


SMOKE T&B TUCKETTS



Myrtle Cat
T&B
CIGARETTES
PLUG

"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"
NOW SHOWING AT THE HAPPY HOUR

(Continued)
At the time Von Bleck and Rawls were holding a consultation. The new supply of ammunition which was on the engine with the gatling gun had been captured. There was still enough for emergencies, but no one could be expected to put up a good fight when he had to be too careful of his shots. And neither Rawls nor his brawling confederates were truly brave, for they could not summon courage to stand up against odds. Knowing this, Von Bleck saw, at another way out. He was still seeking when a fusillade of shots announced that the battle was again in progress.

As Rawls grasped his rifle and rushed to join the fight Von Bleck climbed swiftly up the scaffolding of a drill. The situation called for generalship now, and Von Bleck felt that a crisis was impending. To give up the mine meant the loss of all he had come to achieve, to hold it meant almost certain defeat.

From the vantage-point of the scaffolding he studied the location as a commander studies a battlefield. Below the mine flowed the sluggish river at the base of beetling cliffs. Above was a rocky, narrow gorge with a small stream fed from Crater Lake, a wide and deep body of water which nestled in a volcanic shell at the top of the mountain. He knew this gorge well—a shallow cut in the hard metallic rock where the waters cascaded the cinnabar vein it had made still less headway, and at this point the walls were only a few yards apart. His meditations were interrupted by a cry from Rawls.

"The men are giving away," he shouted. "Shall we barricade ourselves in the mine?" "Tell them to retreat up the mountain," yelled Von Bleck in reply, and a solution leaped full grown into his consciousness. "Work around the main shaft, and continue up the incline to the gorge!" Von Bleck's pudgy lids were drawn close over his cruel eyes as the realization came to him that what his plan would mean to his enemies. It was a big idea, as befitted one in his position, and he rubbed his palms with satisfaction. He could not see the human side of it. They'd get what was too big for that.

As the firing approached Von Bleck climbed down from his perch and started the steep ascent to the gorge above.

The posse was not a little chastised at this sudden termination of the fight, but Gwyn and Hogan were jubilant.

"We are bound to start work at dawn in the morning," said Gwyn, when he had thanked his allies. "Washington and New York are insistent. The demand is so urgent that not an hour can be spared. And by the way Casey, I want you to double guard and establish outposts at a very approach. If we are attacked again we can meet them before they reach the mine itself."



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

strong guard had been stationed at regular intervals on all sides of the mine.

"Now, little girl, I suppose we can really settle down and enjoy ourselves," he told his wife, stepping up behind her and taking her hands. She smiled brightly.

"And I will have time to make our cabin look like a cozy home for you," she said, a bit wistfully. "We have been so busy with other things, you know, that I've had no time to show you what a good housekeeper I can be."

"Hey, cut out that turtle-dove stuff," called Casey, jovially glad of a chance to pretend amusement where envy was his true emotion. "Are you going to inspect the mine, or aren't you?"

Gwyn and Nan were just sliding down the shaft a few minutes later as Von Bleck at the Crater Lake entrance called to him. From a clump of bushes he drew a small black box which they recognized at once as an electric detonator. He smiled as he pointed off in the direction of the lake.

"I am now about to stage the greatest spectacle you boys have ever seen," he confided.

"Crater Lake sits in a cup of rock on the mountain top. I am going to break the cup!" He watched the effect of this announcement, which evidently made little impression. "When it breaks," he continued, "the water will rush down the gorge, and the dam you built will turn the flood into Shaft C of the mine. Every gallery will be full of water in ten minutes after the explosion occurs. Now do you understand?"

Did they understand? Every eye turned toward Von Bleck with a new light. They had owned respect for this man before. His money had bought them to do his bidding. But now—well, he was a master, the sort of cunning sounndrel that petty soundrels admire.

When he reached the top a hand reached down and drew him to safety.

"Where is Nan?" he gasped, as soon as he could speak.

"Someone is trapped in the store room. We hear them, but they do not answer when we call. Thank heaven the air chamber is still open."

At the surface of the little tunnel that served to ventilate this wing of the mine Hogan and Casey stood with a group of workmen.

"I am going down," announced Gwyn briefly. "Give me a pick to clear the way, and lower a drit and some dynamite when I signal. I'll try to blow it to the wall of the mine!"

