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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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ST. GEORGE, N. B.

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Will be in St. George the third week of
every month

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Steamer leaves St. John at 8 a. m. on
Wednesdays for Eastport, Lubec, Port-
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7 p. m. for Boston direct.
All freight, except live stock, via the
steamers of this company, is insured
against fire and marine risk.
W. G. Lee, Agent, St. John, N. B.

New Brunswick Southern
Railway.

St. John, St. George and St. Stephen.
American Express Mail Train.
(Daily, Sunday Excepted.)

On and after Monday, Jan. 27th, 1908,
trains will run daily (Sunday excepted)
as follows:
Leave St. Stephen 8.00 a.m.
Arrive St. John 12.00 a.m.
Leave St. John 2.25 a.m.
Arrive St. Stephen 6.55 a.m.
Atlantic Standard Time.

Railway connections at Calais with the
Washington County Railway at St. John
with the Intercolonial and Dominion
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Baggage and Freight Office, 58 Water
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Tickets sold and Baggage Checked
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Street.

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St. John, N. B., Jan'y 1st, 1906.



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Favorite Hotel for winter port employees.
Private Boarders on Reasonable Terms.
Modern Improvements.
Hotel for Summer Tourists; near the
Favorite Bathing Beaches. Heated
throughout with Hot Water, and Light-
ed by Electricity.
RODNEY STREET,
WEST ST. JOHN.

SHORN LAMBS.

Ways of the Men Who Lose Their All
in Wall Street.

What becomes of the men who lose
it in Wall street. They are seldom heard
of. The visitor to New York gets the
impression that the gay crowd of men at
the Waldorf—the "uptown street"—
comprises them all. But this crowd
is altogether misrepresentative and has
no true sign value, says a writer on
Wall street in the New Broadway Mag-
azine to see if further loans are ad-
visable.

You can retain your equilibrium easily
in watching them by remembering
that Runner of New Britain is hid-
ing somewhere, a fugitive from jus-
tice; that jumper of Milwaukee is in
prison; that there are many other men
who went down hard with big crash-
es, and that for every one of the big
men there are 10,000 little men whose
losses are smaller, but not a whit less
fatal.

Too would find some of them tonight
in New York, if you knew in what
window to look, figuring anxiously and
evidently, looking over insurance pa-
pers to see if further loans are ad-
visable.

Their wives are sewing; their daugh-
ters are studying stenography. You
will find others hanging about hotel
lobbies, and the moment you catch
their eye or grip their hands you know
that they are nervous, distraught,
broke, restless—typical Wall street vic-
tims.

The others, professionals, parasites,
satellites, winners, you will find in the
cafes and hotel restaurants, making
up a large part of the crowds at Sher-
ry's and Delmonico's, Martin's and
Rector's, the Waldorf, Manhattan, As-
tor, St. Regis and Holland House.
Wall street by day demands the Great
White Way at night. From the mo-
ment the market opens till its close the
game is a fast and furious one of
sharp trickery, clever dodging, rallery,
bluffing, hypocrisy, lying.

Nerves are constantly tense; the
brain must be clear and quick at ev-
ery move. Successful lying uses up
gray matter, and the flash and festi-
vity of the Tenderloin at night are just
unnatural enough to fit in and offer
the kind of recreation desired.

SAW HIS OPPORTUNITY.

The Reporter Seized It, and Got His
Real Start in Life.

All the city traveling public loves a
straw hat because it has a fellow
feeling for him. This is why the story
of how Frank Vanderlip, the banker,
got his start has an almost universal
appeal. It happened in Manhattan.
Vanderlip was a reporter on a Chicago news-
paper and writing financial news. The
travelling situation then, as now, was al-
most impossible. Charles T. Yerkes
was traction dictator, and the stock-
holders and the public never had a
word to say in the conduct of the
roads. Nor could they get any definite
idea of the financial condition of the
properties.

