

Pathetic Scenes At Liverpool Today

Liverpool, June 11.—Pitiful scenes were enacted to-day when the Steamer Alsatian, having on board 126 members of the crew and 47 passengers, survivors of the ill-fated Empress of Ireland, arrived. Pathetic scenes followed the reunions between the members of the families of the survivors and during the crush of the women to clasp their loved ones many fainted. The bodies of nine dead from the wreck were also on board.

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.

Senate Killed Newspaper Bill

Ottawa, June 10.—By a vote of 28 to 13 the Senate today rejected another Government bill. This was a measure designed to place under the control of the Postmaster General and the Treasury Board the control of postal rates on newspapers and periodicals.

Senator Kerr (Toronto) moved an amendment to the bill as introduced by Hon. Mr. Lougheed, declaring that changes made in the rates on newspapers and periodicals should not go into effect until ratified by Parliament.

Mr. Lougheed announced that the Government would abandon the whole bill, which also affects salary increases to post office employees, should the amendment carry.

After the division had been taken and the bill amended it was sent back to the Commons.

Adelai Stevenson Critically Ill

Chicago, Ill., June 12.—Adelai Stevenson, vice-president of United States, 1893-97, who has been critically ill for several weeks, is slowly sinking and the end is likely to come any time. He took a small amount of nourishment to-day, for the first time in 36 hours.

Still another new occupation for women has arisen. One of the offices which occupies the front of one of the brown stone mansions on a New York street near the 40's, you may read beneath the name, "Professional Shopping Expert; Costumes and Toiletries Planned; Patterns Cut to Measure; Advice on Remodelling Frocks and Chapeaux."

At Vancouver Captain Johnson agent for the Komagata Maru, went out on Wednesday to the vessel to officially notify Gurdit Singh that if he did not pay \$10,000 before June 11 his charter was at an end and the vessel would immediately leave.

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.

By Jas. Hopper in Saturday Evening Post.

(Concluded from last week.)

We reached home with a longing for it—a longing for the lamp, for dinner, for our bed; but were confronted, instead, by the view of an unpleasant duty left undone. Returning from the stable to the house we came on the dead dog and the dead cat stretched there as we had left them; so by the light of a lantern we dug a hole and laid them side by side, as though they had been friends.

It was late by this time; but then, after our hasty meal, as we were all ready for sleep, we found ourselves taken with an unaccountable dislike for our beds. Seated on the veranda beneath the stars we consumed several black cigars before, at last, the dictates of common sense triumphed and sent us to our well-earned rest.

I slept badly; nor was it a long time before I woke. I found myself on my back in my bed, with my heart pounding in my chest as though a moment before, in my sleep, I had been frightened. There was an electric taste on my tongue, but now, as I lay still in the darkness, all my senses fairly pumping at the void about me, there was nothing to make me afraid, nothing to see, nothing to hear.

The house was absolutely quiet; then I heard on the other side of the room my brother's breathing. He moaned once, and a curtain swelled whitely to a cool breeze from the outside. I remained up on my elbow awhile as my heart returned gradually to its regular beating; then my muscles also relaxed. I lay on my back and composing myself went to sleep again.

How long I slept I do not know—it may have been a very short time; but again I found myself awake—again with that abominable pounding of my heart. As I had done the first time, I lay quiet using my senses on the ambient darkness and commanding my body against this unreasonable, this odious fear. I succeeded at last and sank relaxed on my pillow—and was up again, this time on my nostrils; I was smelling smoke!

I slipped on a few clothes and went sniffing about the house. In the dining room I thought the smell increased, and in the kitchen no doubt was possible. I chocked and coughed somewhere about the house something was burning. I called George heard his sleepy answer, and then, as he caught the word smoke, the thump of his feet to the floor.

"See whether you can find where it comes from!" he shouted as he fought at his clothes.

And with his voice I became aware of another sound. Beneath me, on the other side of the flooring, in the basement, someone was moving with hurried and heavy steps. This sound became suddenly an almost indistinct crash as the mysterious one stumbled across a heap of oil bottles gathered there and at the same time I reached the kitchen door.

I turned the knob and threw my weight against the panel the door was locked! I slipped my hand down for the key—the door was locked from the outside! The

headlong steps through bottles now became a drumming outside.

"Bring your gun, George!" I shouted, and walked right through the window, taking the sash with me, to the veranda outside—stepped to the edge of the veranda in time to see the plunge of a galloping shadow into the blackness of the chaparral. The bush crackled to some heavy, desperate flight.

