

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

A Hopeless Courtship

She was very ordinary, country-born, slight, pretty, colorless in face and mind—the sort of girl who ages early and develops a biting tongue. She was withal a flirt, and young men were few at the mill. So for want of better prey, she fastened on to Albert Charles and fooled him, while he, in pitiful triumph at his reception, lay in the dust for her little feet to trample on, and adored her instantly with all the boyish fervor that was left him. His London love affairs had all been trifling—a mere matter of "taking out" a young lady occasionally—rarely the same young lady. He had, therefore, all the more earnestness to spare for his serious matter, and devoted himself to the conquest of Miss Maule Burton with the same thoroughness that was shown in his work. His spare time and ruses were given up to her; he dressed with English carelessness for his visits to the mill, in place of the careless style to which the on-coming hot weather and his new associates had induced him; and almost forgot, in this his first love-making, that cloud which had fallen over him on reaching India. He remembered it with curious suddenness when he found himself advancing by too rapid bounds in his courtship; the little he knew of himself had not prepared him to find such a force of passion in his own ways, and the thought of that unknown mother and all her race chilled him. They had made love and been made love to with that quickness, he supposed, and he drew back from his courtship while that it might remain quite English.

But the hot weather came to add a sort of mental prickly-heat to his confused emotions, and drove him again to seek his heart's joy, that he might forget his body's troubles. He went to the mill despite heat and rains alike, and Miss Burton's papa felt called upon to tell her that it was time she ended the foolery. Hereat the girl laughed and continued:

Albert Charles amused her: his gifts and adoration appealed to her vanity, and having no other admirer with youth and good looks due to dance attendance on her until the next cold weather, she meant to play with this moth until his wings were too burnt to render him a playmate at sight.

Which happened in August, when Charles, in Miss Burton's own words later, "did every silly thing you can think of except go down on his knees." He stammered a little over his declaration, which yet was honest, tender, manly in every word, showing all the love of the simple, everyday soul that he offered her—and she laughed. The devils must envy the sound of some women's laughter. Charles felt that it took from him forever his faith, his youth, his gaiety; he could hear the echo of it above her careless words, which hurt him less than the laugh. Now that the moth was signed she did not trouble to pick her phrases.

"I shouldn't dream of it, Mr. Curtis," she said, in the loud, high voice which he had found bright until now; "of course, I couldn't possibly marry any one dark."

She settled herself comfortably in her long chair as she spoke, as though that were conclusive, though she glanced at him from under her lashes, Charlie flushed the dark red that made his face so much darker, and broke out fiercely.

"That's all you've to say for yourself after all you've led me to believe? You—you jade!" He made a step forward as though he would have thrown her, chair and all, over the veranda, then pulled himself together and in silence strode down to the gate.

Next morning he asked the manager if he thought his immediate return to England might be arranged.

"I don't think I'll ever take to this place, sir, after what I've found out about me being—dark." He jerked the word out viciously and was silent a while. I'd like to get back to London if the boss would break the agreement—not as 'ell mind, I expect. I know a man will just do for the job, one that's white enough for you and 'as a grandma and all to show, I can manage the passage back, there's friends in the trade—'ome will lend it quick enough,' with a touch of defiant pride; "and I'll 'ope to put you to the test."

The manager hesitated, looked at him curiously and said something about seeing what the burra-sahib said. Charlie cut him short.

"I'm going, anyway. I want to get out of this 'ole. Another month or two, and I'd blow my brains out."

He turned his back to the manager, who glanced at him again and said he'd "see the burra-sahib."

And in Charles' mind, dulled with the many smarts dealt it of late, the thought that was revolving was curiously enough not of the manager, or even Miss Burton, but of a certain little girl called Gladys, who lived Denmark 'ill way, and always said what fine eyes 'e'd got, and the nicest mustache of any young man she knew.—Sketch.

Slips

"Pa what is heaping coals of fire?" "Something the janitor has never learned, son."—Boston Herald.

The only girl I ever prized Deserted me one day She left me for a neighbor Who offered her more pay. —Life.

"Whiskey," said the physiologist, "not only injures and discolors the skin, but it destroys the coating of your stomach."

