

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to P.E.U.N.A.



C. B. FICKER, Mr. Shelton, Ky., says: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Ficker's and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

### Mrs McCord's Match.

"Mrs. Avery isn't here this morning?" said Mrs. Gross, as she shook hands with the minister.

"No, she wasn't feeling very well, and I told her she would get stay in out of the cold," said Mr. Avery. "She's rather saving her strength for the missionary meeting to-morrow."

With face drawn down into severe lines, Mrs. McCord stood by, listening. "Mrs. Gross, I'd like to see you a minute, privately," she said, as soon as the minister turned to another of his flock. He was at the church door shaking hands with the last stragglers after services, and Mrs. McCord had already shaken hands and assured him how much she enjoyed the sermon. "I have a little matter I wish to speak to you about."

Mrs. Gross sighed, and walked meekly after Mrs. McCord. Mrs. Gross was plump and rosy, while Mrs. McCord was thin and angular, but the latter ruled with a rod of iron where she ruled at all. "I do hope you'll be careful not to mention that Mrs. Avery was not at church this morning," she said, in a whisper. "Mr. Avery is new, and he needs all the support we can give him."

"I don't know that there's anything wrong in asking about the minister's wife," said Mrs. Gross striving to pick up courage to take back to Mrs. McCord, as her husband was ever advising her to do.

"But the way you said it! It just sounded as if you thought she ought to be in her place. Outsiders are doing a great deal of talking about Mrs. Avery, and it behooves the church people to stand by her. If it got out that the wife of an official member, publicly complained about the minister's wife, gossips would make great capital of it. I hope you will be more careful."

"Are you ready, Mary?" asked Mr. Gross, rescuing his meek wife from Mrs. McCord's clutches. I have been waiting these fifteen minutes. How do you do, Mrs. McCord? Fine sermon, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was," assented Mrs. McCord. "I was just telling your wife that we must stand by the minister and his family. There is some criticism from people outside the church about his delivery and his pulpit methods, but if we stand by him he'll get long all right."

"Oh, he'll get along first-rate," said Mr. Gross, while his wife pined his arm black and blue. "If gossips and people who think they can run everything in and out of the church will let him get a start, he'll get a good start."

"Just what I said to your wife," said Mrs. McCord. "My words exactly!" Mrs. Gross stopped trying to warn her husband, and instead coughed loudly into her handkerchief. She might have known that Mrs. McCord would never be touched by the plainest of plain hints, for she considered herself the pattern for the whole congregation. Every unkind word she ever heard about the minister she always hastened to tell him, so he would be on his guard, and among the members of the congregation every unkind word she ever heard about the minister she always hastened to tell him, so he would be on his guard, and among the members of the congregation she acted like a very busy wasp stinging here and there, as she went about telling this one what to do and that one how to act. Every one knew her, and all made allowance for her, but it required someone to ve patience with her pretty directions "ussy wa."

"You must come up to the parsonage this week," Mr. Avery was saying to a young lady as they reached the door. My niece, Cordelia Everton, is coming to visit us, and I hope all the young folks will come in to see her. She is just out of high school, and we think her a very lively, interesting girl."

"Now the next thing somebody will be saying is that things are too say at the parsonage," said Mrs. McCord, as they reached the street. "It beats all how multifarious and cranky some folks are. I'm going to tell Mr. Avery to be on his guard against anything of that sort. For my part, I always have enough to do to attend my own affairs, but some people are prone to gossip. I heard the other day that Mrs. Warfield said she thought Mr. Avery's sermons sounded as if he got them out of book, and I intend to call and ask her to be extremely careful what she says. You know how a thing like that runs through a town, and I think the sooner it's hushed up the better."

Finally the McCords—Mrs. McCord and her little dried up husband—turned down their street, and Mr. and Mrs. Gross went on alone. "Did you ever see such a woman? burst out Mr. Gross. She would make an interesting character for a novelist. Always running with her little bits of gossip to the parsonage, and always telling everybody in the congregation their duty. I'd give a pretty penny to see her meet her match some day—but she never will. There's only one like her in this part of the world, or the whole globe for that matter."

The next day Cordelia Everton arrived and to all observers seemed to be a modest, pretty young girl in a stylish but plain costume, who greeted the members of the congregation who happened to be at the station, and to whom her uncle introduced her while waiting for the hack with charming friendliness. Before the end of the week she knew a number of people, and seemed to be enjoying her stay in the little city immensely.

