

ANOTHER FREE GIFT FOR YOU!

The MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY.
Week Ending July 8th, 1933.

No. 283.
Vol. 11.

2^{D.}



KEEP OFF OUR SKY!— Archie, the gamekeeper of Britain's Preserves, practising to give aerial trespassers a warm reception!—See centre pages



"Put your foot on the beach, and I'll give you what you're asking for!" roared Kit Hudson. . . . "Will you, by hokey!" Barney Hall snarled, and leapt up in the dinghy and raised his revolver.

The ISLE of SURPRISES!

Complete ——— by Charles Hamilton ———

The Wild Man's Cave.

IT was burning afternoon on Maroon Island, the lonely speck of land in the Pacific, where King of the Islands was marooned with his two comrades, Kit Hudson, the mate of the ketch Dawn, and Koko, the giant Kanaka boatswain.

Many days had passed since Dandy Peter of Lukwe had sailed away in the ketch which he had stolen from them. Every day the shipmates watched the sea for a sail. But they watched in vain. Maroon Island lay many a long mile out of the track of trade. That was why Peter Parsons had chosen it to maroon the skipper whose ship he had stolen.

Food was there in plenty—wild yams and coconuts and bananas, and wild pig in the bush—and Koko had built a tiny canoe for fishing on the lagoon. The shipmates might have settled down in peace to watch for a sail but for the presence of a strange and mysterious "wild man" on the island.

Twice a signal-fire had been lighted on the summit of the lava peak that soared high above the island, but each time it had been extinguished by the wild man—as ferocious as a shark, and with a bitter, unreasoning enmity towards the newcomers on his island. Every night as they slept in the hut by the stream that poured into the lagoon they awoke to hear him prowling outside.

Again and again they had seen the

coppery face, the wild eyes, the tangled hair and beard, as the wild man spied on them from the bush. And if they separated there was always danger of an attack. Many times they had barely escaped the whizzing of sharp coral rocks.

On this burning afternoon the three shipmates had picked up his track in the bush and followed it up the hillside towards the ancient volcano. For hours they had hung patiently on the track, determined to run the wild man down and secure him, and the track had led them at last to his hidden den.

A deep, shadowy cave opened in the rugged hillside, almost hidden from sight by high bush. The shipmates of the Dawn stepped into the shadowy interior warily. Koko, with his axe, Ken King and Kit Hudson grasping lawyer-canes loaded with coral. In a corner of the cave was a rough bed



A KING OF THE ISLANDS STORY

If someone stole your ketch and marooned you on a lonely speck of an island in the South Seas—and that island suddenly became intensely lively—what would you do? Put yourself in the place of KEN KING—and think it over!



of leaves, and about the rugged floor lay bones of wild pigs and coconut shells. But the man of the island was not to be seen.

King of the Islands' sunburnt face was grim as he stared about the cave. It was more like a wild animal's den than a human habitation. There was not a single utensil of any kind to be seen, and no sign of a fire. It looked as if the wild man ate his food raw. Ken King knew the islands from the Carolines to Easter, but only in New Guinea had he ever found savages so low in the human scale that they could not make fire.

"Well, he's not here," said Kit Hudson.

He leaned on the rugged wall of the cave and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"No see black feller eye belong me," said the Kanaka. "Me tinkee black feller no see us feller eye belong him. S'pose we stop along this place, sar, catchee black feller along he comey?"

"Good egg!" said the mate of the Dawn. "Koko's set us a course, Ken."

"Ay, ay!" assented King of the Islands.

After long hours of weary struggling in the thick bush a rest was more than welcome. The sun was sinking, but the heat was still intense. That this cave was the den of the wild man was a certainty, and it seemed that, sooner or later, he would

The Isle of Surprises!

come creeping back to it. There was a chance of a successful ambush.

"Only we're out of sight of the sea here." King of the Islands looked out of the cave at the dense bush that rose almost like a wall. "We shall have to take the chance of missing a sail. Little enough chance, anyhow, of raising a sail in these waters until we can get the signal smoke going on the peak. And all three of us will be needed to handle that brute if we get hold of him."

Ken sat down on a rock in the cavern and leaned back against the rugged wall. Koko dropped on his face in the cavern mouth, screened by a spur of rock, to keep watch on the bush, unseen himself. The sun sank lower, and the shadows of the brief, tropical twilight thickened in the bush.

