

Dr. Russel Conwell's 5000 h delivery of his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," was heard in Philadelphia the other evening by at least 5000 people, and occasion was further made notable by the presentation of \$5 000, subscribed by 5,000 citizens, to the distinguished lecturer. "Acres of Diamonds" has been a gold mine in the sense that the box office receipts from it have aggregated 84,000,000. There are many colleges that would like to have the lecture as a legacy provided Dr. Conwell's delivery will be beneath with it.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonial Free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The policemen of London, Ont., if their demand for one day off in fourteen or one day off in seven, is not considered, will take steps to force the police commission to grant the request.

A severe cold wave spread over Southwestern Europe Tuesday. Several inches of snow fell in some places in Southwestern France, while heavy rains were reported from other regions. A violent storm raged in the Mediterranean where numerous fishing boats and other small crafts were driven ashore.

"That acetylene gas lighting plants require most careful handling and that no such plants should be installed or maintained in the basement of any building—these are the lessons taught by the recent explosion at the Hotel at Michigan," says Fire Commissioner R. J. McLean of Saskatchewan in a recent bulletin.

Some specimens of Karaku sheep were on exhibition in Charlottetown the other day, among them being a pretty little black lamb with perfect fur. The animals were the centre of attraction, a crowd jostling each other in the endeavor to gaze on the beautiful sheep.

Hyomei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

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

Hyomei 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 Hyomei 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. Hyomei 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 LUMP OF GOLD.

The cat had three hundred feet to go to reach the chaparral. It had made one hundred feet by the time I had the gun. It was two hundred feet away by the time I held the stock to my shoulder. I pumped the cartridge in; and just then, to my intense astonishment, I saw the cat go high in the air, with rearing forepaws, and descend perpendicularly. It lit on its tail, went over sideways to the ground, gave one kick and lay still. I stood where I was, looking with stupor at my gun.

"I didn't shoot!" I said.

My brother burst out laughing. "You didn't," he agreed. "You simply looked at that cat."

We walked slowly across the flat toward our unearned game. George had released the Dane, who was forward streak toward the cat, was broken only by his master's dejected voice. He fretted and wriggled about us, and fawningly asked permission, without obtaining it.

The cat lay there dead beyond doubt. There was no sign of a wound on it. The fish was still athwart the mouth, which had gone wide in its last pang. We could see where the sharp teeth had torn into the gleaming scaly flanks.

"Here, Martin!" said George. "A reward for thy diligence."

He held the fish up high by the tail, dropped it, and it disappeared into the dog's capacious cavern with one single loose clack of the jaws.

"I wonder what killed the beast," I said, turning over the stiffening corpse with my toe.

My attention went back abruptly to the Dane. The dog was standing in an extraordinary fashion, with trembling four legs apart on a wide base, exactly as I had seen a horse stand once that was ill edging to death. His eyes turned to us, were full of a question. They became a misery. He opened his mouth in the beginning of a howl that broke off short—and he fell stiffly over on his side. He made one undulant movement there along the ground, then was stiff—just like the cat.

When we had gone back to the house we examined the fish in the box. They had been carefully cleaned; in the belly of each lay a wisp of sweet grass. But there was something besides the grass; in the belly of each was the sprinkle of a white powder, the very appearance of which in some mysterious manner tightened my stomach in nausea.

"We must get that analyzed," I said, going very pale.

Yes," said my brother George.

A little later, though, hearing him rummaging about the clanking stove, I saw him stuff the last fish into the roaring fire.

"It's better not to investigate such things," was his amazing remark.

"What sort of a fellow is that Ben Green anyhow?" I asked.

"Ben Green? Oh he didn't send that fish!" He was silent a moment. "Ben Green packs his fish in a basket. This morning it came in a box," he said.

When we saddled our horses and set out for the pocket mine it was much later than we had expected

it to be; we had meant to go in on Winkelman and Stewart at their lunch. The first part of the way was easy—a gallop through the main street and out on the road. Then we took a rough trail through corroded country, rose to the beginning of the timberline, and the trail became a ribbon that wound between huge boulders halfway up the side of a gulch, with a vertical wall on the left, and on the right a sheer drop to a foaming river. I had a gray that picked his way with the sagacity of a mule. On his back, I had no vision of the gymnastics he was performing but the hoofs ahead, of the bay my brother rode, held my eyes with a sort of horrible fascination. Now and then we came to an amphitheatre carved out of the flank of the hill, and for a moment the horses swaggered freely across the soft turf dotted with mariposas.

