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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Granite Town Greetings

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER, 15, 1909

The voters of the parish will soon be called upon to elect councillors. This year the town will not have a vote in the election. The parish will choose their own representatives and the electors should see to it that good men are sent to the shiretown. The municipal council is an important body and the new road act lays certain duties on the councillors which are worthy of the attention of the best men available. Your councillor is a member of the "road board" and aids the chairman of the board in selecting commissioners who lay out your money on the roads. Good roads are imperative, select good men for councillors they in turn will appoint good men to office and good roads will follow.

THE CARE OF SHADE TREES

"One of the things that are particularly noticeable in New England," said a man who recently returned from a trip through that section, was the beautiful shade trees that are in evidence and of which the greatest care is taken.

"The people there have come to realize the value of trees, a fact which results in the care of them that is so apparent to the observers. They are carefully guarded as property of at least a semi-public kind, for it is considered that they add to the beauty and comfort of the street."

"This one feature adds a charm to old villages which is lacking in those where trees are not to be found. Compare the pictures of a village in the East with those of some of the Western plains and the difference in this respect will be very evident. As the years go on this will be changed, and the Westerners will see to it that the streets of their towns are lined with trees."

"No city and no village can afford to lose the trees that shade its streets without replacing them. Moreover, none of them can afford to neglect to set them out along new thoroughfares. They add to the beauty of the town and to the value of its real estate."

The departure of our summer visitors furnishes food for reflection for us all, and should impress us with the importance of looking after this source of revenue. Three or four months sojourn in our town or vicinity, by a stranger, means the circulation of a certain sum of money, and that is good for the town. Now it is a fact, so one questions, that we are naturally in a position to command the approval of visitors. Nature has been lavish hereabouts. We have everything that takes the eye of "lovers of the wild." The salt breeze, cool and invigorating and the sea over which it blows, no distance away, the Magalloway, whose rock and tree decked banks between the town and the bay, never fails to attract the eye of the artist and excite the admiration of travellers; the falls and rocky gorge, through which the water rushes, forming a scene of grandeur unrivalled, the smooth tranquil river above the falls, with its turns and currents, the level intervals, fields of beauty, hills and mountains and miles of forests, whose foliage rival the rainbow in the beauty of their different hues. Brooks whose sources are found in mineral beds and whose waters contain all the ingredients the weary seeker after health travels thousands of miles to obtain; canals upon whose surface the mirrored back trees appear to grow, and lakes where the gamey trout are found. Nature has indeed been generous.

St. George should be the mecca for all the tourists coming this way. It is the central point, with the soft water lapping its Southern shores—the lakes and hunting grounds in every other direction, and yet the stranger comes and passes through. Why? We have no place for him to stay. Let him do as he comes and it is a notorious fact that he must go hungry or go to Bonny River. Civic pride should spur our citizens to end this plight of strangers and the returns the investment would undoubtedly bring should spur our business men to action and a new hotel should be built.

BY THE WAY

School days!

The hunting season.

Send your boys and girls to school.

Thunder in September and November is said to indicate a fertile year to come.

Before going into the woods, obtain a license. Before shooting, be sure of your quarry.

Carry your rifle with the muzzle away from your friend, carry it ready for action.

A bullet will pierce your shoes, moccasins or boot, never rest your gun barrel end down on them, they are not armour proof and your foot pains dreadfully with a bullet hole through it.

Don't travel fifty miles, it is not necessary. A moose drank at the town pump trough yesterday, another swam the canal, a deer inspected the corduroy bridge at Armstrongs and didn't think much of it, crops in all directions are suffering from the depredations of deer, moose, porcupines and bears. Stay out of the woods till the leaves are off, hunt the roads, hunt in the open, it is safer and your chances are better.

There is an affection in every employment, and it gives the spirit energy, and keeps the mind intent upon its work or study. This, if it be not relaxed, becomes dull, and its earnestness flags—as salt that has lost its savor, so that it has no pungency or relish; or as a bent bow, which, unless it be unbent, loses the power that it derives from its elasticity. Just so the mind, kept from day to day in the same ideas, without variety. So the eyes, when they look only at one object, or continually upon one color. For, to look continually at a thing which is black, or continually at red or at white, destroys the sight. Thus if one looks continually at the snow the sight is destroyed; but it is enlivened if he looks in succession or at the same time upon many colors. Every form delights by its varieties—as a garland of roses of different colors arranged in beautiful order. Hence it is that the rainbow is more charming than the light itself.—Emanuel Swedenborg.

Lines to a Common Hen

O hen!
Thou bunch of feathered imbecility.
Disturber of the soul's tranquility.
Whence comes thy consummate ability
To rouse such wrath in me?
O hen!
Must I walk 'round the coop
And give an awkward scoop
To clutch the vacant air
And find that you're not there
Nor anywhere?
And then
Begin again,
O hen!
Thou gem of animal depravity.
Thy skull not but a witless cavity.
Philosophers assert with gravity
That I am kin to thee.
O hen!
What then?
Must I walk 'round the fence
Because you squawk pretence
You cannot find the hole
Through which you lately stole
In aimless stroll,
And then
Walk 'round again,
O hen!
—Woman's Home Companion.

