

**CHEW**

# PACIFIC

**PLUG TOBACCO**

*"It's the best yet boys!"*



Continued on page 3.

Black never forgot the wild ride that followed. Near the top of the hill the wind had swept all the loose snow off a crust that had formed a few days before, and the sledge flew down at a frightful rate.

He had hard work to steer clear of the trees and rocks that were scattered here and there on the slope. Sometimes the sledge would spring a foot or more in the air, and once it ran squarely over the top of a small pine, and almost overturned.

Three hundred yards from the lake the slope became still steeper. Black felt as if he were falling through the air. Yet he managed to keep the front end of the sledge in the right direction, and at last thanks to a mere gradual slope, the sledge struck the frozen pond at a good angle, and went skimming across with a momentum that was checked only by the rise of the farther shore.

After springing to his feet, he looked back for the dogs, and saw them far back up the hill, rolling about in hopeless entanglement. Their yelps came faintly to his ears. Evidently they had done their best, but the harness had proved too much for them.

Black drew his knife, cut the cords that bound the mail-bag to the sledge, and threw the bag over his shoulder.

Then, before dashing again into the woods, he took a careful look at his pursuers, now far behind, although they were coming on rapidly. To his great satisfaction, he saw that one of them was a considerable distance ahead of the other.

Black knew that he could not carry the heavy mail-bag and outstrip his pursuers. He had long before dismissed that hope of escape, and was merely keeping on until time and place should be favorable for the execution of a well-conceived plan.

Half a mile farther on, he passed close to a particularly thick clump of low cedars. This, he decided, was the place he sought.

He walked on, however, for perhaps a hundred yards. Then, throwing down the bag, he doubled on his trail, and finally came to a halt behind two or three small and very thick cedars that stood within a few feet of his former trail. Next he examined his pistol with care, cocked it, and stood quietly waiting.

Ten minutes later he heard the noise of snowshoes, and peering in the direction of the sound, saw the half-breed hurrying forward on the trail. As Black had hoped, Beaubien was not yet in sight.

The watcher waited until the half-breed was opposite, and hardly eight feet away, when he leveled his pistol, and commanded:

"Give me that gun!"

The half-breed whirled about, and at once saw the trap into which he had fallen. For a moment he seemed about to resist. But his rifle was not cocked, and the face behind the pistol looked

very much in earnest. Suddenly the rifle was handed over.

Black took it, and then pointed to a spot behind the evergreen. "Go there and lie down, and don't you dare get up or make a noise! If you do, I'll shoot you quicker than I would a wolf!"

In taking the rifle, the mail-carrier had in his excitement made the mistake of stepping out from his ambush behind the evergreens. Just after the half-breed had obeyed the order to lie down, Beaubien came in view, and at once caught sight of Black. A moment later both were sheltering themselves behind trees, and each was trying his best to get a shot at the other.

The mail-carrier's situation chanced, however, to be the more desperate one. The tree behind which he had taken refuge was a small pine barely as large as his body, and, moreover, he was obliged to keep a watch over the half-breed. Beaubien, more fortunate was behind a much larger tree, and his movements were screened by low branches.

"Ho, ho, you Pierre le Noir!" called the Frenchman, derisively. "I got you this time. You remember in that little post-office? Eh bien, yesterday was yours, to-day is mine."

Black made no answer, but to the half-breed, who showed some signs of attempting to escape, he said, savagely:

"If you get up, you'll never get up again!"

"Why does monsieur stand so straight?" shouted the Frenchman again. "Is it because de tree it is a little one? Ho, ho! I can see you on both sides. You cannot stand always so straight. Some time monsieur will have to bend himself."

What he said was quite true, Black did have to keep perfectly erect in order not to expose himself. The position was a most fatiguing one, and he soon began to grow tired.

"Monsieur may as well come out," said the Frenchman, after a time. "He played his little game ver' well, but now it is at an end. If he will resign his gun and de mail, we will not kill him. He may go free, save dat I may wish to give him one little beating for dat time in de Marquette post-office."

"You'll have to kill me first!" said Black.

The mail-carrier's position had, however, become so uncomfortable that he resolved to try to better it by making a dash for a larger tree, which stood about ten feet away.

