


MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS



Rub It In
And The Pain Comes Out

Pains and aches will come to every household, and the prudent mother keeps a bottle of Father Morrissey's Liniment on hand to meet them.

Whether it's cuts or bruises, burns or frost-bites, chapped hands or chilblains, sprains or sore muscles, back ache, tooth-ache, ear ache, rheumatism, sore throat or pain in the chest,

Father Morrissey's Liniment

gives prompt relief.

It "rubs in" quickly and thoroughly, going right to the seat of the pain. Scarcely a trace of it stays on the skin. That is one reason why it is so effective.

With a bottle of Father Morrissey's Liniment in the house you can save yourself and your family hours and hours of needless pain.

"There's ease in every drop."
25c a bottle at your Dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

"NEMESIS"

At one time in his life Abraham von Meyerbeer was a member of that part of the population usually referred to in the newspapers as the common people. Then his father, who was a small grocer of the name of Meyer, received 10,000 marks from an accident policy he carried, and with this money enlarged his business and improved it until he was able to sell it to a stock company for half a million marks. The result of clever trading and unscrupulousness.

But his greatest achievement in the eyes of his son was his sudden death before he had had time to spend any of his savings of forty years and when Mr. Abraham found himself in full possession of his inherited gold he resolved to move to higher life in the future. First of all, he moved into a fashionable part of Berlin, then he married the cousin of a baron's son-in-law, having previously changed his name to von Meyerbeer, bought an automobile and settled down to enjoy life with that personal freedom peculiar to the man who is cut by most of his neighbors.

Von Meyerbeer, however, found consolation for their contempt in the birth of his only child, though it was not without paying, for the baby cost the mother her life. He was greatly annoyed with her for putting him to so much trouble in a couple of years after their wedding, but in time he forgot her, and with his child lived in more or less solitary grandeur in the big house whose personal attraction to him was that its owner was a count.

In course of time young Abraham grew to be an independent youth in knickerbockers, and the honor of many, which, much to his father's delight, showed unmistakable traces of the blood of the cousin of the baron's son-in-law. He had almost feared that his own blood would predominate. The child looked strong and healthy, but one morning Dr. Sauerbrel informed von Meyer that the air of the city might affect the lungs of the growing child and recommended that he should be placed with a governess in a country cottage some miles from Berlin.

"There is nothing wrong with him, now, is there?" the father asked anxiously.

"Nothing my dear sir," Dr. Sauerbrel replied in the manner he always adopted towards those of his patients in the ten thousand a year class. But you see, it isn't good for the child to spend so much time in a city house in the company of his father. I would advise a cottage in some small village where the air is bracing and where you can run down at any time in your auto."

"Very good," von Meyerbeer said as he took his hat and went to the city, this week.

A suitable home was found for the young child, and the father went to watch the child's health for the first time in his life. The day of his

arrival he realized that even a child of six expects something more than a mixture of benevolence and severity from his parent. He parted abruptly from the lady who had agreed to treat the darling as one of her own for 25 marks a week, on which terms either her own children or the newcomer must have lost something.

Von Meyerbeer jumped into his automobile, blew the horn as a warning to the group of uncomfortable looking children, and started for Berlin, as if he were trying to break all records. In 15 minutes, however, he slowed down, conscious of having made a mistake. He was miles out of his way. This made him more reckless than ever and he laughed at the pedestrians who hurried into safety as his car approached.

But an accident was bound to happen and when von Meyerbeer saw an old man spring back from the side and then collapse in a heap in the road his hands dropped to his side for a moment. Then his own danger revived him and without looking back he rushed on as for dead life.

"After all," he muttered to himself, "it was only one of the common people. Probably the old man didn't have much in his life and it was better that he should end it in some way," he added thoughtfully.

"They couldn't have seen my number, so, all things considered, I'm safe."

Any feelings of discovery were soon shown to have been superfluous. The man had not been seriously injured and not being a person of too good a character the local community blamed him for his accident and so nothing was ever heard of the incident in the newspapers. Von Meyerbeer, however, did not open his paper for a week without feeling nervous for he knew by the experience of others what it meant to act the coward and he found out. The escape, however, did not change him any. He still remained a scorching, a man of no honor, who would never have hesitated to kill and run away. His auto was his only toy and driving it his only joy. Several times he ran away and very soon he became notorious all over the surrounding country.

