

The Granite Town Greetings

VOL. 2.

St. George, N. B., Wednesday, October 16, 1907.

No. 40

NOW ABOUT YOUR WINTER UNDERWEAR

Don't loose sight of the fact that we have the largest variety in town.

LADIES' WINTER COATS just received.

Then there's our range of DRESS SKIRTS; they are pretty hard to beat in quality and price.

Golf Jackets, Norfolks, Etc.

CORSETS A SPECIALTY. You cannot help being suited.

A large assortment of SHIRTWAISTS; white and colored BARGAINS IN BOOTS AND SHOES

J. SUTTON CLARK

St. George, N. B.

A. A. BURR, Eastport. Has a full line of Musical Instruments. Agent for Edison Phonograph and Victor Talking Machine. Full list of Records

Queer Bits of Information.

Denmark is entirely devoid of mountains.

Greenland was so called when first discovered by an exploring party of hardy ice-handers. The sight of this green oasis amid arctic wastes was the source of much pleasant surprise.

A Calcutta paper tells of a doctor in a Bengal hospital who had a bearskin door-mat. In a few days it was plucked entirely bare. Whatever ailments the patients complained of, they regarded a few hairs from the doctor's mat as more curative than the medicines he prescribed.

A somewhat peculiar Japanese industry's production of ornaments from coal. The miners save the best and hardest pieces of coal, these being cut in many different shapes and mounted in rings, trinkets, chains, the handles of umbrellas and sticks, or other novelties. A chain composed entirely of solid coal is recently sold, each link being perfectly cut.

The Highest Garden.—Queen Margherita's Alpine garden, which is situated at the highest garden in existence. It is situated near the summit of the Mt. St. Bernard, and during a tour in the Alps was selected by the Queen with a view to the cultivation of Alpine plants and lichens. These she has obtained from all parts of the world, and many of them were planted by her own hands. The garden has the reputation of being the most perfect of its kind in the world.

Salmon Trout for Africa.—It is proposed to introduce the brown trout, a species found in Great Britain, into some of the Central African rivers, as this fish has invariably proved a very successful colonist. A large number of the rivers in Africa seem to be in a fishless condition, but experiments have proved that trout will thrive in a previously fishless river; so it appears possible that in the future explorers in wild regions of the great Dark Continent will be enabled to breakfast off nicely grilled salmon cutlets before commencing the day's adventures.

Dakota's Wonderful Wells.—East of the Missouri River in South Dakota more than one hundred artesian wells now exist, drawing their water from the supply carried by the underlying sandstone formation, and supposed to come from the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains. These wells, used mainly for irrigating purposes, are from five hundred to one thousand feet deep, and the pressure of water in the eastern part of the State is sufficient to give a surface flow except on the highest lands. One well at Springfield yields three thousand two hundred and ninety-two gallons per minute, and furnishes power for a flour mill by day and for an electric-light plant by night. The development of this source of water supply is still going forward.

Japanese Shop Signs.—In Japan the majority of shops dealing in goods from other lands display signs in some foreign language, and many of these are very curious productions. The great idea is to have foreign characters, their correctness or intelligibility being a secondary consideration. The following are specimens of these remarkable notices: "The All Countries' Boot and Shoe, Small or Fine Ware"; "Oh! Curious"; "Horse-shoe maker instructed by French horse-bee"; "Cut Hair Shop"; "If you want sell watch; if you want buy watch, I will sell. Yes, sir, we will, all well. Come to my shop. Watchmaker"; "Hats, Native Country; Automatic of Nausau Mariner"; "The House Built for the maintenance of all and best kinds of—best kind of Hats and Caps." In some of these signs are—rely-devoid.

The Great Wall of China.

The great wall of China was measured in many places by Mr. Uthank, an American engineer, lately engaged on a survey for a Chinese railway. His measurements give the height at eighteen feet and a width on top of fifteen feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower twenty-four feet square and from twenty to twenty-five feet high. The foundation of the wall is of solid granite. Mr. Uthank brought a brick from the wall, which is supposed to have been made two hundred years before the time of Christ. In building this immense stone fence to keep out the Tartars the builders never attempted to avoid mountains or chasms to save expense. For thirteen hundred miles that wall goes over plain and mountain, and every foot of the foundation is in solid granite, and in some places the wall is built smooth up against the bank of canyons, or precipices, where there is a sheer descent of 1,000 feet. Small streams are arched over, but in the larger streams the wall follows the water's edge, and a tower is built on each side. On the top of the wall are breast-works or defences, facing in and out, so the defending forces can pass from one tower to another without being exposed to the enemy from either side. To calculate the time of building or cost of this wall is beyond human skill. So far as the magnitude of the work is concerned, it surpasses anything in the ancient or modern times of which there is any trace. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing compared to it.

The Crow.

