

STEAL THIRD OF MILLION

Robbers of Canadian Bank Leave Hundred Thousand Behind.

THE CARETAKER IS GAGGED

Chinese Janitor Overpowered and Tied While Robbers Work—Police are at a Staudstill.

New Westminster, B. C., Sept. 16.—At an early hour yesterday morning three men entered the Bank of Montreal here by an unprotected window in the rear, dug through the brick wall into the vault, wrecked the cage door and blew open the safe, took about \$320,000 in gold and bills, leaving \$20,000 in gold on the bed where they had piled their loot, and about \$80,000 more unmolesed in the safe and made their escape.

The first known of the robbery was when a Chinese caretaker appeared at the police station at 5:30 o'clock and gave the alarm.

He had managed to work his bonds loose after the robbers had departed. From the thoroughness of the job and the tools with which the work was done, the local officials believe the same gang which has been at work in Vancouver turned the work here.

It is presumed that the men entered the bank about 4 o'clock yesterday morning, for when the Chinese janitor arrived shortly after 4 o'clock to clean up, he found the three men had been doing a little cleaning up on their own account and before the Chinese could give the alarm, he was sandbagged and gagged and tied to a chair.

Then the robbers left the building some time before 5 o'clock, taking more than a quarter of a million dollars with them, leaving about \$100,000 in the vault.

That the robbers are still in the vicinity is apparent by the finding of an automobile stolen from a garage, broken down in front of the Y. M. C. A. building. It is thought the robbers started to get away in the machine and then had to abandon it.

The police are practically at a standstill. Detectives are being hired by the bank officials, but there has been no attempt yet at a chase in any direction. All the circumstances indicate that the robbers had the haul carefully planned, and the police believe they are now so far away from New Westminster that attempts to scour the country would have been useless. They could have been in Vancouver and had their booty safely housed before daylight.

There are a dozen other different roads that could have been taken.

Burned Securing Aid.

Mason City, Sept. 16.—C. A. Lubins, president of the Bank of Grafton, was burned so severely that recovery seems doubtful, and his home was wrecked in a fire which occurred at his residence last night. The family had retired and the flames cut off escape by the stairway when they were discovered. Lubins rushed through the fire to the lower floor, summoning help. The remainder of the family escaped by means of ladders.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW.

What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Webster City Homes. Hard to do housework with an aching back.

Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work.

If women only knew the cause—that backache pains come from sick kidneys.

"Would save much needless woe. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. Many residents of this vicinity endorse them.

Mrs. Fred Olmstead, of Williams, Ia., says: "For eight months a member of my family suffered from pains in the small of the back, which were worse after stooping. Difficulty with the kidney secretions also existed, the passages being too frequent. The contents of the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills brought such great benefit, that a further supply was procured and by the time five boxes had been used, a cure was effected. Doan's Kidney Pills are deserving of the highest praise."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. 4-1-17

WINNING A WIDOW

By CARL JENKINS

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Jasper Gregg, farmer and widower, had made up his mind to marry again. Moreover, he had made up his mind to marry the Widow Hopkins, who lived on a farm a mile away.

He had known her for three years. She was amiable, thrifty and friendly. She must be aware that he was forehanded, good tempered, and that when his good wife had been called to go she had left two good pairs of shoes behind her. There were farmers who were stingy about buying shoes for their wives, but he was not one.

Farmer Gregg made up his mind about a second marriage the same as he would have done about buying a piece of land. It would be a good thing for him and for the widow. No disrespect to her whatever, but why waste time that might be used in hoeing potatoes? It was summer, and in summer farm work is always driving.

After breakfast one morning, the widower walked down the road to the widow's place. He wasn't at all shaky. On the contrary, he was very calm. He found her sweeping the kitchen after having cleared breakfast away, and he was kindly greeted. The widow had only asked him if the 'tater-bugs were doing much damage to his fields when he quietly said:

"Sarah, I've come to ask you to marry me."

"Good lands!" she replied, as she leaned on the broom handle.

"Will you do it?"

Mrs. Hopkins stood the broom up in the corner, removed the apron she



The Widow Hopkins Took the Calf in Hand.

was wearing, and then turned on him.

