

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNA & MARVIN,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ANOTHER ALPINE TUNNEL

The Mont d'Or tunnel between France and Switzerland, on which boring operations began nearly three years ago, has just been completed. The tunnel, which is 3 3/4 miles long, bores through the Jura mountains from Frasne to Valerette, thus obtaining an eleven miles detour by Pontarlier, and should have been pierced two months ago. The work, however, was delayed by the tapping of a number of unexpected springs, which had to be pumped dry.

MINE OPERATED FOR 806 YEARS

If not absolutely the oldest, the Stora Kopparberget in Sweden is the oldest copper mine of which any official figures can be found. It has been worked continuously for nearly 800 years.

Surgeon to a Tiger

When one of the tigers in the zoological gardens, Dublin, was threatened with gangrene in its paw, the Rev. Samuel Haughton, M. D., undertook to perform the dangerous experiment of operating on the animal.

It was indeed a thrilling experience, as related in the Westminster Gazette. The mate of the tiger was first secured in a side den. A net, devised by Professor Haughton, was thrown over the tiger, and he was drawn forward to the door of the cage. Four stout keepers then held the feet of the struggling animal, while Professor Haughton cut away the diseased claw.

The suffering beast furiously but vainly tried to get at him during the operation, but the rage of the tigress looking on through the bars of the side den was much more terrible to behold. She roared, and violently flung herself against the barriers in her mad desire to go to the rescue of her mate.

When the tigress was admitted to the cage after the wound of her mate had been dressed, she turned up the paw and examined it with touching solicitude, and then licked her mate, as a cat licks her kittens, to soothe him, purring softly the while.

But perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair was the sequel. A week later Professor Haughton was again at the zoo to see how his patient was getting on. When the animal espied him, he began to purr like a cat, allowed him to examine the paw, and seemed pleased that he should do so. Indeed, for years afterward the tiger and tigress showed themselves most friendly and grateful to Professor Haughton.

Hymoei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymoei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hymoei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hymoei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hymoei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtain it from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hymoei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

TALES OF A BLOCKADE RUNNER.

How the Conference Gained an Involuntary Patriot

(From the "Toronto Weekly Sun.")

'It is all for the Confederacy,' with a glance at Rutherford. 'I am glad,' she said softly. 'The Confederacy needs all that it can get to carry on the war. But I shall be happier when we have conquered the North and the strife is over. Good-night brother Good-night Mr. Rutherford.'

She left the cabin. Both men stood in silence for some little time after her departure. Then Capt. Blondin turned to Rutherford.

She thinks that the money is for the Confederacy. She is a truer patriot than her brother.'

'Women often get those mistaken ideas,' growled Rutherford. 'And they stick to 'em, too, against rhyme and reason.'

'And yet, Mr. Rutherford, I almost repent of my bargain. To blacken an unsullied name, to give up the laurels which I have so fairly and hardly won; to exchange the confidence and friendship of my old associates for their disgust and scorn—these are not things to be lightly set aside. No, No, I cannot, I will not, do this. My good name is worth more to me than the reward of my projected treachery. Take back your gold, sir, and release me from my pledge.'

The earnestness with which he spoke alarmed Rutherford and caused him to fear for the ultimate success of his project. His training, however, stood him in good stead, and his countenance showed no trace of the disappointment that he inwardly felt as he replied:

'I'll not insist, if you're so opposed to it, Captain. But, once you come to think things over you may see them in a different light. Suppose that you take me and the money along with you, anyway? If you decide not to carry out your part of the bargain, why, we have your promise to return both to Liverpool. I'm satisfied to trust both myself and the money in your hands.'

For some minutes Capt. Blondin was silent.

'I will do as you suggest,' he said at last. 'There is plenty of time to reach a final decision, and, as you say, I may change my mind.'

After Capt. Blondin had left the cabin Rutherford drank a glass of wine, lit another cigar and stretched himself comfortably in his chair.

'That was a narrow squeak,' he muttered to himself. 'As near to a backdown without being one, as I ever saw.'

When Rutherford came upon deck the next morning he found the mate, Dalton, in charge. It was an ideal morning at sea; the breeze was fresh and the waves danced brightly in the clear sunlight. The smoke of several steamers could be seen and the upper sails of several ships, but at such a distance that the Banshee with her low top hamper was probably invis-

ible to them. Dalton touched his cap respectfully in answer to Rutherford's salutation. The latter alluded to the Banshee's speed.

