

Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

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(Continued from last issue)

Both sat thinking a space. Then Piccolo said: "But there is surely something else on your mind?"

"It's that light," said MacPherson. "I don't think it was a star. Shield your eyes from our own fire, and see if you don't see it still."

Piccolo moved clear away from the fire to stare at the black bulk of the rolls of hill to south.

"Can't make out anything now," said he. "But who do you think it would be? Movie Bill? Do you think he would come overland himself the way you suggested to the Kokanee policeman?"

Angus frowned.

"What puzzles me," said he, "is how he knew to say that letter that we were going not to Kokanee but to south of the West Arm here."

Piccolo looked troubled.

"You forget the map he stole," said he.

"No, I don't," said Angus. "But I don't see how it could tell him. I drew a bit of the country in that. And, besides, it was not until after the map was stolen that we made these plans."

"Perhaps I gave it away a bit at the Benwell House the way Jack and I got back," suggested Piccolo. "Some folk called me over from the road to say nothing at all except: 'Well, you are back!' I remember that fellow Greer asked me where we had been."

"And you told him?"

"I said: 'About eighty miles north by air line. I was going to say north of the Boundary but I was interrupted, so left it at that. Now I remember that clearly.'"

"Hoots, man! Then I don't see how you can blame yourself with having given away any locality that light. If it was man-made—might be of some wandering prospector who knows no more of us than the babe unborn."

Piccolo wondered if he should tell of dropping the fragments of stone from his pocket at the Benwell House. He shielded his eyes from the fire-glow thought it over—then decided not to tell.

Angus, talking then, changed the theme slightly.

"I wanted to think well of Allardyce," said he. "So many folks were ready to think him a high bidder, that light. No, not he suddenly broke out. There is more than that. You see—"

"He tried again. 'You see,' said he. 'I never saw his face as a bad face. I pride myself on being a student of physiognomy. Out here, in the big timber, we get simplified, Piccolo. I confess myself, my inmost heart to you. I am hurt. I'm peeved, and ye might say, I'm disappointed, and, sorely, for I thought I was a student of physiognomy.'"

He rose and moved from the fire and stared at the mountains across the lake, into which they would soon be journeying.

"No, I can see no fire now. Maybe it was a star, maybe it was not. Of course, as I say, it might be a prospector."

"It might be those two men who went ashore from the boat to the south of the Arm."

"Man, I doubt it. They could hardly break through all the woods up to that peak in so short a time. Well, it doesn't matter—star or camp-fire, it doesn't matter. I'm just peeved about Movie Bill. You see, and then he heaved a sigh. 'I'm going to turn in,' he said. They slept soundly and woke to the gentle splash of lake water on the shore, and the discs of sunlight dancing on the little ripples. It was while they were at breakfast, discussing the day's work (Angus was to fish while Piccolo cut "plates," as he called them, of birch bark from the trees) that Piccolo suddenly said:

"What's that miniature warship?"

Angus looked in the direction of his gaze over the water.

"Ah-ha!" he broke out. "You never saw a canoe like that, or heard of the Peterboro' lad. That's a Kootenay Indian canoe—made of stretched hide over a frame, and they have bow and stern sloped forwards into the water. They are kiltish boats for to get into. I once tried six times in succession and every time rolled her over and had to swim out. And the said Kootenay that let me try just stood watching me, with a glint in his eyes and the wee-est twist to his mouth."

"There's a whole fleet of them," said Piccolo. "They are going to the south shore."

"There's our ferry!" ejaculated Angus, and rising he shouted: "Ho Tillikum!"

Then he turned to Piccolo.

"I can't talk Kootenay, but most of them talk Chinook," he explained.

The hail was heard and one canoe turned toward them while the others went to the south shore half a mile away, and there beached. The canoe that came to their side of the lake contained three old men who seemed in the same world with old buffalo bulls, or very aged eagles. They came ashore and shook hands; and, n Chinook, Angus asked them to act as ferrymen.

So it was that half-an-hour later Piccolo and Angus were ashore on the south side, where the creek now called MacPherson Creek sends its foam of silver ripples on to the shining waters of Flat-Bow lake. They got out, and as they were unloading their belongings, one of the Indians—the oldest looking—saw the binoculars and was aware of their service. He said something to Angus, who handed them to him.

ping his pack-sack ready for the trek. Angus replied, laughing too.

"What does he say?" asked Piccolo. "He says that they can sit there and watch if the women work well. They will be Big Medicine Men when they go back and tell them all they did in their absence."

Piccolo had his pack-sack on his back, rifle swung to his shoulder, ax in hand. "How long will they want to sit there looking?" he said.

"Children! Just children like the rest of us," observed Angus. "We'll give them another peep or two each and then we'll go."

