

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Heading off a Risk



Gas is liable to puff out of the front door of any furnace unprovided for gas escape.

"Sunshine" Furnace has Automatic Gas Damper directly connected with smoke-pipe. Gas pressure sways damper sufficiently for it to escape up chimney (see illustration), but heat doesn't escape.

What does "Sunshine" Gas Damper mean to "Sunshine" Furnace? Means protection to the furnace parts against evil effects of gas.

What does "Sunshine" Gas Damper mean to "Sunshine" householder? Means furnace can be operated without fear as to "puffing" gas furnace can be left without doubt as to whereabouts of gas.

What does "Sunshine" Gas Damper mean to "Sunshine" coal account? It means, instead of owner with "ordinary furnace" having to keep check-draft indefinitely closed in "gas" when there's two-thirds parts of heat-energy to one part of gas passing up—chimney—draft can with all safety be opened, and coal saved for another day's duty.

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

McClary's

Vancouver St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary

FRANK & MORIN Local Agents

For The Last Time

"Don't go tonight, Dick. Stay home with Kiddy and me."

A slender pale-faced girl was speaking. She was about 26 years of age, and undoubtedly she was pretty, but what had set its mark on her, so that her hollow cheeks added several years to her appearance; and, at the same time, detracted from her good looks. Her eyes were deep blue, and now, as she gazed on her husband they were very wistful.

"I must go to the club tonight, Ethel, the man replied. I'm almost sure to hear of a job tonight."

Richard Carrington had been a member of the unemployed for nearly nine months. Perhaps, it was largely due to himself; he was too anxious to find an opportunity just cut out for him. He was good-looking, at least many people said so, but, on close inspection, a certain weakness was apparent in his face. He was an excellent boon companion, ready to be his fellow well met with anyone, ever ready to dip his hand in his pocket (when there was money there) to help a friend, but just as ready to yield to temptation that a stronger character would have kept clear of.

He had one child, a boy, commonly known as Kiddy, and he was wrapped up heart and soul in the youngster. He was as fond of his wife as he was in his somewhat shallow nature to be, but her good advice, which would have steered him clear of many racks, had little or no effect on him.

Now their finances were at their last ebb. His husband and wife knew that in a day or two the wherewithal to live would be missing, and yet Dick Carrington must go to his club.

"Don't go tonight, old boy. Stay with me, Ethel Carrington pleaded.

"I must go tonight, Ethel, but it shall be for the last time.

The girl sighed. How often she had heard those words, "for the last time." Carrington tried to look injured.

"I might hear of something tonight he said. It would be silly to miss it. Look here, it's 8 o'clock now. I'll be back by 9."

Ethel was silent; she knew she was powerless to prevent him going. He kissed her—there was rarely any lack of affection between them when he was sober—and presently the door slammed.

The girl's eyes filled with tears. She mounted heavily up the stairs and sat by Kiddy's cot. The youngster slept the deep sleep of innocent helplessness. No care or trouble had any effect on him, except his childish ailments. If his father and mother were hungry, he was always looked after and well fed.

"My darling little Kiddy" whispered the mother, gazing with mingled rapture and pain at the soft face and tiny clenched fists.

Meanwhile, Dick Carrington was laughing and joking with his companions at the Welcome Club. All care had fallen from his shoulders for there was not a fall glass before him and laughter going on around him.

Then, curiously enough, the last thing that he expected happened. He was fond of talking of looking for work at the club, but he never anticipated finding it. Now a man entered the room, a man to whom the surroundings and company were neither familiar nor congenial. He singled out Carrington.

"Ah, I thought I should find you here, he said. I want to have a few words with you."

Somewhat regretfully Dick left the circle of his friends and joined the new comer. The upshot of the conversation was that Dick was offered, and he accepted an appointment. He was to commence work on the following morning.

It was characteristic of him that his first thought was to hasten home and tell Ethel of his good fortune. With this idea in view, he acquainted his friends with what had happened, and then said good-night.

Surely you're not going without drinking luck to your new job?" cried a man.

Well, just one, then said Dick, sitting down again.

The just one was but the forerunner of many others, and it not until the public house closed did Dick try to go home.

"Richard is himself again, he quoted in a thick voice, tossing a final whiskey and soda down his throat.

