

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS



TENDERS FOR DREDGING.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging Oromocto Shoals, N. B., will be received until 4.00 P.M., on Monday, August 21, 1911, for dredging required at Oromocto Shoals, River St. John, N. B.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the work. Only designs can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders. Contractors must be ready to begin work within thirty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender. 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 (10 p.c.) of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fails to complete the contract. If the tenderer is 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, August 2, 1911.

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

Curious Labrador

Dr. W. S. Grenfell describes Labrador as a land still hardly known beyond its borders. The bold current that flows along its shores from the north dominates its climate, and notwithstanding that it is considerably farther south it receives less continuous sunshine than Alaska, because its summer is shorter. The coldness of the soil and the dryness of the winds stunt many of its plants to such a degree that a larch growing at the southern end of Labrador, which showed 32 annual growth rings, was only nine inches tall, and its trunk was but three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Miners prospectors seem to be abundant, but prospectors have been able to stay out for short periods.

Non Committal.

"Oh, Jack, said the blushing girl, 'have you seen father?'"
"Yes, I have come straight from his office," replied the young man.
"And did he give his consent?"
"I couldn't quite make that out. He seemed disinclined to commit himself definitely."
"Why, what did he say?"
"He didn't say anything at all."
"Did you ask him?"
"I said, 'Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?' He turned and looked at me a minute. Then he began to grow red in the face, and then he grabbed me and threw me over the banisters, and before I could ask him again he slammed his door and locked it, but he didn't say anything either way."

Improved Road-Maker

Within a few months past a new method of treating roadways, in order to enable them to resist the destructive effects of motor traffic, has been tried in France. Instead of employing tar to cement the materials, a special form of machine is used to wedge the bits of stone together, as ordinary steam-rollers do. The machine carries a set of cast-iron rammers, which deliver their blows vertically, and produce no tangential movements of the stones. The apparatus travels on wheels, and when at work advances about 230 feet an hour. It is said that a roadway thus treated is much more durable than one made with the aid of a steam-roller, which not only produces too much fine material, but rounds the stones, and makes them liable to roll.

Judge—"You are charged with beating your wife. What have you to say?"
Prisoner—"Not guilty. If I could lick her I'd be the White Hope!"—Puck.

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 American Magazine Company

started eyes met those of his partner who, humming softly to himself, was calmly approaching a white canneli in his hand.
"Come, cheer up, Mr. Bunce. I hope to see you well," greeted Kirby. Then, politely turning to Aaron, he added, "Mr. Bunce is confused. His long ride in the heat has been too much for him. Mr. Bunce is my secretary. He looks robust, but is, in fact, very delicate. Might I so far trespass upon your hospitality as to beg a cooling draft for him?"
Aaron bowed gravely and, accompanied by M. Veaudry, retired indoors. They had hardly left when Bunce's long repressed emotion overcame him. "A cooling draft," he echoed, with violent scorn. "I want a drink, and let it be strong, friend. I always knew you was a fool, Gene Kirby, but I never knew it was as bad as this. All the mimes in the



IT WAS THE ANGEL OF CHANCE WHO GAVE ME THE NAME.

world to pick from, and you chose the name of Jack Moreau! Why, dog my cats!"
"Chance, Larkin, chance," returned Kirby, quite unmoved. "It was the angel of chance who gave me the name."

"Angels? Angels?" caught up the other, his voice faint with the violence of his sarcasm. "Barned if I ain't lost my hearing. I'll be dogged if I ain't delirious. Skin me if it don't seem like I'm settin' out in a garden and bearin' Gene Kirby talkin' about angels. It sounded just like his voice. Angels, he says. Hm! Cameo Kirby? Poor old Gene Kirby! Why, you must be mad, or else you're drunk. You've been livin' a long time in the shadows—shadows full of darkness and ugly thoughts. But I has lifted today, somehow. What is it?"
She turned, asking the question with wondering eyes, her face transfigured.

But Kirby calmly refused the proffered riding whip.
"What's all the reason I shouldn't stay here?" he demanded. "Why should I expect danger from these people—Mme. Davezac, a Miss Pleydell and her father, a crook named Veaudry and a Miss Adele?"
"Miss Adele who?" belittled Bunce. "I don't know. That's all I've heard them call her."

