

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Royal Diplomacy

Mattie Mallison in Philadelphia Bulletin.

Karl the eldest son of the duke of Saxewingen, was in Carlsbad incognito, because his father had arranged a marriage with Princess Olga of Eisenberg. To the Crown Prince nothing could be more distasteful, for besides never having seen the Princess Olga she had the reputation of being possessed of the strongly marked features of the house of Eisenberg, which made her anything but a beauty. So he had gone off without leaving word at the castle as to his destination or the length of time he would be absent.

At Carlsbad he had a very dull time of it. Even if he had appeared in his true character no great consideration would have been shown him. As plain Herr von Steinberg he was nothing and what was worse he was a man with normal liver.

A man who has a normal liver has no right to live at Carlsbad. The inhabitants regarded him with suspicion and the doctors looked upon him as a fraud.

His presence there without drinking the waters is considered an insult to the place.

People are very unsocial at Carlsbad. They are all more or less thinking of their livers, for this is an absorbing subject.

At the end of a week the Crown Prince was more than sick of Carlsbad and had made up his mind to try his luck some where else, when a happy chance suddenly caused him to consider his determination.

It was the simplest thing in the world, but it changed every thing. He was in the Kur-Garden one morning looking at the long row of victims as they went up glass in hand to take their dose of the water. In front of him were two ladies, the one elderly, the other young. And the young lady was certainly handsome. If her features were a trifle marked, her complexion was so beautiful, her eyes were full of mischief, her hair so unconventional in its streaming wealth of gold, that the general effect was fascinating.

As he was making these observations, the shawl of the old lady suddenly slipped from her shoulders and fell at his feet. He stooped and picked it up.

"Permit me," he said, returning it to her, "you have dropped your shawl. The old lady bowed and smiled as she thanked him.

"May I get your water for you?" the crown prince asked eagerly.

"Thank you, but we have some one to do that for us. And what water do you drink?" she asked.

"Happily none."

The lady looked disappointed—people always are disappointed if you deceive them by being unnaturally well.

This was the beginning of a conversation in which it came out that the elderly lady was a Countess von Heisterbach, and the younger a Baroness von Busek. It also appeared that the baroness was the ward of the countess.

The chance acquaintance quite changed the crown prince's life at Carlsbad. It was no longer dull. Every day was delightful, and every day he met the charming baroness, and every day he fell more and more deeply in love with her. At last he could stand it no longer. He must declare his love. No doubt it was a very serious step; it would cost him his future throne, but love laughs at such trifles.

One day they were walking in the pine woods, when luckily the countess said she was tired. A seat was soon found for her and then the crown prince asked permission to take the baroness to a neighboring peak, where there was a delightful view. It was impossible to refuse his innocent request and the two were soon out of earshot of the old lady. In impassioned language he poured out the telling of his heart. He could see that he was not pleading in vain; the girl's heart was evidently touched. Great was his disappointment,

therefore, when her answer came. "Alas, I am not free," the baroness sighed. "I have already been promised in marriage to another."

"And you consented?"

"I had no choice."

"This is infamy," the crown prince said.

What with his love and his rage he moved his arms so furiously that going between the countess and the sky line he caused that lady to take off her glasses and rub them with her handkerchief. She thought her eyes must be playing her some trick.

They walked on in silence for a few seconds. Then he suddenly turned round and faced his companion.

"Wilhelmina," he said, "we are both the captives of fate, for I too, am not allowed a free choice. But let us defy our choice, we love one another, that is enough."

"But what can we do?"

"I will tell you. We will elope. I know all about it. In Scotland there is no difficulty, you can get married there in a day almost without knowing it. We will go to Scotland and when we are married we can defy our relations."

"It is impossible," said the baroness sadly; "at least not in my position."

"Not your position?" replied the crown prince with an air of surprise.

"After all, your position is not as high as mine."

It was the girl's turn to look surprised.

