



By Bentley Ridge

CROUCHING AMONG CAMELS

She glanced across the rock and saw that Haffi had now sat down not far from where the camels were crouched.

Lynne settled back into a more comfortable position on the smooth, warm rock; she still held her automatic in her hand, and before laying it down beside her, broke the breech to reassure herself that the chambers were loaded.

They were not—the gun was empty! Lynne was horrified. All this time she had imagined that the automatic was loaded and useful.

She had set it beside her with the intention of reloading it, and she had forgotten that there was no ammunition in it when she had returned it to its holster.

In dismay she laid the automatic down on the rock at her side. She could still threaten Haffi with it, but not if it came to a pinch, defend herself.

There was no ammunition in the packs on either of the camels, even supposing that she could have got at it with Haffi sitting so near. It was all in the pack of the camel which Julian had taken with him to Kel-el-abir.

Why on earth had she not made certain that the automatic was properly loaded before Julian left? There was no doubt about it—she would never make a proper adventurer until she learned to expect disaster.

The afternoon wore on, the sun sank towards the west, and Haffi did not come near her again. She could see him lying on the ground among the rocks beside the camels.

She walked down towards it; and though she felt rather sick and weary after the events of the day, Lynne thought that she had never seen more beautiful stars than the large purple orb which hung so low overhead.

She picked her way down the dark slope until she came within fifty yards of the camp; here she lay down, on the summit of the sloping cliff face; covered with bushes and not so steep that one could not have scrambled down it to the tents round the well thirty feet below.

As usual all save one of the tents was dark, and again as the wind was towards her she heard voices inside it, and several times somebody laughed; the sounds gave her the impression that probably Guthrie and his assistants were playing cards.

There was something very homely about the tent with the light inside it, and the murmur of those cheerful English voices in the silence of the lonely wilderness. Now she was no longer walking Lynne found the night air cold, and she huddled together in the shelter of the bushes as well as she could to keep warm.

What would they have thought, she wondered, had the men down there in the tent known that she was up here? What would Guthrie think, when she and Julian snatched the Cups of Alexander from under his very nose. Lynne smiled in the dark as she hugged her cold body with her arms, trying to keep warm.

Some time later she saw three men come out of the centre tent; the three men scattered among the other tents, lights appeared in two of these, and then these lights also were extinguished.

It seemed only a few minutes after this that Lynne heard a sound which brought her heart to her mouth. Someone was creeping through the bushes behind her!

She thought at once of Haffi. She listened with all her ears—and heard the sound again; she heard muffled footfalls on all sides. There was not one person, but numbers of people moving along the cliff-top where she lay!

Almost stumbling over her as she went, one of them passed between her and the edge of the cliff, and she saw a cowed head and shoulders against the dull glow of the fires below.

Wondering what on earth was happening, Lynne lay very still, fearful that one of them would find her. They were Ilyats—and what they were doing there she could not think. Two of them stopped a few yards away from her, crouching down on the very edge of the cliff, and stayed there, speaking to one another in whispers.

There must have been twenty of them at least. They hemmed her in behind, and Lynne could not get away. If they saw her moving they would merely think that she was one of themselves, and so she crawled hurriedly forward, and slid

WALKING THROUGH THE NIGHT

Lynne took to her heels and trotted northward until she was too breathless to run any further. She dropped to a walk, and walked steadily on up the rising ground towards the ridge against the northern stars.

She decided that her best way of spending the night was to go on until she was within a few hundred yards of Guthrie's camp. There she could lie down in the darkness among the bushes and wait until morning. Loath as she was to have to rely on it, help was at hand.

She had reasons to fear Haffi. Such a vile-looking specimen might stick at nothing to keep her quiet. After this incident he would be afraid to face Julian; and Guthrie's words: "If I were to bring your neck and bury you here no one would ever find you!" were fresh in her mind.

She decided to wait by the camp until daylight and then make her way towards Kel-el-abir, where she might hope to fall in with Julian.

She pictured his fury with Haffi, and exasperation with himself for not leaving her better protected.

