



By Bentley Ridge

CHAPTER XVII
DIGGING FOR GOLD

Far above the old stones of fallen Praemnon, as though brought by some instinct that there were strange doings down below in the hot, yellow country, the vultures wheeled like specks in the blue.

And indeed, the emotions of Lynne and Julian were strange enough as the excavation went ahead, and Julian made the first discovery which gave them a definite expectation of success.

The lifting away of the last mass of rubble which had been thrown into the basin of the well by the demolition of the west wall, showed that the well was paved with two layers of stone blocks. The walls had only one.

Covered in dust, and with the sweat running down his distraught face, Julian pointed this out to Lynne.

"The blocks in the upper layer are thicker than those below—thicker than any of the blocks in the walls. They were put in at a different time!"

"Do you think—?" began Lynne.

"Don't talk about it. Take no notice," said Julian, his face and voice deliberately expressionless, as he glanced at the Ilyats to see whether his excitement had attracted any attention.

He set the men to work to lift off their upper layer of blocks; they were sixteen inches square and eight inches thick, and stuck fast to one another with the half-petrified slime of centuries, and the job was necessarily a slow one. Anxious as he was, Julian made them go about the matter in a methodical way, and the blocks were lifted row by row; by early afternoon, when they had worked without pause since sunrise, half the lower layer of the paving lay exposed to the light.

A cold horror lest his hope should have been in vain crept into Julian's body; the men leaned well-nigh exhausted on their crow-bars. If there was a cache under the paving he had expected to find it in the centre, as the most obvious place; now he was so nearly disappointed he wanted to rush ahead and get the rest of the paving stripped. But the men were muttering among themselves.

Lynne stood gripping the crow-bar with which she had helped to level up the last stone, and felt physically sick with delayed tension.

Julian tossed the yellow hair back from his forehead, and pointing a shaking finger at the stone in the centre of the next row:

"Lift that stone!" he said.

The men looked at one another; hesitated, almost revolted against the

order, then drew their aching bodies to the task again. In ten minutes the stone was heaved out and it toppled over.

Lynne gripped Julian's arm as she stifled the exclamation that rose to her lips.

In the space left by the stone along the edge of the block next to it which had not been shifted, was a dark space about eight inches wide; the shifting of the block had exposed a cavity below, where a stone, or stones, were missing in the lower layer of the paving.

Julian stepped forward, deliberately, with an assumed air of casual interest, while the men stood back, and fell on his knee beside the cavity. Lynne came to his side, and bent over while he thrust his hand into the dark space below.

Her heart beat so hard in her throat that she felt that it would choke her, quickly feeling about. He looked up at Lynne as he did so, and she stared into his face, trying to judge by his expression what it was he felt down there.

Suddenly she saw the blood mount in his face; beneath the dust and sweat it darkened in a burning flush. Though he said not a word, and deliberately repressed every sign of emotion that that Ilyats might see, his eyes, as Lynne stared at them, grew brighter and brighter, deeper and deeper with triumphant meaning.

He drew back, and his arm came out of the hole dripping with muddy water to the elbow. He stood up, and turning away, moved towards the side of the well and said:

"Well! That will do for now! We will eat and rest for an hour, and after that we will work again!"

"SOMETHING THERE?"

The Ilyats, who had watched him examine the hole in the lower paving, turned away, apparently unsuspecting that the cavity contained anything worthy of note. They dropped their tools about the well, and trooped wearily across the sand to their encampment fifty yards away under the shelter of the cliff.

The Ormonds' tent was set a little apart. They went to it together.

"What was it? There was something there?"

"Yes," said Julian tersely. "But they might have been just stones. I'm not sure. We're going to eat, and drink, where the men can see us—and then when they're resting we'll go back to the well. There's a sack in the tent and we'll lift whatever it is out and bring

it away before they start work again."

He spoke as though he were short of breath. And Lynne could well believe it. It required the greatest effort in both of them to sit down in front of their tent for ten minutes, eating tinned beef and biscuits, so that the men might think their behaviour just as usual.

At last Julian went into the tent to get the sack; he rolled it into a bundle under his arm, and he strolled back to the scene of excavations.

Without appearances of undue haste, they lowered themselves into the four-foot depth of the well basin, and there, out of sight of the Ilyats, they set to work.

Lynne waited breathlessly, while he plunged his arm into the cavity; in a moment he drew it out again, dripping. In his hand was a dull, streaky, blackish object, hollow, and about six inches high, with a flattened base.

For a moment he held it in his trembling hand and they stared at it.

"It's a cup!" said Lynne, snatching up the sack, and in a moment the object was in and hidden.

Julian thrust his arm into the hole again and as he brought out the objects Lynne took them from him and slipped them into the sack. It seemed to her, as she took them from him, with the blood beating behind her eyes and a queer dreamlike quality about the silence and the hot, still sunshine, that the things were as heavy as lead.