The crown prince saw that he had committed himself and that he might as well tell the whole truth.

"I am not Herr von Steinberg," he said. "In confidence, I may tell you that I am here incognito."

"What?"

He looked around. There were now some trees between them and the old countess, so he gently passed his arm around the girl's waist.

"Yes, my love, I do not mind telling you; in fact, it is right that you should know it. But you must not betray me. I am the crown prince of Saxewingen."

The girl disengaged herself from his arm and stared at him in blank astonishment.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed.

"So far from being impossible," replied the prince, "it is the simple fact."

"This is very perplexing," the baroness said.

What is very perplexing?"

"Well, if there is one man whom I hated worse than any other it is the crown prince of Saxewingen."

"What do you mean? You can't have known him or you would have recognized me."

"That is true, but he's the very man whom my relations have tried to force me to marry against my will."

"Then you are—"

"Princess Olga of Eisenberg."

It was the crown prince's turn to exclaim, "Impossible!"

Then they both fell a-thinking. It was a transformation scene in real life, and it had come with such suddenness that it took the speech out of both of them. Where was the historic nose, the nose of the baroness might be a trifle long, but what then there was nothing dreadful about it. On the contrary, it matched the other features to perfection, and the whole effect was charming.

"It is amazing," the prince said at last, "why you should be here incognito!"

"For my health," the princess answered. The court doctor suddenly prescribed Carlsbad water for me, so I was sent here in a great hurry with the countess as a chaperon. But really I feel quite well."

"You look it," said the prince, enthusiastically, "and do you still hate the Prince of Saxewingen?"

The answer, though not given in words, was satisfactory to the prince.

"What an astonishing coincidence?" he said, as they walked on, forgetful of time and space. What an astonishing coincidence that you and I should both be here at the same time. But for that we might have hated each other forever. How astonished my father will be."

* * * * *

But Karl's father took the matter very quietly. He was sitting alone

with the no-marshal when his son's telegram reached him. "There, excellency," he said, handing the telegram to the marshal. "That affair is all right. It was a famous idea of yours to give the hint you did to the court doctor at Eisenberg and the countess seems to have carried out her part of the programme very sensibly. The young people themselves appear to have no idea how it was managed."

"Love is blind, Serenissimus," the old courtier answered with a self-satisfied chuckle, "and diplomacy has still a certain value."

Heat prostrates the nerves. In the summer one needs a tonic to off-set the customary hot weather. Nerve and strength depression. You will feel better within 48 hours after beginning to take such a remedy as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Its prompt action in restoring the weakened nerves is surprising. Of course, you won't get entirely strong in a few days, but each day you can actually see the improvement. That tired, lifeless, spiritless, feeling will sharpen a failing appetite; it aids digestion; it will strengthen the weakened Kidneys and Heart by simply rebuilding the worn-out nerves that these organs depend upon. Test it a few days and be convinced. Sold by All Dealers.

To Young Married Folks

It is natural that a girl should wish to appear at her best before a man whom she loves. It is equally natural that a man should be careful to keep his shortcomings from the girl he is desirous of making his wife. He is thoughtful of her comfort, spends all his spare time in her company, will not see that she has any faults that his relatives point out to him, and is not exacting except as regards the amount of affection bestowed upon himself. The engaged girl is a person of importance, petted by her friends and indulged by her family. Her plans and wishes often have the first consideration. Little is required of her and much is yielded to her. Finally, after nothing but consideration for herself the wedding day comes, and with it a gradual change in the order of things. The husband is fond of his wife as the lover was of his betrothed, but she is his, and he is no longer anxious. He has duties and social obligations perhaps rather neglected during his courtship, which must be attended to. He does not show his affection so much and is not exacting; while the wife hitherto petted in her own home and her lover's one thought, imagines him changed and inattentive. No longer seeing him through rose-colored spectacles, she sees his failings and betrays her own. This beginning without any serious thought on either side, is often quite sufficient to lay the foundation of a thoroughly unhappy life.

