

Vol. XLIV, No. 38.

Return Figures Greater

Drift of Canadian effects exports

Statistics of value of exports and income

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Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

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CHAPTER XVIII

Explanations—Elucidations

Movie Bill who first regained his sanity, was more accustomed to the life of a romantic than he was to the life of a prospector. It left them speechless. He looked as if Greer was more or less a prisoner or something of the kind. "Where's his head?" said he. "Where's his head?"

"Oh, he knew darn little of what he was doing. He was just to take the letter and make the connection." He turned to Angus and blandly enquired: "And what about me now?"

"Bide a wee! Bide a wee!" said Angus. "Or, as ye might say, stick around. You will come up and see the claim with us." He turned to Movie Bill. "How did you find it? What are you here for anyhow? How are you, as might be said, in on this? This is more like a detective story than a prospecting trip."

Movie Bill pondered a spell. "Well," said he, "you heard me mention a pow-wow I had with Bantling and Greer near Pauline Creek. I had ridden out there—to have a day off and they rode past and stopped, and invited me more or less to join them in search for the place where Piccolo had found some stones he dropped in front of the Benwell House. You see, I had seen Bantling pick them up, and Greer had seen me see him do it. It is house that Jack built on my side top, Angus. But Bantling was no diplomatist, and I have a twist in me as you know. He got my goat. That goat of mine! I'll have to tether it good in future. Oh well, I guess as we get older we get mellow. There were other side issues. This is synopsis. There was a certain little telephone call, for example, when Bantling was in the T. J. ranch house during its owners' absence. (Piccolo sat fidgetting his fingers, eyes wide, listening like a child to a fairy story.) "And he got my goat then. I told them that seeing Piccolo did not know what his stones were, that they were not lost by him but just flung away. I didn't see anything crooked in their going out to find the place; but planning to intimidate Piccolo into telling or any hanky-panky tricks like that seemed to be a different matter. But Bantling wasn't content. He told me: all right, if I wouldn't come in with them I could just keep out; so I came in—to play a lone hand."

He paused.

"A lone hand?" enquired Angus.

"Yes," said Mc E. Bill. There was another pause, and the: "Well, I got back to Colvalli that night to find that you and Piccolo had thrown in your lot together. You were off—to Kokanee, I was told. Why Kokanee? I asked myself, in view of what I had heard from Bantling and Greer, and Piccolo's remark about where he had been—only eighty miles north of Colvalli. Then I thought: 'Of course, they've to get licenses! I supposed you could procure these at almost any town of British Columbia. Oh shoot!' he broke off. "You force a man to wear his heart on his sleeve, MacPherson, with your darn curiosity. When I heard you were in company with Piccolo I amended the lone idea that Bantling's threat had weakened. Well—well—don't you see? You and I have had some darn pleasant pow-wows, Angus. Whatever you had gone to Kokanee for, with Piccolo, Bantling and Greer were on to Piccolo and consequently you. I knew they meant business. I knew they were tough, and unscrupulous. You were by then too far off for me to get in touch with you and warn you. So I had to keep in touch with them." He hated wearing his heart on his sleeve, and so he ended: "For the sake of your danged old carcass."

Angus said nothing for a time; and then: "Ay, ay!" he murmured. "But how did you find the claim?"

"And why didn't you stake it for yourself?" shrilled Piccolo.

To that Movie Bill gave no reply. "You ask me how I found it," he said to Angus. "Well, you see, I was just keeping tab on Mark Bantling and this gentleman through the hills, and I got so close on them that I couldn't risk a shot, and my store was getting depleted. I decided I'd have to work back a bit and fish a creek and chance a fire. I thought of cooking at night down in a draw back there, where they would not see the light. And then I came on a fool-then. She ducked and scuttled away about thirty feet from me. So I lifted a stone to throw at her, and I never threw it. I looked at it and saw where I was. You see, Bantling had not picked up all the splinters that Piccolo dropped at the Benwell House. He pocketed the big bits, but there were one or two small ones left and I picked those up later; so I knew what you were all looking for. "This is it!" I said. That was when my horses strayed; I was too excited to think of horses or anything."

"Eic," said Angus, "did you find Movie at the place where you got the stones, or is it another place he's struck?"

"Oh, it's the place all right. The other end of this meadow," Piccolo suddenly roared and came to Movie Bill, his hand outstretched. "If this is quixotry it is sure something finer than craziness," he said. "Tremaine told me that Don Quixote was maybe crazy, but a fine man from the heels up. I want to apologize, right here. I am sure sorry I suspected you."

"Oh pshaw!" exclaimed Movie Bill. "With a face like mine you have every excuse."

But he shook hands with Piccolo, lightly, as though there were no need for any very ostentatious making of peace.

"And still I cannot understand," said Piccolo, "why you made out the location of the claim for us. After all, you see, there was no call as to do it."

"No call?" said Movie Bill.

"No, I don't see it. I gave the show away myself at Colvalli. You didn't even take the map."

"Map?" echoed Movie Bill, puzzled.

"It was Bantling took that map out of the T. J. ranch," said Greer. "That's how we got the location, more or less. We thought it was only eighty miles north of Colvalli, but that man told us different. What between it, and a job of a hole in it, and us being able to track back pretty well on the way the horses had been driven south, we knew we were pretty close. But we couldn't find it."

