# INSIDE HISTORY OF THE KELLY THEFT

## Matt Cullen Tells How the Silverfield Fur Robbery was Planned and Executed---How Kelly Escaped, Where Reward Went.

"When George Kelly, or Bissett, entered Andrew Kan's Japanese bazaar on the night of February 11, to perpetrate the fur robbery at Silverfield's store on Morrison street, he left a bottle of nitroglycerin suspended over the door that would have blown the whole police force to atoms had they attempted to break in and capture him," said Matt Cullen, the man who of all others in this city knew and understood the plans and methods of the criminal who was

MATHEW CULLEN.

later released by order of District Attorney John Manning. Cullen was arrested for having three of the stolen jackets in his possession, and was held to the grand jury by Municipal Judge Hogue with Kelly or Bissett, and was released last week by the district attorney, because the latter said he would not prosecute when he had permitted the greater criminal to go unpunished.

"Kelly's correct name is George Bissett," said Cullen, "and he was born and raised in Chicago. He has been a criminal from his early youth, and was one of the most desperate and daring, as well as clever, members of the old Mortell-McGraw gang that was one of the worst the police of Chicago ever had to cope with. Kelly has always prided himself on being thoroughly criminal, and for years he has never gone without a large 44-calibre revolver, which he invariably carried in a handy place.

**Kelly's Motto.**

"'I never let those guys wid de stars have de best of me,' was Kelly's motto. Beyond question he is the coldest blooded criminal I ever knew, and I used to shudder when he was with me, for he stood for himself alone, as was demonstrated when I was arrested for the fur robbery. With such as he 'dead men tell no tales,' and I'm more than glad to be rid of him, I tell you.

"Kelly planned and perpetrated the

GEORGE KELLEY.

Silverfield fur robbery alone. He concocted it in my room in the Vincennes house on Morrison street about three weeks prior to its execution. He had with him here a kit of tools for burglary, safe-blowing and general criminal purposes, and he had no difficulty in making the key to Kan's store. He 'tore off' that job at old man Kan's home, as The Journal said at the time. He made the key he used to enter the store in my room.

"Kelly wanted awful bad to get a partner to help him in the job, but after the Frank diamond trick come off, he and his three partners 'split' over the 'divvy,' and separated. There was a man by the name of Underwood, a partner to the man who was shot by a Spokane policeman while attempting to 'tumble' a safe; Kelly wanted him to go in on the Silverfield job, but he refused and went to San Francisco. Later, he telegraphed Kelly: 'If can't get job there, come here; good here.' But Kelly stayed here.

**How Kelly Worked.**

"Kelly was the slickest guy I ever knew. He goes to work after planning the Silverfield job and he rents a room for one week in the Cosmos house, right across the street, in the front so that he can see everything that goes on along Morrison street. He has an actress who used to work at a local concert hall, and he spends all kinds of coin on her. He gets her to go to Silverfield's and locate the window on the third floor where he enters later from Kan's store. Then he stays in his room nights, and he sizes up the whole situation. He sees when the coppers pull in their boxes; gets onto their habits to a T and 'spots' the specials, learning exactly the time they show up to try the doors and when they report off in the morning.

"After he gets everything sized up, Kelly waits until 12:20 midnight, and then, with the cops and specials out of sight, he unlocks Kan's door and enters. To make doubly sure of safety, he suspends the nitro-glycerin above the door, for he had told me that he would blow every copper on the force to pieces, and then while they were lying wounded and dying he would fight his way out with the aid of his 44-calibre gun—the one Detective Day took from him when he arrested him, and which is still at the station. Kelly stays in the fur store until 6:15 a. m. Then, having packed the furs in a neat satchel, he comes out, knowing the coppers and specials are out of the way, and soon mixes with the people going to work and all is well. He has three hours, almost, before his crime is discovered and he is safe.

**Where Cullen Got In.**

"A few days after the fur job was pulled off, Kelly comes to me in the Hub saloon, where I was then working, and says he wants me to plant some of the coats and skins. He has three with him, and insists that I put them in the basement. I tries to explain to him that I can't do it, for my people won't stand for it. 'Besides,' I says, 'I have a poor old father and seven sisters in Chicago to look out for, and I can't afford to mix in this. I can't afford to lose here.' Kelly looks at me and he says: 'You're like all de rest—no backbone.'