Hardly a word was spoken as the shipmates waited. It was necessary to be cautious, for the wild man was as keen and wary as a wild animal. If he suspected the ambush, it was certain he would come nowhere near the cave. The interior darkened till Ken and Kit could barely make out one another's faces. Koko, at the cave mouth, was a silent and motionless shadow.

SUDDENLY there came sounds from the beach beyond the bush.

Faint in the distance, but unmistakable, the yell of the wild man rang out. Ken and Kit started to their feet, grasping their cudgels.

"That's from the beach," whispered Ken. "But what—"

The wild, unearthly yell was followed by silence. What had caused that furious outbreak was a mystery. The wild man could have found no other enemy on the island to excite his fury.

"Is it possible that there's been a sail?" asked Hudson. "It's six or seven hours since we've seen the sea. If some skipper has made his landfall here while we've been in the bush—"

"Not likely," said Ken.

"Well, I suppose not. But what was the matter with that brute? Something must have happened."

The shipmates listened, but there was no repetition of the yell. All was silent on the lonely island, save for the murmur of the surf. Minutes passed, and in the blackness of the cave Ken was conscious that the watchful Kanaka stirred. Then Koko whispered:

"Me hear, sar, ear belong me! Black feller comey!"

Ken and Kit listened intently and caught the sound which the Kanaka's keener ears had already detected. It was a rustle in the thick bush, and it was approaching the cave. The wild man was returning! In tense silence they waited and watched.

The rustling ceased, and a dim shadow was seen to move at the cave-mouth. But dim as it was, they made out a shaggy figure with its wild beard and tangled hair, and caught a gleam of the wild eyes. The man of the island had no suspicion that his den had been discovered, and that

enemies waited for him within. The shipmates heard his heavy breathing as he stepped into the cave. His panting breathing came closer, but suddenly he stopped. He could not have seen them in the blackness, but he sensed their presence, and his wild eyes flashed round in alarm.

At the same moment Koko grasped him, and Ken and Kit closed in on him and seized his arms. A sudden yell burst from the man of the island as he felt their grips, and instantly he was struggling and wrenching like a tiger.

So fierce was his resistance, so enormous his strength, that he tore loose from the three pairs of strong hands, and with a backward leap reached the cave-mouth again. Kit Hudson went sprawling on the rocky floor, and Ken stumbled over him in the darkness. Koko, still holding the wild man, was dragged with him, and the two rolled out of the cave together, fighting like wild cats.

"Hold him, Koko!" panted Ken. He leaped up and rushed out to the Kanaka's aid. In the darkness he had a glimpse of struggling figures. But before he could lay hands on the wild man again, the shaggy figure had torn loose from Koko and was leaping into the blackness of the bush. The giant Kanaka rushed into the bush after the fugitive. But it was useless. A howl of defiance floated back, and the man of the island was gone.

"The game's up!" said Hudson, as Koko rejoined them. "May as well get back to the hut—he won't show up here again."

"Me tinkee that feller no comey along this place any more altogether," grunted Koko. "S'pose killy that feller along axe belong me, he stop along this place too much."

It was useless to remain in the cave. The wild man was little likely to return. The shipmates started on the weary tramp back through the bush to the beach of the lagoon. It was long past midnight when they reached the hut, and, weary to the bone, they were glad to fling themselves on their beds of palm leaves and sleep.

Barney's Jeers.

"**F**ELLER ship he stop!" shouted Koko.

"What?" exclaimed King of the Islands, and he and Kit Hudson bounded from their beds. It was sunrise on Maroon Island. Koko, the first up, had gone out of the hut in the early sunlight to prepare the fish in the earth-oven for the white masters' breakfast. But as he stepped out of the doorway he forgot all about breakfast, and gave a shout that rang far and wide on the lonely island as he stared at a lugger anchored out in the lagoon. And it was his shout that brought Ken and Kit bounding from the palm-pole hut.

"You look, sar, eye belong you!" Koko gasped. "Feller ship he stop along lagoon, my word!"

Ken and Kit stared at the anchored craft, and their eyes danced. Even the sight of a native canoe would have been welcome in the solitude of

Maroon Island. And this was a white man's ship!

"This beats everything!" exclaimed Ken. "That craft couldn't have come in after dark—it would have piled up on the reef. It must have come in while we were in the bush hunting the wild man—must have been here when we turned in last night."

