


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.



Rev. Father Morrissey

"Father Morrissey'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 cleaning out the mucus, stopping the inflammation and healing the delicate membrane of throat and lungs.

Moreover, it tones up and strengthens the whole system, particularly the lungs, and protects against future coughs and colds.

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

At your dealer's.

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

THE RETURN

The shop door lay open, and a sweet breeze blew in, not violent, but cool, as it seemed, with the coolness of the ferns. There was not a sound in the street—of voice or step. The children were still at school; the housewives were tidying themselves before tea. One might well suppose that the old dealer sat in his shop not because he expected business, but because he preferred to sit there.

After a time he dropped his work upon the counter, and going down a step into the back room, set a kettle on the fire there. It was very warm; the glare of the sun seemed to be everywhere. He pushed open the window of the room and pulled the green blind partly down. The air seemed to stir then. He went back to the shop, moving with the quiet deliberation of the aged.

There had been a step in the street and as he resumed his seat it paused at the little gate of the garden. The gate creaked, and the step came on. It was weak, undecided, dragging.

"Tain't a Caverley step," said the old man. He leant back to peer through the window. But he missed the newcomer's approach, and as he peered, the woman, dragging herself over the stone step, entered the shop.

She made a shadow in the doorway; the old eyes came travelling back to find it. They wandered over the woman's dragged dress, then rested on her face.

Something troubled their limpid peace; the old man stared, then stared again. The brown wool dropped from his hands. He said quaveringly, Keziah.

The woman laughed. "Yes, she said, 'It's me. I've come back.'"

She said no more, but stood before him, her faded eyes holding him with a kind of empty boldness, her hands lying by her sides, her grey hair in strands round her meager face, as if it had been beaten by the rain. There was something indefinably shameful about the woman's attitude, as if the onlooker were invited to look and see the worst; as if what he saw mattered nothing to the woman who thus displayed herself.

She said with nothing but weariness in her voice, "Well?"

The limpidity of the blue eyes remained unbroken. What she had so brazenly flaunted, he could not see; perhaps she knew it. He said, quaveringly, "Don't stand nigh again them tins—they be floury. It ain't easy to get flour off of black."

"Ain't it?" she laughed. "It be harder to get black off of white." She stared at him boldly. "Ain't it Thomas?"

He smiled, a little foolishly—he did not understand. "You kin wash white," he muttered.

She shrank then, almost as if she had struck her. The old man noticed the movement, and misinterpreting it, he said, "No one won't come in 'till I shut the door."

He moved round the counter, with that same quiet deliberation, so unlike her shuffling, tired tread, and pushed the door shut. After a moment's hesitation, he turned the key.

The woman faced him. The shadow was kinder to her face than the sunlight had been; the eyes appeared less bold. There was wonder in her glance, almost confusion. "You ain't—you ain't meanin' me to stay?"

He said, in a blind kind of way, as if he had to look too far to catch his thoughts "I used to wait for you—ay I did. There were times when I almost thought I heard your feet."

Odd as I didn't know today—" He broke off, looking at her piteously.

The look forced her eyes, against her will. She muttered, "I ha' grown heavy footed, no doubt. Lunnon streets—"

"I've heard tell," he said carefully, "as they be tiring. They be less freshsome, I'd say, nor a country road."

"Ay," said she bitterly, "that they be."

Looking at him, perhaps she wondered that they had ever been contemporaries, he and she, husband and wife. Soiled with the grim of the great city, worn out with the passions, she found him little more than a white haired babe. She was aged, through and through. Even to the call of London her ears were dim. But her heart could remember how sweet that call had been.

She said, "You ain't understandin' why I went away."

"You be wearied out," he said. His tone was still tender; it was so long since he had had a chance to care for her. He made tea deftly in a tin brown pot. She remembered it. Things did not wear out in Caverley; if she stayed here—and she meant to stay—she would be good for another 10 or 15 years.

He did not offer to pour out the tea, and in response to the expectation which was so evident in him, she moved to the head of the table and sat down by the tea-tray. Her soiled fingers played round the white cups with garlands of roses. She looked at them once with a careless smile.

She drank her tea, but would eat nothing.

Afterward, when she was alone in the tiny bedroom above, with its spotless muslin curtains and prim furniture, she brought a bottle from her pocket and drank feverishly. She muttered, "I be 'most played out this time; it were a near go." She pulled off her dusty bonnet, and cast it on a chair.

The bed with its white quilt seemed to amuse her. She leant against the end of it and laughed consumedly, the color which the brandy had brought into them still in her cheeks.

But she stripped the quilt back and took off her broken boots before she lay down, her black skirts, bedraggled and dusty, spread over the bed.

When she came stealthily up to her room she was asleep. He went to the window and pulled down

the blind with his tremulous fingers. There was still a lingering sunlight, but the heat of the day was past.

