The Canadian Champion

MILTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1925. No. 37

...of Mellas, 39c. lb.
...Peel Patties, 39c. lb.
...Molloways, 39c. lb.
...Cake and Fary Parker
...of Chocolates, 39c. lb.

MACKENZIE.
The Rexall Store
Phone 40 ONTARIO

...and Cocoa
...Pine and Fary
Meloids, 25c. box.

MACKENZIE
The Rexall Store
MILTON. Phone 40. ONTARIO

...Vol. 65.

...Canadian Champion
PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT
MILTON ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION $1.00 a year. $2.00 ...advance.

...No paper will be stopped ...arrears are paid, except at the option ...proprietor. A postal notice to discontinue is sufficient.

...subscribers in the United States $2.00 a year in advance.

...RATES.

...inch, 12 lines or less, $3.34 per ...insertion. The column is reckoned ...Space ordered but not measured by a scale of ...measure.

...Contracts without special instructions ...inserted and charged accordingly.

...Advertisements without specific instructions ...inserted and charged accordingly.

...Notices of births, marriages and deaths ...inserted free. Obituaries, poetry, ...extracts, etc., charged at 10 cents per line.

...Job Printing: Accounts, receipts, notes, ...which will be charged, stolen, and waste, ...charged at the rate for the first ...and 5 cents for each subsequent ...

W. PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH
Rev. T. ... Pastor
...services ... a.m. and 7 p.m.
...Sunday School and Bible Class ... 2.30 p.m.
...Epworth League Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
...Prayer Meeting Thursday, at 8 p.m.
...W.M.S. First Monday in each month at 3 p.m.
...W.M.S. Last Monday in the month at 8 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
...Sunday, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
...Sunday School, at 7.30 p.m.
...Young People's Society, at 7.30 p.m.
...Session meets on second Wednesday of each month.
...Board meets on the second Wednesday of each month, at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
...Rev. E. J. Nattel, M.A., Rector.
...Sunday services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
...Sunday School, 2.15 p.m. Young peoples' ...Classes meet in entrance by vestry ...

...Holy Communion ... Sunday in the month ...
...Morning Prayer ... Sunday, at 8.30 a.m.
...Evening Prayer and Sermons as announced.
...Wednesday ... as announced.
...Friday, Litany and Sermon, ...
...Sunday ... Days.

ST. JOHN'S MILTON HEIGHTS.
...Sunday, Holy ...
...Sunday in each month ... and third Sunday, Morning Prayer and Sermon at 3 p.m.; ...Sunday, Litany and Sermon, ...
...Sunday School and Bible Classes, Sundays, at ...
...Wednesday, at 3 p.m.
...announced.

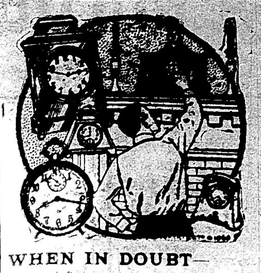
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
REV. FATHER SAVAGE.
...PATRICK'S PALACLAR—2nd Sunday, 8.30 a.m.; 4th Sunday, commencing 2nd Sunday, Mass in Milton at 8.30.
...ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, HORNBY,
...Rector.
...month, 3 p.m.; ...the month.

...mor, Kindness, ...tes to Success
...arely Obtained Except ...fort. Says E. W. Beatty

that only ... in the co... millation ... that humi... ables a m... at himself ... himself in ... portion, ... sees the ... and comm... brightness ...
"Now, m... he said. "... from here ... versity and ... fession. or ... out the u... course int... and you w... succeed. an... you would n... saying som... contributed to a man's s... I have mentioned to y... they are so admirable in t... There are many and I can ... tion a few. I have menti... reliance. Couple it with ... that fast disappearing ... you have a combination ... able value to any boy start... "Now there is a word ... word which has a great ... with a boy's ... a man's ... Work! This school ... colleges can give you m... can teach you to think ... analyze, but your educati... self will not make you ... This is a result which m... from your own effort. ... own thinking. Advise a... with others especially ... more experienced people. ... exercise is just as good a... if you are later to take ... in a contest where judg... brains are your chief ... and not physical powers ... "The last quality I am ... mention which helps a bo... eed is human kindness," ... said. "Your own sh... ever be retarded by a ki... righberly spirit. Remem... ou will go much farther ... e good will of others than ... ssibly go by climbing over ... e's back."

