

Treasure Trail

By Frederick Niven

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(Continued from last issue)

It was at that moment a thought suddenly leapt in Angus's mind, and he said:

"Bant! Bant your name? Might I ask what is your Christian name?"

They both stared at him because of the unexpectedness, and also the unintelligibility of the enquiry. But Greer laughed.

"Christian name is good!" he commented.

Bantling paid no heed to the enquiry, just sucking the ends of his moustache aware that he was having little effect on MacPherson. Then he said:

"Our word is as good as yours, old-timer. We found the ore deposit before you—see?"

"You've found it!"

"We will find it when you lead us to it. Now, don't fret. This is the fortune of war. We'll stake her. You can say what you like after, but our word is as good as yours." Bantling paused and then said: "We have your squeaky-voiced partner trussed up, and he can stay trussed, and coyotes can have him if you don't lead us to the place."

Angus peered at his eyes as that speech was delivered, then looked at Greer.

"He's bluffing, ain't he?" he asked Greer.

Greer only puckered his eyes, inscrutable.

"Piccolo wouldn't tell you, then?"

Angus enquired, addressing Bantling again. "So you trussed him up and came to find me."

"I'm the enquirer," answered Bantling, "not you."

"So!" said Angus. "Well, if you've left Piccolo trussed up the coyotes may get the courage to eat him, or the bobcats might see he was unable to defend himself and pass by on the other side as their usage is with men. Then your goose with the golden eggs is done for. Ah well. But perhaps Movie Bill is looking after him to the place."

Bantling's eyes blinked rapidly.

"Movie Bill?" he asked. "What about him?"

At that Angus shut up like a clam. He sat very still, staring at the ground. What he wondered, was he to believe? He had a terrible dread that perhaps Piccolo was no longer a living man, that they had caught his partner, held him up, tried to get the information they wanted from him—killed him. So ended his dark fear. It was a dread that possessed him so strongly that he said, to test, to seek evidence:

"You went the wrong way about this. I certainly drew that map you have, but only to help Piccolo give an impression of this country, and because I'm accustomed to drawing maps. It is of no service without Piccolo. If you wanted to be the bold bad bandits like what you read about in the Sunday editions you should have held me as the hostage, or ransom as they say, and said to Piccolo: 'Blab it out, Pic! Show us the place where you got these bonny specimens or we'll blow out the brains of your auld friend.'"

He spread out his palms in a frail-looking gesture before him.

The two frowned, then looked one to the other. Angus felt sure then that his guess that they had done away with Piccolo was correct. Dimly to his ears sounded the tom-tomming of the creek, although truly it roared on loud enough. A great weariness filled him again. He felt less enraged than broken. It seemed a bitter and callous world.

And then a high shrill voice pierced the minor-key brawl of the creek:

"Put up your hands! Both of you! Smart!"

Angus's heart clutched. He looked up, and there was Piccolo, a meagre little man on a rock, like a caricature of the central figure in pictures called "The Last Stand", rifle tensely in his hands, finger on trigger.

Greer wheeled, raising his arms high in air. The crazy Bantling turned with his gun up to fire. And fire he did, but only with the involuntary jerk of his hand as he fell. Pic had fired first.

The detonations in that compressed place at the gorge of Give-Out creek were deafening in their ears, two thuds of sound that made the ear-drums, for a moment or two after, register nothing; and then the roar of the creek came back by degrees. There was no smoke, just a waft of acid odour.

Bantling lay on his face. Greer, hands still in air, quivered perceptibly. But for that matter so did Angus, swallowing with difficulty, not as young as he had been; and so did Piccolo.

"By your leave, sir," said Angus, and stretching out his slightly shaking hand he annexed Greer's rifle.

Piccolo was no movie hero. He was certainly trembling like one of the aspens by the creek side as he came close to them.

"For Heaven's sake," said Greer, "slip your finger off that trigger. I ain't heeled now. She might go off."

Piccolo gave a shrill little laugh.

