

WELL of GOLD

By Bentley Ridge

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

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

PROFESSOR SHALEY, distinguished archeologist. 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 heiress to substantial wealth.

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

THE STORY SO FAR

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. On meeting, the two quarrel. Guthrie dismisses Ormond, and decides to go out to Persia and take charge of the expedition himself.

Julian Ormond believes he knows where the treasure is. But he needs money. He knows that his half-sister, Lynne Ormond, has recently come into her share of their father's fortune.

Julian sees Lynne, proposes that she go out with him. Lynne, hungry for adventure, decides to go. Julian stirs her indignation by reciting a woeful story of how badly Guthrie has treated him. Hitherto, Lynne, though she knows Guthrie only by photograph and reputation, has admired him.

Lynne makes an appeal to Guthrie part on the worst of terms.

Lynne, Aunt Sophie and Julian Ormond set out by car for Baghdad. At Cairo, where the plane calls, they learn

that Phillip Guthrie started from Croydon shortly after they left, in a faster machine, and may already have reached Baghdad.

VOICES IN TWILIGHT GARDEN

Sylvia protested and then gave in. "You needn't even tell him that I'm here," said Lynne.

"Of course I shall!" said Sylvia. "And I shall go for him, too, for not making things up at once."

So Lynne had her dinner brought to her in her room by a smiling brown Armenian girl. The night was cool, and delicious scents floated in to her from the twilight garden. She heard men's voices faintly from another part of the house, and knew that Stephen Trent had arrived with Guthrie. It grew dark, and among the trees a nightingale began to sing. There was a slow drip-drop of water into the tank outside; and once she heard, quite clearly, Sylvia's voice and Guthrie's laugh as they came to the door onto the verandah on the other side of the pool.

Sylvia was as good as her word and told Guthrie about the arrival of Lynne and her aunt. It was after dinner when she broached the subject, and Stephen was out of the room writing a letter which he had to get away first; thing in the morning.

On hearing that Lynne Ormond and her aunt were in the house, Guthrie looked astonished and uncomfortable.

"Lynne told me that you and Julian weren't on good terms."

"I had no idea that he was your cousin!" said Guthrie.

"Well, you needn't worry about it," Sylvia assured him. "Julian Ormond is simply a terror; the black sheep of the family. But it's a shame about Lynne. You shouldn't have fallen out with Lynne. She's a lovely-looking thing, and not a bit like Julian."

"I couldn't see much likeness," Guthrie agreed.

"Ah, but then, you see she's only his step-sister."

"Really?" Guthrie felt unaccountably relieved.

"My uncle, Major-General Ormond, married some outlandish young woman of Greek extraction; she was so outlandish, in fact, that he simply could not bring her home to England, and they lived in Crete. That was Julian's mother; but she died, you see, when he was born, which was perhaps a good thing, for I gather she was rather impossible. Uncle Tomas brought Julian home, and then he married Lynne's mother. She was a daughter of the Earl of Fenhurst, and simply a dear; Lynne takes after her. All the Ormonds have been splendid people you know, except Julian who is really to wild and outlandish for words—I'm sure it's the Greek mother in him. But Lynne simply worships the ground he walks on, and won't bear a word against him."

"I see," Guthrie said.

It did seem to explain why he should dislike Julian—and yet have regretted the probability that he could not see Lynne again.

But Lynne Ormond was here in Tehran—in this very house. Julian Ormond was out here, too. They had lost no time in coming. And there was that matter of the thug who had been paid to cripple him so that he could not leave London.

There could only be one reason for the whole business—Julian was after the Cups of Alexander himself; and what was more, he must have fairly strong hopes of getting them.

"However," Sylvia was saying, "do bear in mind that the two are utterly different in character. I suppose one day Lynne will wake up and realize what Julian is really like. She takes his part against everyone at present, poor dear. One day he's going to let her down most terribly."

"I had an idea that that was how things were," said Guthrie. "She's a devastating young thing! Have you ever been the object of her wrath?"

