



Wells of Gold

By Bentley Ridge

CHAPTER XX KIDNAPPED

Half an hour later Lynne, with Monsieur Duhamel, and Mr. Salstira, was looking at a grey-painted car of very ancient design. It stood in a garage in an alley, behind Mr. Salstira's office, that had once been a stable for mules.

Mr. Salstira bowed and wrung his hands and flashed his white teeth below his fierce black moustache; he snooded away the hens which were roosting on the front seat of the car and assured Lynne that the car had come into the stable under its own power.

Once a relic of the war in Arabia, it had come all the way from there to Kashan; it must, therefore, be capable of getting from Kashan to Tehran. Mr. Salstira had gone to Kum and back in it but a fortnight before. Lynne started the engine up. It sounded good enough.

She paid Mr. Salstira for the car and got him to fill it up with petrol for her. Monsieur Duhamel advised her to wait until next morning, but Lynne insisted on starting immediately. She would go to Kum, a distance of about sixty miles, and continue on from there until dark, when she proposed to sleep in the car by the roadside.

Monsieur Duhamel seemed to regard her proposals with great doubt as to their wisdom. But Lynne, with an expression of reckless determination, bought blankets and food supplies and some petrol from Mr. Salstira, loaded her car with them, and was off within an hour.

All this time she had been fearing that she might see Julian. He might be looking for her, to try to persuade her to go with him to Kel-el-abir.

And indeed Julian was, but by the time he had been to Monsieur Duhamel's to enquire for her, Lynne was ten miles out on the dusty monotonous road to Kum.

Early next morning Lynne drove her battered, dust-white car across the plain towards Tehran; approaching it, it looked like the edge of a forest so hidden where its walls in the thick growing greenery of many gardens.

Lynne drove steadily along; and she herself felt steady and calm with a great purpose. She was going to retrieve her self-respect, right the wrongs she had done and find peace of mind again if she could.

She was still out on the open plain, when she became aware of a cloud of dust behind her on the road. A car was overtaking her. Only the most fleeting suspicion that it might be Julian in pursuit came into Lynne's head; and she drove on without increasing her speed.

But in a few minutes the car was close behind her; it drew abreast—a modern American car—and to her surprise and annoyance she saw that the man at the wheel was Julian.

In the car with him was a dirty and villainous looking Hindu.

Julian cut in ahead of her and slowed, motioning her to stop.

His action was so abrupt that Lynne was compelled to pull up.

Julian got out of the car, and walked back to her. He looked pale, angry, and desperate.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, grimly.

"Enzili," said Lynne, coolly. "I'm glad you're here. I want you to give me a lift to take to the Parker-Jarvis Company in Enzili, authorizing them to hand those boxes over to me!"

"Not on your life!" said Julian. "You'd better," said Lynne. "Otherwise when I get into Tehran I'll have to tell the police what is in the boxes. My dear Julian, there isn't a chance of the cups being shifted from Enzili now! You might just as well give in, and admit yourself beaten!"

"Get out of the car!" said Julian. "Why? Julian—" Julian took her wrist; Lynne struggled, but he heaved her out of the car. Breathless and humiliated, Lynne kicked his shins, but he dragged her along the road to the other car. The Indian gazed at them both with derisive interest, and no surprise. He threw open the door of the car so that Julian might get her into it more easily; and while Julian held her, he passed a cord quickly round her ankles, and tied them together.

Hobbled, she could do nothing against them but struggle furiously, and in a moment or two Julian had her hands tied securely behind her with a scarf.

"YOU WON'T SPLIT ON ME!" It was all done in complete silence; a silence which seemed to add to the nightmare quality of the dreadful event. The sunny sky overhead looked dark to Lynne. She could hardly believe that she was awake. To be treated like this by Julian!

They put her in the back of the car, a handkerchief tied tightly round her mouth; the hood and veil of a Persian woman over her head, concealing it.

Julian spoke to Lynne then. "I'm sorry about this! But you shouldn't be so damned silly. You're going somewhere where you won't get a chance to split on me until I've got those cups out of the country."

Lynne was unable to make any reply. He got into the driver's seat behind the Hindu, and they drove on.

Lynne could see very little in the smothering folds of the hood. She could tell when the car came to the town by feeling the bump of the cobbles on the road, and by glimpsing the walls of houses as they passed them. Soon they were in the crowded quarter and she could hear the noise of the crowd.

