

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Distressing Headaches.

Headaches are largely the result of disordered kidneys. Mrs. Hall, 84 Flora Street, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I suffered for years with a most distressing nature. They would come on me suddenly, and would last for days at a time. These were usually accompanied by spells of dizziness that would leave me unable to attend to my house duties. My back was weak and caused me much suffering through the night. I had doctored for years, but all to no avail. Nothing benefited me and 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 again."



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.

Why Germany Wants Morocco.

The iron supply of the world is rapidly dwindling. A statistician, writing in the Centralblatt der Huette und Walzwerke (Berlin), the organ of the German iron industry, calculates that in ten years England's iron ore will be exhausted. Even the United States, which yields a third of the 100,000,000 tons mined through out the world annually, cannot keep up her yield for more than fifty years. Germany has a supply, we are told, for thirty years, France for seven hundred years. Far-sighted Germany, according to the Continental Correspondence (Berlin), is therefore turning her attention to other foreign deposits. It has been discovered that there are large beds of iron ore in southern Morocco. Hence the obstinacy with which the Kaiser's Government hangs on to Agadir, the hinterland of which abounds in ferruginous deposits.

An Historical Bank Run.

One of the most exciting bank runs in history was on an English bank, but not in England. Down in Buenos Ayres, the English have the management of the most of the financial institutions. In 1891 Buenos Ayres saw a series of bank runs during which every Spanish bank in the city closed. But the sturdy Englishmen kept open their "London and River Plate Bank," amid scenes of the most exciting panic. Thousands of persons lined up, but still the English cashier paid out money, calmly. Finally, in the afternoon the English manager announced from the balcony, the victory of the bank over its enemies, amid the tumultuous applause of thousands. Argentine finances were saved, and what looked like a great South American revolution was ended by the placid Anglo-Saxons.

Harold Hates It.

"Mother," said little Harold, "Didn't father say yesterday that we must save money?"
"Yes, dear."
"And he would like me to help, would he not, mother?"
"Yes, dear."
"Then, mother, I've got an idea that'll save quite a lot of money."
"What is it, Harold?"
"Why, you wash me two or three times a day, mother don't you?"
"Yes."
"Well, look what a lot of money you'd save if you only washed me once a month. I wouldn't mind it, mother, really I wouldn't."

When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught sail for Canada on October 6, they will be accompanied by the following staff:—Major H. C. Lowther, G. M. G., M. V. O., D. S. O. (Scots Guards), Military Secretary; Capt. T. H. Rivers-Bulkeley, G. M. G., M. V. O. (Scots Guards), Controller of the Household and Equerry; Capt. W. Long, D. S. O. (Royal Scots Greys), Aide-de-Camp; Capt. H. C. Buller (Rifle Brigade), Aide-de-Camp; and Capt. E. S. Worthington, M. V. O., R. A. M. C., Medical Officer.

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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tively refused to corroborate the falsehood. "No, sir," he said sternly. "We have a better way."

Tom, abandoning himself to rage and chagrin, turned upon M. Veaudry and Aaron. "You cowardly snobs!" he cried. "You go back on me now when I had this man where I could pay him what I owed him. There are twenty men around this house who would stamp his life out like a rattlesnake. Give me that pistol!"

"Give him the pistol. Give him forty," added Kirby, who as justice Pleydell hesitated. "I'll teach you to scold behind trees and rob a dead man, to swear a murder on me, to add passionately, turning upon his heel, 'I am clear of your lies. I am within the law now, and you are outside it. Take your pistol, and in your friends to help you, and I'll make'—"

"No! No!" cried Adele piteously. He turned, mastering by an effort his bitter passion. "And," he finished courteously, with a formal bow, "I will make them welcome. It shall never be said of me that I was inhospitable in my own house."

Objections to the others, his declaration had been aimed at Adele, and, despite the suave courtesy with which it was delivered, she was acutely conscious of a certain bitter undertone of irony in the words, re-enforced by the sardonic challenge of his eyes.

"Your own house," she echoed slowly. "Did you say that?"
"It is mine tonight."

