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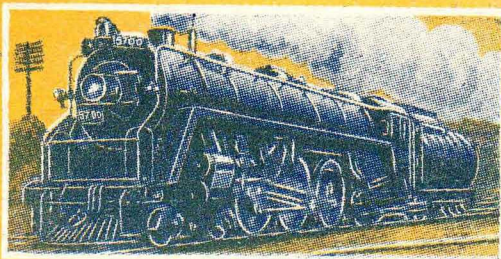
The **MODERN BOY**

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FREE 
INSIDE
COLOURED
PLATE 9"x5"
ON ART PAPER
of this Canadian
MONSTER LOCO!

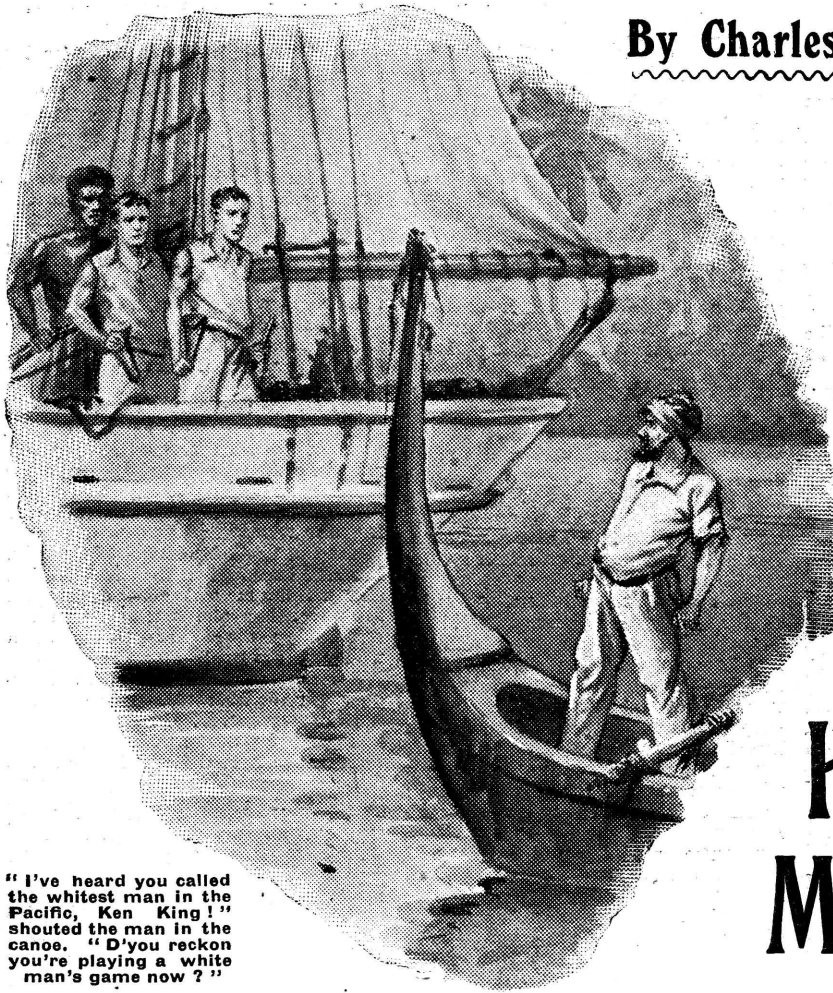


**ATTACKING
THE WORLD'S
LAND-SPEED
RECORD!**

RD

UNCLE MAC of the B.B.C. writes inside!

By Charles Hamilton



Hitherto the staunchest of friends, King of the Islands and his shipmate, Kit Hudson, come to the parting of the ways, in this intensely dramatic story of life aboard a South Seas trading ketch

COMPLETE

Kit Hudson— Mutineer!

"I've heard you called the whitest man in the Pacific, Ken King!" shouted the man in the canoe. "D'you reckon you're playing a white man's game now?"

The White Flag!

HIGH over the coral island of Loya rode the full round moon, streaming down silvery light upon the glistening beach and picking out the ketch swinging idly to her anchor in the lagoon.

The ketch was the Dawn, the smart little boat in which Ken King—otherwise known as King of the Islands—her boy owner and skipper, sailed the South Seas in search of trade. The boy trader was on deck, and with him were all his crew: Kit Hudson, the Australian mate; Kaio-lalulalonga—Koko for short—the giant Kanaka bo'sun; and the five Hiva-Oa boys, Lompo, Lufu, Kohutu, Tomoo, and Danny, the cooky-boy.

All of them were armed and all eyes were turned towards the beach, where the moonlight glistened on white sand and crushed coral, backed by the blackness of the bush.

A short time before that black bush had sheltered Montague Craye, one-time manager at Apia for the Pacific Company, and his sister Aileen. Craye had disappeared from Apia at the same time as £10,000 in banknotes belonging to the company had disappeared, and a reward of £500 was offered for his capture.

Stopping at Loya to refill his water-casks, Ken King had discovered Craye and his sister hiding in the bush. For

the girl's sake Ken had decided to sail and leave them in peace. But the arrival of a canoe under the command of a white man and manned by Solomon Islanders had altered his plans.

