



By ALROY WEST

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

COPYRIGHT

CHAPTER XXVIII  
BACK TO THE GOLD

Alla and Peter returned to the island where the gold was concealed. This time however, they were on board a sloop. Fortunately Peter had a good idea of the position of the island so that no time was lost in searching for it. There was no sign of the yacht, but the luckless trawler was still fast in the grip of the sandbank. Her list was much more pronounced, and a portion of her deck was under water. There was nothing to indicate that there was still anybody on the island. Even the dinghy belonging to the trawler had gone.

Alla, who had been suffering from the effects of the experience through which she had been, remained on board, but Peter went ashore with the white officer in charge of the black police, and six of the policemen.

He directed them to the place where the gold had been buried. He was consumed with anxiety for fear the spot should have been visited by either Wicks or Nunez. But the sand was undisturbed and it was not long before the two boxes had been dug up and taken back to the gunboat.

"I should feel more comfortable if we searched the island," Peter said to the officer in charge of the police.

Kirk, for such was the man's name, smiled at him.

"I doubt if it be much good," he said. "We've heard a good bit about Nunez. Evidently he could not get the gold—but I expect he killed your Captain Wicks and his companions."

Kirk, however, was wrong. They found Wicks in the small cave where the supplies had been collected. His clothing was torn almost to shreds and his right arm broken. He had made a clumsy attempt to set it, but had not succeeded very well. Completely exhausted by what had taken place on the island he had fallen into a sleep which the arrival of the people from the gunboat had failed to disturb.

He blinked at them and then smiled. "Sorry I didn't hear you," he said. "I could have at least have walked down to the beach and saved you the trouble."

"What about Sinclair and Doyle?" Peter asked him.

Wicks gave a sardonic smile. "They were so impressed by the escape which you managed to effect, that they tried to do something on similar lines. The small launch was in the bay and they tried to slip across to it. Neither of them reached it. Doyle was shot down first, and then Sinclair tried to double back to the shelter of the trees. I was watching them from some distance away. It seemed that Sinclair would have escaped but for an unlucky happening. He slipped and just as he was picking himself up he was shot."

"I hid away among the bushes. Several times they passed quite near to me. I didn't get a wink of sleep."

While Wicks was relating what had occurred, Kirk was attending to his broken arm. Peter gave the captain a drink of whisky from a flask he was carrying. Wicks drained it and then licked his lips.

"That's better!" he declared with satisfaction. "I must make the most of my opportunities for enjoying myself. I expect that I shall be in prison for quite a time if they can catch me up sufficiently to make it worth while shipping me back home."

Kirk made no comment.

"What happened next?" Peter asked.

WICKS' STORY

I kept as near to the beach as I could because of finding out what was happening. At night all the men returned to the yacht. They also took the dinghy with them. I made my way to the cave and had a good meal. Then I took some of the food away and concealed it in another place, for fear that a search of the island would result in everything being moved from here."

"By morning I was back in my hiding place near the beach. An armed party came ashore and evidently searched the island. Then a sleek-looking, stout man came over in the small launch. He seemed to be in charge of everything, and he was in a fine rage. I heard him talking to some of the men and I was able to get the drift of some of the things he was saying to them.

"Presumably he realized that there had been some sort of trouble on board the trawler which had resulted in one or more deaths. He evidently felt that there wasn't a soul left alive. He blamed the men who had shot down Sinclair and Doyle. He wanted them as prisoners, in order that he could question them—or have them questioned. Obviously he knew Sinclair, because he was saying that there was no doubt that Sinclair had murdered most of the crew—with the exception of the two who had escaped.

"There was considerable trouble and argument. The fat man—I gathered that he was Nunez, kept on shouting out things which enabled me to keep track of how things were going.

"It was pretty clear that he had an idea there were several boxes of gold. He cursed practically everybody in turn—even heaping invectives on a Captain Delgado—presumably the man in charge of the destroyer—for not taking due care of his ship. So far as I could tell the destroyer had a lot of trouble with her engines, which kept on breaking down, so that Delgado was not able to assist.

"After cursing everybody, Nunez started a hunt for the treasure. I knew that it was dangerous for me to be anywhere near the beach, so I slipped away. I came up to the cave—here—and obtained some supplies. Then I went in search of a likely hiding place. I knew that I should be in for a lot of trouble if Nunez or his men discovered me.

