

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Mi-o-na! An Excellent Stomach Remedy.

Mrs. J. R. Whyte, Killarney, Manitoba, who says: "I have found great comfort and relief from Mi-o-na. 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-o-na and I shall always speak highly of this excellent stomach remedy."

Mi-o-na is the best prescription for stomach trouble ever written. It gives quick relief and cures permanently. Mi-o-na is put up in tablet form and is small and easy to swallow. Sold by leading druggists everywhere, good 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-o-na. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Anniversary Of Noted

Priest's Birth.

Reverend Father Morrissey, born in Halifax Seventy years Ago To-day.

Halifax, July 16. To-day is the seventieth anniversary of the birth, in this city of William, afterward Reverend Father Morrissey, lovingly remembered throughout the Maritime Provinces and known across the continent for his remarkable cures.

There have probably been few priests better known throughout the Dominion than Reverend Father Morrissey. Through his medical skill he enjoyed a wonderful reputation from coast to coast and during his thirty years' pastorate, at Bartigouche, N. B., his services were at the demand, without charge, of all those who needed his help. From far and wide thousands came to him, or wrote for his advice and his name and fame spread far beyond the bounds of his own parish.

His good work, however, did not stop with his lamented death on March 30th, 1908, for his best known prescriptions then passed into the possession of the Reverend Sisters of the Hotel Dieu, at Chatham, N. B. These prescriptions are now made up and placed on sale throughout the whole Dominion, so that in even fuller measure than during his lifetime, his good work for the sick and suffering goes right on.

A Marvellous Figure.

One of the most marvellous workmen in the world is Hananuma Masakichi, of Tokio, Japan, who has carved a figure in wood so like himself that when the two are placed side by side it is said to be impossible to tell which lives and breathes and which does not.

By several connoisseurs in art this wooden figure has been pronounced the most perfect and human of man ever made. Masakichi has faithfully reproduced every scar, vein and wrinkle to be seen on his own body. The figure is composed of two thousand pieces of wood, dovetailed and jointed with such wonderful skill that no seams can be detected.

Tiny holes were drilled for the reception of hair, and the wooden figure has glass eyes and eyelashes in which no dissimilarity to Masakichi's own can be detected.

The Japanese artist posed between two mirrors while modelling this figure, and for some time after its completion he posed frequently beside it, to the confusion of spectators, who were often entranced by a loss as to which was the artist. The figure stands with a little mask in one hand and an instrument for carving in the other; the lifelike eyes are apparently gazing at the mask, and the face wears a look of intense absorption.

The man who asks what free trade has done for this, that, or the other merely advertises his innocence. Free trade does not do for or do anybody. It is an absence of schemes for doing and doing for anyone. Protection does some people in an effort to do for others. Free trade is the absence of such schemes. It leaves all free to do for themselves.—R. Ex.

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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As gravely he parted the trees and, with bowed head, slowly threaded his way toward the distant town. Kirby had not long left the scene of conflict before Tom Randall, coming from an almost diametrically opposite direction, burst into the grove and tripped headlong over the lifeless form of Colonel Moreau. Recovering himself, the boy stared in horrified amazement at what he had never expected to see. That God should have thus defended the impious seemed impossible. Astonishment quickly gave place to a sense of burning outrage, a bitterness, abhorrence and vindictiveness which immeasurably overrode all previous feelings of treasured animosity and hatred. Now Kirby must atone not only for the suicide of John Randall, but for the death of that gentleman's fancied protector and champion.

Swayed by his present emotions, balked of revenge and thirsting for some means of expressing it, young Randall now stooped to an action which dishonored his name, race and country. In cooler moments he would have resented an action which forfeited the respect of all decent men. But he was possessed by a temporary and violent passion which counted not the means to an end. Single handed he might not hope to hunt down Kirby, but if he could enlist the assistance of the authorities, make every man the gambler's enemy, the latter's capture would be assured.

With difficulty loosening Moreau's fast stiffening fingers from their death grip upon the pistol, young Randall hastily concealed the weapon upon his person and thus by a single movement transformed what had been an honor stain and fair encounter into a scurrilous and cold-blooded murder. The fact that Moreau had used the late John Randall's weapon, leaving the eyes at Mrs. Randall's, would be but additional proof that "Cameo Kirby" had shot down an unarmed man. But the living witness other than Tom Randall had been present at this exchange of weapons, and he Aaron, Moreau was expected to keep silent. Revenge, may it ever be honorable, but honorable at dishonorable, revenge at all costs—such was the boy's slogan.

