CABLE ADDRESS: LASCELLES, JAMAICA
LASCELLES, DE MERCADO & CO., LTD.
FOR SUGAR & RUM.

S.S. "BLAIR ATHOL" LOADING SUGAR AT LASCELLES, DE MERCADO & CO., LTD.'S WHARF.

LASCELLES, DE MERCADO & CO., LTD.
LASCELLES BUILDING. KINGSTON. JAMAICA.

"DO YOU STIPULATE JAMAICA-MADE?"

EXCELSIOR BRAND
BISCUITS

IF YOU WANT THE BEST BISCUITS, YOU MUST HAVE
JAMAICA MADE BISCUITS.

THE JAMAICA BISCUIT COMPANY, LIMITED,
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-GRADE BISCUITS.
LADY WILLINGDON, whose portrait adorns this page of Planters' Punch, came to Jamaica a stranger in January of 1920. She was a friend of many, who will always think warmly of her. By everyone she is regarded as one of the most charming women who have ever visited this country. A great lady, and so natural in manner, so genuine in her treatment of others, so unaffected, that she wins friendship and admiration spontaneously; exactly a woman born to accomplish much in the exalted position she occupies. As wife of the Governor of Bombay, the Governor of Madras, and the Governor-General of Canada, she has had great opportunities of meeting and influencing men of very different dispositions whose amicability might mean much to the smooth working of an Administration and to the strengthening of the ties that bind an outside Empire to a Mother Country. In a position such as she occupies mistakes might be fatal. A casual disregard of others, haughtiness, even a temperament disinclination to mix much with men and women might have consequences of an unpleasant character. A helpmeet who wins unpopularity or, at best, is regarded with but lukewarm feelings, is a handicap to anyone in public life; trebly so must she be to one to whom is entrusted the delicate diplomatic task of pleasing with dignity the elected leaders of a country, men of every temperament, of differing views, and of diverse attitudes of mind. She can be no recluse. She must be in the public eye continually; in her relations with others she must not show condescension or restraint. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" beats also upon a vice-regal chair and everything stands revealed. In that light Lady Willingdon lives as the wife of the Governor-General of Canada, and questioning eyes in that Dominion would soon have discovered her unfitness for the part she was called upon to play had there been such unfitness. But she has triumphantly passed that test, and when she visited the West Indies last winter she achieved fresh triumphs. Informally, unofficially, she was an Ambassador of Canada to these parts of the British world, and on her return to Canada she became, in a manner of speaking, the Ambassador of these West Indies to the Great Dominion. For rest and change came Lord and Lady Willingdon to the West Indies: that was the reason publicly given for their visit. And change they had in plenty, but of rest there was little or none. They came to work. They came to work for Canada; for the Empire of which Canada is a part, and for the West Indies as well as for Canada. Lady Willingdon made many a friend for Canada here. Let us now glance at what she has been doing for the West Indies since her return to Ottawa.

Again and again it has been mentioned in the Canadian papers that she has distributed presents of West Indian fruit and other products to well-known people in Canada, people who can help to promote West Indian trade with that country, and it needs no emphasis to impress it on anyone that gifts of this kind from the lady of the Governor-General have a hundred times the significance and subsequent consequences of similar gifts sent from Jamaica or from some other person resident in Canada. Let us not deceive ourselves. Whatever else democracy may mean, it does not mean a bringing down, in the minds of the democracy, of everyone to a common level. No form of social or political organisation can obliterate the natural feeling of human beings; position will always count, especially when position is reinforced by personality. In a way, personality makes position; prestige is the result not only of high place but also of character: a monitory on a throne will count for little as compared with a personage who must be respected for his or her ability and personal appeal. The two in combination, position and personality, are well-nigh irresistible; hence when a woman like Lady Willingdon sets herself to be what we have called an Ambassador for these West Indies to Canada, with the view of popularising the West Indies in the Dominion, the result must eventually
be far-reaching and beneficial. Her effort, too, marks a new phase of activity, a phase unexpected and perhaps not yet clearly realised even by herself as, in its way, a remarkable innovation.

The world is well accustomed to women playing a part in political affairs. Great ladies of England and France did not need the suffrage to exercise a remarkable influence – they had their drawing rooms. There they could meet the political friends of their husbands and of their husbands’ parties, and renew loyalties that may have begun to waver, and strengthen existing devotion to men and causes. There they could be gracious to those who counted in the fields of finance or art or science, for the favour and support of these were always well worth securing. How Lady Palmerston worked for her husband is told in Guedalla’s life of the famous Victorian statesman; how women aided Darnely in his marvellous career, Andre Maurois has indicated to us. Women have always swayed men and influenced the course of events, mainly indirectly. But we at least have never heard before of any great lady endeavouring to increase the commercial intercourse between any two parts of any Empire by the simple but very charming and effective method of selling the products of one country to people in the other country who were likely to be potent factors in the development of trade.

Trade was once looked upon as beneath the attention of the upper classes of the European countries; it was regarded as something sordid. The sword was the symbol of mastery and power; the sword and ownership of land; then learning won to a high regard when connected with the ecclesiastical or legal powers, and then high finance. It was long before the merchant gained respect; the trader was too often thought and spoken of as a humdrum. There has been a change, a rapid and decisive change, and now the ablest brains of a country may be devoted to trade development, and the very best brains to increasing commerce between nations. An Ambassador thinks not only of the political relations of his country with the Government to which he is accredited. He thinks of the trade interests of his country also, though he may never speak of them. He knows how all important these are in these strenuous, competitive times. But that a great lady not connected with trade should think of it, and make an effort to promote it between two countries, is something new, something over which one may well pause for a moment. Even if the act be but a kindly one, a momentary gesture of friendliness, it means something. But this distribution of West Indian products in Canada by Lady Willingdon, in the form of presents, was not the outcome of a mere impulse; or, if it was, it almost immediately became a fine and thoughtful policy. It was deliberately meant to aid and benefit, it represented a contribution to the endeavour to draw Canada and the British West Indies more closely together in commercial relationships, to render them more helpful to one another and more dependent on each other. For this, for this alone, Lady Willingdon deserves to be remembered in our West Indian story.

LADY Willingdon strikes those who have had the pleasure of meeting her as having always been a sportswoman, a woman of the field as well as of the salon, one who has loved open-air life and healthy sports as well as the witty persiflage of drawing rooms and the exhilarating movement of the dance. She has a quick intelligence; bright, she has always been in temperance as well as brain, a dispeller of dullness. Had fate decreed that she should have become a member of Parliament in the British House of Commons, she would have spoken there incisively, every word distinct, and with perfect self-possession. Had she been made the head of a State department, she would have managed it with energy, with efficiency, and she would have defended it against its critics with gusto. She was born to be something in the world. She must have arisen to influence. She has done so, and her influence has perhaps been greater as the wife of a British Administrator who has served his country in different parts of the world than it might have been in any other sphere. Perhaps, after all, most of us are given in life the work we are best fitted to do.

LADY Willingdon is, of course, English born and bred; but in Canada, and out of Canada, she is very much a Canadian. It has sometimes been said that the English are not adaptable. That depends entirely on the sort of English, on the individual. Generalisations, carried too far, are usefully misleading; they may become mere negations of truth. The English nation has produced every type; the “nation of shopkeepers” has Shakespeare and Shelley and Wordsworth to its credit; it lost the American Colonies over a century ago, but in our day it has managed to keep Ireland within the Empire. Nearly a hundred years since, too, it might have lost Canada: there was a movement, a rebellion there in which an American mother, Mrs. Holgate, lives at Serge Island, in St. Thomas, and is a very popular figure in the social life of Jamaica.
THE women of Canada must greatly appreciate her; her frankness, her brightness, her democratic manner which never degenerates into familiarity or invites disrespect, which never is dissociated from a simple, natural dignity. From one end of Canada to another we meet with charming women, ladies accustomed to presence and to the giving of a boundless hospitality. They are the stars of the social firmament of their country, and they are many. They are the wives and sisters and daughters of men eminent in the Canadian political, business and professional world; of women whose thought and activities have a considerable effect upon the rest of their countrymen. These women regard Lady Willingdon with admiration and liking; they know that she does not look down upon them, condescendingly as "mere colonials," but rather thinks of herself as one of them: the chief of them, inevitably, but identified with them as one who must think of Canada as a country near and dear to her heart.

That she should be chief amongst them, the first lady of the land, they do not resent; indeed they are pleased that it should be so, for they realise that, apart altogether from being the wife of the Governor-General, she has merits which entitle her to conspicuous distinction. They are not levelers, these women of Canada. And they are very loyal to the British connection. Now that there is woman suffrage in Canada that connection is strengthened, as everyone who knows Canada and the Canadians will admit. And unconsciously but constantly strengthening the affection of the Canadian women for England is the woman who, born and brought up in England, is also a Canadian today through her loyalties, her spirit of patriotism and her natural disposition. Hers is a memorable and enduring achievement.

WHAT one gifted woman can accomplish in a large country may, to a certain extent, be accomplished also by other women with lesser opportunities and a different position in smaller countries. That is to say, women anywhere, outside of their own country, may make many friends for their country. They may also make enemies if so inclined. The choice is theirs: having for the most part no official position they are free to choose as those who must think of consequences: some of them, however, always realise their opportunity for usefulness and take it as a sort of high responsibility. Of such is the salt of the earth.

Canada is now reaching out into the West Indies and also elsewhere; and, though but few, Canadians are to be found in many countries. What appeal do they make to the people, what is the latter's reaction to them? That question each country must answer for itself.

Jamaica's answer is a compliment to the Canadian women resident here.

At no time have they been many; but the probabilities are that they will increase in number in the future. For with an increasing, by closer business relationship between Jamaica and Canada there will be more personal intercourse, and more Canadians will settle in Jamaica. The Canadian ladies who are now here and who have been here in the past have quickly and easily become members of the community, making friends among the other residents, taking part in the colony's social life, and interest in the colony's progress. They are never like strangers in a strange land. There that one goes on to like Canadians, and it must be said that the Canadian ladies in Jamaica help wonderfully to bring about this sequence. They too are doing their share for their country. In the future they will walk more consciously in the path that Lady Willingdon has indicated.

In this connection one also thinks of other Canadian ladies, visitors to the island, to the West Indies generally. One can easily imagine these coming in larger and larger numbers to these islands for a winter vacation, for Canada has no California or Florida as, has the United States, and it will probably come about that Canadians, and the women especially, will like to think that they may go to live for some weeks in the year in countries connected with Canada and under the British flag.

It is certain that if the West Indies were a part of Canada there would be a great influx, not merely of tourists, but of winter residents from Canada. These would build bungalows in the higher parts of Jamaica and Trinidad, and particularly Jamaica, or would rent bungalows which would spring into existence in obedience to the new demand. There is not likely to be any political relationship, but that, as a matter of fact, does not change the situation in reality. For the necessary nexus between the two countries, between Canada and the West Indies to the south, already exists; if Canadians need a land for wintering (as they do), a healthy bit of the tropics, it is here to welcome them. The women of Canada will realise this after they have begun to come as tourists; from taking a brief trip down to Jamaica and stopping for a few days at a hotel, they will in all likelihood begin to think of these tropics as lands for a longer residence.

THERE better-off women of Canada, in a word, may do a great deal in their own way to aid in the development of Jamaica and the West Indies along certain lines; and they will have their reward. We have known most of the Canadian ladies who have been residents in Jamaica, and we have known of none who has not been sorry to leave the island when the time came for her to go, and of none still here who is sorry that she must be here. These ladies enjoy a bright and happy time in genial surroundings; and if it is so with those who make Jamaica their home for a season, it will certainly be so too with those who in the future will come down for the winter. Mrs. Black, who has her home at Wilcombe in St. Andrew, Mrs. Wainwright, who lives and has lived for years in St. Andrew, Mrs. Holmes, whose place is in St. Thomas, Mrs. Alexander, who only a few months ago returned to Canada—all these have developed a love for Jamaica which speaks much for the country's attraction and appeal. Others will do likewise in time.
Co-operation—Canada and Jamaica

V. W. W. Lidington, who visited these West Indies in the winter of 1929-30, exercised, it is admitted, in all the colonies, a quelling influence on the relations existing between the West Indies and the Dominion of Canada.

Taking the West Indies as part of the British Empire, and Canada as another, it may be said that politically their connection remains what it has always been, and there is no sign of any early change. Some years ago there was talk of a political bond between the two, and more recently that talk has been renewed, but the suggestion has never been regarded very seriously either in Canada or in the British West Indies. A nexus already exists, that is the common allegiance of both to the British Crown. On the other hand Canada is a Dominion and the West Indies (with British Guiana, the Bahamas and the rest) are colonies at various stages of political development. They could not become more colonies of Canada; so much is certain. But they have not yet reached the stage where they could demand equality with the provinces of Canada in any federal arrangement, and with less they would hardly be content.

Yet a desire long obtained on both sides for a closer connection, which desire was eventually fulfilled by the establishment of trade relations on a special basis, relations which made for the closer cooperation and development of harmonies in intercourse between the two. And so, during the last couple of decades, and especially during the last decade, we have seen the Dominion and the West Indies working together to increase the trade, commerce and business between them both, and that endeavour has been stimulated and encouraged by the tour made recently by the Governor-General of Canada, who, in a manner of speaking, was the emissary from the Dominion to come to visit these West Indies.

Jamaica was a good deal the United States of America, but little on the whole about the Dominion of Canada. The influences were the northward to the north of the American Continent, and, until lately, could only be conveniently reached through the United States. It is a cold country for the most part of the year; it is still chiefly an agricultural country; it has never been offered to intelligent Jamaican opportunities of employment such as have been afforded by the booming American urban centres. So when the Jamaican moved "north" it was to the United States that he went, and even now that is still true. There are thousands of Jamaicans in New York and Boston as contrasted with the scores that may be found in Toronto and Montreal. In Jamaica the largest agricultural and fruit trading organisations are American, and they have done great things to develop the country. There is consequently in Jamaica a very friendly feeling for America, and it will and should endure. But it does not and ought not to conflict with the developing friendliness between Canada and Jamaica, a friendliness which Viscount Willingham has done so much to stimulate.

Both countries are members of the British Empire, and that circumstance alone influences them. Each has something to offer to the other which, otherwise, they must obtain from stranpers. Both, too, want to see the Empire more interdependent, more closely linked by the means of interposing the Empire spirit continually vigorous and self-conscious. Canada, which aims at being a great country with manufactures and agriculture, second to none within the Empire, has also been the first to recognise the value of such a strong community of interest and of sentiment within the Empire: it was Canada which first granted a preference to English products entering the Canadian market, and which subsequently promoted preferential trading between herself and the West Indies. For years she gave a preference to Jamaica, with no return, for it was only in 1926 that Jamaica decided to reciprocate. Jamaica would not be forced or hurried into preferential relations, and Canada was wisely patient. She waited until she felt that in this island she should become convinced of the advantage of definite tariff arrangements with the other, even while she gave to Jamaica the same market that she allowed to colonies which admitted her goods on a preferential basis. Her wisdom has been justified. Jamaica has become a party to the Canada-West Indies Trade Treaty, with practical unanimity; and the step having once been taken, there is shown no regret and no reluctance at its continuance. This marks an advance in the relations between Canada and the British West Indies.

But though Jamaica has been trading on a larger and larger scale with Canada, there has on the whole been little personal contact between the two countries. To reach one another, directly good travelling accommodation was needed, but this was not provided until a couple of years ago. It was then that the Canadian Government launched its new fleet of passenger and fruit steamers, the Lady Lindsay, the two finest steamers now regularly plying between Ja-
Indies was now the question, and this question Lord Willingdon himself stressed when in Jamaica. So from some of the leading spirits connected with the Canadian National Railway and Steamship Company of Canada (a Government organisation) came the suggestion that Jamaica and Canada should cooperate in building a first-class hotel at Constant Spring, where for many years, until it was destroyed by fire, a first-class hotel had existed.

All over Canada the Canadian National Railway owns and operates passenger trains, as does the Canadian Pacific Railway. This Jamaican hostel was not owned by the Canadian National; however, but was to be fostered by it, in that the ships of the Lady Line would bring down tourists for it and it should receive publicity through the agency of the railway.

A proposition was put before the Jamaican Government; the latter was to guarantee two-fifths of the money required for the construction of the new hotel, the rest being provided by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Jamaican government agreed, and, in a noble gesture, with one of the finest golf links to be found anywhere, the hotel stood, a monument to the closer connection between Canada and Jamaica. While it is one of the chains of hotels operated by the United Hotels of America, which has many of these hostels in Canada, it must not be forgotten that the idea of its building in Jamaica, that Canadian capital is invested in it, and that only because it was certain that the Canadian enterprise did the Jamaican Government consent to give it the appreciable financial support.

And always when a country, before Governments stepped in private individuals and corporations were at work establishing trade and commercial relations between Canada and Jamaica. Before the Governments saw the opportunities that Jamaica offered to Canadian enterprise, and Canada offered to Jamaican products, the business men had perceived them and had set to work to exploit them. For while for the full development of ordinary trade a measure of preference was necessary, all that was needed by Canadians in other directions was energy and intelligence and capital. It required no elaborate trade agreements, with the preliminary negotiations, to enable Canadians to establish in Jamaican branches of their banks and of their insurance companies, or to provide Kingston with an electric tramway system, and to take over and extend considerably the electric lighting of the capital of St. Andrew. All this could be done by private enterprise.

Banking, insurance, and electrification generally, are amongst the leading undertakings of Canada. A new and rapidly growing country calls for money, for loans, and these are what the banks are organised to supply. Canada is a country of banks, as anyone who has visited its cities is so well aware. It is also a country of insurance companies, and these too lend out money on interest for the promotion of various enterprises, and thus, to a certain extent, perform some of the functions of a bank. Consequently, with the awakening of Canadian interest in the West Indies, we soon saw the Canadians setting up branches of their banks in Jamaica.

There was once only the Colonial (now Barclays) Bank in Jamaica, operating as a private organisation. Then came the Bank of Nova Scotia, the Royal Bank of Canada, the Canadian Bank of Commerce. The Bank of Montreal is also represented here, for Barclays Bank is connected with it and transacts its business in Jamaica.

Now when the second Canadian Bank opened a branch in Kingston, hundreds of persons sat all over that there was no room for it. They said that it could attract no adequate volume of business. And when the third Canadian Bank was instituted in Kingston, it was confidently predicted that it must shortly close its doors. What has actually happened is that all the banks operating in Jamaica have been steadily and even rapidly extending their business; they are all firmly established; they all look towards the future with confidence.

The truth is that their chiefs, in the days when the question of opening branches in Jamaica was being considered, took the view that the island was certain to develop, that its trade and its importance would grow as surely as the population would, and that those who came in early enough would hold
MR. G. C. WAINWRIGHT, OF CANADA
Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Kingston, Jamaica

MR. F. W. FRASER, OF CANADA
Canadian Trade Commissioner in Jamaica

MR. W. A. CLARKE, OF CANADA
Manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, Kingston, Jamaica

MR. NOEL B. LIVINGSTON, OF JAMAICA
Local representative of The North American Life Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada

MR. A. E. NORCROSS, OF CANADA
Visiting representative of the Royal Securities Ltd., the resident representatives of which are Mintoff and Hart

MR. HAROLD V. ALEXANDER, OF JAMAICA
Local representative of The North American Life Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada

MR. KENNETH M. COCKING, OF JAMAICA
Local representative of the Canadian Agencies Ltd.

MR. GERALD A. L. MAIR, OF JAMAICA
Local representative of the Dominion Life Insurance Company of Canada

MR. FRANK L. CASSERLY, OF JAMAICA
Assistant Canadian Trade Commissioner in Jamaica
the financial fort later on. They took, in a word, the characteristic Canadian view of a country which produced articles for which, there was every reason to believe, there was or would shortly be a demand, and they acted on the strength of their conviction. They had vision, and they backed it. The result is a far justified that, as a matter of fact, a good part of the money lodged by Jamaicans in Canadian banks went to Canada to finance enterprises there. The rate of interest in Canada is higher on the whole than it is in Jamaica, and so on the whole money could find sound and profitable investment in the Dominion. But the banks never thought of starting Jamaica. On the contrary, a persevered by shrewdness and enterpriseces was one of its leading principles that local industry should have preference over any other and that the function of a local banking institution is to facilitate local agriculture and business. Had not the banks been adopted, the branches of Canadian Banks in Jamaica must have closed their doors long ago.

Nor had the Canadian Insurance Companies been idle in the new and promising field. There was already, and had been for decades, a sound and stable Jamaica Life Assurance Society, and the Jamaica Mutual; there was also a tame and well-established Fire Insurance Company, the Jamaica Cooperative. These occupied firm ground and were admirably progressive. They grew year by year and would continue to grow; they were great local institutions. That alone indicated that there was a field for more insurance business, that the practice of insuring life and property could be encouraged and developed. So the Canadian insurance companies (Fire, Life, Accident and Fire) opened branches in Jamaica.

For this purpose they did not need, like the Banks, to put up separate buildings and organize special staff. Legal and other Board of Trade standing became their agents here, and the insurance business could be conducted under the auspices of these agents’ ordinary offices. Thus the Imperial Life Assurance of Canada had and still has Messrs. Manion & Hart as its representatives in Jamaica. The North American Life Assurance Company has Messrs. Lavigler & Alexander, the Dominion Life has Mr. Gerald Mair, the Confederation Life Mr. J. B. Kilburn, and the Dominion of Canada General Insurance Company Mr. V. A. Desmoulin. On the other hand some Insurance Companies have set up offices and staffs of their own in this country. Manufacturers Life is represented by Mr. Leslie Robinson, with offices in Tower Street; Mr. John Palmer is the local representative of the Sun Life Assurance Company, with his headquarters in King Street; and so on.

A 5 ton sharpened iron, so does healthy competition and emulation lead to the transaction of a greater volume of business. It is a current saying that demand creates supply, but it has been recognized also that supply creates demand. It is so with insurance; insurance has to be sold like any other commodity, its usefulness has to be advertised and explained. And it has come about in Jamaica that, with many Insurance Companies pushing their business, there is more insurance here now year after year than would have been thought even a Canadian or a Canada. Their advancement in this field has been striking, and Canadian energy has had much to do with it. This is the more interesting when we remember this Canadian energy, as represented by powerful local organizations like the Jamaica Mutual and the Jamaica Cooperative, has not lagged behind, and that Canadian insurance business in this country is conducted by Jamaicans and Enllichkeit, whose services the Canadian companies are obviously satisfied.

And now a new line is opened by the Canadians in Jamaica, the selling of Canadian securities. This is a very recent development, but much more will be heard about it as time goes on. The Canadian Securities Limited, of Canada, was started by Mr. Max Ahearn, now Lord Beaverbrook, when he was a young man. It handles a great number of Canadian securities, principally in Canada itself. But it also extended its activities to New York, to London, to the West Indian Colonies; in Bogota it transacts a very large volume of business. In Jamaica one can now buy Canadian securities on the spot through Messrs. Manion and Hart, the Jamaican agents of Royal Securities, and there are being purchased. They do not conflict with Jamaica Securities, which are actually not enumerated, or present, to meet the current demand. Jamaican shares, whether Government or any other, are at no loss for a market; they are not offered abroad for purposes of being snapped up at home. Later on, when more business is transferred into shareholders hands, there may be Jamaican shares offered outside of the island, but it is not so just now. A rapidly developing semi-continent like Canada, however, has naturally calling for vast sums of money for various municipal and other enterprises, and it is the shares and bonds—the securities—of these that reach out to some market in Jamaica. And in order to popularize the idea, and to explain it, the organization handling these shares and bonds sends down to Jamaica every year a representative to meet the local people. This is the Canadian method of pushing business, and the method is wise.

But the biggest Canadian concern in Jamaica is undoubtedly the Jamaica Public Service Company a younger people of the automobile. The horse cab they look upon as a thing of a slow and somewhat amusing past; they speculate upon the possibility of achieving journeys in the future, local journeys, by means of air travel. They can have a car on the road day when little trains drawn by pairs of males were the chief and clack conveyances of the city; they were not living then. But the older people remember those male-cars very well and are aware of the ravages that was wrought when the Public Service Company obtained the franchise for establishing an electric tramway system which brought the lowlands of St. Andrew very close to King Street; they have not the possibility of the transformation that those lowlands into flowered residential areas.

The first Canadian company, which had also had electric lights as one of its activities—it bought out the local electric lighting company—became extremely unpopular. It was succeeded by a new company which took over the old franchise and license, and which has had to live down the dislike engendered by its predecessor. The new company has considerably developed the electric-lighting service and has popularized the use of electricity; it reserves for sale in Jamaica only the biggest power units. A goodwill of Jamaica, and its policy is influenced by that understanding. So far as its staff is concerned, the nationality of course are natives. Practically all of its staff are natives. And, curiously enough, these are all Canadian on the staff.

This company has plans for the extension of its activities in Jamaica, for the electrification of Jamaica in so far as that is practicable. It has still other ideas for development. One of these may be called the third angle of Canadian advance, the utilization of the natural gases, the other being housing and insurance, as has been mentioned already. And because the Canadians are wedded to the utilization of the resources of electricity, so they have given up the privilege of buying safety in sugar, the parish of St. Thomas, which is owned and operated by a resident Canadian, electricity is partly used as motive power, the generating energy being obtained from a dammed river which runs through the property. This, this use to which the river has been put, is in a characteristically Canadian touch, and it more than suggests that the harnessing and employment of natural powers will make its way up and more in the future the extension of Canadian enterprise in this island.

Mr. W. J. Palmer of England
Local representative of the Sea Life Assurance Company of Canada.

Mr. W. J. F. BUTT, of ENGLAND
Who represents the Bank of Montreal, Canada, in Jamaica.

Mr. J. B. KILBURN, of JAMAICA
Local representative of the Consolidated Life Association of Canada

Mr. W. J. PALMER, of ENGLAND
Local representative of the Sea Life Assurance Company of Canada.
CHAPTER ONE

U p in the bottom of the ravine roiled a man, for the light from the sky was as if the earth had been penetrated but feebly into depths obscured by the horizon. So there was no sun, but only an overfall, a tannin fall which he feared was thunderous; he could see the white gleaming water as he made his way to the mouth of the tunnel, but nothing could unhallow him, darkness and desolation. Soon the water was higher and now the current was strong about him was intense and he had to move forward and upward with caution. He entered a natural tunnel which, even at midtide, was gloomy, and through which, thousands of years ago, the river was at a glacial precipitation on the other side in a tumiduous cascade must have flowed.

The tunnel soon widened into a kind of cave, a tunnel through which a veined and folded marl, whose laths which seemed, when there was light by which to judge, had been widened in their present position by giants and not merely by some terrible convulsion of nature ages ago. The greater part of it lay between, and the roof was of two or three huge pieces of roof, supported only by arches which graduated support up to right and left, precariously as it appeared, and yet earthquakes had shaken this country so many times, and cave and tunnel had withstood the shocks.

The man passed within this hollow, moved over to the extreme right of it and searched behind some of the debirs for a moment, drawing out almost immediately a long, slender, flat stone knife. He was already within the tunnel; soon he stood upon it gradually clearing the way for himself; he halted and stepped forward confidently, the rough and ragged path sloping downward now.

He came to the Cane River Falls behind, but the river itself was still to his left, brawling over the huge boulders which strewn its bed. The mountains were now more removed on either side, and in the light of the moon, when they could be glimpsed through some thinning in the forest on his dexter side, they could be seen towering upwards to heights immense, great splashes of blackness which reached towards the sky.

The moon rode high; it was within two or three days, or at least what seemed to be two or three days, a silvery, a wonderful illuminant where its rays were not intermixed with the purple or saffron tints of the atmosphere. It shone down upon a patch of rocky land through which ran the trail which this solitary traveler was following, a narrow path which he halted, crouched down upon a boulder to one side of it, and began carefully to examine and to look for something. He had a dreamy powder about his wrist. His face glinted in the moonlight. It was a watcher; he was watching for some sign of the eye of one who evidently knew something about horses that this was a high-spirited animal and probably caused no stranger. He was not about to move as the man came near, but at that moment its master uttered a sharp word of command and it wheeled round and would have dashed off in the direction whence it had come had not the highwayman watched it and checked it. The splendid creature, hearing again the word of command, remained where it was. The man strove with a spirited bond to obey, as he had long since been trained to do, Three-Fingered Jack held the reins by the bit and was nearly dropped off his feet as he tugged back and the man almost lost his hold on the horse. The other still grasped the pistol, which he dared not relinquish. In a flash he realised that the man was a highwayman.

For, seeing his predicament, the Colonel shouted to him to stop. The man had already stopped, but while he himself darted forward with the evident intention of doing so. At the same time his daughter, grasping the turn which afforded her chance, spurred her horse forward to ride the struggling robber down.

It was the instantaneous movement of both father and daughter that saved him. In an instant he perceived the danger. He yanked his gun and so swung her horse aside. Colonel Breakspear, hesitating for his daughter's safety, and fearing that the desperate negro might shoot her, hurried himself forward with such precipitancy that he lost his balance and fell. The Colonels' was such a sight none might yet have been saved had the slavers ventured to follow their master's shouted Instructions, but the man's words, hurried, quick, Three-Fingered Jack was infinitely greater. Was not his daughter his pride? Was not the man who was going to save her that he could not be slain and was aided by dark and mysterious Powers? One of the Colonels' dragged the highwayman some distance up the road, and so out of immediate danger.

The Colonels' was a man of no very delicate frame of body, but his heart was big, and so was his strength, and so was his speed. The man was shot and the man's daughter was shot. The man had no time to escape, and the strength of a powerful arm was not to be withheld. Even before the horse had stopped, the Colonels' who was on its back and the brute knew that a rider of will and strength was on its back, turned the head of the horse towards the group of persons some fifty yards away. The slaver had now risen and were listening with terror to their master's oath that they would not flagge unmiserably for their miserable cowardice, and might indeed have their ears lopped off. The
CHAPTER SECOND

A QUICK sound of firing broke the silence of the night. It was the signal for the garrison of the small town of the city to start up外国语 what might be at that hour. Soldiers in the town were on the alert. Some were standing at arms ready for an attack, others were sitting in the town's main square, guarding the entrance. The sound of the gun was heard all over the town, alerting all the citizens to the possible threat.

The town was a small and ancient one, surrounded by mountains and forests. The citizens were preparing for a possible attack, knowing that their town was vulnerable due to its isolated location.

The smoking gun was heard all over the town, and everyone knew that the town was under attack. The lights were turned on, and the citizens gathered in the main square to defend their town.

In the town, there was a sense of panic and fear, but the citizens were determined to defend their homes and their town. They knew that they were facing a large enemy, but they were not going to give up without a fight.

The sound of the gun was heard all over the town, alerting all the citizens to the possible threat. The lights were turned on, and the citizens gathered in the main square to defend their town. In the town, there was a sense of panic and fear, but the citizens were determined to defend their homes and their town. They knew that they were facing a large enemy, but they were not going to give up without a fight.

The town was a small and ancient one, surrounded by mountains and forests. The citizens were preparing for a possible attack, knowing that their town was vulnerable due to its isolated location.

In the town, there was a sense of panic and fear, but the citizens were determined to defend their homes and their town. They knew that they were facing a large enemy, but they were not going to give up without a fight.

The sound of the gun was heard all over the town, alerting all the citizens to the possible threat. The lights were turned on, and the citizens gathered in the main square to defend their town. In the town, there was a sense of panic and fear, but the citizens were determined to defend their homes and their town. They knew that they were facing a large enemy, but they were not going to give up without a fight.

The town was a small and ancient one, surrounded by mountains and forests. The citizens were preparing for a possible attack, knowing that their town was vulnerable due to its isolated location.

In the town, there was a sense of panic and fear, but the citizens were determined to defend their homes and their town. They knew that they were facing a large enemy, but they were not going to give up without a fight.

The sound of the gun was heard all over the town, alerting all the citizens to the possible threat. The lights were turned on, and the citizens gathered in the main square to defend their town. In the town, there was a sense of panic and fear, but the citizens were determined to defend their homes and their town. They knew that they were facing a large enemy, but they were not going to give up without a fight.
The Theatre Through the Generations

To the northeast of the Victoria Park of Kingston stands a large, boxy, ornamental, of reinforced concrete, terra-cotta in hue. It dominates its surroundings and claims itself to be a theatre to the most casual regard. It represents a gift to the municipality of Kingston, and about it a word or two will presently be said.

It stands on the site of former theatres, and that is probably the same site on which all the theatres of Kingston have been built, or have had their being, ever since there was a theatre in the city. The lower photograph on this page shows a Kingston Theatre as in existence in 1831, just a hundred years ago. But we know that it had been in existence long before that, for the building depicted was not new in 1831.

Peter Marden speaks of the Kingston Theatre in his little book published in 1774. As that is one of the earliest allusions to the theatre, it seems likely that there had been some many years before, no structure, that is, definitely devoted to theatrical purposes. There was probably some amateur and even professional performance, but that may have taken place in any private house with a hall large enough to accommodate a fair number of spectators. Such attempts however must have been few and far between. One fact, that it was about the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when Jamaica was at the height of its brief but brilliant prosperity, that the municipality of Kingston provided the building for the performance of the "play". And as a place once erected in this country was never torn down for decades and generations, it is almost certain that the peculiar-looking structure, mainly of wood, to the northeast of the Parade, or present Victoria Park, was the theatre of which Peter Marden wrote in 1774. It looked very much like an old Jamaica building adapted to theatrical purposes. It was hastily used occasionally for rather peculiar purposes when not being utilised for theatrical performances. It disappeared about the middle of the last century, and an edifice more especially designed for the presentation of the dramatic art was substituted.

So the Theatre was dry-as-dust details; but wait a while. Don't be frightened by dates. Remember that in that old, dusty building facing the then sandy stretch of glacial sand some interesting events occurred. In May, 1779, for instance, a dramatist of the day, with a flair for the unusual, occasionally by an amateur company, and whoever has seen a performance by the average amateur dramatic company must be aware that in some respects the one which took place in May, 1779, must have been highly diverting. The advertisement of it appeared in a Kingston weekly paper called The Jamaica Mercury, and was set forth in this wise:

The Theatre.
By Permission of His Excellency the Governor.
This Evening, the Ist of May, will be presented,
The TRAGEDY of
DOUGLAS.
Norsal (Douglas) By Mr. HALLAM, and
Matilda (Lady Randolph) by A. LADY, Being her First Appearance.

After the Play, A COMIC DANCE, CALLED THE DRUNKEN PEASANT, By Mr. GODWIN, WITH THE CITIZENS.

That is all we know about The Tragedy of Douglas and The Comic Dance as presented to our ancestors; what sort of audience the performers had and how much money they lost we are not told; with such details the papers of that time did not bother. One hopes that the loss was not higher than the expectations. Not four months after the Tragedy of the Douglas, however, the people of Kingston were given a piece of information far more interesting, for this time it was about a real tragedy in the theatre, which was taken in grim earnest by the sole performer in it.

The theatre amateurs had done their bit in May and had retired, and a body of Maroons having come into town for some drilling or so housed in the theatre. These Maroons were semi-military auxiliaries; which suggests that the theatre building had formerly been a sort of a barracks (which it looked) or had been constructed or adapted with a view to being used as a barracks (and as anything else) when occasion should demand. However, into the theatre, after the Comic Dance and the Tragedy of Douglas, were sent the Maroons; and in August The Jamaica Mercury announced that "Thursday morning, one of the Maroons quarrelled at the theatre, shot himself whilst the others were on Parade. Their commander, Old Grey, on being interrogated by the Superintendent-General about the matter, told him that the deceased was a worthless scoundrel who, he supposed, was afraid to do his duty in the service of his King and country, that he should order his body to be kicked into some ditch, and would cut it into pieces for the dogs, had he not left a de-serving brother and other trusty friends."

So it seemed that if a man committed suicide it must have been to shirk military duty, to speak, he killed himself through fear of death! That the dead Maroon may have been insane no one troubled to think. Very shortly after this incident, the Maroons cleared out of the theatre and went to their own homes. So in the following month The Jamaica Mercury could advertise that, "We are authorised to inform the Public, that the theatre, lately occupied by the Maroons, whose residence damaged it to a very considerable amount, is now fitting up in a painted style, and will be opened on Wednesday, with the favourite Comic Opera of the School for Fashers." After real tragedy, comedy. After Maroons, amateurs. When a statute must the building have been in while the Maroons were quartered in it, those going by it were somewhat uncomfortable! But its speedy return to dramatic uses showed that Kingston had made up its mind to have and to keep a theatre, nor must we forget that its eight or nine thousand white inhabitants were well able to support the running of a play for a few shillings each. There were also the few people of colour. But, somehow, one thinks that there was no money in these amateurs' pockets. And sometimes the Maroons were back when they wished to Kingston, found themselves faced with bankruptcy.

The old theatre and town reappeared (probably by fire), there across the street in a simple old colonial style of architecture, of which Jamacians over forty years of age have quite a vivid recollection. They were not until the end of the last century, when the City Council determined to build a theatre that should be of more imposing appearance and larger dimensions, that the curious little Theatre Royal was taken down.

This theatre probably witnessed more performances than any other in Kingston since. From about the middle of the last century it became easier for travelling theatrical companies to visit Jamaica than before; and the belief that the people were more arid of entertainment than their forefathers. The latter had been satisfied with heavy eating and drinking, varied by balls of not always an unquestionable character; more temperate habits had supervened, but relaxation and recreation were more in demand in consequence. Therefore the second theatre of Kingston was well patronised whenever a company came to the island or a band of amateurs gave a performance, and going to the theatre grew to be quite an important social function as attending the races. To the youth of the city and of Lower St. Andrew the stage was a haven and the actresses angels. To become an actor was the ambition of many a boy, to be an actress was the hope of hundreds of girls. When the curtain rose on the proscenium, and the lights played upon the painted mimes who strutted about and repeated their

THE WARD THEATRE, A GIFT OF THE LATE COL. C. J. WARD, C.M.G., TO THE CITY, DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE HENRIQUEZ BROS.

THE FIRST THEATRE BUILDING KNOWN IN KINGSTON, PROBABLY ERECTED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
lines with a multitude of fine gestures, robed in garments that looked like the clothing of royalty — then indeed the joy of the audience knew no bounds and nothing was talked of for weeks but the wonderful plays at the Theatre Royal. For about forty years (from, say, 1860 to the end of the century), an operatic company from Jamaica found itself in the midst of an admiring, adoring body of people whose great pride was to entertain the players when these were not working. To take an actor out to dinner or supper, or for a buggy ride — what bliss! what distinction! — and the actors had or gave a lira. They were spoken of with a reverence which did not extend to mighty generals. They were the heroes of the country. Their names were household words.

Naturally, this worship of actresses and actors and this devotion to the theatre gave a new impetus to amateur acting. Every now and then some local bodies of ladies and gentlemen performed some piece which they considered easy. If they pleased well they were pulled and praised in the newspapers, which apparently regretted that there were no new admirers to be discovered. And even when some contrecoups occurred upon the stage, the ardour of amateurs and of audiences was not easily damped. These occurrences were amusing and some of them have not yet been forgotten.

A number of amateurs were playing Macbeth at the Theatre Royal one night, and one of the messengers, who is to rush in to Macbeth and exclaim: "as I stood by the watch upon the hill I look'd toward Byrmore, and anon methought The wood began to move," failed to put in an appearance at almost the last moment. So a new fellow was hastily pressed into service and set at once to memorise the few words he would have to speak. They did not tell him, however, that the King would raise his hands as if to strike him, shouting in an awful voice, "Liar and slaver!" So, blithely, at the appointed time, he rushed upon the stage and declared that with his own eyes he had seen a wood marching upon the castle. Terrible, as became the scourge of the stage, he walked in a demented state and thundered, "Liar and slaver!" This so completely terrified the messengers that he fell upon his back and screamed out, "Kelp me God, wah, it's Master DaCosta tell me to die nor say!"

But the play, transformed suddenly into a comedy, proceeded.

On another occasion an animal show was being given in the theatre. That is, men dressed themselves in wild animals' skins and impersonated the wild beasts — hawks, roars and all. The exhibition was interesting, the audience made allowances when a tiger rushed from the stage as no tiger ever would; indeed, most of the audience had never seen a tiger and so could not know better. There are limits to the credibility of any audience, however, and the stage manager realised that this credibility was sorely tested when the lions came on. There were three of them. In they marched majestically, growling three times, but quite realistically enough to startle the children in the auditorium. But the audience, accustomed to a tail on a hind leg and began to shriek. What is more, it began to speak, and talking lions had never yet been known. It shouted, "take it off, take it off!" and the lion's forepaws were seen to be tearing at the lion's skin. Whereupon the stage manager commanded angrily, "Get down on your four feet and keep on your skin!" "Keep it on!" cried the lion's agitated voice, "Keep it on! You come and put it on, then, and see how you like it!" and in a trice the skin fell off and a man in his undergarments stood exposed to hundreds of laughing eyes. What had happened was rapidly explained. In that particular skin, somewhere about the left shoulder, had reposed a full-grown scorpion with no evil intentions in its mind. But upon being disturbed by the jumpings of the pseudo-lion (though probably not in the least by its growls) the scorpion had lifted its sting, and, once, twice, thrice, had struck poor Mr. Levy in his arm, with the immediate result that Mr. Levy gave some wonderful explanations of leaping such as no living lion could possibly have equalled. He wasn't in for any more theatricals that night, and never afterwards undertook to impersonate an animal. Indeed, there was a noticeable lack of enthusiasm for their parts among the other performers after that incident, some of them imagining every motion they made a scorpion stealthily searching about for the tenderest portions of their bodies.

There are incidents — but the limits of space are prohibitive. That Old Theatre Royal deserves a history to itself, for certainly it witnessed more amusing scenes than any other building in Kingston. But it also had a rowdy reputation. Young fellows, just able to scrape together the two shillings or shilling that admitted one to "the gods", would sit high up near the roof and call out names at the ladies and gentlemen entering pit and dress circle, and hurl down upon their heads peanut shells and scraps of paper, and shout and whistle and make themselves disagreeably conspicuous. They — many of whom were to become the leading men of the city and country in after-years — were veritable revolutionaries; once among the gods they forgot all that they had ever known about good breeding, and so many a time adults hesitated whether they should go to the theatre and face the insults they knew would greet them. All this was stopped after some time, but only in recent years. The police interfered, and the rowdy gods became a thing of the past. But for some fifty years they had it all their own way; the gods ruled, the pit and the dress circle were powerfully against them.

The theatre erected in 1890 had but a brief existence. Its architect was Victor Abraham, who also superintended its building; but few performances took place within its walls. It was shaken to pieces by the earthquake of 1897.

And then, being entirely without a theatre, Kingston realised what it had lost.

For years an unspeakable dullness set in over the city. Operatic and dramatic companies visited it sometimes, but not often, for these knew that there was no theatre, and the conveniences offered by some small concert hall with red acoustics were not encouraging. And motor cars had not yet made their appearance to any extent, and the moving pictures were unknown. There was nothing to do of nights. The Kingston of the first few years after the great earthquake was as dull as the Kingston of the days when the Maroons lodged in the ancient theatre, and the people cried aloud for a place of amusement.

But the spirit of the authorities had changed. In former days the municipality had provided a theatre and called it the Theatre Royal. It seems that money for the purpose had once or twice been granted by the Central Government itself. After the earthquake, however, the Government would not allow the City Council to reconstruct the raised theatre, nor was the Council eager to do so. It preferred to discuss the suggestion. And so the discussion went on for years, and no one thought it likely that it would come to anything; and then a citizen of Kingston, who was its Custos, and who was also a native of Jamaica, announced one day that he would give the money needed to erect a theatre, and thus the indebted problem was solved.

That citizen was Colonel Charles James Ward, C.M.G., and had he lived but six months longer than he did he would have become Sir Charles James Ward, K.C.M.G. He died without knowing that it was to his honor Sir William Manning who told the story to the Legislative Council.

No matter, Colonel Ward will always be remembered for his munificence to Kingston.

Plains were drawn up by the Henriques Brothers, the well-known Jamaican architects; and the plans were accepted; and the Henriques Brothers were commissioned to carry out their plans. They built on the old site, and there today is to be found the Ward Theatre of Kingston.
The United Fruit Co. In Jamaica

THERE following story has been told before by the present writer and can will be repeated. It has, however, the merit of being true.

There was a man who wanted a job and he believed that he was the right type to work for the United Fruit Company. He had been told by several people that he was not the right type. Daily is the Jamaican head-constable to be found on the road with petticoats on his person, out of doors, and also by persons employed elsewhere, who would like to obtain situations in the United Fruit Company, but would not be admitted to them, because of the situation more severe and more strict. This is true enough if the employee is a man of energy and ability, but if he is not, there is obviously no use for the worker who is content merely to jog along. After a short period of trial he is "given his time," which is equivalent to being in the employment.

This rule applies to heads of departments as well as to underlings low down in the scale. For the Company is run on the approved American system of rigid efficiency; its motto might as well be "keep on or get out." To go back to the story.

There was a man who wanted a job and he believed that he was the right type to work for the United Fruit Company. He wrote and read, and he had heard of certain tests applied to the Company's employees, because they were to him strange and unusual, he considered must be highly complimentary. So he sat down with these terms in mind, and his thoughts and efforts he produced the following:

"Dear Sirs: I hereby apply for a position in your Octopus. Its tentacles spread beneficially over the island, and its movements have worked," etc., etc.

I am afraid this application was not successful; the tentacles of the Octopus did not touch, benefit or otherwise this applicant; but it is certain that a certain word of designation showed clearly that here also, as wherever else great corporations exist, the only way to get in was to the monkey which lies watchful and virile in the depth of the ocean waiting for its unsuspecting prey.

Yet the Fruit Company is not referred to as an octopus in these days to anything like the extent of, say, the eighties or fifties, or even the last year the word has suddenly fallen into disuse. The cooperative movement, conspicuous in Denmark and extended elsewhere, began to affect Jamaica some three years since; speakers, some of them politicians, preached co-operation in the handling and selling of produce to the Jamaica farmers, and there was a willingness to listen to the new doctrine. Co-operation was established with Government support as a really remarkable union was effected between large-scale and small-scale and the smaller, contented willingly that the affairs of their co-operative societies should be run by the big men for the most part. Such an exhibition of confidence was surprising; it revealed a development of mind and spirit in Jamaica that had hitherto not been sus-pected. But the campaign for co-operation was carried on among the farmers, where it was they who showed most interest in the great profit. Seemingly the United and Atlantic Fruit Companies were making it and that if they got the deal which was their due they might receive as much as six shillings per "count bunch" for their bananas, and should always be paid certainly not less than four. The really intelli-gent and responsible leaders of the co-operative movement, of course, did not say this; they did not paint a flattering vision of extravagant prices; but it is indisputable that the prospect of such prices had an encouraging effect upon the imagination and action of the cultivators, large and small. But after the cooperative society had been functioning for about a year—for eighteen months now—and the prices received by the farmers was seen to be far, far in excess of the price paid even on the small. In the last couple of months there was a dumping down of ex-clusive conditions, a reduction of terms. We are told of the'lust of the planter and others was eliminated the word octopus, and the complementary term, the meaning of which is so redundant. As the facts have all been known a great part of this way of speaking, the term had become and is more of use than need be used. It is one of its unexpected consequences.

There were those who perceived that there was not the slightest possibility of the Company being driven from the local field even when co-operation was in progress, and that the Company might name some of the chiefs of the co-operative campaign who realized that it would be a disaster if such a thing occurred. For no co-operative society could take the place of a great organisation whose foundations had been so slowly and carefully laid, whose development had been so steady and rapid, whose ramifications extended all the way from the Caribbean islands and Florida to England, Canada and the United States. The Company represents the organised survival of eight companies, seven of which were subsidiary to it when they all were amalgamat-ed in 1899. At that time the investments of the new organisation were valued at about three million four hundred thousand pounds; today they are named as worth forty-five million sterling. One learns from the statistics available that the average price paid by this Company for bananas purchased in the open market here during the decade ending December, 1929, was 3 1/2 per count bunch, the highest price in any year being 4 and the lowest 2 1/2. Plantation prices have been inevitable; a great proportion of fruit in Central and South America, with no com-pensating hurricane, sends down prices; a hurricane, floods, grave labour troubles or a sharp acceleration of demand in the purchasing markets will cause prices to soar. The average, as we see, has been a little over three shillings. And, in the ten-year period mentioned, the Company shipped from Jamaica some seventy-five million five hundred thousand tons of bananas. Surely a splendid record.

How was this fruit obtained? What proportion of the Company's own farms was it that they paid more than the local price?

The fruit was obtained from independent producers. The shipments were distributed to fifty-two per cent of the island's total production in the decade, or a little more than a half. The contribution to this total which came from the United Fruit Company's own farms was eighteen per cent. Thus it is clear that the Company is not the only factor in the open market contributed more than three-tenths of the fruit shipped by the Company to markets abroad.

What about the future?

When the co-operative movement became a cer-tainty there were some who said that it would grow to such proportions that most of the people from whom the United Fruit Company had hitherto obtained fruit would be lost to it; but this, of course, was absurd. The Company itself, however, proceeded to purchase at a high price new extensive tracts of arable land, and its holdings were increased so quickly within a few months that it was believed that in a short time it would be taking a small quantity of bananas from the local cultivators. Certain facts, however, had been apparently lost sight of.

In the first place, while it is perfectly true that nearly all the Co-operative growers had been trained by the United Fruit Company, it should not be forgotten that bar-riens were being cultivated in Yere by the Linto Brothers and others, and that these would certainly have extended their cultivations of this fruit had they not sold out to the United Fruit Company. Consequently this supply of bananas would have been on the market in any case. Next, every farmer knows that the demand for bananas increases steadily abroad, and Jamaica is a good and reliable source of supply. Therefore there must have been, in any circumstances, an increase of production here. Again, not all the land bought by the United Fruit Company is best suited for banana cultivation, and it is significant that, in spite of the existing low prices for sugar, the Company is still operating the sugar works it took over with the Vere properties. It is safe to assume that just as it has gone in for coconut and grapefruit cultivation, so will it continue in sugar in Jamaica as long as there is a prospect, for sugar and banana prices do not jump so high as to render the devotion of all available land to banana cultivation an attraction too powerful to be resisted. The United Fruit Company is today the largest single sugar producer in Ja-maica; the chances are that it will remain so. And while we dwell upon its large acquisitions of land recently, it should not be ignored that not long ago it leased the great property of Golden Grove to the Jamaica Estates, Limited, for sugar purposes. The exact cause of that transfer was not stated; it was said that Panama Disease among the bananas was the impelling reason. Against the Panama Disease the Company has to take precautions in this way: it must have new land to put into cultivation when some of its present banana leases are about to expire and be given over to the production of something else. That partly accounts for its recent purchases of property.

But undoubtedly the co-operative movement did not have the exact effects in hastening the purchase of land on the Company's part. It expedited that policy, but the same thing would have happened, even if in a slower fashion. And after a year or two it will probably be found that the Company's own fruit does not amount to very much more of the total of its exports of bananas from Jamaica than it has done in the past.

An organisation of this kind is a considerable direct employer of labour in Jamaica. From statistics available one learns that it employs fully twelve thousand eight hundred men and women, and the amount it expends in salaries and wages is over six hundred thousand pounds per annum. Of the number of employees, those rank-ing as "minor employees, mechanics, labourers" and the like amount to over twelve thousand three hun-dred; therefore less than five hundred fill the higher positions. Amongst these are included the mem-bers of the telephone staff, the carpenters, the blacksmith's staff, as well as the Division Manager and his two assistants and Accountant. There are one hundred and sixty overseers, time-keepers and other persons attached to the agricultural staff; there are nuxs
HEAD OFFICE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY—KINGSTON, JAMAICA

FARM LABOURERS' QUARTERS—HUSHY PARK FARM—JAMAICA
NEW BATHING POOL AT MIRTEL BANK HOTEL SET IN BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS

There have been short stoppages of work elsewhere, but these again have been but a part of an outside movement. Its labourers show no disposition to leave it, the reason being that it is set up a higher standard of wages, housing and treatment for labourers than was previously known in Jamaica, and has maintained and improved that standard. Its barracks and houses for the workers are respectable. Its living accommodation for overseers and timkeepers is good. Much depends in this respect upon what the Boston Head Quarters decide, but much also depends on the men who is the Division Manager. In Bocas del Toro, twenty years ago, the houses provided for the labourers were serviceable but unnecessarily rough and unfinished, as this writer pointed out in a report on the situation in that division. There was no reason why they should have been let like that, the cost of improvement would have been but a

tribe. In Jamaica neatness in appearance as well as workmanliness is aimed at and achieved. In the psychological and political effect is striking. No one in this colony speaks harshly of the United Fruit Company as an employer. Its critics, even its enemies, concede that in this regard it deserves appreciation. It has not had in Jamaica to provide the extensive medical service for its employees that it has had to establish and maintain in South and Central America; Jamaica has a hospital and medical service of its own which is constantly being improved. A private company on individual employer is not called upon to give employees here medicines or a doctor; yet the United Fruit Company, in accordance with its policy, has a Medical Department in Jamaica, small, but well-equipped and efficient, and, unquestionably, courteous and obliging

(Continued on Page 5)
WHAT is known as “the finest old house in King-
ton,” and perhaps in Jamaica, must now be nearly
equally as well known as any one else who did when first completed. For in externals at least it
was the handsomest mansion in the island then in the
manner was very different — the shell was then
mouthed upon the island’s seat of government.

Twice did the then owners propose this
House; then the House yielded; it must
then the mouthed house was a stately and impres-
not be unceremonious and the rector would doubl-
rejoice that he could not give to himself some
ous absent from the pulpit.

It was not included for the first sessions in Kingston of the House of
Assembly, of which there were four in all from 1734 to 1755.

HIBBERTS House was finished, perhaps but late-
finished. Hibbert was a planter as well as a mer-
maker, and member of the House of Assembly.

West Indies. No indication was made of any
or table, to be found. Headquarters House may
be seen by the curious. The House passed out
of the hands of his family; in 1814 it was the prop-
erty of Mrs. Solomon Deben, who was the widow
of a Dr. Solomon Deben, who may or may never
have lived in it. It was then purchased by the Brit-
ish West India Office as a town residence for the
Governors commanding the Leeward Islands, and
had been rented for the headquarters of the
Governors for some thirty years; now it became
the New Jamaica House, the house of the General.
It must have acquired that name before it was
bought outright. It was also called General’s House.

One fancy that this nomenclature was originally purely popular; it came from the people of the island, who adopted it as a form of
it. There is no table with a name to be found at any entrance of the building in which the Jamaican Legislative
Assembly met.

From about 1776 to about 1872, or nearly a hundred years, the House was occupied by

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jambydl gloried and drank
deep.

And Barham—that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps over his head, and he lies fast asleep.

The lion is even now not yet the king in the
courtyard of Hibbert or Headquarters House, but
there is no lion there. And far be it from even the
Great House to pretend that it is, even in the
day of the wild ass. Yet one may wonder what those
old and powerful gentiles would say if their ghosts
could return to Headquarters House, and raise a
great debate.

They would look about them with surprise; they
would know the building; only its purposes
have changed. They would recognize the long cham-
staircase, the balustrades, the magnificent pillars,
different from the men to whom the warriors were
accustomed to present the, to be found. Headquarters House
was occupied by the Governor in the time of the Generals,
dominated Kingston in the time of the Generals,
and dominates Kingston still. But how differently!
Never the clatter and jingle of a sword are heard
in its precincts now save at the formal opening of the
Legislative Council, when Governor and Heads of
Departments and officers of the Navy and Army file
into the Council chamber in full panoply (mainly
outfitting it), and the band discourses a street
outside. There must have been a time when the
band played often within the premises of the Gen-
eral’s house, but one does not hear it there now.
billion, had occurred a memorable scene at Headquarters House.

