

**Asquith To Reform House Of Lords.**

LONDON, May 7.—The proposals for the reconstruction of the House of Lords will be introduced at this session of Parliament. An announcement to this effect was made this afternoon by Premier Asquith.

The Premier also announced that on Tuesday he will move a procedure resolution to fix a time-table for future parliamentary action on the Home Rule measure. This is expected to be taken up by the Lords next week.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,

LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free

F. J. CHENEY, & CO. Toledo, O Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Rockefeller's Bling in C. F. I. have sunk \$500,000 as a result of strike.

Failures in April, 1,130, compared with 1,464 in March, 1,505 in February and 1,857 in January.

Efforts are being made to form a flour and bread trust in Montevideo, Buenos Ayres and Rosario.

A minor witness in a trial in Denver was remanded to the jail until further orders and was apparently forgotten. Twenty-eight days afterward she was discovered and released, after being paid witness fees for the time she had been imprisoned.

Woman's suffrage was the subject of a long discussion in the House of Lords Tuesday when the Earl of Selborne moved the second reading of a bill to give the parliamentary franchise to those women already possessing votes at local government elections.

In a nervous condition, due to the fear he is in danger of bodily harm from other inmates of the Tomb, Charles Becker today occupies a cell on the fourth tier, having been transferred from the bottom tier after being struck on the head by a missile hurled by some fellow-prisoner about ten days ago.

**Hymel**

**The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh**

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymel 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 Hymel (pronounced High-o-me).

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

**The Dog Sledge Mail.**

(By Paul Leland Haworth in the "Youth's Companion.")

In the days before railways reached the iron and copper regions of the Michigan Upper Peninsula, all communication with the outside world was carried on by vessels running from Sault Ste. Marie, or by the land route across the peninsula to Green Bay on the south. As the navigation of Lake Superior was completely closed in the colder months, the long, tedious way through the trackless forest was the only one that was practicable during almost half the year.

One result of this condition of affairs was that in winter the settlers were often without mail for long periods of time. Sometimes three months would elapse without a letter, a paper, or news of any sort being received in an entire settlement.

After a time the national government hired mail-carriers, whose hazardous duty it was to make the trip twice a month, during the winter, to Green Bay, and back again. In 1854 such a mail-route was established for Marquette and the settlements found about.

The person chosen to do the work was a young fellow named Peter Black. Black was one of the earliest settlers of Marquette, for he had landed there in the spring of 1849, when the place contained two Indian huts, half a dozen tents, and a small warehouse, belonging to the iron company.

At that time he was a boy of eighteen possessed of great determination, a fair education, a large appetite, and forty cents in money. He got a position in a store that was opened by a Mr. Spencer, who had come on the same boat with him; and he was still working there when Mr. Spencer, now postmaster, obtained for him the appointment of carrier.

The appointment came to Black in the middle of September, but as the boats were able to run for more than two months after that time, he continued to perform his duties as clerk and assistant postmaster.

The last boat that touched at Marquette that year reached there about two o'clock one morning. It brought six bags of mail—the first for almost two weeks. The bags were carried to the post office, which was a small room at the end of the store. Black, who was the only person left about the building when the men from the boat were gone, began to sort out the mail, in order that it might be ready at opening time in the morning.

He had been working thus for perhaps an hour when the store door opened, and a Frenchman named Francois Beaubien entered. Beaubien was looked upon by the settlers as a dangerous character, and was suspected of having killed and robbed a miner in the "copper country" farther west. That night he had succeeded in getting some liquor from the boat, and was in an ugly mood.

"You got any letter for Francois, Monsieur Pete," the Frenchman inquired coming up to the door of the little post office and looking in.

"The mail is not open yet. You will have to wait till morning," Black answered.

"I guess I will come in your li'l' post office and sit on dat chair, and see you put dose paper and lette' in dose box."

Although Black did not know what the man's motives for wishing to come in were, he felt that it would be best not to allow him to do so. "It's against the law," he replied, "and besides there isn't room."

"Oh, ho! What you s'pose I care for de law or you, neder? I will come in jus' de same, and you won't stop me."

He tried to step over some mail-bags that were lying in the doorway, but before he could get inside the office, Black gave him a push that caused him, drunk as he was, to trip over the bags and fall to the floor outside.

The shock sobered somewhat, and it also made him furiously angry. With an oath, he sprang to his feet, and was about to rush through the doorway, when Black caught up a rifle that stood in one corner of the office, and sternly told him to stand back. The Frenchman did not dare to disobey, but he paced back and forth, shook his big fists and threatened to do all sorts of terrible things to the young postmaster.

"You 'Pierre le Noir!' he shrieked. "If I strike you, I won't leave two grease-spots of you! If I strike you, you t'ink it is a French horse kick you! B-r-r-r-r-r! If I strike you, you can't fin' yourself no more! You wouldn't know where you gone to. You have de rifle now, and I have none. But you wait!"

With this last threat he scowled once more at the young postmaster, then turned and made his way unsteadily out of the door.

A week later Black began the work of carrying the mail across the peninsula from Escanaba on Green Bay to Marquette.