He had hardly resumed possession of his father's weapon and thus ere the scene of murder upon Kirby when several men, attracted by the shots and whose rapid approach had spurred the boy to instant action, came running into the grove. To them young Randall breathlessly recounted his version of the tragedy. "You see, the gentleman has no weapon," he concluded, pointing to Moreau's barren hands. "This, therefore, is a deliberate and carefully planned murder. Like your selves, I was attracted by the shot." "But there was two of 'em, for I counted," put in one of the newcomers. "The murderer evidently missed at his first fire," said Tom. "My name is Randall of Plaquemine, so you may accept by word that I found the gentleman as I have stated. This is a great and villainous outrage. I happen to know the victim, a most estimable and honorable gentleman, who had the misfortune to incur the enmity of the notorious river gambler, Cameo Kirby. The latter swore to get even, and there is no doubt he has fulfilled his murderous and cowardly intention."

"I seen this Kirby in town yesterday," commented one of the men, examining with morbid curiosity Moreau's death wound. "He's a bad egg from all accounts. Done his job neat. Shot Tom ambush, I reckon."

"We passed him on the road as we come into the grove," added a second. "I know him by sight—a youngish looking, gray eyed blade with a sort of dandy getup to him. We asked him if there had been a doze, and he said yes, he thought so."

"He lies, as you can see," cried Tom, springing to his feet. "What road did he take?" "He come from that way," interrupted the informant, pointing in the direction Kirby had taken. "But you all know the road forks farther down." "Come! We'll separate, and he can't escape!" cried Tom. "It's our duty to hunt the villain down, to aid the law all we can. Dueling is one thing, but murder such as this deserves only frequent law. We'll show the scoundrel the same quality of mercy he meted out to this poor defenseless gentleman."

"That's right. Short shirt and a long rope!" cried the men. Flashed by the member who had met Kirby, the small, impromptu posse quickly made its way through the underbrush, emerging on the road which the gambler, at a point below the fork, was even then traversing. When the fork of the road was reached Tom and

two companions chose the right or southerly branch, while the man who had met Kirby, accompanied by a half grown youth, bore away to the left. Thus by another intervention of the fates young Randall's meeting with the gambler was again postponed. The former and his companions, surmising the countryside en route, reached town without overtaking or even sighting their quarry.

Meanwhile the other members of the posse had fared better—or worse. They had not long left their companions before Kirby was sighted, walking leisurely with bowed head and evidently preoccupied mind. Warned by the rapidly advancing steps of his self constituted judges and executioners, he turned in mild curiosity and awaited their approach.

The farmer and his son—for such was the relationship existing between this contingent of the pursuers—came up hot and panting from their exertions, and meeting Kirby's cool and pleasantly inquiring eyes, became for the moment dumfounded and confused. "Rather a warmish morning for such strenuous exercise, gentlemen," greeted the gambler. "It is obvious that your business is with me. Try in what manner can I serve you?"

The youth's harsh bearing became the more evident in contradistinction to that of the elegant and courteous



LOOSENING MOREAU'S FAST STIFFENING FINGERS FROM THEIR DEATH GRIP.

gambler, and with hanging lip, he felt back, overawed by the silent but compelling mastery of caste. His parent, however—a stringy, traveling, malarial gentleman—was cast in a more determined and heroic mold. "Yuh all be the gambler they call Cameo Kirby," he exclaimed, pointing a threatening finger. "We seen yuh all come from the duels' muck, an' we all have just come from there. Yuh all have killed an unarmed man, an' we all are goin' to have yuh all up for murder."

"My dear sir," replied Kirby, arranging his cravat, "you all's intentions speak well for you all's respect for justice, but I assure you all there is a some mistake. The gentleman I had the good fortune to kill entirely merit of his life. Moreover, he was not unarmed, but made an earnest and sincere effort to settle me all. In short, ours was a fair and honorable meeting, and as such matters are not prohibited by the statutes I really fail to see how it concerns you all—comes within the scope of you all's worthy usefulness."

"Them big words and makin' fun of my language don't change the case," said the farmer gruffly. "I seen yuh all's victim with my two eyes, an' so did my boy and a lot of others. He didn't have no weapon on any kind, an' that we kin prove. Yehkin's too good for you, Mr. Kirby, an' yuh all know it." "The devil it is," replied Kirby. "You are the victim of a mistake, Mr. Farmer, and I'm evidently the victim of an enemy who has concealed my late opponent's weapon. I will not permit your ignorance to swing me from the end of a rope."