She stared at him, wide-eyed and tremulous, with a sudden fear and horror, as if the phantasmagoria of some hideous dream, a being whom she had swiftly learned to cherish, had in a breath turned into a venomous reptile, its wicked head drawn back to strike.

"There is only one man in the world who could make that claim," she whispered, choking over each word with a still sterner with horrified fascination—"only one man in the world who could make that claim!"

"Don't you see what the scoundrel is?" cried Tom, with brutal contempt. Kirby bowed gravely to Adele Randall.

"Come Kirby—at your service, madam. I told you the bad prince always stayed too long," he added sadly, bitterly.

CHAPTER XIII.
IMMEDIATELY following Kirby's dramatic denunciation Adele had given a little cry and promptly fainted, while her brother attempted another ineffectual assault upon his enemy. With difficulty he was landed out of the room by Aaron and M. Veaudry before blood was shed. Kirby, being in no humor to stand further insults from his accuser, then Adele was escorted from the room by old Mammy Lena, Croup's wife, while Judge Pleydell remained to the balcony and dismissed the patiently waiting posse.

Unwillingly the posse dispersed, some returning to New Orleans, while the indelible old judge retired indoors and sought his three friends, leaving Kirby and Renee in undisputed possession of the ground floor.

"Well, gentlemen," began Pleydell in a businesslike voice, "there is only one thing to be done, and that is to adhere to our original plan. It is no time now to deplore our mutual blindness. The fact remains that that d—d low gambler has claimed the plantation, as we expected, though I admit he took an unusual for and devilish roundabout method of doing so."

"If I had had any help he wouldn't be here now," interrupted Tom Randall sullenly, glowering at Aaron and M. Veaudry. "I'll fix him yet!"

"Not you alone, but the four of us," corrected Pleydell, "and we'll give him a fairer chance than he deserves. In the meantime, Tom, you must control yourself and keep out of his way until the ladies have left the house, for no violence must be indulged in in their presence. Your poor sister has stood about all she can bear, I reckon, though I'm glad she discovered in time the true character of that designing villain."

"You mean to insinuate that he deserves to be hanged?" cried Tom, springing to his feet in a fresh access of fury.

M. Veaudry laid a restraining hand upon his arm. "It is that I do not think Mr. Kirby has acted as other than a gentleman to a lady," he said pacifically, glancing significantly at Pleydell.

"Gentleman?" sneered young Randall. "As if he knew the meaning of the word! But if he had dared to address Adele I would go down now and—"

"You must learn to control yourself, sir," interposed the judge, somewhat testily, irritated at the boy's mad outburst. "I think you can safely leave the honor of the family in the mature

and capable hands of your cousin. You have misinterpreted my words," he added, ignoring the other's shrug at the mention of Aaron's supposed abilities. "For Amrole is quite right. Mr. Kirby evidently has one virtue—he knows his limits—and your sister is not one to be impressed by such a character even if masquerading under such an honorable name as Colonel Moreau. To return to the real theme, is it agreed, then, that we adhere to our original plan?"

As Tom sulkily refused to speak, Aaron asked gravely: "You mean that the ladies go to your plantation, Judge Pleydell, while we remain for the ostensible purpose of formally handing over the estate to—that man? The ladies are to be kept in ignorance of our real purpose?"

"I'd shoot him and be done with it," snarled young Randall. "He'll slip through your fingers again—see if he doesn't!"

"Yes, the ladies are to be kept in entire ignorance," agreed Pleydell, ignoring the boy's observation. "Likewise Mr. Kirby and that fat scoundrel who accompanies him—no warning, mind, for they are desperate characters who hesitate at nothing. Miss Adele will naturally abhor the idea of remaining under this roof one minute longer than is absolutely necessary. To complete our ostensible purpose, to turn the servants we are leaving, never to return, and let Miss Adele pack up and take with her such things as belonged to her mother and upon which this scoundrel can have no legal claim. By the way, we must assume charge of Colonel Moreau's portmanteau, with such effects as it may contain. It is our duty to inquire if he left any next of kin and to return his belongings to them. Poor gentleman—no honorable, courteous and courteous. I regret that I had not the extreme honor of meeting him while he was yet living."

