


MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS



Take Father Morriscy's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) And Be Sure

that it will cure your cough, cold or lung troubles. It is the very same medicine which the priest-physician himself prescribed so often and so successfully during his lifetime, and thousands are the cases it has cured.

Take it—or give it to the children—with confidence, because it is absolutely free from opium, morphine or any other harmful drug. Many cough medicines are loaded with these dangerous ingredients, but Father Morriscy would not use anything that was not perfectly safe even for a baby.

"No. 10" contains nothing but Nature's own remedies—Herbs, Roots and Balsams—combined as only Father Morriscy knew how to combine them. Keep a bottle in the house as a safeguard against all troubles of throat and lungs. Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's. 24

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

MY WARD AMYRIL

I was annoyed when a telegram summoned me suddenly to the Highlands, where my manager lay ill with a sudden attack of pneumonia. I went, of course, and was detained much longer than I had expected. I was impatient to get back to the city, and to Amyril.

"The Lenten season has always seemed to me a clever way to settle up past debts of commission and omission," I remarked to Hettie as I lounged in her pretty tea-room, the day after my return. "No one enjoys the church services, Lenten mass, and oratory more than I do. It is extremely uplifting. Then Lent gives you women of fashion a chance to pick up flesh again, and to regain your normal color. Amyril looks like a ghost, a charming, ethereal spirit about to take wing for a better world. I have never seen her with that soulful, spiritual look. What have you done to the child while I was away? What has happened? Is anything wrong with her?"

Hettie laughed amusedly.

"How in the world could anything happen to Amyril?" she asked, putting up a pretty hand covered with rings to conceal a slight yawn.

"Well, I am glad to hear the child is all right," I said, getting up to go. "That was a terribly sad tragedy about young Penrose. Did they find out how it happened? I heard he was quite dead when he was found in the woods, his gamebag and rifle by his side. I was quite shocked. He was an exceptionally fine young fellow. I liked him immensely."

"Yes. Wasn't it awful? Nobody can account for it," Hettie said abstractedly.

Coaching, like other so-called amusements, pulls on one after a bit. I have my coach and horses brought out occasionally when Amyril wants to vary the pleasure of motoring by getting up a gay coaching party.

Driving four horses is rather a bore as there are always a number of automobiles spinning by, and the country roads are not specially good, and my bays are mettlesome. There is very little pleasure in the performance. But it pleases Amyril.

I never saw the child in better spirits, apparently, than that afternoon. "All right. Get up your coaching party. But you are not to touch the lines, remember. And be ready by 5," I told her resignedly.

She was flushed, beautiful and laughing when she climbed up and took her seat on the box by my side, answering with brilliant bandinage what the men said as they crowded around.

I looked anxiously in her sweet face, but still found that lurking pain peeping from behind her long lashes.

"Isn't this delightful, Miss Amyril?" Fanning asked over her shoulder.

"Life seems worth while in the spring. Everybody ought to bud out and get new life and make promises and glorious plans for the future. What do you say, Miss Amyril? Can't you be stirred into sympathy with some poor devil. Will you listen—"

With a low cry Amyril snatched the lines from me, and leaning forward gave the wheel a sharp cut with the whip. Of course, he reared, and bit.

"What are you doing?" I cried hastily, gathering back the reins and steadying the horses as they dashed recklessly along, avoiding with difficulty the deep ditch on either side, which meant death and destruction if we got into it.

Then I remembered the railroad crossing just ahead, and the prolonged whistle of a locomotive told me plainly enough that the express was coming, and whether our coach would cross first, or the train, or whether we would meet at the crossing was a problem to be solved in a very few seconds.

"Hold on with all your might," I ordered peremptorily. Then leaning forward I lashed the horses to the top of their speed, regardless of Fanning's horrified exclamation.

Well, we just did it.

We tore across the track and the train thundered past behind us, almost touching the coach, while terrified shouts greeted us from the passengers looking out of the Pullman windows.

After a mile or so of racing, I quieted the animals, and gradually brought them down to a standstill in the middle of the road, where they stood trembling and panting and foam-flecked.

Everybody climbed out, the women half hysterical with fright.

"We came within an ace of being smashed to pieces by a train. We would have been killed, every one of us. It was only Wadsworth's splendid driving which saved us." Fanning explained as we pulled up, to Hettie, who was waiting patiently for us in the hall.

"Was that what you wanted, you cruel child?" I whispered hoarsely to Amyril as I lifted her tenderly down and she clung to me.

"Oh, if I could only die!" she whispered back.

The day following was Easter—calm and solemn Easter.

I strolled through the cemetery, that home of the peaceful dead, because there are wreaths and bowers I like to distribute, in loving remembrance of my own loved ones who have gone.

There was a mound before me which sprang, in her gracious generosity, was decking with light grasses and clover, coaxing the freshly planted violets around it to blossom. In the marble cross above it his name was cut.