"Tom, run for help. I'll hold this fellow," cried the farmer. And as the boy ran off the malarial gentleman flung his wiry arms about Kirby. A fierce and protracted struggle ensued, Kirby realizing that he was not only fighting for liberty, but life. In those days grab law was only too common, and he knew what to expect at the hands of an infuriated, ignorant and unreasoning mob. And in the present instance all explanation would



A FIERCE STRUGGLE ENSUED.

prove futile, for mob rule is not infu-

enced by judgment, and he was already a dog with a bad name. They would hang him first and inquire into the merits of the case afterward. If possible prompt and ignominious death was his only salvation.

True to his class, Kirby's opponent possessed some knowledge of wrestling, but was totally ignorant of even the rudiments of pugilism, and the younger man confined his efforts to frustrating tripping attacks while at the same time striving to free his puny right arm. Thus at length he succeeded in doing. A vicious wrench, a clever feint, a smashing uppercut, and the malarial gentleman went down on his back, while Kirby, waving an airy adieu to the now advancing army of yelling pursuers, took aim to his heels.

But, fleet and long winded runner though he was, capture was not thus to be lightly outdone. The cry of "Catch the murderer!" infinitely more potent than that of "Stop that!" and pursuers were multiplying in his track at an alarming rate, adding at every step fresh runners to their ranks.

On sped Kirby, every variety and class of humanity at his heels. Once or twice his way was barred by some energetic and inquisitive new-comer, but a clever dodge or a well directed blow left him to savor the ever increasing army of importunate and angry men. No fast doubling and redoubling on his tracks while in full view of the pack owed a more keen delight in this staking women and quality against the overwhelming odds than did the young gambler. By now the city proper had been gained, and the pursued, dashed around the first opportunity corner, became lost to his pursuers.

Kirby found himself in a quiet side street lined with aristocratic, fat little red brick houses whose drawing room interiors were little more than a man's height from the side path. He vaguely realized that he was in the heart of New Orleans' old French quarter. The street was not very long, and he did not know to where it led, owing to the early hour—surely the houses were still closed, but one house seemed to be an exception, for his quick, searching eyes

He had dropped into a quick walk in order to gain a much needed breath. His spell, but now as the time and cry of his persistent pursuers became more insistent he again broke into a run. In a few moments they would turn the corner and sight their quarry. Almost at the same instant another chorus of cries came from the far end of the street toward which Kirby was hastening. He instinctively halted, realizing that the enemy, familiar with the neighborhood, had divided its army and sent one contingent around his flank to head him off. He was trapped, for it was impossible to advance or retreat. Louder and louder sounded the cries from front and rear, and after another minute and the short street would be choked with the meeting mobs.

Without hesitation nor caring where it would lead, Kirby accepted the desperate and solitary chance that was offered him. Flipping round to the house with the open window and ascending its steps, he leaped high in air, caught the overhanging balcony, drew himself up, leaped over the elaborately scrolled railing and, pushing aside the gently billowing curtains, stepped quietly into the room.

The Legend of Two Towers.

(From the Motor.)

It is doubtful whether any other church in England possesses a tower at each end which is a distinctive feature of the old Abbey church at Wyndham. The reason of this anomaly is said to be that when visiting Wyndham some 40 yrs ago, the then Bishop of Norwich complained because the bells were not rung in honor of the occasion, and the parishioners explained that as these were hung in the monks' part of the church they were unable to salute him. The perlate immediately gave an order for a western tower to be constructed, which was done. This tower, which carries a fine peal of bells, played a conspicuous part at the time of Ket's rebellion, one of the ringleaders being gibbeted on Norwich Castle, while another suffered a penalty on the summit of the western tower of Wyndham Abbey church.

Even Hymns Not Needed.

In the course of an article on the penalty of a captain when his ship goes down at sea, the Toronto Mail says: Of different stuff was a captain of a coastwise craft which a few summers ago carried a large number of excursionists out from Halifax. On the return trip a dense fog suddenly hid the coast. With all the thoughtlessness of inexperience a party of the excursionists gathered forward of the pilot-house and sought to enliven the rather dismal homeward journey by singing hymns. They had hardly begun before the captain appeared.