As a guest of the portmanteau, Aaron entered the deserted drawing room Kirby, packing the balcony, halted him from the window.

"Mr. Randall, if you think that excitable young cousin of yours is ready to listen to me there's something I've got to tell him," he said quietly, mastering his irritation.

"It is our intention that you shall see him, sir, as soon as the ladies have gone," replied Aaron, with a significant nod on the other.

"When the ladies have gone?" echoed Kirby, entirely without comprehension, for he had never contemplated such a move.

Mr. Randall nodded.

"Mr. Kirby," he said coldly, "in their sense of honor to the dead man who sent this place to you his children do not oppose your possession. But you can scarcely imagine they would be willing to pass the night under this roof once you had claimed it."

Without comment Kirby returned to the balcony. He looked old and worn, for the words had struck him to the quick. Twice within the past hour he had sent a request for an interview to Adele, and as yet she had made no answer. This, then, was the explanation. Evidently he was deemed too unclean a thing even to look upon. He did not greatly wonder, for he could never efface the memory of her horrified look and cry when the mask had fallen and the bad prince stood revealed. After all, the penalty for his remaining had been immeasurably greater than he had anticipated.

Meanwhile Aaron had bent over the portmanteau, which still lay open upon a chair as Judge Pleydell had left it. In searching for Colonel Moreau's Deranger the contents of the suit case had been somewhat disarranged, and the methodical Aaron now withdrew a badly crumpled coat, intending to fold it neatly before replacing it. As he did a red velvet box fell from one of the pockets. Aaron, about to return it, suddenly started and held it under the light of an adjacent lamp, for the inscription on the lid which had arrested his attention was: "Margaret Randall to her husband, John Randall."

"Margaret Randall—that was Adele's mother," he exclaimed in wonder. "What is that?" asked M. Veaudry, entering the room and noting the other's interest.

"Something that fell from Colonel Moreau's portmanteau," replied Aaron, opening the box and examining its contents. "You see, it is the miniature of Adele's mother that that gambler won the night he won the plantation," nodding to the balcony where Kirby could be heard pacing back and forth. "You know he got even my poor cousin's jewels. This is set with diamonds. Look—half of them are gone."

"To the pawnshop, eh?" ventured M. Veaudry. "Yet you found it in Colonel Moreau's portmanteau? It is very strange. How has it come there?"

"No one knows but Colonel Moreau, and he can't answer anything now," said Aaron solemnly. "You better give this box to Tom."

Like his older brother, the General has proved an unwilling participant in Judge Pleydell's manner. The child strongly disapproved of the idea, for he was now summarily hauled out of bed and forced to exchange the known comforts of that article for the doubtful accommodations of the drawing room sofa.

"What for do they make me get up in the middle of the night?" he sleepily demanded as Croup made up the impromptu bed in the now deserted room. "What for do they dress me again?"

"Yo's gwine to Judge Pleydell's plantation, honey," patiently explained the old servant for the tenth time. "Dey gon' pack up all yo' HT clothes an' all dem toys yo' had when yo' was a baby. Dey ain't gwine to 'sturb yo' so much hyah."

"but I don't want to go to Judge Pleydell's plantation," peevishly protested the child. "Aren't we ever coming back here to live again?"

"No'm, I don't hardly spect so, HT marse. Yo' kaint stay no mo' hyah, honey, an' ole Croup kaint go nowhif yo' all's no mo'. Ole nigger got a new marse now. Yo' must sleep honey. I wake yo' when dey ready, HT marse. Hesh, honey, hesh!" And Croup lightly tiptoed from the room as the General nodded drowsily and then closed his weary eyes.

And thus Kirby found him. As if conscious of the other's gaze, the boy instantly awoke with a start and sat bolt upright, throwing off his impromptu covers.

"I've got to have a talk with you," he said gravely. "No; I won't go to



"THEY ALL HATE YOU, DON'T THEY?"

sleep, and if you leave I'll get up. I want some more light. I'm going to have some things the way I want them."