...things that I have obs...

...S Pratt's Poultry Regulator



WHEN IN DOUBT—
COME TO US.

Never Take Unnecessary Chances If You Do Not Want to Suffer a Loss.

Trade at Our Store.

A store you know—a store all this community knows. A store that shows you the greatest assortment of Gifts—a store that is famous for dependable qualities. A store that always quotes the lowest possible prices—a store that means to do the fair and square thing at all times and under all circumstances.

We sell Goods at the Right Prices—and nothing else at any price.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Chinaware, Cut Glass, Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen, and all kinds of Novelties. We welcome your inspection. Do come and deal with us. You will never be sorry for doing so.

J. & A. MARCHAND
Watchmakers and Jewelers
The Store with a Conscience.
ESTABLISHED IN MILTON SINCE 1894.

H. WHEELER
MUSIC TEACHER
Piano, Violin and Theory
PIANO TUNING AND REPAIRS.
PHONE 24. MILTON.

--Insure Your Autmobile--
IN
The PALATINE INSURANCE Co. Ltd.
of London, England.

Policies cover losses by fire, explosion, transport and theft also employers' liability, public liability and property damage.
WM. PANTON, -Agent, MILTON

DENTISTRY

DR. G. A. KING
DENTAL SURGEON
Office in Royal Building, Milton.
Hours—9 to 5. Telephone 197
Evenings by appointment.

DR. STANLEY BRAUND
DENTAL SURGEON
Office—Cor. Main and Charles Sts., opposite Town Hall, Milton.
Hours—9 to 5. Evenings by appointment.
Campbellville every Wednesday from 9 to 5.
Gas Extraction. X-RAY. Phone 209

Hours 9-5. Tel. 65 w
DR. F. E. BABCOCK
DENTAL SURGEON
(late interne Rochester Dental Hospital)
Office over Princess Theatre.
Night appointments may be arranged.
PAINLESS EXTRACTION.

LEGAL

WILLIAM I. DICK
(County Crown Attorney)
Barrister, Solicitor and Conveyances.
Money to Loan.
Office—Court House, Milton Ont

THOMAS A. HUTCHINSON
Barrister, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc.
Main Street Milton. Telephone 54.

R. J. ARMSTRONG
—Live
—Stock
—Dealer.
Phone 162--MILTON

Cook's Regulating Compound

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)

MEDICAL

McCOLL & SUTHERLAND
...Victoria Ave
...p.m.—7 to 8 p.m.
...L. SUTHERLAND

R. K. ANDERSON, M.D.,
...EDIN.
Physician and Surgeon.
...Office hours, 8 to ... and 7.30 to 9 p.m.

SHAIL L. GOWLAND, M.A., M.B

J. LESLIE KING, M.B.
...corner of Main and ...

DR. A. G. BREMNER,
Physician and Surgeon
PALERMO
Roadside Inn.

CHIROPRACTIC

...Surgery, or Osteopathy.
A. M. NIELSEN, D.C.
CHIROPRACTOR.
...years ex... and special an... HOME BLOCK, ... p.m., Tuesday ... SERVICE.

CHIROPRACTIC
...ANDERSON
...of Chiropractic
...RESIDENCE:
...opposite Methodist ...
...Campbellville, Wed... Friday.
...Residential Calls, MILTON.

