

"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

NOW SHOWING AT THE HAPPY HOUR

"Get the men together," Gwyn ordered.

"Arm them all. I'm going to 'phone to Hogan to watch at his end!"

He ran toward the superintendent's office for the telephone, while Casey hurried off to get the miners together so that they could give chase over the railroad. Gwyn got his number without delay and was relieved to know that the connections had not been interfered with.

"This Hogan?" he said over the wire. "This is Gwyn. Von Block said his bunch have got Nan and they're going head on for town. Yes; they're on horseback. Get a posse together and meet them. We're going to follow along the railroad and get them from the back. You'd better have the people barricade the streets. I know it sounds foolish, but they seem to have gone mad, and Lord knows what they'll do if they ever get loose in Lord Mine. They've killed a couple of men here, and they can't afford to be caught. You can count on meeting a more desperate Von Block now than ever before. His neck is at stake and he'll do anything to avoid arrest." Hogan's voice came back over the wire with assurance that he would do his share as directed, and Gwyn hung up the receiver. When he went out again Casey had already assembled the men and they were waiting in a train of cars, all armed, to rush along the rail to the town.

As the bridge over the river came into sight Casey urged the engine on its utmost speed. The men in the cars behind were watching closely now, for they would soon come into sight of the road and they were anxious to encounter the men who had endangered their lives at the mine.

Had Casey or Gwyn, however, been able to see into the woods at the opposite side of the bridge, neither would have been so desirous of dashing their train onto the trestle. For screened from view by the trees and undergrowth, a man had been left there by Von Block but a few minutes before. In his hand he held a detonator, from which ran a wire attached to something hidden among the sleepers of the bridge. His eyes were fixed steadily, maliciously, at the fast approaching train from the mine.

Just as Casey drove the engine onto the bridge, the man's finger rested lightly on a button of the detonator. He waited a moment, until the whole train was well out on the structure over the river. Then, with a nervous twitch, his finger pressed down on the button. Almost simultaneously there came a loud, rumbling sound, which terminated in a sharp and mighty explosion, which resounded and echoed in the mountains. A cloud of smoke and debris rose into the air like a geyser, and mingled with the splintered beams and smoke could be seen the mangled bodies of a score of men thrown high into the air, only to go hurtling down again into the river.

If the finger of the bandit on the button of the detonator had twitched a fifth of a second sooner every man on the train would have perished instantly. But in this brief space the speeding engine had reached the other side of the bridge, and in that engine were Casey, Gwyn and the dog. Gwyn crashed the throttle shut and leaped to the ground before the engine came to a halt. Followed by Casey, he made his way with all haste to the foot of the gorge below, where the burning, broken train was almost invisible in a spreading cloud of smoke and dust.

His men were dead! Gwyn felt Casey's steady hand on his shoulder or as he turned away convulsively from the scene. The men, his men, were dead, in his service! Climbing the hill back to the engine, a stern resolve took form in Gwyn's agonized brain. He would make of himself an instrument of vengeance. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

Filled with a cold hate that froze all other emotions into inaction, he mounted the engine cab and opened the throttle. As they swung into a wide curve alongside the road he watched with grim satisfaction a long line of horsemen riding to meet

him, with Hogan in the lead.

"The devils have killed every man on the train," he said as they came up, and the words were dry and hard. "Blow up the bridge—murdered them like rats, without a chance!"

"Von Block is on his way to the town," continued Gwyn. "The storehouse there is filled with cinnabar, and that is his goal. Nan, God pity her, is with them. It is a race between us. You take the road and Casey and I will go on in the engine."

But the race was lost before it began. Von Block, re-enforced by another contingent from Brown's, was already attacking the town. A barricade of tables and odds and ends of furniture, together with all manner of boxes, wagons and loose timber, had been thrown up across the road, and behind it the old men and women of the town were fighting desperately. Such unequal odds, however, could have but one result. Leaving most of his men to carry on the fight before the barricade, Von Block led a flanking party through the woods to the left and broke in upon the defenders from the rear. Caught between the double fire the townspeople were forced from their barricade and driven through the village, fighting around street corners and making a good defence.

Slowly, reluctantly, they retreated till they reached the fringes of forest bordering on the road up the mountain. Here a desultory fire continued for a short time, but Von Block had captured his objective and most of the bandits were recalled.