It was an agony to her to feel so utterly helpless, and to know that she was so near to assistance. Aunt Sophie, the Trents, the police, were all so near at hand, and yet there was nothing to be done.

She struggled furiously to get her mouth free of the handkerchief, and to loosen her hands. But she still lay helpless, panting with the exertion of trying to free herself, when the car passed out of the town and took the road to

the north. Some way further on Julian stopped to fill up the car with petrol from a drum on the running board; he did not speak to her, but looked to see that she was still securely tied, and then drove on.

By raising herself on the seat Lynne could see which way they were driving and she now found that they were driving over a monotonous, dusty track across the empty plains.

She went on working away with her hands trying to loosen them under the rug Julian had thrown over her, when with a sudden shock of relief, she found the scarf growing slack. In a moment or two her hands were free.

She sat quite still, considering how to make the best use of her freedom. Since she had got a better view of it, she had seen no one else on the road. In an agony of impatience she waited; and at last she saw her chance.

Ahead on the road was a chain of pack mules, with their native drivers. If only she could do something to attract their attention—!

On the left of the road, a short way ahead, there was a long ditch, about three feet deep, and as Lynne's eye fell on it, another idea sprang into her head.

She got ready, shifted her arms to throw off the rug, gathered herself together—

Just as they came level with the ditch she flung the rug free, launched herself forward leaning over Julian's shoulder, clutching the wheel and flinging it round.

The Hindu grabbed at her; Julian tried to pull her hands away; and Lynne, lying across the back of the driving seat, the veil fallen down over her face, could only cling blindly to the wheel.

The car plunged off the road, crashed nose down into the ditch. Lynne heard the windscreen splinter, as she slithered over, and landed in a heap with Julian against the dashboard.

This being only what she had expected, Lynne kept her head better than the other two; in an instant her hands were at her mouth tearing off the handkerchief that bound it, and pulling out the sodden wedge of the handkerchief Julian had scuffed between her teeth.

She got her head free of the blinding folds of the veil, and began struggling with the knots of the rope round her ankles.

By this time the muleteers had arrived at the scene of the accident to see what had happened. Julian, cursing, climbed out of the car, and one of the muleteers interested by Lynne's struggles inside, poked his head in at the window.

Lynne could not think of the Arabic for knife. But the muleteer grasped what she wanted, and handed his knife through the window.

In an instant Lynne had the rope cut, and a moment later she was out of the car. Still holding the knife she retreated ten yards or so along the road. But the muleteer who had lent the knife to her was not going to lose it so easily; he followed her with enquiring looks, while the others busied themselves about the car.

Lynne felt in the pocket of her slacks. Finding a silver coin or two she gave them to the man; evidently they seemed sufficient to him for he looked very much relieved and with a smile on his swarthy face, made no further trouble. Free, and with this weapon in her hand, Lynne felt a new woman as she stood and watched them try to pull the car out of the ditch.

After a first glance of angry astonishment, Julian took no notice of her. The muleteers struggled to push the car out of the ditch, and finally, after Julian had paid them, harnessed their mules to it and dragged it out.

KNIFE IN HAND Julian started it up to make sure that it would still go. The muleteers got ready to continue their journey in a leisurely fashion. It took them half an hour to get away, and while they did so, Julian sat on the step of the car smoking a cigarette. Lynne, who sat on the side of the ditch a few yards away with her knife in her hand, guessed that he was not going to attempt to deal with her until the muleteers were out of the way.

Now and again she fingered the knife blade tentatively, glancing at him. Before the muleteers left she strolled across the road, where she stood against the clay bank on the other side. It looked like an innocent enough move, but in reality she had decided that it was best to have her back to a wall.

Things seemed to be getting worse and worse. That she should have to defend herself against Julian's coercion with a knife! None the less she had every intention of doing so.

As soon as the muleteers were a few

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If You Like Books

(By A. H.)

A book that should appeal to every Legionnaire, but will not probably make such a "hit" with the ladies is "Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields," written by Herbert Rae. It is a story of Canada and Canadians during the days of the Great War, and being a perfectly truthful account, is of much interest. It touches briefly on the formation of the Contingent in Canada, its organization at Valcartier, its training on Salisbury Plain, until eventually it was turned out, a finished article, ready to fight on the battle fields of France and Flanders. The whole book is written in light and humorous style, without a dull moment.

