

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The Most Up-to-date Repair Department in connection with this Jewelry Business in Eastern Maine.

All Kinds of Work Done

Jewelry mending and repairing, Diamond Mounting, Optical Work-fitting and repairing, Chain and College Pins and Rings, Gold Chain making and repairing, Watch Case making and repairing. Special Attention given to Watch Work and all work guaranteed as represented.

OTIS W. BAILEY
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
CALAIS, MAINE

Snowballs

James Marchant, "Professor" Marchant his scholars called him, despite his youth, led to be out of doors.

Inside his room in the Latin school it was warm and comfortable. The janitor had done his best that day and the radiators were throwing off an unusual amount of heat. Outside the air was cold and clear and the snow, a foot deep, lay sparkling like a jeweled mantle in the afternoon sunshine.

When the last class was over Marchant arose with a yawn and began to put on his overcoat. All the boys had rushed out into the snow—all save Walter Beale, a handsome, quick-witted lad of 24.

"Well, I suppose you are going for a slide this afternoon, Walter?" questioned his teacher pleasantly.

"Nope," replied the lad. "Going snow-balling today, professor," he replied. "There's going to be a snow ball battle between the Latin school and No. 33."

"You don't say?" queried Marchant, at once interested. "I hope the Latin school gives No. 33 off the field. We beat them in basketball, you know."

"That we did," agreed Walter, "but we wouldn't if you hadn't been pitching against Prof. Hanson. And we won't beat 'em this time if you don't come along and help us. The boys told me to ask you about it. We certainly do want you, professor, for Prof. Hanson is going to lead the No. 33 army."

"The boys really do want me, Walter," asked the teacher, looking at the lad. "You just go on and get your coat, and I'll be there in a minute."

"Then I'll go," announced Marchant, taking off his overcoat. "Wait till I get my sweater out of the closet."

The next morning the teacher and his joined a throng of boys kicking their way through the snow to an open lot near the school on which two snow forts had been built. Already the forces of No. 33 were on hand, led by their captain, Prof. Hanson.

"Hello, Marchant," called the teacher, when he caught sight of the rival leader. "You out for blood again? Remember what we did to you on the diamond spring?"

"For answer the cohorts of No. 33 yelled 10 minutes should be given for the making and storing up of ammunition. Both sides retired to their ramparts, which were about 50 yards apart, and each boy began to make snowballs as fast as his fingers could work. The air was shifting brightly and the melting snow on top made balls of icy hardness. Piles of the missiles were stacked up behind each fort, and the signal of the battle began.

Led by Marchant and Hanson, the boys sallied forth and in a few seconds the air was filled with a hail of missiles.

Smarting from memories of defeat on the diamond spring, the boys of No. 33 were fighting with a desperate rage, and the snowballs were flying thick and fast.

But Marchant called to his men to rally around him and save their ammunition for a charge.

Though stung by the shots they had received, they responded to his appeal. Hands and pockets full of snowballs, they pushed bravely on the ramparts of No. 33, waiting until they got within 50 feet before opening fire.

When they did fire the effect of their volleys was instantaneous. The battle line of No. 33 weakened and Hanson, the leader, got back to the throng in the rear.

"At them, boys! At them!" cried Marchant, running toward his rival general and firing at him with every step.

One of Marchant's shots struck with telling effect, and Hanson was tumbling over a snowbank. A lusty cheer rose from the Latin school chargers and they rushed up almost to the enemy's fort.

Marchant lunged forward, determined to hit his opponent again the moment he staggered to his feet. He drew back his arm, and as Hanson scrambled out of the snow he let go a ball with all his strength.

But the icy sphere slipped from his fingers on a tangent and flew straight into the cheering crowd of spectators.

There was a scream. A young woman fell to the sidewalk. Marchant ran forward and instantly the battle ended.

Some of the boys who had seen the accident knew that it might be serious. "Everybody crowded around the prostrate figure, and Marchant pushed his way through the throng to behold the silent face of a beautiful young girl. His snowball, which must have been as hard as a baseball, had struck her. All at once Walter Beale burst through the crowd.

"She's my sister!" he cried, dropping to his knees over the prostrate figure.

"Some of you boys run for a doctor!" While his classmates started in several directions for a physician, a motor car came charging up through the snow. Marchant acted as coupé.

"Quick! Help the girl in!" he commanded to the several dozen frightened boys around him.

Instantly strong young hands lifted the unconscious girl into the automobile before the owner knew what it was all about. Walter Beale leaped in shouting the number of his homego the man at the wheel.

