

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS



Running Water in Your Home

Wherever you live—in town, suburb or country—in a 12, 18 or 24 room house—an adequate, satisfactory, lasting supply of water on any floor or in any room every day of every year is now possible.

Leader Water System

Consisting of a steel Leader back to your water supply with your well, cistern or spring—gas, water, windmill or hand pump and a simple, easy-to-install system of pipes to reach all that is necessary.

A Leader Water System for your home will never require more than a few minutes' attention each day. It will never get out of order—never need repairs.

Ask for Free Booklet—The Leader Water Supply Problem. A handy and helpful booklet, written with graphic and instructive photographs of Leader Water System.

Call or Send for Free Descriptive Booklet.

THOS. R. KENT,
AGENT,
CONTRACTOR FOR ARTESIAN WELLS,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger
over your cup of **CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE.**
In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

F. M. CAWLEY
ST. GEORGE, N. B.
Undertaker and Embalmer
Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand
Prices lower than any competitor

J. B. SPEAR
Undertaker and Funeral Director
A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.
Telephone at Residence
All goods delivered free. Prices to suit the people

HEADQUARTERS FOR Union Blend Tea Wanted

A Large Quantity of

- Lamb Pelts
- Butter
- Eggs
- Fallow
- Deer Skins
- Moose Hides
- Rubbers
- Call Skins

Large and Small Lots of Furs bought.
Furs by Mail or Express will receive
special attention and prompt returns.

James McGarrigle
Utopia, N. B.

OVER 66 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

Any person sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HAMBUR, ON PATENTS, 350, Queen Street West, Toronto, Canada. Special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$5.00 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 55 7 St. Washington, D. C.

Tell some deserving Rheumatic sufferer, that there is yet one simple way to certain relief. Get Dr. Shoop's book on Rheumatism and a free trial test. This book will make it entirely clear how Rheumatic pains are quickly killed by Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Kennedy—liquid or tablets. Send no money. The test is free. Surprise some disheartened sufferer by first getting for him the book from Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis.

DOMINION EXHIBITION
ST. JOHN, N.B.
SEPT. 5TH TO 15TH
WATCH FOR GRAND OPENING
BIGGEST, BEST, MOST IMPORTANT FAIR
EVER HELD IN EASTERN CANADA.
AGRICULTURAL AND LIVE AUGUST 1.
STOCK ENTRIES CLOSE
NEW BUILDINGS—NEW ARRANGEMENTS
If Intending Exhibitor or Concessionaire
Write For Complete Prize List.
Excursions and low Rates from Everywhere.

Money Making

Is the object of the world's pursuit. Men in every walk of life are striving for gain. It is a legitimate object. It gives bread, clothing, homes and comfort, and the world judges wisely when it makes the position a man occupies hinge comparatively more or less on his ability to earn money, and somewhat on the amount of his possessions. If he is poor it argues either some defect in his expenditures or a lack of practical education to cope with men in the battle for gold.

When a boy leaves home it is generally to enter upon some business, the end of which is to acquire property, and he will succeed just in proportion as he has trained for work. Every community is filled with young and middle aged men who are failures because they know nothing of business—their training having been theoretical, not practical and useful. Many are tied to pursuits they heartily dislike, and which are much below their capacity and ability, and would change their course of life and better their condition but for the fact that relatives and friends generally oppose rather than encourage them.

Do You Lack Self-Control?

If you are constantly keyed up, nervous, depressed, look to your over-worked nerves for the cause. They are starving for the nourishment that Ferrozine so quickly supplies. Besides its tonic action on the nervous system, Ferrozine has marvelous blood-forming properties. It thus supplies strengthening materials to every nook and corner of the body and brings the system to a condition of perfect health. To be strong to eat well, and work long without fatigue, use Ferrozine; it is the best nerve system tonic known. All all dealers in S. boxes.

A Philadelphia man who is 94 was married when he was 75, and now wants a 4th wife.

Prepare for Lumbago!

If You Have Nerviline
Handy One Rubbing
Cure the Pain.

The 'strike' of lumbago is like a bolt of lightning—you never know when it is coming or where it is going to strike. Probably the one certain thing about lumbago is the fact that it can be cured by Nerviline, the only liniment that penetrates deeply enough to reach the costed chords and muscles.

