

MILLIONS THERE.

BURIED TREASURE FOUND ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 4.—The British flag ship Imperieuse returned yesterday from Cocos Island, in the Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles west of Panama: It went to that island for the purpose of searching for the treasure, supposed to be worth \$30,000,000, which has long been reported to have been buried there in the early part of this century, and the hiding place of which a man named Harford declares he discovered about two years ago.

The officers of the flag ship say that Harford's stories are no dreams, and that the treasure actually exists. Their belief in the story is shown by the fact that they have left a guard of marines on the island under the command of a lieutenant, and one of the smaller vessels of the squadron will return immediately to the island.

One story afloat here is that the Imperieuse has on board about \$15,000,000 in gold and jewelry, and that the vessel which is to start for Cocos Island will bring back the balance of the treasure, which consists of silver. Harris and Harford have returned to this port on the Imperieuse.

This treasure was taken to Cocos Island from the Pacific coast of South America during the troublous days of the revolutionary wars in the second decade of this century, when the Spanish colonies won their independence from the mother country. Many of the wealthy persons in the towns, knowing that they would be stripped of all their possessions if the Spanish soldiers came among them, placed most of their gold, silver and jewelry in the hands of agents, who transported the entire property to the uninhabited Cocos Island, where it was buried.

Only one or two maps showing the place of concealment of the treasure were prepared. Many of the persons to whom the treasure belonged were killed or died during the wars, including the agents who buried it on the lonely Cocos rock, and it has never been recovered.

Some years ago a chart purporting to show where the treasure was hidden came into the possession of a woman in Maine, and the result was that she got some money together, hired a schooner on the Pacific coast, and with a small party went to the island about a year ago. One of the men in her party was Harris, who is referred to above as having just arrived here on the Imperieuse.

When they reached the island they found Harford there all alone and nearly dead of his privations. He, too, had gone there to search for the treasure, having induced a vessel to land him on the desolate coast, nearly a year earlier. His supplies had become exhausted and he would soon have died if succor had not reached him.

He told the party that he had found the treasure, and that its enormous value fully justified the reports concerning it; that the map they had was entirely misleading, that he alone possessed the clue that had enabled him to find the wealth.

The party, after vainly searching the island, gave up and tried to come to terms with Harford. He wanted a good deal more than half of the treasure for his share. Nobody was willing to give him nearly as much as he demanded, and the party sailed back to Victoria, taking Harford with them. He at once set about securing the services of a vessel to take him back to Cocos Island, but finally started on the flag ship Imperieuse to look after his own interests, while Harris was the representative of the interests of the party of treasure seekers from Maine.

TRAGEDY NEAR HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, Nov. 8.—An awful affair happened in Dartmouth at an early hour Sunday morning, by which two people were hurried to death and the owner of the house so injured that he lies in a precarious condition. George Tullock and his family retired to rest Saturday night as usual. Some hours after a hired man sleeping in the house smelled smoke and discovered the house on fire. He gave the alarm, but before the inmates could be aroused the place was so full of smoke and the flames had so cut off exit that it was impossible to get out. Mrs. Tullock, wife of the owner of the house, made her escape, and Tullock reached the door, but remembering that his wife's sister and infant daughter were still within, he rushed back to save them. He was too late. Miss Walker, a sister of Mrs. Tullock, had also thought of the child. She went to save it, but after finding it, fell in a faint on the floor, with the child in her arms. Had it not been for this attempt at the child's rescue Tullock might have saved the child, but when he reached its bed it was gone. The devouring element rapidly licked up the house and in a few minutes the young woman and the child were cremated. Tullock had a narrow escape and fell insensible at a window, from which position the neighbors rescued him almost dead. Miss Walker had intended going to Boston Saturday night, but was prevailed upon to stay over for a week, and thus met her death.

A GREAT BIG NUGGET.

IT WEIGHS THIRTY SIX OUNCES AND IS WORTH \$700.

