

(Continued from Page 29)

sible to secure it. Then we scrambled from one slippery rock to another, clinging tightly when the waves washed over us, until we were inside the "Smugglers' Cave."

We huddled together there, all dripping wet, and each time the huge waves hurled themselves against the cliff the water came pouring into the cave, reaching nearer and nearer us. We moved farther and farther back—still it came closer. Then we climbed up on to a jutting-out piece of rock. There was just room for the six of us, and we had to hold the little ones tightly for fear they should fall off; and even then it seemed as if the waves would dash over us and wash us all away.

Billy said we had better hurry up to the far end of the cave. I didn't quite want to do that, because I hoped some passing boat might see us, for Auntie would never know where to send for us, as she thought we had gone to the "Silver Strand." A fishing boat did go by, and we all jumped up in great excitement. We waved our handkerchiefs and shouted as loudly as ever we could; but it was too far away, and they did not hear or see us.

We slid down off the ledge and made a rush for a safe part—just in time—before a big wave coming in had caught us! It was quite dark farther up, and as we groped our way along, we kept stumbling against bits of rocks and things.

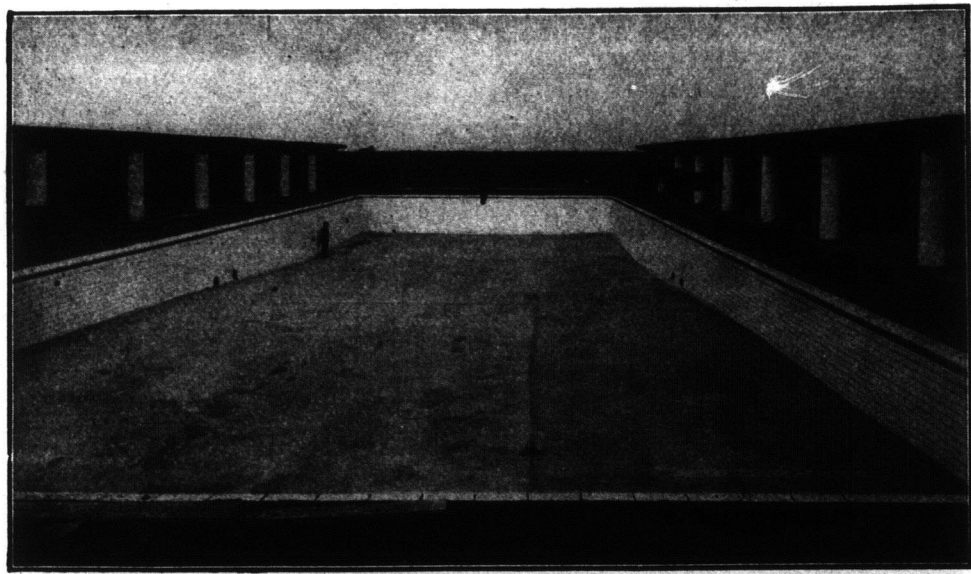
awful tunnel at last, and found ourselves in another large cave. We couldn't imagine why it was so light, and looking all round we discovered several chinks in the roof, through which we could see the blue sky.

We also found rough steps cut out in the rock and leading up to the largest opening; there was such a distance between each step, I knew it would mean a pretty stiff climb up, if we could ever get to the top. I meant to have a try, anyway.

It was even harder than it looked, but we managed to reach the top, and found we could get out on to the cliffs. Then we climbed down, again. This was ever so much harder than going up. We didn't know we had got up so high until we looked down; and it seemed as if a deep pit were beneath us, for we could not see the floor of the cave, it was so dark.

We reached the bottom again safely, and I felt I must find some other way out, for how were Jock and Marjorie to climb up all that way? They would surely be killed.

There must be a passage out to the beach somewhere. I told Peg to wait while I had a search up another tunnel on the opposite side. So I crept in, and went on and on. Oh, it was lonesome! I shut my eyes too keep out the darkness, but I couldn't help shrivelling up with fright, and I wondered if explorers felt like funking it when the time came for them to be brave.



New Athletic Park Swimming Pool, Winnipeg

No one spoke, but we all kept very closely together. Then Billy found the end of a candle in his pocket, and I had a box of matches with me; so we lit it, and everyone cheered up.

At last we came to the very far end of the cave, and we found there were lots of smaller ones leading out of it. We couldn't see how far they went, they were so dark; but I thought the smallest one would be the most likely to lead into some long passage out on to the beach, perhaps near our cottage.

