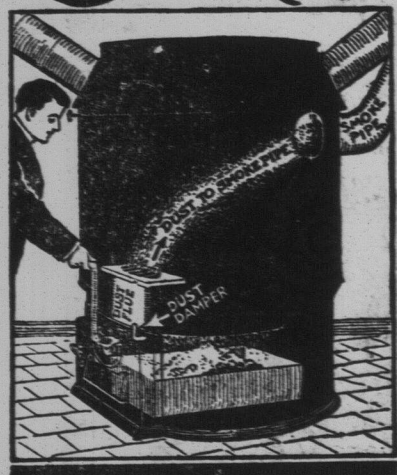


MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

"Sunshine" Furnace



Where Shaking is Respectable

A Draft of furnace dome, with no other assistance, is powerful to overcome the dust resistance in shaking time. Only surplus dust rises of itself above the fire. Great bulk descends into ash-pit, and unless legitimate outlet is therein provided, dust will escape through ash-door sills and into operator's face.

In "Sunshine" Furnace the legitimate dust outlet is provided. It's a great big dust-pipe running straight from

ash-pit to dome, thence to chimney. When big pipe damper is opened, all dust in ash-pit ascends to dome; then, when direct drafts are opened, all dust passes up chimney.

Always the clean and quick dust route in "Sunshine" Furnace—via grate, to pan, to dust-pipe, to dome, to chimney, to open air.

Write to us for "Sunshine" testimonials received from your own townspeople.

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TORONTO
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WINNIPEG

McClary's

VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B.
HAMILTON
1 CALGARY

GRANT & MORIN

Local Agents

Romance of Two Branded Steers A True Story

It was only a little advertisement and it read in this way—

"If the young man who branded a heart on the right arm of his little girl playmate 20 years ago and who wears a similar sign on his own arm will write to H. T. T. box 135, Des Moines, Ia., he will learn something of great interest to himself.

"H. T. T. was Miss Harriett Townley Philadelphia, and the young man she sought out was Harry Dickson. By great good fortune he saw the advertisement; he answered it and today Miss Townley is Mrs. Dickson and they are away on their honeymoon trip—a trip that will take them half way around the world.

Twenty years ago the girl branded the boy when their fathers were rounding up their cattle, and the boy branded the girl in return. They didn't know each others last names. But somehow there was something the girl remembered, and she tried to find the boy—man now—and she did.

Jake Townley was a rancher at Kadoka, S. Dak., 20 years ago. Once a year he rounded up his cattle. One season when the run was especially good he needed extra hands and he employed "Chuck" Dickson, who was on the range looking for a job. Dickson was a good cow puncher and he managed to make a living rounding up cattle for himself and his two toddlers, Harry and Dave. But when there was no need for his services he caught muskrats in the river and sold their skins or else he helped out with carrying the government mail.

But when old man Townley offered him a job at the round-up he threw up his job of carrying the mails and let his muskrat traps go to ruin, because punching cattle is steadier and pays bigger wages.

Rich as he was old man Townley kept close at hand when the round-up came. Unsouth, slouchy, plain spoken, he still had one soft little spot in his heart. It was for his baby girl, Hattie, five years old.

She was a wilful little thing, with curly brown hair and dark brown eyes, and she owned her father body and soul! Harry Dickson came with his father when they were branding the cattle. The little daughter of the cattle man and the son of the cow puncher found each other out and played together when the men were rounding up the cattle, roping them up and then branding them with the Townley mark, a tiny heart.

As one steer after another was thrown to the ground and the sizzling iron pressed to its shoulder little Miss Hattie, the owner's of New York and the eastern states,

daughter, and Harry, the cow-puncher's son, watched the operation with bulging eyes. They had never seen anything like it before. It was exciting indeed.

Suddenly the little girl turned to the boy she had known for days, which is a long time in the life of a child.

"I like you," she said suddenly. Let me brand you.

"I'm afraid it will hurt me, protested the boy.

"Don't be a big 'traid-cat, sneered the little girl. Come on!"

The boy demurred; the girl coaxed. Of course it was the same old story—the boy let the little girl burn a tiny heart—her father's brand—on his shoulder, just as the cattle were branded. It hurt him, but he never winced. He just gritted his teeth and let the little girl press the hot iron upon his skin.