Thus for some two hours, then we slipped down a thousand feet, reached again a land denuded and eaten up with past diggings of men and came suddenly on the cabin, in a small circus hot with sun. The cabin was backed against the rock higher up, down the same rock, a waterfall descended in rockets of spray to a green pool from the pool to the house a pipe had been laid and at the sight of that pipe I said to myself: "The men that live here live in comfort!"

Nor was my impression altered when we had entered. The two men were still lingering about their mid-day repast; the room was blue with a fragrance of tobacco; they lounged in comfortable camp chairs. From the rafters sacks of flour, hams and sides of bacon hung suspended, the shelves bent under pyramids of tinned foods. I remembered with an inward smile my brother's proverbial reputation as a provider for those he grubstaked. Of twenty he had grubstaked, that reputation said, one worked and nineteen got fat.

These belonged to the nineteen, I thought, as, having accepted a chair, I observed them. Here it was past two o'clock and they were still about that table. They had started up from their chairs almost brusquely at our coming, but now they were again reclining on the long, low seats with an ease that was not quite an ease—that was almost an ostentation.

Stewart, the Canadian, was a big fellow, light-haired, with blue eyes, a sunbaked face and broad shoulders—"A strong man" you thought; until your eyes running along those sinews, those powerful lines, came with astonishment on a chin that ran into the neck like water—a chin that was not a chin.

Winkelman, the German, had changed very little since I had last seen him; he was still the same squat, powerful, black-bearded man, with that same you-know-me assumption of great frankness in his speech, and with that same something about him which I did not like—that subtle something which had baffled me when I had first known him five years before; which, since that, had puzzled me often as I remembered him; and which even now evaded me irritatingly—a something I did not like and could not name.

Herose after a while, finding

We would sell every pound of Tea consumed in the Maritime Provinces, if only we could persuade everyone to taste—



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that we had not eaten, and prepared us a lunch. He handled the pans with a sort of diligent tenderness which proved him to be one of those bachelor bon vivants one finds occasionally among prospectors; and the results were worthy. His hot, burning biscuits were perfect; his coffee, aroma itself; and the small rainbow trout—yanked out of the stream but two hours before, he explained—were so delicately crisp that one took them by the tail and ate them right down from the head.

With our biscuits open and spread before us, he said: "Wait a minute!"—and tiptoed to the corner of the cabin, where stood a great cask on a flat stone. He reached down into it and returned with a pat of butter, firm, cold, white, with little drops as of dew on it.

"Best in the world!" he answered heartily. "Keeps things safe—where we want them—away from heat, prying hands and beasts."

The Canadian was looking at him with a sort of begging expiation in his china-blue eyes. My brother the Canadian thought it better not to draw our attention to their comforts; but the boastful German did not seem to understand.

"Just come and see that cooler—just look at it!" he shouted invitingly.

I rose and went to the big barrel, and admired it. The pipe from the waterfall behind the cabin entered here and dripped into the barrel a musical and cool trickle. A hole cut into the barrel halfway up from the bottom let out the overflow. Above this little lake of cool, ever-changing fluid small shelves held the meats, the eggs, the butter and the cream.

"You're a wonder, Winkelman!"

I said. Looking down I could see my face reflected in the diminutive pool—and, beneath, the bottom. "It's strange," I said idly, "how near the bottom looks through clear water thus."

"Yes—just like in a creek, isn't it?" said Winkelman.

"Just as in streams," I agreed.

"Only more so," prompted the German. "More so—aint it?"

"It does seem more so," I agreed; my mind not really on what we were saying.

I turned away; and as my glance fell on Stewart I was surprised at the way his eyes were still glued on his partner. And now his expression was one in which admiration struggled with awe. "He envies the German's ease," I thought.

We were still loitering about the table late in the afternoon, and it was almost timidly that my brother at last suggested we look over the pocket mine. We went out—all four—and entered the tunnel. It was, of course, a small excavation; we had to bend double at times to crawl. All along here a small white vein, virgin of gold, had been taken out in the hope of coming at last to the pocketful of pure gold.

Probably several generations of miners had come here and hoped and toiled—and finally had given up. My brother's men had been at it a year. He pointed to the place where they had started. "And we were here a month ago," he said later.

A few steps farther we came to the end of the tunnel and faced the small white vein. His workmen had certainly done wonderfully little in the past month! I

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Apple Orchards Are Sure Money

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out in May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not burn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead and Grasselli Bordeaux Mixture.



Write for facts and prices.

TAPPAN ADNEY, Upper Woodstock