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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

MOUNT ALLISON INSTITUTIONS SACKVILLE, N. B.

Mount Allison University COURSES IN ARTS, SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY

Annual Session 1911-12 opens Sept. 31st, 1911

Five Entrance Bursaries of \$75 Each will be offered for open competition in Matriculation examinations on September 22nd and 23rd, 1911

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BEAVER HARBOR

A large number from here attended the picnic of the Episcopal church held at Pennfield on Thursday last. A game of ball was played between the Beavers and Pennfield, and resulted in a victory for Pennfield. They expect to play another game this week.

Mrs. Wm. Cross and children drove to St. George on Tuesday.

Mrs. Gideon Justason of Pennfield spent Wednesday the guest of her daughter Mrs. Ira Hawkins.

Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Gillmor drove to St. George on Tuesday last.

A conservative meeting addressed by M. N. Cocburn, Judge of Probate, St. Andrews, and Mr. A. L. Richardson, Barrister, St. Stephen was quite largely attended on Friday evening.

Misses Lena and Debra Parker, Lila and Violet Hawkins, Mrs. Dan Thompson, Victor Sparks, and Newton Wright attended the play in the Opera House in St. George last Wednesday.

Charles Daley of New River spent a few days with friends recently.

Misses Mabel and Wilhelmina Scott returned to St. John on Wednesday after a week's visit with Mrs. Martin Eldridge.

Capt. Wallin in the Schr. Forest Maid has gone to Grand Manan to move from there to here the furniture of Rev. A. F. Brown, who will occupy the home of Frank Cross who with his family have gone to Portland where he expects to remain.

Mrs. Walker of Barre, Vt. spent a few days with friends and relatives leaving for her home on Monday.

Miss Jennie Hanson of Pennfield was a week-end guest of friends here.

Mrs. Harry Johnson of Calais is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wright.

Misses Florence Hawkins and Flossie Gillespie of Pennfield spent last week with Miss Dora Justason.

Those who went to St. John to attend the Liberal party addressed by Sir Wilfred Laurier were: Millie, Newton, and Palmerston Wright, John F. and Emory Paul, Geo. and Henry Best, Frank Kinsman and James Harvie.

Medley Kennedy spent Sunday with friends here.

The schools opened on Tuesday with

Edgar Blaney as Principal and Miss Margaret McLaughlin as primary teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Eldridge entertained friends on Saturday evening in honor of the birthday of their daughter Ada.

Miss Violet Hawkins leaves this week for Fredericton to attend the Provincial Normal.

Mrs. S. Akerley and daughter Florence have returned from a short visit in St. John.

Miss Teresa Tatton spent Sunday with friends here.

Mrs. Jane Dickson was called to Pea Point on Monday by the serious illness of her son Clayton, night-keeper at that place.

James Mawhinney has purchased the house which was owned and occupied by the late R. T. Cross and is putting it in repair for occupancy.

Misses Lila Spear and Laura Brown, and Messrs. Kenneth Storey and Joseph Spear of St. George attended the dance held here Wednesday evening.

SEELYE'S COVE

Mrs. B. Carter and Misses Edith, Mae and Flossie Carter spent a few days of last week with friends in Eastport.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Warren and children of St. John are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Spear.

Our school opened on Tuesday under the management of Miss Margaret Hayes of Kings Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Baten, Misses Lizzie and Hazel Armstrong and Melvin Dunbar of Pennfield were visitors here last Sunday.

Justin McCarthy of West Newton, Mass. is spending his vacation with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Johnson and Mrs. Thos. Carter were guests of Mrs. Herb French on Tuesday.

LORD'S COVE

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Stuart returned home Friday after a pleasant visit with her mother Mr. Arthur Henderson at Maccarene.

Mrs. Thomas Barker called on friends at Stuart Town Sunday.

Messrs. Charlor and Landfear left on Monday's boat for their homes in New

York and Boston after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Mrs. Edna Wakefield, a native of this place died in the Portland hospital on Thursday last, the remains were brought here on Saturday and interment took place at Richardsonville cemetery on Sunday. Mrs. Wakefield was a member of the Loyal True Blue Lodge and was buried by the members. Many and beautiful were the floral offerings.

Rev. C. A. Brown preached in the Christian church here Sunday evening.

60,000 Miserables At Carlsbad Cure.

Sins of Eating Atoned for There by Persons from all over the Globe.

A city shaped like a cup—a cup containing hot water—that is Carlsbad! The sides of the city are clothed with pines, and in the hollow lie the waters where the dyspeptics of the world foregather to drink and to be healed.

They desire to be freed from excess of fat, from yellow skins, from pains that catch one in the small of the back and from the stiff joints that follow hard upon the pleasures of the too abundant board.

