

SMOKE T & B TACKETTS MYRLE CUT

THE FIGHTING TRAIL NOW SHOWING AT THE HAPPY HOUR

The entrance to the main shaft of the mine was all bustle and hurry. One car was travelling in and out with unusual speed, making up for the time that had been lost.

The five minutes which followed, before the cage was lifted, were filled with mental agony and suspense for both Casey and Nan.

"Gwyn! Where is Gwyn? He didn't come up in the cage!" "We tried to make him come up," one of those who had been rescued answered, "but he wouldn't. Said he'd stay down and try to save some others. Better send the cage right down again to him."

"What happened?" Casey demanded. "Big explosion," was the reply. "Tried to wreck the mine, I guess. Most of it was in the old part, where no one was working. The biggest danger of the smoke. The whole mine is filled with it, heavy, black stuff that'd smother you in a second!"

The words seemed to burn Nan's very soul. The thought of her husband imprisoned below in the suffocating smoke terrified her. She rushed to the cage, but it was already descending for another load of humans. Standing beside the spot where the cage was located, Casey and Nan waited many anxious minutes for it to rise again, hoping that Gwyn would be among those in the second load. But, when at last the cage was again hoisted to the surface, Gwyn was not to be seen. Only a mass of huddled men, more dead than alive, emerged. One told Nan that Gwyn had saved the majority of them, and when the cage had been lifted, he had gone back for more of the imprisoned miners.

"I'm going down!" she screamed to Casey. "He's down there and I'm going to help him! Don't stop me!" "Don't!" Casey shouted back to her. "Let me go. I can help him more than you can."

But Nan, as he spoke, had already run to the cage and vanished in the smoke that now curled out of the shaft in heavy clouds. Her voice was heard coming from the cage, as Casey rushed forward to check her brave but seemingly futile descent.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES MAKE PERFECT BREAD

"All right! Let me down! Quick!" The man in charge of the conky engine which controlled the cage obeyed the order. Hogan's dog, attracted by the sound of Nan's voice, rushed into the snake, and when Casey reached the shaft, he arrived just in time to see it being lowered, enveloped in smoke, to the bottom of the mine.

The dense, black smoke rolled through the web-work of tunnels that were and intervened under the ground, until every subterranean passage of the mine seemed filled to one imprisoned there escape must seem impossible. Even should he escape asphyxiation, the task of finding the way through the black tunnels, lighted only halily by the burning wood of the shoring, was a practically hopeless one. Yet, for over an hour Gwyn, exhausted almost to insensibility, had staggered along with faltering steps. He had wandered away from the cage and had been unable to return to it. He was lost in the blinding, suffocating curtain of smoke that enveloped him. Now, by an effort that was super-human and which sapped every ounce of his energy, he braced himself and hurried. He had thought, a moment before, that he had heard Nan's voice calling for help in one of the passages which led off from that in which he was trapped. Floundering along as quickly as his weak legs would permit, and feeling his way with his hands, more than seeing, he reached a turn and halted 'o listen. The smoke, here, driven on by the draft where the two tunnels met, was less dense. He was able to breathe freer and regain some of the strength which had left him. As Gwyn stood there, wondering which way to proceed and listening attentively to every little sound, with the hope of again hearing Nan's voice, another sound, almost as encouraging, reached his ears. It was a sharp, hollow bark—the bark of Hogan's dog—and it came from the direction of the tunnel in front of Gwyn.

Without listening further, Gwyn made his way along, guided by the barking of the dog. At length, when the barking grew distinct and closer, Gwyn stopped again. When he resumed his walking, it was to advance slowly and cautiously. It seemed to him now, that the dog must be lower, perhaps in one of the galleries or ledges in the same tunnel, but deeper. In another moment, he discovered that this was a fact, for, directly ahead of him, he could see the drop which led to the lower gallery. He advanced carefully, making sure of his footing, and peered over the ledge. The smoke, at this point, was well cleared away, and there remained but a thin veil of it. Below, however, it was darker, and Gwyn could not see distinctly. As he looked, the figure of the dog, moving about and clawing at the wall in an attempt to get up to the higher level, could plainly be discerned. And, beside the dog, stretched out on the ground, Gwyn could see, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, a human form. It was too dark below for recognition, but the sight filled Gwyn with horror.

Gwyn raised himself to his feet—he had been lying flat on the ground as he was peering over the ledge—and made his way around to a point where the floor of the tunnel sloped more gradually to the lower gallery. Here he went down and reached the dog and the body. As he leaned over to look more closely at the form lying on the ground, he started up in surprise. Instead of the body of Nan he had found that of Shoestring Drant, lying in a little pool of blood—dead. Gwyn reached down and examined the figure. It was certain that the outlaw had been killed by a fall from the upper gallery; there was no sign of a bullet wound anywhere upon him. Just as Gwyn was about to leave and continue his search, which now seemed beyond all hope, the sign of something clasped tightly in the dead man's hand attracted his attention. He picked it up, and, glancing at it in

the light of a smouldering beam, uttered a little cry. It was a bit of cloth which Gwyn recognized as having been torn from Nan's dress. Shoestring, then, must have encountered his wife in the mine! This accounted, also, for the presence of the dog. But what had become of Nan after she and the outlaw had met? Here was the mystery that confronted Gwyn.

