



By Bentley Ridge

Although he realizes that the girl has deceived him, Guthrie is in love with her, but after one brief moment when each is drawn to the other, Lynne resumes her attitude of indifference towards him. Guthrie restores her to Julian's camp where Guthrie and Ormond meet and quarrel again.

CHAPTER XII—(Continued)
ANOTHER NIGHT RAID

Lynne walked. Fifty yards away on the other side of the camp she heard Julian utter a loud-long-drawn moan. The sound made Lynne's scalp prickle for all the world as though she too were afraid of ghosts.

The men round the fire had heard it. One of them rose and looked about him into the encircling darkness. Then another joined him.

In accordance with Julian's instructions Lynne uttered a wail, as low and inhuman a wail as she could make it.

The two standing servants started closer to one another. She heard the murmur of their voices, and then one of them frantically kicked one of his recumbent fellows in wakefulness.

Julian had suggested that the sounds would create more tension if they were sparing with them; and so they were silent.

In a moment or two the men were all on their feet, crowding together for company, looking fearfully about them. One of them went to the tent with the light in it, and in a moment one of the two Englishmen came out.

In the dull light cast by the fire, Lynne could not see if it was Guthrie. After a long discussion he went back into the tent again. The protesting voices of the Persians arose into the night air. Julian gave them time to huddle down round their fire again, before he moaned again. Lynne followed the moan quickly with two low-pitched bubbling ones—ones as horrible as she could make them.

The effect on the men was marked. They started to their feet with cries and exclamations. The two Englishmen emerged from the tent; one went back and came out again with a rifle.

But by the time he was plunging, gun in hand, into the darkness to find the source of the trouble, Lynne had scrambled away from the cliff edge, and was running noiselessly up the long slope towards the summit of the ridge behind. She hoped Julian had been as quick to get away.

The camp was nearly a quarter of a mile behind when she heard him stumbling through the scrub. She called to him in a low voice, and they walked—quickly on together. Julian was out of breath and limping.

"Heavens, Lynne, that last noise you made was excruciating! That fellow with the gun, had a nerve! I don't imagine that he felt very pleasant about having to investigate!"

They agreed that the visit had undoubtedly had some effect. It was after midnight when they arrived back at their camp on the rocks. Lynne did not sleep at once. At first their evening's adventure occupied her mind; and then she fell to thinking of Guthrie, and of what Julian had said. If a man of Guthrie's type did appear to admire her, there was no doubt nothing more in it than habit—a customary attitude towards women.

She really would have to make up for the humiliation of having liked his face in the photograph at home in Beaumont Magna. Her weak behaviour at Yezd in that garden, was still more of a humiliation, and even more difficult to wipe out.

But she thought of what her triumph over him would be if she and Julian were to find the cups of Alexander, and she dropped off to sleep at last.

Next day they remained in their rocky retreat, lest anyone might see them in the district and attribute last night's disturbance to them. Lynne was not sorry for a rest. She performed a neglected toilet, attending to a face that had had nothing but a dash of cold water on it now and again for the last two days. She sat against a rock in the sunshine, brushing at her red curls until they shone like silk in the sun.

The yellow faced Haffi lay among the rocks not far off, watching her intently.

That night Julian and Lynne waited until midnight to give the men time for suspense, before they set off for the camp. The night was fine, and they adopted the same procedure as before.

SHOTS AT MIDNIGHT

This time every man in the camp was on the alert in an instant, at the first moan that Julian made. One of them

gave a yell, and they all stood together as though turned to stone in their circle of light from the fire, listening and trembling.

Lynne uttered her bubbling wail, and they all bolted as one man into one of the larger tents. To be able to play so upon their nerves, and to watch the effect of the noise in the pantomime of their actions amused Lynne greatly.

The two Englishmen came out of the tent and stood looking about them, listening and discussing the situation. Lynne wondered if they, too, believed in the supernatural. The fire was burning brightly tonight, and Lynne could distinguish which one was Guthrie.

They stopped talking, and stood listening. In the prickly bushes, half smothered by her black cowl, Lynne could not resist another wail, just to see what would happen.

The two men below started, moved closer together. Guthrie threw his rifle to his shoulder. There was a report and something pinged against a rock not ten feet from where Lynne was lying.

