

"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

NOW SHOWING AT THE HAPPY HOUR

It would be folly to go down without summoning help, and Gwyn read that Nan's rescue, not to mention his own safety, would be needlessly imperilled by such a course. As he reached the end of the building and looked down Main Street the sight sent a thrill that made his hope bound high. Four abreast, carbines pointing in all directions, a troop of khaki-clad cavalry was charging straight at the center of Von Bleck's defences. The bandits were fleeing in a wild rout as Hogan's men also kept up the fire, and then, realizing that even flight meant the possibility of death, they lifted their hands in surrender.

"Casey! Hogan! Come to the jail!" yelled Gwyn, and seeing that they understood, he dashed back to the fire. Swinging by his hands from the window ledge he dropped to the cellar floor and made his way to the spot where Hogan's dog was standing guard over the unconscious Nan. Tying his handkerchief about her face as a shirt against the smoke he lifted her to safety and staggered back to the window. He waited, and a moment later Casey's honest, rugged features showed in the opening.

"Hold my legs, Hogan," said Casey, turning his head, and then let himself down headforemost till his arms were free. Nan was lifted quickly upward to the window by rough but careful hands, and others followed her safely through. Next came the dog, whose tail wagged ecstatically when he caught a whiff of the fresh air outside. Gwyn himself went up last, and Casey had to strain mightily to lift him from the floor. When finally he stood outside supported by Hogan's arm it was all he could do to retain his consciousness. Nan already had opened her eyes under friendly ministrations from the cavalry officer.

A great cheer went up from the posse and troopers as Nan was lifted to her feet and walked over to stand by her husband. His arm about her shoulders, Gwyn turned to the crowd and passed his hands over his eyes as if trying to realize what had happened.

"You have saved our lives, boys," he said huskily, "but more than that, you have saved the cause of democracy."

"Perhaps you didn't see what else we saved," grinned the officer. "Leftovers, as it were!" And as the troopers parted ranks Gwyn saw there Von Bleck and his band, prisoners.

"About twenty years ago is all you'll get—if you're in luck," said Hogan comfortingly, and at Von Bleck's expression the whole company raised a shout of laughter.

The Limited rolled rapidly along the shining rails toward the East. Lolling comfortably in the soft plush seats of the Pullman, John Gwyn and the young wife he had acquired in the wilds of the Sierras gazed out the window at the scenery as it glided past. To Gwyn it was a relief and a relaxation after the long siege of strife. He was returning home, and the sense of victory and success which thrilled his soul was plainly written upon his countenance. To Nan, seated beside him, it was an adventure. The landscape, as it slipped by, seemed to her to be ever different. She could see the trees grow smaller, the plains stretch out before her eyes, the touch of civilization became more prominent, the towns grew to cities. It was all new, all strange, all inspiring to her. The whole thing seemed like a happy experience which must soon pass and be forgotten. Her frame, her mind, her feelings, her manner, all seemed to transform within her. She felt now that she was a woman, the wife of a strong, dominating man, whose personality and strength made him a peer of his kind. She must mould herself to fit him, so that she might move in harmony in his company, in the circles in which he went. No longer was she the wild, carefree daughter of the mountains. Gwyn turned to her and spoke, and his words bore association to her thoughts.

"It will be different, now dear," he said. "The discord of strife is over and we are leaving the scene of it far behind. Of course, we shall

have struggles where we are going, but they will be of another kind. No one ever undertakes a mighty project without encountering opposition and trouble. The man who builds the biggest bridge must carry the heaviest timber. But in the city men fight with their brains and not their hands. I think you will be happy, there."

Gwyn smiled. "By the way," he said, "now that everything is over and we are safely together out of reach of harm, I wish you'd tell me what happened to you when you were trapped in the mine, and just how you happened to fall into the hands of Von Bleck."

"It seems so weird and unbelievable now," she replied, "that it sounds ridiculous. I'd even laugh, I think, except that I know how serious it was and how frightened I was at the time."

"I must have been overcome by smoke, because, the first thing I remember, after I was staggering through the tunnel, is that I opened my eyes and saw Drant standing over me. His eyes seemed to pierce the darkness, and he reached down to take me into his arms. Hogan's dog—I had brought him into the shaft with me—saw him and tried to protect me. He must have known that something was wrong—I think I called for help. Anyway, the dog made one leap at Drant and caught hold of him with his teeth. They struggled until they reached the ledge at the edge of the upper gallery, and Drant went over with the dog. That was the last I saw of him."

