

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

5 Minutes! The time Hyomei takes to re- lieve a Cold or Croup.

At the first sign of a cold breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei). It will relieve the most stubborn cold in the head in five minutes.

Hyomei's way is nature's way. It is a well known fact that we breathe disease germs and you can only overcome them by breathing the healing essence provided by nature. The medicated air of Hyomei immediately comes into contact with the disease germs. These they quickly overcome and destroy. The work of healing is then commenced.

The Hyomei outfit consists of a hard rubber pocket inhaler and a bottle of Hyomei. This costs \$1.00 (Extra bottle 50c.) All druggists or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont.

Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds and croup. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Beware Of The Mummy.

Egyptian Story Showing Effects of Speaking Ill of a Dead Ruler.

A correspondent of the Egyptian Gazette relates a strange adventure that happened to him. He visited the Cairo Museum, accompanied by a friend, and in the course of his inspection came across the mummy of Ahmose I. in the wall case not far from the jewel room.

He turned to his companion and made some remark about the extreme ugliness of the mummy's face. No sooner had he made that remark than he was overcome with a feeling of suffocation as if a cord was being tightened around his neck. The feeling lasted for about a minute and then gradually began to pass away.

The correspondent admits that he and his fellow traveller were considerably shaken by the incident, which was all the more extraordinary in that he had never had a day's illness in his life.

Doubtless scientists and medical men will have their theory for this incident, but all the same it has an uncanny flavor. There is indeed a popular superstition, whether fostered by the dragons in order to mystify and overawe tourists one cannot say, that the mummies still retain the powers of wizardry which in the fulness of their life they were credited with possessing. As a result many folk absolutely decline to look at the mummified remains of Egypt's ancient kings, as they fear the spirits of those personages will wreak their vengeance on them for their profane gaze.

I personally know level-headed, rational residents who, fascinated by the Sphinx, can stand and look at it for an hour on end, but who would go in mortal terror of their lives if they were in its presence to let fall any personal remark about its ugliness or dilapidated condition. It is said that superstition is dying out in this age of civilization, but in the land of the Pharaohs it is still as alive as ever. Incidents like the one above serve to keep it well alive. Ex.



Idle Money

If you have a few hundred or a few thousand dollars that is idle, you can put it to work earning you good interest by placing a Money to Loan Ad. in our Classified Want Columns.

People with gilt-edge collateral often require ready cash and will pay good interest for it. Put your money to work.

Ottawa, Jan. 29.—Wireless messages were received to-day by Premier Borden and Hon. J. D. Hazen over the new Marconi service between Glace Bay in Cape Breton and Aamjuej in Spain in reply to the messages sent on Saturday to the Spanish Premier and Minister of Trade and Commerce. Premier Canalejas and his Ministerial colleague acknowledged Canada's felicitations in the formal opening of the service, and extended to the people of Canada the good wishes of the Spanish nation.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

Woman's eyes recognized the badge of breeding in his stalwart manhood. His eyes met hers, her big, gray Irish eyes that sparkled against the flush of her cheeks. He stepped forward, for these eyes summoned him. The spirit of command was in them. There was something regal about her, sitting there among those cringing men on her pawing horse. He instinctively recognized that quality as regal by waiting for her to speak to him — waiting just a fraction of time, and hardly realizing that he did so — but he waited.

"There is mischief abroad here, to-day, sir, I am afraid. Our little place is in a bad way. A stranger. You will find it so, usually. Mr. Wiggins will see that your loss is made up to you."

"That will be out of the question, Miss Corran."

"My father would have done so, if he were alive. I represent my father, sir. He was proud of this village. A stranger was his guest. This accident would not have happened except for the strange conditions here to-day. Please see Mr. Wiggins. It was not the words, but the tone, she had addressed him as though he were a mental."

He was angry, now, as well as ashamed. With the instinct of race, he realized that this upcountry girl did not understand the finer graces of conventionalities. Environment and training had made of her a woman of the ancient race of the Corrans; she was speaking to him as the chateau, not as the maidens whom chance had thrown in his company.

