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On Robinson Crusoe Island.

Juan Fernandez, a place of call, is a lovely spot, the hills are well wooded, the valleys fertile, and pouring down through many ravines are pure water, writes Capt. Joshua Slocum, in "Sailing Alone Around the World." There are no serpents on the island, and no wild beasts other than pigs and goats, of which I saw a number, with possibly a dog or two. The people lived without the rum or beer of any sort. There was not a police officer or a lawyer among them. The domestic economy of the island was simplicity itself. The fashions of Paris did not affect the inhabitants; each dressed according to his own taste. Although there was no doctor, the people were all healthy, and the children were all beautiful. There were about forty five souls on the island all told. The adults were mostly from the mainland of South America. One woman there, from Chile, who made a flying jib for the spray, taking her pay in tallow, would be called a belle at Newport. Blessed island of Juan Fernandez! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you is more than I could make out.

A large ship which had arrived some time before on fire had been stranded at the head of the bay, and as the sea smashed her to pieces on the rocks, after the fire was drowned, the islanders picked up the timbers and utilized them in the construction of houses, which, naturally, presented a shiplike appearance. The house of the King of Juan Fernandez, Manuel Carroza by name, besides resembling the ark, wore a polished brass knocker on its only door, which was painted green. In front of this gorgeous entrance was a flag mast all stunted, and near it a smart whale boat, painted red and blue, the delight of the king's old age.

I of course made a pilgrimage to the old lookout place at the top of the mountain, where Selkirk spent many days peering into the distance for the ship which came at last. From a tablet fixed into the face of the rock I copied these words, inscribed in Arabic capitals:

In Memory
of
Alexander Selkirk,
Mariner.
A native of Largo in the County Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth, A. D. 1723, aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. Tanaz, A. D. 1858.
The cave in which Selkirk dwelt while on the island is at the head of the bay, now called Robinson Crusoe Bay. It is a round a bold headland west of the present anchorage and landing. Ships have anchored there, but it affords a very indifferent berth. Both of these anchorages are exposed to north winds, which, however, do not reach home with much violence. The landing ground being good in the first named bay to the eastward, the anchorage there may be considered safe, although the undertow at times makes it wild riding.
I visited Robinson Crusoe Bay in a boat and with some difficulty landed through the surf near the cave, which I entered. I found it dry and inhabitable. It is located in a beautiful nook sheltered by high mountains from all the severe

storms that sweep over the island, which are not many; for it lies near the limits of the trade winds regions, being in latitude 35 1/2 degrees south. The island is about four miles in length, east and west, and eight miles in width; its height is over three thousand feet. Its distance from Chile, to which country it belongs, is about three hundred and forty miles.

A GOOD HART

By George Hart

It was noon of a brilliant, still day on the south coast of Louisiana. My partner heard a rapid crunching of feet out on the dazzling shore of white shells marking Barataria Bay. Then a shout, eager, tremulous, in German, then two burned and ragged boys of eighteen came round the mangrove and rushed to Allen, with cries of joy.

"They were almost unable to speak from thirst, and their feet were bleeding; but after Allen had offered them the contents of our canvas water-bags, they crawled into the strip shade and explained. Oscar did not talk and Paul kept his blue eyes steadily on the red sail, a lugger that hung lifeless over the small water miles down the shrimp platforms. They were afraid of that lugger, Paul explained. Only yesterday they had escaped from the old Etienne and his Filipino-Chinese company.

"No more shrimp-planting!" said Oscar. "We were just landed from New Orleans from a Bremen ship. We deserted to get out to Paul's sister in Kansas. Ach, if we could only get there. Gretchen and Hans, her man, says what money we could make. And we landed in New Orleans on the quay - man asked us if we didn't want to fish for shrimp down in Barataria - he, too, had what money a man could make."

"Shanghaied," said Allen laughing. "I've been told this before."

"I know the game," said Allen. "Every man in the company has a share—the lugger is counted a share, and the seine a share, and the captain's wife a share for the cooking, a share for the steamer men, and against the catch is charged all the stake expense. And old Etienne juggles the account to suit himself."

"And all the time," quavered Paul, "beans and bread—each, Oscar and I, we jumped that camp last night."

"You don't say," retorted Allen, "that you spent the night in the swamp?"

Oscar nodded. We might have known by a single glance at them, if they had known the hopelessness of getting away unaided they would never have plunged into that morass. Back of our camp, near the scrub oaks with their Spanish moss and the mangrove bushes, one of Etienne's seines was stretched to dry. The crew had landed only the day before and hung the two thousand feet of grey net on the flimsy frame. Its leads and floats sagging it to the shells.