The first act of the victors was to set the storehouse afire. With oil and gasoline from a nearby garage Rawls soaked the wooden structure at all four corners and applied the match himself. It was blazing merrily as Hogan's men topped the nearest ridge and advanced to the attack. As soon as the rout of the inhabitants of the town was assured, Rawls had left the battle and gone back to Nan, who was still tied in the saddle. The repulsive fellow picked her up in his arms and carried her through the gate of the jail, kicked open a door and descended to the cellar. This was a small, high-ceilinged room lit only by a tiny broken window set high up against the rafters out of reach. As he cut the ropes from her wrists and ankles she sprang away and faced him like a hunted thing at bay. But Rawls only smiled.

"Now, my pretty one," he implored ironically, "you shouldn't be afraid of a nice little boy like me." She shuddered at the emotion portrayed in his muddy eyes. "Come, come!" he added roughly, "you needn't be so fancy. Give me a kiss."

Nan dodged as he came toward her, but he caught her hand and pulled her back. Infuriated, desperate, she fought as only a woman can fight when she herself is at stake. Scratching and kicking like a wildcat she fairly drove Rawls back. He was in a mean temper now, and it was fortunate indeed that an interruption turned his mind to other things.

For Hogan's men were advancing toward the barricade, and the first shots found Rawls looking the collar door in haste and rushing off to the fight. Hogan had deployed his men in a long line facing the entrance to the town, and the struggle was bitter and persistent. Protected by the breastworks erected by the townspeople, Von Block's men were at a distinct advantage, and Hogan made little progress. Gwyn came up for a consultation, and one of the posse was called aside.

"A troop of United States cavalry arrived last night at Pinkton," said Gwyn, "and we want you to find a telephone and send a call for help. Tell them it's the cinnabar mine."

By this time the fire from the storehouse had spread so rapidly that the whole end of the town was ablaze. Sparks were falling even on the barricade itself, and soon a flame shot up. A man rushed forward with a bucket, but a rifle ball dropped him in his tracks. As the fire spread along the flimsy shelter the advantage turned to Hogan. Rawls's men, blinded by the smoke, retreated cautiously toward the unburned section.

"Charge!" shouted Gwyn, and the posse led by Hogan leaped over the burning barrier and carried the fight straight into the heart of the town. Again the advantage changed hands, for Hogan, with the flames at his back, was forced to drive the bandits back as they approached. Already the jail in which Nan was imprisoned, was burning furiously, and Gwyn, ignorant of her plight, was leading several men up a side street for a flanking movement when Rawls suddenly appeared around a fence corner and fired.

"Lie down," commanded Gwyn to his followers. Cooking his rifle, he stopped behind an open gate and took careful aim. Several minutes passed, and then a hat was shored around the corner. Gwyn

waited, and a moment later Rawls dashed across the street opening to escape. As Gwyn fired the bandit whirled on one foot and fell headlong, a bullet through his breast. In an instant Gwyn was bending over him.

"Where is Nan?" he asked anxiously.

"Ah!" breathed Rawls, a certain cruel pleasure showing on his face in spite of the pain. "You win the mine, but the girl—look!" He tried to point to the flaming jail, gasped, and fell back. But Gwyn understood. "You—!" he stopped. Rawls was dead. With Hogan's dog, who had followed, close at his heels, he dashed toward the jail and flung himself at the door. A swirl of heat and flame forced him back. Grasping a burning plank he broke open one of the windows, but the room was like a furnace. And then he suddenly realized that the dog was barking furiously at the rear of the building. As Gwyn turned the corner the faithful animal gave one look, thrust his muzzle through the broken cellar window and jumped. Gwyn looked down. In the far corner, face to the wall, lay Nan.

(Continued next week)

A Good Appetite A Great Blessing

The Occasional Use of a Tonic
Will Ensure a good Appetite
and Good Health

Loss of appetite during the summer months is a common trouble, and indicates that the digestive system is out of order. Lacking a healthy appetite many people—especially women—go too long without food, or eat sparingly because food seems to distress them, and it is no wonder they complain of being constantly tired and unable to stand the hot weather. All this simply means that the digestive system is not doing its proper work and that the nutriment that should come from the food is not being distributed to the various organs of the body. In other words the blood is growing thin and watery. In such cases what is needed is a summer tonic, and among all medicines there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Take a short treatment with these pills and notice how promptly your appetite returns and your power to digest food improves. Your food will then do you good, your strength will return and you will no longer complain that the hot weather tires you out. Mrs. M. Kelly, Windsor, Ont., says:—"I suffered from indigestion for several years, and although I was constantly taking doctor's prescriptions they did not cure me, and the result was that I was greatly run down, and always feeling poorly. Finally I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I soon found they were helping me I continued their use until I was fully cured, and am now able to properly digest any food I take. As a tonic and blood-builder I know of no medicine to equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all in need of a medicine."

