

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Dr. W. S. Carter, Sept. of Education for this province was here during the week and is making and extended visit of the schools of this county.

Allan Stewart, Mascarene was in town for a few hours on Tuesday.


Geo. McMaster of Boston who has been here for the past week on account of the death of his brother-in-law N. Meeting and helping his sister in her business, left for his home yesterday, expecting to return again shortly.

Josp. Meeting who is now at Flume Ridge was here to attend the funeral of his uncle returning on Wednesday.

Miss Laura Boyd of Pennfield is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Crickard.

A Yankee's Products.

The recent death of Walter Hubbard of Meriden, calls attention to the great concern with which he was associated and of which the founder, N. L. Bradley still survives. The Bradley & Hubbard Manufacturing Co. of Meriden is the largest manufacturer in the world of gas, electric and oil lighting and fixtures, and it has all grown from the beginnings of Mr. Bradley. His first work was in making clocks in Meriden, a part of Southington. In 1834 he removed to Meriden and Mr. Hubbard and others joined him. This business did well until the Civil War temporarily broke it up and then, to keep their men busy for a while, the concern printed American flags on white cotton cloth and carried this on successfully until the regular business revived. When oil was discovered in Pennsylvania, Mr. Bradley jumped to the conclusion that this was the coming light and in the absence of his partner, embarked to the oil lamp manufacture, the first concern in the country. Mr. Hubbard returning after an absence of several months told him that a mistake had been made. It hardly proved so, on the contrary, it meant a fortune for both men. Bradley has conducted the manufacturing end of the business and for a long time did this alone. Later he took in C. Linsley, now one of Meriden's well known citizens as superintendent and secretary. In 1885 a small boy asked Bradley for a job. He was so persistent that he was taken out and set to sweeping out the factory in the early morning. That small boy is today John L. Billard who a while ago bought out the Boston and Maine road, giving his note for something like a dozen millions for it. Messrs. Bradley, Hubbard, Linsley and Billard are striking evidence of American opportunity and American capability and incidentally of the enterprise and executive ability that have made Meriden known all over the world.



A FORTUNE IN IT
If you could place an ad in the Moon millions of people would read it. Even then it would only be valuable a few nights each month, whereas a few lines in this paper while more limited in its scope will cover this particular locality every day in the year.

ADVERTISE

IN THE

"GREETINGS"

A GRAVE MISTAKE

By Donald Firey

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.) Any one would have looked twice at the girl who was coming through the big gates of the railway station together with several hundred other people who had got out of a train.

Once apart from the crowd she hesitated a moment, her eyes sweeping the bystanders. Suddenly she caught sight of a good looking young man who wore a violent crimson tie and patent leather shoes, and who was most patiently waiting - she beamed so relievedly that he unconsciously stepped forward as she fluttered down upon him.

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I knew it was you the instant I saw you! Helen said when she wrote to tell me why she couldn't meet me, and that she would send her brother Dick. She told me such a lot about you because you were such a dreadful fuss. I beg your pardon. Of course, your tie isn't at all dreadful, but red, you know."

"Oh, don't mention it," begged the young man, as she struggled in embarrassment. "I'm always getting rot about my ties, but—"

"How is Helen?" cried the girl in brown. "I'm just dying to see the dear thing! Just think! We haven't set eyes on each other since we were at school two years ago. I think it was perfectly lovely of her to invite me to spend the holidays, and she's planned so many delightful things to do. And isn't it fine that you could be here, too? Actually, Helen sung the praises of her brother so much at school that we girls used to get tired of you. That is -- I mean, not of you, but of hearing of you. That sounds impolite, I know, but I don't mean—"

"Oh, I understand," said the young man hastily. He seemed fascinated, but uncomfortable.

"Don't you think we'd better be starting?" asked the girl in brown, with an excited little dance step and a lift of her pretty eyebrows. The young man picked up her bag and opened his mouth, but she broke in again as they began edging their way to the stairs.

"I'm so glad you are a Harvard man," she burst out, "because nearly all the men I know are, and it makes us just about the same as acquaintances, doesn't it? I suppose there is going to be a dance, isn't there?" Helen said so. "I'm so glad. Don't you like dancing?" "I should say so!" agreed the young man, who was making no pretence of haste to reach the stairs. "I wish though—"

"Oh, I know," said the girl in brown. "When a man dances he is bored to death with invitations because so many are invited and they won't and just spoil a party. Now Helen goes to a lot of dances since she has her coming out party? I expect she is a tremendous belle, because she is such a splendid looking girl. I hope you won't be bored to death at having me on your hands next two weeks. It was awfully good of you to tell Helen you'd like to give me a good time. I don't want you to feel you have to neglect any one else — your kind friends, you know — just to be polite to me, because I shan't mind it a bit, and you must have lots of engagements of your own."

"Not at all! Not at all!" said the young man, hastily, with a sigh that seemed a combination of despairing admiration and homesickness. "I should be more than delighted."