"Pardon me, Miss Corran, but my accident concerns me alone. I beg that you will not trouble yourself further in the affair."

He spoke stiffly, and she understood the rebuke. For the first time in her life, she realized the full force of the social code, borne in upon her by rebuke from a stranger and an equal. She had been too thoroughly isolated in her little sovereignty, and had forgotten, shame, as vivid as the flame in her cheeks revealed it.

"Harris," she cried, whirling on that terror-stricken vassal, "I shall hold you and every man in hearing of my voice to account for the actions of this day. If you shame my father's memory, or disgrace his daughter, you shall suffer."

She slashed the horse, and his calked hoofs rained splinters from the platform planks as he galloped away. George started to make his way up the street in the dust that her horse left. He was in a state of mind that he, himself, recognized as distinctly savage. The tall man tagged him, swinging the shoes, and grinning amiably and significantly at their profane gaze.

"Leadin' your own shells is interestin', but you can't always save money by doing it," volunteered the stranger, looking back with calm interest at the remnants of the trunk. What was left of it was burning.

Through the press of men who came to him, proffering objects that they had salvaged, squeezed the author of the mischief.

"It was me that done it!" he gasped. "It looked like powder, and it smelled like powder, and I lit a match to make sure. It was powder. But, I'm square, mister, I'll settle, if you'll take an order on Peg Wiggins."

George felt that he couldn't trust himself to discuss the matter. He took from the outstretched hands such articles as they had rescued. They were a few little personal conveniences that the explosion had not injured, and he stuffed them into his pockets and turned to leave. It was plain that his wardrobe was not worth gathering up. When the unfortunate gentleman got in his way again with an offer to settle the damages, the young man pushed roughly past, and kept on. The man who had rescued the boots followed at his heels.

In the struggle of little buildings that made up the settlement, the tavern was distinguished by its size, for Corran-cache as a "jumping-off place" had many transients.

George found no one in the big, bare, general room except some sleepy-looking loafers. In a pen in one corner, a man who was apparently postmaster as well as landlord was busy with a mail bag.

The fellow with the shoes noted that the young man bent inquiring gaze on the loafers, none of whom seemed to respond as though they were interested in the new arrival. "Lookin' for anybody in special?" asked the tall man.

"I'm going to meet Lynch Smart and Civilian Niles here!" said George. He reached his hands for his shoes, but the tall man made no move to surrender them.

"No, you ain't goin' to meet 'em, either," he advised promptly. "I say I am I have an appointment

with them. They are explorers, and have."

"You can't tell me who Lynch Smart and Fatty Niles are. I knowed them two when that mountain over there was only a hole in the ground. But I say you ain't goin' to meet 'em here, because they left this mornin'. Each one of 'em took plenty of ot-bacco and a pocket full of dried raisins for grub, so I reckon they're bound away for a long trip! Are you that forester feller that was due here last night?"

"I was delayed," stated the young man, his heart sinking. "You don't mean to tell me that those men have gone away into the woods in this fashion — weren't willing to wait one day?"

The tall man inspected his tobacco leisurely before biting into it. "A date is a date with them two," he said calmly. "If a man doesn't show up when he says he will, it's his own fault when he's dealin' with Lynch Smart and Civ Niles. They was off and away at six o'clock this mornin'. Bein' as they're good fellers on the hoof, it wouldn't do you much good to holler after 'em, seein' that it's most dinner time now."

"I've got to catch those men," declared George desperately. He realized that he had been the one at fault. He had wasted twenty-four hours on the road on an impulse of the heart. That a couple of explorers would not wait that much time for a forester of the Great Trust Co. had not occurred to him — yes, he confessed it, now, in that moment of humiliation — to his sense of self-importance.

The loafers stared at him, mumbling certain praises regarding hustling qualities of Smart and Niles; the tall man, settling his tobacco in his cheek, looked down on him quizzically. "Which way did they go?" demanded the forester. "I'll walk all night, if need be, but I've got to catch those men."

