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 The undersigned having been restored to health
 by simple means, after suffering for several years
 with a severe lung affection, and that dread
 disease Consumption, is anxious to make known
 to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To
 those who desire it, he will cheerfully send, free
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 lung affections. He hopes all sufferers will try
 this remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring
 the prescription, which will cost them nothing
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 Bus and Dray business from
 Mr. John Vollet, and wish to
 announce to the people of Dur-
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 my aim to make the business,
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All orders promptly attended
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 of Queen's University, Classics, Moderns, and
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Fees, \$1.00 per month.

WM. JOHNSTON, Chairman. **C. RAMAGE,** Secretary.

HESPER
 ...BY...
HAMLIN GARLAND
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With that half superstitious con-
 fidence which even the most intelligent
 feel when the doctor is present, Ray-
 mond soon followed. He was tired—
 tired! His long ride to the valley and



ow, but his presence was most palpa-
 ble and appealing.
 Nora came softly in. "Ann, dear, the
 worried about him on my own account.
 You see he was brought to me by one
 of my vedettes, and as he had a great
 deal of information I kept him with us."

"Peace between whom?"
 "Munro and Matt."
 "Is Munro there?"
 "He's waiting to see you. Keep him
 from Matt; he's in a bad temper to-
 night."
 Ann went out with a wrinkle of vexa-
 tion on her brow.
 Munro was waiting just outside the
 door in the clear, yellow dusk.
 "How is the boy?" he asked as she
 drew near.

"Oh, no!" cried Ann. "They wouldn't
 do that. They aren't to do that."
 "That's what they've done," he bit-
 terly assured her. Then a thought en-
 tered his mind which staggered him.
 "The men—the men were in the mine!"
 he shouted and rushed into the dark-
 ness.

Ann heard his blows upon the door
 of the other cabin as he called: "Boys,
 roll out! The power house is blown up!
 The men are in the mine! Quick, out
 with you! Buckle your guns!"
 Then the girl recognized Kelly's
 great voice. He was calling as he ran,
 "Rob, are ye there?"
 "Yes; I'm rousing the boys."
 "It's the shaft house."
 "It looks that way."
 "And the men, lad; the men!"

"I don't know, Matt. I've just got
 on my feet."
 So much Ann heard before the sound
 of their feet died away down the path.
 The sleepers in the bunk house began
 to rumble and clatter about on the
 bare floors. One by one they emerged,
 slamming the door behind them.
 Once outside the door the women
 could see the flames growing each mo-
 ment in power, licking with avid
 tongues at the confused mass of splin-
 tered beams, and on the curtain of red
 light the forms of Kelly and Raymond
 played in silhouette as they strove fur-
 iously against the destroyer. Their
 workmen soon joined them, and each
 moment some hastening rescuer hur-
 ried past the open door and as he ran
 cursed in bitter frenzy.

"Ann!" called Louis from the bed.
 Faint as it was, the girl heard his cry
 and hurried to his side.
 "Yes, I'm here, laddie. What do you
 want? How do you feel?"
 "My head aches so. I can't breathe
 good." He moaned, "Oh, dear, I'm so
 hot." The voice of his anguish struck
 Ann to the soul. With a sign to Nora,
 commanding silence, she closed the
 door in the hope that no sound from
 the burning mine would penetrate to
 the bedside.
 Nora hurried back to her cabin, while
 Braide dropped some helpful drug upon
 the boy's tongue. When his patient had
 grown quiet the young physician said:
 "If you are not afraid, I will go down.
 Some one may be hurt and my help re-
 quired."
 "Go, I am not afraid," she com-
 manded. "Only remember your first
 duty is here."
 "I do not forget that," he answered.
 But even as he was collecting his outer
 clothing and his medicines Raymond
 flung the door open and entered. His
 hands were blackened and bleeding,
 his head was bare, and on his face was
 a look that thrilled the girl. "Doctor,
 three wounded men are coming up the
 hill. They must be made comfortable.
 Ann, you would better go back to Kel-
 ly's. These victims must be sheltered
 here, and they are not pleasant to see."

