



Mr. J. F. Montague.

On Monday, January 20 Mr J. F. Montague and party will present the drama, "Treasure Island" adapted from Stevenson's great adventure story of the same name. The book, which appeared in 1883, is one of the best of its kind written since the days of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Captain Singleton." Founded partly on fact and partly on Kingsley's "At Last," the story has thrilled, especially young readers, for two generations. Accompanying is a brief outline to refresh the memories of those who have let many years lapse since they read the tale.

A MYSTERIOUS brown old seaman took up his lodgings at the Admiral Benbow, an old inn that faced the wave-beaten English coast. He was afraid of strangers, and when an old shipmate who called himself "Black Dog" arrived he was literally terrified. A brawl ensued, and at the point of the cutlass the unwelcome visitor was driven away. Being a very heavy rum-drinker, the old seaman was unable to stand the exertion, and a fit seized him.

"'Black Dog' is a bad 'un," he told Jim Hawkins, the son of the dying owner of the inn, when he lay in his room recovering; "but there are worse than him. It's my old sea best they're after." And they were a bad lot. In another terrible meeting the old salt was threatened with his life and given the "Black Spot," a kind of summons, to deliver the chest. The anxiety was too much and another fit killed him. To his landlady he owed his board and, though timorous, Jim and his mother turned out the bulky chest intent on removing no more than the money owing them. Jim, who had not received the kindest of handling from the seafaring men, picked up an oilskin packet "to square the count."

No sooner were they out of the house than it was ransacked by the villainous crew who had caused the death of the old salt. They were disturbed and routed by the coastguards.

The packet contained a map of an island on which was buried the famous treasure or the equally famous Captain Flint. The

# Yo-ho-ho and a Bottle of Rum

## "Treasure Island" from 2YA

squire and the doctor resolved to commission a ship, with Jim as cabin boy, and recover the buried booty.

Among the crew was John Silver, the cook. Although possessing only one leg he could move about with the agility of a bird; he was deep, ready and clever, and he had the confidence of all but the captain. He was cook, but nevertheless appeared to be a leader among the crew, and had to be rebuked for taking too much interest in the matters that should have concerned the mate and the captain.

THE squire believed in treating the crew well. They had liberal grog served and a barrel of apples provided for all to dip into at will. The captain openly objected. "Never any good come of it yet. Spoils fof'sle hands; make bad sailors. That's my belief." But good came of the apple barrel in a way that the squire did not imagine.

To get the last apple Jim Hawkins crawled into the keg and went to sleep. He was awakened by the bulk of Silver letting himself down hard by.

"Not I," Silver was heard to say to his companions. "Flint was captain and I was quartermaster. Flint was 'feared of me, and proud of it."

Within earshot Hawkins heard one of the younger members of the crew throw in his lot with the now obviously buccaneers. Jim escaped from the barrel through the appearance of land attracting the crew to the side of the ship. It was Treasure Island.

"I am an ass and wait your orders," was all the squire could say to the captain when Jim unfolded the plot.

"We must sooner or later come to blows," returned the captain, "and we must take the wind out of their sails by surprising them." There were seven of them against nineteen. In the first boat that went ashore Jim was curled, and evading Silver ran into the undergrowth. Coming later upon the pirates

he heard the dying screams of a murdered man and saw another die by the wooden leg and knife of John Silver. Fearing a similar fate, he crawled away, and wandering among the bushes encountered what he thought to be a wild animal. It darted about and slipping ahead cut off his retreat. It was a marooned man—Ben Gunn, a former member of Flint's crew, and although he would not return to the ship—he was afraid of the terrible Silver—promised to help for a passage to England and a portion of the treasure. A cannon shot disturbed them; the fight had begun.

In the meantime the doctor and party had also left the boat and decided to shift headquarters to the old (Concluded on page 29.)



... The uncouth missile hurled point first through the air and hit poor Tom, with stunning violence, right between the shoulders.