

Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

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(Continued from last issue.)

"Trust! Huh!" Greer laughed drily. "I've lost out on this. And say, if I go back alone to Colvalli they'll ask where Mark is. Have you thought of that? If neither of us go back—neither Benting nor me—there will be no wonder about us. Nobody in Colvalli will think of us again."

"Something in that," agreed Angus, nodding his head up and down slowly several times. "And it saves us all kinds of trouble in giving evidence. Where do you propose to go?"

"Greer shrugged his shoulders.

"You've confiscated my rifle," he said. "I can't live on the land without it."

"We'll give you grub," Angus promised. "We have enough still. We eked it out with fish."

"Away south there's a trail to Republics," said Greer. "That will suit me nicely, thank you, your worship," he ended gaily.

"We've got to see you down to the lake, Scotty," said Piccolo. "The Indians might be gone." "So be it. But it is my opinion they will still be there though we cannot see any camp smoke from here."

In the camp they made back near the timber, they discussed details. Angus would go by Indian canoe (if the Indians were still on the lake shore) to Kokanee; Piccolo would ride Mark Bantling's horse as far as where Greer knew of a trail crossing south-west to Republics, south of the Boundary. Then he would ride on Movie Bill's pack-horse.

And so it went. Next day they departed from the scene of the discovery to the lake. Angus went first, Greer trudging next, Piccolo next, Movie Bill in the rear. They stayed, on the way, at the camp where Angus had rested.

In the middle of the night, the fire dwindling low, Movie Bill said: "Greer! You awake?"

"Yes."

"Guess you're the fire-tender. Get up and put a log on."

"You bet you," said Greer.

As it happened all were awake. A nip of night chill had broken their slumber. They watched Greer as he dragged a big log to the fire. The sparks showered up. Then his bulk, between them and the further, the far off shower of stars in the big sky, bent and wrestled with what seemed to be a stump. He dragged it up and, coming back, tossed that also on the fire and then sank down with a growl of content to roll in his blankets again.

It was the board, with the initials "M.B." upon it, that he had committed to the flames. There would never be any enquiries. He would ride south with Piccolo and Movie Bill to beyond the Boundary, and then then the trail to Republics and the incident would be closed. He had not forgotten that the Kokanee policeman was ferreting news regarding the little company of crooks to which he was affiliated.

In the morning they continued their way to the lake, MacPherson in advance to set the pace, unhampered by any load, then Piccolo with his partner's specimens for Angus to take with him, then Movie Bill with the food for the old man's trip, and his rifle.

The Indians, as it happened (Angus's hazard was proved correct) were still on the beach, then, as they were repairing, and they knew the value of five dollars if not of a five dollar bill. Angus, forgetting that not all by these out of the way lake sides are mission and school Indians, cried two of the elders by showing a five dollar bill as payment for the passage he asked of them.

He had to get change from Piccolo when they put the price up. They put it up to four one dollar bills instead of the one five dollar bill. They had not been to the mission school. They wanted to have the four bills on the spot, but Angus made them a sporting offer of four there or two there, and three on arrival. He might "come from Aberdeen", as he so often said, but he had a pity for them in their ignorance, and he thought the trip well worth five dollars.

They understood that and, each pocketing a bill, bade him embark. It would take them, they said, only four sleeps to reach the camp the white men had made, where the big boat came.

"I'll be home as soon as you fellows," said Angus "if there is a big boat going out of Kokanee soon."

The three on the shore stood a while watching the boat, then, as the square back of Angus MacPherson in the stern. Then they turned and broke back again uphill.

And so it was that by the time Angus reached Kokanee—four sleeps—there would along the great slow slopes, dropping down into Washington, a string of horses, three riders and three pack-ponies. They rode easily. None who might have met them would have surmised any adventure out of the way. But they met no one.

On the afternoon of the fifth day Movie Bill, who rode in the lead behind his pack-horse, suddenly reined in and sidled Baldy to and fro, stopping the two pack-horses that belonged to Greer. These had been following, between him and Greer, Piccolo in the rear.

"Is this where you leave us, Greer?" asked Movie Bill.

"Yes," answered Greer casually. He fumbled in a breast pocket and produced a leather cigar-case and slipped the slide top off. "They are kind of crushed," he said. "I have just two left. Have one?"

"No thank you. You keep them. I'd take one to show there is no ill feeling now," said Movie Bill, "but to tell the truth cigars get my throat. A pipe, or a cigarette I roll myself, is all I use."