"But he insists, and makes me take three coats. I plants them in the basement, then I goes and gets drunk. Fearful that I would be tipped off to the police, I tried to get rid of the coats, and takes one to Elsie Douglas, a woman who runs a house at the corner of Stark and Sixth streets. It was a peach of a fur, and worth $300. She takes it, but gives it back later, and I thinks, gosh, she'll tip me. I goes quickly to a special officer — my friend — and says to him, go and get the reward—I'm tipped, and you might as well have the $250. I'll cut my throat first,' he says, and refuses to tell the police. But Elsie Douglas did, for less than an hour afterwards I was arrested by Day and Weiner. I understand Elsie Douglas got the reward, and divided it several ways.

"Well, I'm up against it, and in jail. Of course, I tells the detectives all I know, and Kelly was soon brought in. He was as cold-blooded as ever, and when he sees me he says: 'you're up against it, Matt; they know you turned that trick, and I feel sorry for you.' I said: 'Why, George, you ain't going to throw it into me, are you?' He says, 'well, they caught you with the furs, and I don't know anything about it. They can't do anything to me, but they'll bury you. I'm sorry for you. But keep a stiff upper lip—don't let these guineas wid de stars bluff ye. When we get to de county jail, we'll get a good lawyer. These fellows are not goin' to lay down when there's $250 in sight.'

**Kelly Mistrusted Police.**

"Well, the result was Kelly refuses to tell a thing, and I gets soaked. The detectives tried to fix thing so that Kelly would blow back the furs and then get loose, but Kelly refused to take their word or the chief's word, and said he would not give up the goods until he had Larry Sullivan's promise that he would be turned loose. When this was given, Kelly keeps his word, and turns up the skins. He goes free, and I am still in the county jail. Kelly was flush when he came here, as he must have had 2,000 bucks. The Silverfield people gave him $20 when he left. I think he went to Seattle, for not long ago a fur store there was robbed, and I think he 'tumbled' that 'dump.' It's a kick-off just like the job here."

Cullen says he knows the perpetrators of the Sigmund Frank diamond robbery, which occurred three months ago. There were $3,400 worth, and there is a reward of $500.

"Kelly and three partners, known as Harrington, Betts and 'Dutch,' planned and executed the Frank robbery," said Cullen. "It is Betts and 'Dutch' Detective Day went to Salt Lake for. They are under arrest there, and I think Chief Hunt is holding back my ticket to Chicago for the purpose of making me stay here and testify against them. My folks telegraphed me from Chicago a week ago that my ticket had been sent, but it has not come, the chief says. It was to be sent to him.

"Now, it was a few mornings after the Frank robbery that those fellows all comes to my room. They brings copies of The Journal, and some San Francisco papers, and they cuts out some pieces. After they leave, I send out and gets copies of the same papers, and I see they cut out stories of the Frank robbery. I didn't see Kelly for a week after that, and when I asked him about it, he laughed, saying the goods had been sent east, and were being held at option.

"I made arrangements to meet Kelly and his three partners in Seattle, and I was introduced by him to some fence people there. But in the meantime, he and the others fell out, and separated, so when I went to Seattle with Detectives Kerrigan and Snow, they failed to meet us.

**Kelly's Record.**

"Kelly and Betts are both Chicago boys. Betts is a short, chunky fellow, about 38 years old, has dark hair, mustache and eyes. 'Dutch' is from Portland, and is of light complexion, about five feet and eight inches tall, and has light hair. Harrington is from San Francisco, is short of stature, is about 29 years old and has dark hair and eyes. Kelly served time in Joliet for 'tearing off' a postoffice near Chicago. He was known as one of the highest fence climbers the Chicago police ever had to deal with. He could scale a 12-foot fence with comparative ease, and escape the coppers every time."

**The Woman's Story.**

"I deny having told the detectives about Cullen," said Elsie Douglas, "and I never received the reward. It is true that Cullen brought a fur jacket to my house, but I told him to take it away. Furthermore I have forbidden Cullen to come to my house. I requested Chief Hunt to keep him away. He is always talking about this robbery and that theft, and I don't like it. His statement that I told Day and Weiner about him is absurd, for they both scored me for not telling them of it. They are both my friends, and if you ask them whether I got the reward they will tell you I did not."

