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CUT FINE FOR CIGARETTES - CUT COARSE FOR PIPE



"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

NOW SHOWING AT THE HAPPY HOUR

(Continued)

A pull on the rope, and down the shaft slid a compact bundle which Gwyn lifted clear of the water. The dynamite he placed on a dry ledge above, and then with drill and hammer attacked the face of the rock. As he worked, supported uncertainly on a sloping foothold, his strength, already sorely tried, drained swiftly away. He had no spot to drill as far up as he could reach, but even so it seemed that the water must reach it first.

"Watch the hole, Nan," he said. "If the water gets there first the dynamite will not explode and we shall all be drowned."

His fingers, worked frantically while the water rose higher and higher continually.

Casey, with features drawn tense, strained his ears at the entrance to the main shaft, for the sound of the explosion which should already have come. The seconds went by: they grew to minutes. Still the blast did not come. There was no sound from Gwyn. The distance down the shaft to the flooded tunnel below was too great for Casey to hear whether or not the drill was working. He became worried and was about to attempt to have himself lowered below when, with a mighty blast, the earth shook beneath his feet. He straightened, relieved; Gwyn must have succeeded in blowing out the side wall of the mine.

As Gwyn and Nan were nearest to the rent in the wall, through which the water was flowing merrily, they were also the first to be swept out. Immediately they realized the impending danger. But a short distance ahead of them was the precipice over which the flood waters were pouring into the river, hundreds of feet below. Toward this cliff they were being carried helplessly with a speed that made them despair in the face of their apparently inevitable doom. Even now as they peered over the brink of the chasm they could plainly hear it dashing down and into the river.

Suddenly, just as it seemed as though they must go over, and when they were almost close enough to the edge to see the river below, Gwyn's body struck a huge boulder projecting upward beneath the surface. His body, striking this as the side as it did, was thrown to within almost arm's reach of the shore. Nan, who had been clinging desperately to him, was turned toward the land also. Gwyn, grasping this slender hope with the fringes of a man facing death, exerted all strength in one superhuman effort, and managed to grasp the limbs of a bush growing near the water's edge. Clinging to this tightly, he pulled Nan to safety and together they clambered safely to the land.

Just as they reached the shore the struggling forms of the men who had been imprisoned within the mine emerged through the hole in the shaft, being swept toward the river on the crest of the swirling waters. Gwyn caught the first as he was passing near the shore, horror written on his face. By holding him firmly by the hand, he, in turn, was able to catch another further out in the stream. Thus, by forming a chain, all the miners except two, were saved and pulled ashore. These

two unfortunates passed far out in the water before the chain had been formed sufficiently long to reach them, and were dashed over the rocks to the death that would have been shared by both Nan and Gwyn had fortune not been so kind to them.

A few minutes later the wet and bedraggled little crowd walked slowly up to the entrance of the shaft and found Casey and Sheriff Hogan, excitedly making preparations to go down into the mine in search of them.

"Heavens, man," Casey cried joyously to Gwyn as he saw them approaching, "you certainly threw a scare into us. We thought you'd been blown to bits in the explosion. What's happened to you, anyway? You look as if you'd been in a fight with Niagara Falls."

"We almost didn't get here to tell you about it," Gwyn answered. "We were swept out by the flood and were almost pitched into the river. Two poor chaps did go over."

"Where were you trapped?" Hogan inquired. "We would have tried to help you, but I had no idea where you were."

"I don't know much more about it than you do," replied Gwyn. "It was in one of the shafts on the other side, near the river. We have such a network of tunnels there now that it's a regular maze. It would take a stranger a week to find his way out."

"Well, now that you're all safe and back again," Hogan said, "I'll get along to town. There are a lot of things that I have to attend to before I've got my new job well under way. I'll leave my dog out here with you. You may need him; he's as good a policeman as any sheriff that Lost Mine has seen in the last twelve years."

Gwyn and Nan laughed and bade Hogan goodbye. Nan patted the dog and assured herself of his friendship. And now, Gwyn and his wife, feeling secure and tired from their racking experience, prepared to rest for a while and go about straightening things again as soon as the water in the mine had flowed out entirely, so that work could be resumed. He did not intend to allow any time to be lost—matters in New York were becoming too serious for that.

But they reckoned without fully appreciating the persistence of their enemy, Von Block, who was not so easily to be defeated.

The bushes that hid from view the old entrance to the cinnabar mine—the shaft that had been in use by Don Carlos and had been abandoned since Gwyn had taken charge and opened the main shaft—parted slowly, and the figure of a man appeared moving cautiously along. Von Block and his little band of confederates lowered their revolvers, which they had raised, ready for action, when they saw who the new arrival was. He had been sent, some time before, to see how matters developed at the mine. Now he was returning with the news. As he came up to the old shaft entrance, the agent of the Central Powers waited anxiously to hear the report.