The time for the annual meeting of
the stockholders of the principal road
came along. At all the meetings Mr.
Yerkes had rattled off the reports in
the usual undependable corporation
way, and no one knew what was do-
ing. So Vanderlip planned a coup.
He bought a share of stock, which
admitted him to the meeting. He had
been a stenographer before he became
a newspaper man. When Mr. Yerkes
sat into his breezy explanation of
finances the young reporter took down
everything he said. Mr. Yerkes used
one striking phrase, and it was this:
"The passengers who have seats pay
the operating expenses, but the strap
hangers pay your dividends."

The next day the sentence topped
Vanderlip's account of the meeting.
It aroused a storm of discussion, for it
laid bare some of the traction methods;
also it got Vanderlip a raise in salary
and a promotion.

Nothing Like That in America.

"This was told me the other day,"
said a man, "by a friend who has just
made the tour of Ireland. He was at
the lakes of Killarney, and a jarvey
driving one of those side seated cars
was telling him of a visitor who was
attempting to masquerade as an Ameri-
can, but had all the outward signs of
being an Englishman."

"You say, sort," said the jarvey,
"that you live in the United States.
Were you ever in Dubuque, Ia.?"
"I was," said the traveler. "I was
there for a fortnight."
"Of old ye!" said the carman. "Ye
were aiver there. Divil a fortnight do
they have in America."

Getting It Right.

It was on a street car in the city of
Washington. Two colored women in
cheaply gorgeous splendor were talk-
ing, and one chanced to mention a Mr.
Jinks in her conversation.
"Excuse me," said the other woman,
"but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr.
Jinks."

"Oh, I see," said the other woman
complacently. "I see that you puts
de access on de pronoun."

A Bit of Sarcasm.

A young man who had prolonged his
call on his sweetheart a few nights
ago was surprised when a window in
an upper story was raised as he left
the house and the voice of the mistress
called out, "Leave an extra quart this
morning, please!"—Argonaut.

Her Fourth.

Lawyer—As your husband died in-
testate, you will of course get a third!
Widow—Oh, I hope to get my fourth!
He was my third, you know.—Town
and Country.

STATE PAWNSHOPS.

French Rate Is 7 Per Cent—Sometimes
No Interest Is Charged.

With none of the timidity or hesita-
tion or the shamefaced aspect of our
user of pawnshops does the Parisian
perform his journey to the money lend-
er. Far from feeling after the door
has closed behind him, that he is in
the country of the enemy, the French-
man can have his patriotic ardor at its
highest, for over the pawnshop flies
the tricolor of France instead of the
glided bells, and the guard at the door
is a helmeted, white gloved republican
guard. The customary whispering as
the borrower exchanges goods for cash
is unknown. Borrowing is a business
transaction with the government.

It is not out of appreciation of these
conditions of course, that 7,000 people
daily visit the municipal pawnshops,
but their business trip includes a
knowledge of the fact that whatever
profits will accrue to the establish-
ments will finally go back to the peo-
ple.

There is no haggling, says a writer
in the Philadelphia Record. On Jew-
elry four-fifths of the value of the ob-
ject can be secured; on the other arti-
cles two-thirds. The interest is 7 per
cent per annum. Should a borrower be
in the unfortunate position of having
paid interest for many years without
being able to release the article the
authorities will return it. When inter-
est has not been paid the object in
question goes to the auction, and then
the righteousness of Paris pawnbrok-
ing is decidedly in evidence, for after
the sale has been consummated and
the original loan and interest are de-
ducted from the money secured by
the sale the surplus goes to the bor-
rower. Should the money remain un-
claimed it is turned over to the Paris
hospitals, and, curiously enough, these
hospitals profit to the extent of 100-
000 francs a year.

When one has made a study of
French pawnbroking laws it is easily
seen that the first object served by
these laws is to protect people who
want immediate money advantages.
France (and we may say France, for
municipal pawnbroking is to be found
in every corner of the country) cares
little that many transactions are car-
ried on at a loss. In one year of some
2,000,000 pawned articles in Paris
1,000,000 were effected at a loss, since
no auction will bring a complete re-
turn on small objects. Of course this
is offset by the return from loans on
the other million articles, but should
there be a deficiency the municipality
has no hesitation in going down in its
pockets and this has an insistent mode
of taxing the well to do to support the
needy. Since no country has raised a
cry against charity, this, as one form
of it, can be passed without criticism.
The fact is, money is lost on all loans
under 20 francs.