But Lynne blamed only herself in that matter. She should have bluffed Haffi with her automatic while it was yet light, taken the camels, and gone off and left him. She should have made sure that her automatic was loaded in the first place. The fault was all hers.

The utter silence of the night was on the country, making it very oppressive, and now and again the sense of her loneliness made her shiver.

It was a vast relief to her when she arrived on the summit of the ridge, and saw the far-off speck of light from Guthrie's camp. She had not imagined that the camp fires of the enemy could ever be such a welcome sight!

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and scrambled a few yards down the cliff. She waited, wondering what was going to happen next and then she saw them on all sides of her, dark shapes, scrambling silently down the face of the cliff, and then she realized what was happening.

This was the Ilyat raid of which Julian had spoken—which Julian, perhaps, had actually planned. Perhaps Julian himself was with them!

BY LIGHT OF CAMP FIRES In a moment she saw the dark figures of the tribesmen pour into the glow of light from the camp fires, dashing hither and thither, with lightning rapidity. She saw the camels, their tether ropes cut, rise up swaying, and then go leaping away in panic under the blows and shout of the raiders. She saw two of the tents go down as the raiders hacked through the peg-ropes. Boxes, cooking utensils, saddle equipment, were flying about everywhere.

All this seemed to take place in a few seconds. The collapse of the tents on their inmates had effectually checked resistance from the Englishmen who were sleeping in them. But in another moment as the tide of destruction swirled round the camp, a revolver shot rang out. Lynne saw the spurt of fire from the direction of one of the collapsed tents, and realized that Guthrie or one of his assistants had crawled free of the wreckage.

In an instant the swift shadows of the raiders fled towards the open darkness beyond the fires; the work of destruction was abandoned, and in a moment they were darting away towards safety. A few, cut off by the man with the automatic, darted towards the cliff and came scrambling up it.

The raiders came scrambling up the hill towards Lynne, and voices shouting in English, "This way! Head them off!" and "Come on—after them!" told Lynne that the tribesmen were being pursued. Not wishing to be discovered, she joined the general rush up the side of the cliff.

She stumbled, and fell on her knees and looked behind her just in time to see a spurt of fire accompanied by a loud report, not five yards away from her. Fortunately the shot was aimed up the hill at the flying attackers. Lynne sprang up and scrambled forward, but the man with the gun had seen her moving, and he was too quick for her.

His foot struck hers as he leapt at her, Lynne lost her footing, but found her arm grasped and twisted up behind her, and she was held up by her captor's grip.

"Got you!" said Guthrie, breathlessly, fancying from the size of the dim figure in the dark that it was a boy or youth he was holding.

Lynne struggled and as though she had been the limpest wet rags, he merely tightened his grip and passing his other arm around her throat, swung her down on to her knees.

His grip on her arm shot a burning, excruciating pain through Lynne's shoulder and back; her head swam, and hardly more than half conscious she could not speak; all that was forced from her lips was a little moaning: "Oh!"

At the same instant that she uttered this small but unmistakably feminine sound, Guthrie, in shifting his grip, realized with a shock, that it was no hard boy's body that he was grasping. He started and instantly let go, so that Lynne fell forward, supporting herself on her left hand, while her right arm hung paralysed after he had released it.

He seemed to have no further interest in the pursuit of the raiders, but stood beside her, feeling in his pockets for a match.

"So it's you again, is it?" he said. Lynne's breath hissed through her teeth as she crouched on the ground for the pain in her arm was still terrific. Guthrie had no idea of the painful effects of the trick he had learned in his boyhood from a professional wrestler. He struck a match, and in its momentary light confirmed his suspicion that the person he had caught was Lynne Ormond.

Someone was coming back down the hill. "They all got away!" said Cartwright's voice furiously. "Every one of the blighters!"

"I have one here!" replied Guthrie. He put his hand under Lynnes arm and drew her to her feet.

"Have you by jove!" said Cartwright, coming up to them in the darkness. He peered at Lynne, and she could see in the starlight that he was a very tall young man.

