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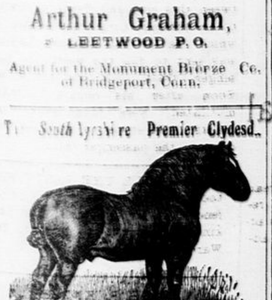

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Hamilton Jockey Club will be turned early Sat... loss $15,000.

Mrs. Sarah Elnor of Toronto was seriously injured by falling from an ... line in Manitoba.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

CAMEO KIRBY
By Booth Tarkington AND Harry Leon Wilson
Adapted From the Play of the Same Name by
W. B. M. Ferguson
Copyright, 1908, by the Ainslee Magazine Company

"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 not 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 interrogation challenging both her lips.

"No, I was never afraid of a man," he admitted quietly. "But I am afraid of a—"

"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 vividly, she sought the garden seat, half turning her back, while she pretended to arrange a restless wrap which she came to she still carried.

"I gather from the stories you read the General," he continued, bending toward her, while he smiled half cynically, "that the bad prince always ... 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 doesn't want to take the risk."

Her answer came tremulously, but with a 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 daringly, 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, Goodby." And throwing the camellia 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 goodby 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 toil, demanding more than Kirby owned. He felt weary, spent, utterly forsaken and alone, the bleak and barren future stretching interminably before him. Hostage of his bitter humor, he was oblivious to the fact that the old negro, Croup, watching his opportunity, had stolen from the house and was now regarding him fixedly, and he started when at length the other timidly ventured to address him.

"Marse, yo' scuse me, sah. Could yo' be so 'bligin' an' kind fo' me to ask yo' a question?" prefaced Croup, with a humble bow. "I got a very strong membunce o' de way yo' is favored in de profyle, but it must 'a' been a long time since yo' was here, kase I don't place yo' das right, specially by de name, sah."

"I have never been here before," replied Kirby truthfully.

"Well, I 'clah ole Croup got a rack his wood some, kase I knows yo' face as well as I knows my own. I bet I ain't goin' to get to sleep a wink tonight tryin' to membeh whah it was I know yo', sah."

Amused by the other's evident perplexity, Kirby in his characteristic fashion temporarily dismissed his own trouble and said, with a smile: "Come, cheer up. It isn't as bad as that."

Instantly Croup turned, electrified, while he clapped both hands behind outstanding ears. "What yo' say, sah?" he cried. "Bless God, 'Li'l' Marse Come Cheer Up!' It's done come to me. It's Marse Gene Kirby!"—

"S-sh! Don't call me that," warned the other, jumping to his feet.

"No, sah. I don't say dat name no mo'," replied Croup, with an effort restraining his excitement and pleasure. "'Twas your own pa done riz me, sah, an' yo' can trust me clean throo to de bone. I'm Croup, what done knowed yo' was li'l marse. But what yo' doin' here? 'Tain't safe. Dey das nachally goin' to kill yo', Marse Gene. Honey, yo' must git off'n dis land as quick as yo' kin."

"Thank you for the warning, Croup," said Kirby, offering his hand. "But don't you worry about me. I'm going. Can you get two horses for me? Good! Have them saddled and bring them around on the road."

As the old serving man ambled away Larkin Bunce appeared. The plethoric gambler was thoroughly miserable with his surroundings and had decided to make a last appeal to his partner.

"Praise the Lord," he began earnestly, "that the nigger's given you sense enough to see that you've got to go. You know where you are now, don't you? I heard you askin' for horses. Well, you kite for the river. I'm too fat to keep up, but I'll ketch you later on. Come. We can't get off too soon."

"I can't leave until I've seen Miss Randall," replied Kirby, with quiet finality. "I have told her that I would wait for her here."

"Why, you gosh a'mighty idiot!" bleated Bunce. "Don't you know Miss Randall's liable to be here any minute and a posse with him? If I could track you out here from Noo Orleans, he kin, kain't he? Ain't you ever gonna git on to dem 'Wait a minute' necklaces of theirs? Surely you ain't reached your time of life without knowin' what a woman means when she says 'Wait a minute,' and she didn't even say that. You kain't wait for her, I tell you."

"I'd wait for her till the Lord quit ... replied Kirby ... "Well, she comes, I go. ... more, Bunce, help me get ... ed to an invisible audience for pity, for compassion, at his thus being associated with an utter knave.

"You pore lost soul!" he finally groaned. "Do you think I don't know what's the matter with you? I seen you look at her. What business have you got hangin' around a lady, even if you wouldn't git shot for just comin' here? What chance have you got with a lady anyway? Ain't there women enough in the world? You know no lady would have anything to do with our kind. You got no business"—

"I don't hurt her if I only look at her, do I?" snapped Kirby, whirling upon his partner in sudden passion. "My God, if a man's been outside the walls for years you can't blame him for wanting to look at the flowers a minute if he gets into the garden some day. That can't harm them."