"Jasper Gregg, who do you think I am?" she demanded.

"The Widow Hopkins."

"Yes, I am, and I've got feelings. I've got feelings and I've got dignity. You are here with your old clothes on, the same as if you wanted to borrow a shovel, and yet askin' me right out to marry you! You've got a hickory shirt on, patches on your trousers, and your hat is old and rusty. I never heard the likes of your impudence. Is this the way you won your first wife?"

"I—I just thought I'd ask," replied Jasper, a good deal astonished.

"Well, you can just think a heap of other thoughts. You want a coat on your back next time you ask me to marry you. This getting married ain't like going out and plowing corn. There's dignity about it."

"Well, I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings. I didn't go to do it."

"I'll forgive you, Jasper, but think it over and you'll see that there must be dignity about it."

The matter was given due reflection, and at the end of a fortnight Mr. Gregg donated his best suit and greased his boots and paid another visit. He appeared at a bad hour. The widow was down on hands and knees and giving the kitchen floor a glorious old scrubbing with sand and soap. She had an old dress on, and her hair was flying.

"Mercy on me, but you here!" she exclaimed as Jasper appeared in the door.

"Yes, it's me."

"And you got your best clothes on!"

"Yes, I have come to ask you over again."

"Hear the man! Look at me! Jasper Gregg, did you ever hear of a man asking a woman to be his wife when she was scrubbin' a dinged old kitchen floor?"

"Can't say I ever did."

"And no one but a fool would do it! Can't I pound it into your head that I've got feelings and dignity? You go right back home! Why, I wouldn't say yes now if a king was to offer me his palace!"

Mr. Gregg's feelings were a bit hurt. He had left an hour and a half from farm, and he couldn't understand why a woman scrubbing a

floor couldn't set the wedding day as well as one all dressed up and seated in the parlor. He almost made up his mind that the widow was finicky and had better be left in widowhood. As the days went by, however, he forgave her and made ready for his third visit. This was made on a Sunday afternoon. She surely wouldn't be scrubbing in that day. On the contrary, she would be dressed up and sitting on the porch.

Things had happened that Sunday morning. There was a calf to be tied up, and while the hired man was busy at something else the Widow Hopkins took the calf in hand. In the scrimmage she received a kick that laid her out. With the help of the hired girl she crawled into the house and into bed.

When Jasper Gregg arrived and entered the sitting room his nose was greeted with the odor of camphor and liniment, and the hired girl explained what had happened. He was ordered to take a seat near the door of the bedroom, and the patient called out:

"Jasper Gregg, what sort of a man do you call yourself?"

"Why, widow, what's wrong?"

"You're all dressed up, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Boots greased and hair oiled?"

"Yes."

"And you've come to ask me to marry you! Lordy, Lordy, but what idiots some men are! They just go right ahead, the same as if they was plowin' clay land, and never think of other folks. Here I've been kicked by a frolicky calf and the breath knocked out of me for a week to come, and you are here to talk about marriage."

"But I didn't know about the kickin'," he protested.

"Well, you know it now, and you've got to give me a chance to have some dignity. I swan, if I'll be kicked by a calf in the forenoon and then promise to be somebody's wife in the afternoon! You go back home!"

"This is three times, Sarah!" he called.

"I don't care if it's 300!"

Jasper Gregg walked home with his hands behind his back and his eyes on the mayweeds along the dusty highway. Three times he had asked, and three times he had been thrown down. The Widow Hopkins was not for him. The hay season was coming on and he could spare no more time. He banished her from his thoughts as far as he could, and next morning went down into the field to mend a fence. There was a shaky spot, and the bull in the next field might get through.

A kick from a calf seldom kills. It seldom lays the victim up for more than a day. The Widow Hopkins awoke feeling pretty nearly all right next morning, and after breakfast she set out to cut a sassafras stick to keep her soft soap kettle from boiling over. She worked along toward Jasper Gregg, but on account of the hazel bushes she didn't see him until within 50 feet. Then two historic events happened at once. He looked up, and there was a bellow from the bull. Next moment the animal came charging for the shaky spot in the fence. The man saw that he would knock the ralls down and be upon them, and without a word he swung himself into a shade tree close at hand and then reached down for the widow and drew her up beside him.