The capital of the pawnshops con-
sists of legacies, gifts and subventions
of the state, department or the com-
mune. Occasionally, as at Grenoble
and Montpellier, the establishments
are so well endowed that no interest
is charged. Paris, for no unfathomable
reasons, does the largest pawnbroking
business on the continent, \$4,000,000
francs being the average yearly
pledges and 30,000,000 francs redeem-
ed. The total revenue is 4,000,000
francs, the expense of management
1,500,000 francs, the interest on capital
1,500,000 francs and the net profit
1,000,000 francs.

A Resourceful Legislator.

"It will be impossible for us to trans-
act any public business tonight," said
the president of the city council, "be-
cause of the lack of a quorum."

"Mr. Chairman," said the new mem-
ber, arising quickly, "I have been elect-
ed on a pledge to my constituency that
I shall work untiringly and unceasing-
ly for the upbuilding and uplifting of
our city, and I now and here move
that a committee be appointed to con-
sider the immediate purchase of as
good a quorum as the market affords
and that the committee be instructed
to secure the quorum and have it pro-
perly installed by the next meeting
night. And furthermore," he said, with
a patriotic touch, "let us obtain a
good American quorum and not one
of those ancient Roman things!"

In the Swim.

A serious accident happened at the
supper table. Somebody—it's always
somebody—who is to blame—upset a
pitcher of water over the cloth. There
was a general scampering and a call-
ing for somebody to remedy the mis-
chief.

"How could you be so careless,
Tommy?" cried Freddie indignantly.

"Never mind, my boy," replied Tom.
In his airy way, "It's all right. We're
all in the swim now."

Maybe It Didn't.

Tommy—I did wash my face. Moth-
er—How dare you tell me that? Why,
it's just as dirty as ever. Tommy—
Well, I washed it. But maybe it didn't
take. You know my vaccination didn't
the first time.

A Case of Disbelief.

Bill—You look bad, Jim. Been laid
up? Jim—Today's the first time out
of door for three months. Bill—
What was the matter with you? Jim—
Nothin', but the magistrate would not
believe it.—London Telegraph.

The Easy Part.

"The doctor says you must stop eat-
ing venet and drinking whisky."
"Well," replied the major, "neat
er did agree with me."

The best farming lands in Siberia
are those nearest to China.

PERFECT SANITY.

An Impossibility From a Strictly Scien-
tific Point of View.

Anglo-Saxons are so prone to take
common sense views of things that
they seldom realize the full force of
the familiar saying that all men have
some form of madness in them. The
sound inference is, as is pointed out
by Dr. G. H. Savage, the eminent Eng-
lish alienist, in a recent Lancet paper,
that perfect sanity would be not only
undesirable in itself, but from a strict-
ly scientific point of view impossible.
For a perfectly sane person—were such
a thing thinkable—would be dull and
uninteresting—a mediocrity, a nonen-
tity.

The point to seize, however, as Dr.
Savage impresses upon us, is that
there can be no comprehensive idea or
definition of insanity, because the
thing does not really exist. No scien-
tist can set up any standard of nation-
ally departure from which would com-
prise or denote insanity.

One can diagnose a case of typhoid
because it is a continued fever, char-
acterized by a peculiar course of the
temperature, by marked abdominal
symptoms, by an eruption upon the
skin. But there is nothing in what
goes by the name of insanity to fur-
ther a diagnosis as that term is un-
derstood by medical men generally.

Some treatises upon insanity prove
nothing at all by proving too much,
for they make whole nations insane at
once. Physicians connected with in-
sanity, as Dr. Savage argues, resemble
gardeners rather than botanists. "We
classify for convenience rather than
upon a scientific basis, because, in
point of fact, no such basis or finality
of mode has as yet been discovered."