He mumbled his way unsteadily home and tumbled into the living room. Then he collapsed into a chair, and tried to recall what had happened. A new idea suddenly glimmered in his fuddled brain.

"Wouldn't do for wife to see me," he muttered. "Must keep her in room."

He felt his way to the bedroom and turned the key in the lock. Then he staggered back to the living room.

"Salvi" now, Richard, he hiccupped gravely, addressing his reflection in the mirror. Knew you'd find job didn't you, Richard?"

He staggered back against the table, and with a sweep of his arm, upset a lighted oil lamp. A moment later a pale blue flame ran all over the tablecloth. The man collapsed into a chair, and gazed in surprised annoyance at the flame.

"Ridiculous" he muttered. Silly little flames aren't they? If big nice big flames in a Richard don't like like little flames.

flames.

He felt aggrieved, and, to show his annoyance, he closed his eyes, so as not to see the sheet of blue flame that was rapidly growing larger and licking up everything in its path. Carrington's head nodded, and a few seconds later he fell into a drunken stupor. He was awakened by two causes, one was a loud thundering noise the other was a feeling of suffocation.

In a dazed manner he started around to find the room filled with dense smoke tinged with a warm red glow. On all sides the crackling of burning timber was apparent, and every now and then the thun of falling plaster was heard.

He was sober now. He realized that he had done this. He was responsible for the fire—he and the drink within him. He jumped to his feet his eyes smarting, his breath coming with difficulty, because of the smoke. He dimly heard people shouting and thundering at the door, but he gave no heed to this, he was thinking of Ethel and Kiddy.

A great wave of smoke came out to meet him as he threw the door open. He felt his way through it to the bed, shouting "Ethel" at the top of his voice. His scorched and bleeding hands grasped at the smouldering sheets, but there was no life beneath them. Like a madman he began to feel about the room, thrusting his hands before him through flame and smoke, until suddenly he felt something soft on the floor.

It was Ethel and beneath her was Kiddy. He called passionately to her, but she made no reply. Then, with a sudden fierce strength, he gathered the girl and the baby in his arms and plunged through the fiery smoke to the doorway. Down the trembling stairs he went, his clothes on fire, his hair burning, his skin black and scorched. Burning wood and masses of plaster fell about him, but on he strode, until a sudden blast of cool air met him as the street door was burst open by the firemen.

Then all seemed to go back before him. Great arms seemed to seize him and hurl him through space. On, on he flew, until suddenly he began to fall, down—down—

"I think he'll do now," said a man's voice.

Dick's eyes opened, and he gazed vacantly around, to see whitewashed walls, a nurse, a white-coated doctor, and—Ethel and the Kiddy.

A wave of feeling so intense as almost to suffocate him swept over him. What were they doing here? They were dead—he knew they were dead.

Only three minutes, Mrs. Carrington said the doctor.

Then the girl-knelt by the bedside and Dick felt her cool, soft hands smooth his shorn hair. Her soft face was pressed to his.

Dick's love, my hero, see whispered. Alive? he murmured weakly.

"Yes my dear, and loving you more than ever. Oh Dick, I was so afraid you were going! But all's well now, Dick, you're getting better. See here's Kiddy; he wants his daddy."

The man felt the chubby hands of the boy straying over his face, heard the childish crooning, and then a scalding tear fell on to his cheek.

"No, no, Mrs. Carrington, that won't do," said the doctor. "You must leave my patient now."

Ethel bent over her husband and kissed him passionately, and with Kiddy in her arms, went from the ward.

So it was only a dream—they were not dead. From his heart the man offered a silent prayer of thanksgiving; then he shuddered. She had called him her hero. A grand hero he had been almost a murderer. His teeth gaited together. Here she had called him, and he meant to earn the title. And he did, though his prowess was humble enough. Yet it brought life and living to Ethel and the Kiddy—it made a weak man strong, and if it was not the V. C. bravery, it was, at any rate a bravery that was as noble.

Sure enough that visit to the Welcome Club was the last Dick Carrington paid. The appointment that had been offered him was still vacant, but the man who offered it made the proviso that Carrington must become an abstainer—a proviso that was accepted and faithfully heeded to.

Humor

OUR PROBLEM CONTEST.

Have You Tried It?—Send In Your Solution Today—It's a Brain Stormer.

