

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETING

### 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 Steamer CONNORS BROS.

S. S. CONNORS BROS. will leave St. John Tuesday morning calling at Letete or Back Bay, Blacks Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Dipper Harbor, Red Store or St. George.

RETURNING leave St. Andrews for St. John Tuesday morning calling at Letete or Back Bay, Blacks Harbor, Beaver Harbor, 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.

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. Lewis Connors, Pres. Black's Harbor, N. B.

### Old Girls And New.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight, and give us a maiden dressed proper and right. We are so weary of switches and rats. Billy Burke clusters and peach-basket hats waded of excelsior heaped in a pile and stacked on their heads to the height of a mile. Something is wrong with the maidens, we fear. Give us the girls as they used to appear. Give us the girls who once knew of yore, whose curls didn't come from a hair-dressing store. Maidens who dressed with sensible view, and just as Dame Nature intended them to. Give us a girl with a figure her own, and fashioned divinely by nature alone. Feminine style's getting fiercer each year—oh, give us the girls as they used to appear. (Kan) News.

Give us a girl with round cheeks like a rose; give us a girl with an untitled nose; give us a girl on common sense heels; one with a head without wheels one that can romp and paw up the dirt; one without hobbles on mind or on skirt; one that can build a short cake like a dream; one whose complexion stands water or steam, one who can fasten herself to a broom and laugh as she steers the old thing 'round the room; one whom no flattery ever can budgie; and one who knows something besides making fudge. Houston (Tex.) Post.

Give them the girl they want—we do not care. Dress her in hoops with a horrible flare. Make her look foolish with old-fashioned things—a sort of stuffed angel, developing wings, Pat her in cork-screws, with rings in her ears, and make her look double or tre le her years. Make her a grandma when she is a miss, and have her look useful to hug and to kiss. Give us the girl you can't tell from a boy the kind of a girl the world can enjoy. Give us the girl who can drive a machine dress like her brother and live these, ene. Give us the girl who is quick on her feet and will push an old grandfather into her seat; one with a gentleman's collar and coat, who speaks in four languages, clamors to vote, reads Bernard Shaw and is smart as a whip and is thin in the middle and is straight in the hip. A fig for the child-like, ingenious doll. We do not want any of that sort at all. Give us a woman in step with her day, who has put the old Puritan business away; one who is lovely and learned and sweet, and a lady withal from her head to her feet—a woman who's made of what men are made of. A fig for Priscilla, who did very well when the country was young and a vision of hell was a very good thing for the pro-

vincial mind. Give us the twentieth century kind, who don't discount us coming around with the virtues of Mrs. Pro-metheus bound. Give us a club woman loaded with brains, or give us a suffragist, smashing her panes; give us the girl who exhibits a worth the new kind of the new kind—the hope of the earth.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

### INSIDE HISTORY OF BUNKER HILL GUN

It Was Taken to Quebec by Major Tapp Whose Grandfather Got It From British Government

Col. J. L. Herbert Nelson, president of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, tells the story of the Bunker Hill gun at Quebec citadel as follows: "The real story of this piece of cannon appears to be unknown. I am of the few remaining who do know its history, and therefore feel justified in making the following statement concerning it:

"On the 4th of November, 1871 Capt. C. E. Montizambert, Quebec Garrison Artillery, and I were commissioned to recruit B Battery C.A. (the first of the permanent corps) and at the same time to take charge of all the military buildings and stores, transferred to the militia department when the last of the imperial garrison sailed from Quebec on 6th of November. Among a multitude of obsolete materials we noted this large bronze gun in the sheds in rear of the present R.C.R. quarters on St. George street. A few days later Major W. H. Tapp, a retired British officer, whom we both knew, came to us, claiming that this bronze gun was his personal property, that it had been an heirloom in his family for about a century; that being determined to fix himself permanently in Quebec he had caused the gun to be brought from his home in England, and that pending the creation of a new home here he had requested one of the military storekeepers to house it where we found it. He asked us to take charge of it until such time as he would claim it. He further volunteered the statement that the gun had formed part of the armament of an American ship of war or privateer captured off the harbor of Boston in the early days of the Revolutionary war by his grandfather, then an officer in the Royal navy. This officer had either received the gun as a reward or kept it as legitimate loot.

"During the summer of 1872, our new commandant, Lt.-Col. T. B. Strange, R.A., caused the gun to be mounted on an improvised carriage in the centre of the Citadel square, in the exact position it now occupies.

"In May, 1875, being on leave of absence, I visited the United States and among other cities Boston, and among its sights, the Bunker Hill monument. At the summit of this monument, reached by a long flight of stairs, is a quadrangular chamber. To my surprise I found affixed to the walls two bronze guns of the exact size and appearance of our Citadel gun. A third monument also affixed to the walls, one of these was an inscription to the effect that: In the year 1722 four bronze guns were cast by order of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, that all were used during the war of Independence. Two of these were intact at the close of the war—the third exploded, (hence the fragments) and that the fourth had completely disappeared.

"There could be no doubt that Major Tapp's gun was the fourth gun referred to in this inscription. It exactly corresponds to its fellows in size and above all by the embossed oval escutcheon with the arms of Massachusetts—an Indian holding a bow above a lone star.

"I mentioned these facts to my brother officers after my return and I think gave the information to at least one of the Quebec papers of that year, 1875. Up to 1877 there was no inscription whatever on the gun itself. That year and the year following I was on service in England. After my return I noticed for the first time that the inscription, which still exists, had been deeply cut into the metal of the gun. I observed to Colonel Strange that there was no proof that this gun had ever been used and captured at the battle of Bunker's Hill, in fact the inscription was at variance with Major Tapp's first statement to Montizambert and I. He replied laughing, 'What does it matter? No one will be the wiser, but it will tickle the fancy of our American visitors.'