"Still I don't get you," persisted Piccolo to Movie. "You did not butt in on Angus and me. You got on to it all, it seems, first because I dropped those little specimens at Colvalli, and then by observing Bantling and Greer here."

"What's the word, Mac," asked Movie Bill. "What is the word, would you say, for all this turning the thing one way and another? Casuistry? Sophistry?"

"Something like that, maybe," answered Angus. "Either might serve."

"Piccolo, I'm too straight for all these arguments," said Movie Bill, "or too quixotic if you prefer the word. Bantling and Greer were after you and Angus. It seemed a long way over land to Kokanee, but they clearly knew more than I did. They might have got faulty evidence, but I knew something of Bantling's record. (I'll say nothing about you, Greer—present company!) When they outfitted and set off north, right away I began to think. That made me go and study a good map. That you had gone with the gossip of Colvalli, of course. I rang up Miss MacPherson—"

"Miggles couldn't tell you anything," said Angus.

"Well, I rang her up and just asked if she knew where you had gone. She merely verified the gossip. To Kokanee, she said, I suppose she did not trust me enough to tell me the truth."

"She didn't know otherwise," said Angus.

"Didn't know?"

"No, I thought once, when she came on to the veranda while I was having a consultation with myself about a course of action, or inaction, and saying bits aloud to help me, the way many an old prospector gets into—but a bad way, not good for a man—I thought then she had an inkling of something afoot. But no! And I did not tell her later. You see, it is at that I doubt the advisability of telling women folk secrets. It is not that. It is just that I have one crank amounting almost to superstition, though I'm not superstitious, mind you. It is just that I can never bring myself to count the chickens by the eggs in the incubator. That was enough to tell Miggles. To Kokanee. And we were going to Kokanee."

To be continued.

we go in for them."

"Well you're honest enough about that," said Angus.

"Bob Merritt," said Movie Bill. "Bob Merritt, you mentioned. He used to be around Pleasant. Ah, that's what you and Bantling had been up to that day I saw you and we had our little pow-wow beside Pauline Creek. Just how that kid struck me—easily led astray."

"Oh, he knew darn little of what he was doing. He was just to take the letter and make the connection." He turned to Angus and blandly enquired: "And what about me now?"

"Bide a wee! Bide a wee!" said Angus. "Or, as ye might say, stick around. You will come up and see the claim with us." He turned to Movie Bill. "How did you find it? What are you here for anyhow? How are you, as might be said, in on this? This is more like a detective story than a prospecting trip."

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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.

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1925 A No. 4017 IN THE SUPREME COURT

BETWEEN:
ROBERT W. STORRS Plaintiff
and
MARY JANE KEDDY AND MICHAEL E. KEDDY Defendants
TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by Frederick J. Porter, High Sheriff in and for the County of Kings or his Deputy at the Court House at Kentville, in the County of Kings on the 4th day of August, A.D. 1925, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to an order of Foreclosure and Sale made herein and dated the 30th day of June A.D. 1925, unless before the time of such sale the amount due to the Plaintiff herein and costs be paid to the Plaintiff or his Solicitor, all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, demand and equity of redemption of the above named Defendant, Holton Atwell at the time of his death and of the heirs and persons interested in the estate of the said Holton Atwell, deceased, and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under them or any or either of them, in, to and out of all and singular that certain lot, tract or parcel of land situate, lying and being on Gaspereaux Mountain in Horton in the County aforesaid and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at the highway about seventy rods below the barn to the fence between the field and pasture running Westery to Maple Blize near the line of Jacob Coldwell's, thence Southery by said line to the Morgan road to the first mentioned bound containing seventy acres be the same more or less. (The same being the land conveyed to the said Holton Atwell by J. B. Coldwell by deed bearing date the 23rd day of March, A.D. 1876, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds at Kentville in the County of Kings aforesaid, in book 37 page 614.)

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of Deed.

DATED at Kentville, Nova Scotia, this 30th day of June, A.D. 1925.

FREDERICK J. PORTER,
High Sheriff in and for the County of Kings

Winifred D. Withrow,
Wolfville, N.S.,
Solicitor of Plaintiff.

1925 A No. 4337 IN THE SUPREME COURT

BETWEEN:
ROBERT W. STORRS Plaintiff
and
CLARA A. BLANCHARD, appointed to represent the heirs and persons interested in the estate of Holton Atwell deceased Defendant
TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by Frederick J. Porter, High Sheriff in and for the County of Kings or his Deputy at the Court House at Kentville, in the County of Kings on the 4th day of August, A.D. 1925, at the hour of 11.30 o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to an order of Foreclosure and Sale made herein and dated the 30th day of June A.D. 1925, unless before the time of such sale the amount due to the Plaintiff or his Solicitor, all the estate, right, title, interest, property, claim, demand and equity of redemption of the above named Defendant, James T. Jordan and Joan Jordan, and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under them or any or either of them, in, to and out of all and singular that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being at Horton aforesaid, and bounded and described as follows: On the North by the possession of Andrew West and John Gormley and on the East by the possession of John Simpson, on the South by the possession of George Martin and on the West by lands of Martin Lyman, the said lot containing one hundred and twenty-two acres more or less.

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