"I'm afraid she really has offended you!" said Sylvia uncomfortably, mistaking his thoughtful frown for annoyance.

"Oh, no—not a bit," said Guthrie, so absently that Sylvia realized that whatever was in his mind it was not animosity against Lynne. "It seems a pity that she's under her stepbrother's thumb."

"Oh, I don't think it matters!" said Sylvia. "I mean, he can't do anything to her—except that she still has some money and he has wasted his."

"Wouldn't she see me?" asked Guthrie abruptly. "To-night, I mean?"

"Well—I—as a matter of fact, I think she was rather tired, you know."

Guthrie smiled; he got up and walked about the room, and Sylvia Trent, as she watched him, thought what an extremely good-looking man he was, in his dark, clean-cut fashion.

"Well," he said, "it's a pity." He was thinking of the girl in the house there, and of the unexpected coincidence of being in the same place with her again, so soon, and so far from home. A few yards away at this moment she was probably detesting him. But it couldn't be helped.

CHAPTER VIII THE BATTLE BEGINS

At six o'clock next morning Guthrie left Tehran by the east gate, driving the new motor tractor which he proposed to add to the equipment of the camp at Diala.

He was out in the rolling dusty waste, fifty miles on his way to Diala when an aeroplane of a Persian company passed over his head flying southeast; he wondered where it was bound; and he would have been annoyed, though not surprised, had he known that it carried both Lynne and Julian Ormond down to Ke-el-abir, ten miles north of Diala.

The fight to find the Cups of Alexander had started.

Guthrie camped that night under the stars; and by noon next day he arrived in Diala.

In a district of salt flats, shifting sandhills typical of that vast desert plateau the Khorasan, which rolls from the mountain ranges east of the Euphrates to the very foot of the towering ramparts of Asia, the ruined fort of Diala had once been a fertile oasis, but the oasis was now lost in time. Diala stood in an arid plain; and the only inhabitants of the desert were a few wandering tribes, who drove their goats hither and thither to graze them on the scant herbage of the seasons. The little water which remained in the well, was only enough for human needs, and the camels and horses had to be watered every day at Shasti, a foul and muddy pool some two miles distant.

Guthrie found Professor Shaley's assistant, Cartwright, looking after a camp full of idle and quarrelsome native servants. Shaley's death and Ormond's departure had demoralized them.

"I had no idea you'd be here so soon, sir," Cartwright said. "But, by gad, I'm glad to see you! Bruce has been in Tehran, since we sent Shaley in, down with a good malaria. I can't manage these natives at all. I've been afraid to leave the camp, for fear of their decamping with the camels!"

"We'll pay off half of them," Guthrie said, "and send them back to Tehran. That will sober the rest."

"I haven't been able to leave the camp," the young man said. "But I've wanted to! I've wanted to get out and explore—now you're here we can do it, sir."

He told Guthrie now he had noticed something rather odd in Ormond's desire to break up the camp as soon as Shaley died.

"I may have been a fool, but I was sure there was something behind it, and I refused to do it without your instructions. He was angry—quite unnecessarily, it seemed to me. But I stuck to my guns, and here I am."

"You were quite right," said Guthrie. "Now look here—in which direction did Shaley go on his last two trips?"

"Northwest," said Cartwright. "He must have been striking along the dried bed of the water-course through the limestone hills; he was lying at the head of it when Ormond fetched me to go out and bring him in."

"I wonder whether an aeroplane survey would find any results this time?"

"It showed nothing a year ago. But now that so much sand has been shifted by the gales a plane survey might yield results," Cartwright said. "As a matter of fact a monoplane passed over here yesterday, flying south; it came back two hours later, evidently making for Tehran."

"Yes, I saw it," Guthrie said.

He told Cartwright briefly, the gist of his quarrel with Ormond.

"By God, sir, I knew there was something behind it! Poor old Shaley did find something then!"

They stood together on the edge of the well from which the water for the camp was drawn; the crumbling stones on which they stood had been there for thousands of years. Once there had been a fertile populous place, but now the eye swept the wide slopes and saw nothing but the dust and stones of the desert. There was not a sound but the thin singing of a myriad grains of wind-blown sand.