It had been decided that the Hon. George William Gordon, member of the House of Assembly, should be arrested as the chief instigator of the outbreak. But where was he? His home had been searched and he was nowhere to be found. The house and its occupants were not to be found at all and it was nowhere to be found. Where was he?

It was the forehead of an October evening, and a number of Colonial officials waited for the Governor’s appearance. Up to the steps of the house, drove a carriage, and from it descended George William Gordon and his friend, Dr. Flaxman. The waiting people stepped aside, and up the steps, passed the sentries, who made a neat path for Gordon by sight, and upon his entrance the address of the House of Assembly. Gordon, tall, gaunt, perhaps expecting the worst—he had made so many enemies—looked about him and then turned a little and turned a little to the name of the King? It may have been so; of a certainty this was the first time that a Governor of Jamaica had ever himself arrested a man in Jamaica. It was a tense and dramatic moment.

Gordon spoke calmly. He had already stated to one of them that he had heard there was a warrant out for him, and that, being conscious of no guilt, he had come to surrender himself to the authorities.

There was no martial law in Kingston. Governor Eyre gave him his orders: Gordon was to be taken by warship to St. Thomas, then under martial law, and there he was to be tried. TheCustoms and other persons then took charge of the prisoner; very shortly afterwards he was tried by Court Martial, condemned, and deported to Mozambique.

And after that the Governor was recalled and had to stand his trial for what had happened during the after- noon of the Jamaican rebellion; but though he was eventually acquitted he was broken man. One thinks that had been restrained his personal feelings and paid more attention to the forms of law it had been much better with him. Hale is a bad counsellor. And in any event Gordon would not have escaped with his life.

The room in which this trial took place was a new one. It seems that the dining room or the drawing room of the old Headquarters House. It has been the drawing or reception room; it is possible that the windings took place upstairs, where it would be cooler.

But against this suggestion may be put the fact that dining rooms in Jamaica are almost invariably on the lower floor, and there would always have been some difficulty about conveying the viands from the kitchen or cookhouse outside up the stairs and into an upper dining room. In the time of the military occupation of Headquarters House, too, there would have been far more use found for a room for eating than for a place devoted to conversation and music; the consumption of food and drink in prodigious quantities was a very serious matter, and taken seriously, in the Jamaica of the eighteenth and of the first part of the nineteenth centuries, while hardly anyone wished to pass many evenings in ordinary pleasant, social intercourse. It is therefore safe to assume that where the Legislative Council now meets to debate is where smoking joints were served in days gone by, and the mead was port poured and men laid down to sleep under a table, finding the floor quite comfortable in the existing circumstances. In these more sober times all that members of the Council are provided with in that self-same room is ice water, and there was once some complaint about the inadequacy of that.

There is also tea at about four o’clock in the afternoon. But that is not obtained at the public’s expense; it is the result of a great cooperative movement amongst the members themselves. A couple of years ago it was suggested that a restaurant should be approached, or a private person substituted, to furnish afternoon tea to such of the legislators as desired it, tea with toast and cakes, liquid to nominated, elected or appointed officers alike, and here of an afternoon may be found four or five of them at a time taking it, after giving a thought to the days when to drink tea within such precincts would have been looked upon as the last sign of degeneration. So have manners changed, and habits.

EVERYTHING passes. It has been said above that when the Legislative Council opens in these days there is some resemblance to a very simple. A guard of honour is drawn up in front of Headquarters House; then the Governor, his wife and perhaps two other persons, and preceded by another car with his official aides, drives down to the Council; the Guard of Honour present; the band plays the National Anthem. Then the Governor, with officers of the Military attending, inspects the Guard, to the flame of a march. In a minute or two he has finished this task, he enters the building, officers clattering at his heels, the waiting members and spectators crowding after him. The Hall itself is filled to capacity with ladies and strangers. The Government officers have donned the regulation white uniform, with touches of gold braid and short sword; the military are in full Windsor Uniform and wears every ribbon and medal with which he has been adorned by his Sovereign. He mounts the dais, the floor of which is a little raised, and takes what places they can find. The Chief Justice and the Bishop are present. The Chief Justice and the Bishop are in scarlet contrast to the more sober dress of the civilians around. The Bishop’s voice is now heard, he is repeating the prayer with which the Council opens in these days.

The prayer in over. "Honorables Gentlemen of the Legislative Council!"—the Governor then began to read his speech.

It is less than an hour the assembled members and spectators turn out, to change their warm garments for the colder stuffs which we wear as a rule during the sunny hour of the day. There has been a touch of pageantry in the city’s drain life; at least we go to football and business. But this pageantry is nothing compared with the ceremony with which the opening of the Session when Spanish Town was the capital and there was in the colony both a House of Commons and a House of Lords.
Lightening of Our Darkness

THE city of Havana, in Cuba, is lighted at night by oil lamps. The little town of Cienfuegos, in the same island, is lighted by gas. But Kingston is not lighted at all.  

Such were the comments made by Anthony Trollope on the appearance presented by three West Indian cities some ninety years ago. When the sun went down on the Liguana Plains the streets of Kingston became tunnels of gloom unrelieved save by the faint flicker of the oil lamps from the houses on either hand. Darkness prevailed over the urban scene, and the few pedestrians who dared to wander about at night time ran the risk of tripping over the malodorous bodies of cats and dogs for some

governing authorities. But comparatively few houses decided to take in gas as an illuminant. Candles and kerosene oil still continued to hold their own at night.

A change was inaugurated when the late Mr. L. Foster Davis returned to Jamaica from Colón in 1889. Mr. Davis had been employed by the French Canal Company, which had utilised electricity freely in the lighting of its offices and in some of its constructional work. It occurred to Mr. Foster Davis that Kingston might well be lighted by electricity; he foresaw that in time this form of illumination would inevitably supersede that in popular use; so he set to work successfully to induce a number of

put in charge of the Jamaican electric lighting plant a young English engineer; he was to manage the local company and to look after the Thomas Houston interests until the outstanding debt was liquidated. He was a young man of real ability; he carried on successfully for about a year; but the directors of the local company had in the meantime rallied financially, so to speak, and enough money was put in to pay off the American debt. Henceforward they were to maintain a struggle with many adverse circumstances; the rates they were obliged to charge were high, and therefore electric lighting remained a luxury; the ordinary householder rested content with his large hanging or centre kerosene lamp and

time dead, or of imprisoning their ankles in the numerous holes which pitted the unpaved streets.

For the illumination of Kingston residence there was kerosene oil in those days, and there were also candles. In some other countries gas was employed, but it was yet to make its appearance in Jamaica. Gas lighting was to be a municipal enterprise, but it was long before the leaders of public opinion in Kingston and St. Andrew could be induced to consent to its installation. While one party argued that the streets should be lighted at night with gas, another contended that to light the streets would be to aid the burglars in their work. Their point was that a burglar needed light in order to burgle, and that to provide him with means to see his way about the thoroughfares was really a direct incentive to the more vigorous prosecution of burglary. That a burglar might wish to be enshrouded in darkness, and that a well-lighted house or street would enable the policeman the more easily to detect the presence of housebreaker or foot-pad, did not occur to those who feared dire consequences would ensue from the better lighting of Kingston. It was eventually determined, however, that the risk of increased robbery should be taken, and so gas for residential and street lighting was instituted as an enterprise controlled by the Kingston well-known local men to establish an electric lighting company. All those men, save one, have been for some time dead; the exception is Mr. Thomas N. Aguilar, who is still an active director of many local institutions.

The offices and works of this little electric lighting company were established in the city’s rear at Gold and Harbour Streets. The electric power was to be derived from steam, the generating machinery having been imported from New York. But the electric machines of those days were very different indeed from the machinery and apparatus of the present time. Today they would be considered crude, unsatisfactory, unavailable. In November, 1889, however, when a public supply of electricity was first delivered to the comparatively few buildings that had agreed to employ this form of power, it was considered that a wonderful revolution was about to take place in Kingston’s domestic lighting; and that was true enough.

But the company did not prosper. It was in debt to the American suppliers of machinery and it was unable to find the necessary funds with which to install electrical improvements as they were perfected. The American Company, the Thomas Houston Company, of Lynn, Massachusetts, then decided to

never dreamed that electricity would ever enter his house: the company’s assets fell rapidly in value as its plant required repairing and renewing to bring it up to modern requirements, while its revenue was found insufficient to meet these pressing demands. It looked as though electric lighting could never become popular in Kingston. There must have been many people to shake their heads and say, “I told you so.”

Something had to be done. But what? Electric lighting for domestic purposes was certainly not making headway; but the utilisation of electrical power for human transportation certainly seemed to have a profitable future in Kingston and St. Andrew. In 1897 a franchise had been granted to an organisation called The West India Electric Company, of Montreal, to lay down and operate an electrical street railway system in Kingston, and that organisation had built a dam across the Rio Colón at Bog Walk, and a steel pipeline for the conveyance of water power to a Power House erected on the same river as the dam, and a transmission line to convey the electricity from Bog Walk to Kingston, where the Head Offices of the new tramway company were situated. There were therefore two electrical companies operating in Kingston: that for lighting, and that for running the city’s trams. It was

BOG WALK HYDRO-STATION OF THE JAMAICA PUBLIC SERVICE CO. LTD. SHOWING NEW BANK OF TRANSFORMERS AND SWITCHING ARRANGEMENTS.
2000 KW BRUSH LYNGBSTROM TURBO GENERATOR SET OF THE JAMAICA PUBLIC SERVICE CO. LTD.—GOLD STREET STEAM STATION

WATER FRONT VIEW OF GOLD STREET STEAM STATION AND LINDSAY, SWAN, HUNTER PROPERTY ACQUIRED IN 1929 BY JAMAICA PUBLIC SERVICE CO. LTD.
obvious to every one that the Canadian company not only possessed the larger financial resources but also had by its up-to-date power stations at Bog Walk and in Upper Kingston means of extending its services such as the local company could not and was never likely to possess. Yet the power for the running of the street cars was in the first instance supplied by a generator installed at the plant of the local electric lighting company at Gold Street; in other words, it was the old Gold Street Station that furnished the electrical motive power for the first electrically propelled cars in this municipal district. The reason was that the hydro-electrical work at Bog Walk was not then yet completed and it was desired that the first electric cars should run in Kingston in December of 1898.

This must have given the first hint of the subsequent amalgamation to the move discerning minds connected with business developments in Jamaica. The Kingston Electric Company could not improve its service and could not lower its prices, yet without both an improvement of service and a lowering of price there was no hope of that company’s progress. The West India Electric Tramway Company was extending its tramway service but could not light any part of the city or lower St. Andrew under the terms of its license. But the Canadian company, on its part, was paying no dividends. Both organizations were therefore at a standstill, or but marking time. It was about then that Mr. James Hutchison, of Montreal, emerged upon the scene. And then a change took place.

Mr. Hutchison had obtained control of the West India Electric Company by buying up more than fifty per cent. of its shares, and with this controlling interest he got himself elected President in 1908. Then he came to Jamaica and in a very little while had purchased the interests of the local electric lighting and power company, thus bringing about an amalgamation of the two hitherto distinct and yet connected industries. The amalgamation was a man of great energy, but the policy pursued by his company was far more a policy of exploitation than a policy of development. Arrangements were made to obtain the most immediately profitable returns out of the undertakings recently acquired, but those arrangements unfortunately did not mean the giving of satisfaction to the people of Kingston and St. Andrew as was previously demonstrated.

Of course, some of the changes projected and effected were necessary and admirable. A connection of the electric power stations at Bog Walk and Gold Street and Orange Street was planned and initiated, the idea being to use all the electricity generated and distributed so that one should work satisfactorily with the other. But in 1907 the great earthquake wrecked the Gold Street station, and a new building had to be erected and new equipment installed. This was on the eve of launching advantage. It enabled the West India Electric Company to construct a building in Gold Street which should admit of the installation in future years of machinery required for extending the electric service. Yet the price of electricity was still much too high, the rebuilding of Kingston after the disaster of 1907 was accomplished by a tendency to use more electricity for domestic lighting than had been witnessed in the past. A liberal policy towards actual and potential consumers, a campaign of encouragement, might then have had very marked effect. But such a policy and campaign were to come only long years afterwards, and only from the present company.

It was not the West India Electric Company’s fault that the great pipeline conveying water from the dam to the Power House at Bog Walk for the generation of electricity became flooded one afternoon, with the result that a number of men engaged in cleaning the interior of the pipe were drowned in a deep water to escape. Yet that tragedy made a deep and unfavorable impression on the minds of the people of Jamaica. There felt that there was some carelesslessness or indifferency shown by the company; and everybody knows how difficult it is to eliminate a popular prejudice, however ill-founded. With regard to the tramway riots of 1912, those undoubtedly might have been prevented had more tact and consideration been shown by the company. But tact and consideration were not among its outstanding characteristics.

The riots were the result of the sudden suspension of the very popular belline routes on the railway and East Street sections of the tramway system, followed by the withdrawal of the seven tickets hitherto sold as service of Kingston. And although the period of suspension was of only six. This suspension took place without notice being given to the public in the tram, and this was followed with live resistance in the part of the passengers, in the course of which they paid their fares by forking in their boots. The police allowed this to continue until the hooligan class entered the arena, and then it was realized that the hooligans had in mind only robbery and violence—a orgy of disorder.

In a little while most of the cars had to be taken off the streets at nights; but the mob, not caring whom it attacked, turned its attention to the breaking of plate-glass windows in the stores. The then Governor, Sir Sydney Olivier, came down to the city and tried to quiet the mob, but even he had to bathe a hasty retreat after saving the lives of three policemen. The Riot Act was eventually read and the police fired. But the police had to keep guard directly the tramway office night and day for over a week later after that, for the excitement died down but slowly. A car was burnt in lower Kingston, and several attempts were made to destroy another car. It was Mr. D. N. Barr, indeed, who faced the mob, and, on the car’s platform and started the car, his idea being to take it to a place of safety. Some hooligans then jumped on the steps of the car and tore off his jacket in an attempt to pull him from his place. However, immediately this happened, the crowd stampeded up Orange Street shouting, "Get him, drive a revolution, him, shoot him!" and thus Mr. Barr was saved. Of course no attempt had ever been made to drive a revolution; Mr. Barr was taking a pocket handkerchief out of his hip-pocket. But perhaps that of itself was a clever, calculated gesture, and certainly it prevented what might have been a very serious occurrence. Things quieted down after this but the company never regained public favour. And this legacy of unpopularity was left to its successor.

Nevertheless, its business grew, especially after the war broke out in 1914, when coal was selling at £8 per ton in Kingston. The local staff of the company had embraced the opportunity and connected all power-users in Kingston, who operated private plants, with their system. The company, however, did not install additional plant to meet this demand and the margin between capacity of supply and maximum demand was a continually falling one. Then from 1921 onwards, during periods of severe drought, the company was quite unable to meet the actual demand for power, and it was no unusual thing for the tram service to be suspended in the evenings to make possible the lighting of houses. The voltage of the system was much below normal, the lighting service was most unsatisfactory. Moreover, the hitherto successful electrical system of lighting was saddled with existing inconveniences be tolerated; even municipal management, it was argued, would be infinitely better than private management of the kind that had been endured for so long.

The Government realized that it would have to act, that it dared not ignore the public demand. But the West India Electric Company had also realized that the period of its operations in Jamaica was rapidly drawing to a close. It apparently was as willing or as eager to dissociate itself from the municipality as the municipality was that it should do so; therefore negotiations were opened in Canada for the sale of the West India Electric Company’s interests in the organization to be known as the Jamaica Public Service Company Limited. Mr. Alfred 8. Nichols arrived in Jamaica and took charge of the local electrical business on behalf of the new company which had acquired the West India Electric

(Continued on Page 27.)
of all the shouting I heard. The gate was locked too: I found it so. Therefore I don’t see any way your Three-fingered Jack could have got in here. But there can be other ways, you know, for he was in, anyway.

All this seemed so palpably the truth that the officer had nothing to argue against. His men beamed at us in their pride and our presence parted the doors of the house. It was not occupied for the moment and was full of dust and melodious to a degree.

The officer, who of course would not join in this hunt, had now some time in which to observe Eliza- morgan closely. The twilight was golden with the light; the sky was illuminated gorgeously, though it was eared enough, as a West Indian backyard might be. But it was not for the light and shadow of the low outlines or the battered boxes and hogsheads and old lumber that the officer now looked at, but only at the queer glances at the quiet, and at such as it would give him sharp answers and even to censure him for carelessness. And what he saw appealed to and attracted him.

Tall and upright, with dark eyes that stared at him with steady, piercing glance, her face was finely chiselled and conveyed an impression of strength of character and resolution rare in most women and rarely seen in the native women of that day. Her hair was black, long and glossy, reaching down to her waist; her body neither fell but firm; her neck, graceful and slender; and when she spoke revealed a voice that was distinctly dis- closed. She carried her head haughtily, but her manner was neither coquettish nor ingratiating; it was marked by a certain quietness and fatiguing a little advanced and small, but it diminished no little. She was of mixed blood he had seen from the first; higher in the scale of color than a quadroon, but without the haze and blunted features that seemed incredible that a lovely, splendid creature like this should not long ago have found her man. She was no harlot, nor was she profligate; she seemed capable of being something in a big position and therefore might resist any interference of which he possibly might have heard. Her colour, which indicated a white husband could not do him, Captain Thornton, any harm.

The Captain smiled pleasantly. "I am very sorry, you know, if I have given you any incon- venience. I am sorry I have to do one's duty. That must be my apology."

She had seen the apprehensive look in his eye; she was no fool. There was a certain description of a white man which became polite and gracious when speaking to pretty women of colour, especially to those who had shown that they would not tolerate such rudeness, and with whom they wished to make friendship. Captain Darnall had methods that were not to be completely altered, and yet she felt that there would be too much familiarity in them. Already it was obvious he was not only advisable, but und er inexperienced by a long acquaintance; friendship, but it was too much. She had a desire to please. That she might resent his condescension could not possibly have occurred to him.

She made no answer to his last remark, but he did not appear to notice that. He was a short, broad, heavy man, with a brown, unshaven face, and the ordinary grip of a man of his size. He stretched out his arm to the man not to make the mistake of not being thoroughly black, and not to neglect peeping under the house, the foundations of which stood near three feet from the ground. To search there in the darkness would be useless, but the soldier had to obey. And while they were looking, the Captain could hear in an interesting little talk with this stamming man.

"I was at Spanish Town today," he remarked conversationally, "but I am stationed in King-ston: in the Harbour, to look after all kinds. Do you live here?"

"I was in Spanish Town."

He did not say that he did not say, "Captain," as most of the women of her position would have done, unless on terms of intimacy with him.

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are here now."

"Yes."

"Very well.

"I really don’t know.

"Well, you can’t stay here depends on—"

"What do you think of that before this? You should have done it when you came in first if you really believed anyone could have slipped in here."

"I don’t think you did."

"You are damned impudent! Men, search every corner of this house, every nook and cranny. You don’t think he could have got into the house somehow?"

"If you will look, you will see that all the windows are closed, as they were when you were here a few minutes ago. And the backdoor was locked when I came out to wash what was the reason

"Depends on a gentleman, eh?" he concluded, with a smile, "I don’t think so.

"No?

"Are you not unattached?"

"I can’t see that it is any business of yours."

He started. This was a plain rebuff, almost an insult. Did this girl dare to speak to him as a white and a lady?

But he was determined to make no passes in her favour; after all, women required a lot of humour- ing sometimes, especially when they had good looks and money to squander.

"I only ask because I would like to come and see you now and then, you know," he explained. But he was fairly shocked to find she was not only unattached, but even afraid—

"I don’t think you are afraid—"

"And of nothing at all and of nothing. Understand that at once!"

"Oh! Well, so much the better. I may come then.

"If you please; that isn’t final, I am sure. I never take no for an answer. Why, we are almost neighbours. My name is Captain Thornton."

"Your men seem to have finished searching. Captain," he said, "Your business here is finished, I think."

He was nettled at her tone. Most of her kind would have been delighted with his attentions, but she was trying him too far. He would return her compliment and send her away.

"My business will be finished when I say it is, young woman. I intend to search the house."

And she took off her cloak, and borrowed a little yellow umbrella; he really had no authority for breaking into private premises at night on a chance like this; but who was she to stop him? And then, if he found the disguised man in the house, he decided to inform her.

"You may," she said. "My mother is here with me. You can go into her room first, or send your servant in. But I don’t think she would come you as a visitor after this. I did imagine you wanted to speak to her, Captain.

"Not at all," he cried, delighted; "not at all! What made you think so? I should be glad to make your acquaintance Miss—you haven’t told me your name."

"I’m Margaret Morgan."

"I shall come to see you as soon as I can; as soon as I get away from Spanish Town. Tonight I am going to wash my man; it is the only day that damned villain must be hidden somewhere about; and as he lives in St. Thomas we shall guard the Entrance. I don’t think you would come to see her as a visitor after this. I did imagine you wanted to speak to her, Captain.

"Indeed."

"I want to tell you so often, I have fallen head over ears in love with you."

He had already gone far; it might not be many days before this, and she would be likely to come his mistress. That would be quite in keeping with his manner, which appeared to be, no doubt, friendly and sometimes even tender, as it had been meeting with him. The woman had been ending most happily. He gave an order, and said he thought she would be quite safe for the night. He left the yard. A nod from him to the servant, and they marched out of it. He put out his hand, which Elizabeth took quietly. He wondered if he could bring her as he had not seen before, but saw no encouragement in her attitude. Evidently she was one of those who required a lot of courtship. Well, he would be equal to that.

"Good-night, Bess," he said jovially.

"Good night, Captain Thornton."

"Take her as far as you can, Bess," he said to her, as he went through the gate; she motioned to her servant to close and lock it, then sent the girl back to her room. "I am going to wash my man; I don’t know how the woman can be three minutes longer, then took her way upstairs, to her mother’s chamber, where that woman and the highwayman’s woman went to bed.

Chapter Three

WELL?"

A black man had ascended the stairs a little while before with Elizabeth’s mother, a woman of colour. The chair had a back made of polished mahogany with a seat of dark tanned leather. He was devouring some food that was on the table when the servant entered. "Good-night, Bess," said Elizabeth, none too gently, for her passers-by-things, the girl had been keeping her temper. At the same time she glanced over at the man. She had taken the precaution to place the lighted candles in such a position that no gleam of light could reach her eyes.

"With your mother’s permission and help I got..."
A Delightful Hot-water Drink

HAVE you tried the best of all hot-water drinks — cold “Online” coffee? Do you know how delightful it is to enjoy a steaming cup of delicious beverage?—it actually supplies every food element your body needs today.

Cold “Online” is easy to prepare by adding “Online” to cold milk or milk and water. Mix for a moment with an egg whisk or in a cocktail shaker. Then you have a creamy, refreshing drink, inexpensive in cost and brimming of nutrition—giving nutrient value to your cold fatigue.

PLANTERS PUNCH

1930-31

PLANTERS PUNCH

21

ugly look on his face. “There was a beast there who, because he thought I had not answered him civilly enough, reported me to the Captain, and I was locked up and flogged. I have the marks on my back today.”

“I would kill every one of those responsible for that,” she said, “if I were you, and ever met them.”

“Only one or two are alive now, probably: I know that one is, and he is the man that caused me to be flogged. My ship — it was a deep named the Scorpion—called at Barbados and then came on to Jamaica, and I do not know where he is now.”

“I must want to know more,” admitted the girl, and “I am very sorry for you, though I have been on the main deck for hours and hours. But I am used to that.”

There was pride and vanity in her voice as she added: “I am proud.”

“And very beautiful,” he said, speaking impudently, but his compliment would please her.

She looked at him searchingly. Was this another exhibition of the sort of impudence which men like Captain Toome had displayed, thinking she would be grateful. Was this man forgetting himself like so many others of his kind? But his tone was genuine; there was a ring of gratitude as well as of admiration in it. And now he said it as if he had been thinking of nothing but it which was far from suggesting any approach to familiarity.

As a matter of fact the highwayman had swiftly conjured up a picture of another face seen not long ago in equally strange and dangerous circumstances. It was a beautiful face, different from the one before him, white, proud; and the girl he now thought of had tried to ride him down. He had recalled that incident momentarily, not with resentment, but with admiration, for he had admired the courage which had prompted the effort and he was sorry to see that girl again that had taken him over to Spanish Town and brought with his present predicament, though he was not quite sure of that part of his story. One beautiful woman had had, unknowingly, fired him for danger. Another had saved it for him, and the one before him was evidently of sterner stuff.

Such ready resource and cool, far-seeing resolution were probably not to be found in any other woman to-night in Jamaica.

“I will tell you myself,” he said, banishing from his mind pictures which it would be foolish to out of place to dwell upon; “but let me ask you one question: who are you?”

“I have told you: Elizabeth Morgan.”

“Does that mean anything special? You speak as if it did.”

“Does so. I am a descendant of Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, the man who became Governor of Jamaica. He was the greatest of his day in those parts. He caused the Spanish in Cuba and along the coast of South America to tremble with the sound of his name. He might have been a king if he had wished to be a king! You know now why I couldn’t be afraid of you when I came into your night-party with pistols in your hands. Henry Morgan feared neither God nor Devil, and I am not afraid of you either.”

Inordinate arrogance and vanity were expressed in her attitude as she spoke; and because her pride seemed to him misplaced he was secretly amused. All this was his father’s. But there were, he thought of Henry Morgan, the greatest of the pirates, who, as a buccaneer, had served the Governor of Jamaica for a time. And that fact made her feel that she was a person of special importance, though evident. Without further consideration he would have known she had called herself an outlaw. At any rate she was certainly an extraordinary young woman.

“I am a lawyer by profession,” he began, plunging at once into his story. “I was in partnership with another solicitor in London, and there was some trouble with a client over money matters; I needed into the details. I really don’t much to do with it, but I was held to be equally responsible.”

(“His first excuse,” she thought: “he was probably as much pleased as his partner, if not much more. Perhaps entirely.”)

The other was a solicitor from London pretty quickly. But the difficulty was that he was one of those companies in who so many of the extreme Irish were interested. I had been thinking of Ireland, though what she should do when I got there I could not say. However, the first thing was to disappear out of London. I headed for the seaside. I wasn’t there a week before, one night when I had a headache I awoke from the sleep from the sleeping in my lodging house as much as possible until I got thoroughly sick of it, I was taken by the old man’s Gang way over to the island I might be his adopted brother and the next day I escaped, though that is doubtful. Anyhow, they got on the lookout for me, and on the boat where she was for one of the men was a sailor, and I was shipped as a common sailor. This was something over two years ago.

Life on the ocean was good for the common sailor, especially for a man who had lived as I had. Bud, long hours, beauty work, and the bullying of everyone about you; you could imagine it is a worse than nigger slavery.”

“Even the two of them took any notice of her, and she went under again.”

“You are terribly tired,” said Elizabeth, and it’s
The Home of
Golofina and La Tropical
Jamaica Cigars

PARK LODGE FACTORY

OFFICE AND RETAIL STORE

B. & J. B. MACHADO TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED,
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 21)

They were taken off by a doctor in town, who banded up my hand.

But I had been up to a few meals that same day, merchantmen. Their people were luckier than ours, for they had no falls of the river, and when the town was not short of revenue passengers and seamen, and that gave me an idea. If I remained there, I would soon be identified with the town, and then I should be put in hell again. I had more than enough to go to sea with, and I could pick up a good position and make a slow sail in one of the Palmetto ships and stop off early one morning into the commodious ratio of the town. There I see the vessel, then. I took the risk of getting worse. If I could get ten miles off out of the town, I was safe. Why, I noticed though, was that I attracted a lot of attention from people going about, and it was a natural thing they would have to see a white man walking just as they did.

"Naturally, they would be," commented Elizabeth.

"It was very inconvenient, but nothing came of it. I had a plan. I would claim to be a shipwrecked mariner, which indeed I was, and try to obtain some employment on one of the estates. The draw- back was my injured hand, but I was strong and the men would be just as glad to have me as they would to have a little man they could reckon on. I played a sleight of hand, and pretended a leg was hurt, and took along with me a number of the white men away from their ordinary voca- tions, and caused the most absurd of business to be done which called for extra assistance. I got a job at once, and was allowed to rent for three or four dollars a month. I was treated as an estate doctor, I was attended to my hand, which was painful but not dangerous. I was allowed to drink, a, bookkeeper I called it out here, and was little better than a slave myself, if long hours of work and absolute obedience to orders are a part of slavery—where they are.

"There were a few survivors of thelongrightarrow's, who had evidently been taken to a different place from where I was in Palmetto, probably never gave me a thought. If they had known that I had been there, I believe that I was drownd. I had given a false name to the town doctor, and I am sure there had been something mentioned outside of the estate, as I know now; every property is isolated here. I made up my mind there was no necessity about. He simply does not count. I was made to feel that, though not out of any desire to hurt my feelings. I was simply treated as other persons in my position were. I don't think that the men in better positions imagined that we white men, who are lower down, have any feelings to be consider- ed.

"No, and they didn't think that women like my- self have any feelings to be respected," broke in Elizabeth. "They were a very rude people. The old gentlemen here don't make any complaint. They drink and they have their slave women, and they lie like flies before the sun.

"If didn't, I was as miserable as b— Pardon don't let the gentleman hear you.

She flashed at him a glance of gratification; she was pleased with his apology and the tribute it implied, for she was not an unobtrusive girl. "It will do you good,"

"Perhaps it's a little better than the slope. I don't know if it's better than any man's race."

"Yes, it was in a sort of prison. I wanted to get out of the island, and I am quite sure that I would have gone out to the rebels. As for the English, they were just as much in the making of them; we are only called upon to obey them. That is one reason why I wanted to be a doctor. However, I hope I will live long enough to learn to hate them and those who make them!"

"You're right. I am sure I found that it is difficult for a white man to leave this country. Your life is short."

"What have I and others like me to do with the laws that are now in existence? We are the subjects of a modern system of temper, of bitter anger, like a sharp flash of steel-shining lightning. The laws to hear were but in- sufficient, and what was unjustly rebelled against. The law makes it obligatory," he continued, "for one to be a man. I can't endure it. I should like to stay on the island for three months before he actually goes. This is to give anyone to whom he may owe money a chance of being paid or of preventing his de- parture. But an advertisement of this sort might cause enquiries to be made about me; how long I had been in the island, how I had come, and so forth, and there might be unpleasant develop- ment. I saw something similar in Tahiti, and the in- dustry came smuggling myself out of Jamaica, or of bribing a sea captain to smuggle me out. But I would not do it, and the beauty of it, and my beggary may guard me better.

"I had got along quite well, and then got a note after six months. I moved on. I went from Trinidad to St. James. The conditions were the same there. I was treated in the same way. I am to be here to work again until the middle of the cruise. I went to Fort Three-Fingered Jack.

"He did not become my master for long. Early this year news came that he had been knocked down by two Maroons aroogers and shot in a light, and his hand was strongly in St. Thomas. I was told to come to him on the promised reward. One day, when this news was heard, I went to sea. I was working on one—of the slaves remarked to me, 'You have a ban' Tree-Fingered Jack, too, massa, and that's what made me drop up heavens. And this news came upon me, that someone, with more intelligence than the slave himself, might take a good deal of money by simply taking it from those who had it. I was already in trouble in England, and practically imprisoned in a dungeon. And if I were to get away I must have money. Here was a possible means of getting enough and getting it quickly. If I failed, I could only have an intention of letting myself be taken alive. And I ran no more risk of being shot than any soldier or cavalry in war. I was known to many of the slaves on the northerly, however, to hope to escape recognition for long, even if I painted myself white. And many white men had seen me, and would probably recognize my fea- tures even if I painted myself white. It seemed as though the simplest way to go about the business would be to move over to St. Thomas and impersonate the master, and I think the negro-Fingered Jack was fond of his master, who believed that there was no power in this world that could not be turned to good. In any case, I was on the border line, and the only proof of his identity was that he had the severed hand taken to the Government of- ficers in the capital.

"Now, two or three bight slaves, and I might have sufficient money for all my immediate purposes. I would have the opportunity of knowing the highway; that could not last for long. As a matter of fact I took over one thousand pounds from Colonel Brookespeare, more than I thought I could ever get in three months. I have the money, I need not go to sea at all. I will mention this to you later on; what I did, the idea of being Three- Fingered Jack came into my head, was to leave St. Thomas and make my way to St. Thomas and what I travelled mostly by night. I found the caves and the hills and the parts of the country where few people ever came. I went about as a white man, when I had to go to town, and of course was never questioned or molested. I bought two guns similar to those Jack was in the habit of using, and sold out Colonel Brookes- speare where Jack had robbed travellers before. In- stead of going back to my haunts, however, I came to KG and only got away to the island of KG and told my horse. And I frankly confess, I am not at all sure as to how it came out.

He paused wearily, a despondent tone crept into his voice. Elizabeth realised that he was dread- fully fatigued, and had been ill for some time, and that he had been away from Jamaica for a good deal of peculiarly wild formation. The Railway cuts into the side of the hill, and the ravine through them in a bewildering series of curves, and provides the finest views of this unique "Coast Country." In no other way can views of the Coast Country be obtained.

A particularly fine view is afford- able of Montego Bay, across the Bogue Islands. Montego Bay—Doctor's Cave—one of the finest coral bathing beaches in the world. Wonderful sun and sea bathed bright and bracing. "By the time I reached the Doctor's Cave," says Mr. B. C. Parker, the world famous bone-set- ter.

KINGSTON TO PORT ANTONIO—75 MILES.

Through the Bog Walk gorge and the fertile and picturesque St. Cath- erine and St. Mary County. 25 miles of wonderful coast scenery. Ex- cellent bathing at Port Antonio.

KINGSTON TO EWRATOWN—29 MILES.

Through the fertile Mino Valley, and to the foot of Bull Head mountain near the centre of the Island.

TRAVEL IN SAFETY.

Tickets, available for one month, for the whole railway, $4 each, first class. This line is suspended between all stations at specially low prices.

For particulars as to trains, fares, etc., apply to the General Manager of the Government Railway, Kingston, or to J. Powen, Director, Jamaica Government Railway, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
DUNLOP in its latest form

has been specially designed to meet those particularly severe conditions of service, where an extra reserve of strength is desirable.

Fort Dunlop stands in a class by itself—it expresses Dunlop individuality.

Cecil de Cordova & Co., Depositeurs
Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd.

THE UNITED FRUIT CO. IN JAMAICA

(Continued from Page 15)
in its relations with the outside public. Its headquarters is in Kingston, its medical chief is Dr. I. W. McLean, who has been in Jamaica for twelve years. There are nine dispensaries on the different estates and one hospital; there are also eight district physicians associated with Dr. McLean. These are local, part-time men, and the United Fruit Company pays them market rates. Under the direction of this Medical Department is a Sanitary Department, who have been in charge of the farms for the labourers' quarters. It will be interesting to hear that the Sanitary Department of the United Fruit Company has to be active if it is to perform its duties.

The origin of the fruit trade is known; more or less correctly it is said that a certain Captain Bush, about fifty years ago, and Captain Lorenzo Baker, bought some fruit in Jamaica and took it up to Boston where it was supposed to be sold at a profitable price. It is claimed that the first fruit purchased by Captain Bush was at Ocho Rios and that the man who sold it was a Mr. Silvers. More probably, small parcels of fruit were purchased from this Mr. Silvers and others; but it is interesting to have the name of one of the first local fathers of the trade.

From Costa Rica and Colombia other shipments of fruit had been made; as a matter of fact the Jamaican banana was not the first seen in the American market. But Captain Baker got in touch with Mr. Andrew Preston, who was afterwards to be associated with Mr. Minor C. Keith of Costa Rica; and Andrew Preston it was who organised a company of ten persons, each contributing a certain sum of money, to buy fruit from the ships and sell it in the Boston Market. It is stated in some publications that the amount which each man put up was two thousand dollars; Mr. Preston himself told the present writer that it was one thousand dollars. It is more; he said, before the first year was through each of his partners would have been glad to get his money back without any interest; they thought the venture was going to fail, but by the end of the year he could show a handsome profit; when they decided to invest their profits in the business, and after that he had no further trouble.

It is said of establishing the banana business grew. Why not buy the fruit on the spot as well as sell it in America? Why not grow it also? Why not buy ships as well as charter them? Why not buy land as well as buy the business developed. The company which now owns and controls a hundred and thirty thousand acres of land in Jamaica and a great fleet of ships—a hundred or thereabouts—had originally to hire space from other lines. But when it built fruit ships it found that part of the room in the upper sections of the ships might economically be used to carry passengers. Consequently it began to cater for passengers. But ships with fruit and passengers did not provide what the market needed, and it set about finding a way of accommodating both.

The 'Titchfield' Hotel at Fort Antonio was one night destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt. The War of 1914 broke out and continued until nearly the end of 1918. No tourists came to Jamaica during the war; the 'Myrtle Bank' Hotel was a deadweight on the hands of the passengers.

In 1919 the question was, close it or sell it? More might be got for it as a going concern, and the only party able and willing to buy—for it could wait until the war was over and a tourist trade began once more—was the United Fruit Company. Negotiations were opened, the hotel changed ownership. Just about the time of the war's ending, and in the very first year of the change there was a tourist season, as Jamaica had never known!

Meaningly 'Myrtle Bank' has been greatly improved, very large sums of money having been spent upon it in recent years. Its latest addition is a tiled swimming pool with an overlooking tea house, and an arched facing the ballroom, which is one of the prettiest things of its kind to be found anywhere. On 'Titchfield' Hotel, too, money has been laid out with no alderman hand, and now these two hostelries are known by thousands who have visited the tropics.

Offshoots of the general activity of the Company, as they might be called, they are nevertheless very seriously conducted as big business propositions; if the Company is not exactly in the hotel trade, in that it has but two hotels which it certainly never thought about at its formation, it has nevertheless demonstrated that it can operate hotels successfully.

The United Fruit Company, with the allied company, Elders & Fyffes, Limited, of England—the two are really one concern—have made the tourist trade of Jamaica. Dozens of ships of other Eas are now call at Jamaica in the tourist season, but it was the United Fruit's boat's, and the vessels of the Elders and Fyffes Line, that for long years brought visitors to Jamaica, and the two Companies have spent a great deal of money in advertising the island as a tourist resort. Mr. A. H. Steele, the Managing Director of the Elders & Fyffes Company, has personally interested himself in efforts to bring Jamaica to the attention of the English public. But this is a story which must be told by itself day in Planters' Punch.
Ladies In The Working World

IT cannot be much more than twenty-five years since the girls of Jamaica, of the lady class, began to go out to work. This class had up to then been carefully sheltered from what was considered to be the contamination of earning one's own living. Concessions were made, of course; a lady might teach in a school; she might even engage in some private dressmaking, with elaborate explanations showing that she made dresses only for her friends, or for a few strangers whom she particularly wished to oblige. But to work in a store, in an office, as a nurse; to become a hair-dresser, to engage in business, to be a professional dressmaker; and to feel no shame whatever in any of these callings, but rather a great deal of pride, to imagine that the ladies of Jamaica could have no conception some thirty years ago.

Today those ladies who are not old enough to know anything about the peculiar ideas and prejudices of their mothers would laugh at such ideas and prejudices should they be publicly expressed. To the young woman under thirty today it seems the most natural thing in the world that she should work, especially if she is not of ample and independent means. It seems to her a necessary thing that she should find something remunerative to do, necessary for the development of her powers, necessary for the employment of her time. And that any decent sort of employment should be degrading to her status as a lady does not occur to her or to anybody else.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has suggested that this change in point of view, in the English-speaking world, is largely due to the influence of Mr. H. G. Wells. You may remember that in Shaw's dialogue "Pygmalion" he describes how Freddy, who is a gentleman by birth (and badly educated as most gentlemen are apt to be), marries Eliza, the flower-girl, and with her opens a flower shop in London. It was Colonel Pickfart, a gentleman, too, a soldier by profession, a man of means, one who would be received anywhere, who hinted to the young couple that possible means of earning their livelihood. Then Freddy's sister, Clara, who felt that a lady must not work but must only marry well, also underwent a change of mental habit. Mr. Shaw tells us that for many years "commercial people and professional people in a small way were obliged to have her run after painters and novelists... She was, in short, an outfall, an ignorant, incompetent, pretentious, unwelcome, penniless, useless little snob." But she took to reading H. G. Wells. Then "Clara's sobbiness went bang. Life suddenly began to move with her." She dropped her snobishness, and she went to work in an antique furniture shop. She prospered, as eventually did her brother and his wife Eliza; snobishness and the old ideas as to what a lady must and must not do in the working world vanished quite out of their lives.

At least that is the impression Mr. Shaw conveys to us, although snobishness never entirely vanishes out of anybody's life. Nevertheless it is true that many of the stiupidities which handicapped us thirty or even fifteen years ago have been largely abolished, and not only by Mr. Wells and other revolutionary men of letters.

The inventor of the typewriter, for instance, had much to do with the new revolution. The expansion of business had to do with it. The war has also had a great deal to do with it. There used to be occupations entirely undertaken by men, or by women of what we considered to be an inferior class. But the girl of the period, the girl of to-day, is not at all worried by the fact that men used to do or are still doing these jobs, or that girls of a so-called inferior class occupy such positions. The only question that matters is whether a decent young woman who undertakes such work can maintain her personal decency, and whether such work is remunerative. If the answer is yes, there is little or no hesitation.

In these days even members of the English aristocracy either toil and spin themselves to earn a living, or are the sons of men who made their own living by hard work, while they themselves carry on their father's functions.

G. K. Chesterton has an amusing sketch of a conversation between an American and an English priest. Father Brown: The American assures me that the English aristocrat is too ancient in lineage and too proud to lift a hand to do a job to save his life. "Our people," he says to Father Brown, "are not like the English, who will forgive a man for being rich if he throws away money on hospitals or horses. ... You do not do justice to the climbing and aspiring power of our more remarkable citizens. You see a good-looking gray-haired man in evening-dress with an air of authority about him, you know he is a pillar of the State and you fancy he had a father. You are in error. You do not know that his wealth has been partly, if not entirely, in a business, or quite likely in his own. You do not allow for our national buoyancy and uplift. Many of our (Continued on Page 31)
BARCLAYS BANK
(DOMINION, COLONIAL AND OVERSEAS).
FORMERLY
THE COLONIAL BANK
Incorporated by Royal Charter 1836.

With which are amalgamated
THE NATIONAL BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LTD.
AND
THE ANGLO EGYPTIAN BANK, LTD.

Authorised Capital £10,000,000. Subscribed Capital £6,975,500.
Capital Paid up £4,975,500. Reserve Fund £1,550,000.

"Deposits" 31/3/30 £62,842,834.

HEAD OFFICE: 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3
LONDON OFFICE (Colonial Bank Section). 29 Gracechurch Street, E.C. 3.
MANCHESTER OFFICE, 21 York Street.
LIVERPOOL OFFICE, 25 Castle Street.
HAMBURG OFFICE, Adolphsplatz IV.
NEW YORK AGENCY, 44 Beaver Street.

CANADIAN AGENTS—BARCLAYS BANK (CANADA) MONTREAL
and THE BANK OF MONTREAL—All Branches.
BRANCHES IN THE WEST INDIES—Antigua, Barbados, Dominica, Grenada, St. Kitts, St. Lucia,
St. Vincent, Trinidad.
BRANCHES IN JAMAICA—Kingston, Annotto Bay, Falmouth, Lucea, Montego Bay, Morant Bay,
Port Antonio, Port Maria, Savannah-la-Mar, St. Ann’s Bay.
BRANCHES IN BRITISH GUIANA—Demerara, Berbice.

AGENTS IN THE WEST INDIES FOR THE BANK OF MONTREAL

Over 400 Branches throughout British West Africa, Egypt and the Sudan, Transvaal, Rhodesia, Cape
Province, Natal, Orange Free State, Swaziland, Portuguese East Africa, South-West Africa, Tanganyika,
Nyasaland, Kenya Colony, Malta, Gibraltar, Palestine and Mauritius.

WORLD-WIDE BANKING SERVICE FOR TRAVEL AND TRADE.

TRUSTEE DEPARTMENT—HEAD OFFICE—LONDON.
THE BANK UNDERTAKES THE OFFICE OF EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE.

REGINALD V. BUTT,
Manager, Jamaica Branches.

C. B. SAYLES, Asst. Manager.
LIGHTENING OF OUR DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 19)

Tramway Company’s rights. A new regime had been inaugurated.

Both Mr. Nichols and the Jamaican Public Service Company had their work cut out. The latter found itself called upon to lay out considerable sums of money to improve and develop the existing plants; a new system of rates and a more efficient administration; he was during the next few years to endeavour to remove from the minds of all classes of the people the impression that his company was a sort of continuation of the West India Electric Tramway Company. Merely material improvements could not affect as quickly as machinery could be purchased and workers employed. But the illumination from the popular mind of certain unpleasant memories and still more unpleasant suspicions was to be a matter of years and of very painstaking endeavour. That end is not yet over, and as a matter of fact it must always form part of a permanent and continuous policy.

Two Canadian Electric Companies had held the franchise for operating the street car system of Kingston and Lower St. Andrew. The second Company had also acquired the franchise for lighting both parishes. A third organisation had now come into the field; a Canadian; he was lightly loaded with an unfortunate legacy; the question which the whole country should be asked was what would be this new company's policy and programme?

Inevitably, certainly disputes arose as time went on. One of these arose as to the company's responsibility for repaying a certain portion of the city's streets under reconstruction. That dispute was finally settled by a compromise between the two contending parties, the Company and the Mayor and Corporation. This was eventually accomplished so easily as to demonstrate the better feeling which had already developed between the new Canadian Electric Company and the Municipal Authorities. Ten years before, all the talk might have been building in a Court of Law. In these later days, with a more reasonable attitude of mind prevailing, a great deal may be expected from friendly discussion and an honest activity on both sides.

What is the price of electricity for lighting purposes, and what about the charges for tramway fares? Those were the questions asked in 1892. It was now known that the cheapening of electricity for domestic purposes was one item of the programme of the Jamaica Public Service Company; it was also announced later on that the company had no intention of increasing the price of its tramway tickets.

This programme was wise, as events have shown. There can be no doubt that many people are using electricity now that could not use it if it were not for the low price at which it is sold. They will install it as the many new homes now being

and to be built are completed. And with lower rates prevailing, many of the existing users of kerosene oil will eventually turn to electricity. The case with which this illuminant can be employed, its cleanliness and radiant effects, its cheapness when economically utilised—all this will have its influence on a still larger number of consumers in time. Meanwhile new increases of business are being developed by the Public Service Company. The signlighting in use in East Queen Street and Cross Roads does not only mean more revenue for the company but a brightening of thoroughfares such as is seen in progressive European and American cities. There will be a generalising of this sign-lighting later on. The stores in King and Harbour Streets are in darkness after nightfall now; but electrical signs advertising Jamaican goods have appeared in the Central Park area, and merchants of King Street will one by one install electrical signs until our main thoroughfares become one blaze of humming light after dusk. This is a sad prophecy, for though it is true that lower King Street is not much frequented at nights in the present state, the cheaper lighting of it will transform it into a chintzy, charming and popular meeting place in years to come. Surely some enterprising merchant in King Street will realise this and will hasten to capitalise his discovery.

With regard to the tramway service, it is easily shown how an increase in the purchase of power money since the beginning of the year, that the Public Service Company, which provides the same service at the same rate as before, has actually increased the price of that service. There has been a general increase of prices (which is not a new thing as saying that there has been a fall in the value of money). Everything is now more expensive than it was before, and so the tariffs are as very much more expensive. We have no doubt it could be statistically demonstrated that the cost of operating the municipal tramway service is very much higher than it used to be, possibly fifty per cent more. This has been offset by a greater volume of business; nevertheless it is certain that the city authorities and the Public Service Company can meet the price of their services or commodities to the public as a consequence of the change in the value of money, while the Public Service Company has decreased its charges for electric lighting and not raised its tramway rates. This is probably an illustration of what Herbert Spencer described as "enlightened self-interest"; but so long as the self-interest is enlightened it is to be appreciated.

How it will fare with the tramway in the future is a question much discussed just now. The competition it has to face has been the dummy of private ownership and the large motor busses is a very serious factor in the general consideration of cheap and popular transportation for this municipality. The United Government found the other day that the busses were driving the herd of cars into extinction. Whereupon the United Government promptlyabolished the license which permitted the trams to have a monopoly of the road. The busses have had to give up business, the busses have left the streets. This will not do in Kingston. It is quite evident that the motor busses cannot supersede the tramway system as a means of mass transportation. In the mean time the company is experimenting with busses as a complementary means of conveyance, and the public is watching the situation with close interest. It is safe to say that, had the Jamaica Public Service Company decided to increase tram-car fares by fifty per cent, as it was thought at one time it might, it would have lost the public goodwill and sympathy; and the experiment which it may now very reasonably and confidently expect in the matter of its transportation service it could never have hoped for. It was good for the new Canadian electric company that it adopted a far-seeing and intelligent policy in this respect. That has done much to show that its management announced policy of friendly co-operation was not a mere formula of words.

The company serves an area extending from Lin L recount, some twenty-five miles to the west of King-ton, to the Trinidad Hospital, twenty-five miles east, and from the sea to the Wireless Station some miles to the north of Kingston. There is no other business in this area that is not affected by the operations of the company. We may mention large workshops such as those of the Jamaica Government Railway and the Kingston Industrial Works, and several other undertakings. The busses are equipped with automatic streetcars, mines, water factories, bakeries, produce curing depots, and wine offices, even mills, dental parlours, sawing machinery, presses printing offices, refrigerating machines, irrigation pumping, cooking, water systems, and numerous domestic machines which all tend to lessen the burden of the homewards and raise the standard of living in the community—all that contribute, in point of convenience and hygiene, causes use electricity. Water for irrigation is now drawn up underground sources by electricity, and for this purpose alone the Jamaica Public Service Company is now spending $10,000 in new machinery. There is also a large extension of its activities. For there is room for a great still greater development of its operations.

The Sports. 27 King Street.

COMPLETE GENTS’ :: OUTFITTERS. ::

Our Stock consists of a large Range of
High Grade Woolen, Worsted, Flannel, Brocade, C.G. Serge, Mohairs, Silk, Assams, Palm Beach, Etc.

SUITES MADE TO MEASURE
AT SHORTEST NOTICE.
FIT GUARANTEED.

BOOTS & SHOES
FOR
LADIES, GENTS & CHILDREN.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company

(Continental Dated 1839.)

The Pacific Steam Navigation Company

(Continental Dated 1846.)

PASSAGERS AND FREIGHT SERVICES

 BETWEEN
Southampton, London and Liverpool and Brazil and the River Plate.
Liverpool and the West Coast of North and South America (via Panama Canal and via Magellan) with calls at Jamaica as occasion requires.
New York, Havana, Panama Canal, and West Coast of South America.
United Kingdom and Continent of Europe to the West Indies, Central America; also to China, Japan, etc.

Local services West Coast, Central and South America.

Tours of Luxe:
WINTER CRUISES TO THE CARIBBEAN

From England by the luxurious Steamer "ATLANTIS" (15,620 tons register).
From New York by the popular s.s. "ARAGUA"

TOUR ROUND SOUTH AMERICA
By palatial triple screw liner "ORDUNA".

Regular three weekly Freighter Service: Between Jamaica, United Kingdom and Continent.

Fast Direct Freighter Service: From London to Jamaica in 15 days—monthly sailings.

Direct Fast Freight Service: From Jamaica via Panama Canal to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Vancouver, etc.

Regular Coastwise Freight Service: Between Kingston and Outports of Jamaica.

FOR full particulars apply——
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.
B.W.I.
The Doctor's Cave Hotel.

This Hotel is built on the site of the Famous White Sands Bathing Place of Montego Bay, where the finest bathing in Jamaica is to be enjoyed.

Boating, Fishing, Motoring, Tennis and Golf are Available.

For Good Service and Excellent Cuisine the Casa Blanca or Doctor's Cave Hotel is celebrated.

"A Unique Location—There is no place in the Island like it!"

TELEPHONE: CASA BLANCA.

For terms, etc., apply

M. H. Ewen, Prop.

Morgan's Daughter

"Continued from Page 29"

"He was stupid to come to Spanish Town," returned Colonel Breakspear.

"We don't know what brought him here or whether he succeeded in doing what he came for. He must be captured or killed of course, but don't you see, it would not do for us to send a sort of expedition after him, scorr a whole parish, and then have to admit failure. Everybody knew what we were after, and the man himself would probably have a hundred miles out of our soldiers. Have you any idea, though, what might be the effect of that on our slave population?"

"What have they to do with this?" demanded Colonel Breakspear.

"He was a militia colout, not reg-

ular, and a great planter and slave-holder. That the slaves should be taken into any sort of consideration, from any point of view, in any matter what-

ever, appeared to him extraordinary."

"Well, it got about last year that this Three-fingered Jack was not merely a runaway slave turned highwayman, but the son of an African chief whose parents were torn from Africa by treachery and brought to Jamaica. You know the story. It is badly acted, but it seems to be generally believed. He or some others pretend that he was endeavouring to avenge the robber's father to his parents and himself, and in order to get the other slaves brought home from Africa. Thus he strove to become a heroic character in the affaire. Whatever he did he always ventured, and this year he never trusted them so far as to work with any of them. Then he gave it out that he had a powerful magic or witch-doctor, which made it deadly for anyone to take him and rendered him invulnerable to ordinary weapons."

"That did not prevent the two Maroons from tracking him and killing him. Your Excellency—although we do not know for sure—" said Colonel Breakspear in his interrogation, and the Governor resumed.

"Exactly. Although, as you were going to say, it does not seem that they killed him after all. Now that is the point I am coming to. If it comes to be generally believed that Three-fingered Jack was not killed, and if we make any failure of ours to capture him too, apparent, word will travel from one end of the island to the other that the man either managed to escape death by his oath, or that he has returned to life. He will be still more an object of superstition reverence to the negroes than he ever was in the past; he could create rebellion after rebellion for us if that idea ever occurred to him. Do you see the danger?"

"Intere and intended General Swaby; while Col-

one Breakspear muttered: "This is serious."

"Very serious," agreed the Governor. "Therefore we must act cautiously."

"We don't want to be deceived again as we were before," muttered Colonel Breakspear.

"There are many people in this country with but two fingers on one hand, General," the Governor re-

minded him. "The cane mills are always taking off

fingers, and even hands and whole arms. Colonel Swaby knew the story of One Tree Hill."

"By Jove, yes!" exclaimed that gentleman, "this man may be an impostor."

"I myself think he is someone who is following in the steps of Three-fingered Jack, said the Gov ernor, "and his actions up to now suggest a high degree of intelligence than Jack ever displayed. Therefore he may do more harm. Travellers must go armed and in sufficient strength until we take him. We must manage to give this advice quietly to the white population, that they may understand the effect of our movements from the negroes."

The Governor's secretary wrote down this decision.

"Of course, the road to St. Thomas and Halfway Trace will be heavily patrolled and two or three men, but we can't keep soldiers on that sort of job indef initely. His Excellency continued. "We shall sim ply have to watch until the highwaymen sets again, and then we shall have to know where he is. It is a rooted business, es pecially as we have so much on our hands now with this war."

He rose and the other men rose with him; bow ing, they took their departure.

General Swaby and Colonel Breakspear, with Captain Thornton, passed into the great assembly hall of the Governor's residence on leaving the council room. They gave but a perfunctory glance about them, being well acquainted with this spacious apartment where formal receptions and balls were frequently held. But we might spare a moment or two to look at it. It was a lofty room from the ceiling to the floor, which depended three great chandeliers of cut glass, with a hanging wax and candles that sheltered the branches from the breeze. Even in the dim light that filtered through closed windows the glass glittered and sparkled, and all the various colours of the flashes you will see above a bow, as from thousands of precious jewels. Maho

nous tables stood here and there about the dilute and large, comfortable chairs with padded leather seats. Mahogany settees were ranged along each side of the hall; along the eastern side of it ran a row of pillars, and opposite to these a line of Doric pilasters. From these pillars and pilasters branched out silver-gilt sconces with tapers, and when these and the chandeliers ill at night the hall was a scene of many-coloured splendour. Over the pil-

ars, and supported by them, stood a long gallery enclos ed by elaborately carved iron work, and from this gallery one might look down at times upon a gay crowd dancing in the hall in quaint but picture-

que costume ces, while an orchestra, situated in a bal cony to the north above the room, played the stately airs to which our forfathered danced.

