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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

MI-ON-A

An Excellent Stomach Remedy.

Mrs. J. R. Whyte, Kilarney, Man., who says: "I have found great comfort and relief from Mi-on-a. I had been greatly troubled for months with heartburn and a heavy burning feeling in my stomach. A fair meal would disturb me so much that I would have to sit up at night—the food would sour on my stomach and form a gas which would cause belching and dizzy spells. These distressing troubles disappeared after using Mi-on-a and I shall always speak highly of this excellent stomach remedy."

Mi-on-a is the best prescription for stomach trouble ever written. It gives quick relief and cures permanently. Mi-on-a is put up in tablet form and is small and easy to swallow. Sold by leading druggists everywhere—50 cents with a guarantee to cure or refund your money, or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. You will search the world over and not find a stomach remedy half so good as Mi-on-a. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

A warning to Great Britain.

The late labor strikes in Great Britain will serve more than one useful purpose as a chapter of unpleasant experiences in the minds of the statesmen who direct her national destinies. Amongst the other lessons they must have impressed on public men of all political parties is this: there is not within the United Kingdom at any one time more than enough of provisions to last for more than a few days. This undoubted fact will suggest to different minds different courses of action, according to their respective points of view. All will agree that the absolute supremacy of the British navy must be maintained, for if any other fleet were allowed to become its equal in efficiency the kingdom would be face to face with a position too humiliating to be thought of.

The other great lesson to be learned from the revelation just referred to is the absolute necessity of maintaining perfect freedom of trade with all the rest of the world. This is the only way by which the British people can make reasonably sure of having enough to eat should war break out between Great Britain and a combination of European powers. Under free trade it would be to the interest of neutral powers to pour food supplies into the United Kingdom, and in this way there could never occur anything like a dangerous scarcity.

There is in the occurrence a warning also that a large proportion of British warships should be swift, armored cruisers of the classes known as "scouts," commerce "protectors," and commerce "destroyers". To these classes belong the new type of vessels to be built and controlled in Canada, the "bristols". They are swift, powerful, and thrifty—modern in every respect, and of these there cannot be too many. The Canadian navy is to contain at the outset a few of these vessels and a few torpedo-boat destroyers. In the event of a war they would, with the consent of the Canadian Parliament, be placed under the control of the British Admiralty, to be commissioned for the kind of service for which they are best adapted, and which is most urgently required. It may be added that the Noble and the Rainbow are not intended to serve as warships in active service; they are merely training ships for cadets. —Tor. Globe.

CATARRH CURED. By Breathing.

You breathe in Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and inhale the antiseptic vaporized life of the pine and eucalyptol forests. As you breathe in this delightful air it passes over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane, allays inflammation, kills the germs and drives out the disease.

Druggist J. Sutton Clark sells Hyomei and guarantees it for catarrh, coughs, bronchitis, asthma and croup. A complete outfit includes hard rubber inhaler and costs you \$1.00. Extra bottles of Hyomei costs but 50c, and \$1.00 from The Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Remember Hyomei is guaranteed or the money back if it fails you.

CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington
AND
Harry Leon Wilson

Adapted From the Play
of the Same Name by
W. B. M. Ferguson

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that state of absolute indifference for which he had converted his partner, for in the adjoining room Adele had commenced to sing, and all his thoughts promptly went to her, his lips mutely repeating the words of the well remembered song, while his eyes grew as dreamy and abstracted as his mind. At length, when it was his turn to play, conscious only that he was holding a book of cards and consequently inferring that he must be indulging in his bread and butter game of poker, he spread his hand face up upon the table.

"Malheur!" exclaimed Mme. Davaez, aghast at this startling innovation. "He exposes his hand."

"I fear," commented the Judge, rising and pushing back his chair, "that Colonel Moreau finds it difficult to play cards and listen to the cure of a beautiful woman at the same time."

"And you cannot say that he has not good taste," commented Mme. Davaez. "Then," we adjourn, then, to the music room. You will come, Colonel Moreau and monsieur le secretaire?"

