

STORIES OF FORTUNES

ROMANTIC TALES OF UNCLAIMED MONEY WHICH ARRIVED

Millions of Pounds Sterling Held in Trust by Government Which Are Due to Persons Who Have Died Out of Sight—Some Large Fortunes in the Concrete Which Were Literally Thrown Upon the Lucky Ones.

In novels people are often made to pick up fortunes out of a chance newspaper advertisement, and the incident is dismissed by the reader as growing out of the author's imagination. What writes Sidney H. Preston in The News of the World of London, England should cause surprise is that not only are fortunes thus obtained, but that millions of pounds sterling are held in trust by Government and other departments which are due to persons who have dropped out of sight, or for some reason fail to claim what is legally their own.

Only last week a tailor's cutter residing in Vienna received information through the American consulate that his uncle had died in America leaving him a fortune of no less than \$2,400,000.

An old man, apparently poverty-stricken, was found dead in bed last year. The police, on taking charge of two trunks which so far as was known, were all that the man possessed, found unopened securities worth \$90,000 and a bankbook showing a deposit of \$17,000.

In 1888 a Sheffield joiner named Platts received news of a large fortune due to his wife. Many years ago Mrs. Platts' uncle left England and went to California. There he invested his savings in the purchase of land, which became very valuable, for much of it was bought on the eve of the gold rush.

A pleasant surprise in the shape of a windfall befall Thomas McGinness, an old man who lived a quiet life in Durban a few years ago. McGinness received a letter from a firm of Sunderland solicitors enclosing a copy of a letter with documents respecting their New York agent, by which it appeared that he and his brother were entitled to share in a sum of £1000.

Mr. Alexander Forbes of Aberdeen was bequeathed £500 and a magnificent medal for a life-saving act performed a long time since. While on a voyage from Australia to England, Forbes jumped overboard and saved the life of a man, Macintosh. Mr. Forbes was traced by an advertisement in a newspaper.

The mysterious disappearance, in 1888, of a journeyman printer at Versailles, who awoke one morning to learn that he was the happy possessor of a million sterling, bequeathed to him by an old gentleman whose life he had saved many years before, was the subject of considerable speculation.

In the Monthly Review Lady Gregory has collected a number of stories of the belief in spirits of the Irish coast. These spirits seem to swarm, and are rarely friendly to ordinary mortals, who are terrified by them.

An elderly woman, named Grundy, died last year at Astley, South Lancashire. Her husband, a small farmer and auctioneer, upon examining a lumber-room after her death, found close upon £1,100, mostly in sovereigns and half-sovereigns, which had been hidden there by his careful wife.

James Russell, a machinist, in humble circumstances, at Vancouver, in 1899, fell heir to \$5,000,000, left him by a bachelor cousin. A London banker's advertisement was published in a Canadian local paper announcing that £1,000,000 was waiting for Russell and his wife.

A man named Bernard Kelly died in Ireland in 1871, and, owing to the failure of charitable bequests mentioned in his will, and there being no known next of kin, over \$6,000 was escheated to the Crown. A lady claiming, Mrs. Crawley, appeared in 1882, but failed to prove her claim.

Not high price but high class. McCauley's "Home-Made" head cheese. The only article sold in Kingston is the choice of royalty. Sold at Gibson's Red Cross drug store.

SILVER HUNTERS' WAYS

SOMETHING ABOUT PROSPECTORS WHO HAUNT NORTH COUNTRY.

They Have a Hard Road to Travel in New Ontario's Mining Country, and Gains Are Not Always Commensurate With Work Done—How a Claim Is Located, Marked and Registered—Strict Regulations.

Until the coming into prominence of the Cobalt region, "prospector" was a term little known in Canada, at least in Ontario. It was in the Mail and Empire, under date of Cobalt, May 15. Now, however, the name "prospector" is claimed by nearly nine out of ten of the people who meet up here in this north-western corner of the province.

From the picturesque shores of Lake Temagami to the breezy plateau of the height of land and beyond the prospecting place a locality where a likely prospector finds a claim, for which he contributes to the Provincial Treasury a fee of \$10, he gathers together his tools and starts on his way.

He then immediately proceeds to "hit the trail," and, with the recklessness of a gambler, who tries his luck in the valley and sighs for the free breezes of the hill tops, he keeps moving along. He invariably selects for his camping place a locality where a likely ledge of rock abounds, and as convenient as possible to a good supply of water.

He climbs the rocks and tears away with his prospector's pick at the moss and soil, the procedure he repeats until he has struck a vein, which he then takes to himself. He is then obliged to mark the location of his claim, and to register it with the Provincial Treasury.

When he does happen to find an ore-bearing vein or deposit of valuable mineral in place, the procedure he must adopt is as follows: "The holder of every post of wood or iron, on which must be stamped, or written, the name and address of the holder, with the date of discovery, must be done exactly on the outcropping or show of ore or mineral in place within the boundaries of the claim."

