



By ALROY WEST

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

TRIP ASHORE

Captain Wicks joined him as he was considering these things and making provisional plans.

"Desolate place, isn't it?" Wicks asked. Peter nodded his head.

"It's almost impossible to believe that people live here," he declared. He realized that he must make Wicks think that he had no intention of trying to get away.

"People live almost everywhere," Wicks reminded him. "Perhaps the greatest wonder is how they manage to live all crowded together in a city. That isn't natural you know. It's part of the artificial development which we call civilization."

Drew smiled. "Evidently town life doesn't appeal to you," he commented.

"Yes it does. I'm like everybody else. Why do you think I'm taking this gold—only to have a good time and to give myself a chance of leaning back and taking life easily. But I really came along to point out to you that travelling isn't exactly a healthy pastime along this coast. The people who do live in these parts have some very nasty ideas of hospitality."

"I've heard a good many tales from some of my friends—and most of them were pretty grim. The Arabs frequently leave mutilated bodies lying on the sand so that others can get a better idea of what will probably happen to them."

"Maybe you'll bear that in mind, Mr. Drew. If you do leave the ship I shall feel that it is my duty to follow you and bring you back. I shouldn't like to come across your body somewhere among the sand dunes—especially if the Arabs had been decorating it."

"Bear in mind what I told you, anyway."

"I'll do that," Peter told him. The peril of falling in with Arabs, however, made no difference to his determination to escape from the trawler. He knew that Wicks would have no compunction about murdering him once the voyage was drawing to a close and his services were no longer required. On the other hand, Gallop was just as big a villain, and would treat him the same once they managed to get ashore.

After a time Peter went down to his cabin. The dinghy was being launched and the men were going ashore. Gallop, glad of a rest, was lying in his bunk. He opened one eye sleepily as Peter entered the tiny cabin.

"Don't feel like going ashore?" Peter asked.

The engineer shook his head. "I feel like sleeping," he grunted. "That's all I want."

Realizing that it was impossible to do anything so long as Gallop remained in the cabin, Peter went back on deck. "Do you feel like stretching your legs ashore?" Wicks asked him.

He shook his head. "I feel a bit fagged," he explained. "I'd prefer to stay on deck if it's all the same to you, sir."

Captain Wicks nodded curtly. "Suit yourself," he said. "I'm going to see if there is any sign of water anywhere. I very much doubt it, all the same. However the search will keep the men quiet."

Peter watched the dinghy reach the shore and saw Howe jump out to pull it up the beach. For a few minutes the men capered about. Then with Wicks in charge, they set off for the dunes.

"Fat lot of good looking for water there," Peter thought. Then his eyes narrowed. It was far more likely that Wicks was plotting some mischief or other. He hurried to his cabin and roused Gallop.

"What do you want?" the engineer demanded.

Peter explained, and Gallop slipped down from his bunk.

"He's up to something all right enough," he said thoughtfully.

"It's just as well you told me. What about leaving them on shore? We could get the ship out of this, couldn't we?"

"I shouldn't like to try it," Peter said. "You'd have to be down below, and I couldn't very well be steering and leaving the lead. It's a tricky inlet. I'm very much afraid that we should only manage to run her aground."

Gallop nodded his head. "It was only an idea which flashed into my mind," he confessed. "Now that I've had a chance of thinking it over, I can quite see that we couldn't manage it. For one thing, the engine wouldn't stand much more, and we're still some distance from a place where we could slip off with the gold."

"A considerable distance," Peter remarked drily. "It wouldn't be so far if you would consider handing it over and getting the reward. It should be fairly substantial."

Gallop shook his head. "Nothing doing," he said firmly. "I want a good share. To be exact, I want half." He stretched himself. "What about your swimming ashore and bringing the dinghy back? Then you can take me and we can have a look at those sand dunes and find out just what little game is attracting the dear captain at the moment. He's a changeable cuss!"

Peter did some quick thinking. "It wouldn't do for us both to go ashore," he pointed out. "Suppose Wicks returned another way and missed us. He'd realize that we had trailed off on our own and might feel tempted to leave us behind."

Gallop scratched his neck. "I'm not so sure about that," he said. "There's the engine to be overhauled."

"Couldn't Gordon do it? Or is he really ignorant about such matters?" Gallop's eyes almost closed. He clenched his mighty fists.

"If that pasty-faced apology for a man is stringing me I'll strangle him," he said between his teeth. Then he shook his head. "He's not much good," he announced. "I'm sure of that. But Wicks might risk it. After all he has to pay me a pretty good share. He'd be pretty confident that there wouldn't be much risk so far as leaving us behind is concerned. But he couldn't get across without me." He shook his head again.

Peter made one more effort. "He might be pretty efficient with sail," he suggested.