He strolled over to the point where the Indians sat on their log, talked with them a spell; and Piccolo was relieved when he saw the binocular glasses returned to their owner without protest.

Angus came back to him. The old men in the dungarees and battered hats, with the thin braids of hair hanging down, got into their canoe to paddle alone to their camp.

Piccolo and Angus marched into the scrub of willow and cottonwood along the south shore—unaware that a mere fifteen miles south, and four thousand feet above them, Movie Bill sat by a lonely camp-fire, pondering many things; though it was not his camp-fire they had seen twinkling from across the lake.

CHAPTER XIV

Give-Out Creek

It was at about four miles inland from the lake, and maybe fifteen hundred feet above the shore level, that Angus MacPherson, who was in the lead there, abruptly went down upon his knees as though in adoration of the soaring of the tamaracks, the green of the balsams (some with a wondrous silt of blue, related, it seemed to the bloom on peaches—the waving leaf-clusters, like maiden-hair fern, of the silver-needled birches, etc.)

Piccolo hastened after him and bent over him, a look of alarm on his face.

"What is it, Scotty?" he asked.

Under the weight of the pack-sack and rifle and blanket-roll, bowed forward, thus kneeling, Angus looked up. The sweat was in his eyes, blinding him; it was salt on his lips.

"It's nothing," he said, "it's only that I'm tired."

"My God!" exclaimed Piccolo, in treble. "Drop your pack, sir. Drop your pack, Mac—Angus. I can hear the sands in his eyes, blinding him; it was salt on his lips. Drop your pack and sit on it. I'll leave my kit with you and go ahead and get you a drink."

"I will go on," said Angus, "if you'll give me an ease up to my feet. I—am—tired!"

Even without aid from Piccolo he rose and lurched on; but Piccolo, with a quick glance at him, dropped his own pack and, pannikin in hand (they always carried a pannikin easy of access, lest wanting to drink from a creek while tramping), and rifle still slung from shoulder, went crashing rapidly ahead.

"You wait, he yelled over his shoulder, and hastened through the scrub. Angus sighed and sat down on his partner's pack. He moved his arms backward and loosened his own load from his shoulders; he let it sag back; then he too sagged to earth. He put his head on Piccolo's pack and immediately fell asleep.

Thus Piccolo found him, returning in haste a few minutes later. Angus opened his eyes.

"Man, that was a grand nap!" he ejaculated. "How long have you been gone?"

"Why, not five minutes. Have a drink of water."

Angus drank eagerly and then poured some of the water into a palm and ran it, thus wet, round behind his ears and neck.

"It has been a long and arduous business," said he. "We did a great part yonder across the lake in winter. He paused for breath. "And, man, it is awful close and summer-like by contrast here. I'll be better when we mount higher."

"There's a dandy camp-place right here, Scotty—fifty yards ahead, cool and shady, beside a creek."

It is the creek called Give-Out Creek today. Some people think that it being so called is evidence that it gives out occasionally, that its flow stops; but not so. It comes from springs, and drains vast upper areas among big cedars and velvet moss. It was there that old-timer Angus MacPherson gave out. That is all. Such is the derivation of that place-name.)

Piccolo was overjoyed, full of a sense of relief (for he had dreaded a dire calamity on seeing Angus suddenly go down upon his knees) by the effect of that wonderful forty winks of exhaustion. A leaden hue he had noted had gone from MacPherson's face.

"You wait there," said Piccolo. "I'll just go ahead and fix a camp while you rest, and then come back to pack your load and mine. Now don't you stir, Scotty."

Leaving the pannikin of water, still half-filled, by Angus's side, Piccolo went on again to the creek. Angus could hear the clip of his ax, making camp, sound muffled through the woods. He cut down two forked twigs, or thereby, trees; he lopped them into poles. He cut another slender tree down and lopped it. Then between two big trees he raised, horizontally, the plain pole, supported and leant against them by the forked ones, the butts of the latter thrust in the earth. The branches he had cut from all three trees he criss-crossed and tossed down, as a mattress, under that skeleton prepared for the canvas. Then he returned to Angus. By the time he reached his partner, MacPherson had risen and was lifting his pack.

"No, no," said Piccolo, "I'll take it."

So Angus just followed him to the camp-site and, seeing it, gave Piccolo a nod of thanks, a growl of: "Fine, man! Fine twig of a body!" and straightway sat down, then reclined, propped on an elbow on the fir-bough bed.

"Ay," he said. "I'll leave the rest to you."

"Sure!" said Piccolo shrilly, for his voice to pierce the creek's rumble to which they were not at once accustomed. Back he went for the other pack and, returning, wisely left the casting of the canvas over the framework until a meal should be prepared for Angus's refreshment.