Here the fates again intervened in the name of predestination, for before Bunce could inform his partner that he was the guest of the family which, thanks to the efforts of Colonel Moreau, was his sworn enemy the ladies entered, and to the fleshy gambler's infinite disgust, anger and misery he was again promptly introduced by Kirby as "my secretary." Moreover, despite his utmost efforts he eventually found himself pledged to remain the night.
"But I don't do it, ma'am," he had expostulated to the smiling and indomitable Mme. Davezac. "Me and Kirby—I mean me and Colonel Moreau—got to get right out of here. There's some mighty pressin' business waitin' for us—specially for him, ma'am."
"Ah, but you will make postpone that business," she returned. "I've already had your horse taken to the stables. Colonel Moreau, he says he will do us the honor to dine with us and remain the night, and that decides it. You are his friend and secretary—so

I shall see you at dinner, M. Bunce. Croup, the gentleman who received Kirby, making an uncouth bow, swallowed his curses and followed the old servant. Passing Kirby, he breathed scornfully, "If I was some people I'd find out more about other people."
Alone with Adele, Kirby leaned against the old sundial and attentively watched her deftly arrange in the basket her freshly gathered bunch of flowers.
"Your friend evidently thinks you are not safe here," she said at length. "But you won't go? I—I know you are safe here."
"I don't it," he calmly interrupted. "Why?" sharply looking up with startled, wounded eyes.
"Because you are giving me a longer time to remember your kindness than I expected, and I'm afraid of finding that that isn't the safest thing in the world for me."

"Great danger in that, sir?" she gayly asked.
He joined in her laugh, but his eyes were half serious. "People who play with fire—"
"Ah, but I don't believe you are a coward, sir. Of what was your friend afraid?"
"Well, mainly he seemed disturbed because I didn't know your name," smiled Kirby.
"But you do."

"Pardon, I don't. This is the first time I've been along with you since we started. I've only heard you called 'Miss Adele.' I don't even know whose plantation this is."
"Neither do we," she added sadly. "I want to show you something! And, as if yielding to a sudden impulse, she unfastened from about her neck a jeweled miniature and handed it to her companion.
Kirby instantly recognized it as a portrait of the late John Randall, and in a breath the full significance of Bunce's observations came to him. Amazed, he looked from the miniature to Adele, then to the house and back again to her. Observing his emotion, she whispered, "You knew my father?"

"I met him—once," replied Kirby, taking a deep breath. "I was proud of him," she continued steadily, refastening the miniature about her neck, "and I am not the less proud of him now. You have heard how he died? Then you understand why we do not know whose plantation this is; that we hold it at the mercy of—'Chance Kirby.' She dropped forth the name with an accent and gesture of unspeakable fear and loathing.
"Your brother took Moreau's word for that which happened that night, didn't he?" asked Kirby steadily.
"Certainly. Had not Colonel Moreau shown himself my father's friend?" she returned.

"It seems to me that Moreau's word has gone for a good deal with your family," he commented, with veiled bitterness.
"And why not? Do we need any one's word upon a notorious adventurer who lives by gambling?" she asked, with some severity. "Any one's word upon a creature who preyed upon the weakness of a good man like my father?"
"But has it ever occurred to you," he returned quietly, "that possibly this Kirby might never intend to claim the plantation?"
"No! No!" she interrupted vehemently, shaking her head. "He is too infamous. But I don't want to think of him today. A change has come over me, and—somehow the world is a different place." She stopped and then, with flushed cheeks and hurried breath, added, "I feel as if I had been living a long time in the shadows—shadows full of darkness and ugly thoughts. But I has lifted today, somehow. What is it?"

She turned, asking the question with wondering eyes, her face transfigured.



"YOU KNEW MY FATHER?"

And as if the heavens, bearing out her statement, offered a sign which presaged future peace and happiness, a surcease from all tribulation and suffering, the final and complete obliteration of the shadows of the past, the burning sun, peeping from over the distant house, bestowed its last caress upon Adele Randall, transforming her somber dress into one of gaiety and splendor. True to M. Veaudry's prophecy, it appeared as if her long affected mourning was to be at length discarded; but, contrary to that gentleman's long cherished hope, his was not the personality to induce the metamorphosis.

CHAPTER IX.

EVEN a more obtuse and inexperienced man than Eugene

to interpret Adele's words and bearing, the cause of which was as yet beyond her understanding. Kirby knew that he was dealing with no quietude, who sought to pander to vanity or who considered all men the playthings of an idle hour. It was not so much Adele's words as her manner, which betrayed a frank liking and interest, which, despite his modest arguments to the contrary, could no longer be attributed to a woman's caprice, which betrayed a frank liking and interest, which, despite his modest arguments to the contrary, could no longer be attributed to a woman's caprice, which betrayed a frank liking and interest, which, despite his modest arguments to the contrary, could no longer be attributed to a woman's caprice.