Gallop whistled. "I didn't think off that," he said quickly. "It would be possible to rig up a sail or two. He's a wizard with a sail is the captain. Owned a schooner at one time. She was pretty fast, too. He certainly knew how to get everything he wanted out of her. Maybe you're right. Can you slip ashore and get the dinghy? You'll have to stay on board the ship until I get back."

He took a step forward and grasped Peter by the shoulders. "I'm going to trust you," he announced. "You're going to get the boat and bring it for me. Then you'll row it to the shore with me, and bring it back to the ship afterwards. It doesn't matter if Wicks does turn up, you'll keep the boat here until I arrive on the shore. Get the idea?"

Peter nodded his head. "I understand," he said slowly. "And I'll follow out your directions."

"That's all right," said Gallop. "It might not arouse so much suspicion if I stay in the dinghy and try my hand at fishing," Peter suggested.

"It would be a good plan," the engineer agreed.

They put the scheme into action. Peter slipped off his clothes and dived over the side. He swam to the dinghy, launched it and rowed back to the trawler. Gallop helped him aboard. He quickly dressed, slipped down to his cabin—ostensibly for his pipe and tobacco—and then took his place in the thwarts.

As soon as the dinghy reached shallow water, Gallop jumped over the prow and splashed his way ashore. "I'll find out what little game Wicks is playing," were his last words before making for the dunes.

Peter waited until the engineer was out of sight, and then helped himself to some things which were in the locker. He filled the flask he had obtained from his cabin from the small keg of water, and also had a refreshing drink. Then he pulled out the plugs, put them in his pocket, and jumped out of the boat. As the water began to pour in he pushed it out into deeper water.

Then, after a quick glance about him, he set off to the north in the direction of the place where the Russian steamer had been wrecked.

He was elated at the success of his plan. It was very probable that Wicks had taken the hands ashore in order to discuss something with them. And that something was quite likely to have reference to the engineer. Wicks obviously would like to cut down the number of people who had a share in the gold. Nevertheless, it was certain that he would not attempt any drastic action until the crossing had been made. Gallop was too good a man to be dispensed with, and should have realized that. His vulnerable point, however, was his distrust of the captain. Peter felt that he had played on that quite well.

Wicks might take it for granted that his mate would be killed by Arabs, or die of starvation. But on the other hand he might decide that it was far too risky leaving things in the air. He might want to make a further call, either at the Canary Islands, or more probably at St. Louis on the way to Cape Verd. He would not be too comfortable if there was the slightest chance that his mate had been able to get into touch with the authorities. It was always possible to encounter an outpost of the Foreign Legion.

So Peter felt certain that Wicks would make some sort of attempt at pursuit.

The walk to the Dunes was exquisite agony. The sand was too soft so that his feet sank down at every step, and the burden of the heat was almost intolerable. At last, however, he came to the dunes and found that the ground was much firmer. He had a small compass with him, and carefully took his bearings before penetrating this region.

Hour after hour seemed to go past as he wound about at the base of the dunes. After a time he had a rest, munching a biscuit and drank a little water. This refreshed him and he continued on his way. There was never the slightest indication of pursuit, and at last he began to feel more confident of his ability to reach the Russian steamer.

He was taking a considerable risk, but he felt it was much to be preferred to the almost certain risk of being murdered by Wicks at the end of the voyage. He felt pretty sure that even if a pursuit of the trawler was started, Wicks would manage to slip away. Some of the things Gallop had told him

helped to give him this impression. By the time he took his second rest, Peter calculated that he had covered about five of the 12 miles to the wreck.

There was some slight comfort in the thought that this was, if anything a conservative estimate. He moved onwards again, and a curve in the coast brought him within sight of the sea once more. It was a welcome sight, if only for confirmation that he was going in the right direction. He wasted a few minutes in order to climb a dune and look for any sign of either trawler or wreck. It was impossible to see either of them. Annoyed with himself for losing time in this way, he moved on at a slightly increased pace.

It was oppressively hot and Peter felt that he had been walking through a perpetual oven. After a time he came to a low hill and sat down under the shadow cast by one of the boulders. He took another sip of water from his precious supply and then rested, glad to be out of the glare of the sun.

Evidently he dozed through sheer fatigue, for he awakened with a start. His first thought was to jump up and run, because he heard sounds of talking. Then he realized that this would be futile, only serving to attract attention.

He crouched against the boulder and waited. Once his head had cleared from the effects of sleep he knew that it could not be Wicks and his party, because the sounds were coming from the wrong direction.

Suddenly a camel came into sight followed by another, and then a third. They were being led by Arabs clad in dirty garments. Five more Arabs followed the baggage camels. Peter noticed that they carried rifles. After them came a few wretched blacks huddled together and with their hands fastened behind their backs. Two Arabs brought up in the rear, and had another captive between them.