Julian bent still lower, thrust his arm in to the shoulder and gasped breathlessly:

"I can feel the other side of the hole—there's only one block missing. I ought to be able to get them all from here!"

He brought out another dripping cup. This time with a handle on either side of the rim. Five of them were double-handled, and on some Lynne had glimpsed traces of conventional carving as she passed them into the sack.

There were thirty-two altogether.

Julian thrust about in the hole, brought out pieces of stone, a ring half rusted away, and a length of chain. Blood was pouring from a cut in his hand when he finally withdrew his arm, and said:

"That's all! There's nothing else there!"

Hurriedly and carefully he tumbled the cups together in the bottom of the sack, closed the mouth, and stood up. He looked across the sand, and saw the Ilyats lying and sitting about their encampment.

"Go on!" he said to Lynne, and told

her jerkily, as they climbed out of the well. "Don't walk straight away from here. Stop on the way and pick up bits of stone from the rubble and put them in the sack. They'll think that's what we've got in it."

They loitered round the well, picking up pieces of stone and putting them in the sack; and then at last they both walked back to the tent. There, in its stifling shelter, they examined their find; something acid in the water which had crept into the hole in which they had lain for so long, had corroded to surface of the cups, but Julian scraped the blackened metal with the blade of his knife, and showed Lynne the dull gleam of the gold.

They set the cups in a row and looked at them.

Lynne was conscious of her grimed face and stained hands, of her dishevelled hair full of the white dust of the desert; it was only when she noticed the jubilation in her step-brother's face, the wild triumph, and the gleam of greed in his eyes, that she realized that she too, no doubt, had much the same expression as she sat and gazed in wonder at their find.

The fancied sound of a step outside brought Julian to his senses with a start; and in a moment, with sweeping, grasping hands, he was gathering up the cups and tumbling them into the sack again. He crouched there, clutching it, watching the flap of the tent with such a desperate look that Lynne laughed.

"We are a pair of conspirators!" she said. "There's no one there—and if there were, it wouldn't matter! Guthrie can't take the cups from us now—we've found them, and they're ours!"

"No; no—of course not!" said Julian, echoing her laugh in a mirthless way.

Headache After Headache
Now She's Free From Them

A woman writes:—"I would like everyone who suffers from headaches to try Kruschen Salts. Before taking Kruschen I was seldom free from a headache. But since I have been taking it regularly I have hardly had a headache, for which I am very thankful. I have been taking a small dose of Kruschen every morning in a glass of warm water, before my breakfast, and I feel so well."—(Mrs.) A.E.D.

How do you deal with headaches? Do you just take something to deaden the pain, without getting rid of the trouble which causes the pain?

Headaches can generally be traced to a disordered stomach and to the un-suspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. Remove these poisons prevent them forming again—and you'll never have to worry any more—from that cause. And that is just how Kruschen Salts bring swift and lasting relief from headaches. Kruschen aids Nature to cleanse your body completely of clogging waste matter.

After this was done they remained in camp for the night at Praemnon; and soon after sunrise the camel convoy came up from Memshi. They were three days' journey from Kashan. The ammunition boxes, which were exceedingly heavy, were placed one on each saddle of the pack camels. Meanwhile, Julian gave minute instructions to Zoani and the other Ilyats about clearing and sorting the debris of the excavated well; he strictly forbade any further removal of the remaining three sides of the well; and leaving the men at work to act as a blind should anyone from Guthrie's camp come to investigate, he and Lynne set off with the camel drivers from Memshi.

(To Be Continued)

Ten New Commandments for the Motorists These Days.

These Ten Commandments, formulated by an insurance company, are probably no less valuable because their motive may not be a strictly humanitarian one:

1. You feel sore when an automobile blocks the sidewalk. So does the automobile when you get in front of him. Play fair! Stick to the crosswalk.
2. "Left foot, right foot," is the rule for marching. "Left look, right look," is the rule for crossing.
3. The automobilist considers it quite within his rights to pass a trolley car as long as it continues to move. He often speeds up as the car slows down so that he won't be stalled behind it. Remember this when you plan to hop off a moving trolley on a crowded street—and then don't hop!
4. At ordinary walking speed you can easily stop within the limit of your stride. At fifteen miles an hour an automobile requires at least thirty feet. If one or the other of you must stop, put on your brakes; yours work more quickly.
5. When you must leave the sidewalk at a point where parked automobiles line the curb, go easily and look carefully both ways. The motorist is not expecting you—you must expect him.
6. Dark clothes make you almost invisible at night, especially if an automobilist, coming up behind, is blinded by the glare of another car. Show something white when walking along a road at night. And don't count too confidently that every car will dodge you. Do your own dodging.
7. It may be a little irritating to be ordered around by a traffic cop. But watch him a few minutes, and you'll find he's just as uncomplimentary to the careless automobilist. Besides, it's better to be ordered by the traffic cop than inquired by the coroner!
8. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety when crossing the road.
9. When you decide it is safe to cross the road, don't waver halfway between stopping and starting. Either stop or start; so the approaching motorist can slow down or go ahead.
10. When you step out of an automobile or street car, you become a pedestrian. Don't dart out suddenly from behind the car. There are plenty of accident stories in the newspapers already.