J. G. RAMSHAW
Valuator and Auctioneer
...attended to, ...satisfaction guar...
MILTON.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING WEST.	GOING EAST.
12.48 midnight	6.55 a.m.
8.12 a.m.	9.20 a.m.
8.47 a.m.	10.33 a.m.
2.57 p.m. Saturday only	3.43 p.m.
4.30 p.m.	5.08 p.m.
6.15 p.m.	7.43 p.m.
6.50 p.m. Except Sat. & Sun	

—SUNDAY—
Going West—12.48 a.m.; 4.30 p.m.
Going East—7.23 a.m., 8.43 & 9.44 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
12.01 p.m	8.06 p.m.
7.28 a.m	4.23 p.m.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
The Double Track Route
between
MONTREAL
TORONTO
DETROIT
and
CHICAGO

Unexcelled Dining Car Services.

Sleeping cars on night trains and Parlor Car on principal Day Trains.

Full information from all Grand Trunk Ticket Agents or C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

J. E. BELL, Agent, Milton.
TELEPHONE 17.

T. F. CHISHOLM
Licensed Auctioneer
MILTON, ONT.
Sales Conducted and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Moderate Terms.
Phone 99-r-21, or see Fred Robinson, phone 101, Milton.

INSURANCE
ALL KINDS
W. F. DEWAR
PHONE 102 -- MILTON
DISTRICT AGENT
London Life Insurance Company

CATER & WORTH
GALT, ONT.
MONUMENTS
Send for Catalogue and inspect our work in MILTON CEMETERY

C. R. TURNER
Funeral Director
and Embalmer
Agent for Dale's Funeral Designs.
PHONE 63 MILTON.

H. CAMPBELL
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Insurance
PHONE 102.
OFFICE—TOWN HALL MILTON, ONT

Sam Henson
BUILDER and CONTRACTOR
Repairs, etc.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
Agent for the Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip.
COMMERCIAL STREET. MILTON

PREST-O-LITE SERVICE!
All kinds of Batteries repaired and recharged.
Special prices on Radio Batteries.
All makes of cars Repaired and Overhauled.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Milton Battery Service and Garage
BERT BUCK, Manager.

FLOUR!
HARD PATENT
"KING'S CHOICE," for Bread.
"NATIONAL," for Pastry.
WHOLE WHEAT, stone milled.
ASK YOUR DEALER.
Apple Barrels for sale.
Wheat Wanted. Highest price paid.
Chopping and Oat Rolling.
NORVAL FLOUR MILLS
W. B. BROWN & CO.
Municipal Phone 327-r-3. Bell Phone 190-r-2.

Clubbing Rates

	Regular.	With Champion
Toronto Daily Globe	$5.00	$6.35
Mail and Empire	5.00	6.35
Toronto Daily Star	5.00	6.35
Montreal Fam. Herald and Weekly Star	2.00	3.85

-- TRY --
L. E. TANSLEY
FOR
FRESH, COOKED & CURED MEAT
Fish and Poultry in Season.
OUR MOTTO: QUALITY AND SERVICE.
PHONE 42. MILTON

COUNTY OF HALTON
LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR
FOR 1925

Place of Sitting	Day of Sitting	Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	June	Sept.	Nov.
Milton	Friday	10.00 a.m.	9	6	8	26	4	6
Oakville	Tuesday	10.00 a.m.	6	3	5	23	8	3
Georgetown	Wednesday	10.00 a.m.	7	4	6	24	2	4
Milton	Thursday	10.00 a.m.	8	5	7	25	3	5
Campbellville	Saturday	10.00 a.m.	10	7	9	27	5	7
Burlington	Monday	10.00 a.m.	12	2	4	22	7	2

CLERKS AND ADDRESSES OF CLERKS—1. Wm. Panton, Milton; 2. W. S. Sawyer, Oakville; 3. J. Tracy, Georgetown; 4. Geo. H. Agnew, Acton; 5. Wm. Beamer Campbellville; 6. J. Stuart, Burlington.