The best time to begin taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the moment you feel the least bit out of sorts. The sooner you do so the sooner you do so the sooner you will regain your old time energy. You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 15 cents a box or six boxes for \$1.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SUNNY HILL

Sunny Hill, June 24.—Mr. Jed Arbeau and sister Katie drove to Doaktown one day last week.

Mrs. Bert Taylor and little son Wilfred of Hamilton are spending a few weeks at Mrs. Taylor's mother Mrs. Wm. Robinson's.

Mr. Vincent Connors visited his home in Blackville on Sunday last. Miss Lizzie Robinson made a flying trip to Doaktown one day last week.

Mrs. James Mitchell and Miss Evelyn were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Everett Mitchell of Doaktown on Friday last.

Mrs. Jessie Robinson and sister Mrs. Bert Taylor were calling on Mrs. Wm. Robinson on Wednesday last. Mrs. Jack Burke and little daughter Isabelle were calling on Mrs. Burke's mother quite recently.

Miss Lizzie Robinson was calling on her cousin Miss Olive on Sunday. Mr. Jed Arbeau spent Sunday in Blackfield.

Mrs. Ray Holmes of Doaktown was calling on Mrs. Jessie Robinson on Friday.

Domestic Express Money Orders are on sale at five thousand offices throughout Canada.—(1)

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GORDON, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE LIZELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.



In Such Cases

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.



PUBLIC NOTICE

Military Service Act, 1917.

Men 19 and 20 Years of Age.

Harvest Leave.

Leave of Absence on Ground of Extreme Hardship.
Procedure to obtain Leave of Absence.

Men Nineteen and Twenty Years of Age.

It has come to the attention of the Government that there is a widespread impression that young men of nineteen years, and those who became twenty since October 13, 1917, as well as those who may become nineteen from time to time and who have been or will be called upon to register under the Military Service Act, are to be immediately called to the colours.

This impression is quite incorrect. No date has yet been fixed for calling upon such men to so report for duty, nor has the question been brought before the Cabinet for decision. In view of the need of labour on the farm, it is most unlikely that consideration will be given to the matter until after the harvest is over, although of course the Government's action must be determined primarily by the military situation.

There is no further obligation incumbent upon young men of the ages above mentioned who have registered or who do so hereafter, until they receive notice from the Registrars.

Harvest Leave.

Some enquiries have been received as to the possibility of granting harvest leave to such troops as may be in the country at that time. No definite assurance can be given on this point as advantage must be taken of ships as they become available. On the other hand, harvest leave will be given if at all possible.

Leave of Absence on Grounds of Extreme Hardship.

It is desired that the Regulations respecting leave of absence in cases of hardship should be widely known and fully understood. Such leave will be granted in two cases:—(a) where extreme hardship arises by reason of the fact that the man concerned is either the only son capable of earning a livelihood, of a father killed or disabled on service or presently in service overseas, or in training for such service, or under treatment after returning from overseas; or the only remaining of two or more brothers capable of earning a livelihood (the other brother or brothers having been killed or disabled on service, or being presently in service overseas, or in training for overseas or under treatment after his or their return from overseas); brothers married before 4th August, 1914, living in separate establishments and having a child or children not to be counted, in determining the fact that the man is the "only" remaining son or brother; (b) where extreme hardship arises by reason of exceptional circumstances such as the fact that the man concerned is the sole support of a widowed mother, an invalid father or other helpless dependents.

It is to be noted that in all these cases the governing factor is not hardship, loss or suffering to the individual concerned, but to others, that is, members of his family or those depending upon him.

Procedure to obtain leave of absence.

A simple system for dealing with these cases has been adopted. Forms of application have been supplied to every Depot Battalion and an officer of each battalion has been detailed whose duty it is to give them immediate attention. The man concerned should on reporting to his unit state that he desires to apply for leave of absence on one or more of the grounds mentioned and his application form will then be filled out and forwarded to Militia Headquarters, Ottawa. In the meantime, if the case appears meritorious, the man will be given provisional leave of absence for thirty days so that he may return home and continue his civil occupation while his case is being finally disposed of.

ISSUED BY DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE,
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

