

WELL of GOLD

By Bentley Ridge

START THE STORY HERE

Only one instalment of the new serial story of The Advance has been published. It is a story that you will enjoy. Start it here and now. Here is a review of the principal characters, and a sketch of what has already been published:

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

PHILIP GUTHRIE, rich, scholarly, unmarried. Is greatly interested in relics of ancient civilization.

PROFESSOR SHALEY, a distinguished archaeologist. In charge of a small expedition financed by Philip Guthrie. The professor has been seeking in Iran (Persia) some ancient gold cups reputed to be hidden there. Shaley dies without discovering the treasure.

JULIAN ORMOND, Shaley's young assistant, takes charge on Shaley's death until Guthrie orders him home and dismisses him.

HAFFI, Julian Ormond's Persian supervisor.

LYNNE ORMOND, half-sister of Julian Ormond. Pretty, twenty-five; red-haired. Quietly brought up, and heir to substantial wealth.

MRS. BLAKEMORE, Lynne's Aunt SOPHIE, by whom Lynne was brought up.

Philip Guthrie learns by cable from Julian Ormond of the death of Professor Shaley.

The Professor was in charge of an expedition which was digging in Persia in quest of some ancient gold cups reputed to have been made for Alexander the Great. Guthrie is deeply interested in the quest, and has financed the expedition.

Julian Ormond, who sent the cable, is the second-in-command. His message, besides announcing the death of his leader, recommends that the quest be abandoned.

Guthrie is astonished at the suggestion of giving up the search, because the Professor's last letter held out great hopes of success.

Accordingly, Guthrie wires to Ormond calling him home for consultation.

NOW READ ON!

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

Julian began to talk with sudden fluency and feeling:

"That was what made it such a great tragedy! I knew that Shaley was working himself to death—perhaps for nothing. But there was no stopping him. At the end, I think, he began to believe that Praemnon would never be found; and it was the lack of any progress for so many months that made him crack up at last."

He stopped, and Guthrie asked, abruptly:

"Do you believe that the cups of Alexander are there?"

"I? Do I believe—?"

"You believe, I suppose, that if Praemnon is discovered there's a chance of finding the cups of Alexander?"

"Well, they're supposed to be there, aren't they?" said Julian, in a doubtful tone. "I'm not an archaeologist, though, so..."

"What would they be worth, do you think, if they were found?"

"Some thousands, I suppose," said Julian uneasily.

"A great many thousands," Guthrie said.

Julian said nothing.

Guthrie sighed, and drew Shaley's letter from his note-case.

"Shaley wrote to me on the day before he died. Didn't occur to you that he might? He says in his letter that he had seen traces of ruined masonry somewhere or other through his field glasses, but that he had been unable to get near enough to confirm the discovery. He says that he was going out with you next day to investigate. That must have been the expedition from which you and he were returning when he died."

"I don't know what you think you're getting at! He had some delusion, it's true, about having seen something. But there was nothing there after all..."

"But you said just now that it was an ordinary routine expedition that you went on," Guthrie reminded him sharply. "It seems to me that your statements hardly fit the facts. I don't know why, I'm sure."

"It wasn't worth mentioning—as a matter of fact he was always thinking that he had seen something," protested Julian Ormond, his face dark with resentment and confusion. "This was just another occasion."

"You seem to forget," Guthrie replied, "that I knew Shaley too. He must have changed very much if what you say is true. No, I'm not at all satisfied. I don't think there's any point in prolonging this interview. If Shaley owed you anything when he died it will be forthcoming from his estate. But I'm taking over the expedition, and I'm afraid I'll have to dispense with your services."

"Well, I don't pretend to know what Shaley would have thought of this sort of treatment of someone who had done so much for the expedition as myself!" Julian Ormond said. Guthrie was startled by the change in his expression. The pale eyes were narrowed to the merest slits, while his face seemed swollen with suppressed fury. He burst out: "It makes no difference to me, of course! The whole thing is only an idiotic wild-goose chase!"

"If the expedition is a wild goose chase," replied Guthrie, "then you won't be sorry to be out of it!"

"I'm not! You'll waste your time and money going to Persia."

"That's my affair."

"Quite! All archaeologists are fools!" "The door is over there," Guthrie pointed out, briefly.

"I don't know what Shaley would have said about your treatment of me!" said Julian, in a high, angry voice. "But he's dead—so, of course, it doesn't matter to you."

With this he went out, leaving Guthrie uncertain whether to smile or be angry.

But in two minutes he had a time table out of his shelf, and was looking for the quickest route to Tehran. Lectures, and other engagements in London would all go to the wall. The hunter's fever had quickened in his blood, and he was going to Persia as soon as he could get there.