'She's a fast boat, sir,' replied the mate. 'Fast, but ticklish. We have to watch her. She's so narrow—nine times her beam in length—that if she travelled light a good slap on the broadside from a good roller might make her turn turtle.'

A few minutes later Capt. Blondin joined them. Rutherford turned to him after he had relieved Dalton of the command of the ship.

'Well, Captain, he inquired, 'how do you feel upon the subject after a night's sleep?'

'Hardly like discussing it,' replied the captain smiling. 'I will let you know my decision when we have reached the point where it would be necessary to change the Banshee's course, in case I should decide to go on with the matter.'

The only thing left for Rutherford to do was to acquiesce. This he did with a very good grace. After that interview he devoted most of his time to Marie Blondin. They spent hours together, either walking up and down the deck or talking together in the great cabin.

He found her a most agreeable companion. As they grew better acquainted he gradually and unconsciously dropped the mask of self-restraint which he had imposed upon himself at the beginning of their acquaintance, and at times both his manner and speech were coarse and vulgar. But she did not appear to notice the change in him. She was a good listener and she encouraged him to talk of himself, and vain and bombastic as he was it proved to be a theme of great interest to him.

Engrossed in his flirtation with Marie Blondin, Rutherford scarcely noted the swift passage of the days, and it was with a feeling of surprise that he heard Capt. Blondin say one afternoon.

'To-day is the eight day out. Mr. Rutherford. To-night at eight o'clock I shall expect to hear from you the name of our port of destination. I have thought the matter over carefully, and have decided to abide by my agreement with Mr. Le Fevre.'

Rutherford was much elated. 'I can give it to you now,' he began. But Capt. Blondin's small gloved hand rose in protest.

'Not now, Mr. Rutherford, I beg of you. Remember our compact. Eight o'clock to-night is the earliest that I care to hear it.'

At eight o'clock that evening Rutherford and Capt. Blondin sat in the cabin. Upon the table before the captain lay his watch, at which from time to time he glanced. Rutherford was secretly amused at the captain's over-punctiliousness, as he regarded it; but he was careful not to permit his amusement to become apparent.

'It is eight o'clock,' said the captain, at last. 'I always aim to keep my appointments to the very minute. We will proceed to business, Mr. Rutherford. But first we must have witnesses to our transaction; what say you to my sister and the mate? Both must know about this, sooner or later, and now is at good a time as any to enlighten them.'

Do you realise that—  
"SALADA"

Teas, are the purest, cleanest best flavored and uniform that your money can purchase.

A TRIAL WILL PROVE THIS. } SEALED PACKETS ONLY } 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. per lb. . .

'They are both satisfactory to me,' replied Rutherford.

Capt. Blondin struck the gong which stood upon the table. A moment later the cabin boy appeared.

'Tell my sister and the mate that I request their presence in the cabin,' said the captain.

He was standing beside the table when they entered, and he still stood regarding them for some moments after they had seated themselves. When at last he spoke his voice was low and gentle.

'I have summoned you here to act as witnesses to a bargain between Mr. Rutherford and myself,' he said. 'In consideration of \$100,000 in gold paid me by Mr. Rutherford's superiors I am to take the Banshee into a port which Mr. Rutherford will name, disembark my crew and leave the ship in the hands of the port authorities.'

He paused for a moment to permit the full significance of his words to enter the minds of his auditors. Dalton's countenance expressed surprise and incredulity. Marie's horror and dismay. She was the first to speak.

'This is a jest,' she cried. 'You are trifling with us.'

'It is no jest. I never was more in earnest in my life.'

'In a moment of weakness you have listened to this vile creature,' she cast upon Rutherford a look of contempt, which made that worthy wince. 'It is not too late to alter your decision. You are upon the high seas and you are master of your ship. Change it, I beg of you.'

'It is too late,' said Capt. Blondin coldly. 'I have decided.'

'The Blondins are not traitors, Charles—'

'One at least seems to be, my sister. Argument is useless. You but waste time in pursuing it.'

Marie glanced wildly about her.