If you never saw a crow about the third week of his existence, you do not know how homely anything can be and live. Its body looks like the big end of a crook-necked squash, and is nearly as destitute of feathers; while its mouth is big enough to swallow another crow twice as large as itself. This ungainly specimen of helplessness is fitted out with a never-failing appetite and keeps its three parents diligently engaged in bringing supplies of fish, flesh, fowl, insects, corn, potatoes and so on. The principal business of the crow at certain seasons of the year is raising corn. This is generally in the spring, soon after it has been planted. A family of crows will sometimes raise all the corn a farmer and his two boys can plant. This of course gives the farmer great satisfaction, as it saves him the trouble of harvesting his crop in the fall. Indeed, he is so well pleased that when he finds a nest of crows, he often decorates his cornfield with them, as people decorate their rooms with crows.

Crows cut their wisdom-teeth early and it is about as easy to get a rich man to head a subscription, as it is to fool a crow.

If you go out with a gun thinking to creep upon one of these bipeds, you are liable to find that instead of making game of the crow, he is making game of you. He has a "no you don't!" expression about him, and although he walks as if he had on new boots and rolls like a young sailor home from his first voyage, he feels as smart as a college student. Nothing suits him better than to poke fun at the big-eyed owl. When one of these slow-going birds attempts to introduce himself to a company of crows, he becomes at once an object of ridicule. The black-coated chaps gather from all quarters and bob bob, at the owl's great eyes, cackle, at his crooked nose and make speeches about the feather-trimmings on his legs and feet. The owl, meanwhile, with undisturbed gravity, looks around unable to understand what the crows are making such a fuss about.

In completion the crow shades on the 15th amendment; the cautious naturalist from whom I am copying this, says, "It is generally black," so we will let it go that way until someone shows us a white one. The owl, meanwhile, with undisturbed gravity, looks around unable to understand what the crows are making such a fuss about.

admired for their glossy, nice fitting garments, than for other qualities, hence a stuffed crow is more desirable than one that is fond of stuffing himself. About election time, crows hold large conventions and are as disorderly as a town meeting, they appear to have no more idea of parliamentary rules than a lot of congressmen. These are the principal facts relating to this somewhat unpopular branch of the Corvus family; should you desire other particulars, we should recommend the study of crow-knowledge.

The Undeserted Village.

(Written for Greetings.) Sweet Pennfield! loveliest village of the plain, Where pop and lager cheered the sorrowing swain, Who after dark his earliest visit paid, And often after dawn his leave delayed; Dear, lovely front gate of innocence and ease, Seat of my youth, when every girl could please, How often have I loitered o'er thy street, To dodge the girl I didn't want to meet. How often have I paused on every charm; The sheltered bar where it was nice and warm, The always falling brook, the played-out mill, The other bar-room on the neighboring hill, The hand-organ that stood beneath the shade, The wicked man that that hand-organ played! How often have I blessed the closing day, When hearts were trumps and my turn came to play; And all the village sports soon after tea, Brought out the pack beneath the spreading tree, When all the face cards in the pack were played, The young chaps cussed the luck, and old chaps prayed; And many a bottle frolicked o'er the ground, And mugs of beer and mugs of ale went round; And still as each repeated bottle tried, Succeeding mugs the nuptial band inspired; The dancing pair, that to the banjo's tune, On the plank sidewalk danced the Juba down; The chap mistrustful of his pilfered ace, The rogue who put the two spot in its place; And tried before our very eyes the Jack to shove; His partners' grin that would that ace remove;— Those were thy charms, sweet Pennfield sports like those; Seldom took place without a broken nose, Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close, On yonder roof the tom-cat chorus rose; There as I passed, like feathers of the dove The hair and claws fell softly from above;— The boy responsive to the woodshed switch; The bell-frog hand that warbled in the ditch; The watch-dog's bark that scares the youth away, His true-loves laugh that coaxes him to stay; The servant girl that gabbles in the door, The other chap that swears he'll have his gore;— These all, in sweet confusion, sought the shade, And filled each pause the hand-organ had made. —Oliver Blacksmith.

Stomach troubles' Heart and Kidney ailments can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

The Maligned Moose.

The Norte American moose seems to be a paradox among the animals that inhabit this continent. Anatomically it seems to belong to some remote geological age far back as the days of the mammoth and mastodon and the great Irish elk, all of which became extinct before historical times. Its forelegs are so long and its neck so short and stout that a specimen would starve to death if turned into an ordinary cow pasture to get a living. As it is beyond question the largest land animal known to America, and, therefore, seemingly distressed at all times to find food enough to sustain life, the logical inference is that the moose would have starved during the great ice age. But hunters and naturalists who study the habits of wild creatures find moose abundant not in tropical forests, where all vegetation grows rankly, and not in the fertile prairies, where food is luxuriant and abundant, but among the cold and barren hills of the north, where snow covers the ground deeply for half the year, and where the semiarctic moose of the summer season becomes a creature which strikes the frozen bark from hardwood trees with its teeth, and feeding thus survives weeks of zero weather and fierce winter storms, and comes into spring in better condition than his more active deer or caribou. More than this, experience in game protection in Maine for the past 20 years demonstrated that the moose responds far more readily to protective measures than the caribou, and reproduces its kind as rapidly as a deer.