The white man was Barney Hall, a rascally trader from Tonga, and he was combing the islands in search of Montague Craye. But not for the £500 reward—he was after the £10,000 Craye was said to have stolen!

The shipmates of the Dawn had decided that they could not leave Aileen Craye to the mercies of this ruffian and his savage crew, and before the moon had risen Kit Hudson had run the gauntlet of Hall and his Solomon Islanders, found the Crayes in their hiding-place in the bush, and brought them safely aboard the Dawn.

Now the crew of the Dawn were standing-to, waiting for an attack from Barney Hall, for the Tonga trader was not the man to let a rich prize slip through his fingers without putting up a hard fight for it.

"Feller canoe he comey," called Koko, as he spotted a movement on the beach.

There was a dash of paddles in the calm water and the long, dark shape of a canoe glided out from the shelving beach. King of the Islands turned a grim eye upon it as it moved

swiftly across the mirror-like surface of the lagoon.

"Barney Hall's coming to close quarters, Kit," he said.

"Let him come," Hudson replied, and his hand brushed his cheek where a bullet had gashed the skin, leaving a red streak. "We'll give him all the trouble he wants, and a little over."

The brown-skinned boatswain of the Dawn lifted his rifle to his shoulder. Rifles were pushed over the teak rail by the five Hiva-Oa boys. But Ken King rapped out a sharp order.

"Belay it! You feller boy, you no shoot along gun along me no sing out."

Barney Hall, standing up in the canoe, was holding up a long lawyer-cane, from the top of which fluttered a strip of white cotton rag.

"It's a flag of truce, Kit," said Ken.

"A trick to get near enough to rush us," Hudson answered. "I wouldn't trust Barney Hall an inch."

"I don't," said Ken. "We won't let them get near enough to rush us. But hold your fire till I give the word. We can riddle the whole crew with a volley if they try any tricks."

He rested the barrel of his rifle on the teak rail, the muzzle bearing on the advancing canoe, and watched the enemy. Nine brawny Solomon Island blacks were kneeling at the paddles,

Kit Hudson—Mutineer!

their spears and trade tomahawks lying in the bottom of the canoe.

The burly, rough-bearded Tonga trader had a revolver in his belt, but he was not touching it. King of the Islands had no doubt that Barney Hall would take instant advantage of any chance of treachery, but he had little chance with the rifles on the Dawn covering the canoe as it advanced. It was still half a cable's length distant when Ken held up his hand as a signal to stop.

"Hold on, there, Barney Hall," he shouted. "If you come nearer, we shall open fire."

The Tonga trader was a wild, ferocious figure as he stood there in the clear moonlight, his head bandaged, and his tanned cheeks and rough, stubbly beard streaked with blood. He muttered an order to the Melanesian blacks, and the canoe ceased to approach the ketch.

The brown faces of the Hiva-Oa crew watched him from over the rail. The Kanakas, with rifles in their hands, were itching to use them. They waited eagerly for the boy skipper of the Dawn to give the word to fire.

Barney Hall cast an uneasy glance at the eager brown faces lining the rail. He knew how liable a loaded firearm was to go off in the hands of a native.

"White flag, Cap'n King!" he shouted back. "Tell your boys not to pull trigger."

"My boys won't pull trigger till I give the word," said Ken. "What do you want, Barney Hall?"

"You know what I want," snarled the Tonga trader, dropping the white flag to the bottom of the canoe. "You've double-crossed me, Ken King. You've played a rotten dirty game on me, and I reckon I'm not letting you get away with it."

"They call you a straight man," he went on, with savage bitterness. "I've heard you called the whitest man in the Pacific. D'you reckon you're playing a white man's game now?"

"Ay, ay!" answered King of the Islands. "What have you got to complain of, Hall? Give it a name. If I've done you any wrong, I'm the man to set it right."

"I spoke your ship a few days ago on the high seas. I told you I was hunting for Montague Craye, the Pacific Company's manager at Apia who bolted with ten thousand pounds. I told you I was after the reward offered for him, and asked you for news of him. You said you knew nothing of him."

"Right!" assented Ken. "I knew nothing of the man, and I doubt if I should have told you if I'd known anything."

"But you know all about him now," said the Tonga trader. "You ran down to Loya, and found him here. Dare you deny that you've got Craye on board your hooker at this minute?"

"I came to Loya for water," Ken replied after a pause. "I found there was a man on the island, and reckoned it was a castaway, and looked for

him. I never dreamed that it was Craye from Apia."

"But it was!" hissed Hall. "I tell you I saw the man as he ran down the beach. I know it was Craye! I've got a picture of him cut from a Sydney newspaper. He's grown a beard on Loya, but I knew him, I tell you. And the woman your mate helped down to the boat."

"I've heard a rumour that Craye's sister was with him when he ran from Apia, and I reckon now it was the truth. That's a proof of it. You've got Craye and Craye's sister on board your hooker now. Dare you deny it?"

"It's the truth," said King of the Islands.

"And you say you haven't double-crossed me!" snarled Hall. "I was after Craye, and told you, as one skipper to another. You've butted in and got the man. You're out to rob me of the reward. I've combed a hundred atolls for him, and you've butted in at the finish and robbed me. You thief!" The Tonga trader's voice rose to a yell of rage.

