

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

6 Year Old Girl Cured of Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Alex. Moore of James St., Oxford, N. S., says: "Booth's Kidney Pills cured our little daughter, Christian, age 6 years, of many symptoms of kidney weakness. She complained of a sore back, the kidney secretions were frequent and uncontrollable, especially at night. Her stomach was weak and her appetite poor. This caused her to have frequent headaches, and the least exertion would tire her. We had tried many remedies, but she did not improve until finally we procured a box of Booth's Kidney Pills and procured a box. In a short time she was well and does not now complain about her back, the kidney secretions have become normal, and she plays around the house with no apparent fatigue. We always recommend Booth's Kidney Pills."

Booth's Kidney Pills carry a guarantee that if you derive no benefit from your money will be refunded. Booth's Kidney Pills are a specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. Sold by all druggists, 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

To Verify Census.

Mr. Archibald Blue, the chief census officer, has done well to issue a notice asking that persons who believe or suspect that they have not been enumerated by the census officers communicate with him. This can be done by sending an unstamped letter to Mr. Archibald Blue, Census Bureau, Ottawa. The letters should give the names, numbers of persons, street and street number, if the persons who believe they have been omitted live in cities or towns, and the concession and number of the lot if in the country. Mr. Blue states that if it is found that such persons have not been enumerated means will at once be taken to remedy the defects through the local census officers, who are responsible for any mistakes have been made.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Blue's invitation will be accepted promptly by any head of a family who has not been seen by a census officer. There were no doubt many cases in which detached persons in boarding-houses were enumerated without being seen personally by the census officers, but in cases where a house was not visited at all the precaution of writing to Mr. Blue is very well worth taking to prevent omission. The census is not an academic thing in Canada. The representation of the various Provinces and of the various parts of each Province in the Dominion Parliament depends upon the figures of the census, and it is the duty of every good citizen to see that the census returns are fair and accurate.--Ex.

Rats Attack Man.

New York, July 22.--Two big rats attacked Freddie Schneider, of No. 5,332 Rockaway avenue, Brooklyn, in the kitchen of his home, and as a result Schneider is under the care of a physician, and is said to be in danger of blood poisoning. He was bitten scores of times.

The neighborhood has been much troubled of late with the rodents, and Schneider procured a cat. He had not been a sleep many hours when he was disturbed by an uproar in his bedroom, and, jumping up, saw the cat weakly defending itself from the attacks of the two largest rats he had ever seen. The cat was soon overpowered and killed. Schneider threw a shoe at the rats and pursued them to the kitchen, where they turned upon him.

One jumped upon his back and bit his neck. The other ran up his trousers leg and inflicted several bites. Schneider managed to pin this rat to the floor with an ice pick. The other rat he seized by the tail and buried from the windows.

The real objection to tariff relief is the same as the real objection to the British preference--the fact that it was designed by a Liberal Government. Opponents in both cases lacked sufficient economic understanding to formulate logical objections.--Ex.

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 Amalee Mitzine Company

"Oh, yes. Possibly he may come in time to start with the returned Mme. Duvoyac, resuming the General from stragglers as he again attempted to drain his milk at a draft in order to the corner return to 'The Two Princesses--A Romance'."

"If Cuchulainn doesn't come," said Ann Heydel, "that leaves an empty seat in the carriage. Adele won't you ask Anatole to take it instead of riding on horseback?"

"Certainly, I do," replied Miss Heydel in the same pleasant, lifeless voice. And, although the young couple impulsively kissed her hand, she remained as strangely emotionless and expressionless.

"Come," she added colorlessly; "you and I, Ann, have our packing to do."

"And there is a packing case in the courtyard," sighed Mme. Duvoyac. "Will you see for me if it is secure, dear Anatole?" Then as the two girls left the room she added gravely: "Adele has always been fonder of you, Anatole, than of any other man. You must help to nurse her from this gloom. She wears that mourning now more than a year. Ugh! She looks like a bitter, so strange, so impenetrable, so full of morbid impulses. Because her father had no one to protect him the poor child thinks she should defend all the world which is in trouble. Last week one day coming home from the cathedral she has given her warm cloak to a ragged woman in the street. That was in the rain. You must help to raise her, dear Anatole, from this gloom."

"It is no secret from all what I would give to make or marry one more," he replied, with gloomy sincerity.

When the young couple and his hostess joined the others at their packing the General, unobserved and temporarily forgotten, had taken his book and sequestered himself under the table, in which city of refuge he hoped to follow without interruption the further adventures of his two heroes. With all a child's adaptation to environment it was not long before he became completely absorbed in the narrative. Presently vague and disturbing cries came stealing in through the open window, and these he impatiently shook off, for momentary inquisitiveness as to their origin was trivial compared to the fate of the two princesses. But the voices refused to be thus lightly dismissed. Excited cries of: "He went this way! Look in that courtyard! He turned this corner!" certainly merited the closest attention and searching inquiry of every healthy eight-year-old whose active inquisitiveness cannot be dampened by being dragged from bed before dawn or discouraged by the prospect of an all day journey. After all, exciting fact is superior to exciting fiction, for the former is but temporary, while the latter is comparatively permanent--to be used as a stimulant or sedative when real life is lacking in appeal.