MONTREAL, Nov. 5.—Mr. Charles F. Law, of Vancouver, B. C., and Mrs. Law arrived at the Windsor this morning en route to England. Mr. Law is manager of the Golden Province mines at Queenelle in the Caribou district, and is enroute to the Old Country to organize a syndicate for mining operations in British Columbia. A month or so ago he returned from a prospecting tour along the head waters of the Yukon, west to the Cassiar mountains and carries with him some wonderful specimens of dust and quartz that demonstrate the richness of that country. One of the nuggets is the largest ever seen in Eastern Canada. It weighs thirty-six ounces, and is valued at over \$700.

Mr. Law is of opinion that the gold fields in the Teslin Lake and Cassiar district are the richest in the world, and that the yellow metal is of a superior quality to that found in the Klondike region. He went up the Stickeen River to Telegraph Creek, and from that point followed the old Cassiar trail to the eastern watershed of the Yukon, between Teslin Lake and Dease River. There are there large placer deposits of gold and beneath the gravel is rich quartz.

There will, Mr. Law believes, be a great rush of placer miners into that country next spring. The projected route of the Canadian Pacific will be of material assistance to these fields, as that enterprise contemplates the building of a railway from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake. He believes that the Cassiar range is the source of the gold of the Klondike district, and that there is a ledge four hundred miles in length which will be found to be very rich in gold.

But all the gold is not in the far north. According to late advices, there have been some very rich finds in the Caribou district. In the old days the prospectors only worked along the eastern slope of the mountains, whilst the new discoveries are on the western slope.

MURDERED AT SEA.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Nov. 6.—The United States cruiser Lancaster dropped anchor in Hampton Roads yesterday from Bahia Brazil.

Confined on the warship are six men of the crew of the schooner Olive Packer whose captain and mate were murdered at sea in August last. The cook, whose name is unknown, is in irons on the warship, being held as the ringleader of the mutiny.

After murdering the officers, the mutineers set fire to the ship and taking to a small boat landed at Bahia where some of the men told the authorities of the tragedy and all were arrested and turned over to the Lancaster for transportation to the United States.

A FAIR TRIAL.

"I was troubled with a very bad headache last winter and decided to give Laxa Liver Pills a fair trial. One box of them cured me and I have not had a headache since. They are a long way ahead of any other remedy I ever tried."

MISS JANET MUNROE, Westbourne, Man.

CHURCH SERVICES.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Services will be held on Sabbath first as follows viz:—Kingston, at 11 a. m., Richibucto, 7 p. m.

ST. MARY'S, (ANGELICAN).—Sunday, Nov. 7th. (Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity), Divine service as follows: Punctouche, 10.30; Richibucto, 7; Harvest Thanksgiving service, Friday, Nov. 12 at 7.30 at Richibucto.

A Mission, (a series of evangelistic services), will (D. V.) be commenced on Wed. 17th Nov in St. Mary's church, lasting 10 days, to be conducted by Rev. R. P. McKim, of St. John, particulars announced later. Prayer for success and blessing is earnestly solicited.

H. A. MEEK, Rector.

METHODIST SERVICES.—Rev. Wm. Lawson Pastor. Preaching Sabbath next, as follows:—Richibucto, 11 a. m.; Moxus River, 3 p. m.; Kingston 7 p. m.; Mill Creek, Friday 7 p. m. Prayer meeting, Richibucto, Tuesday, 7.30, p. m.; Normal Class 8.30 p. m., to 9.30 p. m.

Advertisement for PNY-PECTORAL medicine, describing its benefits for coughs, colds, and other ailments. Includes a testimonial from Mrs. Joseph Norwick and contact information for DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS.

FREQUENTLY BRINGS ITS VICTIM TO THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

The Case of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls Who Suffered Severely—Given Up by Two Doctors—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Smith Falls News.

