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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Granite Town Greetings

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GOOD SCHOLARS MAKE GOOD CITIZENS.

A wise man has said, What we want in the man of tomorrow, we must put in the boy of today. No man who thinks and feels about the evils in our body politic can be indifferent to the schools of the country. Everyone from the humblest school on the far-off prairie to the university and college, is important. All should train for life. The teacher's mission is to save by prevention. He is the former and not the reformer. His work is greater than that of all others who try to rescue and reform. He deals with the growing plastic child. Out of the material helps the home to make character, to mould good men and women.

The end of all public education is good citizenship. No other safe grounds can be taken by the advocates of education at public expense. While education is not necessarily always successful in this direction, ignorance is antagonistic to good government. The man to be a good citizen, must know something of the structure of government, and his rights and duties. The boy soon steps from the school to citizenship. He has crossed that unseen line between the state of being a minor and a man. On one side he is a man; on the other he is a voter. So few realize that each man is a unit—that he counts or should do so in every realm of our life. Called to vote he is apt to follow the crowd. Party not principle, often determine his vote. Prejudice, for or against candidate rules, not a deep sense of the fitness or unfitness of the man who seeks his suffrage.

For this, and many other reasons, teachers should take a more active interest in public affairs. The making of the citizen. The organization of the school affords an unfailing illustration of government. The family gives another.

The parents often neglect to give any definite instruction about being a good citizen as a voter. The boy gets what little of such knowledge he has from the teacher and from his outside environments.

NATIONS IN UNREST

The unrest which has broken out in Sweden and which finds an outlet in an attempt to establish a general strike is surprising. Inhabiting a cold country, the Swedes are a steady-going people and aren't easily carried off their feet. Although the Latin countries frequently become victims of hysteria, Sweden isn't much given to indulging in internal disturbances.

But the spirit of unrest that has been operating over sea this year has been widespread. Spain has just undergone a revolutionary outbreak that menaced the stability of the Government and the steadiness of the throne. Happily things are now calmed down. A revolution in Turkey forced Abdul Hapid off his perch and he is now a prisoner of state at Saloniki. A somewhat similar rebellion in Persia a few weeks ago compelled the Shah to abdicate and to give way to a new hand at the administrative bellows.

India is a seething cauldron of unrest, and the agitation which is now being pressed against British rule and which found a fanatical incident in the assassination of Sir Curzon Wylie by an Indian student at the Imperial institute in London is raising some very awkward questions. For several months England has been in a state of mind and has been having nightmares over a possible military invasion by Germany. This nervous disturbance, however, involves no internal rebellion but is a national alarm over an imaginary declaration of war against the British Empire by a foreign foe. Seldom is a nation in greater fright. But the general spirit of unrest that prevails many countries on the sunrise side of the Atlantic offers a curious study of the psychology of nations. The fact that Sweden supplies a stage on which internal restlessness on a national scale is exploited is surprising, although such a condition would be the most natural thing in the world in some of the countries farther south.—Hartford Times.

BY THE WAY

School.

And the hand played!

Now for the friendly rivalry between the pupils, it will be gratifying to both parents and instructors.

So far as we have learned the location of the north pole is unchanged. No report from Perry.

The "Rocky road to Dublin" never would have been heard of, if the author had travelled up Shaws Hill but once.

"There's another, not a sister, In the happy days gone by Because the old folks didn't like me, She met me on the sly."

Woodmen say, they find no hornets nests on trees this year. Hollow logs near the ground are used and this is, the hunters say, a sure indication of very little snow the coming winter.

Schools will soon open, and there is no question in the mind of any citizen of what must be done to get the full benefit of the outlay for this important branch of the town's affairs.

Keep the flies out of the houses. Most of the sickness that is serious at this time of the year is among families which are not particular in regard to flies. The fly haters are said to be fussy but they live longer and save doctor bills by being so fussy in that particular.

In order to keep his wife from collapsing under the effect of an excessive dose of morphine, G. G. Gallagher, of Des Moines, persuaded her to engage with him in a two-hour game of whist, thus saving her life. After the landlady had been taken from the woman's stomach they prescribed this method of keeping her from going to sleep. She has been very fond of whist, and was interested in the game. It was a game against death, and the husband played with beads of nervous perspiration standing on his forehead.

Capt. H. P. Nuse, of the Celtic, was regaling a little group of ladies with sea stories.

"One trip," he said, "there was a woman who bothered the officers and me to death about whales. A dozen times a day she besought us to have her called if a whale hove in sight."

"I said rather impatiently to her one afternoon:—

"But, madam why are you so anxious about this whale question?"

"'Captain,' she answered, 'I want to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to see such an enormous creature cry.'"

It's a great help to be able to size up the men you come in contact with," said a business man to his son; "but it is more important still that you should first know yourself." "For instance, a noisy lot tacked out of their club late one night and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion, one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman struck her head out of a second-storey window and demanded, none too sweetly, "What do you want?"