In introducing the book A. H. Markham states:

"Although all the names in this work are fictitious (including the author's), many of the persons mentioned are well-known to me, and I can therefore more fully appreciate the jokes and witticisms herein related, better, perhaps, than others who are not so well known to them. The book is, practically, a narration of the experiences of some of the members belonging to the first Canadian Contingent that crossed the Atlantic to aid us in this world-wide war."

And just as an appetizer, here is a short quotation from the book:

"Then the news came that we were to go as a division. The four brigades were to be shipped to Europe with all the supernumerary officers, and everyone sighed with relief. The transport was to march before us, and we were to see them no more. Ours would be under the hungry eye of the senior horse-thief, the transport officer. He had with some difficulty obtained the services of a transport sergeant, a robber second in degree only to himself. This worthy had been asked, when he applied for the post, if he knew anything about horses?

"No; but I guess I can manage them. I once drove a steam shovel."

He was duly installed in his new position, when for several days he wandered round armed with an oil-can and a spanner! Finally the one was kicked into the river by a recalcitrant mule, and the other lost."

This book is only one of the many that may be acquired at the Legion Library in the Legion hall on Cedar street.

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Wedding Saturday at South Porcupine

South Porcupine, Ont., Sept. 19th 1937. Special to The Advance.

We regret to learn of the death at Hespeler, Ont., of the father of Mr. J. D. McCarthy, of South Porcupine. Mr. and Mrs. D. McCarthy left on Saturday to attend the funeral. The late Mr. McCarthy had, up until recent years, been quite active in Toronto's municipal affairs.

Harvest Festival Services

The Harvest Festival Services in St. Paul's Anglican Church to-day were well attended, particularly the evening service. The church looked very prettily—decorated with grain, fruit, vegetables and flowers—large bunches of grasshopper in the chancel and autumn leaves and fruits gracing the windows, etc. Members of the congregation had worked on Saturday to achieve the effect and although frost had spoiled most of the gardens the showing was good.

Archdeacon Woodall conducted all services, the evening service having special music, Mrs. Reynolds singing in her lovely contralto voice. In Green Pastures.

Wedding on Saturday

The wedding took place on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock in St. Joachim's Church, South Porcupine, of Bella Joan Beaudry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beaudry, of Dome Extension. Fr. Gelinus united her in marriage with Orville Stewart of Timmins, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, of Cochrane.

It was a simple and very pretty wedding. The bride who was given away by her father wore a long bridal gown of palest pink chiffon with powder-blue velvet sash and trimmings, pink shoes, and gloves and a long veil of palest pink net caught to the head in a coronet. She carried an exquisite nosegay of pink roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Her attendant, Miss Louise Vallan-court, of Timmins, wore a gown of old rose crepe with picture hat of old rose, with powderblue shoes and gloves and carried a nosegay of pink roses and forget-me-nots.

The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Tony Viande, of Noranda, who acted as groomsmen.

During the ceremony Mrs. M. Bes-sette sang "Ave Maria" and during the signing of the register, "I Love You Truly."

A reception and wedding breakfast was held in Timmins at the Lady Laurier hotel and many friends attended to wish the happy pair, luck and happiness.

The young couple left by train for a honeymoon in Hamilton and on their return will reside in Timmins.

Mrs. Stewart and the bridegroom's three sisters from Cochrane were present at the wedding, also Mr. Raoul Beaudry, of Horwood Lake and Mr. Mino Beaudry, of Rouyn, brothers of the bride.

We wish to add our best wishes to those of others, and hope that their wedded life may be a long and happy one. The bride has grown up in So. Porcupine attended our schools and been respected and like by all. She attended Normal School in Ottawa, and has been recently on the staff of St. Charles School, Timmins.

Haileybury Court Postponed to Nov. 8

Porcupine People will be Able to Vote as a Consequence.

Haileybury, Sept. 20.—(Special to The Advance)—Those residents of the Porcupine district who expect to give their attendance at Temiskaming Fall Assizes here in various capacities will not have to discharge their duties until the week commencing November 8, the court sittings having been adjourned five weeks from the original date of October 4 assigned to them. Further, in postponing the court, Osgoode Hall authorities also have intimated another judge will preside, Mr. Justice Ainslie Greene having been designated to sit on the bench, instead of Mr. Justice Hogg, who had been named in the list previously issued.