Walking with care over the highly polished floor of this hall, the three men took themselves through the folding doors and came upon a portico lifted four feet above the level of the street and paved with marble slabs. They descended the steps of this portico and found themselves amid a scene which they knew so well. It was a square, the centre of which was an obelisk, white spire, devoid of shrub or flower, upon which the sun beat down merel lesserly. Opposite stood the colonial Parliament House and the hall of its Supreme Court, its arcades of circular arches and its pointed roof. To their right were the arches of which was also a clustered court-house, a tavern, a lodging house, and a bar

ber's shop, all crouching a load of paint and oil and rubbish.

The King's House or Governor's residence was the largest and finest in this square, a huge pile occupying a whole block of the capital. It was more spacious than even its lengthy facade indicated. But its architectural pretensions were slight. Even the light yellow hue of all the Government build-

ings there did not conduce to creating a favorable impression from any升as called innovations not arresting. Neverthe less, in spite of indifferent architecture, heat and air of the scene in the square was anim ated enough and interesting, for there was always some movement in this busiest part of Spanish Town, or St. James, de la Vega, that Spanish appellation which still persistently clung to it. Scarlet-colored horses moved up and down, mount ed men made their way across the somber slaves, trudged hither and thither about their masters' manors. In the meadows, just across the river, one could see the line of one-horse chaises—driven, driven by men who had business in the city, and carriages, swinging clumsily on the leather straps which served for springs, drawn by pairs of horses and controlled by negro drivers perched in front, lumbering along. No woman of the upper class was to be seen at this moment, though we might make their appearance for a couple of hours yet. They were indoors, most of them taking a siesta. But here the men, unlike the males of the neighbouring Spanish colonies, did not indulge in an afternoon nap as a matter of course, but went at work as usual, though hag-

gily, in spite of the heat, in order not to lose the day.

Here and there a rum-punch at a house," Col-

one Breakspear suggested to his companion, and the ready hospitality of the Jamaica gentle man, and the Governor, who, like the captain by his side, was inwardly thinking this, he called his carriage and they drove off in a close-by street, where they halted before a large building, its front a mass of green jalousie or venetian windows interspersed with a few sash-windows, and the door opened to the street. The coachman hopped down, raised the poudreness from his knees and sent a thunderous noise into the farthest recesses of the house in a few moments the door swung open and the three gentle men passed into a darkened hall, a relief to their eyes after their experience of the blazing glare from the Colonel Breakspear at once led his guests into the dining room, where they seated themselves on mahogany chairs whose wooden seats were polished smooth through the years. He gave an order and, while the punch was being mixed, he returned to the subject they had just been discussing, with the same relief, height, florid and of arrogant demeanour, he was equally great in importance in the country. He was a member of the colony's Parliament and the house of Assembly, hence his residence in the capital, which he had been held for three years of the year. He owned coffee plantations and sugar estates not far from St. Thomas but in two other parishes as well, and if he knew little or nothing of the Government, that did not prevent him from holding a colonial office. He was emphatically addressed by his military title even by military men. He was a power in the land; the Governor himself had en-

trusted to the matter of his robbery; Captain Thornton himself had pursued with regular troops through the islands. He had been tried and had shared to come on to the capital. Colonel Breakspear
was born in England, but had lived nearly thirty years in Jamaica, and now he regarded himself as a sort of potestate, which indeed he was on his own property. The Jamaican lady and her daughter was Jamaican. The rumour was that the Governor of Jamaica was a relative to whom it was impossible less her father should crave some still higher sacramental connection for her.

At the age of thirty-five, she came to live in the room, evidently the housekeeper anxious to know if she would look her chance. As the accommodation of the master and those he had brought with him. "If Miss Joyce is not sleeping, ask her if she wants anything," said Colonel Breakspear to this woman, who courted and hastily went to the kitchen. It was his breakfast and his lights were out. "I don't think either of you know my daughter," he said to the two men, with the easy cordiality of the West Indies, "and you might as well make yourself acquainted now as later on." He himself handed to his friends the punches that had been prepared and set out on the table. They slipped, and drink, and Captain Thorntons, at the request of his hosts, played the part of Brandy. He described the adventure of the night before than it had been necessary to lay before the Governor.

It was the Colonel himself who, strangely enough, had detected Three-fingered Jack in the town. The Colonel had left his house on a visit about eight o'clock last night, after an early dinner: he was using a kettlespan. When near to a turning that led into the square, he had caught sight of a man leading a horse and apparently going in the direction whence he himself had come. The man he would ordinarily have taken for a groomsman leading his master's mount somewhere; but it happened that a groom from a lamp in a house bordering the street shone through a window and fell upon the horse, and the Colonel immediately recognised his own. He sprang up to the right conclusion, stopped his trap, and leaped to the ground. The man had seen and heard him, for Colonel Breakspear had no way of being able to restrain the violent expression which surprised and astonishment forced on his face. The man had instantly swung himself into the saddle and made off, whereupon Colonel Breakspear had scrambled again into the kettlespan, driven up to the guardhouse, and a few words informed the officers there that the high-waterman. Three-fingered Jack was then even escaping on his horse. Of course those officers had heard of the episode along the Windward Road and Captain Thoron, being a resident in Kingston, was hastily detailed to undertake the pursuit. The direction taken by the thief was towards the road leading into Kingston. It was not likely that he would now turn back and try some other escape from the city. So, eight or ten men in all, the armed troop followed him furiously, passing for a moment at the eastern outskirts of town, and asking of a cottager if he had seen a negro upon a horse galloping outwards that way. They failed and began a storm chase, which ended as we already know.

"His horse was better than ours," said Captain Thoron, "but was evidently a little tired. We had gone some nine miles before we actually caught sight of him, he was going half for leather, but once we saw him there was, of course, no chance that he could get out of sight again. As you know, the road is for the most part quite straight when you near Kingston, and the moon had risen. We took a long chain across a dome and then by some house, and on discovering a house and some other escape from the Town Guard. We were so close on his heels that if it had not been for the horse he must have shot him; like a curate, the light was not good enough for that. We pressed him till he came to the very centre of King's street, near the barracks, and there I thought I had him for certain. But he turned up a lane, and if he had vanished into the air he could not have escaped more completely.

Through a side door came Colonel Breakspear's daughter. Colour of white, hands of loomed skirts tumbling the ground, she looked comfortably cool in spite of the heat. None of us could get her down, but her hair was done high, in the fashion of the time, forming a sort of crown on her marble forehead; she walked with a quiet composure, had long been used to playing the hostess to her father's guests. Her blue eyes were friendly and smiling, and on her lips was a smile as she advanced towards the gentlemen who had all risen to meet her. Both strangers looked at her with a flash of admiration. Here indeed was some-thing lovely and collectable, to refine the social life of St. Jago de la Vega.

They had finished their punch. "Let us go into the little sitting room for a while and talk over our adventures," her father suggested gaily. "I really must tell you again how pluckily Joyce acted that night when that brute was robbing me; I feel quite proud of her."

"Not one young lady in a thousand would have had the courage or the presence of mind to do what you did," General Swaby complimented her, with a low bow; then she led the way into the room which was used for informal friendly visits. She was curious to know how the interview with the Governor, which had been arranged by himself, had gone off, and what steps were to be taken to capture the high-waterman.

Her father told her briefly. He dwelt on the Governor's doubts as to whether this man was the authentic Three-fingered Jack. "And there may be something in the Governor's view," he added.

"You know," said Joyce, "I have been puzzling over that man myself. I was confused, of course, and frightened—terribly frightened that night—but when I came to think over all that occurred, it seemed to me that the high-waterman did not speak like the ordinary negro; he spoke rather well, didn't you notice that, father?"

"I can't say I did," her father confessed. "I was too engrossed in trying to pay attention to him, though I heard what he said very well. What exactly do you mean?"

"He didn't speak broken English, I am sure of that. Yet every one of these negroes do."

"Nearly every one, but not all," General Swaby politely corrected her. "A few of the free blacks have learnt to speak our language fairly well. I have noticed that."

"That settles it," said Colonel Breakspear. "This man is not Three-fingered Jack, for he was a slave until he took to highway robbery. This creature is something different. By Jove, yes! He actually attempted to raise his hat to my daughter!"

The enormity of this offence almost took away the breath of the two other gentlemen: a new and bewildering phenomenon had suddenly swum into their ken.

"That man is going to give us trouble," answered Captain Thornton with conviction. "Well, I shall do what I can in Kingston to lay him by the heels. That is, if he is still there."

4 King St. HARDWARE Store
A Few of our Specialties.
ATLAS "A" Wood Preservative
BURRELL'S "DODOINE" Distemper
BURRELL'S & Sisson's Mixed Paints
"GYPROC" Fireproof Wall Board
"ESSEX" Board Vermin-proof Wall Bd.
GENALCO Latite Shingles
REMINGTON Rtg. Arms
Go's Products
B.S.A. Guns & Air Rifles
Silverware
Refrigerators
Linoleums
Engineers' Tools
TILESTONE Enam'l Metal Tile
CHAPTER FIVE

When John Seymour had, by the simple process of washing his hands and face in the Cane River on the Windward Road, transformed himself from a black into a white man, he took rapidly the other steps necessary to making good his escape. He flung his two long guns into the sea, knowing no white man would ride about the country at night carrying such weapons, and that, if the police found him, they would arrest him at the Fort farther on and might lend to his identi-
cation the help of his wounds, which had attracted the notice of the Colonel Breckinridge's party. He also threw away his hat, for that was incompatible with his new costume.

A beautiful spring day was broken by strange mists. Doubtless there was no one wearing the headgear of a slave would attract attention at so early an hour.

Then he rode on to Rock Fort, which guarded the eastern end and sea inquires to Kingston, and was the only one of the troops in the island that he had already seen more than once. The road to and from the fleet was the only one that he had already seen more than once. The road to and from the fleet was the only one that he had already seen more than once.

But travelers were not challenged as a rule, since they would know no passwords and the paved in the island that he had already seen more than once.

He had taken the horse, and that had caused him to change his plans; but what new plans had his heart of the future would require some careful thinking. He knew he should go to the Government Savings Bank of Jamaica known as "OUR BANK"

A small branch of Kington, he had not care to remain in that city for long. But there he heard heard casually that at the Halfway Tree village or thereabouts was a man who dealt in horses, and the general description he had heard of this man's part of the public highway. So the sentry hardly anyone would trouble to mention, nor would it matter if anyone did.

He genetics was before he should arrive at his destina-
tion, and he knew that the dawn would come swift-
ly, and that the passing of the sun would make the sleep-

ing world as with a call of trumpets. He did not care to risk that; he did not wish to be seen too directly, but, entice, enter the hotel and go. And so he rode on recklessly now, as he had gone through life for the most part, without fear of one or two of the Sleepy Town Guards who wondered at the horseman speeding away so desperately, he did not see them and took no doing under the Fort was part of the public highway. So the sentry hardly anyone would trouble to mention, nor would it matter if anyone did.

He reached the village of Halfway Tree; here rose a large grove of palm trees, and its leaves were in the wind, and its height was sufficient to make the sleep-

ing world as with a call of trumpets. He did not care to risk that; he did not wish to be seen too directly, but, enter the hotel and go. And so he rode on recklessly now, as he had gone through life for the most part, without fear of one or two of the Sleepy Town Guards who wondered at the horseman speeding away so desperately, he did not see them and took no doing under the Fort was part of the public highway. So the sentry hardly anyone would trouble to mention, nor would it matter if anyone did.

He reached the village of Halfway Tree; here rose a large grove of palm trees, and its leaves were in the wind, and its height was sufficient to make the sleep-

ing world as with a call of trumpets. He did not care to risk that; he did not wish to be seen too directly, but, enter the hotel and go. And so he rode on recklessly now, as he had gone through life for the most part, without fear of one or two of the Sleepy Town Guards who wondered at the horseman speeding away so desperately, he did not see them and took no doing under the Fort was part of the public highway. So the sentry hardly anyone would trouble to mention, nor would it matter if anyone did.

He reached the village of Halfway Tree; here rose a large grove of palm trees, and its leaves were in the wind, and its height was sufficient to make the sleep-

ing world as with a call of trumpets. He did not care to risk that; he did not wish to be seen too directly, but, enter the hotel and go. And so he rode on recklessly now, as he had gone through life for the most part, without fear of one or two of the Sleepy Town Guards who wondered at the horseman speeding away so desperately, he did not see them and took no doing under the Fort was part of the public highway. So the sentry hardly anyone would trouble to mention, nor would it matter if anyone did.

He reached the village of Halfway Tree; here rose a large grove of palm trees, and its leaves were in the wind, and its height was sufficient to make the sleep-

ing world as with a call of trumpets. He did not care to risk that; he did not wish to be seen too directly, but, enter the hotel and go. And so he rode on recklessly now, as he had gone through life for the most part, without fear of one or two of the Sleepy Town Guards who wondered at the horseman speeding away so desperately, he did not see them and took no doing under the Fort was part of the public highway. So the sentry hardly anyone would trouble to mention, nor would it matter if anyone did.

He reached the village of Halfway Tree; here rose a large grove of palm trees, and its leaves were in the wind, and its height was sufficient to make the sleep-

The formation of a regiment of mounted police was considered the necessary step to enforce the law in a country where crime was rampant, and where the police force was weak and inefficient. The new regiment was to be composed of men who had served in the army and had been discharged because of medical reasons. The men were to be recruited from the colony's best citizens, and were to be trained in the use of firearms and cavalry tactics. The regiment was to be under the command of Major John Murray, a veteran of the American War of Independence, who had been instrumental in establishing the colony's first mounted police force.

There are 100 Branches throughout the Island, at which Deposits and Withdrawals may be made.

Affords the undermentioned facilities to its Depositors:-

1. Free Postage, when corresponding with the Bank.
2. Exemption from Stamp Duty on Withdrawals.
3. The operation at any of its Branches, of an account opened at Head Office or a Branch.
4. Interest at the rate of 5% compounded half-yearly.
5. Security, based on government guarantee.

There are 100 Branches throughout the Island, at which Deposits and Withdrawals may be made.

The Government Savings Bank of Jamaica known as "OUR BANK"
that was the crime which had occasioned his dramatic exit from London, a crime which was a capital offence and to which he had been driven by heavy losses at gaming. He had been a lawyer, though he felt that his father should have made him a soldier; he had become something of a sportman and a young blood about town; he could ride, he could shoot, he could fence, and he had a taste for adventure; above all, he loved to play for high stakes. He had played and lost at home, and the penalty was ruin and disgrace, with hanging if once he were captured and condemned; but his luck seemed to be turning now. To secure more than a thousand pounds by holding up a man on a highway and to escape unknown was an achievement which any highwayman anywhere might envy. He need not attempt the performance again; he would not tempt fortune by asking her too much at once. He would secure this money about his person, and a sportman could be done out of getting away from Jamaica. He placed it under a pillow and put his head on the pillow. In a few minutes he was asleep.

He awoke at about ten o'clock, considerably refreshed, and called his host.

"I am going to leave my horse with you," he explained. "I am returning for it this evening or to-morrow. Will you have my clothes brushed and powdered, and ready for me? And by the way, I think I told you how my hat got lost last night as I was coming down. Can I get a hat to buy about here?"

"Not a hat good enough for Squire," the man explained dubiously. "But I have a new one, Squire, that I never wear yet——this was a lie—and if the Squire would condescend to try it on, till he get to town and can buy a good one——?"

The Squire would condescend; as a matter of fact this arrangement suited him perfectly. So the hat was brought, and though a trifle small it would do in the circumstances. He could also have a tub in his room, with warm as well as cold water. He carried his own clothes with him. In another hour he was shaved and bathed and dressed, the gold carefully distributed about his person. If his clothes were not those which a gentleman of position would have cared to appear in Kingston in, there would be many other white men about not better garbed than he.

He rode down to Kingston in an hour, passing between the country residences of the gentry, and huge grass pieces in which cattle browsed and slept in the heat of the day. The white men who had business in Kingston had gone down to their various stores and offices long before, so he encountered hardly anyone of consequence. Wagons conveying hogsheads of sugar and rum to the port he overtook; these drawn by plodding oxen and sometimes by mules, and attended by slaves clothed in their customary dresses: a pair of trousers, a sort of jumper, or sack jacket, and a wide battered straw hat pressed down upon the head and fastened on by a bit of string which ran under the throat. These jabbered and laughed as they slowly wended their way towards the city, their feet stamping into inches of dust that covered the uneven roadway.

The city was reached; it began nearby a mile

(Continued on Page 21)
Always in the Lead!

QUALITY always wins in the end. That is why more and more motorists every day are joining the thousands who have said good-bye forever to needless engine troubles—the thousands who save their money by using "Standard" Motor Oil.

"Standard" Motor Oil has won its place of leadership solely through the better protection it gives your motor car. We make no exaggerated statements, no extravagant claims. We merely say that once you try "Standard" Motor Oil, its merits alone will make you a regular user.

The one true road to economical, worryless motoring:—drain and refill every 500 miles with "Standard" Motor Oil.

West India Oil Company

"STANDARD" MOTOR OIL
ARRIVED at Negril with a wild Norther blowing. Pleasant, if we could only have sheltered from it. But that was exactly what I could not do, for perils took the place of windows in many of my houses. I had to bun my own urchins, however I could, in a cowshed, will keep out a Northern.

I could see the moon make a lamplight. So I went to bed in the dark. It was a little difficult in a strange room but there was one great advantage. There were no mosquitoes.

Next morning I rose in search of a bath. My boat had offered me one which he said last guest had transferred to the yard.

I sympathized with it. It was a handsome bath, large, and marble fit for a Roman centurion; unluckily there was not space for me and that bath was in the same room. The backyard was rather too much for me, therefore I changed my course, made my way past a good many cocoanuts and other aboral trash that had been blown down during the night to a nice little cove with a sandy beach where, I thought, screened by the sea grapes, I might have a bath in decent privacy.

I didn’t go in. The sea, driven by the Norther, was in coming in for what that part of the world were great rollers. I only sat down on the hard sand and let them wash over me. I enjoyed it.

That northern blew all the next day, and my horse, shying at the troubles of the sea, had given me a lamed warrant to keep aloft in any wind.

It did, for it was the sort of thing that had to be taken to a desert place and held over a bonfire to warm us. It was a wonderful sight, and I didn’t put it out. I couldn’t sturdy a wooden house by lighting it again. It had to stay “put,” as they say in Jamaica.

That was unfortunate, as the Norther dropped down, and then the mosquitoes got to work. To find the mosquito curtain in the dark was beyond me. I drew a veil over my wons. I was entirely at their mercy.

Negril is Jamaica in the raw–Jamaica as it was about ninety years ago when first the slaves were emancipated. Just I was there free long enough to accustom myself to the absence of restrictions, not long enough to become ambitious and desire something more than the country about could give them.

THE Church was close, so I began well by going to it. It was large and beautiful, and that was the Church, regarding even the most becoming as useless except for a purpose of kindness. I put my heart into the church, but did I happen to go, custom has decreed that I should wear a hat. Has not St. Paul declared that no woman should appear in the holy place uncov- ered?

"Because of the angels," he had added. Very few people, certainly not the Italians who insist upon his dictum, remember that Paul was of Syracusian birth and believed that, while God was in His Holy place, certain other spirits of more than human power would also be there and might look upon the unveiled women with eyes of desire.

The Sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair. Therefore for her own sake a woman must be provided with a hat which obscured her face.

Latter days have construed that into a hat, sometimes fashionable or becoming, sometimes a most disagreeable and unbecomingly the lady would feel better without.

Now I do not lay claim to any beauty or youth and may be quite sure of being safe from the Sons of God, but I was not at all sure that the leader of any of them, with a history of the story of the saints and the lads, could not make his way out of that unless be appeared without a hat. Therefore I made discreet enquiry.

Every one was surprised that I hesitated.

"Oh Misss’! you go!"

And then to the kitchen, which was splendid. I don’t suppose she had seen St. Paul’s injunction. In fact I doubt if she had ever heard of St. Paul.

Fortified with the approval of the household I went back inside and had my hat uncovered, and found myself the only white person there.

The parish sun of the Trojics, parish even in March, makes an effort to warm through the windows but does not think it hot but me. Though the women and girls had light dresses on, the few men present, evidently offensc of the church, had on heavy black coats, not perhaps in the first bloom of their youth, or in the latest fashion, but solid and eminently suited to an English winter or a trip to the polar regions.

The service was conducted by the schoolmaster, a dark-skinned man. Greatly to my surprise— I apologize for that surprise—I have seldom heard the beautiful service of the Church of England better read.

I was put in a front pew and it was evident that the presence of a stranger was an asset. They locked after me carefully, supplied me with a Bible, a prayer book and a hymn book, and even went the length of finding the places for me, though, my father having been a pillar of the Church, I could have quite easily have gone there myself. I didn’t want a book. I had left them in season and out of season in my youth I had appreciated the service. I knew it by heart. I had been wont to dodge it whenever I got the chance.

I looked at him and there was nothing to see. The pastor was by no means a regrettably tall man, and I thought of the old woman who recited to him as his very life-long friend.

I had thought of all my past sins as I listened to the schoolmaster reading dramatically the lessons of the day. I almost forgot I was in church in this faraway corner. The middle sun was so high overhead it hardly could come in at the door, but just here and there, where the squares of coloured glass in the windows had been tinted, it fell through them on the floor, red and blue and gold. The sun and the colours carried me back to my youth, with my father the judge solemnly condemning his father’s carelessness in religious matters. He had been in his grave for a quarter of a century.

All things seemed good there. His straightness, my casuality. Yet with all the past was the present moment, and the schoolmaster’s musical voice took the history of the Patriarchs. I heard the Syrian plain, the Angel of the Lord appearing to Abram, I heard the Psalms, the murmuring of the shepherd’s pastures. I heard Sarah’s mocking voice asking how could this thing be since she was already an old woman. I heard the soft sighing of the Caribbean sea as a back ground; I could see outside all the lush green, the rainforest of the Trojics.

I shall not forget that church in Negril. While I listened to the lessons I read the events recorded in the blank pages at the beginning of my Bible lent me. The owner’s name had not been entered. I presume he had been married: not because he had had eleven children but because he had taken the trouble to enter them there. About the middle he had forgotten. Rhett was mentioned which I had never heard before, was quite a favorite name in Negril. Her name, without the date of her birth, was screwed in between two others. The only other events beside those births were “Lesly entered 1925”;

I don’t think there was a war in 1925 I presume Lesly is a policeman.

Now the reader had come to Abram wrestling with the fierce tribal God of the Hebrews. At the same time I noted with regret—I had forgotten my own wrangling interest in a certain and Lesly had to be his wife—his wrangling interest in the congregation was not listening to the lesson but was watching to see the effect it had upon the stranger. Those who read the Bible read was finally noted, which I could not have been better done in London. Indeed very calm and peace were worse done.

So far I had gone on very well and behaved myself properly. I was quite when they began to use the Bible.

"Meekly kneeling on my knees," echoed with force through the building. Down on their knees slowly sank the whole congregation.

I stood looking, thinking how thoroughly they were putting their hearts into it; how thoroughly they were enjoying it. I knew they were feeling that the stranger must be noting how well they were doing things. Unluckily they had the folly to let me as one of the congregation, was omitting my part entirely.

Across the church came one of the black-coated gentlemen who had supplied me with books. In his hand held a large orange flowered flower.

"People’s woven," he said discreetly just below his breath, and as discreetly placed the cushion at my feet.

I recognized his error and knelt. The schoolmaster, unacknowledged for the high place I was giving him in my estimation, embarked on a sermon. He chose as his text.

"My yoke is easy and my burden light." Every minute for a quarter of an hour he repeated the text and proceeded to tell me what an easy burden to bear. I was not very easy that burden and that yoke might be, they were just bearing it too much. A flower came to me.

I looked at him. I was everybody else.

A turkey hen came, crying distressfully, to the open door opposite me and peered in.

"Anybody seen my poutis? Anybody seen my poutis?"

The "poutis" rose on no high that everybody except the preacher was2 distracted by the attention from the turkey hen. A yellow dog—he must have belonged to the people’s worn—and I was so quiet and quietly as became the occasion, directed her attention elsewhere. Then a baby boy in a pink cotton shirt and crimson plaid shorts, hugely delighted with himself, toddled up to the chair and flung himself into an agitated mother’s arms. Cleary I saw written on her face.

What would the strange lady think of such behavior? I thought of the baby boy who had been used to his mother’s face and forcibly repressed his remarks.

Never was a better-behaved congregation.

DO YOU WANT TO OWN A HOME OR TO SELL ONE?
COUNTRY OR CITY PROPERTIES.

Who or where is a fortune in the

D. C. TAVARI'S
AUCTIONEER, REAL ESTATE AND COMMISSION AGENT,
27 EAST QUEEN STREET, KINGSTON.

PHONE - 372.

Large and Small Properties Sold, and no charges made for Advertisements.—Loans negotiated on Real Estate.
Some Day

A Hurricane Will Strike Jamaica!

A QUESTION
TO
BANANA
AND
COCONUT PLANTERS

Is it not far better to pay a fixed sum of money yearly for insuring your crops against Hurricane Damage than be faced with months of worry through lack of funds necessary for replanting?

The cost of the insurance when apportioned over each tree is infinitesimal.

Write to us for particulars of our schemes.

R. S. GAMBLE & SON
LOLLOYD'S AGENTS, KINGSTON.

Some Day

A Hurricane Will Strike Jamaica!
DO YOU ENVY WEALTH?

In any house the foundation invariably precedes the roof. And so it is with the building of financial independence. Its foundation is work—and a Savings Account.

Saving is common sense, not stinginess. The regular habit of putting aside a certain percentage of earnings into bank savings, to accumulate at interest, means comfort, security and independence.

You have money always at hand to use in emergencies, in business or for pleasure.

Don’t envy wealth. Acquire it. Save regularly. Deposit your money in a bank.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

CAPITAL PAID UP £6,122,579
RESERVE FUND £6,122,579

F. V. LUMB, MANAGER.
R. BROWNE, ASST. MANAGER.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.
BRANCH.

"Oh it won’t take long. We’ll be back in good time."

It was then a quarter to twelve. We had breakfast at twelve. I immediately decided, if it took so short a time as that, the best thing would be to set out.

I find I am great at getting unpleasant things over. Many a time, if I had been so eager to get a thing over, I’d never have had to face it at all.

"But you can’t take the cane alone."

"Oh no. Of course I shall get a fisherman."

Presently I was in the middle of that vast cane-field on which the paint was not yet dried. A bare-legged black man sat in front of me. My host was behind me adjuring me to sit down, and I should overhaul the boat.

I couldn’t sink these canes, you know. The worst that can happen is an upset."

That was not comforting, because it occurred to me that neither the white man nor the black man would be capable of getting themselves ashore, let alone me. I made one more attempt and I found that the man in the ragged shirt in front of me was not a fisherman as I had optimistically supposed, but the village carpenter who, having called at the house, had been rushed into the job of second cousin-hand. He evidently didn’t know anything about it, and I don’t think the white man knew much more.

We pursued a deviating course to that island. I didn’t move a muscle. I am not accustomed to sitting on a low seat without a back, with my legs stretched out before me. That was the only way I could be accommodated in that wretched canoe. She was so shaky, she wobbled from side to side and jumped and pitched, so I momentarily expected to be shot out. I began to ache in every bone I knew, and in a great many that I didn’t know I possessed.

We seemed to be on our start point and a very great deal farther from our object.

The midday sun was pouring down with tropical fury. The man in front of me was glistering with sweat. What was happening to the man behind I don’t know, for I didn’t turn and look. Alas! I was horrified to find we were headed straight for the open sea.

All the men held me quiet for a long time, but at last I felt bound to protest.

"We’re going out to sea."

"Why, so we are," said my host gaily, as if it was..."
The man who fails to provide for his Wife and Children by insurance fails in a primary duty.

All classes of policies issued by

THE JAMAICA MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
Established in 1844.
79, 81 & 83 BARRY STREET, KINGSTON.

Protection and Investment provided by its Policies also
Absolute Security.

Bonus 1930 on participating Policies entitled
£2 : 9 : 0 per cent.

For rates etc., apply to:--

SPENCER THOMSON, TRAVELLING AGENT.

W.M. D. SOUTAR, ASST. TRAVELLING AGENT.

ERNEST B. NETHERSOLE, SECRETARY.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 31)

from the seashore, at a thoroughly running horse-trough on the old street, which extend- ed along the whole width of the city from the west. Here many of the houses were large, some in- cluding forty rooms. The streets were paved with stone, and some even cut with a white paint- ed marble that was set in the streets. They were built of red brick and wood; the upper stories of the houses were painted red, but the lower stories were painted green, and with a few white-paint- ed windows and white doors. All the streets were lined with houses, and the streets as Seymour passed through them seemed as if they were being moved by the wind. At one end of this road was a large house, the door of which was shut and had a big hook projecting from it. There were a few black and white people in the street, and the trade seemed to be handled by servants. The horses were harnessed to the carriages, and the merchant, wearing black clothes, was standing in the middle of the street.

Only once before had John Seymour seen in Kingston, or anywhere else, a slave ship. After a day or two, he looked upon the city with much more interest. He came to the centre of the city, where he was met by a large group of people who were talking about the war and the slave trade. The free black and brown inhabitants looked down at the carriages and the men, and the-slave trade seemed to be handled by the merchants. They were harnessed to the carriages, and the merchant, wearing black clothes, was standing in the middle of the street.

Seymour gave an involuntary start, then com- posed himself immediately. This was a mere ac- cident; he was not afraid.

The Colonel and another man marched up to the ship, that stood at one of the open bays looking out. "Yes," he said loudly to the man, "the ship came in this morning, and this afternoon the slave will take place. They have some good slaves on board, I have no doubt, for Ramsay usually gets good ones. I wanted to buy sixteen or twenty of them, but there are fifty souls aboard, and that infernal wreck has gone out with my money."

"He'll be caught and hanged, Colonel, not a doubt about it," said the other man soothingly.

But when asked Colonel Breakspear ex- plosively, "What is this country coming to, my dear sir, when Negroes can pretend to be dead and then start robbing all over again on the King's high- way? Never heard of such a thing before in my life."

He spoke generally now; like a true colonial in the midst of a crisis. He was determined to relate his grievances. Besides, a Coffee House was precisely the place for the dissemination of news.

"What's happened?" queried one of the men who had been in the room before Colonel Breaks- spear's arrival. "Any serious trouble?"

The Colonel selected a table which served as a sort of platform from which to address his audi- ence, and told his tale. He had had to take his own horse and get to the place, as his servant could not be expected to come with him.

He would be coming on that very night, with a strong armed escort, for they were going to Span- ish Town, where the news had been received that the Three-fingered Jack. The brute must have been deep in the heart of the mountains hours ago. He would have to be hunted down, and as he was an obsessional and had molested a white woman, the least they could do with him, when caught, would be to burn him. "But by that time my money may have disappeared," added the Colonel a trifle in- quisitive.

Sympathy poured upon him. Even Seymour felt it would be discreet to look deeply interested and to matter something which should sound like indignation. He caught the Colonel's eyes more than once; they showed not the slightest sign of re- cognition in them. And from the talk which fol- lowed John knew that the two things: first, that Miss Break- spear would be in Kingston that night and in Spanish Town the next day. Second, that a slave ship would be selling its cargo that afternoon. Miss Breakspear's movements did not concern him, he told himself, though he had been thinking of her at intervals since the meeting of last night. This slave ship did, and very closely. Here might be his ticket to England.

He knew that the ship would have sailed from England to the Guianas Coast empty, taken on slaves, and returned to the West Indies, where the ship was sailing. John, however, had no idea of its destination, and was out of the picture, and the Colonist was at first incomprehensible to him, then the interpretation of the story, it seemed to him, was that the ship did, and very closely. He knew that the ship would have sailed from England to the Guianas Coast empty, taken on slaves, and returned to the West Indies, where the ship was sailing. John, however, had no idea of its destination, and was out of the picture, and the Colonist was at first incomprehensible to him, then the interpretation of the story, it seemed to him, was that the ship was exactly the escape of that which would be safest, especially as it would be leaving early. Of a surety his luck was in the ascendant.

John finished his lunch, and when one or two other men joined him he followed their example nonchalantly. He was feeling jubilant. By coming in the afternoon he had, as he supposed, what evidently was in Kingston, he had been put on the path to security by a remark from the very man whose money he had recently taken.

CABLE ADDRESS: "LYONS, MARK LANE WHARF."

10 & 12 Port Royal Street
Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
CHAPTER SIX

KINGSTON Harbour was dotted with all sizes and descriptions of ships. When the great frigate with its mighty spread of sail went marching along, one could see the black hull, which could go anywhere and swing with the heezeess of a masquiso, lay at anchor; brigantines, xerxes, and galley warships played their game in the sea, and some were putting out of harbour, and some were calling in. The sun shone in full, a heat wave, which reflected the light and made the scene spectacular. And row boats darted hither and yon, with a flash of cars and the sound of singing boatsmen.

The magnificent harbour, formed by the elongation of an arm of land from the easterly shore and ending in the fortress of Port Royal, could safely shelter hundreds of these ships except when a mighty hurricane swept down upon the land. Then indeed the wreckage would be terrible, the havoc worse than that wrought by a battle. But all was calm and peaceful now; the winds were light, the waters a speckled blue, like the sky overhead; and though war raged between England on the one side and France and Spain on the other, with rumors of a coming conflict with the Dutch, the Masters of the Sea was England, and her merchant ships could move about with comparative security over the ocean, or, when necessary could be conveyed by her mercenary, which had learned to look at victory as their due.

Seymour strollled down to the wharf at whose pier, as he had ascertained, lay the slaver with his human cargo, in the hope of stuff of his to that very afternoon. He wanted to know something about the vessel. He knew he had to be on his guard, and if his good luck held he might be able to arrange for his passage under the bidding for the slaver was done. The ragged, haggard form of the servant of and shabby warehouses was situated at the end of one of several long, dark alleys; on his way thither he met other men who were evidently going to the auction. And when he arrived at the foot of the pier the slaver was already on the boat. The bidding promised to be keen.

This was a consignment of about five hundred tons and fitted up to carry some five hundred slaves. There were nearly four hundred on board now, and the remaining men were coming in on the wonderful good fortune of the Captain, who had lost more than a hundred men in the passage over from Africa. Considering that the slaver had made the journey, through bleak heat, huddled between two decks, with the sun overhead, and the height between these decks was not more than five feet, chained by hand and leg to five rings fitted into the deck for that purpose, and obliged to sleep in a semi-asphyxiating posture one against the other, it was indeed a wonderful event that so few lives had been lost through sickness. Even a hundred deaths would not have been greatly surprising. But Captain Ramsey was always a lucky fellow.

Seymour decided that he would not go aboard just then. On ship, if a man lost his temper, he did no bidding, his room would soon be preferred to his company, though he might not be asked to leave. He would be noticed, however, and perhaps regarded as a bore; and John had no wish to be particularly observed or discussed.

From where he stood, among sightseers like himself (mostly merchants and their menials in a malnourish or a free black), he could easily see the slaves as they were ranged in lines for the inspection of the purchasers. Most of them were men, but there were some women and children also, and all were chained together and miserable-looking; homesick, dejected, want food and terror had worked upon them, and they knew that their future could not be a bright one, for the barest of the men of the ship went among them, loudly extolling their worth, causing them to jump up and show their agility, to open their mouths to show that they had good teeth, and inviting the assembled planters to feel their muscles and see how hairy they were. Each slave was bid for individually, and, of course, it did not matter if a man and his wife had been procured at the same time in Africa; if the wife was not wanted by the man’s purchaser, she must go to someone else. The children could also be separated from their mothers, unless they were very young. The misery of these creatures affected so one; indeed, they were not thought of as miserable, any more than cows or horses would have been. That they should be treated so was of no consequence, for the masters or their masters was not imaged by the average planter for a moment; he would indeed have denied the possibility of it. But Seymour, who had worked on more than one estate, knew that often there was a wild upwelling of mad anger in the breasts of these bondsmen, and now as he watched the auction he found himself wondering what would happen if the state of Jamaica was to change and unite the slaves and lead them against their masters. After all, the former slave insurrection had only failed because they had been too slow and spasmodic. A different tale might be told if the signal for rebellion and massacre should be given by some of the men of energy and genius—as it had been rumoured last year that Three-Fingers would rise again.

"Aren’t you Richard Martin?"

John swung round, started, to see who it was that had addressed him by the name he had borne when a seaman on the Scorpion. He found himself staring into the face of a man who knew only too well. This was Burt, the wretch who had caused him to be flung for impudence and insubordination; but Burt had now left behind him at Barbados through illness, and John never expected to see him again. He had expected, yes, the question so suddenly put, but had had the good sense to say nothing at all. He realised his danger, and so brought all his powers of self-control to his assistance.

"Speaking to me?" he demanded coldly, yet as though without any feelings similar to those of other man squarely in the eyes, as one looks at some person never seen before.

"Yes, I am sure you are Richard Martin: the face is the same, though changed a bit, and the voice is the same. You are no longer on the Scorpion."

"The Scorpion?" John summoned a puzzled look to his face; then casting a glance over the other man’s person, and noticing that he was but poorly attired, he decided to assume a haughty air. That might the better put the man off.

"He knew that he must make no effort to get away. He must keep a tight rein on his temper.

"I don’t know what you are talking about," he said, trying to keep a cool head. A jolt of a jolt to his manner and a check to his ill-timed words."

On the Scorpion he had gone unshaven for the most part, and he had had all his fingers. Obviously, as it seemed, he had raised the martialled hand to brush away an imaginary fly, and the other man observed him.竣工,竣工,竣工,竣工,竣工,竣工. Tures were not suspected to be set at rest by this gesture; he knew only too well that this was not the case.

"Did they discharge you on account of your wound, Martin?" he asked, but John would not admit that he was wounded; it would be well if he did so; this man might conclude that he had been discharged as useless after losing two fingers, and had settled in Jamaica. On the other hand he might mention the story to someone else, and who should say what might not come of it? Besides, Seymour had not gone by the name of Martin in Jamaica, and planters from the Northside, who knew him, might at this moment be in Kingston. On the whole it was safer to stick to the attitude he had at first assumed.

"I am afraid you are making some mistake," he said, but a trifle more genially now. "Do I resemble someone of yours, or is it a rustic?"

"No, sir," Burt’s voice invocatively adopted a respectful tone. "She was a man-o’war, and I was with her till she was sold, for I was very much like you; I beg your pardon for the mistake.

"It is quite natural," rejoined John pleasunantly. "I have more than once been mistaken for someone else perhaps. You were not by any means settled in Jamaica for over ten years; are you still on the Scorpion?"

"No, I left her now in Barbados, and I got my discharge. I joined this ship when I got better, and she was going to some slave port."

Burt indicated the brigantine. "I look after the stores. You are the dead image of Martin, though.""

"No; a damned insolent fellow. Perhaps he is drowned. I heard something about a wreck here somewhere, don’t remember exactly where, now that I come to think of it. Might have been here."

Again a suspicious look crept into his eyes. He seemed to be endeavouring to piece things together, John noticed this with a twinge of apprehension. But for the time being, at any rate, he was safe. This man could do nothing. He was only suspicious, not overly so.

But Burt was something on board the slaver, and Seymour, as he hurried back, could not help feeling that he at least was not to be debarred by words of greeting, nor was he to be allowed to ask for trouble. He might be bribed, of course, but he would take the bribe and do you a bad turn afterwards, he was quite capable of it.
And John's desire was not to give this man any money but rather to kill him for the insults and injury Bart had inflicted on him when on the Scorpion.

John would not move. But he half turned his back on Bart, as if to suggest that there was nothing more to say, and fastened his attention on the brig. Bart, realizing that he had been dishonored, now took himself away, and out of the corner of his eye, Seymour watched him go. Then he wandered out of the wharf, reclaimed his horse from the jobbing slave whom he had engaged to hold it, and rode back to Halfway Tree. But now his mood was more thoughtful, more anxious, than before; he perceived that getting away from Jamaica was going to be no easy job. He might even be embarrassing, if not indeed positively dangerous, for him to be too much in Kingston. For Bart might talk about a King's servant, Martin, who said he had been in Jamaica for years and now went about by another name. Bart would soon learn that the Scorpion had been wrecked on the Jamaica coast and two or three of her crew rescued. After that he would have no doubts that Martin was the man whom he had met this afternoon, and who was passing himself off as someone else. Then, if the matter came to the hearing of the naval officers here, enquiries might be made.

But, so far as he was aware, no one knew him as Martin except Bart. The question was, how long would the lacer be remain in Jamaica, and would Bart sail with her when she left?

"I have the money and I have the will, but circumstances seem to be enervating me," mused Seymour. "It is difficult to know what to do.

But one thing immediately was clear; he must wait a little before seeking a ship to take him away. To be seen along the waterfront, or in some shipping offices, was still a matter of great madness in a town like this. He would have to exert all his patience for a week or even ten days.

He got back to the horse-dealer's place when it was dark, and announced that he would stay there the night. There was no alternative. The next day he pretended to be slightly indisposed and kept to doors. But he felt that he could not linger in this place indefinitely; while men stopped there for a few hours or a night, but it was not the sort of lodging house for a prolonged sojourn. Of course, he could come back to it at a pinch, but it might seem queer that he should take the trouble to ride down to Kingston every day and return at night. As a matter of fact he was exaggerating the difficulties; his host would have been only too delighted to put him up, and too grateful for his patronage to question his reasons, for he paid generally by all that he received. John read his own fears and suspicions into the minds of others: he imagined that what he knew they might guess, that what he thought they might be thinking also.

This was an idea came into his head. Colonel Breakpear and his daughter would probably have got to Spanish Town by this; why not utilize the time which was now hanging so heavily on his hands in trying to see the girl? He would not dare to speak to her, of course, but he experienced an urge to see her once more. She had taken his fancy; he admired immensely her calm resolution, which contrasted strangely with the impulsiveness of his own temperament. He could love a girl like that. She was inured out of his sphere, removed from his life; yet it would please him to see her once more; he greatly wanted to. It should be easy enough to go over to the capital; but he must make the journey in the early semi-dark hours of the morning. It would not do for anyone who knew the horse to recognize it.

On the following morning, at about two o'clock, he set out. But when he arrived at the outskirts of Spanish Town he saw himself faced with a dilemma. He dare not go into it during daylight; the Colonel was there and might come upon him. He must wander about till it was dark and safe to venture in.

He turned into the woods on the right, taking the first by-path that offered itself to his eyes; it led circuitously to the other side of Spanish Town and to a wider road. And now he must keep on, for there were no lodging houses until he should come to the town of Old Harbour. Arrived there, he ordered a meal and rested his horse; but because he fancied that one or two other travellers eyed the horse curiously—they were really admiring it—he thought it wise not to linger. He left Old Harbour, going farther from the capital; after a while he turned his horse, called once more at the place where he had rested, and then took his way to Spanish Town. For all this trouble he had not returned. He wished now that he had left the Colonel's horse behind; he exchanged his own for him of the poorer mounts of the horse-dealer's. The animal was not a help to him; it had become a danger.

But whatever he did now seemed to be dangerous. He was an outcast with every man's hand against him.

He realized that he could not go riding about the little capital, in that restricted section of it in

(Continued on Page 4)
ATLANTIC FRUIT COMPANY, Ltd.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

PRESIDENT: Frederick B. Adams,
MANAGER: Lindsay P. Downer.

OPERATING extensive Estates of their own and Producers, Shippers, and Distributors of Bananas, Cocoanuts, Copra, Cocoa and other tropical products. Breeders of Pure Bred and Grade Indian Cattle---as well as Butcher Cattle---A herd of approximately 5,000 head carried and the breeding of Bulls and high class Draft Oxen a special feature.

ASSOCIATED WITH—
Atlantic Fruit & Sugar Co.:
17 Battery Place, New York.

Banana Sales Corporation:
17 Battery Place, New York.

Atlantic Navigation Corporation:
17 Battery Place, New York.

Compania “Atlantic” Frutera y Azucarera de Cuba:
Cayo Mambi, Cananova, Sama & Baracoa.

LADIES IN THE WORKING WORLD

OLD prejudices still survive; they are immemorial. Nevertheless they tend to disappear, perhaps only to give place to new prejudices. Still the disappearance of the older ones has meant an emancipation for a large class of young women, ladies who must otherwise have found themselves in a dolorous situation.

How many years over twenty ago the present writer was told by an interesting and hard-working Englishman of the home, that he knew of girls who worked for their living in London were not ‘ladies’. She meant nothing disparaging to their character; she was only voicing the belief and sentiment prevalent in her own youth. Not many months ago this writer saw at certain balls at which there were titled women, some girls who were working girls and had been employed as assistants at the great Imperial Conferences. These girls were at the functions as guests, and were therefore at that moment on a plane with the other guests. And really there was no perceptible difference between them and the others. It is not so that we are merely making up to the men who are in these days. And what you are no longer so much depends upon what you do. And assuredly the time is coming when to do nothing will be accounted as a distinct social disqualification among intelligent human beings.

It is gratifying to find that Jamaica, usually a very conservative country, did not bar to join a world movement which has made of ladies workers, with a corresponding tendency to make of workers ladies. The contention of mediocrity is that all women are crowding out those women who would be willing to make a sacrifice to a superior social status so long as they could monopolize the field of employment. But such monopoly is impossible, and the effect of elevating mediocrity. These class shall never mean the development of a lady status amongst the working women, no matter what the chances are in any occupation. But manners and disposition have their value also. Disposition is an inherent gift; manners are acquired within the home and are an example. And example is the gift which ladies in the working world can bestow on other girls by merely being what they are. has dropped into some hiding place utterly unknown and unsecureful, for we have had a good look-round in the daytime since then, and she didn’t imagine where he went to. Are you making a long stay in Kingston?”

“No.”

“Then you go back to...”

She told him, knowing that he could easily find out her destination if she gave him an evasive answer.

Captain’s face fell; this was something of a disappointment; but in a minute he had brightened up again.

“Who? Thomas? That is Three-fingered Jack’s pariah. He is certain to humiliate; that is the way with these people. I think I can arrange to come to St. Thomas over her gap round, to the other side, to speak, and then I shall see you. I hope to be able to tender you some protection. I must use the word protection in a double sense, as she well understood. But she chose to understand it in the double sense, instead of the other.

“I don’t think Three-fingered Jack will trouble me,” she replied; “in fact, I don’t agree with you that he is likely to get back to the other side, that would be madness on his part.” But she guessed that Captain Thornton was only too glad of any ex-
THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1832.

Capital 2,400,000
Reserve 4,000,000
Total Assets 54,000,000

General Manager's Office,
TORONTO, Ont.

280 BRANCHES IN CANADA
12 BRANCHES IN NEWFOUNDLAND
BRANCHES ALSO IN THE UNITED STATES
AT NEW YORK, CHICAGO & BOSTON
AND IN LONDON, ENGLAND, AT
108 Old Broad Street, E.C. 2.

THE BANK'S BUILDING IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

BRANCHES IN WEST INDIES:
JAMAICA:—Kingston, Christiana, Black River, Mandeville, Montego Bay, Morant Bay, Port Antonio, Port Maria, St. Ann's Bay, Savannah-la-Mar, Spanish Town, May Pen and Brown's Town.
CUBA:—Havana (4 branches), Santiago de Cuba, Cienfuegos, Camaguey and Manzanillo.
PORTO RICO:—San Juan, Fajardo.
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC:—Santo Domingo, San Pedro de Macoris, Santiago de los Caballeros.

Every description of banking business transacted
Drafts, Letters of Credit and Travellers' Cheques, issued and negotiated. Collections made at favourable rates.

JAMAICA IN THE RAW

(Continued from Page 35)

were the most ordinary thing in the world. "I was interested in those barracots."
I found he was interested in sea gardens; and lumps of coral and crab and various other fascinating things that would have interested Zepoo too if I hadn't been so very uncomfortable.
"William, to be your assistant, you're too strong for me. Ship your coal while I pull us round."
We were pulled round till we were heading for the shore. William said nothing. He was content to rent. I also said nothing, because I was calculating how many miles of heavy sand I should have to tramp through before we got back to the bungalow. I had come to consider that the only alternative to greenery was despair. But the error was discovered and William was set to work again.

"We're armed in a very way which ended in our heading for the open Caribbean once more."

I told them there was Bloody Bay beyond Booby Island. I began asking the reason for so slanting a name was told by our black attendant:

"Pandol dere once."

What the "Podollit" was further investigation disclosed that he didn't know. Well, I'm glad I haven't to write history. I find so many different versions of the things I see pass under my own eyes that I cannot conceive how anyone arrives at the truth about things that happened—or did not happen—a hundred years ago.

It took us over two hours to cross that bit of water. Sometimes we went east; sometimes we went west; occasionally we made a little nothing. I cannot think that in the proper mode of progression in a canoe. True, my idea of a canoe is gathered from youthful poring over Fenimore Cooper and Ballantyne. Once and only once I went in on the lake, but there the water was so shallow, only my dignity would have been hurt if we had been upset. This was an entirely different matter, and I may as well be honest and admit I spent a very painful and unpleasant five and a half hours.

We landed on Booby Island—in time. There I made the acquaintance of a very lean and frightened none who came down to the shore to investigate, and, I felt, in hopes of a little food. My companions assured me there were plenty of roots, green stuff, eggs and such other food as she liked on the island, also there was a good pond in the scrub. I had to take their word for it. I couldn't explore. The place was densely overgrown with shrubs armed with inch-long thorns and bound together with twining creepers. With a sharp machete it would have been impossible for me to get more than a few steps into the jungle in the few moments we had to spare. Also, before I had been on the sandy spit where we landed more than a couple of minutes, I was overwhelmed with insect life, small but too vehement for comfort.

I could only offer that if my sympathy, which she would none of. After all, she was far better off than the unfortunate I had seen tethered by the neck on the main road. The place was empty as an explorer's wall.

I looked at the way we had come. There, anchored off the shore, was a logwood schooner. Perhaps if anything happened to us—we seemed very probable—they might see us and make an effort to rescue us. But beyond the island I could see nothing. I felt we might all be drowned and no one be the wiser. Besides, it was after three o'clock. It didn't seem to me, at the rate we were going, there'd be time for exploring before darkness came down on us. So I said I'd much rather go home. Dr. Drew doesn't think much of me as an explorer.

We arrived at 5.30 p.m. I crawled up that beach as well as my aching bones would permit.

Breakfast was announced by a penive and somewhat aggrieved Bunty, who pointed out that it had been ready at noon. We were therefore not seeing it at its best.

That was my only attempt at canoés in Jamaica. I give it in detail. I may add that I sternly refused to enter that canoe again. The coast could go unexplored for all I cared.

I do care, though.

I should like to hear about Bloody Bay. I should like to have seen it. But it was hardly worth while. After all, I do these things with a view to writing about them. It would be sheer waste to go to Bloody Bay and then not come back.

Bunty regarded the whole expedition as a mistake. Breakfast was ready at noon and we had not been there. She made it plain she was extremely displeased with us.

I SHOULD not have described Negril if I omitted to mention Bunty, the dark lady who ran Dr. Drew's kitchen assisted by two or three young things whom I saw about the place, but none of whom was of sufficient importance to approach the guest.

Bunty was a person of weight in the community. If we meant all that we write about the wonder and importance of motherhood, she would be of weight in any community. But I am afraid that in most places the fact that she had borne eleven children to different fathers would set the scale against her. Not that she was immoral or licentious in any way. She was a thoroughly decent, self-respecting peasant woman. She had brought up those children by her own exertions with very little aid from any body. In the old slave days a woman who had professed her master so well would have had free board and lodging and some little clothing, and would have been exempt from work in the fields. But in our easier times there were no such allusions for Bunty.

Upon my word, I don't know that she wasn't worthy of a great deal of respect. It was a fine achievement. I could hardly congratulate her upon it because she wouldn't understand. She belonged to a community where such things were unknown. In Jamaica I find the mothers hold a far better position than the mothers of the poorer English. Every Jamaican, it seemed to me, put his mother in a high place whether she was married or not.

Though I admired her capabilities, Bunty and I had difficulty in finding some common ground where we might meet and discuss life. Life naturally presented itself to us in totally different aspects. When I was there the pseudo-inviso of Eisle, her youngest born, were filling all her thoughts. She called upon me as one who knew the world to sympathise.

"She has a baby. Only sixteen. You not tinkin' it too young, Misses?"

"I said I did indeed—for too young."

"But what I sayin'. Ma," with an air of virtue, "I not hating a baby till twenty-two."

This surprising virtue and restraint of course left me speechless. It is astonishing the things we pride ourselves upon! Negrit hold Bunty's views. Conscious of the position she held in the estimation of her fellows she held her head high. A handkerchief covered her face in secretly manner. Her clothes were more than elderly, but what else could one expect? She had long ago learned to suppress her little vanities even though she had the remains of good looks. Life had not been wasted, if it had been hard. She had succeeded. You could see that too.

It is a great thing to look back over the years
and feel that you have justified your existence, have fulfilled your destiny. I wish I could do it with the calm satisfaction of Israel.

As I go through the world I find it extremely disheartening to see the entire world's thoughtlessness.

Well-thought-out theories all coming to grief. I have, ever since I took an interest in such things, heard much talk about "women work out with childbear-

ing." I have seen such women myself in England, in the north as well as the south and I could go to Jamaica to convince me that childbearing was not the cause of this dearness. Here I saw Bursy and many of her kind in the same situation, working not only borne the children but provided for them and still they were capable of providing for themselves. Not that I am recommending large families. Far from it. We do not all want to be hearders or lap drawers or water all our days. But I should like to think that there was something in the simple life of these women following their natural impulses, that we who ask—and get—more from life might be able to make the most of the time which we have left behind—for better things.

My little friends Annie and Eulalie took me to the house of the People's Wardian. Annie was youngest child. It was a little back from the main road which ran along the sea shore and it was a houses. Annie was very much impressed by the trees and encroaching vegetation. However, there was shade, which is generally a blessing in Jamaica.

The little shack was perched among rocks in a forest. It was built of stones, and with a feeling that it couldn't be imagined, for it didn't seem possible it could ever have held half the family. It might have offered a crowd of rooms. It had not, however, more occasioned stones than there was something in this idea. It was just one chair which I occupied rather unwillingly, for the family woman who was there was served thousands of tea, and had to lean against the wall. She and I and Annie made a crowd in that little place. My host, extremely good looking in a clean white shirt and trousers, did the honours from outside. His wife, a woman with a little white blood in her veins, was engaged in cooking operations—the family breakfast. She was perched on a table, with the fire among the stones and very savoury odours came from her kitchen.

The live stock were all round. A couple of hens, one with three chickens, were enclosed in bottomless baskets. There were two turtle doves. Mr. St. John called them nuts. The quarters were a little cramped, but it was really the pigs that called for our sympathy. They were tied up outside by ropes round their necks to palm trees. A pig's neck is not adapt-

ed to a collar. They seemed to me half choked. I said so, though I felt it was not a tactful thing to say.

"But," the whole family and a friend or two responded as with one voice, and were emphatic about it, "the doctor not liking dem eat his crops." I have no sympathy. What is on trial, do when cross sympathies are so embarrassing?