"Belay it!" rapped Ken. "You're on the wrong tack, Barney Hall! If Craye had been alone here, I'd have left him to take his chance. He's nothing to me. I've taken him on this packet because his sister was with him and she wouldn't come on board without him."

"And I reckon I'm not leaving a white woman on Loya with a crew of Solomon Island cannibals in the offing."

"You're not after the reward? You're not taking Craye back to Apia?"

"No! I'm a trader, not a hunter of blood-money! I shall land Craye at the first chance—and be glad to get shut of him. If he had been here alone, he should never have set foot on this ship. There's no room for a thief on this packet."

Barney Hall stared hard at the boy trader. His savage mind had leaped at once to the suspicion that the shipmates of the Dawn were after the reward offered by the Pacific Company for the absconding manager. But the boy trader's words carried conviction.

"If that's straight, Ken King—and I take your word—give the man up. Hand him over to me."

"I can't. I've told you he's not alone here."

"His sister's nothing to me," declared Hall. "Do you fancy I want a squealing fool cumbering my canoe? Keep her on your hooker. Give me the man I'm hunting—the thief who's got ten thousand pounds belonging to his employers stacked in his belt! That's all I'm asking."

"And you'd hand over the ten thousand pounds to the Pacific Company?" asked Ken, with a laugh.

"That's no business of yours. He's my man, and I want him. You say you took him on board on his sister's account—let it go at that! Keep her on board, and give me the man."

"It can't be done, Hall!" said King of the Islands. "I've no sympathy for the man—I'm anxious to get rid of him—but he trusted to my good faith when he stepped on the Dawn, and I can't give him up."

"You're helping a thief to escape—with the stolen money on him?"

"No! If he's got the banknotes about him, I shall make him hand them over into my keeping, and send them back where they belong. They'll be safer in my hands than yours, Barney Hall."

The burly trader of Tonga trembled with rage, and his hand flew to the revolver in his belt. Kit Hudson lifted his rifle to his shoulder.

The blacks in the canoe were listening, and muttering to one another in their dialect. Every man of the black crew knew the richness of the prize Hall was seeking, and success meant that every one of them would be a rich man.

They were ready to attempt to rush the ketch, desperate as the chance was, at a word from their savage master. And it seemed, for some moments, that in his fury Hall would throw prudence to the winds and give the word.

King of the Islands waited quietly. His rifle bore full on the burly trader, and his finger was on the trigger. For several moments it hung in the balance whether there would be a wild and desperate struggle.

But the enraged man-hunter struggled for self-control. He did not draw the revolver. It was well for him that he did not, for a bullet would have buried itself in his heart the next second. It was that knowledge that restrained the savage trader.

"You've beaten me, Ken King," he said at last hoarsely. "You've got the man I'm hunting. But this isn't the end, I tell you. Keep him white you can. But look out for squalls!"

"I reckon I'll look out," said King of the Islands. "You've got nothing to complain of, Hall. Five hundred pounds is a good sum; but you haven't cruised for weeks only for the reward."

"It's the ten thousand pounds you believe that Craye has in his belt you're after. You're as rascally a thief as Craye, and even if I gave him up, I should keep the money on the ketch. To be sent back to Apia. Would that suit you?"

Barney Hall did not answer that question. He shook a knuckly fist at the boy trader, and snapped out a savage order to his crew. The canoe shot back to the beach.

"Look out for squalls!" shouted back Barney Hall.

Then he was gone.

"That's Final!"

KING OF THE ISLANDS dropped his rifle into the rack at the foot of the mizzen.

"We're sailing?" asked Hudson.

Ken nodded, casting a glance towards the reef passage from the lagoon of Loya to the open sea.

Outside the barrier the surf broke in lines of creaming white, glistening under the brilliant moon. Here and there among the lines of foam the sharp teeth of coral rocks showed. But it was under the water that the most dangerous rocks lurked unseen.

"If we're here when the moon sets we've got to fight for our lives," Ken

said. "There will be an hour of darkness before dawn—and what game do you think Barney Hall will play? I reckon we can make the passage by moonlight."

The reef passage, dangerous by day, was still more perilous in the uncertain light of the moon. But in the dark hour before dawn Ken had no doubt that Barney Hall would attempt an attack, and the chances would be in his favour then. In the black darkness the canoe might creep alongside unseen, and the mob of savage Solomon Islanders hurl themselves at the crew of the ketch at close quarters.

Hitherto Hall had hesitated to attack his old enemy, but now that he knew Craye was on board, he was certain to do so as soon as darkness favoured him.

Long before that King of the Islands intended to be on the open Pacific, where he had nothing to fear from a canoe. If Barney Hall followed him out to sea, he would be dropped hopelessly behind. Unless the wind failed the Dawn and she was becalmed, a canoe had no chance of catching her on the open sea.

The rattle of cordage and spars, the booming of the canvas, as the Dawn prepared for sea, reached the ears of the Tonga trader.

"That feller Hall no likee we go along sea!" chuckled Kaio-lalulalonga, pointing with a brown finger towards the shore of the lagoon, where the burly figure of Hall had leaped into view on a high coral rock.

He was staring at the Dawn as she glided from her anchorage.