At sunset Etienne's crew pulled the lugger with their cars far to the east. The castaways breathed easier. Allen and I slept soundly in our tent; our friends slept under the big net. I was awakened by an exclamation and a fumbling at the flap. Oscar was there warning me in a scared voice.

"Someone's fooling round our camp," he whispered. "Paul's still asleep, but I heard noises in the shells and went out. I crept along the net rack, and down by the little scrub oaks somebody was prowling about. I heard him in the trees."

"Panther!" Allen and I yelled together. And our amazement at this moment was swallowed up in what followed for the big cat, describing an arc in the air, came down on all fours squarely in old Etienne's mass of seine.

He crashed through the flimsy frame upon the shells, instinctively closing his claws in the meshes. And the whole long frame collapsed just as we heard a howl from up the line. While we stood staring the panther, charged up the line of net, sprung again and alighting not twenty feet away from where Paul was fighting about in his bar.

When the place was reached the cat was on its back, kicking and tearing great holes in the net, only to find successive layers. Then it would jump and twist, growling. Paul, too, was roiled in yards of the seine, for the struggles of the panther drew it tight about the boy. Tear at it as we might, we could not get him out, and he, wildly yelling, could not understand what was the matter and another leap of the panther landed him not two

"Told on," shouted Allen; let me get the gun! He dashed away for the camp. But meanwhile the fighting panther had dragged one seine to the edge of the water, and then another leap and twist sent him in. Paul was hurled down also in the shallows, and Oscar and I dashed in to seize the seine, for we thought surely that he would be drowned. But salt water had a surprising effect on the panther. The minute he was beyond his depth he ceased tearing at the net and struggled round in a circle under it.

"Get the head line and twist them!" I shouted. "Twist them hard and we'll tighten him in."

Paul had got his panic-stricken head out of the net at last. He could hardly comprehend our cries; but he seized the lead edges of the seine, and when Allen came up we were dragging a half-drowned but very big panther ashore.

When sunrise came we sat about the brute, near our campfire, all of us bruised, cut by shells and palmettoes, but with the prisoner safe. I never saw two such excited boys as the German fellows. And when Allen told them we would throw the panther into the launch and hurry him off to the city, where he surely could be sold for enough to pay them for the three months they had been marooned, they were the happiest castaways imaginable.

"Old Etienne's seine did make a haul for us after all, er, Oscar?" cried the younger one.

"We get by Kansas now," shouted his friend. "Und Gretchen's farm, where her man'll pay us big in the harvest."

The next week, indeed, we saw them off bound for the promised land. A speculative commission man in New Orleans had given them \$150 for the last cut. In Kansas's shrimp...

POWER OF CO-OPERATION.

Chinese Have Steadily Combined Together To Arm Themselves with an Invisible Weapon for Protection.

In order to enforce their rights by the simplest and most bloodless means, the Chinese have steadily cultivated the art of combining together and have thus armed themselves with an immaterial, invisible weapon, which simply paralyzes the aggressor, and ultimately leaves them masters of the field. The extraordinary part of the Chinese boycott or strike is the absolute fidelity by which it is carried out. If the bootmen or chair-coolies at any place strike, they all strike; there are no blacklegs. If butchers refuse to sell, they all refuse, entirely contempt of each other's loyalty.

Foreign merchants who have offended the Chinese guilds by some course of action not approved of by the powerful bodies, have often found to their cost that such conduct will not be tolerated for a moment, and that their only course is to withdraw, sometimes at a considerable loss, from the untenable position they have taken up.

The other side of the medal is equally instructive. Some years ago the French tea merchants at a large port in order to curb excessive charges, decided to hoist the Chinese tea-men, or sellers of tea, with their own petard. They organized a strict combination against the tea-men, whose tea collection was to be withheld, by what seemed to be a natural order of events, the tea-men had been brought to their knees. The tea-men, however, remained firm, their countenances as impassive as ever. Before long, the tea merchants discovered that some of their number had broken faith, and were doing a roaring business for their own account, on the terms originally insisted on by the tea-men.

OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.

How Allah Fashioned a Tongue for the Englishman.

In spite of certain undeniable disadvantages, the English language steadily makes headway. There are few tongues so hard to master. One foreigner, who has had his troubles, but has won his way to a perfect command of the language, has presented some of the humors of the difficulties which belong to this richest of living languages.

As a boy, I heard a fantastic Turkish legend, which, to my mind, aptly illustrates the actual facts concerning the origin and formation of modern English.