"I'll go out as soon as I've had a meal and a wash," said Guthrie. "You'd better stay here. Get one of the men to saddle a camel, and put a blanket and some food and water in the bag!"

Cartwright turned away, and for a moment Guthrie stood idly gazing into the distances.

What mystery did this waterless desert hold? Were the walls of ancient Praemon really here? Had Shaley been right? Had he known he was right before he died?

CHAPTER IX GYPSY LIFE

On the previous day a Persian machine had brought Lynne and Julian down from Tehran to Ke-el-abir—the scattered mud huts of an illit village. Here Julian had erected a couple of tents, laid in a few stores, and had sent four camels down from Tehran in charge of an Armenian named Haffi, whom he had hired as a general factotum.

At Ke-el-abir they had spent the night amid penetrating odours of goats, horses and humanity; the ragged brown people appeared very friendly, and Julian told Lynne that he had given the keckhoda, or headman, a handsome present to keep him so when it became necessary he proposed to hire men from the village to do any excavations that might be needed.

It was a gypsyish life indeed, and when they set off in the early hours of the morning to find the ruins of the fortress, Lynne realized that she and Julian and their solitary Armenian attendant were very small creatures in a very large country.

They rode some ten miles over a wide tract of sandhills, missed their way through a mistake in Julian's compass calculations, and finally rode down the water course and came upon the ruined fort at about ten o'clock.

They dismounted from their camels, and after the ten-mile ride Lynne was very glad to do so. She picked her way stiffly but eagerly among the stones, and Julian, with a tense, excited face, pointed out the fallen pillars of what had once been a gateway.

"Over there—you see, what was a wall . . . and there . . . were the foundations of a house!"

Lynne followed him, traced out the outlines of the place as it had once been. Haffi, the Armenian, followed



PROTECTION

If You Like Books
(By A. H.)

There has always been something mysteriously attractive about the name "coureur-de-bois." Perhaps that is because, when one first takes history in the lower schools, the name itself seems so far, far away, and so very strange. And then, when "teacher" explains it as "runner of the woods," it loses a portion of its glamour, but it is a name that is never forgotten.

Samuel Mathewson Baylis a Canadian poet, has written a poem about these romantic figures of early Canadian life in his poem "The Coureur-de-Bois." He has caught the splendour of times gone past in a thoroughly enjoyable work, here quoted:

In the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flushing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream.
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing,
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
His untamed will his law,
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Or hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid,
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
As a free Coureur-de-Bois.

A brush with the foe, a carouse with a friend,
Were equally welcome, and made some amend
For the gloom and silence and hardships that tend
"To shorten one's life, ma foi!"
A wife in the hamlet, another he'd take—
Some dusky maid—to his camp by the lake;
A rattling, roving, rollicking rake
This gay Coureur-de-Bois.

Then peace to his ashes; He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.

Julian breathlessly scraped away the encrusted earth of hundreds of years, and there, as he had predicted, was the twin of the heraldic design on the other pillar.

After a short rest he and Haffi began again with their picks, chipping away the face of the stone. Lynne was no hand with a pick, and she strolled about examining the crumbling masonry among the rocks.

Presently she strolled up on to the summit of the slope behind them, to have a look at the country, with some vague presentiment that someone might be approaching the place.

And she was not wrong. The justification for her own uneasiness started her.

About a mile away, a man on a camel was coming slowly along the bottom of the water course; who could he be, and what did he want? He could not have seen their encampment because of the bend in the water course, which must also hide Haffi and Ormond from view. Below her they were working away with their picks, in ignorance of the approaching intruder.

Lynne dropped down behind a lump of rock, swift as thought she had her field glasses with her and focused the rider.

He was a white man, wearing a khaki shirt and shorts. She studied his face carefully, and confirmed a suspicion that had come the moment she focused the glasses on him.