...General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings with of without Jury, 9th and 4th December, on opening days at 10 a.m.

...County Court Sittings, without Jury, 7th April and 8th October, 10 a.m., and so often as ...business may be required for the despatch of business.

...Court of Criminal Justice Accounts, 3rd January, 2nd April, 2nd July, 1st October, 10 a.m.

By order, ...

...Improve Your Child.
...n, with all his inventions, ...compared to the amb... photographer who advert... baby, if you have one, ... l, tinted, and framed. —Jack o' Lantern.

...'S PHOSPHODINE
The Great English Prepa... Tones and invigorates the ... nervous system, makes new ... in old Veins. Cured for ... Debility, Mental and Brain ... Loss of Energy, Palpitation, Failing Memory. Price $2 per ... sold by all druggists, or mailed ... receipt of price. New pamphlet ... WOOD MEDICINE CO. Toronto

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

COPYRIGHT — THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

"By heck, bet there's a feller at home named Benjy!" cackled Mr. Tubbs shrilly, and for once I blessed him.

Aunt Jane turned upon him her round innocent eyes.

"Oh, no, Mr. Tubbs," she assured him. "I don't think a single one of them was named Benjy!"

The laughter which followed this gave me time to get myself in hand again.

"Crusoe it is and will be," I asserted. "It happens that a girl I know at home has a dog named Benjy." Which happened fortunately to be true, for otherwise I should have been obliged to invent it. But the girl is a cat, and the dog a miserable little high-bred something, all shivers and no hair. I should never have thought of him in the same breath with Crusoe.

That evening Mr. Shaw addressed the gathering at the camp-fire—which we made small and bright, and then sat well away from because of the heat—and in a few words gave it as his opinion that any further search in the cave under the point was useless. (If he had known the strange confirmatory echo which this awoke in my mind!) He proposed that the shore of the island to a reasonable distance on either side of the bay entrance should be surveyed, with a view to discover whether some other cave did not exist which would answer the description given by the dying Hopperdown as well as that first explored.

Mr. Shaw's words were addressed to the ladies, the organizer and financier, respectively, of the expedition, to the very deliberate exclusion of Mr. Tubbs. But he might as well have made up his mind to recognize the triumvirate. Enthroned on a camp-chair sat Aunt Jane, like a little goddess of the Dollar Sign, and on one hand Mr. Tubbs smiled blandly, and on the other Violet gloomed. You saw that in sacred council Mr. Shaw's announcement had been foreseen and deliberated upon.

Miss Browne, who carried an invisible rostrum with her wherever she went, now alertly mounted it.

"My friends," she began, "those dwelling on a plane where the Material is all may fail to grasp the thought which I shall put before you this evening. My friends, this expedition was, so to speak, called from the Void by Thought. Thought it was, as realized in steamships and other ephemeral forms, which bore us over rolling seas. How, then, can it be otherwise than that Thought should influence our fortunes—that success should be unable to materialize before a persistent attitude of Negation? My friends, you will perceive that there is no break in this sequence of ideas; all is remorseless logic.

"This Expedition Was Called From the Void by Thought."

"In order to withdraw myself from this atmosphere of Negation, for these several days past I have sought seclusion. There in silence I have asserted the power of Positive over Negative Thought, gazing meanwhile into the profound depths of the All. My friends, an answer has been vouchsafed us; I have had a vision of that for which we seek. Now at last, in a spirit of glad confidence, we may advance. For, my friends, the chest is buried—in sand."

With this triumphant announcement Miss Higgiesby-Browne sat down. A heavy silence succeeded. It was broken by a murmur from Mr. Tubbs.

"Wonderful—that's what I call wonderful! Talk about the eloquence of the ancients—I believe, by gum, this is on a par with congressional oratory!"