The saying that one cannot meet a red-haired girl without there being a white horse in the vicinity, and vice versa, is by no means modern, having originated from the old English game called the "game of the road," or "ups and downs." This game consists of one person taking the upside of the street and the other the down, counting one for every ordinary object that passes and five for a white horse, until a certain number agreed upon carries off the victory. But if either of the contestants meets a red-headed woman or a donkey, he wins the game at once.

Still another explanation is that derived from an old Irish superstition that if any one starts on a journey and meets a red-headed girl he will be followed by bad luck unless he retraces his steps to the starting point. But if on his way back he meets a white horse, the spell is broken. In the midland counties of England, it is bad luck to meet a white horse without spitting at it, and in Scotland to dream of a white horse foretells the coming of a letter.

The prejudice against red hair is firm and ancient. Tradition gives Judas red hair, and no doubt this has something to do with its universal unpopularity.

There is an old French proverb which warns all mortals to "salute no red-haired individual nearer than thirty-five feet, with three stones in the fist to defend thee in thy need."

The ancient Egyptians looked on any one with red hair as being connected with evil spirits, and they sacrificed red oxen in preference to others.

PERSONAL

Wm. Irish was in St. Stephen Saturday.

Mrs. Howard Bailey is quite ill at her home.

George Finnegan returned last week from Halifax.

Chester Carlow of Red Beach was in town last week.

Miss Bertha McCue left Monday morning for Boston.

Miss Beck Dewar returned from Milltown on Thursday.

Miss Moore of St. Stephen is the guest of Mrs. W. Douglas.

Mrs. Stevens, Nova Scotia is the guest of Mrs. Dan Justason.

Mrs. George Boone and her daughter returned to Calais last week.

Mrs. Miles Gilmor spent last week in town at Mrs. K. P. Gilmor's.

Miss Gertrude McCormick is visiting friends at Wilson's Beach.

D. Bassen came in Saturday from a long business trip over the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay of Boston Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. Hickey.

Mrs. Bridget Lynott is ill at her home suffering from the effects of a bad cold.

Rev. Father Donovan was in town last week the guest of Rev. Father Carson.

Mrs. Dan Russell and her twin daughters left for Buffalo on Wednesday last.

Mr. MacIntosh and his friend Mr. Bent drove to the shiretown on Saturday.

Miss Mythe Williamson of Second Falls visited friends in St. Stephen last week.

Miss Agnes Adams of Lubec Me., who was visiting Mrs. J. Crickard has returned home.

Kirby Waltham came in on Saturday's train from St. Stephen and spent Sunday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kent and Mrs. A. C. Kennedy leave this week for a visit in Queens Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine R. Todd, who have been travelling in Europe arrived home on Saturday.

Mrs. K. P. Gilmor attended the funeral of Mrs. Mary McFarlane of Woodstock last week.

Messrs. Judson Story and Daniel Young returned Thursday from a ten days trip to Portland Me.

Mrs. Mary Buckle and Louisa Duffy left for their home in Tewkesbury on Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and children of Milltown were the guests last week of Mrs. Nelson Dicks.

Master E. Dickson who has been visiting Mrs. James Kelman left for his home in Milltown on Thursday last.

Mrs. Edward Rankine and Miss Ella Gilmor of Second Falls were in town last week the guest of Mrs. Eliza Milliken.

Miss Edith Gilmor is welcomed by her many friends in St. Stephen on her return from a visit at her home at Bonny River.—Courier.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neill announce the engagement of their daughter Mary to Edward Frederick McGrattan. The marriage to take place Oct. 12th.

Mr. Gilmour Brown, C. E., of Fredericton, connected with Transcontinental survey, has been appointed to assist the chief engineer for the department of public works, Ottawa.

Miss Rose Riordan who has been spending her vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Dan Riordan at Utopia, left Monday for St. John on her way to Boston.

Miss Ethel McNichol and Miss Mary Wetmore were given a farewell party by Mrs. Thomas Kent on Friday evening. A large number of their friends were present and a very pleasant time enjoyed.

Miss Kathleen Olga McGorley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McGorley, of West End St. John, was married at 4.30 Tuesday afternoon to Mr. Thomas J. Hollahan, of Townsend Harbor, Mass. The wedding took place at the Church of the Assumption and was solemnized by Rev. J. J. O'Donovan.

Mr. J. W. Brine and family left on Saturday for Boston and closed their summer residence "Byrn Derwyn" at the Bluff, Lake Utopia. Mr. Brine will return in a month with a party for the hunting. He is, after three seasons spent at Utopia, more enthusiastic than ever over the resort, and believes the future is full of great promise, for the Lake and surrounding property. Mr. Brine has spent a large amount of money at Utopia and is prepared to spend more. Next year he will have several new cottages ready for occupancy when the season opens and will increase his fleet by the addition of several motor launches.

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