

the fury of the tempest.

dless of the sharp note of warnf appeal, in the voice ere ". was
ted by another roll of thundertunged on in the darkness. The on narrowed here; she made her y down the ledges, leaping reck-sly from rock to rock, slipping, falling, grazing now one side, now the other, hurling herself forward with white face and bruised body and torn hands and throbbing heart that would fain burst its bonds. There was once an ancient legend, a human creature, menaced by all the furies, pitilessly pursued by every malefic spirit of earth and air; like him this sweet oung girl, innocent, lovely, erstwhile appy, fled before the storm.

Then the heavens burst, and the

the open on the outskirts and dwelt apart. No men there in those days oried into the business of other men



ecessary. If he aroused tran-rest or speculation it soon r. He vanished into the and as he came no more avoiding their society, this man mover so satisfied as when alone allent hills. His heart and spirit with every step he made away the main traveled roads or the difficult mountain trails.

(Continued)

I her. It must proceed, she aght from the man. She could meet that man,—although she red human companionship as never properly in the fury of the tempest.

Leedless of the sharp note of warn-of anneal in the voice ere. ** Was contains, deiving into awary fore: ** Contains, deiving int

exploring every hidden canyon, surmounting every hidden canyon, surmounting every inaccessible peak; no storm, no snow, no condition of wind or weather daunted him or stopped him. He had no human companionship by which to try his mettle, but nevertheless over the world of the material which lay about him he was a master as he was a man.

a master as he was a man.

He found some occupation, too, in the following of old Adam's inheritance; during the pleasant months of summer he made such garden as he could. His profession of mining engineer gave him other employment. Round about him lay treasures inestimable, precious metals abounded in the hills. He had located them, tested, analyzed, estimated the wealth that was his for the taking—it was as valueless to him as the doubloons and golden guineas were to Selkirk on his island. Yet the knowledge that it was there gave him an energizing sense of

Then the heavens burst, and the fountains of the great deeps were broken open and with absolute litteralness the floods descended. The bursting clouds, torn asunder by the wild winds, driven by the pent-up lightning within their black and turgid breasts, disburdened themselves. The water came down, as it did of old when God washed the face of the world, in a flood. The narrow of the canon was filled ten, twenty, thirty feet in a moment by the cloud burst. The black water rolled and foamed, surging like the rapids at Niagara.

The body of the girl, utterly unprepared, was caught up in a moment and flung like a bolt from a catapult down the seething sea filled with the trunks of the trees and the debris of the mountains, tossing about humanly in the wild confusion. She struck out strongly swimming more because of the instinct of life than for any other reason. A helpless atom in the bolting flood, growing every minute greater and greater as the angry skies disgorged themselves of their pent-up ior*epts upon her devoted head.

CHAPTER VI.

Death, Life and the Resurrection. The man was coming back from one of his rare visits to the settlements. Ahead of him he drove a train of burros who, well broken to their work.

of his rare visits to the settlements.

Ahead of him he drove a train of burros who, well broken to their work, followed with docility the wise old leader in the advance. The burros were laden with his supplies for the approaching winter. The season was late, the mountains would soon be impassable on account of the snows, in deed he chose the late season always for his buying in order that he might not be followed, and it was his habit to buy in different places at different years that his repeated and expected presence at one spot might not arouse suspicion.

Intercourse with his fellow men was confined to this yearly visit to a settlement, and even that was of the briefest nature, confined always to the business in hand. Even when busy in the town he nitched a swall tent in the order of the first of these causes, in other part for the love of woman. In the days of swift and sudden change he had been constant to a remembrance, and abding in his de-termination for five swift moving years. The world for him had stopped its progress in one brief moment five years back—the rest was silence. What had happened since then out yonder where people were mated he

In his visits to the settlements he asked no questions, he bought no papers, he manifested no interest in the world; some things in him had died in one fell moment, and there had been, as yet, no resurrection. Yet life, hope, and ambition do not die, they are indeed eternal. Resurgam!

Life with its tremendous activities, its awful anxieties, its opportunities for achievement, for service; hope with its illuminations, its encouragements, its expectations, ambition with its stimulus, its force, its power; and greatest of all, love, itself alone—all three were latent in him. In touch with a woman these had gone. Something as powerful and as human must bring them back.

