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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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Thinking it Over

"What! marry on a thousand a year? Don't be such a fool. The two men were sitting in the smoking room of the Buckingham Club. It was the after-luncheon hour. An air of opulent repose enveloped them. Sunk in the depths of vast easy chairs, a score of members some of them young some middle aged, some old, were smoking drinking coffee and liquors, reading the papers, chatting in an undertone, or frankly slumbering. The spring sunshine, prevented by carefully manipulated blinds from flooding the room, yet gained entrance, in pencils of light here and there, and lit up the deep carpet, the massive, well-carved for furniture, the books and prints on the walls, the reposeful members, and the quiet, attentive, liveried waiters. One such pencil of light fell on the bald head of Major General Boldre, wooing slumber in a chair that had been tacitly ceded to his exclusive use for the last 20 years, and caused him a vague, inexplicable uneasiness. A new and timid waiter, seeing him make a motion as though to brush off a fly, would have adjusted the blind, but feared he might wake him in so doing, and left it alone. Another waiter had placed between the chairs in which Sir James Woodroffe and his friends Captain Jervis, were sitting, a little table, and loaded it with a coffee apparatus and two glasses of brandy, so old that it had lost most of its potency, though none of its seductive charm. He had been summoned twice to replenish the tiny glasses. Woodroffe was in the middle 40s, inclined to stoutness and a slightly mottled tint of complexion. His companion was ten years younger. Both of them were tall, good looking men, and were dressed as nearly alike as if they had been sisters consulting with one another every morning as to what was to be the attire of the day. Each wore a well-fitted black coat, striped trousers, carefully creased, varnished boots, a tie with a pearl pin, white waist-coat slips. The hair of each of them—the elder man's fairish beginning to thin. The younger's dark and sleek—was brushed smoothly back. Woodroffe leaned forward. "My dear fellow, it's perfect madness," he said earnestly. "Look at my case. I've got—well, about four times as much as you, and of course, my missus has got a bit, I thought I should be all right. But—well, between you and me—it has spoilt my life." He leaned back in his chair and took a pull at his big cigar. The other looked unconvinced. Perhaps he thought that if it had been a question of his marrying a woman like Lady Woodroffe, pretty

—everything! Now you take that from me." Jervis looked down at his shining boots. "I haven't made up my mind yet, he said, irresolutely. "Then make it up quick. Sheer off while you've got time. I suppose you haven't said anything to her yet?" "Well—I—er—sort of sounded her, Of course, I see everything that you say—in a way. If I didn't I should have fixed it up already." "Anyone else in the running?" "There's young Ralph Jodrell poking his nose in." "He's not a very desperate rival. I know exactly what he's got—five hundred a year and what he makes at the bar—say, another ten pounds. When they make Ralph Jodrell a K. C.—" "Who's that talking of making Ralph Jodrell a K. C.?" A young man had come into the room and stood in front of them. He looked as pleased as if he had taken silk that morning. "I'm going to be married," he said, grinning all over his face. "What do you think of that?" "Jervis sat up in his chair. 'Whom to?' he asked. "Old Lady Southernwood's niece. We've just fixed it up. You're the first fellows I've told." Jervis fell back. Woodroffe cast a shrewd glance at him. "What on earth are you going to live on?" he said. "What I've got and what I'm going to make, said the young man. "It wouldn't be enough for you, Jimmy, but I wouldn't change places with you. Good-bye, I'm off to do some work." The case demanded two whiskies and soda. "Of course you're struck all of a heap, old fellow, said Woodroffe, kindly. But I tell you this—you've had a lucky escape. When you've found a girl with ten thousand a year you can come to me again, and I'll wish you luck. Till then keep out of mischief, and live your own life. Take a lesson from that young fool and another from the old general. Where would he have been if he'd married? Not enjoying himself here—y'bet!" The warrior in question had just discovered the cause of his uneasiness. He summoned the timid waiter, and was now swearing at him fluently. "Bring me another glass of brandy, he ended angrily, and went to sleep again.—London Mail. Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by All Dealers. Transcontinental Railway Nearly every nation of the world has some large project on hand. Japan is trying to be a world power. Russia is picking up the pieces. Uncle Sam is digging his ditch, the Kaiser is cutting kindling, and John Bull is trying to get acquainted with his colonies. In the meantime Canada, the premier colony is building a new Transcontinental Railway so far North that it strikes the collar. It trails through what writers are wont to refer to as the Great Lone Land. And so it was—until a live government quickened by the audacity of an imperial railway manager, sent its trail-blazers into the wilds of Quebec and Northern Ontario, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is building the west end, sent its engineers to unravel the mysteries of the mountains and find out the secrets of the silent places, to penetrate the passes, measure the chasms, and sound the great rivers of Northern British Columbia. The Canadian government hit upon a happy plan for solving the transportation problem without committing itself to government ownership—or more correctly speaking, to government operation of railways. It undertakes to build the eastern sections of the new line, Moncton to Winnipeg, 1,800 miles, to build it to a standard set by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, who build from Winnipeg west to the coast, 1,750 miles. This work by the government is done under a construction commission. When the road is completed, and the Atlantic is linked to the Pacific, the railway company will take over the government section and work it, paying to the Dominion an annual rental equal to three per cent. on the cost of construction. The first seven years, however, the company is to pay only operating expenses. Naturally, under this arrangement, the Grand Trunk Pacific, while insisting that the line be up to a certain standard of excellence, is anxious that the work be accomplished at the lowest possible cost, for upon this the rental is based. On the other hand the Dominion government guarantees the bonds up to a stated amount per mile of the western section. Therefore the government is anxious that that portion be up to its own standard. It is interesting to note that Canada with less than eight millions of population is building a single line of railway across this continent, building it to a standard undreamed of two decades ago, and building it without scandal or contention of any sort, and that it will cost, when completed, almost as much as the Panama Canal will cost the United States with all its wealth and population. By the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific main line and branches, some two hundred million dollars will be set circulating. While the expenditure of this vast amount of money within the short space of ten years is of itself sufficient to keep the wolf from the door of the Dominion, this is but one of the incidents—insignificant, when we take into account the great benefit to mankind accomplished by the opening up of millions of acres, the making of thousands of new homes, and the establishment of hundreds of new industries in the waking wilderness of the north. Those who are anxious that the supply of labor be always below the demand are constantly discouraging working men in every walk of life from coming to Canada, despite the fact that there is, has been for years past, and will be for years to come employment here for all who are able and willing to work. The scheme in its entirety provides for a main line estimated to be 3,600 miles in length with twenty branch lines aggregating 5,000—or a total of nearly 9,000 miles of track. The first 1,500 miles west from the Atlantic will be through a more or less rough and wooded country. Passing out of the Province of Quebec, via the capital of that province, quickening to new life the quaint old City of Quebec, it will cut its way through a wilderness, passing north of the Height of Land and the Highlands of Ontario, and crossing rivers that flow down the northern watershed and spill their surplus into Hudson's Bay. All along this section are timber, iron, copper, silver and gold in paying quantities, and directly north of Cobalt the line lies through a heavily wooded clay belt, fifty miles wide and 300 miles long, which bids fair to become as valuable a farming district as old Ontario. Contrary to popular belief, the climate, if it can be said to change at all, grows milder as one drops down the northern slope and the water in Hudson's Bay is several degrees warmer than that of Lake Superior hundreds of miles south. The reports of engineers, geologists and other experts seem to justify the prediction that the native wealth of this wilderness will surpass even that of some of the open fields. The country through which the prairie section of the road will pass contains land well known to be adapted for the growing of wheat, which in extent is four times the wheat growing area of the United States. This land, which is now being taken up by settlers produces rich crops the first year of cultivation and will furnish a large traffic for the railway as rapidly as it can be extended, therefore amply warranting the company in assuming the payment of the interest charges on the cost of construction, from the beginning. The mountain section, however, passing through the mineral deposits, will require a little longer time for development, and as stated, the government has therefore assumed the payment of the interest charges under its