Adele was still singing. Miss Deydell accompanying her, and, drawn by the soft harmony, M. Veaudry and Aaron at length forsook the library and, as had the others, proceeded to make their way toward the music room. Their goal, however, was never attained, for as they strolled through the window into the deserted drawing room they were met by Poulette, one of the "French niggers." She carried a small bundle made of a knotted spotted handkerchief, and her manner attested that she was evidently mourning under the repressed excitement incident upon discovering jewels not intended for her cognizance. In fact, she had but completed a victory over old Croup, who had persistently annoyed her with his atrocious and, when viewed for so doing by his ample wife, and promptly and quite untruthfully charged Poulette with making his life unbearable by her unrelenting affection for his person. Since then Poulette, smarting under the calumny, had eagerly sought some method of assuaging her outraged feelings, and now at last she had secured it.

"Miche Aaron," she whispered, plucking Mr. Randall's sleeve as he was about to pass on—"Miche Aaron, dat black man, Croup, he have a secret. Dat secret it is with Miche Moreau."

CHAPTER XI.

"What secret?" demanded Aaron, for at the magic name "Moreau" his companion and he were instantly all attention. "What secret?" he again peremptorily demanded.

"I see them speak together sly," said Poulette, nodding her head and screwing up her eyes in a manner that boded ill for the amative and untruthful Mr. Croup. "I can tell that they did not wish you to see. Then when you come from dinner Colonel Moreau he hand this to Croup behind the door. Croup he keep it in his breast pocket until he fall asleep up north just now. I have look. It is all those camels!"

"Camels?" dryly echoed Aaron, with raised eyebrows.

"Oh, miche," confidently nodded Poulette, evidently no whit amazed at the idea of the spotted handkerchief being able to accommodate such animals. "All those camels the colonel gen'man wear when he is come, wear them on his fob chain. And she opened the spotted handkerchief."

"Camels, M. Aaron," exclaimed Adele, an exultant light leaping to his eyes. "See, there they are. Now I know. You saw Colonel Moreau when he started for that meeting this morning. You saw him when Tom Randall has meeting this morning. You saw him when Tom Randall has give him that pistol of his father's to go and kill—who? But one man—Cameo Kirby!" he cried, leveling his arm at the startled Aaron.

And, as if further proof were needed, evidence which proved beyond a doubt the sinister identity of the unknown guest, Croup entered with a note, which he handed to M. Veaudry.

"Man on horse-back ride all de way from de city wif it," he explained. Hastily scanning it, the young creole handed it in silence to Mr. Randall, and the latter read:

"I have one more clue to run down, but I shall follow this within the hour. I hear a rumor that Colonel Moreau took the journey with you this morning. If this is true, secure his portmanteau, and if he is still at the plantation do not allow him to quit the place till I come. Use any means to prevent his leaving. Do not hesitate at force." Colonel Moreau was murdered this morning by Cameo Kirby.

TOM RANDALL.

Aaron gravely returned the letter to his companion, and for a long moment the two men looked at each other in silence.

"Then M. Veaudry quietly placed the paper in his pocket, turned on his heel and strode from the room, Mr. Randall obediently following. At

last they had arrived at a complete understanding regarding the identity and disposition of the troublesome guest who boldly masqueraded under the name of Colonel Moreau. That no words had been necessary testified to the sinister character of the resolve upon which they had mutually determined.

From the balcony Larkin Bance, chewing impatiently on his cheroot, waited for Adele to leave the drawing room. It was imperative that he should have a final word with Kirby. Escaping from the music room before the others, he had been in time to catch a glimpse of Aaron Randall's face as the latter followed M. Veaudry, and the sight had not been a comforting one, the old gambler feeling assured that something untoward had happened. It would not have surprised him if their respective identities had at last been discovered.