Here's a chance to exercise your brains. This is a problem that will keep you guessing. Get your paper and pencil ready and send in your answer. You may be right. It will do no harm if you are. It's a tensor, the hardest since a hen and a half problem that puzzled all the wise ones. This is the problem:

A dog is chasing a rabbit, and the rabbit has thirty yards' start on the dog. The rabbit runs at the rate of eight yards in a second and the dog at the rate of ten yards a second. How long will it be before the dog catches the rabbit?

The following are some of the answers received yesterday:

MABEL'S ANSWER.

Dear Problem Editor—In answer to your interesting problem published last week I would say the dog will catch the rabbit in one minute and eight seconds.

MABEL.

HOW A HIGH SCHOOL BOY FIGURES IT.

Problem Editor—Let $x =$ the rabbit and $y =$ the dog. Then $x y =$ the dog running after the rabbit. Now, the dog runs ten yards a second, therefore $10 x = x$ or $x = 10$. The dog will therefore catch the rabbit in ten seconds.

HIGH SCHOOL BOY.

NO HIGHER MATHEMATICS NECESSARY.

Problem Editor—Each interested in your dog and rabbit problem and have lost much sleep over it. The answer can be found without resort to the higher mathematics, but the puzzle is most ingenious. The dog will catch the rabbit in just 2 x 10 = 20 seconds.

MATHEMATICIAN.

A PROTEST.

Problem Editor—As a lover of all wild creatures I wish to protest against the needless cruelty of your recent problem. Any one who has seen, as I have, the tortured, quivering, innocent furry thing in the cruel jaws of the savage murderer can take no delight in speculating on the all too short term of life allotted to the offensive rabbit.

NATURE LOVER.

P. R.—I hope the dog will never catch the rabbit.

NO, THERE IS NO PRIZE.

Problem Editor—The dog will catch the rabbit in just one minute. Thus: $10 - 8 = 2$; $2 \times 30 = 60$. Sixty seconds is one minute. Is there any prize for correct answer?

R. T. D.

A SOLUTION FROM BOSTON.

Problem Editor—The velocity of the dog minus the velocity of the rabbit will equal the difference of velocity between the two quadrupeds. The arc subtended by a chord described in an equilateral circle having a radius of thirty yards can readily be determined. The dog therefore overtakes (not necessarily catches) the rabbit in 11.55 seconds.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

AN ANSWER FROM WASHINGTON.

Problem Editor—Your problem is calculated to give grossly inaccurate ideas concerning rabbits to every child who reads it and may do great harm. A rabbit does not run in bounds or holes and it is not known an ordinary rabbit to run eight yards in a second. A jack rabbit may do so, but you do not mention a jack rabbit. I have killed thousands of rabbits and never knew one to travel faster than seven yards a second, so any one stating or implying the contrary is guilty of deliberate mendacity.

T. H.

J. W. Merrill in Puck.

A Great Man.

Ascum—Your father was an actor, you say?

Bragley—Sure; Bragley, the tragedian, you mean.

Ascum—Funny I never heard of him. He played Hamlet, I suppose?

Bragley—Sure. He originated the part.—Cartholic Standard and Times.

The Mystery.

"Your husband knows a great deal about wild horses?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Tokins. "He knows all about what they have done and what they ought to do. But he can't find out what they are going to do."—Washington Star.

John's Little Joke.

Mrs. Stubbs (angrily)—The idea, John, of that man wanting \$5 to trim our hedge! Why, I think he is a regular hog!

Mr. Stubbs—Not a regular hog, Martha. I think he must be a hedgehog.—St. Louis Republic.

A Grammarian.

"That horse thief over there is a great stickler for correct English."

"He is?"

"Yes. He always finds fault with the judge's sentences."—New York Journal.

Up Against It.

Man of the Ho—You will get a mark after you have cut the wood.

Beggar—Yes, and get fined 2 marks by the Beggars' union, eh? Not much.—Fliegende Blätter.

Thrown Over.

Tess—Why, Bess used to be hand in glove with him.

Tom—Say rather "hand in mitten." She gave him the latter and withdrew.

They All Paid Up.

M. Brown, a Kansas gentleman, is the proprietor of a boarding house. Around his table at a recent dinner sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took a ten dollar bill out of his pocket book and handed it to Mrs. Brown with the remark that there was ten dollars to ward the twenty he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews, in turn, passed it on to Mr. Jordan remarking that it would pay for the carpentry work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr.

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