True to his character, he had acted first and considered last. He had put forth every effort to please, to awaken her heart, and now that there were signs that it was answering he was dismayed. In the flush of his new and welcome experience he had forgotten his calling, his reputation—forgetful that he had a woman's gambler, who no claim upon such society as he was now enjoying—forgotten everything but that, by some miraculous fortune, he had been transplanted to the land of his dreams, had met its central figure and had promptly plunged head over heels in love.

Kirby's thorough if tardy self-regression, however, was hardly justified, for he had made no conscious efforts to elicit Adele's regard, and their mutual attraction had been as spontaneous and spontaneous as it was natural and to be expected. But the knowledge of her identity had awakened in him a lively sense of his true position, and although he was far from being the scoundrel which Moreau had pictured and Adele believed him, his regard for her clearly showed him that by remaining he was jeopardizing her future peace and happiness. He must save her from herself and from him, no matter how difficult it would prove, kill her dawning interest, suppress the association with one of her standing. Filled with this resolution, he now turned and said:
"Miss Randall, you've been kinder to me than any woman ever was. You saved my life this morning. But my friend is right. I'd better go. Already you've helped me more than you ought."

Instantly the angelic, wrapt expression was spangled from her face, and, astonished, almost angry, she turned upon him.
"Why? What right have you to say that?" she demanded. "Do you think I don't want you?"
"No," he admitted. "But—but I can't stay."
"Do you want me to believe that you're afraid?"
"Yes, I'm afraid."

"Afraid because we expect the real Colonel Moreau tonight or tomorrow? I'm afraid of his coming, and you can't make me believe that you are. I don't believe you were ever afraid of a man in your life." She stood very straight and looked into his eyes, an incredulous, challenging smile on her lips.
"No, I was never afraid of a man," he admitted quietly. "But I am afraid of—"

"Of me?" she whispered interpreting the pause.
"Yes," he said simply.

Her eyes battled to meet his own, but every effort proved futile, and at length, coloring slightly, she sought the garden seat, half turning her back, while he pre-empted the arm, toying restlessly with the white canneli he still carried.

"I gather from the stories you read the General," he continued, bending toward her, while he smiled half cynically, "that the last prince always keeps following the beautiful princess, and of course she always finds him out. Now, it looks to me like a weakness in his character that he doesn't quit before she has the chance to. In my opinion, he's a fool to take the risk."

Her answer came tremulously, but withal brave and to the point.
"I suppose I could find a story in which she would want him to take the chance. Now—now, are you going to stay?" turning and looking up, half daintily, into his eyes.

"I can't," he said doggedly. "And the sooner I go the better. Don't let anything ever make you sorry that you helped me. Goodbye." And, throwing the canneli on the bench, he resolutely offered his hand.

But she ignored the hand and picked up the discarded flower.
"Not yet, not yet," she whispered. "There is Ann calling me, and I must dress for dinner. But I shall expect to see you again before you leave. You will wait here? You may tell me goodbye then—if you wish to."

He bowed, seating himself dejectedly on the garden seat, while she flew into the house.

The sun had set, and twilight was fast approaching, the shadows of the trees blending in one solid gray impalpable mass. It seemed as if the disappearance of the sun and Adele had been coincident, productive of the same effect. Without warning the day's work seemed to be clamoring for toll, demanding more than Kirby owed. He felt weary, spent, utterly forsaken and alone, the bleak and barren future stretched interminably before him. He was alone, the bitter humor, he

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have shown F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Cousin of Senator Costigan in Luck.

Receives \$16,000 Back Pension Money from United States.

Nelson, B. C. July 26.—A romance of the United States pension office has found its setting in the Kootenay Lake apple district, an aged settler being the beneficiary of belated fortune. At Queen's Bay, a new community almost exclusively English, Michael Costigan, aged 72 years, of the famous New Brunswick Costigans has a young fruit ranch just being brought under development. Like many another new settler of limited means, he hired out for part of his time, and recently has been working on the Hoyle ranch. Lord Aylmer, late Inspector-general of the Canadian forces, who owns a beautiful ranch at Queen's Bay, and who is the first citizen of that local community, was one day conversing with Mr. Costigan regarding the American civil war, in which the latter fifty years ago bore arms on the northern side, and the fact incidentally developed that Mr. Costigan, not knowing that he was entitled to a pension, had never applied for one. Lord Aylmer immediately took the matter up with the United States war department, with the result that Mr. Costigan has just received a cheque for \$16,000 back pension money, and will enjoy a monthly pension of \$16 for the rest of his life. The veteran, who is an uncle of O. B. Appleton, a well-known rancher of Proctor, near Nelson, and a cousin of Senator Costigan, of New Brunswick, may, with the prospective revenue from his ranch, but regarded as in affluence.