She lay heavily, like a log, as if the tired limbs were incapable of restlessness. The old man watched her for a moment or two, then his glance went round the room, full of pity and regret. "I kep' this room same as she liked it for 20 years an' more, waiting for her. It be changed now—an' she has come."

The light began to go. He scarcely needed it in his occupation, which had become mechanical; but absent-ly, from habit, he drew up the window blind. Habit touched him again, and he took off the cloth which had been covering his wares. As he stood folding it, his eye wandered. Suppose she awakened * * * and went?

He climbed the stairs so quickly that he was out of breath when he reached the room. He paused by the door with a beating heart. Here was glamor and witchery, she had said—and of such things he knew naught.

Pushing the door open, he went in to the room. He need not have feared; she still lay on the bed.

He stood irresolute. There was a sharp silence in the room—a sweet, cold silence. He noticed it now. It did not puzzle him. It was one of the simple things of life, and he understood.

He leant over the bed. "Kesiah," he said sorrowfully, laying his hand against her still cheek.

He knew that she would never leave Caverley now.—The Sketch.

Bronchitis Creeps Into Consumption

Coughing weakens the tubes and makes a resting place for the bacilli. Why let Bronchitis become established? It's easy to cure—just inhale Catarhizone—breath in its soothing balms and relief comes at once. Catarhizone is so certain in Bronchitis that every case is cured. Throat is strengthened, cough stops, irritation goes away, all danger of tuberculosis is prevented. For throat trouble, catarrh and coughs, Catarhizone is The Remedy. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers. Get it today.

When Shrub Did

The Greatest Work

When Alf Shrub made his ten-mile record he ran every mile of the first six under five minutes with an average of 5:04 for each mile. In this race which took place at Ibrox park, Glasgow, November 5, 1903, Shrub was nearing the finish of the ten miles and sprinting for the finish when the official informed him of his chance to annex the 11-mile record. He immediately eased off a bit and then went on for the record, which he found was well within his powers, doing 56,233.5 and then sent him on for the hour record, which he negotiated by covering 11 miles 1,137 yards.

Shrub made his great two-mile record of 9:09.35 at Ibrox park on July 11, 1904. This track is a banked quarter mile cinder track, and Shrub admits it to be the fastest track in the world. The race was a handicap and McGough, the Scotch champion, was the nearest marked man, having 80 yards, but refused to start, much to Shrub's displeasure, as it made his nearest marked man on 125 yards. At the gun Shrub went right out, doing the first quarter in 58.5, going to the half in 2:04 and at 1,000 yards caught his first man, the mile he reached in the fast time of 4:26.5. At 15 yards from the tape he was abreast of the leader, who had started from 275 yards. "Alfie" struggled to the front and won out by 11-2 yards.

The same day that he made his two-mile record he was on scratch in the mile handicap, with McGough on 15 yards, but after his hard race decided not to run, but personal feeling against McGough's treatment in the two-mile persuaded him to start and he was allowed one hour's rest.

Both the judges and McGough urged him to start. The first quarter he ran in 1:01, McGough maintaining the lead. The half was done in 2:08.5, both men closing on the field, during the third quarter Shrub gained ten yards, 52 yards beyond this point the leaders were running on even terms and the same position was held to within 25 yards of the tape. By an extreme effort Shrub won by a yard in 4:24.5.

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	5:15	Allan Cot
8:08	Prince of Wales	5:13	Prince of Wales
8:25	Musquash	4:58	Musquash
8:35	Lepreaux	4:49	Lepreaux
9:00	New River	4:25	New River
9:15	Pocologan	4:10	Pocologan
9:23	Pennfield	4:01	Pennfield
9:41	St. George	3:44	St. George
10:15	Bonny River	3:14	Bonny River
10:32	Dyer's	2:56	Dyer's
10:58	Cassell's	2:30	Cassell's
11:11	C.P.R. Junction	2:10	C.P.R. Junction
11:17	Oak Bay	2:13	Oak Bay
11:42	St. Stephen	1:48	St. Stephen
12:00	St. Stephen	1:30	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, Express for Moncton, (Leaves Island Yard)	6:30
No. 2, Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point duChene and Pictou	7:00
No. 26, Express for Point duChene, 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 Valley, 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. duChene	13:45
No. 5, Mixed from Moncton, (arrives at Island Yard)	16:40
No. 3, Mixed from Moncton	19:30
No. 25, Express from Halifax, Pictou, Point duChene, 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, Labee, 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. LARCHLER, 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) 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

NOTICE FOR DEBTS

All persons having any just demands against the estate of Janet Campbell late of the Parish of St. George, Testatrix, Deceased, or against the property of the late Daniel Campbell of the same place, deceased, are hereby requested to present the same to the undersigned, made out in full detail, at the earliest possible date.

Dated at St. George, N. B., January 30th 1909.

P. McLAUGHLIN
Executor of the last will of Janet Campbell, deceased.

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

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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

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When in Eastport

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as they keep a full line of Groceries that they are closing out regardless of cost

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A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.

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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.

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Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand
Prices lower than any competitor