Ann felt herself diminishing in power
 and importance as he spoke. His
 voice came from the man's world—
 harsh, inflexible—but she uttered a pro-
 test—"Louis!"
 His face softened and his hand went
 to his brow. "I forgot; you are right;
 we must not endanger him. I will have
 the men taken to the other cabin."
 "Are the men in the mine all dead?"
 "We can't tell. The engineer and
 some of the men on the dump were
 warned and escaped. The rest are be-
 low and out of our reach. We are
 working desperately to subdue the
 flames, but we are almost helpless for
 lack of water."
 "It is horrible!"
 His voice was very quiet as he said,
 "Munro shall answer for this!"
 "Did he do it?"
 "He did not prevent it!" He lifted
 his eyes to the sky. "It will soon be
 light, and then we can see to work."
 He turned to leave without further
 explanation, but Ann called to him.
 "Send us word when you can, won't
 you?"
 "As soon as we know the men are
 alive I will come and tell you," he
 promised.
 As she watched and waited the day
 came leisurely, laggardly, over the
 hills and swarms of excited men and
 slattern women poured from their
 shacks and tents and holes in the rocks
 to acquire in detail the news of this
 midnight assault on the leaders of the
 independents. To do them justice, even
 the most virulent unionists were for
 the moment moved to sympathetic de-
 nunciation. The destruction of property
 was one thing, the murder of work-
 men quite another. As for the crews
 of the nonpartisans, they were ready at

the many questions pressing to be an-
 swered engaged her so deeply that she
 felt no need of sleep. Toward mid-
 night Braide, in despair of inducing
 her to sleep, stretched himself in a
 low chair and fell into a doze.

It was exactly 2 o'clock when a
 single gunshot rang out sharply, like
 the voice of a sentinel questioning the
 silent night. As the girl listened ten-
 sely, three others, deeper throated, an-
 swered in quick succession. Then
 silence again intervened for a moment,
 only to be torn by a fusillade, a rat-
 tat-tat of assault which brought Braide
 to his feet.
 Ann hurried to Raymond, calling
 sharply, "Rob, they are shooting!
 Don't you hear them? Quick! Quick!"
 Raymond rose to his feet dizzily and
 looked at her blankly, the mist of sleep
 thick in his brain. Other shots and
 cries followed, and though faint and
 far they cleared his vision. Catching
 a belt of cartridges from the wall and
 turning to Braide he sternly asked,
 "Can you shoot?"

Before Braide could answer another
 shrill chorus of yells, fierce as the out-
 cry of wolves, arose, a vivid light
 filled the room, and a second later a
 dull concussion shook the earth be-
 neath their feet. Ann shrank and
 cowered, but Raymond, menacingly
 quiet, remarked: "Well, our turn has
 come. They've blown up our shaft
 house."
 "Oh, no!" cried Ann. "They wouldn't
 do that. They aren't to do that."
 "That's what they've done," he bit-
 terly assured her. Then a thought en-
 tered his mind which staggered him.
 "The men—the men were in the mine!"
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 great voice. He was calling as he ran,
 "Rob, are ye there?"
 "Yes; I'm rousing the boys."
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 "And the men, lad; the men!"

CHAPTER XXV.
AT sunrise Raymond reported to
 Ann, his face a little softened.
 "The dynamiter Baker shot has
 died, but our men are going to
 live, the doctor says."
 "I am very glad to hear that. What
 of those in the mine? Are they re-
 leased?"
 "No, but the fire is out, and we have
 cleared the mouth of the shaft. The
 first level is blocked with rocks and
 beams. The murderers must have low-
 ered a bomb into the mine with delib-
 erate intent to kill."
 "It is horrible to think of them down
 there in the dark. Did you hear that
 the sheriff had arrived?"

Dr. Slocum's Great Tonic
 and Disease Destroyer
PSYCHINE
 (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)
**Used in Thousands
 of Homes in Canada**
 THOSE WHO DON'T know what Psychine
 is and what it does are asking about it.
 THOSE WHO DO know what Psychine
 is and what it does are using it. They
 regard it as their best physician and
 friend.
 THOSE WHO use it are being quickly
 and permanently cured of all forms of
 throat, chest, lung and stomach
 troubles. It is a scientific prepara-
 tion, destroying all disease germs in the
 blood and system. It is a wonderful
 tonic and system building remedy, and
 is a certain cure for

COUGH, **Bronchial Coughs,**
LA GRIPPE, **Chills and Fever,**
Cold, **Difficult Breathing,**
Pharyngitis, **General Weakness,**
Emphysema, **Female Troubles,**
Catarrh, **Filicic Appetites,**
Weak Voice, **Hemorrhages,**
Sleeplessness, **Night Sweats,**
Nervousness, **Consumption,**
Malaria, **Catarrh of the**
Asthenia, **Stomach.**