It was Phillip Guthrie!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

United States Navy Band at Toronto Exhibition

For forty years, British bands, usually representatives of famous regiments which have played prominent parts in Britain's glorious history, have influenced Canadian music. These have been presented to the Canadian public and foreign visitors in free afternoon and evening concerts at the Canadian National Exhibition. An interesting change has been made this year in the engagement of the famous United States Navy Band of eighty-five men. The strength is twenty-five more than the next largest band ever to appear at Exhibition Park.

Financial Post.—The Daily Clarion, Toronto's communist daily, advises its readers to hold their C.P.R. stock. But that would make them capitalists, wouldn't it?

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO BE ADMIRER

To have Charm—Vitality—a Healthy Figure
Fruit-a-tives fruit liver tablets will help you tremendously to hold attractiveness. Food cannot nourish you properly if your liver does not do its work. You'll be too thin, too fat, flabby, tired, lazy, and kidneys, bowels, stomach sluggish, blood poor. Taking laxatives, digestive aids, bromides to relieve discomfort does not ensure nourishment. You throw away good coal with ashes. The extract of fruit juices combined with herbs and tonics, in Fruit-a-tives, stimulates and strengthens your liver. Food nourishes. Blood purifies. Vitality makes life a joy. Start today. Secret formula of a famous Canadian doctor. 25c, 50c.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIVER TABLETS

A child of nature, untutored in art, In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
Salut! Coureur-de-Bois.

Timmins Poet Writes in Praise of Kapuskasing

(From The Northern Tribune of Kapuskasing)

The attractions of Kapuskasing make some people lyrical or poetical, or both. Kapuskasing Inn has an effusion penned by a senior official of the Lands and Forests branch after having been a guest at the Inn, and this hangs framed in the rotunda. We have heard of other verse in the same vein; some of it passable, some not so good, but all written with sincerity.

Mr. Wilson Thomson of Timmins was in town with a fraternal group recently, and he liked the town so much that he wrote twelve lines of poetry dedicated to Kapuskasing. Here it is:—

In search of beauty all my life,
My goal has been perfection;
While others varied their pursuits,
Mine had but one direction.
I've sought it 'neath the southern skies,
Mid oriental splendor;
I've sought it in a woman's eyes,
Seductive, sweet, and tender;
But now I've reached the goal I sought,
No more need I go chasing;
I've seen it all: I'm satisfied,
Since I've seen Kapuskasing!

Then peace to his ashes; He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.

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Entering a Store you are Courteous—

Try Courtesy

When You Enter Traffic

WHEN we enter or leave a store we are all most courteous. We stand back for one another, hold open the doors, make way for the children and otherwise act in a courteous manner towards our fellow-shoppers. But do we continue this same friendly mental attitude towards each other when we get back into our cars and enter traffic again? To our fellow-shopper, for whom we held the door open, do we show courtesy when he becomes our fellow-motorist?

Do we warn him of our intention to pass by sounding our horn? Having passed him, do we get well ahead of him before swinging back again into our traffic lane? Do we dip or dim our lights when we meet him at night? Do we keep well to the right side of the road when meeting him? Do we give him the benefit of the doubt in a "tight corner" so we can both get out of it unhurt? And do we, in the many other ways that come to our mind, act and think towards our fellow-motorist in the same kindly and considerate manner as we did when we held the door open for him as a fellow-shopper?

I earnestly request that, when you get behind the wheel of your car or truck, you continue to be the same courteous person that you are afoot and "Try Courtesy" every inch of the way.

By so doing you will help to make motoring a safe and enjoyable mode of travelling.

TRY COURTESY
The New Spirit of the Road

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Make better Cigarettes
Buckingham
FINE CUT

BEWARE! DEATH TAKES NO HOLIDAYS



It was a holiday for Mrs. Martha Griffith, of Chicago, when she went to the beach with her family to get away from the heat wave, but the family excursion ended in tragedy when Mrs. Griffith fell into Lake Michigan and was drowned. This dramatic and unusual photograph serves as a graphic warning against the heavy toll of life taken annually by drowning.