Dr. Drew had five acres adjoining. They were planted with root crops and Indian corn, and he had given out, believe that any pig found upon his land would be shot. I doubt if the sentence would have been carried out, however, if he were friendly to the people. They were tied up by a few ropes round the trees to palm trees. They were kept well in the rain, but that is that they haven't been noticed...
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 51)

cuse that might enable him to make a visit to St. Thomas, if his superior officer permitted.

She wished he would leave. It was not merely that he bored her; she was actually afraid lest John should come in and meet him, for John might be back at any moment now. He had gone out that day to purchase some new clothes, had returned and tried them on; satisfied with the result, he had again gone out, though she had warned him that this was still a risky thing to do. In his absence she had arranged herself finally to find favour in his eye, though not even to herself she would have confessed as much. And now there was this miser-
able rump sticking on, although she was merely polite to him. She began to think that politeness had better cease. She must be openly rude. That would not disturb her, since his mitigation here was hardly one which she, who had been brought up in England, and who had such high pride and self-es-
teeze, could regard as a compliment. She did not choose to look upon herself as one of "the brown girls" of Jamaica.

She lapsed into a stony silence, but Captain Thornton, who fancied himself a conversationalist, went on, and his compliments became more flowery. She thought of asking him bluntly to excuse her, made up her mind to do so, when the front-door opened and John Seymour came in. Precisely what she had hoped against had happened.

She rose, and Captain Thornton rose also. Some-
how, all the time he had been there afterward he had not thought of the possibility of meeting any white man.

He was therefore a little surprised, a trifle taken


aback, and his demeanor was increased by the fact that Seymour towered above him, making him feel small and dwarfed. Then Seymour was undeniably handsome, and in the manner she had bought that day (albeit they had not originally been made for him) looked quite well and like a gentleman. Captain Thornton felt like an intruder; why had not the woman told him plainly that she already had a man? But perhaps this man was as yet only a suitor like himself; and what girl would not prefer the Army to Jamaica? Girls always did prefer the Army to the wretched civil-

an.

He took great comfort from this rapid re-

ition.

Elizabeth acted with great presence of mind. She introduced John as Mr. Huntly, the name he had borne as an estate employee on the northside estate. Too many aliases would never do in a small country.

"Not a resident in Kingston?" said the Captain, and his question was an affirmation. "I don't think I have ever seen you in this town before."

"But you can't see everybody here, can you?" asked John.

"Pretty nearly all the white men who count," replied the Captain, and his speech was intention-

ally pointed. He had noticed the evasion of his question, and he took that to be an intended affront. He did not like Mr. Huntly.

"Well, as a matter of fact I don't live in King-

"Mr. Huntly is a planter," said Elizabeth, but would go into no details.

"Ah, St. Thomas, I suppose?" Then, because he knew it was rude to put too many pointed ques-
tions, Captain Thornton hurried on.

"I ask because you might be able to give me some assistance, Mr. Huntly, and I am sure you will if you can." Then he told John about the hunt that had been set on foot for Three-Sagged Jack. Every man must assist the Government and the military, he explained, or we may never be able to lay this nigger robber to the back.

"I am sure I should be glad to help you all I can," returned John politely, "but I don't see how I could be of much use."

"But you live in St. Thomas, don't you?"

The question had to be answered, though it might be on the side of impertinence. Reaction would seem no harm to him.

"Yes," intervened Elizabeth; "Mr. Huntly lives at the moment at Morgan Castle."

"Morgan Castle? Never heard of it before. Your name, though, Miss Morgan." He stopped sud-

nently. This, then, was too young woman's pro-
tector. If so, he might be but wanting his time.

John knew why Elizabeth had answered as she had. This Captain was a man in some authority, and it would not do to make him suspicious. One had to have a sense of residence in a country where martial law had been proclaimed a year or two be-

fore. And to name some place where one would not be known, should enquire be made, might be dangerous.

Elizabeth went on with her narrative. Captain Thornton's next words proved that Eliza-

beth had acted wisely, to a certain extent at any rate.

"There are some strangers here on whom we have got to keep an eye," he went on. "Only today a man from a slave ship, the Rosscorsette, now in the harbour, went to the naval office here and re-

ported that a deserter from the Acropolis was going about Kingston under an assumed name. Of course there are a good few deserters about, but we may spare time to look them up. But this fellow declares that the man he reported is an educated man and evidently doing well. He suggested that this de-

serter is here as an enemy spy. Rather curious, I must say."

"Isn't that story rather ridiculous?" asked John. "And what object could this chap you mention have had in telling it?"

"The object of a reward. We have got to stop desertion; and I don't think it is at all ridiculous that a man who has been on one of our warships should have turned spy. He mightn't be English, you know; and even some Englishmen have been renegades—there are plenty of them fighting against us in the American colonies at this moment. If one can fight in America against his own Govern-

ment, why shouldn't another man spy in Jamaica against it?"

"That is so," John conceded. "But what I can't see is how any information a spy got here could be of use to the enemy. Why, he couldn't get away from the island."

"That is where you make a mistake, Mr. Hunt-

ly," said the Captain briefly. "But could be get away, Captain?" asked Elizabeth innocently. And she gave Captain Thornton a glance so full of interest and a pretty curiosity that he again became expansive.

"Why, of course he could. It would not be too easy; but it certainly is not impossible. We are at war with Spain, and Cuba belongs to Spain. Cuba is just next door—about a hundred miles from our north coast. An ordinary sailing boat could slip away from any of our coasts any night, and in twen-
ty-four hours it would be in Cuba, unless it came upon one of our ships. This actually happens, as a matter of fact. Now a spy who could tell the Cuban authorities all about our defences here, and how many warships were in the harbour, and so forth, might help the Spanish and French fleets considerably. And very likely had any of a descent on this island, as they probably have. That is why I say that this man, Hunt, has told a curious but not a ridiculous story.

"Well, they will probably catch the deserter," commented Elizabeth. "I am sure that if you had the matter in hand you would be successful, Cap-

tain."

Her tone was laden with flattery, and her smile
still more so. Captain Thornton was enchanted. She was being specially nice to him. Perhaps, after all, this gentleman meant little to her.

"Well, but it isn't really my job," he replied; "this is a personal matter, you know." He added, "It's Rounds who would come to the thing, perhaps more than me."

Elizabeth flashed a warning glance at John. John, too, before the warning from her eyes was sent, had begun to see himself as a quite different man, a man whom Captain Thornton's mind was likely to run the moment he began to repeat the description of the deserter given by Blunt. But to move his hand from his side into a pocket would have been a blunder of the first magnitude; the movement would have been seen, its meaning correctly interpreted. John Seymour had been studying Captain Thornton while they sat there. The pig eyes of the little Captain denoted obstinacy, but they were shriveled eyes also; the man might be as vain as a peacock, conceited beyond the ordinary, but he was no fool. John, therefore, mastering his features, and feeling thankful that his experience as a lawyer and gambler had taught him to control his emotions and command his voice, merely said "Yes?" to the Captain's exclamation. But he knew what it meant.

"Well, you know," continued Captain Thornton slowly, "Blunt said that this deserter had lost two fingers off his left hand."

"That's not unusual," laughed John, "why, so have I."

"And so has Three-fingered Jack," cried Elizabeth excitedly, feeling that she must say something. The moment was tense with peril. "Loss of fingers and limbs is common enough, as you say," Captain Thornton allowed, and seemed to dismiss the matter from his mind. "Well, they are on the lookout for this fellow, for he was seen along the waterfront a few days ago, taking notes of the ships there, no doubt. He must be in Kingston somewhere."

"I hope they will catch him," said John, "and no doubt they will."

A pause ensued; something was driving the shriveled little Captain to think. The spy might be anyone, but he had been described as a tall man, with prominent features, with only three fingers on his left hand; and before him at this moment was a man to whom this description applied generally. This was a curious coincidence. Jealousy of John Hunty was prompting the Captain to be suspicious of him, and a suspicious and jealous mind might hang upon a trail with bitter pertinacity. All this was clear to Elizabeth. She felt that something must be done to lend the Captain away from the track. And it must be done at once. She had no time to think clearly; she must trust to the inspiration of the moment. A plausible tale might serve. John could not now slip away from Jamaica as he had intended; that saddened her strangely. But he was in danger, as much so as when he had been hunted by this same officer from Spanish Town to Kingston some nights before.

"Mr. Hunty wants to buy my property, Morgan Castle, from me. Captain; he said, no doubt, that the other topic had been fully exhausted and it was now time to come to something more practical, "so he is stopping there now to look it over. He is a good business man, and I am only a young woman; and though of course I trust him, for he is a gentleman, still business is business. Do you know anything about landed property?"

It was a desperate throw, but the dice fell on her side.

The Captain was visibly pleased with this explanation of Huntly's relations with her; pleased also that she seemed to be asking him for some assistance and advice. Unfortunately, he knew nothing about land.

But John took the cue.

"I am ready, Miss Morgan, to talk business with you and any friend of yours," said he; "at least that is why I am here now. We could settle this matter right away, for there are quite good lawyers in Kingston. Sometimes, however, I think you don't want to sell."

"I am not sure that I do," confessed Elizabeth; "and yet, perhaps, it would be best for me. Sometimes I feel I should like to live in Kingston, and then I think I prefer the country; that is what keeps me undecided. I certainly can't make up my mind today."

John took the hint. "Very well, then, I won't wait today."

(Continued on Page 37)
GOLOFINA
AND
LA TROPICAL
JAMAICA CIGARS
ARE
QUALITY CIGARS.
Their Quality in Workmanship and
their Fine Aroma are World-Famous.

OBTAINABLE IN LONDON AT
The Army & Navy Co-operative Society, Ltd.,
103 Victoria St., Westminster, S.W. 1.

The West Indian Produce Association, Ltd.
14 Creechurch Lane, E.C. 2.

The Golofina Tobacco Company,
14 Creechurch Lane, E.C. 2.

Herbert Merchant, Ltd.,
25 Denmark St., W.C. 2.

and many other
leading Tobacconists

MANUFACTURED BY
B. & J. B. MACHADO TOBACCO CO., LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 45)

"You are coming as a friend," she said coyly; "so why shouldn't I want you?"

"And my big sign is always on the spot, eh?"

"Toho! A planter? I could have had a dozen of them if I had wanted. But I didn't."

So she did prefer the Army! It was stupid of him to have ever thought anything else possible. He hated to think about it.

"But when are you going?"

"In a day or two, when we come up with my mother. We have some business, and that is nearly done."

"Can't I come and see you tonight?"

"Impossible. I won't be at home."

"Tomorrow, then?"

"Very well, but don't surprise me at this time.

"But, my dear—"

"Don't say it!" Her tone was final; again he reminded himself that storm tactics would not serve here. This was a very different though no less gorgeous creature. Yet he had great hopes. She had always loved him splendidly for him, and she was thinking of coming to live in Kingston. As for the big fellow, his interests were probably coffee or sugar. The Captain dismissed John from his thoughts.

"I shall be here tomorrow afternoon," he said, and there was a satisfied purr in his voice.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THERE," said Elizabeth. She pointed to a building about a hundred yards in front of the house, up a slope, its red-tiled roof just visible over the close-cropped yellow grass. The house was a solid, well-built, but not imposing structure, of the type which had always been built to withstand the attacks from rebellious slaves, and to serve as a place of refuge in time of danger as well as a residence for whoever might be the owner of this property.

"Morgan Castle! Your home!" he asked briefly.

"And yours for the present," she replied, with a weary smile, but one intended to be a gesture of welcome.

He muttered something, then, followed by the servants who had ridden with them that day from Kingston, they crossed the flat wooden bridge which led over the gorse and entered Elizabeth's pastures.

They had fashioned a silent and ardent ride of over twenty-six miles that day, but the charm that was a part of the nature of a flight. Elizabeth had been disturbed by the questions asked the afternoon before by Captain Thoroton; she had taken alarm at the risk run by John as long as he remained in Kingston, with the naval and military authorities searching for a deserter suspected of being a spy. At any moment the man, John, might come across John, would indeed be looking for him; and then there would be a demand for meticulous information which Seymour could not give. John had returned to the house in Church Street an hour after Captain Thoroton had left it, and had found Elizabeth in full preparation for departure. They would leave before daybreak the next morning; her mother, with the women slaves, would follow in another day or so.

They had lost John; John had acquiesced; he indeed had perceived that his continued presence in Kingston was a dead peril. So before daybreak the subsequent morning they had set out, and now they had arrived, tired with toiling over roads that were broken and full of holes the last part of the way, to take off the heavy trunks, the heavy trunks, that had been brought up to说到...
Morgan's Daughter
(Continued from Page 47)

"If I hadn't been careful, I should have been dead in my first year in this accursed country."
"Not a very complimentary remark, as it happens to be my native country," she smiled; "yet to me it is accursed also. I perhaps feel about it more bitterly than you."
You have hinted that more than once," he said, interested. "Why?"
"Because I am coloured. And perhaps also because I am what I am, a descendant of Henry Morgan and a girl who was sent to England to be educated."
"I was at school in England for years; I was a good scholar." She laughed, but her laughter had no mirth in it. "Will you be surprised if I tell you that I knew Latin and French and Italian? That I am a good musician? That—for I had some money—I lived on equal terms with the daughters of men in England who would look down on most of the white men and women in this island? My father too was white, and I was his only child. He—"
"But I thought that Morgan left no sons," interrupted Seymour.
"I am not Morgan on my father's side, but on my mother's. My ancestors had many children, but none of them legitimate. He had a favorite girl whom he himself used to call Morgan's Daughter, and he left her as well provided for as the laws then allowed him to do—and more than they allowed him to do, for he was no tame spirit, and did what he pleased. From then until now we have always been Morgans, whatever might be our father's name. Morgan's only daughter had one son, but the others have been girls. We are dying out, perhaps."
"You don't show any indication of that, with your splendid vitality," said Seymour, with genuine admiration.
"I too was my father's only child," she went on, ignoring his compliment. "Illegitimate of course. My father was a good man, but thirty years ago he would not have dared to marry a coloured woman, and my mother did not expect him to. My mother had some means and my father owned this property. When I was born he made up his mind to send me to England; he hoped that I would never return. But he died a few years ago, and my mother was here, and everything I possessed. I had to come back."
"My father left me what he had, but to do so he was compelled to put himself to any amount of trouble and expense; he had to get a special law passed empowering me to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than twelve hundred pounds in value. But if I were to inherit property of more than two hundred pounds in value. That is the limit for coloured heirs, you understand, but sometimes, by permission, one is allowed to receive more from one's own father."

John, who had practised as a lawyer, lifted his eyebrows in astonishment; this was one aspect of Jamaican life and legislation with which he had not been acquainted. "Even as it was," she continued, "he was forced to lie and deceive; he owned more than he said he did, and he gave something to my mother before

ANTONIO ISSA
WHOLESALE
DRY GOODS
MERCHANT

142 Harbour Street.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.
WHERE MERIT WINS

WHY HAS SAMUEL & CO.'S.

NAME BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN THE ISLAND?

1. BECAUSE of their trading principles.

2. BECAUSE they appreciate the fact and practice it, that integrity begets confidence.

3. BECAUSE they and their assistants are proverbial for Courtesy.

4. BECAUSE it is well known that their stock of Dry Goods and Boots and Shoes is large, varied, and being continually replenished with up-to-date goods.

5. BECAUSE it is realized that the Best Values are obtainable from them.

6. BECAUSE orders are carefully and promptly attended to.

7. BECAUSE they are ever mindful of the fact that success depends on satisfied Customers.

8. BECAUSE they are grateful to their customers for their patronage and desire a continuance of it.

9. BECAUSE every principle for successful trading is faithfully observed in the above.

MR. A. O. SOOGGIN

A. O. SOOGGIN was born March 5th, 1883, in Petersburg, Virginia, U.S.A. Upon leaving school in 1911, he was employed by the British-American Tobacco Co., Ltd. After a few years in their Virginia factories he was transferred to England, where he served two years in their Bristol factory, and one year in their factory at Southamp-ton.

During the World War he returned to the United States and joined the Navy, though he did not see active service. Then in April, 1919, he came to Jamaica to fill the position of Office Manager and Assistant Secretary of the Jamaica Tobacco Co., Ltd. Shortly afterwards, this Company and B. J. & B. Machado, Ltd., amalgamated, and he was made Secretary of the new Company of B. J. & B. Machado Tobacco Co., Ltd.

Later on Mr. Sooggin became Sales Manager and a Director of B. J. & B. Machado Tobacco Co., Ltd., and on the death of the late Mr. P. R. Machado, in 1929, was appointed General Manager, and elected Vice-Chairman of the Board of Directors.

The American is credited with great adaptability of disposition, but that as a rule is mainly evident in his own country. That is to say, the American usually does not as easily adapt himself to extraneous conditions, especially tropical conditions, as does the Englishman or German. He must turn to almost anything in the United States and make a success of it, given a reasonable degree of ability and character. But he cannot care to settle in a foreign country; there are surprisingly few Americans, for instance, to be found even in lands where the United States has financial interests. But the balance is redressed by the conspicuous success of those Americans who do adapt themselves to new and unfamiliar conditions. Then indeed they win rapidly to the top, and their personal popularity is striking as their material success.

Among Americans of this type Mr. Sooggin must be included. He is one of the best liked men in Jamaica. Not yet forty years of age, he is already the local chief of a very important business and is generally regarded as a man of sound views, affable disposition and interesting personality. He has identified himself with the life of Jamaica as much as any one else not born in the country has done, and it never occurs to any, English or Jamaican, to think of Mr. Sooggin as “a foreigner.”

When Mr. Pedro Machado died it was felt by everybody in Jamaica that his only possible successor was Mr. Sooggin. That also was obviously the view taken by his chief in the United States. Since Mr. Sooggin’s rise to the managements of the Jamaica branch of the company he has made strenuous efforts to increase its business, efforts which have met with success. His responsibility, the dependence which can always be placed upon his word, and the general friendliness of his character, have played a very important part in the progress which his business has made.

Mr. Sooggin has built a home in Jamaica for himself and his family. He is an enthusiastic golfer.

(Continued on Page 50)
R. W. TAYLOR & CO.,
GENERAL MERCHANTS

DEALERS IN

Haberdashery, Hosiery, Fancy Goods,

Enamelware, Tinware, Hardware,

Glassware, China-ware, Earthenware,

LADIES’ HATS AND FLOWERS,
MEN’S OUTFITTING ARTICLES,

38 SOUTH PARADE, KINGSTON.

Morgan’s Daughter

(Continued from Page 39)

at random. She had some purpose in her mind.

She looked at him searchingly. "The colonists in America will be independent and free very soon," she said with slow deliberation. "Their struggle has gone on for some time; no one can doubt its ultimate success. Why should not Jamaica also be free?"

"Free! Jamaican!" he cried astonishing.

"Has that affect you? The white man in America outnumber their slaves. Here the slaves outnumber the white men, who could hardly keep them under if there were no England to send out help. And how would a free Jamaica help you?"

"On one side my mother is a direct descendant of Morgan, on the other side she is of the Maroons."

"Yes!"

"The Maroons are the free people of the Jamaica hills. My mother’s brother is a chief among the Maroons."

"Well!"

"The Maroons are free and have been so for generations. You know what they originally were? They were slaves of the Spaniards who first owned this island. When the Spaniards were driven out, they gave their slaves freedom, and these took to the hills and carried on the war with the English. They were joined again and again by runaway slaves from the plantations; they have never been subdued but have managed to retain their independence. Now and then they have rebelled, but never all together. If they had been united, if they had stirred the slaves to rebellion, they would probably have succeeded in driving the English out of Jamaica. But they needed someone to unite and organise them, and to bring them to make common cause with the other negroes. At present they are used to just down slave rebellions and bust down runaway slave; they are recognised auxiliaries of the Government, they have a treaty with the Government. They fight, black against black."

"Divide and rule, eh?"

"Yes, but why not unite and conquer? Such unity could be brought about for a purpose; old Morgan could have done it; he had a genius for leadership. I think that, were I not a woman, I could do it. If I had a man, a man of the right calibre, to help me, I still could do it. There would be fighting, of course, but who could penetrate the mountains with the slaves and the Maroons in re-

Oh my dear! what an exquisite gown I wonder who dresses her?"  
"Chez Du Bois takes care of her wardrobe, I am told."

CHEZ DU BOIS,

Gowns, Wraps, Hats & Shoes.

105 HARBOUR STREET — KINGSTON.
CHAPTER EIGHT

FROM one of the small front-windows of Morgan's office, the young couple saw down through the casement a large chest, which was being loaded onto a small cart. The young man, whose name was Morgan, and the young woman, whose name was Elizabeth, were standing close together, watching the scene with interest.

"What would you suggest?" asked Morgan.

"Things happen. Perhaps circumstances as they develop will show what it is best to do. Let us wait a little. By the way, I told my mother to buy some clothes for you before she left Kingston; she can judge more or less what will fit you."

"I had no time to think of that," he confessed.

"I have had a lot of time to think of many things," she answered, a trifle bitterly.

"What do you want to know?" But Elizabeth contrived to summon a look of reproach to her eyes; her attitude was that of a girl who was being wounded by one from whom she had expected far different treatment.

"How long have you known Huntly?"

"Three or four weeks. He came here, saying he was from another part of the island and that he wished to look over this property; he thought he might buy it. He would rent the house from month to month."

"This is not the same story you told first."""

"Isn't it? How do you make that out?"

"You said you hadn't heard of the mortgage."

"He knew that he had not, when in Kingston; he waved the point aside, as of no importance."

"He rented this house, and I want to live in my other place; he had to have somewhere to stop at while looking over the plantation. I think he really wanted to buy it; he was pressing me to sell after he had been here only three days. But, as I told you in Kingston, I didn't know enough about the real value of it, or about him either, and would not make up my mind. He came on to Kingston, knowing I was over there, and tried to persuade me to decide. You remember what I told you on Wednesday? Well, after you left he returned. And the funny thing about it was that it wasn't so much about Morgan Castle that he wanted to talk, but about you!"

"Yes. He wanted to know how I knew you, what you were coming to see me for, and a lot of nonsense of the sort. Naturally, I told him you were an utter stranger, nothing whatever to me, and that I might never see you again. But I also said that it was none of his business whether I met you every day or not, and that I resented his interference. I own I lost my temper and told him that I had now made up my mind not to sell my property to him. He said something—I won't repeat it—but I'll never forgive him for it."

"What did he say?" Captain Thornton urged, interested, for Elizabeth was speaking with a wonderful simulation of truth; no actress could have done better.

"I don't see that that has anything to do with..."
what you wish to know about him," she replied. "How are the concerns you or your name in Jamaica?"

"They concern you, don't they? Well, I am interested in you, too, so you might tell me." His tone was different now.

"You want me to repeat to you an insult from that man to me?"

"Well, no. Let us leave that; but if he is what I think he is, and I place my hands on him!—What did you do after that?"

"I told him that the sooner he left Moritz Castle the better I should be pleased, and that as he had only a monthly tenancy, he could terminate it at once. He said he would; he would leave the very next day. That settled it for me. I came over here the day after and so did he. I offered him back his mouth's rent, which he refused to take, but he cleared out, and that was what I wished."

"Did you come back here together?"

"Of course not. How could I think I would ride back with a man who had treated me like that?"

She blessed her stars as she spoke that she had arrived when Jack that they should leave Kingston separately, and had warned her mother to say simply that an engagement was ended, that she had hastened her departure from Kingston. Jack had joined her some nine miles out of Kingston, at the junction of the road that led to Home of St. Thomas. No one of any importance had been meeting her on the long ride after that.

As Captain Thornton had carefully enquired of the soldiers at Rock Port whether a man and a woman had passed that way together in the early Thursday morning, had described Elizabeth and John Seymour with careful accuracy, and had been assured positively that no such couple had gone that way, he could not doubt Elizabeth's statement. He concluded that a quarrel between the two would explain why they had not left together, a circumstance which had hitherto puzzled him.

He thought over the situation before questioning Elizabeth further. He was still suspicious about Huntly, fully so. The authorities in Spanish Town wanted to know something about him; for a white man able to purchase a coffee plantation, a man who professed to have been in the island for some time, it was rather peculiar that he was entirely unknown to any public personage, in Kingston or the capital. His money might be French or Spanish; his purchase of a property not very far from Kingston might be a ruse to give him a local habitation. But, thought the Captain, evidently the man had fallen in love with Elizabeth and had become suddenly jealous about her; seeing him (Captain Thornton) visiting her—and the intention of that visit would be obvious to everyone—he had shown what was in his mind. He wanted both Morgan Castle and its mistress; he would be getting nothing and, in reality, giving nothing at all. Just like a wretched traitor! conclusion the virtuous Captain Thornton. And, perhaps, Elizabeth might have fallen into the snare Huntly was setting for her, had she not been fortunate enough to meet an officer of His Majesty's Army who had so clearly shown his admiration for her.

"Yes, you Huntly left yesterday," he asked. "Yes."

"He didn't say where he was going?"

"Would he have been likely to tell me, or would I have cared to know?"

"But what about his belongings? Did he leave them?"

"He took them on saddle-back with him; he had a horse, of course, and one or two animals."

"Perhaps some of your people here could tell me what direction they were going in?"

"Perhaps. You can ask them." She controlled her voice with a mighty effort as she said this. Would he prosecute the inquiry led into the interior of the island, before she had time to coach her people?

"I don't think they know anything about it, but you might ask them," she went on. "But you don't mean to say you are going to leave here almost as soon as you arrive? You have just come, you haven't even taken a drink or a morsel of food, and you talk as if you were going away immediately? Why? Huntly can't fly out of the island, can he? He doesn't even know that you are asking about him, or are after him. You can put your hands on him when you like. But if you go away now, I know you are not likely to return for a long time, if ever. But perhaps you don't want to come back?"

"Nonsense, Bessie!" cried Captain Thornton gaily. "You haven't bought me too many injuries. Of course I would like to stay here a while with you, I would like to stay here for months," he added fervently. "But I have got to go after this man, and then I will come back."

"Then you can't go today. You and your soldiers have ridden nearly thirty miles. You will have to remain over the night."

"Yes, I know that, and perhaps to-morrow night too."

"I am so glad. Now let me give you a nice drink, and order you some supper. My mother, Mrs. Easter, will look after your men. Don't worry. Just sit comfortably and let me wait on you."
Hilton and Hilton, 35 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTEGO BAY, JA., B.W.I.

DRUGS.

PATENT MEDICINES, TOILET REQUISITES.

Groceries, Liquors, Cigars and Cigarettes, Etc., Etc.

PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY PREPARED.

UP-TO-DATE SODA FOUNTAIN.

THE RAPID VULCANIZING CO., 82-84-86 Harbour Street, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

The Most Complete Automobile Accessory House in Jamaica.

FORD PARTS, CHEVROLET PARTS.

Tires, Tubes, Pumps, Bulbs, Brake Lining, Bulb Horns, Electrical Horns, etc., etc.

EVERYTHING FOR CARS AND TRUCKS.

GAS AND OIL.

Day and Night Service.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT.

For Builders, Contractors, Estate Owners, Penkeepers, Housewives and Ship Owners.

WE CAN SUPPLY ALL YOU WANT.

THIS HOUSE GUARANTEES YOU PROMPT ATTENTION, SERVICE, QUALITY, AND COURTESY.

COUNTRY ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION AND QUICK DESPATCH.

Deal with The Rapid Vulcanizing Co., and you will be satisfied.

THE RAPID VULCANIZING CO., 82-84-86 Harbour Street, A. C. CAMPBELL, PROPRIETOR. Telephone 380.
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
Steamship Service

PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT

THE WELL-KNOWN, FINELY APPOINTED, FIRST-CLASS STEAMERS OF THE GREAT WHITE FLEET

maintain a Frequent and Regular Service between JAMAICA and the United States, Cuba, Panama Canal, Costa Rica, Colombia, Spanish Honduras, Guatemala and British Honduras.

CONNECTIONS at Cristobal for San Francisco and the West coast of Central and South America, Australia, New Zealand and the Orient. Prepaid Bookings and Reservations on connecting lines can be arranged if desired.

THROUGH BOOKINGS can be made at our ticket office by rail from New York to any point in the United States or Canada, Pullman Reservations may be arranged by Radio from our Steamers before arrival at New York.

By arrangement with the CUNARD LINE and ELDERS & FYFFES LTD., tickets can be secured at the Booking Offices of any of these lines for a TRIANGULAR TOUR — good for Round Trip embracing Jamaica, England and New York or Montreal — starting at any point and travelling in either direction — Time limit — one year.

Head Offices,
17 Battery Place,
New York.

Jamaica Office,
40 Harbour Street,
Kingston.

FYFFES LINE
FIRST CLASS PASSENGER SERVICE

Frequent, Sailing DIRECT to ENGLAND Also via Trinidad and Barbados.

KINGSTON TO AVONMOUTH IN 13 DAYS.

Modern Steamers, specially built for the West Indian Trade.—All outside Staterooms — Spacious Public Rooms and Promenade Decks, Swimming Pool, Large and Airy Dining Saloons. Suites, Rooms with Bath, and Single Berth Rooms available at moderate rates.

Head Office:—
Elders & Fyffes, Ltd.,
31-32 Bow Street,

Agents in Jamaica:—
The United Fruit Co.,
40 Harbour Street,
Kingston.
Myrtle Bank Hotel,
KINGSTON.

THE MOST MODERN AND LUXURIOUS HOTELS IN THE TROPICS.
REPLETE WITH EVERY DETAIL OF SERVICE AND EQUIPMENT.

Hotel Titchfield Port Antonio

THOMAS G. S. HOOKE,
RESIDENT MANAGER,
United Fruit Co.'s Hotels,
Jamaica, B.W.I.
was ordered to new Elithelby. After a hot enquiry at every lodging house and tavern in Kingston had failed to reveal any trace of a tall man, with two long fingers on the left hand, calling himself John Huntly. It was true that Mr. Huntly might have stopped with some friend in the city, but as a rule planters from a distant part of the colony, as he professed to be, went to a tavern or a lodging house. He had been seen by Burt at the waterfront; he had been alone. And he had done no bidding at the slave auction he had pretended to attend. Burt was not quite ready to swear to his identity; Burt’s belief had hardened into conviction. More had been seen of him than Huntly, who never could set himself as to his bona fide. But he was allowed discretion to act as he seemed best in the circumstances. The island was under martial law, and the Captain with his posses could command the assistance of any and every one in the country.

All this Elizabeth gathered as the Captain talked; she realised at the end of it all that he might remain for a couple of weeks at Morgan Castle if he chose.

And he might continue himself that it was consistent with his duty to remain. Her immediate problem would be to prevent that.

CHAPTER NINE

THAT afternoon Cadjo returned. He quietly reported to Elizabeth that he had taken Johnson to the house of the headman at Mount Lebanon, a distance of not more than two or a half miles, and had led him into one of the mountain caves which had formerly been the lair of Three-Fingered Jack without being seen by anyone. Massa Seymour had told him to be sure of containing some things he always carried with him, and a couple of guns, should be sent to him that very day. He had his pistols as a weapon.

Elizabeth knew that the box contained the stuff which Johnson must have to keep his face and hands and wonder why he should want it now. But she felt proud of his confidence, and in that moment he had been taken from Colonel Breakspear and had entrusted to her keeping. It was not at that moment in a strength of her room. She gave Cadjo the articles John had hidden with him, and she again impressed on the Maroon the necessity for the utmost caution. She bade him tell Seymour he might have to remain a couple of days in hiding; hence the supply of food by his messenger.

Everything she could do was now done. The soldiers were about the premises, but they too had been cautiously led and had been surreptitiously supplied with drink; their Captain was sleeping; they were allowed to take their ease. One or two may have roved by the couple of rather good-looking maid of the house, and Elizabeth raised no objection; she desired to honour everyone. She had a fine dinner prepared for her military guest, though she doubted if it would make him feel that eating was enjoying. She had a huge wooden bath-tub placed in his room, half full of water. His orderly had brought a change of linen for the Captain from Kingston.

She had this laid out against the latter’s awakening.

Then she waited.

It seemed to Elizabeth, as the long hours went by and the darkness came suddenly, that she had been waiting all her life for something to happen. And very little of striking moment had ever happened until lately. She had been sent to England for her education at an age when she was fully aware of the guilt which separated her from the white ladies of the country; recognition from them must she never hope for; and not even formal courtesy. They would never meet. For she might return to the island far better educated than any of them, beautiful—for she knew she was beautiful—proud, ambitious, able; but that would not count for anything, unless perhaps, for a disability. For from the women of mixed blood she was also cut off by the early advantage which a better father had instilled should be hers. That they should become the mistresses of the country occupied by English men, and bear children, and eat and drink and live and grow fat, seemed to them a sufficient life. At times they would attend the races in the gayest of apparel, on horseback or in chaise, or be guests at the parties of the greatest ladies. But for them was no place by them with white men. They would rear poultry, would attend to their housekeeping, and thus their lives would be pandered-over, served by the knowledge that the haughty ladies of pure blood were bitterly jealous of them because of their stealing away of son or brother or husband. Maybe that (Continued on Page 57)

A KNIGHT OF ROME

ONE of the best liked men in Jamaica is, beyond all question, Mr. James Dunn, who in the Papal State to-day, and indeed in Italy, would be addressed as Sir James Dunn, but to the honour of his country the title bestowed upon him by the late Pope Pius X when, in company with Bishop Collins, he visited Rome in 1912.

The titles or decorations granted by the head of the Catholic Church may be won by those who have been the recipients of them if they obtain from their own Sovereigns or Governments the right for. The application may be made for permission, and such permission is rarely refused. It would surely have been granted in the case of Mr. Dunn, whose father was for many years a Major in the British Army, while he himself has been a Catholic since he was quite a child, and when he reached boyhood he was sent to the St. Joseph’s School in Kingston, then under the charge of the Jesuit Brothers.

His father died; young James, like so many other here, had to struggle, a comparatively young age to earn his living. At seventeen he was working in the grove and mercantile business and on one occasion was sent on a mission to somebody, but he could not understand the orders. He is a staunch Catholic. He is a devoted son of the Church. His life has been one long series of charitable works; helpfulness has been characteristic of him. He is still actively connected with the businesses he established and built up, and his personal attention during these many decades has or is a surely been one of the reasons why he has held his clientele and increased it in the face of competition. The business, grown to large dimensions, now rests upon a firm foundation. For years Mr. Dunn has been ably assisted by his nephew and adopted son, Mr. Fabian Lopez.

A note of personal humility has always been struck by Mr. Dunn. It is consistent with his type of religious devotion. Yet, however soberly we consider this trait, it is not improbable that the quiet worker, this man who has all his life preferred to go about silently, doing what came to his hand with no sort of ostentation, is a Knight of the Vatican State, and has been highly honoured by a Pope. A great distinction, and rendered greater because so well deserved. A recognition of which not many men can boast.
The Choice of the Connoisseur!

Scotch Whisky which seems to have captured the sunshine of the barley . . . . the tang of the peat smoke . . . . the mellowness of great age . . . . Whisky with a fragrant bouquet, a gracious mellowness, and a genial flavour that warms the heart — such is DEWAR'S, a rare old Scotch Whisky.

DEWAR'S

"White Label"

Aged in the wood and bottled in Scotland, the unvarying quality of Dewar's leaves nothing to be desired.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 39)

suited them: she thought contumaciously that on the whole it did. But it was all repugnant to her, as the life of an ordinary Jamaica planter would have been repugnant to the bold spirit of the young Henry Morgan when he came to the West Indies to make his fortunes.

She had made the best of her opportunities in England, but what had she done with her life since her return? Just nothing. She had been thinking and waiting—and dreaming. She had had strong, wild visions. Then, suddenly, had come the eruption into her life of a desperate, handsome, striking-looking white man, with the education of a gentleman and a bitter grievance in his heart, and from their first meeting his life had been in her hands. At once her imagination had caught fire. What might they not do together, in a country like this? She had certain resources, one was the position which she held among the Maroons because of her uncle's leadership among a section of them. The Maroons, black for the most part, were pleased that a mulatto who could have gone from them and become something in the city had always chosen to remain with them and be nothing but a Maroon. He had influence, and Elizabeth meant much to him, for of her he was very proud. And the English feared the Maroons, otherwise they would not have allowed them so many privileges and immunities. In the mountains the Maroons were unconquered.

And she might become the chiefness of them all.

But she must have someone to help her, someone who had nothing to hope for from the dominent whites of Jamaica. Would Seymour be the man? She loved him. She acknowledged that to herself quite frankly. She knew he had courage, daring, but lacked perhaps the cool calculating attitude of mind without which courage might only lead one into danger. His was a restless, reckless character, splendiferous, she thought (with a thrill of admiration), but needing some counterpoise, or rather complement: and she knew that she herself could play co-adjutant and act when the precipitous hour presented itself. He was a man and could do things which she would not venture to attempt; she was helpless without him. But did he love her? She was compelled to admit to herself that he had shown nothing like love for her yet; only a feeling of friendship and gratitude, mixed with a sort of amazement, because she was so different from the rest of the women he had seen in this country. Even when she had tried to lead their conversation the day before on to intimate ground, he had spoken about her marrying someone else. True, he did not suggest, as other white men would have done, that she might become the mistress of one of the white men in the land; he had thought of her as honourably married only, and this had pleased her pride. But even in his desperate entreaty he had not hinted that he himself might marry her, though she had almost suggested that he might.

The September stars were thick overhead, though it was now but seven o'clock. The wind came down from the mountains to the east, tempering the heat of summer. From where she stood she could hear the voices of the soldiers quartered in what had once been a small overseer's house not far away. And she wondered how Seymour fancied in that black cloud in Mount Lebanon, with whirling leaves alone for company.

He had not bitten when she had fished, ever so slightly. But then, she thought, was it fair to expect him to make love to her when he was not certain of his life for a week? His mind must be full of his own petty, even if his courage kept him from showing that: could a man in that position think of a girl he had met only a few days before? Wasn't he expecting too much? Yet—and she faced the fact—he too would be influenced by the feelings and prejudices so prevalent everywhere here. Given his education, his former status, and given also his character, which hated restraint and submission to conventional bonds, marriage with a coloured woman, even one of her beauty and means, would seem at first a strange and startling proposition to him. At first. But once he was in comparative safety, in that the authorities could not easily place hands upon him, and once he realized that he might have to spend years in Jamaica, and perhaps all his life,—what then? There was no other woman. She was sure of that. He was heart-free; for if he had had an affair with a girl or two on the estate in the north, where he had been until lately, that counted for absolutely nothing. It was normal, and the setting of such tales was a matter of everyday occurrence.

Therefore, in a little time, he would be here. It was this she had been waiting for. This and the realization of a great and daring dream. Together they would make that dream come true. With his help she would prove that she was worthy to be Henry Morgan's daughter.

She heard a step behind her; someone was coming towards the coffee barbecue by which she stood and which, like herself, shone white in the surrounding darkness. She knew it was Captain Thornton.

She turned to greet him.

"All right after your sleep?"

"I have a heavy headache," he grumbled. "The hot ride and then all that rum and madeira have been too much for me. I feel groggy."

"After you have had some dinner—"

"I don't want any dinner, Boss; I ate enough lunch to last me till tomorrow. I want only your society now. That's better than anything else."

**SIMMONS**

**I s the Store for quality where**

**M aximum values at**

**M inimum prices are obtained**

**O n display always are the**

**N ewest and best of Ladies' & Gents' goods**

**S een outside of Kingston**

**THE BEE HIVE STORE**

J. H. SIMMON, MONTECAY BAY.
"Thanks." But she remained standing and did not suggest that they might return to the house, or all of the crowd on the verandah. The Captain was naturally a bold man, and his mind and blood were still inflamed by the drink he had had. A moment before he moved closer to her and put an arm round her waist. She did not seem alarmed, but she said, "I am in a state of shock," and she twisted his face up to hers, with the evident intention of kissing her. She turned away.

"I hope it is not the matter with you, Beast," he asked testily. "Do n't you know I love you?"

"Put that out of your mind. I love you as you are," said a voice two or three times louder, "and I think you only want to play with me." It was the voice of her admirer, Captain Thornton.

"The question staggered him. What on earth could be the answer? There was only one thing he could do. But, yes, by Jove! he did understand and she was right. She was right as she was wrong. He loved her and he had no right to love her with a man who might amuse himself for a day or two; if she was to be hit it must be for all the time he was in the country, for years if he should remain so long. He appreciated her for that. It was sensible, it was virtuous. This would be a faithful woman.

"What? As my true love, of course. I wish to take care of you, to be yours, to give you everything you want." "But I want nothing." "What about love and protection?"

"Oh! That's different, isn't it? I want you to be mine, Beast, and no other woman has made me yet. I am entirely your lover. I would do anything for you." "You mean that you want to marry me?"

"What?"

"Do you mean that you want to marry me?"

The Captain was scandalised. How could she suggest such a thing? How could she have got such an idea into her head? And how was he to answer her?

"But-but" he stuttered, and stopped.

"Exactly. But, you see, Captain, I have an advertisment to marry. I have enough to live on. I am not poor. I have an assured position. She did not wish to quarrel with him, or make him as eager as she was; she added kindly, "I like you. You are very nice and courteous, and I believe you like me. But I have never had a normal Jamaican response. There were no girls that you sold speak about, you know. I had hoped you had seen that."

"The tone, and her confession that she liked him—he could not know that it was false— mollified the Captain. He decided to argue.

"But you are not at all married. My wife is in another position."

"No; but she would have a right to your name, and would bear it. And if there were a child, that would make a difference to him, wouldn't it?"

"Really, he thought, this was an extraordinary girl. She seemed to think possibilities simple. Well, he would temporize. One must use diplomacy in dealing with women."

"I wouldn't care to marry you now," he assured her in a earnest tone of voice as he could muster. "We are not allowed to marry when on active service. But I will be as frank as you are, Beast; if you come to me I will marry you if ever I am able. I promise you that. It is not unusual, you know. I don't suppose there is another officer in the Army here who would say as much as I have. But I love you, and you are wonderfully beautiful."

"I would do anything for you."

"I am allowed for a while, then—"

"It is a sort of proposal you have made; I will think it over," she said.

"But what is there before. Here we are, and we care for one another."

"I said I liked you, not that I cared for you."

"But why wait? You are certain to love me later on."

"I prefer to wait."

"You mean—?"

"Just what you have said."

The Captain was nonplussed. He felt himself growing angry. What the devil did this mulatto girl mean by a fool of him? But that was hardly likely. What did she actually want? To marry a white man who was also a gentleman? That was sheer madness. Yet she had dismissed Huntyly with scorn, because, presumably, he had proposed or wanted that she should be his mistress. What were things coming to in Jamaica, anyhow? He felt like a fool. Yet he was a perfect creature, and he reflected that to take no for a final answer would not be becoming to a man of sense or an officer and a gentleman. She required a lot of courting, of persuasion, it seemed, and he resigned himself to that endeavour. After all, she was well worth it. And her very refusal to yield easily whetted his appetite and spurred his determination.

He changed the conversation.

"Your good cheer has made me put off the execution of my duty for a while," he said, "but tomorrow I must find out if anyone here knows where this man, Huntyly, has gone to, and then I will decide on my next movement."

"I said nothing to this, but suggested that they might now return to the house. She bade him good night when they got inside, and he went to his room in an irritable frame of mind. The next morning he was up by six o'clock and found that she too had been. He had all the people of the place brought before him, and questioned them himself.

No one knew anything about Huntyly save that he had been there and had seen something except the man Cudjoe. He had some information. Mr. Huntyly, he said, had taken the road to Morant Bay; he was sure of that, for he had heard Massa Huntyly say to his man that he was going that way. By now he must have passed into Portland and gone even further; that is, if he was not stopping in the Bay.

If Huntyly had gone to Portland, as was suggested, he was now on the northside of the island. That was far enough from Morgan Castle.

"If he is a spy, as you believe," suggested Elizabeth, "he might escape at any time. Isn't that possible?"

"It is possible but not easy," replied the Captain grimly. "But we'll easily find out if he has passed through Morant Bay. It is not more than ten or twelve miles from here and it is a small place, a mere village. A man like that, riding through Morant Bay in the daytime, must certainly have been seen. I will send to enquire."

He gave orders to the sergeant who had accompanied him, and this man in turn commanded two soldiers to ride at once into Morant Bay and make the necessary enquiries. The soldiers who had been selected to accompany Captain Thornton were intelligent young men. They could be relied upon to obtain sound information. They set off on their mission; it was understood that they would return that day. They came back in the evening, reporting that no white man had ridden through Morant Bay on the day in question. They had enquired of white and black, and the reply had been unanimously the same. There could be no mistake.

"Then either you heard wrongly, or did not hear..."
CHAPTER TEN

TWO wearying days passed. The scouts sent out to discover something about Seymour returned with conflicting statements: white men, each followed by a single negro, had been seen here and there; but they had not been observed, for of course there was nothing unusual in the spectacle of a white man and his body servant riding about the country.

Anyone of those noticed might have been the man wanted, but all of them could not be; and perhaps none was. The soldiers sent to Kingston also came back with a letter to Captain Thorot; in that letter it was hidden to use his own discretion, but the tenor of it suggested that nothing much was now expected from his investigation, as he had failed to come upon the alleged spy in the first instance.

And the Captains found he was not making much progress with Elizabeth. She flirted with him, gave him a good deal of her company, seemed to like him; but he was with her; indeed she made that plain. But he got no farther, and it began to appear to him that she really thought she could induce him to marry her by holding him off in one sense, while making up to him in another. He liked her, indeed; he, but Captain Thornton was in love only with himself, and even had he cared more for her than he did he would have considered marriage with her as incredible. A deep feeling of resentment against her began to form within him.

As was the morning after his scouts had returned with their futile report, and he had decided that he had better go back to Kingston and suggest that the northern side of the island should be secured for Hunty—if it were still thought he was a spy—that he overheard from his bedroom window a confused jabbering among some of Elizabeth's slaves. Their tones suggested alarm; instead of going about their work they were chattering loudly, and again and again he caught the words, "Three-finger Jack."

"This excited his curiosity; he dressed and made his way out of the house towards the group. There he found Elizabeth and her mother, who had just joined him, and who were essentially disparaging a statement made by one of the men, and ordering the slaves to their respective tasks. "But what do you mean, ma'am?" asked, and the Captain asked, and the Captain's tone was one of command.

"Tree-finger Jack, massa," answered a man, who believed that the Captain had addressed him directly.

"Well, what about him?" asked Captain Thornton quickly, remembering that the highwayman was still at large, and that he himself had but recently hunted him from Spanish Town to Kingston.

"Rubbish!" explained Elizabeth. "These people are always talking nonsense.

"Let us hear what the nonsense is," replied the Captain coldly. "Well, speak up!" he ordered, as the man seemed to hesitate.

"Somebody see him last night, massa. Quamin, who belong to Mosea Delgaion property near Cedar Valley, was pussy' by Mount Lebanon, an' he see Tree-finger Jack going across de road. It was Tree-finger Jack dapper, massa. "Duppy?"

"Ghoat, he mean," explained Elizabeth. "Quamin believe he see the ghost of Three-fingered Jack. Do you believe in ghosts, Captain Thornton?"

"No, but I believe that Three-fingered Jack never was killed, and what this man, Quamin, saw, was probably the ghost of himself. So much the better: Where is Quamin?"

"'Im gone to him property, massa. Him only pass we dis morning and tell we. "Which of these men can guide me to Mount Lebanon and this Three-fingered Jack's lair?" asked Captain Thornton briskly. He addressed his question to Elizabeth.

The people around shrank visibly at this question, not one of them wished to go within speaking distance of the haunt of the man they feared when alive, and now doubly feared as a ghost.

The Captain noticed the terror they displayed and was about to give some order angrily when Curdoo, who had come upon the scene when the questioning was taking place, pushed himself to the fore.

"I know de place, massa," he said.

Elizabeth glanced at him quickly. Curdoo was an intelligent and dependable man; she could trust him. Evidently he had some good reason for offering to be Captain Thornton's guide.

"It was not one of the slaves showed any disposition to be of service, and would probably be more of a hindrance than a help if compelled to become a guide against his will, Captain Thornton was glad of Coddoo's proffered assistance. He was the more willing to avail himself of it, because the man was a Maroon and so was an ally of the island's Government. He was always on duty, so to speak. "Very well," said the Captain, "we'll start at once."

(Continued on Page 61)
AM confident that it would do good to every single motor-car designer all the world over to have a look under the bonnet of the Ford, although I imagine that most of them have already done so.

For the idea that seems to be the prevailing one is that nowadays the world wants everything to be just as simple as it can be and that there is no more need, in order to run a car well and to keep it in proper running order, for an owner to be a car expert than there is to be a watchmaker in order to carry a watch. To put the matter more rudely, Henry Ford seems to have arrived at the conclusion that, as the human race is composed mostly of fools, it is his business to accept the situation and to supply them with a machine that will not be beyond their understanding. This he has done, with the result that one simply cannot put back anything incorrectly or in its wrong place, not even the timing gear, if it should be necessary to have to take the engine down and have to put it back again on one’s own. Every wire—and I have never seen so few of these on any car—is coloured differently and leads to its own place alone. The ignition system is as simple and as get-at-able as can be imagined; the plugs are connected to it by rigid leads that cannot be mixed up; the few rods that unite the controls to the engine are impossible to confuse; three spanners fit all the different nuts, and the brace used to detach the wheels forms at its other end the starting handle for use in emergencies or on a particularly cold morning.

*Copied from the Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News, August 16th, 1930.*
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 59)

His sergeant was near by; he summoned him and gave him an order. In a few minutes three soldiers and the sergeant were mounted and ready to set forth. The Captain's horse was also brought forward. Then Captain Thornton, who, though trusting Cut-joee, was nevertheless filled with anxiety—for any thing might happen—made his decision.

"Cut-joee!" said he, "are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am not a coward and the man, if he is there, could not harm me with you and your soldiers and Cutjoee against him. He will be powerless."

He did not wish to disbelieve him. He nodded assent. Cutjoee mounted up to the which Elizabeth provided, and in a while the party set out for Mount Lebanon. Captain Thornton hoping that Three-fingered Jack would really be found skulking there in some cave. If he were captured, that would compensate for the failure to find John Hendry.

Cutjoee rode in front, the Captain and Elizabeth following immediately behind. Then came the sergeant and three soldiers, all armed.

The rushing river was to their left, to their right towered dark green mountains. They were rid ing south, and when the wild grew the scenery: presently they saw in front of them still greater mountains than they had passed. The aspect of the country was varied. There was no sign here of human habitation. Wild life grew on the banks, and as they entered the gorge that skirted the rough, uneven road; the road itself ran through a sort of gorge, for now the mountains rose on all sides. Through the narrow valley, emerging into the sky, those opposite rolling away to a dist ant horizon. It was a deserted country thin, the fit haunt of desperate characters. And here it was that, in the recent past, the famous negro desperado had made his home.

At a point where the noise from the unseen river was most audible, Cutjoee halted. He waved his right arm towards a vast, dark pile of rock and forest, apparently inaccessible. "Mount Lebanon, Mason," he announced.

Captain Thornton was a man of action. And now he was ready to strike. He came down from his horse and his men followed his example. So did Cutjoee.

Before the party had really entered the gorge, Elizabeth had also leapt lightly off her mount.

The Captain glanced at her dubiously.

"Had I known it was like this," he grumbled, "I would not have permitted you to come with us. You will have to stay here with one of my men while we explore this mountain."

"Remember I am a Jamaican, Captain," interrupted Cutjoee, "and the mountain does not frighten me, and there must be trails. Do let me come with you."

"But why?"

CLEARY & ELLIOTT

Recognized as Jamaica's Leading
Exponents of Artistic
Photography

PICTURES FOR:


ORDERS FROM:

H. E. The Governor, Hon. A. S. Jelf, and other prominent individuals, entitled us to be considered as such.

WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

STUDIO: 89 KING STREET, KINGSTON.

PLANTERS' PUNCH

She could not tell him that she was torn with anxiety, that it would be terrible for her to remain behind, a prey to fears, wondering what was happening up yonder, and that she hoped he might be in some way of assistance to the fugitive if he ran the risk of being captured. She must invent some plausible reason for wishing to accompany the party up the heights.

"It will be an adventure," she said, "and I am perfectly safe with you. I would know how to hide from danger in the high mountain."

As he really did not care to leave her with but one soldier while he went up the mountain, Captain Thornton agreed that she should accompany them. He did not think there would be much danger to anyone.

A sled to Cutjoee, and the latter led the way towards what seemed to be a foot trail leading steeply up the mountain. The path and the incline presented no difficulty whatever to the Maroon, but it was otherwise with the Captain, who came immediately behind him. The day was warm, Captain Thornton was stout, and Elizabeth, who followed him, called to him every now and then for assistance. She really did not need it, but her plan was to tire him out. And, once started, he could not send her back.

Up and up they went by a trail which the Maroon promised to be such, since there was no sign that it was ever used by human beings. The underbrush was not dense, but the trees grew high and the surroundings were shrouded in gloom. Here and there, the sun shone through so the way was tolerable. When they bent to tiptoe, the length of their dress to pass through their eyes, those opposite rolling away to a distant horizon. It was a deserted country thin, the fit haunt of desperate characters. And here it was that, in the recent past, the famous negro desperado had made his home.

But Captain Thornton was a leader, and hard ships he took to be part of his job. He had heard that Three-fingered Jack had inhabited a cave in this mountain, and, being that cave and, as he hoped, the man in it. It was evident that the black robber would now or only at night, he would therefore have to sleep during the day. The Captain was going to find him asleep or awake, and to bring him back alive or dead.

Up and up, but also going horizontally at times, climbed the searchers. Elizabeth was panting now, even on her exertion was telling. The Captain's scarlet tunic showed broad patches of wet about the back, and his face was greyer. It was he had grown red as blood, and now and then the nose had been forced to pass in rain breath. Only Cut joee seemed to get no short of it, and was to be expected of forces for the capture of Three-fingered Jack, and that it had been you Maroons who had brought that character to his end. Cutjoee knew that Seymour was no Three-fingered Jack; but he knew also that it was a man by the name of John Seymour, and he certainly reward the man who brought about his capture. Would Cutjoee, then, play false? But if he had wanted to do so, why had not you John Seymour before? He knew that Captain Thorston was had for him, and he had not whispered the word. Did that not look like treachery? Cutjoee would come into some pains. It was a thing to be expected. But it was possible that John might at that very moment be lying in the cave, though Cutjoee might not expect it; so he was to go at once in the direction of the cave. He was one into the cave, she listened with pounding pulse and a seared heart for the sound of a fatal shot. The ground was more rocky than before. Presently, however, the trees began to grow sparse; they were appearing at different terraces. Then, and they stood before an almost bare cliff on the mountain side, with two huge trees springing in front of it; anyone not knowing it, they might with out a second glance. But Cutjoee pointed out a peculiarity to Captain Thornton, who, at once noticed that the branches of the trees nearly concealed an opening in the cliff. "Three-finger Jack Cave," said the Maroon softly.

It was indeed a well-selected place of conceal ment for a robber. The opening to the cave was small, and was almost hidden by the leaves of the protecting trees. An armed man in ambush there could defy capture for some time. Waived better hand of any attempt to take him, he could escape and hide himself in these forests and among these that extended for miles, and only a persistent search party, hunting for weeks, might be able to track him down at last. But from this cave at which they now looked there was no other ingress or egress than the one above them; so if the highwaymen were inside of it, Captain Thornton concluded, he must take the. Captain made his dispositions at once.

Elizabeth was to remain within the shelter of the trees on the high side of the bare space front ing the cliff. One soldier would stay with her. The Captain himself, with Cutjoee and the other men, would enter the cave. Was there any path up to it besides that afforded by the tree-trunks and branches?

A man tendered a way, rough and steep, and even dangerous; and thought it was not necessary for Captain Thornton to accompany his men he re solved to take that path. The adventure appealed to him, and danger he had never shirked.

Moving quietly, they entered the steep, slippery, steep incline that led by the left side into the cave. If anyone within it were aware of their presence and objected to it, anyone of them might escape alive.