Look sharp. Play fair.

Perhaps our readers may think that the last admonition in these rules should, with a lot of other wholesome advice, be directed solely toward the motorist. But if you feel so inclined remind yourself of

..... Ephraim Gray.

Who died to preserve the right of way? He was right, quite right, as he bowled along.

But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong."

Now For Home

He pulled the sack over to the camp-bed, pushed it underneath, dropping the blanket so as to hide it, and sat down on the bed.

"Phew! What a day!" he said, mopping his brow. "And we haven't by any means finished. What we have to do is to get the things packed up without the Ilyats seeing them; and then we'll get a camel convoy from Memshi, and take them down to Kashan. I'll get them delivered, as geological specimens, to some agents I know there—the Parker Jarvis Company—and then sent on by air to Enzili. Once we get them there, there'll be no more trouble of getting them to England."

"But why to Enzili?" asked Lynne. "Couldn't we take them to Tehran—and take them back with us to London ourselves?"

Julian paused with a far-away look in his eyes, as though he had hardly heard what she said, before he replied:

"Take them to England with us—you say? No, my dear Lynne, that would never do. Once we go down to Tehran taking this load with us, Guthrie will be sure that we've found something. He'll be hard on our heels, he'll probably get to London by air days before we do, and let the press have his own version of the finding of the cups before we arrive. I'm not going to give him a chance to have anything to say about the business at all! It's going to be my find, and I shall spring it on the world. I'm going to get the cups to London before he even knows that this is really Praemnon and not Diala!"

Lynne had nothing to say against this. She had no doubt that he was right.

She remained in the tent, lying on the camp-bed, tense with her consciousness of the contents of the sack underneath. What a glamour and romance there was about those aged treasures, brought out all dripping and black as the darkness itself, into the light of day! Empires had arisen and fallen, nations come into being and vanished, and history had told such a log, long story, since the stones had been lowered over the hiding-place of the cups, to shut them away from the sun.

She did not care, as Julian seemed to care, about getting them away to London. That the cups were found was enough. She did not want to go on quarrelling with Guthrie over the matter; whatever else she might think of him, she did believe that he would truly appreciate the finding of this treasure for itself.

However, when later on Julian began making arrangements to smuggle them away, she was infected by his desire to conceal their discovery until it could be sprung upon the world as theirs—and theirs alone. There was an excitement about the secrecy of his preparations.

He sent five of the men down to Shasti to water the camels; while the remaining two he despatched to Memshi with a request to the headman of the village to prepare to send a caravan at Kashan at daybreak next morning.

The Ilyats left; and as soon as they were out of sight, he and Lynne set to work.

They brought a box of wet clay into the tent, and sitting in its shelter, took the precious cups out of the sack. With the wet clay they coated each cup until it was hidden in a solid cylinder of clay. These they set to dry in a row in the scorching afternoon sun outside the tent; and while Julian kept a careful watch over them, Lynne went collecting the dry, straw-like brush of the dead hoo-scrub.

By the time nightfall came, and with it the Ilyats back from the wells at Shasti, the cups in their clay cylinders were neatly packed between layers of dry brush into four ammunition boxes; nailing the lids down on the boxes was not yet done, and Julian purposely summoned Zoani to do this.

A few chips and pieces from the blocks of the excavated well deposited in the boxes with the lumps of clay, were calculated to convince the Ilyats that there was nothing but those stones for which archaeologists had their ludicrous enthusiasm.

They might be better trusted, Julian thought, not to spread tales to the contrary in the locality.

About Padre's Scott's Plea for More Unity in Canada

Elsewhere in this issue The Advance reprints a lengthy editorial from The Northern Tribune of Kapuskasing in regard to Archdeacon Scott's plea for unity among Canadians. The words of the padre of the Canadian troops has also roused The Globe and Mail to editorial reference. On Friday of last week the Globe and Mail had the following editorial article:—

Padre Scott Speaks for Unity

Venerable Archdeacon Scott chose an appropriate occasion to speak for national unity when he was addressing the veterans at Timmins, men who fought and sacrificed for a larger unity, that of the Empire and democracy.

