

Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

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(Continued from last issue.)

"And, you mean to say," said Piccolo, "that when you started out trailing after Bantling and Greer, you did it all the time with this crazy idea? You did not start out to—"

"To what? See them find the place and then plug them? It is not done, Piccolo. As a matter of fact I never thought of staking the claims for you until I had the actual specimen in my hand. That was a sudden brain wave. I wanted to be around, Piccolo, in case you and MacPherson were hazed by them, or had your claim jumped. I thought it likely that in this year of grace it would be a case for a witness rather than for a six gun; but I brought shooting irons all the same. I could just see a darn fine dust-up if Bantling and Greer and you met up here."

Piccolo having been the one chiefly explained to, he having had the baffled enquiries to put, Movie Bill, thus ending, sat staring and smiling at him. Piccolo shook his head.

"And now I'll be jiggered if I can understand, seeing none of us were there, and seeing you found it—and b'gosh, just in the same way as I did—"

"That's history repeating itself," Angus put in.

"I'm darned if I see why you didn't stake it for yourself!" said Piccolo.

"I don't see either that there was any need for you to be so quixotic," said Angus. "It is a hard world. It was up to us, as ye might say. You are a better friend to me than I ever supposed, or that I deserve."

He looked at Movie Bill thoughtfully. And as he looked Bill seemed put out, self-conscious, fumbled forth a tobacco sack and wheat papers, and rolled a cigarette.

"Well," said Angus, "confession is good for the soul. When Pic dusted out his pocket and left some specimens of ore with me, all unconscious of what he was doing, I thought I would hit out my lee-lane, as they say in Aberdeen, to look for the place. I could never decide whether I went and told him what he had found so as to be sure of getting the right location, or so as to feel I was being honest and straight with him."

"There generally is what the French call an arriere pensee," said Movie Bill. "We don't know why we do the right thing sometimes."

"Yes, that's it: An arriere pensee, a thought behind the thought we acknowledge to ourselves or, as the Scripture says: 'Our righteousness is filthy rags.' Well, I've decided that the main reason I went and told Pic what he'd found was that I doubted if I could find the place without him!" said Angus. "But you are all quixotic, Bill. There was no arriere pensee with you, despite all you say. You did it just out of real friendship."

Movie Bill lit a match. lit his cigarette, and blew so great a cloud of smoke that he hid his eyes from the gaze of Angus MacPherson.

"Oh shoot!" he said. "That's all right."

To change a conversation not at all to his mind, rather than because he was urgently anxious to know, he turned to Greer, asking:

"What did you and Bantling intend to do if you found the vein? It's a question that's been in my mind all the way, as I followed you camp by camp. And, by the way, you did not douse out one of your fires very well. Back there three camps you'd left it smouldering away among some old roots and moss. But what was your idea? You are not miners. Was one of you to sit right at the place and hold off everybody else with a gun till the other went out to Nelson, or Rossland, or somewhere for a license?"

Greer laughed.

"Oh, we have miners' licenses all right," he said.

"For B.C.?"

"Yes sir. We've had miner's licenses ever since we went into the boot-legging business. Mark Bantling and me—licenses for both sides. They are fine for allaying suspicion in mountainous countries. When any bull got dubious of us, and began instituting enquiries, we explained we were miners—prospectors. 'Oh, you are! He say, glad to have us pigeon-holed. Might be said your licenses? Not that I don't trust you, but—you understand.' Sure we understood. Policeman must do his duty!"

Movie Bill nodded his head, smiling slightly.

"Very interesting," he said. "It is all interesting, the ways of all trades, the little ins and outs of this old world. Well, where is your last camp?"

"Just on a little way," said Greer.

"Mine is just back a little ways. You really came up too far north. That rock-slide over there sent you coasting down it and up again, too far north. I looked at it and saw it was mighty recent, and thinks I: 'I'll coast up it to south and get above them.' Also I was getting darn hungry—but I've told you all that." He turned to the silent, still astounded Piccolo and to the marvelling—it might be said admiring—Angus. "What's the matter with going over now to that claim and putting the numbers right?" he suggested.

He was the only one to whom there was not something of the quality of a dream in that last short march. But he was accustomed to his own craziness. Piccolo could not fathom it at all. He had met many different kinds of men with unexpected facets to their natures, but never any one like Movie Bill.

Angus MacPherson wondered if Bill would have acted as he had, on their behalf, a knight errant in a high station, had there been no Margaret in the background—and was of the opinion that he would.

CHAPTER XIX

A Departing Horseman

Four small men, "transient guests" indeed, under the vast, inverted blue bowl of the sky, up there on the height

of land, four small men dwarfed by the scene! Over them a hawk, a mile above, poised in the ambient space, volplaned and returned, and trembled the tips of his wings. He dropped and swept over them so that they could see the under pattern of his feathers.