"If these here was some of those seven-league boots like they used to have in the old days, I'd advise you to start out." The man dangled the footgear before George's face. "But there are three trails leadin' north, and they may have taken any one, or they may have struck right into the woods, spottin' timber. You can't reckon on them two any more'n you can reckon on a cross-eyed lucive on glare ice."

The landlord had caught the drift of the conversation and come out of his pen. "If your felt your ears burnin', last night, Mister Forester," he said, "without relish for the situation, 'it was when Lynch and Civ were sayin' I don't mean no offense! I'm tellin' you what they did. If he listened to 'em hard, a man might get the general impression that they wasn't fussin' about gettin' mixed into newfangled forestry. And then again they ain't no hands to wait other folks' motions."

"If you'd got along so as to go with 'em, they was intendin' to walk your legs off 'n you," observed one of the loafers.

"What you want to do is to plaster yourself on to 'em now in spite of themselves," suggested the landlord, chuckling. "It will be a good joke on Lynch and Civ."

Although the loafers agreed to this with hilarity, the young man was unable to see anything to laugh at in the situation. "Here's Romeo Bragg, here" — the landlord pointed to the tall man — "who is one of the best guides that ever slipped his boot. He'll help you catch 'em somewhere. Yes, he'll help you catch 'em! He'll relish seein' 'em squirm when you're plastered on to 'em."

The guilelessness of the landlord's sense of humor on the climax of that day of ironical affront, but somehow George did not want to resent this jesting by angry retort. That, he reflected, would make worse his situation. Without regard to his feelings, the whole section seemed to be taking him as a joke. He realized, all of a sudden, what his new profession of forestry had to contend with in the face of the grim woods' heresy that put revenue first.

"You'll go with him, won't you, Romeo?" asked the landlord. "He ain't asked me to," the guide grumbled.

George had no authority to hire a helper. But the need of a guide was pressing, and Mr. Bragg's eyes were honest, and his legs were long, and seemed adapted for travel through slash and blow-downs.

At the end of five minutes, negotiations were concluded. "Where shall I set your baggage?" asked Mr. Bragg, joggling the shoes. George took them. "I'm in a nice position to strike into the woods," he said disconsolately.

Mr. Bragg looked him over without appearing to be impressed by this destitution. "You've got a good suit of clothes, a hat, them boots, a gun, and you callers. That's more'n most explorers

have. How was you intendin' to take that trunk — in your pocket, or have me wheel it on a wheelbarrow?"

"I didn't exactly know what the situation was, up here," confessed George. "I brought some things for comfort."

"The situation is," declared Bragg bluntly, "that duds hunters and that truck can go into the woods and loaf along with a whole grocery store a-taggin' 'em, if they're a mind to pay for havin' it toted. But a man that goes into the woods on explorin' business has got to eat wind and sleep standin' up if he expects to get anywhere and do what he's sent to do. A man that is so beholden to critter comforts that he has to cinch a lot of stuff on his back and give it a free ride, better paste on the rest, and get down on all fours and call himself a jackass and be done with it."

"Look here, my friend, I haven't any more time to waste on lectures. And I'm mighty tired of being played out longer as a tenderfoot. I've hired you to guide me. We'll start, I've got a pair of woods boots for outfit, anyway."

"After the funeral, I'm your man," said Mr. Bragg. George was putting on his stout foot-gear. He stopped, and glared. "And let those men get forty-eight hours' start? No, sir! We're out of here in half an hour."

"There are only two men in the north country that would leave this place and what's goin' on here," stated Bragg. "They're Lynch Smart and Civ Niles — and they seemed to give good reason for skippin'. As for me, I don't go till it's over."

"There are others," said the forester, lacing his shoes. "I'd like to see you pick one up hereabouts," put in his landlord. "I don't mean to realize what's goin' on, here."

The music of a band came to their ears. It was playing a decorous tune, this time.

