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Chas. H. Fletcher

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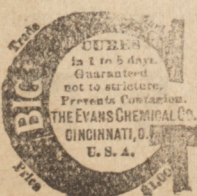
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ALL FOR GOLD.

(Continued.)

Before them lay a passage sloping steeply downwards and opening at the foot into a large cave, at the end of which was a big peat fire, burning fiercely, while over it hung a closed metal vessel, from the cover of which came a warm ending in another vessel set on the floor near the fire. The two Englishmen recognized in an instant that they were in one of the illicit distilleries which are so scattered over the wilder parts of Scotland and Ireland, where the "mountain dew" and potent "have their birth. One side of the cave was pierced by an iron pipe from which ran a copious stream of pure water falling into a channel and led off through some unseen passage to rejoin the burn lower down. The whole place was fitted up with everything needful for the unlawful industry.

The Italian's revolver was out like a flash and covered the Scotchman, while Kendrick stole behind the other man and pinioned his arms so that he could do nothing. "Stir and you die!" cried the Italian. "Keep still and we shan't hurt you. We have not come after your whiskey, but we have come for your prisoner, Archie M'Queen, and, by heaven, I'll shoot you like a cog if you don't produce her at once!" "Hoot, mon, what prissner?" replied M'Queen, endeavoring to assume a careless air.

"No nonsense. Where have you placed the signiora that that double dyed villain, Guelfo, placed in your charge?"

"And who might the mon Guelfo be?" asked M'Queen, posing as puzzled innocence.

"I'm no talker—if you don't answer quick, before I count three, I will fire."

One—two—three. And the cavern re-echoed with the explosion of the pistol, while a large flake of stone fell from the wall behind the Scotchman with a clatter on the floor. Bal-

bi had aimed a foot or more wide of his head, but the shot had effected its purpose.

"Stay, on, stay, ye will na kill me? I'll speak. Haud yer hond!" cried M'Queen his face convulsed with terror and trembling so that he could hardly stand.

"Speak, then, and quickly, or the next shot will be better aimed. One—two—"

"Come this way. She's here," and with eyes almost starting from his head fixed upon the muzzle of the revolver which still covered him, M'Queen backed towards a part of the cavern which lay in deep shadow.

Without moving his eyes from him, Balbi said:

"Look carefully after your man, Kendrick," and followed.

Behind a buttress or rock they came upon a rough wooden partition in which was a door. M'Queen stopped.

"She's here," he said.

"Open the door."

"It's locked and I have not got the key."

"One—two—"

"There was no need for Balbi to say more. In a second or two the door was open, and in the dim light beyond, dazed and semi-conscious, seated upon the side of a rough bed, Balbi caught sight of the woman that he had loved so long and so faithfully.

With a cry of joy, thrusting M'Queen aside so violently that he stumbled and fell, the Italian sprang forward and clasped her in his arms, showering kisses on her face and pouring words of love and endearment in Italian in her ears.

At first there was no response on her part. She lay in his embrace impassive, unresisting and silent, and then as something woke her numbed consciousness to life once more, she raised her head and, gazing into the eyes which were devouring her, cried in a voice tremulous with startled joy:

"Piero! Piero mio!"

Meanwhile M'Queen had picked himself up and had rapidly passed back to the larger cavern, seizing on his way a piece of iron piping that lay on the rocky floor, and rushed at Kendrick, who had forced his man to the ground and was holding him down. He raised his weapon to strike, but it was seized from behind, wrenched from his hand, and the blow that he had intended for another fell on his own head, and with a groan he rolled over on the floor. It was Ellis, who, having succeeded in replacing the slab which served as a door, had come so opportunely to the rescue of his friend.

Finding a piece of cord, they tied the hands of the second prisoner behind him, and then M'Queen showed no sign of returning consciousness; they were free to help Balbi, who was tenderly assisting the tottering steps of Lucia from her prison house.

As she emerged into the fuller light of the central cave a look of terror came into her eyes when she caught sight of Ellis and Kendrick, and she clung more closely to Balbi, but he murmured something in Italian in her ear, and the look was lost in one of infinite trust and confidence.

Already the presence of the lover of her youth, one of her own race, had commenced her recovery.

"What shall we do with this treacherous brute, Balbi?" said Ellis, indicating with his foot the unconscious form of M'Queen. "He deserves a good deal more than he got, though I warrant that he will wake up with a headache for I laid it on pretty thick."

"Leave him where he is. We have got all that we want here, and we don't wish to be dragged in as witnesses by the Excise people. We didn't come whiskey hunting," said Kendrick.

"No, leave him there. We have accomplished our object, and now to place Lucia where she can have proper care is all that I can attend to," said Balbi, moving towards the sloping passage. But just at that moment a sound above him caused him to pause and sign to his companions to retreat behind the projection of the rocks, as he at the same time drew Lucia out of sight.