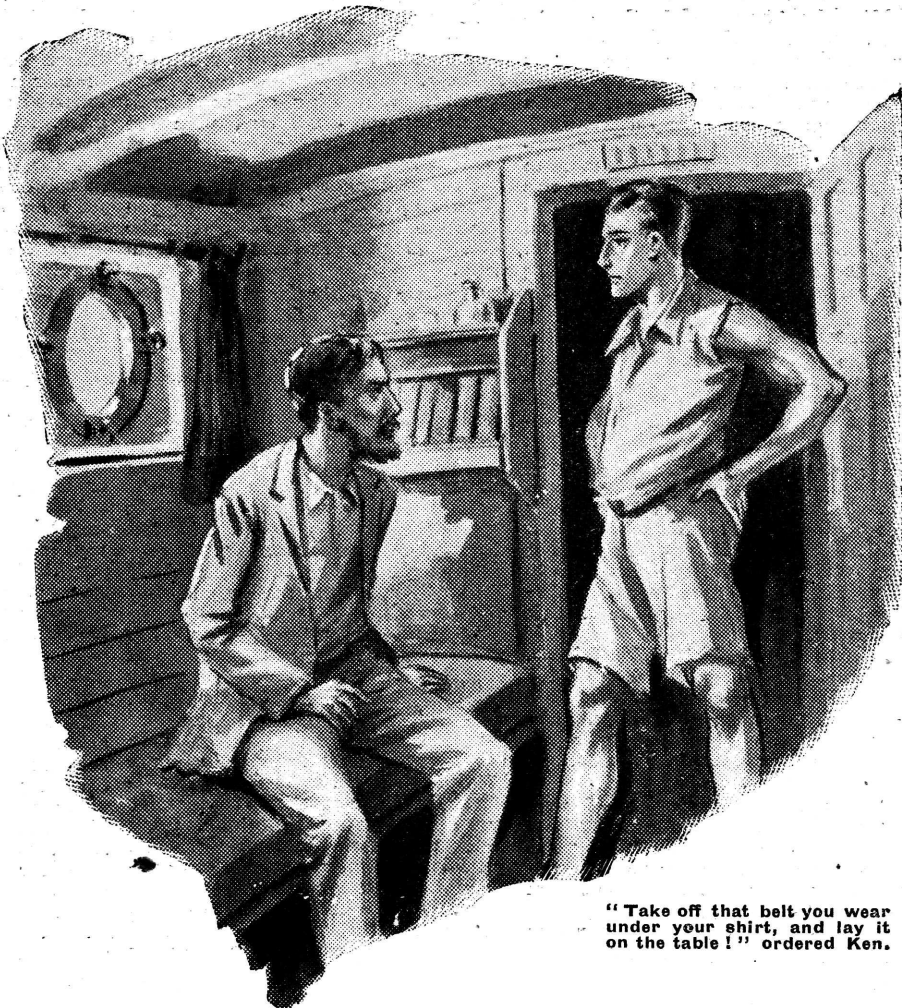
The wind came off-shore, and on the wind was borne the voice of the Tonga trader. The words were indistinguishable, but the shipmates could guess their tenor easily enough.

Hall was seen to brandish a clenched fist after the gliding ketch. He grabbed the revolver suddenly from his belt and opened fire.

Crack, crack, crack! Shot after shot rang from the revolver, whistling round the ketch as she headed for the passage. One bullet passed through the mainsail.

Kaio-lalulalonga caught up a rifle and fired back. The bang of the rifle stopped Hall's pistol practice. He leaped down from the rock and disappeared from view.

King of the Islands gave the Tonga trader no heed. All his attention was needed to take his craft safely out to sea. Kit Hudson stood at the wheel, and the Kanakas ready at the ropes. With his eyes on the cream-



"Take off that belt you wear under your shirt, and lay it on the table!" ordered Ken.

ing foam of the passage, the boy skipper rapped out staccato orders.

A pale, haunted face looked out of the companion-way—the face of Montague Craye, the fugitive from Apia. He glanced round him and came out on the little after-deck.

"You're going to sea?"

"Ay, ay!" grunted Ken. "Don't talk to me now. I'm busy."

Craye's eyes turned on the foam that boiled over the sharp reefs, and his pale face grew paler. He would have spoken again, but Ken made him an angry gesture to stand away.

He gave the boy trader a sullen look, and moved towards Kit Hudson. Hudson's eyes were on his skipper, and he gave the man from Apia no heed.

"It's a dangerous passage," muttered Craye. "That's where my boat struck when I made Loya three months ago. It's not safe to make the passage by night."

Hudson, his eyes and ears strained for Ken's look and word, was deaf to him.

"You no talker along white master, sar, along we go along sea," said Kaio-lalulalonga.

Craye scowled at the Kanaka boatswain and moved to the taffrail, where he leaned and watched the passage as the Dawn threaded her way among the reefs.

Like a thing of life, the beautiful little craft wound her way. Once there was a jar as the hull scraped. But she answered the wheel instantly, and glided on. A minute more, and the passage was left behind. The Dawn was cleaving the moonlit waters of the Pacific, leaving a long, glittering wake behind her as more sail was shaken out and she was put before the wind. Swiftly she fled over the glistening waters.

