



By Bentley Ridge

Promotion Results at the Schumacher School

List of the Results of the Promotions at the Schumacher Public School, 1936-1937, with Lists of Those Taking Honours, Passing and Recommended for Promotion on Work of the Term.

The following are the promotion results, 1936-1937, at Schumacher public school: Pupils who have passed from Jr. IV to Sr. IV—Honours—Eda Battagelli, Catherine Byron, Lena Cousineau, Alta Fisher, Inez Fregonese, Muriel Harris, Annie Holjevac, Vera Jenkin, Ruth Matson, Alma Narduzzi, Zora Ovis, Katherine Pecanic, Lois Phillips, Jean Urquhart, Sybil Wong. Pass—Angelina Bakich, Olga Bernyk, Laur Bombardier, Isabel Fraser, Marion Hannah, Jean Humer, Delia Iannelli, Robyn Keller, Katie Kovich, Shirley McMaster, Irene Montigny, Annie Pecanic, Ruby Prentice, Elizabeth Sandul, Mary Sarkotich, Sadie Todd, Betty Vrbanic, Inez Williams, Mary Banich. Recommended—Norma Halliwell, Annie Lekander, Enes Turrisini. II to Jr. III—Honours—Dorothy Badovinas, Margaret Boissonault, Daniel Bjorkman, Raymond Camley, Roy Cleland, Eileen Fawkes, Dean Hawley, Barbara Hayward, Henry Joki, Ethel Leck, Claude Manette, Lola McCarthy, Calvin McDonald, Roderick McDonald, Dudley Miller, Doris Olson, Alice Pilgrim, Joan Prentice, Nancy Robson, Isabel Short, John Skritic, Eleanor Todd, Freddy Trollope, Jack Waite. Pass—Katherine Antolich, Miriam Bjorkman, Joseph Brklacic, Stanley Drazic, Irving Frazer, Keith Hannah, Ronald Keller, Rikardo Mateljam, Keith Mathews, Barbara Milandin, Edgar Montigny, Dennis Morrish, Edna Sangster, Bert Shanks, Greta Shanks, Sadie Watson. Jr. III to Sr. III—Honours—Glenys Byron, Patricia Campbell, Amalyia Cesar, Josephine Cimetta, Buddy Clark, Betty Killins, Kathryn Lafontaine, Ann would have to go quietly. But, of course, poor Shaley wouldn't do it. Guthrie, with now and again a keen dark glance into Julian's light and seemingly candid stare, let him go on without interruption. When he had finished Guthrie asked casually, his ears alert for any inflection in the other's voice: "Shaley had made no progress at all recently?" "No, None." "He had had no recent suspicion that he found something?" "No," said Julian. "He had been very hopeless, I think, for the last few weeks before he died." Julian stroked his beard and seemed interested in an Etruscan vase on the mantelshelf. Guthrie watched him closely in silence, and after a moment or two Julian withdrew his gaze from the mantelshelf. The eyes with which he looked at Guthrie were no longer candid. But he said nothing. "This expedition you were returning from when Shaley died—what was that for?" Guthrie asked. "Oh, just routine." "He didn't go out with the idea of finding anything in particular?" "We had had gales which had shifted the sandhills—we were searching over old ground to see if anything had been uncovered." Guthrie handed him a box of cigarettes. "You're quite sure of that?" "Of course. Why?" Julian took a cigarette, and as he lighted it he gazed at Guthrie surprisedly over the flame of the match. This innocent and out-facing stare annoyed Guthrie extremely. TO BE CONTINUED

CHAPTER I GOLD FOR THE FINDING

Buried Treasure! A phrase to catch the imagination and the public imagination had been thoroughly fired by newspaper reports of Professor T. D. Shaley's expedition to Persia. For two years Professor Shaley's expedition to the great salt deserts of the Khorasan had been looking for one of the famous treasures of history—the cups of wrought gold which Alexander gave as a prize to each of his men when he married Roxana, after his conquest of Susa. According to an ancient Greek manuscript that Professor Shaley had come upon in Alexandria, a number of these cups had been hidden by some defeated Macedonians in a fortress in the desert south-east of Tehran. The difficulty of unearthing them lay in the fact that the fortress, known to the Macedonians as Praemnon, was itself buried deep in the sand of centuries; and it was to trace the whereabouts of its site that Professor Shaley was in Persia.