"Now then," said Guthrie curtly to Lynne. "You're going to give me a satisfactory account of exactly why you are here, and who those friends of yours were!"

He drew her down the hillside to-

Conservative Stand on Labour Question

Text of Statement Read Here Recently by Cecil Frost, Conservative Organizer.

Many who heard the address of Cecil Frost, Conservative organizer, who was in Timmins some weeks ago, were particularly impressed by the considered statement of Conservative party policy as read by him.

The statement had been prepared by Hon. Earl Rowe after full consultation with Hon. R. B. Bennett, Hon. W. A. Gordon, Hon. Chas. McCrea and other prominent leaders of the party as well as with members of the ordinary rank and file of the party.

Last week-end the statement was issued by the campaign committee of the Ontario Liberal-Conservative Party, as follows:—

Party's Stand on Labour The national policy of the Liberal-Conservative Party, Provincial and Dominion, for many years has been to create industry for the purpose of providing work and wages for labour and a profitable home market for the farmer, the lumberman and other primary producers.

The Party's sympathetic attitude towards labour is evidenced by the Social Legislation on our statute books.

The Liberal-Conservative Party believes that labour should receive a fair share of the fruits of industry and is entitled to organize in order to improve the lot of the worker as regards wages, hours, security in old age and all other conditions of industrial life.

The Liberal-Conservative Party reaffirms its traditional policy of insisting upon the maintenance of law and order in all industrial disputes and pledges itself firmly and scrupulously to uphold the laws of Canada.

The Liberal-Conservative Party in Ontario stands for the following:—

1. The right of employees to bargain collectively through their own representatives chosen without dictation, coercion or intimidation.

2. It is and has for many decades been a fact that both capital and labour are International in their organization. Accordingly the right of the worker to belong to the union of his choosing, Canadian or International, craft or industrial, is fully established; provided always that the unions must observe and that capital must observe in all their actions the laws of Canada.

3. The Liberal-Conservative Party is unalterably opposed to the introduction into Ontario of sit-down strikes, sabotage or other violations of our law, and for the purpose of clarity hereby places itself on record as being opposed to such illegalities whether they are introduced into Ontario by labour unions affiliated with the C.I.O., the A. F. of L., or any other organization, capital or labour.

4. That representatives from other countries, both of capital and labour, shall be subject on the same principles as other people to our immigration laws and that they shall when admitted to this country strictly observe the laws of the land.

5. The primary function of the state in all industrial disputes is FIRST—to take no sides and to maintain law and order without the display of unnecessary or provocative force, and SECOND, to enact and impartially administer adequate legislation for the conciliation of industrial disputes.

6. The right to work in Canada is not dependent upon membership in any organization.

7. That no strike shall take place until all reasonable methods of conciliation are exhausted and the worker should have the right of secret ballot free from improper influence or coercion in all decisions relating to the dispute.

8. The Liberal-Conservative Party will continue in the future as in the past to defend the principle of freedom of association within the law. The Party re-affirms its belief that the essence of democracy is trust in the people and to rely on freedom and not in dictatorship, that public opinion may be led but not driven and that the greatest safeguard of orderly progress and reform is the sound common sense of all classes of the Canadian people.

fractures but showed a small chip had been taken off the hip bone. Hospital authorities report today that Smith is showing splendid recovery from the ordeal.

Wanted Job of Fighting Fire on His Own Property

Joseph Latandresse, Burwash township farmer, charged by Chief Forest Ranger Harvey Stain with refusing to protect his property against injury by fire on July 21, was ordered by Magistrate J. S. McKessock, in district police court, at Sudbury last week, to reimburse the Ontario Forestry branch, Sudbury office, \$7.29, the expenditure by the branch in fighting a fire on Latandresse's property.

Unable to make the payment, Latandresse was remanded one month. He was given the month to raise the money. In default he will serve two months in jail.

"Latandresse refused to extinguish the fire when I informed him there was one burning on his property," Chief Ranger Strain said.

"He said he did not light the fire and he was not going to put it out," stated Chief Ranger Strain.

"It took four men four days to extinguish this fire. The branch expended \$37.29 in putting the blaze out," he stated.