"I feel too tired to eat," said the old prospector, seeing the preparations. "Have a snack anyhow, and some tea," Piccolo advised.

To be continued.

CANADA TO EXHIBIT AT NEW ZEALAND

Dominion Will be Represented at South Seas Exhibition This Year

OTTAWA, May 17.—Canada will be represented at the New Zealand and South Seas International Exhibition between November, 1925, and April, 1926.

Though the official announcement has not yet been made it is known here that the negotiations are all but completed. Canada's exhibit will be arranged by the Department of Immigration in conjunction with other branches of the Federal government and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. J. O. Turcott, of the Immigration Department, who designed the Canadian building at Wembley, will probably go to New Zealand shortly to take charge of the Canadian exhibit. The present staff at Wembley will remain in England until the termination of the British exhibition. The exhibition will be held at Dunedin, the overseas governments are taking in all 80,000 feet of space. The Vancouver Board of Trade is said to be organizing a delegation to the Exhibition.

5000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA

"5000 Facts About Canada" is famous as a rich storehouse of information about the Dominion. It is the production of Frank Yeigh, the recognized authority on this country as writer and lecturer. The 22nd annual edition is out for 1925, and will, as in former years, be welcomed by an appreciative public. Fifty chapters—ranging from "Agriculture" to "Yukon"—include a series of striking facts presented in a crisp, terse form that fastens them on the mind. The 1925 issue contains much new matter, including a striking comparative table of our national growth during the century of a century since 1800. The book may be secured at leading dealers, or by sending 35 cents to the Canadian Facts Publishing Co., 588 Huron Street, Toronto. He who would know Canada will find this wonderful little book a means to that end.

BE A TRUE PAL

Smile when your chum has a touch of the "blues". And tell him you understand. Don't turn him down as cross and dull. But lend him a helping hand.

Smile, when you're asked to do a good turn. And don't try to make excuse. There's nought in life if you are mean. And selfish, so what's the use?

Smile, and try hard to be a good pal. Just comfort and cheer and guide. Some other soul worse off than you—That someone close to your side. —G. M. Barden.

SWEEEPING HELP

If brooms are soaked in strong, hot salt and water before using, the splints will not break in sweeping. While sweeping, keep a pail of warm water near, frequently dip the broom in it and shake off the water, changing it as it becomes soiled. The wet broom wears the carpet less than a dry one, and the dampness keeps the dust from flying.

An excellent way to brush down dusty walls is to take a roll of cotton batting and fasten a thick pad of it on the end of a stick.

With this go over all the wall surface, burning the cotton as it becomes soiled, and renewing the pad.

TAN CORDED SILK ENSEMBLE IS TRIMMED WITH LIGHT BLUE

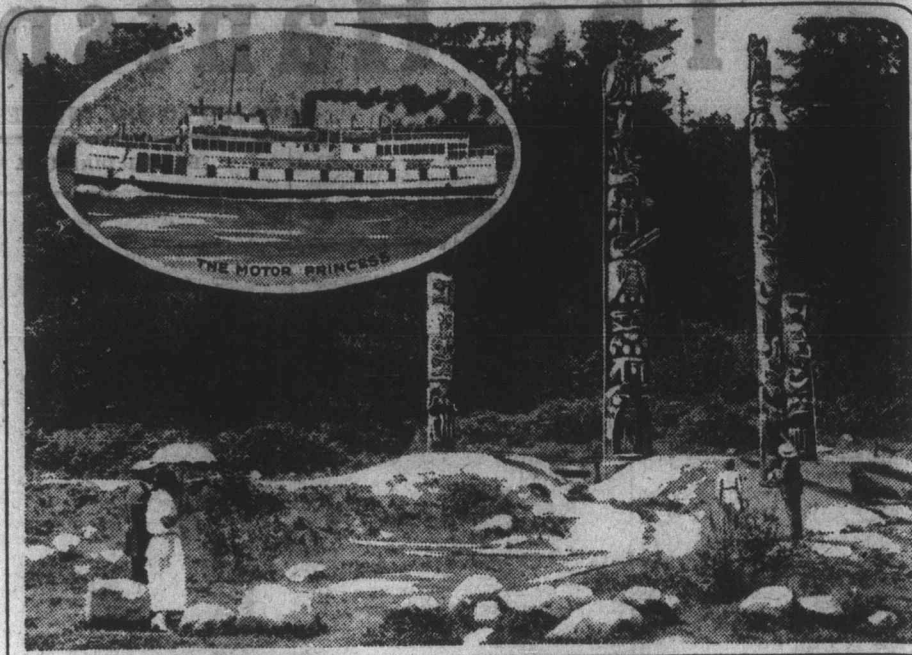


Corded silk makes the youthful ensemble shown here, with its jumper frock and three-quarter coat.