"It didn't work," the spy confessed. "The flood almost did away with Gwyn and the girl, but they got out all right. Two men were killed, but that doesn't accomplish anything."

"I don't care about their being safe," Von Block said impatiently. "I'm not trying to murder my enemies—I'm trying to beat them. What I'm after is to destroy the mine, so that they can't get any cinnabar to the enemies of my country. Tell me, did the flood ruin the mine?"

"No," the other answered. "If the water had stayed in the mine it was so deep that they couldn't have worked there, but Gwyn blew out the wall, and let the water out. Everything is all right now. The mine has been empty about two hours, and when I came over Gwyn was just going down into the shaft with a shift of men to start work

again. We'll have to find another way to put the place out of business."

Von Block, though discouraged by the news of his failure, did not despair. The other way was already found, and preparations had been begun even before the man had arrived to report the failure of the flood.

"If water fails," Von Block said, with a crafty smile, "we'll try fire. Drant," he called, turning to that individual, "you and Rawls got the explosives ready and lay the wires. Bring me the fuse and we'll give this old mountain the biggest earthquake it's ever seen."

Drant was in action before Von Block had finished speaking. He and Rawls, aided by two or three others, disappeared through the old entrance into the mine, carrying with them sticks of explosives and fuses the ends of which were held by Von Block. In a few minutes they reappeared without the sticks.

"Everything's ready," Rawls announced. "But you're not going to set off the charge when Gwyn and the others are in the mine working, are you? We might as well wait until they get out. This new guy, Hogan, might not be so easy in dealing out the law as Casely was, and there's no use taking chances."

"The devil with Hogan!" Von Block cried angrily. "I'm here to destroy it. If a couple of people have to die it's better than waiting until my whole nation is wiped out by the stuff they're getting. Come, now, get back. I'm going to let 'er blow. As soon as this first charge goes off and the smoke clears away a bit—I've planted some smoke bombs, too, to keep anyone from going down and putting out the fire—you and Drant have got to go in and lay another blast. One more'll do the job up fine, and I want to be sure that I end this whole business right here while I have the chance. Clear away! Get back!"

With these words Von Block lighted the wires in his hand, and a little, flickering, spitting flame went sputtering along the fuse. The group watched the fire as it danced down, ignited another fuse which had been "bushed" onto it, so that several charges would be released simultaneously, and ran along into the darkness of the mine entrance.

The face of another person than Von Block would have been clouded with horror at such a moment. But the actions of this strange man were impossible to account for. At times he seemed human, almost sympathetic, reluctant to carry his aims to disastrous extents. Now he was stolid, unrelenting, unaccountably cold, as he watched the fuse burn nearer and nearer to the charge that meant destruction, and waited for the blast.

(Continued next week)

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In Use For Over 30 YearsAlways bears
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The Stowaway

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of the "Pillar of Light,"
"The Wings of the Morning"
and "The Captain of the Kansas."

"Not until the tide falls," he said. "There is a very real fear of a visit from the launch. It has passed this spot four times during the past two days—ever since my absence was discovered. In fact, the soldiers have searched every outlying island, but



THERE IS FOOD THERE AND GUNS IN PLENTY

they have avoided Grand pere because it is believed that a landing is highly dangerous if not quite impracticable. My friend Marcel, a fisherman, discovered by accident the only safe means of reaching the path which winds round the island. Happily, the wretch who betrayed the mission of the Andromeda did not know the secret of my refuge. And I see now that the governor must be convinced that I am still hiding among the cliffs or your vessel would not have appeared off South point this morning. No; there must be no smoking as yet. In this clear air the slightest cloud might be seen rising above the rocks from within."

Marcel reappeared at the entrance. With him was another man, whom Iris remembered seeing when he was hauled up from the ship with Iris. "Ah, I was not mistaken," went on De Sylva. "Here comes news of the launch. They have signalled for it across the island."

Marcel entered the cave with an excited gesture, for long minutes had almost robbed him of his native vivacity. His companion, Domingo, climbed the opposite wall of the ravine and stretched himself at full length in a niche where there was room for a man to lie. Some tufts of rough grass grew there in sufficient density to conceal his head while he peered between the stalks. They could see him quite plainly, but no one wanted to speak. Though the unceasing wash of a heavy swell against the rocks would have drowned the noise had they shouted in unison, there was no need to tell any one present that a very real and dangerous crisis had arrived.

The slow change in the direction of Domingo's gaze showed the approach and passing of the hostile vessel. It was evident that a long halt was made in the chamber close to the wreck, of which some fragments remained above water. Still, curiously enough, it was impossible for those on board the launch to read the ship's name, since the word "Andromeda," twice embossed on the sharp cut water, was hidden by the jutting rocks on both sides of the cliff.

At last Domingo turned his head slightly and gave them a reassuring little nod. He said something, which De Sylva translated.