Peter's first thought was one of relief that he had not been detected. Then he was seized with a sudden fury, for the last prisoner was a girl—and a European girl! Even as he watched, she stumbled and was jerked cruelly to her feet by her captors.

(To be Continued)

Interesting Items from Iroquois Falls

Banquet in Honour of D. H. Parker. Curling, Dance.

Iroquois Falls, Ont., March 5, 1938.—(Special to The Advance)—A fine banquet and farewell party, in honour of Mr. D. H. Parker, who is leaving shortly, having resigned as manager of the mill, was put on by the superintendents, on Saturday evening, in the Rod and Gun Club hut.

On completion of the enjoyable banquet, Mr. A. R. Mobbs presented Mr. Parker with a fine raw-hide travelling bag, on behalf of the superintendents, and in doing so, mentioned that their associations with Mr. Parker during the past two years had been most pleasant.

In a fitting response, Mr. Parker mentioned that he also had enjoyed working with the department heads, and at all time had found them most willing and congenial.

Following the banquet, the party joined in a very entertaining social evening, and had a very good time.

Departments Battle for Prize in Curling

A prize donated by one of the leading citizens is giving the curlers an opportunity to battle it out, and as each department secretly hopes and works for the fine prize, the games become interesting to watch.

The following departments are represented by:

First division—Stores, Mr. Jessup, Dobson, Dixon and Steve Farrell, T. & N. O. Ry., Messrs Ollivier, Varrette, Ingley, and Reed, Mechanical Dept., Messrs Thistlethwaite, Powers, Caron, and Lavallee, Superintendents, Messrs Sallsbury, Cuthell, Armstrong and Patker, Woods Dept., Messrs Kishbaugh, Foy, Harwood and Sam Farrell, Ansonville team No. 1, Messrs Grummett, Leblanc, Wilson and Kussner.

Second Division: Main Office, Messrs Wood, Cameron, Lough and F. Cameron, Ansonville No. 2, Messrs Dales, Smith, Clouthier and Reginald, Paper Mill, Messrs Towseley, Koughan, Sayer, and Needham, Merchandise, Messrs Banting, Jago, Biggs and Black, Townsite, Messrs Boyd, Pollock, Kelly and Moore. Spares to fill vacancy as they occur are: Messrs Foster, Kent, Abel, McKibbag, Charron, Kent and Gorman.

The games as scheduled will last to about March 12th, when the winners of each division will play the final game.

Pre-Lent Dance Proves Enjoyable

Many couples turned out on Monday evening to dance to the fine music as played by Al Perini and his Aristocrat orchestra, in a Pre-Lent dance held in the Iroquois Falls town hall.

With many favourite dance hits being played, the folks were able to make merry prior to their observing of Lent, which starts on Wednesday.

Personals

Messrs Philip Curley, Harold Wilson, and J. W. Tooley, all of Iroquois Falls, are going to Timmins on Monday to try their examinations for Steam Engineers.

Mr. R. Eades, of Smooth Rock Falls, is spending the week-end in town, with friends.

A Fantasy

(From The Detroit Free Press)

It was night in the great city, and Pleasure was restless on the streets.

It went into the theatre, and the house was ringing with laughter, and the players on the stage were brilliant, and there was mirth in the music, but there was the shadow of unrest and the flute notes were harsh.

It went into the gilded halls of vice, where sounds of revelry filled the air, but the wine was bitter and the silks were worn.

It went into the richly-appointed club room, where the viands were costly and the service of silver and gold, but the atmosphere was oppressive, and the talk of men was wearisome.

It went into the dinner-table of the merchant prince, where the great of the earth sat down to the feast, but the glitter of lights and flash of jewels burned the eyes.

It went to the grand dancing chamber of the palace, where beauty and youth in bewildering splendour moved to the sensuous strains of the waltz, where the odors of flowers swept in upon the dances, where the merry laugh rippled in and out among the throng, and where roguish eyes and rosy lips played hide and seek with the hearts of men, but the ghost of disquiet haunted the place and flitted about the lights and dimmed them.

It went out into the night and looked up to the dark blue arch of the sky and a child's voice fell upon its ears, and it was pitiful in its want.

It followed the child to its awful home of poverty and sickness and desolation, and it gave of all it had, and spoke in cheering words, and the child said: "It is not yet morning, but the sun is shining."

And Pleasure went out into the night again, and Peace walked with it beneath the silent stars.

First Prize at Whist Drive, Half Ton of Coal

The first prizes, both for ladies and men, at the Cornish Social Club whist drive on Thursday, March 10th, in the Hollinger Recreation hall, is to be a half ton of coal. This seems a particularly timely sort of prize these days for this country. There will be six other valuable prizes, so it will be well worth while to be one of the winners at this whist drive. Like all other Cornish Club social events the evening is sure to be a pleasant one, so anyone attending, whether a prize winner or not, will receive many times the value of the price of admission. Refreshments will be served during the evening.

