



Towards morning Alla flung herself down in the sand. "It's no good!" she cried. "I can't go on any further. I'm absolutely done in."

Peter felt exhausted also and he was glad to settle down near to her. "It's beastly cold for sitting about," he complained.

"It is, I'm sorry I asked you to throw that blanket thing away. We might have used it to cover ourselves over. Still, it wasn't very nice and it was filthy dirty. I think it belonged to the Arab who walked beside me. He jerked every bone in my body every time I slipped."

"I'm glad I stuck a knife into him," Peter declared, slightly puzzled to discover that he had practically forgotten the incident.

"So am I," Alla said vindictively. Abruptly she changed the subject. "How many miles do you think we are from the ship?"

Peter frowned. He was feeling decidedly uneasy. According to his reckoning, they should have come to the inlet by this time. They were near the sea, but when he had last climbed to the top of one of the dunes there had been no sign of the trawler's lights.

"We should come to it any time," he said thoughtfully. I can't be certain because my calculations were of a very rough and ready nature. It's not easy when one is dodging about in a wilderness of sand dunes.

"I understand that," the girl agreed. "Do you think they've started to pursue us yet?"

"I haven't heard any strange sounds. Have you noticed how deathly still everything is on the fringe of the desert? I suppose it's worse still further inland."

"I've noticed it. That's why I think it's so wonderful to be able to hear the surf."

"For a time they rested, and then the girl stood up. "Do you mind moving off again?" she asked. "I feel too cold to stay here any longer."

"We might as well keep moving. I expect it will be dawn soon."

"They made their way onwards. The dunes became less frequent, and they were soon wading through loose sand. The only thing to encourage them was the sound of the waves on their right.

"If we are surrounded we can take to the water and drown," said the girl in a moment of gloom.

"Yes I think it would be a far nicer end than to be captured."

"You mustn't let yourself be captured," the girl said with a shudder. "They captured one of my crew. It was ghastly! I'm trying to forget about it."

"The best way to forget is to keep looking for the lights of the trawler," Peter advised. "I'm certain we must be getting near to her."

"I'm afraid we've made very slow progress," Alla pointed out. As dawn was breaking they were startled by the sound of firing ahead of them. They exchanged glances. "What can that be?" the girl demanded.

Peter shook his head. "I don't know. Obviously there are Arabs about. But there must be somebody else also. They're either having

a scrap with Wicks, or with some of the Spanish Legion."

"The former I should think. The Spanish don't seem to be policing this part at all nowadays."

"I don't think Wicks has a gun," Peter said thoughtfully. "Don't you think we'd better go ahead?"

"I expect so. It would certainly be wiser to flit out rather than hang about in ignorance."

They pressed forward and at last reached a further belt of sand dunes. Peter hurried to the flat sand of the beach and gave a gasp of relief as he saw the trawler. The beach, however, was not deserted. The dinghy was drawn up on it and some of the crew were crutching behind it. Nearer to the dunes were a few Arabs, keeping up a continuous fire with their rifles. It was being answered by two men from the boat.

SHOTS FROM BEHIND
Peter raced back to Alla and they hurried onwards as fast as they could go.

At last they came to a spot from which the Arabs were in range of the rifle. Peter lay down in the sand and piled up a small mound. Alla remained by the dunes in order to give him warning of any attack from the rear.

Peter took careful aim and fired at the Arab who was in the most prominent position. The Arab spun around, flung up his hands and dropped face downwards. Peter took a slight risk by moving forward. A bullet sang past head. He returned the fire and had the satisfaction of seeing the man who had fired at him crumple up.

From the boat came another fusillade which resulted in one more Arab being killed. Peter, back at the small pile of sand, fired again. He missed his mark, but managed to scare the three remaining Arabs who realized that they were too exposed on the flank. Accordingly they followed the example of the wounded man and tried to slip away.

One of them was hit in making his retreat. He staggered for a few steps and then fell to the ground.

Peter called to Alla, and made his way along the beach. He saw Wicks spring out and run across to a fallen Arab. Taking the man's rifle he fired at the wounded Arab who was just creeping to shelter round the dune. The man dropped flat and Wicks rushed forward again, closely followed by the engineers, whose tactics were equally brutal. He came upon one of the Arabs who had not been killed outright. Peter saw him raise the man's gun in the air and swing it down club-wise.

The two Arabs who had escaped were out of sight, but Wicks and Gallop hurried up the slope of the nearest dune and opened fire on them.

Crockett and Gordon emerged from the shelter of the boat and hurried forward to meet Peter and the girl. They broke into excited explanations of what had taken place. Returning with the captain the previous night they could not discover the dinghy and had to swim to the ship. Gallop presented quite a problem. He turned up just as they had made up their minds to swim across.

"There was a tidy row between them,"

he said. "The engineer shouldn't have left the ship," Crockett explained. "He was at liberty to do whatever he wanted," Gordon countered. Alla smiled and nudged Peter. He knew what she was thinking. The ship was being divided into two camps. Crockett was for the captain, and Gordon for the engineer.

