



WELL of GOLD

By Bentley Ridge

CHAPTER XIV—(Contd.)

"LET HER GO"

Guthrie watched her go with mixed feelings. Her refusal to take his hand was hardly a good sign, and she had more or less ignored his overtures of friendship. He frowned ruefully, with a deep dissatisfaction within him, and lighted a cigarette while he watched her retreating figure.

He heard Cartwright's voice, saying beside him:

"Hello! Has she gone?"

"Yes, and in a deuce of a hurry, too!"

Even as he spoke their attention was drawn by a commotion from the direction of the well.

"Another fight?" said Cartwright, for the peace of the camp was periodically disturbed by altercations between the camelmen.

"It was not a fight this time. An Ilyat came running towards them, shouting.

"He says there's something the matter with the well," said Cartwright, who understood more of their language than Guthrie did.

The man came up, gabbling breathlessly.

"He says the water of the well has turned into blood!" said Cartwright, with an incredulous laugh.

The water was a deep dark purple. Guthrie put his head over it and sniffed.

"Permanganate of potash!" he said. His calm astonished Cartwright.

"Good heavens! How on earth did this happen, sir?" the boy cried. He asked the Ilyat: "Who came to the well last?"

The man who had been put to guard her volunteered the information that the young lady had come from the bathroom to fill her jug.

"There was a four pound tin of permanganate of potash on the table by the bath!" Cartwright said, and looked at Guthrie.

But Guthrie was looking down at the purple water. His face was a trifle pale and rather drawn at the mouth.

Cartwright turned to stare towards the slope of the ridge that rose into the sky behind the camp. The little figure of the girl had vanished now among the bushes.

Guthrie looked up and caught his eye. "Not much point in that," he said grimly. "Let her go!"

"Of all the—," began young Cartwright, speechless with vexation. "We look rather foolish, I think," said Guthrie drily. "However, we had better get busy. We'll have to move the men and camels over to Kel-el-abir today; this water will be useless for days!"

CHAPTER XV

JULIAN'S CONGRATULATIONS

Meanwhile Lynne hurried on, fearing pursuit, and she feared it very much. She felt that if she were to fall into Guthrie's hand again, after he had discovered her trick with the well, things would go hard with her.

She hastened up the long slope to the summit of the ridge. Once she stopped, standing knee high in the scrub, looking back at the camp, trying to discern whether it was really a crowd round the well she saw, or only the quiver of the heat combining with her conscience to make her imagine so.

Early as it was, the sun beat down upon her shoulders under the thin shirt, promising a roasting noon. In fear of pursuit, and doubt whether she really would fall in with Julian Lynne's trek over the ridge and down towards the camp in the rocks where she had run away from Haffi, her position was not a comfortable one.

And then, too, she felt upset with the world as people who have fallen out with their fellow. Guthrie's kindness and generosity that morning had affected her more than she would admit; she had a feeling of depression where he was concerned, almost as though she wished that everything she had known of him could be wiped out, and things could be as they had once been before ever she met him, and he was a face she had liked so well, in a photograph.

When she thought of his annoyance when he discovered the well, she felt more depressed still, and full of renewed resentment against him because of it.

She hurried on, looking round every now and then for any signs of a pursuer.

But there was none. She came at last to the summit of the ridge, and the long slope of the next valley lay before her, with the rocky outcrop where she and Julian had camped with Haffi on the previous day, lying about two miles ahead.

She paused, and got down behind a bush to survey the prospect. On her left, about half a mile away, and moving down across her own route, were three Ilyats, herding a straggling flock of goats. Among the distant rocks she could see nothing to indicate whether there was anyone there; whether Haffi was waiting for Julian, or whether he had gone. It hardly seemed likely that he would stay to face the trouble which would ensue when Julian came back and discovered what he had done.

She rose again and went forward. The Ilyats, two young men and a woman, stared at her as she came; their brown faces glistened in the sun, and their inquisitive eyes were shy and wary as the eyes of wild animals. The woman wore a coarse red and blue garment. The young men were naked to the waist, bare-footed, and wore wide-legged trousers, belted at the waist with belts of some plaited grass or straw, ingeniously knotted to hold the koadi, or hor-handled knife.

It was evident to Lynne that she was a very strange sight to them; their eyes examined her from head to foot; they smiled and exclaimed to one another, and as they passed the woman called out something to her.