Elizabeth stood against a tree with set face and fiercely bent heart, watching the small body of men make their ways upwards. In spite of her trust in Cutjoee, she could not help wondering whether the Maroon had at the last moment decided to betray John Seymour and herself. At such a crisis mis trust assails one's mind; besides, she could not but think that the for an been the reward for the capture of Three-fingered Jack, and that it had been you Maroons who the man who brought that character to his end. Cutjoee knew that Seymour was no Three-fingered Jack; but he knew also that it was a man by the name of John Seymour, and he certainly reward the man who brought about his capture. Would Cutjoee, then, play false? But if he had wanted to do so, why had not you John Seymour before? He knew that Captain Thorston was had for him, and he had not whispered the word. Did that not look like treachery? Cutjoee would come into some pains. It was a thing to be expected. But it was possible that John might at that very moment be lying in the cave, though Cutjoee might not expect it; so he was to go at once in the direction of the cave. He was one into the cave, she listened with pounding pulse and a seared heart for the sound of a fatal shot.
Honour Duly Won


Manufacturers

Of

AERATED WATERS, WINES, SYRUPS, AND THE FAMOUS BULL BRAND STOUT

Mr. F. C. Henriques, who in Italy would be addressed as the "Chevalier Henriques," and who has been permitted by his Sovereign, King George, to wear the insignia of the Order to which he was elevated by the Italian Government some years ago, is one of the most notable of the large businesses in Jamaica. His contemporaries in age he is Freddie, to some persons he is Uncle Freddie, to others he is "Marce" Fred, and to everybody he is a good, true and reliable friend. He is a man with a very outspoken tongue, sometimes even a sarcastic tongue—and a heart of gold. A charitable man, he takes care that the public shall know very little about his acts of charity. In this connection he believes in anonymity, he does not wish his right hand to know what his left hand does; but if his mouth is open, it is often his speaking for him, and the present writer knows sufficiently about him to be able here now and hereafter to say a tribute to his generosity and his public spirit.

Mace Fred can look back with pride and satisfaction on a business career which began nearly sixty years ago. It was in 1872 that he went to work with Charles Levy and Company, then the largest firm in this island. With Charles Levy he remained for some years, then he went for a short trip to Canada and New York, returned to Jamaica, and in October 1876 opened in business for himself as Henriques and Company, "The New Canadian Agencies." He may therefore be regarded as one of the pioneers of Canadian trade in this country.

 Shortly afterwards he was joined in partnership by Mr. C. C. de Forest, his brother-in-law, who was expelled in the earthquake of 1907. When the partnership was established the firm was renamed "Army and Navy Stores." It was the only being to the Army and Navy Stores of England and military forces in Jamaica and to the higher classes of householders. It was not long before the Army and Navy Stores became a name in Jamaica. It is still a name in Jamaica. It is what reliability and efficiency have made it, and at the head of it is still Mr. F. C. Henriques.

The business was burnt to the ground in 1907 in the catastrophe which caused the disappearance of so large a section of Lower Kingston. It was re-established further west, in Harbour Street, where it has now been these many years. It is still "going strong"; but this was to be expected.

For years Mr. Henriques has been the Italian Consul in Jamaica, and to his duties as Consul he has shown the devotion which is to be looked for from a man of character. It is safe to say that he never contemplated honorific recognition. But he came to him not very long ago, and when it came to the honor, his fellow-countrymen were as delighted as the members of his family must have been. All Jamaica knew that the honour was deserved, and that the man who had been diligent in his business was fitted, in the eyes of the Hebrew Scripture, to (in a manner of speaking) "stand before kings."

Manufacturers

AERATED WATERS, WINES, SYRUPS, AND THE FAMOUS BULL BRAND STOUT

Sole Distributors of the following:

Spanish Olive Oil,
Four Crown Scotch Whisky,
Enervin Tonic Wine,
Wawona Tonic Wine,
Big Tree Invalid Port,
J. B. Lawson's Special Li-queue Scotch Whisky,
Oscar Three Star Brandy,
Beefeater Old Tom Gin,
Beefeater London Dry Gin,
Vermouth,
Creme de Menthe,
Blackberry Brandy.
Grace, Kennedy & Co., Ltd.

64 Harbour Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE FOLLOWING FIRMS AND CAN MEET YOUR REQUIREMENTS FOR ALL KINDS OF MERCHANDISE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FIRMS:</th>
<th>ARTICLES:</th>
<th>FIRMS:</th>
<th>ARTICLES:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arkadelphia Milling Co.</td>
<td>FLOUR AND MEAL</td>
<td>Pan-American Export Co.</td>
<td>SUNDRIES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allerdale &amp; Eloff</td>
<td>HOPS</td>
<td>Pare's Confectionery Works</td>
<td>CONFECTIONERY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aluminium (IV) Ltd.</td>
<td>ALUMINUMUM WARE, PAINTS,</td>
<td>Paradises Freres</td>
<td>SILKS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aluminium S. S. Line</td>
<td>MOULDINGS, ETC.</td>
<td>Petters Limited</td>
<td>LIGHTING PLANTS, MARINE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beck's Beer Brewing Co.</td>
<td>NEW ORLEANS, AND MOBILE,</td>
<td>Smith &amp; Gill</td>
<td>ENGINE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckesfield Ltd.</td>
<td>TO KINGSTON</td>
<td>James Richardson &amp; Son</td>
<td>TONIC WINE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British Extracting Co.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sinclair Cuba Oil Co.</td>
<td>OATS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bird &amp; Son</td>
<td></td>
<td>Three Minutes Cereal Co.</td>
<td>NATIONAL OATS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Trading Co. &quot;Cucurvo&quot;</td>
<td>SUNDRIES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California Packing Corp.</td>
<td>CANNED FRUIT AND</td>
<td>R. C. Tait Ltd.</td>
<td>POTATOES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VEGETABLES</td>
<td>Trenhouse &amp; Nathan Limited</td>
<td>BUTTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Milam Grain &amp; Milling Co.</td>
<td>CORN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Williams Chocolates Ltd.</td>
<td>CONFECTIONERY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Waseburn-Crosby Co.</td>
<td>FLOUR AND MEAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>North British &amp; Mercantile Ins. Co.</td>
<td>FIRE INSURANCE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Varsco Sales Corp.</td>
<td>DRUGS &amp; MEDICINES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>(American Drugstore Supply)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Grimaud &amp; Co.</td>
<td>DRUGS &amp; MEDICINES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Rigaud &amp; Co.</td>
<td>PERFUMERY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>W. T. Oxbridge &amp; Co.</td>
<td>OWBRIDGE &amp; S. LUNG TONIC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Construction Supply Co. of America</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sanitary Fittings &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Bldg. Materials</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Brokers Commission</td>
<td>BROKERS &amp; COMMISSION</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Merchants</td>
<td>MERCHANTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Am I treated much better than a savage?” she rapped at him. “And who are those who condemn savage methods of making war? The people with guns and swords, the people with cannon. And when they capture a town, what do they do with it? Burn it down! And they hang prisoners when it pleases them to do so; in this country they call prisoners ‘rebels,’ and hang them; yes, and burn them. They starve them to death, I have seen it. I have seen men and women put in Iron gibbons and hung up on a tree with food and water before their eyes. And there, eaten by mosquitoes and black ants, and staring at food, they have slowly starved to death! That is civilized action, yes, when I say that if the soldiers pursued us into the mountains we could poison their sources of water, you ask me if I am a savage? Very well, I am a savage. When Henry Morgan was attacking a fortress once, he placed some captured men in front of his soldiers who carried scaling ladders, and forced them to precede the soldiers. The Spanish general who was defending the fortress ordered his men to fire, whether they killed the men or not. Morgan wished to take that place, the Spanish commander was determined to hold it; neither man thought about the fate of the men: that did not matter. And they were woman. Both men were right. Jack; and I am glad to say that Morgan triumphed. If he had been squashed he would have been defeated.”

“But what you propose, Elizabeth, is mere madness. It seems to me. A little island to drive out England!”

“Why not?” The American colonists are going to drive out England; wait and see. And here the French and Spanish will help us, not because they are a fig for us but because it will suit them. Cuba is near; we can communicate surreptitiously with Cuba; we can obtain some supplies from Cuba, as munition for the most part. Think of it, Jack. The slaves rising on all the estates and in all the towns. The Maroons swarming down from the hills against the whites. Think of the terror, the flight, the destruction. Then the victory. Remember, this has never been tried before; there has never been such a movement. When it is made it will succeed.”

Seymour stared at her, was struck by her high confidence, her resolution, her readiness to think everything on a bold throw of the dice of fortune. Yes, he conceded to himself, this was the Morgan spirit; now one could understand how that daring buccaneer, with such slight resources to begin with, had struck terror to the heart of the Spaniards in Cuba, in San Domingo, in Panama, and for hundreds of
THE ARISTOCRACY
OF
AGE.

OLD
JAMAICA
RUM

J. WRAY & NEPHEW, Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1825.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
Morgan's Daughter

Continued from Page 60

Morgan's Daughter

miles along the Spanish Main. This was Henry Mor-
gan came to life again, but as a woman—and that was
her weakness, for she was a woman with a mixture of blood
in her veins, who was not treated as she felt it
her right to be. And that was the cause of her bitter-
ness, the reason of her implacable hate.

And she thought her plan practicable. What
was more, it seemed to him practicable also, for she
had the true idea of what she was doing. She con-
vinced herself. Seymour could not know that some
ten years afterwards it was an almost identical plan
that the leaders of a slave revolution were to put
into operation in the neighboring island of Hayti.
He could not foresee the day when the slaves of that
island should rise, the wild negroes from the little
come rushing down to join their revolted brethren,
the whites be massacred, and a French army, led
by Napoleon's brother-in-law, reduced by sickness and
guerilla warfare to a shadow of itself and ultimately
driven out of the country. The ideas in the head
of one little older than a girl were to materialise
later on in the richest and most highly developed
of the West Indian islands, and where the French-
man had ruled a Black Republic was to be instituted
on ruins drenched in blood.

But the plan was practicable, he thought; only,
he shrank from participating in it.

Captain Thornton had left that morning. His
leave-taking had been a brief one, and as he had fac-
tailed with Elizabeth and dined her in consequence. At
four o'clock that afternoon Cudjie had been des-
patched to bring back Seymour. He had arrived at
last, when it was quite dark; had bathed, shaved
and combed himself, and Elizabeth was para-
vying him upon a deplorable line of action with all
the arguments she commandmaked and with a vehemens
beauty and by his knowledge of his own peril. She
was striking while the iron glowed.

He had escaped from Captain Thornton easily
enough on the previous day. The latter could not
know that Cudjie, with a wise prescience, had deci-
ded to take John Seymour to a small cave in the
hills which had never been used by Three-fingered
Jack and which was situated more than a mile from
the old home of the dead robber. All then that
Cudjie had to do was to lead Captain Thornton to
the old cave, with its relics of human habitation, and
to take him back to Moraz Castle again. There
was little risk of either of his party ever come-
ing upon Seymour; he, if in their vicinity, would
easily have heard the noise they could not but make.
Cudjie had known this from the beginning.

Then, who would you see how it is, Jack?" continued Eliz-
abeth. "It is worse for you now than before. They
will look for you on the northside, and, not finding
you, will turn their attention this way again: they
are going to suspect that I know more about you
than I pretended to. Then there is this story about
Three-fingered Jack. Captain Thornton will repeat

They shot deserters, I believe.

"Do I believe," he answered briefly.

"You don't want to join me in my plan because
you are an Englishman; but all that your country-
men have in store for you is a disgraceful death.
Does that appeal to you? I could have been as loyal
as another if I had been treated decently, if I had
even a prospect of being treated decently. But
what is my future here?"

You could go back to England, Elizabeth; you
are well off enough to live there comfortably.

"And leave you; have you to be hanged down and
to die?" she asked softly.

A wave of gratitude swept through him. It was
true; she was thinking of him as much as of herself,
much more. She had her dream, her grandiose
vision of domination, which might never have come
into his mind had she been able to live the life which
her means and education warranted, but now she
must either be content with dulness and perhaps
inferiority or strike out for something different,
even though failure and death were the penalty.
That was one reason why she remained in this island,
let her leave it and she might live a normal life of
happiness elsewhere. But to do that now meant
that she must desert him. And her voice and look
told him that that she would never do; that she
would stick to him whatever the result might be.

Her plan was a wild, daring and terrible one.

"You wish," he said, "to drive the whites out of
this island, but what about the coloured people,
those of mixed blood? Do you suppose they
would not take sides with their white relatives? And,
re-

The Importance of Quality

Cannot be over-emphasized when we speak about

Groceries

Yet, in the stress of these times PRICE
must be a great factor.

It is our successful combination of these two that has earned us the reputa-

Jamaica's Leading Grocery

Our PRICES are not Higher, but our QUALITY is BETTER.

Fresh arrivals continually, that ensure for your table, the newest crop in their
finest state—Nice and Fresh.

Come in and inspect our stock of

Christmas Supplies

SPECIALITIES:

Christmas Crackers, Santa Claus Stockings, Christmas Chocolates in Fancy Boxes, Crystallised Fruits, Assorted; Crystallised Strawberries, Chocolate-stuffed Prunes.

WINES & LIQUEURS.

JAMES DUNN
The Housewives' Renowned.
89 & 104 Orange Street.

Quality Service Price.
AT LAST

a properly designed low-priced
BUS CHASSIS

Keep Upkeep D
by owning
A WILLY'S SIX BUS!

DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., LTD.

E. V. DAVIDSON, MANAGER

Kingston.

mined face, a girl on horseback striving to ride him down, it might have been different. But he was thinking even now of that face, of that girl; he began to realise that, though he had seen her only for a brief moment or two, he cared more for the woman who had tried to kill him than for the woman who had repeatedly saved his life.

But that girl would never come into his life again and he had to arrive at some decision.

Elizabeth seemed confident that in the present crisis of the island's affairs she could enlist the aid of the Maroons, raise the slaves, drive most of the white men into the sea, and, with the aid of some of the whites and of the coloured people, dominate the country. She believed he could help mightily in this; could be a great factor in it all. And he, too, he believed in himself; here was to be a great gambler, but it appealed to the gambler's passion 'n him. What had he to lose? Nothing. What had he to gain? Much. The x-y-z had taught him shabbily, he thought, and now his very life was not safe for a week. At the worst, he could only fight him; if he threw himself in with Elizabeth and her Maroons. And why should not success attend the wild-haired?

But an objection occurred to his mind, and he decided to give voice to it. Just as well to face it in all the obstacles that lay before them.

"You forget one thing, Elizabeth," he said, "that is that I am a white man. Your Maroons will distrusted me. Black man like them will never be led by a white. And the slaves will think I only wish to make myself their master."

"You will be their master," she retorted proudly. Then she paused, for a thought had come into her mind. She remained silent for fully a minute, then, girl-like, rose excitedly and began to dance about the room. "Great!" she cried, "great! Three-fingered Jack, you will do at last what it was said you aimed at doing before you were killed. It is remarkable."

"Well, what is it?" he demanded, puzzled.

"Don't you see. That fellow, Quamlin, has spread the story of your ghost; he has seen you. My own people here believe in that ghost. But Three-fingered Jack used to boast that he could never be killed; and even now it is going about the country that Three-fingered Jack has resuscitated and attacked Colonel Brookespear. He has been seen in Spanish Town, been pursued to Kingston, and in Kingston he suddenly disappeared. Only a magician could do that, Jack; and if he could do that, what is to hinder him from changing his colour at will? Three-fingered Jack was shot and his head and hand torn from his body, but he comes to life again. He comes to life, sometimes as a black man, sometimes as a white, and the black people say nothing strange in that: given his powers, all things are possible to him. Some day," she continued excitedly, "I will take you to a river in Portland where there are two alligators. They are huge and old, they have been there as far back as the oldest people in Portland remember, and no negro dare to disturb them. The white proprietors have hunted them, but never successfully; the blacks throw them food when they can. Do you know why? It is believed that they are not alligators at all, but men who transform themselves into reptiles at will; men, who, ordinarily and unknown to those among whom they mix, go about this country and do what they will. But they become alligators also and as such can bring death to those who offend them. Nonsense? Yes, but it is believed by thousands. And you, Jack, will be Three-fingered Jack to the Maroons and to the other blacks, the Terror comes to life again; or rather, you never were really killed. By your magic, your obes, you desired your capture. You will go with me to the Maroons as Three-fingered Jack, and you shall be white or black when you please. You will be believed. There will be nothing to doubt."

"And Cudjoe?" he asked.

"Cudjoe will be silent and faithful. Cudjoe will help. You know that."

He knew it. And the suggestion that he should impersonate among thousands of negroes a dead highwayman appeared to him to be perfectly natural and simple; he was aware that the authenticity of his impersonation would never be questioned by those who believed that all things were possible to men who had magic at their command. He could be white or black to them as he chose. But what was he to be to Elizabeth? Her lover? He admitted to himself that as a lover she was desirable. As a wife? He hesitated at the thought of that. Then what would be the developments of the future?

He pondered for an instant, then made up his mind definitely. The future must take care of itself; he would gamble with it.

"Let us try the plan, then," he said, using to her the same that Captain Thornton favoured. "We'll try it for good or ill." "Jack, Jack, I knew you would," she cried exultantly; then, yielding to an impulse, she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

PART II.

CHAPTER ONE

The hills broke away to the west, and all the horizon revealed was a blaze of splendour. The sun was sinking. Gold and crimson were painted against a background of deep blue, with purple streaks that changed momentarily. There was a suggestion of immense distance about the scene in front, of a mighty space and freedom, and this was enhanced by the towering mountains which enclosed the settlement to north and south and east.

HAMILTON SUIT CO.,
104 TOWER STREET, KINGSTON,
Jamaica's Foremost Merchant Tailors.

THE HOME FOR
Smart, Exclusive, Distinguished, Dependable Tailoring.

GIVE OUR DRY CLEANING DEPARTMENT A TRIAL.
WE SPECIALIZE IN
DRY CLEANING, STEAM PRESSING, & DYEING OF LADIES & GENTS GARMENTS.

Phone 417
Forests clothed these mountains, dark and dense forests that seemed to shut this clearing off from all the outer world. A stream ran through it, small and clear; it came from the foot of a cascade which hurled itself down the smooth side of a cliff that stood in full view of a collection of huts which represented the appearance of a village and camp in one.

The clearing was large, yet anyone a stranger to it, who had not immediately had the impression that it was but part of a larger town, the rest of which was situated behind the trees which flourish everywhere. This impression would have been correct, for trails led from the central clearing into the woods, and behind the trees that hedged this open space were smaller collections of huts, from which came the acrid smell of wood smoke as the cooking fires blazed, and the议案 scent of roasting pig’s flesh. Also the sound of human voices.

In this village, or Maroon Town, there was, to the north, a structure larger than the others; thatched and with dried palm fronds. It contained a kitchen, a hall, a dozen rooms, and care had been taken to white-wash it, and the ground in front of it was clean. The other buildings, the huts, they could be called, were in no wise distinguishable from the small houses of dried mud and wattling to be seen all over the island, in which lived the field-labouring slaves. And of the same hue as the slaves were the Inhabitants of this village. Yet, at the very first glance, even a stranger would have noticed that the demeanour of the men of these mountains differed essentially from that of the ordinary negroes.

Blind, tall and athletic, with muscles showing superiority under a polished skin, these men carried themselves with an air of conscious superiority and pride. There were about twenty of them here, and not a weakling among them. They moved with the ease and strength of wild animals, softly, as if on springs; they were clothed for the most part only in a single undergarment; and every one of them carried a long gun slung across his shoulder, a bag containing ammunition, a cow’s horn and a long machete.

A few women were about. These were not attractive to the eye. There were no children visible. Presently two men came slowly from out of the big thatched house and moved towards a huts-man-go tree, under which some wooden seats had been placed in a row. Both were tall and both were over middle age. The older of the two was of somewhat light complexion, with more strongly marked features than his companion, who was blacker-haired, thick-lipped, and wore on his face at this moment an expression of sternness and obstinacy. These two were grizzled in trousers and waistcoat and coat; they wore shoes but they carried no arms. It looked as though they had attired themselves for some special ceremony. They seated themselves on two of the seats provided, and waited silently. They had no speech.

In a couple of minutes a runner arrived, emerging lightly into the clearing and making directly for the two waiting chiefs. He saluted and spoke some words to them, and one of them made a gesture. Immediately the men about disappeared, and the woman; they swiftly vanished among the trees. The runner went with them. Only the two elderly men remained.

There came a sound of horses’ hooves and of voices from along one of the eastern entrances, or trails, led into this settlement. Then two Maroons appeared, and, behind them, Elizabeth in a bear and riding habit, and John Seymour in a full riding coat, a lace ruff round his neck, a tall beaver on his head, and high boots on his legs. Behind them, a man also, came Cudjo.

The party halted, and John sprang to the ground and helped Elizabeth off her horse. The two elderly Maroons rose accordingly. The visitors walked towards them, Elizabeth smiling confidently as she came. She shook hands with them both, and introduced Seymour. “Three-fingered Jack,” she said, as though it were quite natural that a man repeated dead should do that another knew of his name.

The Maroon chiefs had expected her coming; they knew that with her there would be a white man who came to speak about war. But they had not thought to hear this man introduced by the name of the robber who had been killed some time before. They glanced at his hands and noticed that from one of them two fingers had been shorn. But there were Maroons in this town or settlement who had lost fingers. And they were white. Their faces expressed some perplexity as to why the woman had called him Three-fingered Jack.

“We have come a long way to see you,” said Elizabeth. That you already know why we are here. Cudjo has told you; he bore our message. Shall we talk now in your language?”

“Of course you please,” said the man of light complexion: “as you please, Elizabeth. If you will sit down, we shall talk. Unless you prefer to rest first. The house is ready for you.” He indicated the largest structure in the clearing.

“How many millions are lost in speculation every year—in efforts to make money by taking great risks rather than in doing great service!”

Only those who have much or those who have little, or nothing can afford to take great risks. Certainly the average man with loved ones dependent upon him cannot.

Life insurance is without doubt the most certain asset in the householders strong box. A Life Insurance Policy cannot depreciate.

Let us send you full information explaining our Investment Endowment Policies including cancellation of all premiums if you are permanently disabled, and double insurance if you are killed through an accident.

W. J. PALMER, MANAGER.

24 KING STREET, KINGSTON.

"Thanks, Captain David," replied Elizabeth. "But we'll do what Captain Tuckah thinks wise." Elizabeth knew that the grim-looking black man was the chief leader of the Maroons and must be honoured and placed if his goodwill was to be secured.

"Let us sit awhile," said Captain Tuckah quietly. He had known Elizabeth, the niece of his colleague, for some time; it was on the tall white man, who had not yet spoken, that his glance was fixed. It was not an insincere yet neither was it a friendly glance. It was an appraising one, and there was even a touch of suspicion in it.

John Seymour sensed the suspicion. This old Maroon would need much reasoning; he was swiftly thought. Well, he would rise to the occasion. He made a quick movement towards the chair next to Captain Tuckah's, and Elizabeth, seeing what he would do, placed herself next to his uncle. Captain Tuckah noticed that the white man evidently wished to talk with him, and he had left his mulatto chauffeur to converse with his niece. He was flattered. The sternness of his demeanour somewhat relaxed.

A white man usually lived in this Maroon Town. In a residence not far away, a Superintendent appointed by the Government to maintain friendly relations between the Government and the Maroons, but mainly to keep an eye on these warriors, to see that they observed the treaty arranged after the last Maroon War, and did not plot mischief. But this man had gone to visit his family and would be away for some time, and he had taken leave only then with all the more confidence because he was satisfied that never had the Maroons of this town, or of the island generally, been in a more peaceful frame of mind.

Elizabeth had known this through her mother's half brother who could learn all that she wished to know about the Maroons. Hence she had had no hesitation in taking John with her to the Maroon settlement nearest to Morgan Castle. She had accompanied the chiefs of her coming, had even—for she wished the matter to be talked over by them—sent them word of the grand plan she had in mind. And, because it was the custom, and because she wished them to be impressed and placated, a handsome present of food and drink had been despatched of four days before under the supervision of Cudjo, who was hidden to speak of John Seymour as a great and powerful white man who did to tell himself with the Maroons. Seymour was to be represented as vastly wealthy, and Cudjo himself had (Continued on Page 68).
THE New Buick

Represents Probably the Soundest and the most Efficient Construction ever Built into a Motor Car.

Model 8-55

5 PASSENGER TOURING

(£305)

Fully Equipped

Backed by Island Wide Service.

Motor Car & Supplies (1923) Ltd.

V. B. MYERS, Manager, Kingston.
Morgan's Daughter
(Continued from Page 67)

no sort of doubt that he was so. Seymour at that moment had on his person a gift in gold coins for the two Maroon chiefs. He too understood that he must win their respect and gain their confidence—some impulse in him—by showing a readiness to come out from his hiding place and face the coming dangers directly. The Maroons were bold men; their eyes keen and alert; their voices loud. Seymour was not the sort of man to be ashamed of his gifts. The chiefs would recognize his worth; they would know what he was worth. The Maroons would respect him. Seymour was not the sort of man to be ashamed of his gifts. The chiefs would recognize his worth; they would know what he was worth. The Maroons would respect him.

So now, though weary after the long ride along rough roads and up precipitous trails, he prepared himself to talk comfortably with the chief warrior by his side, but as he began to think of it, the latter smiled at him and was silent.

Then Captain Tacky gave a signal. Seymour, looking at what had appeared to him to be only trees and undergrowth, saw part of the white men map suddenly into life. The deep, piercing notes made by the cow-horns blown by powerful hands burst out, a down, a score, a hundred horns were sounding, and now he knew that what he had taken to be trees were men covered with branches and creepers, disguised but visible. But before the3

A Million Widows

A million widows—and most of them forced to earn their own living because in each case the man failed to provide for the future.

Do not ask your wife about life insurance. Discuss it with the other fellow's widow and the Dominion Life representative.

Let us explain how you can amply provide for your old age and that of your loved ones.

GERALD MAIR, A.L.A.A., Chief Agent,
Coronation Buildings, Kingston.

LISTER MAIR, Traveling Representative,
Coronation Buildings, Kingston.

The DOMINION LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE — WATERLOO, ONTARIO

A Dollar Planned in a Dollar Saved—Write for our Free Budget Service

1920.
I cannot fail,” Captain Tacky—the Government allowed him the honorific title of Captain—noticed that he had been addressed as General. His eyes gleamed with pride and gratified vanity. Johnson’s fluency, his striking appearance, his claims, his confidence, were having their effect. Besides, it was now some time since the Maroon tribes had been at peace, and an itch of warlike excitement was spreading among them. There was a stir in their blood, a longing for the ambush and the wild assault, the surprise of enemies and the burning of homes and of estates. And this white man had wealth and magical powers.

“You will live here all your life, and not leave us?”

“No, I will not.”

“Will you be my country for ever?”

“Why, Captain David’s place, in your wife!”

The unexpected question came like a thunderbolt, though Tacky had used the word wife, not necessarily as meaning one bound by marriage ties. He himself had many wives, though no religious or legal ceremony had joined them together. That there must be some sort of communal relationship between this white man and the coloured woman with Maroon blood in her veins, who had travelled to mysterious England and was regarded by all the St. Mary Maroons as a great lady and a wonderful, seemed to him to be the most commonplace thing in the world.

“My uncle and Tacky will confer tonight,” said Elizabeth. “My uncle was always certain to join us; you see, he believes that you and I are—”

“Yes, I know. It has looked that way for some time, hasn’t it?”

“But can’t you do it?”

“I love you, Bess?”

“I know I do. But I don’t think you love me, Jack. You care for yourself alone.”

“But I’ll do it in all that, eh? In which it seems to me the white man. You see, you don’t answer directly. I know you better than you think. Yes, if you don’t care for anybody else—and you don’t, do you?—then in time you will come to love me. I would do anything for you, Jack; I would give my life for you. I would give you all my hopes of greatness, of revenge, for you. You believe that, don’t you? And yet you would insist upon marrying her,”

“Thank you for your cooperation. The Maroons are very great warriors and have never feared the white man. In the hills they are the masters, and here they can defy the Government. You can do nothing without them. I will show you what they are.”

“They were Tacky’s consent.”

There was a strong note of joy in her cry. To her it seemed that he had said the right thing at last, had spoken the word she had long wanted to hear. He bent over to her and kissed her full on the lips.

“I am not yet,” said to the Maroon out there,” she reminded him, when the paroxysm of passion had passed; “not yet, but when?”

“Then, we can. As soon as we can. When I am no longer a fugitive and forced to flee and hide. That will not be so long.”

“Then you mean it?”

“Then you believe I do?”

“For a moment she hesitated; then her woman’s faith in a man dearly loved triumphed, and she answered, yes. She was no longer the dominant, self-reliant plotter, the Morgan spirit was dormant now; she was a pet in her lover’s arms and dominant ed by him entirely, a girl who had fiercely longed for love, had hungered and thirsted for it; who believed she had found it now and was giving her whole self in return. Never hitherto had he made her tremble as he now did; never had she treated her with so much respect. He had paid her the respect which her pride demanded. But as at the time he had spoken as her future husband, and they were as one in an enterprise; which, if successful, must make them one in power; and must mean the ruin and death of both if it should fail. It came to her that they were bound together for life, for better or worse, until death should part them. They were indeed one.

He kissed her again and again as she lay in his arms, and she returned his kisses with even fiercer passion. Then, beseechingly, she rose with him, by that movement demonstrating his splendid strength. And she nestled like a dove against him. He walked...
ed with her towards the room which had been de-
signated as his, and she made no protest.
She was utterly his.

CHAPTER TWO

I was early October, but the day was sunny
and the atmosphere had in it a peculiar quality
of oppressiveness. It affected the nerves of the man
and woman who had ridden fast that morning, as
distant winds in a country of hill trails that bord-
ored steep precipices on the crag side and beetling
hills on the other.

Two days ago Elizabeth and John Seymour had
left the Maroon Town. Captain David likewise had
set out on a journey for the purpose of persuading
the Maroons of St. James and Trelawney to throw
in their lot with their brothers of St. Mary in
the great rising that had been determined upon.
David was confident of success; he knew with
what impatience the Maroons had endured the peace
since their last attack upon the white properties
in the plains. And now he could promise them white
leadership from a man who, through his connection
with a girl in whose veins ran the blood of the
Maroons, was identified with the clans as no white
man had ever been before. A magician, too—though
David himself knew that this was but pretence, a pre-
tence, however, that might make all the difference
between failure and success.

And now John and Elizabeth had come to Yal-
lah Cliff to induce the master of a great plantation
there, and one of the most notorious white men
in the country, to join their enterprise. They took
a risk; they knew, for this was a sinister and
a dangerous man who might betray them to the Gov-
ernment. But they thought this risk cancelled out
by the hate which he was known to have for the
Government and for men of his own class. And he
had knowledge and qualities that could be of the
greatest service to such an undertaking as theirs.

James Hamilton was hard and cruel above the
average of slaveholders in a hard and cruel age,
and the liberation of slaves would sound to him
like a stupid dream. But he knew his own life was in
jeopardy, for he was believed, and rightly,
to have murdered a white man some time ago,
and the Government at Spanish Town had not for-
merly been so particular about that case. It would be
taken up against him some day, especially as it was not
the first murder of which he was suspected. Then an ugly
word was whispered in connection with him, and
even a licentious and careless community shuddered
in disgust at that. Also, he sympathised with the
cause of the American Colonists, had been heard
to express the wish that they might be victorious. His
record, as he was well aware, had been before Gov-
ernor Dalhousie for some time, and the Governor,
though he might be patient, was never forgetful.
Hamilton could never feel sure that some day
a posey would not arrive at his door with a warrant
for his arrest.

Elizabeth knew his history. Knew also that
there was another side to the black and ugly aspects
of it.

For this man had been a Major in the Con-
tinental Army and had the courage of a lion. He
had commanded men, was acquainted with
military tactics, could meet soldiers on their own
ground, think their thoughts, foresee their actions. Let
him be asked to be assured that his wealth and power
would be greater if he participated in a successful
uprising, and his assistance might be secured. He was
the sort of character who would risk much to gain
a great deal.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening,
and in Hamilton's house, on the verandah overlooking
a slope which ended hundreds of feet below in the
bed of the Yallahs River, sat Elizabeth and John await-
ing the summons to dinner. They had arrived some
two hours before, with Cutlips and two mounted
Maroons, and already John had put his plan fairly
before the grim Scotman. They were to talk it
over further. Hamilton had as yet given no in-
dication of what was his reaction to the daring
scheme outlined to him by the deserter.

"I don't trust the man," John was now saying
to Elizabeth, after having satisfied himself that he
could not be overheard. "He is coarse, brutal and
overbearing. I don't like him.

"Nothing do I," agreed Elizabeth, "he talked
to me and looked at me as if I were of no ac-
count."

John had noticed this himself; knowing how
sensitive Elizabeth was on the subject of personal
respect he sought to ease the wound to her pride.

"That is plainly his attitude towards every
woman. This place seems full of them; the beast
seems to keep a harem. And he addresses them as if they
were cattle.

"You can say what he likes to his own; I have
nothing to do with that. But he need not have said
to me, 'I suppose you always sleep with your man,
so why shouldn't I sleep in this house with him? What did
he think I should stay?' Her eyes narrowed.

"These people had better be careful how they
deal with me. I may tolerate them now, but I
will not always do so. I may strike back some day."
Enquiries Solicited. Salesmen cover the Island.

ment. And they would never find you if he did betray us. You would be safe with my uncle and with Ceddie to conceal you."

Before he could answer a heavy footstep warned him of the approach of the master of the house. No one else walked with so imperious a trend.

Hamilton came out. He was still in his shirtsleeves and still wore the high knee-boots in which he rode about the countryside. He was full-bearded, and the thick, glittered moustache partly concealed the lines of a harsh, sensual mouth. But the powerful face, the hard close-set eyes, the dominant, great bulk of a nose were familiar signals of his character; and the cringing demeanour of the house slaves and of the women in the house, some of them young, and all of them of mixed blood, were further finger-posts to his disposition. About the pate of some of these women there could be no doubt. That showed in their features.

"Dinner will be ready presently," Hamilton informed Jack, as he seated himself. "It is sometime since I have had a white visitor who was also a gentleman, and I wish to be suitably hospitable. My brother whites don't visit me much, for they don't love me."

Not knowing what to say to this, John merely mumbled something about being grateful for his hospitality.

"Do you really think you are not in the same situation as I am?" John said, "or is that a slight note of respect? I have heard of you, but no one has taken your claim seriously. But I tell you what I have been doing. I have some old prints of the old pirates in my room and I went to look them up a little while ago. You resemble him, my dear, especially when he was a young man; there's no question about the resemblance. Now I'll bet that this plan which Huntly has told me of came from your brain: it is the sort of thing which a man like Morgan, if between the devil and the deep blue sea, might have thought of: the plan is Morgan's: it says that you are of his blood. If you have got his energy as well as his brain, you should go far. If you succeed. Otherwise, the rope, you know. They would hang you if you were white. As you have a touch of the tarbrush in you, they would strike you up all the more quickly. You know that, of course?"

"Precisely," replied Elizabeth calmly. "And they will hang you, too, when they are ready. I hear that they consider you almost an outlaw already, so they will hang you some day, if they get you. We are both in the same box. There's no difference between us."

"Only that a white man has chances that no mulatto will ever have," replied Hamilton brutally. "And they must prove something against me first. They are not likely to succeed."

"I shouldn't be so sure of that if I were you. And please remember that I am not the sort of mulatto you are accustomed to. I am nearly as white as you are, am much better descended, and you and your like, and the Government included, would have to take me first before anything could be done to me. They would have to fight the Maroons before that happened. They would have to crush a rising from one end of the island to another. You see, Major Hamilton, I have thought out things and have made my plans. We did not come to set you unprepared."

All this with no apparent heat. Just as if she were making some ordinary statement.

John thought that Hamilton would explode, and hold himself ready to intervene swiftly. More inuite from Hamilton, and blows might be exchanged. He sat taut in his chair, endeavouring to keep his temper in check.

"Suppose I retained both of you?" asked Hamilton grimly, but with no anger. "You are planning such treason. I would be justified in holding you."

"We are free," replied Elizabeth. "And on the roads to Kingston and to Morant Bay are two bodies of Maroons. They have their spies here. They would know what had happened to us before you could possibly get a man to the authorities. They would burn this place, Major Hamilton, and burn you in it long before any assistance could come to you. We have taken our precautions." John knew that not a word of this was true, but it was spoken in the calmest and most convincing manner possible. Elizabeth was matching her brain against the Scotsman's.

"Henry Morgan's daughter, by God, and not a doubt about it!" There was genuine admiration in Hamilton's cry. "You are lucky, Huntly, to have such a woman; a damnable sight luckier than I. But you must at least be twenty years younger than I am, and that, I suppose, makes a difference. Well, Miss Morgan—it was the first time he had addressed her as Miss—"I don't imagine that you will need to set your Maroons to burn me alive, though I can assure you that that would not be an easy job for you or them! This house is a bit of a fortress; close the doors and I can hold it for a week against all comers. My daughters can handle guns, and your Maroons are not very fond of exposing themselves to gun-fire. But I am not against you; I am with you. The Government has made itself my enemy, so I cannot be expected to be its friend. I am inclined to go with Huntly, who has been sitting very quietly all this time, perhaps planning to shoot me if you and I quarrelled much more! There'll be no shooting to-night, Huntly; other men have thought of taking my life, but I am still here and they have gone to the devil. I shall be here when, per-

The Chinese Bazaar,
56 King Street,
KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

Silks, Gross Clothes, Drawnworks, Art Embroideries, Silk Lingerie, Coolie Coats, Kimonos, Jade and Ivory Ware, Chinaware, Peking Rugs, Perfanuary, and—
ALL KINDS OF NOVELTIES.
YUEN TAI & CO.
haps, you have gone to the devil; anyhow, my time isn’t yet come; I have a lot of fun before me yet.

"What a blasted heat to-night!" he exclaimed, abruptly changing the topic, "I don’t like the feel of it. Well, come inside and let’s have a drink before dinner. It should be ready about now."

He led the way into a long room furnished with a heavy mahogany table, a set of the usual wooden-seated mahogany chairs, and a sideboard of the same wood. Bottles of liqueur and rows of thick tumblers crowded the sideboard. He poured out madeira for his guests.

The servants began to bring in the meal. It was typically West Indian in its lavishness. A great tureen of soup was first put on the board, and this was followed by a dish of boiled mountain mallet, one of bokkies and an arm, and also a bowl of crayfish and shrimp. Home-baked bread and roasted yams accompanied these succulent tidbits, and the wine glasses were kept filled to the brim. Not to dine well would have been an insult to their host, and John had no desire to offend him, especially after the little passage-articles on the table went on to the verandah hinted that he would become their ally, and his help would be invaluable.

The next course came on together. A roasted turkey, a whole ham boiled, a couple of boiled chickens with egg-and-butter sauce, and boiled white yam, roasted plantain, and cabbage, with pickles made of native peppers and the young calabash—an immense feast for just three persons. For no woman of the household took part in this meal. Suddenly, while they ate, Hamilton said to John: "You will require some money for his enterprise. Have you any?"


"And you need more white men besides myself. Have you thought of that?"

"No," said John frankly. "I have not."

"This is the difficulty. There must be a good few who would join us, but I don’t quite see how I am to get into touch with them. I can’t expose myself too freely; and I don’t know them."

"I thought not. Your real strength, Hunty, is not in yourself—we might as well speak plainly—but in Miss Morgan’s Maroons. But that is a great deal. Well, there is nothing to prevent your moving about, and there are a few here like myself who are in spirit with the American revolutionists and wish to have a Republic here also. I will undertake seeing them; I think I can answer for them. We’ll always be prepared to help the negroes in order, so we won’t fear that you will try to get rid of us after the work is over; besides, we are all of us accustomed to taking good care of ourselves. A couple of hundred white men, most of them not in any too good circumstances now, will form a band that a man like old Henry Morgan would have loved to lead. The real freeing of the slaves is all moonshine, of course, but you are right to put that idea about. I should prevent the slaves from siding with their masters.

"I am going to back this venture to the end, Hunty. I have some money, and I shall set about spending it discreetly on ammunition. You must do your share that way, send Maroons into the towns to buy up what guns and powder they can get; there’s a lot of it about. We should be ready to strike in a few weeks’ time if we are lively."

"Do you have with us?" asked John, with real relief.

"If you hadn’t hoped I should be, you wouldn’t have come here. A hundred years ago I would have been head of a buccaneer band, Hunty, but in these days—here’s to our success." He tilted his glass. "If we fail, well, we go to the devil gloriously. But we shall not fail.

They all drank the toast. Elizabeth herself, though she disliked the man, felt elated at his decision. There were many desperate white men who would follow him, and these would be needed. Afterwards, there must be a clear understanding as to the division of power. She, with the Maroons, would be able to make good her claims, though she intended to treat her supporters fairly.

Hamilton, on his part, intended to be treated handsomely. The men whom he should lead would be well able to exact good terms. They knew the country, as the King’s soldiers could not. And they, in their turn, if the worst came to the worst, could include one party of blacks against another. He felt himself more than a match for the man who called himself Hunty. The dominant white men in the country, was the idea in his mind, would not be Hunty but Hamilton.

"And nothing to prevent us winning," he said ruminating; "the chances are in our favour. We shall lay the foundations of our plan as well and see how they stick to the rock upon which this house of mine is built, and it will stand as firmly. I have not been a soldier for nothing, as you will find out. To-morrow we will go into every detail that can be thought of, and you will see that military training is necessary, a knowledge of a venture of this sort. Let’s sit outside. It’s beastly hot in here.

They set out again. The sky was overcast, light clouds floating about, and still that sultry feeling was in the air, a heat that brooded over the land and gave one a sensation of breathlessness.

The silence was death-like. They could not hear the rush of the river below at that altitude, and other noises had been hushed as though the very insects were listening and waiting for something. There was an ominous warning about this steaming quiet. Even the hardened Hamilton felt its oppressive influence.

"I should say from my experience of this part," he remarked, "that a hurricane was blowing up. This is the calm—the awful calm—before the storm."

"It makes one feel gloomy," muttered Seymour. "As if one were standing on the very edge of some terrible, hidden danger."

"That might be a premonition of our own future," laughed Hamilton; "only, we know more or less what is before us. I know hurricanes too. This one, if it is coming, will do a lot of damage, perhaps, but it will be over in a day or so, and then the people will have to set to work to straighten out things. But don’t you see, Hunty, that a great hurricane now would help us immensely?"

"It would disorganise everything for a while; it

PLANTERS' PUNCH

The Ideal Machine for Colonial Requirements

"Built to endure under the worst overseas conditions—ARIOEL with its great frame strength—its steelness—ample ground clearance and large tyres is giving satisfaction to thousands of riders in all parts of the British Empire. In the great stretches of open country where a Motor Cycle must not fail, this is where ARIEL, reliability and mighty engine power count—put your faith in ARIEL."

ARIOEL THE MODERN MOTOR CYCLE

AGT NOW—WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 7G—

The

Gerald S. T. Smith

8 T. Atkins & Co.

9 Young Street St. George’s

Kingston

Bridgetown

Grenada.

Kingston, Jamaica.

ALSO Agents in Trinidad, St. Vincent, Antigua.

ARIOEL WORKS LTD., 8elly Oak, Birmingham, England.

BOY BEER

the genuine

Tuborg Pilsener

THE BEER FOR THE TROPICS.

QUOTATIONS FROM:

GEORGE & BRANDY. . . . KINGSTON, JA.

"It makes one feel gloomy," muttered Seymour. "As if one were standing on the very edge of some terrible, hidden danger."

"That might be a premonition of our own future," laughed Hamilton; "only, we know more or less what is before us. I know hurricanes too. This one, if it is coming, will do a lot of damage, perhaps, but it will be over in a day or so, and then the people will have to set to work to straighten out things. But don’t you see, Hunty, that a great hurricane now would help us immensely?"

"It would disorganise everything for a while; it
might wreck most of the ships in Kingston Harbour; it would compel the authorities to attend to what is most pressing, and that would cause them to ignore the emergency. We could go about and do what we liked without a why or a wherefore; nobody would notice us. A really great hurricane is just what I would pray for now if I were a praying man, although I should lose much property by it.”

“I didn’t think of that,” said Elizabeth; “but of course you are right. A calamity of that sort would be of advantage to us.”

“And since we need all the advantages that can come our way,” said Burrows, “let us hope that a hurricane is coming. Meantime, I am going to bed.”

CHAPTER THREE

They were up betimes the morning after. They woke to find the world grey, with a fine drizzle persistently falling. And along the rim of the horizon that half encircled them were piled up cumulus clouds piled on cumulus clouds, hanging so low as to seem pressed forward by something from behind. Elizabeth awoke in bad humour. Only towards the morning had she been able to fall asleep; for long hours she had lain awake, fretting and fuming, hearing the howling of the gale, tantalised by the heat which, as she knew, should not have been felt at such an altitude at that season of the year. Her dislike of Hamilton, her distance at being in a house with such an evil reputation, the wondrous power that seemed to possess the provender, all combined to make her more miserable than she could have remembered feeling for years. She was not under the roof of an hour longer than she must. If there were even another property on the island, and as long as the premises, she promised herself, she would endeavour to get removed to it that very day so as to be as much out of Hamilton’s way as was possible.

Immediately after breakfast, which they had in the room, Seymour went to talk business over with Hamilton, while Elizabeth, commandeering the services of one of Hamilton’s daughters, suggested that she might be shown the part of the property. Seymour and the Scot met on the verandah where they had conversed the night before. Hamilton, his military training now manifesting itself, had brought out a map of the island to plan the course of the projected rebellion. He laid it spread out on a plain deal table. As he talked he moved his finger from point to point along its surface, illustrating his remarks.

“I would have roses on the country myself soon after the Americans rose,” he admitted to John, “but most of the white settlers here would have opposed me and I had no influence whatever with the Maroons to support my wishes, and, in that respect, I must confess I am not entirely new.”

“The first thing we have to do is to see a man called Buckler, in Kingston. He is a smuggler; he lives in Princess Street. He will be of use to us, and therefore we can get into touch with some bold characters who will be of great assistance. We can go and see him together, and if Buckler, who, himself, will probably put some money into this enterprise, you should meet him shortly, but you say you are afraid to go into town.”

“Not afraid; but what is the sense of running all this risk alone? I must have some one with me.”

“Quite right. But hear his name and address in mind: I will tell him all about you. He will be in town; he lives in Princess Street. And the big, coarse Scotsman went on to speak of another daring devil character on whom he was certain they could count, and then they talked about the amount of money they would immediately require and so on until eleven o’clock, when they were summoned by a yellow-skinned girl to ‘second breakfast.’

In the dining room they found Elizabeth standing.

“Opened at once,” she said. “Hamilton, the little house up yonder, above that one, could we move into it while we are here? I don’t sleep well down here. You are not used to it, are you? I am not used to it in town, and it could be fixed up for us in a few moments.”

“There’s very little furniture in it, though, but of course if you prefer it you can have it. Not comfortable down here, eh?”

“It is hot down here.”

He shrugged indifferently. “It’s hot every where, you can move when you like. Call a couple of the boys; they will help you.”

After a little wait, the little table, and Hamilton apparently dismissed from his mind what John considered, was a blunt and rude request on Elizabeth’s part, regarded it all too evidently though no little of what Elizabeth’s wish to move out of his house did not seem to move him to one of the Maroons.

But her excuse was a good one. For as the day had grown older it still, stilling heat had declined.

But now there came a change. Puffs of wind, (Continued on Page 75).

A BUSINESS BUILDER

LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Pioneer Motor Car Insurance Company in Jamaica.

VALUE OF INSURANCE.

Mr. Cecil de Cordova.

Mr. Cecil de Cordova might be a man of German descent, but of the family that he became a businessman early in life. After leaving school he went into the business department of the Glyn Company in London for a few months, in the footsteps of his father and brother. But the classic and clutter of the printing press was not such a must that he could not find a niche for himself in a business which did not resist its fascination. Hence we find young Cecil deserting the Press and Art. At a tender age of eighteen he became a clerk in Messrs. Berner and Scheull, situated at the foot of the Lower King Street, and soon became one of the corner-stones of this establishment.

Mr. Cecil de Cordova was and is an ambitious disposition. He was not contented merely to be manager of a business. He wished to become an owner, and with this goal in mind, he set himself both to work hard and to save money, and so in a few years he was able to purchase, by a cash payment and on terms, the firm of Berner and Scheull.

He removed to Church Street, then afterwards to Port Royal Street, the business growing under his skillful and energetic control. Then came the earthquake of 1867, and for a day or two he must have thought himself completely ruined, so as many other persons did. But given energy and intelli- gence, and an unflagging determination to succeed (with years of life still in front of one), it is almost impossible for one to be ruined by even a very serious calamity. Hence, within a week after the earthquake, we find Mr. de Cordova embarked upon a business even bigger than before.

The business prospered. The name had been made in pre-earthquake days. Shortly afterwards, it became a removal to Port Royal Street, to the building which the firm now occupies.

The Jamaica business however, is not the only one of which Mr. de Cordova is the head. He is really the chief partner in the firm of Chas. H. Watts and Company, Incorporated, New York. This is a Commission House which was started about fifteen years ago as the result of a conversation between Mr. Watts and Mr. de Cordova. The idea was that Chas. H. Watts and Company should ship Jamaican products on commission in the United States and American goods on commission in Jamaica. The venture began in a small way; after a year or two, it was seen that it had prospects of considerable enlargement. Wherefore Mr. de Cordova went to New York in 1917, remaining there till 1918, the period of his residence in that city being one full year. As a result of the strenuous efforts made by him, he and his partner the New York business expanded rapidly and is today a very flourishing concern with extensive connections in South Africa, New Zealand and also in other west Indian colonies.

The agencies held by Messrs. Cecil de Cordova and Very well, you in Jamaica are many and valuable. The Dundas Rubber Company, Lever Brothers, Louis and taking to commissaries manufacturer, John Hawker, the London Company, the Port Royal Company, the whisky people, Ferris and Company, the ham producers, and many others, have, on the basis of their partnership, to whose members, Mr. de Cordova’s Jamaica partners are Mr. Granville Deluge, his brother-in-law, and his son, Mr. "Joe" de Cordova.

Mr. Cecil de Cordova is himself a very pleasant and genial man and greatly liked by his friends and his acquaintances. He takes a keen interest in sport, and follows public matters with interest.

MORAL—NEVER LEAVE TO CHANCE THAT WHICH CAN BE GUARANTEE AGAINST INSURANCE.

For Premiums and Particulars apply to HARVEY & BOURKE, CHIEF AGENTS.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 74)

slight but regular, began to blow in from the south and the sky commenced to fall steadily. The wind brought no suacease of heat: it was sultry in quality, if it had driven the white clouds before it, and now in its wake rolled a black mass shot through at quick intervals with vivid flashes of lightning. The "second breakfast" was not a dinner, as usual, two men hastened as quickly as they could outside to watch the developments in the weather now taking place. The sun had been obliterated. But the darkness of the sky was tinged with a peculiar green: a flickering greenish light. It gave a ghastly touch to the scene, an eerily eerie appearance.

"This is going to be hell," said Hamilton briefly, and called out to someone inside to be sure the heavy window shutters were put up immediately. He had just entered and his headman to look to the safety of the cattle.

But the inmates of the house had already gone away; they knew what was coming. Just then Elizabeth hastened in.

"I have moved a few things to the little building higher up," she explained quickly. "And, Jack, I want you to come and help me fix somethings. I can't do it all by myself."

"Can't my men help you?" asked Hamilton, who secretly disliked this unquiet girl but realized that Seymour would resent any open affront to her.

"No," she replied shortly.

"You are dropping wet. Here," cried Seymour, "you must change."

"You must come with me, for my clothes are up yonder and I am not going to remain by myself during this storm. It may last until to-morrow morning."

"That is so," agreed Hamilton, and to-morrow I shall be too busy clearing up the mess to continue our talk—though there's hardly anything left to say now. Well, if you are going you had better start at once, for I want to close the doors. We can do nothing but wait until the hurricane is over."

They parted on that. Elizabeth heading the way to the building above which she had chosen to be her residence during the time they should have to remain as the guests of Major Hamilton. As they left the house a blast of wind hurled itself against them, and they tottered, then bent low before it. This was the first time that John had felt the force of the wind, and it startled him. And this, he knew, was but the beginning.

There was an uphill path; they were leaving one ledge for a higher one. The slope between the two was gradual and therefore not difficult to negotiate ordinarily, but now the wind grew fiercer every moment and the rain lashed down, and the swift stabs of lightning seemed as though they would tear the eyes. There were trees along the path that led up the hill. They were heavily laden with branches which now grew and creaked under the weight and those in dire distress, and once a great branch was torn suddenly from its parent trunk and buried into the way in front of the climbing, breathless man and woman. They staggered under the burden, and just, none the worse for their brief, perilous journey, but drenched to the skin, they reached the stout habitation which Elizabeth had seen and selected that forenoon to stay in while she should remain at the Plass Hotel. The three men they had brought with them were already there. And Elizabeth had even ordered their horses to be conveyed to some old stables behind the house.
BLENDERS & BOTTLERS
of
OLD RUMS
and
NATIVE WINES

EXPORT A
SPECIALITY.

Agencies:
Veuve Clicquot Champagne
Perrier Jouet do
Gaelic Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky
Gooderham & Worts Rye Whisky
Marie Brizard & Roger Liqueurs
Meux Stout & Ale, Etc., Etc.

30, 32 & 34 Port Royal St.
Kingston, Jamaica.
BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINES
are Standard Equipment in Jamaican Offices. This has been brought about by severe tests over a period of years.

LEDDER POSTING MACHINES, STOCK RECORD MACHINES, STATISTICAL MACHINES, STRAIGHT ADDING MACHINES
are all represented in the Island Banks (Government & otherwise) & private firms. There is no type of business however small that cannot save time & labour by using one or other of the various types of Burroughs Machines that we can place at your disposal.

SPEED & ACCURACY are built into every Machine.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY.

T. GEDDES GRANT LTD.,
141 Harbour Street.
TWO NEW PLOUGHS
For The
WEST INDIES

THE "CONSUL" No. 2.

This plough has been specially designed for work with high powered tractors under the most strenuous conditions and is made almost entirely of high quality steel. The plough is fitted with an exceptionally simple form of self-lifting apparatus, which, with the lever, can be operated from the tractor seat. A variety of shares can be supplied, for 12 in. or 14 in. furrows.

THE "SHUGADIEC"

This is an exceptionally strong, heavy plough which has been specially brought out to meet the requirements of sugar cane growers and others who require to plough in large quantities of surface growth, but is equally suitable for deep work under ordinary conditions. For ploughing in heavy sugar cane tracts, an attachment consisting of an additional beam with two disc coulters of large diameter is provided for clamping to the main beam. These disc coulters cut through the trash in advance of the plough discs and prevent any possibility of the latter becoming clogged.

W. R. RANSOMES & SONS, LTD.
IPSWICH :: ENGLAND.

When in Kingston, refresh yourself
AT THE
Plaza Soda Fountain
And do not forget to obtain your Grocery Supplies there.
It is the most convenient place to shop.
ly. We could not even dig their bodies out. I wonder if anyone is left alive besides ourselves.

Elizabeth had her head doubly. Her eyes were a strained, haughty expression; her hair was tossed, her clothing disarranged, ex- tering a reaction from the night’s alarms and sus- pense, and from a fear which had crept into her mind. A weaker woman might have given way to hysterics. She fought down any such tendency, but her nerves were badly jarred. The slaves were wowed and apathetic. But Seymour was his normal self; more, he seemed stimulated by what he had passed through. Undaunted, unwashed, with clothing damp and rumpled, he yet seemed full of energy and of directing determination. As on the night before, he seemed completely calm.

