

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS



Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Hillsboro, N. B." will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m., on Monday, July 10th, 1911, for the construction of a public building at the place mentioned.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of Mr. D. H. Waterbury, Supt. of Public Buildings, St. John, N. B., at the Post Office, Hillsboro, N. B., and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupation and place of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,

Ottawa, June 16, 1911.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Gentle Reminder.

It was midnight. The man had entered the house as quietly as possible. His shoes made some noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard someone moving in the bed as if about to get up, a woman's voice floated to his ears.

"You don't take your boots off when you come into this house, it said, there is going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots!" Go down stairs and take them off this minute!

He went downstairs without a word but he did not take off his boots. Instead he went straight into the night again, and the pal who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

I can't rob that house, he said. It reminds me of home.

Canada a Home

The Amateur Athletic Union of Canada and the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, are to be congratulated on the winning of the track athletic championship of the British Empire at the Coronation meet in London. The Association gathered together a splendid group of representative athletes, and Mr. Fisher had the courage to supply out of the Departmental appropriation for the Festival of the Empire the money to send the men to London.

In the events decided on Saturday last, Canada beat the crack runners of the United Kingdom and Australia handsomely, getting first honors out of five events—namely, in the one hundred yards, two hundred and twenty yards and mile runs. In the half-mile run and one hundred and twenty yards hurdles Canadians were, respectively, third and second. The swimming, wrestling and boxing contests are still to come, but even if Canada fails to score there she may rest content on her laurels. That the representatives of eight million Canadians can outrun the flower of the runners of England, Scotland and Ireland with their forty four million people to draw from and their great traditions and opportunities for outdoor sports is something warranting a modest degree of pride.—Tor. Globe.

CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington
AND
Harry Leon Wilson
Adapted From the Play
of the Same Name by
W. B. M. Ferguson

Copyright, 1909, by the Amalgamated Magazine Company

Presented at the home of Mme. Dorez.

As yet no information had been received tending to show that Kirby could be secured for the property.

In fact, Tom Randall, securing the city for the gambler, positively learned that the latter and his partner, Hume, had left. This was indeed the case, for Kirby's sole motive in coming to New Orleans had been the desire to run down a rumor to the effect that Jack Moreau had returned to his old haunts.

The rumor proved authentic, but the colonel had already left for Haiti, Rouge, from which town he again headed for the Crescent City, Kirby and Hume close upon his heels.

And then the inevitable happened: for one day in the streets of New Orleans Tom Randall came face to face with Moreau. On both sides the meeting was an affecting one, the nature of the colonel's momentary alarm turning to relief when, from the boy's effusive greeting, he ascertained the other's genuine state of ignorance regarding the true facts of John Randall's suicide.

Tom at once couched his intention of killing Cameo Kirby, and, delighted at securing such unexpected reinforcements, Moreau heartily concurred in the intention, offering his latest cooperation in the same worthy cause. On his part the boy was only too happy to accept the further services of so valuable a friend, and he promptly invited Moreau to Mme. Dorez's, an invitation that was promptly accepted, it being quite characteristic of the estimable gentleman to accept the hospitality of those whom he had irretrievably wronged.

Learning from Moreau that Kirby was in the city and, in fact, had been seen only that morning at the Salle de Comedie, young Randall hurriedly turned to his aunt's, determined to set on foot a plan that had been suggested by Judge Pleydel.

Meanwhile Aaron Randall, an elderly, precise gentleman, whose long sojourn in the north had served to somewhat cool his fiery southern nature, and promptly answered his cousin's urgent letter by showing all business demands and homecoming with an old bachelor, his new uncle and he had been intimately close to each other through life, and he had lavished all his affection upon the other's children.

Adèle, so particular about her special favorite, business career had probably been abandoned at John Randall's funeral, and in fact he had been kept in ignorance of the facts surrounding the other's suicide. Adèle, feeling that it would cause needless worry and sorrow.

The unpleasant duty of explaining the tragedy devolved upon Judge Pleydel, and even when "Dad" was reviewing his acquaintance with Colonel Moreau, Aaron had arrived at the little house in the old French quarter of the city and Pleydel was revealing to him their plan of campaign against Kirby.

"We have all our plans arranged, sir," the old father said, now satisfied, while he paced the room in some excitement, "and I have taken all means of keeping you out of the way. You would have been wanted out of the village and shot dead on sight, but I venture to think my way is the best, for we must recognize the house due Mr. Randall's memory, and that means making his resistance to Mr. Kirby's claim."

The first thing to do is to send your cousin out to the plantation, and they will surround the place to its chairman—slaves, land, everything. Then, sir, we send the ladies—Mme. Dorez, along with my daughter Ann and the little boy—over to my plantation, while we remain behind to deal with the gentleman. You understand? I don't think we'll live very long to enjoy the property, and this time I don't think he'll get well."

