

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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### BEAVER HARBOR

Hayward and Victor Sparks, Calvin Eldridge, Frank Kinsman and Ernest Wood of the D. G. C. Curlew spent Xmas at their homes here.

Lorena Wallin C. E. returned on Friday to his duties at Ottawa after spending the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wallin.

At Woodstock on Dec. 20th, Medley Wright of this place was married to Miss Knox of Woodstock. The happy couple arrived here on Tuesday, Dec. 23rd and were given a reception at the home of the groom's parents Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Wright will reside here.

Neil Cross is spending the holidays at Grand Manan.

Roy Eldridge spent Xmas with friends in St. John.

Cecil Cross spent several days of last week in St. Stephen.

Walter Wallin made a trip to St. John last week.

Clifford Nodding, Percy Eldridge and Edmund O'Brien who have been employed by C. P. R. are now at home.

Edgar Blaney and Miss Margaret McLaughlin teachers, are spending their vacation at their homes and will return next term.

Lila Hawkins came from St. George to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Hawkins.

H. J. Eldridge is quite seriously ill.

Miss Retta Marr returned to her home at Newburyport on Monday after a week's visit with her aunt Mrs. H. J. Eldridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart of St. George spent Xmas with Mrs. Stuart's sister Mrs. J. P. Eldridge.

The young people enjoyed a dance in Paul's hall on New Year's night.

Mrs. Bert Moore of Moore's Mills is visiting friends and relatives here.

Rev. H. I. Lynds of St. George spent one day last week at the home of G. W. McKay. Rev. J. Spencer also spent a short time in the village recently.

Mrs. Walter Wallin and Mrs. Wm Cross are visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. John Snider at Maces Bay.

Watch night service was held in the Baptist Church on New Year's Eve beginning at 11 o'clock Pastor Brown preached from the text "This is the last time," special hymns were sung by the choir.

Bertha Dakin of St. George spent Xmas here.

Ernest Wood left here on Friday to visit friends at Halls Harbor N. S. before returning to his duties on board Curlew.

Thos. Mitchell of Back Bay is the guest of his sister Mrs. Chas. Wright.

Violet Hawkins, student at Normal School, Fredericton is spending her vacation with her parents here.

Blanche Holmes, student at St. John Business College is enjoying a short vacation with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Holmes.

Emma Eldridge is visiting her sister in St. John.

Mrs. Dan Thompson went by train to St. Stephen Thursday returning Friday.

J. F. Paul and Thos. Patterson made a business trip to Eastport by motor boat on Tuesday.

The village has suffered the loss of one of its highly esteemed residents in the person of Andrew W. Holmes who passed away on Sunday Dec. 24, at the age of 60 years after a long and painful illness.

He leaves to mourn a wife and one son Hazen at home, one daughter Mrs. Malloch of Eastport; two brothers, Lewis

and Thomas of this place; and six sisters Mrs. David Eldridge and Mrs. Egerton of this place; Mrs. Frank Farrin and Mrs. Orlando Bowman of Bristol, Me., and Mrs. M. C. Holmes and Mrs. Samuel Wood of Eastport. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon and was conducted by Pastor A. F. Brown of the Baptist Church of which Church deceased was a member.

Mrs. Nan Fox of Milltown is visiting Mrs. G. A. Eldridge.

### THE HURT OF JEALOUSY

By Gwen Adair  
Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.  
"You look tired, Bob. What happened at the bank today?"

"A rush day. Everybody coming to cut coupons and take out jewels before going to Europe."

"Nothing more interesting than that?"

Robert Hayward, superintendent of the deposit vaults of the Second National, did not seem to hear Mildred Lorne's question. He stared out of the window and seemed lost in reverie. This was most unusual, so unusual that, watching her distraught caller, Miss Lorne's fine face and clear-cut, strong features were bathed in a flood of indignant pink.

"You ask me to be nice to you, I try to be so by talking of what will interest you, your work, and you don't even hear me."

"I beg your pardon, dear. I might suggest that there are other topics of greater interest to men after a hard business day."

"As for instance?"

Again the wandering glance. Again Mildred Lorne was conscious of a detachment of interest by this man, who had been her waiting slave for—how many years? She could not remember when it began, when it had not begun. Had she not heard him try to explain to a catatonic mother why he had plucked a green apple from his yard while she looked over the fence of hers, an explanation that consisted chiefly of "No, she didn't ask me to pick it exactly, but she looked as though she wished I would"—and was interrupted by what Miss Lorne, listening in a fear-

some silence, decided was unmistakably the swish of a whip. A friend she had not suspected lived in her placid bosom awake. The pink in her cheeks faded and crimson banners flung their signal instead.

"Robert Hayward, you are thinking of a woman—and it isn't me!"

Robert Hayward's gaze came back from the rose garden and fixed itself upon her. She had never noticed how cold those blue-gray eyes could be, nor how shrewd their glance. They looked at through, beyond her, and beside this there was nothing. There was silence save for the strange beating of her heart. This sense of suffocation nearly overpowered her. She walked to the window. She tried to calm herself, but failed.