### An Unusual Offering.

What is undoubtedly a remarkable offering and one seldom made by any firm is the cocoa mats being sold by Calef Bros., 130 Sixth street, this week only at 39 cents. This mat is regularly sold for 65 cents, and sold low at this price. Portland housewives who are particular about the wear and tear of their carpets, and who raise strenuous objection to muddy feet these rainy days, may save many words by investing in one of these mats. The bargain is "laid at your door," so to speak. If your old mat is "passing in its checks," now's the time to get a new one. After Saturday night your chance is gone.

**Preferred Stock Canned Goods.**
Allen & Lewis' Best Brand.

# FLEEING WIFE IS STILL UNMOVED

**ROSINA MANTELLO, WHO DESERTED HUSBAND AND INFANT, SAYS SHE WILL RETURN STOLEN MONEY, BUT NOT HERSELF—PROSECUTION WILL FOLLOW.**

In a letter to her deserted husband, received this week, Mrs. Rosina Mantello, who eloped a week ago Sunday

FRANK PATESTIO
Accused of Eloping With Mrs. Rosina Mantello.

with Frank and Joseph Patestio, taking $485, states that she is willing to return the money if Rafaelo Mantello insists, but that she will never live with him again. She says that she could

JOSEPH MORAK
Who Is Hunting the Elopers.

never do so, and left for no other reason. She declares she did not elope with the Patestios, but that she went alone.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Mantello's declarations, requisition papers are to be applied for today to bring back the fleeing wife and the men alleged to have

JOSEPH PATESTIO

been implicated in the plot with her. Burglary and robbery will be charged against them, and when they are found by the Seattle police, Joseph Morak, having the case in charge, will go and bring them to Portland.

There was not one word in Mrs. Mantello's letter to her husband concerning her little 18-months'-old baby, which was left with its father. She says that she loaned numerous small sums of money to Portland friends, and tells her husband he may collect it. She inclosed a long list.

### Is It Your Business?

Your happiness is your own business, but when you are not happy it is because you do not feel strong. In such cases you have only to go to the Brooke Drug company, No. 67 North Third street, and get a box of Palmo Tablets, the tonic that sends new life to every part of your body and makes life worth living. Price 50 cents, or 12 boxes for $5.

There are two kinds of aristocrats—those whom their titles make known, and those who make their titles known.

# THAT ALL MAY GAZE ON STOREY'S PHIZ

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And the photo of this monarch droll
Was pasted on every tree.
—Ancient Ballad.

If you should see a large Paris panel photograph of a large handsome man with dreamy, ox-like eyes and only a few wrinkles of thought seaming the otherwise unfurrowed expanse of his kindly visage, smiling benevolently at you from the window of a cigar stand or other place of business in the next few days—that will be Sheriff Storey.

Of course, most people know Sheriff Storey. He is of that genial, hearty nature which makes its happy possessor known to the multitude. With him it is merely an everyday event to collar passersby and identify himself, supplementing the introduction by a history of his sorrows, the economical administration of his office and his roseate hopes for the future. But there may be a few people from outside districts who have never had the pleasure of meeting Storey. It is for them this narrative is written.

A few days ago the sage of economy went to a photographic studio and had "his picture took." He robed himself in a new tie and his cheeriest smile. A work of art was the result, and in his beaming gladness the sheriff ordered 36 at the rate of $3 apiece. His intention is to frame them. One will be mounted in a handsome frame costing $20, for his own drawing room, where his descendants can stand throughout the future generations and "point with pride" to the physique of their great progenitor, while "viewing with alarm" the rapid deterioration of the race. Each of the others will be enclosed in a frame costing $2 and placed in the windows of business establishments on one of the main thoroughfares. It is possible that two or three will be permitted to ornament each thoroughfare.

Carnegie gives the people great libraries; the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst furnishes them with vivid descriptions of slum life; Ringling imports elephants and giraffes for their wondering gaze, but Sheriff Storey's philanthropy evidences itself in the distribution of his handsome Greek profile.

Though his contribution is small compared with Carnegie's, yet it is as the widow's mite. Each picture costs $3, each frame $2 and about $3 each will be expended in cigars and "treats" to get and maintain good window positions. Counting the handsome frame for the parlor picture, Sheriff Storey will be out of pocket $200—all for the public benefit.