The silk is of the corded variety, which is much used this season. The dress is made with inverted pleats for fullness and is worn with a blue and white striped silk blouse.

The coat reaches to within a few inches of the bottom of the frock. It is trimmed with bands of light blue corded silk, which also mark the pockets of the frock.

The Billingham Ferry that meets all the Autos



Tatum Poles at Stanley Park, Vancouver.

Have you ever heard of Clo-oose?

Appearances may be against it, but it is not a typographical error; neither is it a bird-call, nor Chinese for chewing-gum. It is, as a matter of fact, a thriving town on Vancouver Island, rapidly becoming famous for its salmon, shooting and scenery, and as one of the most interesting spots on the coast of British Columbia.

This coast is yearly becoming more popular with tourists from the South—California, Seattle, etc., Eastern Canada and practically everywhere else. But that detached portion of the coast, known as Vancouver Island is especially attractive. It possesses beauty of a mountainous, rugged, arboreal type, excelled in magnificence only by the Rocky Mountains and unexcelled anywhere for its hunting and fishing. Incidentally, too, the Island is traversed by paved, winding highways, which are a delight to motorists and a credit to the Provincial Highway Department.

Indians (who have become so used to tourists, they no longer scalp them), inhabit most of the villages, which are scattered along the Coast. They have not, however, entirely abandoned the practice of scalping, but nowadays they confine their activities in this respect to salmon, herrings, whales and similar trifles. They (the Indians not the whales), are a thrifty, sober, industrious people engaged for the most part in catching fish and canning them in the local factories.

The Island is reached by means of a ferry-boat—The Motor Princess—operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway between Bellingham, on the mainland and Sidney, on the Island. This ferry is especially adapted to the transportation of automobiles and enables the tourist to run his car straight off the mainland highway, across the Gulf of Georgia and on to the Island highway, which he can follow south to



Part of Coast of British Columbia showing route of motor ferry boats between Vancouver Island and the mainland.

It is an extremely pleasant trip, full of interesting out-of-the-ordinary sights and anybody who has toured British Columbia without visiting Vancouver Island—and Clo-oose—ought to tour it again and correct a most unfortunate omission.

"You'll Like the Flavor"

EVERYBODY LIKES KING COLE TEA

King Cole Orange Pekoe is the "Extra" in Choice Tea

Your Grocer will supply you

When Ma They have No virtue, it's Saying They thing to Sell

Vol. XLIV. DEATH GEORGE

The death of M one of Wolfville's esteemed residents on Front street here last year he health. A native was in his eighty- dent for nearly six

He came here in Wolfville's shoe fac county, and when the old Windsor an was in progress ga engage in railroad construction force was completed as many years served fifty years of faithfu time he once told lost two days, he w

The habits of a possessed a strong so long as his streng himself wherever he

A good citizen he v useful member of the ever took a keen int He was an Odd Fe standing, a consist Methodist church an deservedly popular y

He is survived b daughters and two s having been killed i

The daughters ar A. Crozier, of Calga Eva (Mrs. Harry A. Eise (Mrs. Hurdin Conroy), spending th Abbott, of Vancouver

The funeral will t late home of the de afternoon, and will Orpheus Lodge, I.O. deceased was one o most popular member

ARTHUR S.

The death occurr Belleville, Ont., o Arthur S. Harris, a well known resident of Harris was a son of the of Belcher Street. Mr. R. E. Harris, of years ago he went to where he carried on fa and prospered. R property there and sula, spending the m

While visitin Belleville, he was taken ill and an operatio family successful, was at he made making as while a telegram s contained the m

His wife, who surviv akwith, daughter of Church S arrived by his sons—ed Laurie, of Fitchbu daughters—Mrs. Mitche and Mrs. Mitchell, of rother, R. E. of Wolf sters—Mrs. MacLeod Mrs. Burnaby and Mr. Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. Witt and Mrs. Snow, of Chic

The remains wer ile and interred in W erty yesterday after on who died while the n Wolfville a few years was conducted by Dr. J and Dr. A. C. Chute.

MARIA H

At the residence of Hortonville, on Sunday week, the death occur Harris, a native of L the advanced age of was the only daughter Harris and a sister of C. and Lysander H known residents of the same after an illness week, previous to wh to get about the hous the deceased resid Lysander on Locust a but for a number of y than at Hortonville. The funeral took plac noon, being conducted Burbridge, of Grand Pr in the family lot at V erty.

SAYS NARCOTIC CREATI

Dr. J. A. Amyot, D Health at Ottawa, h the Ontario Health C that there were betwe drug addicts in Can habit is increasing. noney-five per cent have formed the hab that the problem of evil was one for me deal with itself, and taking.