"How do you do?" said Mrs. McCord, as Cordelia opened the door for her one cold winter day. "Is Mrs. Avery at home today?" "Mrs. Avery is at home today," said Mrs. McCord, as she introduced her to Mrs. Warfield, who was sitting in the parlor. "I heard you were here. I'm glad to see you. I've been so anxious to tell you that a young couple from our town are to locate near you. The young man is a dentist and is anxious to get a start in business. You know so much depends upon a good start. And I am particularly anxious about his wife. She is a friend of mine and such a nice girl. If the neighbors begin criticizing her in a strange town it will be dreadful. Mrs. Slocum told me you always went around whenever some new people come into the church and cautioned the neighbors to be very kind and attentive to them, so I thought of you at once Mrs. Warren, that's the young woman's name, complimented at being asked to play at church, Mrs. Jesus says the music committee depends on you so much in picking out an organist, and you might save a good word for Mrs. Warren. And she isn't a very good housekeeper, being an amateur, so I thought you might caution the neighbors about that. Somebody told me how you did when the minister came to this town with a young and inexperienced bride once. Was it Mrs. Warfield who laughed at the bride's cloudy jelly and you went to ask her not to mention it to anyone for fear it would hurt the church work? It seems to me that was the way I heard it."

"It seems to me some people have little to do to tell a pack of stuff like that," put in Mrs. McCord with an acid smile.

"That's just what I say," said Cordelia, "and that is the reason I came direct to you. I knew you had no patience with that sort of thing, so if the neighbors begin talking about Mrs. Warren's housekeeping, which is far from perfect, you will know just what to do to stop all criticisms. It's wonderful to have your ability, Mrs. McCord, but everyone insists that there isn't another woman in the world like you."

The young people Cordelia had met during her stay gave her a farewell party at which fun reigned in spite of the fact that they were all sorry to lose her. Mrs. Gross came running in just before refreshments were served with a huge cake iced with white and decorated with wonderful forget-me-nots. "I'd just like to see Cordelia a minute," she panted, out of breath after her hasty walk. "Want to thank her for all she has done for us."

So, Cordelia, flushed and happy slipped out to the kitchen, and Mrs. Gross kissed the glowing cheeks of the girl she had learned to love. "My dear child," she said, looking up at the tall, beautiful Cordelia, "I am so sorry to see you go. You have done us all a world of good and I want to thank you for it. Mrs. McCord has not thanked me for a month, and I don't believe she ever will again. Mr. Gross said to tell you he had remarked over and over that Mrs. McCord would never meet her match, but he is agreeably disappointed. If ever she does badger us again, you'll come back, won't you, dear?"

"I Mrs. McCord? What in the world are you saying, Mrs. Gross?" said Cor-

"Did Mrs. Randall say that?" said Mrs. McCord.

"Indeed she did," said Cordelia. "She said you had a most beautiful memory and never forgot anything. She says when anyone wants to know about the past, especially church things, you can always furnish days and dates. She said many of the happenings would have been forgotten long ago if you had not kept them alive. How did you ever manage to have such a keen memory, or is it a cultivated possession?"

Whether it was cultivated or not Mrs. McCord never explained, for just then other callers came and she made her escape. In her heart she determined to stay away from the parsonage while Cordelia was there, simply because she found herself tongue-tied in the presence of this bright-eyed girl; but she could not escape seeing her unless she stayed at home from every church meeting.

"How do you do, Mrs. McCord?" said Cordelia demurely, as that lady opened her door a week later and found the parsonage visitor on her step. "You weren't at church Sunday, and I came to see if you were ill. The ladies all said nothing short of sickness would keep you home, and as Uncle James was busy, I thought I would look you up. And then, have something special to see about, she went on as the hostess reluctantly led her into the parlor. "I have been so anxious to tell you that a young couple from our town are to locate near you. The young man is a dentist and is anxious to get a start in business. You know so much depends upon a good start. And I am particularly anxious about his wife. She is a friend of mine and such a nice girl. If the neighbors begin criticizing her in a strange town it will be dreadful. Mrs. Slocum told me you always went around whenever some new people come into the church and cautioned the neighbors to be very kind and attentive to them, so I thought of you at once Mrs. Warren, that's the young woman's name, complimented at being asked to play at church, Mrs. Jesus says the music committee depends on you so much in picking out an organist, and you might save a good word for Mrs. Warren. And she isn't a very good housekeeper, being an amateur, so I thought you might caution the neighbors about that. Somebody told me how you did when the minister came to this town with a young and inexperienced bride once. Was it Mrs. Warfield who laughed at the bride's cloudy jelly and you went to ask her not to mention it to anyone for fear it would hurt the church work? It seems to me that was the way I heard it."