He knew that the risk in crossing the open space would be very great, but he decided that it must be taken. If the Frenchman should fire at him and his aim should prove true, then all would be over. But if he should miss, the game would be in the mail-carrier's own hands.

Turning cautiously toward the tree, he gave a great leap, and landed in the middle of the open space. Then he took a tremendous stride forward, throwing himself down into the snow as he did

The Frenchman fired, but the movements of the mail-carrier had been so rapid that his aim was a hasty one, and the bullet missed its mark.

Black scrambled to his feet as rapidly as his snowshoes would permit, and hurried toward the Frenchman's tree. Beaubien saw him coming, and fled.

"Drop that gun, or I'll bore a hole right through you!" shouted Black.

The fugitive let his empty rifle fall into the snow, but kept on going. Black made no effort to stop him, but after picking up the gun, watched him disappear into the woods.

When the mail-carrier returned to the clump of cedars, he found, as he had expected, that the half-breed had taken advantage of his absence to disappear. As both his enemies were disarmed, however, he had little fear that they would trouble him again.

He secured the bag of letters, then turned back toward the place where he had left the sledge. On his way he met the dogs, who had in some way managed to disentangle themselves, and were now following on his trail. After returning with them to the sledge he hitched up and then went back after the four other bags of mail, which he found undisturbed.

He saw nothing further of his enemies, and two days later reached Marquette in safety.

### World Famous Hungarian Dying.

Budapest, May 3.—Francis Kossuth, the famous Hungarian statesman and leader of the united opposition in the Hungarian Diet, was reported to be sinking rapidly today, and his death is believed to be near. On January 12 last, Mr. Kossuth, who is 73 years old, was married to the Countess Alexander Benovsky, widow of his life-long friend. The statesman has been ill for some time and the marriage ceremony was performed while he reclined on the sick bed.

### Second Trial Of Chas. Becker Today

New York, May 6.—Crowds of curious men and women jammed the corridors of the criminal courts building today, for the opening of the second trial of Charles Becker, for the murder of the gambler Rosenthal.

Nearly one hundred witnesses have been subpoenaed. Many witnesses at the last trial have been ignored by the District Attorney. It is not believed that Sam Schepps, one of the principal informers, will be called. New witnesses have been discovered.

It had not been definitely decided to day whether Becker will take the stand.

### Huer a Preparing to leave Mexico?

Washington, May 7.—Carranza's ter-

attitude toward mediation, which, temporarily, at least, has eliminated him from the general negotiations aimed at settlement of Mexico's ills, was declared to have been revealed to day by his official report of a vigorous rebel military campaign marked by significant victories.

While Carranza parleyed with the South American envoys over the details of their proposals, three powerful forces were hurled against federal strongholds. The reports of the results of the movement Carranza transmitted to Rafael Zubaran, interior minister in the constitutional cabinet, now in Washington, summarized to day, they were, the defeat of 3,600 federals at Penazon, near San Luis Potosi, with the capture of 1,800 prisoners and quantities of rifles and ammunition. The capture of Acaponet, Tepec, 1,700 men surrendering. One million rounds of ammunition and quantities of arms taken. The capture of field guns, artillery and ammunition from fleeing columns that evacuated Monterey.

Washington, May 7.—Nelson O'Shaughnessy arrived in Washington early today. With his family, he was driven immediately to a hotel and planned to confer with Secretary Bryan later.

Washington, May 7.—Reports of almost continuous constitutionalist successes in Northern Mexico today cleared the atmosphere so far as the United States is concerned. The President and his advisers believed that before the A. B. C. mediators begin their work at Niagara Falls, Carranza will hold the entire north.

They are equally confident that as soon as this condition is brought about, Huerta will either eliminate himself, or be eliminated by the men who in the past have supported him. If Huerta can be eliminated there is not an official here familiar with the entire Mexican situation, who doubts that a common ground could be quickly found on which the warring factions in Mexico would be brought together.

Vera Cruz, May 7.—Famine conditions prevail in the interior of Mexico and thousands of families are starving to death. Refugees, many of them well-to-do Mexicans, who reached here today to seek protection under the United States flag, declared that conditions were unparalleled, and that the United States would have to come to the rescue of the country to prevent a situation of unspeakable horror.