In an instant she was scrambling away. She had not thought of their being able to pick out the direction from which her voice came.

Almost immediately Julian moaned again on the other side of the camp. Lynne thanked his presence of mind, as she moved hastily away through the darkness. There were two more rifle shots; her heart jumped as she wondered whether Julian had been hit. She paused, then went on again, and to her great relief he came panting alongside her a minute later.

They ran, making as little noise as possible.

"That swine Guthrie nearly got me!" Julian breathed. "He saw me moving in the dark!"

"What do you suppose they think?" "From Guthrie's behaviour I shouldn't suppose that he thinks he's up against the supernatural!" said Julian. "But the men are just as scared as we hoped they would be!"

"We'll have to be careful to-morrow night," said Lynne.

"He'll probably be doing sentry duty round the camp all night with a gun," said Julian. "We'll have to cut to-morrow night out—except for a little scouting."

Lynne agreed. On the following day Haffi took their camels to the wells at Shasti to water them, while Lynne and Julian lay low in the rocks.

The result of their efforts was known to them sooner than they had expected. Haffi returned in the afternoon from Shasti to say that the servants from Guthrie's camp had moved down there and made a camp. He had chatted with them, and found out that they were going to pass their nights there, and spend their days working on Guthrie's excavations at the ruins in the water course.

But there was nothing said about the Englishmen leaving the old camp. It seemed that the iron-nerved Feringhi were going to remain where they were.

Lynne and Julian looked at one another in disgust. To continue trying to frighten Guthrie himself away was useless.

"We'll have to try something else," said Julian.

On the following morning he set off for Kel-el-abir to try to enlist the help of the Ilyats there.

CHAPTER XIII
ALONE WITH HAFFI

Lynne was left alone in the encampment in the rocks, with Haffi. She did not like the look of him, but there was a comfort about having an automatic in her belt, which made her careless of the repulsive satisfaction in Haffi's face when Julian said that he would not be back before nightfall.

At noon she and Haffi sat down together and ate tinned beef and biscuits, and drank water from the bag carried by the pack camel.

Haffi seemed inclined for conversation. He told her how he had been to Europe—yes, to France; yes, even to Paris.

"Oh, that sees the city—that sees the place for Haffi, yes? The girls, the beautiful women, the wine—oh, it is all the most cute, as you say. So smart. In Tehran we have the cute cafes, very smart, too, oh yes! I am much in Tehran, I do not like the dull life, you must not think because you see me here, that this is my place. When I am in Paris it is my element, Mees Ormond. What is it you say—the man of the world? That is what I am, the man of the world."

Lynne was amused at hearing this yellow and unsavoury looking villain showing off before her like any undergraduate. He talked on about Paris and Alexandria, and Tehran, showing how much he knew and how sophisticated he was, with a leer in his eye that she did not like.

"However, the conversation came to an end when she sought the shelter of a rock and lay down and closed her eyes. It was with a little feeling of dread that she heard the Armenian's footsteps as he picked his way over the rocks towards her about half an hour later.

She closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep. A small pebble fell on her face, causing her to start violently. "Ah! So you are not asleep!" said Haffi's voice, and she sat up to find him standing beside her smiling fondly, evidently having thrown the pebble.

Very angry at his familiarity, Lynne set up. Never in her life having to deal with such a situation before, she hardly knew what to say, but turned her back upon him and walked away.

"Ah—do not be angry, Mees Ormond," said Haffi, following her. "Why are you in wrath with me? Do not be so cruel!"

"Kindly go away, Mr. Haffi!" said Lynne, turning and speaking calmly and curtly. "If you sit over there by the camels, I will sit here."

"The camels!" said Haffi, holding his hooked nose with a podgy thumb and forefinger. "They have the smell—ah, horrible! The stink! But you—you my sweet little Mees Lynne, have the perfume as sweet as roses, you smell to me more delightful than a flower garden. How can the camels be to a man what a beautiful smart woman is?"

Lynne felt that she might be able to think of this speech of Haffi's later, and laugh about it. But just now it was an urgent matter to deal with him; because she had inadvertently walked into a blind alley in the rocks and now found herself cut off by a high perpendicular face on three sides.

Haffi, seeing his advantage, said with a triumphant leer: "Ah, do not be in wrath, now!" He advanced towards her, his round face wreathed with a greasy, suggestive smile. Lynne backed away and quietly drew her automatic from its holster on her belt.

