


MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

A Real Lung Tonic

There are many preparations that will relieve a cough—few that will cure it. The first class, containing such drugs as Opium and Morphine, simply deaden the irritation and stop the cough, but do little or no permanent good.



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"Father Morriscy's No. 10"

does not contain a trace of these dangerous drugs, but is an absolutely safe and scientific preparation of Nature's own remedies—Herbs, Roots and Balsams.

It entirely removes the irritation that caused the cough, by clearing out the mucus, stopping the inflammation and healing the delicate membrane of throat and lungs.

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Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's.

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. Chatham, N.B.

WILL POWER

Frederick Howell in Philadelphia Bulletin

In a moment of mental aberration, Hansen paid me a crown which he had owed me for years. He gave no reason for the rash act, but I suppose someone had died and left him a lot of money. I took the crown and thought for a moment of sending it as conscience money to the tax collector.

Then I was undecided whether to purchase a new house or a fur overcoat, and finally bought a new book for which I paid a crown and a half.

It was a nice book, entitled "Will Power." The professor on the front page alone was worth the money. He hadn't quite made up his mind whether to look like Sandow or Brigham Young. He finished up in the portrait, however, by coming out with a strange resemblance to a chin parrot.

When I had finished admiring the professor I turned to the contents, and when I was through with the first page I came to the conclusion that I had been leading a wasted life.

According to the professor, all that was wanted to succeed in this world was the proper use of your will power. Exercise your will power and you won't have to walk on the pavement. The centre of the road is yours with brass bands in front, and your friends looking out of the windows reminding each other of the days when you had one banana for lunch and spelled street car with a K.

"Exercise your will power in everyday life," the professor advised, "and you get there with both feet."

There seemed to be something in the idea, and I decided to try it at the first opportunity. It came in the shape of a man with a wheel-barrow, who was obstructing the sidewalk just where I wanted to cross.

I looked at him sternly, bearing in mind the professor's words that silent determination will remove all obstacles.

It didn't remove the wheel-barrow, though.

The proprietor, a gentleman with a face that looked like a frozen tomato, and a hand that could have spanned the smoke-stack of an ocean-liner, appeared uncomfortable under my stern gaze.

After I had looked at him for some seconds without winking till my eyes watered, he advanced in what might be called battle array.

"If you don't clear your tailow face out of here in less than two seconds you won't have none of it left," he said.

A consultation with the professor behind a moving van told me he had nothing to fit the occasion, and I decided to postpone further experiments till I got home.

"Think of what you wish anyone to do," the professor said, "and you will at once get astonishing results. It will require patience and practice, and if no other result is obtained, there will be plenty of fun at any rate."

Epitaphs That are Spiteful

One might imagine that when a man has been liberated from even the most shrewish wife he would be content to let her rest in peace without perpetuating her little weaknesses on her tombstone; and yet all men do not take this rational and charitable view.

Such an unforgiving husband was the man who had these lines engraved on his late spouse:

Here lies a woman, no man can deny it,
That rests in peace, although she lived unquiet.
Her husband prays for her grave you walk,
You'll gently tread, for if awaked she'll talk.

After all, this good lady may not have had a spiteful, if a two-garulous tongue; but we cannot be under any delusion as to the character of the wife who inspired her husband to write these words as her epitaph:

Here rests my spouse; no pair through life,
So equal lived as we did:
Alike we shared perpetual strife,
I knew no rest till she did.

Another happily-bereaved husband was content to confine his feelings to two words, but they were very eloquent of what he had suffered. They were these:—"Pacem habet"—He has peace.

There was no such reticence, however, about the widower who commemorated his wedding life thus:—

We lived one and twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could not stay her longer here,
She's gone, I know not whither.

But did I know I do protest
(I speak it not to flatter)
Of all the women in the world
I swear I'd ne'er come at her.

But I suppose she's soured since,
For in the line great thunder
Methought I heard her very voice
Reminding the clouds asunder.

There is a lot of meaning, if very little poetry, in the following quatrain penned by a not too discriminating husband:—

Here lies my wife,
Who's gone on high;
If I said I was sorry
I no should lie.

The following arithmetical epitaph shows that a submerged sort of creature the husband must have been during his wedded years:—

We were not one but surely ten,
I and the wife I sigh for;
For while my better half was one,
I ne'er was but a cypher.

Punning would surely seem just as much out of place in an epitaph as spitefulness; but there are many most interesting examples of this rather grim kind of humor. Here is an enigmatic one on John Kott:—

There was a man who was Kott born,
His sire was Kott before him;
He did Kott live, he did Kott die,
His tombstone was Kott over him.

Over the body of a cobbler these lines were written:—

Come, gentle Reader, gentle friend,
And here behold poor Cosier's end.
Longer in length his life had gone,
But that he had no Last so long.
O mighty Death! whose art can kill
The man that made soles at his will.

A Case of Poisoning

Not infrequently caused by cheap acid corn salve. Be safe and use Putnam's Corn Extractor. Purely vegetable, harmless and always cures. Insist on Putnam's.

Mistaken Identity

A man, going home at a late hour in the night, saw that the occupants of a house standing flush with the street had left a window up, and he decided to warn them, and prevent a burglary.

Putting his head into the window, he called out:

"Hello, good neep—"

That was all he said. A whole painful of water struck him in the face, and, as he staggered back, a woman shrieked out:

"Didn't I tell you what you'd get if you wasn't home by nine o'clock?"

TIME TABLE

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 32.
In effect January 3rd, 1909
Atlantic Time

Trains West	Read Down Stations	Trains East	Read Up Stations
Train No. 1	Train No. 2	Train No. 1	Train No. 2
Leave A.M.	Arr. P.M.	Leave A.M.	Arr. P.M.
7:30	St. John East Ferry	5:40	St. John West
7:45	Duck Cove	5:30	Duck Cove
8:00	Spruce Lake	5:15	Spruce Lake
8:10	Allen Cot	5:13	Allen Cot
8:25	Prince of Wales	4:58	Prince of Wales
8:35	Musquash	4:48	Musquash
9:00	Leppraun	4:25	Leppraun
9:15	New River	4:10	New River
9:25	Pocologan	4:01	Pocologan
9:41	Pennfield	3:44	Pennfield
10:15	St. George	3:14	St. George
10:32	Bonny River	2:56	Bonny River
10:55	Dyer's	2:30	Dyer's
11:11	Cassell's	2:10	Cassell's
11:17	C.P.R. Junction	2:13	C.P.R. Junction
11:42	Oak Bay	1:48	Oak Bay
12:00	St. Stephen	1:30	St. Stephen
Arr. Noon	Leave P.M.	Arr. Noon	Leave P.M.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.
Ticket, Baggage and Freight Offices, St. John West
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East with Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial & Dominion Atlantic Rys.
HUGH H. McLEAN, President
St. John, N. B., Dec. 1908

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