There was a bellow and a crash, and the bull was with them. He frisked. He pawed. He bellowed. He ripped bark from the tree with his horns.

"He can't get at us," said the widow, as he put his arm around the widow.

"I was thinkin'," she replied, as she laid a hand on his.

"What about?"

"You ain't dressed up, nor I either. We are up a tree and an old bull bellowing for our lives. Jasper, this ain't romance. It ain't dignity. There ain't a speck of sentiment in it, but—"

"But what, Sarah?"

"But if you want me, I'm yours!"

Fiction or History.

After all, fiction is not always the worst place in which to look for history. There is a story of Mr. Disraeli at the time of his extremely bumptious youth, when he had just returned from his travels in the East. As a young man, much under thirty, he met Lord Melbourne, who was then Prime Minister, at dinner. He proceeded to discourse on the eastern question, but instead of listening to the Prime Minister with the respect which he ought young Disraeli said: "It seems to me that your lordship has taken your knowledge of the East from 'The Arabian Nights.'"

Some prime ministers I have known would have snubbed the young man severely. Lord Melbourne was not of that kind. He rubbed his hands with great cheerfulness and said to the young man, "And a devilish good place to take it from!"

I think we shall feel, in the milder language of the twentieth century, that "Waverley" was an uncommonly good place to take your impressions of Prince Charles at Holyrood from.—Lord Rosebery in an Edinburgh Address.

Pessimistic.

"Do you think he will resemble his father?"

"I suppose so, it would be just my luck."

Of Course Not.

"Did he lose his temper when you told him what you thought of him?"

"Of course not; ain't I twice his size?"

LAYMEN DRAW RESOLUTIONS

Des Moines Conference Adopts Resolutions Censuring Secretaries.

H. E. HOPPER A DELEGATE

Indianola Man and C. R. Benedict Head List of Men Sent to General Meeting of Methodist Episcopal Church.

Shenandoah, Sept. 16.—Resolutions strongly condemning Secretary Wilson and Secretary Knox for recognizing the international brewers' congress were adopted by the lay members of the Des Moines Methodist Episcopal conference at their annual meeting here yesterday afternoon. The adoption was unanimous, not a vote being recorded against its passage.

The resolution follows: "We, the members of the Des Moines Methodist Episcopal conference, deplore and condemn the conduct of Secretary of State Knox and Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, two great men of this nation, holders of great offices in President Taft's cabinet, for attending and recognizing the international brewers' congress and the international hop prize exhibition and for taking part in the programme there. That the business of producing, using and selling or handling of all intoxicants in any manner is morally wrong and no part or phase of that business should be recognized or indorsed in any way by any body.

"Also resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the officials named and to President Taft, so worded as to show the sentiment of the lay members of the Des Moines Methodist Episcopal conference."

A. C. Ross of Atlantic was chairman of the committee on resolutions, while the Hon. E. W. Weeks of Guthrie Center presided at the laymen's meeting, which passed the resolutions.

The lay delegates to the general conference were selected during the day. On the first ballot, C. R. Benedict of Shelby, chief clerk of the house of representatives, was elected, together with Harry E. Hopper of Indianola and Dr. A. E. Kellogg of Shenandoah. The name of Gov. Beryl F. Carroll was not on the ballot and was not presented to the conference at any time. On the succeeding ballots, John L. Larson of Nevada, Mrs. Martha S. Beall of Charleston and D. M. Woodfill of Gravity were elected.

LION MANGLES

A LITTLE CHILD

7-Year-Old Girl is Almost Killed by African Giant.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 16.—Clawed and bitten by a huge lion in a side show at the state fair yesterday afternoon, Laura Burns, 7 years old, of Morrisville, is hovering between life and death today at a hospital. The girl was frightfully mangled.

Cages of lions were roped off to keep spectators four or five feet from the cage. The girl slipped under the rope barrier. A lion reached out and fastened its claws in her head. The beast drew the child to the cage despite her screams. With the other paw the lion clawed at the child's face and tried to draw her through the bars. Attendants rushed to the child's aid, but not until it had been beaten with bars did the infuriated animal release the girl.