He found a striking contrast between the spirit of loyalty and devotion which bound men together in one cause on the battlefield and the unrest that seems now to be "splitting the Dominion into a patchwork of separate provinces." "Each member of the Canadian Le-

gion," he said, "naturally believed that his division won the war, but through all this ran a thread so strong that it joined us together in one great unit. Why, the greatest ammunition we had over there was our comradeship. Why can't we have it here to-day?"

It is a question worth asking. Is there less inspiration in the constructive aims of peacetime than in warfare?

The esteemed padre was right in his references to unrest. Not since Confederation was launched has there been so much provincial unrest, so little apparent urge for teamwork in the national interests. Evidently this is not due to political cleavages, but to lack of willingness to view the whole picture instead of the part. The spirit of democracy, on which was founded hope for the common interests, is being forgotten.

The remedy, in the opinion of the Archdeacon, is creation of a Dominion First National Party, a group of men with the welfare of the Dominion at heart. Needless to say, he does not suggest unity through the application of army discipline, but confines his analogy to loyalty for a worthy cause. This was the policy of the Fathers of Confederation when they sank party differences in a spirit of compromise. There is need for the same democratic attitude to-day to save the structure they

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built from toppling over. The national spirit has to be re-awakened, not at the expense of the provinces, but to bind them more closely as members of a family functioning for the common good. If the spirit of Confederation is lost, the motive power behind Canadian democracy has departed.

Powassan New:—We frequently credit a long sober face with wisdom, when the cause is indignation.



The Voters' List Act

(Referred to in Section 58)
Notice of Sittings of Revising Officer

Take notice that sittings of the Revising Officers for the purpose of hearing complaints or appeals with regard to the voters' lists to be used at the election of a member of the Assembly pending for the Electoral District of Cochrane South will be held at the times and places set forth in the schedule hereinafter set out:

- SCHEDULE**
- TOWN OF IROQUOIS FALLS**
- On the 14th day of September, 1937, at 11 a.m. at the Town Hall, Iroquois Falls. Clerk of the Revising Officer: Frank K. Ebbitt, whose address is Iroquois Falls, Ont. J. A. Clermont will be Revising Officer for the above mentioned municipality.
- TOWN OF MATHESON**
- On the 13th day of September, 1937, at 11 a.m. at the Town Hall, Matheson. Clerk of the Revising Officer: P. G. Whitehead, whose address is Matheson, Ont. J. A. Clermont will be Revising Officer for the above mentioned municipality.
- TOWNSHIP OF PLAYFAIR**
- On the 13th day of September, 1937, at 3 p.m., at the Council Chamber, Ramore. Clerk of the Revising Officer: Albert St. Aubin, whose address is Ramore, Ont. J. A. Clermont will be Revising Officer for the above mentioned municipality.
- TOWNSHIP OF TISDALE**
- On the 16th day of September, 1937, at 10 a.m. at the Township Hall, South Porcupine. Clerk of the Revising Officer: Frank C. Evans, whose address is South Porcupine, Ont. J. A. Clermont will be Revising Officer for the above mentioned municipality.
- TOWNSHIP OF WHITNEY**
- On the 15th day of September, 1937, at 2 p.m. at the Township Hall, Porcupine. Clerk of the Revising Officer: J. M. Nicolson, whose address is Porcupine, Ont. J. A. Clermont will be Revising Officer for the above mentioned municipality.
- TOWNSHIP OF CALVERT**
- On the 14th day of September, 1937, at 2 p.m., at the Township Hall, Ansonville. Clerk of the Revising Officer: S. E. Lefebvre, whose address is Ansonville, Ont. J. A. Clermont will be Revising Officer for the above mentioned municipality.
- TOWNSHIP OF TECK**
- On the 18th day of September, 1937, at 1 p.m. at the Township Hall, Kirkland Lake. Clerk of the Revising Officer: J. W. McBain, whose address is Kirkland Lake, Ont. J. A. Clermont will be Revising Officer for the above mentioned municipality.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that the list to be so revised is Parts I and III of the voters' list prepared for the above municipalities.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that any voter who desires to complain that his name or the name of any person entitled to be entered on the said list has been omitted from the same, or that the names of any persons who are not entitled to be voters have been entered thereon, may, at least two clear days before the sittings of the Revising Officer, apply, complain or appeal to have his name or the name of any other person entered on, or removed from the list.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that such appeals must be by notice in writing in the prescribed form, signed by the complainant in duplicate and given to the Clerk of the revising Officer or left for him at his address as stated above.

J. B. T. CARON,
Chairman of the Election Board
for the District of Cochrane

DATED THIS 30TH DAY OF AUGUST, A.D. 1937

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"Since then I have added five other Confederation Life policies, following substantially the plan originally suggested. I bought this further protection because as my family increased, my obligations increased. In the case of the last policy, I bought that because I learned, through some costly experience, that my Life Insurance was the one asset that was always worth one hundred cents on the dollar.

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