Lack of progress towards finding the cups, however, began to make the public sceptical. And then the news came that Professor Shaley was dead. His work unfinished, his contention that the cups were there unproved, he had died at his job, far out in the dreary wastes of the Khorasan.

It was wondered, the newspapers stated whether Dr. Philip Guthrie, "the mystery archaeologist," would not go out to Persia to carry on with Professor Shaley's work.

There was, as a matter of fact, nothing at all mysterious about Philip Guthrie. He was an able young man, still in the thirties, whose work had already brought him a reputation in the archaeological world; but his dislike of newspaper publicity, and his habit of shunning reporters had earned him a title which he found rather ridiculous. He happened to be one of the few who had believed in Shaley, and supported him to the end. He had spent some months in Persia with the expedition, he had been fired by Shaley's enthusiasm; and when the news of Shaley's death came he had been preparing to return to Persia to assist his friend.

As he stood by his window, reading the telegram that brought him the news of Shaley's death, the spring sunlight fell on a face which was still young and unlined, and decidedly good looking. The brows were bent a little too frowningly over the keen dark eyes, but there was good humour in the clean firm lines of the mouth and jaw. Philip Guthrie was a scholar but he was not too much of a scholar to attract feminine attention as a man. The telegram came as a great shock to him.

"Regret Shaley died heart failure four days ago. Burial taking place Tehran. Suggest camp be evacuated and staff paid off. Ormond."

Guthrie folded the telegram slowly and stood looking out at the sunlit houses of Smith Square. He could hear the hum and rumble of traffic in Westminster, but here in this backwater all was quiet.

Poor Shaley!—poor old chap! It was a great blow. Guthrie felt that his own life, and the lives of a lot of them, historians and scientists, would not be the same now that Shaley had gone. Never again would Shaley's enthusiasms

arouse scepticism and finally force respect from his colleagues; he would not read any more papers before the Royal Society. Guthrie thought of how much the old man had done for himself, of how much he had learned from that keen old brain with its fathomless knowledge of the places and peoples of old time.

At present Guthrie felt that it would be too painful to go out of Persia, as he had intended doing, next month to carry on with the work. Some day, perhaps. He would like to do what he could to prove Shaley's last contention on earth—that Praemnon could be found. But for the present, he thought, it would be best to do as Julian Ormond suggested in his telegram, and recall the expedition.

VOICE FROM THE GRAVE Half-an-hour later Guthrie went out to wire to Julian Ormond in Tehran. He had only gone a few paces from the house when his man came running after him with a letter which had just arrived.

Guthrie looked at it; he saw from the writing, and the postmark of Persia, that the letter was from Shaley.

A voice from the dead. It bore an air mail stamp, and it could not have taken long to come; it had two before Shaley's death.

Guthrie went back to his sitting-room to read the letter. The writing straggled hastily across the page; the thin paper crackled as though immediately dry.

"Dear Guthrie," the letter ran, "I am on the track of something at least. Sand storm had shifted the country. Out on foot with Ormond to-day, and saw something through my glasses, that looked like a find—about five miles away, and our water was finished, so we could not go on. Am going out with Ormond again to-morrow to make sure. If this is Praemnon there will be more than I can do, in getting the cups out if they are there. My health is troubling me more and more. Thanks to your help with funds I can keep the expedition going, but there is no help for a worn-out body. You must come out. In haste—T. D. Shaley."

So Shaley thought that he had found something, after all. Looking at the date, Guthrie saw that the letter must have been written the day before Shaley's death. He had gone out to investigate whatever it was that he had seen?

But it must have been nothing, otherwise Julian Ormond would not propose breaking up the expedition. A movement of his hand disclosed to Guthrie another sentence, written below the signature at the bottom of the page.

"P.S.—Things would be better here if I could trust Ormond. I would get rid of him if I could, but am such a fool outside my job I must have someone to run things for me."

Guthrie rose and knocked out his pipe. Here was something odd. Shaley would not have written that he had found traces of the lost fortress if he had not been sure of it. He never communicated his hopes until they were very near to being certainties. If Praemnon was anywhere it was in that vicinity of its sister fortress Diala, where Shaley was encamped. It was not improbable that the remains of Praemnon might suddenly be uncovered if the country had been shifted by wind storms.

