

The Granite Town Greetings

VOL. 2.

St. George, N. B., Wednesday, October 2, 1907.

No. 38

DO YOU WANT TO BUY?

Clearance Sale of Cotton Goods to Commence August 12th

Shirt Waists, Wrappers, House Dresses, etc., must be sold to make way for our Fall stock

stock, which will commence to arrive in September

Don't lose sight of the fact that we will also sell Boots and Shoes at a discount.

J. SUTTON CLARK

St. George, N. B.

For high class Watch and Jewelry Repairing go to R. A. BURR, 82 Water Street, Eastport

INSANE WOMAN

STRANGLER CHILDREN

BUFFALO, Sept. 24.—Shortly after 7 o'clock this morning Mrs. Martha Mund, aged 37, strangled her three children, Christopher, aged 8 years; Helen, aged 2 years, and Freda, aged 8 months, to death at her home, 925 Clinton street. Immediately after committing the deed she went to the Pennsylvania railroad yards, where her husband is employed as a member of a wrecking crew, and informed him of her arrest. Mrs. Mund was placed under arrest.

The children were sleeping when their mother destroyed them. She murdered the boy Christopher first. He was asleep on a mattress in the parlor. She wrapped a blanket about the boy and then tied a clothes line about his neck, turning it around three times, and then drew it tight and fastened it by tying several knots. The police say the boy could not have lived more than a few minutes. When found his body was half on the mattress and half on the floor with face downward. The girl Helen was next slain, the child was asleep in a crib in the parlor. Mrs. Mund wound a clothes line around the child's neck twice and after strangling the child she carried the body into the bedroom and put it on the bed and covered it with a quilt. Fred, the baby, was her next victim. He was asleep in a baby carriage in the kitchen. Mrs. Mund tied a piece of clothes line about the little one's neck once and fastened it in two knots. When Mrs. Mund met her husband she said: "Fred, I have made away with the three children; come home and see." Mund hurried home, taking his wife with him. When they reached the house, Mrs. Mund sat down at a table and began to cry. Mund notified the police and the woman was taken into custody. To Superintendent of Police Regan, Mrs. Mund made a statement in which she said: "I killed the children because I did not want them to grow up and be a cry like me." The police say the woman does not realize the enormity of her crime, and that she killed the children while suffering with an attack of insanity.

Merchant Shot By

Careless Companion

Quebec, Sept. 25.—Atheist Gaston, a retired merchant of Meadville, Pa., was shot and almost instantly killed on Monday, by Mr. Johnson of the same place. Both men were hunting on the Triton Club's preserves 95 miles north of this city. They wounded a moose, Johnson and the guides pursued it for a while leaving Gaston in a boat on the lake. After a while they abandoned the chase. Returning to the place where Gaston had been left, Johnson thought he saw a caribou in the bushes and fired at it twice. The second shot killed Gaston.

MY FIRST DEER

There are some things one never forgets. The killing of his first deer marks an epoch in a man's life, and if you will listen I shall not be very tedious. I will tell you how I killed mine.

Late in the year 1853 I had reached the mature age of eleven. With a hereditary fondness for natural history and outside sports I was eager to be the possessor of a gun. My gentle mother was a widow and I her eldest child. Though born and bred in the far South, where the use of arms is a part of a youth's education, she had all a fond mother's anxiety for her children's safety, and whenever I asked for a gun I was told that I would probably kill myself instantly if such an instrument were put into my hands, and that I must wait until I had reached maturity years before my desire could be gratified. My mother was the owner of a very large and well equipped plantation situated in one of the riparian counties of Mississippi and but a few miles from the great river from which the state takes its name. It was her custom when in the United States, for though she lived in Louisiana she was much abroad, to pay a visit in the autumn of each year to this plantation, upon which her bachelor brother resided as her representative and where he maintained the most charming of bachelor's establishments, and I was usually taken along. At the rear of the place there was a horseshoe shaped lake (an old cut-off of the river), full of fish, that in the late autumn and winter months was the resort of myriads of water fowl. Not very far from the plantation mansion, or "great house," as the residence of the master was called, the neighboring gentleman had built a double log cabin, in which there resided a curious character.

forks above his cabin door, and with apostrophic gestures tell us of the wonderful fatality that attended its use with the various skirmishes and battles "with them Mixikins."

As a neighboring lad and I walked slowly homeward after listening to the old sergeant's marvels of slaughter, we used very soberly to wonder that any Mexicans were left after one of these Homeric encounters. As I listened to these stories and gazed at the wonderful instrument of death one day, a wild thought came into my mind. The tremendous possibilities a wretched started me. I would buy that musket. As I said, the possibilities dazzled me. To own such a death dealing instrument, one which had accomplished such results—why, it would be too much good fortune for one person to hope for in this world. But the idea grew. I would become the proprietor of the wondrous weapon if money could accomplish it. One day after the old soldier's potations had been of uncommon strength, I delicately broached the momentous question. He looked at me with a glance in which wonder and dignity were blended, and burst into copious tears; but I persevered. Finally he said that if I could produce the sum of two dollars and a half, why, as a great favor, the musket should be mine. Now, I had two gold dollars, and I knew that in any great emergency my uncle could be relied upon for the other half dollar. To make my story short, I got the needed fifty cents, and with my other dollars in my pocket and a beating heart in my breast, I went to old Dennis's cabin to conduct the operation and take possession of the property. He explained the mysteries of loading and priming, and putting in a new flint, he gave me the coveted weapon. I dared not take it home, and what should I do with the thing now that I had it? Where could I put it? My colored factotum Sam (a typical negro boy of the old time whose mother was my faithful nurse, and a better one there never was) suggested that it be hidden in the hollow of a big sycamore tree, about half a mile from home, until the next Saturday. On Saturdays I had a holiday, and so was not obliged to study. My private tutor who was something of a musician was in the habit of visiting a near neighbor, to whose young daughters he was imparting the rudiments of a musical education, and so I usually had the day to myself.