They were high enough to look over a great stretch of the West Arm of Flat-Bow Lake, four thousand feet below to north. It shimmered like blue silk between the greeny-red hills. They were high enough to see the Olsak range in all its length, like a cloud descended to rest on the lower mountains. Far south they saw the cone of Mount Jaffery (like a Japanese print of Fuji Yama) in the blue haze of utmost distance. It looked much the same when seen from just outside Colvalli. They could pick out the ranges that divide these border valleys over hundreds of miles: the peaks above Arrow Lakes; the Valhalla range with its wedge of glacier opposite the town of New Denver. They could see the dome of Mount Nelson over Kootenay Lake. But up there they were cut off from humanity.

Greer stood looking at the corner and discovery posts that Movie Bill had driven in, glum, motionless. Movie Bill sat on a cut-bank, a look of interest and right at the torn aspect of the scene.

"There's been a silver-tip around here recently," he remarked. "It has either been after roots or digging here in the belief there were gophers underneath."

Piccolo (like a lean Sancho Panza) followed Angus (like a short broad Don Quixote) up and down, clambering around. Angus smote with his short heavy prospector's hammer that he had brought along with him. He took up specimens in his hand.

"Yes," said Piccolo, "this is the place. The hens I potted were in that tree there."

"Man, man," said Angus. "Look! The bits you picked up had just been strewn by some gale, maybe in a cloud-burst up here, from your projecting rib. Ay, ay, Movie Bill. I see you have staked it fine. You've got a bit of the visible ore within both the claim boundaries. It's in place, all right. This slide here reveals the lead. I wish I had some dynamite to put a shot or two in."

He stepped it out, counting from stake to stake that Movie Bill had driven in, making the claim. He took the paper out of the inverted tin and atop one of the stakes, which Bill had left as record for any who might come there.

"You have a characteristic hand to write," he said. "It is the first time I've seen it." And to himself he muttered: "It is not at all like Mark Bantling's—not at all."

Then he turned to Piccolo and with a backward jerk of his head and a droop of his lids indicated that he desired his presence. Together they conferred, pacing it out again, examining the papers left by Movie Bill.

"I should certainly say he has secured the claims for us," said Angus. "What is additional to the regulations would not make these papers null and void. We'll put the right numbers in. But we should have a name for them; that is one of the regulations, though as I say the lack of it would not be executed. I should think, for a body jumping the claims. You see, a name is a great help for identifications. A man might get an erroneous measurement and have his north and south and east and west kind of dubious; but a name is a name."

They stood talking quietly. Movie Bill, glancing in their direction, saw them standing there and saw how Angus's hand fell on Piccolo's shoulder and gave a venerable and kindly brief clap. They had, it would appear, come to some understanding that pleased the old prospector.

"In a very little while there will be houses all dotted here," said Movie Bill, gazing round the scene again. "You'll put in your assessment on her, you'll sell her easy if I'm any judge, look at the easy transport. It must be no more than five miles in an air line to the Flat-Bow lake arm down there. You notice that I've given that as location: . . . a height of land south of Flat-Bow arm . . . ? Look at the power in that creek down there for a compressed air plant."

"Quite so! Quite so!" came MacPherson's voice.

Greer, mute the while, now rumbled in a low voice to Movie Bill: "It's yours more than theirs. You found her. You must be bugs to go and do a thing like this for that batty old man and for the squeaky voice. I would not stake a porcupine pasture for the squeaker anyhow. Not on your tinfoil!"

Movie Bill might not have heard. He sat considering the scene.

"Yes," said he, "first a shack where they'll live to put in their assessment, and then all kinds of houses—bunk-houses, cook-houses. And the stamps will rub-a-dub; and the drills will roar into the rock; and they'll have a city down on Flat-Bow Lake where their wives will come. Progress!"

Angus came back to them, Piccolo astern, and abruptly held up a hand. "I have a brain wave," said he. "I am going to Kokanee to register this, Piccolo, you will convey Greer back to Colvalli."

"Shucks! I'm not going to Colvalli!" said Greer. "I won't go. You have no case against me."

"Case! Why of course not. But I just don't trust you. Long before you get to Colvalli I'll be at Kokanee and the claim will be registered. That's all. I see."

"How are you going to get to Kokanee all alone?" asked Movie Bill.

"I'm going with some Indians who are fishing down there," and he pointed towards the lake. "They will paddle me there for five dollars, you bet. They will still be there. They were mending canoes too, and there is no speeding up in the dockyards when Indians are working. They take things easy."

"Pic can go with you," said Movie Bill. "I'll see Greer south."

"We are already sufficiently beholden to you," replied Angus. "Though to tell you the truth I was hoping you would go south with Pic too. It sounds a rude way to speak of a gentleman; but I do not trust that Mr. Greer. Piccolo is a wonderful man, an experienced boxer though you might not think so. By aid of the ju-jitsu of it, and the knack of it, he can throw cattle, but Greer is a big and powerful man, and he nodded to their prisoner and even smiled."