"Your gun! Your gun!" I shouted again into the house, and George came through the broken glass with his gun.

He had first leaped into the kitchen for it, forgetting that he had placed it under his bed when retiring. By the time he stood at my side, gun in hand, even the sound of escape had vanished. We craned our necks and looked through the night at the dense blackness of chaparral copses, in which there was no more stir than if it had been the solid bronze it looked.

My brother sniffed the air. "Petroleum!" he said. And just as my nostrils agreed with the diagnosis we both sprang into the air—the soles of our shoes were hot! And now, just as if our jump had been a signal, or as if we had pushed a button, all along the edge of the veranda a smooth inverted cataract of fire flowed upward. It was as if the stage mechanic had turned on the footlights.

We looked at each other for the fraction of a second, then together hurdled the railing and came down in a heap on the ground outside. As we sat up to look the entire bungalow seemed fairly to explode in black smoke and red flame.

We rolled away from the heat; then, seated on the ground like sleepy children, we looked alternately at the burning house and at each other, astounded in the clear glare.

"The bungalow is burring," my brother remarked.

"It was well set," I observed.

Then we burst abruptly into absurd activity. I got the garden hose and played its futile stream on the conflagration; my brother, moved by some romantic reminiscence of fire men in action; got an axe from the shed. The flames now had gained the roof; they crowned the house, and the glow was lighting with rose the town's main street below. The town was waking up.

Bells began to ring; horses galloped; and distinctly at last we heard the shouts and the rumbling of the volunteer firemen pulling at the end of a long rope the little red engine. They came cavalcading down the slope of the main street, reached our hill and attacked it bravely. We heard for a while their panting effort, their slipping feet on the rubble, their concerted, "Now all together."

And suddenly they burst into view with a cheer; they swung a pretty circle with the little red engine and brought it to a triumphal stop at a respectful distance from the fire—at a distance where its virgin paint would be safe from the blistering heat. There it remained for the rest of the night—perfectly useless, of course.

There was no hydrant up there. We continued to play the garden hose which one of the fire ladders

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had courageously taken from my hand; the others stood around with red axes, which they had taken from a rack built on the little red engine. Then a bucketline was formed from an old well near by. By this time the house was one twisting flame, which danced with sudden undulations. I drew my brother off with me to the stable and began saddling the gray.

"Saddle up! Saddle up!" I said. "But why—" "Saddle up!"

He threw a saddle on the bay, cinched, we mounted and got away. We circled behind the barn and were not seen, I think, by the gathered throng, whose attention was on the burning house. We slid down the knoll, galloped through the town along the main street—out on the main road, and then, all we had left behind us a silence now, entered the trail that led to the pocket mine. My brother stopped his horse in wordless question.

"Come on!" I urged. We've no roof now anyway, we might as well make the cabin our home for a few days."

And we went on. I rode ahead—he behind, wondering. I pressed the gray hard—at a fast and somewhat dangerous walk while in the rough, at a lope across the meadows. As we went on I found myself more and more urgent, a constant impatience kept me leaning forward, I had a strange prescience of something ahead on which I was gaining.

And thus we came soft-footed into the flat and saw the cabin in the first grayness of day. A wisp of smoke was coming from the chimney, and at the small window was a light, damp and pale in the rising dawn.

"They get up early," George

muttered. "Or retire late," I suggested,

We dismounted, left the horses with the long reins on the ground, and made immediately for the door. I pushed it open and we entered on a scene of domestic comfort. Here, at four in the morning, the German and the Canadian sat about a table on which big glasses stood and a pitcher full of steaming grog, a fire was in the stove, the room was blue with tobacco smoke.

Our entrance for a moment changed the character of the piece. Both men got to their feet and palms of hands heavy on the table, regarded us silently in tremendous yet dull, ox-like surprise.

"We're burned out, boys!" I announced airily. "The house is burned—the house is gone, we've come to you for hospitality!"

The German was the first to recover.

"Come in! Come in, boys!" he shouted. "Come in and make yourselves at home! Lots of room for everybody. I guess the house is yours anyway!" We stepped within. "And you say the bungalow is burned?" he went on with anxious sorrow. "Burned down! And your curios, Mr. George—the Japanese swords and things—you don't say they are gone—and the beautiful books?"

My brother, as if these words had made him conscious for the first time of his loss, sat down wearily on one of the bunks.

"All gone, Winkelmann—all gone! The place went as though it had been oiled."

"Sit down! Sit down!" said the German now turning to me. "Take a chair and a little drink, it's hot and strong and good. You need something like that after your

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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