"You weren't afraid at all, said the little girl to the boy, patting the heart that glowed red upon the tender shoulder.

"Course I wasn't," said the boy, bravely, though it hurt so he could not keep the tears back.

"Now you brand me," commanded the little girl. "Put one on me."

"Oh gracious, no!" gasped the boy. "Why I couldn't do that. It would hurt you."

"It wouldn't hurt me any more than it hurt you. You're no better than I am; if you could stand it I guess I could. I want one, too."

So the little girl gritted her teeth together and never whimpered once while the boy pressed the red-hot heart against her shoulder—the Townley brand.

"We won't tell what we've done," whispered the little girl, after it was over and tears had been forced back.

"No I guess we won't answered the boy, knowing full well that he would have been roundly spanked if he had.

The branding was over next day. Chuck Dickson took his two small boys back home, with a supply of bills in his pocket as the fruits of his labors.

That very same night a prairie fire sprang up, and the humble home of the Dicksons was destroyed. With the prairie a desert, there was nothing to do but to go somewhere else, and so Dickson took his family further west, to the Black Hills. There they settled, and the life in Dakota was forgotten.

Little Hattie grew up into a charming girl, and her father made up his mind that she must be sent east for a finishing touch to her education. She had learned to ride as well as any girl in the world, and she could shoot and fish and bake a cake with the best of them, but her father wanted something more—he wanted her to have the graces of the young women

of New York and the eastern states.

So he sent her to a finishing school in Baltimore.

There she met people she had never seen in the west. She grew to learn what the social graces are, and eventually she, too, went into society. Her father moved to the east, and for a while they lived in Boston and then in Philadelphia.

All the while the little heart that the boy had branded on her shoulder was becoming less and less conspicuous till at length it was only a tiny scar. But when she appeared at a dinner or a dance in decollete dress the scar would show, and more than one of her friends remarked how much the scar on Miss Townley's shoulder looked like a little heart.

But she never told—she just remembered. She never could quite blot out of her mind the memory of that small boy in the straw hat who had let her brand him years ago and then branded her when she told him to do it.

"If I could only go back to Dakota again, and see him," she often thought to herself. "Oh, if we could only be as once we were!"

Her education was finished. Little Hattie was now Miss Harriett Townley. She and her father took a long trip—the old cattle ranger immensely proud of the beautiful daughter, his only child.

They went to Florida, Mr. Townley died. When his will was read it was found that he had left his daughter \$500,000. With all her money the girl was alone in the world. She didn't know where to go. Just then there came a letter from her school chum, a Chicago girl who had married a young man in Des Moines, Ia.

"Come and spend a little time with us," she wrote. "We want you to forget your sorrow, and perhaps we can make it pleasant for you here."

Miss Townley went to Des Moines. One night after the theatre her school chum noticed the scar again and spoke about it.

"Who branded you?" she asked.

"Really, I can't tell you," laughed the girl. "He was a boy and I was a tiny girl. But I always remember him and I think I could like him, even now."

"Why don't you advertise for him?" then, suggested her friend. "Wouldn't it be fun if he should really see it and answer?"

"I'll do it," laughed Miss Townley, "but I don't suppose he'll ever see it. Why, it was 20 years ago."

The advertisement was sent to newspapers all over the country, and Miss Townley waited for an answer, scarcely expecting one, however. For all she knew the small boy who had branded the heart on her right arm might be dead—it was 20 years ago.

But he wasn't. Harry Dixon had grown up and was a mining prospector. To be sure he hadn't made much money, but he still had enough to buy three meals a day and keep a roof over his head. He had gone to Mexico with a party of miners, when one day only a few weeks ago he

chanced to pick up a New York paper which a tourist had left behind.

Now, New York newspapers are fairly rare in Mexico, and when anybody gets one it is pretty sure to be read through from start to finish, advertisements and all. News from home was enough for Harry Dixon; he read every line of the paper, and there in front of him was the "ad"—the girl he had branded 20 years ago was looking for him.

It didn't take the mining prospector long to write to the child of two decades ago, young woman now. Yes she was the child he had branded, and would he call the next time he chanced to be in Des Moines?