With a rope about the waist Gwyn slid into the tunnel and worked his way down. It was narrow in places, so narrow that he had to use his pick many times, but eventually he felt a hand grasp his ankle and place his foot firmly on a ledge. In the square, high walled store room, now two-thirds submerged, were Nan and about a dozen workmen, battered, disheveled, half-drowned and totally unable to help themselves save by retaining a feeble grip on the jutting rocks to keep their heads afloat.

"I have come, Nan," said Gwyn simply.

"Yes, dear," was the reply. "I knew you would."

course I saw you and thought you were mad, but your action did help to conceal from the soldiers the secret of my true hiding place. I wish to be candid with you. If my friends and I had realized that you were here by accident we ought to have taken no steps to save you."

"Really?" snarled Coke, eying the unruffled Brazilian much as an Andalusian bull might glare at a pleader. A buzz of angry whispering came from the crew. Even Iris flashed a disdainful glance at the man who uttered this atrocious sentiment. De Sylva raised his hand.

"Pray, do not misunderstand me," he said. "I am as humane as most others, but it is difficult to decide whether or not mere humanity, setting aside interest, would not rather condemn you to the speedy death of the wreck than drag you to the worse fate that awaits you here. And please remember that we did succor you, thus risking observation and a visit by the troops when the sea permits a landing."

"That is not the true issue. An hour ago there were only a couple of his bare rock—four of us who looked for escape tonight. We were supplied with such small necessities of existence as would enable us to live if our rescuers were delayed for a day or even two. Now there will be no rescue. We are"—he looked slowly around—"twenty instead of four, but we have the same quantity of stores, which consist of a half emptied skin of wine, a bunch of bananas, a few scraps of maize bread and some strips of dried meat. Do you follow me?"

"There was sound of hurrying footsteps on the steep pathway. A figure, clad in rags that surpassed even De Sylva's, appeared in the entrance. A brief colloquy took place. De Sylva's eager questions were answered in monosyllables.

"Marcel tells me that one of our boats is drifting away with a maley in the bottom," came the uneasy explanation.

"Good Lord!" Hozier cried. "That must be the lifeboat I was trying to clear when the ship struck. Macfarlane was helping me, but he was hit by a bullet and dropped across the thwart. I thought he was dead."

"Dead or alive, he is better off than we," said De Sylva. He questioned Marcel again briefly. "There can be no doubt that the man in the boat cast off the lashings when he found that the ship was sinking, he continued in English. "Marcel saw him doing that and wondered why he was alone. At any rate, if he is carried beyond the reef he has a fighting chance. We have none."

"Why not? Are these men on the island so deaf to human sympathies that they would murder all of us in cold blood?"

A pause more eloquent than the most impassioned speech showed how this trail straggled eddying in the vortex of their fate might yet be clutched at. San Benavides, trying vainly to guess what was being said, blurted forth an anxious inquiry. His compatriot explained briefly. Somehow the measured cadence of their talk had a less reliable sound than the vigorous Anglo-Saxons. They were both brave men. They had not scrupled to risk their lives in an enterprise where success beckoned even doubtfully. But they were lacking when all that remained to be settled was how best to die; in such an hour the men of an English speaking race will ever choose a fighting death.

This time it was a woman who decided. Iris rose to her feet. She brushed back the strands of damp hair from her face and with deft hands made a rough and ready coil of her abundant tresses.

"Are you planning to send me with two others adrift in a boat while seventeen men are left here?" she asked. The Brazilian ceased speaking. There was another uneasy pause. Hozier felt that the question was addressed to her, but he was tongue tied, almost shamefaced. Coke, however, did not shrink the task of enlightening her.

"Something like that," he said. "We can't let you cut in with the rest of us, missy. That wouldn't be reasonable. But it's best to fix the business fair and square. We ain't a-goin' to try any other way, not so long as I'm skipper," and he looked with brutal frankness at De Sylva and the anxious, but uncomprehending San Benavides.

The ex-president knew what he meant. Even in his despondency he resented the implied slur on his good faith.

"You cannot examine the boat until darkness sets in," he said. "Then you will find out how frail a foundation you are building on. It is absolutely ridiculous to assume that she can be made seaworthy. Her occupants would be drowned before they were clear of the islands."