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These northern prospectors seem to be drawn from all classes and conditions of men. Your correspondent was in the postoffice at Halleybury to-day when a clerical gentleman came in. He was a Baptist minister and had just arrived from the Puritan State of Massachusetts. Even he had contracted the prospectors' fever, and apparently he had caught him good and hard, for he told me that he had hired three men to assist him in a prospecting tour in the vicinity of the end of the Stouffville road.

Several lawyers and doctors have also joined the band of prospectors, and among the latest recruits to the "back and shovel brigade" is a well-known vocalist from a Toronto church.

That is the most sanitary fountain I ever saw, said a physician in Gibson's Red Cross drug store on Thursday. Burch's horse radish can be purchased; always pure and fresh. Last bottles, 10c. Ask your grocer for it.

WILL FOUND IN BRIDE'S GARTER.

Document Had Remained in Odd Hiding Place Seventy-Five Years.

A will drawn by Jules Chamford seventy years ago has been found in a garter worn by his bride, and subsequently used by three members of his family or descendants on their wedding days. The garter was made in France, and was worn several times before it came into the possession of Chamford.

At the time Chamford was married, he owned a little property, which he agreed to leave to his wife in event of his death. It was known that he drew a will, but when he died, in 1831, the document could not be found, and the property was equally divided between the widow and two children, Henry and Marguerite. The widow died two years after her husband, and the daughter four years later. Henry married, and was the father of four children. Jules, the oldest, married a woman named Marguerite and settled in L'Anse du Foin on the Saguenay River.

The issue of this marriage was six children, all of whom died except Henry. Marguerite was the cause. To Henry was handed down the garter, his mother on her death-bed telling him to present it to his bride-elect and enjoin her to wear it on her wedding day, as it would bring luck. This he promised to do.

Henry eventually became engaged to Marie St. Gabriel, of his native village, and on the day they were to be married gave the garter to her. In appearance it looked much like a bracelet, only wider than is commonly worn. It was made of a heavy silver band with a gold buckle, to which it was attached by a double hinge. After the wedding it was noticed that the hinge had been sprung and the garter was sent to a Montreal jeweler to be repaired. It was the jeweler who discovered the will.

In removing the platinum pin which held the buckle an inner ring of the garter slipped from its place and the document, a thin parchment, was disclosed. The writing was still legible, and the will carried out the promise of Jules Chamford to leave all his property to his wife. As nothing remains of the property, the will is, of course, valueless.

His "WICKED BANISHMENT." In Will, Late Charles Durand Refers to Events of 1837. The will of the late Charles Durand, the veteran barrister, who died recently, has been proved in the Surrogate Court. Mr. Durand was arrested on suspicion in 1837 as a rebel, while riding from Toronto to Hamilton, and he refers to his banishment in his will, which is a lengthy document.

In enumerating his possessions he refers to the burial plots of his parents. He wrote: "I have a right in law and equity to a plot of land, as her (sole heir) of my late father, James Durand, senior, who died on or about the 20th day of March, 1833, and was buried in the village of Ancaster, township of Ancaster, Wentworth county, where grave there is standing a stone square monument lettered, and which I dictated in 1833 and 1844.

"And also a monument which my father caused to be erected in 1829 over his wife, Kessie, my mother. . . . and over this monument I have guarded and watched faithfully.

"My Wicked Banishment." Since those dates, except about six years during my unjust and wicked banishment by the Upper Canada Family Compact, or Canadian Government under Sir Francis Bond Head and Sir George Arthur, wicked and unprincipled Governors. During their temporary rule I was unjustly compelled to leave my beloved Canada, but I have since June 1844, against resumed my care and guardianship of this plot of burial land every year."

For Lount and Matthews. Mr. Durand collected the subscriptions for the monument to Lount and Matthews and delivered the oration at the unveiling of it. His estate is valued at \$11,000 and consists of cash \$7,000, furniture \$500, and \$27 Huron street, worth \$3,700. His widow, Mrs. Mary Ann Durand, receives the entire estate.

A Faded Glory. The arrival of the Meteor on Sunday morning brought to the older residents vivid recollections of what was at one time the greatest event in the Lakeside year. Before the construction of the railway, the town and surrounding country was dependent entirely on the ice road down the lake in winter and on the boats in the summer for communication with the outside world, says the Temagami Herald. On the breaking up of the crystal floor, and before the ice melted or drifted down the Ottawa, the country was walled in by a hundred miles of the wildest rock country. The first boat was a looked and longed for messenger. It brought word from friends and relatives at the front. It was stored with needed provisions, and above all, it threw down the wilderness walls of the prison. When the smoke-belching courier hove in sight the whole populace flocked eagerly to the wharf. So great was the crowd that waved its welcome in answer to its saluting whistle that the dock did not afford sufficient standing room. On Sunday some eighteen or twenty persons watched in silence as the majestic Meteor stole quietly into port.