And though Elizabeth knew the country far more than he, she looked to him for guidance, and even in that hour, felt proud that he should be so calm and have become so easily masterful.

"We must go back to the house and have dinner fixed up a bit," he decided. "I can’t back for lack of some sort, for there are goats enough always, and if a few cows were killed last night their flesh will still be quite good. There must be a way out of here; anyhow, the rivers that the hurricane and rain have formed will run off very quickly; the whole surface will be different in another twenty-four hours. But we won’t wait so long before see- ing what we can do to get where there are other people. Let’s have something to eat first."

He led the way and they returned to the house, the doors and windows of which had been set wide open by the two women left behind. Elizabeth had taken the precaution the previous afternoon to obtain some food for the household a family household a family of food which had not been touched after the outrush of the hurricane. Coffee was amongst the things she had secured. Its fragrant odour came to them now to the women, who had managed to light a fire from some stored wood in the kitchen, prepared it for their meal.

Elizabeth directed the other slaves to wipe the room dry with whatever material they could find. Cudjo, explaining his purpose, went into the little kitchen garden to the rear to see what ground provision there might be left in the garden. In less than twenty minutes he returned with an armful of broomstick in very good condition. And there were plenty more, he explained; bananas, too, and in the earth were yams quite fit for use. Anything like starvation or even immediate sacriege was entirely out of the question.

If there were people in the wood, he said, who wished to know if they should come in to "Massa," people who had escaped death by chance and from the work of the children that had been out. In less than twenty minutes he returned with a fearful amount of breadfruit in very good condition. And there were plenty more, he explained; bananas, too, and in the earth were yams quite fit for use. Anything like starvation or even immediate sacriege was entirely out of the question.

"We were to have come back to the Town from here, but I should like to see what has happened to my property and my mother. It would take me long to go to my place."

"I was thinking of that. I was thinking that it would be far easier for you to get back to Morgan Castle than to Maron Town; in fact, you could hard- ly make the Town in less than a week under pre- sent conditions, while I don’t suppose you are ten miles now from your own place. Cudjo and the other two blacks can get you back there quite- cally: they are sure they can. I am going to leave most of the slaves here, taking with me only two of them to help me on the road. Those will return later on, and I suppose that in a few days Hamilton will be able to send us away. Somebody else, will come this way and take charge. The people have plenty to eat and they will sleep in this house. They will be safe left to themselves, and if they choose to escape to the mountains, that is none of our business. After the treatment they must have been treated, they will probably cut loose if the Maroons have will have them."

"You say you are coming with me to Morgan Castle, aren’t you?" There was a note of surprise in her voice which was echoed in his.

"I have been thinking about that, too, Boss, and I have decided to push on to Kingston. I will return you to your place later at.

"Kingston? What are you saying, Jack? How could you trust yourself there, and what would you go there for now, of all times? It was Hamilton who was to go to Kingston."

"And Hamilton is dead. Don’t you see, Boss, that that alters everything? Since Hamilton cannot go, I know of the man I must put in your place, and I know where they are to be found; he told me. They will join us. It was certain of that man, Buckler, at least that the man I am going to Kingston to see. He will get into touch with the others, and I myself must personally com- municate with one of them, and Buckler is one on whom the others do not think I can’t act without some of the white men in this country to help us: we shall need guns and powder and shot, and people here and there to inform us of what is going on. If I don’t go to Kingston we might as well give up the enterprise."

She thought a few seconds, motionlessly. Then, in a quiet voice, she said:

"Let us give it up, John."

He started at her astonishment. Then he laughed.

"Your nerve has gone, Boss, completely gone! But only for a time, if I know you at all. I am not surprised, darling—she flashed with pleasure at the rather unusual term of endearment he had used—"we have been through since yesterday has been enough to weaken a strong man, let alone a woman. But, remember, this plan was yours: you had set your heart upon it. I was doubtful about it at first, but the more I have turned it over in my mind, the more I am convinced of its great chance of success. Hamilton, too, was sanguine, confident; and though we have lost him, one of us must act without some of the white men in this country to help us."

She asserted, "don’t you know what that means?"

"This is perhaps the best I would go into Kingston, Boss. You forget. This hurricane has disturbed the whole island. If they have been looking for me in any parish, they will have other things to think of now; and I shall not be noticed in Kingston. The city may be full of refugees from

---

**A POPULAR COUPLE**

**RALEIGH**

**VANTAGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN.**

Look for this TRADE MARK on the Soles.

MAUFACTURED BY

Gutta Percha & Rubber Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

DISTRIBUTORS TO TRADE ONLY

CANADIAN AGENCIES LTD., KINGSTON, JA.

---

**Country Orders of any size will have Our Special Attention.**

**Every Article on the Money Back Guarantee if not Satisfactory.**

Telephone 386.

**YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED!**

---

**22 KING STREET, KINGSTON.**

**STAND FOR THE BEST IN PRICE AND QUALITY OF**

Drugs,

Proprietary Medicines,

Toilet Requisites,

Rubber Goods,

Dyes, flavourings,

Biscuits, Confectionery, etc.
the country, and who is going to remark one man more or less? The city itself may have suffered from the hurricane; that is most probable. From what Conjee says, this is one of the very worst that has been known, and there is the earthquake too, which is an unusual combination. Why, I believe I could ride through Kingston in daylight and not be observed by a soul; but I intend to do nothing of the sort. I shall enter it at night and go on to Buckler, and I shall take good care that no one sees my left hand. After all, the only man I have to avoid is Captain Thornt, and if I did come across him and he was dangerous—well, I shoot pretty well, you know, and I shall take my horse. After seeing Buckler and arranging matters with him I shall go on to Morgan Castle. There I will meet you."

He knew he had argued the point forcibly. He was really going to run but little risk by visiting Kingston at night just now. He looked at Elizabeth for her approval.

"Jack, don't go."

"'Jut'—there was petulance as well as surprise in his tones.

She put her arms on the table and bent towards him.

"Dear, don't you remember what Hamilton said yesterday? He said that the foundations of our plan were laid as firmly as the rock on which his house was built—that was only a few hours ago. Where are the house and its foundations now? You will say I am superstitious, that I am shaken, and all that; but I remember Hamilton's confidence, and I shared it too. And yet his whole village went down in a few minutes, though no one had thought that possible. I have been thinking of that all this time."

Seymour felt suddenly irritable. Of course this was only a bit of superstition on Elizabeth's part—"bigger superstition," he called it to himself—and he was annoyed that it should have affected her. But his real annoyance was that she should have told him of it, for the gambler in him believed in signs and omens, and as she repeated Hamilton's words of the day before he had felt a little cold shiver run down his legs. He was not a coward, but he did not wish to plunge into a venture with a dead man's awful, mocking smile—awful and mocking in the light of subsequent events—ringing on his ears. He was old, and he had a lowering temper. "I am not likely to be scared by every damned shadow, if you are," he blurted out roughly.

She regretted her poise at once. "I am not any more likely to be frightened than you are," she replied.

"Jack, don't go."

"'Jut'—there was petulance as well as surprise in his tones. She felt that the strain of the night before must have affected her enormously, and that her brain felt as though her heart had at least as much to bear. She had a sort of misgiving. She knew too that because they had not been separated since they escaped out of Kingston some time before, and because she wished him to be with her always, she had been willing to abandon her dearest cherished project rather than let her love for him go alone to Kingston. That project had been more of a dream than something which she had seriously considered before his coming to be transmuted into reality. She had wished for a man who could help her realize it, who, if not the best, was more to her than any grandiose plan and she was not willing to sacrifice him to it. She knew, when she was a bold and a daring and an ambitious woman, one obsessed with a desire to emulate the deeds of her dead ancestor, and perhaps more eager to do so because she was not his legitimate descendant. But here, in her hand as it were, was something that, unknown to her, she had pinned for from childhood, a man she could love and who would love her. What was a mundane triumph to her, the vicarious glory out of an established humiliation, compared to this? But would she love him if she married him? He had won her round, but he was not yet quite aware of this, and continued talking.

"And then, what about the future, Bess, if we do not try our plan? Don't you realise that I am tired of living in hiding? I admit it is very probable that now they will give up the search for me. They have other things to think about. But if I go back to Morgan Castle we can never know when someone will not mention me again in Kingston, and even if that does not happen—I grant that it may not—I should never feel free to move about. And I could not live in the Maroon Town. I shall be afraid if they heard me there; they would think I was a coward; they might even report my presence to the authorities."

She nodded her head in agreement to this. "You could not stay with them for long," she admitted. "A white superintendent lives in each of the towns; although he may not be there all the time and some one would betray you."

"Very well," he cried triumphantly, "don't you see it all comes back to you in the way you yourself said some time ago? There is safety only in the carrying out of our plan."

"There is another way," she murmured thoughtfully. "It is as good for you, and I like it. We could go back to Morgan Castle for a time. I could sell the place; it is a good one to treat as a refuge. You would be no difficulty about doing that, especially if I were willing to take less than it is worth. You already have some money. If we get down secretly to Montauk Bay or Jervis Bay or some port like that—not Kingston, which has been the mistake of trying—we could get one of the coasting vessels to smuggle us away."

"Where to?"

"Cuba."

"That is out of the question. The Spaniards—"

"I saw how to treat as well as refuse. They would be glad to hear what we could tell them about this country. That has happened before."

"And suppose the Spaniards I have wrongly suspected of being? I don't care for that, thank you."

"I didn't believe you would, not because there is anything in it, but because you don't want to get away in that fashion. I see we shall have to go:

---

**Drink**

**KING**

**TONIC WINE**

---

**The Jamaica Saw Mills**

**99—101 WATER LANE**

**The Place for Home, School and Church Furniture.**

---

"See the Latest Woodworking Mills in Jamaica and probably in the West Indies."

---

**The Largest Woodworking Mills in Jamaica and probably in the West Indies.**

---

**Factory, Showroom and Offices cover a large area in one of the busiest centres in the City.**

---

**A competent staff of over 30 workmen to take care of your work, however small or big.**

---

**Furniture, Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, Fretwork, Woodturning, etc.**

---

**Terms to Reputable Parties. See SYDNEY L. SMITH, Sole Prop.**
on with the plan to become masters of Jamaica ourselves," she continued with a peculiar smile, as though she had suddenly realized the folly of an idea which once had meant so much to her. "In order to secure a little freedom to live in peace we must have a Godly good man—if there is a God—why can't we be left to live our lives in our own way, unmolested by warfare?"

Seymour recognized the utter illogicality of Elizabeth's mood, her throwing upon others the responsibility for his continuing with a project which she herself had formed, her rage against God and man because she could not have exactly what she wanted and in the way she wanted it. But he also knew that her opposition was over, even though she yielded reluctantly.

"You will take care of yourself?" she pleaded; "you won't run any unnecessary risk?"

"Not if I know it," he said positively, and his tone was sincere. "You will see me back in a few days' time.

"I should be better pleased if I could steal into Kingston with you, and then we might, secretly, get a pardon to marry me, and I could leave at once for Morgan Castle. It could be arranged, Jack; I know Kingston well, and we could pay well for what we want. The rector of the church—he is a drunkard, but not a bad sort of man in spite of that—he would not be rendered appreciably greater by what she proposed.

As he did not answer, she resumed, with passion in her voice.

"You have promised to marry me, and I have had confidence in you. I do not believe you could dare deceive me!"

"Are you threatening me, Dear?" he asked quickly.

"No; I trust you, dear, and you know that too. Yet you don't reply."

"Because I am thinking over what you suggest, thinking whether it can be done with reasonable safety. I don't see how it could, though. I propose to ride into Kingston, at night, alone, to seek out Buckler, put my ideas before him, and he hidden at his place. He cannot betray me, for then I should divulge what Hamilton told me about him, and that would be sufficient to hang him: he will know that I know. But if you go with me, or even join me there, you must take at least two men with you, you must go to your house in Church Street, you must make arrangements for this secret marriage, and we don't even know if the person is in Kingston now, or whether he be well or ill. All this will take some time, and what may not happen in that time? Isn't it better to wait a little while? When I come back in a few days to Morgan Castle, let us go down to Port Morant, where there is likely to be some sort of clergyman able to perform the duties of a marriage officer. Isn't that safer and easier? What do you think?"

She shook her head affirmatively; she could not deny that his was much the safer course. It was really the easier course also; she wondered she had not thought of it herself. But she was pleased that he had; it came much better from him; it justified her trust.

The meal had long since been discussed, but they continued to sit there for some time longer, talking over the moves to be made during the next day or two. The little world about them was in ruins, but upon its ruins Seymour buoyantly boasted of erecting a kingdom of his own.

CHAPTER FIVE

Seymour turned away disappointed from the front door of a low wooden house in a Kingston back-street. "Massa Buckler," he had been informed by a female slave, had left the day before for the country, and no one could say when he would be back. Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps next week.

The possible absence of Buckler from Kingston had not been taken into consideration by John; he had counted confidently on seeing the smuggler on his arrival. And now that he had triumphed over every obstacle on the road, now that he had actually entered the city where he might run some risk, he found that it was all to no purpose. The question now was, what should be done?

He could make for Morgan Castle, but to go back to Elizabeth with nothing accomplished would be to give a deathblow to the plan on which he had set his mind. He felt that if he did not pursue it vigorously now it would surely be abandoned. And then, what?

He had decided to be very cautious while in Kingston. He had promised Elizabeth to be. But as he slowly rode away from Buckler's house he made up his mind that he would not go back to Morgan Castle without meeting the man he had come to see, and that, happen what might, he would not skulk and hide about like some escaped convict. Risk? All life was a risk, and his especially. He would not go up to the Halfway Tree place, high, by the horse dealer, but to a well-known lodging house in Kingston, the sort of ten where a man of his appearance and apparent position would be supposed to stay. And if by some unhappy mischance an effort were made to apprehend him, he would not be taken alive.

"God!" he exclaimed, "I can't stand this sort of thing any longer. Better to be dead!"

He suddenly felt happier in his mind, tuned up; this resolution was more in conformity with his spirit and inclinations than an everlasting caution which brought with it a feeling of self-contempt.

---

D. HENDERSON & Co., Ltd.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

LUMBER, HARDWARE
AND
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

It is wise to seek for the best in everything
and as there is always great satisfaction
in procuring your requirements in these
very essential and indispensable lines
from a reliable and reputable source,
therefore

GO TO
D. HENDERSON & Co. Ltd.
OWNERSHIP of Goodyear Tyres is proud ownership. They are superior tyres, by a margin great enough to have made them the largest selling tyres in the world. They embody the prestige as well as the values of leadership. When you buy tyres, buy a make you can be proud of. There is a deep and proper satisfaction in knowing that your judgment coincides with the world’s on that quality which has made “More people, the world over, ride on Goodyear Tyres than on any other make?”

And a bold course, he thought, might actually be the safest course now. Putting his horse to a trot, he made his way to the lower part of the city, to a quiet street, in which there stood a huge building of brick and wood which served as a hostel for travellers. He had his stay ready. He had come into Kingston hastily on business because of the hurricane. His horse and all it contained had been damaged by the wind and rain, even his clothes were ruined. Considering what had happened to so many persons, no one would think his tale peculiar.

Fortune favoured him; there was room in the big lodging house, yet there were other men like himself who had ridden in that day with even a change of raiment. A few of these had come attended by a single servant, one or two had had like him on his arrival alone. In the great, dimly lit eating hall of the building he found some of these persons gathered; for it was not yet ten o’clock, and they all, strangers and acquaintances alike, were talking together of this greatest calamity they had ever known in the country. One of them was saying he had heard that the whole town of Savanna-la-Mar, in Westmoreland, had been wiped out by the hurricane and by a tidal wave that had flung itself upon the shore a few minutes after the earthquake shocks. The ruin in Westmoreland, said this man, beggared description, and the adjoining parishes also suffered severely. John remembered how Elizabeth had spoken of him to Captain Thornton as coming from the west, from that part of the island which had been devastated. That was another stroke of good fortune; he saw at once how he might utilize it.

Kingston had suffered but little from wind and earth tremor, but some of the shipping in the harbour had been wrecked. The city itself had been protected by the mountains to north, east and west of it, but the harbour to the south had been lashed by the roaring wind, and ships had dropped their anchors and been dashed against each other. Some had been driven upon the shore. Many of those that had not gone down had been damaged. Seymour had left, safely concealed at Merren Castle, the bulk of the gold he had abstracted from Colonel Breakeurope. But he had carried with him to the Yallahs Plantation, and still had, more than enough to cover all his expenses for some time. As he might have to remain in the city for a few days, the first thing he did after breakfast the next morning was to go to a shop where clothing was sold and purchase a decent suit, some underwear and a few other necessaries. These he had worn in salute and slowed down his horse. The first gesture of acquaintance had come from him. He appeared rather pleased to see the Captain. But he was watching that gentleman’s face with keen though cleverly disguised scrutiny.

“Ah, Mr. Huntly,” cried the Captain, rising up to him. There was a smile on his face. He turned to his brother officer. “Captain Spence, this is Mr. Huntly.”

Spence saluted; and Seymour having pulled in his horse, the others did likewise. The three new stood by the corner of a street which led directly to the road by which one must leave King...

HENDRIKS & Co.,
Black River,
Jamaica.

Agents for the United Fruit Co.
at Black River, and at Balacava, Appleton, Moggotty, Ipswich.
Lloyd’s Agents, Black River.

DEALERS IN
ANNATTO
BITTERWOOD
COFFEE
FUSTIC
GINGER
HONEY
LOGWOOD
PIMENTO
ETC., ETC.

Wharf Owners, Pen Keepers, Etc.
Established 1840.
Jamaica Co-operative Fire and General Insurance Company, Limited.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

FIRE. ACCIDENT. MARINE.

Head Office: No. 10 DUKE ST., KINGSTON.

H. M. BURKE
Manager and Secretary.

IT'S A GEM!!

This is the Natural Exclamation of the Housewife after a Rippiniglle's Stove has spent a Little Time in the Pantry.

Very Economical, very handy and extremely effective in cooking and Baking.

PRICE: 35/-

For Other Useful and Attractive Household Goods, Always Remember

THE JAMAICA FURNITURE COMPANY,
97 HARBOUR STREET.

W. S. ASHMAN, MANAGER.

STAMPS (Ye Olde Shoppe)

50 HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Antique Jewellery, Furniture, Silver, China, Earthenware, Clocks, Sheffield-Plate, Glass.


Necklets of Genuine Rose Quartz, Amethysts, Topaz, Carnelians, Rock-Crystal, Opals.

MANUFACTURING & REPAIRING JEWELLER.

M. MORAIS,——Proprietor.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 58)

were so much above her station in life? He didn't believe that these people should be allowed to own so much property; he had thought it was against the law. It was certainly against reason that they should.

The wine had mollified Captain Thornton, and loosened his tongue. He smiled slyly.

"Now look here, Hunty," he chuckled, "you are sure that something else besides disappointment at not getting the property is not in your mind? You seem to be more than a bit rattled!"

John laughed, and helped himself to more madder.

"Well, to speak the truth, that girl did rather try to make a fool of me," he admitted. "She's devilish good-looking, you know, and I passed the time watching her by day, sir, and doing what do she do but up and talk about marriage—seriously? I thought she was making fun when she mentioned it. But if she didn't seem to mean it, you couldn't do anything with her, and I saw that it was only wasting my time, so I cleared out after one last trial of her precious virtue. Virtue indeed! I wonder what we shall be hearing of next, damn their souls!"

He spoke like a man growing angry at a reminiscence which hurt his vanity or his pride. Captain Spence chuckled. Captain Thornton crowed.

"She's a little mad," he said with conviction, for Elizabeth's rejection of his own overtures had appeared to him as something akin to insanity. "But she's a pretty baggage. She told me something about you when, Umour?"

"Oh, she's in Kingston, is she? Perhaps you got her to come here! That's it, eh? By God, but you military fellows get all the prizes! Well, I wish you joy, Thornton; but you have got a handful, I can tell you!"

It did not suit Captain Thornton to content himself with plying the shotgun, so he would not ask any answer as to her present whereabouts or how he had fared with her. But he was beginning to like this dodgy, slipshod fellow, who evidently thought so much of him, and in his present merry frame of mind, he wanted to tell him something highly amusing.

He laughed. "I heard the story at Morgan Castle the other day; it was very short, and after that I met you in Kingston.

"Yes, well," replied John, "I think I did think that that afternoon visit of yours, in Kingston, was not for nothing."

"Followed you, my good fellow; but did not find you."

"Followed me?" asked John, with a slightly puzzled air. He knew he was playing his part well.

"Yes, and you will be amused. You may remember I told you that a chap called Burr came one day and said he had known a common seaman who had changed his name and was here as a spy? Well, we thought, she was the way—there have been one or two found here—and that it would be well to get you up and find out something about you. I took it on that job; but you had left Morgan Castle when I got there, and a day or two after that, I found that Burr bore a very bad character even on a ship where all men were good. And you, as a matter of fact, you kicked him out when the ship came back. When he found that he was not going to recede further, nothing could stop him at all. Something definite was found out about you, John. You joined the navy and I had no means of being prevented from going, but he kept his movements quiet. Naturally, we didn't bother any more about you; he old chap suggested that we ought instead to bother a great deal about him, for he was a thief. He gave me some trouble, though, the scoundrel!"

The three men laughed as at a good tale, but John put down his madder once; he must not appear anxious that it should.

"You say that you came to look for me, Thornton, and of course you did," he said waggishly, "but I'll bet ten to one that if Mistress Elizabeth had not been there I was supposed to be, a certain captain would not have taken Master Burr's story to seriously. There was a lady in the cause; but she was worth a little trouble. There's a damned fine lot of girls in this country, though; she's not the only one.

He commenced to talk generally about the girls of the town. "And to this conversation the two Captains liberally contributed. It was nearly a quarter past one o'clock before they took their departure, and John promised to call again some day after dinner on the Parade the following afternoon. He saw them to their horses, then slowly returned upstairs.

Some time later he was with a success to a successful lady; who had disappeared; he could not be here again for months; he probably would not be held not. Even if he did, he would count for nothing. The island was at the moment in a state of confusion, many madder would sooner be leaving it. There would be no difficulty about getting away now, especially if one had enough money to oil all the pulleys of the slipping agents. Freight would be scarce for some time; the ships would be only too glad to make a little money. Indeed, he would not even need to get away surreptitiously. He owed no one anything; he could advertise his intention of leaving quite openly and not a soul would take the slightest notice of his name. The situation had changed within the last few days, and henceforward the bold course would be the safer.

But Elizabeth? He had not been able to inform her yet of the cause of his detention in Kingston. He would send her a letter, probably come with him almost to the city's boundaries, she had been sent to her own place, and there was no overland post available as yet. She would be wondering about him, fearing for him. Well, he would endeavour to persuade her to change her mind, and mean time he could do nothing to relieve her anxiety."

THE FAVOURITE JEWELLERY STORE.

28 KING ST., KINGSTON, JA.

"Cuba Elegante" LADIES & GENTS HAIR DRESSING PARLOURS

Jamaica's Leading Barber Establishment

Everything to make you look elegant,

Both for Ladies & Gentlemen.

We carry full stock of French, English, German, American, Spanish and Cuban Perfumery and Toilet Requisites, also Post Cards, Views, Piano Goods, Kedak Films, Drugs, Theatrical Sundries, Tobacco, Cigars and Cigarettes.

AMBROSIO MARTINEZ, Prop.

26 KING ST., KINGSTON - Phone 1331.

Agents for Kropp Razors, Dr. Ramirez Maravillas Corn Cuts, Eau Sublime, Brand's Eau de Hennessy, W. J. Rendell's Soluble Pastilles, Afeid; Injections Brou and Malico, Godin Antiseptic Satisfying.

the sentiment.

But if it could get away, what should be do with her? He could not take her with him. And if I the gown, what about the plan they had formed, the original plan? They should have all the master of the country? He was here, in Kingston, at this very moment, in account of the very same.

But here, in Kingston, it did not seem so fancible as it had done in the midst of the wild muntains. Here he had under his eye the drilling sol-
diers and the warships in the harbour, and all the panoply of established authority and might, and these did not look as if they could easily be overcome. His earlier double had returned. He knew, however, that such considerations would not have influenced him three hours ago; it was because of what he had heard from Thornton, and of the acceptance of him as an equal and a friend by Spence and Thornton, that he had begun to think critically of a plot into which he had so recently thrown himself. But again his thoughts went back to Elizabeth. She knew the truth about him. He might not be suspected now by anyone; but she knew. She had given herself to him, trusting that he would marry her; and of that marriage she thought far more now than of the conquest of the island with her Maroon allies.

Of course, he could slip away in a week or a month and she would only know that he had gone after waiting some time. He could go back to Morgan Castle, take possession of the money he had left there, return to Kingston on the pretext that he was making plans with Backler, and then sail quietly away. And after he had gone she could do nothing, and would do nothing. That way out of the difficulty was practicable.

But even as he thought of it Seymour felt a sting of shame. That would be the meanest piece of deception he would ever have been guilty of in his life. It would be worse than mere desertion; he would have escaped at the cost of his remaining shred and tatters of self-respect.

In the memory of his recent conversation with Thornton and Spence sickened him. He had had in speaking disparagingly of Elizabeth and had felt like a cad when doing so. He loathed himself as he reviewed the implication of the situation and his remarks, even though he had not meant them.

He shook his head slowly; no, he could not do that. He would not do that. It made him sick even to think of it; he might have done some meaner things in his day, but this time he was dealing with a woman who had earned his life and given him her heart, her body, her very soul. Towards her at least he must act decently.

He realized that he had loved her very much; in fact, he said to himself, he loved her. He hadn't at first, but he was sure that he did now. He missed her; he could not think of being in some other country, even England, without her; he would want her with him. Yet he decided to think over the problem no more for the present; perhaps some unexpected and happy solution of it would arise in a day or two. Elizabeth herself would be delighted to learn that he had not anything as much to dread as both of them had believed, that as a matter of fact he was quite safe. But would it be altogether wise to let her know this immediately?

This would not do! He was breaking his resolution; or, to think any more of his problem to-night. He would retire after having some dinner, and force himself to sleep. He ate, drank rather more than was in the habit of doing, then went to bed. But in spite of his utmost endeavours he kept asking himself what should he do in the new circumstances that had arisen. And for some hours he saw clearly, with his mind's eye, the questioning, worried face of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER SIX

True to his feeling that the bold course was now the safest, and exulted by being able to mix freely, for the first time in some three years, with the sort of men who, in England, he had consorted with on a footing of equality, Seymour joined Captains Thornton and Captain Spence at the appointed hour on the succeeding afternoon. But Spence had been commissioned to repair to Spanish Town that same afternoon, and could do no more than have a drink with the other two in the officers' mess. When Spence had left, Thornton suggested to Seymour that they should take a ride out of the town, towards Turrington Bridge, where, he added, they might go shooting some day; there were plenty of fowl in the woods about there.

"You know our headquarters?" he asked, as they rode northwards; "where the General lives? It's a fine house and he gives some rollicking entertainment there. You ought to call; "I will some day." "Why not now? You can at any time." John assented. He saw no reason why he shouldn't.

They turned immediately into Duke Street; walking their horses they came in a few minutes to one of the largest residences in Kingston, a two-storeyed building with a gabled roof rising behind high brick walls. The yard and principal entrance of this building were approached by means of a flight of stone steps sloping upwards from the level of the street. Two armed sentinels stood on guard at the gate.

A light trap or calache drawn by two fine horses and driven by a stable-companion in livery stood wait (Continued on Page 88)
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 85)

ing before the entrance. As the two men drew in their horses two ladies came out and began slowly to descend the stairs. Thornton's right hand flew to a ready salute, and Seymour, following his motion, swept off his beard. A glance at the face of the younger woman had sent the blood pounding to his ears. He had given up all hope of ever seeing again the girl of his desperate night's adventure on the Windward Road; but here she was now, arrayed like a great lady; and Captain Thornton had leaped off his horse to go and greet her. Seymour also dismounted, remaining somewhat in the background. Ablasted though he was, he showed nothing of his feeling.

"Delighted to see you," cried Captain Thornton, and Joyce Breakspear smiled conventionally.

"Mrs. Bull," she said, as she presented Captain Thornton to the older lady, who shook hands with him; then Thornton glanced at Seymour. He remembered that he didn't know John much, but the man was evidently a gentleman and seemed in a fairly good position. So he could be safe to sponsor him.

"My friend, Mrs. Hurlith," he said, "if you will permit me," and both the ladies shook hands with John.

"We were thinking of making a formal call on the General," continued Thornton, as he helped the ladies into their conveyance.

"He isn't," said Mrs. Bull; "we have just left his wife.

"Oh, we didn't expect to see him; humble capta-

tains can't see generals when they please," laughed Captain Thornton. "Merely paying our respects for-

mally. We were going for a ride afterwards.

"Why not come along with us now?" asked Mrs. Bull, who was very fond of company. "We were

divided in our mind what to do. We thought of going home and then we thought of going for a drive. Will you accompany us?"

"Only too pleased," agreed the Captain, though he would have preferred to have had his ride in men's company alone. He took Seymour's acquiescence for granted, as the latter could scarcely re-

...such an invitation.

"Drive, Quasim," commanded Mrs. Bull, and the horses started off at an easy trot. John and Thor-

ton rode on either side of the calashes. As luck

...and extremely comfortable. From the garden at the front of the house had come the pink and white roses which gave a touch of beauty and sweetness to the room; and close to John sat the sweetest flower (as he phrased it in his mind) in all Jamaica. She was talking to him as though she had known him for a long time, taking, not about the hurri-

cane and earthquake which were in everybody's mind, but about the war which England was waging on sea and land against the dreadul powers of France and Spain.

"If I were a man," said Joyce, and he noticed how clear and vibrant was her voice, "I would be a soldier or a sailor. It is a great life, either."

"Yes, my dear," interpolated Mrs. Bull, who had overheard the remark, "but think of how much they suffer. Only a few months ago I saw some of our men who came back from that wretched place, Nica-

ragua. I had seen them set out on the expedition in January of this very year; and when they came back they looked like scarecrows. There was that poor little fellow, Captain Horatio Nelson, who I thought was going to die: he had got fever or some-

thing. And there were a lot of others who never came back at all. Still, of course," admitted Mrs. Bull, "there must be some to fight."

"That attempt on Nicaragua would probably have succeeded if it had been undertaken by the military alone," commented Captain Thornton. "But the Navy was in it also, and a mixed effort like that rarely succeeds. The commanders are always at variance, and the officers and men almost ranks suffer. I say that the Army should be left in charge of land expeditions, and that the Navy should confine itself to operations on the sea."

"And the merchants and the planters should find the money for both services," commented Mrs. Bull, whose husband was both a great planter and merchant.

"Every man to his trade," agreed Captain Thor-

ton. "If the Navy conveys soldiers to some point on land, it has done its part; the rest should be left to the soldiers. But the Navy men are always thinking they can do soldiers' work. It is not al-

ways they can do their own. Rodney didn't beat de Guiche off Martinique this year; some people think that de Guiche got the better of that encounter. Yet the Navy men act as if the whole safety of England and these plantations depended upon them."

"But de Guiche didn't beat us," put in Joyce proudly, "and Rodney will smash the French yet. He is a wonderful man. Have you met him, Mr. Hurlith?"

"No, I am sorry I haven't. You see, while in Jamaica, I have been engaged in planting," answered John.

"And very useful work too," observed Mrs. Bull.
"Undoubtedly," said John, with great courtesy, he remembered that Colonel Breakspere was a planter. "Yet I share Miss Breakspere's feeling: to be in these times a sailor or a soldier is a great privilege. There is a great deal to do, and a man could not spend his time better than serving the King on land or sea."

You look cut out for a soldier, Huntly," remarked Captain Thornton graciously. "I can easily see you in charge of a good regiment of infantry—or cavalry."

"You are engaged in planting in Jamaica," asked Joyce. "So is my father. He is in St. Thomas, and he has properties in St. Catherine too. But I have heard him wish often of late that he was in the regular Army."

"We take volunteers," said the Captain jovially. "A lot of volunteers went to Nicaragua; free males and negroes too, with militia officers. But it would be hard on your father at his time of life to take on such a duty, Miss Breakspere. It's killing work."

"But noble work," insisted Joyce, who would only see the romantic side of war at that moment. "Noble work!" echoed Seymour; "I agree with you entirely, Miss Breakspere. Then, on the impulse of the moment, and to win favour in the sight of this girl, he added: "The next time there is a call for volunteers I am going to offer my services."

"Splendid!" cried Joyce, clasping her hands, though Mrs. Bull only looked at Seymour as though she thought he couldn't have much sense. "You'll probably come back a hero."

"Or very ill," commented Captain Thornton grimly. "That's fine of you, Huntly, and you'll have your opportunity very soon, I can assure you. We are making plans now, or talking about them, for an attack on the hostile Dom's in our neighbourhood. We didn't do much in January, but now time we should have better luck. If we don't beat them soon they'll give us a lot of trouble. It's likely that Holland will shortly be in the war against us, and the American Colonies are taking a lot of men. With France, Spain, Holland and the Colonies, our hands will be pretty full. We shall need every man we can get."

"I shall see about becoming a volunteer immediately," resumed John, fired by the admiring approval of the girl. "I thought of buying another property, but that can easily wait until the war is over. What you have said, I am going to have a short conversation with Joyce, "has definitely decided me. I will go on the next expedition, if there is one, and depending on Captain Thornton to fix the details for me."

"No difficulty whatever about that," said the Captain, who was genuinely pleased that Huntly wished to become a soldier, even if he could only be a volunteer soldier. "The thing can be arranged at once, and you can get some training. You are an excellent recruit, Miss Breakspere," he concluded, bowing to Joyce.

She flushed with pleasure, and glanced with new interest at John. He had made it clear that it was her words and attitude that had decided him to desert peaceful occupations for a time—and it might be forever—and to go to the war. She was thrilled at this open admission of her influences. And she would not have been a woman had she not believed the wish that she must please him, and to win her approbation, had been the determining factor in John's decision.

The talk drifted to the recent earthquake and hurricane; those tremendous events could not long be forgotten. Then the gentlemen took their departure. Mrs. Bull extended to them, before they left, an invitation to drop in at any time. She kept open house; she would always be delighted to see them; and they could not doubt that she meant what she said.

In the course of the conversation in the drawing room, it had transpired that the day before the hurricane Joyce had come to Kingston to spend some time at Bull House, the mistress of which was a distant relative of hers. John concluded that if he became a soldier the Miss Bull's he would meet Joyce fairly often. And he wanted to meet her, wished to know her as often as possible.

The talk drifted to the recent earthquake and hurricane; those tremendous events could not long be forgotten. Then the gentlemen took their departure. Mrs. Bull extended to them, before they left, an invitation to drop in at any time. She kept open house; she would always be delighted to see them; and they could not doubt that she meant what she said.

The course of the conversation in the drawing room, it had transpired that the day before the hurricane Joyce had come to Kingston to spend some time at Bull House, the mistress of which was a distant relative of hers. John concluded that if he became a soldi in the Miss Bull's he would meet Joyce fairly often. And he wanted to meet her, wished to know her as often as possible.

"CHAPTER SEVEN"

The colony's postal arrangements, primitive at best, had been completely disorganised by the hurricane; letters posted might arrive at their des (Continued on Page 88)
Morgan’s Daughter

(Continued from Page 87)

ination at any time within a fortnight and by any manner of means. Therefore, John knew, it would not surprise Elizabeth that she should not hear from him for some time. But she was daily expecting to see him; she would conclude that some misfortune had come to him should he continue to be absent and silent for any length of time. The wheest thing to do, then, was to pay a hurried trip to Morgan Castle, negotiating the damaged, obstructed, wretched roads as well as that could be done, and then return to Kingston, where she would bring him with her part of the money he had left with Elizabeth. It would not do to take the whole; that would too plainly betray his intentions.

Seymour thought all this out the night after leaving Captain Thorton. His mind was made up; he was about to act a knave’s part, but he told himself fiercely that there was nothing else to do. He did not love Elizabeth. For a little while he had thought so, he had desired himself to believing so. But he had never loved her, and that had been made manifestly clear to him by his meeting with Joyce Breakepeare. To pass the rest of his life with Elizabeth would be hell to him so long as Joyce remained alive and seemed attainable; and attainable, however remotely; she did seem now. By a wonderful stroke of fortune he had met her, and her treatment of him had been kind. Hurt had disappeared; he possessed some means; a way was open to him to redeem himself. It was a gambler’s chance, but he would take it all the more gladly because he was a gambler. He would go as a volunteer in the next expedition against the Spanish colonies; if he died, well, that would be the end of everything, the solution of all his difficulties. But if he did well and lived, that also might be the solution of his difficulties and the beginning of a new life for him.

There was but one obstacle—Elizabeth. If she spoke, he was finished. If she denounced him, he was done. As he thought of this his features hardened, he was conscious of a feeling of hate towards Elizabeth. He was all the more conscious of this because he realised how much he owed to her. And he knew he was about to inflict upon her an injury that would wound her very soul. The knowledge of that enraged him, maddened him, then into his mind.

Although teeth are white

STILL...

Pyorrhœa strikes

4 out of 5

Our range of mowers covers all
possible conditions throughout the
world under which a lawn mower
will be called upon to work. For
private owners of large or small,
public, large sports grounds, tram
tracks, bowling greens, etc.

"THE BOWMEN"

This is a machine specially de-
nected for dealing with the tough
grass and grass hungers in the average which cannot be
dealt with satisfactorily in the ordinary lawn mower. Driving
speeds are varied by means of the
olive gear and ball bearings are fitted.
Our range also—14 h.p.

"THE COUNTERS"

An exceptionally strong machine
and perhaps one of the best
self-adjusting dust-proof ball
bearings, mechanism greasing and
self-cutting cylinder. Made in
sizes from 16 h.p. to 38 h.p.

"PETROL MOTOR MOWERS"

Made in sizes from 16 h.p. to 38 h.p., with 1 or 2 cylinder engines, with or without water cooled engine. The 20 h.p. model, with a period consumption of just a
pint of petrol, and all mechanisms exceptionally sound. For those
who want the best.

CLEAN YOUR TEETH DAILY WITH

Rransomes’

Orban’s

Beautifies

While

It

Encourage Kiddies to Use It.

Purifies.

SOLE AGENT

RANSOMES, SIMS & JH, ENGLAND.
A few moments of silence followed this speech. Such a proposition had not been expected by Elizabeth. It took her breath away.

"Are you really going to leave me here?"

He blushed into anger, unreasonably, since her question was quite natural—a woman's cry.

"How in the name of God could I join the army and take you with me?" he demanded harshly. His unexpected anger and his tone at once awakened her mind to doubt.

"But you do not need to go," she insisted, probing him with her eyes. "If they do not now suspect you, if being a deserter or a spy, you are safe enough here. There is no call for you to become a volunteer. I thought you had had enough of the King's service on the ship where they marked your back with a lash; why then this great anxiety to enlist even if only as a volunteer, unless it is to get rid of me? You didn't seem very happy when telling me of your plan, and you seem to have given up the other plan very easily, after protesting, against my wish, that it must be carried through. What has happened to you in the last few days, Jack? Has the prospect of safety changed you?"

He knew that it was so, though there was also another reason which she could not know. He was angry that she came so near to guessing at the whole truth, but he kept a grip on his temper. To his credit it must be admitted that the admission in his soul at this moment was that he owed her too much to hurt her any more than he must.

"Can't you see, Bess," he argued, "that this is my opportunity of beginning again? I am not going as a common soldier but as a gentleman volunteer. When I come back, perhaps in three or four months, life will be quite different for me. If you loved me really you would not try to prevent my making use of this opportunity."

"And will the gentleman volunteer wish to marry Elizabeth Margan?" she asked bitterly: then her face quickly brightened. "Or do you mean that you will marry me before you go, Jack?"

She stood on the horns of a dilemma. He did not wish to deceive her more than he felt he absolutely must; but if he gave her an excuse for not marrying her before he left the country she would not believe him; already her mind was poisoned with doubt. There was no way out of the difficulty save by Dying.

"That is what I thought of doing," he answered gibbly enough. "I won't have to come for some time yet. I plan to undergo some training first; and, anyhow, it is not decided yet when the expedition will sail. I shall have to return to Kingston for a while; when I come back for you, marry you, and when I am back from the Main we can settle down on this property and I will do what I can to improve it. Perhaps, I went on with a forced smile, feeling that he whom I loved would prefer it in any awkward past, we shall be much happier than as the people of this country. I shall not feel myself a prisoner then; I don't want to marry myself a prisoner now since circumstances have freed me, and that makes a great deal of difference to me. I like excitement, but I shall probably have as much of that as I want in the war. After that, I can settle down with you. We may even go to England after a little. They won't know me there then; all the past will have been quite forgotten.

So he rattled on, but the effort to keep this sort of thing up was an increasing strain. For she was looking at him steadily with eyes which seemed deeps of misery. He had not succeeded in removing her suspicions. He had strengthened them. His smile, his manner, his words were forced, and she perceived that with cruel keenness.

He could stand it no longer. With a gesture of great weariness he rose and remarked that he must have some rest now; they would talk the matter over further in the morning. "If we do," he asked, remembering that since that first night at the Marson Town, they had slept together, he added suddenly, "she answered coldly; "I will have your things placed in it."

She called her maid and gave her some dire
demands. The girl went into the room and began to remove from it one or two things that John had left behind. When he and Elizabeth had undertaken their journey to the Marson Town, John understood at once that Elizabeth had intended that her sleeping apartment should be also his on his return. She came to Kingston; she regarded herself as one woman or the other. She had made a change in her attitude. Her manner, instead of being angry and tempestuous, as he had feared it might be, was still and very—a development he had not expected. She seemed to be weighing him in frigid scales. He felt (his heart increased his sensations) that there was a world between them, that they were being able to find a word to say that would sound sincere and relieve the tension. Then Elizabeth did something which was significant. He had had his money in a little strong box which she had had for years on end. He quietly transferred this box from her room to the room in which she had said she should sleep. She did this herself, then, retracting her steps, quietly hid him good-night. She went into her room, and the door closed behind her with a heavy thud.

There had been no open quarrel. She had not raised her voice, had not even argued much with him; but her restraint, her reticence, were worse than any explosion could have been. What was she thinking of? What did she imagine? He was glad that she could know nothing about Joyce Breck- spere, could not even guess that he had seen or met her. That would have made matters at the moment infinitely worse.

It was impossible for him to sleep at first. He was worried; and then he became enraged. The worser elements of his disposition began to stir; the quick feeling of hate for her that he had once at least experienced in Kingston now stirred in him once more: he felt that he was in her hands and his gorge rose at the realisation of his predicament. What was going to happen later on if she ever learnt the truth, ever came to know why he had left her? Could Jannett really be his? Had he not better leave it for good and all while he could, and leave both women be- hind him, Joyce as well as Elizabeth? But the thought further reflected, all the luck seemed to be coming his way now: it might hold; it was worth while taking something on its persistence instead of tamely abandoning it. The future must be allowed to take care of itself; the recent past had treated him astonishingly well, all things considered. Why should he not trust his present luck?

Yet he wished that Elizabeth did not love him as much as she did. Her love would come to make tremendous sacrifices for him; that he knew: but, given such a character as hers, might it not also lead her to do desperate things? Or would she recognise the inevitable in the end, agree that a man of his position—if he won to any position— must be mated to a woman of his own type, and, if she did not wish to give him up, agree to be his privately, thus following an established custom of the country? He himself did not want this. At the moment he felt virtually exalted in the matter of sexual relationship; he wished to devote himself entirely to Joyce, to be hers with no ally or reservation. But there were circumstances which he could not leave; it was upon those that he speculated now. Elizabeth had fiercely protested against the very idea that she should become the mistress of any man whatsoever; and if she had actually become his, that was because he had pledged himself to marry her, and because also of the peculiar influences of that night when the Marson chiefs had accepted him as
AN ACHIEVEMENT IN BEHALF OF JAMAICA

9,000 Cubic Yards of Water per Hour.

Recovered from underground sources through the scientific Development of Deepwells in Jamaica.

BYRON-JACKSON PUMPS.

L. ANTIONSANTI

Kingston, Jamaica.

Box 367.

The mess-room was "all of officers. There were also one or two important civilians present. All had been playing at one time or another, most of them for moderate stakes. Only about a dozen were now engaged. At the table with John were two other men, one of them the Colonel commanding the regiment in Kingston. He had just won twenty pounds.

It was about midnight. The man who had thrown twelve rose and yawned: "I have had enough," he said. Seymour, tempted though he was to continue playing, in the hope of retrieving his fortunes, saw that the Colonel had no wish to play again, though of course, as the winner, he would have continued if the losers had suggested that he should.

It was late; this gaming had been indulged in for three nights on a stretch, and Seymour had lost heavily. Perhaps the luck would change tomorrow night; he doubted the wisdom of going on now. So he followed the example of the man who had risen and professed that he too had enjoyed sufficient diversion for the night.

A cool wind came in through the open windows of the mess-room, which faced to north and south. The squall city lay in obscurity outside, faintly unpleasant odours stealing up to the nostrils of the gentlemen who, after dinner, had assembled here to while away the tedious hours with the excitement of gaming. Many a man had been ruined in this room; now and then an officer or a civilian had left it to put a final term to his playing and to all his other activities. But since a man might die at any moment from some mysterious fever, or might be sent suddenly overseas to fight against the Spaniard in a climate even worse than this, no one gave much thought to the possibility of his losing everything and having to seek an escape from difficulties in a few feet of earth.

Seymour walked with some of the officers to the sideboard heavily laden with bottles of liquor, and poured out for himself a stiff measure of old rum. This he diluted with the semi-cool water from a great earthenware jar which was supposed to have cooling properties, and tossed it down. He would not drop in ruin shortly, he said, with a laugh that was not well simulated. They both bade him good night, went down the steps and took his horse from the patient slave who tended the animals left outside of the barracks, and rode away.

Out of sight of the company and in the midst of the heavy malodorous darkness his pretense of indifference dropped from him, and solemn thoughts flooded his brain.
He had made a fatal mistake in accepting, a few nights ago, an invitation to play at the mesa. He had sworn to himself that he would gamble no more, not at any rate until he should have sufficient money net to mind the loss of a few hundred pounds. He had been unlucky, but he had lost; he was robbed from Colonel Breakspear to make a new beginning in life; yet the moment temptation presented itself he had succumbed. He had been lucky on coming to Kingston this last time; he had hoped and believed that his fortune had left him and a new turn of the tide had come; and partly because he had persuaded himself that this was so he had the more eagerly agreed to gamble. Now again he found himself faced with very serious difficulties.

He had talked to Turrton and to others as though he had, not a great deal of money, but much more than he actually possessed. He had had in mind to try to carve out a fortune somehow—how, he did not quite know, but he knew that the capture of a Spanish city on the Main might mean a boost or advancement for a courageous gentleman: volunteer: such things still happened. With what he might make out of the war, and with what he possessed, he might achieve something substantial. That had been his hope.

Somewhere in the vague future loomed a glorious figure who talked romantically of war. She too was a possibility; not more than that at the most; yet, undoubtedly, she was in the picture. And then, when gambling had been suggested to him as a likely pastime—and he knew that all men of any position gambled more or less—it had seemed to him that here and now he might add to his means; that now that his luck was so defined in the account he must surely win. The flood of the tide was with him. He would take it boldly, as some days before he had taken the chance of remaining in Kingston—to such excellent effect.

But he seemed that his luck had turned again; that the old ill fortune had once more set in; that he was slipping backward and downward. It was eight days since he had last left Morgan Castle. He had promised Elizabeth to be back within a week, and had meant to keep his word. But the first night at the dice had swept that promise out of his mind. He could think of nothing after that save winning money. The old obsession had seized him. He was more sober to-night. His losses had been larger. What was he to do?

He must enquire particularly about the projected attack on the Spanish colonies. The date and object of that were being kept secret, but he would ask about it; the ships and men might sail sooner than he could guess. That was his only refuge now. If he remained here much longer in idleness he would spend or gamble away all his money. He could refuse to play any more, it was true; but if he stopped abruptly, if he refrained from playing for the rest of the time he had to live in Kingston, they would take him for a traitor or a coward. His presence of being comfortably off, then, could only be maintained at the risk of his being raised if the expedition's sailing was long delayed. Above all he doubted whether he should have sufficient steadfastness to resist, day after day, week after week, the rattle and call of the dice-box so long as he frequented the company of men who played.

He could return to Morgan Castle! Yes; that would be a way out of the difficulty. It was also a way that led directly to another dilemma, and a worse. He could not linger at Elizabeth's house for weeks doing nothing; he himself had suggested that a parson to marry them might be found in one of the coast towns, and she would expect him to redeem his word. He would be able to find no excuse for an indelicate delay. To go back to Morgan Castle, for any length of time, then, was clearly impossible, unless, indeed, he were to turn again, desperately, to the plan he had abandoned, join the Maroons, renounce the slaves, and make a bid for mastery in this country.

That the Maroons were now waiting for a word from him he was well aware; they could not know that he had turned his back upon them. He was too abundantly sufficiently desperate. Should he, then, become again the outlaw he was so recently, take Elizabeth (and a dozen other women afterwards if he so pleased), be the king of an island as Morgan had once seriously thought of becoming, live a wild, excessed, barbarous life, or die in the effort to achieve his object? He could still get in touch with Buckler, who must by this time have returned to the city, but he did not wish to do it. He did not relish the prospect of having to live among a gang of savage blacks and a few equally savage whites. He craved for something different. If he might not go back to England, at least he must mix with men and women of his own type in Jamaica, or, striving to do so, die as so many fellows had died after tempting fortune with the dice and lost.

He recalled that he had promised to go and see Elizabeth at Morgan Castle. Well, he would keep that promise this week, in another day or two.

On the following day he again reviewed his situation, but the night had brought no counsel, the difficulties he had envisaged some hours ago remained as menacing as they had been before. That afternoon he called on Mrs. Bull. This was the second time he had been there within a week. The first time he had spent over an hour with the ladies; on this occasion he found Joyce about to set out for a drive by way of recreation; Mrs. Bull was indolent and kept her room. He was very glad of this.

He offered to ride with Joyce, and her offer was accepted. The girl was dull in Kingston. Her father had returned to St. Thomas; young Dalling, the Governor's nephew, was in Spanish Town, where certain duties detained him. John knew nothing about young Dalling; had never heard the rumour that some day he might be a sailor for Miss Breakspear's ship. Perhaps if he had, the course of his career might have been different. He would have recognised that with a Dalling in the field it was folly for him to hope, however vaguely and remotely, that some day he might find favour in the eyes of Joyce. But there was nothing to mention it, no one who would have thought he would be deeply interested. All that he knew was that he saw no other man about this girl, and that she seemed to hate all condescension.

On this he bullied a vast castle of hopes, and its foundations were as light and unsubstantial as the air.

Joyce Breakspear proposed to take the air along the road leading to the Rock Fort and on to St. Thomas. There they would skirt the sea and be fanned by its breeze, and the slight of sparkling waters and towering, dark-green mountains would be welcome to eyes which for some days had gazed only on drab streets and dingy houses.

Dolly said that they would go to Kitterton, Seymour riding beside her. They went slowly. It was easy to talk to her as they moved along, for the light conversation was open at the sides as well as in front, and there was little traffic on the road this afternoon.

While they were nearing Rock Fort Joyce's mind flew back to the adventure she had passed through.

**Bright because of Fry's Cocoa**

**SOUNDI**

Because of Fry's Cocoa helps to make bright brains. It gives growing children the right start for the day and the right start in life. Children enjoy the "chocolate" flavour of the richest-vanilla essence. The food value of Fry's Cocoa is so high that it is rich in energy. It is very small quantity. Fry's Cocoa feeds and feeds like his company. At breakfast, milk, day and bedtime drink Fry's Cocoa.

---

**Fry's Cocoa**

**THE SAFE BRAND**

If your Chemist is out of stock, write now to:

ABRAHAM, HEINRICH & JOY,
some time since a few miles farther on, and she referred it.

"Isn't it strange, Mr. Huntly," she said, "that we have never heard anything more about Three-fingered Jack?"

"How do you mean?" he asked cautiously.

"Well, he appeared suddenly and robbed my father. Then he disappeared as suddenly, under the very eyes of Captain Thornton a few nights afterwards, and though, I believe, the Government has been keeping its eyes and ears open, nothing has been heard of him, nor has he been seen again for the last two or three months.

"He may be dead," suggested John.

"But surely we should have heard of that?"

"Why? He may have been killed by one of the bullets fired at him by Captain Thornton's soldiers. He was not in a very happy condition, some days before, from negro’s maul or mule-tied, and may have lain there hidden. If he died of his wounds he would be buried secretly."

John admitted that he had been hiding a man like Three-fingered Jack. Isn't that possible?"

"It is," she admitted; "I hadn't thought of that. But I wonder what has become of all the money he took from my father.

"I am afraid we shall never know that. If he had any of it on him that night he was chased out of Spanish Town—which is quite likely—he might have been taken by anyone who rescued him in Kingston when he went to extremities. That would have been an additional reason for keeping quiet about him. For to have talked about him would have led to a search for the money, which would have had to be refunded.

"Quite so. I am sorry we haven't time this afternoon to go as far as the place where he attacked us, or I would show it to you. He was daring, though, an awfully daring wretch. He could not know whether we were armed or not.

Jack would have been willing enough to ride on to the scene of the encounter between himself and Colonel Breckenridge, but he recognised that it was already growing dusk, the October daylight becoming brief every day. He wished to produce this ride with Joyce, while, truth to say, his sense of humour was tickled by her talking with him about an incident in which he had been the principal figure. But they were some three miles out of Kingston, and it would take them an hour to return to Bull House. He hoped for another opportunity such as this in the near future.

A party on horseback was coming towards them from under the arch of the fort, a small party of three persons. One rode in front, a woman so quiet she could see almost in the dark. And in a couple of minutes was quite close to them, and then John Seymour's heart gave a mighty bound and seemed almost to stop beating.

"There was only one thing to do," he must pretend that he had not seen Elizabeth. This was quite wide enough for the two parties to pass each other and Joyce's vehicle to circle the inner side of the way, Seymour riding to the right of it. He kept his face turned in her direction, with his eyes fixed on her: thus it might appear to the casual observer that he had not noticed it. But Elizabeth did the opposite direction. The two parties drew abreast and passed one another. Joyce not even giving the riders a glance. But Elizabeth's piercing gaze had taken in everything as she went by. Her look had been at first perfunctory, but even the gathering dust could cause her to fail to recognise Seymour, and from him to the girl with whom he rode and talked her eyes flashed with superhuman intensity. Instantly her mood changed to a conception. So this was the reason why John had broken his promise—indeed if he had ever intended to keep it!

Joyce noticed the sudden silence which fell upon John Seymour at the close of the conversation, and she should not perceive the drawn pallor of his face. They went on for a few minutes more and passed the Fort: then she offered her coachman to turn the Unlimited round.

"You are very quiet, Mr. Huntly," she said lightly.

And the question of wondering whether we shall meet Three-fingered Jack, in spite of his second death? What would you do if he suddenly appeared?

He laughed with an effort, then realised that he must brace himself to talk as if disturbed by nothing.

"I have seen him once," he answered, "and perhaps a bullet from it would put an end to the wickedness of Three-fingered Jack's difficulties—if he still exists.

"How could he possibly welcome such a solution of the problem?"

"He might. You never can tell. He may be afraid of the peril and sick of trying to find a way out of the puzzle."

"You speak with feeling, but you forgot that if it is not a white man you are talking about; only a man half-mad by passion has no darling sentiment; these people are very like animals, you know."

"Yeung Fahshang Co., Ltd.
MANUFACTURERS REPRESENTATIVES
GEORGE IMPORTERS
and
WHOLESALE PROVISION
Merchants.