CHAPTER III INVITATION TO ADVENTURE

Ormond, meanwhile, as soon as he got into the street, behaved like a man in a very great hurry. He examined the change in his pocket carefully; then hailed a taxi and drove to Charing Cross station. Here he took a third-class ticket to Beaumont Magna, a little station in Kent, half way to the coast. And in half an hour he was moving out of London on his way to his home and birthplace.

He still looked an angry and chagrined man; but when at last the train pulled into Beaumont Magna he sprang out on to the platform, all cheerful smiles for the benefit of the girl who had come to meet him.

His step-sister Lynne was flushed with delight at his arrival.

"Julian!" she cried. "Oh, this is won-

derful! It's wonderful to have you back!"

"It's wonderful to be back, old girl!" said Julian.

"I only just got your telegram in time to meet the train," she told him as she led the way out of the station to the car. "When we saw in the papers about Professor Shaley, of course, we knew you would be coming. But not so soon as this. Oh, Julian isn't it a shame? Will they never find the cups of Alexander now?"

"Ah!" said Julian. "That is the question!"

It was too early as yet to broach the subject of the mission on which he had come, and so he said instead:

"Heavens, how green it all is! What a sight for sore eyes after nearly two years of dusty yellow desert! And all just the same—except you, Lynne," he added. "You've grown up!"

Lynne Ormond, as she sat beside him at the wheel of the car, was flushed with elation. It was wonderful to have this tanned, adventurous brother home. Ever since her childhood she had adored Julian with a young girl's trusting worship. He was ten years older than herself, and the son of her father by his first wife, a beautiful Greek, who had never come home to Beaumont; but had died in Crete when Julian was only two years old.

Both Lynne and Julian had inherited an equal fortune of fifteen thousand pounds from their father when they came of age; but Julian had gone through his long ago. He had speculated a little, invested unfortunately; and as he said, it had only been his appalling bad luck which had prevented him from turning his fifteen thousand into fifty. As it was he had next to nothing, and roamed about the world picking up what he could as amusingly and venturesomely as possible.

To Lynne this way of living seemed the height of romance. The stepbrother who returned periodically to Beaumont Magna to tell her stories of adventure in far corners of the earth was the most picturesque figure imaginable.

"Yes, by jove, you have grown up," Julian repeated, as they drove out of the village, and took the road towards the manor. "And are you still satisfied with it? Does hunting and dog-breeding and the country life still keep you happy?" Lynne looked to right and left

over the well-loved countryside, and as ever something called to her, drew her heart, tempting her away.

"Oh, Julian," she cried. "I'm tired of it! I'd like to get away... to do something. This isn't life!"

It promised well, Julian looked at her and observed that she had become better looking than ever. Flaming red hair, a skin of camellia whiteness and smoothness, a tender mouth, so brilliant that she used no lipstick; a determined chin, and the brightest and deepest of dark blue eyes, ever alive and sparkling with vitality. Slenderly and lithely built, she was beautiful without self-consciousness as became a lover of dogs and horses and the country.

"I thought so," Julian remarked. "I could tell that you were fed up with things from your letters; and that's why I'm here!"

"That's why you are here—?" She turned an eager face towards him. "That's why I'm here," he smiled into her excited eyes. "I've brought you an adventure, Lynne."

"What is it? Tell me!"

They were at the door of the Manor House.

"We'll have to find a quiet place where we won't be overheard," Julian said, as he got out of the car.

"Aunt Sophie is out," Lynne told him. "We can go into the library, and talk while you have some tea."

She led the way through the portico of the elegant old Georgian mansion. The sober, well-bred surroundings of which generations of Ormonds had imposed their impeccable taste, accorded ill with Julian's broad-brimmed stetson, his tanned, bearded face, and far-away gaze. Purvis, the butler, greeted him with the respect due to the last male heir of the Ormonds, but perhaps with not so much affection as a more conventional heir might have received.

"IT'S DISGRACEFUL!"

As soon as the library door closed upon them, Julian disclosed his project to Lynne.

He began by telling her of his last expedition with Shaley.

"On the day that Shaley died he had found Praemnon—that is, we found it, he and I together. We found a circle of foundation stones, a pillar or two, and a half-buried wall. Shaley was a good chap, but a bit of a fool and without my help he wouldn't have found the place, and he knew it! Had he lived I'm quite sure that he wouldn't have excluded me from the expedition just because I knew too much. But now—!"

"Now what?" asked Lynne, big-eyed and rapt with attention.

"Philip Guthrie, Shaley's colleague, who is taking over the expedition won't admit the co-operation of anyone on an equal footing with himself. As soon as he knew that Shaley and I had found something he gave me the sack!"

"But Julian—it's disgraceful!"

"Sheer jealousy on his part, I suppose. These archaeologists are notorious. Shaley's dead, so that's all right, as far as Guthrie is concerned. Shaley can't get any of the kudos.