I made up my mind to explore it, and find the way out; but the others wouldn't come, it looked so fearsome. Of course, Peg said she would follow—she is my chum, and as plucky as any boy. Betty said they would wait till we came back. So they sat down together, Billy holding the bit of candle, for they didn't want to be left in the dark. I had my box of matches with me, and I needed them, for it was just pitch dark farther on.

By-and-by the passage got so narrow that we had to crawl along on hands and knees. There was no room to turn round, even if we wanted to; and I wondered if we could crawl backwards all that long way, supposing we didn't come to any larger place where we could turn.

We kept creeping along, just whispering to each other for company. Somehow we felt as if we couldn't speak out loudly. It wasn't quite so lonely when we could hear the voices of the others chattering. When we got farther on we couldn't hear them at all—the stillness was so strange.

Peg stopped whispering, for she was getting dreadfully scared, and I couldn't comfort her, for I didn't quite like it myself. It began to get lighter, and—oh, joy—we came to the end of that

I had only three matches left, and I daren't use them, because we were sure to need them later. But as there seemed no end to this passage, I turned—there was just room for that—and when I got back I found Peg awfully frightened, for she had seen a bundle of rags in the corner and was sure there must be a witchy woman underneath them. I stirred them about to show her there was nothing to be afraid of. I expect they had been clothes of some of the smugglers of long ago.

Then we crawled into the long tunnel again. Peggy led this time, and I wished she hadn't, for every now and then I got such a kick, when she gave a sudden push back, thinking she felt a beetle.

We reached the others after a long, long time, and found them as terrified as could be, for their candle had gone out, and the mad roar of the waters dashing against the rocks made a thundery noise in the cave.

There was no time to be lost, so they followed us at once into the tunnel we had just come through. It was slow work, and we hardly breathed as we crept along, we were so anxious to get through. It seemed ages till we reached the escape cave.

Then we started the most difficult part of all—climbing up those jaggy steps. Peg and I went first, and when we got through the opening we let down Peg's sash and the others held on to it. This helped them a lot, only it nearly pulled us down again. The little ones had to catch on to Betty in front, and Billy went last to push them.

It took a terrible time, but they all got safely up, and we just hurrahed with joy! It was so dark we didn't know which way to go, and the storm was still raging.

SEEDS

STEELE, BRIGGS'

No matter what you need in Seeds, this name stands for the highest quality

"A little sun,
A little wet,
A little earth,
And, better yet,
Some Steele, Briggs seeds—
The kind that grow
And make your patch
'A flowered row.'
The Steele, Briggs seeds
Are true to name
And certainly
Will bring you fame,
And neighbors, as
They pass your lot,
Will praise your
Pretty colored spot."

11 Booklets - "How to Grow the Best" - 152 Pages copyrighted; FREE TO CUSTOMERS. These cover all leading varieties—the fine points about Preparing the Seed Bed, Manuring, Starting the Seed, Forcing, Ripening, Storing, Etc. are all made clear

\$\$\$ In Prizes for Competition

Write to-day for 136-page Catalogue, which is free to all on request

Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Limited
WINNIPEG CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE CANADA

Buy Bruce's Seeds

The most successful of the market gardeners in Canada, many of them customers for two generations, and some for three, buy Bruce's seeds, because, ever since this business was established by us sixty-four years ago, they found they could rely on them in every way, getting better results than from any other seeds. To these men quality, and germination is the big consideration as their bread and butter depends on their crops.

We would say to the amateur and also the farmer, who are not customers,

"IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY BRUCE'S SEEDS"

for it takes the same time and trouble to plant and care for poor seed, as for good, and poor seed means dissatisfaction and loss for a surety.

Write for our 112 page illustrated and descriptive catalogue, of Vegetable, Farm and Flower seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies and Garden Tools and Implements, etc. It will be mailed FREE to all applicants. WRITE TO-DAY.

John A. Bruce & Co. Limited
Seed Merchants HAMILTON, Ontario

THE NEAL TREATMENT

A BOON TO DRINKERS

The Neal Treatment will bring freedom to any drinker, no matter how strongly he may be addicted to the habit. The Neal Treatment is a sure, safe vegetable remedy, taken internally, which removes all traces of alcoholic poison from the system, and leaves no bad after effects—no hypodermic injections being employed.

You can attend the Neal Institute and be back home again in a few days forever free from the awful craving for liquor. The Neal Treatment is successful in every case, and we can give you the names of men you probably know who have been successfully treated, and are today sober, industrious citizens.

Write to the nearest Neal Institute for full information.

NEAL INSTITUTE

405 Broadway WINNIPEG 3124 Victoria Ave. REGINA 820 13th Ave. W. CALGARY