"They have a photograph of the wreck," he said, "and are now steaming through the northern channel to the anchorage on the west side of the island. Most fortunately, they do not seem to be aware of your drifting boat."

Thus he added, with a courtly bow, "I am sure that you will be able to make your way safely to the shore. We have a hot and tiring day before us, and I advise sleep for those to whom it is vouchsafed. If the weather continues to improve the next tide will bring us a smooth sea. Give that and a dark night—well, we may make history. Who knows?"

CHAPTER VIII. CROSS PURPOSES.

THOUGH Iris gave such warlike counsel, it would be doing her a grave injustice to assume that her gentle disposition was changed because of the day's sufferings. The erstwhile light hearted schoolgirl and youthful mistress of her uncle's house had been subjected to cruel influences. The ordeal through which she had passed, unscathed bodily, but seared in spirit, had left her strung to a tense pitch.

Of course in this present clash of emotions Iris little understood what her advice really meant. She was appealing to heaven rather than to the force of arms.

Oddly enough, the only professional soldier present condemned her project roundly when it was mooted.

"In leaving the island tonight you are acting on an assumption," protested Captain San Hevedes to his chief. "You cannot be sure that the Andromeda will not appear. The arrangement is that she is to send a boat here soon after midnight, yet if this mad scheme of an attack on armed troops by unarmed men is persisted in we must begin to ferry to the island long before that hour. In all probability we shall be discovered at once. At the very moment that our friends are eagerly awaiting us on board the ship we may be lying dead on the island. The notion is preposterous. He guided by me, Don Corra, and decline to have anything to do with it. Better still, let these English bores promise to forget that we are alive. Then Marcel can guide them to the landing place, where they will be shot speedily and comfortably. There is no sense in sacrificing the girl. She must be kept here on some pretext."

The ex-president took thought before he answered.

"I fear we must fall in with our allies' views, tante de mieux. You and I have to lead a headstrong army. That little Hercules of a commander is stubborn as a mule—a mule that has the strength and courage of a wild boar. The younger man thinks only of the girl's safety. He, at least, will not consent to leave her. Both, backed by their crew, will not scruple to sacrifice us if their interests point that way. Trust me to twist them into the course that shall best serve our own needs. I am now going to tell them that you approve of their plan."

The long day wore slowly. The heat was intense. Even the hardened sailors soon found that if the atmosphere of the cavern were to remain endurable they must not smoke. So pipes were extinguished.

Unhappily Iris answered in French some simple query of the dapper officer's. Thenceforth, to her great bewilderment and Hozler's manifest annoyance, he pestered her with compliments and inquiries. To avoid both she expressed a longing for sleep.

When she awoke the ravine was in shadow and the interior of the cave was dark. Her first conscious sensation was that of almost intolerable thirst. Nevertheless she cried involuntarily for water, and again she was startled when she managed to smile in a strained fashion at this malicious humor of fortune.

Hozler, who had aroused her by touching her shoulder, fancied he saw the gleam of merriment in her face.

"If there is no ditch in our plans," he said, "we should be on the island within five hours. We have every-



"WILL THE SOLDIERS THROW OUR DEAD BODIES INTO THE SEA?" (thing thought out as far as may be in view of the unknown. At any rate, Miss Yorke, if we succeed in getting you safely ashore you personally will have but slight cause for further anxiety. The proposal is that Marcel shall take you at once to the hut of an old convict whom he can trust."

"A convict?" she gasped.

"The population of Fernando Noronha is almost entirely made of convicts and soldiers," he explained. "But am I to be left there alone?"

"What else is there to be done? You cannot join in the attack on a fort, and that offers our only chance, it would seem. Granted an effective surprise, we may carry it. Then your guardian will bring you to us."

"What if you fail?"

"We must not fail," he said quietly. "Please do not hide the alternative from me," she pleaded. "I have endured so much."

"Well, don't you see, this man—who, by the way, is married and has a daughter, aged fourteen—will, if necessary, reveal your presence to the governor. By that time, say in a day or two, the excitement will have died down, the chance of your escape will be called to England, you will be sent to the coast on the government steamer, and you can travel home by the next mail."

"That sounds very simple—and European," she said, and the pathetic sarcasm was not lost on him.

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A Perfect Treatment For This
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"I had an attack of Weeping Eczema; so bad that my clothes would be wet through at times. For four months, I suffered terribly. I could get no relief until I tried 'Fruit-a-lives' and 'Sootha Salva'. The first treatment gave me relief. Altogether, I have used three boxes of 'Sootha Salva' and two of 'Fruit-a-lives', and am entirely well!"

G. W. HALL.
Both these sterling remedies are sold by dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa. "Fruit-a-lives" is also put up in a trial size which sells for 25c.



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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 Douglaslastown.

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. BAMBURGH:

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.



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 1913.

All persons paying their tax on or before June 7th are entitled to a discount of Five per cent.

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 22nd day of May, 1913
J. B. T. LINDON,
Town Treasurer