He never thought of retribution. Fate had not given him imagination and he only began to think when his stomach began to ache. The world according to those who owned automobiles and those who did not were the servants of the other. The rich as he called all who had less money than himself, did not show any gratitude, although, as he pathetically declared, he kept quite a number of friends by his money.

Even an extremely selfish man cannot avoid indirectly benefiting a few. He was pondering over these things when he started slowly from his house. He had just received a childish letter from a boy, full of love and desire to breathe a love and desire which made him stare on and stare on. At last he decided to go to the city limits in his

creased his speed until he was going 35 miles an hour. Farmers' boys and girls stumbled out of the way and watched with open mouths what little they could see, but von Meyerbeer never paid any attention as he drove with a skill that revealed the expert.

He was on the outskirts of the little village where his son lived sooner than he expected. It was the cry of an infant that aroused him from his dreams. Mechanically he tried to put on the brake but his fingers missed their object and the car continued to bound forward. Suddenly he turned a corner leading to the street of five houses which formed the principal thoroughfare of the village.

About a dozen children were playing in the street and all but one hurried to the shelter of one of the cottages. The helpless figure laughed gleefully as the car came down upon him and then—

Von Meyerbeer glanced about him wildly. There was only one man in sight for the shrieks of the children were common enough in the village. This was his chance. Hastily releasing the brake he had put on the moment the car had touched the child he drove madly away.

Sheer exhaustion compelled him to slow down about 70 miles away from the scene of the accident. There were blood stains on two of the wheels and he spent an hour removing them. Then he went on to a hotel, ate a hearty dinner and went to bed leaving his troubles for the next day.

It was at breakfast that he tremblingly opened a paper and learned his fate. It was quickly told in big headlines—

Terrible Automobile Accident.
Cowardly Action by Driver.
Grandson of Abraham Meyer.
The Famous Provision Merchant Killed.
He didn't read any further.

"My God," he murmured and fell back in his chair dead.

The doctor said it was heart disease. —Philadelphia Bulletin.

A falling fit nerve—no larger than the fine silken thread—takes from the heart its pulse, its power, its regularity. The stomach also has its hidden, or hidden nerve. It was Dr. Shoop who first told us it was wrong to drug a weak or falling stomach, heart or kidneys. His prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—directed straight for the cause of these ailments—these weak and faltering side nerves. This, no doubt, clearly explains why the Restorative has of late grown so rapidly in popularity. Druggists say that those who test the Restorative even for a few days soon become fully convinced of its wonderful merit. Anyway, don't drug the organ. Treating the cause of sickness is the only sensible and successful way. Sold by all dealers.

Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise.
Old Time will make thee colder.
And though each morning new arise,
Yet we each day grow older.

Thou, as heaven, art fair and young,
Thine eyes like twin stars shining;
But ere another day be sprung,
All these will be declining.

Then winter comes with all his fears,
And all thy sweets shall borrow;
Too late then wilt thou shower thy tears,
And I, too late, shall sorrow.

Have you a pain—of any kind, anywhere? Stop just a minute and think! It matters not whether it be womanly pains, head pains, or any kind of a pain, one of Dr. Shoop's Little Pink Pain Tablets will surely stop it in 20 minutes. Formula plainly printed on the 25c. box. Sold by all dealers.

Humor in Everything

The following incident shows how strongly is the joker's instinct ingrained in Mark Twain. A friend once took him to see a very beautiful and valuable piece of sculpture. It represented a young woman coiling up her hair, and the workmanship was such that the owner's other companions stood open-mouthed in admiration.

"Well," said the host, turning to Mark Twain for his verdict: "what do you think of it? Grand, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's very pretty," said Mark Twain.

"That it's not true to nature!"

"Why not?" enquired everyone in surprise.

"She ought to have her mouth full of hair-pins," replied the humorist gravely.

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	Leave A.M.	Train No. 2	Arr. P.M.
7:30	St. John East Ferry	5:40	St. John West
7:45	Duck Cove	5:30	Spruce Lake
7:53	Spruce Lake	5:13	Allan Cot
8:08	Allan Cot	4:58	Prince of Wales
8:25	Prince of Wales	4:48	Musquash
8:35	Musquash	4:25	Lepraux
9:00	Lepraux	4:10	New River
9:15	New River	4:01	Hoculogan
9:23	Hoculogan	3:44	Pennfield
9:41	Pennfield	3:14	St. George
10:15	St. George	2:56	Bonny River
10:32	Bonny River	2:30	Dyer's
10:58	Dyer's	2:10	Cassell's
11:11	Cassell's	2:13	C.P.R. Junction
11:17	C.P.R. Junction	1:48	Oak Bay
11:42	Oak Bay	1:30	St. Stephen
12:00	St. Stephen		

Arr. Noon Leave P.M.