If Shaley had found something, then Ormond must know about it. Yet Ormond telegraphed, "Break up the camp."

And now came Shaley's letter, as though Shaley himself spoke from the grave saying: "Don't trust Ormond."

Guthrie knew Julian Ormond, a gaunt red-bearded fellow with an affected manner, whom he had met when he was at Diala with the expedition a year before. He had no scientific training and no knowledge of archaeology, but he knew the country because he had spent some time in it prospecting for oil. Because of this Shaley had given him the job of managing the practical side of the expedition. Bruce and Cartwright Shaley's assistants had both seemed to dislike the man.

But why, after all, should Ormond prevaricate? Possibly Shaley's last letter was but the having of a dying man. And yet Guthrie felt that that shrewd old scholar, even on the point of death, would not have raved.

Finally Guthrie sent a telegram to Ormond in Tehran, which ran: "Leave camp in charge of Cartwright. Report to me here in person soon as possible. Guthrie."

CHAPTER II BY AIR FROM THE DESERT The next morning's papers contained Shaley's obituary notice, and also speculations as to whether Guthrie would

go out to take his place. During the morning Shaley's solicitors telephoned Guthrie asking him what he wished to do in the matter. Guthrie replied that he would take over the expedition and all liabilities from the day of Shaley's death.

He could afford to do so, for he had inherited a comfortable income from an uncle, and as a bachelor his expenses were few.

There was now nothing for him to do but to wait until Julian Ormond arrived; and two days later Julian Ormond turned up, having come by air from Persia.

With his bronzed skin and his tawny unkempt beard he brought the harsh breath of the distant deserts into the cool London room under the mild spring sky. He sat with his back to the window while he talked, seemingly at ease except for an occasional nervous movement when he stroked his beard with a long, tanned hand.

His curiously light blue eyes gazed with apparent candour while he related how Professor Shaley had died:

"He had been doing too much and his health couldn't stand up to it. On the day on which he died he and I started out very early in the morning and rode until the afternoon. We left our horses tethered in a gully so that we could examine a tract of rocky country on foot. We were away about an hour and when we got back the horses were gone. We'd seen some Hyats herding their goats not far off, and I've no doubt they crept down and pinched the horses—anyhow it was no use looking for the brutes so we started to walk back."

Julian Ormond paused. "If I had only thought!" he went on, and the regret in his voice had an exaggerated sound to Guthrie's suspicious ear. "I should have rigged up some sort of shelter for him and gone back to the camp alone for a horse. But you know how obstinate Shaley was! He insisted on walking it. Well, he had nearly fifteen miles to go, and we were still a mile from the camp when the sun set. Shaley was so exhausted that he consented to lie down in the shelter of some scrub while I went back to the camp for a horse to bring him in, and he was dead. We took the body to Tehran in the tractor—it took us three days because the sand was loose after the storms we'd been having. The British doctor said that he'd probably died of heart failure. He had seen Shaley when he was in Tehran about a month ago, and had warned him that he

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Funeral at Sudbury of Former Resident Here The funeral service for the late Philip Tremblay, 157 St. Joseph street, Sudbury, who died at Gravenhurst, on Sunday afternoon, June 29, was held from St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church at 8 o'clock Thursday morning. Interment was in the Sudbury Roman Catholic cemetery. Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. Father S. Lemay, assisted by Rev. Father L. Desjardins as deacon, and Rev. Father J. Gamache as subdeacon. Mr. Tremblay was in his 52nd year and was born at Lake St. John, Que., the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Tremblay. He had been a resident of Sudbury for the past eight years. Prior to his coming to Sudbury he had been a resident of Timmins and Gatinneau Point for a number of years. He was married to the former Leonida Lalonde, at Buckingham, in 1917. He was a member of St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Tremblay is survived by his wife; three daughters, Jean, Claire and Gilberte; two sons, Edgar and Peter; two sisters, Mrs. A. MaJo, of Timmins, and Mrs. Simard, of Buckingham; and two brothers, Moses Tremblay, of Timmins and Joe Tremblay, of Buckingham. The pallbearers were: V. Bideau, Eddie Lalonde, F. Larose, S. Bideau, L. Gatien and O. Lalonde.

SNAP Cleans Hands Quickly