"A vision, Miss Brown," said Mr. Shaw gravely, "must be an interesting thing. I have never seen one myself, having no talents that way, but in the little Scotch town of Dumbiedykes where I was born there was an elder who claimed a vision of the Lord, and he was a remarkable gift of second sight. Simple folk, not being acquainted with the proper terms to fit the case, called her the Wise Woman. Well, one day my aunt had been to the neighboring town of Micklestane, five miles off, and on the way back to Dumbiedykes she lost her purse. It had three sovereigns in it—a great sum to my aunt. In her trouble of mind she hurried to the Wise Woman—a thing to make her pious father turn in his grave. The Wise Woman—gazed into the All, I suppose, and told my aunt not to fret herself, for she had had a vision of the purse and it lay somewhere on the road between Micklestane and Dumbiedykes.

"Yo' Bettah Not, Miss Jinny!"

"Now, Miss Browne, I'll take the liberty of drawing a moral from this story to fit the present instance; where on the road between Micklestane and Dumbiedykes is the chest?"

Though startled at the audacity of Mr. Shaw, I was unprepared for the spasm of absolute fury that convulsed Miss Browne's countenance.

"Mr. Shaw," she thundered, "if you intend to draw a parallel between me and an ignorant Scotch peasant—!"

"Not at all," said Mr Shaw calmly, "forebye the Wise Woman was a most respectable person and had a grandson in the kirk. The point is, can you indicate with any degree of exactness the whereabouts of the chest? For there is a good deal of sand on the shores of this island."

"Oh, but Mr. Shaw!" interposed Aunt Jane tremulously. "In the sand—why, I am sure that is such a helpful thought! It shows quite plainly that the chest is not buried in—in a rock, you know." She gave the effect of a person trying to deflect a thunderstorm with a palm-leaf fan.

"Dynamite—dynamite—blow the lid off the island!" mumbled Captain Magnus.

"If anyone has a definite plan to propose," said Mr. Shaw, "I am very ready to consider it. I have understood, myself, from the first to be acting under the directions of the ladies who planned this expedition. Considering its importance to myself, no one can well suppose that I am not doing all in my power to bring the chest to light. Tomorrow, if the sea is favorable, it is my intention to set out in the boat to determine the character of such other caves as exist on the island. I'll want you with me, lad, and you too, Magnus."

Captain Magnus looked more ill at ease than usual.

"Did you think o' rowin' the whole way round the dinged chunk o' rock?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Shaw with an impatient frown. "So the man, in addition to his other unattractive qualities, was turning into a shirk! Hitherto, with his strength and feverish, if intermittent, energy, plus an almost uncanny skill with boats, he had been of value. "Certainly not. We are going to make a careful survey of the cliffs, and explore every likely opening as thoroughly as possible. It will be slow work and hard. As to circumnavigating the island, I see no point in it, for I don't believe the chest can have been carried any great distance from the cove."

"Oh—all right," said Captain Magnus.

Mr. Tubbs, who had been whispering with Aunt Jane and Miss Browne, now with a very made-to-order carelessness proposed to the ladies that they take a stroll on the beach. This meant that the triumvirate were to withdraw for discussion, and amount ed to notice that henceforth the counsels of the company would be divided. Captain Magnus, after an uneasy wriggle or two, said he guessed he'd turn in. Cookie's snores were already audible between spasms of the waves on the sand. The Lookoutman, Cuthbert Vane and I continued to sit by the dying fire. Mr. Shaw had got out his pipe and sat silently puffing at it. He might have been sitting in solitude on the topmost crag of the island, so remote seemed that impassive presence. Was it possible that ever, except in the sweet madness of a dream, I had been in his arms, pillowed and cherished there, that he had called me lassie—

I lifted my eyes to the kind honest gaze of Cuthbert Vane. It was as faithful as Crusoe's and no more embarrassing. A great impulse of affection moved me. I was near putting out a hand to pat his splendid head. Oh, how easy, comfortable and calm would be a life with Cuthbert Vane? I wasn't thinking about the title now—Cuthbert would be quite worth while for himself. For a moment I almost saw with Aunt Jane's eyes. Fancy trotting him out before the girls! stole insidiously into my mind. How much more dazzling than a plain Scotch sailor—

I turned in bitterness and yearning from the silent figure by the fire.