"But I'm alive and kicking, and there's a danger that I might get some of the honours; so out I go!"

They were forced to be silent while Purvis brought in the tea, but Julian could see the indignation seething in his step-sister.

"But surely he can't turn you out just for nothing!" she protested, as soon as Purvis had gone.

"Oh, he picked some sort of a quarrel with me—made out that I was trying to conceal the whereabouts of our find. Trumped up all sorts of objections to

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me. But his motive was obvious. The cups of Alexander are worth many thousands, as he told me himself! It's wonderful how many otherwise reasonable people fly off the rails when there's any question of financial gain!"

"And what is he going to do now?"

"He's off to Persia to excavate the ruins which Shaley and I found, and do his best to dig out the cups, if they are there."

"And you are left out?"

"Turned out!"

"Well, I think it's abominable!" Lynne cried. "Guthrie must be an utter cad!"

Julian feasted his eyes on the sympathy and indignation in her flushed face.

"Can't something be done?" she asked. "Isn't there any way—?"

"Yes," said Julian. "There is—and this is where you come into it."

"I? What can I do?"

"Well, Lynne, you know I haven't a bean. I've squandered it all, reckless fool that I am—or not such a fool perhaps, because it was mostly ill-luck. But you, Lynne—your money is still untouched, and it's bringing you nothing. At least you're getting nothing for it. This isn't life here!" he said with a contemptuous glance round the quiet room. "But you could have adventure and something worth while! You could turn a few hundreds into thousands, perhaps."

"You mean—?"

"Finance an expedition yourself, to unearth the cups of Alexander!"

The colour rose in Lynne's face as realization of all that the suggestion meant dawned upon her.

"I always longed to go to Persia with Shaley's expedition!" she cried.

"At the cost of a hundred or two—a thousand at most, you and I could go to Persia ourselves and discover those cups if they're there. We can find them if they're to be found. You must be tired of this!"

Julian went on, working on all the longing for life and adventure which was in Lynne's heart. "It's wild, it's dangerous, it's hard and uncomfortable out there in a desert camp. But it's life, it's adventure; and you have no idea what it's like to be looking for treasure—a real treasure, unexampled, thousands of years old!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Kapuskasing Northern Tribune.—The dashing young man on the flying trapeze, who sailed through the air with the greatest of ease, was a masterly exemplar of slow motion compared to the modern air traveler. Designers have passed the 300-miles-an-hour mark for big passenger airplanes, and one happy feature of this surge of inventive genius in aviation is that factors of safety have been also incorporated in the meteoric planes.

green this May; Perhaps that's why the fields about bring him to me to-day.

Well, Well, excuse me, Colonel! but there are some things that drop The tail-board out one's feelings; and the only way's to stop.

So they want to see the old man; ah, the rascals! do they, eh?

Well, I've business down in Boston about the twelfth of May.

Val D'Or Town Saved by Bucket Brigade

Three Buildings Razed by Fire but Rest of Town Saved.

The Old Major Explains

(Re-union, Army of the Potomac, 12th May, 1871)

Well, you see, the fact is, Colonel, I don't know as I can come:

For the farm is not half planted, and there's work to do at home;

And my leg is getting troublesome—it laid me up last fall—

And the doctors, they have cut and hacked, and never found the ball.

And then, for an old man like me, it's not exactly right,

This kind o' playing soldier with no enemy in sight.

"The Union"—that was well enough way up to '66;

But this "Re-Union," maybe, now it's mixed with politics?

No? Well, you understand it best; but then, you see, my lad,

I'm deacon now, and some might think that the example's bad.

And week from next is Conference . . . You said the twelfth of May?

Why, that's the day we broke their line at Spotsylvania—a!

Hot work; eh, Colonel, wasn't it? Ye mind that narrow front:

They called it the "Death-Angle!" Well, well, my lad we won't

Fight that old battle over now: I only meant to say

I really can't engage to come upon the twelfth of May.

How's Thompson? What! Will he be there? Well, now I want to know!

The first man in the rebel works! they called him "Swearing Joe."

A wild young fellow, sir, I fear the rascal was; but then;

Well, short of heaven, there wasn't a place he durstn't lead his men.

And Dick, you say, is coming too; And Billy? ah! it's true

We buried him at Gettysburg: I mind the spot; do you?