"Sure, she might!" he said. "Now what's the game? See if he has an automatic in his pocket, Scotty, or any other shooting iron—or a knife, or anything."

His voice quavered high, very tremulous, and with a note of almost crazy exultation.

Angus felt Greer carefully, and was satisfied that the rifle he had annexed was his only lethal weapon.

"Well? What's the game?" asked Piccolo. "What were you hazing my friend Mr. MacPherson for?"

Greer said not a word.

"He wanted me to tell him where the location is where you found your specimens. He has some of them. I don't know how he got them," Angus explained.

Piccolo looked ashamed. In the stress of the moment he confessed.

"I guess I dropped them at the hotel veranda at Colvair," he said.

"Movie Bill had picked them up by the time I went back for them."

"So!" said Angus, but in a very absent way.

He bent forward and felt Bantling's heart. He opened one of the fallen man's

eyes, and then rose. He was again trembling.

"He's dead!" he said.

Give-Out creek roared on with a note unchanged, but to Angus it seemed that its note had changed. Piccolo stood very white, looking down at the body.

"I suppose," said he, "we should go through his pockets for more evidence—the way the Kokanee policeman went through that man Grafters' pockets."

The voice of Greer astonished them both.

"Is Grafters dead? Did he get it?" he asked, sepulchral, almost unaware.

"Oh, you know Grafters! Well that was an act of God," said Angus. "He was overtaken by a snowslide. Him and Hawke."

Greer just stood staring.

"I don't like doing this," Piccolo's chirping voice rose up, as he searched Bantling's pockets. "No, he has no letters. Look—chewing gum!" His lip quivered. There were queer sensitive streaks in Piccolo. "What does a dead man want with chewing gum? The sugar coated kind too!" His voice quavered tensely.

"Here you!" roared Angus. "Keep a grip on yourself." He was master of the situation. "You," and he glared at Greer, "get that little shovel and pick there and dig. Dig good, or I'll show you how. Step lively; shake a leg. Bend to it. Dig and get your partner to his bed."

The blaze in MacPherson's eyes made Greer work hard. Piccolo looked like one on the verge of breakdown. In that thin voice of his he said:

"He should have a board or something over him. He should not have grabbed the rifle. I had to shoot."

"Sure you had to! Sure you had to!" cried out Angus, in a tone like a Nova Scotia skipper in a fog. "We'll get a bit stick up to him. I'll carve his name to please you. I'm a grand hand at the whittling. What was his name again?"

"Bantling. Mark Bantling," said Greer, digging hard, for Angus stood four-square and grim, rifle in hand, above the hole he dug.

"Twelve letters. Huh! Here, you Piccolo, cut out your false sentiment. You acted like a man in the circumstances. He was a sure-thing tough—a sure-thing tough. Brace yourself. I can't carve twelve letters on a stick; the initials will have to do. And take back what you pumped into my head about Movie Bill!"

He was going to add: "It was this man Bantling who wrote the letter!" but Greer, climbing out of the hole to drag his fallen partner into it, in some emotion of chagrin over having lost presence and desirous just to contradict the sturdy old man who had won, snapped:

"Oh, Movie Bill is on to it all right!"

Angus's voice sounded old and petulant as he cried out at that:

"Confound you! Confound you both! I'll believe Movie Bill is crooked when I have proof. I have no proof now."

"That's all right," soothed Greer, "he told me himself. He told Bantling over the phone that he was on to it."

"Over the phone?" shrilled Angus, almost as shrill as Piccolo. And then: "There, there! No more, either of you. Leave calumny to the sewing circles when the towns are built. No more about that man Movie Bill. I keep an open mind!"

Piccolo, calmed down, but annoyed then by Angus classing him and Greer together, gave a little laugh, a slight sneer. He muttered: "You'll find out about—"

"What's that?" asked Angus.

"Nothing," said Piccolo. "You'll see."

"That's what I say: I'll see!"