Recognizing that flight was useless and that the child was in deadly earnest, Kirby obediently turned up the lamp.

"It strikes me," he said mildly, "you'll come very near getting a good many things the way you want them."

"You come and sit here," peremptorily ordered the General, pointing to a stool beside the sofa. And again the man obeyed. For a moment the child was silent, gravely contemplating his pseudo hero. "What is a d—d low gambler?" he suddenly inquired.

"It's what some people call me," replied Kirby after a pause. "I'm sorry they do it before you."

"They don't like you any more, do they—especially Dele?" He all at once

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\$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.

A Vacation Jaunt to Alaska

And The Yukon.

One of the most delightfully interesting and scenic trips available during the vacation days of college life may be enjoyed by the student who is privileged during the summer months to visit the mountainous districts of the Yukon Territory, via the Pacific coast and Alaska.

If pleasure is to be derived from actual observation of nature's great forces at work among mountain chains and valleys, in canyons, rapids, tortuous rivers and immense fields of glaciers; or if it be a joy to watch a struggle which is fast changing a country from a frozen mass of mountain chains and disorganized valleys into a land of wealth, enterprise and a high civilization, there is certainly no spot more ideal than this northern land.

Of the journey from the east by the C. P. R. lines to Vancouver on the Pacific coast nothing new can be written, although to the traveller who crosses the prairie country and the gorgeous Rockies for the first time there are wonders in store which are ever new.

Equally interesting and still more picturesque is the June passage up the Pacific coast from Vancouver to Skagway, Alaska. Here one can enjoy an ocean journey of 1,000 miles almost entirely through beautiful land-locked inner passages in which the influence of the Pacific waves is seldom ever felt.

On either side of the route, for hundreds of miles along the coast, tower the snow-capped peaks and ranges of the coast mountains, presenting a grander and more imposing view as the journey progresses northwards to the latitude where the first glacier begins to drift oceanwards. Here, too, following the progress to the north, the snow-line is observed to creep farther and farther down the mountain slopes from an elevation of 6,000 feet along the southern British Columbian coast to about 1,000 feet along the coast of Alaska. This lowering of the snow-line is followed by a gradual change in temperature and the influence of the north country winds is more keenly felt.

A change in the phenomena of nature more marked still is the shortening of the hours of the night. Darkness descends more and more reluctantly from evening to evening, fading gradually in twilight, till at Skagway the break from day to day is barely noticeable.

At Skagway, the gateway of the Yukon, the real novelty of life in the north begins and we drink the first draught of a gold fever which has lingered in the atmosphere since the alluring days of the early eighties. Mountains capped in perpetual snows rise abruptly for thousands of feet from all sides of the cosy little valley in which the comfortable town of Skagway is situated. It is a matter of some surprise to the traveller to learn that the White Pass & Yukon Railway here begins its route over the summit, through northern British Columbia to White Horse, Yukon Territory, the connecting point between the railway and Yukon River steamers.

Upon arriving at the station one sees a peculiar novelty and fascination at every turn. The bulletin nomenclature has a flavor of the mountain snows, and glacier views are everywhere prominently displayed.

The general make-up of the White Pass & Yukon Railway is very interesting. Passenger cars are tiny, but neat and comfortable, track narrow gauge and engines especially designed to afford high power and friction at the expense of speed. Freight and passage rates on this route set the pace for the Alaskan prices. Issued tickets call for twenty cents a mile, while freight charges vary from \$40 to \$80 a ton. It is not a surprise to learn that this is the best paying railroad in America, and history affirms that the first sixty miles had paid for their construction while the remaining fifty two miles were being built.

The old prospectors who have outlived the famous Klondike rush still remember when freight on rails over the summit was charged at the compromising rate of fifty cents a pound.

The journey over the summit of the coast mountains to White Pass, a distance of 20.4 miles, will never be forgotten by the traveller who has any appreciation of a steady climb by rail up, up, up the precipitous sides of wild and rugged mountains. Leaving Skagway with the sun shining and the flowers in bloom, the passenger is within one hour at an elevation of 2,800 feet above sea-level, amid perpetual snows. The construction of such a track, the tunnelling of mountain slopes and bridging of the fearful abysses and canyons are monuments to human skill and inexhaustible energy.