"The far side of the island is exceedingly rocky. I managed to get to it, and made my way down to a ledge where there was a very small and uncomfortable crevice. I stayed there throughout the day and night. The instant dawn broke the next day I returned to this cave in order to replenish my supplies.

"The men had been to it and the things were strewn about all over the place, but a few things had been taken away. I stopped long enough to have a good feed and then, as it was getting about time for them to be searching again, I returned to my hiding-place among the rocks. It was in getting down the treacherous slope that I slipped and broke my arm. The pain was so intense that I evidently fainted. It was late when I next remember anything. I managed to get my arm tied up in a fashion had a little food, and made my way up the cliffs. It was a slow and agonizing task. I was so dejected that I felt like going to Nunez and offering to let him know where the gold was buried. But as I hadn't the slightest idea—except that it was among the trees I felt that I was likely to land myself in for more trouble.

"I had a shock when I got to the cave, because I realized that the yacht had gone. I couldn't understand it, and for some time I just stood there and stared. Slowly it dawned upon me that I was more or less a castaway. I did not for a moment doubt that they had obtained the gold and cleared off. However, you tell me that it was still there. So I do not understand what happened."

Peter frowned.

"I certainly can't understand that," he said thoughtfully.

The affair remained a mystery for several days. Wicks was taken to Trinidad and put in a hospital at Port of Spain. In due course he was to be taken to England to stand his trial for many offences in relation to the daring attempt to steal the gold.

Alla and Peter stayed at the Hotel Sand and it was while they were here that they heard of the fate of Raul Nunez, and the incident which had caused the yacht to leave the island. It came to light because Captain Delgado was arrested by his countrymen for his part in the affair, and several of the men who had been on the yacht gave evidence concerning what had taken place on the island. Owing to Nunez being official and the country being in a restless state, very little was done in the matter, except that Delgado was relieved of his command.

DOUBLE REWARD

However, what had happened was briefly this: Delgado discovered that Alla and Peter had made their way to St. George on the island of Grenada, and that a gunboat was going to secure the gold and to arrest Wicks. Delgado sent a radio message to Nunez, which was received by the captain of the yacht. Captain Galvez had no desire to come into conflict with the British and resolved to leave the island instantly. He gave instructions for the men to be recalled. These men, misunderstanding the position, thought that Nunez had betrayed them. He was on the shore at the time, and they refused to let him get in the launch. Seeing that the yacht was preparing to leave, Nunez lost his head completely.

Captain Galvez, realizing that there was some trouble, sent the smaller launch towards the shore. Nunez, in a panic, never noticed it, and tried to swim after the launch containing the men. He suddenly gave a scream and disappeared from sight.

A patch of blood on the water explained what had taken place.

Captain Galvez was horrified. The tragedy made him all the more anxious to leave the island. From the time he took the yacht back to the mainland nothing more was heard of him. It was assumed that he feared some action might be taken against him and so fled from the country.

Alla and Peter learnt these things a few days before their departure for England. They also had news of a far more welcome nature inasmuch as they were both to receive a very generous reward for their work in the recovery of the gold.

"I think I've had enough of advent-

ure for a time," said Peter. "I think I will use my share to make a home and start a little business somewhere. That voyage in the launch decided me. I've had sufficient of the sea for quite a long time.

Alla gave a shy little smile.

"With my share added to it the business would have a better start, wouldn't it?" she asked, in little more than a whisper.

"I could only take it on one condition," Peter said, reaching out to take her in his arms.

"What is that?" she wanted to know.

"That you accompany the share."

She smiled up at him.

"What do you think?" she asked.

(THE END)

### If You Like Books

(By A. W.)

Here is another poem in prose by Kay Bailey. Several readers made comment on the first "poem in prose" by Mrs. Bailey that appeared in this column a few weeks ago—"The Pink Sun-Bonnet". "The Compact" is written in the same manner, and expresses a decision that many a reader has made, but has often been unable to carry out.

The Compact

All kinds of books I long to read, and this I mean to do when Time permits, indeed, already I have listed quite a number. The Book of Nature must come first, from rain-bow, cloud, moon, star and sky above, then down to Earth, where's thrust the fertile vales as soft winds sigh. Where trees and mountains make the shade to shelter every plant and blade, and mating birds just forth in song to help the sunny hours along.