"Is that bag of mine heavy?" said the girl in brown with pretty anxiety, as the young man lagged up the stairs. "I'm so sorry, but you see what I'm going to give Helen is in there, and it's weighty. Oh, are you all well again? So stupid of me to forget about that broken collar bone. Isn't football just awful? But it's grand to see a good run. Oh, how I wish I'd seen you in that match! Why, the newspapers—"

"Oh, I say now," protested the young man, looking wildly unhappy and bawling at the door of the station. "Don't be so modest!" said the girl, dimpling. "Where do we go now? Can we get a car or must we take a cab? If a cab, don't get one with a bony horse, because I'm always so sorry for the poor things. I don't enjoy my ride a bit. Do you suppose Helen—"

The young man shook his shoulders like a water spaniel ready for a plunge, but just then a tall girl in blue dashed into the station, and with a cry of "Mabel!" fell on the neck of the pretty girl. Then she turned inquiringly towards the good looking young man, whose face was the color of his tie.

Mabel looked the picture of bewilderment. "What's the matter, Helen?" she asked. "Don't you know your own brother?" cried Helen, in accents of frigid amazement. "How dare he?"

"I never said I was anybody's brother," cried the unhappy young man. "I was just waiting for my train when this young lady—"

But the girl, with an agonized shriek, gathered her bag and Helen, and the two fled out to the street. The young man mopped his forehead and ran for his train.

Is grass greedy because it always wants mowing?

LAMENTATION

by Tom Ikery

Whisper the news so sad,
Tell it with tears and sobs;
Everything's to the bad;
Men are a bunch of sobs.

Gloomy and dark the day,
Everyone's full of dope;
Never can our hearts be gay—
There is no "White Man's Hope."

Artist: My object was to try and express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?

Friend: I have never seen anything more horrible.

Mr. Merchant!

Your Ad. in this Space
would be Read by buyers
Just as you Read it.

Come Buy a Space!

NOTICE

The Christmas sale of fancy goods, dolls and Christmas gifts by the Parish Aid of St. Marks Church will take place on Wednesday, December 19th in the Basement of the Church. Their will also be a sale of home made candy.

The sale will commence at 6.30 P. M.

New York Jeweller Lured To His Death.

New York, Dec. 5. With a fractured skull, and many cuts and bruises about the face and shoulders, the body of I. S. Vogel, a wealthy dealer in jewelry was found today in the engine room of loft building. The condition of the room indicated that Vogel had made a desperate fight for life. Small articles of jewelry were scattered on the floor, but gems of considerable value and a sum of money he is thought to have had in his pocket are missing.

Smith is a lovely baby girl.
The stork left her with a flutter.
Smith named her Oleomargarine,
For he hadn't any but her. —Judge.

Prestige and Irishmen.

A well known Railroad president, in his study of all classes of men who are under him, entertains a great admiration for the Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning this foreman found that his gang had put a hand car on the track without his orders.

"Who put that han' car-r-r on the track?" he asked.

"We did, sor," one of the men answered respectfully.

"Well," he said shortly, "take it off ag'in!"

The laborers did so with some difficulty.

"Now," said the foreman, "put in on ag'in!"

A man killed by an auto was named Frank Britain. That's what an auto driver says of any man that gets in his way.

Rung himself to Death.

Extraordinary circumstances attended the suicide of a church sexton at the Hungarian village of Koros-Bucany recently. The inhabitants were alarmed by the violent ringing of their church bell, and thought a fire must have broken out. As, however, none could be seen, some of them went to the belfry to discover the reason, and there found the body of the sexton dangling from the bell-rope, with which he had hanged himself.

MUTT & JEFF

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HALEY & SON

St. Stephen, - - N. B.



The Collarless Beer.

Prof. Burton N. Gates of Amherst college is trying to develop the stingless bee. While he's at it, he might tackle the collarless beer.

Benevolent old lady who has just given a penny to a small rustic: "Now, my dear, what do you say?" Small rustic, with native politeness: "Give us another!" Collapse of old lady.

Anti-Suffragisms.

Perhaps the Supreme Being made a ridiculous blunder in creating sex, but it is now too late to remedy it. Woman suffrage is so advantageous to men, in relieving them of responsibilities and endowing them with property at the expense of their wives that it is a wonder all men are not in favor of it.

If voting be a natural right, not only men and women but children may vote, for a natural right is acquired at birth and lasts till death. The supreme court of the United States has decided that voting is not a moral right, but a privilege. Governments exist by a consent of a MAJORITY of the governed. There is a small but very dangerous minority in the jails who have never given their consent.



"Vessels Large May Venture More, but Little Ships Must Stay Near Shore."

The large display ads. are good for the large business and the Classified Want Ads. are proportionately good for the small firm. In fact many large firms become rich by the diligent use of the Classified Columns. There is ample good - start now.

A beautiful display of Xmas Novelties at Baesen's. Look for their Xmas ad. in next issue.