It has been suggested—and the suggestion has met with favor from the sheriff, it is understood—that in case he is defeated at the primaries he distribute plaster casts of himself in the attitude of Ajax defying the lightning.

# MUST NOT TALK TO AUDITOR'S CLERKS

"Too much time is consumed by the public coming into the offices and talking on personal or trivial matters to the employes," said City Auditor Thomas C. Devlin this morning, "and for that reason the clerks and bookkeepers will be railed in, in such a manner than the general public cannot have such easy access. Only those having city business to transact will be permitted to enter."

There are numerous clerks and bookkeepers employed in the auditor's department, and the amount of business transacted is tremendous. Every clerk or other employe has a given amount to do, and if interfered with by people coming in and talking on current topics is sure to fall behind in his or her work.

For many years in Portland the city hall has been a sort of home for the general public, and thousands of people visit it every day. If only a small per cent of them stop for a short time and engage clerks in conversation, much time is sure to be lost. So many people have been in the habit of making their headquarters within the limits prescribed for none but city employes that Mr. Devlin has decided to fence them out. To do this stained glass will be used, and the clerks and others shielded from view. All business will be done over the counters in the future.

# HOW GOOSE HOLLOW CAME BY ITS NAME

"Ever hear how Goose Hollow received its poetic name?" asked City Jailer Ben Branch this morning. Branch was speaking to one of the youngsters on the local police force, one who had only been a member of the department 10 or 12 years—the jailer having worn the Portland blue since 1876.

"No, Ben, never heard," came the reply.

"Well, it happened this way," began the old member of the peacekeepers. "In the early '70s there was a poundkeeper in Portland named Charley Lawrence. He was such a talker that the people called him 'Gassy Charley.' Lawrence was paid by the city so much a head for all the stock and geese that he locked up in the city pound. He would go out in the country and if he saw a horse or hog running loose he would promptly drive the animal to Portland, lock it up and then get the head money for its release.

"The farmers caught on to this game before long and put a stop to it. This caused Charley's bank account to run shallow, so he hit on a scheme of letting cows and horses out of local barns and lots, then catching them in the streets. Early one morning he went down to a part of town that soon became famous as Goose Hollow, bent on a new get-rich-quick scheme that he had just thought out. There were a large number of Irish families living there then and all of them kept a few geese penned up in their back yards.

"The poundmaster's plan was to let the fowl out and then drive them to the animal lockup. He let them out all right, but as soon as he began to drive he was discovered. From every direction rushed Irish women, brandishing brooms and mop handles and cord wood in a most warlike manner. Hemmed in on all sides, Lawrence began to yell. He at last made a get-away, but had yelled so long and loud during his escape from the weapons of the women and the geese had made such a noise while the battle of the brooms was in progress, that from that day to this that part of Portland has been known as 'Goose Hollow.'"

# DE GUILDER AND HIS LONG RECORD

**COUNTY JAIL HOLDS MAN WHO IS SAID BY PINKERTONS AND POLICE TO BE A FAMOUS FORGER AND CLEVER ELUDER OF PURSUIT—A COLLEGE GRADUATE.**

Languishing behind the bars of the county jail is "Count" Edward J. Freedman, known in Portland as A. D. De Guilder, of many aliases, and said to be one of the smoothest forgers who ever operated in the United States. He is being held in bonds in the sum of $2,000 to answer to the charge with which he is familiar before the grand jury on Wednesday.

The crime with which he is now charged is forging the name of H. J. Eilers to a $750 note and that of M. Gilbert to a $200 check. The check was cashed by Daniel Marx, a Third street pawnbroker. After receiving the money he left for the north. He was captured in Vancouver, B. C., and returned to this city by Detective Joe Day.

De Guilder came to this city several months ago. It is said, a woman recently entered into his life and with the woman came heavy demands for money. In order to meet those demands, officers charge, he resumed his swindling operations which he had carried on in many states of the union and for which he has already served three terms in that many state prisons.

Of affable, courteous manners, and pleasing address, De Guilder inspired confidence in every one with whom he came in contact. College-bred and possessed of a legal education, he knew to what limits he could go, but overstepped his knowledge. At Columbia University, New York, he was a member of the law class of '97. Previous to that time he attended the New York high school, after he had spent three years at the Conservatory of Music in Boston. He speaks seven languages fluently.

