

Now Showing at The
Happy Hour

"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

Chapter II—"The Story of Ybarra"

A Story of the Great
Outdoors

CAST
John Gwyn, Mining Engineer,
William Duncan
Nan Lawton, Carol Holloway
"Cut Deep" Rawls, an outlaw
George Holt
"Shoestring" Drant, his partner
Joe Ryan
Hendrik Von Bleck, a foreign spy
Walter Rodgers
Yaqui Joe, a faithful Indian
H. Ducrow
Don Carlos Ybarra
Charles Whoolock

(Continued)
Von Bleck walked hurriedly back to his office, donned his hat and coat, and strode out, leaving the others in the inner office, conferring. That could mean nothing until they heard from their superior.
Ten minutes later, Von Bleck was walking into the building in which was located the office of John Gwyn. He had, mapped carefully out in his proposition with which he intended to startle the young engineer. It was a proposition which would make Gwyn independently wealthy for the remainder of his life—and all that would be necessary for him to do would be cancel the cinnamon contract.

As he passed through the revolving doors and walked toward the elevators, a crowd was surging toward the street. One of these, a young, stately built man, who carried a suit case, fairly rubbed arms with the agent of the Central Powers. It was John Gwyn! Neither took particular notice of the other they having never previously met. Gwyn went through the door to the street, and Von Bleck entered the elevator, to be driven upward to the former's office.

"Is Mr. Gwyn in?" he inquired of the secretary, as he entered.
"I'm sorry, sir," was the reply, "but Mr. Gwyn just left a few minutes ago for an indefinite stay in the West. He was just in to clear up a few matters and left with his suit case. Is it something important? Perhaps I could help you. He has left me in charge, and—"
"It is important," Von Bleck broke in, "and I will see no one but Mr. Gwyn himself. When does his train leave?"
"He goes on the Limited to-night," was the reply.

Von Bleck was about to leave the office, when his eye caught sight of a picture hanging on the wall in the outer office. He walked over to it casually and scrutinized it. In the foreground was a young man, pipe in mouth, roughly clad in mining attire. Behind him was a stretch of typical mining country.
"Is this your employer?" he questioned.

"That is Mr. Gwyn," the secretary answered.
Von Bleck took another careful look at the picture, and, thinking the young man, left the office.

Again in the street, he sought the nearest telephone booth and called the office.
"Gwyn leaves for the West to-night on the Limited," he told his confidante over the wire. "I shall be on the same train. I shall keep in touch with you while I am gone, and, in the meantime, you attend to any other matters that may come up during my absence. As soon as I am able, I shall wire you my address. I may need that five million before I get back."

The Limited was rattling over the rails toward the West with a speed that was astounding. Outside it was already dark, and the lights along the roadside shot by so fast that they resembled sparks flying up a hearth chimney from blazing logs below. In the smoking compartment at the end of the car, John Gwyn sat, perusing some papers. The passengers parted and Von Bleck entered. He drew a cigar from his pocket and asked Gwyn for a match. The latter silently accommodated him.
"Pretty long and lonesome trip," the Central Powers' agent commented. Gwyn nodded. He was apparently in no mood for striking up acquaintances. But Von Bleck persisted.

"I'm going out to Frisco," he said. "Maybe you're bound for there, too. My name's Von Bleck; it's nice to know some one on the train."
"My name is Gwyn," the young engineer responded, glancing up from his papers and fearing that he might appear impolite by avoiding conversation. "I'm not going to Frisco, though. I'm on my way to a place called Lost Mine, in the wilds of the Sierra Madre. I'm getting off point."

Late that night, when the sleeper was black with darkness, except for the feeble rays of lights along the track that shone but for the briefest fraction of a second as they passed the ends of the car, a shadowy figure clad only in a dressing gown, quietly and cautiously emerged from one of the berths. It moved rapidly along until it was outside of Gwyn's compartment; then bent over and peered in. A little pocket flash light suddenly illuminated the car and revealed, had any one been awake to see it, the dark features of Von Bleck. He covered the end of the light with his hand to dim its rays and put in between the curtains. Gwyn was sleeping soundly. Von Bleck watched him for a moment to see that he was not aroused by the light, and then, satisfied on that score, reached across his body to a half-opened suit case resting in a rack near the window. Slowly and carefully, so as not to awaken its sleeping owner, he lifted the suit case from the rack and hurried back to his own berth.