From the heights above the city large cranes brood over the place to follow it and to remind the cosmopolitan motley—Russian, Austrian, German, English, American and the fearsome Pole—that much may be achieved by faith and abstinence. The symbol catches your eye upon every hill as you tilt your head to drink. In Carlsbad you drink often and drink deep; drinking is your main occupation. Your drinking glass is strapped over your shoulder as you wander, slipping, from spring to spring as avidly as any bee but you do not get honey.

Your misery begins at six. At six o'clock they call you and you are expected to be shaved and decent before you face the world of waters and if miserable sinners at seven.

So you take your place at the end of a queue 500 dyspeptics long and wish you were dead.

Everything contributes to your misery. A German close behind you is treading on your heels and breathing loudly down your neck and a gentleman in a curious top hat is conducting an orchestra with intent to make you merry. He fails. You hate him. And every moment you draw nearer to the "sprudel" Spring.

It leaps from the bowels of the earth towards the roof of the Colonade shrouded in its own steam, and a girl in waterproof overalls catches you a glassful by means of a long pole.

Then you retire to a corner with evil brew and try to drink it.

The hardened dyspeptic who does his yearly "cure" has a trick with a little glass pipe. He is limited by the wise. After the first full glass you hurry to the little glass pipe stall and buy a little glass pipe for your very own, and half an hour later you brace yourself together for the second dose.

If you have sinned deeply you may be ordered even three, but probably you will be let off with two goes of Sprudel and one of something lighter. An hour afterward you may have an inadequate meal of sour milk, one egg and a brown roll that would baffle a dentist. During the morning you will be required to undergo a bath, possibly of mud, reeking with curative properties and very expensive—as expensive as the lunch you would like to have afterward if they would let you.

Even as it stands, your mockery of a meal, fruit, rice and a bit of boiled bird, climbs up to a total hitherto unassociated with such elementary insufficiencies. At 4 o'clock you drink more water. At 10 the long day closes with a final gulp, and the dinner intervening is beneath the dignity of words—of any words.

REAT VALUES IN Mens and Boys Suits

In order to make Room for our
Fall Stock which is Coming in this
month, we are Offering During
The Month of August
Seventy Mens' Suits at A
Discount of 25 ofo
5 per ct. Discount on all Boys Suits

We also have a few Light
Overcoats which we are offering
at a Discount of 35 per ct.

These Discounts for Cash Only

Come at Once as these
Discounts are made only during Aug.

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Clothing Cleaned and Pressed

St. George N. B.

Rooms over Milne, Coutts & Co.'s store

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.

And you will linger
over your cup of CHASE
& SANBORN'S SEAL
BRAND COFFEE.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

Sixty thousand of the sorrowful subject themselves to these penalties every summer.

On the whole, it is better to suffer in silence since Carlsbad is your lot, and, modestly, perhaps, to associate yourself with the Pharisee, who thanked his God that he was not as other men are.

And, alas, this flattering unctuous must be qualified, for you to resemble your fellow-men quite closely in one leveling detail, and there is no getting away from it.

You may not be guilty of noises with your soup, and you may not make a tooth pick of your fork, but you have done other things with your fork not wisely and too well, even as he has done, and here you are—paying for it.

But as the days go by the pink hues of health begin to return to your cheek; your color ceases to be drab and your temper becomes less vile; you find you can tolerate your fellow-men with some degree of courtesy, even when he breathes down your neck and clears his throat in the region of your ear.

For two or three weeks this quickening process will develop and continue until in the exuberance of health you return to your land and begin to break the law again with chops and beer and tea and the window closed at night.

Eleven months later you will come back to Carlsbad; everyone always comes back. You will be welcomed and expected. Carlsbad will be charmed. It exists for you, you are its raison d'être. Without you it would cease to be.

Still, you are cured, and a cure is always a cheap. But on the whole, perhaps it would have been cheaper, if you had kept the law.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles.

The old Greek Isles of the yellowbird's song?

Then steer straight on through the watery miles.

Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nav, not to the left; nay to the right.

But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight.

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Have your Watch
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Satisfaction guaranteed.

Have also on hand a stock of brooches, stick pins, lockets, rings, bracelets, watches, chains, charms, etc., which I will sell at a great discount.

The Fortunate Isles where the yellowbirds sing.

And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far
They lie within reach of the lowliest door.

You can see them gleam by the twilight star.

You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore

Nay, never look back! Those levelled gravestones

They were landing steps: they were steps unto thrones

Of glory for souls that have sailed before

And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?

Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.

Lo! these are the Isles of the watery miles

That God let down from the firmament

Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's Trust;

Your forehead to God, though your feet in dust;

Lo, Duty and Love, and a sweet face's smiles;

And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

—Joachim Miller.

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