"And we turned in never knowing that there was a white man's ship anchored a couple of cables' length away!" said Hudson.

"Me savvy what name the wild feller sing out, mouth belong him, along night!" said Koko. "He sing out along that feller ship."

The shipmates could guess now that someone had landed from the lugger, and that there had been an encounter with the wild man on the beach in the darkness. They stood before the hut, feasting their eyes on the lugger. Against all hope, against all probability, a white man's ship had put in at Maroon Island. No doubt it had put in for water—the skipper could hardly have had any other reason for seeking that solitary speck of land—and it meant help and rescue. But the delight suddenly faded out of Ken King's face.

"That's Barney Hall's lugger, Kit!" he said quietly. "I know the cut of her jib, old man. It's Barney Hall, of Tonga."

The Australian stared hard at the lugger, and nodded. If there had been any doubt, it was dispelled by the sight of Barney Hall himself. From a heap of mats at the foot of the mast, a burly figure rose into view—a big, brawny, bearded figure, in grass-hat and cotton vest and shorts, with a revolver belted to his waist. Standing by the mast, the trader of Tonga scanned the beach with keen eyes; but he was looking towards the spot where he had camped the night before and did not yet see the group of three by the palm-pole hut.

"Feller Barney Hall!" muttered Koko, and his brown face grew grim. "That feller not friend along white master!"

"Friend or no friend, a white man can't leave white men stranded on a desert island," said Hudson. "Barney Hall's a bully and a brute, Ken, but he's got his limit. He's bound to take us off."

Ken nodded. He watched the trader of Tonga. After a long stare at the spot where he had camped over night, Barney Hall's gaze moved along the beach, scanning it, and in a few moments his eyes would pick up the group by the hut.

Ken saw Barney give a violent start as his eyes picked up the group. For a moment or two the trader of Tonga stood as if transfixed with astonishment. Then his hand grasped the butt of the revolver in his belt and half-drew it. Dark brown faces appeared round him now, staring at the group—the six Tonga boys who manned the lugger. Like their master, they stared in amazement at sight of men on Maroon Island.

Ken waved a hand in friendly greeting. Slowly, Barney Hall's

rough paw relinquished the revolver-butt. He still stared hard, and there was little sign of friendliness in his looks. Ken made a sign to his comrades, and they hurried along the beach to reach the nearest spot to the anchored lugger. Friend or foe, they were glad to see Barney Hall, and they could not believe that even the ruffianly trader could have the inhumanity to abandon castaways on a desert island.

The lugger was anchored well out from the beach, but it was within easy hail.

"Ahoj, Barney Hall!" shouted Ken.

"Ahoj, King of the Islands!" roared back Barney. "By hokey! Is it you or your ghost?" He gave a gruff laugh. "So that's what Peter Parsons did with you—marooned you. I reckoned he'd put you over the side of your ketch for the sharks."

"Send us your boat, Hall!" shouted Ken. Hall stared at him, then muttered an order to the Tonga boys. The dinghy, which the lugger like most small vessels in the islands towed astern, was pulled in under the side, and Barney Hall stepped into it and sat in the stern. Tokalaloo, the boat steerer, dropped in, and took a pair of oars to pull to the beach. The other five Tonga boys lined the side, staring.

The dinghy stopped a dozen feet off the beach. Tokalaloo rested on his oars, and Barney Hall drew the revolver from his belt and held it on his knee, ready for use if required. There was grim hostility and suspicion in his dark tanned face.

"Pull in, Barney Hall!" said King of the Islands. "You've nothing to fear here!"

"I reckon I'm not giving your nigger a chance to get another grip on me!" jeered Barney Hall. "Keep where you are, King of the Islands, or you'll hear this shooter bark! I'll drop you if you lift a finger!"

"We're marooned here!"

"YOU needn't tell me that!" Hall laughed hoarsely. "I reckoned that Dandy Peter had got rid of you when I raised your ketch and found him commanding it and your niggers jumping to his orders. I reckon he couldn't have found a safer place for you, while he's sailing your ketch and hunting for Grant Blake—unless he'd chucked you to the sharks! By hokey!" For a moment the ruffian's manner became more amicable as he went on: "Did you get a sight of the paper while he was on your ketch with you?"

"What paper?" Ken demanded.