For a quarter of an hour, Von Bleck, in the seclusion of his sleeping compartment, studied the contents of Gwyn's bag. A small packet of letters, which had been tucked carefully at the bottom, held his

Lemons Make Skin White, Soft, Clear

Make this Beauty Lotion for a
Cents and See for Yourself

What girl or woman hasn't heard of lemon juice as a remove complexion blemishes; to whiten the skin and to bring out roses, the freshness and the natural beauty? But lemon juice alone is acid, therefore irritating, and should be mixed with orchard white this way. Strain through a fine cloth the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing about three ounces of orchard white, then shake well and you have a whole quart of skin and complexion lotion at about the cost one usually pays for a small jar of ordinary cold cream. Be sure to strain the lemon juice so no pulp gets into the bottle, then this lotion will remain pure and fresh for months. When applied daily to the face, neck, arms and hands it should help to bleach, clear, smoothen and beautify the skin.
Any druggist will supply three ounces of orchard white at very little cost and the grocer has the lemons.

attention the longest. For the most part these were of a personal nature, and contained nothing of interest to him, but finally one caught his eye. It was postmarked "Major" and was addressed in a flourishing Spanish hand. He opened it.

Dear Mr. Gwyn: Am shipping your last order tomorrow. You need have no fear of the supply becoming exhausted for some time to come. When am I to be honored by a visit from you? I trust before long.
Faithfully yours
Carlos Ybarra.

Von Bleck smiled with triumph as he read the letter. It was the same smile that had played about his lips when he had met with his associates earlier that day. He folded the paper noiselessly and replaced it in the envelope. Then, as if realising the length of time which he had kept Gwyn's suit case, he put the packet of letters back into the bottom of the bag and stole cautiously down the aisle to Gwyn's berth. A glance secured him that its absence had not been noticed. The young engineer was still sleeping heavily. He had been thoroughly tired by the strenuous events of the previous day and his last departure. It required but a moment for Von Bleck to lay the suit case back on the rack near the window, where he had found it, and to hurry back to his own berth. Gwyn arose early the following morning, dressed, and used several articles from his bag. He did not notice that it had been tampered with. In the wash room he met Von Bleck who was attending to his toilet and nodded to him. The latter returned the salutation and watched keenly from the corners of his eyes to see if Gwyn should appear the least bit suspicious that his belonging had been ransacked. He was greatly relieved to learn that he was not.

Early on the fourth day after leaving New York, the Limited drew into the little Western town of Majuro, at the foot of the great range of the Sierra Madre. John Gwyn, his bag packed and his wraps on, was ready to alight and start on his important mission. As soon as the train came to a stop, the young mining engineer jumped lightly from the platform and proceeded to the hotel, which was located at a short distance from the depot. As the Limited chugged again, starting on the last leg of its journey to the west, Von Bleck, who had been watching alertly from his seat, jumped from his berth, dashed to the door, and, as he stepped out, he slipped a crisp bill into his hand at the same time. The bored worthy grinned knowingly and nodded. With a jerk he threw open the vestibule door on side of opposite the station. Von Bleck stepped down, grasped the handrail of the car, and swung out. The train was moving rapidly now and the jump was perilous. The car was quite a distance past the station. Von Bleck took one glance at the ground flying by under the train, sprang into the air, and went sprawling to earth.

Don Carlos Ybarra trudged up the steep steps to the summit of the mountain beneath the burden of two wooden cases which he bore upon his shoulders. They were a heavy load for one so old as the rugged Spaniard, but he was strenuous and energetic, and his muscles were hardened by years of rustic living in the West. His gray hairs were no symbol of feebleness. Don Carlos was a man, and sturdy, and would be until the end. As he reached a clump of bushes beside the footpath on which he was walking, he paused to look suspiciously about for

a second, and then parted the shrubbery, revealing the entrance to a spacious cave. He tore his way through the bushes, allowing them to close behind him, deposited the two cases among many more that were hidden in the dark corner of the cavern, and came out again. Once more he looked carefully about him, as if to satisfy himself that no one had been observing his actions, and then started to walk toward a little hacienda several hundred yards away, which served as his mountain dwelling. Precisely at the moment when he turned his back, two glaring eyes, filled with hate, appeared from behind the undergrowth, but a few yards from the cave's entrance. It was "Shoestring" Drant, a human coyote, ever stalking Don Carlos.
(Continued next week)

BLISSFIELD

Blissfield, Mar. 25—Mrs. John Weaver spent Thursday with Mrs. Ronald Hurley.