"Gene, do you know you're crazy yourself?" sadly pronounced Bunce, with a shake of the head. "They say them loonies do know it sometimes. And a nice, crazy turn you done me, too, tying me up here with folks like these," he added, with vehement reproach as full realization of his many wrongs overcame him. "You know I never had nothin' to say to no ladies, and as soon as I ever see one I choke up, and my neck gets hot and my ears git red. Interduced me as his secretary," again appealing to the invisible audience. "Waugh! Secretary! I'd make a h— of a secretary, wouldn't I? Come on, Gene. Pry yourself loose from all this darn foolishness before it's too late."

"I've already given you my decision," interrupted Kirby, with some asperity. "But Larkin, don't let my affairs delay you."

Bunce, after a farewell invocation of the heavens, resigned himself to the inevitable and, seating himself on the garden seat, proceeded to pick his teeth, while he fastened a plaintive and expectant eye on the distant house.

The partners sat in moody silence for some time until at length their reveries were interrupted by the advent of Judge Pleydell, Mr. Randall and M. Veaudry. The judge had but returned from the steamboat landing, and as he approached the occupants of the garden seat his expression was of so serious a character that Bunce, ever on the lookout for trouble, now scented danger and, nudging his companion, jumped to his feet. But Kirby, though wary eyed, remained outwardly cool and entirely self possessed and, embracing this heaven sent opportunity of further aggravating his partner, promptly introduced the latter as "my secretary."

"Colonel Moreau, sir," began the judge, somewhat astonished at the ferocity of Mr. Bunce's bow, "I have the most astonishing piece of news for you. What would you say if I told you that you had no right to be here at all, sir?"

As Pleydell, preserving his stern demeanor, laid a hand on Kirby's shoulder his companions exchanged startled and significant glances, while Mr. Bunce grew apologetic and edged nearer his partner. All eyes were now on Kirby, but his expression of mild surprise and courteous interest never changed.

"Well, I reckon I'd have to say that the joke was on me, judge," he calmly replied.

Pleydell began to laugh.

"Well, sir, according to rumor, you ain't here. According to rumor, you ain't anywhere, because you're dead." To him it was a huge joke, and he roared until the tears mingled with his snowy mustache, all ignorant of the fact that he had propounded a literal truth; ignorant of the fact that his companions were still significantly eying each other and that Mr. Bunce was having exceeding difficulty with his collar. In fact, Kirby was the sole member of the interested audience who appeared to appreciate the full humor of the situation.

"When is my funeral?" he asked, with a smile. "I don't want to miss that."

His composure somewhat recovered, but still chuckling and occasionally going off into another spasm of laughter, the judge proceeded to explain the manner in which he had gained the interesting information.

"I HAVE THE MOST ASTOUNDING PIECE OF NEWS FOR YOU."

the family fortunes. She was determined to look her best that night and in this feminine maneuver was enthusiastically supported by her aunt and Ann Pleydell, who, if they did not suspect the cause, were entirely happy with the result, for they had long been urging the girl to discard the morbid preoccupation and settled misery which had threatened to sap vitality, embitter life, unwillingly sought and hoped for some means of transforming her into the girl she once had been.

It now appeared as if their most optimistic desires had materialized, for it had been many a long day since Adele had evinced such anxious care and pride in her toilet, assumed the necessary duty with such lightsome heart and eager, feverish fingers. With pardonable vanity she closely scanned her reflection in the mirror, seeking a blemish and finding it not. Indeed, her toilet finished, the result more than justified her elaborate and careful preparation. As a finishing touch she pinned in her coiffure the white camellia which Kirby had discarded, and, conscious that she had done her very best in this important detail of her maneuver, she repaired to the veranda, accompanied by Mme. Davezac and Miss Pleydell, suitably attired for the evening.

The moon had now risen, flooding the garden with its brilliant light and disclosing Mr. Randall and M. Veaudry standing a little apart from the others, their attitude eloquent of hostile suspicion. A pregnant silence had succeeded the General's exclamation, a silence broken at length by a terse whisper from Bunce.

"Come, Gene," he urged, catching the other's arm. "The boy has let it out. Look at that man's face," indicating Aaron Randall.

Kirby nodded imperceptibly while he calmly patted the General's head.

"Gentlemen," he said, bowing to the others, "I regret I am taking my leave. I only wait to say goodby to Miss Randall."

"Who is it speaks of leaving?" suddenly demanded Adele's clear voice, and, turning, they all saw the ladies watching them from the veranda. "Colonel Moreau," added the girl, coming down the steps and approaching Kirby, while Mme. Davezac and Ann Pleydell echoed her protests, "you cannot think of leaving. Dinner is served, and your place at table is next to me. Will you give me your arm?" smiling up into his eyes.

The full significance of her change of attire, the delicate but overwhelming compliment paid by the white camellia and the message it mutely conveyed, the great honor shown him, the overpowering appeal which this new, wondrous, resplendent Adele made to his already captive senses, wiped out in a breath all Kirby's hitherto adamantine resolution and fixity of purpose, obliterated all thoughts of the ... of care for his ardent Galahad.

"Now git to those hosses," implored Bunce, sensing that his partner was in peril of yielding dominion to this feminine appeal. "Git to the hosses, Gene."