The lion had gouged out one of the girl's eyes, torn off an ear and lacerated her face and the upper part of her body.

The great throng and the shouts of the crowd frightened the rest of the beasts in the tent so that keepers had to guard them with loaded weapons, fearing that they might attempt to escape.

Squirrel Attacks Baby.

Oskaloosa, Sept. 16.—A vicious attack by a park squirrel upon the 3-months-old infant of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Bridgeman at their home here last night, is expected to result fatally. The little animal sprang upon the child and buried teeth and claws in the little one's face and head, and almost put out an eye before the mother could interfere.

DON'T TAKE IT FOR GRANTED

that just because you are in business, everybody is aware of the fact. Your goods may be the finest in the market, but they are sure to remain on your shelves unless the people are told about them, and they become acquainted with the fact. You must

ADVERTISE

if you want to move your merchandise. Reach the buyers in their homes through the columns of THIS PAPER and on every dollar expended you'll reap a handsome dividend.

TAFT STARTS ON BIG TRIP

Will Make Two Speeches in New York Today—Left Boston Last Night.

TAFT IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT

President Will Have the Same Coach Throughout Journey—Large Body of Railroad Men Will Help Trip.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 16.—President Taft left Boston at 7:35 last night on his long speaking tour of 13,000 miles, which is to embrace twenty-four states and is to continue until Nov. 1. His departure in the special train prepared for his party was signalized by an enthusiastic demonstration from several hundred persons gathered at the south station to bid him God speed. Mayor John F. Fitzgerald led the cheering.

A grizzle of rain fell during the president's motor trip from Beverly to this city. Midway on the road he was forced, with other occupants of his automobile, to alight and get into the automobile of the secret service men, owing to a slight accident to his own machine.

When the special train left over the Boston & Albany railroad the president's immediate party consisted of Secretary Charles D. Hilles, Maj. A. W. Butt, military aide, and Maj. Thomas L. Rhodes, U. S. A., the president's physician and three secret service guards. Nine newspaper reporters accompanied the party. The Pullman private car Ideal was occupied by the president and his immediate party. The coach is to be carried over the entire journey.

During the entire trip the train will carry superintendents, trainmasters and other operating officials on the various lines over which it moves, and it is estimated that between 45,000 and 50,000 railroad men will be directly concerned in various ways in transporting the presidential party.

President Taft will deliver his first set address at Syracuse, N. Y., today at the state fair. He has prepared a second speech which he will deliver at Erie, Pa., tonight.

Fire at Whitehall.

Glens Falls, N. K., Sept. 16.—Fire did \$100,000 damage to the business section of Whitehall yesterday. The Y. M. C. A. building and emergency hospital were among the buildings destroyed.

Eruption Grows Serious.

Catania, Sicily, Sept. 16.—Clouds of smoke from Mount Etna hid the sky and made the atmosphere intolerable yesterday. The volcano continued to throw out lava, cinders and ashes from the craters and a hundred new fissures. The river of lava flowing has separated into four streams, the largest of which is moving toward Alcantara and is two miles from Francavilla.

ONE LIFE LOST IN BIG FLOOD

Streets of Pittsburgh Suburb Become Torrents.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 16.—Property loss approximately half a million dollars was caused yesterday when the streets of Etna, Millvale, Sharpsburg, Turtle Creek and other suburban towns were transformed into torrents by a cloud burst. One life was lost and scores of others were saved by firemen and volunteers.

The storm reached its greatest intensity at Etna, where the streets were flooded twelve feet deep and the foundations of houses were undermined. Lashing ladders together, village firemen spanned the swirling flood 150 feet and saved twenty-five persons marooned in a block of houses. Two hundred steel workers at the Spang Chalfant company hung to rafters in one of the buildings for several hours until taken off in boats. Cars loaded with steel and coke were rolled along like hogs. Railway tracks were torn up by the rushing water.

The flood in the Turtle creek valley tore through some of the buildings of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing company and the Westinghouse Airbrake company, compelling a suspension of work, while a number of factories at Glenshaw were shut down.