Battleship Easily Made Helpless.

(Providence Journal.)

The battleship North Dakota, one of the biggest of Uncle Sam's floating batteries, completed 18 months ago at a cost of \$10,000,000, has been lying helpless at the Brooklyn navy yard for two months.

In plain English, the ship is crippled by a great, stubborn piece of steel which cannot be budged by all the powerful machinery which has been yanking at it in the attempt to extricate it.

More technically speaking the rotor of one of the North Dakota's turbine engines is jammed. The steel rotor covers the other parts of a turbine engine's mechanism and revolves with the shaft.

If further efforts to raise the rotor be unsuccessful it will be necessary to dismember a large part of the battleship's machinery.

The North Dakota went to the Brooklyn navy yard two months ago for the semi-annual examination of her engines. From all but one of the turbines the rotors were removed successfully. But one of the four rotors on the port side engines got jammed and it was found impossible to lift it out. The mechanism of the turbines is delicate, and it was necessary to work cautiously so as not to damage it.

After the navy yard's two 250-ton cranes had vainly tugged at the rotor for several days, the floating crane Hercules, the largest and most powerful of its kind in the world, had a try. The rotor was no more to be moved than are the eternal mountains.

Experts have been called from the yards of the Fore River Shipbuilding Company, Quincy, Mass., where the North Dakota was built; they will form a

plan of action to dislodge the stubborn piece of steel. The naval authorities at Washington are becoming peevish over the great fighting machine's helplessness and are watching closely the progress or lack of it in raising the rotor.

There are about 800 sailormen on the North Dakota. They and the ship's guns and machinery lost drilling and practice in the mimic war recently ended, all because of a piece of steel that disabled a \$10,000,000 fighting machine.

Some corrosion was found in the parts of the turbines which have been uncovered; otherwise the engines are in fair shape. But it is said at the navy yard that her turbines have been giving more or less trouble ever since the North Dakota was accepted by the Navy department.

Shadow 50 Miles Long.

The Peak of Teneriffe projects a huge shadow stretching upwards of fifty miles across the deep, and partly eclipsing the adjoining islands. Exaggerated shadows of immense size are commonly seen in many other places. On the Harz Mountains the so-called Spectre of the Brocken throws gigantic shadows of mountain climbers into the sky, repeating every movement made by them. The same occurs on the summit of Pambamarca in Peru.

On the tops of Alpine peaks, and on the summit of Ben Lomond, in Scotland, mists in one case and rarefied air in the other explain these optical illusions. The same causes produce also colored shadows, varying at each other of the day, and traceable to the dispersion of the solar rays.—From the Scientific American.

Does Russia Want to Annex Persia?

Teheran, Aug. 4.—It is reported here that ex-Shah Mohammed Ali Mirza has landed at Ashraf in the Province of Mazanderan, fifty miles west of Ashabad, Persia.

Berlin, Aug. 4.—The Liberal Persian committee in Constantinople has appealed to the Reichstag, calling that body's attention to Russia's attitude in Persia. It declares that Russia is intriguing for the annexation of Persia and also interfering with the efforts of the United States to arrange that country's finances.

Distressing Headaches.

Headaches are largely the result of disordered kidneys.

Mrs. Hall, 84 Flora Street, St. Thomas Ont., says: "I suffered for years with headaches and distressing headaches of a most distressing nature. They would come on me suddenly, and would last for days at a time. These are usually accompanied by spells of dizziness that would leave me unable to attend to any house duties."

My back was weak and caused much suffering through the night. I had been doctored for years but all to no avail. Nothing benefited me until my condition was gradually becoming worse. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills. One box gave me a complete and lasting cure. I have not had a headache or dizzy spell since and I feel like a new person."

Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, 50c. box, under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any disease having its origin in the kidneys or bladder. Postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

The Oldest Map.

After some controversy about the age of various maps that have come down to us from ancient times it has been finally determined by savants that the oldest is in the form of a mosaic in a Byzantine church at Malaba in Palestine. It is about 1,700 years old and purports to be a map of a part of the Holy Land.

"There goes Jenkin's widow."
"Yes, but he was married twice, you know."
"Well, what of that?"
"Well, is she his first or second widow?"