

"The Fighting Trail"

At the time von Bleck and Rawls were holding a conversation. 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 all this, von Bleck sought another way out. He was still seeking when a fusillade of shots announced that the battle again was in progress.

As Rawls grasped his rifle and rushed to join the fight von Bleck climbed swiftly up the scaffold 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 death.

From the vantage point of the scaffold 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 crossed 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 way," he shouted. "Shall we barricade ourselves in the mine?"

"Tell them to retreat up the mountain," yelled von Bleck in reply, a solution leaping 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 of what his plan would mean to his enemies. It was a big idea, as befitted one in high places, and he rubbed his palms with satisfaction. He could not see the human side of it. The project 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 chagrined at this sudden termination of the fight but Qwyn and Hogan were jubilant.

"We are bound to start work at dawn in the morning," said Qwyn 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 the guard and establish outposts at every approach. If we are attacked again we can meet them before they reach the mine itself."

But von Bleck was not preparing to launch another attack. He was too clever for that—so clever indeed that even his men could only guess what was in his mind. After hiding all night in the gorge he had ordered them out to dam the little stream at the water-worn crevice where it crossed the cinnabar vein. Von Bleck, accompanied by Drant and One Lung, had disappeared soon after the work was begun and did not return until almost nightfall. The dam was complete by then—a high wall of heavy stones buttressed by logs which effectually closed the channel.

"You will see in the morning," was his answer to all inquiries.

Gwyn's spirits rose high at the prospect that now he could continue his work without hindrance. Casey reported that the bandits had not been seen since the fight, and a 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 little 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 his men. From a clump of bushes he drew a small black box which they at once recognized 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 down the flood into Chaff 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 small 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 scoundrel that petty scoundrels admire.

Delicately, almost artistically, von Bleck's smooth fingers attached the

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end of the wire. When all was ready he laid his forefinger gently on the button, bowed with ironic mirth, and pressed it home.

Outward and upward the earth and stone on the near side of the lake flew toward the heavens. A moment later a wall of foaming water burst through the cavity and boiled into the gorge below. A sheer fluid wall it was, charging onward with ever increasing speed. Rocks were turned over in its headlong flight, huge trees uprooted and thrown about like broken windmills. Would it break the dam—that was the unvoiced question in each half-hypnotized brain. There was a tense moment as the water crashed into the obstacle, a great spurt of foam as it broke into spray. But the dam held. It held! Von Bleck, who had been holding his breath in suspense breathed freely.

Diverted from its normal course, the swollen stream turned down the mountain. Shaft C, striking into the cinnabar vein a hundred yards below was directly in its path. The muddy torrent swept into the hole and seemed swallowed up by it.

Nan and Gwyn were standing at the intersection of the two main galleries when the first rush of water overtook them. It was so unexpected, so violent, that neither could reach the other in time. Nan was picked up by the current and borne away before Gwyn could make a move to save her and it required all his strength, aided by a crevice in the rock, to keep himself from being torn from his hold.

They were terrible moments as he stood there alone in the dark, wondering, fearing, trying to fathom what had occurred. He did not fear for himself. If he held on long enough he felt certain the incoming flood would abate, and then he could swim to the shaft at the gallery's end. But Nan? There were miners in that gallery, he knew, but they also would be helpless in the rush of the flood. She could swim, but even that was small comfort. As soon as the current grew steadier he threw caution to the winds and struck out for the shaft. Finally he caught a glimpse of light, swam on and at length found himself on top of the submerged cage. There was no way to signal. The apparatus was covered by the water. He must depend upon himself. In desperation he grasped the cable and started up, hand over hand, by sheer dumb determination forcing his grip to hold. When he reached the top a hand was thrust over 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

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Slants of Humor

QUITE UP TO DATE.
Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow
And worth some eighty cents a pound
Which is a lot of dough.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR.
"Gorham Sterling Silverware. It is better to give than to receive."

WHY NOT A FLIVVER?
"Aria—O Rest in the Ford (From Elijah.)"—Houston Post.

SOME EXCUSE.
Received by a teacher: "Kindly excuse Helen's absence yesterday. She was at the dentist pulling her teeth."

RENDERED NULL AND VOID.
Editor Fehrenbach of this department is at the general hospital where last Monday he underwent on operation that invalidates him for a few weeks.—Madison Democrat.

BRIGHT BOY.
Teacher—Willie, where does wool come from?
Willie—Off the sheep's back, sir.
Teacher—And then?
Willie—I don't know.
Teacher (touching Willie's trousers)—What are these made from?
Willie—Uncle John's old ones!

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SHERLOCK HOLMES METHODS.

The cop gazed long and thoughtfully at the hole in Mrs. Parkinson's parlor window, then produced a notebook.

"You 'eard the crash at 4 o'clock?"

"At 4 o'clock," echoed the lady.

"You run to the door but seed nobody?"

"Nobody."

Sherlock could think of no more, so he shut the notebook and walked off dreaming of promotion.

A few minutes later he was back with a full-face smile that was eloquent with triumph.

"Jobs like this 'ere don't take smart chaps long," he remarked. "You're sure it happened at 4 o'clock?"

"Yes, have you caught the culprit?"

"Well, not yet, ma'am," he answered "but I'm narrowin' it down all right. It wasn't Bill 'iggins, cos' 'e was killed by a motor car at 'alf-past three."

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HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign Of Dropsy And Kidney Trouble Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



HATTIE WARREN
Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915.

"We have used 'Fruit-a-tives' in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease. The Doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives' and would never be without them."

WILLIAM WARREN.
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At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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 drill and some dynamite when I signal. I'll try to blow out the wall of the mine!"

With a rope about his 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."

"But we could never get out the way I came down," he explained. (Continued next week.)

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The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Wiesner.)

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FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES ASHAMED TO GO OUT

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly pimples, blotches, flesh worms and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow cast in the mould of beauty have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effectual remedy for all these defects.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters. This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Mrs. Katherine Henry, Port Sydney, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my face was so covered with pimples I was ashamed to go out at all. I tried several remedies, but they were of no use. At last a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle, and by the time it was used I could see a difference. I then got two more, and when I had used them the pimples were completely gone. I can highly recommend B. B. B."

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