And never a word of appreciation to Piccolo for the splendid way, like a hero in a movie, in which he had come to the rescue! After all that he had done for him too! Made a camp for him when he gave out; brought him water; rescued him from two bad men! Did Angus think it was nothing to him that he had been forced to shoot one of them? Even to shoot up a man like that was an ordeal. No sympathy with him when he was using afterwards. Classed him with Greer! Oh, a snappy, crockety, cranky old man!

Piccolo was "peevish" indeed.

down, crossed the creek jumping from one boulder to another, and—" he stopped, "you know the rest. Trussed up nothing!" he snorted.

Angus gave a grunt and turned to Greer.

"You maybe ain't as tough as you talk," said he. "I always believe in giving a man the benefit of the doubt. When did you invent that lie? How did your partner know to say what he did?"

"Well, we knew you were out with him. When we met you, you sung out: 'Is that you, Piccolo?' so Bant worked his line of talk on that."

"Very clever," said Angus. "More clever than I thought. He did the way some of these fake character readers do. They get their clients to tell them, without realizing they are doing so; and then they tell it back. Very clever of him. Is that you, Piccolo?" and so he knew I was alone, expecting Pic. Well, you did not keep a good look-out for him, considering you knew I was expecting him."

"I sure did. But not to the south side of the creek, right behind my back."

"What made you come down here?"

"We saw the smoke of your fire."

"Who's the 'we'? How many of you are there?"

Greer did not answer at once. Then—"Just the two," said he.

Angus looked at him thoughtfully. He found his face shifty.

To be continued.

Here and There

Canada spent \$49,066,179 last year for pensions and re-establishment of Veterans of the Great War, according to a report recently issued from Ottawa by the department in charge of this work.

Without a dissentient voice over 4,000 cattle owners in 200 districts have voted to make Prince Edward Island a disease-free area under the Department of Agriculture arrangement which calls for a two-thirds vote of all cattle owners.

Two thousand young buffalo from the Wainwright herd will make a 700-mile trek northward this summer to the buffalo reserve on the Slave River where they will be turned loose to mingle with the wood bison which roam that area.

"In all parts of Canada and the United States," according to Robt. G. Hodgson, editor of the Fur Trade Journal of Canada, "Muskrat farms are being established, mostly on a large scale and they are rapidly turning what was once marshland of little value into the most productive part of the farm," Mr. Hodgson adds.

The record established recently at Acme when 114 horses worked in one field at one time seeding the crop of Mrs. C. W. King, has been broken at Gadsby, Alberta. When the neighbors of J. B. Ball who recently suffered a broken arm, put in his 100-acre crop, 39 outfits were at work on one day and 175 horses. The crop was put in in a single day.

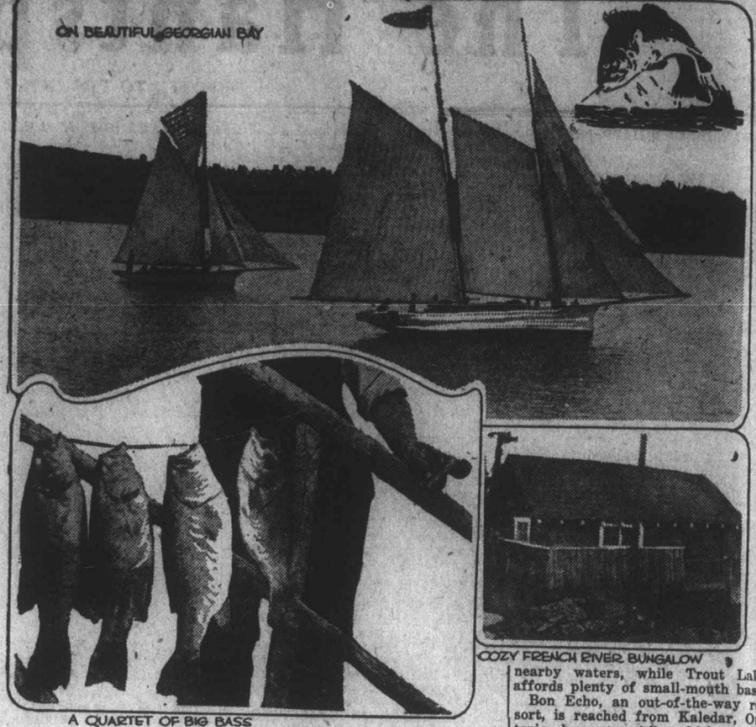
H. E. Morriss, whose horse Manna made a run away victory in the English Derby, will visit Canada in the fall en route to China from which country he hails. He will sail on the Canadian Pacific S.S. Minnedosa from Southampton on October 8, stay a short time in the Dominion, and sail from Vancouver for China on the S.S. Empress of Australia, October 25.