To be continued.

THEY ALL ADVERTISE

A hen is not supposed to have Much common sense or tact, Yet every time she lays an egg She cackles forth the fact.

A rooster hasn't a lot Of intelligence to show, But none the less, most roosters have, Enough good sense to crow.

The mule, the most despised of beasts, Has a persistent way, Of letting folks know he's around By his insistent bray.

The busy little bees they buzz, Bulls bellow and cows moo, The watchdogs bark, the ganders quack, And doves and pigeons coo.

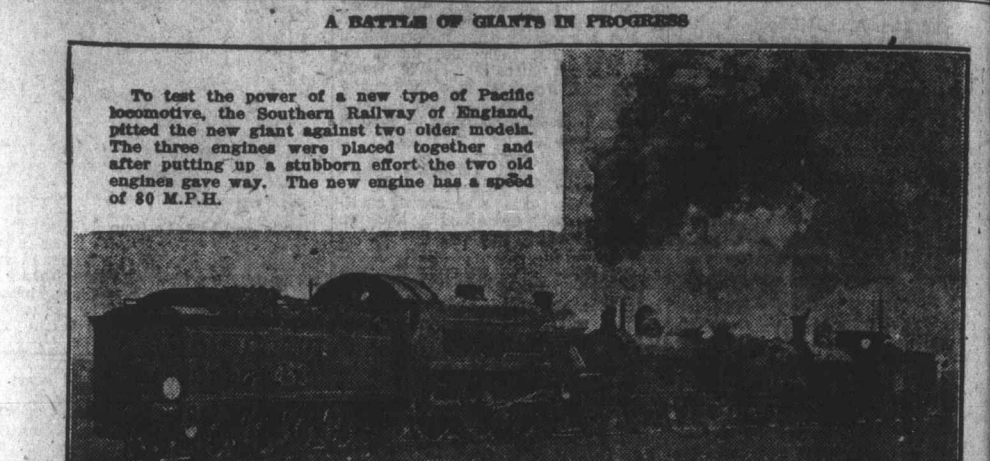
The peacock spreads his tail and squawks Figs squeal and robins sing, And even the serpents know enough To hiss before they sting.

But man, the greatest masterpiece That nature could devise, Will sometimes stop and hesitate Before he'll advertise.

Who can remember the good old day when every man, woman and boy knew how to hitch up a horse?

Salesmen are harvesters, but their work cannot be accomplished if the crop to be harvested has not been prepared by careful planting and cultivation in the shape of Service and Advertising.—Northern Furniture.

The surprising thing about people is that most of them have just as much sense as you have.—Kingston Whig.



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 They have written, it's Saying Th thing to S

Vol. XLIV

KENTVILLE WIN

Local Players in Two Y Lead

KENTVILLE went into the Section of the when they pu defeated Wolfv a thrilling set 5 to 3 here tod feat suffered by League since it ago.

The matches court, proved here. Every p three of the ma The big surpris red in the first Lloyd won over Professor Balco straight sets.

teamed up well a fast, strong c

The feature matches was th Roscoe and Re and Miss McL taking the first dropped the sec come-back in 8-6. The play exceptionally br

Dr. Avery i ceded to win ov men's singles, only after a har won the first s with a lead of 4

Kentville player ner, but his op tional come-bac next five games

In the ladies' of the afternoon chances for an a but Miss Bro victory to her c straight sets.

Following the hibition sets ven Dr. Leslie Eaton Provincial Tour Edwards, of Hal hiantly played a Mrs. F. V. Wood star, and Austi defeated Miss V Jack Edwards, F Judges—Dr. A Ward, Murray D

Refreshments v being Mrs. (Dr. young lady mem

Ladies' Singl Kentville, defea Wolfville, 6-1.

Men's Singl Wolfville, defea ville, 4-6, 6-2

Ladies' Doub Wolfville, defea and Miss Lucy feated Mrs. Colli Wolfville, 6-3.

Men's Doubles Kentville, defea and Prof. Balcom

Mixed Double and Victor Re McLean and R 6-1, 5-7, 8-6.

Chute, Wolfville, Hill and Fred M 7-9, 6-1. Miss Blanchard Thomp ed Mrs. Newcomb ville, 6-1, 6-4.

Dr. Leslie Eaton Mrs. Gordon Nev Kentville, 7-5.

Legu

Kentville..... Wolfville..... Windsor.....

MRS. JO

Word was recei the death of Mrs took place in St. York, Tuesday, J Mrs. Rust w Acadia Seminary During her term strumental in secu \$4000 for War an and also the sum for the Henry Bur

Mrs. Rust was educational exper to Acadia, she wa cipal of Boston Co She leaves one Rust, teacher in and two sons, Joh New York, and V new in the South.

Haymaking op progress all over been favored as a weather. The cr exceptionally good