

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

A large number of our subscribers are more or less in arrears, all of whom we would ask to kindly make a prompt remittance. This is a very small matter to the individual subscriber but when multiplied by the hundreds, it is a matter of quite large dimensions to the Editor.

The date under your address will inform all of the date they are paid up to. Remember 25 p. c. discount allowed when subscriptions are paid in advance.

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

S. S. CONNORS BROS. will leave St. John for St. Andrews Saturday morning calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Blacks Harbor, Back Bay or Letete, Deer Island and Red Store or St. George.

RETURNING leave St. Andrews for St. John Tuesday morning calling at Letete or Back Bay, Blacks Harbor, Beaver Harbor, and Dipper Harbor. "Tide and Weather permitting."

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. (St. John Agent)

Thorne Wharf & Warehouse Co. Freight for St. George received up to Noon Fridays, not later.

Manager LEWIS CONNORS Blacks Harbor, N. B.

When the people of Milwaukee placed a socialist administration in charge of affairs they were promised reform, of course. The extravagance of party rule, republicans or democratic was denounced. Expenses would be reduced, there would be no graft, honesty would prevail in every civic department, and contentment would follow. The socialists have been two years in power, and it has been shown that the civic expenditure has increased half a million dollars yearly. For the next year a million dollars more is asked for than was needed before the socialists took charge. Perhaps it is too soon to judge of the result of socialist control, but the taxpayer will probably conclude that the experiment is not satisfactory.—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 S. Harold St., Fort William, Ont. says:

"I suffered with dull, miserable pains, soreness across my back and 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. 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.

"Can you tell me, my boy?" said the prim teacher, "why the race is not all ways to the swift?" "Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because their tires bust."—Balt. American.

Advertise in Greetings

THE EARTH'S COLORS

Lowly Mosses and Lichens Contribute Chiefly to Most Striking of the Planet's Color Scene.

The two great elements of difference in the same landscape in winter and summer are, of course, the presence of snow in winter and of leaves and grass in summer. If we could look at our globe from the moon the variation in its aspect due to seasonal changes would perhaps be even more striking than it appears to those on the surface.

In fact, we sometimes lose sight of the very important part which vegetation plays in giving color to what might be termed the countenance of the planet.

It is not the higher forms of plants that always produce the greatest effect in this way. Some of the most striking scenes upon the earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens. The famous "crimson cliffs" of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from Cape York, derive their splendid color from the growth of red lichen that covers their faces. The rocky pass called the Golden Gate in the Yellowstone National Park owes its rich color and its name to the yellow lichen covering its lofty walls.

Considered as a whole, the vegetation of a planet may give it a characteristic aspect as viewed from space. That its broad expanse of forest and prairie land causes the earth to reflect a considerable quantity of green light to its neighbors is indicated by the fact that at the time of the new moon a greenish tint has been detected overspreading that part of the lunar surface which is then illuminated only by light from the earth.

SUSPENDED TROLLEY CARS

Latest Model of Torpedo Shape, Propeller-Driven, and Indications are it will Prove a Success.

While the use of a suspended car is not altogether new, yet the one now being tried out in California is unique in many ways. The chief point of interest is the fact that it is driven by a huge propeller, itself of novel design, which is operated by a 26 horse-power gas engine. The car is no mere toy model, but a fifty-foot structure of steel and aluminium, which has a carrying capacity of 56 passengers. It is built in a torpedo shape, and will be covered with a light, flexible covering, with celluloid windows. In addition to the propeller in the rear, another will be placed in the front of the car, doubling its power, and acting as an auxiliary in case of "break-down."

The short length of overhead track, about a quarter of a mile, has made it impossible to test the new device for speed, but it operates perfectly, showing that it is no mere theoretical invention. Forty people have been carried with ease at one time.

A number of ingenious devices, lifting planes to lighten the car while in motion, apparatus for raising and lowering the car at stations, etc., have been designed to perfect this new vehicle.

Cutting Out the Tobacco.

The heads of the provincial Civil Service throughout British Columbia, have issued a circular to their various offices prohibiting smoking during office hours. The Canadian Pacific Railway long ago abjured the use of tobacco by their employees during working hours and its example has been generally followed by other large corporations.

Advertise in the Greetings!

For the Generous Patronage

given us during the year just closing, we heartily thank our patrons; and take this opportunity of wishing you the Compliments of the Season!