Rebuilt in nine months after the fire that destroyed it last October, the Chateau Lake Louise hotel opened for the current season on Sunday, May 31 as the Trans-Canada train arrived from its cross-continent run. The hotel was rebuilt under exceptionally difficult conditions in temperatures as low as fifty degrees below zero during which a wooden wall heated by stoves had to be erected about the construction works.

Following the opening visit by Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary to the Wembley Exhibition, the Duke and Duchess of York also went over the grounds. Their Majesties were especially delighted with Treasure Island, the Paradise of children, and travelled over the miniature Canadian Pacific train that runs around the Island, passing en route the replica of Banff Station and the reproduction of the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

Canada will be well represented at the New Zealand and South Seas International Exhibition to be held at Dunedin between November, 1925 and April, 1926. Both the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway have announced their intention to send well-appointed exhibits to the Exposition. It is probable that the provincial governments and many Canadian manufacturers will follow suit.

Ontario's Many Summer Resorts Afford Varied Pleasures



Every summer tens of thousands of visitors seek rest and recreation, health and happiness in the fascinating hinterland of Ontario, where woods and waters abound on every hand, each with its especial charm.

A fascinating retreat for fishermen in this part of Ontario, is the French River district. Since the erection of a comfortable, commodious bungalow camp which opened in 1923, visitors have flocked there in numbers that have taxed its capacity. Fighting bass, grown strong in the swift waters of the river, and huge muskellunge are caught in large numbers. Other species are plentiful too.

Most of the Ontario places are easily reached from Toronto. The Muskoka and Kawartha chains of lakes are the annual haven of many visiting families who occupy cottages, camps and hotels of varying degrees of comfort and luxury. All enjoy the dry, pine-scented air that is a sure remedy for hay fever. Mixed fishing is insured here and in

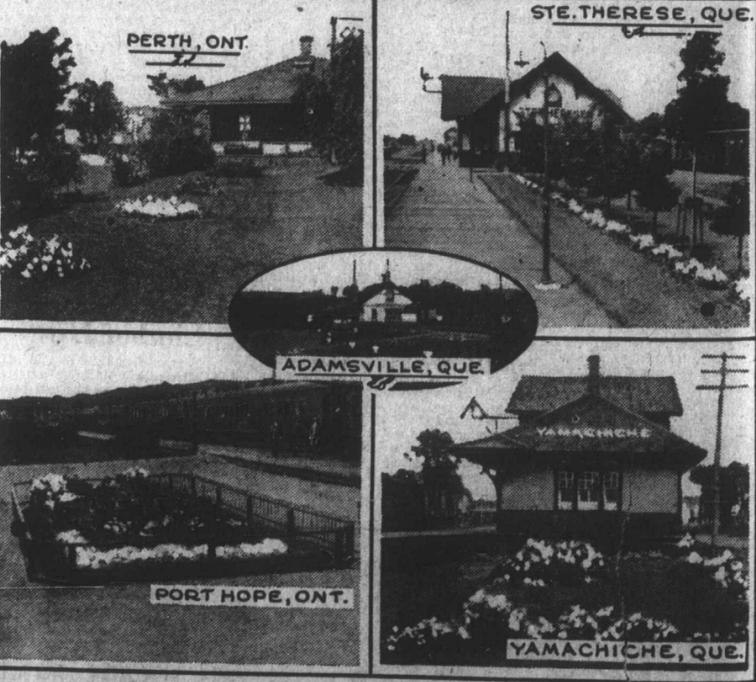
men; others delight in sailing and paddling canoes. The summers are all too brief to satisfy these lovers of Ontario's out-of-doors.