Many cases have been reported of how invalids who have suffered for years and whose case had been given up by the attending physician, have been restored to health and vigor through that now world-fame medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but we doubt if there is one more startling or more convincing than that of Miss Elizabeth Minshull, who resides with her brother, Mr. Thos. Minshull, of this town, an employee in Frost & Wood's Agricultural Works. The News heard of this remarkable case, and meeting Mr. Minshull asked him if the story was correct. He replied: "All I know is that my sister had been given up as incurable by two physicians. She is now well enough to do any kind of housework and can go and come as she pleases, and this change has, it is my honest conviction, been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Minshull then related the following story to the News:—"My sister is twenty years of age. She came to Canada from England about ten years ago, and resided with a Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Cody, at Sorel Que. In April, of 1896, she took ill and gradually grew worse. She was under a local physician's care for over five months. The doctor said that she was suffering from a complication of nervous diseases, and that he could do little for her. The minister with whom she lived then wrote me of my sister's state of health, and I had her come to Smith's Falls, in the hope that a change and rest would do her good. When she arrived here she was in a very weak state and a local physician was called in to see her. He attended her for some time but with poor results, and finally acknowledged that the case was one which he could do very little for. My sister had by this time become a pitiable object; the slightest noise would disturb her, and the slightest exertion would almost make her insane. It required someone to be with her at all times, and often after a fit of extreme nervousness she would become unconscious and remain in that state for hours. When I went home I had to take my boots off at the door-step so as not to disturb her. When the doctor told me he could do nothing for her, I consulted with my wife, who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as she knew of several cases where they had worked wonderful cures and I concluded it would do no harm to try them anyway, and mentioned the fact to the doctor. The doctor did not oppose their use, but said he thought they might do her good, as they were certainly a good medicine. In September of last year she began to use the Pills, and before two boxes had been used, she began to show signs of improvement. She has continued their use since and is to-day a living testimony of the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mr. Minshull has no hesitation in sounding the praises of a remedy that has worked such a change in the health of his sister and cheerfully gave the "News" the above particulars, and when asked to do so most willingly signed the following declaration:—

SMITH'S FALLS, Sept. 11, 1897. I hereby make declaration that the statements in above as to the condition of my sister and the benefit she received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely correct.

THOS. MINSHULL.

Witness, J. H. ROSS.

SUED THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR'S COURT IN LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 4.—There was an extraordinary case heard before the lord mayor's court to-day, when a man named Hinde sued the Prince of Wales to recover £60,000 alleged to have been wrongfully paid him by the late Under Sheriff Croll, who was the liquidator of the United Kingdom Telegraph company. The plaintiff declared the money belonged to a certain Mr. Allan, of whose estate he was the assignee, and he further claimed the sum of £150,000 from Lord Suffolk, alleging that the latter had suborned Croll to commit perjury before Lord Bramwell at the trial in 1877, in connection with the liquidation.

Sir George Lewis, in behalf of the Prince of Wales, and the Earl of Suffolk, asked that the proceedings be quashed, on the ground that the allegations were nothing more than a frivolous and vexatious tissue of nonsense, and he submitted an affidavit to that effect. The plaintiff then addressed the court, declaring he had been told that the Prince of Wales received the money referred to and then he proceeded to charge Lord Bramwell with defrauding Allan's widow out of £150,000 in order to obtain promotion and a peerage. The plaintiff was here stopped by the court, with the warning to speak respectfully of judges. Finally the court stopped the case and dismissed the action.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE MONOTONE.

Hark! How the great, old ocean day and night Breaks ever on the foot of thy great throne That towers in silent night In one long, plaintive, awful monotone!

Unanswered ever towers the giant rock Amid the centuries that come and go As if 'twould only mock The eternal voice that wailed and wailed below.

'Tis thus, O God, the deep sea of my soul Breaks ever on the foot of thy great throne, As dread but only good, In one long, plaintive, awful monotone!

Unanswered yet, but, hoping, still it calls: Will not the throne take pity on the woe? How terrible if its walls Are always silent to the wall below! —New York Ledger.

A JOKER'S FAME.

Some Interesting Reminiscences of the Famous Humorist, Sydney Smith.