"Suppose you get on with the story," Peter suggested. Gordon took up the tale where he had interrupted it. They managed to get Gallop over to the ship by means of a rope. He retired to his cabin at once. "I've never seen a man so angry," Gordon said, a hint of admiration in his voice.

"There wasn't nothing for him to get mad at," said Crockett aggrievedly. "Carry on," Peter prompted.

As soon as day broke Wicks had them all ashore in order to find the dinghy. He had an idea that it had been sunk. Once they discovered it they managed to drag it out of the water and beach it. No sooner had they done this, aided by Gallop who came ashore with the help of the rope line, they were taken by surprise. Somebody started to take pot shots at them from the dunes. Wicks made the men crouch behind the boat and swim back to the trawler. He obtained two revolvers and sent them back along the rope, having made it into a loop. It was dangerous work, with the Arabs shooting, but they were too far away for the shots to have any effect. After a time, they became bolder and advanced on the boat. Wicks had swum ashore again, and he took the one revolver, giving the other to Gallop. They waited until the Arabs were close and then started to shoot at them. Not one shot took effect, but the fusillade made the Arabs become more careful. They lay down in the sand and scooped up little mounds to protect themselves.

Gordon cut in, referring to Wicks and Gallop.

"The engineer shouldn't have left the ship," Crockett explained. "He was at liberty to do whatever he wanted," Gordon countered. Alla smiled and nudged Peter. He knew what she was thinking. The ship was being divided into two camps. Crockett was for the captain, and Gordon for the engineer.

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It was shortly after this that Peter had launched his attack from the flank. "That settled it in less than no time," Crockett said with a grin.

Alla moved over to look at one of the Arabs and then came back to Peter's side. He gave her an inquiring glance, and she nodded her head.

"I recognized him," she said. "Evidently they were trying to find us. How many are there here, I wonder."

Peter made a rapid calculation. "I think there are five lying here," he said. "I'm not sure because of that slight hummock. There may be one more hiding behind it. Two ran away. That makes seven."

"There were ten in the party who were taking me away," the girl said. "One was killed last night, and they probably left one man behind. Two, if only five have been killed here."

Peter gave a grim smile. "That should teach them a lesson," he said. "But we shall have to be quick about things. I don't know whether the sound of the firing would carry as far as the main body. It might. Anyway, here comes the captain. I'll have a word with him about it."

Wicks was speedily acquainted with the position. He looked at Alla and then smiled. "Glad to be of service," he said. "My mate did quite right in following you. But we mustn't waste time. We may be having other callers pretty quickly."

Gallop sauntered over to Peter. "You fooled me all right," he admitted. "I think I rather admire the way you did it. You got us out of a tight corner, so we might as well regard it as quits."

"I'm willing," Peter said. As he was collecting the rifles which had dropped from the dead hands of the Arabs, Wicks hurried to his side. "Did you tell that girl what I was doing?" he demanded. Peter realized that it would be dangerous for Alla if he revealed that he had told her everything. "There wasn't time," he said. "We were running away from the Arabs, you know."

Wicks seemed satisfied. "We'll get on board as quickly as we can," he declared. "I'm having rough plugs put into the dinghy."

While they were collecting ammunition from the bodies of the Arabs slain in the fight, Peter had the opportunity of telling Alla what he had said to the captain.

"You were wise," she said. "I think you would be wiser still if you forget that I was captain. He should not know that your Captain Wicks. Then we shall be able to take him by surprise and outfit him."

There was no opportunity for further talk. Crockett had returned to the trawler and he shouted a warning, pointing northwards along the sands. "The Arabs are coming!" Peter snapped. They raced towards the boat. (To be Continued)

Presents Tickets for Flower Show



Alderman Mrs. H. P. Plumtree, of Toronto, presents first book of tickets for the National Flower and Garden show to be held March 25th to April 2nd, to Grace E. Jones, Administrator of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. Outgoing patients during the week of the Flower Show will be presented with one of the advance sale tickets to the magnificent floral spectacle. Mrs. Plumtree was a recent visitor to Timmins, coming here to see her daughter, Mrs. Tyrell, Hart Street, Timmins.

If You Like Books
(By A. H.)

"Courage," by J. M. Barrie, is a little book that holds a great deal of good between its covers. A book that gives something of the author to its reader, and a book that, once read, and read with understanding, will never be forgotten. "Courage" is the rectorial address delivered at St. Andrew's University, Scotland, on May 3rd, 1922, by J. M. Barrie, the address being so splendid that it was compiled into book form by Hodder and Scoughton Limited.

J. M. Barrie has defined courage as "the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children." He says it is necessary to everyone in life, whether they be old and white-haired men or women, or the undergraduate who is looking forward to his life's work. Courage is a staff that may be depended upon even in the darkest hour. Without it one will not go far—without it life is a rosy path, for courage brings hope, and while there is hope, there is life. "Yet light-heartedness is not for ever and a day. At its best it is the gay companion of innocence; and when innocence goes—as it must go—they soon trip off together, looking for something younger. But courage comes all the way," says J. M. Barrie.

