

# Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

Copyrighted

(Continued from last issue.)

He fished till noon and went back to camp, ate lunch, and then cleaned all the fish. In the afternoon he fished again; but the sun was by then full on the water, and the fish had eaten enough, it seemed. They would not rise to any sham fly or any bait. In pools he could see them, like gold-fish in a bowl, but they were leisurely, uninterested even in their favourite diversion of snatching at a bit of red wool from the cuff of a sweater twisted round the hook. So he went back to smoke the morning's catch in an Indian fashion over a cross-stick of sticks. And all day not a sound but that of MacPherson creek and its tributary Give-Out, and now and then that gentle sigh of the wind in the tops of the western larches. He smoked a pipe at evening, much in the mood in which the old Creeks made libation to their gods—smoked to the red-dyed-green of the fire, the blue-dusted balsams, the spurts of new green, yellow green, of the cotton-woods.

Piccolo did not come back that night; but Angus had hardly expected that he would. Piccolo did not return all next day. The sunlight at morning, when he woke, was exquisite on a high green bluff of the mountains up which Piccolo had gone; the gold light ran down to him. The sun swung high and filled the valley with warmth, and brought a chirp of insects round the bushes. He thought of Cowper's lines on the original of Robinson Crusoe, and:

"The sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,"  
came into his head. It was a day of rest. Every day there, at that season, was a Sabbath Day. He rested, and just watched the light swing round as the world rolled, till the hill at his back (out of which Give-Out poured down unceasingly) went dusky. The shadow of it on the range to east slipped slowly upward; the light went out on the summit.  
Angus listened for the crack of twigs and announced Piccolo, but no Piccolo. And then the dark came, and the stars and moon enough to give light for a man accustomed to the mountains, perhaps, to continue travelling in them, granting that is a trail; but Angus recalled that Piccolo was more at home in open lands. He peered, at a distance from his own fire, up into the hushed attitudes of black behind for the spark of a far camp-fire; but there was none. He thought of the Margaret who was still under these "glances of the moon."  
And Colvally. He smoked his second evening's lonely pipe and turned in.

Next day he rose refreshed, cooked breakfast, packed a lunch of flapjacks and fish, and filled his canteen with water, his rifle, and set off uphill in the track of Piccolo.

But he had mounted no further than a hundred yards, guided by the first clip of a blaze that his partner had made on the track, needling, surely, aware that there might be a long tramp before him, when he heard a dull sound that fell hollow in the woods.  
Then up answered a jay, screaming. He halted, feeling not altogether sorry that there would come Piccolo doubtless, and trudge in search of him be unnecessary. Another sound followed for a space; then he heard the swish of backward swinging branches.

"A bear maybe," thought he, and loosened the safety-catch of his rifle, but did not unslung it.

"That you, Piccolo?" he rumbled; for it was a bear he knew it would rush at the sound of his voice—which could be pleasanter than having it under on to him and see him only at close quarters. At close quarters it might be a bear.

"All right!" came a voice in a high falsetto that puzzled Angus. It seemed

not to be Piccolo's falsetto.

The bushes parted and there plumed down toward him a big loose-limbed rufous bird who thrust at him the end of a rifle and into a pocket, this time his breast

"Well sir! Well met! Just unsling your rifle and drop it right there."  
"What the—" began Angus.

A hold-up in back streets of big cities, part from his recollections of maps, was not unexpected; a hold-up in the midst of the woods made MacPherson stare unbelieving. Then he saw the man behind him, and the latter he recognized as Greer, who was in the prison place. He dropped his rifle to the ground and Bantling said to his companion:

"Just see if he's got a six-gun."  
Greer came close, drew aside MacPherson's coat, clapped him over hip and pocket.

Angus realized who the other man was. He had never seen him before, to his knowledge, but had heard of him.

"You sure are," said Bantling. "I know, must be the man Bantling, Bantling, Bantling. Some such name, who had served a term for a hold-up southward, on the New border. Since prohibition days it was supposed his income had come chiefly from bootlegging. There was a rum that he and Greer, in an automobile with a few marks of bullets on it, had been seen just south of the line in Grand Forks. That sort of employment did not seem to Angus as bad as the hold business, perhaps because of a legend his family that his grandfather, who boy, had once in a prank had a trip to the smugglers who ran and lace ash on the old Aberdeen and Forfar coast under the noses of the excisemen.