Turning around and looking up from under the table, the General's inquiring eyes met those of Cameo Kirby, who, standing motionless by the curtains, was warily scanning the room. For a long moment man and boy mutually estimated each other, too surprised to speak. "Come, cheer up," said Kirby at length, unconsciously employing his characteristic phrase. "Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," breathed the General, creeping cautiously from under the table.

"Does the roof of this house touch the roof of the house next door?" pursued the gambler, with a reassuring smile.

"No," said the child, round eyed.

"Are there people upstairs?"

"Yes, there are."

Kirby considered, no hint of his dilemma in voice or bearing. He felt that he could rely upon this child, who with all the composure of a self-possessed adult, evinced no alarm or amazement at the sight of an overheard and disarranged young man entering a strange house via the window.

"Does that lead to the street?" he asked, pointing to a door on his right. The General nodded. He was breathless and terrified with joy. "Are you somebody making a hairbreadth escape?" he stated rather than asked.

"I hope so," admitted Kirby, with a smile. "Do you want to be somebody helping me to do it?"

"Yes, of course. What do I do?"

"Go out on the balcony," Kirby gravely explained, "and look as if nothing was the matter. Lean your elbow on the railing and tell me what you see." He drew aside the curtain as the child, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, obeyed.

"There are men up on that corner," announced the General at length.

"Don't point," warned the man in

the room. "How many men?"

"Five. Two of them are got guns."

"All right. Don't turn your head when you speak to me."

"There's more men hunting through the garden across the street," piped in the boy, wallowing in the satisfying knowledge that at last, by some miraculous intervention of a beneficent providence, he had become an indispensable character in a very real adventure which promised to eclipse the most thrilling hairbreadth escape he had ever read."

"Are any of the men looking up here?" whispered Kirby. "No? Come in, then--quick!" The boy obeying, he cautiously closed one part of the window, but refrained from drawing the curtain.

"I think," impressively announced the General, approving of these preliminary maneuvers, "that this is better than when the good prince's trusty friend cuts his bonds. Which one are you?"

"Which what am I?" asked Kirby, with a perplexed smile.

"I mean are you the good prince or the bad prince?"

"Oh, I see. Well, I'll try to be the good prince for a few minutes if you'll help me to get away. Suppose you find me a hat, eh?"

The General, with that lively disregard for another's property which every loyal servant of unfortunate princes must possess, instantly seized M. Veaudry's hat, which was reposing on an adjacent chair.

"Thank you," said Kirby gravely, covertly examining the pistol in his breast pocket. "This door leads to the street, you say? And there are five men on the corner, two with guns?"

"Yes. What do we do now?" briskly asked the boy.

The other gravely offered his hand.

"Why, now," he said gently, "we shake hands, and I say thank you. And next we say goodbye."

"All right. Wait till I get my hat."

"That was just said goodbye," remonstrated Kirby.

"Yes, but I'm going with you. You think I shot down an unarmed man because they found no weapon upon me?"

"That's just what you mustn't do," replied Kirby, shaking his head. "Don't you look out of the window and see what happens next?"

"I've gone, and don't you come near the door. What do they call you?"

"General."

"Well, General, I've only known you about two minutes, but I'd hate to get you into any trouble. Now, we both would be in trouble if anybody came in here. So I've got to get out pretty quick, and we'll be in worse trouble if you try to follow me into the street. So I put it to you this way: If you really want to be my trusty friend, just shake hands with me again and say goodbye."

"Will you promise I can be your trusty friend?" said the boy earnestly.

"No matter whether you turn out to be the good prince or the bad prince, I'll always be your trusty friend--always."

"Always," pledged Kirby, with the utmost sincerity.

"Then shake hands," said the General.

They did so gravely. "Thank you, General," said Kirby. "I--"

He turned sharply at the sound of a softly closing door. A girl had entered the room, a girl whose clear paleor was accentuated by the deep black of dress and hair. She had overheard the boy's last words, had estimated the tableau, and now as Kirby's eyes met her own the warm blood crept into throat and cheeks, and she said impulsively, a little catch in her voice:

"So it is the General who has had the honor of receiving you after all. I am so glad you have again changed your plans. Now you can go in the carriage with us."

"But you don't understand, Adele," cried her brother, while Kirby looked at his astonishment. "His enemies are after him, and he had to make a hairbreadth escape through our window. He lost his hat in his flight from somewhere."

"Wait, General. We'll finish the story after a while," she interrupted smiling understandingly at Kirby.

"But I tell you he climbed in the window," persisted the excited boy. "I gave him Anatole's hat."