Gwyn listened to Nan's words and nodded impressively. He realized that the point she had brought out was true. Von Bleck, at the head of his great organization—the eye of the Central Powers—was not an enemy to an individual nor to a country, but he wielded an influence that could be felt by the world. An international spy, whose intrigues could throw history into a frenzied state of chaos, he was a man to be dealt with by the hands of no less important a power than the Federal law. But now, captured and subdued, his domain would be shattered, his abominable system wrecked and his network of spies, which spread over the country like a web, would be without a leader.

Gwyn, as he thought, realized now the full gravity of the situation at Lost Mine. He could understand why things that had seemed hardly worthy of civilization and which he had thought could not happen in modern times, had taken place in the Sierras. A project which had called for the presence of such a person as the representative of the Central Powers was a project which would warrant the risking of everything.

And Gwyn, young though he was, was the man who had caused the downfall of this mighty power. He had proven himself stronger, crattier and greater than Von Bleck. He had conquered where the wealth and influence of a nation had been exerted to cause his failure. But, as he sat ruminating and musing over the events of the past few months, it was not his conquest, his accomplishments nor his importance that confronted him. Conceit was farthest from his thoughts. Instead it was his personal happiness that brightened these moments of his life. In evidence of this fact, he glanced contentfully at Nan, who sat clothed in the glory of her new life, looking out the window.

"It is wonderful," he told her, "to have found you hidden in the mountains, there waiting for me, and to be able to bring you back Nan dear. I believe that it was a higher power than mere coincidence that took you to the home of old Don Carlos and that brought me to the same place in the accomplishment of my life-work. It seems a shame that we have to leave it all behind us, with those who were so brave and level during the struggle."

"We're just going away for a time," she answered. "We aren't leaving it behind—we couldn't. The last thing Casey said to us at the station, after you had told him to take your place while you were away, was 'Be sure to come back soon.' And I told him that we would."

"And we shall," agreed Gwyn. A hand touched Gwyn on the shoulder and startled him from his happy reverie. He turned quickly and found himself facing the conductor.

"Is this Mr. John Gwyn?" The trainman was holding in his hand the yellow envelope of a telegram.

"It is," Gwyn answered to the inquiry.

"This was received at Denver, etc. We have just galled out from there," Gwyn took the telegram and the conductor nodded and departed. With nervous fingers he tore the envelope open. He could not tell from the outside where it was from and his imagination worked rapidly as he thought of its possible contents. Perhaps Casey was in

trouble; it might be that Von Bleck—

He unfolded the paper and read, while Nan beamed the lines from his side:

Check for two million dollars was deposited to your credit in Fifth Avenue National Bank this morning. Wires from Harstow have given details. Newspapers are anxious for your arrival, but not as much so as we. Congratulations to you—and Mrs. Gwyn.

BALTERMAN.

"And now, little girl," said Gwyn as he listened to the sound of the grinding wheels bearing them to the East, which sounded like music to his ears, "the door is open, and we are about to pass through to a new life and a new happiness."

(THE END)

S. A. Officers Honored

Captain Bellechambers and Lieutenant Brown Leaving with the Good Wishes to the Regret of Many

Captain Bellechambers and Lieutenant Brown who have had charge of the Salvation Army work in Newcastle the past twelve months farewelled on Sunday night and leave town to-day. The Captain is to be stationed at Annapolis and the Lieutenant at Pugwash. They were very hard-working and faithful officers and will be much missed. At the service Sunday evening, they were presented with a very appreciative address and a sum of money to go towards making up the deficit in the years salary. The address, which was read by Miss Emma Delane, was as follows:

Dear Captain Bellechambers and Lieutenant Brown,

With deep regret and a keen sense of personal loss we learn of your having been ordered, according to the rules and regulations of the worldwide organization under whose banner of blood and fire you serve, to serve your connections with the Newcastle Corps and presently depart to other fields of labor.

While in Newcastle during the past year, your untiring work and devoted service has endeared you to the hearts of your little flock and made you respected and esteemed in the whole community.

Trusting in God you have, though with slim resources and under great difficulty, faithfully preached the Word as you understood it and faithfully ministered to the spiritual needs of those placed in your care. Under God, we owe very much to our presence amongst us. As you go from us, we shall remember you very kindly and we pray you will be abundantly blessed in the years to come that you and all of us may live to see the world a better and safer place to live in, a place much nearer and ever more nearly approaching the conditions of that blessed city which the farseeing eyes of the great Evangelist saw "coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for husband," that city in which "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any pain." To the realization of this dream of the apostle, you have given as will remain with us and help us to do our duty in your absence that you will never have cause to consider your work in Newcastle as waste, effort.

As a small token of our appreciation of your labors of love amongst us and as an earnest of our good wishes for your future, we beg you to accept this little gift which we only regret we are not able to make more valuable.

On behalf of the Salvation Army Corps of Newcastle, N. B.

(Signed)
Mrs. Wm. Cowid
Mrs. Chas. Delano

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