

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Shoes

10 per cent. CUT ON
ALL LINES

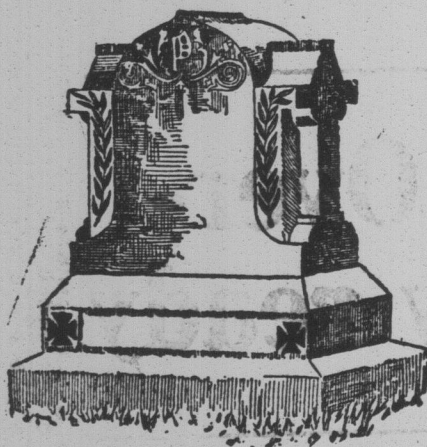
COUPONS

Calling for
**ROYAL SEMI
CHINA**
GREEN AND GOLD

Given to Cash Buyers

**H. McGRATTAN
& SONS**

WE ARE



Manufacturers of High Class Monumental work from RED, GREY and BLACK GRANITES. We have every modern facility for doing the work, and we realize that a satisfied customer is our best advertisement.

If you need anything in the line of Monumental or General Cemetery Work give us a trial and let us prove our ability to please. We will deliver and erect Monuments in any part of the Province. Write for designs and samples.

RELIABLE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

H. McGRATTAN & SONS

St. George

N. B.

CALLED FOR IN PERSON

Mrs. Thompson was the soul of happy hospitality, shoeing chickens, flapping flies and talking to the cats as she poured out coffee and handed fried potatoes and meat and great soda biscuits.

Primus sat on the refrigerator between two plates of freshly churned butter, and once a great calf stuck its head in at the door.

"I don't think I can stand it nine months," thought Elizabeth as she drank her coffee. "Maybe I'll let him come for me in two." Then she felt more cheerful.

"You can see the school house from the first turn in the road," said Mrs. Thompson at the gate, as she squinted her eyes in the sunlight. "It's right beyond the depot, and down the bayou a little ways is the graveyard where Buddy is buried. We'll walk there some pretty evening."

Elizabeth squeezed her fat hands gently. It was impossible not to like her, and yet—how could the material part of her be and it? She went along heedless of the morning sunlight on the flat fields where the cotton stalks were standing. She did not feel that she could teach school. She was no longer the capable, well-poised female that she had imagined herself to be. She was only a little homesick girl, longing with all her heart for the sight of a big, clean man who smelled of good cigars.

Then suddenly she stopped short. In front of her was a little red-roofed depot, with some freight cars on a siding, and telephone and telegraph wires ran into it. She could, if she would, send a message that minute—and he would come. In his new character—new, and delightful—she felt sure that he would be capable of anything. She need never sleep on that feather bed or eat after Primus. Neither need she starve or die of insomnia. Almost before she realized it she was starting the young agent with a vision of youth and beauty seldom seen there. Then her voice failed her, and she seemed to wait interminable minutes until he came into his office—and his voice travelled over a thousand miles of sunlight space and reached her happy ear.

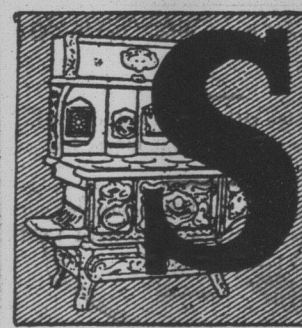
"It is I," she said, at her end of the wire, and the young man in the office listened eagerly as he wrote meaningless things with a stub pen. Yes—No, not ill, but so horribly lonesome, and the cats fight all night and I miss you—Yes I read it. I found it last night—No not angry—No, no!—But I wish I had read it—or you had said it—before I bought my ticket."

Then, heedless of the agent's surprise, she laid down a quarter and fled from the office, with flamed colored cheeks.

Elizabeth could never remember afterward, when she tried to recall the details of that one day of her vacation, how she found the school-house or got through the morning. In after years it was always a vague dingy, ink-spattered room filled with girls and boys and amazingly freckled. At 12 o'clock she sent them home, and, still in a happy dream she went to Mrs. Thompsons and sat down to soup and turnips and dried apple pie unruffled even by the sight of Primus which sat in the window washing red tomato soup from his whiskers.

"I'm not going back to school," she said, with a flush on her happy little face. "I've classed them and I'm going for a long walk."

She put on a soft, lace trimmed white dress that made her look like a big baby, and a hat trimmed with pink roses, and strolled past the depot again and down the old bayou by whose banks the dead away. It was a quiet peaceful spot. Masses of honeysuckle and golden rod hid the sunken graves. No new mound struck a note of pain. The sadness was gone, and only the peace of death remained. A little farther on she found Mrs. Thompsons little freckled boy, who had been buried in his "first long pants." There was a marble slab with his name and age and, We Shall Meet in the Sweet By-and By."