"Oh, don't give me any guff!" snarled Barney. "I heard at Lukwe that Dandy Peter had picked up a bottle at sea and found a paper in it written by Grant Blake, the Sydney millionaire who was lost when the old Mindanao went down. I was hunting your ketch to get a sight of that paper—and I'd have had it, too, if he hadn't knocked me out with a bullet. Did you get a sight of Grant Blake's message?"

"I know nothing of it," answered King of the Islands. "I know that Parsons has stolen my ketch to hunt for the lost millionaire, and he said that he had a clue. But that's all I know!"

"And you let him get away with your ketch, and maroon you on this island!" jeered Barney Hall. "Well, if you'd had a sight of Grant Blake's message, I reckon I'd have taken you off to set me a course. There's five thousand pounds waiting at Sydney for the man who picks up Grant Blake. And you've let Dandy Peter beat you to it!"

"You seem to have let him beat you, too!" retorted Kit Hudson.

Hall scowled savagely. "I don't want any lip from you, Hudson!" he said.

"Washy-washy along lugger!" he snapped at Tokalaloo.

"Hold on, Barney Hall!" exclaimed King of the Islands, his eyes flashing. "You're not deserting castaways on a place like this!"

"You reckon I'm loading my lugger with lame ducks?" snarled Hall. "You'd better guess again! By hokey, you've got cheek to ask me to take you off after setting your nigger on me!" He glared at Koko, and half raised his revolver. "I've a mind to shoot him! I'd have shot him if I'd had a gun in my hand when he handled me on the beach last night!"

"Me no see you along beach, sar," stuttered Koko, staring blankly at the Tonga trader. "Me no touch you,

sar, hand belong me. Me no savvy what thing you say, sar!"

"Belay it!" snarled Hall. "I didn't see much of the swab that grabbed me in the dark, but I reckon he was a nigger. And you're the only one of that bunch that could have handled me!"

"Hold on, Barney Hall!" cut in King of the Islands. "Do you mean to say you were attacked on the beach last night?"

"You didn't know?" jeered Hall. "You never set your nigger on to me, figuring that you'd get hold of my lugger?"

"Nothing of the kind! We never knew your lugger was here till we saw it in the lagoon a quarter of an hour ago."

"Can it!" sneered Barney Hall. "D'you expect me to believe that yarn? Who was it grabbed me, if it wasn't your nigger?"

"I can tell you that," answered Ken. "There's a savage on the island—a wild man of the bush—"

Hall laughed jeeringly.

"You want me to believe that?"

"It's the truth, and you'll find it out fast enough if you go into the bush!" answered King of the Islands. "Look here, Barney Hall—"

"I reckon you can belay your jawing-tackle, Ken King," interrupted Hall. "I'm here for food and water, and I reckon I lift anchor at sundown. And if you come near my lugger, look out for squalls! I'll shoot the bunch of you if you give



The insensible man sagged, a dead weight in Ken's arms. A wild face stared from the bush for a moment, then vanished as Hudson and Koko came racing up.

The Isle of Surprises!

me trouble! You feller Tokalaloo, washy-washy along lugger close-up!"

The dinghy glided away from the beach. King of the Islands shut his teeth hard. Hudson's eyes blazed at the Tonga trader.

"You lubberly swab!" he roared. "Put your foot on the beach and I'll give you what you're asking for!"

"Will you, by hokey?" snarled Barney Hall, and leapt up in the dinghy and raised his revolver. "Beat it, you scum—beat it for the bush, you longshore lubbers!"

The revolver roared as he was speaking, and a bullet kicked up the sand not a foot from the mate of the Dawn. With ruffianly recklessness, Hall pulled trigger again and again, pelting the beach with bullets. Koko gave a yell as a shot tore a coral comb from his dark hair. He dropped into cover behind a rock, and Ken and Kit, sorely against the grain, and breathing hard with rage, followed his example. From the lugger came a cackle of merriment from the watching Tonga boys.

"Show up, you scum!" roared Barney Hall. "Show a leg, King of the Islands! By hokey, I'll teach you to give me back-talk! Show a leg!"

Not till his revolver was empty did Hall squat in the stern of the dinghy again, and snap to Tokalaloo to pull. And King of the Islands, with bitter rage, watched the dinghy reach the lugger and tie on. It was the death-blow to the hope of rescue from Maroon Island!

On the Stolen Ketch!