"Whether Major Tapp gave his consent to this inscription I never heard. In 1880—when B Battery C.A., was transferred to Kingston, we left the custody of the gun to the incoming garrison.

"Major William Hotaro Tapp never created for himself a home in Quebec, he resided with a private family at Mount Pleasant. Probably for this reason he never claimed the gun."

In connection with the controversy over the old cannon which for years has been an object of interest to tourists at Quebec, it is interesting to note the manner in which McLaughlin, the American historian sums up the story of the battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred June 17, 1775.

"The world knows the result," he writes. "Beaten back in two desperate assaults, the British finally captured the redoubt when the provincials had run out of ammunition. It was a victory dearly bought, and though the Americans were for the moment overcome by mortification, their brave resistance to disciplined troops was of great moral effect."

### Fact and Legend Re the Blarney Stone

Which Winston Churchill Lately Kissed The actual kissing of the Blarney stone by Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, while on a recent visit to the beautiful Killarney Lakes district, has sent thousands of people to their books of reference to find out just what it means.

The medley of authorities that has been produced is decidedly confusing. One fact seems to be established and it is that the tradition of the Blarney stone is surrounded by a vagueness of detail characteristic of its origin and in keeping with the ornamental trappings that one story acquired in the course of the ages. We are on safe ground so far as the facts about the castle go.

Blarney is a village four miles north west of Cork, with 800 inhabitants. It is situated on the Blarney River and has some celebrity for its tweeds; but the castle and its stone are, of course, the glory of the place. The castle is little more than a square tower 120 feet high, with mahicolated battlements and it was the stronghold of the McCarthys.

The famous stones of triangular shape and is lowered from the north angle of the castle, about twenty feet from the top. It bears the following inscription: Cormac McCarthy Fortis Me Pieri Fecit, A. D. 1446.

How the stone acquired its widespread renown is disputed, but the version given by Wheeler's "Familiar Allusions" holds the field, probably because it is the only connected story offering anything like an explanation.

When or how it first got its singular reputation is not known, but the superstition concerning it is firmly fixed in the minds of the Irish peasantry, hundreds of whom resort to the castle every year for the purpose of kissing a stone endowed with a property so marvellous.

The story runs that in 1602 Cormac McCarthy, the lord of Castle Blarney, concluded an armistice with Carew, the Lord Resident, on condition of surrendering the fortress to the English garrison; but whenever the fulfilment of his pledges was demanded, he invented some smooth and plausible excuse for delay, till Carew became the laughing stock of Elizabeth's Ministers.

Blarney a Soft Insinuating Word. "Thus," says Wheeler, "the term 'Blarney' became a byword and was used to denote a soft, insinuating and deceitful manner of speech."

It is said that Queen Elizabeth herself was the first to use the phrase "It is all Blarney."

The reference authorities thus describe the virtue that follows the kissing of the stone: Dr. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable": "Whoever does this shall be able to persuade to anything."

Wheeler's "Familiar Allusions": "The power of imparting to any one who kisses it a fluent, persuasive and not over honest tongue."

Farmer and Henley's "Slang Dictionary": "Blandishment, soft speech, or sawder, gross flattery, gammon." Dixon's "Dictionary of Idiomatic Phrases": "To be full of flattery and persuasive language"

Trench H. Johnson's "Phrases and Names": "Snaive speeches intended only

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some feet from the top. This, no doubt, is the stone that Mr. Churchill kissed, and in order to do so it is necessary "to lie on your back over the machicolation."

Others maintain that this is not the stone at all, but that the right stone lies loose on the ground.

It is reported that Mr. Churchill is coming to Canada in the autumn.

The virtues of the stone are immortalized in Miliken's "Gross of Blarney", which contains this verse added by Father Front of Relics' frame:

There is a stone there That whoever kisses, O, he never misses To grow eloquent, Don't hope to hinder him Or to bewilder him Sure he's a pilgrim From the Blarney Stone.

Samuel Lover has also written about the Blarney Stone. The best known verse is:

O say, would you find this same "Blarney?" There's a castle not far from Killarney, On the top of its wall (But take care you don't fall) There's a stone that contains all this Blarney, Like a magnet its influence such is, That attraction it gives all it touches; If you kiss it, they say, From that blessed day, You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney.

The exact position of the stone is an other matter of considerable dispute, and the doubt is much too remunerative to be disposed of.

The general supposition is that the stone is one fixed by iron to the parapet of the large square tower which used to be the donjon or keep of the castle

received a severe set-back, it is hoped, in the sentences of five years imposed on Mary Leigh and Gladys Evans of Dublin. These were the "women whose acts of criminal destructiveness marked the visit of Premier Asquith to the Irish capital recently. Mrs. Leigh threw a hatchet at Mr. Asquith's carriage and wounded Mr. E. Redmond, the Irish leader. Miss Evans attempted to set fire to the Royal, in which Mr. Asquith, failed to speak the following jury's verdict of guilty was in applause by the spectators: Mrs. Leigh's long record as a suffragette will now be a white flag.



**DREAMSTICKS**

MINNIE HAD ONLY WORKED IN THIS KITCHEN FOUR DAYS WHEN SHE CALLED ALL THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE-HOLD TO THAT ROOM AND EXCLAIMED, "IF THE GAS ESCAPED, WOULD THE MAN TEL?"

BACK TO THE EMPLOYMENT OFFICE, MINNIE!

Historic Mansion Passes Ontario's old Government House, the historic building in which the Lieutenant-Governors of the Province have lived for many years during their various terms of office, was sold by tender to a contractor for \$2,750, to be torn down and be removed, in order to make room for railway yards. Besides the building materials contained in the house itself there were old carvings of considerable value.



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