"Years ago I strained my back and suffered considerably with weakness over the spine," writes Darius P. Millan, a well-known farmer, residing near Kingsville. "Then lumbago attacked the weak spot, and for days at a time I would have to lie up in bed, unable to move or turn. Liniments, poultices, and hot applications failed to bring the desired relief, and I was in despair of ever getting really well again. I at last decided to test Nerviline. I got five bottles from the drug store and had it rubbed on three times a day. The stiffness and pain left my back quickly, and by continuing Nerviline I was completely cured of Lumbago."

This is similar testimony to that of nearly five thousand Canadians who have written unstinted words of praise to the manufacturers of Nerviline. For the cure of lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, and rheumatism there is no liniment with one-fifth the pain-relieving power of Nerviline. Refuse any substitute. In two sizes 50c. and 25c. at all dealers, or the Carrhorne Co., Kingston, Ont.

General News.

At the grand lodge of Masons in New York, a resolution was adopted condemning the practice of putting Masonic symbols and signs on business cards.

The British mint has struck 12,000,000 aluminum coins for use in Africa, especially in Uganda and Nigeria. The coins are worth from two mills to one cent.

Wellesley, Mass., June 13.—Wellesley College's beautiful new library building was dedicated late today with appropriate ceremonies.

President Caroline Hazard of the college presided. The opening address was made by Mrs. Henry F. Durant, wife of the founder of the college and Andrew Piske, of Boston, spoke as a representative of the board of trustees of the college.

Ottawa, June 13.—The National Transcontinental Railway arbitrators, Messrs. Scribner, Kellher and Grant, left tonight for the Northwest to continue the arbitration of district B. Collingwood, Scribner stated that the Grand Trunk Pacific would not be completed before the end of 1913, the difficulties being the mountain section and the lack of labor. Nine hundred and fifteen miles of track has been laid west of Winnipeg and of this 820 miles is in operation.

Last Monday morning while Mr. J. Laswell was quietly studying, his house was being consumed by the demon fire, says Harris Review. Mr. Bradley saw the blaze spoke to his wife, Miss Creta saw it, threw a wrap over her shoulder and like an angel on a mission of love went tripping down the walk and aroused the doomed, yet unconscious family. The fire department got busy, one went up like a squirrel, no ladder was handy, and the fire was soon extinguished.

Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Talleyrand-Perigord, who was Anna Gould of New York, then Countess Boni de Castellane, had a fixed, undisputed position in the foremost rank of Parisian Society, her husband is fifth Duke of that historic line. Her latest photograph taken with her eldest son indicates that she is not discontented with high life in a foreign land. She is now the mother of four sons; Boni de Castellane, 12 years old; George de Castellane, 10 years old; Jay de Castellane, 7; and Prince Charles de Sagan, who will be one year old July 16.

Dr. Hamilton Follows Nature's Plan.

No physician was more successful in treating stomach and liver troubles than Dr. Hamilton. He avoided harsh medicines and produced a wonderful pill of vegetable composition that always cures. Dr. Hamilton's Pills are noted for promptly curing biliousness, sick headaches, constipation and stomach trouble disorder. They work like a charm, very mild, yet searching and health-giving. No where can a better tonic laxative be found than in Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Try and be convinced, 25c. at all dealers.

Mrs. Suburban (to neighbor) Willie and Bobbie aren't home from school yet and here it is, 11 o'clock. Did you see anything of my precious jewels as you came along, Mr. Newdore?

Newdore: Your precious jewels are in soap, ma'am. I just saw them swimming in the river.

Jokers' Column

A large and pompous person, wearing a high hat, a long coat, yellow spats and a congenial sneer, for several days made himself obnoxious around a Washington hotel a bit ago.

He announced he was from New York, ragged the bell boys, jawed the clerks, cursed the service, roared at the food, complained about his room and the elevator and the telephones and the bar, and everything else.

One afternoon he walked over to the porter and said:

I want you to buy me two seats in the parlor car at the four o'clock New York train. Get me two seats, now, and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one chair to sit in and one to pay my feet in.

