

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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Office and Residence, PARKS BUILDING,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

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M. D., C. M., MCGILL.
Physician and Surgeon.
Residence, - - Russell House.

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DENTIST
Will be in St. George the third week of every month

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Steamer leaves St. John at 9 a.m. on Wednesdays for Eastport, Leduc, Portland and Boston; also on Saturdays at 7 p.m. for Boston direct.
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A Grey Mare, weight 1100 lbs., 12 years old, true and kind. Will sell cheap.
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St. John, St. George and St. Stephen.
American Express Mail Train.
(Daily, Sunday Excepted.)
On and after Monday, Dec. 2nd, 1907, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
Leave St. Stephen 7.00 a.m.
Arrive St. John 11.45 a.m.
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Railway connections at Calais with the Washington County Railway; at St. John with the Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Railways.
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FRANK J. McPRAKE,
Superintendent.
St. John, N. B., Jan'y 1st, 1906.



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White Hotel for winter party employees. Private Boarders on Reasonable Terms.
Modern Improvements.
Hotel for Summer Tourists, near the Favorite Bathing Beaches. Heated throughout with Hot Water, and Lighted by Electricity.
RODNEY STREET,
WEST ST. JOHN.

The Simple Life.

Marcus d'Favor in black and white.

Daphne had a simple mind! And when Philip--her husband--suggested they should have a cottage in the country and lead a Simple Life, she clapped her hands with delight, just as if she had been three, instead of three and twenty added to it.

"The Simple Life," she cried, "Oh, how delightful!" and Philip echoed, "Yes the Simple Life," in as pleased a voice as hers. So they rented a country cottage--not too far from London--and with the aid of fumed oak, chints and a few sarwigs, began to lead the Simple Life in earnest. Philip went up each morning to his work, and Daphne remained in the cottage spoiling her slim white hands in her efforts to be sufficiently simple. She cooked, she sewed, she gardened, she was busy from morning till night, and she thought of Philip, with whom--though they had been married a year--she was still in love, from 9 in the morning, the hour at which he left her, until the most uncertain hour in the evening, when he returned; and she planned new dishes as a welcome to him, and considered him dreadfully ill-used when he was detained late (as was so often the case), and invented a whole list of dishes which did not spoil by keeping hot. It was an ideal life, and it was her delight to entertain her own and Philip's friends in her little Eden. One particular afternoon she was entertaining Lydia Fosbury--an older married school friend of hers. Lydia had come down to lunch; she had admired the cottage (it was her first visit) the garden, the beehives (the latter from a respectful distance), and had eaten of a lunch cooked entirely by Daphne.

Daphne walked with her to the village where, Philistine-wise--despite Daphne's entreaties to walk--she had ordered a pony trap to take her to the station. "There is something wrong with Lydia. I wonder if she is in love?" she said, "I wish she would marry again--happily. Poor Lydia! It does seem hard for one woman to have such a beast of a husband, and another to have a perfect dear like Philip I'm so glad she divorced Reginald at last, but it must be dreadfully lonely!" She mused thus for some minutes, then suddenly remembering her duties as a housewife, fell to reviewing in swift array the remains of the luncheon and their possibilities with regard to dinner.

Her heart fell. "It is to tell me Philip is kept late again," she cried. "Oh, it is too bad." She went to meet the boy, took the telegram, opened it and read:

Can't get home till 8. Sorry.--Philip.
"It's a perfect shame!" she cried, crushing the offending message in her clenched hands; "It's the second time this week. It seems like an evil fate, directly we get the cottage, and he wants to get off early! Poor old Phil."

Suddenly she caught sight of a little engagement book lying in the grass. "Lydia must have dropped it," she thought as she stooped to pick it up. "How sweet," she exclaimed, noticing the decoration of the cover, the rough edges of the leaves, and the little green pencil; she pulled the latter out, and immediately the newness of the small book asserted itself, and it opened--opened on the first page, and showed her plainly the first and only entry. If an adder had uncoiled itself from between the leaves and stung her, Daphne could not have dropped it more hastily.

But suddenly she paused on the path, and turning, retraced her steps, picked up the little book, and ran, without stopping, into the cottage, slamming the door behind her, and up the little crooked stairs into her bedroom. There she sat down on the bed and read the fatal words again: "Friday--Dinner and theatre, Philip," in Philip's most clear, rather feminine handwriting! She cried aloud in sharp, hard groans, and lay thus till her passion had spent itself; then, nearly as suddenly as she had flung herself on the bed, she rose and stood, full of aimless action, looking burning in front of her right through her reflection in the long glass. Suddenly the meaning of her reflection

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Must be sold and will go at cost Men's and Ladies' Coats Caps and Mitts STOCK IS COMPLETE

SAMUEL McKAY PENNFIELD

struck her. The rose-flaming cheeks (Daphne was one of the rare women whom tears cannot disfigure) grew a deeper rose, an expression of hope flashed across her face, an eager expression of relief, as if a friend had come unexpectedly in some deadly peril; she flung out her hands in passionate welcome.