Haffi looked startled and stopped. Lynne said: "Now will you kindly go away, Mr. Haffi?"

Haffi backed away, a dull flush in his jaundiced face.

"What is this? Why do you do that?" he protested sullenly. "I do not mean you the harm—I am amiable towards you. You are very what they call stuck-up, I think!"

"I am!" said Lynne. "Very stuck-up!" Haffi backed out of the alley in the rock still protesting, and Lynne followed him, her automatic ready in her hand. In the open he turned and walked away, looking back now and again and calling her names in his own language.

He went over to the camels about a hundred yards away, and stood there looking towards her. Lynne moved back and sat down behind a rock, over the top of which she could keep an eye on him.

The situation was very awkward. She had no definite knowledge of when Julian would be back; it might not be until the morning. But she felt that Julian depended on her to take care of herself; and so she would. If the loathsome beast came near her again she would shoot him in the leg without a moment's hesitation.

Peterborough Examiner.—Boys who swam in their birthday suits in Hamilton were fined \$10 each. They could have saved that money with a very little material, judging from the extent of the average bathing suits.

Your Chance to Help Save Human Lives

Appeal Made to All by Government Department.

From the Department of Highways, Toronto, this week comes the following earnest appeal:—

Years of training and years of experience lie behind the deft strokes of the great surgeons knife, as he performs a delicate operation. Life and death are in the balance. Loved ones tremble in apprehension. Finally, after anxious hours—success! The supreme ability of one man in a million has saved another life.

Most of us can never save a life that way. The surgeons skill is not ours. But by preventing accidents on streets and highways, every one of us, whether we are drivers or pedestrians, can just as surely save lives and safeguard our fellow men against crippling or fatal injuries.

We can teach our children the enduring principles of safe driving and safe walking—of safe living. We can correct the unsafe practices of our own driving and walking. We can uphold the authority of our public officials in impartial and effective law enforcement. We can help in organized efforts to spread the gospel of traffic safety to everybody. And, most of all, we can resolve in our own minds to perform no act dangerous to others or ourselves.

Great skill and long training are not needed for this kind of life saving. What we do need—all of us—is a new realization that "I AM my brother's keeper." Will you accept your personal share of this great responsibility? Will you help to stem the tide of blood and death that promises to sweep Ontario's streets and highways? Will you SAVE A LIFE?



That Body of Yours

Jas. W. Barton, M.D., Toronto

RAW APPLE AND RAW BANANA DIET

I have written before about the raw apple diet for diarrhea in infants and children. The raw apple absorbs organisms and collects mucous, thus cleaning out bowel and giving it a fresh start, as it were. The raw apple diet is now in use in both Europe and America.

What may prove equally helpful in stomach and intestinal disturbances in children is a diet of bananas instead of raw apples, or a combination of apples and bananas.

Dr. Theophil Baumann, in one of the European journals of children's diseases, states that the raw banana diet has certain advantages over the raw apple diet in the treatment of chronic intestinal disturbances of children. "Bananas are readily eaten by children, do not irritate the intestine, and have a high food value thus preventing acidosis due to hunger. Bananas are rich in minerals and in nitrogen which prevents any rapid loss of weight. There are also better formed stools, and less gas formation with the bananas."

It is in children over nine months



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Resigns as Rector of Church at Falls

Rev. and Mrs. Hayes Leave Iroquois Falls. Other Iroquois Falls News.

Iroquois Falls, Ont., Aug. 10th, 1937. (Special to The Advance)

A baby girl was born on Thursday last in Anson General hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brydges, of Kirkland Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Miller left Thursday for a motor trip through the Maritime provinces. Mrs. L. R. Newman is accompanying them on their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Brown are spending a week at their summer camp on Seseekinika lake.

Mr. Jack Cuthell and family are spending their two weeks' holidays in the Muskoka district.

The local Liberal-Conservative Association held a meeting on Aug. 5th to organize a membership campaign. The boys are just preparing themselves in case Mr. Hepburn does officially announce an election in October or November.