All along the route to the summit the old pack trail over which thousands of prosperous toiled to the Klondike in the early nineties is plainly visible, some times in the sloping talus heaps along the mountain bases as well as through the timber patches hundreds of feet below, with here and there a rudely constructed cabin standing as a reminder of the severities endured during makeshift days.

Just before reaching the summit at White Pass station the train passes through a tunnel, thence over a steel cantilever bridge 215 feet above the bottom of the canyon. The view obtained here is one which will always live in the memory. In a few minutes from this point White Pass station is reached and the train pulls into Canadian territory. Here the flags of two nations float side by side over the international boundary line guarding the commercial affairs of the United States and Canada.

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From this point to Carcross, a distance of about twenty seven miles, the train ride is most beautiful, the rails following closely the east shore of Lake Bennett along mountain sides which rise abruptly out of water.

At Carcross the train passes over a swing bridge which is noted as the most northerly swing bridge on the American continent. Here the passengers for Atlin district, northern British Columbia, leave the train to join the lake steamer Gleaner, making bi-weekly trips up Tashish Lake and Taku Arm into Atlin.

Carcross is a fascinating little town consisting of two hotels, about twenty small residences and cabins, the station and the Lake Shore plant. Sitting on the verandah of one of the hotels at 11.30 p. m. on a bright day in June we pen in the twilight our first letters home. At this season there is no darkness, only one and a half hours of twilight.

By J. Lanning.

MOTHERS! Preserve Your Children's Hair.
Every mother should see that her children's hair is dressed with Parisian Sage, the wonderful hair restorer and germicide. A little neglect on your part now, may mean much loss of beauty when your girl grows up. Prevention Better Than Cure.

Parisian Sage is a rigidly guaranteed hair restorer and cures all scalp diseases, prevents hair from falling out and creates a rich luxuriant growth of hair, a glory to woman and the pride of man.

A pleasant hair dressing—ladies like it, and your druggist J. Sutton Clark guarantees every bottle that he sells at 50c. and stands ready to refund your money if it fails to do its work. By mail postpaid from Giroux Manufacturing Co., Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Self-denial of Parents.
Parents, as a rule, feel it their duty to give their children all the advantages in their power, and, although it is no special credit to them that they do so, there is a thing like parents denying themselves too much in order that their children may have fine education. Mothers will slave and work themselves old long before their time in order that their girls may have accomplishments, which, although they afford pleasure are of no profit to them. Fathers spend their hard earned money on college education for their boys, and too often make mere fools out of them. Then, if there is no nobility in the nature of their children they return no thanks for all this self-denial on the part of their parents.

It is no doubt a pleasure for a parent to have an ambitious child and to see success attending his efforts. But then it is sad to see such a child ignore the kind parents, who have worked so hard that he might attain his ambition, just because they speak in simpler accents and their manners are not so polished as his own. This is not always the case, and happy are the parents whose children are so noble that they never tire in returning love for all that has been sacrificed for them, and proudly display their parents when an opportunity presents. "This is my mother" or "my father" always brings a smile of happiness to the face of the beloved parent.

To give the younger generation all the advantages which can possibly be afforded is indeed a duty to the parents, but in order to keep the youth among them and not efface themselves entirely for the sake of the children. To become prematurely old for the sake of the children is not a parent's duty, and no child will countenance such a procedure if he has a conscience.

For Sale
14 tons of hay, 3 milch cows, 2 beef cattle, 3 young cattle, 1 Horse five years old weighing 1600 lbs., 1 truck wagon, 1 top buggy, 1 express wagon, 1 pump, 3 sets of harness, 1 single mower, 1 harrow, 1 horse rake, 1 hay cutter, 1 pitchfork machine, 2 sets of bob sleds, 1 long sled, 1 cream separator, 1 organ with the rest of my household furniture.

Apply to
David Nichols
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