On September 1, 1897, E. J. Friedman, known here as De Guilder, was placed under arrest at Tacoma, Wash., in time to prevent his departure and five days later was transferred to Spokane. Capt. James Nevins, superintendent of Pinkerton's Nationel Detective agency of this city, was sent to Spokane at the direction of the protective committee of the American Bankers' association to guard the interests of the association.

Since April of that year Friedman had been operating under assumed names and swindling hotels in various parts of the country. Claiming to be the traveling representative of some specified firm, he would offer at a hotel office a check which purported to be drawn by the firm in his favor, and succeeded in acquiring considerable money in that way.

In the course of his travels, it is said, he stopped at San Antonio, Tex., and in June, 1897, under the name of Eugene Guilbert, swindled a member of the Bankers' association on a bogus check for $200. The Pinkertons were apprised and have kept the man under almost constant surveillance since that time.

In August of that year it became evident that Friedman was changing somewhat his mode of operating. He had developed into a cool, nervy forger. He called on H. C. Brooks, Jr., of the United Coal company of Denver, Colo., and renewed an acquaintance formed on the railway between Colorado and California. Showing a draft for $790 drawn on a New York bank and signed "Lazard Freres," Friedman asked Mr. Brooks to identify him at the bank. Brooks readily agreed, and further, endorsed the draft. It was returned as a forgery and Brooks was held responsible for the amount.

Later in the month Friedman struck up an acquaintance with a traveling man journeying to Spokane. On arriving at that place he apparently received a voluminous mail, among the letters being one containing what purported to be a certified check for $100. He had created such a good impression that his new-found friend aided him to secure the money. The traveler was bound for Seattle and Friedman, accompanying him there, received a similar check for $200. With the aid of his friend he obtained the cash.

Friedman then came to Portland where he registered as Alphonse de Guilder, finally leaving the city on a short trip in company with a young woman. Meanwhile the traveling man has barely reached this city before he received a telegram from Seattle notifying him that the check cashed there was fraudulent. He was advised to cause the arrest of Friedman, and at once put the matter in the hands of the authorities, who succeeded in arresting the swindler in Tacoma, where he had gone to engage passage for China.

In his possession was a parole which led to the discovery that under the name of Emil von Guilder he had been paroled from the Elmira Reformatory of New York state. The parole is now in the hands of Captain Nevins and contains a personal description which fits the man exactly, even to the small scar in the center of the forehead and the enlargement of the first joint of his left thumb. It shows that he was committed for forgery.

Pinkerton records show similar crimes which have been committed by the man who is now in the county jail. He denies his guilt, but refused to commit himself when brought before Municipal Judge Hogue.

Since 1897 he has served a term in the Washington state prison at Walla Walla for forgery. Being released from that institution for good behavior he went into Idaho and served another term in the state prison at Boise. Forgery was likewise the charge in that state.

# OREGON MUD FOR FAIR'S HIGHWAY

**AUDITOR DEVLIN SAYS PORTLAND WILL BE THE FIRST CITY TO HAVE A BIG FAIR AND NO PAVED STREETS TO IT—TWENTY-SECOND STREET WAS LAST CHANCE.**

"Portland will be the very first city in the United States to have a world's fair and no paved street by which it may be reached," said City Auditor Thomas C. Devlin today. "The defeat of the proposed pavement on Twenty-second street does not reflect credit upon the city.

"The defeat of the proposed pavement will hurt this city more than any other one thing in the line of improvements. It was designed to give us a good, passable thoroughfare to the grounds, and was the only feasible street to improve. The cost would not have been excessive, and that the improvement should be defeated is indeed too bad. There is no likelihood that another attempt will be made by the city to get a paved street to the grounds, and Portland will have the unenviable distinction of being the only city having a fair of such great importance to have no paved street leading to it."

The proposed pavement is that for which bids were to be called in the near future. As published yesterday, it was defeated by at least 60 more names than two-thirds of the citizens along Twenty-second street, from Washington to Thurman. It is estimated the cost would have been between $35,000 and $45,000, charged against the abutting property. Attorney James Gleason and J. Couch Flanders circulated petitions against the improvement.