Piccolo had ridden up close enough, as the procession halted, to hear the end of this remark and to recall how Angus, defending his friend, or at any rate refusing to "damn him at a venture," had told him of this peculiarity. He felt "mean", thinking of how all

his cumulative evidence against Movie Bill was erroneous and how, in what Angus would call his "throwness", he had refused to see any possible evidence in the other direction.

The cigar-case was still in Greer's hand. He glanced at Piccolo, hesitated, then put it back in his pocket. After all he had but little tobacco left; he would want it all, and the two cigars also before he came to where he could replenish—at Republics. There was no store, not even a trader's store, he knew until then.

Piccolo's eyelids drooped. He bit his lip like an ignored child.

"This is where you pop off M.B.'s horse," said Greer to him, and laughed. "I sure enjoyed myself over the way you fellows would persist in believing Movie Bill was in our outfit."

Piccolo slipped from the saddle.

"Give you a hand at fixing that pack horse of yours for riding," Greer offered.

"Thank you," said Piccolo.

But Movie Bill had swung from his saddle to look after that matter.

No passer-by would have tapped any strange tale. It was just three men in a valley's bottom beside a southwest trending creek that brawled along full and dancing, in polished glides, and rifles, tossing spray in the sun glow, and on one bank a trail winding along, and a mark of hoofs going down into the water and visible across it, indicating a ford.

Blankets were rolled afresh and tied behind Movie Bill's saddle, and behind the pack-saddle. One was folded and set in the crotch of the pack-saddle for Pic's comfort. The pack-boxes were tossed away—to puzzle, some day perhaps, other travellers in these lonely stretches of the border.

Greer looked at the two men who had been his wardens for the past days. He stepped to his horse and caught the lines, turned back, looked at them again. They stood watching him. They had been cast together in the big hills; they had camped and ridden together; they had watched one another's ways with horses. A city man may not understand, or he may. Having a sudden impulse Movie Bill and Greer stepped forward, each holding out a hand.

"Well, so-long," said Greer.

"So-long and good luck," said Movie Bill.

Little Piccolo looked from one to the other, drew himself up to try and seem as tall as they; breathed deep to try and seem as deep chested as they.

Greer gave a laugh and held out his hand.

"So-long," he said, smiling humorously.

"So-long," said Piccolo, "and good luck," he added.

Greer swung to the saddle, whirled the slack of his long lines round the heads of his two pack-ponies, herding them along the creek-side trail. Movie Bill led the way down into the creek.

"I'll go in first to lead," said he.

"It is pretty full. We don't want to be washed down. That pack-horse you're riding is all right, Pic. Give him his head and he'll follow."

In mid-stream as the two horses were plunging down their hoofs, stepping gingerly, atilt to the rush of the waters, Movie Bill's head flicked round, as if drawn round—and there he saw, in a curve of the north bank, almost out of sight, Greer's two pack-horses and Bantling's saddle horse trudging south-west. Greer, behind them, had halted, half turned in the saddle to see how his two late companions made the crossing.

Against the yellow bluffs (for there is the beginning of a dry belt, sand bastions pushed into the hill) he craned backward, watching, although almost too far round the bend to see. His horse had gone on a step or two belike, not halted at once when reined in by the rider to look.

The horses came out of the creek. Movie Bill's arm, as he looked round again, went up in air, palm outspread. Greer replied at the same moment, arm slowly raised, palm open; then his heels flicked his horse's flanks, and he rode out of the story.

CHAPTER XX.

So-Long All!

And the story nears an end; for this is not a yarn of the ultimate city on Flat-Bow Arm; the smaller life of parties and petty scandal and all that from which broad gauge people long to get away. Flat-Bow Arm has now a stern-wheeler of its own that churns down daily from Kokanee, making the echoes of the surrounding hills with a roar, at three forty-five every day, coming into the landing to west of MacPherson Creek, near where the Indians camped.

There is busy little Thomas Avenue, and Tremaine Street, and two hold-up three hundred per cent., and the normal hundred per cent. stores, military windows, churches, two movie houses; and there are Sunday School picnics to—to where, think you? To Silver Beach. That's what they call the beach where Piccolo and Angus, dropping down into summer by the old Indian trail on Salmon River creek, from the winter end on the Osk range, looked across the lake and wondered if star or fire was on the black hump of the ridge opposite.

As Greer went, so all are soon to go from sight, back whence they came—as automata of a dream.

That the prospect sold, later, for two hundred thousand dollars to the Columbia and Oregon river Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company is in the old files of the Ledge and The Miner and Prospector. This is but the yarn, the story behind, that few of the Flat-Bow citizens think about now. But in its own way it is a Historical Romance.