Sydney Smith was a political reformer and one of the foremost men of letters of his time, but he is remembered chiefly as a humorist who could enliven a dinner table with his wit. Like other wise men who have a talent for making people laugh, he was jealous of his reputation for good sense.

When he reprinted his essays from the Edinburgh Review, his object, given in his own words, was "to show, if I could, that I had not passed my life merely in making jokes, but that I had made use of whatever little powers of pleasantry I might be endowed with to discountenance bad and to encourage liberal and wise principles." In this object he failed. His public services and wisdom have been forgotten. His jokes are remembered.

His account of Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach at Sidmouth and who was seen during a violent storm trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic ocean, is a household story which every one knows. The circumstances in which it was told and the effect produced by it have passed out of mind.

It was at the end of a long agitation for political reform in England when the house of lords had thrown out the great measure of Lord John Russell which had been carried through the commons. Sydney Smith, the politician who had been advocating liberal principles and reform measures for many years, told this story at a political meeting in Tamton, at which speeches were made protesting against the action of the lords. It caught the public fancy, and within a week every body in England was laughing over Mrs. Partington's mop battle with the tempest tossed Atlantic portrayed the lords' futile struggle with English public opinion. That funny story was probably more effective than the most eloquent argument in disarming mob preventing a breach of the peace and converting hostility to the lords into good natured contempt. "The Atlantic ocean beat Mrs. Partington."

During the 60 years which preceded the Victorian reign Sydney Smith was almost the only prominent English clergyman who was interested in reform movements, and in his writings for the Edinburgh Review he succeeded, by his wit in presenting the duller argument with freshness and force. With him was the vehicle which carried good sense and wisdom. He has been in his grave 60 years, and his reputation that of a clerical joker.

He expected that a tablet would be erected to his memory in St. Paul's cathedral, London, where as canon he was a favorite preacher at the close of his life. There is no memorial tablet there, nor is there one at either Foster or Combe-Florey, the two parishes where most of his work was done. His jokes have survived not only his writings, but his services as a reformer who loved religious toleration and political liberty as the breath of his life.

What his career proves is that wit is one of the most powerful weapons of the world. Without it he would have exerted very much less influence as writer or a preacher in politics. Wit it his name has been handed down to one of the great Englishmen of his time.

Ranch Life.

It is so difficult to imagine a young American voluntarily choosing a ranch as a start in life that it is hardly worth while trying to do so. As a rule he either thinks of the country as the place where market vegetables come from, and Thanksgiving turkeys are raised, or else it represents to him a large and expensive establishment at Lakewood or some such place, with a casino and bowling alley and polo team attached. And as for the most part the American does not play polo nor hunt nor shoot nor fish with any real, genuine enthusiasm, the latter view he takes it scarcely more alluring than the former. Down deep in his heart he knows that he would much rather be trying to run an electric railway or a bank or build bridges or losing money in Wall street than to be doing any of those things. But the young Englishman is utterly different. He has always known and enjoyed outdoor sports. It is the life he likes best, and he imagines that such life is, first and foremost, a sporting life. —Abbe Carter Goodloe in Scribner's.

A Business Woman.

Mrs. Emma Coleman Hamilton is the owner of a large coal and wood yard in Dunkirk, N. Y. She also sells drainage, fire brick, tiles, cement, etc., has a trusty man in her office, but oversees her looks and the business generally herself. She was president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial union for three years, when she resigned on account of business and family cares. She was one of the principal workers in organizing the Dunkirk library, which has been a decided success.

'Hush Money.'

"We'll call this hush money," said the druggist as he took a quarter from his patron and handed him the chloroform. —Yonkers Gazette.

\$500.00 in GOLD!

20 PRIZES.

Table listing prizes: 1st Prize \$200.00, 2nd Prize \$100.00, 3rd Prize \$50.00, 2 Prizes of \$25.00 each, 5 Prizes of \$10.00 each, 10 Prizes of \$5.00 each.