The tension over, King of the Islands relaxed. He looked back over the taffrail at the island of Loya sinking into the shadows of the sea. From the direction of the island a long, dark object shot out. The boy trader laughed. It was the Tonga trader's canoe. Barney Hall was putting to sea in pursuit of the man from Apia.

"Hall's a 'sticker, Kit," said King of the Islands, laughing. "He's welcome to the ketch and all on board if he can overhaul us now."

Hudson laughed, too. The attempt to pursue the swift ketch in a paddled canoe was merely an act of desperation. Ten minutes later the Tonga canoe had dropped out of sight on the sea.

"That's the last of Barney Hall," said the mate of the Dawn.

And soon Loya, where such strange

Kit Hudson—Mutineer!

adventures had befallen the comrades of the Dawn, vanished from sight.

Craye was leaning on the taffrail, a dark and sullen look on his face. Aileen Craye was below. The shipmates had given up the state-room to her willingly enough. While she was on board it was their intention to berth on deck. Craye had been given a berth on the lockers in the cabin. There was only one state-room on the Dawn, which the skipper and mate had been accustomed to share.

Kit Hudson gave the wheel to Koko, and approached the sullen-faced man at the taffrail. Craye eyed him without speaking. He was only too well aware that his presence was unwelcome on King of the Islands' ship, that had he been alone on Loya he would have been left there.

Neither was the hunted man wholly assured that he was safe on the ketch. He had escaped Barney Hall, but it was in the power of the shipmates to hand him over to the law and receive the reward offered by the Pacific Company.

"So far, they had stood his friends, but it was only for the sake of the girl who had shared his desperate wanderings, as he well knew. The temptation to give him up might prove too strong, thought the hunted, distrustful man.

"Miss Craye's made herself comfortable below, I hope," said Hudson, in as friendly a tone as he could. "The Dawn's not fixed up for passengers—especially lady passengers—we can only do our best."

"Aileen will do well enough," said Craye indifferently. "It's a change for the better after Loya, so far as the quarters are concerned."

"And you?" asked Hudson.

"Beggars can't be choosers. I shall do well enough. When do we touch land?" asked Craye.

"Not for three days. Pita's the next stop."

"Pita!" Craye knitted his brows. "There's white traders on Pita. I can't go ashore at Pita. I might as well go back to Apia."

"Why not go back to Apia?" asked Hudson.

"Go back to Apia? Go to prison, do you mean?" Craye stared at him.

"Go back to stand your trial, I mean," said the mate of the Dawn. "Why should an innocent man fear a fair trial?"

Craye gave him a long, curious look. King of the Islands, looking on, understood that look, if Hudson did not. It was some moments before the man from Apia answered.

"You don't understand. Everything's against me. I'm a scapegoat! It was all cut and dried to fix it on me. I daren't go back to Apia. I've got to run." His voice shook. "You promised when I came aboard that you wouldn't give me up, don't forget!"

"That holds good," said King of the Islands. "We're not playing Barney Hall's game. You've nothing to fear on this ship, Craye—but we want to land you as soon as we can."

"You can't land me too soon to suit me, so long as it's a safe place for a hunted man to hide," answered Craye sullenly.

"But," said King of the Islands quietly, "you can't land with the Pacific Company's money on you, Craye. We're saving you, and letting you run, but you can't expect to make us parties to a robbery. When you leave the Dawn, you leave behind the banknotes you carried away from Apia."

"I have no banknotes!" Craye became as pale as death. "I have no more than the clothes I stand in. I am an innocent man."

"I hope for the sake of the poor girl below that that's the truth," said the boy trader. "But you can't ask us to take your word, Craye, when every beach in the islands is ringing with the story of your robbery at Apia."

"You must take my word! What proof can I give?" Craye's voice was trembling, almost inaudible.

"You are willing to be searched? That will prove the matter, one way or the other."

"Searched?" muttered Craye. His white lips quivered. "So that was why you tricked me on board this ship! I will not submit! I am armed, and—"

"Keep cool," broke in Ken, with quiet contempt. "Your gun will not help you here. If you try to handle it I'll have you clapped in irons. You'd better turn in now, and I'll speak to you in the morning. But get this clear in your mind: If you've brought stolen money on board this hooker, it goes back where it belongs. That's final!"

King of the Islands turned on his heel, and did not give the man another glance. Hudson stood silent, with a dark and troubled face. Craye cast a black, bitter look after the boy trader, swung to the companion, and went unsteadily below.

"That's Not Fair!"

THE wind blew out the thick dark hair under the grass hat, and brought a flush of colour to the cheeks of Aileen Craye. The girl made a graceful figure as she stood holding to a guy-rope, facing the wind. Under the burning sun the ketch bowled over a sea of shining blue before a six-knot breeze.

The girl was looking back towards Loya, but the island was many a long mile out of sight. Aileen had looked her last on the solitary island that had so long been her hidden home. Her face was bright, and it was easy to see that it was a relief to her to have left the lonely coral isle, a still greater relief to know that Barney Hall and his savage crew had been dropped far astern.

Kit Hudson was at the girl's side, and his face, too, was bright. King of the Islands, on the other hand, had a troubled look.