But Greer's partner looked to him in the full sense of the word, a "tough" Greer, he remembered, had got off that case on which he had been a juror. In his heart and mind Angus believed him implicated (it was a whimsical running case in which there had been gun-play), but the evidence was a sound enough to bring a verdict against him.

"Your camp near here?" enquired Bantling.  
"Not far back," replied Angus.  
"Well, just mosey along to it, then," said Bantling. "Lead on, old timer. Don't hurry. We don't mean to worry you unduly. Just a little pow-wow we want with you."

Angus turned and trudged back to his camp. Behind him the two men exchanged a whisper, of which he only caught:

"Piccolo...leave it to me."  
"You doused the fire, old timer," said Bantling. "We'll light her up again for you if you want to sit here any length of time; but maybe you won't."

Angus merely gloomed on him, sitting down stolidly on the fir-branch mattress. Bantling sat on his heels facing him, rifle at his side, and Greer, a little way back, sat hunched on a fallen tree, till the ants in it walked out over him.

"Now, old timer, let's get to business," said Bantling. "We want you to give us the exact location of this Kootenay bonanza you've got on to."  
"A fine sound it has," said Angus. "Kootenay Bonanza! But I haven't got on to it."  
"Sure!" replied Bantling. "You are on your way to it, though. Now, Mr. MacPherson, it is going to be ours instead of yours."

He took from his pocket some fragments of ore.  
"You see," he said, "we have floats of it as well as you."  
"So!" observed Angus, and nodded.  
"Ay, quite so! I thought Piccolo had dropped some more somewhere. I begin to see light."

His bushy eyebrows contracted in the centre and, so doing, thrust up at the

me," "Intimidate you!" cried out Bantling. "This is no intimidation. This is no bluff. This is the goods! You know enough to be put out of the way."  
"No, no," replied Angus, without flinching. "I know just enough to be worth leaving intact if you only knew the whole story—if you only knew what I know."  
"He's bluffing, Bant!" muttered Greer.

To be continued.  
**NEW COMETS**  
During this year astronomers are hoping to see the heavens adorned with an

exceptional number of comets. It is anticipated that as many as twelve will visit our skies, and that there will be always, from now onwards, at least one visible, and probably two or three, as is at present the case. Unfortunately they will all be too faint to see with the naked eye, and in most cases will require a good telescope and much patience to find them. Already three new comets have been discovered.

**VIRTUE**  
Virtue, like Fire, turns all things into itself; our Actions and our Friendships are tinged with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable.—Seneca.

me," "Intimidate you!" cried out Bantling. "This is no intimidation. This is no bluff. This is the goods! You know enough to be put out of the way."  
"No, no," replied Angus, without flinching. "I know just enough to be worth leaving intact if you only knew the whole story—if you only knew what I know."  
"He's bluffing, Bant!" muttered Greer.

To be continued.  
**NEW COMETS**  
During this year astronomers are hoping to see the heavens adorned with an

exceptional number of comets. It is anticipated that as many as twelve will visit our skies, and that there will be always, from now onwards, at least one visible, and probably two or three, as is at present the case. Unfortunately they will all be too faint to see with the naked eye, and in most cases will require a good telescope and much patience to find them. Already three new comets have been discovered.

**VIRTUE**  
Virtue, like Fire, turns all things into itself; our Actions and our Friendships are tinged with it, and whatever it touches becomes amiable.—Seneca.



## Wedding Cakes Baked to Order!

Wouldn't be much of a wedding without a Wedding Cake. Most of the guests "just can't wait" until they see it and taste its wonderful qualities.

We're ready to bake one for you that will fairly startle your guests--both in its artistic frosting and its delicious ingredients.

Order to-day. Phone 295  
**Campbell's Bakery**  
Don Campbell, Prop.

Are you in a better industry? Will you have a better income? Will you have a better life? Will you have a better future? Will you have a better home? Will you have a better family? Will you have a better world? Will you have a better God? Will you have a better heaven? Will you have a better hell? Will you have a better everything?

## We have the Right Roof

House, barn, or out-buildings—there's a Barrett Roofing that's right for any or all of these structures.