# SPRING TIRED?

***Are You Weary and Run Down? Are You Sick and Depressed? Is Your Blood Thin and Poor?***

from the long, cold winter? Do you take cold easily? Do you feel shivery? Utterly fagged out after little exertion? Is your complexion bad? Do you feel that life is not worth living? Nearly every one has some of these symptoms in spring, for winter, while apparently bracing, is all the time sapping your strength. Your blood is clogged with disease poisons. By spring every one is in a more or less played-out condition, just right to catch typhoid and malaria. Not always sick, but tired, tired, TIRED—YAWNING, physically and mentally, best describes it. This is especially true if you have had GRIP, pneumonia or other illness so common in winter. These are Nature's demands for a tonic, a stimulant, a reviver.

To carry you through the changeable, trying, disease - breeding weather of spring, and lay up energy and strength for next winer, you need.

## DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY

**Tonic, Invigorator, Body-builder.**

We receive thousands of written endorsements from grateful patients who have been cured of disease and built up by Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey.

**Mr. ALEX. FURGUSON, Vigorous at 115, says, "Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey Has Prolonged My Life."**

"I am now going on my 115th year, and feel as strong as my youngest son, who is now past 35. I have worked hard all my life, and am working yet. I get around my place to see that everything goes right. Some years ago I began taking DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY, and I know it is this great medicine that has prolonged my life. Before taking DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY I did not sleep well and my digestion was poor. Now I have perfect rest at night. Every morning and evening I take it, and I always have a good appetite and perfect digestion. I expect to live many years yet. 'Duffy's' is the greatest medicine ever made for old folks, and we always have and always intend to have a bottle of it in the house. It's the great spring tonic and invigorator."—ALEX. FERGUSON, Gilman, Ind.

Every testimonial is published in good faith and guaranteed.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY has been used for two generations. More used today than ever before. It is prescribed by over 7,000 doctors and used in more than 2,000 hospitals whenever a gentle tonic and stimulant is required. It brings into action every vital function and enables one to get from food all the nourishment it contains. It purifies and enriches the blood; strengthens the circulation; improves the heart's action; steadies the nerves; hardens the muscles; clears the brain and carries health, strength and vigor to every part of the body.

DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY is guaranteed absolutely pure and free from fusel oil. It's the only whiskey recognized by the government as a medicine.

Drive out the spring cold or it will stay with you all summer and affect your lungs next winter. DUFFY'S cures coughs, colds, all diseases of throat and lungs, and all stomach troubles.

ABSOLUTELY PURE & UNADULTERATED — TRADE MARK

**CAUTION.—When you ask for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. Unscrupulous dealers, mindful of the excellence of this preparation, will try to sell you cheap imitations and malt whiskey substitutes, which are put on the market for profit only, and which, far from relieving the sick, are positively harmful. Demand "Duffy's" and be sure you get it. It is the only absolutely pure Malt Whiskey which contains medicinal, health-giving qualities. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is sold in sealed bottles only; never in flask or bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and be certain the seal over the cork is unbroken. Beware of refilled bottles.**

Sold by all druggists and grocers, or direct, $1.00 a bottle. Medical booklet free. Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, New York.


**Has Come to Stay.**

From the Bandon Record.

In this issue will be found an article descriptive of the growth and merits of the Oregon Daily Journal, published at Portland. This Journal has come to stay; it is filling a long-felt want in the Pacific northwest and deserves a liberal patronage.


# Coal-Coal-Coal

## Invest, Speculate, Gamble

**TAKE A CHANCE IF IT'S A GOOD ONE**

Every $100 buys 2,000 shares that may be worth $2,000 in next 90 days, or $20,000 in few years. But this offer is limited—April 1 may see prices go up—depending on snow leaving ground in our coal fields, enabling us to begin DRILLING.

**The Coutlee Coal & Iron Co.**

Incorporated with capital of $100,000, offers stock to public through us at low price of 5c a share. We invite investigation, believing that it is of more merit than a dozen mineral propositions. We claim, first, that finest grade of coal underlies land and outcrops all around it; second, we estimate that over 200,000,000 tons are there; third, our 3,840 acres will bring us, if sold, $1,000 an acre at lowest, or $38.40 for each dollar you invest.