"I see," answered Mr. Chuggins; "it damages the inner tubes as well as the outer castings."—Washington Star.

General—"Who is the hero of your new story?"

Jerald—"The man who accepted it." It's fine to say, "Don't worry," To smile and never stop; To never feel a flurry No matter how things drop. But this is true, by gorry— The man who doesn't worry Will never reach the top. —Joe Cone, in Boston Herald.

De Broke—"A penny for your thoughts old man."

Hastings—"I was thinking I would ask you for that \$10 you owe me."—Boston Transcript.

Some time ago a crowd of Bowery sports went over to Philadelphia to see a prize fight. One "wise guy" who, among other things, is something of a pickpocket, was so sure of the result that he was willing to bet on it.

"The Kid's goin' to win. It's a pipe, he told a friend. The friend expressed doubts. "Sure he'll win," the pickpocket persisted. "I'll bet you a gold watch he wins."

Still the friend doubted. "Why," exclaimed the pickpocket, "I'm willin' to bet you a good gold watch he wins. Y' know what I'll do? Come through the train with me now, an' y' can pick out any old watch you like."—Everybody's Magazine.

One on Mr. Whitney
A fairly good joke on Mr. Harry Whitney, the American millionaire, yachtsman, and sportsman, is going the rounds. It appears that when he was in the northland he met Captain Bernier and the members of the Arctic expedition. As white people were rare in that portion of the world, each party was glad to see the other, and courtesies were exchanged. Mr. Whitney invited Captain Bernier to dine with him on his yacht and the Captain accepted with alacrity. After the dinner, which was exceptionally fine considering the distance from the Cafe Martin, Mr. Whitney exhibited the trophies of his rifle gathering during his year in Ellesmere Land, and other portions of Canadian territory. The musk-ox robes were especially magnificent. Then Captain Bernier drew himself up to his full height and looked quizzically at the American millionaire.

"May I ask," said the Captain, "who represented the majesty of the Canadian Government in that region, 'if you have a game license from the Dominion authorities?"

Limitations for College Sport

"The number of intercollegiate contests should be reduced to two in each sport during any one season, the rest of the composition in each sport being exclusively home competition."

"The exaggeration of athletic sports in schools and colleges remains a crying evil, and there are no clear signs that any effective remedy is taking effect."

"The strong tendency of the highly competitive, violent games is to reduce the proportion of boys and young men who play them, and to impede the universal development of wholesome sports accessible to all."

"Limitations have no tendency to make the playing of football, baseball, hockey and basket ball more general among schoolboys and students, for the fierce competition makes these games so intense that they are unsuitable for any but a small portion of the school boys and students."

"The college sport most popular with spectators and newspapers, namely, football, is the least useful of all the games, because a smaller proportional number of students are fit for the sport than for any other."

"Another objection to all the violent sports is that they cannot be played after the college period."

Advice to an Engaged Man
If you have an idea that you are weaker minded than a man, stop where you are. If you intend to treat yourself any better than your wife, don't take one. If you suppose that running the house consists in paying the bills, don't undertake it. If you think that a woman is any too good for a picked up dinner, remain a bachelor. If you have found it a hard task to be happy yourself, don't try to make any one else happy. If you have chosen a pretty woman without regard to her other qualities, halt; you are on the wrong road. If you think a house should have only one head, and that be yours, postpone your wedding indefinitely. If you are of the opinion that marriage makes the man and wife one, and that you are that one, send in your regrets at once. If you are one of the men who think that ten per cent of their income belongs to the tap-room, let marriage alone.

Twenty Million From one Family in Death Duties
London, Dec. 27.—The British treasury has come in for no less than \$20,000,000 through the death of three members of a family of millionaires within the past seven months, Charles Morrison, dying some months ago practically an unknown man, left an estate estimated in value at \$60,000,000, on which there was at once paid, on account of death duties, \$5,800,000, while succession duties brought the total contributions to the treasury up to \$6,650,000 with a further vast sum of death duties yet to come. Morrison's sister-in-law died some days ago, and the state came in for a large share of some millions of pounds left her by Morrison. Following this came the death of Morrison's sister Ellen, to whom Morrison had left \$10,000,000. She died on Thursday. Death and succession duties on this will aggregate \$3,200,000.

