

XLIV, No. 29
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Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

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(Continued from last issue.)

"What do we do for, I wonder?" asked Piccolo later, as they sat by a roaring fire and devoured flapjacks and soon and swilled hot tea. "There's no worth it."
 "No, that is so," agreed Angus. "We do it for the fun of the thing."
 Piccolo raised his head and stared.
 "Ay, man, we do," said Angus. "Every kind of get in touch with the general in our searching for our earthly Colombos and Eldorados. You know that thing of Edgar Allen Poe's: Over the mountains of the moon, Beyond the valley of the shadow, Side boldly ride, the Shade replied, If ye seek for El Dorado."
 He sighed and stretched and drew off his shoe, and took out the insoles all very carefully, like an old maid, and hung them on forked twigs to dry before the fire.
 "The grand to have dry feet," he said. "We are getting along fine. Get your feet warm and it is wonderful how it improves the whole man. Here's a splendid shelter for us. It is more cosy than anybody who has not done the job of this would imagine. Just a bit side a hill against the wind and a creek of trees; and he suddenly broke again into verse:
 'Confide ye eye in Providence,
 For Providence is kind,
 And bear ye a life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind.
 Though penned and hemmed on every side,
 Ha'e faith and ye'll win through,
 For lika blade o' grass keeps
 its ain drap o' dew.'

the phrasing of that too Scottish for the sentiment to reach you? It's a real beautiful sentiment, Pic."
 "I understand it all right," said Piccolo. "It's fine and dandy. Your Rabby Burns wrote it, I suppose?"
 "You may well be excused for supposing so," said Angus, "when there are mounted Scotsmen who would suppose the same. Ay, ay. Even in the face of a avalanche of rock slide, and many a previous thing, I cannot make myself believe that by and large, as the sailor bodies say, it is not a good world, a grand world; it is all most mysterious, but splendid and wonderful at base. Ay, gasting! We'll know the meaning of it all some day."
 Piccolo did not seem to understand. He sat staring at Angus as though he thought him a little bit "queer."
 "Socks and insoles dry again, Angus," he said, "and in—and went along the timber edge to survey the land before them. He returned to report:
 "We're facing south now, Piccolo. We're easy over the ridge of the mountain runs down to the main lake. I doubt we have another spur to circumvent before we get on to a creek running down to the West Arm."
 "And more of these places to cross?" asked Piccolo, not as one fearful, Angus thought, but as one desirous to know the worst so as to be ready to face it.
 "Maybe we'd be better to work down," said Angus. "Maybe we'd be better to work down to lose the time that it would take entirely to circumvent them; maybe we'd be better to work down to the bottom of each, and even break through the timber. Now that we have no pack-trail, and only can pack a limited supply of grub, time is the essence of the contract; but by the same token we could get through the dense timber better easier than with a horse."
 "We'd better take time," agreed Piccolo. "Going along right over the tops here, we might do your Jack and Jill game and both feed the coyotes down there. What's that?"
 His eyes, staring towards the place to north where they had crossed the slopes, focussed on two black dots moving under the cornice.
 "Goat?" queried Angus, and then told himself: "No, man! Goat would be white."
 He unblinded out his binocular glasses and focussed them.
 "They seem to have known better than us what it was like on the tops here, Pic," he said. "They both have woolly caps on like Arctic explorers. Try your eyes on that. You'll have to re-focus, for your eyes will be stronger than mine. See what you can make of this Nansen and Stefansson outfit."
 Piccolo took the glasses.
 "Why!" he exclaimed. "It is the man Hawke in front and—it's that man in brown who moved to him with the knife and fork." He kept the glasses upon them. "They've come to the end of the cornice," he reported.
 "What have they stopped for?" asked Angus.
 "I guess they've come to where we did that toboggan on our packs and they can't see any more 'ice steps."
 "No, to be sure they won't see any steps! That snow-slide would cover up the last at the other side, and, at this side, even the marks of where we kicked along."
 "I guess they think we got under the avalanche," said Piccolo. "They can't have seen our smoke or they wouldn't have come so close on our heels."
 "They may think they can intimidate us in the midst of these solitudes up here into telling just where we are going."
 Suddenly Piccolo leapt to his feet and gaped.
 "Look! Look!" he cried.
 Another hanging cornice, of frozen snow toppled; and, as the snow slides from a roof, so from the long acres of the sloping shelf above, the snow at once slid. The broken cornice crashed on the two dots of men up there and the avalanche followed.
 "One of them's engulfed!" ejaculated Angus.
 "No. That's his pack!" shrilled Piccolo. "He let it go. There, he's gone now. Oh, Oh, he's covered!"
 The snow ran, crisp and dry, in layers, like flat waves, down the slope. They overlapped, one upon the other; they rushed forward and down. It was, to