Craye was still below. Danny, the cooky-boy, had taken his breakfast to the cabin long ago. But the man from Apia was in no hurry to come on deck.

Ken had little doubt of his reason. But the matter had to be settled. Aileen Craye believed that her brother was a misjudged man, an innocent man. Hudson, to Ken's surprise, had somehow come to share her belief. Ken could understand the girl's faith in her own kin, but he could not understand Hudson's.

To his own mind, the thing was sheer nonsense. It was possible that a weak, frightened man might have fled from an unjust charge. But everything about Craye pointed to his guilt, particularly his refusal to submit to a search which would have proved whether he had the Pacific Company's banknotes about him or not.

Hudson's view puzzled and irritated Ken, and he was sorely troubled by the division that seemed to have grown up between him and his comrade.

But he was determined to put the matter to the proof. To let the fleeing thief take with him the stolen money when he left the Dawn was to become a party to the theft. The boy trader felt that he was stretching his conscience far enough in allowing the man his liberty when the hand of the law was stretched out for him.

To that extent his word was given, and he had to keep it. But to leave the Pacific Company's money in Craye's possession was impossible.

The presence of the girl added to his trouble. If there was to be a scene, perhaps violence, it was no sight for Aileen's eyes. But it was not a matter on which Ken could yield.

He called to Hudson at last, and the mate of the Dawn came over to him. On the little deck it was difficult to speak without being heard, and Ken lowered his voice.

"We've got to settle with Craye, Kit. I'll go below and tackle him in the cabin. Keep the girl on deck."

"You're going to search him?" questioned Hudson.

"There's no question about that—I must."

"I don't see it. He was practically given a safe-conduct in coming aboard. That doesn't include treating him as a thief. It's not fair. I'd allow no man to search me to discover whether I was a thief or not. I dare say Craye feels the same."

"The position's not the same," said Ken impatiently. "Here we've got a man, accused of bolting with a bundle of banknotes—a hunted man, with a warrant out for his arrest. He should be glad of the chance of proving that he has no stolen money about him—if he hasn't! I've noticed that he wears a belt under his shirt. There's no doubt in my mind that it's a money-belt, stuffed with banknotes."

"We can't break faith with a man we gave refuge to on this ship. What will the girl think?"

"I think Miss Craye has bewitched you, Kit. Let her keep her belief in her brother. Nothing need be said if Craye hands over the money to be locked up safe till we touch port. He says he has no money, but what he says counts for nothing. He would

not be likely to tell us that his belt is bulging with stolen banknotes."

Hudson compressed his lips. His eyes turned on the girl, at a little distance. Ken followed his glance, and then fixed his eyes with a sudden, startled look on his shipmate's face. He drew a deep breath. What had puzzled and irritated him had suddenly become clear to his mind as he saw the look on Hudson's face.

"Kit! You must be mad!" exclaimed King of the Islands, aghast. "Mean to say that—that—" He broke off, staring at his shipmate, whose face was suddenly crimson. "My sainted Sam!" he added. "You've fallen in love with Craye's sister, Kit!"

"Well, what then?" Hudson muttered, half defiantly. "Why not? A man might love her, if only for her courage and loyalty to that miserable, frightened wretch below. She's good all through—as good as gold!" His voice softened. "I can't help it, Ken, and it won't make any difference to our friendship—why should it?"

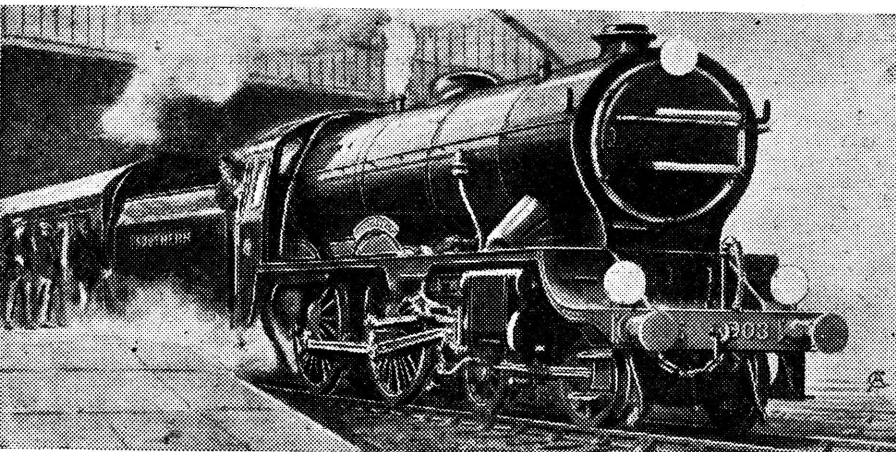
"Not that she'd look at me," went on Hudson. "Why should she? The mate of a trading ketch—a rolling stone that's gathered precious little moss. I'd never dare even to tell her. But I'd die for her any minute of the day or night, and think it the happiest moment of my life."

"For goodness' sake shut up!" gasped Ken. "Don't tell me any more. I don't want to laugh at you. She's as nice a girl as I've ever seen, but, thank goodness, I can see her without losing my head."

"You!" ejaculated Hudson.

