of her. She and her father were privileged in that the restrictions did not apply to them. But they rarely came on deck. Once, she smiled at him. And once she gave a slight wave from a distance. That was all.

He was puzzled, both about her and her father. It was their rivalry on board which had upset all his theories. He was forced to go back to the beginning. It was obvious that M. Milany and his daughter could not be engaged in any sinister purpose. The more he thought of Vanya, the more certain he became that she could not be involved in anything criminal. Yet—on the other hand—they could scarcely be partners in the game like the other passengers. They were on friendly terms with Dr. Rutter.

That implied that Dr. Rutter was not involved. Was Dr. Prinz, then, deceiving him? And that, too, he had to dismiss as an unlikely thing. For Dr. Prinz was deferential to Dr. Rutter, and obviously regarded him with great respect.

It was a baffling problem. If only there would be a chance of talking to the girl! And it came unexpectedly. He had just come down from the afternoon watch, and found her alone on deck. With a smile of pleasure he hurried towards her.

"There has been little chance of speaking to you," he began. She put a hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said, with a smile. "And it probably seems ungracious. You looked after us so well when we came aboard."

"That was nothing," he assured her. "But I did wonder if you found everything—as comfortable as possible."

(To be continued)

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### Chancery Sale

OF Farm on the West side of Colville Road in Lot Thirty-one in Queen's County, being the lands of the late John A. MacLeod.

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to the Order of the Court of Chancery, made in the Vice-Chancellor's Court thereof on the 3rd day of October, 1950, in a suit therein pending between LENA YOUNKER, Administratrix as Complainant, and GORDON R. HOLMES, Committee, and Others as Defendants, number 670, there will be set up and sold by Public Auction on the premises aforesaid on THURSDAY THE 19th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1950, AT THE HOUR OF 2:00 O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

All that tract, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in Lot 31 in Queen's County, bounded and described as follows: COMMENCING on the West side of the Colville Road, at the Northeast angle of a plot of land in possession of Angus MacLeod, thence West seventy-eight chains or to the West possession of John R. MacDonald, thence North nine Chains, thence East to the said Road, thence Southwest along the said road to the place of Commencement, containing seventy-seven acres of land a little more or less.

The above lands will be sold free and discharged from all encumbrances.

DATED this 4th day of October, 1950.

Such sale shall be subjected to the approval of the Court of Chancery.

R. H. ROGERS,  
Master in Chancery.  
GERALD R. FOSTER,  
Complainant's Solicitor.  
W. H. BEATON,  
Auctioneer

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