"I've said to that," replied Aaron quietly. "There's you and 'Dad' and 'Dad'."

"And Colonel Moreau," supplemented the judge. "I understand he is a Jewish Jew. Then there is M. Vercy, whom you know. He has long been a suitor of Miss Adèle's, but since her father's death naturally she has been a no truce of mind for courtship, and consequently poor Anatole is as bitter in the subject of Kirby as she herself."

"Poor Cousin Adèle!" murmured Aaron, wiping his eyes. "When I last saw her she was such a happy, bright-eyed girl. To think of her young life being made a tragedy by this second Jew! I'd cut off my right hand for that girl, Judge Pleydel. But this Colonel Moreau, this defender of the Jewish—you speak of his co-operation, is he, then, in town?"

"I have heard so," said the other quietly, "and there is no doubt that he will join us in our crusade against this scoundrel. He is not the man to forget or condone such an unspeakably vile action as he witnessed aboard the Shovel that night. In fact, your cousin hopes to have the honor of entertaining Colonel Moreau, and Tom has gone out for the express purpose of ascertaining his whereabouts. We heard quite inadvertently that the gentleman was in town. I reckon Mr. Kirby is due to lose his life pretty shortly. He has made a lot of misery for us, sir, and it is high time he had some himself."

CHAPTER V.
THIS trouble has driven Tom pretty near crazy," went on the judge, "and I've put off his life and my daughter Ann's wedding until we've settled Mr. Kirby, for the fact is I don't want her to take any chances of being a widow so young, sir."

"The ladies knew what is going forward?"

"No, and I cannot impress that fact upon you too strongly, sir. They believe and are to be kept in the belief that if Colonel Moreau accepts our invitation, which no doubt he will do, we are all merely making a pleasure journey to the Randall plantation. We treat the whole affair in that light, sir—a visit in honor of Colonel Moreau, so that the family may make his acquaintance, and show some measure of their gratitude to him for shooting down the despoiler of their father."

The entrance of Mme. Dorez prohibited further discussion of the subject.

"Ah," she exclaimed suspiciously, "the gentlemen talk secretly amongst themselves," she added graciously, "you and I have not met for many years."

"A great loss to me," he gallantly replied, kissing her professed hand. "A happy meeting, madame. The judge and I," he continued unblushingly, "were discussing plans for the probable entertainment of Colonel Moreau."

"Then you must not talk of gloomy subjects, as I saw you were doing," she replied. "No doubts, please, for it is always when I see two heads together in this house it must be that they talk of their hatred for that poor Eugene Kirby."

"Your, madame?" echoed Aaron, turning in amusement to Judge Pleydel.

"I should have warned you, sir," explained the latter, "that my dear old friend has retained her sentimentality with her youth. Considering that Mme. Dorez was past fifty-five, this was indeed a doubly remarkable performance."

"Did you know this Kirby, madame?" gravely inquired Aaron.

"No, monsieur, never; but I know his father, and I cannot make myself believe about the son as do all these others. I know his mother, M. Aaron. But just think—a boy who would do to one to watch him, no one would do to the north and south, what cool his fiery southern nature, and promptly answered his cousin's urgent letter by showing all business demands and homecoming with an old bachelor, his new uncle and he had been intimately close to each other through life, and he had lavished all his affection upon the other's children."

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DET CALL FOR 'LIT' MARSE COME OVER

marse right along after him and grab him under the arms. Den blumbers went de branch and down dey come bottom together. My land, I thought den plum killed, but as dey fall Marse Gene he manage to swing his body underneath de pikaninny—what's even littler dan Marse Gene an' only a wuf, less slave anyhow—so dat when dey hit de ground, de pikaninny land on top of 'IT' marse. But he 's'um yeh talk he's kill. Den 'IT' marse all be do is to smile when we head over him. an' he say to de pikaninny, 'Come cheer up, 'Dad' as he say, 'yeh dere wit his big proboscis. Dat's all, suh.' Croup hesitated and then added: 'I ain't seen 'IT' marse since he was a 'IT' boy, and dey say he talk out very bad. But talk I tote 'IT' is de way he done when he was a 'IT' boy, an' dey call him 'LIT' Marse Come Cheer Up.' Thank 'ee, suh. And with a bow, the old serving man withdrew.

"Perhaps you can understand," commented Mme. Dorez.

"My dear lady," replied the judge, "I fear the argument is wasted. It is a fact that the late Emperor Nero, a well known but despicable character in Roman history, was very tender hearted during his boyhood."

"And," added Aaron, with much bitterness, "that a soul of such promise as a child should have fallen so low as a man makes him all the less deserving of your pity. The case against this Kirby is quite clear."

"Perhaps I am very foolish that I can't believe with you," she returned. "But are we not going to the plantation to forget all such things? Let us not discuss the matter further."