All these diseases are serious in them-
 selves, and if not promptly cured in the
 early stages are the certain forerunners of
 Consumption in its most terrible form.
 Psychine conquers and cures Consump-
 tion; but it is much easier and safer to
 prevent its development by using Psy-
 chine. Here is a sample of thousands of
 voluntary and unsolicited statements from
 all over Canada:
 Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited:
 "Gentlemen—I feel it my duty to advise
 you of the remarkable cure effected by your Psycho-
 line and Oxomulsion, which have come under
 personal observation. Three men, well known
 as Albert Townsend, Hazel Hipson and John
 McKay, all of Shelburne County, were pro-
 nounced by the best medical men to have
 Consumption, and to be incurable and beyond the
 reach of medical aid. They used Psychine and
 Oxomulsion and they are now in good health.
 I feel it a duty to state these facts for the benefit of other sufferers
 from this terrible disease."
 Yours very truly,
 LEANDER MCKENZIE, J.P.,
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The conductor passing from the heated
 inside of a trolley car to the icy tempera-
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 hour or so in a heated building and then
 walking against a biting wind—know the
 difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the
 body so that it can better withstand the
 danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

the word of a leader to search out and
 lynch those who laid the train and
 fired the fuse, but to all of these Ray-
 mond gave the same word of com-
 mand, "Save the men below."
 On the heels of this tumult, as if to
 pile Pelion on Ossa, messengers came
 shouting through the sunrise: "The
 deputies have come! The sheriff's
 army is camped on the park!"
 Instantly the throng of idle sight-
 seers swept back toward the town,
 leaving not so much as a word of well
 wishing to stand in their places. The
 ruin of the Kelly mine became a small
 thing to them, now that the real battle
 was on.

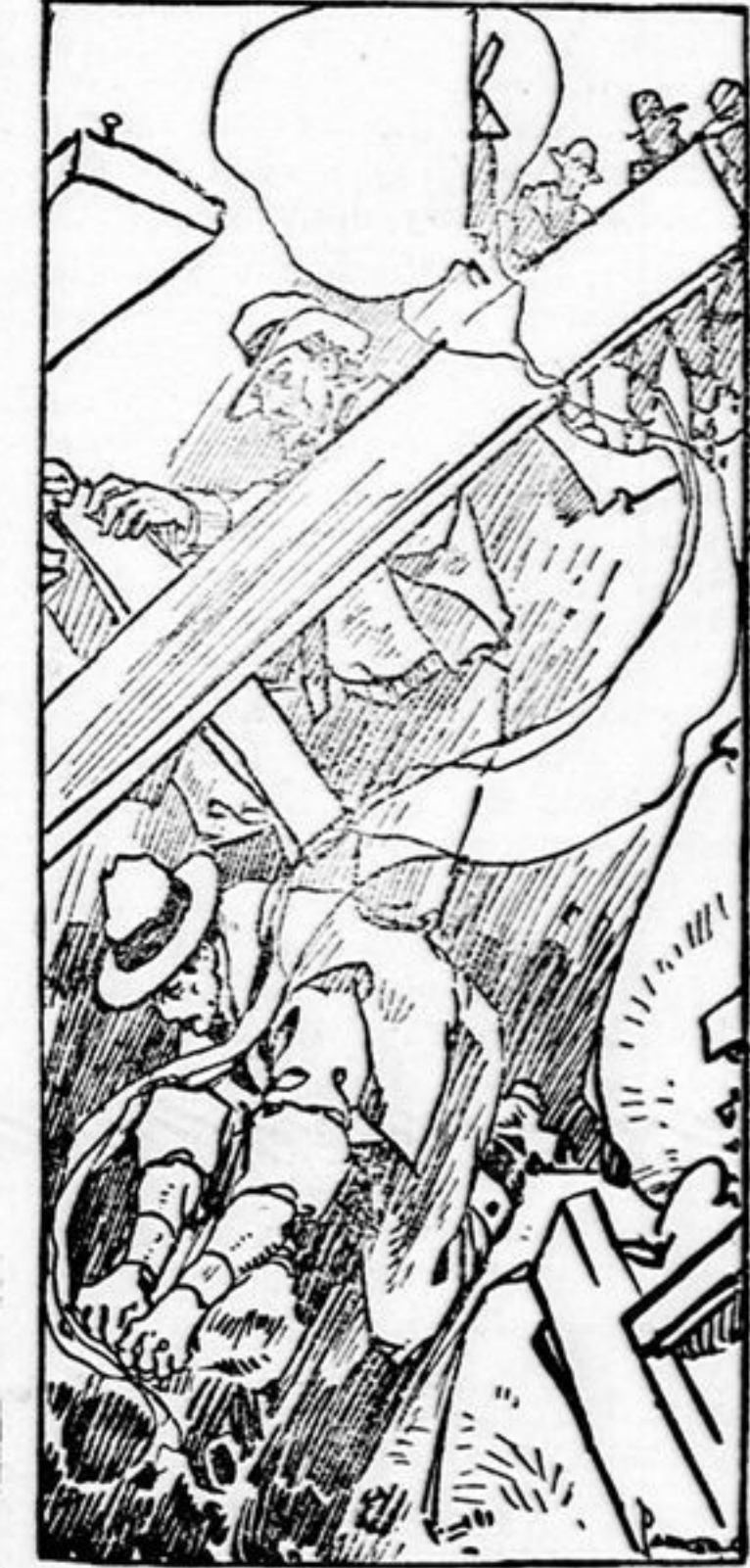
"Where is Jack Munro?" timorous
 people asked. "Where are the ve-
 dettes?" No one seemed to know, and
 the officers of the union were in a
 panic.
 The sheriff had, indeed, stolen a
 march on Skytown and was only wait-
 ing for daylight to discover his enemy.
 This was his capital mistake. Had he
 pushed against the enemy at that mo-
 ment, with Munro and his men still on
 a wild goose chase down the opposite
 canyon, he might have won the hill in
 a bloodless charge, but even as he dal-
 lied the vedettes came toiling up the
 trail from the south, weary, but full of
 fight, and lined out on the northern
 slope with the fort at their backs. And
 so at last the two forces of disorder—
 of passion and prejudice—were set face
 to face. Battle was now inevitable.