MORE than a hundred miles from Maroon Island, Dandy Peter Parsons stood by the binnacle on the stolen Dawn and looked round at the sea. It was high noon, and the blaze of heat on the teak deck of the ketch was almost intolerable. Even the Hiva-Oa boys lolling about the deck felt the heat. Lompo looked limp at the wheel, and Danny the cooky-boy had come out of his galley in search of air. But the dandy of Lukwe, spotless in

white ducks that had belonged to the skipper of the Dawn, showed little sign of strain. Yet for many days Dandy Peter had been under a strain that few men's nerves could have stood.

Limp as the Kanaka crew looked—submissive as they were to the iron-nerved sea-lawyer of Lukwe—every hand would have leaped at a chance to grasp a belaying-pin and fell him to the deck. Every time Dandy Peter's eyes closed in sleep, he knew that the Hiva-Oa boys drew together and plotted in whispers, making plans that they never ventured to carry out. All the crew of the Dawn—Kolulo and Lufu, Lompo and Tomoo, and Danny the cook—bore signs of Parsons' heavy hand, and only too well he knew how they longed to turn on him and throw him to the sharks. But he knew that they dared not.

"Keep her steady!" he snapped to Lompo as he scanned the sea before he went below for his midday sleep. That midday sleep was all that Parsons had. At night he never closed his eyes.

The Dawn was in the neighbourhood of the Marshalls group. Dandy Peter was on the hunt for the lonely reef where Grant Blake, the millionaire, watched the sea for a sail. Wreckage of the Mindanao had been picked up on beaches in the Marshalls, and he had no doubt that the unknown reef was in that vicinity.

He went down to the cabin, after making sure that there was neither land nor sail in sight. The eyes of the Kanakas on deck met, as they heard him cross the cabin to the little state-room, close the door, and lock it, before he threw himself on a bunk. Without that locked door between him and the crew, the sea-lawyer never closed his eyes. There was a soft pattering of naked feet on the deck as the crew gathered aft, near Lompo at the wheel.

"That feller Parsons sleepee!" whispered Danny. "Eye belong him too much shut."

There was a muttering in the native dialect of Hiva-Oa. Dark eyes gleamed and white teeth flashed. Had Dandy Peter overheard the cautious whispering, it would have told him nothing, for he understood hardly a word of the dialects of the Marquesas. But he would have known that the crew were plotting mischief.

Kolulo waved a brown hand towards the western horizon.

"Marshall Island stop!" he said. "One, two, three day along boat, us feller stop along Marshall Island. Plenty white feller stop along that place."

All eyes turned to the glowing sun-haze in the west. For days the Kanakas had been plotting, and now the plot had come to a head. After long pondering and whispering and consulting—for no Kanaka can do anything without oceans of talk—they had settled it, and it was cut and dried. Yet they stood in an eager group for more than an hour before Lompo at last took a bight of

GREAT ADVENTURES.—No. 11

The Story of This Week's FREE Photogravure Plate

SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD

IT was to meet adventure that Alain Gerbault, the famous French tennis player, set out alone in a tiny British-built yacht, *Firecrest*, to sail around the world. And he found it, in this sailing yacht that was just half the length of a cricket pitch, as he went across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal, and down the Pacific Ocean to the South Seas, across the Indian Ocean, round the Cape, and back to France!

He started from Cannes, on the French Riviera, and arrived back at Havre on July 26th, 1923—after sailing his little craft single-handed for six years in fair weather and foul. For days on end when storms raged he had to lash the tiller, run before the storm, and seek shelter in his tiny cabin.

The first part of the journey, 3,209 miles from Gibraltar across the Atlantic to New York, took 102 days. Terrific storms nearly overwhelmed the *Firecrest*, rigging was blown away, and food and water ran so low that Gerbault was compelled to catch rain-water to eke out supplies. Constant drenching from rain and sea brought on a fever which rendered him unconscious for two days, during which time the little boat drifted at the mercy of the waves.

On the way to Bermuda from New York the *Firecrest* was run down by a steamer, her bowsprit was carried away, the mast canted over to one side, and a great hole was torn in the deck. Gerbault managed to plug the hole with cotton waste and refix the mast, but he had to keep pumping in addition to sailing the boat. Rest was very scanty on that trip!