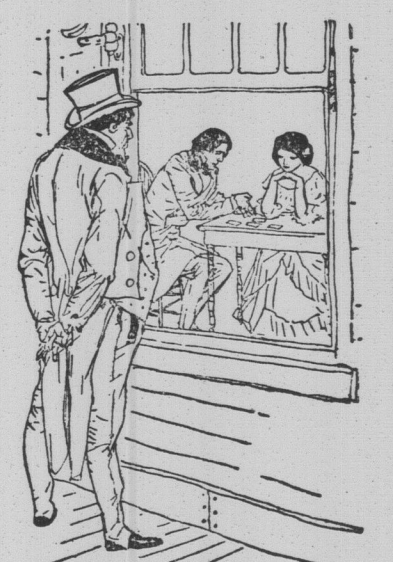
"I knowed we'd get it if we stayed," he commented gloomily. "I wonder if this means it's come," glowering at Aaron's retreating back.

And yet, looking through the window, he discerned Kirby seated at the card table negligently toying with the pasteboards and fidgeting away the time with Adele as if secure in the peace and happiness of his own home. Such indifference was maddening, inexplicable, and the old gambler, with a final inspiration, decided that the moment Adele had gone he would convey a last warning to his partner, and if it was still unheeded he would then think of his own safety and, however difficult it would prove, leave Kirby to the fate he deserved.

Meanwhile that gentleman was calmly pursuing his dialogue with Adele. "You ask me if I am sorry I did not go," he was saying. "Miss Randall, what is a man who acts against all the reason he has?"

"Sometimes he is a hero," she replied, steadily meeting his eyes.

"And sometimes he's a fool," he added grimly. "Things come so suddenly sometimes that you can hardly get your breath quick enough to tell what to do. Yet," he added musingly, "you



HE DISCERNED KIRBY SEATED AT THE CARD TABLE.

do know all the time, underneath, what you ought to do. For instance, I know that I ought not to be here now. I haven't any right. And, then, I ought to be hunting the man who stole a silver mounted pistol at the casino this morning."

"But you can't do that," she expostulated, nodding wisely. "Your friends would—"

"Miss Randall, I've got only one friend in the world, and he's out there on the balcony swearing cuss words at me because I don't go."

She turned away, evincing sudden and vital interest in a book she had read twice over and knew by heart.

"Do you think you have a right to say that you have only one friend?" she asked gently.

"I-I hadn't thought of you as a friend, Miss Randall."

"Why?—just as you think of me?" suddenly facing him, her eyes half timid, half daring, demanding a sincere answer.

"Why?—just as you, Miss Adele—and I ought not to think of you at all."

"Do you mean because this unjust charge is hanging over you? Do you think I care for that? Is there any other reason?"

He nodded, permitting the cards to fall from his hand one by one to the table. "Yes, there is another reason. You remember what Mercutio said of his wound—'Tis neither as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. Ask for me tomorrow; you shall find me a grave man.' The bad prince ought not to stay too long, you know."

She seated herself at the table and scrutinized him with grave, troubled eyes, her chin resting daintily on the crux of arched hands. "You must make it clearer to me than that. What are you afraid of my finding out?"

He shrugged and smiled. "Life makes some pretty queer shuffles, Miss Randall, and you can't fool much with the deck yourself," he said, somewhat irrelevantly, picking up the cards and unconsciously beginning to riffle them.

"If you don't play the game square it's only a question of time till you get caught, and then nobody will play with you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Getting in the way seems to be the daily congenial equipment of some of our fellow creatures.

Being in love with more than one woman at a time is a little too strenuous for most men if he fears that either suspects it.

Why Is It Warm In Summer?

We might think at first that, perhaps, the earth is nearer to the sun in summer than in winter, and so the air is warmer and the sun's rays hotter, but this is not the reason. The fact is that though the earth is nearer to the sun during part of the year, it is nearest in winter and farthest in summer in the Northern Hemisphere. The difference in distance, however, is so small that it does not affect the weather much, but no doubt if the earth were nearer in summer and farther off in winter, summer would be a little hotter and the winter a little colder than it is.

It is warm in summer because then the sun's rays strike the earth more directly the sun rises higher in the sky, as we say and that means the same thing. The air is like a great blanket; it keeps heat in and it keeps heat out. If the sun's rays strike straight downwards to the earth through the air, they do not have to travel through so much of it as if they traveled through the air slanting.