A Horrified Barrister. A well-known Toronto newspaper man has a daughter of the mature age of two years, who nevertheless is already developing her father's gift of observation and expression, says The News. Being somewhat new to this mundane sphere it is natural that her generalizations should at times be rather hasty and based on too narrow a range of observation. At times these comments put her parents in a rather awkward position. The other day she was being taken for a ride on a street car, when a well-known barrister of dignified appearance and carrying his barrister's blue bag, got on the car. Gentlemen carrying bags had been before, but they had been in the lane, and when she saw the arrival failed to give the password she proceeded to do it for him, piping out: "Old clo's, old bottles, old rags."—tablan.

Butter And Potatoes. Roll butter, 20c. finest creamery butter, prints and solids. Crawford. Ice cream made from pure cream dispensed at Gibson's Red Cross drug store fountain.

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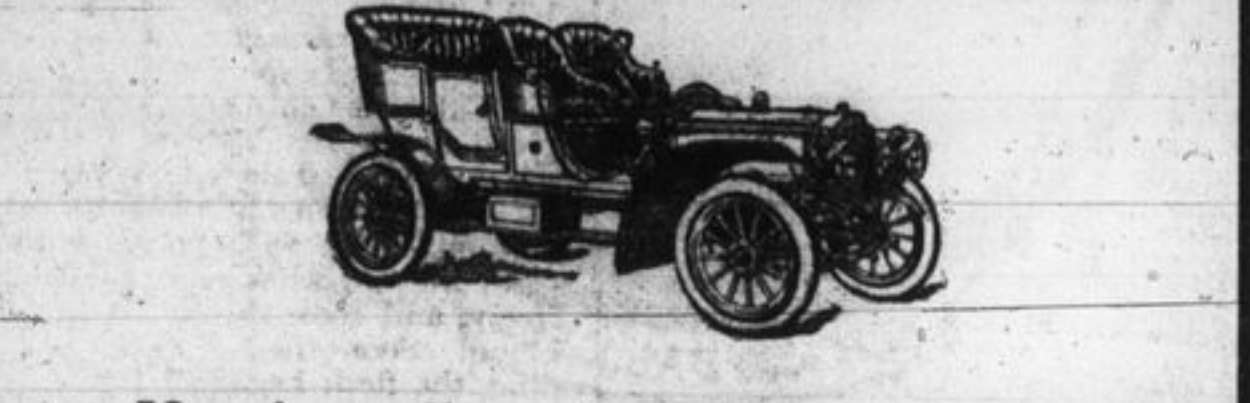
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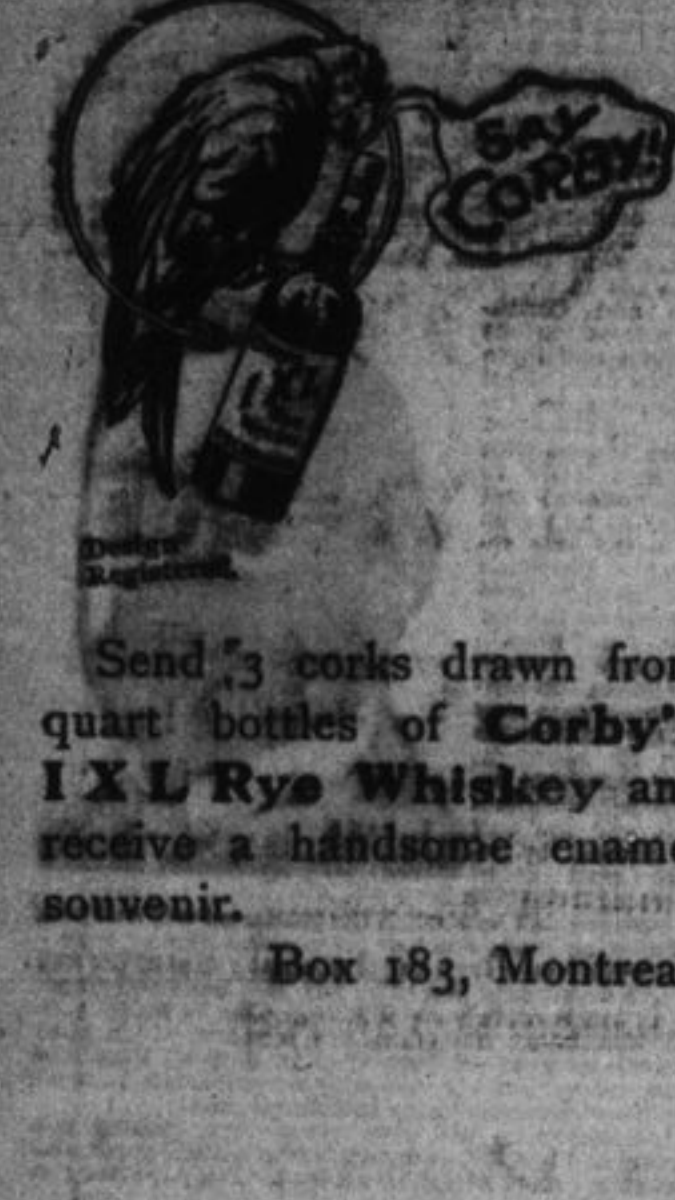
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Various small advertisements and notices on the right edge of the page, including mentions of 'The News of the World', 'The Daily British Whig', and other local publications.