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With Bob undergoing a transformation at the hands of the captain in the kitchen, Simpson had waylaid Mary on her way up the stairs. This was the opportunity that he had long sought, and now she seemed to be slipping from him. He laid a hand on hers as it rested on the stair rail. Mary tried to withdraw it but he held it there. He was a man not used to being thwarted, and his proposal was more in the nature of a demand than a request: "Mary, I want your answer: Will you marry me?" Mary turned away, and shaking her head, replied: "You're a man any girl might be glad to have, Marty, but I don't want to think of marriage for another year, yet." Still the big man urged her, but she remained obdurate, and as he reached out for her, she eluded him and ran up the stairs. Simpson looked after her angrily, turned on his heel and walked out of the house. On a secluded spot on the headland Elsie, still hugging her precious doll, was gazing out to sea. Gigantic waves were breaking over the wreckage of a steamer on the rocks. Her eyes scanned the wreck with a vacant, far-away look • a look so heartbreaking that it would have softened a heart of stone. Simpson, disappointed and enraged at Mary's refusal, had • as

CAPE CARE SERVICES Quality Personal Care ('996) Ltd. / 'Serving All 'V' Cape Bretony "People you trust... ..caring for people you love' - AT HOME OR IN HOSPITAL ~ • RN's (and RN Foot Care Specialists) • CNA's • Blood Work • Screened • Bonded • Insured " • Home Care Workers • Reasonable Rates FREE IN-HOME ASSESSMENT 282 GEORGE STREET • SYDNEY • PHONE 562-2444 • FAX 539-7210 All New Honda CR-V 4x4 many another man has done in similar circumstances • drowned his disappointment in the flowing cup, and wandering aimlessly descried ahead the figure of the poor, crazed girl. From afar he appraised her, then with a sinister expression creeping into his face, he approached her: "You're not a bad looking girl, Elsie, even though you are daft a bit...." He looked around cautiously to see that they were alone, then he reached for her hand. Uncertain and a little frightened, Elsie regarded him with wide eyes. He grinned to reassure her, stroking her hand. Still she was not quite sure. He took her doll from her lap, and after a little resistance she permitted him to lay it down between them, as he said: "I'd make a good sweetheart for you, Elsie. No use crying for fellows that's gone when there's live ones around." He patted her arm while the girl regarded him strangely. She was still wavering between fear and intelligence. Closely she scanned his face. In a moment his arms were around her and he was kissing her roughly. "These were my brother's. He went down with the Princess Pats, but you must be worthy to wear them." "I shall certainly try to," he returned. "Then you must give up drinking," Mary told Bob. "Won't you give me that flask?" For a moment he hesitated: then he handed it to her. She held it in her hand and looking him squarely in the eyes said: "Will you promise me never to touch this stuff again?" He was torn between his besetting sin and his desire to appear well in the eyes of this wonderful girl. Finally: "I promise," he said. Slowly Mary poured the contents of the flask into the sink. He could not help making a very wry face as he saw it disappear- ing, but the girl was all seriousness. Well, he had given his



promise so that settled it. A/C Real Time 4x4 Power Windows Power Locks Power Mirrors Selling and SeiTicing HONDA Automobiles for 16 Years CTCTI iTf e VH 229 King's Rd. Sydney ' 539-0112/' Built Without Compromise. iMi HONDA XI O ND A Bob's life was not a bed of roses when he took up his new duties aboard Simpson's fishing schooner. The big bully Simpson had disliked him from the first, and now that he saw he was fast worm? ing his way into the affections of the girl he wanted to marry, his feelings toward the newcomer were more than ever the reverse of friendly. He was determined to have his own back. To which end he carefully instruct? ed one of his men, known as "Jack," to spare no pains in tormenting the boy, who at this moment was suffer? ing from a bad attack of seasickness. Ken Bickerton Executive Director CAPE BRETON REGIONAL INDUSTRY TRAINING COUNCIL 573 Charlotte Street, P. O. Box 232, Sydney, N.S. B1P 6H1 Bus. (902) 562-0379 • Fax:(902)567-2795 E-mail: cbritc@fox.nstn.ca • Training in all industry sectors • Keeping Cape Breton companies competitive • Assisting in upgrading employees • Increasing productivity of businesses • Helping put people back to work • Serving EI eligible clients