Gwyn, accompanied by the animal, made his way rapidly about the tunnel until he reached the little opening in the wall of the mine through which the light had come. It was a small hole, just sufficiently large for him to crawl through, which he did. The refreshing air invigorated him greatly, and he felt a new life throbbing in his veins as he breathed it, after his long imprisonment in the smoke-filled, musty mine. Rising before Gwyn, on a steep incline, was a slope that led to a plateau some fifty feet above. From this plateau, and reaching down to a level with where he stood, dangled a rope, which was apparently attached to a tree above.

"Someone has gone up here before me," Gwyn ruminated. "I don't see how Nan could have done it, either. She must have been pretty much all in after her experience in the mine. However, there's no other way she could have gotten out."

He grasped the rope, tugged at it to make sure that it was secure, and climbed up, hand over hand. At the top, standing on the plateau, Gwyn was able to recognize his surroundings. Now, for the first time in hours, he knew where he was. The entrance to the main shaft, where the others must be waiting, he knew, was not far distant, though it was hidden from the view by a heavy growth of trees and shrubbery. Behind this screen, Gwyn knew, ran the road which led to the town of Lost Mine.

As he emerged from the woods and approached the edge of the road, he saw Casey rushing madly toward him, shouting and pointing down the road. When Casey caught sight of Gwyn he stopped suddenly. "Thank God, you're safe," he yelled. "But look! See what's happened to Nan! They've got her, the dirty hounds, and they're making for town as fast as their horses can run. We've got to do something quick. Come on!"

Gwyn followed Casey's finger down the road and beheld, galloping at top speed, the band of Von Block. On one of the horses, bound fast so that escape was out of the question, was Nan.

(Continued next week)

The choir of St. Mark's Presbyterian Church, Douglstown, Miss Ruby Haviland accompanist, assisted by Miss Muriel Ellis of Chatham, and Miss Clara Russell and Mr. R. K. Galloway of Newcastle and Mrs. Norman Clark and Miss Harvey of Logville, gave an excellent entertainment in Douglstown Temperance Hall Friday night. Rev. Alexander Firth presiding.

The program as carried out was as follows: 1—Opening Chorus—"Star a Song of Praise of Jack the Sailor"—Mrs. Wm. Wood, Misses Annie Alexander, Emma Morrison, Eliza Simpson, May Russell, Kathleen Cameron, and Jean Gulliver and Messrs Andrew Casale, Charles Johnston and D. J. Gulliver.

2—Piano Duets—Misses Ruby Haviland and Muriel Ellis. 3—Solo—"Far From Me Home I Wander," and (encore) "The Cameron Clan"—R. K. Galloway.

4—Reading—"His Own Obituary" and (encore) "The Pickpocket"—Miss Ellis. 5—Drill—"We'll Fight For the Grand Old Flag"—Mrs. Wm. Wood, Mrs. Herbert Russell, and Misses Frances Gray, Zella Johnston, Emma Morrison, Annie Jessamin, Eliza Simpson, Annie Alexander, Jean Gulliver, May Russell, Mary Walsh, Mildred Wood, Kathleen Cameron, Eloise Anderson, Sadie Scott and Stella Bransfield.

6—Solo—"D. J. Gulliver" (encore) 7—Duet—"Mrs. Norman Clarke and Miss Harvey" (encore) 8—Solo—"Somewhere in France," and (encore) "My Own Dear Canada"—Miss Clara Russell.

9—Reading—"The Kitchen Clock," (encore) "The Balmes Cuddle Down at Night"—Miss Ellis. 10—Solo—"Andrew Casale" (encore) 11—Reading—"Mollie"—Miss Ellis. 12—Solo—"Scots Wha Hae"—R. K. Galloway.

13—Solo—"When We Come to the End of a Perfect Day"—Miss Harvey. 14—Drill—"Soldiers of The King"—Misses Sadie Scott (Britannia), Eliza Simpson, May Russell, A. Jessamin, Zella Johnston, K. Cameron and Emma Morrison, Mrs. Wm. Wood. Solo—"Rule Britannia"—D. J. Gulliver.

15—God Save The King.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere

Girls! Lemon Juice Is Skin Whitener How to Make a Creamy Beauty Lotion for a Few Cents

The Juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quart pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold strain lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, whiteness and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars Costs. Three Cents.