"Is this the residence of Mr. Shmith?" inquired the man on the step with an elaborate bow.

"It is, what do you want?"

"Is it possible that I have the honor of speaking to Missus Shmith?"

"Yes." What do you want?"

"Good." Missus Shmith, will you—hic—come down and pick out Mr. Shmith? The rest of us want to go home!"

The Forester's Return

I'm back on the job by the singing river, Far from the town with its money-mad, Back where the quacking aspens quiver—

And I'm glad, I'm back to the shack where the trail is winding

'Mid flowers of every scent and hue, And I felt when I gazed, the hot tears blinding—

Wond'ry't you? I'm back to the creak of the good old saddle,

To the equine friends that never doubt, Back to the haunts—with canoe and paddle—

Of the trout. There's work to do, and there's work in plenty,

And it's sleep in the open, if fate so wills, But no man is more than one-and-twenty

In the hills. —Dever Republican.

PERSONAL

Mrs. Fletcher of Boston, is the guest of Mrs. Henry Goss. Dr. Dick is spending a few days in St. John this week.

Mrs. C. B. Burgess of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maxwell.

Granville Cawley of the Bank of Nova Scotia is now located in Moncton.

Warren and Walter Greason of Williamstown, who have been spending a brief holiday here will leave to-morrow for St. Stephen, where they will visit relatives for a few days, before returning to Vermont.

David Walton of Lewiston, Maine, is spending a few days in town.

Miss Fanny Murphy returned Saturday from the Border Towns, after a delightful visit with friends.

Miss Nora Hooper of Milltown, is the guest of Mrs. John McCarten.

Manager McIntyre of the B. N. S. has returned from his vacation and resumed his duties at the bank.

Elgin MacNichol L'Ete, was one of Greetings callers Friday.

B. Gillmor who has charge of the surveying operations for the pulp Co., and has been at the wharf during the summer, has been transferred to the mill.

Judge Cockburn, Miss Cockburn and Misses Stuart drove over from St. Andrews Friday.

Miss Hanson, St. Stephen, is the guest of Mrs. Howard Allen.

Arch Campbell once a resident of this town, and now living in Augusta, Me., is here renewing old acquaintances. He is accompanied by his daughter Mrs. Jones.

On Thursday evening, Mrs. Sayre was hostess at a very enjoyable party. A most delightful evening was spent by the guests present.

Rankine McIntyre is on Deer Island this week.

Mrs. Fred McLeod and family returned from Rolling Dam and are occupying their house in town.

T. A. Sullivan, Bonny River, was in town Saturday and attended the Campbell sale.

Mrs. Gilroy and children of St. John, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Mooney.

Miss Annie Thieckens is being welcomed by old friends. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. O'Neill.

Mr. C. H. Lee, Manager, Bank New Brunswick, St. John, is spending his vacation with his family at Mount Vernon.

Mrs. Arthur Brown has been visiting in St. John and Fredericton.

Miss S. A. Shaw, of Windsor, and Mrs. W. A. Gibson and daughter of St. John, are visitors at Highfield, the home of Mrs. J. A. McCallum.

R. D. McDermid, of Fredericton, spent the week end in town, the guest of his sister Mrs. McCallum "Highfield."

Percy P. Gunn, Montreal, was a business visitor on Thursday.

Mrs. Fitzgerald and Miss Maud Fitzgerald, who have been spending some weeks here left for their home, Augusta, Me., Thursday.

Miss E. McKenzie and Mrs. Jordan who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. John McKenzie will make a short visit in Calais and Restport before returning to Mass.

Mr. Martin has returned to St. John to take up his school duties at beginning of the term.

Mr. James McLay, Laramie, Wyoming made a short visit here. Mrs. McLay and child will remain a while longer.

Mrs. A. McVicar, who has been spending the summer here left for Northfield, Vt., on Monday's train.

Miss Ruth Lyman of Montreal, is visiting Miss Blanche Gillmor, at Ben Lares.

T. A. Lindsay of Woodstock, has been the guest of Dr. Alexander, for a few days.

Miss Evelyn McKinney, Calais, is visiting her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien.

Several parties were camping at Lake Utopia last week. Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Miss Russell and the Misses Russell of Buffalo were at "Camp Utopia," Capt. Milligan's charming resort, Mr. Frederic Henry and Warren Greason tented on the beach at First Brook, Herman Mann Arthur Johnson and Frankie Hibbard, were at Mill Field. Mrs. James Southard Misses K. McCarten, E. McLanaghan, L. Connors, K. Lynott, M. McGrattan, A. Bradley, and Messrs. James Southard, D. Walton, C. McLanaghan, W. Lynott, J. Watt, H. Brundel and G. Martin at Camp Kent. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kent, Mrs. J. McNutt, Mrs. K. Hickey and children, Misses F. O'Brien, E. Richardson and M. Wetmore spending the week end at Mr. Kent's pretty camp.

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