Mr. T. A. Hurley left last week for his home in the west.

Miss Violet Sutherland spent Thursday the guest of Mrs. Lyle Sutherland.

Miss Mary Weaver spent last week the guest of Mrs. Susan Brennan.

Mrs. James Weaver spent Wednesday with Mrs. E. D. Crosby. Mr. Levi Morehouse has returned home from the hospital much improved.

Mrs. William Sutherland spent one day last week in Doaktown.

Mrs. Ronald Weaver and sister Minnie spent one day last week the guest of Miss Violet Sutherland.

Mr. Robert Brennan was calling on friends on Monday evening last.

Miss Mary Bowes spent one day last week with Mrs. Michael Heaney.

Mr. Robert Bowes made a flying trip to Doaktown on Friday.

Our school is progressing nicely

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

under the management of Miss Ann Spark.

The stork visited Mr. and Mrs. John Bowes one day last week; it's a girl.

Domestic Express Foreign Cheques are accepted by Field Cashiers and Paymasters in France for their full face value. There is no better way to send money to the boys in the trenches.



Military Service Act

Important Announcement to All EXEMPTED MEN and to the Public Generally

IN dealing with the very large number of claims for exemption brought forward for consideration in connection with Class 1 under the Military Service Act, it has occurred, as was inevitable, that as a result of false statements and difficulties put in the way of investigation, some individuals have secured exemption whose proper place is in the Army.

It is not the intention of the Government to allow these men to evade permanently their obligation to bear their part in the military defence of the Country and of the ideals for which we are fighting. To do so would defeat the purpose of the Act, and cause grave injustice to men in the second class necessarily called out to fill their places.

Exemptions Granted on False Grounds

It is, therefore, proposed to scrutinize carefully all exemptions granted to date in order to separate those which have been granted on false or insufficient grounds from those that are well founded.

With this object in view the various Registrars under the Military Service Act have been instructed to issue a series of questionnaires to exempted men. These questionnaires must be filled up correctly and returned promptly under penalty of forfeiture of exemption for failure to do so.

Exempted Men Who Have Changed Address

It is therefore important in their own interest that all exempted men who have changed their address since their exemption was granted and who have not already notified the Registrar of such change should notify him at once. Under the Regulations it is the duty of exempted men to keep the Registrar advised of any change of address, and failure to receive the questionnaire by reason of neglect of this duty must be treated as equivalent to failure to return the questionnaire after receipt.

Citizens Urged to Assist

In many instances information has been furnished by members of the public which has led to the cancellation of exemptions obtained by false or misleading statements. Further co-operation of this character is invited. The Government regard it as the Duty of all loyal citizens, not only to the Country, but to the men at the front, to assist in this way in securing reinforcements on a just and legal basis. Correspondence of this character will be treated as strictly confidential and will receive the fullest investigation.

CHARLES J. DOHERTY,
Minister of Justice.

Correspondence should be directed to W. A. Ewing, K.C., Registrar under the Military Service Act, St. John, N.B.

4021F

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER

Send for
Free Trial Box

Every person who cuts out this advertisement and sends it with 1c. stamp (for postage) to The Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, will receive a free trial box of Zam-Buk.

This herbal balm ends pain, stops bleeding, prevents festering and heals quickly. It is just the thing for the cuts, burns, scalds and bruises which are of such frequent occurrence in every home, and especially during the "spring-cleaning" period.

For skin eruptions and diseases Zam-Buk is unequalled. It removes the cause by destroying all germs, after which it actually grows new, healthy skin.

Zam-Buk brings splendid results when used for pimples, boils, rash, eczema, ringworm, scalp sores, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, bad legs, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers or direct from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.

Zam-Buk
EVERY HOME NEEDS IT.