Two Ways
There are two ways of starting on life's journey. One is to begin where your parents are ending—magnificent mansions, splendid furniture, and an elegant turnout. The other is to begin a little nearer where father and mother—of blessed memory—began. You see you can go up as gracefully, if events show it would be safe; but it would be trying and awkward to come down. And it costs much now to live. And business fluctuates; and health is uncertain, and temptations from the side of pride are strong, and many a young man who did not mean to be extravagant, has been led along; and rather than face the position and descend manfully, has tried to keep up by embezzlement and been called a "swindler." Our prisons are rapidly being filled by those who make a mistake of beginning life at the top of the ladder.

Most Canadians Have Catarrh

Our Changeable Climate is Responsible.

Where the atmosphere is damp, with sudden changes in temperature, almost everybody has Catarrh, in some form or other. The ordinary cold in the head inflames and weakens the membranes lining the nose and throat, and starts a discharge. The next cold is more easily caught, and soon the patient is never quite free of it.

As Catarrh develops the discharge increases—drops into the throat, especially at night—and takes on an offensive odor. Besides being exceedingly disagreeable, there is great danger of the disease extending to the lungs, stomach, or bowels.

Though it is very difficult to cure, Father Morrisey devised a combined internal and external treatment that has cured thousands. The Tablets tone up and invigorate the system, and assist Nature in throwing off the mucus, while the salve, applied up the nostrils, clears out the discharges and heals the membranes. Combined treatment, see at your druggist's, or from Father Morrisey Medicine Co., Ltd., Clifton, N.B.

Some Familiar Old Quotations
The source of the common saying, "Consistency, thou art a jewel," has puzzled many a scholar, and whether or not the following authority may be relied upon as the starting-point, or as only using a borrowed idea, cannot be positively asserted. In a ballad entitled "Jolly Robin Roughhead," published in 1764, in a little volume of English and Scotch ballads, the poet bewails the extravagance in dress, which he considers the enormity of his day, and he makes Robin address his wife as follows:

But while we owe a large debt of gratitude to Shakespeare, he usurps the credit of many good things which others have written; the line, "A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," being one in the occasional prologue spoken by him on leaving the stage. Scripture is often misquoted as Shakespeare, and vice versa probably because Shakespeare was indebted to the Scriptures for many of his illustrations, and in reading his works we are frequently reminded of the Bible not so much by a decided imitation of style, as by an elevation of thought and simplicity of speech not found elsewhere.

Booth Sees end of the World
London—General Booth, of the Salvation Army, has taken upon his shoulders the mantle of those sad prophets who from time to time have predicted the imminent dissolution of the world because of its wickedness. Addressing a meeting last night, he said: "We have a world setting God Almighty at naught, and rushing forward reckless of His wishes and threatenings as to their fate. Notwithstanding all that has been done in years gone by, men and women still pursue their wickedness to-day in all the nations of the earth."

"Not only one nation, but all nations, seem banded together as one great people of rebellion, transgression, and wickedness, until some think—I believe with a considerable degree of probability—that we may be approaching rapidly the end of all things, with similar results, but far surpassing in magnitude, anything that has gone before, that all things may be wound up, but that instead of there being a deluge of water sweeping the world and its inhabitants, there will be destruction by fire."

A Double Understanding
Going the rounds of the English press at the present time is a story concerning a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd-George, was a guest. Sitting next him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips. "Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?" "Yes," Mr. Lloyd-George is reported to have replied, "I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

Your Nerves Are Weak.
You sleep badly, appetite is variable. You eat but gain no strength. Morning tiredness makes you wish—When night comes refreshing sleep is hard to obtain. You're run down, your blood is thin and watery, your nerves have grown weak, the thought of effort wearies you. You need Ferrozene: it makes blood, red, strong blood. An appetite? You'll eat everything and digest it too. Strength? That's what plenty of food gives. Ferrozene gives hope, vigor, vim endurance. Use Ferrozene and get strong. Results are quick—cure is lasting. All dealers in 50c. boxes.

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