Address:
35 & 37 PRINCESS STREET,
KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

"No," she agreed thoughtfully. "He never tries to harm me yet. Yet he is an escaped slave and a highwayman, and I hope, if he isn't dead, that he will be captured some day and hang.

"You never know," said Joyce, "and perhaps a bullet from it would put an end to the wickedness of Three-fingered Jack's difficulties—if he still exists.

She paused to bid her coachman drive faster, for the dark was falling quickly. Jack knew what was meant. They would go more quickly than Elizabeth, whose horses had come a long way over difficult roads and must therefore he tired; they would pass Elizabeth again. And again he must pretend that he did not see her. There was no other course. Happily, every minute that it became more and more the pretence at non-recognition would at least be reasonable. But explanations would have to come after. And, after that, what?"

"It was at about a mile from the Rock Fort that he again passed Elizabeth, but this time she did not spare him or his companion a glance. She deliberately slackened her horse's pace; she let him go by, feeling certain that he had recognised her from the first. It was not his refusal to acknowledge acquaintance with her that mattered; she knew that she herself would have suggested such a subterfuge in certain circumstances. But what was he doing with this young white woman at a time when, according to his own promise, he should have been already back at Morgan Castle? In what relationship did they stand to one another? As friends? A young man and a girl goter about as friends, while another young woman waited in suspense for him, wondering what had happened to him, and resolving at last in impatience of mind and pain of heart to give up and seek for him, and help him if necessary? What did it mean, except that John Seymour had lied to her, had deceived her, had betrayed her, and that she had found him out all by the merest coincidence? But for this passage of him and the white girl on the highway she might never have known of this friendship, even if she had been in Kings- ston, for Seymour would have striven to hide the fact from her. And now she knew why he had so suddenly abandoned the plan he had shortly before enthusiastically embraced, and with it herself. He was another of the men who swore and broke their promises and oaths. He was a traitor.

What was the fit punishment for traitors?
CHAPTER NINE

A FEMALE want to see you, massa.

The corner of his eye twinkled, and he smiled faintly. "Do you realize that the crisis of an interview with Elizabeth, in which squeamishness might be bitterly torn from her, had come at last. And from this ordeal he shrank..."

"But—he tuned hospitably,—you would be so much more comfortable."—"I am comfortable as I am. Besides if we eat down that might attract curious listeners. Would you like any?"

That was a warning, a slight warning which conveyed to him the suggestion that privacy and secrecy were still a vital necessity to him. He knew it, but hated that the fact should even be hinted at now by anyone. Remittance which might very easily flame into hate began to simmer in his breast.

"You promised to come back to Morgan Castle before a week was out," Elizabeth continued in a quiet monotone which no one five yards away could have heard. "You broke your word. While waiting to see if you would keep it I heard from my uncle. Indeed, he came to see me, and to see you too."

She paused as if it give him an opportunity of saying something, but he remained grimly dumb. She resumed.

"He had seen the other Maroon chiefs. He had been to other parts of the island. The Maroons everywhere will join us if we give the signal, and they have arms and ammunition enough, or enough for the present; my uncle found that out. The slaves are discontented everywhere; in Westmoreland and St. James they are almost starved and would rise as one man if called upon to do so. The masters are poverty-stricken and demoralized; they have lost territory through the hurricanes and could make no headway now against a rising. My uncle said that the Maroons were waiting eagerly on us, and I did not tell him that you had abandoned our plan. I only said that you were making some arrangements in Kingston, that I would see you soon, and that then you would act. I said that you would act. I could do nothing else after all that had occurred."

"Yet you yourself implored me to drop the whole thing, and you were delighted when I told you at Morgan Castle that I had! Are you ever consistent, Elizabeth?"

"Yes. Consistency depends on circumstances."

"That is only opportunism."

"We will not quarrel. You can say, if you like, that I have changed my mind again. I have, but it is the only wise thing to do now—wise for you and me. I know what you have in mind; you may go away as a volunteer, as you said you were going to do, but you cannot come back here... to... that white girl, isn’t it?"

"You are entirely wrong," he blustered. "Because you gave me with a lady acquaintance, as you might have seen any other man, you come to the conclusion that—"

"Jack, you are raising your voice, and please pay me the compliment of thinking that I have some sense. Why did you give up, immediately after coming to Kingston, the plan you so firmly believed would succeed? Why did you come to Morgan Castle only to get your money—yes, that was what brought you there. Why did you break your word about coming back to me? You have met another woman, and she is it who has caused you to do all this. Do you think I would live in the same country with you now, while you were with another woman?"

"So that is it, eh? A threat. Cordial!"

"I am thinking as much for you as for myself. Do you ever think at all, Jack? I suppose you can calculate that I would say nothing about you; that, I love you too much to betray you. But my uncle has no reason to love you, and from what he said to me only two days ago he has moved so much in this scheme of ours that, if it fall, he is a man discredited among his own people. Why should he let you escape if he finds himself in a ridiculous position? He could denounce you without running any risk himself. As to the other Maroons, they have seen you. They have heard from Captain Tacky that you are a great obsidian, that you are three-fooled Jack come to life again, and a lot of other nonsense of the kind. They will talk about you after a while, the white Superintendant who lives in the Maroon Town, will hear this talk, will make some enquiries, will report the matter to the Government. Where will you then be? Don’t you see that this country is not for you while the English are its rulers?"

"It is a prison for me, as I have always said," he muttered bitter. "A grave," she answered. "Do you know that all out, have you?" he rapped at her, and anger was now blustering from his eyes. You have come here with a well-thought-out story to terrify me. Why do you think I am easily frightened? I can leave this country and never come back here! But if you think of that—and if you think of that—"

"You cannot. You could not stay in an enemy’s land; you must return with the troops. And your intention was to return—to the girl I saw with you yesterday—"

"It is a lie!"

"Very well. So much the better. What do you say to taking up again the plan you abandoned?"

(Continued on Page 216)
Where are You Going To-night?

DINNER'S cleared away and the twilight turns to darkness ... comes a wondering ... "How shall we spend the evening?"

Just gather up the folks and step down to "The Brightest Spot in Town" ... the Motion Picture Theatre ... and be entertained like a King.

Banish the dull worry of Business in an atmosphere of Pleasure with Art, Music, Beauty, Comfort and a thousand other delights to restfully entertain you.

Get out into the open ... to far off lands, ... to settings of great natural beauty! Everywhere bringing you the sound as well as the scene! Taking you out of the rut of everyday existence to romance, adventure, excitement and escape!

Let's Go!
There are 1930 Styles in Entertainment too!

OUR Theatres give them to you. 1930 Style Stories. 1930 Style Stars. Smart. Daring. New Show World Hits as New, Timely and Exciting as the latest from Paris. Created by Showmen with an alert ear to the pulse of the changing times. Of the highest production quality. Entertainment, 1930 style, as exhibited simultaneously in the Best Theatres Everywhere.
THOUGHT AND STYLE IN BUSINESS

WHEN Mr. E. A. Isa, purchased two buildings in lower King Street, where property is at its most expensive, and then proceeded to tear down these structures, many people felt that he was throwing away money. One well-known businessman said to the present writer: "Isa must have rented out those stores at an extraordinary figure; he could have made money that way by simply sitting down and taking it in his rest." But Mr. Isa's aim was to erect in King Street, the premier shopping centre of the British West Indies, an edifice which, proportionately, should favourably compare with buildings used for similar business purposes in London and New York. Mr. Isa was thinking, not of the past, but of the future. And because he believes in the future of Kingston and of Jamaica, and was determined to do nothing on a higgledy-piggledy scale on his embarkation into the retail dry goods trade of the island, he sacrificed two store buildings and has erected in their place something which is an acquisition to Jamaica's capital and which reflects credit on his taste, his business acumen, and his civic spirit.

"ISSA'S" is the name of the new haberdashery and dry goods store of Kingston, and that store will be admitted not only by the people of this island but by visitors from abroad. Its height is the first thing about it that strikes the observer. It is the highest two-story building on either side of King Street. The Spaniards in the tropics have long since realised the benefit of altitude in their buildings; they know that this ensures air and light, and ISSA'S will be one of the airiest and brightest emporiums in this part of the tropical world.

The lighting of the store has been very carefully thought out; a great amount of natural light comes through the skylight on the roof, which twenty feet long by fourteen and a half feet wide, and under this skylight is what is known as a "lay-light" with white and blue cathedral glass in a bronze frame. At the west end of this "lay-light" there is a fine mahogany stairway leading up to the upper floor, and from this upper floor there is an iron spiral stair leading to the roof. The whole roof of the lower storey is celled; the ceiling is of stamped metal. The concrete flooring of the lower storey or main retail department is covered with rubber tiling.

The building is provided with numerous windows, carefully placed, so that while they diffuse bright sunlight they also modify the heat of the sun's rays. Then there are the electric fittings, specially purchased in England and America by Mr. Isa, and the individually designed counters and store equipment. The idea is to make the interior as well as the exterior of the store attractive to the eye, pleasing to the aesthetic sense of those who will pass through it; something to remember and to talk about. With this object in mind a great deal of care is bestowed upon the show-cases in which dainty and beautiful articles will be displayed.

The manager of the new Kingston business will be Mr. Abraham Isa, who during the last two months in studying the latest developments in the haberdashery and dry goods business in London, Paris and New York. This young businessman, having in a few years attended a high school in which he received a sound education, proceeded to the Holy Cross University of New York where he studied philosophy and clastic, graduated as a Bachelor of Arts, then returned to Jamaica to learn the elements of his life work under his father's eye and tuition. His first step then was to acquire an education that should put him on a par with any other educated man; the next step was to learn thoroughly his business. The months spent recently in learning what has been done in the capitals of other countries in the haberdashery and dry goods lines must be considered as part of this general training, and as a most important part of it. Young Abraham Isa therefore enters upon his business as a manager well equipped for his task.

It has long been admitted that the buildings put up by Mr. E. A. Isa in Kingston have been designed with a view to improving the localities in which they stand. That is why we have spoken of his civic spirit. He might have saved some money by erecting a different class of structure which would have served his purpose very well; he has preferred a larger expenditure for the better public effect. On that we congratulate him, and it is something that everyone will appreciate. Without a doubt he has done a good deal towards making Kingston a better-looking city than it used to be.

This improvement of King Street, too, is in particular striking. Thanks largely toMr. Isa, Kingston is to have at least one thoroughfare that will stand out as do some thoroughfares in other leading cities. The Prado of Havana is a name known everywhere, and now that a pathway has been cut through Victoria Park, King Street is far more picturesque and striking than it previously was. A store like ISSA'S adds to the general effect, and when the King Street sidewalks are what they ought to be, Jamaica will feel rightly proud of that artery of business—the best in the British West Indies.

The Alliance Assurance Co., Ltd.

BARTHOLOMEW LANE LONDON, E. C. 2.

ENGLAND.

ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY.

ASSETS EXCEED £25,000,000.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

FOR ALL CLASSES OF FIRE INSURANCE

APPLY

MORRISON & MORRISON.

ATTORNEYS & AGENTS.

85 Harbour Street - - Kingston.

Modern Homes deserve Modern Fixtures!

"STANDARD SANITARY"
Plumbing Fixtures

are designed and finished to meet every requirement of artistic treatment.

There are several Colour-Schemes from which to select.

STOCKS ALWAYS ON HAND.

For

ELECTRICAL GOODS
visit our

Electrical Department

which is fully stocked with your every requirement.

CECIL B. FACEY, LTD.

488 HARBOUR ST., KINGTON.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 89)

He thought rapidly. What he wanted now was time, time to think out a course of action that should lead definitely somewhere; what he had to do now was to get Elizabeth out of Kingston quickly, so that he could act without feeling that there was someone spying on him all the time and ready to interfere.

"I shall have to think it over," he said. "I haven't even seen Buckler, as I once thought of doing."

"You could see him tonight. He is in Kingston; I found that out last night after I had arrived. Besides, we can do without Buckler."

"You are very keen, my dear. Now that I have taken the very risks you begged me not to take a couple of weeks ago," he sneered. "Perhaps"—he raised her with his eyes—"perhaps the best way out of the tangle would be for you and me to slip away to Cuba or some other place not far from here?"

"Would you go?" she asked wistfully, then her face fell. She realized that he had only said that to test her.

"You don't mean it," she added. "What you really wish is to be rid of me. What is the girl's name, if I may ask?"

Even in his annoyance and perturbation he marvelled at her self-possession. She had not raised her voice once, not even shown agitation. But her eyes glowed with feeling and in the depths of them was misery.

"Breakspears," he answered truthfully. "Joyce Breakspears. She is Colonel Breakspears's daughter, and now you know how foolish your suspicions are. I have picked up an acquaintance with her because I hope to get some more money out of her father. The truth is, Bess, I have been gambling again; I have been playing with some of the fellows here and have lost heavily. That is why I have not come over to Morgan Castle as I promised. While you are thinking that I remained here on account of a woman, I did so because I wished to win money, and have lost it, and am hoping now to get some more out of Colonel Breakspears. So now you understand.

He saw a look of relief sweep over her face as he rolled out his story, a story all the more plausible because it was partly true.

But again her face clouded.

"How could your friendship with the daughter keep you to rob the father, Jack?" she asked. "Besides, shouldn't a man like you prefer to imperil his life even in a mad enterprise, rather than continue to be an ordinary thief?"

The word "thief" cut him to the heart. He had always tried to avoid its application to himself even in his own mind. It inflamed him to sudden anger. It stung him to an insult.

"I am not sure it wouldn't be better to be a thief," he sneered, "than the husband of a mulatto woman."

He saw her start and clench her hands; her eyes flashed, her lips opened, then closed again without uttering a sound. Her eyes dwelt upon his face, and he reddened; again he experienced in connection with her a feeling of shame and anger and hate, but at the instant the shame predominated, for it hurt what there was of decency in him that he should have again this affection and this kindness in words that must wound her to the soul. He saw her turn and walk slowly away; saw her go down the stairs mechanical with whom she had inflamed her farewell and in a sudden panic remembered that his very life was in her hands. But pride kept him rooted to the spot at which he stood. If he ran after her now she would think that it was fear; a pusillanimous feeling, that drove him to an effort at reconciliation. She loved him; he knew that; surely he would come back to him later on; surely she would never take a step that would be irreparable, that would part them for ever.

No, it was not that he had to fear. It was rather her persistency in the determination that he should be here wholly. To achieve that end he might be willing to go to any lengths; therefore she was not likely to abandon her end at once, even though he had hurt her feelings sorely and she entertained the gravest suspicions of him.

She was a woman, and the women here were accustomed to putting up with a great deal from their men. Elizabeth would be supremely faithful. She would regard Morgan's manner and make allowances; meanwhile he would have to determine what to do. He was in the very d thick of a pickle. She had shown him how poor with pitfalls were his path, and rage against conditions as he might, the facts were as she had stated them to him. He felt that she, if she liked, could do much to alienate the Maroons; she could tell them some tale they would believe, and so explain the impossibility of his stay which would satisfy them. He knew she had a fertile imagination, which could accomplish a great deed, especially among people who never had any dealings with her. But would she do all this for him? And to what purpose? That he might remain in Kingston, go to the Spanish Main, and return to Jamaica to be, if possible, in Joyce's society until, by some miracle he could obtain enough wealth and a sufficient position to marry her? He laughed aloud as he turned those things over in his mind. What woman would work so that another should take the man she wanted? Not Elizabeth Morgan at least. If she did not betray him, if she still stood by him, as he was satisfied she would, that would be because she still hoped to hold him, and for herself alone.

He went back to his room to dwell further upon the situation, to see if he could not find a way out of his difficulties that would be suitable to himself, though that now seemed impossible.

An hour afterwards he was told that a bearer had brought a letter to him, a letter to be delivered to himself. If he were not in, the messenger wished to know where he was. He directed that the man should be sent up to him. He guessed that this bearer was from Elizabeth, since none of his acquaintances would be so pressing.

It was Cudjoe, who came into the room with every expression of respectful gladness at seeing
TIMBER-LADEN

By A. HALCROW

A story of an eventful voyage to Cape Horn. It is true in every detail, but actual names have been changed.

In May, 1930, I left West Hartlepool as chief mate of the large trans-ocean steamer X ——, bound for Key West, in ballast for orders. I had been in the ship for two years, but the master—a very elderly man, in a poor state of health—died aboard at West Hartlepool.

As our company’s trade was mostly from the Mexican Gulf, taking timber all over the world, there was little doubt that we should have a timber cargo on this occasion, and Captain X —— speedily began to worry about our ability to carry the deck-cargo customarily loaded in the Gulf ports.

The X —— was what is known as a “croaky” ship, but I tried to reassure the captain by telling him that, having already had several timber cargoes aboard, I knew her behaviour with a heavy deck-cargo, and had no fear of her capsizing provided he would back me up at the right moment against the American charterers and their stevedores.

Concerning this latter point I certainly felt misgivings, for on two previous occasions the X —— had been chartered by the lumber men, and the same thing would probably happen this time. In these circumstances, the charterers would undoubtedly endeavour to get the utmost possible value for their money in the shape of a big deck-cargo. I feared that Captain X ——, unlike his predecessor, would not have sufficient force of character to do his duty by his ship and crew, and refuse a huge deck-cargo, in the face of the determined opposition he was likely to meet.

At Key West, sure enough, we received orders to proceed to Pensacola to load timber for Puente Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan. Directly we berthed at Pensacola loading commenced, and I was instructed by the charterers that a quarter of our cargo would consist of pine logs measuring forty feet long by one foot in the square. I quite understood why this information was given in good time, the reason being that I was expected to load all the small timber in the holds, leaving the big logs to be stowed on deck.

Things went smoothly enough during the loading of the underdeck cargo. The charterers were obviously anxious to stow every stick they possibly could into the X ——, while I was equally anxious to get all the weight I could into the holds.

When we started the deck-cargo I found there was some difficulty in fitting the lengths in, and reluctantly had to let the ends of the logs encroach over the living quarters amidsthips, and also the poop and forecastle head.

We pumped the ballast-teams out as loading progressed, but the main tank was kept full, as I explained to Captain X ——, for emergencies, the most likely emergency being that, if the X —— took a pronounced list on the eve of sailing, the crew might take exception to the deck-cargo and, as was their right, make trouble by reporting the matter to the British Consul.

Things went ahead, and on a Friday evening I informed Captain X —— that, in my opinion, the ship had all the deck-cargo she could safely carry, the load being then fifteen feet high fore and aft. He agreed and said he intended to have everything in readiness for sailing next day at noon.

That evening, however, the stevedore informed the charterer that the X —— had stopped loading, having about three hundred tons of timber on the wharf. The charterer lost no time in coming on board, and asked to see the master. I showed him into the saloon, awaiting the result of the interview with some anxiety, for I knew that Captain X ——, a sick man and a stranger to this particular trade, would be like putty in the charterer’s hands. If he gave way, how did I stand? Should I, or should I not, fail to take another log?

Before I had the answer formulated in my mind, the stevedore informed me that I was wanted in the cabin. The charterer sat there and said nothing, but, after a moment’s silence, the captain looked at me and remarked—

“Don’t you think, Mr. Halcrow, that the ship should be able to carry all those logs—with safety?”

“No, sir,” I replied firmly. “I consider she is loaded to the extreme limit of safety, and I will not be a party to taking another log.”

Thereupon the charterer rose to his feet, and, stoutly ignoring me, played his trump card.

“Very well, Captain X ——,” he said. “I’ll say good-evening; but I shall have to inform your owners that the X —— was here last month she cleared the wharf, and I know no reason why you shouldn’t do the same—unless it is that you are in the hands of your chief officer! Further, I shall tell the owners that unless they can see their way clear to recooping me for the short shipment of these three hundred tons of cargo, I must look elsewhere in future when I need a ship.”

I sympathized with the stevedore, but felt quite certain that the letter was from the master, telling the charterers to send the stevedore’s wages back in the morning.

Meanwhile I had made up my mind to accept the inevitable—I had practically no other alternative, in face of the master’s decision—and when the stevedores returned next morning I went on supervising the stowage of the logs as if nothing had happened.

By six p.m. all the timber was on board, the ship having now some twelve hundred tons dead-weight on deck, and the logs standing eighteen feet high.

It was Captain X ——’s intention to sail first thing in the morning, but I suggested that it would be best as well to have the deck-cargo properly lashed before we hoisted sail. He accordingly consented to wait until Monday, and our last day in port was spent in lashing and wedging the deck-load. I cannot say now exactly what made me so careful about the job, for many seamen do not consider it good policy to fasten a deck-cargo too well. We had plenty of chains and wires available, however, and I lashed that great stack of timber as I have never seen a decker, that he broke or split.

At ten o’clock on the Monday morning, with two tugs and our engines assisting, we attempted to leave the wharf, but the X —— was held too tight by the suction of the soft clay on which she rested.

After several intellectual attempts to float her, (Continued on Page 701)
The Event of 1930

ISSA’S RETAIL STORE
79 KING STREET.

MESSRS. E. A. ISSA & BROS., have much pleasure in announcing that they hope to open their beautiful and modern store to the shopping public of Jamaica for the season.

This Store has a frontage in King Street of 52 feet with a depth of 152 feet, and is 10 feet higher than any two-storey building in Kingston.

As a consequence, the building is lofty and cool—thus making the task of shopping a veritable pleasure, which can now be accomplished amidst charming surroundings.

ISSA’S retail Store is beyond doubt the finest in the West Indies, and the proprietors can be forgiven that feeling of pride in having added so strikingly to the architectural beauty of King Street.

Special attention has been given to the selection of every requirement for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

The best and most beautiful from London, Paris, and New York have combined to make the display the acme of perfection.

The name ISSA’S is destined to be synonymous with everything which is choicest and best in the shopping world, and which must necessarily become the rendezvous of every keen shopper of fashionable merchandise.

The management of the establishment is under the capable direction of Mr. ABRAHAM E. ISSA, and associated with him is a band of courteous and obliging assistants who are trained to anticipate every wish of the customer.

Mr. ISSA has specially studied the management of high-class stores in the world’s centres of fashion, and the experience gained will be utilized in creating a high standard of efficiency and service.

Watch for ISSA’S advertisements in the daily press—they are full of interest.

Your kind and esteemed patronage solicited.

ISSA’S RETAIL STORE.
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Rum."

Two hundred years ago, bold fearless pirates would swagger down the streets of Ancient Fort Royal, burst into her ill-reputed 'grog shops,' plank down bloody doubloons and pieces-of-eight, and yell—"RUM!"

To-day, with the daring deeds of Kidd and Morgan, faintly in our memories—To-day with the ghastly deeds of pirates forgotten, we still satisfy our finer tastes with Rum.

But years of experience in distilling and blending this spirit, (which until to-day is still carried out in the olden pot-still) has enabled us now, to produce a better and finer blend than any pirate ever knew—

CHARLEY'S
ROYAL RESERVE
"JAMAICA'S FINEST OLD RUM"

"WHITE LABEL"
"THE RUM THAT LEAVES NO ODOUR"

EDWIN CHARLEY
RUM, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
62-64 KING STREET,—KINGSTON, JAMAICA.
TIMBER-LADEN

(Continued from Page 99)

Captain Y — sent for the chief engineer and ordered him to pump out the main ballast-tank. I immediately warned the captain that if this was done the ship might turn turtle, but he said: "We must chance it!" The only other alternative was to discharge a portion of the deck-cargo.

After an hour's pumping it was decided to make another attempt to get away—and at the first movement of the tugs the X — slid quietly off the bank and rolled over to an angle of about forty degrees.

I was on the forecastle at the time, and, together with the carpenter and the seamen of my watch, I walked up and down the deck as if it was an everyday occurrence for the ship to behave in this fashion.

But the X — thought better of it, and after slowly listing over recovered herself, just as slowly, and finally steadied up with her deck at an angle of thirty degrees from the horizontal.

Just at that moment yells of distress were heard from the steamer. They came from one of the firemen who had been badly injured by loose coal falling on top of him when the ship heeled over. He was brought up on deck, and while preparations were being made to take him to the hospital, four of the other firemen came along and told the captain that they would not sail unless he discharged some of the deck-cargo. They further demanded leave to go on shore to see the British Consul.

At this juncture the harbormaster arrived on board. As he scrambled up the sloping deck to the cabin door, he overheard the firemen's request.

"That's all right, Captains," he said. "Pay them off, and I will bring a new gang on board."

After the captain, the chartered, and the firemen had gone ashore it was decided between the pilot and the tug-skippers that the X — should be towed to an anchorage in the Bay, where an attempt could be made to get her on an even keel. This was duly done, the crew meanwhile taking their stations at the high rail, ready to step over it if necessary.

But nothing happened. We got down to the Bay and anchored, and then the engineer started filling the ballast tanks again. Luckily the intake sea-corks were on the submerged side, otherwise this would have been impossible.

By six o'clock the evening three of the ballast tanks had been filled. The X —, however, still retained a list of about twelve degrees, and it was decided to leave it at that. Shortly afterwards Captain Y — came on board with five negro firemen to replace the men who had left, and at daylight next morning we hoove-up anchor and began our voyage toward the Strait of Magellan.

Shortly after we got away Captain Y —, whose health had been steadily getting worse, took to his bed, and the double duties of master and mate devolved on me.

The ship was deep laden, and our progress was slow. Nothing untoward happened, however, till we were off the River Plate. Here we ran into a norther, the wind shifting round to the southeast and blowing terrifically hard. The vessel had to be hove to for ten hours, and made very heavy weather of it, mainly owing to the tremendous dead-weight of water in the ballast-tanks.

I was on the bridge, watching the sluggish movements of the X — from the shelter of the canvas dodger, and wondering whether I had acted wisely in sending that deck-cargo so well, when I saw a gigantic foam-created sea rise on the starboard bow. I rushed to the telegraph and rang: "Stop!" in a forlorn hope that with her engines eased the ship might possibly meet the wave a little better; but it was useless. I had hardly got into the shelter of the wheelhouse before that towering mountain was on us. With a thundering roar a wall of green water broke across the fore and swept aft over the deck-cargo.

I could see that rushing torrent above the canvas dodger, and bent my head below the level of the glass pane, at the same time shouting to the helmsman to do the same. He was just a second late in obeying the order, and an instant afterwards the sea broke against the bridge, smashing it flat and bursting in the windows in the front of the wheelhouse, the broken glass cutting the quarter-master badly about the face and neck, while the water poured in and half filled the wheelhouse.

My first impulse, when I recovered my breath, was to struggle to the door—which, fortunately, opened outwards—and fling it open in order to release the water inside; then I blew my whistle for the spare hands who were sheltering in the gallery. Two of them assisted the wounded quarter-master to the saloon for first-aid treatment; the third man took the wheel.

This done, I had a good look over the fore-end of the vessel. To my surprise the deck-cargo was intact, but I was not satisfied. Above the noise and turmoil of that avalanche of water, I had been conscious of a jerk, or wrench—like something snapping or being torn apart—that seemed to come from the vitals of the ship. The thought of structural damage worried me, and I was considerably relieved when the chief engineer came up on the bridge and informed me that, except for a quantity of water in the stokehold, no damage had been done in his department.

I felt still further relieved when the steward reported that the mirror in the saloon had been cracked in several places, and that the panels were falling from their frames. "Perhaps that was what I felt," I thought, as I left the bridge to inspect...
the damage. "Let's hope it's nothing serious after all."

"The saloon of the X— was a deck-house, and examination of the cabin found the almost incredible fact that under the tremendous pressure of the water the whole forward end had shifted or slid aft, about four inches! The ends of the great logs had bulged the front plates inward and started over twenty of the rivets that held the house to the deck.

But this, although serious enough, was not a vital injury, and I had just got back on the bridged again, and was assailing the watch to clear the wreckage, when I saw one of the fenders lying over the top of the deck-head from the fo'c'sle and making signs to me to come to him. Watching my chance, I can alone the timbers and down the steps formed by the tiers of logs to the fo'c'sle door. The watch below, with blanched faces, were gathered in a crowd just inside the alleyway.

"What's the matter?" I demanded, and one of them silently pointed to my feet.

"Wonderfully I glanced down—and there was the explanation of the wreck I had felt as the great wave struck us! A three-inch crack yawned right across the deck, and every time the X— shipped a sea enough water poured down to sink the ship in an hour!"

"You can feel she's on her head already, sir," said one of the men. "What about getting the lifeboats out?"

"No boat could live in this sea," I told him. "Moreover, it is a hundred to one against us even getting them out safely!" With that I turned and went aft.

Instructing the steward to summon the chief engineer and second officer to the captain's cabin, I knocked at the door and went in.

Captain Y— was sitting up in bed.

"You have some bad news to report?" he queried anxiously. I nodded, but said nothing until the other officers arrived. I then explained exactly what had happened. The weight of water on top of the six hundred tons of timber forward had been too much for the steel deck, which had given way at the break of the fo'c'sle head. There is a three-inch crack extending right across the deck," I said. "Within an hour No. 1 hold will be full of water, and if the bulkhead at the strain of the ship will be no low by the head that she will be unable to live in the sea now running."

After some agitation Captain Y— suggested trying to cut the forward deck-carp away to lighten the ship, but the chief engineer shook his head. "It's impossible. I should say, in this weather," he said, and I agreed with him.

"Couldn't we pump out No. 2, the main ballast-tank, and so counterbalance the full No. 1 hold?" asked the second mate.

"Is that what I was thinking?" I rejoined. "If it doesn't capsize her, put in the Captain gloomily, and unconsciously parrying his own remark in Pensacola—I retorted: 'We've got to chance this for a change the crew!"

While the chief engineer went below with orders to set the main pump going on the ballast-tank and the low-pressure pump on No. 2 hold, I took the watch on the bridge, and anxiously awaited developments.

Meanwhile the second mate had gone to the fo'c'sle with some of the men to endeavour to lessen the rush of water into the crack with bags and oakum, but it was found impossible to attempt to block the rent, owing to the heavy seas that continually swept over the ship.

After half an hour I was cheered to see that the X— was making decidedly better weather of it, lifting and swaying more buoyantly over the heavy rollers. At five-thirty, when the chief engineer informed me that the main ballast-tank was empty, and that he thought they were holding their own with the leak (the sounding-pipe had been blocked up when the carpo shifted), I went below for a change and rest, charging the second mate, who relieved me, to "Nurse her!"

After changing, I lay down on the sofa and must have dozed off, for presently I was awakened by the rattle of crockery in the pantry, and an odd feeling that I was lying on the side of the ship.

Half-wake, and scarcely knowing whether I was on my head or my feet, I scrambled up on deck to find the X— listing heavily. Pulling myself to my feet, I hurried into the chartroom, and found that allowing for roll, the classometer showed a list of about twenty-five degrees.

Going into Captain Y—'s cabin, and giving him a rapid review of conditions, I next hurried to the bridge and learned from the second mate that in an extraordinary squall the ship's head had paid off and, before she could recover, she had listed over.

The fo'c'sle hands, I discovered, were all huddled together, being laughed at. When the ship headed they naturally thought that the deck-carp would soon go, and that it was a case of "now or never." The men were dimly aware that their lives were in danger. So, hastily grabbing what belongings they could, they had made their way to the safer shelter amidships.

YOUNGER'S MILK STOUT

is the standard by which all other Stout is judged.

STIMULATING & REFRESHING
yet without heaviness, its tonic properties are particularly beneficial to convalescents, and anyone in need of a "PIG-ME-UP."

Bottled at the Breweries Edinburgh.

LESLIE R. MORDECAI

158-160 HARBOUR STREET
SOLE AGENT & DISTRIBUTOR
WILLIAM YOUNGER & CO.

YIN ON TONG COMPANY,
THE IDEAL PLACE TO DEAL
128 Barry St., — Kingston.

The Success of your Business depends greatly on your Buying Saleable Merchandise at the lowest possible prices.
The popularity of our Firm is well known throughout the Island as the Largest and Cheapest House for Groceries, Confectionery, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Requisites, Haberdashery, Notions, etc.

We shall be only too pleased to prove to you that you cannot buy to any better advantage than buying from us.

THE COMMUNITY STORE,
93 King Street, — Kingston, — Jamaica.

A Better Store For Better Goods For Better People.

Please remember to give us a visit whenever you are in the city.
to the X — and her idiosyncrasies. Despite this fatalistic philosophy, however, I could not disguise from myself the probability of one of two things happening at any moment. Either the ship might roll completely over, or else the lashings of the deck cargo might part, and the logs, in going overboard, would tear out the bulwarks and hatchways, in which case we should speedily be on the bottom.

Meanwhile the X — was lying as comfortably (if such a description be permissible) as she had done since the had weather began. Feeling up to part, and with her "high," or starboard, side exposed to the weather, the decks were comparatively sheltered. But her roll was ominous.

A sinking, never-coming-back sort of feeling accompanied the lowering swallow, while the weather was a Jerky attempt to right herself. However, with oil bags out to windward, the position was tolerable, and little or no water, luckily, was getting down into hold. In deference to the wishes of the crew I had the two low-water boats swung out all ready for launching, and the men were allowed to sleep on the cabin floor.

I had the eight p.m. to midnight watch, which I kept in the wheelhouse with the quartermaster, maintaining a sharp look-out for passing vessels, as we were showing no lights. The middle watch I spent with Captain Y — in his cabin, occasionally going into the chartroom to look at the barometer, which remained persistently low. About six a.m., however, I noticed a distinct diminution in the force of the wind, the sky was temporarily worse, and once, at least the ship shipped a long wave, actually putting the bottoms of the swag-out boats in the water I thought she was a "gazer."

By nine o'clock next morning the weather had improved so much that before going to see what fare the steward had managed to put out for breakfast, I looked in at the captain's door and felt justified in saying, "We are going to live to fight another day, sir."

At eleven a.m. the chief engineer managed to raise sufficient steam to fill the ballast-tanks, and at three p.m. the X — was nearly upright once more.

Later on the Captain made two suggestions: The first was that I should take advantage of the fine weather to dump overboard the deck cargo — the source of all trouble. The second was that we should put into Monte Video, which was only some two hundred and fifty miles away, to repair the damage we had sustained. My reply was that if he chose to make either of these suggestions a direct order I would cheerfully obey, but that, left to myself, I would rather keep on.

I did not expect another head wind, I added, and I thought I could fix up the crack in the deck sufficiently tightly, by means of wedges and oakum, to withstand anything but a very heavy sea. It was finally decided, however, to proceed as we were, and I sent the carpenter and the hands to work to repair the three breaches in the forecastle.

This turned out to be a bigger job than I had thought. The fracture was across the fore-end of No. 1 hatch, which had subsided some six inches below the level of the deck. However, with wedges, oakum, cement we did the best we could.

The three following days were bright, but cloudy, and so overcast that we were unable to get any observations. On the morning of the fourth day I noticed that the barometer was falling rapidly, but this did not worry me so much as our inability to ascertain our position.

When the watch relieved me, I left orders to be called if the sky cleared overhead. Sure enough, an hour or so later he shouted for me, and I rushed on deck with the sextant. A transient patch of blue sky gave me a single chance to fix the altitude of a star. After waiting for some time for the chance of another shot, I took the data to the chartroom, worked it up, and plotted the position given on the chart.

To my surprise, this put the ship some one hundred and forty miles ahead of her position by dead reckoning. Going over my calculations a second time, without finding any mistake, I took the chart and the work-book to Captain Y — for verification, but he did not seem inclined to take me seriously.

He never had much use for stellar navigation, and now he told me it was no good taking any notice of a chance altitude obtained in that way. All of which may be very true, but I could not persuade myself that it was so. I was, to put it frankly, far from easy in my mind as to the ship's position. We were now steering for Corniche Point, on the northern side of the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, and if we missed it, in our crippled condition, the outlook was the reverse of pleasant.

By midnight the wind changed to dead astern, and next morning it was blowing a white gale. The X — ran well before the heavy sea, and but for the uncertainty of our position I might have been putting myself on the back for my wisdom in keeping the deck-cargo. As it was, I blamed myself for not throwing it overboard when I had the chance, for I knew only too well that if we were compelled to make an attempt to turn the ship round in our present condition it meant instant destruction for all on board.

When I relieved the bridge at four p.m. the wind was blowing a regular hurricane. The X —, however, was running and steering well, with a long majesty roll which told of the enormous top-weight she was carrying.

At four-thirty p.m., leaving the quartermaster on the look-out, I went to see Mr. B —, the chief engineer. I found him in the mess-room, and he greeted me cheerily.

"Hello, Halerow," he cried. "This is the wind we want, eh? You were right after all."

His mood changed, however, when I told him about my star-observation and its perplexing result.

"If my latitude is even approximately correct," I explained to him, "we are some thirty or forty miles to the eastward of our dead reckoning position."

"Which means," he cut in, "that we shall be smashed against Tierra del Fuego about six p.m.

"But I am by no means sure," I pointed out. "It was only a single sight, and hardly taken. I may not have got the horizon correctly."

"What does Captain Y — think about it?" asked the Chief anxiously.

"Captain Y — is an oldtimer, and doesn't believe in star-work," I said. "All the same, I think it might be well to reduce speed, so long as we don't upset the steering, and say nothing to Captain Y — about it."

"Right you are!" agreed the chief engineer. "I will reduce by ten revolutions at a time. Send me word when you are satisfied."

He was, as a thousand, was Mr. B —, and I went back to the bridge feeling more satisfied in my mind than I had a confidence. Little by little, without affecting the steering, the speed was reduced. I do not think I ever knew the wind to blow so hard, or so consistently, as it did that night. It was my watch from eight to twelve, and from ten to midnight the scene was absolutely appalling. The heavy-laden ship simply flew before the storm over an ocean that was a mass of smoking phosphorescence.

When the second mate relieved me at midnight I went into the chartroom, and to my surprise found Captain Y — there, fully dressed, studying the chart. He looked at me.

"She seems to be making up for lost time," he remarked.

WILLIAMSON BROS.
LIMITED
ESTABLISHED 1890.

IMPORTERS OF
Provisions and Hardware
of every description.

Builder's Materials,
Estate Supplies,
"Canuck" Stock Feed.

The Home of Reliable Goods"
"Yes," I replied. "That's it—— And I paused
"If what?" he demanded.
"If my star-sight was not correct, and if we are not too far ahead," I said at last.
"If you feel certain we are ahead of our reckoning," the captain went on, "let me know, and we will hear her to.
I looked at him in amazement; for the moment I thought his mind was unhinged.
"Captain Y——" I said earnestly, "in the way that's running the J—— wouldn't live long enough to turn round!"
"Nonsense!" he replied, roughly, adding: "If I decide to hear her to, I shall do so without asking leave of my officers!"
It was no use arguing with a sick man, and so I left him. The incident, however, had put a new fear into my mind; I went back and told the second mate that if Captain Y—— came on the bridge and talked about heaving the ship to, be was to call me at once.
This done, I retired to my cabin and lay down. For some time the steady roar of the wind kept me awake, but at last, I suppose, I must have dozed off. About two p.m. I woke up suddenly, with an odd feeling that everything was very peaceful. Just then I heard "one bell" strike, and a moment later the quartermaster rapped at the door.

"What's the weather like?" I asked, as I struck a match.
"Wind went half an hour ago. It is now calm, sir," he said.
Up on the bridge it was pitch-dark. Still worried about our position, I told the second mate to run down and instruct the chief engineer to go dead slow; I did not want to disturb Captain Y—— by ringing the telegraph.
When he had gone I took the glasses and tried to peer into the blackness ahead, but it was quite useless. Then I looked stern, studying the big following seas, and asked myself if it was safe to turn the ship round.
"No," I thought. "It's too risky. I will wait until five a.m. I wish to goodness I hadn't taken that blessed star-sight!" Probably it was quite wrong, and had only caused me to worry myself unnecessarily.
Suddenly, through the intense darkness, I seemed to catch sight of some object over our bows, and almost involuntarily I rapped out: "What was that?"
The quartermaster at my elbow started nervously. "Looks like something ahead, sir," he answered.
I held my breath; and for an instant I fancied I heard the sound of breakers. Putting the glasses to my eyes once more, I looked ahead and upward. Just one glimpse I took, but that was sufficient. I saw an inky-black line—the contour of towering cliffs—just over the fore-crowntree!
Rushing to the telegraph, I frantically swore the handle over twice, and then let it rest at: "Full speed astern!" Then I dashed for the ladder and ran down the engine-room skylight: "Astern for your lives! We are on the rocks!"
When I got back to the bridge I found Captain Y—— there, fumbling at the telephone.
"Leave that alone!" I shouted roughly, and with that I felt for the whistle-hayward and set the siren hoisting its loudest: I might as well give the men a chance, I thought.
By this time my eyes had got used to the darkness, and I could trace the outline of those awful cliffs. It seemed an age before the ship's forward way was stopped, and soon I could plainly see a line of breaking foam, and realized that we were heading into a V-shaped opening between two towering cliffs.
I was wondering daily if the J—— was ever going to stop, when the welcome sound of the engines going astern—chug, chug, chug—came to my ears. And all the time, although I made no answer, Captain Y—— kept on asking me if I had gone mad, or what was the matter.
(Continued on Page 192)

---

Leyland & Harrison Lines
Operating a Joint Direct Service
Sailings Every 10 Days
FROM
Liverpool and Glasgow
TO
Kingston, New Orleans and Mexican Ports

CARGO ACCEPTED FOR
New Orleans, Mexico & Liverpool

For Rates and other Particulars
Please Apply to
ARNOLD L. MALABRE & CO.,
Agents Leyland & Harrison Lines,
Kingston.

---

It will be to your advantage to place your Orders for all classes of Dry Goods with:

S. N. SHOUCAIR,
WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MERCHANT.

NEW MERCHANDISE
ALWAYS: Very Best Terms Lowest Prices.
YOUR SOLICITATIONS ARE WELCOME.
Quotations on Application.

Write — — P.O. Box 227 Kingston
Phone — — No. 469.

---

Petroleum Products

GASOLINE
AVIATION SPIRIT
KEROSENE OIL
(ILLUMINATING & POWER)
GAS OIL
DIESEL OIL
FUEL OIL
ROAD-MAKING MATERIAL

Ship's Bunkers ex Pier or ex Lighter
WE CAN ADVISE ON LUBRICATING PROBLEMS
THE SHELL CO. (WEST INDIES) LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA.
What Does the Future Hold for You?

WILL your old age be one of misery and strife or one of peacefulness?

There is no better provision for a peaceful old age, as well as for your descendants when you are gone than an Endowment or a Life Insurance Policy in a well established Company.

Therefore see that you are making this provision while you can by taking out your Insurance Policies in

The North American Life Assurance Company of Toronto, Canada.

All claims are settled locally by the Agents.

LIVINGSTON & ALEXANDER,
20 Duke Street,
Kingston, Jamaica.

Are You Free from Anxiety?

I'N'T make yourself at ease by carrying an Insurance Policy in

THE
Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society Ltd. of Norwich, England.

This company will set your mind at rest in regard to Fire, Motor, Burglary, Personal Accident, and Disease, Third Party Drivers' Liability and Fidelity Guarantee Insurances.

Write or call on the Local Agents at once and take out the Policy you require; and remember that in going to this Company you are going to an old established Company, and that you will not have to wait months for the settlement of your claims, as all claims are settled locally.

LIVINGSTON & ALEXANDER,
AGENTS
20 Duke Street,
Kingston, Jamaica.

---

Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 97)

Mr. Seymour again. John was genuinely glad also to see this man. But, as he took the letter from his hands, he remembered that Cudjoe too knew a great deal about him, knew how he had hidden from Cap- tain Thornton in the Lebanon Cave, knew that he was a fugitive and perhaps was only arrested by his loyalty to Elizabeth, and perhaps by his fear of her, from denouncing him. Seymour, to the authorities, Elizabeth's letter was very brief and began abruptly:

"Come round to the house at four this after- noon. Don't fail: your freedom and life depend on your coming. If by any chance I am not in when you come, wait for me. Cudjoe will be there. Enter the yard by the lane gate, not by the door in Church Street. Remember, your life depends on your doing as I ask. Elizabeth"

He wondered, what did this mean? She was in deadly earnest, he knew. Had she discovered that somebody had found out something about him? What could she mean? He read the letter twice over, then wrote a brief answer: "I will be there at the hour mentioned. I am sorry I spoke to you as I did this morning." He meant this, he saw sorry. Maybe his sorrow was a consequence of his realiza- tion that his only hope lay in Elizabeth. Maybe he had recognised at last that, without her, there was no escape for him from the coil in which his own actions, as well as circumstances, had placed him.

But, maybe also, he was genuinely sorry that he had spoken to her as he had done, for there were still sparks of decency, impulses toward gentleness conduct, in Seymour; he had not gone so far as to delight in villany or to collude when acting like a scoundrel. He could feel shame. He could wish to be something better than he was. Then, too, he cared for Elizabeth. He knew that now, more certain- ly than ever before, and he brooded over his treatment of her this last time. He cursed himself for it, reviled himself. He wondered how he could have done it.

Why had he done it? Why had he spoken words to such a woman, words that a woman of her depth of feeling might never forget? He would forgive them, yes; already she appeared to have done so. This note of hers, it was not to warn him, to help him, to save him? That was how it appeared to him; surely it could have no other meaning. Poor c’bock, she said, and he would be at the

Church Street house at that hour... His freedom, his life, depended on that, she had written. Then what had happened? He was agitated now, suspicious, hus- banded in mind. He could not think clearly. "This afternoon must decide many things, and one would be his future course of action.

It would decide whether he should give up Eliz- abeth or Joyce, and what he must do if he gave up Elizabeth. He cared for Elizabeth but he felt that he loved Joyce.

That was the awful curse of it—both women were dear to him! Only, suppose Joyce did not want him: after all, what did he know of her feeling to- ward him? Just nothing. And might it not be merely the feeling of an acquaintance? Might he not have been making a fool of himself over a girl who never gave him a thought? Why had he not thought of all this before... ?

It was past three o'clock on that same day when Elizabeth walked up the steps of Headquarters House, the home of the General Commanding the Forces in Jamaica, and asked to be shown to Gen- eral O'Conner. She had wished to see him, she said to the orderly, on very important business, business concerning the safety of the Island. The man looked at her dubiously. She slipped a Spanish gold coin into his hand, and that was to him eloquent testi- mony that she desired to see the General on matters of very great public consequence indeed.

He took her message in. General O'Conner was surprised at her urgency, but disposed to refuse her request. After all, he could not see everybody who wished to interview him, and he had never heard her name before.

But he sent an Aide to talk to her, and the few words she said to that Aide sent him back quckly to the General. In a few minutes she was shown into General O'Conner's office.

This was to the north-west of the building. The General sat at the middle of a table covered with papers. His back was to the western wall of the room, an open door was to his right, to his left sat an orderly secretary in uniform. There was an orderly secretary sitting at the door. The Aide-de-Camp who had spoken to Elizabeth now introduced her into this apartment.

"Miss Morgan," he said, and the General, bow- ing, asked her to be seated.

Across the table he glanced keenly at her, not- ing her well-defined features, her beauty, her self- possessed manner. He did not remember having seen anyone in this country looking quite like her. She bore herself like a great lady. She was endowed with distinction.

"You wish to see me, I understand, about a spy here, and also about Three-fingered Jack, the high- wayman. What do you know about them?" asked the General.

"They are one and the same person.

"Do you mean that the spy is a black man, and that Three-fingered Jack, who was once supposed to have been killed, is that spy?"

"No; Three-fingered Jack was really killed, and saw his body. I live very near to the mountain he used to hide in, you see, and so I know all about him. That Three-fingered Jack who attacked Colonel Breakspear on the Windward Road is really a white man, a white man by the name of John Hunty Sey- mour, who impersonated Three-fingered Jack by

(Continued on Page 107)

TIMBER-LADEN

(Continued from Page 95)

Very soon, under the impulse of the reversed engines, the ship was moving astern. But would she clear? On our starboard quarter I noted an out- lying rock over which the sea was breaking in a fury of phosphorescent foam.

"Hard a-starboard!" I commanded, and the ship obeying her helm, dodged that deadly rock-ferry by a matter of feet.

By this time the whole of the crew were on deck, vastly excited, as you can imagine, but just at that moment I was only thinking of one thing and one man. Seizing a young seaman by the arm I said: "Tell Mr. B... to keep on going astern, but that we are safe.

We backed off for over two miles; then we lay-by and waited for daylight. When the dawn broke we could see the jagged line of the Tierra del Fuego cliffs, looking for all the world as if they were cut out of tin, extending, gashent and dotted, as far as the eye could reach. My observation, taken on that single star, had been only too correct!

That afternoon, with hearts full of thankfulness we passed Cape Furti Santa, and the following night, safely arrived at our destination, I enjoyed the first sound sleep for four weeks.

Next morning I was awakened by the sound of much swearing in bad Spanish floating down my ventilator. It was the stevedores cursing the "gringos" who had lashed that deck-cargo so well!
The Recognised Headquarters for Motorists

34-38 Church Street
Kingston
Jamaica

KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE

Being Headquarters for:

1. FORD MOTOR CARS: The cars which give you everything you want or need in a modern automobile at the minimum price.
2. FORD MOTOR TRUCKS: The trucks universally used in Jamaica, and best suited to the needs of the island, both for the large and small man.
3. LINCOLN MOTOR CARS: America's best.
4. ROYAL CORD TYRES: Tyres which give entire satisfaction to all.
5. ROYAL TUBES: Inner Tubes which are always reliable.
6. GENUINE FORD BATTERIES: Moderate in price and like Ford cars the best.
7. RAYBESTOS BRAKE LINING: Always ensure safety.
8. CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS: The plugs which never miss-fire.
10. GASOLINE SERVICE.

Habits Once Formed Are Not Easily Broken Off, So Form
The Good Habit of Making Your Headquarters at The

KINGSTON INDUSTRIAL GARAGE,
34-38 Church Street
(Opposite Jamaica's War Memorial.)

Kingston, Jamaica.

For all your motoring requirements,
including Repairs

THE HOUSE OF INTEGRITY.
The Manor House Hotel
Constant Spring P.O.

Charmingly set in beautiful and extensive grounds, six and a half hundred feet above sea level, offers first class accommodation, six miles from Kingston. Delightfully cool all the year.

Quiet, select and a favorite resort for those seeking rest, offering first-rate facilities for recreation, including:

GOLF—Links adjoining the grounds.
DANCING, TENNIS, BATHING
Charming Walks, Motor trips to all places of interest in the island.

TERMS VERY MODERATE
APR.
Proprietors:
CAPTAIN & MRS. RUTTY
Phone 234.

Morgan's Daughter
(Continued from Page 16)

blackening face and hands. He too has lost a couple of fingers and so—"

"By God, I see so!"

The explanation came from the General. He had heard of the revival or reappearence of the black highwayman; something about a spy, a desperer, naming the name of Huntly, had also come to his bearing. He had not given either matter much atten-
tion; the hunting down of the highwayman was not his business, but that of the civil authorities, which was under the command of Huntly, he had been con-
ssequently told that there was nothing in the report about him. But it seemed that there was. The young man with the calm, decisive voice and sit-
ttingly air apparently knew all about the man. Any rate, she spoke very positively about him.

"Could you give me some details?" he asked courteously, and his secretary prepared to write down the facts. Elizabeth might say:

"I will, but you must give me a written admis-
sion, General; that I come to you of my own accord to tell you of this man."

"Is that necessary?" asked the General.

"Yes, yes, I have known or known a good deal about Huntly for some time, but haven't spoken up to now. I—I wanted to be sure. But now I am sure and have come to you, there may be people to ask why I didn't speak sooner. As a mat-
ter of fact, no harm has been done by my not saying anything sooner, and it was best to wait and watch and see if all the truth possible. If I had come to you precipitately, that might have proved to be a great mistake."

"Is that your only reason for wishing the writ-
ten statement?" asked General O'Connor, a puzzled look in his face.

She hesitated, then replied.

"Well, I believe there is a reward offered both for Three-fingered Jack and for a spy; and this man is both. I could not say that I had captured him, but if you will give me a paper showing that it was I who led to his capture, that would help me. I think I am entitled to that much, General."

"I suppose you are," agreed the General dryly. Somewhere he felt disgusted that so fine and striking looking a young woman should be playing debater for the purpose of reward. Not that he altogether believed that she was doing this thing for money. Women of her type did not betray black men for money. There was something else; but she her-
self had supposed that money had to do with her action. There was a note of contempt in his voice as he bade the secretary write the admission which Elizabeth had demanded.

He read it over, signed it, and handed it to her.

"Now your story," he said.

She told it to him quite frankly, with varia-
tions from the truth. She said that on the night when Captain Thornton had been taken, Huntly had taken refuge in her yard, but had proclaimed from the first that he was a white man in trouble, one who had been mistaken for Three-fingered Jack. She had saved him, knowing quite well that he was not Three-fingered Jack, whose body she herself had seen; indeed, she had seen the man himself once. It was only after that, that she had had reason to suspect that Huntly was a spy. Captain Thornton had said so in her house,Oh, yes, she knew Captain Thornton. But she had not given credence to the story then. So she had continued to help Huntly. She had recently felt, however, that she should do no longer; hence she had come to denounce him to the military authori-
ties.

"And have you found out that he was really a desperer as the man called Burt alleged?"

"He has admitted to me that he was."

"You seem to have taken a long time to make up your mind to denounce this man; you seem to have given much help and succour to a criminal and one of the King's enemies. Do you know that you are liable to prosecution?"

"Even if I am a witness against him? To only witness you have?"

"I don't know if your evidence can be taken. I don't know if it is legal."

"Even so, she answered steadily, "you would never have known about him, and what he really is, but for me. I have your written statement to that effect. Have I done your Government no ser-
vise?"

"I don't say that. I myself think you have; I am satisfied, at any rate, to deal with this man as a spy. I don't know what the Government will say about you; but I have power under Martial Law to arrest him. Where does he live in Kingston?"

"He lived at Blandell Hall up to this morning. But he knows I am in Kingston and he suspects that I am going to report him; so he has gone up to the place he stopped at the day after he robbed Colonel Breakspar. I had him traced there this afternoon. She mentioned where the horse dealer lived, and gave the General his name. The Secretary wrote down this statement."

"You say that Captain Thornton knows him?" asked General O'Connor.

"Yes, he knows him very well as John Huntly, but not, of course, as Three-fingered Jack."

"The strangest tale I have heard for a year," commented the General grimly. "We shall try and take him this afternoon; we shall send for him at once. Will you be available tomorrow?"

"Yes." She gave her city address. "I shall be at your service."

"Very good. There will undoubtedly be a re-
ward for Huntley as well as for Three-fingered Jack, and you shall probably have the two."

"The General nodded his head, to indicate that the interview was at an end; his courteous manner had given place to one strictly official. He went more and more against the grain for him to have to deal with a woman, young and lovely to look at, who was so willing to betray someone who had trusted her. "And who may be trusting her still," thought the General.

"A moment," he exclaimed, as she was rising to

leave. "I remember that Captain Thornton is at duty here this afternoon. Perhaps I had better have him in and then send him to arrest the man you speak of."

He wished to test her story and also to make sure that he chose the best instrument for capturing a character who was evidently both wily and desper-
ate.

Obdurate to his summons, Captain Thornton soon appeared. He stood stiffly to attention, gave General O'Connor the officer's salute and then permitted him-
self to glance sideways at Elizabeth. A look of sur-
prise and astonishment leaped to his eyes. The Gen-
eral suppressed a smile.

"You know Miss Morgan, I think?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, this is her tale," and the General sum-
marised the salient points of Elizabeth's story in a very few words. "This man is now, in all prob-
ability, at the Halfway Tree Lodging House where he has sheltered before. He is a desperate character. Take some care with him, and bring him down to Kingston. If he resists, you will use your arms, of course."

"Yes, sir; but if you will permit me —"

"Yes."

"This man, Huntly, lives at Blandell Hall. He

The Garden Grocery
Henry Fung Prop.
Corner Church & Barry Streets,
Kingston.