"I'll go alone," shouted George, but he knew that this was the threat of a fool.

"Good-by," said Bragg calmly. "I'll pass word to the crews. They'll whistle the toothpicks and follow you."

"Bragg," pleaded the young man, "this is serious business for me. No matter about details. But my job depends on getting in with those men. I can't even begin my work until I find them. They have the instructions. I've got to go."

"And so you go — but this isn't runnin' after a street car. I'll take you later. But you can't pull me nor any other man out of this village till Cornelius Corran's funeral is over, not if you hitch four tote horses onto me or them. If you think you can, go try."

Mr. Bragg lighted his pipe, and went away to join the mob that was marching to band music. Only the landlord was left in the big, lonesome office.

"If you've got a room," said George, after meditating a little while, "I think I'll go to it. I need a little rest."

"I thought you'd come to your senses," said the boniface, and led the way.

The sound of music woke George. He had been dreaming of his wedding. He dreamed that he was walking down the aisle away from the altar with Mary. The strains of the wedding march followed them. Then he opened his eyes, and the rapture faded out of his soul.

The dingy walls of the little bedroom of the tavern were about him. The church, the flowers, the happy faces, the trembling touch of his bride's hand on his arm — all the dream flickered out. It seemed very dark for a moment, though the sun was glaring pitilessly in at the uncurtained window, and he realized that it was mid-afternoon. He lay for a moment, and listened. The music of a band had awakened him. It was growing louder. It was approaching. Only half awake, he stumbled to the window.

It was the funeral cortege of Cornelius Corran — and the terms of his will had been carried out.

A wangan bateau had been slung upon wheels, and in it was the ornate coffin. There were no flowers. On head and foot of the casket were coils of snubbing warp. Six tote-team horses drew this outfit, and Governor Harris sat beside the driver, his rusty plug hat adding funeral dignity.

One of the bands marched close behind and droned the tune of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." George decided that Corran must have selected that wane when he made his other arrangements; it fitted the general scheme so perfectly.

But the spectacle of the girl interested him most of all. She was obeying. She was fulfilling that dreadful come, dutifully, resolutely. She sat erect on her big horse, her black velvet habit scarcely more ebony than his shining coat. The black of her robe and her hat made her face seem

very pale. Harry George had never beheld a more striking picture. But what attracted him most was the courage of the girl. He had been entertaining his own opinion of a daughter who could obey such an outrageous command from a father. His own eyes pardoned her, now. He felt that he understood better.

She led the way, marshaling that unspeakable parade, and yet so wholly aloof from it in poise and demeanor that her dignity did not suffer. She was Clare Corran, carrying out the wishes of a father who had always found her loyal. And so she passed, and the young man at the window looked down on her with a new appreciation of what such loyalty meant.

She glanced up as she passed. She caught sight of him. It might have been something in his expression — some hint that he understood; it might have been memory of her patronizing treatment of this young stranger at the railroad station; but color came into her cheeks. And in that moment, as their glances met, she seemed to him not "Queen Clare," of the Great Toban, but a very forlorn creature who ought to be cuddled in motherly arms, instead of being forced to play such a part in the pageant on that solemn day that left her an orphan.

Behind the coffin, came the rest of the rout. Men on foot, most of them staggering. All had been doing full justice to the hospitality that Cornelius Corran had flung to them from his deathbed. And, last of all, the second band closed the file, playing "And Lang Syne."

Thus departed Cornelius Corran to his last resting place.

George had laid aside only coat and waistcoat when he lay down for his nap. He put them on, and went below into the deserted men's room, thoroughly by dousing water upon his head at the sink. The westerling sun had left a corner of shade on the porch, and he sat down out there in a rickety, strap-bottomed chair, and smoked his pipe. He was trying to compose himself in patience until such time as Mr. Bragg should conclude that he had exhausted the resources of the Corran funeral and should be ready to start on the trail of the eloping explorers.

Bill Kyle appeared to him. Mr. Kyle had apparently dropped out of the procession.