"Well, why not?" said Ken, his face breaking into a grin. "You haven't taken out patent rights, I suppose, as the only moon-calf on board?"

"Don't jest about it, Ken." Hud-



Next week's Free Coloured Plate will show this magnificent loco—**CHARTERHOUSE**, the latest "Schools" Class S.R. Express Engine.

son's brow knitted. "I never meant to let you know."

"Then you'd better take more care of your looks, or you'll have the boys forward jesting about it, too."

"That's enough!" said Hudson, and he turned on his heel and walked away from his skipper.

King of the Islands sighed. There

THIS WEEK'S

Free Coloured Plate

— No. 5. —

No. 5700, the Record-breaking CANADIAN NATIONAL Express Engine

ONE of the most up-to-the-minute locomotives in our series of coloured plates is the Canadian National Railway's express engine No. 5700. Five of these super-locomotives (Nos. 5700—5704) have been built for hauling the celebrated "International Limited" train, which runs between Montreal and Chicago via Toronto.

It is said that these new wonder engines are capable of a speed of 80 miles per hour—and the all-steel trains they haul weigh something like 1,000 tons!

The engine is 92 feet 6 inches long, and its driving wheels are 6 feet 8 inches in diameter. The huge cylindrical tender has a 20-ton coal capacity and tankage for 14,000 gallons of water, and runs on two six-wheeled bogies. Thus we have an engine of fourteen wheels (4-6-4) and a tender of twelve, making twenty-six wheels in all. Engine and tender in working order together turn the scale at the extraordinary weight of 662,200 lb.!

Since the famous "King George V" locomotive (the subject of last week's Free Coloured Plate) paid its visit to the United States, locomotives on that side of the Atlantic are conforming more to British practice, and some of the newer engines are now carrying a lot of the piping and boiler fittings under, the casing—as is done in this country. Engine No. 5700 is an example.

It is 15 feet 3 inches in height, and the driver has to climb a ladder to reach the footplate, while there is also a sort of stairway by the smoke-box, by which he reaches the gallery round the boiler.

The trailing wheels of the engine are equipped with a "booster"—an auxiliary engine for giving extra power at starting with a heavy load, or on a gradient.



NEXT WEEK'S FREE COLOURED PLATE

was trouble enough for him already, with a woman on board devoted to a man whom he believed to be a dastardly thief, and whom he had no choice but to search for his plunder.

And now his mate, his tried and trusty comrade, was against him. A sweet face had turned Kit Hudson's head, and he had forgotten that he

Craye had the stolen money concealed about his person.

"I Refuse!"

MONTAGUE CRAYE was loafing idly about the cabin when the boy trader came down the companion. He turned swiftly at

Ken's approach, and faced him. Ken wanted no time. He was anxious to get through with the matter.

"We've got to get down to business, Craye," he said. "The sooner it's over the better."

"I don't understand you," muttered Craye. But his shrinking movement, the uneasy glitter in his sunken eyes, showed that he understood well enough.

"I'll make it clear. Every beachcomber in the islands knows that you ran from Apia with your employers' money. There was a large sum in banknotes in your charge as manager for the Pacific Company at

Apia, and you bolted with it in a motor-boat. You've been in hiding since till we found you on Loya. I reckon you've still got the money.

"If I'm making a mistake, nobody would be better pleased than I to find it so," went on Ken. "But if it's true, you can't take stolen money with you when you leave the Dawn.

Kit Hudson—Mutineer!

I've got to lock it up on board till we touch a white man's port, where it can be handed over to the authorities."

"I knew I was a fool to trust you!" Craye showed his teeth in a snarl. "I might as well have trusted that bloodhound from Tonga! You've brought me on board your ship to rob me!"

"As for robbing you," snapped Ken, eyes glinting and cheeks flushed, "I give you my word that the money will be sent back to its owners. If you knew me better, you'd know that my word was good enough. In any case, you've got to trust to that—if you care what becomes of the money. But you cannot, and shall not, keep it. You shall not make me party to a crime!"

"I've nothing—nothing!" panted Craye. "You say I must take your word. You must take mine!"

"I cannot take the word of a man who is hunted all over the Pacific as a thief. The thing's got to be proved. Take off that belt you wear under your shirt and lay it on the table!"

"I refuse to be searched! It's an insult! I refuse!"

"As you refuse, I shall call down a Kanaka to search you!" said Ken coldly. He turned his head to the companion and called Koko.

Kaio-lalulalonga came down the ladder. Craye backed away till he bumped against the bulkhead of the little state-room amidships. He could go no farther, and stood crouching back on the bulkhead, his face white and desperate, eyes glittering like a cornered rat's.

Koko gave him a curious glance, and stood waiting for his master's orders. Ken made a gesture towards the crouching man.

"Search that man, Koko. He has a bundle of banknotes about him! Take it!"

The giant Kanaka moved towards Craye.

"Stand back!" panted Craye hoarsely. "You thief! You villain! Call your nigger off. I swear that I will defend myself!" He dragged the revolver from his belt.

In the twinkling of an eye the weapon was struck from his hand. Koko's mighty grasp closed on him. A scream of rage and terror broke from Craye. He struggled frantically, but vainly, in the Kanaka's powerful hands.