The seats were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in Car No. 3 and the other in Car 4.

When the celebrated divine Edward Irving was on a preaching tour in Scotland two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other:

"Well, Willie, what do you think?"

"Oh," said the other contemptuously, "the man's cracked!"

The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Well," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

One Sunday morning little Alex, aged six years, was in the garden violently shaking a choice apple tree. His mother called to him and said, "What are you doing Alex?"

He quickly replied, "Nothing mother dear."

"But I saw you shaking the apple tree," answered his mother.

"No mother, I wasn't," he said.

Was only holding up the tree to prevent the wind blowing the apples off."

Little 4-year old Thelma had been punished by her mother by her trifling offence, and when her father came home she ran to meet him with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, p-p-papa," she sobbed, m-m-mamma whipped me to-day, an' my f-feelings are b-black and b-blue!"

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"Five years are supposed to have elapsed since the last act, and that man wearing the same overcoat."

"Nothin' absurd about that. He's takin' the part of a married man, isn't he?"

Hubb (crossly) What earthly interest do you find in shopping, looking over a lot of expensive things you can't afford to buy?

Mrs. Hubb: Would you deny the pleasure of looking at the lovely gowns if I'd only married the man I threw over for you?

"I'm afraid my husband is developing the gambling instinct," sobbed the bride.

"What's the matter, dear? Has he been playing poker?"

"No, but yesterday he offered to match pennies with Brother Frank to determine which one should pay the car fare."—Detroit Free Press.

Dad—Son: I'd like to have you be a literary man.

Son—Dad: I'd rather study law, dad.

Dad—But why?

Son—Dad: I've got a hunch that I'll have to contest your will one of these days, and I want to save fees.

"I am in the hands of my friends," said the political side-stepper.

"Yes," replied the harsh critic, "and every time your friends look over their hands they seem impatient for a new deal."—Washington Star.

Editor—But, my good fellow, why do you bring this poem to me? Impeccable One—Well, sir, because I hadn't a stamp, sir.—London Tatler.

How Farmers Can Practice Conversation

Canada being a nation of farmers has to pay a very large seed bill each year. Last year our crops called forth 33,000,000 bushels of seed grain—wheat, oats and barley, and we are constantly increasing our agricultural acreage. This being so, the economy of sowing good clean seed is at once apparent. The advantages to be derived from it are like the proceeds of a sum of money laid out at compound interest they are cumulative in their effect and grow in ever increasing ratio. Some years ago a competition was carried on in some 450 places in Canada to see just what the actual results of using clean pure seed would be. If we reason from the results obtained from it, we find that our grain yield last year would have been increased by 190,000,000 bushels had clean vigorous seed been sown on every acre under cultivation. Now, 190,000,000 bushels of grain would fill 1,500 miles of railway grain cars. It is such a large amount that it is hard for the mind to comprehend, but, at any rate it goes to show that it would pay our farmers to be particular about the kind of seed they sow.

When the celebrated divine Edward Irving was on a preaching tour in Scotland two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other:

"Well, Willie, what do you think?"

"Oh," said the other contemptuously, "the man's cracked!"

The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Well," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

One Sunday morning little Alex, aged six years, was in the garden violently shaking a choice apple tree. His mother called to him and said, "What are you doing Alex?"

He quickly replied, "Nothing mother dear."

"But I saw you shaking the apple tree," answered his mother.

"No mother, I wasn't," he said.

Was only holding up the tree to prevent the wind blowing the apples off."

Little 4-year old Thelma had been punished by her mother by her trifling offence, and when her father came home she ran to meet him with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, p-p-papa," she sobbed, m-m-mamma whipped me to-day, an' my f-feelings are b-black and b-blue!"

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"Five years are supposed to have elapsed since the last act, and that man wearing the same overcoat."

"Nothin' absurd about that. He's takin' the part of a married man, isn't he?"

Hubb (crossly) What earthly interest do you find in shopping, looking over a lot of expensive things you can't afford to buy?

Mrs. Hubb: Would you deny the pleasure of looking at the lovely gowns if I'd only married the man I threw over for you?

"I'm afraid my husband is developing the gambling instinct," sobbed the bride.

