

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.



Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

### The Hunting of the Woodchuck

There was murder in my heart; the woodchuck knew it. He never had had a thought before, but he had one now. It came hard and heavily, yet it arrived in time, and it was not a slow thought for a woodchuck, either—just a little better, indeed, than my own.

This was the first time I had caught the woodchuck away from his hole. He had left his old burrow in the huckleberry hillside and dug a new one under one of my young peach trees. I had made no objections to his huckleberry hole. He used to come down the hillside and waddle into the orchard in broad day, free to do and go as he pleased; but not since he began to dig under the peach tree I discovered this new hole. When it was only a foot deep, and promptly filled it with stones. The next morning the stones were out and the cavity two feet deeper. I filled it up again, driving a large, squarish piece of rock into the mouth tight, certainly stopping all further work, as I thought.

There are wonderful woodchucks that you can discourage and some that you cannot. Three days later the piece of rock and the stones were piled about the foot of the peach tree and covered with fresh earth; the hole ran in out of sight, with the woodchuck evidently at the bottom of it.

I tried shutting him out; now I would try shutting him in. It was cruel—it would have been to anything but a woodchuck. I was ashamed of myself for doing it, and went back the next day really hoping that I should find the burrow open.

I would not worry so again; but then I should never again try to destroy a woodchuck by walling up his hole, any more than Brer Fox would try to punish the rabbit by slinging him a second time into the briar patch.

The burrow was wide open. I had stuffed and rammed the rocks into it, and buried deep in its mouth the body of another woodchuck that my neighbor's dog had killed. All was cleared away. The deceased relative was gone—where and how, I know not; the stones were scattered on the farther side of the tree and the passage was neatly swept of all loose sand and pebbles.

Clearly the woodchuck had come to stay. I meant that he should move. I could get him into a steel trap, for his wits are not abiding. They come only on occasion. He lives too much in the ground and too constantly by his door to grow very wise.

He can always be trapped; your enemy can always be murdered. But no gentleman shoots and stabs. I hate the steel trap, I have set my last one. They would be bitter peaches on that tree if they cost the woodchuck what I have seen many a woodchuck suffer in the jaws of such a trap.

But it is perfectly legitimate and gentlemanly to shoot such a woodchuck. Certainly. So I got the gun and waited—and waited—and waited. Did you ever wait with a gun till a woodchuck came out of his hole? I did. A woodchuck has just seen enough to go into his hole—and stay in.

There were too many woodchucks about, and my days were too precious for me to spend any large part of the summer watching for this one with a gun. I have been known to fire and miss a woodchuck, anyway.

It was while thinking what I could do next that I came down the row of young trees and spiced the woodchuck out in the orchard, fifty days away from his hole. He spied me at the same instant, and rose on his hunches.

At last we were face to face. The time had come; it would be a fight to the finish, and a fair fight, too; for all that I had about me in the way of weapons was a heavy pair of knee-high hunting boots which I had put on against the dew of the early morning. All my thought and energy centered immediately in those boots.

The woodchuck kept his thoughts in his head. He put into his heels what speed he had; and little as that was, it told, pieced out with the head-work.

Back in my college days I ran a two mile race, the greatest race of the day, the judges said—and just at the tape lost two gold medals and the glory of a new record because I didn't use my head. Only two of us out of twenty finished, and we finished together—the other fellow twisting and falling forward, breaking the tape with his side, while I pined for pace with him—didn't think.

For a moment the woodchuck and I stood motionless. I was at the very mouth of his burrow. It was coming to sure death for him to attempt getting in. Yet it was fatal if he did not get in.

Had you been that woodchuck, gentle reader, I wonder if you would have taken account of the thick-stemmed stones behind you, the dense tangle of dewberry vines on your left, the heavy boots of your enemy and his unthinking rage?

I was really mistaken that woodchuck. A blunder, flabbier face never looked into mine. Only the sudden appearance of death could have brought the trace of intelligence across it that I caught as the creature dropped on all fours and began to wobble straight away from me over the area of rough, loose stones.

With a jump and a yell I was after him making five yards to his one. He tumbled along as best he could, still to my surprise, right away from his hole. It was down hill; and I should land upon him in half a dozen bounds more.

On we went, reckless of the uneven ground, until accurately calculating his speed and the changing distance between us, I rose with a mighty leap, sailed into the air and came down—just an inch too far—on a round stone, turned my ankle, and went sprawling over the woodchuck in a heap.

The woodchuck spilled himself from under me, slid short about and tumbled off for home by way of the dewberry tangle.