His first trip was a comparatively easy one, and he brought a mail bag full of letters through on his back. By the middle of December, however, the snow became so deep that he had to wear snow-shoes and make use of a dog sledge. From an old Chippewa buck who lived on Presque Isle, near Marquette, he bought a team of four sraggy dogs with harness. Then, with the assistance of a half-breed, he built a light sledge, about seven feet long

by birch slats, held together by crossbars, and turned up at the head in toboggan fashion. To this sledge the dogs were hitched tandem.

He made use of the dog-train until the snow melted in the spring. During that time the hardships and dangers he experienced were very great. The temperature often fell to twenty degrees below zero, and the cold was accompanied by snow-storms so heavy that sometimes he used to lie for two or three days in hastily built shacks, waiting for the blizzard to subside.

On such occasions his stock of provisions—necessarily a small one because of the weight—invariably ran low. Nor were these the only dangers he had to meet. Wolves often howled round the camp at night; and one afternoon a cougar followed the sledge for miles.

His chief adventure, however, occurred on the first afternoon of his second February trip from Escanaba to Marquette, and grew out of none of these things at all.

On the evening before he left Escanaba something took place that should have put him on his guard. In the store where the mail—containing on this occasion considerable money—was delivered to him by the postmaster, there were a number of men, and Black later recalled that, a half-bred named Jean Champlain had watched the transfer curiously.

The next morning, when he set out on his lonely journey, he discovered that, early as had been his start, two men on snow-shoes had set out even earlier. That did not arouse his suspicions, however, since the two hunters, as he supposed them to be, diverged from his trail after a few miles, and he soon forgot all about them.

At noon he built a small fire, thawed some whitefish for the dogs, made a little tea, and roasted some venison on the end of a stick for his dinner. Then, after taking a short rest, he reharnessed the dogs and continued on his way.

He had gone only a few hundred yards, when he remembered that he had left his hatchet sticking in a log near the fire. He at once decided to return for the missing article, so, after unhitching the dogs and tying them to a tree, he hurried back toward his deserted camp.

He had come once more in sight of the tiny column of smoke, when he saw something that caused him to stop suddenly, and screen himself behind a clump of low firs.

Two men, with rifles held as if for instant use, were stealthily approaching the spot that the smoke betrayed as his camp, from a direction at right angles to his former trail. All doubts as to their intentions were driven from his mind when their course brought them nearer to him, and he recognized the half-breed, Jean Champlain, and the Frenchman, Francois Beaubien. As the mail-carrier had no better weapon than a pistol, he at once realized that his only hope of safety lay in flight.

Accordingly, he hastened back to the dogs, untied them, hitched them once more to the sledge, and set off through the woods.

He had, however, little hope that he would be able to outstrip pursuers. The load was a heavy one, the trail led over rugged hills, sometimes through thick timber; and despite the intelligence of Pontiac, the "foregoer," and the driver's efforts at the "tail-ropes," the sledge often became jammed between trees and bushes, or caught against fallen timber.

The pursuers, on the contrary, were unencumbered, and would doubtless be able to travel more rapidly.

Nevertheless, the mail-carrier did not despair, for he was one of these men who, whatever the odds, fight to

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the last. When the thought came to him that he might save himself by abandoning the sledge and its load of mail, he at once drove it from his mind. Whatever might happen to him, he would not betray his trust.

For perhaps half an hour the sledge moved rapidly onward through the woods without the least sign of pursuit. But at last, after crossing a wide snow-covered swamp, Peter looked back and saw the two men hurrying along on his trail, and only a few hundred yards behind.

On seeing that they were discovered, they called loudly to him to stop and wait for them, intending doubtless to come up with him and overpower him before his suspicions were aroused.

But the mail-carrier knew too well what their intentions were to be taken in any such trap. Instead of stopping, he hurried the dogs onward all the more rapidly; whereupon the pursuers threw all pretence aside, yelled loudly, and gave chase. Black's way now led up a hill through a thick growth of pines, hemlocks and other evergreens. As soon as he was sure he was out of sight, he stopped the dogs, untied four of the five bags of mail, and threw them as far as possible from the trail into a clump of cedars.

These four contained merely newspapers and mail of no great value, and he deemed it best to make this disposition of them in order that he might have an opportunity to save the fifth, which held the letters and the money. Besides, he hoped that the pursuers would not discover the trick.

Although this work took some time, the sledge reached the top of the hill before the pursuers came in sight. At the top the dogs broke into a run; Black threw himself upon the sledge, and was carried along at a great pace, and thus he increased his lead to a quarter of a mile.

Much encouraged, Peter now set his hopes on repeating the performance at the next hill, which, he remembered, was the longest on his whole route.

He urged the dogs onward with voice and with whip. He helped them to pull the sledge up the steepest slopes. By working as he had never worked before, he at last reached the crest of the hill ahead of his pursuers. Before him lay a long and comparatively clear slope, at the foot of which was a little frozen lake.

On the way up, the mail-carrier had decided to try the bold experiment of unhitching the dogs and coasting down on the sledge. He hoped the animals would follow him, and that he would be able to hitch them up once more at the bottom. In case they did not, he intended to continue his flight with the mail-bag on his back.

He did not have time to unfasten the dogs from each other. He had barely unloosed them from the sledge when the half-breed appeared in sight, not sixty yards away.

The pursuer gave a shout of triumph and raised his rifle; but as he did so the mail-carrier threw himself upon the sledge and pushed off, and the bullet buried a few yards beyond him.

Concluded on page 2.

**Apple Orchards Are Sure Money**

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