THE South Seas nearly saw the end of the *Firecrest*. She was at anchor at Wallis Island when a sudden storm blew up. The anchor chain snapped and the boat was dashed on to a reef, where she lay on her side grinding the coral with every wave that dashed over her. Then she heeled right over, and Gerbault swam ashore—and the hull of the boat swam after him and beached itself! The pounding waves had broken off the keel, and it was four months before Gerbault, with the aid of natives, was able to refix it and put to sea again. In spite of it all, when he sailed back into Havre harbour he was sorry that his trip was over! His country honoured him, for thus circumnavigating the globe, by making him an Officer of the Legion of Honour.

NEXT WEEK'S Splendid Free Plate is shown—greatly reduced—on page 7. DON'T MISS IT—IT WILL COMPLETE YOUR SET!

a rope on the wheel and lashed it fast, and they proceeded to action.

With a care that was very unlike Kanakas, inspired by their terror of the ruffian below, they swung the whaleboat outboard, loosed the falls, and lowered it to the calm water. Kolulo slipped down into the boat and fended off the hull with a big, brown hand, as it towed alongside. Danny skulked into the galley and handed out canned food to the others, who passed it down to Kolulo in the boat.

The supply of food in the galley was limited, but the Kanakas dare not go down to the lazarette for more. Such as it was, it had to suffice—they dared not take the risk of awakening Parsons. A single keg of water was lowered into the boat—all that was available without going below.

To flee in the whaleboat with so scanty a supply of water and provisions might have daunted a white crew, but the Kanakas were not accustomed to looking far ahead. In their fuzzy brains there was room for only one idea at a time; and their present idea was to get away from Dandy Peter and leave him deserted and alone on the stolen ketch Dawn.

Sleeping-mats and other things that were at hand were passed down to Kolulo and stacked in the boat, and the most precious possessions of the native seamen from the fore-castle. Minutes were precious, if they were to succeed in escaping, yet more than two hours had elapsed since Dandy Peter had gone below before the crew joined Kolulo in the boat and cast off.

Lulu grasped an oar to shove off from the hull; but Lompo, more cautious, caught his arm. The porthole of the state-room where Dandy Peter slept was open—a sound might have reached him. In silence the Hiva-Oa boys sat in the boat, hardly a fathom from the Dawn as she drifted on. In a couple of minutes the boat would be left astern, and then the oars could be put out and they could pull. Once safe away from the ketch the mast would be stepped, the sail hoisted, and the whaleboat would be running west for the islands that lay somewhere below the burning horizon.

THEY sat silent, grinning at one another, as the whaleboat rocked in the wash of the ketch and the vessel drew ahead. Tomoo's brown arm was thrown over the tiller. He gave a sudden convulsive jump as something struck the tiller an inch from his brown arm and glanced off over the sea. The report of a revolver instantly followed.

There was a gasping cackle of alarm from the Hiva-Oa boys. The deck of the ketch was empty—Dandy Peter had not come up. For a moment they stared in terror about them, stupefied. Then the wisp of smoke from the state-room porthole caught their eyes, and they understood. From the open port the revolver cracked again, and Lompo uttered a yell as a strip of skin was torn from his ear.

"Tail-Wagger" Stamps

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG

who will answer, free, any Stamp Queries sent to the Editor. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by Post



The Newfoundland dog made its first appearance on a stamp of that colony, in 1887.

WILD animals in plenty have inspired the artists responsible for designing and engraving stamps, yet up to a few years ago there was only one stamp upon which appeared a dog. That was the well-known half-cent stamp of Newfoundland, showing the head of one of those dogs which takes its name from Britain's oldest colony. It is said to have been adapted from Landseer's famous picture, "A Member of the Royal Humane Society."

The "Newfoundland" reappears upon a later stamp issue of the same dominion in the guise of "Sable," the mascot of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment, who figures on the 14 cents value of the now current series. A native of North-Eastern America, another dog of the same breed appears on the latest postage-due stamps of the neighbouring French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.



Stamp-picture of a national monument to the dog-cavalry of Uruguay.

light cavalry was employed to such good effect that a hound is introduced beside the figure of Victory, which commemorates the engagement, and is reproduced upon the memorial stamps. In striking contrast to this martial episode we have the picture of a blind man being led by his faithful dog, as the subject of one of the recent charity postage stamps from the Saar Valley.

"You scum!" The voice of Dandy Peter, shrill with rage, came from the porthole. "You black scum! You touch feller oar, hand belong you, you dead Kanaka, my word!"

"White feller wake!" stuttered Lompo, through his chattering teeth. "That feller plenty too much wake!"