There was about two-and-a-half acres of timber burnt, the ranger estimated.

Latandresse, pleading not guilty, claimed that the ranger refused to hire him to fight the fire along with the other men. He said that he had worked 16 hours on one fire for the forestry branch, but was only paid for six hours. He gave this as the chief reason for refusing to fight the blaze.

"Is that the way you hope to make extra money, fighting fires?" asked the magistrate.

"No," replied accused. He said he worked his farm.

Road Being Paved From Callander to Nursery

Operations were started last week to pave the road from Callander to the Dionne nursery, one of the most-travelled stretches in Ontario.

District Engineer C. Tackaberry, of the Ontario Department of Highways, reported to-day he expected the road from Callander to the home of the quintts would be completely paved by August 28. The work is to be done as speedily as possible.

The official said that a 20-foot strip of pavement will be laid on the road, which has undergone considerable improvements this year, including the elimination of a number of curves.

Detroit News:—Nowadays a child picks up geography from a rumble seat, arithmetic from a dial phone and the alphabet from a radio list.

FALL TERM at the Timmins Business College

Hamilton Block, Timmins Begins WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1st, 1937 Enrollments or reservations may be made on or after August 16th. Ellen M. Terry, principal

Shock of Car Accident Restores Lost Hearing

Not only is George W. Smith, of Nairn Centre, happy over the generous sum of money left Red Cross hospital authorities at Espanola by a party of American tourists to pay his account for injuries he sustained when their car struck him, but the injured man is grateful that the accident restored his hearing.

Deaf for a number of years, the injured man received the surprise of his life when he was picked up after the accident by the Americans, to find that his lost hearing had returned to him. He is grateful to the tourists, not only for their rushing him to hospital, paying his bill, but also for the restoration of his hearing, which will bring him the greatest joy of his life.

The injured man, 65 years old, employed by the Department of Highways on the Sault Ste. Marie road just east of Nairn Centre, was struck by the American car driven by Albert Sway, of Detroit, Mich. The aged highway worker was raking gravel at a curve opposite the road entrance to Nairn Falls when the accident occurred. It was his first day on the job and he had started work that morning, August 7.

The driver picked up the injured man rushed him to Nairn where they picked up his wife. They then rushed him to the Espanola Red Cross hospital. At Espanola, Mr. Sway reported the accident to Provincial Constable George Taylor. After learning the circumstances of the accident, the officer decided not to press charges against the American. He was informed not to leave Canada until after August 22, and ordered on that date to report back to Provincial Constable Taylor.

The American, accompanied by his wife and two other friends, left a generous cash deposit with the hospital authorities to care for his injuries. X-ray examinations did not reveal any

High-grade Samples from Week's Run of the Press

Reader's Digest:—All education does to-day is to develop the memory at the expense of imagination.

Patfinder:—They used to call them scenarios. Nowadays they call them ob-scenarions.

Manila Tribune:—The English language is a funny one. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes and she'll adore you, but try to tell her that her face would stop a clock!

London Sunday Express:—"More than 300 tons of sugar are wasted every year in the bottom of tea cups," says a statistician. This announcement is expected to cause a great stir in Aberdeen.

Vice-President John Marshall said of Theodore Roosevelt:—"Death had to take him sleeping for if Roosevelt had been awake, there would have been a fight."

Globe and Mail:—In discussing speed limits for motor cars there is a general tendency to think of the modern car—the car built within the last two or three years. But it is probably outnumbered by older cars, and the point is that speed limits safe for the modern car are wholly unsafe for many other cars.

Advertisement for IRVIN ROSNER R.O. EYESIGHT SPECIALIST. Includes text: 'We Can Help Your Eyes More Than Ever' and 'Science has given us a wonderful new aid to better eyesight in TILLYER Lenses. They cost no more than other first grade lenses. Come in and let us explain.'

Large advertisement for 'The New BACHELOR Belvedere CIGAR 100% Havana Filler'. Features a man smoking a cigar and the text: 'At last I've caught up with a great cigar!'