SMOKE TACKETTS ORINOCO CUT COARSE FOR PIPE USE

St. Mark's Choir Gives Concert Splendid Entertainment in Douglstown Temperance Hall Friday Night

The choir of St. Mark's Presbyterian Church, Douglstown, Miss Ruby Haviland accompanist, assisted by Miss Muriel Ellis of Chatham, and Miss Clara Russell and Mr. R. K. Galloway of Newcastle and Mrs. Norman Clark and Miss Harvey of Logville, gave an excellent entertainment in Douglstown Temperance Hall Friday night, Rev. Alexander Firth presiding.

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Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere

CANDY AND ICE CREAM On and after the first day of July 1918, no person shall manufacture in Canada for sale, ice cream, candy, cake, crackers, biscuits, pastry confectionery, ice cream cones or chewing gum, without first having obtained from the Canada Food Board a license, to be called "Confectioners' License."

Laugh When People Step On Your Feet Try this yourself then pass it along to others. It works!

Ouch ! ! ! ! ! This kind of rough talk will be heard less here in town if people troubled with corns will follow the simple advice of this Cincinnati authority, who claims that a few drops of a drug called freemore when applied to a tender, aching corn stops soreness at once, and soon the corn dries up and lifts right out without pain.

Freemore is an ether compound which dries immediately and never inflames or even irritates the surrounding tissue or skin. A quarter of an ounce of freemore will cure every little or any drug store, but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet. Millions of American women will welcome this announcement about the inauguration of the high heels.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars Costs. Three Cents.

WANTED Blacksmith, Steam Engineer, Mill Wright, Quarrymen and Laborers Steady Employment THE MIRAMICHI QUARRY CO. Ltd. Quarryville, N. B.

A GRIPPLE FOR THREE YEARS

Helpless in Bed With Rheumatism Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. ALEXANDER MUNRO R.R. No. 1, Lorne, Ont.

"For over three years, I was confined to bed with Rheumatism. During that time, I had treatment from a number of doctors, and tried nearly everything I saw advertised to cure Rheumatism, without receiving any benefit.

Finally, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. Before I had used half a box, I noticed an improvement; the pain was not so severe, and the swelling started to go down. I continued taking this fruit medicine, improving all the time, and now I can walk about two miles and do light chores about the place".

ALEXANDER MUNRO. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Chas. Sargeant First Class Livory Horses for Sale at all times. Public Wharf Phone 61

S. S. "Max Aitken" STEAMER "MAX AITKEN" Until further notice the Time Table of the above steamer will be as follows:

Leave Redbank every morning (Sunday excepted) at 8.45 A.M. Leave Newcastle for Chatham, 11 A.M. Leave Chatham for Newcastle, 12.15 P.M. Leave Newcastle for Chatham 1.45 P.M. Leave Chatham for Newcastle, 3 P.M. Leave Newcastle for Redbank, 4.15 P.M.

On Saturdays will return from Redbank to Newcastle in the evening. Calling at all intermediate points between Redbank and Chatham including Nordin, Bushville, and Douglstown. Information regarding Freight and Passengers rates will be furnished by the Captain. All freight must be delivered 15 minutes before Steamer is scheduled to leave Newcastle Steamboat Co Ltd.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France. To Mrs. R. D. BAMBRICK: The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S. Dear Mother:— I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Your affectionate son, Ros. Manufactured by the Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd. Yarmouth, N.S.

WANTED Blacksmith, Steam Engineer, Mill Wright, Quarrymen and Laborers Steady Employment THE MIRAMICHI QUARRY CO. Ltd. Quarryville, N. B.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 26th July, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the route Chatham and Tracadie, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Chatham, Tracadie and route offices and at the office of the POST OFFICE INSPECTOR.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. St. John, N. B. June 8th 1918 H. W. WOODS. 26-28 Post Office Inspector.

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the POSTMASTER GENERAL, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 26th July, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mail, on a proposed Contract for four years, 12 and 6 times per week on the route Gtks and Railway Station and Gtks and Moran from the 1st October next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Gtks and route offices and at the office of the POST OFFICE INSPECTOR.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE. St. John, N. B. June 8th, 1918 H. W. WOODS. 26-28 Post Office Inspector

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 19th July, 1918, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, three and one times per week on the Boiestown Rural Route No. 2, commencing from the pleasure of the Postmaster General.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Boiestown and Elmfield Ridge and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS, Post Office Inspector, Post Office Inspector's Office, St. John, N. B. June 4th, 1918.

Tenders For Coal

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon, on Thursday, June 27, 1918, for the supply of coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion. Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained at this office and from the caretakers of the different Dominion Buildings.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 p. c. of the amount of the tender. By order, R. C. DESBROUERS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, June 6, 1918. 25-26

Electrical Work

Electrical work of all kinds promptly done by the CANADIAN GEAR WORKS, LTD. 26-28