Porcupine citizens affected by the change, together with several scores of others in different parts of the T. & N. O. territory north from Gillies Depot, consequently will be at home to cast their votes, if they so desire, on October 6, a probability that seemed remote until the alteration in the arrangements was authorized. Witnesses and others involved in trials arising out of two road fatalities will be brought here from the Timmins district, manslaughter cases having developed out of the accidents. Other criminal cases include two murder charges, a third manslaughter case and two other cases.

Notification of the change in dates was received here on Friday by J. A. Legris, K.C., who, as president of the Temiskaming Law Association, had petitioned Osgoode Hall to postpone the sittings because the heavy crowd clashed with the polling day in the elections and thereby wrought hardship on numerous residents of a wide territory. He asked also for separate non-jury and jury sittings, but in his letter Mr. Justice Greene notes that he will have only two weeks to devote to the court and he thinks it unlikely the non-jury list will be reached in the time at his disposal. There are four civil jury cases on the list already.

Miss Mary Emma Skavlem left to-day to take up her studies at Varsity College, Toronto.

1938 Motor Permits Are Now Available

Advantage Sale Designed to Give Fair Play to Those Buying 1938 Cars and Trucks

Toronto, September 20, 1937.—Hon. T. B. McQuesten, Minister of Highways, announced to-day that 1938 motor vehicle permits and operators' licenses will go on sale throughout the province immediately. Agents in the larger centres are already supplied, and shipments of supplies are being made daily to the smaller points.

The Highways Department is making 1938 permits available at this time so that purchasers of new 1938 cars and trucks will not be obliged to pay for 1937 registration and so that the increasingly large number of autumn purchasers of used cars and trucks will not have to pay the usual transfer fee with only three months of the year remaining.

The advance sale of 1938 permits is also designed to alleviate the usual last minute rush when 1937 permits expire at the end of the year.

The new plates are of exceptionally attractive design this year, with Crown and Orange figures on Blue background. There will be no letter prefixes. The series letter will come in the second, third or fourth position between the numerals, and each plate will have only one series letter.

Reduction in Rates

A substantial reduction in rates is announced, which will be welcome news to motorists and owners of commercial vehicles.

The government having decided to change the license year to coincide with its fiscal year, 1938 permits and licenses will be valid until March 31st, 1938.

In announcing the advance sale of 1938 permits Mr. McQuesten stated that the Department will be unable to consider requests for special arrangements of numbers or special series letters. This has occasioned considerable extra work in the past and the minister hopes, by its discontinuance, to save the expense this extra work involved and at the same time increase the efficiency of the service given to all motorists.

Over one hundred issuing offices are located at convenient points throughout the province. As formerly, those living in districts remote from issuing offices can procure their permits and licenses by mail, direct from the Department of Highways, Motor Vehicles Branch, Queen's Park, Toronto.

St. Thomas Times-Journal:—The most satisfactory method of curtailing reckless driving is the cancellation or suspension of the permits of those who operate their cars in such a way as to endanger human life. It is encouraging to note that the Ontario authorities are paying more attention to this sure-fire method for increasing the safety of the highway. It is reported that over a period of years 20,000 permits have been suspended in this province, and some 6,000 have been cancelled for life.

Revising Officers for the Town of Timmins

Will sit to revise the list at Harmony Hall on Wed., Sept. 22 at 10 a.m. and at 2 p.m. on Thurs., Sept. 23 at 10 a.m., 2 and 7.30 p.m.

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Thursday, Sept. 30th

Bargain Excursion tickets will be valid on Trains 2 or 46 and their connection Thursday, Sept. 30th. Passengers who use our Train 2 will connect at North Bay with C.P. Train 2 leaving 8.20 p.m. same date. Passengers who use Train 46 will arrange their own transfer to North Bay C.P. Depot and take C.P. Train 8 leaving at 1.00 a.m. Friday, October 1st.

Tickets are valid to return leaving destination point not later than C.P. Train 1 from Windsor St. Station Montreal 10.15 p.m. Sunday, October 3rd and connecting at North Bay with our Train 1 at 12.45 p.m. Oct. 4th EXCEPT passengers from points north of Porcupine must leave not later than C.P. Train 7 from Montreal 7.50 p.m. Sunday, Oct. 3rd to connect at North Bay with our Train 47 Monday, October 4th.

Tickets will not be honoured on Trains 49-50, The "Northland."

Tickets destined Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre not good on Semi-Streamlined Trains 350 and 352 to Quebec or 349 and 351 from Quebec but good on all other trains between Montreal and Quebec.

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