It was against nature that a man dowered as he should so live to himself alone. Some voice should cry in his soul in its cerements of futile remorse, vain expiations and benumbing recollection; some day he should burst these grave clothes self-wound about him and be once more a man and a master among men, rather than the hermit and the recluse of the solitades.

He did not allow these thoughts to

awing from his fellow men ding their society, this man are so satisfied as when alone ent hills. His heart and spirit hevery step he made away main traveled roads or the scutt mountain trails.

Several: dayso he journeyad the mountains, choosing the and most inaccessible parts sains. Amid the canons and intraded his way with uncouracy, ascending higher and mill at last he reached the man was a little mad that morning, maybe he trembled on the verge of a break—upward, downward, I know not so it be away—unconsciously as he strode along the range that morning.

He had best walking for some hours, and as he grew thirsty it continued to the brook which he heard below him and of which he sometimes caught the brook which he heard below him and of which he sometimes caught the brook which he heard below him and of which he sometimes caught the process and

He leaped over the integrening trees to the edge of the forest where the rapid waters ran. To the right of him rose a huge rock, or cliff, in front of him the canon bent sharply to the north, and beneath him a few vode away a speck of white gleamed above, the water of a deep and still pool that he knew.

There was a woman there?



rooted a small tree, rolled the bear clear of the heap of woman's clothing and marched straight ahead of him up the canon and around the bend. Thereafter, being a man, he did not

faint or fall, but completely unnerved he leaned against the canon wall, dropped his gun at his feet and stood there trembling mightily, sweat he had not come from his exertions. In one moment the whole even tenor of his life was changed. The one glimpse he had got of those white shoulders, that pallid face, that golden head raised from the water, had swept him back five years. He had seen in an instant. once more in the solity ie a woman.

Other women he had seen at a distance and avoided in 1 3 yearly visits to the settlements. Of course, these had passed him by remotely, but here rising, falling, now disappearing, now he was brought in touch intimately with humanity. He who had taken life had saved it. A woman had sent him forth; was a woman to call him

sits to the settlements he uestions, he bought no parality of the settlements he uestions, he bought no parality of the settlements and the manifested no interest in some things in him had set fell moment and there as yet, no resurrection. Yet and ambition do not die, and ambition do not die, and ambition do not die, the settlements are the settlements as yet, no resurrection. Yet and ambition do not die, its tremendous activities, and the settlements are supertained as a second for the results and the settlements are supertained as a second for the results and the settlement for service; hope imminations, its encourages a expectations, ambition minutes, its force, its power; set of all, love, littled none and the settlement of the settlements of futile real experiments of futile

fainted or that she might have died in any event he reflected that she had attength and nerve and will to have creased herself before either of these things happened. Ehe lay motionless wider his given the first manual to mothing. But chances in the eyes of God! in his solitude had not for year humanity required him to go to her assistance.

was a sweek of white sleamed above, the water of a deep and still pool that he knew.

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He had time for but the swittest glance; he had surmised that the voice was not that of a man's voice instantly he heard it, and now he was sure. She stood white breast deep in the water staring ahead of her. The next second he saw what had alarmed hereat forbidding speciman he had ever seen. There were a few of those monsters still left in the range; he himself had killed several.

The woman had not seen him. He was a silent man by long habit, accustomed to saying nothing, he said nothing now. But instantly aiming from the hip with a wondrous skill and a perfect mastery of the weapon, and indeed it was a short range for so huge a target, he pumped bullet after bullet from his Winchester into the evil monarch of the mountains. The first shot did for him, but making assurance double and treble sure,

vain, he added the assurance that whatever his message he would be unwelcome on account of what had gone before; he could not force himgone before; he could not force him-self to go to her or even to call to her, not yet. He would keep her un-der surveillance, however, and if the worst came he could intervene in time to rescue her. He counted without his cost, his usual judgment bewil-dered. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

this cost, his usual judgment bewildred. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

Now he was so engrossed in her and so agitated that his caution slept, his experience was forgotten. The storm in his own breast was so great that it overshadowed the storm brewing above. Her way was easier than his and he had fallen some distance behind when suddenly there rushed upon him the fact that a frightful and unlooked for cloudburst was about to occur above their heads. A lightning flash and a thunder clap at last arrested his attention. Then, but not until then, he flung everything to the winds and amid the sullen and almost continuous peals of thunder he sent without a glance toward the woman shivering in the water, whose sensation so far as a mere man could, he thoroughly understood and appreciated, and whose modesty he fain would spare, having not forgotten to be a gentleman in five years of his own so ciety, high test of quality, that.