"What's the matter, dear? Has he been playing poker?"

"No, but yesterday he offered to match pennies with Brother Frank to determine which one should pay the car fare."—Detroit Free Press.

Dad—Son: I'd like to have you be a literary man.

Son—Dad: I'd rather study law, dad.

Dad—But why?

Son—Dad: I've got a hunch that I'll have to contest your will one of these days, and I want to save fees.

"I am in the hands of my friends," said the political side-stepper.

"Yes," replied the harsh critic, "and every time your friends look over their hands they seem impatient for a new deal."—Washington Star.

Editor—But, my good fellow, why do you bring this poem to me? Impeccable One—Well, sir, because I hadn't a stamp, sir.—London Tatler.

Canada being a nation of farmers has to pay a very large seed bill each year. Last year our crops called forth 33,000,000 bushels of seed grain—wheat, oats and barley, and we are constantly increasing our agricultural acreage. This being so, the economy of sowing good clean seed is at once apparent. The advantages to be derived from it are like the proceeds of a sum of money laid out at compound interest they are cumulative in their effect and grow in ever increasing ratio. Some years ago a competition was carried on in some 450 places in Canada to see just what the actual results of using clean pure seed would be. If we reason from the results obtained from it, we find that our grain yield last year would have been increased by 190,000,000 bushels had clean vigorous seed been sown on every acre under cultivation. Now, 190,000,000 bushels of grain would fill 1,500 miles of railway grain cars. It is such a large amount that it is hard for the mind to comprehend, but, at any rate it goes to show that it would pay our farmers to be particular about the kind of seed they sow.

When the celebrated divine Edward Irving was on a preaching tour in Scotland two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other:

"Well, Willie, what do you think?"

"Oh," said the other contemptuously, "the man's cracked!"

The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Well," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

One Sunday morning little Alex, aged six years, was in the garden violently shaking a choice apple tree. His mother called to him and said, "What are you doing Alex?"

He quickly replied, "Nothing mother dear."

"But I saw you shaking the apple tree," answered his mother.

"No mother, I wasn't," he said.

Was only holding up the tree to prevent the wind blowing the apples off."

Little 4-year old Thelma had been punished by her mother by her trifling offence, and when her father came home she ran to meet him with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, p-p-papa," she sobbed, m-m-mamma whipped me to-day, an' my f-feelings are b-black and b-blue!"

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"Five years are supposed to have elapsed since the last act, and that man wearing the same overcoat."

"Nothin' absurd about that. He's takin' the part of a married man, isn't he?"

Hubb (crossly) What earthly interest do you find in shopping, looking over a lot of expensive things you can't afford to buy?

Mrs. Hubb: Would you deny the pleasure of looking at the lovely gowns if I'd only married the man I threw over for you?

"I'm afraid my husband is developing the gambling instinct," sobbed the bride.

"What's the matter, dear? Has he been playing poker?"

"No, but yesterday he offered to match pennies with Brother Frank to determine which one should pay the car fare."—Detroit Free Press.

Dad—Son: I'd like to have you be a literary man.

Son—Dad: I'd rather study law, dad.

Dad—But why?

Son—Dad: I've got a hunch that I'll have to contest your will one of these days, and I want to save fees.

"I am in the hands of my friends," said the political side-stepper.

"Yes," replied the harsh critic, "and every time your friends look over their hands they seem impatient for a new deal."—Washington Star.

Editor—But, my good fellow, why do you bring this poem to me? Impeccable One—Well, sir, because I hadn't a stamp, sir.—London Tatler.

Canada being a nation of farmers has to pay a very large seed bill each year. Last year our crops called forth 33,000,000 bushels of seed grain—wheat, oats and barley, and we are constantly increasing our agricultural acreage. This being so, the economy of sowing good clean seed is at once apparent. The advantages to be derived from it are like the proceeds of a sum of money laid out at compound interest they are cumulative in their effect and grow in ever increasing ratio. Some years ago a competition was carried on in some 450 places in Canada to see just what the actual results of using clean pure seed would be. If we reason from the results obtained from it, we find that our grain yield last year would have been increased by 190,000,000 bushels had clean vigorous seed been sown on every acre under cultivation. Now, 190,000,000 bushels of grain would fill 1,500 miles of railway grain cars. It is such a large amount that it is hard for the mind to comprehend, but, at any rate it goes to show that it would pay our farmers to be particular about the kind of seed they sow.