Crack! A third shot crashed into the midst of the Kanakas, sending splinters flying. There was a chorus of howls.

"Oh, sar! You no shoot along this feller! This feller good boy along you, sar! This feller no go along sea! No wantee go along sea, sar! This good feller Kanaka stop along ship!" "You scum!" roared Dandy Peter, and fired again, the bullet tearing a coral comb and a lock of hair from Danny's head. The cooky-boy yelled with terror and flung himself into the bottom of the boat.

But the Dawn was making way, and the whaleboat dropped astern, out of range from the porthole. Dandy Peter was likely to lose no time getting on deck; but the crew could have escaped by putting out the oars without a second's delay and pulling for their lives. Parsons could not have handled the ketch single-

handed, and pursuit would have been impossible.

Pulling desperately out of range was the only chance. But the bullets from the porthole, and the fierce voice of the sea-lawyer, had put the terror of death into the hearts of the native boys. Instead of jumping at their last chance they huddled in the boat, staring with fearful eyes towards the ketch, surging farther and farther away before the wind. And they panted with fear as a fierce face, and a hand gripping a revolver, appeared over the taffrail.

"You scum! You washy-washy along ketch!" yelled Dandy Peter. "You washy-washy close-up, you scum!"

Already the ketch was so far away that the sea-lawyer's voice was almost drowned in the wind. But there was no idea of disobedience in the scared minds of the Kanakas. They grasped the oars, and rowed desperately after the ketch. Over the rail, the sea-lawyer brandished the revolver and yelled threats, and the Hiva-Oa boys pulled as if for their lives.

And when Dandy Peter threw a

(Continued on page 18)

The Isle of Surprises!

(Continued from page 15)

line, Lompo caught it and made it fast, and the Kanakas clambered on board in fear and trembling. They had cause to tremble, for they found the dandy of Lukwe with the revolver in his left hand, a belaying-pin in his right, and the face of a demon.

"You black scum!" snarled Dandy Peter. "You tinkee run along sea, my word! This feller knock seven bells outer you, too much altogether!"

And wild howls rang down the wind from the ketch as the sea-lawyer of Lukwe knocked "seven bells" out of his crew with the belaying-pin.

Unseen Danger!

"THE swab!" said Kit Hudson, between his teeth. The shipmates stood before the palm-pole hut on the bank of the little stream that poured into the lagoon on Maroon Island. The sun was high over the bush, streaming down heat and blaze. They stood watching the lugger with grim eyes. The sight of a white man's ship had brought joy and hope to their hearts. But that brief hope was gone—they had nothing to expect from Barney Hall but bitter hostility.

"Look here, Ken," said Hudson, "we're not seeing that lugger sail away and leave us stranded. We can't trust Barney Hall even to pass the word along the beaches that we're marooned on this dashed island. Ten to one he will keep his mouth shut and leave us to it."

"A hundred to one," answered King of the Islands quietly. "The brute's no friend of ours. He hasn't forgotten that we flung him into the Pacific when he tried his bullying on the Dawn. And he thinks that it was Koko who grabbed him on the beach last night. He hasn't seen our wild man, and doesn't believe in him."

"I don't care what he thinks! We're not letting him sail away and leave us here!" said the Australian. "He says that he's here for water, Ken—and he couldn't have put in for any other reason. That means that he will have to land." Hudson's eyes glinted fiercely. "We're not the men to play Dandy Peter's game of seizing another's man ship, but we've got to take a chance of getting off this island, Ken!"

Ken smiled faintly.

"I'm with you, all the way, if there's a chance," he said. "But we're unarmed, old bean—Dandy Peter took care of that. Hall's armed

to the teeth, and he's the man to shoot. It's a bit of a problem."

"I don't care!" said Hudson stubbornly. "He's got to land for water, and we'll handle him somehow when he does. He's bound by every law to take castaways off a desert island. If he refuses, he can take the consequences. We're sailing from Maroon Island in that lugger!"

King of the Islands stood silent, his brows wrinkled in thought. To seize another skipper's ship, even if it was practicable, was not according to his ideas. But to look on tamely, while Barney Hall filled his casks and pulled out of the lagoon, was intolerable. He knew that Hudson was right—the Tonga trader would not give the news on the beaches where they were to be found.

