

Deceived AND Disowned BUT True as Steel!

CHAPTER XXIV. THE LURE OF GOLD.

She tore off her watch and rings from her wrist and fingers, and unfastened her father's guard and watch; then emptying her pocket of the small store of money she possessed, she bade her father do the same. Then she handed the little collection over to the thief, who turned away, angry, it seemed, at the small results of his capture.

Nevertheless, help was at hand, Olive little guessed by whose means it would be effected.

Reuben had been making his way steadily down, and just as dawn was nearing the bushrangers' camp. He had caught a glimpse of one of the men, and by the sight of his evil-looking face and a few words overheard, had guessed that they were not peaceful gold diggers. He concealed himself hastily, and as he rounded one of the rocks, caught sight of the carriage and pair standing empty and deserted.

With revolvers ready, they followed Reuben; and a few minutes later pandemonium was let loose on the quiet scene. The thieves were too much engaged in dividing up the spoil of several raids to heed a sound; and accordingly when the miners were up on them, their surprise was as great as though Reuben and his friends had dropped from the clouds. It took, therefore, but a short time to overcome the ruffians, and directly Reuben saw the camp was in the hands of the miners, he made his way to Olive and Sir Edwin, who were crouched together, wondering what fresh troubles were in store for them.

The extent of their relief when it was shouted to them that the assailants were friends may be left to the imagination. Reuben had not meant to reveal himself at first; but the strength of his passion overpowered him, to say nothing of the desire that he felt to know if Olive was engaged to Morgan Verner. Then a sudden thought flashed into his mind. Perhaps she was married to him! The thought

"Look here, missy," he said, as Reuben approached, "this 'ere swag ain't enough for me an' my mates. Now the old gent says he's a rich man. You make him send for some money, and we'll keep you here as snug as birds in a cage till it comes."

A groan broke from Sir Edwin. "Wait—here!" he said. "It is impossible for my daughter to do such a thing."

The man laughed. "Bit of a change—ain't it?" he said brutally. Reuben's head was in a whirl—he did not know what to do for the best. His quick eye recognized several members of the gang as the same who had robbed the lonely farm-house. To attack the wretches single-handed, as he had intended at first, was out of the question—he would be overpowered directly, and would do no good to his beloved or her father; besides, to his supreme dismay, he remembered that he was short of ammunition.

He could see Sir Edwin was busy writing the letter, which would be taken to the nearest station for the carrier-post—there would be safe then for a day or two—possibly longer; if only he knew how to get assistance. He made his way back to where he had tethered the horse that had so strangely come to him, and mounting it, he rode quietly away, thinking perhaps to get help from some of the diggers nearer the gold fields.

He would have liked to have given Olive some hope of rescue; but he feared discovery too much—not for his own life, which he would have laid down gladly for her sake—but lest no help should be forthcoming to them, save by his efforts. So, though he longed to reveal himself, common sense bade him seek for help, if help were obtainable.

Even now it seemed as if the Fates were propitious to him, for he had hardly got safely out of the valley, when, riding around a group of boulders, came a party, evidently diggers, by their red, clay-stained shirts. Reuben rode up to them joyfully, and poured forth his story.

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Back now went the little band—the horse's hoofs swathed in cloths and neckerchiefs and the spurs and stirrups covered, so as to deaden the sound of their approach. They soon reached the ravine in which the bushrangers had pitched their camp; and the men, dismounting, tethered their horses.

With revolvers ready, they followed Reuben; and a few minutes later pandemonium was let loose on the quiet scene. The thieves were too much engaged in dividing up the spoil of several raids to heed a sound; and accordingly when the miners were up on them, their surprise was as great as though Reuben and his friends had dropped from the clouds. It took, therefore, but a short time to overcome the ruffians, and directly Reuben saw the camp was in the hands of the miners, he made his way to Olive and Sir Edwin, who were crouched together, wondering what fresh troubles were in store for them.

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If You Want Evidence

That Hemorrhoids, or Piles, Can be Completely Cured Read These Letters—Both Are Sworn Statements.

Toronto, Ont., January 17th.—Next to personal experience the sworn statement of reliable people is the strongest evidence obtainable. If you have any doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively and completely cure piles, these letters should convince you.

Mr. Samuel Parker, fruit grower, Grimsby, Ont., has made the following declaration before Mr. W. W. Kidd, Notary Public of the same place: "I do solemnly declare that I was troubled with bleeding piles and was advised to go to the hospital to have an operation performed. My wife saw a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so and have used it according to directions while living in a sallow state and obtained a complete cure, for I have never been troubled with piles since. I am now seventy years of age and want to recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to all sufferers from piles. My wife has used it for itching skin and obtained complete cure."