Camps hidden miles deep, away from the railway lines, yield exceptionally good fishing and wholesome food. Such a one is Billy Burke's log camp on Trout Lake, reached by an 8-mile launch ride from Paget station. Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, hidden away from civilization, is about 8 miles from Pakeyville, and transportation is via the Key Valley Railway, owned by a Milwaukee lumber concern, which operates a railway bus, mounted on railway car trucks, and fitted with a Ford motor for power. At the sawmill town, this mode of locomotion is exchanged for a motor launch that carries guests to Ka-Wig-A-Mog Lodge, an attractive structure devoted to dining and social affairs. In addition to the Lodge, there are a number of cottages built about an eighth of a mile apart, on both sides of the long, narrow lake, thus insuring privacy. Many vacationists are ardent fisher-

nearby waters, while Trout Lake affords plenty of small-mouth bass. Bon Echo, an out-of-the-way resort, is reached from Kaledar, Ontario, by automobile which passes along hillside carpeted with blue flowers and seeming to emanate a blue haze. The Inn is located on a spit of land that separates the Masanaw Lakes, two lovely sheets of water. They are of great depth and from them rises a sheer rock to over 200 feet, possessed of a three-fold echo. It bears on one face a bas-relief of Walt Whitman, to whom the rock is dedicated. Bass fishing is good. There are two fine beaches; one of deep water that delights divers, and the other has a vast, silver sandy floor with shallow water, and makes a safe, ideal beach for women and children.

Port au Baril on Georgian Bay, is unique in that its capacious rustic hotel is located on an island. Fishing, bathing and boating are its chief attractions. Georgian Bay with its thousands of islands and indented shore-line, is a paradise of beauty and sport, and is sought by many visitors from the States with summer homes on the islands. Those who prefer the mainland, will find a string of summer resorts dotting the shore-line for 100 miles.

BEAUTIFYING A RAILROAD SYSTEM



Strangers, travelling upon the railways in Canada find pleasure in passing through a country that is new and fresh and possessing a wild, primitive grandeur practically unattained. But in no small degree this pleasure is heightened and contributed to by a wonderful transformation wrought artificially by the lavish use of trees and flowers which have been planted and cultivated under the supervision of expert horticulturists employed for the purpose by the railway company.

The most striking example of what can be effected by this means is to be seen along the Canadian Pacific tracks through the Prairie Provinces, according to an article on the subject in the April "Landscape Architecture" by E. L. Chicanot.

"Along the more than three thousand miles of main line," writes Mr. Chicanot, "there were naturally a good many men, station agents and who, with the limited means at their command and to the best of their ability, cultivated little pieces of ground about the scenes of their activities. The planting of a little garden at a station, especially in certain bleak, treeless areas, was a conspicuous feature and added some little beauty to the surroundings. This gave to a higher official of the company, about thirty-five years ago, the idea of expanding the work of beautifying the grounds by selecting and encouraging agents and others in work of this kind. This took concrete form in the distribution to station-agents throughout the system of free packets of flower seeds. Inevitably, of course, some men did not bother about them but sufficient did to produce a very marked effect and make noticeably attractive those stations where the seed had been properly used and cared for."

"The impression was so striking that the Operating Department of the company proceeded to have principal stations and division points along the system. The result of this again was so impressive that a special study was made of the whole question, and subsequently it was decided to engage in the work thoroughly and systematically and to add an expert horticulturalist to the staff."

"The work since that time (1908) has grown tremendously, each year seeing a number of new gardens laid out about the company's stations until today the Canadian Pacific Railway has the largest number of gardens of any railway company in the world."

"Now along the steel system from coast to coast lies a series of fair gardens and spots of green sward and often the cool and refreshing air rubbing about the station constitutes the one cheerful feature of entry into a town otherwise drab and unattractive."

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