White Nile and Its Sudd

Sudd of the White Nile, which is to be manufactured into fuel, consists mainly of papyrus and "um soof" reed, with masses of earth clinging to the roots. It accumulates in great blocks twenty feet thick, over which a man can walk. The effect of these blocks upon the river may be illustrated by the fact that when the clearance operations were carried out after the fall of the Lhalifa to the north of one block alone brought the fall of the river above down by five feet in four days. When another burst the floating vegetable matter took thirty-six hours to pass a given point. One block removed later was seven miles long. It was found impossible to blow up the sudd, which was too elastic, so that the explosive only made holes in it. The method was to burn the surface matter, dig great trenches in the remainder and then tug with a steamer.

Jordan Sanitarium at River Glade

Consultation on the Plans Necessary Work—Mrs. James C. Jordan, of River Glade, arrived in the city on Friday evening and is to-day in consultation with Premier Hazen and Mr. F. Neill Brodie, regarding the plans for the Jordan Sanitarium. It is expected that some definite announcement may be made soon as to the extent of the work which will be required to transform the residence into a hospital.

One of the matters which require prompt attention, Mrs. Jordan said this morning, is the need of fire protection. The house is fully piped with spring water, but this does not give sufficient pressure for a fire supply. It is probable that a stand pipe will be erected which will draw the water from the river.

It had been hoped that the institution would be ready for patients this fall, but that now depends largely on whether the work can be finished in time and whether the right doctor can be secured to take charge. Dr. Cox, who was highly recommended, has declined not to leave his present work, but another physician fully qualified for the duties of the position is now considering an offer from the Sanitarium Commission.

Speaking of her own plans, Mrs. Jordan said that she will leave St. John on September 30th for San Francisco, going by the C. P. R. and stopping at interesting places along the route. She will be accompanied by her three nieces and will spend the winter on the Pacific Coast.

In May next Mrs. Jordan will return to River Glade. A comfortable cottage and stable are being erected and are now nearing completion and she expects to return each summer, both because of her liking for the place and on account of her deep interest in the sanitarium which is being established through her generosity.

Bible Sales In Korea.

Corea presents, as generally agreed, the greatest example of rapid change from non-Christian to Christian conditions that has taken place in the history of Christian missions. Since the political occupation and control by Japan the number of Japanese residents has rapidly increased, and a novel feature of the new situation is religious work and Bible Colportage by Koreans among Japanese immigrants.

The American Bible Society's agency in Corea is now an independent one, and its first year's report as such shows sales of the Scriptures in Corea last year of 116,492 volumes, an increase of 66 per cent over the previous year. New book stores are being established, and the colporteurs are being sent into the frontier regions. Recently an edition of the New Testament was issued for Corea; giving Koreans and Chinese texts together. Now the Old Testament has just appeared and is sold at fifty cents per copy. Efforts are making to sell a hundred thousand copies within the year.

Conditions of Korean women are changing rapidly for the better, owing to teachings of the Gospel, and women are engaged, as in other Far East countries, to place the Scriptures in the hands of mothers, young women and families. Bible women, as they are called, are doing much to change the Korean family life and improve the outlook of Korean and Japanese women and girls.—N. Y. Observer.

\$100 REWARD, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Abuse of Tobacco

A physician at Washington, D. C., is full of hope that the tobacco habit will have to become obsolete in fifteen years.

There is a society in the United States denominated the Non-Smokers' Protective League, which has branches in several of the larger cities, and is steadily if not rapidly pushing its way. This society does not deny a man's right to smoke but it disputes its right to smoke in public, or to chew tobacco in public, or to publicly snuff, because this inflicts unwholesome smoke and unpleasant odors upon people, and generally interferes with the finer tastes and dispositions of reasonable and moderate people.

Dr. Wiley of Washington who is an active propagandist of the new society does not deny the individual right of any one, in either sex, to drink a "tablespoonful of mellow rye" or puff a cigar or cigarette, but that is no excuse for the publicity of the deeds. No doubt time will accomplish much for the anti tobacco cause, but it may be doubted if the rice of chewer or smokers will be extinct in fifteen years. It is not unreasonable, however, to insist that they shall not indulge in their practice in the streets, in the public buildings, in street cars, or in any place or places where they may give annoyance to the general public. The persistent smoker is too apt to defy the ordinary regulations which prohibited him from practising in public places, and thus will eventually be his undoing. People will insist eventually on a strict observance of the regulations as they ought to do. Education and remonstrance may be more effective than any rule to the violation of which there is a penalty attached.—St. John Globe.