Wholesale & Retail.
may be there now. At least it is worth going there first instead of all the way to Halfway Tree."

"This informant," said the General, indicating Elizabeth, and shewing by the use of the word "informant" his secret opinion of her, has positively assured us that Huntly has left Kingston for the neighbouring parish, but I see no reason why you should not use your discretion in this matter, Captain Thornton, so long as you don’t fail this time. If you, think it would be useful to enquire for Huntly at Blenheim Hall, before going up to Halfway Tree by all means do so. The place isn’t far from here."

"Very good, sir."

Captain Thornton saluted and left the room after giving a keen glance at Elizabeth. To say that he was amazed is to say little. He could not understand this thing, but he realised quite clearly that both Huntly and Elizabeth had been making a perfect fool of him. "They must have quarrelled," he thought, as he went out to set forth upon his errand, "and now she has denounced him. Great God! And that is the fellow I introduced to Joyce Birkbeck, the daughter of the man Huntly robbed! What will they think of me when they know the truth?"

He rode away in a vicious frame of mind.

About the same time Elizabeth, mounting her horse, which a slave had been holding for her outside of the military headquarters, went off in the direction of her house in Church Street.

It was now half past four o’clock.

CHAPTER TEN

She rode back quickly, as one who has not a moment to spare. She turned into the lane upon which her back yard opened, threw herself off the horse and entered the yard by means of the wicket-gate. There she called to one of the men who had ridden over with her from Morgan Castle and gave him some directions in a clear and peremptory voice.

The other man was Cudjoe; he was waiting for her in the yard. She asked him a question and he replied; to him too she gave some instructions when he had not previously heard before. He nodded as though he had already made all the necessary arrangements.

Then she ran into the house.

She went into the front room, the long parlour in which John had first met Captain Thornton. There she found John waiting for her, as she had just been told that he was.

The room was dusty and had a musty smell, the smell of a place deserted, the heavy odour of a manorship: into it even the searching sunlight of the tropical city did not penetrate. For the window and door were closed and bolted, and no one had opened them even when Seymour, entering through the same gate as Elizabeth, but a little while before her, had been shown into this room and informed that the mistress of it would be there within a few minutes. He had suggested that the window might be thrown open. But Cudjoe had begged to be excused from doing that; he had been expressly ordered not to do so, he explained.

John was standing when Elizabeth came in. The dust on the chairs was too thick to invite a more comfortable posture.

She wasted no time on preliminaries. She was not now the calm and self-possessed young woman of the morning; she had thrown off restraint, was quick, sharp, decisive, intent on instant action. She perceived this in her swift manner, heard it in the hard impact of her heels upon the floor as she crossed the room. And her first words confirmed his impression.

"We must leave Kingston at once, John; there is not a moment to be lost. The military authorities know who you are and are hunting for you."

"The devil!" he exclaimed, incredulous and yet a little startled too. It was easy for him to guess that she was striving to get him to ride back with her to St. Thomas. Yet there might be more in what she said than he was disposed to believe. And he had not expected anything like this.

"Yes; it is the devil. The truth is known now. Jack. General O’Connor knows that you are a deserter and that you have been Three-Fingered Jack. There is no safety for you in Kingston, but we can get away easily if we start at once. Our horses and men are waiting outside."

---

**Moneague Hotel**

Built on a most commanding site on the hills of St. Ann, 1,216 feet above sea level, it has an ideal climate with the thermometer very seldom going above 80 degrees in the shade and an average night temperature of 68 degrees.

**Good Table**

**Sports and Recreations**

For rates etc., apply to

**Ben C. Oliphant, Proprietor,**

**Moneague P.O., JAMAICA, B.W.I.**

Noe vehicle to Manchester should leave without spending some time at this Hotel.

---

**G. M. daCOSTA & Co.**

**Wholesale Provision Merchants**

**51 Orange Street, Kingston, Jamaica.**

---

**J. R. Brandon & Son**

**80 Orange St., Kingston, Jamaica**

The leading Wholesale Warehouse for

**FANCY GOODS, HABERDASHERY, LACES, ETC.**

Best Value and lowest prices.
COMING EVENTS—

SIX months ago, I was all run down. I had a bad cough and couldn’t afford cigarettes to cure it. I needed new shoes, a haircut, a suit and a car. I was pretty ill.

What you need, Pete Bumpus told me, “is infra-red on that throat. And then a long course of ultra-violet rays. They’ll make a new man out of you.”

“I got the machines,” Pete went on. “I’m gonna bring ‘em over tonight.”

Of course, I didn’t have a bit of faith in the things.

But, sir, six months later I was a new man. When Pete came back, my cough was gone. I had all the cigarettes I wanted, new shoes, a haircut, a new suit and a car.

“Still takin’ the infra-red rays?” asked Pete.

“No,” I confessed. “Never did.”

“Oh, then it was the ultra-violet did the work.”

Great stuff, those ultra-violet rays.

“No,” I said, “I couldn’t make that thing work.”

“Well,” said Pete, “if it wasn’t infra-red or ultra-violet rays made you like this, what kinda rays was it?”

“Salary raise,” I came back.

And that’s just what it was.—Yale Record.

A TESTIMONIAL

FRED HUGH SAM, Phone 1052 33 Princess Street, Kingston.

THE fancy picture appearing above is that of a little man who loves the great Napoleon and was proud to impersonate him at the Annual Children’s Carnival at Myrtle Bank Hotel in 1927. Little Albert Shoecair is only twelve years of age at present, but he possesses an adventurous spirit and is never so happy as when reading about the noted leaders of the past, and dreaming himself up to impersonate them. He got first prize at the Carnival mentioned, for his Napoleon was regarded as very good indeed. He is now at Wolmer’s School, later on he will probably enter business. We are certain that he will be a credit to parish. Albert was born in Jamaica. Perhaps in the after years he may acquire the title of a Napoleon of the business world.

M. A. SHOECAIR

FRED HUGH SAM.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL LUMBER AND HARDWARE DEALERS

114 HARBOUR STREET.

DEPARTMENTS

FURNITURE
CUT GLASS
CHINA
CARPET
LINOLEUM
SADDLERY & LEATHER GOODS
PAINTS & OILS
SANITARY FITTINGS
SHOE MAKER’S SUPPLIES

SOLE AGENTS FOR:

Aladdin Lamps
Red Star Stoves
Berger’s Matroll
Dane & Persontie Guns
Diamond Iroon
Western Cartridges
Peterlininia Wood Preservation
Teolin Emanuels and Varnish
Harrington & Richardson—Revolvers
Payette R. Plum—Hammers and Hatchets
Devoir & Reynolds—Paints
L. S. Starrett Co.—Mechanical Tools
Adams & Son—Crockery
Henry Diston & Sons—Saws, etc.

Robertson, Scott & Co., Ltd.

Kingston
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 100)

"You have, Jack. Thorton will not be back in Kingston for some time yet; we have fully three hours, and you have here to take care of me. I will purruse us, but we shall have a good start of them, and they will go on to Morgan Castle. They will not go back to the Maroon Town—for that is where we shall go to, Jack. My mother said it was next door to Morgan Castle. It was deserted. I sent them on yesterday when I came up to Kingston for you, I knew that we must act togeth-
er, and I have gambled on Jack; I know the principle of the game. I have put everything to the hazard—your life and mine. I hasten to do it, or I should have lost you—
I know that. Come with me. They will follow us; but by the time they have learned that we are with the Maroons, the Maroons will be in arms and attacking the plantations, and the slaves will be rising and burning the towns. Then we can appear in the Maroon Town the signal will go forth for the fight we planned, and we shall be irresistible. Jack, you shall be entirely free and the master of this country. But you must come with me—time is precious. Don't you see that, dar-
ing? To remain here is to court capture and death."

She paused, breathless, panting. What would he say?

He stood for a moment thinking. Then the reckless look which she had seen more than once on his face, the demented expression which she knew, and which she recognised as making her accu-
sion of him as a coward unjust and unfeeling, flashed over his face. Her fervour had again fired him; her love for him, leading her to risk every-
thing, even death in his hands, compelled a responsi-
ble thrill. She was again urging him to a desper-
ate course, to a gamble with death. He felt ex-
alted. He threw back his head and laughed. "By God, Barn!" he cried, "you are a devil in petticoats, the true child of your old practical ancestor! I should hate you for what you have done today, but I don't. You said a moment ago that I am a coward?

Well, you are going to see if that is so. I will go with you now, and—

Thus, spur, tramp—there was no mistaking that sound in the street. It was the march of a small body of men in brown shoes and stopping smartly together. Then came the word, "halt!" which rang out sharp and distinct for the whole neighbourhood to hear.

Both Seymour and Elizabeth glanced quickly at each other. Then Elizabeth ran to a closed window-
slab, and peeped out through one of the tiles.

In a flash she was back at Jack's side, her face drawn, her bosom heaving with agitation. "Captain Thorton, Jack," she whispered, "and the soldiers."

He was stepping in the direction of the window, when she held him. "The back gate," she mur-
mured, "we can go out by that, there is still time."

But as they turned towards the door leading out into the room towards the rear, Cudjee rushed in to them. There were three armed soldiers in the yard, he said, and they had seized the slave. Marquis. They hadn't noticed him, so he had come to warn Masie Seymour and Miss Elizabeth. What orders did they give?

It was Jack who spoke, Jack who now, as during and after the earthquake, had taken command of the situation. "Do nothing, Cudjee; don't say anything, he said quickly. "Go and wait and wait for Miss Elizabeth. They cannot harm her. You must see her back safely to Morgan Castle."

Cudjee was interrupted by a loud rapping at the front door, and a peremptory summons to open in the name of the King.

Cudjee withdrew; Elizabeth lifted terror-struck eyes to Jack's face. "Christ Jesus, darling!" she whispered, "what is this?"

"The end," he answered grimly. "The end for me. I suppose I deserve it; but they will not take me alive. I said I would show you I am no coward. Boss, and you will know that now. Good-bye, dearest, let us forget one another. Kiss me, and follow Cud-
jee, he will show you a moment."

He caught her to him and kissed her. Another loud rap resounded through the house. He kissed her again, then pushed her away from him. He stepped behind the table on which he had put his plaid, and drew from a concealed pocket another pistol. He glanced towards the door, which was now shaking under the blows showered upon it by the soldiers outside. He was standing at the northern end of the room, which was in deep shadow. He could hardly see clearly than he could be seen. Jack; "Go, Boss!" he ordered; but with a rush she flung herself at his side. "No, Jack!" she cried aloud, not seeing who held her. "We shall never part again."

There was more or less guessed what had happened. Captain Thorton had gone to Blandell Hall and made enquiries, had found that John Hunty, whom he had asked for, had left the lodging house some time ago, but was expected back. He had not given up his room. Then Captain Thorton had set out for Half-
THE FACT that we did import well over ONE HUNDRED BRITISH made Cars during the First year of our trading DOES prove that

BRITISH CARS

can compete with any foreign manufactured car, in design, performance and price.

That tremendous strides are being made by the British Motor Car Industry, is further proved by our recent amazing reduction in prices.

BUY BRITISH, BE BRITISH
AND TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

SEE
"The Three Aristocrats of Jamaican Motoring."

HILLMAN   HUMBER   AUSTIN

The British Motor Car Co., Ltd.,
111 HARBOUR STREET,
KINGSTON.
Morgan's Daughter

(Continued from Page 119)

fully of her, but her death was no part of his business. He would therefore endeavour to take or to kill the man without injuring the woman. This might be effected by attacking Seymour from the inside.

He whistled an order, and a soldier darted away and went towards the lane behind Elizabeth's house. The idea was that he, and the three men already in the yard, should enter the house by the back door, and aim at Seymour through an inner door that opened into the posterior hall and passage. The Captain concluded that, if the men were ordinarily careful, they might hit Seymour without hitting themselves, whereas a direct attack by them must necessarily have given him warning. They would draw Seymour's fire first without exposing themselves, then shoot him while he was reloading. And the man at the front door would, of course, be also endeavouring to attract the man's attention, and forcing him to waste his ammunition in their direction.

But where John stood, behind the little mahogany table, it was difficult for a bullet to reach him if fired obliquely from either door, and without the marksman exposing something of himself. Still, it was only a matter of time when he must be beaten. Escape was utterly out of the question.

He realized that the cessation of the attack was momentary only. He knew that some plan was being formed which would probably prove effective. He quickly dislodged the discharged pistol, and then looked at Elizabeth and smiled. She saw the smile, wistful but brave, and she summoned her spirit to her aid and forced an answer to her lips. She knew that this pathetic gesture was the sign and symbol of their complete reconciliation. He was about to die. And in his last moments he was smiling at her, and there was kindness and love in his face as he looked at her, although he knew it was her action that had brought him to this pass. She had smiled back at him, but now the tears sprang to her eyes, hot and blinding, and she murmured, "I have betrayed you to your death, darling, but I believe and hoped—"

"I understand," he answered, "and it will probably have been death anyway; if not here, then in the hills; so what does it matter? Don't worry, Rose, I am not angry with you. But I am afraid for you."

"And I am not afraid for myself," she answered. "We will go together, Jack."

The plug of a bullet and the report of a gun from the left-hand door, followed immediately by similar sounds from the right, warned them that the attack had recommenced. Another gun crashed in the interval they had caught the sound of cries, and shooting; vaguely into their minds there came a picture of a great motley crowd assembled before the house where this little battle was being fought out between a man and a woman and the regular soldiers of the Crown. They could surrender, and that for the woman meant life at least, for they must take into consideration what she had done to make the capture of Huntly possible, but, for the man it meant a certain and humiliating death. Seymour knew that he might attempt to save Elizabeth's life by surrendering; but knew well also that she would not have it so. He had just been something which caused him to realise more thoroughly, more intimately and vividly than before, the sort of woman who had determined to risk or ruin everything rather than give him up. He had drawn from their place of concealment beneath the bookcase skirts two pistols, and one of these he was holding now, ready to shoot at the first visible mark. She had made up her mind to make any surrender of her useless. She too would fight to the last. She would die as Henry Morgan would have died.

And a wild look was on her face, a wild glare in her eyes. She had qualified when the great earthquake had shaken the earth, but now that she was facing and fighting men her courage was at volcano last and death was mocked at as nothing. Like himself, at this moment, she was demented. "We have been outlawed to the last, Jack!" she cried, as rushing sight of a face peeping cautiously into the room from the front door, she fired. The man was not hurt, and his boldness had been rewarded. He had seen what he wanted to see—their exact position. Thrusting the long barrel of his gun through a ragged hole in the wooden wall of the house to the left, he fired. The shot struck Seymour in the chest. He sank to his knees, a dying man.

Elizabeth's scream rose piercingly above all other noises and told its tale. But the besiegers could not yet know who had been hit. They fired again, not aiming at anyone this time, and waited for an answer volley; none came. They heard the sound of a woman's sobs. There was no sound now. The man was down and the woman helpless.

Captain Thornton gave the word to the men to rush in and take possession. They were to follow him. Captain Thornton never liked it to be thought that he followed instead of leading. A few more blows on the panels of the door brought it down with a crash, and then, the Captain leading, the soldiers dashed into the room, to be met with a pistol shot that caught Captain Thornton in the shoulder, hurrying him back on the man behind. Elizabeth had lifted her second pistol and fired it point-blank at the approaching men. A soldier behind the Captain, seeing that the besieged were still fighting, fired in return. Elizabeth fell upon the body of Seymour.

"Jack!"—she sobbed. "Jack, I am coming with you. I said we wouldn't part again."

"Dear——"

His hand flattered towards her.

The soldiers lifted Elizabeth from him; both were dead.

The End.
PAPUA or New Guinea, as the world's largest island is variously called, has been very much in the public eye recently, owing to the sensational- rich goldfield discovered on the head-waters of the Markham River and also the mysterious story of a group of savages who live on the delta confluence of the Fly River, in which five hundred human beings were enslaved and worked as slaves by a large and powerful chief, and mystery, and today it remains a dark tract of the earth's surface in which only the man who knows and respects the strange rituals of the natives can wander with any degree of security.

One Dancing Dead

We naturally signified our eagerness to hear what "Pharaoh" could tell us, and eventually learned that in the channel of a river that originated somewhere in the big peak behind the village, and joined the Markham at a point where it was working a few miles farther up from our camp than we had ever known, gold was very plentiful. That gold, however, was guarded by the spirits of the dead chief, priests, and warriors who had made the tribe famous in former days.

Their remains rested in an old tupoo (fetish) house which had been built in the "ghost valley" by the people of long ago, but "came to life" whenever storm burst over the mountains. Apparitions, a well-known phenomenon of the district, could work by the priests and sorcerers he invariably comes to believe that there are certain things known to the members of those fraternities which are utterly beyond his philosophy. Then he cautions to inquire in mysteries he does not understand and—careful to remain on friendly terms with the tribe in whose domain he is wandering in search of gold—looks upon strange happenings as being quite ordinariness in that country. Occasionally, of course, a natural explanation of supposed "magic" presents itself.

There were six of us, all seasoned gold-seekers, panning out gold from the sands of a river which rose somewhere in a cloud-bleaching spur on the Owen Stanley and flowed down through unknown country toward the east central plateau, on which the present goldfields are situated. (How we got there necessitated too much writing to tell, and, in any case, our previous experiences have no bearing on this narrative.) A native village lay near, and we had become so friendly with the chief and his leading warriors that we often went in to barter for cultivated produce or to witness some ceremonial dance.

We knew sufficient of the common language of all mountain tribes to be able to understand most of what was said, and for their part the natives could always guess what we meant, even if we did not express ourselves correctly. The chief sorcerer was a very intelligent man, and had a very high opinion of us. He knew of the "magic" we could perform with the aid of some chemicals, an electric shocking-coll, a portable gramophone, and such other things, these consisting chiefly of sleight-of-hand tricks fairly well performed by one of our party who was known as "The Professor." On one day toward the end of our stay we presented our gramophone to the sorcerer. We intended to retrace our steps back over the range, and on our carrier "boys" would be quite heavily enough encumbered without bringing back such bulky impediments.

"Pharaoh," as my mate Mac had named the witch-doctor, was delighted; and when he had succeeded in winding it up, inserting a needle, and, finally, playing a record, his joy reached such a climax that our boys would have been laden with his return presents had we not adroitly evaded their obvious desire.

"Pharaoh," knew what white-men-fellows like us, or used to have played "God Save the King" several times over. "Hims gives this an' tell where ums get plenty much money. With that he ran into his quitly-built house and, bringing out a nugget of gold, weighing about three ounces, presented it to Mac.

"You are paying more than full retail price for that box of magic," laughed Mac. "It didn't cost half the value of your nugget when we bought it down in Sumaria.

"You like?" quizzed the man, who probably did not understand much of what Mac had said. "Pharaoh," put in "Sydney Charlie," another of our party, "most white fellows would run meet- ing all the devils in your country to get a few specimens like this! Where did it grow?"

"No fear devils!" gasped the native. "Him's magic make hims devils—"

"We believe you, old man," said Big Tassele.

"But we're not afraid of devils, or magic either. The magic in that little box beats everything in that these you or your priests can work; but, of course, if I thought you knew what I was saying, I shouldn't tell you that."

"Big Tassele was sometimes indiscreet, for natives of Papua are very quick in picking up the sense of words, and the sorcerer had the tips of the nail in contact with white men down in Sumaria.

"Hims know!" laughed the gramophone-player.

"What Pharaoh's present made me think more. Hims want white fellows meet devils, but in no tribune of whites or white fellows got lot more up river where hims tell."
H. M. KALPHAT, 58-60 PORT ROYAL STREET, IMPORTER AND EXPORTER - RUM BLENDER

I challenge any Blender to surpass my RUM BLENDS.

A. I.  
BLUE STRIPE  
WHITE STRIPE  
BLACK SEAL  
PLANTERS PUNCH.

Or any Importer to compete with CHAS. HEIDSEICK CHAMPAGNE TUBORG BEER—PEACOCK BEER LYONS SPARKLING SODA PERFECTION WHISKY GROUSE WHISKY.

"Very likely," agreed Mac. "But it must have been taken away a long time ago, for, according to the sorcerer, the people are too frightened to come here nowadays. It strikes me Pharaoh must have some game in his mind; maybe he knows the value of gold better than he pretends, and has invented the story of dead men who come to life in order to keep others away."

"There's a mighty powerful storm working up over the top of that peak behind us, I reckon," observed Sydney Charley, "just watch those clouds banking up! We'd better get into some kind of shelter before sundown."

"We might be able to camp inside the old topoo house—if we can find it," I put in. "I'd like to see the dead warriors coming to life!"

"Big Tansie" made some comment as to the nature of the valley we had entered, pointing out a cloud of dust that it narrowed considerably just ahead, and that a tropical rainstorm might cause the water draining from the mountains to fill the channel completely and seriously impede our progress.

We finished lunch, sent our boys ahead, and resumed our journey. Fit less than a mile the trees flanking the water-course had disappeared, and soon after we were in a gorge which led directly toward the base of the peak. The sky overhead was now black; the birds had ceased their chattering; and from the oppressive warmth we knew that a storm of unusual severity would probably break before sundown. We still found signs of gold in every boulder we knapped with our picks, and it was evident that there was an extremely rich reef must have been cut through by the creek. One point is certain—any rain will make the water run higher up.

Mindful of the storm, we kept looking for a place where we could shelter, and, finally, finding a small hollow, negotiated a gloomy ravine, in the almost dry pools in the bottom of which weird reptiles and other creatures of a kind we had never seen before splashed lustily. Just as we were emerging into a deep, cup-shaped depression where the banks of the stream and on the peak and its shoulders, our carriers came running back towards us shrieking and gesticulating. They had discarded their loads.

"Blow up there!" roared Big Tansie, angrily. "What's all this about?"

"Tepoo! Tepoo!" screamed "Hungry Billy," our chief boy. "Big tepeo dah! (etchet house) up there. It am filled with mighty big dead warriors. They livin' devils when storm comes. Hungry Billy no want see 'em!"

"You silly coastal boy!" interrupted the "Professor," reprovingly. "Dead men can't harm you. The story you have heard from the people of the village is greatly exaggerated. There is good gold in this stream, and we are going to camp here——"

But the terrified boys rushed past us before the "Professor" had finished admonishing them, and we sat down and laughed. We knew the superstitious natives would keep on running till they reached our old camp, and would there await our return—if they did not come back to us voluntarily before sundown, having recovered their wits. Meanwhile, Silent Ted had gone ahead.

"I can't say I blame the poor beggars for gettin' scared," I said, when the cessation of all noises indicated that the retreating natives were out of earshot. "The place may be rich in gold, but it is quite eerie enough to give one the creeps."

"You're right," returned Mac, thoughtfully. "I'm not sure that old sorcerer of a magic-man ex- pected we should dare to come. Many things might happen in that gloomy gorge that wouldn't be natural anywhere else."

"Mac is speakin', boys?" cried Big Tansie do- ggrily. "But what about somethin' to eat? The boys have left our stores somewhere upstream and we can't very well get back to camp tonight. We had better pick up our grub before the storm bursts. Anyhow, we can't afford to leave our packs to the spirits."

Just at that moment "Silent Ted" who never spoke an unnecessary word, came back from his re- reconnaissance. "Tepoo house!" he ejaculated, point- ing ahead. "No other place for camp."

Reluctant to fret, we followed Ted, and presently found ourselves standing beside a long wooden erection built partly on the banks of the stream and partly on the piles extending well out over the water. The walls were matted and the gabled roof thatched; a huge, carved, wooden mast, resembling a crocodile with four outspread wings, surmounted the apex of the gable. The packs the boys had thrown away in their fright lay in a heap on the ground close by, and a partly-drawn mat in the wall of the edifice showed that our carriers had summoned up enough courage to peep inside.

As we approached a vivid flash of lightning split the blue-black clouds above. There was no time to waste if we wanted to dodge the storm, so we flung our stores inside, and hurriedly collecting some dry twigs and leaves, and filling our billies with water, gave a last look round at the black sky and the towering mountainside and entered the topoo house through the matted doorway. A mo- ment later the clouds discharged a positive deluge of water, and complete darkness enveloped every- thing.

Thankful that we had found shelter in time, we unpacked by matchlight, paying little heed to the moist odours of the interior. None of us was afraid of an old topoo house or the grisly relics it might contain. Presently "Silent Ted" found one of the sacred hanging lamps (large, carved, half-globular vessels of wood, filled with fat, in which shrouds were inserted) and lit it. As the wicks splintered and smoked the "Professor" crept for and found other lamps, which he also lit.

It was some time before much light emerged from the evil-smelling smoke, but as we stood to- gether on the sparsely floor near the door, watch- ing, the smoke gradually dissolved into a greenish flame, and the apartment became almost brilliantly illuminated. We gazed round with curious feelings.

On three sides of the big room were figures, rudely carved and burnt out, supposed to represent the devils and deities of the tribe we had fraternized with over in the village. There was also a litter of discarded head-dresses of departed warriors, heaps of pierced spongy shells, some of them stuffed with pearls (probably plunder taken from coastal tribes at one time or other), and piles of human bones.

It was the fourth side, however, that attracted our attention. Here stood a row of skeletons and fully-garbed figures, grasping in their bony clutches the weapons and symbols of their past glory as war- riors or priests. In the eyewockets of those that were not wearing fearsome masks were pieces of coloured shell representing eyes, and all the figures were held in an upright position by flour troughs which strapped them to the ceiling and floor.

"We seem to have struck a mighty fine Cham- ber of Horrors," commented Sydney Charlie. "These fellows have been a long time dead."

"The priests who reconstructed some of these skeletons were very skilful," murmured the "Pro- fessor" who was examining one closely. "All the bones are held in place with woven hair.

"They look pretty ghastly, but won't cause me to lose my appetite," grunted Mac. With that he went back to the door-end of the house and, with Silent Ted assisting, began to cook something on the fire the latter gentleman had recklessly kindled on the bamboo floor. The rest of us, after a tour of inspection which gave us cause to be amazed at the clever work of the men who had built up the figures (Continued on Page 177).
Two New
Motor Car Achievements

THE NEW DE LUXE PHAETON
This Car, newly added to the Ford line, has achieved distinguished favour because of its low, fleet lines, beautiful colours and attractive sport treatment. To an unusual degree it combines style and utility. Front seats are of the individual folding type—the driver’s seat is adjustable. **UPHOLSTERY IS OF GENUINE TAN-COLOURED LEATHER.** A side fender well carries the steel spoke spare wheel. Trunk rack, cowl lights and all other equipment illustrated above is included as standard. Top and top boot are of light coloured material.

THE NEW DE LUXE ROADSTER
The New Ford De Luxe Roadster is an unusually attractive type for those who seek the advantages of Ford performance in an open car. The specially designed sport top is of tan-coloured material. Top bows are natural wood. Upholstery including rumble seat is **GENUINE TAN-COLOURED LEATHER.** Fender well, trunk rack, rear view mirror, cowl lamps, windshield wiper, full length bumpers, top boot, and five steel spoke wheels in colour to harmonize with optional body colours, are standard.

Kingston Industrial Garage,
34-38 Church Street
(Opposite War Memorial)
Kingston.
COLUMBUS DISCOVERED JAMAICA, B.W.I.

......YOU CAN DISCOVER THE NEW CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL

HERE you will find a half million dollar treasure of comfort and convenience...the finest of old-world hospitality in a new setting. Yes, the New Constant Spring Hotel shall be the toast of The Spanish Main.

The picturesque open-air cafe...the private 18-hole golf course...170 acres of hotel grounds...every room with its own bath and private porch...everything combines to make your visit at The New Constant Spring unforgettable. An outstanding dance orchestra, will provide dancing every night...and concert music for lunch and dinner. Room accommodations are on the American Plan.

The hotel will be under the management of the United Hotels Co...whose 24 hotels in the United States and Canada are world famous for their hospitality. Mr. Charles Cameron will be resident manager of The New Constant Spring. He understands to the last word the business of making guests comfortable.

Plan now to visit The Constant Spring as often as possible. Make it your island club. Write Mr. Cameron for a copy of the fascinating booklet on this newest West Indies resort.

THE NEW CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL

KINGSTON, JAMAICA
The Dancing Dead
(Continued from Page 11)

so well, returned to the doorway and sat down to satisfy a hungry hunger. While we dined the storm increased in violence, and we could hear the rain beating down on the thatched roof like small shot from guns. But we were under cover, dry and comfortable, and had plenty to eat, so we did not worry. The meal over, Mac and I swept the remains of the fire through the spaces between the spars on the floor into the water beneath, when I noticed for the first time that the river had risen considerably, the sound of the torrent being unmistakable.

We sat and talked, played cards for a time, and listened to Mac's efforts on his beloved flute. Meanwhile, the storm seemed to be getting worse and worse; the thunder and lightning were appalling! At length, we all sat out on the floor and went to sleep, the roar of the swollen river underneath the house being the last sound I heard.

"Get up, boys! There's something wrong!"

From dreams of far-away Scotland I awoke with Big Tassie's words ringing in my ears. For a moment I imagined I was either in the throne of a wond'rous nightmare or else had arrived in Hades! The others were also awake, and their gibing remarks were forceful if not particularly edifying. My senses quickly became normal, and I realized that the dead men in the tapiis house had actually "come to life."

In front of us, contorting their face-horns, rolling their shell eevs, shaking their plumed heads and shuffling their bony feet in a horrid dance, the army of the dead were holding a revelry! Some waved their weapons and shook their poised spears threateningly, others struck snake-like drums with their bony fingers! Meanwhile the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the deep boom of the torrent under the floor told that the storm-water had now filled the river channel completely.

"I've gone mad!" wailed the "Professor." "See that priest grinning at me!"

"If those devils are alive they're bound to feel loud!" roared Big Tassie, and with the words he raised his revolver and fired at a fully-dressed masked figure who was beating out a tattoo with one skeleton foot and waving a "sorcerer's" horn. The shot went through the old priest's fibre dress and broke a string of shell-beads and teeth bouncing from the long-skirted, scattering the shells among the feet of the other dancers. The figure, however, went on with his dance as though nothing had happened.

For a moment we gazed on the weird scene associated with horror. Our brains refused to act. Then:

"Come on, boys! Let's clear!" shouted someone—and thereupon six armed white men sprang through the doorway and out into the darkness of night. The downpour of rain had suddenly ceased, and the moon was showing through a rift in the cloud.

Next morning we walked into the village of our friends. We had already collected the drowned-out corpses of the boys from our old camp and, allowing them to think that their desertion was the cause of our return in the early hours of the morning, hurriedly packed up. Our nerves were unstrung; our only desire was to get back among living white men.

"I'm back!" was playing his gramophone at the entrance of his house as we passed. His face showed no glee, but it struck me it was high time he chucked the needle.

"Hims been look for white fellows," he cried as he saw us. "Big storm last night. Big feast to-night. You come with warriors no' hims an' we dead men live again in old tapiis house."

"No, thanks, old man," growled Mac. "We're homeward bound now—and in a hurry!"

"White fellows no get chance again till next storm," persisted "Pharnah," who had evidently not understood Mac's words exactly. "Him want show white fellows dead men dance. White fellows no' feel like men who live when storm comes?"

"What has the storm got to do with it?" I asked abruptly.

"Pharnah!" looked surprised. "Storm everything," he answered. "How dead man move if storm-water no rise high up to catch big stick hangin' on rope under tapiis house? All tapiis men's bones, an' shells to make speck, tied to stick so they move when water comes down big. Now you know, you tell 'Pharnah' what death makes in hims 'Devil Save the King' box!"

So that was the explanation of the mystery! The hanging figures were all connected to a log anchored in the river bed, and when the rising flood caused them to plunge and roll the skeleton heads, so many marionettes in a puppet-show, began to dance!

We all looked at one another in silence for a moment; then Mac deliberately kicked Silent Ted, who, in turn, kicked over the inflexible gramophone.  

THE MELROSE HOUSE HOTEL.
117 Duke Street, Kingston.

Cool and comfortable House with wide Verandahs, Tennis Lawn, Open Air Dining Room, Running Water in all Bed Rooms.

Homely Atmosphere.
Catering to Tourists a Special Feature.

Proprietors: Mr. & Mrs. R. Watson Fraser.

FURNITURE DEPT.
Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Bureaus, Tables, Chairs, Carpets, Etc.

WHOLESALE DEPT.
As Cheap as the Cheapest

Star Store
Assures Courteous Attention.

Blake House
The Largest Department Store.

MICHAEL MARZOUCAS & SONS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS
MONTGEO BAY, J.A., B.W.I.


The Key to Our Success
Is Simply This!

We treat our Customers as FRIENDS

Miss Baily Rogers
HARBOR STREET, KINGSTON.
Registered Spencer Corsetaire

If You Have a Corset Designed for You
It Costs No More Than
Ready-to-Wear Corset

The new semi-fitted dresses will lie without a wrinkle over a Spencer Foundation Garment designed especially for your particular figure.

Telephone for free figure study.

SPENCER
WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

401 HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON.

Registered Spencer Corsetaire

Big Tassie sat down on the ground and tearfully implored Mac to kick him as well. Sydney Charlie crept off a jumble of sticks and expressed deep feeling, and the "Professor" blinked through his glasses, muttering some words in a language that sounded like Chinese. I don't remember what I said or did, but I believe I sat down beside Big Tassie, cursing my stupidity for not seeing through the trick beforehand.

We changed our minds about returning to the comparative civilization of Tamaule. Instead, we blackened our skins and, following the river down to the Markham, took away the first gold found on Edie Creek. But that is another story.
THE LUXURIOUS ESSENCES
Created by COTY

Have gained UNIVERSAL POPULARITY
On account of their ENTICINGLY ENCHANTING QUALITY.

Sole Agents
A. H. SARGOOD & CO.

Putting in the Beef

OxO is concentrated Beef at its best. It provides appetizing soups, stews, gravy, and enriches most dishes with little trouble and great economy. It improves the cooking and promotes sound nutrition for the family.

Little Aids to Economy
Supplies of OxO Cubes in this as Illustration, obtainable from Cecil B. Price Ltd., 165 Harbour Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

Drinks, and Making Them

A GLASS of free cola is refreshing if the cola is good; a whisky and soda is invigorating. But unless the soda is of the desired quality the drink will be spoilt. And so with other aerated waters; while it is also true that syrup will never be appreciated unless they please the palate.

The Royal Aerated Water Factory, owned and managed by Mr. W. R. Jureidini, has long earned a reputation for manufacturing a very high quality of aerated waters and syrups, and a very interesting experience is that of the journey through Mr. Jureidini’s factory at 169 Harbour Street. Here, at any time of the working day, one will find a large number of persons at their different tasks, each one of them working under the personal supervision of a quiet-spoken, keen, intelligent man who loves his business and has earned an excellent reputation for the sort of drinks that he puts upon the market.

Everything in this factory is done by machinery. Mr. Jureidini has one of the most up-to-date automatic machines for the pumping of soda water; and even the washing of the bottles is a matter of mechanical thoroughness and efficiency. His primary business is the making of aerated waters, but there are other lines in which he excels. He makes a very popular brand of St. Thomas Bay Rum, the essence of the bay leaves is imported from St. Thomas where the tree grows to their highest perfection; the alcohol is Jamaican and the labour is Jamaican; the total result is a very good bay rum indeed.

He has also turned his attention to the manufacturing of native wines. His sherry, port, cola wine and cherry cordial are well-known; his Jamaica Bull Dog Stout has also become popular. These drinks are known all over Jamaica. Thus, as though in widening circles, the demand for the Jureidini products has steadily increased.

Mr. Jureidini has seen his business grow from very small beginnings, and he is naturally proud of this. It has meant hard work, continuous application, as well as knowledge and efficiency; but the results have been gratifying and the outlook is happily promising. Mr. Jureidini has had to enlarge the building in which he carries on his factory; but it is quite clear that a further extension will shortly have to be made. That alone is an indication of the public’s appreciation of the drinks which he puts on the Jamaican market.

MEMOIRS OF A GREAT ACTOR

If a strange whim of fate that of all the people I directly connected with a sensational murder that shocked England towards the end of last century the sole survivor should be—the murderer. Thus comments a reviewer in Pit Bits of a most interesting book, in which the great English actor, Mr. Seymour Hicks, gives his reminiscences.

And last but not least, Mr. Seymour Hicks, he continues, whose father-in-law William Terriss, the famous actor, was the victim, it is probable that the public would have been on forgetting that Arthur Prince, the mad actor from Dundee, whose frenzied knife-strokes in the dark behind the Adelphi Theatre robbed the English stage of one of its greatest characters, is still an inmate of Broadmoor—thirty-three years after.

Prince, who imagined he saw in the lovable Terriss a barrier to fame, bought a butcher’s knife out of a sovereign he had borrowed from his victim some time earlier. His frenzied mind had mistaken Edward Terry, the chairman of the meeting of the Actors’ Benevolent Fund which had rejected his claim for relief, for Terriss—so Terriss’s life was taken in sad error.

Seymour Hicks was playing at the old Gaiety, in “The Circus Girl”, at the time of the tragedy. "Being quite unacquainted of what had happened," he explains in “Between Ourselves” (Cassell, 10s. 6d.), "I made up for my part as usual. On coming down the stage I was surprised to find my under-study dressed ready to go on in my place. The stage manager told me it would be impossible for me to appear, as he had to tell me something very terrible.

The first thought that crossed my mind was of my wife, who was lying very ill at Bournemouth. I stood staring and speechless... and then I heard a voice through the noisy chorus of a comic song whisper, ‘Oh! man, Bill Terriss has been killed.’ That night and the weeks that followed would have broken a man of iron nerve. They broke me."

Murderers and musicians, artists and actors, judges and jesters, the famous and the infamous—all crowded into the forty interesting years on which the author looks back and remembers.

Of a different complexion is his story of the “treachery” which occurred at a Covent Garden Ball when he was present. “During the evening, Sir Augustus Harris, who was running these entertainments at the time, was observed to be sitting in the centre box on the first tier with Hughie Drummond (one of the most barum-warum bloods London had known for a century). Suddenly an altercation was heard—the dancers stopped and were amazed to see that they had been in progress.

Augustus Harris was struck a violent blow in the face by Drummond, the two closed with each other, and after a desperate struggle the celebrated manager was buried bodily set of the box. There was a shout of horror... Attendants rushed towards

(Continued on Page 158)

SOLOMON’S KHUS-KHUS
The Triple Extract Perfume
“QUEEN OF PERFUMES”
A Jamaica Product which should be used by all.

Visitors to Jamaica will miss one of the “BEAUTIES” of the Island if they do not procure a bottle or two of this celebrated Perfume before leaving.

Manufactured by Solomon, Armstrong & Co., Ltd.
8 Princess street, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
DODGE MONO-PIECE STEEL BODIES

The Mono-Piece Steel Bodies on the Dodge Six and Eight-in-Line are immune to tropical and semi-tropical weather conditions.

There is no wood in the Mono-Piece Body shell. Its sections are welded into virtually a single piece of steel—rattleproof, squeakproof and strong—especially treated so that neither salt air, moisture, nor high temperatures can harm it.

Dodge Mono-Piece Steel Bodies, like Dodge internal hydraulic brakes and the many other evidences of advanced engineering, join together with Dodge dependability and sound quality to make Dodge values of today the greatest in history.

DODGE BROTHERS SIXES AND EIGHTS

JOHN CROOK.
96-100 HARBOUR STREET, KINGSTON.
TELEPHONE NUMBER 600.
TheUGLINESS
OF
AUTHORS

R EAD a book and your imagination at once draws a picture of the characters or at least the principal character in it. If the book is fiction, there is a fair chance that your picture is true, but there being no evidence to the contrary you assume that your picture is absolutely correct. But we also get an impression of the author of the book. And it would appear that it is our custom to draw a less flattering portrait of an author who pleases us—which is not always correct. "Handsome as handsome words," says Mr. M. O. How, who treats the idea very humorously in "The Passing Show." I know, he says, that the question savours of snobbery, but why on earth do authors allow their phonoglyphiums to feature at the top of their articles? Please do not think I am jealous because my own photograph does not figure on this page. If it did, I am sure that the sales of the Passing Show would slump in the most alarming fashion—unless indeed people bought it as an awful warning to me to hair my ends, take exercise, and get their teeth attended to at the earliest possible moment.

The truth is that authors on the whole are not a handsome lot. It is not our fault. Nature, the great balancer, has ordained that no man can be both clever and handsome, any more than a woman can be handsome and good.

In my salad days, before all this photographical self-consciousness, I cherished a fond, if unvaried, mental picture of my favourite authors. I imagined them, for example, as a lean, clean-limbed athlete—just the sort of man who would run away with the egg and spoon at our village sports. I pictured H. G. Wells as a bearded sage, and Barré as a sort of Mahomet, formidable and aloof. Then came the camera's great disillusionment, and their books have never been quite the same to me since.

The voice of a great poet, a great novelist, or a great thinker (even on such mundane topics as "Have we any headroom now?" or "Do cooks gallop, like being kissed?") ought to be a voice and nothing more, speaking oracularly from behind a veil of mystery.

There is a psychological reason for this. It is anthropoglyphic fact, among fruit, human familiarities breed contempt. I doubt whether any great author's works are read with gusto in his own home. To its members he is more likely an interloper with the ill-fitting collars, who makes a noise eating lettuce, and is mortally afraid of cats.

This is unavoidable, except in the case of a hermit, but why go out of our way to increase the number of those close relations spoiled by insidious familiarity? To clothe a voice with horn-rimmed spectacles is to reduce it to common clay. And it is a fact that, while editors have gone in more and more for photographic stuff, publishers seem to have dropped pastiches altogether.

I think publishers are wise. Few characters in fiction have been beautified by pictorial representation, and in the case of heroines, the result may be simply disastrous.

My own conception of a heroine, for instance, is my own, and I like to cherish it unspoiled in my bosom. She is, I think, a sort of idealised composite picture of all the girls I have ever loved. I have never dared to ask the girls who have loved me what their ideal of a heroine is. Girls nowadays are so devastatingly frank.

The illustrations of the last century were pretty woful. "Mrs. Gampage took up her goloshes" or "The cat lay on the hearthrug" (to face p. 127 but actually facing p. 124). It is hard to see how such imbecilities could help the narrative.

On the whole, however, the regularly repeated photograph of the author, at the top of his weekly article, is just as bad. If it is more or less editorial nonsense to do the unfortunate author out of a hundred words or

C. J. HANDAL & SON
89 KING STREET
WHOLESALE & RETAIL MERCHANTS

Ladies and Men's Outfitters

BOOTS & SHOES

A SPECIALTY

IT IS A MOTIVE THAT GIVES

A man self-reliance, Self confidence, and purpose. A rubber stamp in the business of life. Publishing a home made shield and a self-originated seal is common and easy. Inscribing truth upon it one thing, but truthing the business all through from A to Z is a different thing altogether. We have still a long road before us to make this everyday, newer kind of store what we want it to be.

Y-B-Y & S-Y WE SATISFY.

C. J. HANDAL & SON

PLANTERS' PUNCH

1930-31

SOME "STANDARD" FACTS

A BUSINESS about which one hears more and more, is that of Standard Brands Incorporated, 72 Berkeley Street, Kingston, Jamaica. This firm is managed by Mr. James W. Wing.

This concern is an amalgamation of the Flishmann Company, the Kingston Company and Chase and Sonnen, famous coffee and tea merchants of Canada and the United States.

In interviewing Mr. Wing recently we learnt that Standard Brands purchase 15,000 bags of Jamaica coffee yearly, or approximately 27% of Jamaica's total coffee exports. Thus his firm not only sells to Jamaica, but also buys from her.

Mr. Wing says his big problem is getting bakers to make better bread. His Company has spent over seventy years in its endeavours in this line. Think, that is bakers make better bread we shall be better fed. We learn that one 6d. of milk bread contains about 2,500 calories or half of the food value of approximately 2,000,000,000 calories each person requires daily. As better bread is made and more sold, Standard Brands Incorporated sales to the bakers increase.

Royal Baking Powder, Mr. Wing says, has been the standard throughout the world for many years. Certainly all wise Jamaican householders are familiar with it.

Particularly valuable to all bakers and grocers in this great food of the world, is the information made available through Standard Brands representations. This useful information affords an unlimited source of information on the most effective methods of displaying and selling or merchandising.

Mr. Wing will be glad to see bakers and grocers at any time.
Mutual Trade

A Perfect Balance of Trade is Being Maintained Between Canada and Jamaica

Buy Canadian Made Articles and Help to Develop this Mutual Trade

Perfect trading conditions exist between Canada and Jamaica made possible by preferential tariffs, sentiment, an ample supply of commodities, ever-increasing demand, and excellent transportation facilities. A practical level in the balance of trade is being maintained in keeping with the rapidly increasing volume of trade.

SENTIMENT

Goodwill between Canada and Jamaica is at a premium. Canada buys Jamaican sugar and fresh fruits in preference to those from other countries. Jamaica likes Canadian wheat flour, fish and manufactured products.

SUPPLY

Canada today produces in ever increasing quantities foodstuffs and manufactured articles required by Jamaica. Jamaica, on the other hand produces in ever increasing volume commodities of a type required by Canada.

DEMAND

Canada is a large fruit consuming nation and secures 69.5% of her bananas from Jamaica. Jamaica requires and demands goods of a quality which Canada produces.

TRANSPORTATION

A regular fast steamship service provided by the Canadian National Steamships makes possible an ever increasing flow of trade between Canada and Jamaica.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Total Canada's $</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(a) 1912</td>
<td>3,769,284</td>
<td>5.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b) 1920</td>
<td>6,879,127</td>
<td>23.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1921</td>
<td>4,145,619</td>
<td>12.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>3,835,639</td>
<td>21.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1923</td>
<td>4,528,901</td>
<td>18.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>4,877,740</td>
<td>17.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1925</td>
<td>4,197,636</td>
<td>22.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>4,690,173</td>
<td>22.7%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

JAMAICA'S IMPORT TRADE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Total Canada's $</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(a) 1912</td>
<td>3,056,489</td>
<td>9.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(b) 1920</td>
<td>10,513,282</td>
<td>8.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1921</td>
<td>5,085,350</td>
<td>16.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1922</td>
<td>5,636,183</td>
<td>14.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1923</td>
<td>5,635,532</td>
<td>18.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1924</td>
<td>6,901,768</td>
<td>19.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1925</td>
<td>6,736,388</td>
<td>19.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1926</td>
<td>7,017,013</td>
<td>18.0%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\[* = No treaty year. \\
\[b = Prices this year were at highest level of post-bellum, inflation has been level. \\
\[c = Despite slight fall in percentage, as compared with 1917 and 1920, Jamaica's imports from Canada in 1929 exceeded in total value those of any previous year. \]
Constant Spring Hotel

AFTER waiting for many long years, the people of Jamaica see at last restored the Constant Spring Hotel; but while the site is the same and the name is unaltered, the new building stands amidst the magnificent surroundings of Lower St. Andrew. It is an entirely new structure specially designed to meet the wants of the present day tourist.

The old Constant Spring Hotel was a popular resort of visitors and allBuilt on the hillside, it was occupied by some six hundred feet above sea level, commanding a splendid view of the harbour and the north of the island. Its cuisine and comfort were second to none, the food being excellent, and the1 service friendly and attentive. The hotel was, like the new, reached by the sea breezes of the day and by the gentle land winds which come down from the mountains when the sun has set. But it lacked one thing: there was no running water in the bedrooms, and that was a serious drawback; then it was built at a time when waterless theory had prevailed as to the comfort that guests from the hotel would require: its dining room was long and narrow: it possessed ample grounds but hardly anything in the way of gardens.

The new Constant Spring Hotel has avoided the mistakes made in the planning and building of its predecessor; it has been designed with a view to meeting the demands of critical travellers accustomed to comfort, and furnished to present the last word in the way of modern hotels. There is running water in every room, the dining room is capacious and admirably arranged; it possesses all the amenities of coolness and scenery that the old hotel enjoyed; and in front of the main building there has been laid out a sunken garden which will be one of the delights of its guests.

The design of the building is the work of Canadian architects skilled in the planning of modern hotels; the actual construction work has been accomplished by that able firm of architects and builders, the Henriquez Brothers, whose work is now to be found all over Jamaica.

Then there is the golf-course attached to this hotel. When it is mentioned that the hotel itself is a result of Canadian enterprise and Jamaican cooperation, it will at once be known that sports and golfing has been given to the tastes and needs of golfers. Golf is the national game of Canada. Golf is not to be found anywhere in the British, French or Spanish West Indies. Just as there is an architect for the hotel, so do they obtain an architect for their golf course and golf-course. It was decided that these should be planned and laid out by an expert, and as it was decided that it be done.

The golf at Constant Spring hotel will of itself be a wonderful attraction to hundreds and thousands of people in northern countries. Special attention has been paid to the provision of sufficient water for the course, and all the luxurious adjuncts of golfing—mysteries to the non-golfer at any rate—are provided. When men and women in Canada, in the United States and in England think of Jamaica, they will also think of the golf to be had at the Constant Spring ground. Hence, when Jamaicans will come to be regarded as a land for golfers.

It is confidently expected that during the winter season the new Constant Spring Hotel will be extensively patronized. When Lord Willingdon, the Governor-General of Canada, was in Jamaica, he insisted that a great deal could be done to make this island the popular winter resort of Canadians. It was right and efforts will be made in Canada by the publicity department of the Canadian National Railway and other Canadian institutions to attract the attention of Canadians to the facilities to be enjoyed in Jamaica during that time. When snow lies thick upon the fields and in the streets of Canada, the Canadians alone will patronize Constant Spring Hotel. So will English people, so will Americans, so will visitors of all nationalities. But the hope of the hotel is to appeal to these, to satisfy them, to delight them. And a hearty welcome shall be the reward of a genuine and far-sighted effort.

The management of the Constant Spring Hotel plans to give enjoyable dinner during the tourist season. Afternoon teas at the hotel will be a delightful specialty; dinner parties, large and small, will be particularly catered for; banquets will be one of the striking features of the hotel. Its activities will add greatly to the amenities of life in Jamaica.

The easy distance of the hotel from the city, too, will be a great convenience to those who wish to keep in close and easy touch with the business and shopping centres of Kingston. By motor car or charabanc the hotel is within fifteen minutes' run of the city; the tram draws its gates every twenty minutes or so. Thus its surroundings are salubrious and its connections urban, and the cost of transportation from Kingston to the hotel will be trifling.

The hotel opens very early in 1931, and thus the long dream of Jamaica is realised at last. When the former building went up in flames the hope and wish was that a similar structure might arise in its place. A better structure has arisen. The name and fame of the new Constant Spring Hotel will surpass the name and fame of the old.

A Fresh Natural Food—Fleischmann's Yeast—

It corrects constipation in a wonderful way. Gently and efficiently it softens food wastes and stimulates sluggish intestinal muscles to regular, prompt elimination. As constipation is banished, digestion becomes normal, your skin clear and healthy—your whole system regains its full energy and vitality.

Fleischmann's Yeast
is sold by all Grocers and Druggists.

Write to:
STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
P.O. BOX 200
KINGSTON
For the Latest Fleischmann's Yeast Booklet.

THERE RICHES SOURCE OF VITAMINS B AND D

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
THREE CAKES A DAY BRING HEALTH TO STAY.

DE MONTEVIN LODGE
(PRIVATE HOTEL)
PORT ANTONIO

Situated on Titchfield Hill, overlooking the sea.
Excellent Service and Cooking.

For Reservations and all Particulars Apply
Proprietress MISS E. GIONE

DE MONTEVIN LODGE
PRIVATE HOTEL
PORT ANTONIO

Situated on Titchfield Hill, overlooking the sea.
Excellent Service and Cooking.

For Reservations and all Particulars Apply
Proprietress MISS E. GIONE

PLANTERS' PUNCH
1930-31

THE UGLINESS OF AUTHORS
(Continued from Page 128)
up the page; they will use a portrait of someone more worth looking at! I have an Aunt in Yorkshir who looks simply already in her new pink bathing dress, and would do well for the job.

Omitting chaps like Homer and Horace, whose photographs are almost unknown, the only great writer whose features are not familiar to me—and therefore I can picture to myself as fancy dictates—is Mrs. Beeton. That is why she is now my favorite author. Imagining her as a plump smiling matron I can hang upon her every word; whereas, if I knew, from the photographs of Enterprise of the press, that she had suffered from warts, it would put me right of the great poetic passage on page umpene where she has the ingredients for a good roasting whortleberry pudding.

DE MONTEVIN LODGE
PRIVATE HOTEL
PORT ANTONIO

Situated on Titchfield Hill, overlooking the sea.
Excellent Service and Cooking.

For Reservations and all Particulars Apply
Proprietress MISS E. GIONE

PLANTERS' PUNCH
1930-31

THE UGLINESS OF AUTHORS
(Continued from Page 128)
up the page; they will use a portrait of someone more worth looking at! I have an Aunt in Yorkshir who looks simply already in her new pink bathing dress, and would do well for the job.

Omitting chaps like Homer and Horace, whose photographs are almost unknown, the only great writer whose features are not familiar to me—and therefore I can picture to myself as fancy dictates—is Mrs. Beeton. That is why she is now my favorite author. Imagining her as a plump smiling matron I can hang upon her every word; whereas, if I knew, from the photographs of Enterprise of the press, that she had suffered from warts, it would put me right of the great poetic passage on page umpene where she has the ingredients for a good roasting whortleberry pudding.
Our Contribution To Progress And Development.

WATER ON THE DRY PLAINS

Out in those districts where sufficient rain seldom slakes the thirst of the parched ground, valuable crops are made to grow through irrigation. Electrically driven pumps bring water from afar and spread productivity where before there was only drought.

Our responsibility is the efficient and dependable operation of essential services.

Daily transportation for Kingston's and St. Andrew's thousands.

Turning the wheels of Industry.

Lighting homes and business houses as well as the City's streets.

Through our efforts the daily lives of more than 100,000 people are affected, and this imposes obligations of which we are keenly sensible.

JAMAICA PUBLIC SERVICE CO., LTD.

Alfred S. Nichols, Manager.
"MYERS' RUM ADVERTISES JAMAICA."

FACTS ABOUT MYERS' GENUINE JAMAICA RUMS.

Myers' Genuine Jamaica Rum, the pure Sugar Cane Spirit, is stored in Government Bonded Warehouses, and kept at equable temperature all the year round, and is matured under the best conditions.

Fred. L. Myers & Son ship Genuine old Jamaica Rum to all parts of the world, in casks of 110 gals., cases of 64 gals., and in smaller packages to suit all buyers.

BULK RUM. Coloured and Uncoloured, about 25 overproof (Sykes).

(a) Mild, Good Ordinary, Medium and High Flavoured High Elber Rums of current and previous crops, including 1929, 1930, 1927, 1926, 1925, 1924, 1923, 1922, 1921, and 1920 Crops.

Tell us your requirements and ask our prices. Samples upon request.

(b) Vatted Rums. About 35 O.P. Sykes.

- "Port Royal" 8 Years
- "Alindra" 5 Years
- "Commodore" 3 Years

MYERS' BOTTLED RUMS:

- Cases 12 Quarts.
- MYERS' "Plainters Punch" Jamaican Rum.
- MYERS' "Three Star" Old Jamaica Rum.
- MYERS' "Baroness" Old Jamaica Rum.
- MYERS' "Green Seal" Jamaica Rum.
- MYERS' "Green Seal" Cases 21 Flints.
- MYERS' Liquor Rum.
- MYERS' 25 Year Old "Moon" Rum.


Vilmorin's "Cordon Rouge" and "Extra Dry" Champagne, "Celebrated for Celebrating.""Court Vedler," "The Brandy of Napoleon."—Nikola Rocks & Moselle, Graves, Sauterne, Claric, Burgundy—

"Chateau d'Aigle—L'Abbé François Liqueurs—


ESTABLISHED 1879.

Fred. L. Myers & Son,

"THE SUGAR WHARF," KINGSTON, JAMAICA.