Mr. Donald M. Campbell, Campbell's Mountain, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment with great success for hemorrhoids or piles of fifteen years' standing. After trying all kinds of so-called pile cures, three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment gave me a complete cure. I have also used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and there are no others so good. You may use this letter, if you wish, for the benefit of others who may suffer as I did."

Sworn before me, Murdoch Gordon Campbell, J.P., in the County and for the Province of Nova Scotia. If you would like to try Dr. Chase's Ointment at our expense, send a two-cent stamp to pay postage and we shall mail you a sample box free. Full size box 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Both Olive and her father gazed at him in amazement. Was it possible that a man could be so wicked? "Words!" echoed Sir Edwin at last. "I complain of your deeds—not your words, sir. Do you call the theft of money no wrong? What, too, have you done with poor Farmer Styles' daughter—poor Polly?"

Reuben could hardly believe his own ears. He looked at Sir Edwin with open-eyed astonishment. "How—how dare you!" he gasped at last, white with righteous indignation. "Good heavens! You must be mad to say such things."

"Reuben, Reuben," murmured Olive, trembling, but with joy, for she felt intuitively that there was some explanation. He turned to her respectfully. "I beg your pardon, Miss Seymour," he said; "but these accusations are so monstrous that I may be forgiven if I resent them."

But before another word could be uttered, some of the miners appeared. They had cleared up the camp, and having recovered some of their own lost treasures, were anxious to return at once to their own station, which was not far from Ballarat. They treated both father and daughter respectfully enough, only asking that they should return to their carriage and let themselves be driven back with them.

Reuben postponed any further attempt at explanation, and insisted that a meal should be prepared for the travellers before a start was made. The good-natured miners readily agreed. Accordingly, some of the food just prepared by the bushrangers was set before Sir Edwin and his daughter, while Reuben retired to the farther end of the ravine, there to muse over the charges which had been made against him—undoubtedly in all sincerity, for he felt that Sir Edwin would not accuse him lightly and in the hour of his deliverance.

The meal was hastily disposed of, and Olive and her father were soon in the carriage on their way to Ballarat and safety. All Sir Edwin's dreams of gold-mining had vanished. He was now quiet as eager to return to England, whether rich or poor, as he had been to leave it. Olive leaned back with a sigh of satisfaction, not wholly on account of her personal safety. Was she not near the man she loved? No matter what happened to her in the future, she would never regret this last adventure; for she felt certain that Reuben would prove innocent, and in her joy, the black shadow of Morgan Verner receded for a time. They saw nothing more of Reuben until they reached Wanganoon, the little station thirty miles from Ballarat, when their rescuers had come; and then he merely wanted to know whether they would break the journey there, or be driven on to Ballarat itself. (To be Continued.)

List of Letters Remaining in G. P. O., to Jan. 12, 1918

Adams, Miss Mary, Victoria St. Ash, Mrs. Stephen, Hamilton St. Andrews, Miss Fannie M., card, Queen's Road.

Barrow, Miss O., King's Bridge Rd. Barry, Miss May, Military Road. Bellman, Miss M., Merryfield Rd. Byrnes, Miss Alice, Circular Road. Boyle, Mrs. B., Battery Road. Boyd, Miss G., South Side. Burt, Miss Annie, late Random, care General Delivery.

Burns, Miss K. Kelly, Frank Kane, Alfred, care Gen. Delivery. Kavanagh, Mrs. Lizzie Kerwin, Miss Eliza, card. Kent, Miss Annie, card, Dr. Mitchell. Kenny, John, card. Kearney, Robert, Lime Street. King, Miss Mary F., Gover St. Knight, Mrs. Wm. Forest Road. King, Wm. S., care Gen. Delivery. King, Thomas, George's St. King, Miss Mary, Gover St.

Lawlor, Miss L. (Card R.) Long, Henry Laine, Mrs. George, Bogan's St. Lane, Lewis, Young St. Lawlor, Mrs. Thomas, Bannerman St. Leonard, Miss Isabella, 26 Hill. Leadon, Miss S. J., Hamilton St. Lewis, F., Hagerty St. Kelly, Miss Jennie, card. 31 Bannerman Street. Long, Mrs. Edward, Cabot St. Larkin, John, New Gover St. Lukins, Miss G., Lyon's Square.

Martin, Miss Annie, Gover St. Martin, Henry, Bannerman St. Martin, Miss Lillian M., care Imperial Tobacco Co. Marshall, Miss D. Mahoney, Miss Ellen, Military Road. Mason, Mrs. J., Pleasant St. Mahar, F. J., card. Manston, J., Beaumont St. Martin, Miss G., care Gen. Delivery. Mercer, Miss Ida, Charlton St. Mooney, Miss Kittie, Clifford St. Mercer, Miss Jean, Casey St. Mercer, Mrs. ret'd., Casey St. Mills, Mrs. Joseph, King's Road. Miles, W. E. Miles, Mrs. John, Spencer St. Miller, Mrs. F. J., late R. H. Moore, Miss Annie, Prescott St. Molloy, Miss E. Morrissey, Mrs. Patrick, late Brigus. Edwards, Joseph, Water St. Morrissey, Patrick, late Bell Island. Morris, Miss Pearl. Murphy, Mrs. James. Mumford, George. Murphy, Michael, Butler Place. Mullally, Mrs. James, Patrick St. Murphy, Miss Annie, 7 Hill.