I think in an earlier lifetime I must have been a huntress and loved to pursue the game that fled.

CHAPTER XI.

The Island Queen's Freight.

I woke next morning with a great thrill of exhilaration. Perhaps before the sun went down again I should know the secret of the island.

The two divisions of our party, which were designated by me privately the Land and Sea Forces, went their separate ways directly after breakfast, which we ate in the cool of earliest morning. I could retire to the perusal of the journal which I had recovered from the wrecked sloop without fear of interruption.

I resumed my reading with the entry of February 10.

"This morning, having grown very tired of fish, of which I get plenty every time I go out in the boat, by dragging a line behind, I decided to stay ashore and hunt pig. I set out across the base of the point, nearly due south—whereas I had been working along the coast to the north of the cove. I reached the edge of the cliffs and found that on my right hand the mountain dropped in a sheer precipice from hundreds of feet above me straight into the sea. I considered, and made up my mind that by striking back some distance one might by a very rough climb gain the top of the precipice, and so swing around the shoulder of the mountain. I did not feel inclined to attempt it. The cliffs at this point offered no means of descent, and the few yards of sand which the receding tide had left bare at their foot led nowhere.

"I turned to go back, and at that moment I heard an outcry in the bushes and Benjy came tearing out at the heels of a fine young porker. I threw up my gun to fire, but the evolutions of Benjy and the pig were such that I was as likely to hit one as the other. The pig, of course, made desperate efforts to escape from the cul-de-sac in which he found himself. His only hope was to get back into the woods on the point. Benjy kept him headed off successfully, and I began to edge up, watching my chance for a shot. Suddenly the pig came dashing straight toward me—oblivious, I suppose, to everything but the white snapping terror at his heels. Taken by surprise, I fired—and missed. The pig shot between my knees. Benjy after him. I withstood the shock of the pig, but not of Benjy. I fell, clawing wildly, into a matted mass of creepers that covered the ground beside me.

"I got to my feet quickly, dragging the whole mass of vines up with me. Then I saw that they had covered a curiously regular little patch of ground, outlined at intervals with small stones. At one end was a larger stone.

"The patch was narrow, about six feet long—instantly suggestive of a grave. But swift beyond all process of reason was the certainty that flashed into my mind. I fell on my knees beside the stone and pulled away the torn vine-tendrils. I saw the letters B. H. and an attempt at cross-bones rudely cut into the surface of the stone.

"I closed my eyes and tried to steady myself. I thought, 'I am seeing things. This is the mere projection of the vision which has been in my mind so long.'

"I opened my eyes, and lo, the fantasy, if fantasy it were, remained. I smote with my fist upon the stone. The stone was solid—it bruised the flesh. And as I saw the blood run, I screamed aloud like a madman. 'It's real, real, real!'

"Under the stone lay the guardian of the treasure of the Bonny Lass—And his secret was within my grasp.

"I don't know how long I crouched beside the stone, as drunk with joy as any hasheesh toper with his drug. I roused at last to find Benjy at my shoulder, thrusting his cool nose against my feverish cheek. I suppose he didn't understand my ignoring him so, or thought I scorned him for losing out in his race with the pig. Yet when I think of what I owe that pig I could swear never to taste pork again.

"Brought back to earth and sanity, I rose and began to consider my surroundings. Somewhere close at hand was the mouth of the cave—but where? The cliffs, as I have already said, were too steep for descent. Nothing but a fly could have crawled down them. I turned to the craggy face of the mountain. There, surely, must be the entrance to the cave! For hours I clambered among the rocks, risking mangled limbs and sunstroke—and found no cave. I came back at last, wearily, to the grave. There for the first of the brain that had known all—and a wild impulse came to me to tear away the earth with my bare hands, to dig deep, deep—and then with listening ear wait for a whispered word.