Blairstown Enterprise:—On a rather warm day last year an old lady went up in an aeroplane for the first time. When they had been in the air some time, she pointed to the pilot: "You can turn off that fan now; it's becoming quite cool."

Tone-ka
The New Tonic and Blood Purifier
Invigorates and Stimulates the System
Rich in Vitamin D

Barks, Herbs, Leaves and Roots from Mountain, Field and Forest.

Tone-ka—made from natural Barks, Herbs, Leaves and Roots, fortified with sunshine Vitamin D in every spoonful of it, is the ideal Tonic for building body resistance, for renewing energy. Tone-ka stimulates the appetite, aids in correcting faulty elimination, helps to clear the complexion and to relieve gastric disturbances.

ONE DOLLAR

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. LIMITED
TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1854 CANADA

into camp" at hockey. But not satisfied with that, as exercise, had gone on a hare and hounds hike immediately after. The Akela is working on ski and shovel equipped hares for the next chase.

Your Hobby. (This week the hobby is for Cubs but I am sure that a good many Scouts will get ideas for some things that might be used in models (they are making.)

We'll call it Spoolishness—somebody else did and I can think of no better name.

Projects: Window shade or electric light pulls, necklace for Indian costumes, barrels for toy freight trains, railroad lantern, block prints, and a spool menagerie.

Material: Knife, quick drying enamel, (red, blue, yellow, black), sandpaper, spools and beads. (The beads must be larger than the centre hole in the spool), paper and pipe cleaners.

Procedure: Trim the spools to barrel shape, cut off both ends for barrels and paint, only one end for railroad lantern, paint body silver with black lines—handle made from paper clip. Varying shapes and sizes, with beads, threaded, with or without tassels, make attractive electric light and window shade pulls. Endless chain of beads and various carved spools make Indian-like necklaces. Spools, for the body, pipe-cleaners for the arms, beads for the head and coloured paper for the tail or wings, and in some cases the head, make the funniest animals and birds you ever saw. Cut the ends of spools with a sharp knife in various designs. Dip in tube paint or enamel that has been spread out on paper. Tap coloured spool with small hammer, on a piece of cloth that has been fastened down with thumb tacks.

Your leader or your parents will probably be able to give you some ideas if you're stuck, so hop to it.

Remember the mind reading stunt at the Campfire last month? Do you think that the "professor" would have been as quick as the Scout who was acting the part of a mind reader at a bazaar and some smart alec loudly dared him to read his mind? The Scout replied: "Sorry, I can't do it. I left my microscope at home."

Scoutingly yours,
Edw., District Leader.

Report for February of the District Children's Aid

The following is the report of A. G. Carson, superintendent of the Catholic District Children's Aid for the month of February:

Applications for children for adoption	1
Office interviews	39
Interviews out of office	42
Complaints received	31
Investigations made	32
Children involved	41
Children in Shelter	15
Children in boarding homes	31
Mail received	75
Mail sent out	104
Court attendance	5
Juvenile cases	12
Boys on probation to court	16
Investigations for other societies	1
Mileage travelled	1175
Wards visited	5
Children given assistance in their own homes	9
Wards returned to Shelter	1
Children committed to an industrial school	1
Adoptions completed	4
Cases under the Unmarried Parents Act	4

Blankford Expositor:—A prominent headmaster in South Africa is strongly advocating a six-day school week. He says that the gap from Friday afternoon to Monday morning is too long, but he doesn't expect any applause from the ranks of juvenile Canada.

The Pupils of
E. NATHANSON
present
A VIOLIN RECITAL
with
Paddy Quinn, assisting artist
and
Gordon Archibald, accompanist
at the
HARMONY HALL
Tuesday, March 8, 8 p.m.
Tickets may be procured at the door—50c

Bargain Coach Excursion
FROM
T. & N. O. and N. C. R. REGULAR STATIONS
TO
Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Que.
via North Bay and Canadian Pacific Railway
THURS., MARCH 17th 1938

Bargain excursion tickets will be valid on Trains 2 and 45 and their connections, Thursday, March 17th. 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, March 18th.

Tickets are valid to return, leaving destination point not later than C.P. Train 1 from Windsor Street Station, Montreal, 10:15 pm Sunday, March 20th and connecting at North Bay with our Train 1 at 12:45 p.m. Monday, March 21st—EXCEPT passengers from Iroquois Falls and points north of Porquus MUST leave not later than CP Train 7 from Montreal, 7:50 p.m. Sunday, March 20th, to connect at North Bay with our Train 47, Monday, March 21st.

Tickets will not be honored on Trains 49 and 50 "The Northland."

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

Tickets Good in Coaches Only. No Baggage Checked
Children 5 years of age, and under 12, when accompanied by guardian HALF FARE

For fares and further particulars apply to Local Agent
Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway
The Nipissing Central Railway Company