Steel Oven Heats Quicker Saves Fuel

Pandora has a sheet steel oven, because steel is more sensitive to heat—absorbs it faster—than cast iron does. Pandora oven thus heats quicker—less time required to get oven ready for the baking—which also means less fuel-expense.

Make sure your new range has a steel oven, and "Pandora" name-plate on the door. Go, at once, to nearest McClary Agency and pick out size desired.

McClary's Pandora Range

For Sale by Grant & Morin

Elizabeth looked at it with misty eyes.

"A hope they will," she thought, "and that he will be just a little freckled face boy."

Already she seemed to have learned something of the everlasting joy and the everlasting sorrow of wifehood and motherhood, and so she dreamed on until the shrill whistle of the evening train broke the silence.

"It is too soon to expect even a letter," she told herself; but with a movement like a flower when it trembles on its stem she arose and with quick, happy little feet and a rose flush on her face she went down the grassy path.

As she went, a tall fair man, who looked dear and familiar, and yet delightfully strange came hurrying to her, and so—and so they met in the sunset glory of the autumn evening and, forgetful of all else, he lifted her little face with his strong hands and pressed his eager loving lips to hers.

Mrs. Thompson was loud with lamentations when she found that a bold Lochinvar had come to rob her of her boarder and Seven Oaks Hol-low school of its teacher of a day; but there was a delightful thrill of excitement over it all. It was almost as if a bride was going away. She hastily stirred up a cake for supper and tied a blue ribbon on Primus' neck.

"It's hard to give you up so soon," she said tearfully as Elizabeth stood ready to go away, "but I'm glad you got one good sleep in my feather bed."

You must come back some day, dear and see us and the cats again." "I'll never forget you," said Elizabeth. "Some day we will come back and see you."

So she passed out clinging to her lover's hand, with a parting back view of Primus on the hall table drinking out of the bucket of water.

"And to think that you really loved me all the time," said her lover ecstatically, almost unbelieving, as the night train rushed through the darkness of field and swamp, like some enchanted dragon, carrying them away to the fairyland of love and happiness.

"Yet," she said softly, as she nestled by his side. "I think I really loved you all the time, but I would never have told you half so soon if it had not been for Mrs. Thompson's cat."—New Orleans Time Democrat.

The so-called briar pipe is not made of briar at all, but from the root of particular kind of heather, called in French bruyere, which grows on the hillsides of the Tuscan Alps in north Italy and on the mountains of Corsica. English tradesmen, finding the correct word bruyere somewhat difficult for the British tongue, reduced it to briar and in this way the corruption crept in and was established by popular usage. Originally Swiss peasants usually made snuff boxes out of this wood, and when snuff-taking became unfashionable, the peasants turned their attention to manufacturing the root into pipes, for which a ready market was at once offered.

What the Barber Did

The next time that Peter Toews, of Winnipeg, enters a barber's chair he will make certain he won't take a nap. He wandered into the tonsorial parlors of a Leonold Violette recently. When he came to he had the following little bill presented him:

Hair Cut	25c
Shave	15c
Singe	25c
Electric Shampoo	50c
Scalp Massage	50c
Face Massage	35c
Eye-brows Dyed	75c
Moustache Dyed	1.00

Total \$3.75

To this was added \$1 for good measure. Toews looked at himself in the glass. It was not the same Peter Toews he knew before he went to sleep in the barber's chair. He pinched himself to be sure he was not still sleeping. There was an altercation which wound up in the police court. Magistrate Daly was called upon to adjudicate as to the bill. Peter seriously considered bringing in a charge of assault when he viewed his countenance, but was finally appeased by having his bill cut down to forty cents, which he duly paid.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so thoroughly harmless that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. It calms the cough and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Accept no other. Sold by all Dealers.

A Misplaced Adverb

It is not even the most grown up of us who can avoid an occasional defeat at the hands of an adverb that will go in its right place in the sentence, but a lad in one of the city schools has produced chef d'oeuvre which the teachers are still telling with great glee.

Inspector Hughes had arrived at the school and was conducting a cheerful little quiz throughout the school.

He walked into a very junior room and in his breezy, cheerful way, began to pry into the souls of the children before him. Kindness was his topic, and he laid his ground by securing a few examples out of the experiences of the children themselves. Would anyone give him an example of kindness?

One little boy would. His father often took him to a five cent show. Then every youngster in the room would. All the changes were rung on the subject of parental indulgence with examples, but still one little fellow remained unheard. He got his chance, and bursting with eagerness, he started, but his excitement was fatal.

"My father—my father nearly gives me a cent every morning."