They might rot on Maroon Island, and Barney Hall would not waste a thought on them. He had always been their enemy, and now that he believed he owed his narrow escape of the night before to them, the ruffian was implacable. Ken could see him now on the lugger's deck, chewing a black Manila cheroot and giving orders to his crew. When he glanced in the direction of the hut, he scowled blackly and made a threatening gesture. There was nothing to be hoped for from Barney Hall—unless they could make him do the right thing.

"White master," murmured Koko, "this Kanaka tinkee plenty too much, head belong him."

"What you tinkee, head belong you, old coffee-bean?" asked the boy trader, with a smile.

"No can fight along Barney Hall, sar," said Koko. "Plenty too much gun stop along that feller! This Kanaka savvy; Koko no common Kanaka, sar—tinkee plenty too much, head belong him! Koko stop along bush, hide along bush all same Solomon Island boy. Along Barney Hall comey along water, killy that feller, axe belong me. Koko savvy throw feller axe plenty too much!"

"Koko's right, Ken," murmured Hudson, with a grin. "The water's salt from the lagoon for some distance up—they'll have to go into the bush to fill the casks with fresh water. Koko could get that brute from the bush with a thrown knife or axe."

"White master tinkee good?" asked Koko.

"Tinkee plenty bad, old coffee-bean," answered King of the Islands. "You no killy that feller Hall, along axe belong you."

"S'pose killy feller Hall, Tonga boy no makee trouble, sar!" urged Koko. "Tonga boy jump along order, sar, s'pose you sing out, all same Hiva-Oa boy jump along order along feller Parsons."

The shipmates chuckled. They were intensely angry with the brutal bully of Tonga, but they were not likely to adopt Koko's suggestion of killing him with an axe hurled from cover, and seizing his ship and crew.

"They're going to land!" grunted Hudson.

Barney Hall had stepped into the little dinghy. He had a rifle under his arm now, as well as the revolver

in his belt. Evidently he was prepared for trouble with the maroons. Tokalaloo and Taio, who entered the boat with him, had stuck knives in their loincloths. The bully of Tonga was coming prepared for war!

The shipmates watched the empty kegs rolled into the dinghy, and watched it pull to the beach, where Barney Hall stepped ashore, not a dozen yards from them. The Tonga boys pulled back to the lugger for more casks, Hall remaining on the beach, eyeing the shipmates with sour eyes under his beetling brows. Two more of the Tonga boys came ashore on the second trip with the remaining casks, only one being left to keep watch on the lugger. Then, under the eye of Barney Hall, the brown-skinned boys rolled the casks up the beach in the direction of the stream.

Barney Hall made a stride towards the group at the hut.

"Steer clear!" he rapped. "I'm leaving you alone if you keep clear of me. You can end your days on Maroon Island, for all I care! But give me trouble, and I'll shoot you down! Chew on that!"

"If only that swab Parsons had left us a gun!" breathed Hudson, as the Tonga trader swung away and followed his men.

Barney Hall tramped up the stream. The beach was narrow, the thick bush only a little distance from the lagoon's edge. For more than that distance the stream was salt from the lagoon; fresh water was farther up. The shipmates were well aware of that, as they had to go into the bush for the fresh water they needed at the hut.

Barney Hall was soon aware of it, and he growled an order to his boys to roll the casks farther up the stream. The tangled bush grew down to the margin of the water, and it was scarcely possible to get the casks along the bank. The Tonga boys rolled them into the shallow stream, which was nowhere more than a foot deep, and splashed them onward.

Hall, tramping up the shallow water behind the brown boys, glanced back over his shoulder every other minute with keen, suspicious eyes. He was on guard against an attack, and against any attempt to seize the dinghy left on the beach. His rifle was in his hands, and there was no doubt that he would pull trigger at the first sign of trouble.

He halted on the edge of the bush, standing ankle-deep in water, while the Tonga boys rolled the casks farther on. From that position he could keep one eye on his crew and the other, as it were, on the shipmates and the dinghy. His savage look showed only too plainly how ready he was to loose off the rifle if it was needed.

"We're fools!" growled Hudson bitterly. "If we'd let Koko have his way—" He broke off. It was true enough. The shipmates were powerless now. To attack Hall, or to seize the dinghy, was to invite a rain of bullets from the rifle in the ruffian's hands. But, standing where he was,

TO READERS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE

Readers in the Irish Free State are requested to note that when Free Gifts are offered in this publication, they can only be supplied when the article is of a non-dutiable character