He climbed out upon the bank, uportioned a small tree, rolled the bear clear of the heap of woman's clothing and marched straight ahead of him up the canon and around the bend.

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that she only ran the faster.

The canon swerved and then doubled back, but he knew its direction.

Losing sight of her for the moment he plunged straight ahead through the trees, cutting off the bend, leaping with superhuman agility and strength over rocks and logs until he reached a point where the rift narrowed between two walls and ran deeply. There The one tween two walls and ran deeply. There those white and then the heavens opened and the floods came and beat into the open maw of that yast crevice and filled it As the deluge came roaring down,

rising, falling, now disappearing, now coming into view again, in the foamy midst of the torrent. He ran to the cliff bank and throwing aside his gun he scrambled down the wall to a cer-

easier for him if he had let her go; she would never know and he could then escape. The idea never once occurred to him. He had indeed withdrawn from his kind, but when one depended upon him all the old appeal of weak humanity awoke quick response in the bosom of the strong. He would die with the stranger rather than yield her to the torrent or admit himself beaten and give up the fight. So the conscious and the unconscious struggled through the narrow of the canon.

Presently with the rush and hurl of a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow

a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow lake through which the waters still rushed mightily, breaking over rocks, digging away shallow-rooted trees, leaping, biting, snarling, tearing at the leaping, biting, snarling, tearing at the big walls spread away on either side. He had husbanded some of his strength for this final effort, this last chance of escape. Below them at the other end of this open the walls came together again. There the descent was sharper than before and the water ran to the opening with racing speed. Once again in the torrent and they would be swept to death in spite of all.

Shifting his grasp to the woman' hair, now unbound, he held her with one hand and swam hard with the other. The current still ran swiftly but with no gigantic upheaving waves as before. It was more easy to avoid



Presentiv She Opened Her Eyes.
what gently the quick water flowed
more slowly. He struck out despermore slowly. He struck out desper-ately for it, forcing himself away from the main stream into the shallows and ever dragging the woman. Was it hours or minutes or seconds after that he gained the battle and neared the shore at the lowest edge?

He caught with his forearm, as the torrent swerved him around, a stout young pine so deeply rooted as yet to have withstood the flood. Summoning the last reserve of strength that is bestowed upon us in our hour of need, and comes unless from God we know not whence, he drew himself in front of the pine, got his back against it and although the water thundered against him still—only by comparison could it be called quieter—and his foothold was most precarious, he reached down carefully and grasped

her up until he got his left arm about her waist again. It was a mighty feat of strength indeed.

The pine stood in the midst of the water, for even on the farther side the earth was overflowed, but the water. ter was stiller. He did not know what might be there, but he had to chance might be there, but he had to chance;
it. Lifting her up he stepped out,
fortunately meeting firm ground. A
few paces and he reached solid rock,
above the flood. He raised her above
his head and laid her upon the abore,
then with the very last atom of all his
force above in a partial and spiritual force, physical, mental and spiritual, he drew himself up and fell panting and utterly exhausted but triumphant

The cloudburst was over, but the rain still beat down upon them, the thunder still roared above them, the lightning still flashed about them, but they were safe, alive, if the woman had not died in his arms. He had done a thing superhuman. No man knowing conditions would have believed it. He himself would have declared a thousand times its patent impossibility.

For a few seconds he strove to re-over himself, then he thought of the flask he always carried in his pocket. It was gone. His clothes were ragged and torn; they had been ruined by his and torn; they had been ruined by his battle with the waves. The girl lay where he had placed her on her back. In the pocket of her hunting shirt he noticed a little protuberance. The pocket was provided with a flap and tightly buttoned. Without hesitation he unbuttoned it. There was a flask there, a little silver mounted affair; by some miracle it had not been broken. It was half fulf. With nervous hands he opened it and poured some of it down her threat; then he bent over her, his soul in his glance, scarcely knowing what to do next. Presently she opened her eyes.

And there, in the rain, by that raging torrent whence he had drawn her as it, were from the jaws of death by the presence of the God above them, this man and this momes looked at each wither and life for pour of the man and this momes looked at each wither and life for pour of the man and this momes looked at each witness and life for pour of the man and the same.

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(To be continued)