When the celebrated divine Edward Irving was on a preaching tour in Scotland two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other:

"Well, Willie, what do you think?"

"Oh," said the other contemptuously, "the man's cracked!"

The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Well," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

One Sunday morning little Alex, aged six years, was in the garden violently shaking a choice apple tree. His mother called to him and said, "What are you doing Alex?"

He quickly replied, "Nothing mother dear."

"But I saw you shaking the apple tree," answered his mother.

"No mother, I wasn't," he said.

Was only holding up the tree to prevent the wind blowing the apples off."

Little 4-year old Thelma had been punished by her mother by her trifling offence, and when her father came home she ran to meet him with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, p-p-papa," she sobbed, m-m-mamma whipped me to-day, an' my f-feelings are b-black and b-blue!"

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"Five years are supposed to have elapsed since the last act, and that man wearing the same overcoat."

"Nothin' absurd about that. He's takin' the part of a married man, isn't he?"

Hubb (crossly) What earthly interest do you find in shopping, looking over a lot of expensive things you can't afford to buy?

Mrs. Hubb: Would you deny the pleasure of looking at the lovely gowns if I'd only married the man I threw over for you?

"I'm afraid my husband is developing the gambling instinct," sobbed the bride.

"What's the matter, dear? Has he been playing poker?"

"No, but yesterday he offered to match pennies with Brother Frank to determine which one should pay the car fare."—Detroit Free Press.

Dad—Son: I'd like to have you be a literary man.

Son—Dad: I'd rather study law, dad.

Dad—But why?

Son—Dad: I've got a hunch that I'll have to contest your will one of these days, and I want to save fees.

"I am in the hands of my friends," said the political side-stepper.

"Yes," replied the harsh critic, "and every time your friends look over their hands they seem impatient for a new deal."—Washington Star.

Editor—But, my good fellow, why do you bring this poem to me? Impeccable One—Well, sir, because I hadn't a stamp, sir.—London Tatler.

Canada being a nation of farmers has to pay a very large seed bill each year. Last year our crops called forth 33,000,000 bushels of seed grain—wheat, oats and barley, and we are constantly increasing our agricultural acreage. This being so, the economy of sowing good clean seed is at once apparent. The advantages to be derived from it are like the proceeds of a sum of money laid out at compound interest they are cumulative in their effect and grow in ever increasing ratio. Some years ago a competition was carried on in some 450 places in Canada to see just what the actual results of using clean pure seed would be. If we reason from the results obtained from it, we find that our grain yield last year would have been increased by 190,000,000 bushels had clean vigorous seed been sown on every acre under cultivation. Now, 190,000,000 bushels of grain would fill 1,500 miles of railway grain cars. It is such a large amount that it is hard for the mind to comprehend, but, at any rate it goes to show that it would pay our farmers to be particular about the kind of seed they sow.

When the celebrated divine Edward Irving was on a preaching tour in Scotland two Dumfries men of decided opinions went to hear him. When they left the hall one said to the other:

"Well, Willie, what do you think?"

"Oh," said the other contemptuously, "the man's cracked!"

The first speaker laid a quiet hand on his shoulder.

"Well," said he, "you'll often see a light peeping through a crack."

One Sunday morning little Alex, aged six years, was in the garden violently shaking a choice apple tree. His mother called to him and said, "What are you doing Alex?"

He quickly replied, "Nothing mother dear."

"But I saw you shaking the apple tree," answered his mother.

"No mother, I wasn't," he said.

Was only holding up the tree to prevent the wind blowing the apples off."

Little 4-year old Thelma had been punished by her mother by her trifling offence, and when her father came home she ran to meet him with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, p-p-papa," she sobbed, m-m-mamma whipped me to-day, an' my f-feelings are b-black and b-blue!"

"How absurd!"

"What's absurd?"

"Five years are supposed to have elapsed since the last act, and that man wearing the same overcoat."