**If Jim Hill Asked You**

Are you awake to your chances? what could you say? The ASSOCIATED PRESS tells us last night of a new railroad to Nocola coal fields, to be built by JIM HILL—all we needed in this wonderful Pennsylvania of the WEST WAS TRANSPORTATION. Last month we read of the Canadian government granting subsidy to a railroad to our fields, and already PRELIMINARY WORK is under way. So two RAILROADS ARE ASSURED this year.

To prepare for this the Coutlee Coal & Iron Co. open stock books to public subscription in order to raise money to PUT DIAMOND drill at work on land, and if you are looking for opportunity for INVESTING we court INVESTIGATION. You better reserve stock and look it up at once. Call and see coal maps and convincing FIGURES; or, if outside of town, send in at once 10 per cent to save stock for you and look it up afterward. Your deposit will be refunded if we do not satisfy you THOROUGHLY. For illustration, buy $100 worth of stock—it can be paid for in installments—and if, in 90 days after date, we proved by drilling that we had a certain number of veins of coal on land we could sell land for at least $1,000 an acre, bringing us $3,840,000 to be divided among $100,000 stock, or $38.40 for each $1.00 invested. All this is possible, probable and, we think, sure inside of a few months; so your $100 would bring you $3,840.

This is a second Pennsylvania. We are in heart of coal valley 17 miles long and in southern British Columbia, in Nicola valley, 150 miles from Vancouver, near main line of C. P. R. R.

We do not want to sell it at $1,000 an acre, as we get only one per cent of its true value at that; as we can mine it and at lowest possible figure of $1.00 per ton net get over $1,000 per day from mine, which would bring us big dividends yearly and make each of us a comfortable fortune, as stock would then go up to $10, or as high as $100 per share. The Crow's Nest coal stock went up from 7c a share to $125 in short time, and as we have as good and as much coal nearer ocean, we expect our stock to duplicate Crow's Nest and make us all independent.

Our difficulty is not in convincing you, but of getting opportunity of putting the facts to you. The time to look into this is now—we need your money to assist us reach dividends quicker and surer. Stop and figure for yourself. The coal is there; it is finest in west—3,840 acres of it. The officers are capable, able and of high standing. The capital is small—$100,000—and no watered stock. Shares are fully paid and not assessable, and offered you until April 1 only at 5c a share. Government boring proved coal to be there—all that was needed was a railroad, and now comes two of them. A coal mine is better than a gold mine, and as wood gets scarcer and west grows up it will command high price. Even now it brings $8.50 per ton —that is, Vancouver coal does on Portland market, and we point out that one vein alone figures up in tons 200,000,000, or 200 tons for each share—think of it, 80 for 200 tons; but it's below ground yet, and loaded ON CARS it will bring more. But it will then be too late to buy this stock at any price.

THE COUTLEE COAL & IRON CO.,
601 Oregonian Building.



# Epilepsy

can be cured. To those afflicted this conveys a wonderful message. Though quite common, it is only a short time since it was considered incurable. The discovery that it was purely a nervous disorder has led to the application of the great nerve restorer,

**Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine**

with the happy result that thousands have been completely cured and others are being cured every day.

"In the year '92 I was stricken with epilepsy. Doctors treated me for several years, but I grew worse. I would have such awful fits. I cannot tell my awful sufferings. A druggist recommended Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I bought a bottle, and found it helped me, and I took three more and am cured. I had only one light spell after I commenced taking it. I do hope the time will come when everybody will know that your medicine cures these awful fits."—JOHN LEWIS, Clarion, Pa.

It is so sure to help that Nervine is sold under a guarantee to refund your money if first bottle does not benefit.


# WANT ADS FREE

In the first issue of The Sunday Journal, which will be March 20, "want ads." under the classifications named below will be inserted free, provided the ad. is presented at the business office of The Journal on or before Friday noon, March 18:

HELP WANTED (male or female).
SITUATION WANTED (male or female).
LOST AND FOUND.
FOR RENT.
ROOMS FOR RENT.
FURNISHED ROOMS.
HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS.
AGENTS WANTED.
PERSONAL.
WANTED.
TO EXCHANGE.

The first issue of The Sunday Journal will have a very large circulation and it will be to every one's advantage to let their wants be known through its columns.