Dec. 29
1911

John Dewar & Sons, Limited

by Publishers Press Ltd.) it was the first night in their urban house. The furniture was had left the door, the children and the two maid servants were in bed and John and Mary Bedgrave sat resting after their labours before a cheerful fire in the parlour. "How the wind does whistle," said Mary. "A corner house, you know. But it is an exceptionally windy night. Tired, dear?" "Only pleasantly tired. How nice it feels just to sit down, and isn't it a good thing to be in a house of our very own at last? We have never had that since we were married, only rented ones, with landlords."

"Landlords ought to be shot!" "Yes, unless they immediately gratify all the tenant's demands, especially if that tenant be John Bedgrave of The Echo."

They both laughed, but Mary's laugh ended in a shiver. "Wh-e-e! How that wind does howl! Will it always howl like this here?"

"Nonsense, no! Of course not." He lifted his chair across the hearth, and sitting close to his wife put his arm protectingly round her. "Feel all right now, little woman?"

She rested her head on his shoulder. "Of course I do. I don't care now how the wind howls!" "Hallo! What's that?"

They started up. Some one had opened the outer hall door. Almost immediately the outer door was closed again, and John, hurrying to see what was the matter, came face to face with the intruder at the parlour door.

"Hallo! Who are you?" he demanded. The stranger started, his eyes blinking in the light. He appeared to be a man of about 30, and he had a clean shaven, handsome face, and carried a portmanteau.

"I beg your pardon," he began in a gentlemanly voice that had something particularly winning about it. "This is number 64. Do not Mr. and Mrs. Horningsome live here?"

"No. They used to, I believe. Old Mr. Horningsome died a few weeks ago."

"Ah...!" The stranger shrank back. "I have come too late, then," he said, wearily passing his hand across his brow. "But Mrs. Horningsome, my mother? Tell me, she is still alive?"

John shook his head. "Horningsome was a widower. I know it for a fact," he said, not unkindly, but brusquely, with a man's wish to tell an unpleasant thing to another man quickly and get it over. "I cannot tell you how long ago his wife died."

"Ah...!" the stranger repeated, and leant wearily with one hand upon the edge of the door and bowed his head as if in abject misery.

"Won't you come in?" begged Mary over her husband's shoulder, speaking for the first time her sweet voice broken with womanly sympathy.

"Yes, come in," echoed her husband. They installed him in the one armchair the room yet boasted of.

"Have you come a long journey. And did no one tell you about — the house — nor anything?" asked Mary gently.

His lips twitched. "I have come straight from Australia and I have been away for nine years, and all that time have heard nothing from them. I was — I might as well tell you — I was a prodigal. Nine years ago my father disowned me, forbade me his house, and from that day to this I have never come back. I have been successful enough in a worldly way to have pleased even him — and — I have repented — but it is too late."

"I am sure of it," said Mary, tears glistening in her eyes. "Mothers always forgive."

He gave her a grateful look. "There is a room upstairs, the one above this one, that she used often, and called her 'sewing-room.'"

"You may certainly see the room," began John, making as if he would conduct him there immediately, when Mary intercepted him.

"So you must stay," she entreated. After a little hesitation he consented, and Mary went off to see first about food and then about sheets and blankets.

It was a little after midnight before they conducted their visitor to the room above the parlour and bade him good night.

The to-morrow came and turned into to-day, as to-morrow always do, but this one brought a shock to John and Mary Bedgrave.

They found their spare room empty. The bed had not been slept in. The "prodigal" was not to be found, neither was his portmanteau, neither was a quantity of their silver and several things belonging to them. The bird had flown indeed.

Though comparatively, little was their loss compared to what it might have been had everything been unpacked; great was their indignation. Putting the matter in the hands of the police, their "prodigal" was found to be a noted swindler, who had cleverly eluded them for several years. He still continued to do so.

Upon inquiry they found that the old gentleman, Mr. Horningsome, who had lived in number 64 before had been married, but had never had a son, and his wife had predeceased him 10 years.

Neither John nor Mary Bedgrave — especially Mary — care to talk to others of their first night in the house that has now been their home for many years, but as holiday time draws near they always think about it.

John, with a twinkle in his eye, says:— "I wonder if the 'prodigal' will come again to-night?" "Don't! John!" and Mary, blushing scarlet. Then, through a whiff of smoke, she catches her husband's eye, and they both laugh.

Outside the wind still howls cold and whistles shrilly. The prodigal — alas! where is he?