Quotations, thoughts from maverick minds give solace in a way that binds the seeker bent on literature absorbing words that may endure, and learning thus from day to day evolves the Dreams which pave the way to higher, nobler, worthier things, the poorest knaves can share with kings.

To choose between the real and sham is Power erring mortals can acquire if mind with sincere heart may of their motive be chief part. Experience from the Book of Life is called from pages which the knife has slit to rudely open wide, so he may learn who looks inside.

Exchange:—Who was the first man this year to say, "Is it hot enough for you?"

### Ladies' Gloves, Ships' Boys, Column Snakes

Also Suggesting that Perpetuity is a Long Time.

Thomas Richard Henry writes as follows:—

Now that the Eldorado Gold Mines, Limited, has tried about all the book-keeping systems that there are it is almost time that directors tied up with one system for keeps.

It would be rather nice for shareholders and newspapermen to have a report that could be compared with the one issued in the preceding year without having to call in a crystal gazer to find out what it was all about.

A Lady's Glove

In the days of the old red school house we remember memorizing a little piece about a lady and her glove.

"To prove his love, she threw her glove right in the lions' den," or something of the sort, and if our memory continues to serve us, the man in the case retrieved her glove and threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face."

Just at the moment we are being perturbed by the gentler ? ? sex chucking gloves around.

All the little stenographers in town go into a cafeteria, drop their gloves on vacant chairs, and then go to the counter and leisurely order a toothpick and a glass of water, or something of the sort.

The consequence is the man who is ready to eat, carts his tray around from one chair to another to find gloves artistically holding the chairs for their owners' pleasure.

We don't intend to throw gloves in anybody's face. We are just going to nonchalantly brush them off to the floor to the tune of the old railroad slogan, "It takes a seat to hold a seat."

Perpetuity

Perpetuity is a long time.

Sometimes we ponder the right of one generation to tie up his great-grandchildren's grandchildren in a deal which might have seemed a good idea at the time but gets sort of screwy before we get anywhere near the end of perpetuity.

We are thinking of bonds that have no maturity date or no redeemable clause.

They go on, and on, and on, until they make Tennyson's brook look like a casual footprint on a sandy beach.

British Consols are perpetual bonds insofar as they have no maturity date but they can be redeemed by the Government, if it sees fit. The Dominion of Canada perpetuals issued in 1936 can be redeemed after a certain date at stated prices, but there are issues in the bonded debt of the C.N.R. that are perpetuals without any fooling.

They go on forever and will contribute to the groans of generations still unborn as the world goes sliding down "the ringing grooves of chance."

Now we sincerely believe that a contract is a contract and should mean what it states without any interpretation in the light of expediency.

We think that power contracts should bind people to do what they say they would do.

### UNUSUAL IF NOT UNHEARD OF



Here is a unique golf picture involving an unusual situation. Sandy Herd, famous British professional, and his son Alex were opponents when the second of the season's big professional golf tournaments, the "Silver King," opened at Moor Park. The prize for the victor was 1,000 pounds (approximately \$5,000). Photo shows Alex Herd teeing off as his father (left) watches.

We don't know what can be done about the C.N.R. perpetuals, but we would like to voice a little special criticism toward anybody who had the temerity to bind parties in a business agreement a long time before they were born—and to hope that nobody has the temerity to try it again.

Some Boy

We see in a local newspaper that the Queen Elizabeth, sister ship to the Queen Mary, is progressing fast. We also see that it is 14 feet longer "to permit housing the anchor in the bow."

He must be quite a boy.

Thirty for Sammy

We have on hand another query regarding Sammy the Snake.

If he were our snake we would amputate his tail.

We would amputate it, just behind his eyes.

Since we can't amputate his tail, we are going to amputate the tale of his vagaries—right from this point it's "Thirty" for Sammy.



### That Body of Yours

(by James W. Barton, M.D.)

Our Health Intelligence Quotient

One of the excellent services rendered by life insurance companies is the annual or periodic examination, given to their policy holders. Unfortunately, a number of policy holders do not take advantage of this privilege as they think the information will be passed on to the company and perhaps affect their policy. Now nothing can affect their policy if they told the truth (or believed they were telling the truth) at the time they were applying for the insurance. By not taking advantage of this privilege of a free examination they may be missing some health saving or even life saving advice.