CHAPTER XXVI.
AT sunrise Raymond reported to
 Ann, his face a little softened.
 "The dynamiter Baker shot has
 died, but our men are going to
 live, the doctor says."
 "I am very glad to hear that. What
 of those in the mine? Are they re-
 leased?"
 "No, but the fire is out, and we have
 cleared the mouth of the shaft. The
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Asthenia, **Stomach.**

His eyes darkened. "Yes, the fool!
 Why didn't he attack at once? Now
 Munro is intrenched, and they are
 challenging each other like crowds of
 schoolboys. The time has come for
 the governor to take a hand."
 "Will he do so?"
 "He must or be party to the blood-
 iest battle ever seen in the mountains.
 But I must go back," he said and turned
 away abruptly, leaving the girl with
 a keen sense of the stress and bigness
 of his life.
 He was indeed badly needed at the
 mine, for only the men of the second
 shift and a few of the crews of Reese
 & Earle remained to help. Each inde-
 pendent mine was held to be in equal
 danger and to require the services of
 its most resolute men, and, besides, the
 certainty of a battle had drawn away
 the more excitable even of their own
 men. Kelly was working like a Titan,
 and his presence, his concentration of
 effort, inspired every man to his best.
 A messenger from Carter met Ray-
 mond to assure him that the union had
 no hand in the outrage, and the young
 miner sternly answered, "As soon as I



They tore at the rocks and beams.
 have rescued my men I will demand
 that the officers of the union have
 something to do with finding the by-
 nanes that did it."
 Munro sent a letter by Frank Brown
 wherein he said, "I can't leave here—
 the attack may begin at any moment—
 but I am on the trail, and when I dis-
 cover the scoundrels I will deliver
 them to justice."
 To this messenger Raymond said:
 "Tell Jack I want to see him at the
 earliest moment. This is not a matter
 for long range adjustment. I want to
 talk with him."
 Brown, with true cowboy unconcern,
 grinned and said: "Well, you see,
 Rob, Jack's busy just now. They's a
 ball on and he's floor manager for our
 side."
 Raymond was in no mood to respond
 to humor. "Very well. Say to him
 that when I have dug my men out I
 will come to him," and something in
 the tone of this answer stopped the
 grin on the messenger's face.

Reporters drifted up, made hasty
 notes and passed on, lured by the more
 important material disclosed in the op-
 position of ranked and ready warriors
 on the hill. Only Dolan stayed, eager
 and sympathetic, fetching coffee from
 the cook house and lending such other
 aid as he could, so deeply concerned
 with this tragic deed that he seemed
 wastefully negligent of his own affairs.
 Seizing an opportunity for a private
 word, he began, in a low voice: "Rob,
 I know who led this thing. The union
 had nothing to do with it. It was done
 by a lot of Curran's spittoon cleaners.
 The fellow that Baker killed is from
 the Springs. I've seen him around
 Curran's."
 "Do you think so?"
 "I know it. When you want me to
 tell you what I know I'll do it; only
 not now. Wait till the militia takes
 possession."
 "Will the militia come? Has the
 governor ordered it out?"
 "He's got to order 'em out now. He's
 a dead duck, anyway."
 Raymond returned to his work be-

Continued on Page 7.

Heart Strength
 Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve
 Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Posi-
 tively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in it-
 self, actually diseased. It is almost always a
 hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault.
 This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve
 —simply needs, and must have, more power, more
 stability, more controlling, more governing
 strength. Without that the Heart must continue
 to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have
 these same controlling nerves.
 This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr.
 Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much
 for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought
 the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating
 heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—the
 popular prescription—is alone directed to these
 weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds:
 it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.
 If you would have strong hearts, strong dig-
 estion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish
 them as needed, with

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