It was not long before young Randall arrived and acquainted the others with his happy meeting with Colonel Moreau. It was then agreed that the honored guest should precede the others to the plantation. Judge Pleydel having orders to leave at his plantation, proceeding from there to the Randall home, the pleasure of receiving Colonel Moreau was thus left in the hands of Aaron.

"He may be here at any moment," explained Tom, "and as I must change into evening dress, I am going to leave him, cousin. One of our boys must be here to welcome him. I don't think we can show too much honor to the man who tried to arrange my father's death. So far I am the only member of the family who has made his acquaintance. I will come down as soon as I can, but you will not find him difficult to entertain. He is a fine fellow in every sense of the word."

Shortly after Judge Pleydel had departed, while the ladies were busily engaged with their packing and young Randall was dressing, the tall figure of the flower of southern chivalry, portmanteau in hand, arrived at Mme. Dorez's and was heartily greeted by the expectant Aaron, who, sensible of his cousin's best, put forth every effort to receive this distinguished visitor in the manner befitting one who owned such presumable rank and virtue.

"Allow me to welcome you, sir," he said. "My name is Aaron Randall, and I have the honor to be cousin to the poor children you have befriended. May I offer you a morning drink, sir?"

Moreau accepted the glass with his native courtesy and, raising it, murmured: "With you, sir, I regret," he added, in his best manner, "that I have never been able to meet the ladies of your cousin's household, and I was delighted to hear today from Mr. Randall that I am to have the pleasure of helping to complete the punishment I began more than a year ago on the destroyer of this family's happiness."

"I believe, sir, to the notorious Cameo Kirby."

"You call a pistol ball through the right lung only a beginning, colonel?" sadly inquired Aaron, impressed by his visitor's evident prowess.

"The ball I put through Kirby's right lung, sir, was the result of my indignation for others," replied Moreau. "The one I shall hope to put through his heart is for myself. You family's plan for disposing of the scoundrel has my entire approval, sir. I have the honor to tell you that Cameo Kirby's continued existence has achieved this importance. It has become an annoyance to me—Colonel Jacques Gaspard Deschamps Moreau—and I shall wipe him from the earth."

"Let us hope so," agreed Aaron.

"Miche Larkin Buce fo' to see de genaman what's jest come," announced old Croup, popping his head around the door and making a polite bow. Before the gentleman could arise Kirby's partner shouldered his way past

and

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

King and Lloyd George.

"Some things were clear already," wrote Mr. Sydney Brooks of King George a year ago. "The absolute blamelessness of his private life, his modesty and private nature, his sportsmanship, his insistent sense of duty, his frankness and honesty—these are fundamental attributes that declare themselves in his face, his demeanor, in every speech and action of his career. To these qualities the nation holds, just as it holds to the transparent benevolence, good sense and practicality of Queen Mary, and to the certainty that the new King and Queen will maintain a Court that in dignity and simplicity might serve as a model for any household in the land."

It is not known to everyone that King George like many sailors, has a strong and simple sense of religion. During his visit to India a few years ago he made a point of holding a service every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at which, of course, the officials and their families had to attend. The slackness of religious observance among some of the British residents shocked both his feeling and his judgment. "Here you are," he said, ruling the most spiritually minded people in the world, and you do not even trouble to pay the ordinary tribute of respect to your own faith. As fine was the incident of which Henry Warwick tells in his new book "King George and Queen Mary." The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in accordance with custom, waited on the new King after the death of King Edward.

"Mr. Lloyd George, a Welchman, a Nonconformist who had been brought up under strong religious influence, and a warmly impulsive man, forgot his formal duty, and under the stress of his emotion began to confide without life and death? Who said that you might freely sleep? Because some scientists insist that life bears germ from place to place, you take a pigeon from your nest and would exterminate the mer. The germs would have equal rights with men enjoyment to pursue, and so have germs, which, straight off, charm us with their loud buzz. I hold that any living thing has life deeds as good as ours, to that around this world and sing, and sip the honey from the flowers. And when I see some 'buzzy bug' take a leafy arm and fiercely peck upon some unsuspecting fly, that does not weigh a half an ounce, I feel that I'd set up cigars, or buy the lime juice by the tub, if some big monster came from Mars, and soaked him with a ten foot club. When next you go to swank fly, imagine that the monster came, some freak a thousand cubits high, and held a club above your frame!"

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Blence arranges that the attempt of its opponents to stamper the people by the cry that reciprocity in natural products means annexation has failed utterly. It never had any real grip of the electorate. It was promoted almost entirely by half a dozen of the journalistic scene-shifters of the Tory party, who very skillfully took advantage of chance remarks in the press of the United States and of the fear of the ultra-Imperial Press of Great Britain to work up the idea that an increase of trade between Canada and the United States would result eventually in political union.—Tor. Globe.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely destroy 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 taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials from.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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