Mary Jane's master is a slightly eccentric bachelor. He has one most irritating habit. Instead of telling her what he wants done "by word o' mouth," he leaves on his desk or on the kitchen table or any where else where she is likely to see it, a note curtly directing her to "Dust the dining-room," or "Turn out my cupboard" and so on. The other day he bought some notepaper, with the usual die-sunk address imprinted upon it, from the stationer, and ordered it to be sent home. Mary Jane took it in and the first thing that caught her eye was a note attached to the package. She read it open-eyed. "Well, she said, "he's asked me to do a few things in his blessed notes, but this is the limit. I won't stand it no longer." For the note read: "Die inside this package."

A peculiarly interesting association has just disbanded in Northampton owing to the fact that it only includes 10 members now and is every year growing smaller. It is made up of all the Civil War veterans who were in either Libby Prison or Andersonville. There were originally 83 members when the association was organized 29 years ago.

### Duke Of Connaught's Successor Named.

LONDON, May 7.—Prince Alexander of Teck, third son of the late Duke of Teck, is to succeed the Duke of Connaught as Governor General of Canada. Official announcement of this appointment was made to-day.

Prince Alexander of Teck is 40 years old. He was married in 1904 to Her Royal Highness Princess Alice of Albany, and has one son and one daughter.

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### Effect of Tobacco On The Mind.

OTTAWA, May 6.—A sheriff and two sanitary experts this morning gave their views on cigarettes to the House of Commons committee which has Mr. Broder's bill to abolish the cigarette in custody. Mr. Burgess, superintendent of the asylum at Verdun, and Dr. Villeneuve, head of the asylum at Longue Point, were questioned as to the tendency of cigarette smoking to weaken the mind. Dr. Burgess said that in the past twenty-five years 4,000 patients had been added to the Verdun asylum and of these three were believed to have lost their reason through the excessive use of cigarettes.

Dr. Villeneuve said that there had been 8,000 patients admitted to Longue Point since 1904, and of this number five were believed to have been brought there through cigarette excess. Each of the superintendents said that alcohol gave them half of their patients.

Dr. Lemieux, Sheriff of Montreal, does not believe that the manufacture and sale of cigarettes should be stopped. He thought, however, that the sale of cigarettes should be confined to strictly licensed dealers, as the sale of liquor now is.

Dr. Burgess could not say how much harm tobacco could do to a person. He was confident, however, that it never did anyone physical good, and declared that the world would lose nothing if tobacco should disappear.

Sheriff Lemieux, of Montreal, stated that of 2,500 delinquents before the juvenile court, last year, 80 per cent. used cigarettes. Of girls up to 16, committed to the Good Shepherd's Home, 10 per cent. used cigarettes. In the female jail, 90 per cent. were cigarette smokers and in the common jail nearly every prisoner had used tobacco in some form. He did not consider a modest use of tobacco harmful. He would make it an offence, liable to cancellation of license, where a dealer was convicted three times of selling cigarettes to boys and girls and advocated a central bureau at Ottawa with branches outside to disseminate knowledge as to the evil effects of cigarettes. In his experience in the jail and reformatories, the two great causes of crime were liquor and cigarettes.

On July 30 last the State of Western Australia owned 3,150 miles of railway and more than six hundred miles were in course of construction.

### Mi-o-na

### An Excellent Stomach Remedy

Mrs. J. R. Whyte, Killarney, Manitoba, who says, "I have found great comfort and relief from Mi-o-na. I had been greatly troubled for months with heartburn and a heavy burning feeling in my stomach. A fair meal would disturb me so much that I would have to sit up at night—the food would sour on my stomach and form a gas which would cause belching and dizzy spells. These distressing troubles disappeared after using Mi-o-na and I shall always speak highly of this excellent stomach remedy."

Mi-o-na is the best prescription for stomach trouble ever written. It gives quick relief and cures permanently. Mi-o-na is put up in tablet form and is small and easy to swallow. Sold by leading druggists everywhere. 50 cents, with a guarantee to cure or refund your money. Or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. You will search the world over and not find a stomach remedy half so good as Mi-o-na. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.