"I put the delirious fancy from me and moved away to the edge of the cliffs. Looking down, I saw a narrow sloping shelf which dropped from the brink to a distance of ten or twelve feet below, where it met a slight projection of the rock. I had seen it before, of course, but it had carried no significance for my mind. Now I stepped down upon the ledge and followed it to its end in the angle of the rock.

"Snugly hidden in the angle was a low doorway leading into blackness.

"Now, of course I ought in prudence to have gone back to the hut and got matches and a lantern and a rope before set foot in the darkness of that unknown place. But what had I to do today with prudence—Fortune had me by the hand! In I went boldly, Benjy at my heels. The passage turned sharply, and for a little way we walked in blackness. Then it veered again, and a faint and far-off light seemed to filter its way to us through a web woven of the very stuff of night. The floor sloped a little downward. I felt my way with my feet, and came to a step—another. I was going along a descending passage, cut at its steepest into rough, irregular stairs. With either hand I could touch the walls. All the while the light grew clearer. Presently, by another sharp turn, I found myself in a cave, some thirty feet in depth by eighteen across, with an opening on the narrow strip of beach I had seen from the top of the cliffs.

"The roof is high, with an effect of Gothic arches. Near the mouth is a tiny spring of ice-cold water, which has worn a clean rock channel for itself to the sea. Otherwise the cave is perfectly dry. There is no doubt in my mind that in the great buccaneering days of the Seventeenth century, and probably much later, the place was the haunt of pirates. One fancies that Captain Sampson of the Bonny Lass may have known of it before he brought the treasure to the island. There were queer folk to be met with in those days in the western ocean. Yes, the cave has seen many a fierce, sea-tanned face and tarry pigtail, and echoed to strange oaths and wild sea-songs. Men had carved those steps in the passage—thirty-two of them. In the sand of the floor as I kicked it up with my feet, hoping rather childishly to strike the corner of the chest, I found the hilt and part of the blade of a rusty cutlass, and a chased silver shoe-buckle. I shall take the buckle home to Helen—and yet how trivial it will seem, with all else that I have to offer her! Nevertheless she will prize it as my gift, and because it comes from the place to which some kind angel led me for her sake.

Under the Stone Lay the Guardian of the Treasure.

"I left the cave and hurried back to the cabin for a spade, walking on air, breaking with snatches of song the terrible stillness of the woods, where one hears only the high fitful sighing of the wind, or the eternal mutter of the sea.

"Back in the cave, I set to work feverishly, making the light sand fly. At the end of half an hour, at a point close to the angle of the wall my spade struck a hard surface. It lay, I should judge, under about two feet of sand. Soon I had laid bare a patch of dark wood which rang under my knuckles almost like iron. A little more, and I had cleared away the sand from the top of a large chest with a convex lid, heavily bound in brass.

"Furiously I flung the sand aside until the chest stood free for half its depth—which is roughly three feet. It has handles at the ends, great hand-wrought loops of metal. I tugged my hardest, but the chest seemed fast in its place as the native rock. I laughed exultantly. The weight meant gold—gold! I had hammer and chisel with me, and with these I forced the massive ancient locks. There were three of them, one for each strip of brass which bound the chest. Then I flung up the lid.

"No glittering treasure dazzled me. I saw only a surface of stained canvas, tucked in carefully around the edges. This I tore off and flung aside—eclipsing poor Benjy, who was a most interested spectator of my strange proceedings. Still no gleam of gold, merely demure rows of plain brown bags. With both hands I reached for them. Oh, to grasp them all! I had to be content with two, because they were so heavy, so heavily heavy!

"I spread the square of canvas on the sand, cut the strings from the bags and poured out—gold, gold! All fair shining golden coins they were, not a paltry silver piece among them! And they made a soft golden music as they fell in a glorious yellow heap.