In addition to advising the policy holder as to his exact condition, advice is given on daily health habits that is worth much to his health and happiness.

I recently came across one of the examination forms filled out by the physician on one side and by the policy holder on the reverse side.

We are all more or less familiar with what is called the intelligence test whereby the intelligence of a boy or girl man or woman, is measured by the way they answer a number of questions about everyday affairs, how they would act under various conditions and other practical conditions. The resultant mark is called the "Intelligence Quotient" (I.Q.).

In a similar manner, insurance companies ask various questions about the individual health of the policyholder under the heading Keep Fit. Before asking the questions, three general statements are made.

1. Are your health habits such as to improve your health or otherwise?
2. Physical fitness depends on good health habits. Faulty health habits lessen your ability, mental and physical, and are a factor in causing many physical defects or ailments.
3. A measure of your good health might be called your Health Intelligence Quotient (H.I.Q.) and to obtain it check the following list. Total the Yes answers, multiply by ten and the

result is your Health Intelligence Quotient.

Faulty health habits—1. Have you a regular bedtime? 2. Do you take a daily rest? 3. Do you refrain from overdoing at work, or eating when overtired? 4. Do you take regular vacations? 5. Do you eat moderately, slowly and at mealtime only? 6. Are your mealtimes regular? 7. Have you a regular time of bowel movement? 8. Do you take sufficient exercise outdoors? 9. Do you use tea, coffee or tobacco moderately? 10. Are you free from undue worry and irritability?

It should be of interest and help to all of us to answer the above questions and learn our H.I.Q.

Scourge

Dr. Barton's latest booklet entitled "Scourge" with reliable information regarding gonorrhoea and syphilis is now available. Know the facts, protect yourself and save endless worry. Address your request to Dr. Barton, The Bell Library, 247 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y., enclosing ten cents to cover cost of handling, and mention The Advance, Timmins, Ont.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.)

Believes Aviation will Help to World Understanding

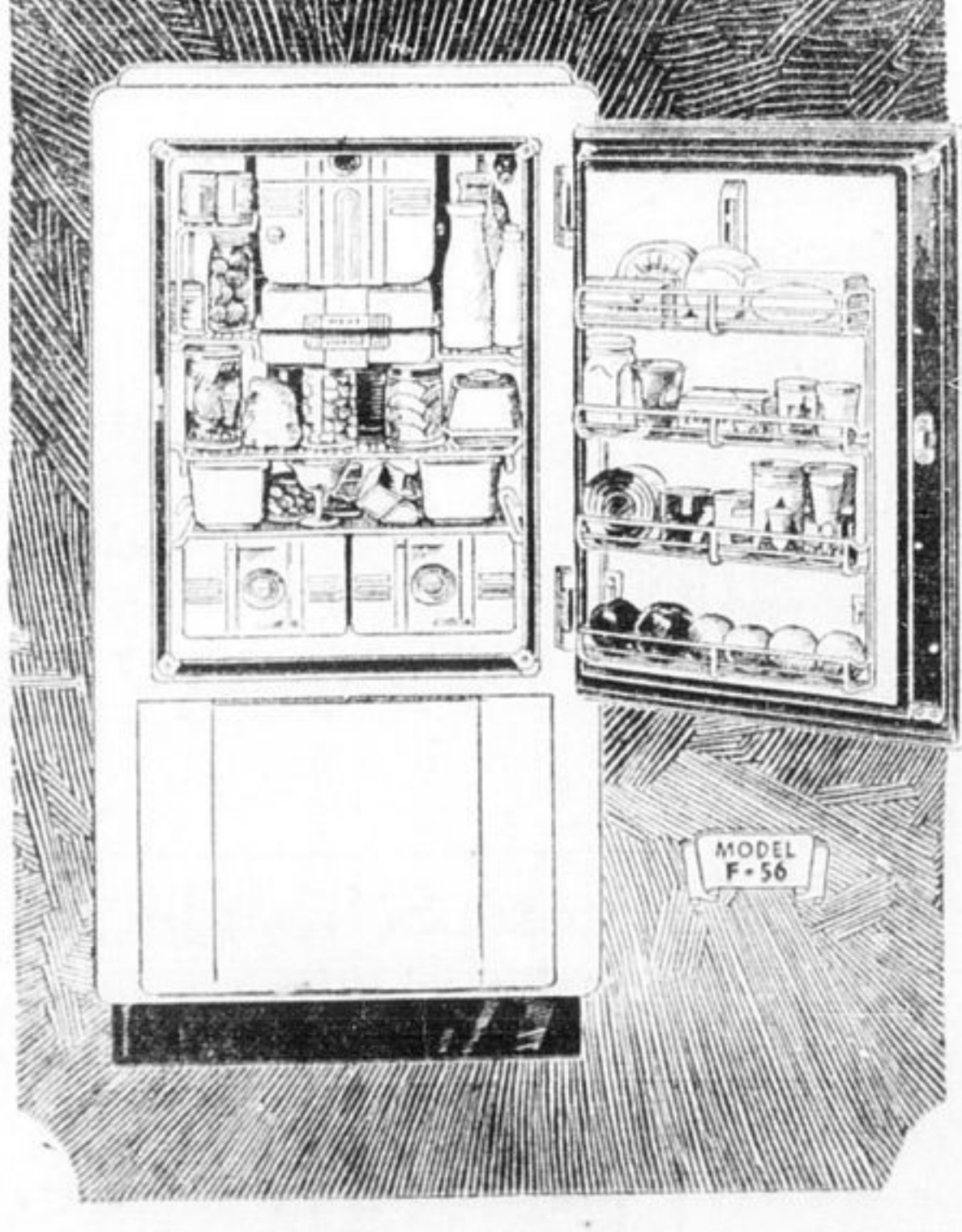
"Scientific developments are accelerating as the knowledge already gained accumulates," said Richard C. Gazeley, speaking at a Rotary Club meeting in the United States on air transport progress. "The pace is so breath-taking that the scientific marvels of today are obsolete tomorrow. We continue to fly higher, faster and farther, more comfortably, more frequently, and more safely.