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ANSWER to Last Week's Puzzle

flare of the slide. He signed to them to stay where they were, raising his hand and throwing the palm forward toward them.
 "He'll do it on snow-shoes," observed Angus. "Where are the glasses? I have got them again." Man, Piccolo, it's the Kokanee policeman!
 "He's here to stop us till we get right up; he had nothing all the way, just you drop I got a peep at. I can't hold my hand steady enough, for a good sight, my blood beats so hard. Ay, I've got him again. Man, Piccolo, it's the Kokanee policeman!"
 And he it was, dragging at the end of a rope the already frozen body of none other than the man in brown.

CHAPTER XII.
Two Who Went Under.
 The Kokanee policeman came to their side of the avalanche, his snow-shoes sinking to a foot where the snow was still powdery, at others with but a silt of snow between the meshes.
 "I couldn't search him out there, on the snow," were his first words. "He's a member of a gang of crooks, and it would mean a whole lot to me if he had any papers on him—letters—anything. I want to know more about them in the worst way."
 "There was another man," said Angus. "The policeman shook his head.
 "We must work down to the bottom of the slide and see if they got under it, or if they were sent sliding away on the surface of it. Now mind, we'll not kill ourselves doing this. But we will do our best. After all, men are men, in the high mountains or in the deep seas. We have no snow-shoes and we cannot go in soft snow. I was whelmed once in but twelve feet of snow and fought in it, to climb up, like a squirrel on a wheel. But we must see if they were shot down on the surface, and are lying injured at the foot. We'll take a blanket rope to hold between us, so that the one of us testing the way ahead can be pulled out by the other if he gets in over-deep snow."
 Balancing himself from protruding rock to protruding rock, clinging to the fir-branches, he went back to the camp on the clear knoll.
 "What's wrong?" asked the policeman. "Something wrong with your partner?"
 "Oh, it's just the altitude affecting him," said Angus, casually.
 The policeman went on with his search, culling, as well as a pathetic pipe and a knife, to be used no more, a sheaf of letters in a wallet.
 "Well," he said, rising from his knees, "these two fellows were after you all right. That man Hawke we had our eye on. Anything crooked: a poker joint; a bootlegging outfit—anything

crooked for Hawke. You spoke to MacBride at the compressor on the way up, and when he saw Hawke and this man going on to the mine he phoned me, thought I'd like to know. I asked him why, and he said he had a hunch. So had I then. I remembered your partner, waltzing round this fellow, and I knew they had that between them, whatever else. Hawke made me think there must be more. What was the trouble?"
 "You'd better come over to our camp and I'll tell you all I know," answered Angus.
 "Maybe these letters I have will help to tell something too," said the squarely built policeman with the humorous and grim mouth, and the face like smoky ivory.
 (To be continued.)

A REVERIE FOR MOTHER'S DAY
 My Mother's Love was the first love that nestled me, nourished me and suffered for me. From first to last she has loved me whether I was lovely or unlovely. Such love calls me to remember this Mother's Day.
 My Mother's Voice was the first message of love that sounded in my ears. I did not understand those first endearing words but I comprehended the love tones and was glad. Other voices have flattered and derided me, praised and condemned me without love; but whether her voice rebuked or heartened me, it was always in love. I shall not fail to lift my voice in love of her this Mother's Day.
 My Mother's Hands labored for me long before I could provide for myself. If they now are wreathed in lines and rough with wear, they merely bear the cost-marks of love of me. Never did she spare herself when I needed her, nor will I now deny myself the high privilege of serving her with gracious love, especially on this Mother's Day.
 My Mother's Tears moistened her pillow and mine when I knew it not, nor cared. My selfish, heedless, careless loveless ways and words often made

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 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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