He had made a good start before I was righted and again in motion. Now it was all up hill, which did not seem to matter much to the woodchuck, but made a great difference to me. Besides, I had counted on a simple, straight away dash and had not saved myself for this climbing stride and saw the woodchuck turn sharp to the right in a bee line for his burrow.

I wheeled, jumped out after him—and caught him on the toe of my boot, and lifting him, fopped him smoothly, softly into his hole.

It was gently done; and so beautifully! The whole feat had something of the poetic accuracy of an astronomical calculation. And the perfectly lovely dive I helped him make home!

I sat down on his mound of earth to get myself together and enjoy it all. Perhaps he never could do the trick again; but then he won't need to. All the murder was gone from my heart. He had beaten the boots, so neatly, so absolutely, that simple decency compelled me then and there to turn over that Crawford peach tree, root and stem, to the woodchuck, his heirs and assigns forever.

By way of celebration he has thrown out nearly a cartload of sand from somewhere beneath the tree, deepening and enlarging his house.

"Dose voodahuck, him kill dem tree," declared my Swedish neighbor, viewing the hole. Perhaps so. As yet however, the tree grows on without a sign of hurt.

But, suppose it does die? Well, there is no certainty of its bearing good fruit. There was once a peddler of trees, a pious man, who made a mistake selling

the wrong tree. Besides, there are other trees in the orchard, and, if necessary, I can buy peaches.

Yes, but what if other woodchucks should seek other roof-trees in the peach row?

They won't. There are no fashions, no emulations out-of-doors. Because one woodchuck moves from huckleberries to a peach tree, is no sign that all the woodchucks on the hillside are going to forsake the huckleberries with him. Only humans are silly enough for that. If the woodchucks should all come, it would be extremely interesting, an event worth many peaches.

### In the Day Coach

At first when she saw the train whirling over the bridge into the junction where she changed cars she thought there must be some mistake. She had expected a limited train with a Pullman for the long day's ride into Chicago, and this—

"Have I got to go all the way in this tram?" she demanded irritably of the brakeman. Even then she noted that he did not gaze through her in the impersonal, stony manner so often employed by the bored handler of human freight. There was in his attitude a hint of surprise that anyone should be dissatisfied with the engine, baggage car and two day coaches which he found so satisfactory.

"We pick up a parlor car at Dubuque, he told her and passed on.

"Hello! hi!" he called from the back platform as the train puffed away.

A young fellow in his shirt sleeves waved a friendly air in answer from the window of the telegraph room. Some old men leaning against a baggage truck nodded also, but in a stately way, as befitted persons whose minds were on crop prospects and other weighty affairs. There was a faint clang of a school bell, which was lost in the clank of the wheels on the rails and the train roared over a little bridge. Down in the swollen brook below cattle stood knee deep. A delicate green overran the willows on the banks and the meadows stretched bright green up in the fields, where ploughs were turning the soil in ridges of moist blackness. The violets were out, making blurs of blue along the banks by the railroad track.

"It would be perfect," the dissatisfied traveler muttered. "If one didn't have to ride in this stuffy old crowded coach!" She gazed about her with hostile eyes. Particularly she disliked the head of the man in the seat in front of her. That head had thick black hair which curled in shiny ringlets. She felt it a distinct outrage that she was compelled to sit near a head like that. In her mind was a vivid picture of what the owner of the head looked like. She knew he wore a checked suit of clothes with a red tie and a turquoise matrix pin and that he had a carbuncle cuff link and a huge secret society diamond ring and sold an inferior kind of ready made clothes to helpless merchants who knew no better.

There was a little girl across the aisle. She was not a pretty child. Her woolen dress had been cut large to allow space for her to grow, and her hair was curly and tightly strained back from her face, which had high cheek bones and the nose of a European peasant. The hair was tied with light blue ribbon and on the cheap straw hat, perched at an ungainly angle on top of her head, were rigid little bunches of pale blue forget-me-nots. Her hands were red and rough. Beside her sat a stolid woman with an indeterminate waist line and a wrinkled face and the two were hedged in with many newspaper bundles, a shiny valise and a geranium with the blossoms sticking out above the wrappings. But in the child's eyes was the light of adventure. She was riding on the cars and enjoying a new thrill every moment. She sat tense and did not swing her feet. There was a superiority in her glance when she looked out of the window at two barefoot children standing in a field waving their hats and shouting at the train. A week ago she had done the same thing, but now she was a travelled person. Had she not been 60 miles up the line to visit her cousin and they had not had the minister to tea? Things were very different now from what they had been a week ago.