Ah, child! child. The decking of graves—and kindly forgetfulness—all that Nature can do for you!

And I—I—must stand aside.

A cluster of white blossoms lay where her hand had placed them and turning, I felt like an outcast, and envied his peaceful slumber.—New Orleans Times.

A falling tiny nerve—no larger than the finest silken thread—takes from the heart its pulse, its power, its regularity. The stomach also has its hidden, or inside nerve. It was Dr. Shoop who first told us it was wrong to drug a weak or failing stomach. Heart or kidneys. His prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—directed straight for the cause of these ailments—these weak and faltering inside 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. Treat the cause of sickness is the only sensible and successful way. Sold by all dealers.

Was God in the Earthquake?

Sir Oliver Lodge, lecturing at Birmingham, the other day, said he mentioned the earthquake subject partly because he found people so much upset by the occurrences of those great catastrophes, and a certain number had been writing in the press and elsewhere saying it had undermined their faith, and that no longer could they believe in a beneficent Ruler of the universe because of these happenings. That was a result of ignorance, of want of thought. These catastrophes were not new in the history of the world, and if they had been a thoughtful people they would have adapted their ideas of the universe to those catastrophes long ago. It was part of their understanding of the universe to realize that they did occur, that they would occur, and why they occurred, and to readapt themselves to its circumstances from time to time. They must realize that the crust of the earth would settle down, and the people that were living in the immediate centre of the disturbance would suffer.

But, these things did not happen casually or accidentally. They happened in a perfectly law-abiding way, which could be allowed for beforehand, and against which precautions could be taken.

SCOURGES AND CHARACTER

They found the four great scourges of the days of the Old Testament were the sword, famine, noisome beasts, and the pestilence, but no longer did they subsist in this country. Apropos of the scourge of famine, Sir Oliver said that they might have a famine in England if they did not bring more land into cultivation and try to grow their own crops. So long as they were satisfied to be dependent upon foreign countries for their corn, it was possible there might be a famine in this country. As they had banished these scourges by their understanding of the universe, so they could banish others which still afflicted them.

He found that the hardship of their condition, the strenuousness with which they had to fight to overcome the warfare against natural evils must be good for them, keeping them strong, healthy, and energetic, developing the character, which after all, was the great thing. It was character they took with them through time and eternity. The manner of their death was not of any great importance; the important thing was what sort of people they were. If they had a strong, well-developed character, it did not matter whether they existed on earth or somewhere else. That was a thing worth remembering in face of these catastrophes.

All these things that happened were no doubt in the purpose of God. This must be called in some respects a secular universe. The things of daily life, their ordinary activities, were just as important as anything else. People sometimes thought that they were in a commonplace, workaday world, and that afterwards they would be in a more holy region where their activities would be entirely different. He did not believe it. He believed this place was just as holy as any other if they saw it and tried to make it so.

TIME TABLE

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

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

Trains West	Trains East
Read Down	Read Up
Station	Station
Train No. 1	Train No. 2
Leave A.M.	Arr. P.M.
7:30	St. John East Ferry
7:45	St. John West
7:53	Duck Cove
8:08	Spruce Lake
8:10	Allan Cot
8:25	Prince of Wales
8:35	Musquash
9:00	Lepraux
9:15	New River
9:23	Pocologan
9:41	Pennfield
10:15	St. George
10:32	Bonny River
10:58	Dyer's
11:11	Cassell's
11:27	C.P.R. Junction
11:42	Oak Bay
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 Chêne and Pictou	7:00
No. 26, Express for Point du Chêne 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 Sydney, 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 Chêne	13:45
No. 5, Mixed from Moncton, (arrives at Island Yard daily)	16:40
No. 3, Mixed from Moncton	19:30
No. 25, Express from Halifax, Pictou, Point du Chêne, and Campbellton	17:35
No. 1, Express from Moncton and Truro	21:20
No. 11, Mixed from Moncton (arrives at Island Yard daily)	4:00

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 Calvin 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. Lee, C. E. LAECHLER, Asst. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking"

June 1st to October 1st, 1908.

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

Returning leave St. Stephen (Public Wharf) Tuesday and Friday mornings and Saturday afternoon.

Touching at Lettie 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

It Prevents Sore Throat

No simpler way to kill a cold and stamp out sore throat than by applying Nerviline—rub it in freely, and then put on a Nerviline Porous Plaster on the chest. These remedies hunt out pain, destroy every trace of congestion, cure the cold and tendency to bronchitis. Thousands find Nerviline instinctively the best remedy for pains, aches, bruises, neuralgia sciatica, colds and winter influenza. It is penetrating and powerful, and never fails. All dealers have it. Nerviline. Large bottles for sale. Beware of substitutes.

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

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

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 orders will receive prompt attention.

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