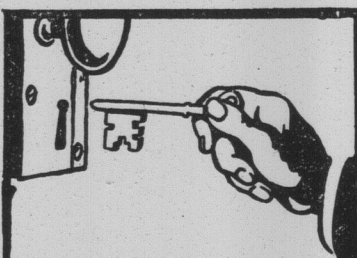
"Isn't it true—Bob?"

"Yes, Mildred."

While Robert's eyes left her pleading ones and searched the room, each second's hesitation was a stab in her heart. She strangled a sob in her throat and whispered:

"Tell me about it, Bob dear. I am sure it was not your fault, but her's."

Beneath his fair mustache the young man's lips twitched. "With an effort he controlled his emotion."



### The Key to the Situation

If you are looking for a situation a Classified Want Ad. is the key which will unlock the door to the private office of the business man. He is too busy to interview all promiscuous callers, but you can catch his attention and secure an appointment by a "Situation Wanted" ad.

"I met her first eight years ago."

"Oh, Bob!" The words were like a moan.

"She came to the bank. She was a soft, gentle, unassuming little creature. I always thought of her as my little lady in gray."

Mildred's cheeks flushed, and her eyes burned. She had been described once or twice as militant.

"She engaged a lock box, paid for it and wrote her address, handing it to me with a shy little smile. Mildred, from that moment, I couldn't help it."

"Bob!" The commonplace monosyllable had become a cry of anguish. "Do you want to hear any more, Mildred?"

"Go on," she chokingly answered. "I did not see her again for a year. When she came she gave the number of her box in the soft small voice that I had remembered all these twelve months and handed me the key. I unlocked the outer box and handed her the inner one. She received it tenderly and carried it into one of the small waiting rooms. The gate clanged after her. She remained there with the box for a long time. Growing anxious about her, I passed and re-passed the door. She sat there, the box in her lap, her lovely head bowed over it for an hour."

"Bob! I can't stand any more."

Hayward placed a pitying hand over hers.

"You had better hear to the end," he said. "It is better for us both. She drew her veil and went quietly out without a word. I did not see her again for a year. She asked for the box and went to the small waiting room, remaining as before for an hour. Every year she came on the same day. The last time I saw her she explained that she always called on that day because it was the anniversary of her wedding."

Mildred's pale lip curled. "A divorce, I suppose?"

"Wait, dear! Don't be too hard on her. Last Thursday was the date. She did not come. Yesterday a lawyer came, carrying the key to the lock box. He told me the little woman in gray was dead."

A long silence.

"We opened the lock box, and what do you think we found?"

"It contained a small but beautifully engraved silver urn. In it were the ashes of her husband."

Further silence, broken at last by the man.

"Can you forgive me for loving the dear old soul?"

"How old was she?"

"About seventy."

"Robert!"

"Yes, Mildred Lorne. I'm going to marry you soon, at once, but it is for only one reason. I still believe that the development of individuality is the first law of being."

"Yours and your husband's individuality, yes, love. But what is your motive for marrying me?"

"That it hurts so terribly to be jealous. And, Bob, stop musing my hair on that side. Try the other."

"Yes, sweetheart."

And he did.

### PENNFIELD.

The concert in the Baptist Church which was held on Xmas night was largely attended, a splendid programme was rendered, at the close of which Santa Claus appeared and distributed gifts from a well filled tree.

Misses Lillian and Mary Justason who spent Xmas at their home here returned to Vancleboro on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hawkins returned on Tuesday from Honeydale.

Ernest Hawkins who came from Machias to spend Xmas with his mother drove to Honeydale on Wednesday.

Lizzie Murray is spending a few days with her friend Hazel V. Oodbury, Utopia.

Miss Alice Young is the guest of Miss Myrtle Holmes at Beaver Harbor.

The marriage of Mr. Chas. Martinez and Miss Armina Holmes which took place a short time ago in New York City will be read with interest by her many friends here.

Florence Justason was the guest of Lizzie Murray on Sunday.

Miss Cora Justason is visiting friends at Pennfield Ridge.

Miss Florence and Ardelie Hawkins are spending the holidays at their home here.

Miss Florence Justason who is teaching in Musquash is home for the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Trimble were guests of E. C. Justason on Xmas day.

A number of young people from here attended the concert at Beaver Harbor. Miss Jennie Hanson came from St. John on Saturday to spend a few weeks at her home here.

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\$7.50 SUITS - NOW \$6.50		
8.50	"	7.00
10.00	"	8.00
12.00	"	10.00
15.00	"	12.00
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Office Hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.  
During office hours teeth extracted without pain 25c.  
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**Repaired here in**  
**St. George by**

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### For Sale!

1 Horizontal International gasoline engine four horse power—new; 1 double truck-wagon; 1 sulky plough; 1 single truck-wagon; 1 double brand ford mower; 1 spring-tooth harrow; 1 flexible spike-tooth harrow; double; 1 set double bob-sleds; 1 set single bob-sleds; 1 sleep boat, 16 ton register. Apply to

**E. A. Fisher**  
St. George, N. B.

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Help wanted to work in Clam Factory  
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Blacks Harbor, N. B.

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