Lynne nodded and smiled, but she knew nothing of their language; she went on and left them behind, hearing their cheerful cries as they chased their goats along the valley slope.

She had approached within a quarter of a mile of the rocks and was surveying them with some uneasiness, as she wondered whether Haffi was lying in wait for her among them, when she saw a camel rider about a mile away in the west.

She crouched down behind some scrub, and watched him; he was heading for the rocks, and the whiteness of his garments assured her that he was not an Ilyat. It must either be Julian—or Haffi.

Lynne lay and waited. If it was Haffi she was certainly nowhere near him—if it was Julian, then her troubles were at an end.

Ten minutes later she was able to be certain. It was Julian. She saw his wide-brimmed Stetson, and his yellow beard was unmistakable.

Lynne sprang up with her heart beating high with relief and joy, and ran on down the slope towards him. He saw her and turned to meet her.

"What has happened?" he asked as she arrived, breathless to clasp his hand fervently as he dismounted.

"Everything!" said Lynne. "I don't know what hasn't!"

"Where's Haffi—where are the camels?"

"He must have gone," said Lynne. "Oh, Julian! I've done it—I've settled Phillip Guthrie for you!"

"What have you done?" asked Julian. "I've made the water at the camp unfit for use. He'll have to leave now!"

She told him the whole story; Julian now and again interposed a quick exclamation, and when she had finished, he said:

"By Jove, Lynne! Good work!"

EASTWARD AT SUNSET

Lynne lay on the sand, and now it was all over, realized how exhausted she was, and how hungry. Julian got her some food from his pack, and she sat and ate biscuits and chocolate, feeling as though the previous day and night had been as long as a fortnight.

"The dirty little swine!" Julian said of Haffi. "If I ever see him again I'll thrash him within an inch of his life! My sister—I'll teach him, the mis-

erable little hound!"

He appeared to be violently angry but it was not until Lynne had told him about her adventures of Guthrie's camp and her trick with the water, that he forgot about Haffi.

This made quick thinking and quick action most essential.

"I'll have to move our stores out of Kel-el-abir, and bring them over to the wells at Memshi—that's the Ilyat village I went to yesterday. They were the people who made the raid last night on Guthrie's camp. Now Memshi is no further from here than Kel-el-abir is, and we'll be able to excavate the well as soon as Guthrie leaves. The thing to do is to get down to Kel-el-abir as soon as we can, and move our tents and stores out so that Guthrie can't find them without any worry! What we have to do for our friend Guthrie now, Lynne, is to make things as smooth as possible for him. By Jove!" concluded Julian, with a laugh. "It's a lovely situation. It amuses me to think of Guthrie hopefully digging away at Dila, under the impression that it's Praemmon! What on earth would he say if he knew that the camp has been on top of Praemmon for the last two years?"

Lynne laughed too. What would he say? If the Cups were really there, and if she and Julian got them, it would be a final triumph over Guthrie. And whether she contemplated this with pleasure she could not have said, had she stopped to examine her feelings. All she knew was that they were very strong.

As soon as Lynne had rested a little, they both got on to the camel and set off for Kel-el-abir; it was not a comfortable ride, for Julian urged the beast on as fast as it could be made to go, and at times it bounded along over the rough ground with a bouncing and swaying motion which was torture to the unaccustomed rider.

At Kel-el-abir, Julian stirred up the somnolent Ilyats to immediate action. And in an hour-and-a-half all was loaded and the mules entrained for the ten mile journey to Memshi. Haffi was nowhere to be seen, and had not been seen at the camp in their absence. It was evident that he had guessed what his reception was likely to be after his behaviour to Lynne, and had deserted, taking three valuable camels with him. They made a considerable detour south, so that if Guthrie were already making for Kel-el-abir, they might not encounter him, while Julian sent out a scout to report on what appeared to be going forward in Guthrie's camp. It was nearly nightfall by the time they arrived at Memshi.

It seemed as though their arrival among the strange little huts of this primitive community was going to be uneventful enough; until Julian, in greeting the headman of the village and informing him of their plan to make their camp there for a few days, heard that Haffi had been there, and had left only a few minutes before, when Julian's party had first been sighted. He had had three camels with him.

"By heaven, I'm going after him!" said Julian.