"Hang the horses!" cried Kirby recklessly. "I'm going to dinner with a lady."

Throwing whip and hat on the garden seat, he bowed to Adele and offered his arm, while Larkin Bunce, inwardly raging at this new and sublime act of lunacy, turned helplessly to his sympathetic but invisible audience.

CHAPTER X.

DUE in a great measure to Kirby's and Adele's high spirits, which infected all but three members of the company, the dinner in honor of Colonel Moreau was an entire success and, in fact, could not have been surpassed had that unfortunate gentleman himself been present. Judge Pleydell, believing that he was assisting to entertain one who by championing the cause of the Randalls, while at the same time ridding the community of the notorious Cameo Kirby, had earned his lasting esteem and gratitude, told his best stories in his happiest vein, and Mme. Davezac, together with Ann Pleydell, suffering under the same delusion, put forth every effort to charm, even going to the length of heartily applauding the judge's most venerable and moth ravaged yarns.

No mean raconteur himself, Kirby ransacked his vast store of personal experience for interesting topics of conversation that would bear rehearsal in the present company, and even Bunce, finally and unwillingly drawn by some mysterious spell into the vortex of small talk carefully selected, as befitted a "secretary," the least innocuous of his many escapades and ventured to confide it to the demure ear of his dinner partner, Miss Pleydell. This heroic action of the old river gambler—for he was desperately embarrassed at the honor shown him and thoroughly cognizant what must be the inevitable and tragic ending of his partner's reckless action—is sufficient testimony to the fact that the preoccupied manner of M. Veaudry, coupled with Mr. Randall's grave silence and studied courtesy toward Kirby, had no effect upon the spirits of the company; it, indeed, their demeanor was even noted by the majority.

Before entering the house the two gentlemen in question had come to an understanding regarding the status of their guest, concurring in the opinion that he was impersonating the gentleman in whose honor the dinner had been planned. But Aaron alone had found a sinister significance in the General's observation to the effect that Kirby wore a quantity of cameos, and, although he lacked authentic evidence upon which to erect his suspicions, while likewise granting that it was an amazing and unbelievable action for ... of his enemies, he vaguely sensed that the pseudo Colonel Moreau was none other than the notorious Eugene Kirby.

To be Continued.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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PAPER WAS APPRECIATED

WAS READ AT MEETING OF THE WOODVILLE W. I.

The Woodville branch of the Women's Institute held a most successful meeting at the home of Mrs. R. Thomas on Thursday of last week. Miss E. Dougall gave an excellent paper on "The Importance of Rest and Recreation in the Life of the Home Maker." Too often the home maker neglects the necessary rest and recreation, which is often irritable, making the life of those she loves in the home a burden instead of making home the dearest place on earth. Then the change of work and occupation should not be neglected, it is necessary to the man who goes ... or the simply homely tasks day after ... day.

The Woodville brach will hold an open meeting on the grounds of the Presbyterian church on July 3rd. Everyone is welcome. Ladies are asked to bring their baskets. A short musical program will be given and an address on "Listen, Learn and Love," by Mrs. Shaw, of Hespeler.

Peerless Wing And Rifle Shot

Annie Oakley, the peerless wing and rifle shot of the world, who is well and favorably known in this city, will appear as the right particular star of the Young Buffalo Wild West Show, which will exhibit in Lindsay afternoon and night, Friday, July 7. Miss Oakley was born in Woodland, Darke county, Ohio, of Quaker parentage. Though her parents were opposed to the use of fire arms, she secured possession of one at the age of fourteen and soon became the sole provider of game for the family table. It was when she was seventeen years old that she made her first public appearance and she soon rose to the highest point in her profession. She is known as "America's shooting star," and as the world's most famous wing and rifle shot. During her career she has traveled over fourteen countries and has exhibited her skill before all of the crowned heads of Europe. The late King Edward of England, before whom she gave five exhibitions, and who was himself a fine shot, said to her on one occasion: "You are the greatest shot I have ever seen—American should be proud of you." To this the peerless woman riflist replied: "Your Majesty, I am proud of America." In company with Annie Oakley, the Young Buffalo Wild West Show will present Curtis Laston, Col. O. H. Stevens, and Col. Stewart, the four making up the greatest quartet of marksmen ever seen in a single attraction. The Young Buffalo Show opens its engagement in this city with a great free street parade, which is entirely different from that offered by other attractions of this nature. It is more than a mile in length and one of its features is its great team of twenty oxen driven through the streets by one man. The 700 men and women of this aggregation will participate in this street demonstration.

Graphite Near Lindsay In Small Lots

Lindsay might yet become a mining town as it is reported that graphite was found not far from town a short time ago. While working some land a short distance from town Mr. Isaac Deyell came across some rock which bore markings of some kind of metal. He went to the expense to have the same analyzed, but it was found that there was not sufficient graphite to pay the cost of the working it.

Hydro-Electric power was turned on at Tillsonburg Saturday.

W. J. Thompson, farmer, was killed by lightning at Cloverdale, Man.

Mrs. John Dresser, aged 58, drowned herself in a well at Proton Station, Ont.