MacDiarmid, Mrs. A. A. McGrath, Miss Mary A., Queen's Road. MacDougall, Miss, LeMarchant Road. Macdonald, Mrs. D. M., card. Netlin, Mrs. R., Parade St. Nosworthy, Mrs., card, Clifford St. Nosworthy, James. Norris, Miss Elizabeth, card. Nosworthy, H., Hayward Avenue. Nosworthy, Miss Lizzie, Patrick St. Nugent, John. Nugent, Mrs. Ed. P. M. Nosworthy, Mrs. Mary, card. Nosworthy, Thomas, Military Road. Oates, Miss Fannie, care Gen. Post Office. Oates, Walter, care Gen. Post Office. O'Leary, Joseph. O'Keefe, Miss Mollie, 15 Hill. O'Neil, John, King's Road. O'Neil, Henry, Carter's Hill. O'Brien, Mrs. Michael. O'Brien, Bell, care Gen. Hospital. O'Rourke, Miss Mammie, Monroe St.

Parsons, Mrs. F. Parrell, Mrs. Wm., Allandale Road. Parsons, Miss G., Circular Road. Parsons, Mrs. T., Freshwater Road. Parsons, Mrs. S., LeMarchant Road. Pearce, Mrs. Albert, Allandale Road. Perrin, Mrs. James, New Gover St. Pearce, Miss Amy. Penney, Miss Lou, Carter's Hill. Pearce, Heber, Merrymerston Road. Prendergast, Miss Nellie, Duckworth Street. Penry, W. A. Phillips, Miss Bessie, Pleasant St. Power, Mrs. Wm., Water St. Pitcher, James, care Gen. Delivery. Pioroy, Mrs. Sandy, McFarlane St. Powers, John T., Duckworth St. Powers, J. J., Water St. Power, Miss M., Bannerman St. Porter, Mrs. New Gover St. Piercey, Jas. E. Power, Mrs. Water St. West. Pomeroy, Albert, Colonial Road. Power, Patrick, card, Hamilton St. Power, Mrs. Edward, Barron St. Powers, Mrs. Joseph, Gen. Post Office. Purcell, Mrs. Peter. Quigley, Miss Bessie, Water St. Quinton, Miss Annie. Quirk, Miss Lizzie, Carter's Hill.

Ralph, Mrs. Daniel, James' St. Ralph, Mrs. Mollie, card, James' St. Ryan, Miss K. (Card R.), Monkstown Road. Rayment, Mrs., Cochrane St. Ryan, Anthony, King's Bridge. Reader, Miss W., Brazil's Square. Riggs, Miss Nellie, care Mr. Butler, Water Street. Rideout, Mrs. H., card, York St. Roberts, George, Allandale Road. Rochford, Robert, card, Barnes' Lane. Roberts, E. W. Ross, John, care Gen. Delivery. Ross, George, South Side. Ross, John J. Rogers, Miss Eliza, Spencer St. Ross, Miss J., Military Road. Rodgers, John, 26 Hill. Rogers, Wm. J., Spencer St. Rolis, Miss Mary, care G. P. O. Rose, Hugh A., card. Robinson, Mrs. Ellen, Casey St. Rowe, Miss H., Maxse St. Rowell, Miss Bessie. Ross, Mrs. George, Nagle's Hill. Roberts, Miss Minnie, Cathedral St. Russell, Jessie, Military Road. Russell, G., George's St. Roberts, George, Freshwater Road. Rideout, Harrison, York St.

Sparks, N., late Clarke's Beach. Spracklin, Mrs. S., Carter's Hill. Shaw, Miss Mary, James' St. Smart, Mrs. J., card, Newtown. Sparrow, Miss Minnie, Gover St. Smart, Mrs. John, Willow St. Steed, Miss A. M., card, G. P. O. Sexton, Miss W. S. Snelgrove, Mrs. Gilbert, Gilbert St. Sears, Wm., care Gen. Delivery. Sweetland, Miss G. Suter, Miss Jennie, Bannerman St. Seyler, Miss K., Water St. Snelgrove, J., Power St. Sheppard, Miss Susan, care Gen. Delivery. Smith, Miss Maud. Simms, Miss F., Hamilton St. Smith, Mrs., care Mr. Rose. Simms, Miss H., Bell St. Simmet, Mrs. Jas. J., Balsam Place. Smith, Miss Minnie, card. Simms, Miss Jessie, late Dildo. Snow, Abraham. Sullivan, Miss Vera. Sullivan, Miss K., Queen's St. Sullivan, Mrs. J., Water St. West. Shute, Wm., card, Reid Co.