He looked at his automatic to be sure it was loaded, borrowed two camels from Khekoda, and accompanied by Zoani, the most intelligent and competent of their Ilyat servants, set off in pursuit.

The sun was setting, and the sandy land glowed still under its slanting rays, while a pile of clouds in the east seemed to bear with them the coming darkness as they rolled across the sky. The retreating Haffi and his camels could be seen as three black specks moving slowly along the eastern rim under this huge dark panorama of the heavens.

The swift trotting camels bore Julian and Zoani rapidly after him, and the distance between them rapidly decreased, so that, though the dusk grew deeper, the hurrying Armenian could still be seen ahead.

Half an hour later they overtook him in a level waste of hoar scrub, while there was yet light to see his wary yellow face and frightened eyes.

"Well, Haffi, where are you off to?" said Julian, his high voice brittle with challenge as their prey rounded to face them when he was at last sure that they must overtake him on their faster camels.

"Oh, is it you then, good sir?" said Haffi whiningly. "To be sure, I just go to look for you! I was just now going back to find you! Your sister got away from the camp. I think she is lost. I look for her, I look for you both. When I do not find you then I make to return to Kel-el-abir!"

"Get down off that camel!" said Julian, roughly, and levelled his automatic at Haffi's head.

Generous Gift for Promotion of Health

Lady Eaton and T. Eaton Co. Donate \$25,000 a Year for Five Years to University.

Doctors and laymen, interested in the promotion of health are unanimous in expressing gratification with the recent announcement that Lady Eaton and the T. Eaton Co. Ltd., would donate \$25,000 a year for five years to the Department of Medicine, University of Toronto.

This generous gift is a continuation of the endowment of \$25,000 a year made by the late Sir John Eaton and Lady Eaton for 20 years ending next January. The additional pledge of \$25,000 will be used as in the past for the advancement of medicine, part for research in medicine—as distinct from surgery—and part for research in children's diseases. In announcing this new gift, Dr. H. J. Cody, President of the University, said:—

"Since its foundation the faculty of medicine of the University of Toronto has been noted for the excellence of the bedside training of its students. Gifted teachers with high ideals sent forth students who became leaders in their profession, both in Canada and in other lands. Further development and improved organization were planned by the faculty council both before and during the Great War. The proposal was an ideal which its framers hardly hoped to see realized. But it attracted the favourable attention of Sir John and Lady Eaton, when enthusiastic members of the medical faculty laid it before them, and they expressed the desire to make this plan a practical reality. This they did by providing \$25,000 a year for 20 years.

"On the foundation of efficiency and character, laid by the older teachers, the new organization was built. The first incumbent of the new chair was Professor Duncan Graham who happily still presides over this department. Under his leadership the plan was worked out in medicine and in what was then the sub-department of paediatrics, of which Dr. Alan Brown was and still is the head. Presently the Rockefeller Foundation offered to support a similar re-organization in other clinical departments. Dr. Cody continued.

"Thus the generous help of Sir John and Lady Eaton and the T. Eaton Company came at an opportune time in 1919. It made possible the re-organization of the department of medicine and the medical service of the Toronto General Hospital. A new chapter of medical education began, and affected all departments in the faculty of medicine and influenced other medical colleges. The clinical branches have been able to train and retain young men as teachers and practitioners, who have, in turn, worked in loyal co-operation with their seniors on the staff. An eminent doctor in this city describes the issues of this generous gift in these terms: "The results of this gift can hardly be exaggerated. The old and sound idea of observation has been perpetuated for the good of the profession and of the whole country."

In the latest annual report of Dr. Duncan Graham the Sir John and Lady Eaton Professor of Medicine, reference is made to the development of clinical teaching in the Western Hospital, under Dr. Detweiler; to the erection of

paediatrics under Dr. Alan Brown into a separate department, and to the increasing number of problems which are being investigated in the field of clinical research. He notes particularly the work carried out on diseases of the liver, on the neurological changes in pernicious anaemia and on Addison's disease (of the suprarenal glands). The manifold activities of the large department of medicine and paediatrics bear witness to the beneficent results of the Eaton gifts.