"Let me go! Let me go! Help!"

A startled exclamation was heard above, and there was a light, swift step in the companion. Aileen Craye was in the cabin the next moment. Her eyes started as she saw her brother struggling in the grasp of the brown boatswain.

"What is this? Release my brother!" exclaimed Aileen. "Captain King, order your Kanaka to release him! What does this mean?"

"Let him go, Koko!" ordered Ken.

The girl's eyes were accusingly on King of the Islands. Anger and indignation glowed in her face. There was a heavier tread in the com-

panion. Kit Hudson descended, leaving the deck to the crew. Ken's eyes turned on him.

"Go back on deck, Kit! I left the deck in your charge. There's nothing for you to do here."

Hudson did not reply, and did not move. He stood where he was, a grim, dogged look on his face. Ken turned from him. Angry words were leaping to his lips, but he held them back.

"Miss Craye," he said, "I'm sorry for this. I hoped that you would know nothing of it. No harm is intended to your brother, but on this ship he must obey my orders. As he has chosen to call you on the scene, it can't be helped now. I've ordered him to hand over the banknotes belonging to the Pacific Company, to be locked up in my strong-box till they can be sent back where they belong."

"My brother has nothing that is not his own!" The girl's eyes flashed fire. "How dare you say he has?"

"It's false!" muttered Craye. "You believe me, Aileen! You know he lies!"

"I know it is false. It is false and wicked. How dare you?" exclaimed Aileen, her eyes flashing at the unhappy boy trader. "Was it for this you brought us away from Loya? You promised us protection from savages. Is this the protection you promised?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Craye, but I've got my duty to do. If your brother's innocent—if he has no stolen money about him—he can prove it easily enough. Let him lay his money-belt on the table to be examined."

"Is that all you ask?" exclaimed Aileen contemptuously. "Then you can be easily satisfied!" She turned to her brother. "Monty, do as he asks!"

Craye made no answer. He leaned on the bulkhead, breathing heavily, perspiration clotted on his brow. There was a long minute of silence in the cabin. The girl broke it.

"Monty, do as he asks! Why should you not? Captain King is a stranger to you—he does not know you—you cannot expect him to believe you against all your enemies. Prove to him that he is wrong and unjust!"

Craye licked his dry lips. His voice was husky as he answered at last.

"I refuse! I refuse to be suspected, insulted, searched! I never asked to come on this ship, and I'm ready to leave her at the first land. I will not be treated as a felon!"

Ken, as he saw the sudden, blanching doubt that came into the girl's face, felt his heart throb with pity for her. For the first time Aileen's faith in her brother wavered. Every vestige of colour faded from her face. Her eyes, fixed on her brother, were full of fear.

"Monty!" Her voice was a whisper. "Monty, if you refuse, they will believe—"

"Let them believe what they like!" broke in Craye savagely. "I was tricked on this ship. I came here trusting to their good faith, and they

shall not treat me like a criminal. I will resist to the last of my strength!"

There was silence again. All could see that doubt and faith were struggling in the mind of Aileen Craye. Doubt had come for the first time, and it was only with an effort that she could drive it away. But she drove it away, as if she dared not let her belief in the wretched man falter. She turned to Ken again. Her face was pleading, her lashes wet.

"Captain King, my brother is right! Why should he submit to be treated as a felon? Put us ashore—take us back to Loya, if you like! We have no right on your ship, but we have a right to respect and fair treatment. You have no right to use violence when you offered us protection!"

"That is not how the matter stands, Miss Craye," replied Ken. "I cannot be a party to a robbery. My orders must be carried out. Koko, seize that man and take his money-belt!"

Craye gave a cry of rage and terror as the boatswain advanced on him again. Aileen's eyes turned wildly on King of the Islands and read only grim determination in his face. Then they sought Kit Hudson's face, and the girl knew that there, at least, she had a friend.

Hudson's face was troubled. But the mute, fearful appeal in the pleading eyes was too strong for him. He strode across the cabin and interposed between Koko and Craye.

"Hands off!" said the mate of the Dawn hoarsely. Koko stopped in sheer astonishment. It was the first time he had received opposing orders from the shipmates of the Dawn. His dark eyes turned in perplexity on King of the Islands.

"Hudson, stand aside!" Ken's face was white.

Hudson stood like a rock, his face dark and dogged, King of the Islands advanced a step. Still the mate of the Dawn did not stir.

"Hudson, we're shipmates and friends," said Ken huskily, "but I am your skipper, and I order you on deck!"

"I refuse to go!"

"You're standing by that man against me, Kit?" Ken asked.

"I'm standing by him!"

Ken's hands clenched hard. He was struggling to keep down his anger. His voice was steady when he spoke again.

"I'd have you put in irons, but I can't forget our friendship as easily as you can. Have your way. I can't lay hands on you, or order my men to lay hands on you. You know that. You're no longer mate of this ketch. You'll go ashore when Craye goes, and I wish you joy of his company. That ends it!"

And without another look at his lost friend, King of the Islands turned and went on deck!

(Stormy days, these, for the shipmates of the Dawn—and there are more troublous times ahead! Read Charles Hamilton's great Ken King yarn in next Monday's MODERN BOY. It's magnificent!)