Taylor, Mrs. E., care Miss A. Patten. Thompson, A. J., care Port au Port. Thompson, W. F., care Gen. Delivery. Tobin, Miss A., Queen St. Tucker, Miss J., Central St. Tucker, Wm., Cooktown Road. Tucker, Miss M., care J. A. Tucker. MacDiarmid, Mrs. A. A. McGrath, Miss Mary A., Queen's Road. MacDougall, Miss, LeMarchant Road. Macdonald, Mrs. D. M., card. Netlin, Mrs. R., Parade St. Nosworthy, Mrs., card, Clifford St. Nosworthy, James. Norris, Miss Elizabeth, card. Nosworthy, H., Hayward Avenue. Nosworthy, Miss Lizzie, Patrick St. Nugent, John. Nugent, Mrs. Ed. P. M. Nosworthy, Mrs. Mary, card. Nosworthy, Thomas, Military Road. Oates, Miss Fannie, care Gen. Post Office. Oates, Walter, care Gen. Post Office. O'Leary, Joseph. O'Keefe, Miss Mollie, 15 Hill. O'Neil, John, King's Road. O'Neil, Henry, Carter's Hill. O'Brien, Mrs. Michael. O'Brien, Bell, care Gen. Hospital. O'Rourke, Miss Mammie, Monroe St.

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Marshall

Extracts From Letters of Lieut Leonard Edens. ROYAL FLYING CORPS. Squadron R. F. C. B. E. F. France. December 1917.

Dear Mother and Dad,—Things are going on O.K. round here just as present. I am getting my full share of the war or at least it is as full as I can to have it. We get two patrols a day to do and are very thankful when the job is done. I have had two rather exciting patrols in the last couple of days. On one of them we went up and all went well for about 20 minutes. Then we saw a patrol of four Huns below us. Our leader went after them and we all followed. When we dived there were two Hun scouts above us, and this gave them a chance to join in, so a general scrap followed. In the mix-up our two last boys were attacked by the scouts above us, got away from the rest of us and we didn't see them again. The three of us continued down, and the leader engaged one Hun and the other fellow and I each took one. We all fired a burst and the result was that the four Huns went down in a spin. This does not mean that we got four Huns with three stones, but we are sure that we got one because one of them burst into flames. It was the one our leader fired at. We don't know about the others, we may have hit them. Personally, I don't think I hit my man as he went under me and I couldn't dive any steeper as I was going about 190 miles an hour and that is near the limit, also my gun got jammed after about 20 rounds. I imagine I must have got away unhurt unless one of the first shots hit him. The three of us formed a fairly representative colonial outfit as the leader was a Canadian, the man on my left an Australian and myself, of course, a Newfoundlander. The little scrap was more or less of success as far as we could see. We had spotted their work which was rather interesting for their guns, and we had "done" in one and possibly hit one or both of the others. On the other hand there were two of our original boys missing.

Our trouble was not over yet, however, we started back towards our lines (about 3 miles) and when almost to them I saw a piece break away from our leader's machine and he went down—but completely under control. There were two Huns about whom we followed him down to 500 feet from the ground and saw him land in small holes and turn completely over, as we were getting fired at from the ground and we were also in the same which our own shells frequently hit. Their journey over to Hunland was very soon got up. Luckily our piece for patrol was just over so we went off home.

Walsh, Mrs. ret'd., Brine St. Walsh, Mrs. M. A., late Mr. Grace Whelan, E. Water St. Whelan, George, Freshwater Road. Walters, Harry H., Barter's Hill. Walsh, Miss Ellen, Prospect St. Walsh, E., Queen's Road. Walsh, M., Mt. Scio. Watts, Elizabeth, Prescott St. Whelan, Mrs. F., Henry St. Wells, John, South Side, East. Wells, Mrs. F., Bogan St. Westcott, Miss A. M., Brazil's Square. Williams, Mrs. H., Cabot St. Williams, Miss Alice, Henry St. Williams, Mrs. Mary A., Freshwater Road. Williams, A. H., care Gen. Delivery. Williams, J. B., care Gen. Delivery. White, Miss M. D., Hamilton St. Woods, Mrs. Frank, care Mrs. John Donnelly. Walsh, Miss Annie F., Pleasant St., etc., etc.

Yabaley, Mrs. H. J., Bond St. Young, Andrew, Monroe St. Young, Francis, Carter's Hill. J. ALEX. ROBINSON, Postmaster-General.

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