Woman Badly Burned in Saving Her Little Child

Mrs. Herbert Roberts, of River Valley, about 20 miles from Sturgeon Falls, is in serious condition from burns sustained when she rescued her child from danger of fire in the home. Mrs. Roberts, who is the wife of the postmaster at River Valley, made the rescue when a fire broke out in the wood box which contained some coal oil and into which the youngster had thrown a match. Despatches say that Mrs. Roberts' action saved the child's life. In running close to the wood box to rescue the child from the flames spreading all over the room, the mother suffered severe burns about the hands and face. Mrs. Roberts' condition is reported as serious.

The child was playing in the kitchen of the Roberts' home and tossed a match into the wood box. It immediately ignited and high flames shot up in the room. Mrs. Roberts ran over to the box and pulled the youngster away just before the flames reached the tot. Mrs. Roberts, in doing this, was forced to go close to the fire and the flames touched her face and hands.

By this time an alarm had been raised and the fire was prevented from spreading any further.

Woman Swings Fists at Conservative Convention

Mrs. Mac Thassey, Blind River, aged 65, is a militant Conservative, and demonstrated the fact at the nominating convention of the Algoma-Manitowlin Liberal-Conservative Association at Espanola last week, according to a despatch this week from Espanola.

William Wismer, Bruce Station, delegate to the convention, was seeking information and interrupted Hon. Dr. J. M. Robb, candidate, during the course of his acceptance address, to ask questions.

Swings Fists

Mrs. Thassey objected to the interruptions. Finally, unable to stand the interruptions longer, she rose from her seat at the front of the hall and strode down the aisle to confront Mr. Wismer. Swinging her fists she demonstrated that if he persisted in interrupting she might be forced to resort to physical means to silence him. Then she returned to her place and the meeting went on.

At the close of the convention, Mr. Wismer, smiling, shook hands with Mrs. Thassey and the two ardent Conservatives laughed the incident off. Mrs. Thassey told Mr. Wismer that she was an ardent Robb supporter and would not stand for anyone interrupting him. She has known Mr. Robb for 20 years, she said, and has been a Conservative ever since she was old enough to vote.

Smicee Reformer:—Another election is in the offing. All of which means that the elector can ready himself to hear what a really fine, upstanding, intelligent sort of fellow he is.

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Says Local Residents are Worst at "Fish-Hogging"

Sault Daily Star—It is the fashion in some quarters to talk about the tourist trade depleting the fish and game of the district but the fact seems rather to be that it is the local fish-hog, the trapper who kills game indiscriminately to get bait for his traps and so on who do the chief damage.

There are, of course, a few fish-hogs among the tourists, but the number of tourist fishermen does not yet approach the number of resident fishermen and there are just as many or more fish-hogs proportionately among the local men as among the visitors.

If the fish-hog and the game-hog could be eliminated, Algoma's game and fish resources would be sufficient to meet the needs of many more fishermen and hunters than now invade our woods.

When the people of Algoma really begin to understand just how important our fish and game resources are and how much business they bring the district in the course of the year, much of this trouble will be over. For they will insist that the game laws be observed—and they will take pains to see that the authorities are informed of infractions.

When you hear fishing parties boasting of big catches, just stop and ask them if they comply with the following regulations:

Speckled trout—Catch limit, 20 per day, with a total weight of not more than 10 pounds; not less than seven inches in length.

Brown trout—Five in one day, not less than seven inches in length. Rainbow trout—Five in one day, not less than seven inches in length.

Lake trout—Five in one day, not less than seven inches in length. Pickerel, Pike or Dore—Catch limit, eight in one day, regardless of length.

Black bass—Six in one day, minimum length 10 inches. Maskinonge—Two per day, regardless of length.

If guides and fishermen, whether residents or tourists, would observe these limitations, it would be a big help to the district.

Surely They Don't Call it Hay Fever in Classy Boston

(Boston Transcript) As Bark Tward used to say, a lot of people talk about hay fever but nobody does anything about it.

Here, for instance, is a learned man from Budapest who is reported in the papers as reviving that old saw about

how hay fever is more prevalent among the more cultivated types of individuals than among the lower classes.

There is small comfort in that at best; and, anyway, most authorities on protein sensitivity think it is bunk. People have been saying it, off and on, for forty years; but statistics seem to give it the lie.

All that has been discovered is that hay fever is a catarrhal affection of the mucous membrane of the eyes, nose and despiratory tract and seems to be caused by the pollen of various plants, by horsehair, by the moles in a sunbeam, or merely by thinking about sneezing.



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