'Then I renounce you,' she cried. 'I renounce you as one not worthy of the honored name you bear. The lowest and most degraded slave upon our plantation would be more faithful to the name than you have been. I am more—'

'You forget yourself, Marie. Be silent, I pray you, Dalton would speak and I would hear what he has to say before going on with the transaction.'

'Since even the honor of the Blondin name cannot keep you from this deed of treachery, Captain,' observed the old-sailor bluntly. 'there is little that I can say to move you. But the men—'

'I will provide amply for them out of the reward which I receive for my treachery, as you see fit to style it.'

'Hope that every man who takes any of it may be forever accursed, sir. But they'll not touch it. Captain they'll not touch it—it's blood money.'

'You have nothing further to say?'

'Nothing, sir.'

'Then we may as well go on with the transaction.' He seated himself at the cabin table and opened a drawer before him, fumbling for a moment among the papers which it contained. He straightened up, closing the drawer with his left hand; his right hand suddenly rose and shot forward over the table. It bore a heavy service revolver, which was trained full upon Rutherford's face.

'You are to name the port, Mr. Rutherford,' he said blandly. 'I would suggest Wilmington, North Carolina.'

Rutherford stared at him dazedly his usually ruddy face the color of ashes and great beads of perspiration standing upon his brow. Marie uttered a cry of joy as she saw and understood the artifice which had been practiced. Dalton swore, vigorously and delightedly, and whipped out a revolver, with which he also covered Rutherford.

'I would suggest Wilmington,' repeated Capt. Blondin sharply. 'Come we have but little time to waste, Mr. Rutherford. I await an expression of your opinion.'

Rutherford was no coward. His first surprise was over. He realized that Capt. Blondin had seen the only weak point in the agreement between them and had taken advantage of it. Even with death staring him in the face he was cool and collected enough to reflect that if he did not name the port of destination Capt. Blondin would feel in honor bound to return the reward, and himself as well, to Liverpool. He therefore resolved upon a refusal of the Captain's demand.

'I have nothing to say,' he growled defiantly. 'You are running; this show.'

'And you, as one of the performers in it, will do exactly as I wish you to do or—' Capt. Blondin gestured significantly with the revolver, then took out his watch. 'I give you one minute in which to decide, Mr. Rutherford. If you decided to name Wilmington your chances of a long life are good; if unfavorable—' Another wave of the revolver emphasized the unspoken threat. The minute is beginning.'

The seconds passed swiftly. Capt. Blondin called. 'Five—ten—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty.' At 'fifty' the revolver rose in his hand until it bore directly upon Rutherford. The captain's eyes gleamed with a deadly menace that made the latter quake. His nerves gave way under the strain.

'Wilmington, North Carolina,' he breathed rather than spoke.

Then he bowed his head upon the table, utterly weak and spent. Faintly and as though the words were uttered far away he heard Capt. Blondin's politely expressed thanks for his compliance with his 'request.' It took him some minutes to recover some measure of his customary self-control. When at last he straightened up and looked about him he found that Dalton and Marie Blondin had left the cabin and that Capt. Blondin was sitting opposite him, regarding him steadily. The revolver, that potent source of terror, had vanished.

'You are feeling better, Mr. Rutherford?' inquired Capt. Blondin coldly. Rutherford muttered his assent. 'Very good. I wish to have a talk with you.'

'So you thought that you could buy me? That I had my price? Well, you have bought me at my price. What think you of your bargain?' Rutherford groaned. 'I shall devote your little contribution to the cause of the Confederacy, Mr. Rutherford. You may console yourself with the thought that the money will be well used and that you have at least posed as a patriot, although an involuntary one.'

'As for yourself, we will run the blockade off Wilmington in the early hours of the coming morning. After we are in port I will arrange to have you sent back to Liverpool aboard the first runner which leaves for that port unless, indeed, you prefer to make the return journey with me. I can assure you that were all known about you which might be told, you would find the climate of Wilmington exceedingly unhealthy.'

'And now, Mr. Rutherford, one closing word of advice. The next time you seek to bribe a man in the running trade I trust that you will exercise a little more discrimination in selecting your man.'

THE END.

GEN. BOOTH OFF TO CHICAGO

Winnipeg, Nov. 11.—General Bramwell Booth and staff left this afternoon enroute to Chicago. The General was in conference all day yesterday with his western officers and went over plans for the extensions of work in the West. He addressed the Canadian Club.