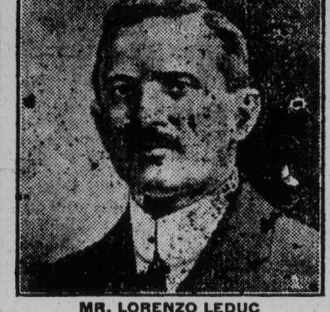
"In any case, I refuse to go," said Iris.

"The boat that brought these men to this rock can bring nineteen men and a woman to Fernando Noronha. We must land there tonight. With those to guide us who know the coast, surely that should be possible. We have a right to struggle for our lives. We of the Andromeda at least have done no wrong to the cruel wretches who sought to kill us without mercy today. Why should we not endeavor to defend ourselves? There is food there and guns in plenty. Let us take them. Above all, let us not dream of any such useless device as this proposal to send three to drown somewhere in the sea and leave seventeen to perish miserably here. We are men, not babies. Let us trust to him, but while doing that fully and fearlessly we must seek life, not death."

"Butly for you, miss!" roared a sailor, and a growl of admiration rang through the cave.

BEDRIDDEN WITH RHEUMATISM

Felt That He Would Never Walk Again "FRUIT-A-LIVES" Brought Relief.



MR. LORENZO LEDUC
8 Ottawa St., Hull, P.Q.
"Fruit-a-lives" is certainly a wonder. For a year, I suffered with Rheumatism; being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine but without getting better; and thought I would never be able to walk again.
"One day while lying in bed, I read about 'Fruit-a-lives' the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it.
The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the Rheumatism left me.
I have every confidence in 'Fruit-a-lives' and strongly recommend them to every sufferer from Rheumatism."
LORENZO LEDUC

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT


Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.
To Mrs. R. D. BARRICK:
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,
Rob.
Manufactured by the
Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.
Yarmouth, N.S.

THE PULMONARY TONIC



MORIN'S WINE
CRESO-PHATES

A rich tonic wine combined with creosote, the hypophosphites and lactophosphates, constituting an ideal preparation for all those suffering from ailments of the Throat, Bronchi and Lungs. It fortifies the whole organism.
DR. ED. MORIN & CO., Limited
Quebec, Canada.



NOTICE

To the Ratepayers of the Town of Newcastle,
Take notice that I have received the Assessment List of the said Town for the year 1915.
All persons paying their tax on or before June 7th are entitled to a discount of Five per cent.
And all persons paying their taxes after June 7th and on or before June 17th are entitled to a discount of Two and a half per cent.
All taxes must be paid within thirty days from the date of this notice.
Dated this 29th day of May, 1915
J. B. T. LINDON,
Town Treasurer

The
Stowaway
By
LOUIS TRACY
Author of the "Pillar of Light,"
"The Wings of the Morning,"
and "The Captain of the Kansas."

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It fell to De Sylva to explain matters to his unexpected guests.

"My friend agrees with me that it is only fair that the exact position should be revealed to you," he said. "The situation is not so simple as you seem to imagine. The loss of your ship cannot be dealt with here. It raises issues of international law which can only be settled by courts and governments. You know, suppose that nothing will be done until a complaint is lodged by a British minister, and that hinges upon the very doubtful fact that you will ever again see your own country."

The ex-president certainly had the knack of expressing himself clearly. These concluding words rang like a knell. They even called Watts back from the number of unconsciousness.

"It happens by idle chance that my enemies have become yours. The men who destroyed your ship thought they were injuring me. I have just pointed out to Captain de San Benavides the precise outcome of this attack. Until a few moments ago we shared the delusion that the troops on Fernando do Noronha believed we were now on our way to a Brazilian port. We were mistaken. More than that, we know now that they have obtained news—probably through a traitor to our cause—of the Andros-y-Mela's voyage. They were prepared for her coming. They had made arrangements to receive her almost at the place decided on by our friends in Brazil. It is more than likely that the Andros-y-Mela is now lying under the guns of some coast fortress, since the presence of troops and cannon on this side of the island is unprecedented."

"No, it would not concern you in the least if you were safe at sea. But since you are here it does concern you most gravely. From one point of view you don't see what all this 'as to do with me' blurted out Oakes determined to see to localities at least. Of course I saw you and thought you were mad, but your action did help to conceal from the soldiers the secret of my true hiding place. I wish to be candid with you. If my friends and I had realized that you were here by accident we ought to have taken no steps to save you."

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