Natural tact will do much, but it cannot supply the place of education. When a woman has learned to make a pudding she has learned but the smallest part of her duty. She needs to know how to sit at the table and dispense a hospitality so cordial and enlivening that the pudding shall be forgotten. There are a thousand women who can make a pudding where there is one who is mistress of her servants, of her children, of her husband, of her home, of her position. A woman who is all such a description implies is one who must fit herself for it by cherishing great thoughts and a noble appreciation of her responsibility. She must be mistress of a store of ideas and an exhaustive fund of general knowledge. The sphere of the woman is to preside over the home as its light and inspiration. No charms so captivating, no grace so irresistible, no spirits so exuberant, no wit so cheery, no conversation so fascinating no culture so varied but can find in the home a fit place for their varied charms.

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The Newspaper of the Country Town

Every town of any pretensions whatever has at least one country paper, published at home and dealing principally with home affairs. Is that paper worthy of patronage? Should you place advertisements in it? Will it benefit you to secure its favor through advertisements in its pages? These are questions, says an exchange which many a country merchant has asked himself when approached by the solicitor.

When spread out beside the great city daily which comes on the train from the metropolis it may look small. The pages may be smaller and there are not so many of them; the wording or the reading matter may not be equal to that of the city paper. The people of a country community may read both the metropolitan and the local paper. They like to know what is going on in the great world. But the other paper holds for them a nearer interest. In it are chronicled the little homely details of their neighbors and themselves. It may not be so powerful, so large, so important to the world; it may not be so wise, so skilled in argumentation. But it is a chronicle of things at home and it holds a closer relation to the people of the village and countryside than the big city paper can ever obtain. This being the case, it behooves the country merchant to recognize the possibilities of the country paper. Your opinion of the city paper may not be the same as that of your best customer, but you do not find fault with one another about that; but the country paper is right with you, and when one espouses its cause it becomes more of a personal matter. It is a part of the town family. Now, what is the attitude of this paper toward your business? How does it stand on the matter of the parcels post, the catalogue house trade and similar matters of importance to you? Have you ever talked it over with the man at the head?

We believe that advertising is vital and that the merchant should use the means and instruments within his reach for his own benefit. The advertisement in your home paper serves a double purpose—it gives you the support of the paper in a business way and it brings your business to the attention of the people who may be customers of yours. The country paper is worthy of patronage. We have a vital interest in the prosperity of the merchant, and we believe that we are justifying in urging him to advertise in his home publication. Most merchants do, you may say, and that is true in a way but look through the country papers, as we do, week after week, and you will realize how few merchants, comparatively speaking, advertise with any vim or earnestness. They pay for two things and only take one of them. The publisher is willing that you should have both—why not take them then?

The Harvest of the Sea. In Scotland there are 10,544 fishing vessels, of the value of \$4,117,549 including gear, and these landed 7,593,369 cwt. of fish, worth \$2,977,593, thereby giving employment to 92,305 persons, of whom 38,856 were engaged as fishermen on the boats. The number of fishermen alone has increased since 1905 by 2,698, the total number of persons employed in the allied trades by 1,406. 1,542,764 barrels of herrings and 71,268 cwt. of other fish were exported in 1906 from Scotland alone. In England and Wales 1,167 more fishermen were employed in 1906 than in 1905, and 201 more fishing boats registered. Herrings exported from England were more valuable in 1906 than in the previous year by £56,326, the quantity caught being greater by 219,332 cwt. In 1907, however, whilst the quantity increased by 1,161,260 cwt., the prices realized fell off by £193,266. In Scotland the quantity for 1906 showed a smaller total catch by 362,949 barrels, though their value was greater by £306,083. Fish of all sorts landed in England and Wales during 1907 was worth £8,164,000 showing an increase over 1906 of \$198,654, and over £661,255.—From The Engineering, London, England.

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