"You stop that noise," he commanded, "and go aft, and do it now!"

They went. When the vessel was safe alongside her pier one of the party, a woman, sought the captain and began to berate him for boresness.

"My brother is one of the owners of this line," she said, "and when I tell him of your discourteous conduct he will have you dismissed."

"When you tell your brother of my conduct," the captain grimly replied, "you might add that when I ordered you and your party away from the pilot-house I had nothing to guide me but the sound of the whistling buoys, and that if I had allowed your singing to drown that sound the chances are that you would not have had any opportunity of making complaint!"

Falling Hair.

Mrs. Jas. Harris of Wapella, Sask., says:—

"I have found Parisian Sage to be the best scalp and hair tonic and dressing I have ever used. My hair had been coming out in combs full and was very dry and brittle and the scalp was always itching and full of dandruff. I have used two bottles of Parisian Sage and it has stopped my hair from falling, the itching and dandruff have disappeared and my hair is fine and soft and glossy. I would not be without this fine hair tonic for many times the price."

For women, men, or children Parisian Sage is without any doubt the finest preparation for the hair. Daintily perfumed, it is free from grease or stickiness and ought to be where every member of the family could use it daily. Large bottle 50 cents at all druggists or from the proprietors, The Groux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont., postpaid. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Five Hundred May Have Perished.

Latest News from New Ontario Fire Region.

Englehart, Ontario, July 13. A special from Porcupine pulled into Englehart at twenty minutes past twelve this morning bearing twenty-five refugees. Behind in three box-cars, huddled on blankets were twenty-two injured men, three women and two corpses of men who had died during the journey. The others were the injured from the West Dome which has suffered most severely.

Captain Meeks of the Dome and Mrs. Meeks were on board. Captain Meeks is blind. The injured are being taken to New Liskeard, Haliburton and Copper Cliff. They are accompanied by several doctors and a volunteer staff. Supplies were put on board at Englehart for the sick. Another refugee train is leaving

Porcupine. Over forty bodies are still in the lake. The death roll is reported at two hundred. Residents fled on the lake in boats and were upset by a squall. Cobalt, Ont., July 13. George Green, who was in South Porcupine when the fire struck the town and was also in the same canoe from which Mr. Moore was drowned, said he would not be surprised if there were five hundred deaths.

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 free. Sold by druggists. Price, 75c per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Torn From His Bride Left Tied In The Woods.

Members of Bachelors' Club Punished for Violating Pledge by Getting Married.

To be torn from his bride as he alighted from the train from Portland, Ore., at night, "blindfolded and bound hand and foot, thrown into an auto and taken seven miles up the White Salmon river, where he was left all night alone in the woods, was the reception Harold Brown received at the hands of his friends. His bride was taken to the home of one of her friends for the night.

Brown, a young man from the East engaged in developing a fruit ranch, was married to Miss Jessie Holmes, of White Salmon, in Portland during the Rose festival, and intended to keep the matter a secret as long as possible, for he was a member of the Columbia Bachelors' Club whose members had sworn to remain unmarried for one year. The kidnapping came as a penalty for marrying before his time limit had expired.

Brown was found in the woods by strangers, who released him and took him back to town.

"Air Waves"

Sometimes Extend 10 to 12 Miles Above Earth's Surface.

We hear much from the airman of "air waves" but the subject is of interest as it is from aviation. As a matter of fact we have our being submerged in "waves" to which the greatest waves of the ocean are mere ripples in point of size, says the New York Herald.

When a current of air blows across a water surface waves are produced, and when a current of air blows across the surface of quiet air, or air having a different motion from the first current, then air waves will be produced.

These atmospheric waves have the phenomena of water waves, troughs, crests, foaming, breaking and spraying, but since the quality of air and water are so different, the air waves have dimensions more than twenty-five hundred times those of the corresponding water waves.

Thus, the greatest ocean waves of, perhaps twenty-five feet would have atmospheric counterparts extending upward a distance of ten or twelve miles above the earth's surface. The passage of these huge air waves would be left by us since they would cause a stirring up of the air at the earth's surface somewhat similar to that produced by the passage of water waves over shoal places. The undulating movement of such air waves would account in part for the intermittent gusts of wind that we notice so frequently in storms.

The presence of these waves is also indicated by the existence of certain kinds of regularly formed cloud groups in which each cloud marks the crest of an air wave.

Subscribe to the Greetings

[TO BE CONTINUED.]