In the event old Angus MacPherson was home in Colvalli the day before Piccolo and Movie Bill arrived. He had a lift in an automobile all the way from Eagle Bend to his door; and as he stepped out the little black spaniel—Darkie—leapt at him, a wriggle of wag, a wag from his shoulders to the tip of his tail, though the tail was but a blur because of



Their Majesties and Royal Party on their arrival at the Royal Box, including the Duke and Duchess of York, Duke of Connaught, Lady and Lord Carnegie, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught at the Salute.

its quick movement.

Margaret, in a dusting cap and long water proof apron over her house dress, came to the porch and stared. Caress—kiss—reunion; with Percy, the driver of the car, bending down and examining his gear as though something was wrong with it, though it was in perfect order.

Margaret grabbed the blanket roll.

Percy lifted a sack and said: "Gee, it's heavy!"

"You bet!" said Angus MacPherson.

That was his bundle of ore specimens destined to bring the Consolidated representative to Colvalli ready for a long trip into the hills northward.

Then Percy climbed aboard again and the automobile purred away; and Margaret and her father went indoors, tripping and stumbling over the whirling dog.

To be continued.

"AN APPLE A DAY—"

Christopher Tells You How You Can Live to Be a Hundred

My nephew Christopher was recently reading in a newspaper an interview with a wonderful old gentleman, who had just celebrated his hundredth birthday, and was still "going strong". After

studying the old man's explanations to account for his wonderful health at so great an age, Christopher has compiled a few hints for those of you who wish to live to be a hundred.

"If only your readers follow my advice," writes Christopher, "they will live to the most amazing ages. At sixty they will be as lively as children of ten; at ninety they will be in their prime; at a hundred and twenty—(I think that will do, Chris; let's get on to your hints straightaway).

Well, here are Christopher's hints and I pass them on to you for what they are worth.

Rise every morning, summer and winter alike, at five o'clock and have a cold plunge. Spend half an hour in front of an open window doing Swedish exercises, followed by ten minutes' dumbbell drill, five minutes' weight-lifting, and ten minutes' massage of the knee-caps with a lump of ice. Then have another cold plunge.

Go on a five-mile run and return, fit and hungry, for breakfast, which should consist of two pieces of brown bread and three raw apples, washed down by two pints and a half of cold water.

Luncheon, served at 12.30 to the second, should consist of 4 oz. of boiled

shrimps (each one of which must be masticated for not less than fifty seconds to ensure perfect digestion), a piece of brown bread and five more raw apples.

Tea does not come in at all, but dinner may be served on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays (as well as bank holidays), and should be made up of a nut cutlet not more than four inches long by three-quarters of an inch thick. Brown bread and water may also be served.

On no account dream of touching puddings or cakes. Those who eat jam roly-poly cannot possibly live to more than a hundred and twenty. Every slice of plum cake means the loss of ten years, so that if you are rash enough to eat a whole cake you will probably end up about minus sixty, which is a most unsatisfactory age. Avoid cream buns, eclairs, jam tarts, etc., as though they were poison.

Not less than nine cold plunges should be taken at regular intervals throughout the day, and it is essential to be in bed at seven. Eating sweets or ices between meals (or at any other time) is fatal; parties should be avoided like the plague, and—

I think we'll leave it at that. And now you know (according to Chris!) just what to do—if you think it worth while!

VEGETABLES WILL KEEP YOU FIT IF GIVEN CHANCE

Vegetables are certainly good for you, but generally people do not know which kinds are especially useful for certain complaints.

Tomatoes, for instance, are good for the liver. People who suffer from rheumatism should eat celery, while garlic—that strong smelling onion—should be taken for asthma.

Lettuces supply iron to the system, and onions are good for sleeplessness. They are also useful as a sedative for the nerves.

Spinach is rich in iron and a capital food for anaemia, and cabbage is a good all-round cleansing food. As a blood purifier, there is nothing finer than watercress.

Beetroot will promote digestion, and carrots are invaluable for nervous irritability. Carrots are also good for the complexion.

The truth of the "apple a day" maxim has been proved time and again. An apple eaten every day will keep you healthy. Apples purify the system and improve the nerves, as well as supplying necessary foods to the brain.

Acadian Want Advs. are Workers



How To Write Want Advertisements

What to say---and how to say it---facts that influence the results you are after.

Results from classified advertisements depend largely upon how the advertisements are written. The following are suggestions that might prove helpful in properly writing a classified advertisement:

Don't try to save space by abbreviating or leaving out words. Use plain English and enough of it to tell all about the proposition.

Point out in your proposition the things in which you think the prospect would be most readily interested.

Select the strongest selling point; this may be the price, the opportunity to make or save money, the exclusiveness of the proposition or location, the size, the terms or any one of a hundred things.