Kirby, his eyes still on the girl, bowed with courteous formality.

"It is entirely true, madam," he said lightly. "Unfortunately I don't story at all. I have not the honor to be here by appointment, as you evidently infer, but simply by accident--by virtue of the only open window in the street."

"And he doesn't know yet whether he's going to be the good prince or the bad prince," triumphantly added the General, proudly eyeing his hero.

Adele drew back, frightened, unnerved, her hand creeping to the door-knob. "It--it is a mistake," she breathed, wide eyed with sudden fear. "You are a stranger!"

"Please don't be afraid of my being the bad prince," smiled Kirby in his most reassuring and light-hearted manner. "If you will permit me, madam, to take this hat, I will vanish as I intended."

"There are men watching the street," she said steadily, holding him with her eyes. "I saw them from my window, isn't it that?"

All fear had vanished, and in her voice there was but apparent a concern for him, the stranger and interloper.

He nodded and turned to the listening child. "General, do you want to be my trusty friend once more? Good! Then do just what you did before--out there on the balcony." When the child, with eager alacrity, had obeyed, Kirby added in an earnest and steady

voice: "I don't know whether or not you can believe a stranger on his bare word, but I'll try. Last night I heard that the worst scoundrel I know was in New Orleans. I met him at sunrise this morning at the oaks. I went alone, and he came alone. It was a fair meeting. We tried together; he missed, but I didn't, so I had the good luck to come away. Ten minutes later they tried to arrest me for murder. I got away, but I didn't have a long start. When I turned into this street I heard them coming from both directions. There was only one chance to get out of sight--the open window of a strange house. I took it and, he finished with a faint smile, "that's where I am."

She was silent. Then, "But you said 'I can't prove it was fair,' he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

"I can't prove it was fair," he interrupted grimly. "I left him lying with his pistol in his hand, but it wasn't there when they found him. They

should they?"

Busy Times

In Porcupine.

New Buildings of Substantial Character Planned.

Porcupine, July 17.--The forces of reconstruction are hard at work everywhere. If the railway will only ship in timber enough and a sufficient force of carpenters can be obtained, South Porcupine will contain as many houses in two months' time as before the fire. The foundation of the postoffice was laid two days ago, and it should be completed in two weeks' time. M. Cliff Moore of Cobalt, who owns the townsite, has made plans for the construction of a \$25,000 hotel in place of the much more primitive structure destroyed in the flames. Nearly every merchant in the little settlement is following his example. Everything that can burn is being cleared off the ground, and the fire engine and appliances ordered before will make the place more secure. The new station in connection with South Porcupine is being now put under construction and the track has been repaired, so that all freight can be carried to its destination.

Military Tents in Use

The 500 tents and 400 blankets brought in by Captain Hannick and ten regulars from Ottawa are now being scattered all round the lake, and South Porcupine bears the appearance of an army encampment. These were especially necessary at Pottsville, where before several families had been crowded into one tent.

At the Preston, East Dome and Standard the camps have been swept as clean as West Dome and Dome. The superintendents are for the most part in southern Ontario ordering fresh plants, while the force of men available is being concentrated on the roads, so that supplies and machinery can easily be taken in.

Loss at West Dome \$750,000.

The loss at West Dome will be very heavy, probably \$750,000. In addition to the plant, the company was using four shot drills, all of which has been destroyed. Until there is a heavy and continuous downpour of rain the danger from a fresh conflagration remains very great.

National Anthem Remodeled.

London, July 12.--A change has been made in the National Anthem. In these days when the main thought throughout the civilized world is peace one of the old verses of the anthem is said to have struck the King as sounding somewhat discordant note. It runs:

"O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Him our hope we fix,
O, save us all."

That verse has now been replaced by the following, written by Dean Hole, and breathing a more peaceful spirit:

"O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
Make wars to cease.
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth,
Let there 'e peace."

The alteration has been specially sanctioned by King George and is therefore of such national importance that it is now likely to be universally followed.

Composition on Cordite.

Made of Two Powerful Explosives Kneaded Into Paste.

Cordite is the outcome of the strange paradox that if you mix together two powerful explosives the result is a smokeless, slow-burning powder. Nitroglycerin and gun cotton mixed together with a little petroleum jelly make cordite. It is curious to see the two deadly explosives being kneaded together into a paste by women with the same unconcern as dough is kneaded for bread. Indeed, machines similar to those used in bakeries take up the work and knead the buff-colored cordite past for several hours. Then it is forced through molds and issues in long cords, hence the name cordite, the thickness of which is varied according to the weapon in which it is to be used.

For big guns cordite is half an inch thick and cut into lengths of thirty-seven inches. Rather more than a thousand of these cordite sticks packed in two bundles make up the cartridge for a

twelve inch gun. For the rifle cordite is pressed into a very thin stick, like the finest macaroni, and sixty of these strands one inch and a half long make the next little bundle which lies inside the cartridge case.