Out of one paper package her mother produced a piece of bologna sausage and

some thick bread, and the little girl ate with slow, important bites.

The elderly men and their wives who boarded the day coach were haughtily alike. The men had whiskered faces and moved slowly, as though their muscles were stiffened from years of field work, and they all had on their Sunday clothes and the coats were all Prince Alberts. About their white collars their necks looked red and weatherbeaten. The women wore ruches in the necks of their black dresses, and their shoes creaked. Sometimes they would find acquaintances on the train and there would be joyful explanation. Mostly they had just come from or were going to Tom's or Jannie's, or one of the other childrens for a few days.

"They've named him after pa," one woman announced, her voice rising triumphantly. "And he weighed eight pounds, pa's as proud—you'd think no one ever had grandchild before!"

The man with the curling black hair got off at a country seat and the dissatisfied traveller noted triumphantly that he had on the diamond ring and the carbuncle cuff links and was fully as impossible as she had pictured him. But he helped her homely little girl down from the car steps and rescued the imperiled geranium. His smile as he did so was entirely human and sympathetic. One suddenly realized that it was part of a friendly spirit pervading the crowded and stuffy day coach.

There were jutting rocks and hills when one looked from the window now. The brakeman paused beside the traveller who had wanted better accommodations; "You can get into the parlor car in a few minutes, he told her. Here's Dubuque!"

The parlor car certainly rolled along more smoothly and the seats were dignifiedly exclusive, and one could turn one's back to everyone else, and the scenery was the same, but the dissatisfied traveller felt as if he had lost something.

"I really believe," she confided to the muddy Mississippi, which the train was crossing, "that things were a great deal more interesting back there in the day coach!"—Chicago News.

### The Progressive Prescription Man.

A prescription man had worked at the same drugstore for several years. When his third baby was born he went to the proprietor and declared that it was necessary to have more income.

"I'm willing to work harder, but I've got to have better wages to meet expenses."

The boss took a day to think the matter over, and then replied: "Your job carries all the salary I can afford to pay for that kind of work. There isn't any chance for you to work harder for me behind the prescription counter and be worth more money. But of course, I want you to be satisfied. So I'll show you how to make more money by working a little for yourself."

This druggist was enterprising and had built up a good trade in side-line-preparations of his own compounding, sold in other stores. He had, at one time, tested the formula of a toilet preparation, found it satisfactory, and then set it aside for lack of time to develop it. This formula was given to the prescription man, and the boss drew up a scheme for marketing it. Under his direction the clerk took up a small office near the store, adopted a company name compounded a quantity of the stuff, bottled it and began selling it over the country through women selling agents, who worked on commission, and were secured by advertising, according to the employer's scheme.

During the first year this prescription man worked nights, Sundays and holidays in that little office, spending there pretty nearly every hour when he was not behind the counter or asleep. During the first six months the business had just about paid back what was put into it. But presently profit began to come in, and by the end of the year the outlook for the future was so good that the clerk felt tempted to give up his job. He told the boss this frankly, and the latter was frank with him.

"You can quit if you want to. I don't even ask you to remember that I furnished the scheme and the experience. But if you stay I'll show you how to make a good deal more out of that little business than you can ever make by the plan you're following."

The druggist thereupon bought a half interest in the clerk's outside enterprise, furnishing capital with which to extend it. He drew up a plan for placing the preparation with the wholesale and retail trade, widely extending its possibilities, and it is now becoming highly profitable.

### No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impair digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and depondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.



### Great Clearance Sale

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We have carried over too much stock and must dispose of it before winter sets in. For the next thirty days we will sell all kinds of Crockeryware at unheard of low prices. Yarn, Stockinet, Mittens, Socks, Homespun, Unshrinkable Underwear at low prices. Boots and Shoes. Staple and Fancy Groceries. Flour, Feed Oats. Fishermen's Outfits.

Everything to be found in a first class general store.

### WELCHPOOL MARKET

GEORGE M. BYRON, Manager.

### For Mutual Prosperity

At the beginning of another year, when good wishes for the prosperity of all our friends are in order, I take this opportunity to thank all my customers for their trade during the past year, and I have pleasure in advising that my lines have never represented my motto, "Value Received," as well as it does this year. I trust that you will again give me the privilege of proving the fact, by giving me your orders early. This enables me to buy cheaper and get the goods to my customers with much less expense to them. Hoping you will note this fact, and thanking you for past favors,

I. E. GILLMOR, - - Bonny River.

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