"Courage" is the type of address that keeps its audience enthralled and interested. It is sprinkled generously with humorous touches. J. M. Barrie tells of his second nature, who has humorously termed "McConachie" in a manner that would draw a quaint picture for anyone that listened to it, and when reading the book, one seems to hear the author speaking. "Courage" by J. M. Barrie, should be in every library.

Haileybury Council Does Some Rather Odd Things

Last week Haileybury town council did three rather unusual things for this day and generation. Some town councils in some years past have done one or other of the three things specified. Few councils, however, have done all three in the one year—and particularly in any one recent year.

- The three unusual things are as follows:—
1. Reduced the tax rate for the year.
 2. Made the fire chief "second constable", giving him a raise of \$5 per month for the added duties of being a police officer.
 3. Decided to give all town employees two weeks holidays with pay this year.

Probably in the present age the most unusual proceeding is to reduce taxes. Seldom is such an odd proceeding suggested by any town council—three months after election.

There is a time in the lives of most towns when offices are doubled up with the idea of achieving economy. Police officers act as tax collectors, sanitary inspectors, and so on. The average progressive town, however, strives to keep its departments separate in the interests of the best economy. Having the fire chief put in his spare time as a police officer is not a common procedure in this modern day. However, it may work well enough in Haileybury, where conditions may be different to those of many other towns.

Often enough municipal councils decide to be as considerate and kindly as progressive industrial and commercial firms, and to set a better example to concerns that are not doing all possible for employees. Haileybury's plan of giving civic employees two weeks holiday with pay this year is not without worthy precedents in this country and this age. Too often, though, this generosity is too frequently offset by the thought that it will mean an increase of taxes. Haileybury has apparently determined to get into the class of the unique, when the town decides

to give holidays with pay, and at the same time reduce the tax rate three mills.

Bandmaster Wetton is Leaving Kapuskasing

The Northern Tribune, of Kapuskasing, last week had the following article of interest to many readers in the North:—

"Members of the Kapuskasing band committee, and the band members too, were much startled by learning on Tuesday that they were to lose their band leader, Mr. E. Wetton, Sr., who came to Kapuskasing a year and a half ago and took on the difficult job of building up a band here.

"It is understood that Mr. Wetton had an attractive offer to take over the leadership of the well-known Kitties' Band in Orillia, Ont., which place caters much to summer tourists. During the summer open air free concerts are given in famous Couchiching Park on the shore of Lake Couchiching. We do not doubt that under the baton of the leader who has so well demonstrated his mastery musicianship while here, these concerts will become known far and wide in Older Ontario.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wetton will be leaving on comparatively short notice, to the general regret of all in town. Their present plans are to entrain on March 17th for Orillia, accompanied by their daughter Irene, who has also been a member of the Kapuskasing band.

"It is the desire of band members and other well-wishers to mark the regrettable occasion of Bandmaster Wetton's departure by a suitable form

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Iroquois Falls Boy Scouts Event Friday
District Scoutmaster Presents Warrants.

Iroquois Falls, Ont., March 11, 1938—(Special to The Advance)—The First Iroquois Falls Boy Scouts Troop held a very successful meeting on Friday evening, at their headquarters, when, under the able leadership of their officers, they carried out a full programme of Scouting work.

In the early part of the evening, routine work of inspection, notation of Patrol marks, and passing tests, was carried on with several well placed energy-exhausting and highly contested games being played at intervals.

Also included in this programme were short talks by the Leaders to give enthusiasm to the boys in their work. The Scouts listened most attentively to the interesting story told by Mr. T. Stone, of his experiences during the Great War, as signaller in the Navy.

District Scoutmaster G. L. Whitings, then, in a most fitting manner, presented Scoutmaster E. A. Frowe with his Scoutmaster's Warrant, and Assistants L. Bretsell and E. Cutten with their warrants as Assistant Scoutmasters. In presenting the warrants, Mr. Whitings pointed out to the Scouts that they had three fine Leaders, who would be a great asset to any Troop. Also that a great deal of work and study was entailed, besides having to be qualified in passing their Girlwif tests. He also mentioned that Scoutmasters have to go on Scouting through thick and thin, but that in the end, a good Scout usually came out smiling.

The Leaders thanked their Senior Officer, and assured him that they would do their best to carry on the work as set up by this great organization. The Scouts joined in as one in giving loud cheers for their highly respected Leaders.

Scout Jack Charron was given his Second Class Badge, having successfully passed the necessary tests.

Just prior to the close of the meeting, the impressive ceremony of Investiture was performed, the Scoutmaster having invested four new recruits in to the Scouting game. These boys were: Z. Regimbal, Rex Brewer, Basil Columbus and Alvin Brown.

Canada Lumberman—Of course, humans can't sprout wings, but a good character witness can usually convince a jury that the defendant is worthy of wings.



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Bargain excursion tickets will be valid on Trains 2 and 46 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 p.m. 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 Porcupine 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.

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