Five minutes later a physician entered the warm room where Ethel Beale lay, still unconscious. He set to work at once, for he realized that the case was serious. Slowly the girl regained her senses.

For a night the doctor worked with his patient, and Marchant was beside him most of the time, assisting in every way he could. The next morning the physician came to see the patient, and Beale was resting more easily, but still unconscious.

Day after day Marchant visited the Beale home. He began to look on her as a friend, and he was sure that he could do what he could for the injury he had inflicted by his recklessness, but she assured him that his attention and kindness had amply repaid her for her suffering.

Through the accident he had come to know the Beale family, and he was sure that he could do what he could for the injury he had inflicted by his recklessness, but she assured him that his attention and kindness had amply repaid her for her suffering.

ling that ill winds often do blow up full clouds.

month later when Marchant proposed Ethel accepted him. The wedding took place in June.

"Come, let me show you the most beautiful present I have received!" whispered the bride to her husband, who, after the ceremony, had come to the house to see the bride.

"What a beautiful bracelet! Who sent it?" "Why, they're snowballs!" the bride exclaimed, holding up the bracelet.

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TIME TABLES

Str. "Brunswick"

Arrives in St. John every Monday evening, and sails every Tuesday evening for Spencer's Island, Parrsboro, Kingsport, Wolfville and Canning, and every alternate week to Windsor and Bass River.

The Steamer has a good accommodation for passengers, and no better way to spend the holidays can be had than to take a trip through the Cornwallis Valley by the "Brunswick."

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St. John, N. B.

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First Class \$5.00. Return \$9.00.

Complete Wireless Telegraph Equipment.

COASTWISE ROUTE—Leaves St. John at 9:00 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Eastport, Lunenburg, Portland and Boston.

Returning, leave Union Wharf, Boston Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9 a. m. and Portland at 5 p. m. for Lunenburg and St. John.

DIRECT ROUTE—Leaves St. John at 7:00 p. m. Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays for Boston direct.

Returning, leave Union Wharf, Boston at 10:00 a. m., Sundays, Mondays and Thursdays for St. John direct.

City Ticket Office, 47 King Street.

L. R. THOMPSON, T. F. & P. A.

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HOTELS

Victoria Hotel,

KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

AMERICAN PLAN.

Victoria Hotel Co., Ltd., Proprietors.

Boyd's Hotel,

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

First-Class Livery and Sample Room in Connection.

Western House,

RODNEY STREET, ST. JOHN.

A. & M. J. WILSON, Proprietors.

Passengers by the N. B. S. Ry., will find this hotel convenient, as it is near the station and can avoid taking the street car.

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SPECIAL FARES FROM ST. JOHN

Toronto Exhibition

August 27 to Sept. 12

\$20.50

Good going August 25, 27, 29, 30, 31 and September 7 and 8.

\$16.30

Good going August 26th, September 1st and 2nd.

All tickets good for return leaving Toronto September 14, 1910.

LABOR DAY, SEPT. 5

First-class one-way fare for round trip between stations in Canada.

Good going Sept. 2, 3, 4 and 5.

Good for return until Sept. 7, 1910.

Eucharistic Congress

Montreal, Sept. 6-11

\$14.55

Good going Sept. 3 to 10 inclusive; returning Sept. 15, 1910.

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 44.

In effect June 19th, 1910

Atlantic Time

Trains West

Read Down Stations

Train No. 2

Leave A.M.

7:30 St. John East Ferry

7:45 St. John West

7:55 Duck Cove

8:08 Spruce Lake

8:10 Allan Cot

8:25 Prince of Wales

8:35 Musquash

8:55 Leppaux

9:10 New River

9:19 Pocologan

9:37 Pennfield

10:10 St. George

10:24 Bonny River

10:53 Dyer's

11:06 Cassell's

11:13 Brunswick Junction

11:40 Oak Bay

12:00 St. Stephen

Arr. Noon

Leave

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

Ticket, Baggage, and Freight

Offices, St. John, West

Railroad connections: West with Canadian Pacific and Washington Co. Railway.

East with Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Rys.

H. H. McLEAN, President

St. John, N. B., Dec. 1908

Deer Island and Campbellville

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Business Change!

Contemplating a change in my business, I take this opportunity of notifying all parties indebted to me by book account to arrange for the immediate payment of same. All accounts must be settled by CASH or otherwise on or before OCT. 1st, 1910.

ANDREW McGEER

Back Bay

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