trunk I sat down, with the gun barrel resting across it, and was ready to destroy anything feathered or furred that came in range. We sat there, I should think an hour. A flock of mallards fresh from northern prairies and lakes sailed slowly up and down, and finally dropped into the water about a hundred yards away, and began preening themselves after their long flight. I waited for them to swim in closer to shore and give them a shot, but they unaccountably, as it seemed, "declined to oblige." Finally, as I was getting tired of so long a stillness, and was thinking of leaving, I heard my boy Sam say, "Jes look dar, Marsa Hugh!" I looked, and the sight nearly made me speechless.

Six deer were coming down out of the covebrake, and leading directly for the place we were concealed in. At the head of the column there marched a stately buck, with as fine a head of horns as one could wish to see. Behind him were two does and three younger deer. I hardly dared to breathe. On they came until they were within twenty yards of where we lay hidden. The buck, as became a monarch and gentleman, headed his seraglio and children to the water's edge, where he bent his stately head and took a long draught of the silvery water. A young doe behind him nibbled daintily, with the coquetry of a grande dame, at the sweet autumn grass that the water had kept green. The soft lustrous brown eyes of the wild things shone like those of a beautiful woman. I was face to face with God's loveliest children in their most charming mood. The buck looked on as a patriarch might watch the sports of giddy youth, while the younger deer bit at each other in stimulated anger or dipped their tawny nostrils and dappled faces in the limpid water. All at once I saw a quick change in the leader. He suspected danger. The wind blew strongly from him to me, but with some instinctive warning he knew his followers were in the way of harm. He reared his branched head and gave a tremendous whistle. In a second the beautiful creatures were alive with the instinct of self-preservation. But what was it? Who had seen the slayer man whom they had reason to fear since Nimrod the Mighty Hunter. In the intentness with which I watched them I forgot that I had a gun.

of pride restrained, bellowed like a yearling bull. After we washed our faces and repaired damages as well as we could it occurred to me to look for my deer. Poor fellow, there he was! The charge had gone high, but very close, and broken his back. He could stand upon his fore legs, but never more would he leap or run again. For a moment I would have given anything in the world to have had that deer unharmed and full of life as he had been so little a while ago. The wound was deeper than I thought, for in a moment more he rolled over, his lungs filled with blood and he fell limp and lifeless—dead. With his death came a revulsion of feeling. The hunting instinct at a hunting race blazed up, I forgot my bruised mouth and missing teeth. I had killed a deer!

Well, I went home, walking on air, and told my story. The deer was brought in and hung up on the limbs of a great oak. My uncle, who was delighted at the exploit, said that I would get the multiplication table so I could say it backward by Christmas he would give me a gun suited to my age and strength. By the most terrible mental effort I have ever undergone I performed the feat, and Christmas saw me the proud owner of a beautiful English shotgun, which did me but little good, for in the following summer I had to go to France to be educated. Gentle, patient reader, I have had a fair share of the world's honors—rude as they are, I have rode out in front of crack cavalry regiments as its commander when but little more than a boy, but never, never have I known that supreme ecstasy that comes from achievement to such a degree as I did when I showed my gentle mother and kind old uncle my first deer.

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FAIRVILLE MAN WAS DROWNED AT ST. STEPHEN

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Sept. 24.—A tragedy enacted here at an early hour this morning is traceable directly to the drink evil. William P. Cowie, employed during the past two years as engineer on the steamer Viking, has been drinking heavily of late, so much so that his engagement with the steambot people had terminated and he was to have left for his home in Fairville today. Soon after midnight Officer McClure found him on Water St. in a demented condition, and took him to the lockup where the services of a physician were secured. Cowie pleaded earnestly for permission to go aboard the steamer and refused to take the physician's medicine unless this permission was granted. Officer McClure escorted him to the boat, where the crew was at work loading freight, and he was placed in his bunk and soon appeared to be asleep. The crew watched his room as well as possible but on a trip to his door at about two o'clock discovered that his berth was empty. Nobody had heard a splash, but Capt. Richardson ran to the stern of the boat and soon heard a cry from Cowie and saw him drifting rapidly down stream. A strong current was running at the time. A boat was quickly lowered and search commenced, but before he could be reached the unfortunate fellow had disappeared beneath the waves. The body was recovered about eight o'clock this morning within a few hundred yards of the steamer Corner Lawson viewed the remains but considered an inquest unnecessary. The body was placed in charge of J. R. Seelerquest, undertaker, to await instructions from relatives. Mr. Cowie was twenty six years of age and unmarried. Three brothers and four sisters Geo. W. Cowie, of the steamer is a brother; as are Jo' Acadia, and Alex Arthur, the steamer are

SOCIETY WEDDING IN THE SOUTH

(St. John San)

There was an uph-cles of Sheffield ing, when united to

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