It wasn't long before Harry Dickson happened to be in Des Moines, and he called, all right. He hadn't a bit of difficulty in identifying himself, and soon he and Miss Townley were chatting over old times just as if it had been yesterday instead of 20 years ago.

The rest of it isn't difficult to guess. The boy of her childhood became the sweetheart of her womanhood. When he whispered just a few little words Miss Townley whispered one in answer, and it was a "Yes."

"I always felt that the heart that you burned on my shoulder was a

kiss," she told him, "and I have waited for you."

"And I," he confessed, "never forgot the little girl who wasn't afraid to be branded—I guess we were made for each other!"

They are married now, and their home isn't going to be far from Kadoka, S. Dak.—N. Y. World.

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, listless, spiritless, feeling will quickly depart when using the Restorative. Dr. Shoop's Restorative 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.

Minister or Politician

There are cases where it would be the duty of a clergyman and every good citizen to take active steps to carry out the provisions of the statutes, but we have many instances where men of the cloth overstep the bounds and do more harm than good. It would be pertinent to ask just here "If such conditions prevail in the Yukon as those referred to by Mr. Pringle, are we to take it that the preaching of himself and his confreres has borne no fruits?" Our chief motive in penning these lines is to draw attention to the fact that in this country, where we are supposed to have equal rights for all and special privileges for none, were a Catholic priest to have entered upon his work in the same fashion as Mr. Pringle, a goodly number of people, especially the constituency of Dr. Sproule, would mount guard and proclaim to the world that Popish interference in our civic affairs would not be tolerated. It is not necessary, however, for a priest to follow such methods as those of the Presbyterian, because the priest has real power amongst his flock, while the minister is in most cases merely the employee of his church adherents. There are those who will say, and truly say, that it would better become Mr. Pringle to appeal more to the people as a preacher and advisor and cease storming Ottawa and the newspapers. —Catholic Record.

Montreal, Floods in the south-western states are causing a good many transcontinental passengers in America to travel between east and west by way of the 'Soo' line of the C. P. R., in order to avoid the danger of being held up indefinitely by high water.

Mr. De Winter, the head of the big New York provision house of De Winter & Co., was among those arriving in Montreal by the 'Soo' train on Monday. He explained that he had been to Texas buying turkeys and while there the floods rose so high that the only way in which he could make sure of getting back to New York was to travel up to Canada, and make a part of the journey over the C. P. R. He told a very distressing story of the damage caused by the flood, saying that the devastation in Texas was deplorable. At Dallas something like ten thousand people had been rendered homeless, while the cotton crop, which meant so much to the state, is washed out of the ground. All through the south-western states, he said, the rivers had been in flood, and as a consequence much re-seeding of corn and wheat had had to be done.

Asked what was the reason of the present high price of provisions, Mr. De Winter said it was caused by the absolute scarcity. There was a shortage of about twenty-five per cent. in the past season in the production of provisions of all kinds. That was the result partly of the partial failure of last year's crop, and partly through so many farms being allowed to become more and more unproductive.

Mr. De Winter had a fine compliment for Canada. He buys very largely on this side of the line, and he said that Canada's butter and cheese, bacon and eggs, are the finest in quality of any in the world.

No matter where women meet they talk and

wherever you hear them talking the gist of conversation is always the same.

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We assist you. Write us and you will receive post paid Premium List and Order Blanks, from which your customers can select goods; mail the order to us and we will ship the goods to you and allow you 30 days to deliver the goods, collect the money and mail to us. Address

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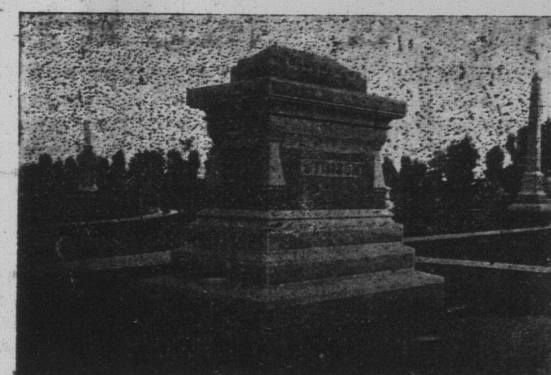
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