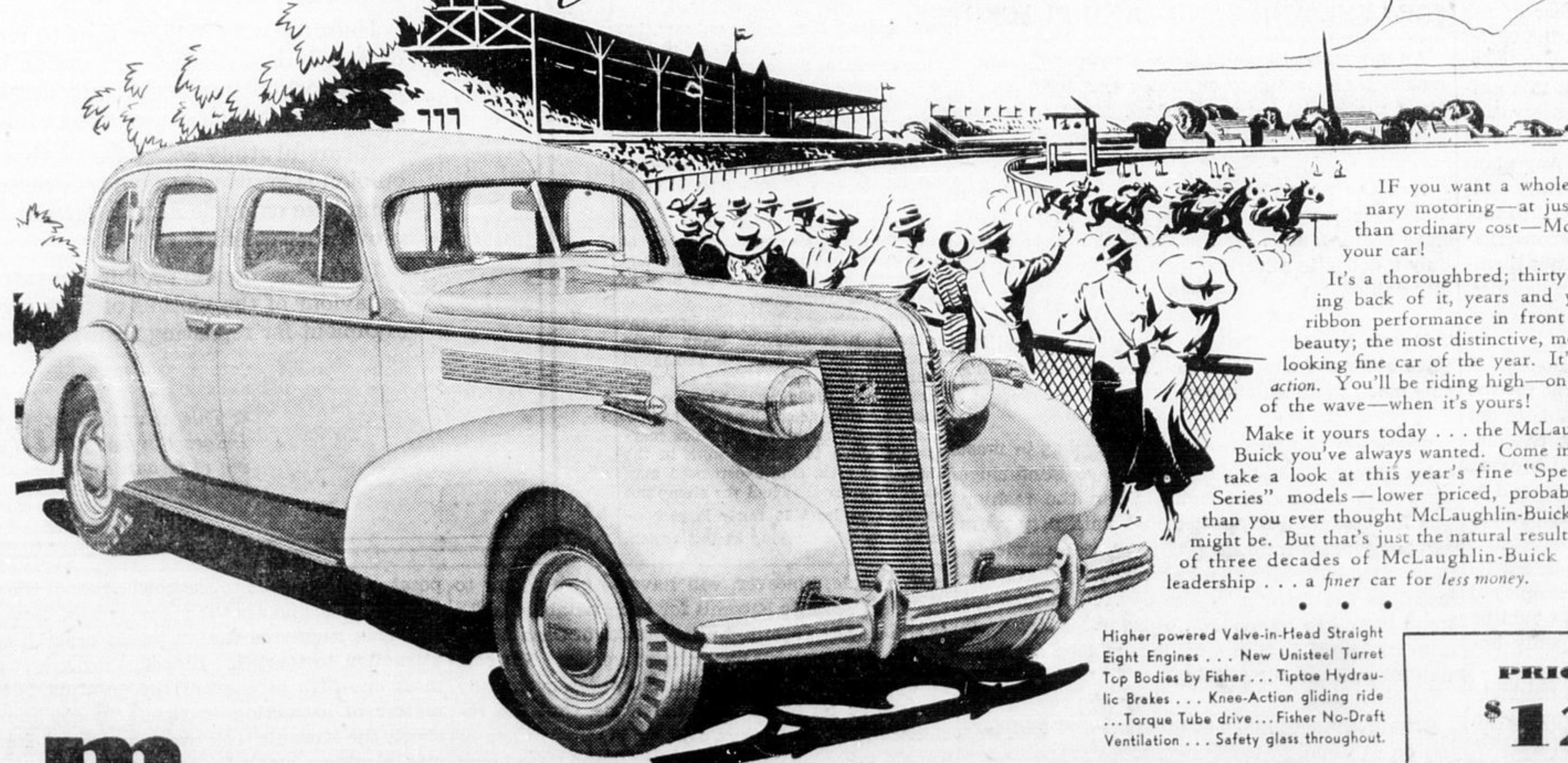
A little field below the hill—it must be

On Monday flames starting in a bedroom in "Mother's Inn" a small two-storey hotel at Val d'Or, the mining camp some fifty miles south of Amos, Que., swept through the hotel and destroyed the building and contents and also spread to two adjoining buildings which were also burned down. For a time it seemed as if all the buildings in the community would fall prey to the flames as a strong wind was blowing and the town was without water pumping facilities or other fire protection equipment. However, it is not the spirit of the North to stand back and let fire or nature or anything else take its course unchecked and without a struggle. Instead the citizens of Val d'Or put up a gallant battle against the flames. A bucket brigade was formed and worked steadily and effectively—at least as effectively as a bucket brigade can work. Water was poured by hand on the burning buildings in the hope of dampening the flames. Particular attention, however, was given to "soaking" adjacent buildings so that they would not take fire. The bucket brigade did wonderful work through the persistence and energy with which the men worked. As one gang tired another took its place. Eventually the fire was under control, with three buildings burned, but the rest of the town saved. Just as the fire was fully checked a telegraph pole that had been burning in the line of march of the fire collapsed and put the wire service out of commission, for the time being shutting off Val d'Or from all communication with the outside world.

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