Emphasize this point or points to arrest the reader's eye as he glances through the classified columns; this can be accomplished by placing the most important features at the head of the advertisement or by the use of large type.

Inasmuch as the amount of money involved is a vital factor in all transactions prices should be given.

A man does not want to waste time looking up a proposition when he does not know whether it is within the range of his pocketbook. He answers those advertisements he knows come within the price he has in mind. Many people will not answer an advertisement that omits the price, feeling that the advertiser intentionally did not mention the price because it is too high.

The number of replies lost because the price is too low or too high is more than made up by the response gained from those to whom the price is right and who probably would not have replied at all if the price had been omitted.

Make your classified advertisement specific. If it is sold on terms, point out the specific terms, not just "easy terms", but "\$10 down and \$5 a month".

Always bear in mind that what is "easy", "desirable", "convenient", "good", "beautiful", "wonderful", "close", "cheap", for one person may not be for another.

The pulling power of the classified advertising lies in the directness with which important details are specified.

It is always well to impel action at the end of an advertisement. Often a person will have a real want and

need for the thing advertised, but the wording of the advertisement somehow lacks the power of suggestion to induce action.

To overcome this it is advisable to use a phrase that helps the reader to respond at once. "First caller gets this." "This will not last long at the price." "This is a special offer, see Mr. Smith before noon." "Telephone us and we will call for you in our car," and other such phrases often stimulate immediate action.

Another element that invites immediate response is to make it easy for the person answering the classified advertisement to find you.

A telephone number is usually very easily called and many people dislike to call personally unless they can determine further details by telephone conversation beforehand.

On the other hand, street addresses should be given wherever possible.

Some people have no telephone, others dislike using it and therefore prefer calling in person.

Not only make it easy for the reader to answer your advertisement but always be on hand to answer calls when they come.

This seems like rather foolish advice, yet experience in classified advertising proves that many people expect a classified advertisement to bring returns when they are not even present to receive the answers or will depend on a person to receive the answers who knows little or nothing about what is advertised.

Repetition has a certain strength. Classified Ads that readers pass by the first week receive interested attention and response the next.

One of the peculiarities in classified advertising is the fact that an advertisement may run several weeks and not bring a single result, yet the following week, possibly when least expected, answers will come from every quarter. For this reason, experienced advertisers order their advertisements to run a number of weeks.

**FOR QUICK RESULTS—AT LOW COST
PUT YOUR AD IN**

The Acadian

Complete Printing Service Telephone 217 Wolfville, Nova Scotia

When Men They have No vertice, it's Saying They thing to Sell.

Vol. XLIV. RED SOX AND SCIENCE

Interesting Last Evening

The Red Sox last evening in the Town House their previous night in doubt up to Both teams were seven men, but were full of interest first two innings.

The High School first innings the first inning runs as the result of the second inning Red Sox began to and the High School giving them a bit were unable to in the third, which struck out. Mel first on an error, cured hits, and was out they had Red Sox then the High School and fourth inning most exciting.

against them, did not look very reached first on a out and Kenzie this time it was and it was hard field hit the ball and before had circled the base with him. Dick- hen's head and found he had a It remained for team in the lead on an error and before Barteaux's School went to become the one runner Prescott struck a nice hit and was run before two game was then darkness, and with a later date.

Dick pitched Red Sox striking three hits and also struck out hits and walked as follows:

Red Sox—Ken- Red, p; Saunde- B. Barteaux, rf; B. Barteaux, cf; McLod, cf.

High School— lb; Regan, ss; F. Gould, 3b; Spens- If all goes well School will play School evening at School and Red. Monday evening be good games.

A song "Eat M been got out by ation, in connecti of fruit advertising sung in music ha been sold to broadcast by wire records of it may

ACADIA PRISON

ON B...

Dr. Patterson and Guests

KENTVILLE. H. Patterson, of the principal spe Club Dinner he inn today. Rotar and introduced President Patter spector of the Bar es Breydon. F following membe Board of Trade, dent; W. E. Po Cross, K. L. Pin Rotarian James the Boys' Work reference to the Board of Trade ming pool in tow the work as in the committee their activities.

H. M. Chase sp The Rotarian Wednesday, July to be forde Kingsport. The cil of the Boar wives were invit

Dr. Patterson "Business Ethic that people thou be conducted, and, therefore, do with it. Som ethical principles duct of their bu business were n low conducted—and the open bu

What was th Patterson said. The speaker exp business, on the Trade was cond meant mutual c of Kant's princip they applied. into two class grafter; if their perty or produc little value; if false advertising break the best A vote of the Patterson.

Minard's Linin Warts.