"I was afraid they'd call on that orator for another oration at the grave," he confessed to the young man. "I stood out up at the house, and that's enough for one day."

He filled his pipe, and lighted it. "What do you think of her, now that you've seen her?" he asked, closing one eye as he looked at George. "I know a lot of young chaps that would fall in love with her before they fell in love with her timberlands. But, in your case, I suppose you can combine business and pleasure."

George was too disgusted to reply to this rally.

"I was speaking to Blinn Wiggins about it," went on the jocular trouble stirrer. "I told him the Great Trust Co. knew what they were doing when they picked out a good-looking chap and sent him up here. Why, son, you began making good with her right there on the railroad platform, to-day, when you stood on the burning trunk and all but you had fled, or worse to that effect. She began you, and that's something like loving. Now, you —"

"Kyle, I've told you once or twice that I don't relish that kind of joking. Now, you cut it out."

"What he he you going to do about it, if I don't?" inquired Kyle lazily. He balanced his huge fists on his knees. "But I won't hurt you, son. All I'll do is brush you away, if you ever come at me. I'll have to do that much. But you really ought to get this matter with Blinn Wiggins straightened out. Save your muscle for him, son. For he didn't seem to like what I was telling him about you."

"What grudge have you got against me, Mr. Kyle? I'm attending to my own business. But you seem determined to get me into trouble."

"Don't they ever have a little innocent fun down where you come from?"

"Damn your sense of humor!" exploded the young man. "Try it on some one else."

"It seems to work best on you," replied Mr. Kyle serenely. Then, he chuckled his appreciation of the young man's wrath. "And young Wiggins has been paddling in enough foolish water, to-day, to have it work on him just about as nicely. I like to see things brought to a head."

"What in Heaven's name do you want to be so malicious for?" pleaded George desperately.

"Maybe I ain't had theatre shows enough in 'my lifetime," confessed Kyle. "I have to get up my own shows. A man can't go through his whole life suffering for entertainment."

Others had begun to flock back toward the tavern, the centre of the village. The hot sun had dulled the marching ardor of some; in the tavern was a room where Corran cheer was dispensed freely. In a few moments the big room, the porch, and the street in front were thronged by clamorous celebrators.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

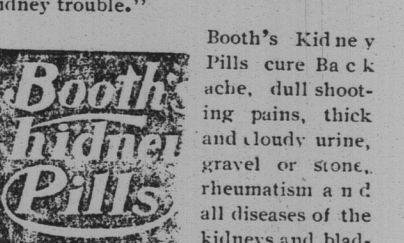
The Memory of General Gordon will forever remain green in the hearts of the British people. His own blameless life and then his tragic death stand out in popular mind as almost sacred memories. Twenty-seven years ago Gordon was foully slain at Khartoum, Egypt, on the spot where on Friday last a Cathedral erected to his memory was opened and dedicated. At the ceremony was Lord Kitchener, who led the British forces which avenged Gordon's death. On the Cathedral site Lord Kitchener caused to be conducted with great pomp and ceremony, a memorial service to be a dead hero. General Sir Reginald Wingate, now Governor General of the Sudan; General Slatin, who narrowly escaped Gordon's fate; and Bishop Ingram of London were also present. Many thousands of the Sudanese and other Moslems witnessed the ceremony, and perhaps learned among other things that, while Britain is always ready to forgive, she is always ready to maintain her supremacy wherever it is once established. —Tor. Globe.

Women Suffer

More Than Men.

Women have more than their share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity. They must "keep up," in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, etc. Mrs. Edward Calwood of 123 Harold Street, Fort William Ont., says:

"I suffered with dull, miserable pains, in my sides for months. They would catch me so badly at times that I could scarcely move around. I would have dizzy spells and altogether, felt generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and found them an excellent remedy. They not only relieved me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back but cured me of my kidney trouble."



Booth's Kidney Pills cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel or stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

All druggists and dealers 50c. a box or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Fort Erie, Ont. If you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Could we say more? Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

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