"I don't know how long I sat there, playing with my gold, running it through my fingers, clinking the coins together in my palm. Benjy came and sniffed at them indifferently, unable to understand his master's preoccupation. He thrust his nose into my face and barked, and said as clearly as with words, 'Come, hunt pig!'

"'Benjy,' I said, 'we'll leave the pork alone just now. We have work enough to count our money. We're rich, old boy, rich, rich!'

"Of course, I don't yet know exactly what the value of the treasure is. I have counted the bags in the chest; there are one hundred and forty-eight. Each, so far as I have determined, contains one thousand doubloons, which makes a total of one hundred and forty-eight thousand. Estimating each coin, for the sake of even figures, at a value of seven dollars—a quite minimum—you get one million, thirty-six thousand dollars. And as many of the coins are ancient I ought to ... a harvest from collectors.

"Besides the coins, I found, rather surprisingly, laid between the upper layers of bags, a silver crucifix about nine inches long. It is of very quaint old workmanship, and hang fashioned. Its money value must be very trifling, compared to the same bulk of golden coins. I think it must have had some special character of sanctitude which led to its preservation here. It is strange to find such a relic among a treasure so stained by blood and crime.

"And now I have to think about moving the gold. First of all I must get the chest itself aboard the Island Queen. This means that I shall have to empty it and leave the gold in the cave, while I get the chest out to sea. When the chest is safe in the cabin of the sloop—here it won't leave much room for Benjy and his master, I'm afraid—I will take the bags of coin out by the load instalments. I can't think of risking so precious doubloons in the voyage ashore, the point.

"Of course I should have liked to get to the task today, but after the first mad thrill of the great event was over, I found myself as weak and unnerved as a woman. So by a great effort I came away and left my glorious golden hoard. Now I dream and gloat, playing with the hope that tomorrow I shall find it all a fantasy. The pleasure of this is, of course, that all the while I know this wildest of all Arabian fairy tales to be as real as the most drab and sober fact of my hitherto colorless life.

"After all, on the way back from the cave Benjy brought down a pig. So he is as well pleased with the day as I am. Now I am sitting in the doorway of my cabin, writing up my journal, and trying to calm down enough to go to bed. If it were not for the swift fading of daylight, I would go back to the cave for another peep into the chest. But all round the island the sea is moaning with that peculiarly melancholy note that comes with the falling of night. The seabirds have risen from the cove and come wheeling off in troops to their roosts on the cliffs. Somehow a curious dislike, almost fear, of this wind, sea-girt, solitary place has come over me. I long for the sound of human voices, the touch of human hands. I think of the dead man lying there at the door of the cave, its silent guardian for so long. I suppose he brooded once on the thought of the gold as I do—perhaps he has been brooding so these ninety years! I wonder if he is pleased that I, a stranger, have come into possession of his secret hoard at last?

"Oh, Helen, turn your heavenly face on me—be my refuge from these shuddering unwholesome thoughts! The gold is for you—for you! Surely that must cleanse it of its stains, must loose the clutch of the dead hands that strive to hold it!

"February 11. This morning I was early at the cave. Yes, there it was, the same wonder-chest that I had dreamed of all night long. It was absurd how the lightness in my breast relaxed.

"I began at once the work of removing the bags from the chest and stacking them in the corner of the cave. It was a fatiguing job. I had to stoop so.

"I spent so much time unloading the chest that before I was ready to go for my boat the tide was up and pounding on the rocks below the cave. I find that only at certain stages of the tide is the cave approachable by sea. At the turn after high water, for instance, there is such a terrific undertow that it sets up a small maelstrom among the reefs lying off the cave. At low tide is the time to come.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

I find it best for cleanliness

Don't call the plumber when the sink drain gets choked. A little Gillett's Lye will probably clear it in a few minutes. Scores of other uses around the sanitary home.

GILLETT'S
PURE FLAKE
LYE