After creating the first parents of each of the races, the story runs, Allah took a large piece of meat, and cutting it into slices, distributed them among all the people to serve them as tongues. For some reason the Englishman was absent when the others received their share. At last he came into the presence of his Maker, and in mute humiliation begged to put a tongue into his mouth. But nothing was left of the meat. So Allah was obliged to cut a little piece from the tongues of all the others, and joining these pieces, he fashioned a tongue for the Englishman.

The Golden Opportunity.

Among the persons who have recently made provision for old age when it comes are two sisters, aged respectively 33 and 34 years. They have purchased from the Canadian government a Last Survivor Annuity, that is an annuity which will give them together an income of \$600 a year so long as they both live, and to be continued to the survivor so long as she lives. The cost of this Annuity, \$3,648.65, has been invested at 5 per cent, and had brought in less than \$185.00 annually, with the difficulty and annoyance of re-investment. The Annuity becomes payable when the younger sister attains the age of 55, and should both be dead at that time the purchase money

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Kingsley Would Smoke.
Archbishop Benson, when headmaster of Wellington, was a great friend of Charles Kingsley, whose rectory of Eversley was but a few miles away. A. C. Benson gives many interesting reminiscences of Kingsley as he remembers him in these days:

"My father used to tell how once he was walking with Kingsley round about Eversley, when Kingsley suddenly stopped and said, 'It is no use; I know you detest tobacco, Benson, but I must have a smoke!' and he had accordingly gone to a big turpentine bush and put his arm in at the hole, and after some groping about produced a churchwarden pipe, which he filled and smoked with great satisfaction, afterwards putting it into a hollow tree, and telling my father with a chuckle, that he had concealed it over the parish, to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire to smoke."

Growth in Naval Expenditure.
Since 1902 the naval expenditure of the principal countries of the world has increased from \$80,000,000 to \$240,310,000. Great Britain is responsible for an increase of \$13,000,000, Germany for \$12,000,000, the United States for \$10,000,000, France for over \$4,000,000, and Russia for \$2,000,000. In the last ten years the eight chief naval powers have spent the stupendous sum of upwards of one billion pounds sterling on naval defence.

The Brigand King of Mexico.

(Richard Barry in Harper's.)

One day in December, 1910, he entered Madero's camp in northern Senora a dashing fellow less than 30 years of age. The slouchiness, the laziness, the stupidity, and the cowardliness of the average Mexican were absent from his make up. Instead, Zapata was lithe in figure, mentally quick and decisive in manner. These qualities being the opposite of Madero's own, and matched elsewhere in the revolutionists' camp only by Orozco, Madero's chief of staff, the recruit made an instant impression. The information he brought however, was more telling than his person. He declared that his native State of Morelos, next to the smallest in the republic, but very populous and with its eastern border contiguous to the State of Mexico, was ready

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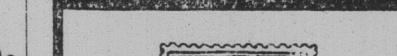
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dy to rise against Diaz at any moment, in fact, as so on armaments ammunition and a suitable leader were supplied to its inhabitants.

Madero thereupon caused Zapata to be furnished with the war material he desired, and the intrepid young rebel started south on what then seemed a desperate adventure, but which proved to be the splendid career of a revolutionary conqueror. His operations in the states of Morelos, Oaxaca and Guerrero, in which he burned haciendas, looted villages, killed foremen and routed the continuous detachments of federal troops sent against him, covering the first four months of 1911, formed a conclusive argument in forcing Diaz to resign. Even the newspapers avowedly loyal to Diaz referred to Zapata in big red headlines as "The Scourge."

Early in December Zapata started out at the head of a marauding band of perhaps a thousand lawless followers, determined to "throw a scare" into the city of Mexico. He rode within sight of the city, set on fire three small villages, and rode away again. The smoke from his devastation could be seen from the spires of the cathedrals in the capital. He then made a long detour to the west and south and on Christmas Day again appeared near Tenancingo, in the state of Mexico, within easy telephone distance of the city. There he overtook twenty rurales, and killed thirteen of them, the rest escaping. Some women, wives of the rurales, and killed thirteen of them, the rest escaping, and a child, who witnessed the butchery and protested were killed.

Whatever becomes of Zapata, and there must be some end to him soon, or else he will accomplish what is freely asserted as being his object, the amassment of a large amount of money with which he will flee abroad, he will doubtless go down in history as the most remarkable bandit the North American continent has ever seen.

Mrs. Smart So these are the China bargains you advertised?

Clerk Yes, ma'am; and they're going for little or nothing.

Mrs. Smart All right! I'll take that blue-berled dish for nothing. - The Catholic Standard and Times.