Self-Help

Many years ago, when the German Chancellor, who was only plain Otto von Bismarck, a Pomeranian squire and inspector of dykes, he went out one day snipe-shooting with a friend on some marshy land, into which his companion, a stout, heavy man, suddenly sank up to his armpits. Vainly struggling to extricate himself, the gentleman shouted for help, and seeing Herr Bismarck approaching very slowly and cautiously, apparently still looking out for the rising of some

snipe, piteously appealed to him to leave the confounded snipe alone and pull him out of the abominable swamp. "My dear friend," replied Bismarck, with the utmost calmness, "you will certainly never get out of that hole; nobody can possibly save you. It would, however, pain me very much that you should suffer unnecessarily by slowly stifling in this vile swamp. I'll tell you what, my dear fellow; I'll save you the agony of suffocation by putting a charge of shot into your head. Thus you will die at once swiftly and more respectably." "Are you mad?" shrieked the other struggling desperately to free himself. "I don't want to be either drowned or shot; so help me out, in the name of the fiend!" Deliberately leveling his fowling piece at his friend's head, Herr Bismarck rejoined, in a sorrowful tone, "Keep steady for a moment; it will soon be over! Farewell, dear friend! I will faithfully tell your wife all about it." Stimulated to superhuman effort by the imminent peril menacing him, the unlucky sportsman contrived to wriggle out of the mud on all fours, and when he had recovered his feet he broke out into a storm of vehement reproach. Herr Bismarck listened to him with a sardonic smile, merely observing, "Can't you see how right I was after all? Every man for himself!"—while he coolly walked away in search of more game.

ELMORE DISTRICT SWEEP BY CYCLONE

Saskatchewan Farmers Lose Barns, Crops and Machinery—Two Casualties.

Gainsboro, Sask., Aug. 21.—A terrific cyclone swept the Elmore district, about 12 miles from here, on Saturday, and four buildings are totally wrecked. When the barn of Donald Colquhoun was blown down, two men were in it, and one is so seriously injured that he is not expected to recover, while the other is quite badly injured.

The other buildings on the farm were damaged and the machinery rendered useless, while the crops were destroyed. J. S. Shillington's barns, hay and crops are totally ruined.

A neighbor named Brown suffered a like loss, and a boy was hurt from the flying timbers at one of the barns.

John W. Stevenson lost his barn, granary, machinery and crops. John Cares suffered as severely as Stevenson.

The houses of all were damaged though none were blown down.

The extent of the damage suffered by yesterday's storm cannot be gauged. It was sufficient to send the wheat market soaring two points, but the volume of actual harm caused is beyond conjecture. The city is flooded with reports and rumors, which are unreliable, as is shown shown by the fact that correspondents in the same districts do not agree as to the effects of the storm. One thing is known definitely, and that is that a cyclone 200 yards in width swept through a great stretch of Saskatchewan, the southern corner of Manitoba, and entered into the northern States. In Saskatchewan hail and heavy winds robbed a few sections of a good percentage of grain, but it is not believed that the damage was really a warrant for the big advance in local prices here to-day.—Ex.

Gen. the Right Hon. Louis Botha, Prime Minister of South Africa, paid a flying visit to Glasgow, in order to receive the freedom of the city. It had been originally hoped that the honor would have been conferred on the famous Boer general on the occasion of the visit of the official Dominion Premier and of Lord Kitchener. Unfortunately the state of General Botha's health prevented the arrangement being carried out, and the spectacle of the two former antagonists fraternizing at the same hospital board was not realized. General Botha, who travelled specially to and from London to attend the ceremony, arrived at the Central Station at five minutes to eight o'clock, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. W. E. Bok. In waiting to receive the General on the platform were the Lord Provost Sir Archibald M'Innes Shaw, Mr. Robert Killean, district superintendent. There was a gathering of about 150 spectators on the platform.

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