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, Jan. 10th, 1909, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6.—Mixed for Moncton, (leaves Island Yard)	6:30
No. 2, Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point-du-Chene and Pictou	7:00
No. 26, Express for Point-du-Chene, Halifax and Pictou	12:40
No. 4 Mixed for Moncton	13:15
No. 8, Express for Sussex	17:15
No. 138, Suburban for Hampton	18:15
No. 134, Express for Quebec and Montreal, via Moncton	19:00
No. 10, Express for Moncton, the Sydneys, Halifax and Pictou	23:25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9, Express from Halifax, and Moncton	6:30
No. 135, Suburban Express from Hampton	7:50
No. 7, Express from Sussex	9:00
No. 133, Express from Montreal, Quebec, and Pt. du Chene	13:45
No. 5, Mixed from Moncton, (arrives at Island Yard)	16:40
No. 3, Mixed from Moncton	19:30
No. 2, Express from Halifax, Pictou, Point-du-Chene, and Campbellton	17:35
No. 1, Express from Moncton and Truro	21:20
No. 11, Mixed from Moncton (arrives at Island Yard daily)	24:00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time (twenty-four hour notation) 24:00 o'clock is midnight.

Eastern Steamship Co
Reliable and Popular Route
BETWEEN
St. John and Boston
First class fare \$3.50
Stateroom \$1.00

Steel steamship Galcin Austin leaves St. John at 8 a. m. on Thursdays for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. Returning leaves Boston on Mondays at 9 a. m., Portland at 5 p. m.

L. R. THOMPSON, Trav. Pass. Agent
W. G. Lee, C. E. LARCHELIER, Asst. Agent.
St. John, N. B.

Deer Island and Campobello Service
Stmr. "Viking"

Will leave Black Harbor, Mondays and Thursdays at 7 a. m.; Saturdays at 6 a. m. for St. Stephen.

Returning leave St. Stephen (Public Wharf) Tuesdays and Friday mornings and Saturday afternoons.

Touching at Letite Mondays and Tuesdays and during June and August on Saturdays.

Touching at Back Bay Thursdays and Fridays and during July and September on Saturdays.

J. W. RICHARDSON
Manager

Nothing in the way of a cough is quite so annoying as a sticking, teasing, wheezing, bronchic-cough. The quickest relief comes perhaps from a prescription known to Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And besides, it is so thoroughly harmless that mothers give it with perfect safety even to the youngest babies. The tender leaves of a simple mountain shrub give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its remarkable curative effect. A few days' test will tell. Sold by all dealers.

ECONOMY STORE

Your Attention Please
Yesterday has gone, Today is very short, Tomorrow may never come

So what you do must of a necessity be done today. What you need is right here. We have always on hand a large assortment of Staple groceries and Dry Goods. Also holiday goods in abundance. Everything for useful Christmas presents, from a Carpet-sweeper to a hat-pin. The most fastidious can be suited. Write or telephone your orders today. Everything delivered free.

ANDREW MCGEE - Back Bay

COME ALONG

now to the new store in the YoungBlock

FRUIT, CANNED GOODS, CONFECTION-ERY and SOFT DRINKS always on hand

ALL POPULAR BRANDS CIGARS AND TOBACCO

GIVE US A CALL

FRANK MURPHY

GLENWOOD RANGES

Make Cooking Easy

When in Eastport

Visit Martin's Store
as they keep a full line of Groceries that they are closing out regardless of cost

MARTIN SELLS EVERYTHING

E. S. MARTIN & SON
73 WATER STREET, EASTPORT, ME.

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



Vroom Bros. Ltd

are showing a very complete stock of Carpets of all kinds as well as Oil Cloths and Linoleums from one to four yards wide. As these goods were all purchased previous to the recent advance, they are offering them at very attractive prices.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention

VROOM BROS., Ltd.
St. Stephen, N. B.

F. M. CAWLEY
ST. GEORGE, N. B.
Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand
Prices lower than any competitor