"I am beautiful," she said. Drawing back a few steps, she noted all her graces--the lovely hair, the wide eyes, the delicate shape of her face, the round white throat, sloping shoulders, the slimmest of waist and hips, the long line from hip to the white sandaled feet. "I am beautiful," she added again, and laughing hardy added, "and I am not simple any more, I will not go on dragging it out! I will do what I am going to do at once." She regarded her face in the mirror again. "Yes she said, getting up, I will go on the stage! I will go to Mand's friend, Mr. Hodges, he's so well known, and he offered to help me that Christmas he saw me act at Mand's--if at any time I wanted to go on the stage. Oh, how keen I was about it till--till--I met Philip!" She pulled herself up here. And he's just got a theatre of his own--what luck!"

She collected the tea-things most quickly and prosaically, and was soon back in the little red-tiled kitchen, realizing for the first time in her life the relief of action! The cups and plates once more shining on the little deal dresser, she began to cook the dinner. She had just laid the table in the sitting room when she heard the click of the garden gate, and for a few minutes her heart beat wildly, passionately, her cheeks burned, and the tears rushed to her eyes. Then she controlled herself. "I will say nothing," she thought; "I will hear what he will tell. I will be quite natural till then. Oh, how I hate him."

The next moment Philip, fair, small and neat-looking, was kissing her on the cheek. "What a color you've got," he said. "Cooking your dinner," she retorted laughing. Oh, I've had a busy day. Then feeling he might know and that silence on her part might look suspicious she added: "Lydia has been here"; and then, not quite satisfied that the tone of her voice was altogether natural, and over anxious not to betray herself, she turned and ran to the kitchen, saying: "I must see to the dinner."

But by the time they began dinner she was quite herself again and awaited his lie with smiling lips. They had just finished the soup when Philip suddenly said: "Did Lydia tell you nothing--nothing particular, I mean." Daphne, in spite of her outward composure, was glad that at that moment Philip had just gone to the sideboard with the plates, and so was behind her. "No," she answered carelessly, "she didn't tell me anything exactly, but of course, I guessed there was something." "I've gone and mixed myself up in it," said Philip. "Well?" thought Daphne. "And tomorrow night, Daphne"--he paused, and, pressing her, rubbed his

hands softly against her cheek--"tomorrow night I'm to be sacrificed on the altar of friendship. Will you be lonely?" "What do you mean?" said Daphne, a trifle bewildered. "Well," he replied, resuming his seat, "Lydia and Dick Morris have fallen out." "Dick Morris," echoed Daphne. "Yes, Dick, a great pal of mine, though I haven't seen much of him since we married. Yes that's it. They were keeping it dark. Engaged, you know, and I'm to play the part of loyal friend and bring these two foolish young people together again; so I've asked Lydia to dinner and a theatre, and--and, well, Dick's to come in somewhere, and I get a wire and leave him to see her home, and the thing's done! Neat isn't it? So you see that's why you couldn't come; easier for one to clear out than two." "Hullo!"--for Daphne had risen and was standing white and trembling at the end of the table. "IIP he inquired, getting up and putting an arm round her--"going to faint? Steady, old girl." He led her towards the couch, but Daphne laid her fair head on his shoulder and burst into a flood of tears.

The next night, while Daphne sat in the cool garden, still chastened and humble, and mused, with tears of contrition in her lovely eyes, on Philip's goodness and her own unworthiness, Lydia's brown eyes were dancing and sparkling as she leaned forward across a little table at the Florence, and listened to Philip, who--flushed with laughter and the approval of his fair guest--told her how skillfully he had managed the rather delicate affair of the entry in the little engagement book.

"What a good thing it was you thought of wiring to me when you missed it," he concluded. "What a good thing it is that Daphne has a simple mind," responded Lydia laughing. **From a Woman's Point of View**
The arrival of young women immigrants this fall at the rate of 500 and 1000 per ship, most of them destined for domestic service, might at first seem to promise some relief from the perplexities of the household servant question. But when we note that with considerably more than a hundred thousand already in that service in New York that city is loudly complaining of an under-supply it is evident that the season's recruits will be but drops in buckets.

In these circumstances, then, the wages for house servants will continue high; and the servants, knowing the economic strength of their position, will continue to be as unsatisfactory as they choose. The hotel affords a refuge from the difficulties of getting satisfactory domestic service which perhaps mainly accounts for the rapid increase of hotels and similar dwellings in all the larger cities.

For the family of each grade above that of the very limit income there are hotels of their equivalent which afford attraction refuges from the servant difficulty. Nothing else can account for the amazing increase of hotels and apartment houses; and it is not a wholesome social condition.--Providence Tribune.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lunghealing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses, "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by All Dealers.

Antiseptic methods are becoming popular with the country barbers in England. A man dropped into a village shop the other day and was shaved. Then came a wash by a sponge whose odor suggested the morgue. The victim's face was burned like fire. "What on earth have you got on that sponge?" he demanded. "Ah," answered the villager, proudly, waving the sponge in the air, "that's carbolic acid. It's so safe!"

Trial Catarh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people--without a penny's cost--the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarh. Kennedy, Sold by All Dealers.

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are conquered easily if ATTACKED BEFORE THEY ARE "GROWN UP" AND BECOME "TROUBLES OR CALAMITIES."
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