A HUNTER'S OBSERVATION. A number of experienced hunters and woodsmen were discussing the habits of the three large game animals of Maine one evening before the open fire in Lather Gerrish's sporting camp at North Twin, a mile up the railroad from Norcross, in the State of New York, a famous hunter of the Maine woods for more than 60 years, astonished the company by declaring vehemently that no moose was ever known to "tree" a man in the sense which the term is accepted by sportsmen. "In my day," said Mr. York, "I have seen thousands of moose and killed more than a hundred of them. I have followed them day and nights, in summer and winter; I have watched them for days to learn their tricks; I have kept them in fenced inclosures, near my camp for years at a time; I have tamed them and driven them to harness all along the lakes of the West Branch; more than this, I have questioned reliable hunters and woodsmen who were alive and in active business in the woods where moose were as plentiful in Maine as beehives are now; and the result of all my study is that I have never known a person to be treed by a moose or met any reliable person who has ever known a person to be driven up a tree by a moose. "Beyond question, during the love-making season the bulls act very strangely by rushing about in an aimless manner climbing steep hills, swimming furious streams, and placing themselves in peril of their lives in many ways. While

LET ME KISS THOSE TEARS AWAY!" he begged tenderly. She fell for it, and he was busy for the next 15 minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly. "No," she murmured. "It's his fever, you know. But go on with the treatment." —Cleveland Leader.

time or under any circumstances is drawing heavily upon his imagination. "I have seen two bull moose fight until I came within a few rods of them and I watched the conflict for perhaps half an hour before either animal knew of my presence. At other times I have paddled up to a mother moose when she was feeding on the roots of pond lilies with her head under the water, and drawn off a half pint of rich and warm milk without giving her cause for alarm. I have seen moose fight with wolves and bears, and have noticed their extreme solicitude for their young, but I have yet to see a moose that has treed any human being or attempted to.

For high class Watch and Jewelry Repairing go to

R. A. BURR, 82 Water Street, Eastport

About Pocahontas.

According to an English paper, a Mr. Tucker of Northfleet is the custodian of some alien bones found in an old burial ground at Gravesend, and appears to have "reconstructed" there of those same bones an animal that was extremely rare. "One sincerely trusts there may be no occasion for sickly smiling, after the precedent of the Stanlans, but the question what bones these are is being discussed with gentle sarcasms. Mr. Tucker is assured by a London phrenologist that the skull is that of an Indian woman, and he feels sure the Indian woman was poor Pocahontas—who died at Gravesend in 1616. But the register of St. George's Church has a record, in that year to the effect that, on May 21, "Rebecca Wrothe, wyff of Thomas Wrothe, gent., a Virginian lady borne, was buried in a chancel." and Canon Gedge, the rector, is living in hopes of a memorial window from the Pocahontas Tercentenary Committee. "Wrothe" stands for "Rolfe," it is said—the Princess's married name; moreover, the old burial ground was never used after 1547. But Mr. Gedge is sweetly reasonable with his rival. "If the age of the bones can be established, and assuming the expert"—the phrenologist—"to be right in his opinion, then the mystery will be ended. For Princess Pocahontas was, of course, the only red woman living in England at the beginning of the seventeenth century." If the age of the bones can be established, quite so. Little points like that make all the difference between a memorial window and a penny gaff.

Lumber Market in Bad Shape.

If the statement of the Maritime Merchant is correct, as that paper's statements usually are, people engaged in the timber trade feel blue at the present moment. Not only in England, but in the United States the market seems to be demoralized, and there is no expectation that the state of affairs will improve for at least six months. Liverpool reports business there difficult and unsatisfactory. The imports of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick deals into Liverpool and Manchester continue to be heavy, and stocks have further increased, and now amount to about 43,000 standards, which is very excessive. Prices have declined, and as the market requires much relief, it is desirable that shipments should be curtailed as much as possible. In Birch, however, the situation is a little more encouraging than in spruce and pine. Building operations have been curtailed on the other side, as few new contracts are being entered into, and since winter is coming on, it is impossible that a very heavy demand will be occasioned there for some time to come. Operators will have to reduce their cut the coming winter very much and the expense of operating will be heavy this year on account of high prices of supplies.

Don't Betray Confidences

How few people there are who know how to keep a confidence made to them in the true sense of the word! They frequently forget the fundamental principle of the whole idea, which is this: Have no desire to tell it to another person. So much can be done to betray confidences by a person dropping into hints and innuendoes without once breaking his compact to the letter, but only in the spirit, says "Home Notes." What a valuable point to have in your reputation—that you are a perfectly safe person to whom to intrust a secret! Remember when you are inclined to pass a confidence to a bosom friend, however much she may want to hear it, she will remember the fact against you when she wants to confide in you that, as you are capable of breaking your bond with one friend, so you can do it with another, perhaps herself, next time.

Ottawa, Sept. 16.—(Special).—For several months of the fiscal year ending July 31, the total immigration to Canada was 133,696, compared with 116,392 for the same time last year. This is an increase of 37,304. By ocean ports the immigration was 126,458, an increase of 39,820. From the United States 27,238, a decrease of 2,516.