Perhaps, adds Dr. Savage, there is
no need to wonder at this, since many
have to be treated as lunatics whose
brains and nervous systems show no
change whatever from the normal
course of what is recognized as sanity.

Unfortunately the impulse to define
and classify sometimes leads to misin-
terpretation of a deplorable kind. In
this, for example, is the false view, as
Dr. Savage deems it, that every person
of unsound mind is a lunatic. That, he
says, is a "pseudo-legal" absurdity.
"Obviously there are many persons of
unsound mind who are neither danger-
ous to themselves nor to others. Why
therefore regard them as aliens?"

The true difficulty, insists this distin-
guished expert, is that the disease in-
sanity does not exist. Yet one might
almost conclude from the elaborate ar-
ticles in our leading daily journals that
such a thing as insanity is a definitely
established scientific fact; that it is a
malady as definite in its symptoms and
origin as, say, cancer or tuberculosis.—
Current Literature.

The Sacred Beard.

In this age of headless boys of forty
it is interesting to note that, according
to a contemporary, the latest society in
Paris is the Society of Painted Beards,
composed of leading musicians, liter-
ary men and artists. Every member
must, under pain of severe penalties,
promise to wear a beard which taper-
s symmetrically to a point. Every Mo-
hammedan is obliged, of course, by his
religion to grow a beard, and in Rus-
sia the beard has always been an ob-
ject of reverence. An ordinance which
was published in 1915 in Novgorod,
then the capital of Russia, exemplifies
this. By this law, any one plucking a
hair from a neighbor's beard was sub-
jected to a punishment four times more
severe than that inflicted for cutting
off his finger.—Westminster Gazette.

Hospital Trolley Car.

Milwaukee has a novelty in trolley
cars. It is a hospital car which has
recently been put in service. The in-
terior of the car is fitted with three
leather upholstered permanent stretch-
ers. Hooks are placed in the sides near
the ceiling, which support a fourth
stretcher. At each end of the car are
stationed cabinets supplied with com-
plete surgical outfit, consisting of all
necessary instruments, as well as
dressings that might be called for in
emergency cases. The car is electric-
ally heated, and water in a two gallon
tank fed from a larger receptacle may
be heated in the same manner. The
car is not designed for city work, but
in outlying districts first aid will be
directed on the ground instead of tak-
ing the sufferer to the city.

Long Distance Ballooning Records.

Many notable trips have been made
in balloons. In 1849 Mr. Wise started
from St. Louis and came down in
Hennepin county, N. Y., having made
about 800 miles. This stood as the
world's long distance record until the
Paris exposition of 1900, when the
Comte de la Vaulx sailed over into
Russia. His distance was about 1,200
miles, and he was in the air over thirty-
six hours. The present record for
time was established by two German
aeronauts last spring. They succeed-
ed in remaining in the air over fifty-
one hours.—P. P. Lahm, U. S. A., in
Outing Magazine.

Adulteration Abroad.

"We are not in it with the foreigners
in food adulteration," said a chemist.
"I spent my summer vacation in Eng-
land and on the continent analyzing
cheap foods. The things I found out!"

"They freshen up flat beer with fish
skins over there. They thicken cream
with the brains of dead horses. Apricot
marmalade is made of carrots
sweetened with glucose. The octopus,
or devilfish, is canned and put on the
market as prime lobster. Spoiled pro-
duces are palmed off as truffles. Cho-
colate is adulterated with clay!"—New
York Times.

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FIRE BOX**

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The Champion is the standard
by which all other ranges
are judged
There is not another steel range equal
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egraphic offices.
Bathing house on the
beach for hotel
guests. Hotel com-
fortably furnished throughout, large
airy rooms, superior table service,
modern baths, heated by hot water.
Everything the best.

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TIGER TEA	30c
TIGER TEA	35c
TIGER TEA	40c

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grocers. Tiger Tea in packages only.

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OLD HOMESTEAD
GINGER BEER.

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The only Spring Pump made that runners do not warp in the middle. Runs
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A good line of Fur Coats, Robes and Harness.
Several heavy woods horses on hand. Prices right.
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