\$500.00

To the Twenty people who solve this Puzzle, if there are so many correct, we will give the above Prizes IN CASH.

SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ANSWER.

If more than Twenty should be correct, every correct one will (in addition to the Money Prizes) be awarded our famous "Faithful Time-keeper Silver Watch

of which the net factory price is \$10. If preferred, the winner can choose a genuine Gold-cased Watch of same value.

Advertisement for the Silver Watch puzzle, including the code 'F - - TH - UL F - R - M - ST & END - R - - G' and a small table explaining the code.

As this wonderful offer is only made to advertise our far-famed Silver Watches, every Competitor must read the following conditions and comply with them.

- 1. Send your answer "International Post-Card" which can be bought at the post office (price 2 cents). There is no entrance fee or charge whatever.
2. In addition to the Cash Prizes, everyone who sends the correct answer will thereby win one of our "Faithful Timekeepers" Silver Watches which we sell in England for \$10 each, and could be sold retail in America for \$15 to \$25 each.
3. Every winner of the watch is required to purchase one of our SPLENDID VALUE inexpensive Solid Silver Albert Chains to wear with the Watch, as per our unprecedented offer which we will send. These Chains are Hall-marked on every link by the English Government. If the same Watch is required with Gold-filled case instead of Solid Silver, a Chain to match may, if desired, be chosen.
4. With our Watch and Chain you will receive our mammoth Catalogue quoting Wholesale Factory Prices for Jewellery, Plate, etc. The first prize will be given to the one who solves the Riddle, receives the Watch and Chain, and orders altogether the largest amount of Goods from the Catalogue; the Second Prize to the winner who orders the second largest amount and so on. If not more than twenty win and receive the Watch and Chain, and if they do not buy anything from the Catalogue, the whole of the prize money will be equally divided among them, giving \$25 each. All amounts in this advertisement are taken at the exchange of \$5 to £1.
5. A form will be sent free to you which must be filled up and forwarded to reach us by December 25th of all Goods ordered on account of these Prizes.
6. The names and addresses of the cash prize winners will be printed in the Times, Daily Telegraph and Standard, of London, on Dec. 31st next, and subsequently in the New York Herald. Drafts for the prizes will be posted same day.
7. Write your name and address in full every time you write to us to avoid mistakes.
8. Orders for these Prizes may be sent in separately from time to time, and you will be credited with the total of all when you send in the report from us above.
9. When sending Orders please remember that the letter postage to England is 5 cents per half ounce and if insufficient postage is used the letter is liable to go astray.

Send your answer at once! You are sure to win a prize if correct, while even if not correct it cost you nothing.

Advertisement for The Watchmakers' Alliance & Ernest Goode's Stores, Limited, located at 184 Oxford Street, London.

REVOLUTIONARY PRICES.

LARGE REDUCTION in CLOTHS

Worsted Coatings, Overcoatings and Suitings, Tweed Trousers, REAL BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS of all kinds, Latest Style most Fashionable Colorings, Hosiery, Umbrellas, Gloves, Tailors' Trimmings, at Greatly Reduced prices. COTTONS in Grays, Whites, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Cottonades, Bed Ticks, Blankets, Flannels, Shirts, Drawers, Bee Hive Yarns, etc., all reduced to Low Figures. SMALLWARE in Braids and Buttons, Gents' Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Linen Handk'fs, Lace Goods, Hamburgs, Black Dress Silks, Millinery Silks, Silk Serges, Bengalines, Surahs, Satins, Towels, Napkins, D-masks, Silk Velvets, Velvetines.

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Offering Decided Bargains to Wholesale Buyers of Dry Goods.

John Vassie & Co. Wholesale Dry Goods Warehousemen, Corner of King & Canterbury Streets. St. JOHN, N. B.

Cloths Tailors' Trimmings, Specialities. DOING A LARGE CITY WHOLESALE TRADE. BUYERS WILL FIND THIS THE BEST GUARANTEE OF THE LOWNESS OF OUR PRICES.

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