We've been selling roofings for years. And our experience is that Barrett Roofings, Shingles or Roll, are the most serviceable—the best value for your money. They won't rot or rust—never need painting or staining. And they're fire-safe—make your buildings secure against sparks and flying embers.



Bring your roofing problems to us. We are always glad to put our roofing experience at your disposal without any obligation on your part.

There's a Barrett Roofing to suit every type of building. Come in and see them.

**J. H. BALTZER, Wolfville, N. S.**  
Phones: Mill 60, Residence 296

## Dont Buy a Tire Without Seeing It

We offer Partridge "Quality" Tires at prices which make them absolutely unequalled tire value. You can buy Partridge tires right here in your home town at these low prices. There is no uncertainty—no delay. You see before you buy.

Call and inspect our stock. Buy from us and avoid disappointment.

Sold by  
**The PARTRIDGE "QUALITY" Tire-Shop**  
**E. J. WESTCOTT, Wolfville, N. S.**



### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

**M. R. Elliott, M. D.**  
(Harvard)  
Office Hours:  
1.30 to 3.30 P. M. 7 to 8 P. M.

**G. K. Smith, M.D., C.M.**  
Grand Pre, N. S.  
Office in residence of H. P. KINNEY  
Hours: 1.30 to 3.30 P. M.  
7 to 8 P. M. Phone 311

**ALLAN R. MORTON**  
M.D., C.M.  
Main St., Wolfville Phone 348  
Office Hours: 1 to 2, 6.30 to 7.30

**Eaton Brothers**  
Dentists  
Dr. Leslie Eaton, D.D.S. University of Pennsylvania  
Dr. Eugene Eaton, D.D.S. / Pennsylvania  
Tel. No. 43.

**EYESIGHT SPECIALIST** Hours: (9-12 A.M.)  
Telephone 20 (2-5 P.M.)  
**Paul G. Webster, R.O.**  
Optometrist  
Webster Street Kentville, N. S.  
Graduate of Rochester School of Optometry, Rochester, New York

**G. C. NOWLAN, LL.B.**  
Barrister and Solicitor  
Money to Loans, Braces, Red Sox  
Orpheum Bldg. Red Sox vs. Braves  
Phone 240 Sox vs. High School

**W. D. WILSON**  
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR  
Money to Loan, Braces, Red Sox  
Orpheum Bldg. Red Sox vs. Braves  
Phone 240 Sox vs. High School

**S. W. CROWELL**  
A.M. E.I.C.  
PROFESSIONAL ENGINEER  
(Civil)  
Provincial Land Surveyor (N.S.)  
Office—Webster St., Kentville, N. S.  
Phone at Residence.

**H. E. GATES**  
ARCHITECT  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
Established 1900

**D. A. R. Time-table**  
The Train Service as it Affects Wolfville  
No. 96 From Kentville arrives 8.41 a.m.  
No. 95 From Halifax arrives 10.10 a.m.  
No. 98 From Yarmouth, arrives 3.12 p.m.  
No. 97 From Halifax, arrives 6.12 p.m.  
No. 99 From Halifax (Mon., Thurs., Sat.) arrives 11.48 p.m.  
No. 100 From Yarmouth (Mon., Wed., Sat.), arrives 4.13 a.m.

**Plumbing and Furnace Work**  
JOBGING PROMPTLY DONE  
**H. E. FRASER**  
Phone 75

**BREAD!**  
Our bread has been reduced to 12 Cents per loaf  
Our bread is mixed with up-to-date machinery and wrapped before leaving bakery.  
W. O. Pulsifer and F. W. Barteaux both sell our bread at this price.  
**A. M. YOUNG**

**Homes Wanted!**  
For children from 6 months to 16 years of age, boys and girls. Apply to H. STAIRS, Wolfville Agent Children's Aid Society.

**- COAL -**  
Inverness, Springhill Bay View, Acadia Nut Acadia Stove, Acadia Lump, Old Sydney, Welsh Coal  
**A. M. WHEATON**  
PHONE 15



**JOHN BULL:** "That's a fine horse you're looking after, Mr. Churchill, and he ought to do well this year. But I don't like the look of the fellow on his back."  
**TRAINER CHURCHILL:** "No, he's far too heavy. I'll do my best to get a bit of weight off him."  
—London Opinion.