delia impatiently enough, but a guilty conscience compared with one or two members of every congregation who feel it their duty to keep their eyes and hands on everything for fear it goes to pieces. Yes, if you are sure I have done more good than harm, I'll come back some day. I don't know whether to regard it as a compliment or not to say that I am a match for Mrs. McCord, but I'll think it over."

It is the greatest compliment in the world, insisted Mrs. Gross, "and if you need any other reward just look at your aunt's happy face. We'll not forget your methods of managing, but we want you to come back just as soon as you can. And now, dear, you must not waste time any longer on an old woman, but hurry back to your good time and I'll lend a hand with the lunch. Good-bye. Run away quickly.—Zion's Herald."

**Lobsters.**

The suggestion of New Brunswick lobstermen that there be a closed season for lobsters in Washington County, Maine, does not meet with the approval of fishermen at that place. The idea is to have no fishing from May 6 to December 6 of each. Lobstermen say such a law will kill their business. The proposition is an extension of the existing treaty regulations, which at present apply only to the territorial waters of Passamaquoddy Bay. Violations are punishable by a fine of \$1,000 or imprisonment for not more than one year or both.

According to a special cable to New York Herald, England is worried over the lobster question. At present there is not enough to go around. English lobster culture has been a failure. It is now suggested that American methods be followed unless England is to go lobsterless.

Massachusetts lobstermen have won out on the hills they provided for in the state legislature. One offered for a \$1 license fee, another gave the right to search for short lobsters, a third prohibited the sale of oyster meat other than in the shell, while the fourth set the legal size of the lobster at 4 1/4 inches, measuring from the tip of the spot to the beginning of the tail. All recommendations were made by the commissioners of fisheries and game.

Receipts at Halifax: (29) Ex-supply s. s. Rose Mary, Port Mouton, 40 crates live.

Exports at Halifax: (24) Per Plant liner Perry, 2 crates live. (30) Fu. nuss. Witty s. s. Shenandoah, London, G. B., 200 cases canned.

—Fishing Gazette.

**Going to Look for Cook's Instruments.**

New York, April 12.—Another expedition to the Arctic, during which he expects to stop at Etah, to recover the instruments of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, is being planned for this summer by Harry Whitney of New Haven, the first white man encountered by Cook on his return from the north, and who first heard Cook's assertion that he had reached the north pole. Paul Rainey, known as a horseman, polo player and yachtsman, will accompany Whitney. Negotiations commenced today are now being made to charter a suitable vessel, and it is expected the expedition will leave St. John's, Nfld., in July.

Overtures are said to have been made to Captain Samuel Bartlett, master of the schooner Jeannie, sent to the Arctic last year to carry relief to Commander Peary, to command the vessel.

**Beware of Substitutes!**

Greedy dealers endeavor to plan off a substitute for Putnam's Corn Extractor. Insist on "Putnam's" only—it cures corns and warts thoroughly. The imitation may fail.

"—You didn't seem able to understand what I was saying over the telephone to you this morning at your office."

"No wonder. When you were calling me up my boss was calling me down."

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### Great Clearance Sale

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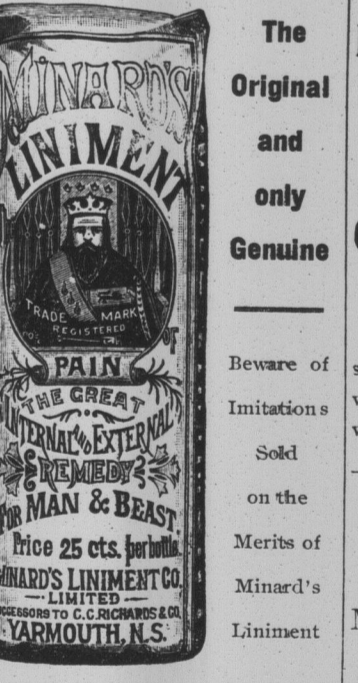
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