"And the sociological potentialities are truly of the greatest possible significance. Think of the misunderstandings and petty differences which will disappear when the people of the world awake to this opportunity of bringing foreign countries as close as the next town is now. Foreign countries will, in effect, no longer be foreign. They will be familiar and thereby friendly.

"I tell you gentlemen, you have at your service a wonderful instrumentality for changing for the better the living and thinking habits of the world. You have at your feet the fine results of hard work and unceasing research. When the nation's people realize the sober fact that aviation has reached maturity, we will be unable to provide sufficient aircraft and ground facilities to take care of all of them that will want to fly."

Detroit Free Press—A few days more and the "first robin of spring" will have no more news value than a dog biting a man.

## This 1938 Westinghouse Refrigerator Will Be Given FREE



### To The Subscriber of The Porcupine Advance

who estimates the correct or nearest correct number of Subscriptions new and renewals turned in by all the candidates combined during the LAST THREE WEEKS of the Subscription Campaign (June 6th to 25th inclusive).

See This Prize REFRIGERATOR AT  
**LYNCH ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE CO.**  
39 Third Avenue Timmins

This Imperial Series, Model F-56 Westinghouse refrigerator (exactly as illustrated at left) is offered as a subscriber prize in order to make The Advance Subscription Campaign of even more interest to our readers. Any Advance subscriber new or old may win this refrigerator, regular value \$269.00.

### This Model F-56 5 1/2 cu. foot Westinghouse Refrigerator

is one of Westinghouse' finest, completely equipped with Meat-Keeper; Double Humi-drawers; Left-over Dishes of Thermoware; Butter-Dish; Interior Light; Door on froster; Thermometer; Glass Bottom Shelf; Ad-a-Shelf; Stor-Dor; Adjustable Shelves and Two Ejecto cube Ice Trays with releases. It stands nearly five feet high and has food storage space of 5 1/2 cubic feet. It is of the Imperial Series, the finest most complete refrigerator ever built by Westinghouse. It sells for \$269.00. You may win it FREE!

Watch The Advance For Complete Information on This Simple Contest

## The Porcupine Advance

The Home Newspaper of The Porcupine District Since 1912