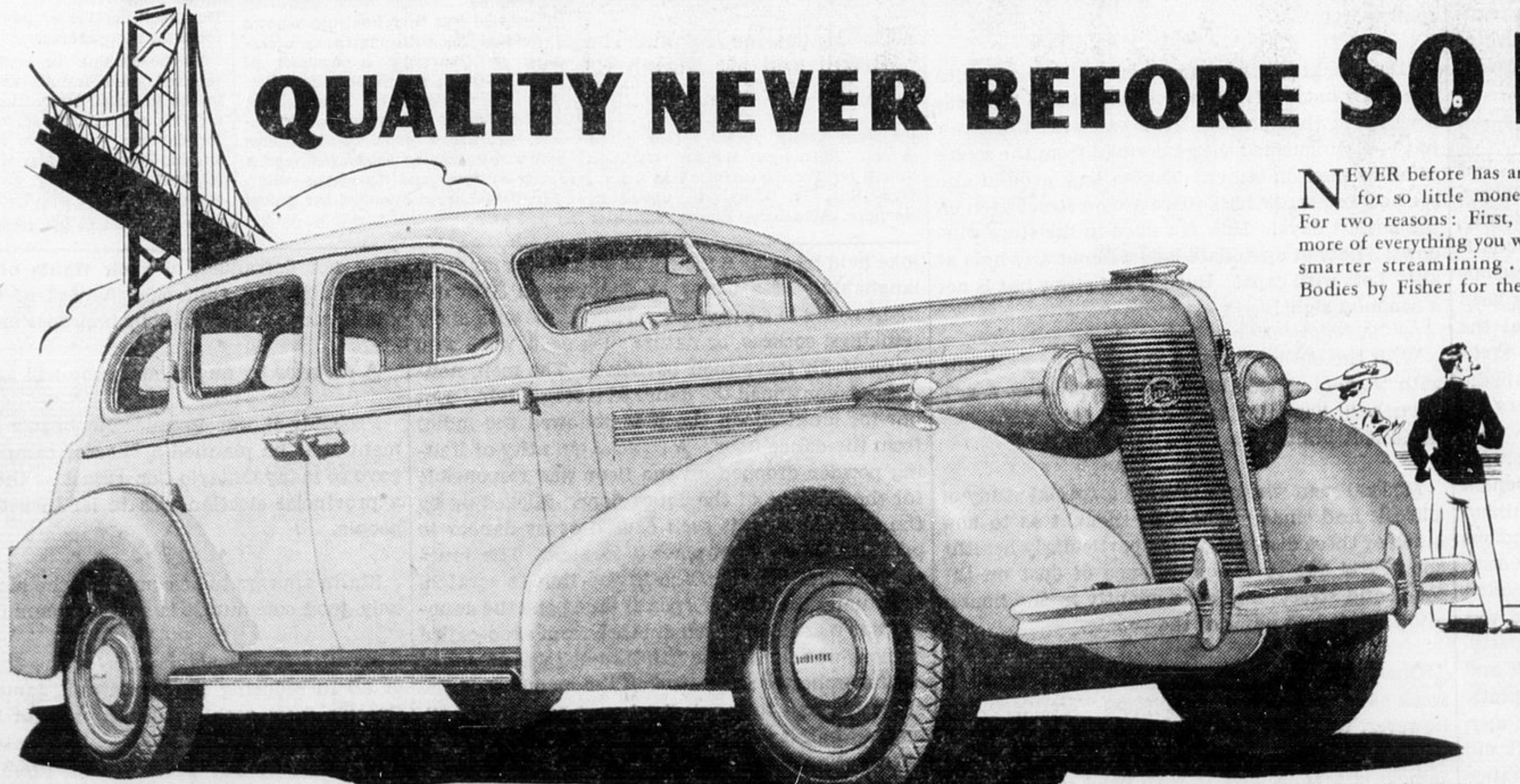
Miss Helen Hogg is spending her holidays in Fort William, visiting friends.

The Rev. and Mrs. Hayes left Friday last to spend a few weeks with friends in Killworth. The Rev. Hayes resigned, as rector of St. Mark's Anglican church and plans on returning to England the latter part of September. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes made many friends during their short stay and they all wish him success in his new undertaking. The wardens of St. Mark's have no official statement to make as to when the vacancy will be filled.

There will be no services in the United Church until the first Sunday in September. Rev. Dr. Laidlaw is spending a well-earned holiday in Muskoka.



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