"Where are ye the noo?" exclaimed the newcomer, not at first sight seeing the two prostrate forms.

Ellis quickly slipped from his hiding place and got between him and the entrance. It was one of the gang of distillers, one that Balbi had never seen before.

"Here we are!" replied Ellis, enjoying the fellow's surprise. "What can we do for ye?"

"Eh, sakes alive!" exclaimed the man, turning in astonishment and terror, and then making as though he would force his way back again.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, Oct. 15th, 1905, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 303 Mixed for Campbellton, Moncton, Chatham and Loggieville.	5.45
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville.	18.10
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville.	6.15
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville.	11.15
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville.	16.15
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville.	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville.	13.00
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham, Junction, Chatham and Loggieville.	18.05
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville.	8.15
No. 323 Suburban from Marysville.	13.15
No. 325 Suburban from Marysville.	18.15

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 "clock is midnight Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12th, 1905

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How often do we hear women say: "It seems as though my back would break," or "Don't speak to me. I am all out of sorts?" These significant remarks prove that the system requires attention.

Backache and "the blues" are direct symptoms of an inward trouble which will sooner or later declare itself. It may be caused by diseased kidneys or some other derangement. Nature requires assistance and at once, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all these peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years, and the ablest specialists agree that it is the most universally successful remedy for woman's ills known to medicine.

The following letters from Mrs. Oakes and Mrs. MacNamee are among the many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those whom she has relieved.

"Surely such testimony is convincing. Mrs. J. P. Oakes of Prince of Wales Hotel, Head of St. Margaret's Bay, near Halifax, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, Canada, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—After what your Vegetable Compound did for me, I am a firm believer that it is a wonderful medicine, and that any woman who is troubled with any of the ills we suffer from should try it and she will soon be convinced of its worth. Six bottles changed me from a peevish, despondent, sickly, ailing woman to a sweet tempered, healthy one, who rarely ever has a pain now, and who before was nearly without one. As a regulator, strengthener and a tonic, I think it has no superior and I certainly endorse it."

Mrs. Anna R. MacNamee of corner Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's ills.

But Kendrick had him in his grip in a second, and a turn or two of a second piece of rope rendered him as harmless as his companions.

"We'll leave him here. M'Queen will set them free when he comes to, and you may be sure that they will keep their mouths shut for their own sakes. Come along," said Balbi.

And to the accompaniment of a chorus of Gaelic oaths and imprecations the little party made their way out of the cave that had served both as a prison house and a distillery.

The fresh air seemed to revive the Italian woman in a marvellous way; each moment her steps grew stronger, and already she had spoken several words to Balbi, words which showed that her sense of reason was returning.

"We'll get to Abernethy as quickly as we can," said Balbi; "and this will be the shortest way. Let me strengthen my strength. I know the path well by now." And with Lucia hanging on his arm he led the way downward towards the wood. They were just about to enter it when a figure emerged from beneath the thick shadows and approached them. At the distance of only a few yards a voice said:

"Ah, that's right, M'Queen. I thought you might perhaps bring her to meet me and save time. How is—"

"Accident! At last I have you, Balbi! sprang like a tiger on the astonished Guelfo and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, at the same time pouring on him a torrent of abuse in his native tongue. Vainly did Guelfo struggle; the little man was the more active and clung to him like a leech.

(To be Continued.)

RECORD HUNTING SEASON.

Augusta, Me., Nov. 18.—The greatest hunting season in the history of Maine is now practically assured. The Hon. L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, chairman of the commission on inland fisheries and game, says that it is ahead of any year which he can remember.

"There have been more hunters in the woods this year," said Mr. Carleton, "than I have ever known before, and there are more deer. The immense shipment of deer and moose show that this vast army of hunters has been successful."

The average number of moose and deer which have been killed each year for the past ten years, according to the report of the fish and game commission, is 300 moose and 6000 deer. This, however, is not all that have been killed. Last year the numbers were 172 moose and 3040 deer. This year, with the deer season four weeks from its close and the moose season two weeks, the amount of game killed guarantees a record breaker for 1905.

CHILLS PROVE FATAL.

If warmth and circulation are not promptly restored, chills result in fatal pneumonia. This necessitates keeping Nemoline on hand. Taken in hot water it breaks up a cold in two minutes. By rubbing freely over the throat and chest it prevents colds. No liniment so strong, so penetrating, so swift to kill pain and inflammation. Nearly fifty years' record has proved the value of Poison's Nemoline. You should get a bottle today.

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MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They soon induce healthful, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action and removing all symptoms of heart trouble, which is often the cause of nervousness and sleeplessness.

Mrs. Emma Chambers, Massey Station, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I was so bad at times I could not lie down in bed at nights but would have to sit up. I doctored for a whole year and got no relief. I took three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and was completely cured. I have not been troubled since. I cannot recommend them too highly."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or sent direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.