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guarantee of three-quarters of the cost of construction, for the first seven years after completion. Crossing the continent as it will, so far the north of all existing lines, the Grand Trunk Pacific, when the company places its ships on both oceans, will shorten the trip around the world by two fall days. And because it will have and almost straight and comparatively level line, the duration of the land-journey will be greatly lessened. The Grand Trunk Pacific goes around nothing. It bores its way through granite cliffs, bridges, valleys and tunnel hills—so that the finished line will look like a tight rope across the continent. Of incalculable benefit and advantage to his new enterprise is its relation to the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, with its 4,800 miles of railway, on which are situated all the cities and the principal towns in Eastern Canada, among the former being Windsor, Hamilton, London, Toronto and Montreal. Montreal, the first city of the Dominion, situated at the head of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence River, must, with her splendid harbor and her unlimited resources for industrial growth, always maintain her position as the metropolis of Canada. These advantages are not confined to Canada. Situated on this great railway system are also the large cities of Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Buffalo and Portland in the United States. With this unrivaled position, which can be obtained by any transportation company only after years of labor and experience, the new transcontinental railway will at once become an exclusive partner, and from the beginning will be placed in possession of an enormous general traffic already created and originating on the Grand Trunk Pacific System, but which has hitherto been carried into the Northwest over other lines. Far-reaching as are the influence and importance of this great railway, in the development of the resources of the Dominion of Canada, they will be felt in an equally large degree by the formation of the shortest route between Europe and Asia. So much has been printed lately concerning the rich farm lands that begin in eastern Manitoba, and reach out to the forest that lies away west of Edmonton—three hundred miles wide and a thousand miles long—that this asset may be counted as an established fact. It is only natural that the new road should have an eye open for grand new scenery. The Grand Trunk Pacific trains will pass through some of the famous scenery of the Maritime Provinces—the land of Evangeline—by quaint old Quebec, race along the shores of Lake Abitibi, and other equally beautiful northern lakes; by the banks of mighty rivers, skirt the classic Qu'Appelle Valley, leap over some of the great waterways of North-

ern British Columbia, pass along the foot of the highest and mightiest mountain in the Dominion, if we may believe the geographers, cross the Rockies at Yellowhead Pass, and reach the Pacific amid the grand weird scenery of the Sound country, where the Japan Current washes the coast and creates the "Chinook" wind, whose warm breath blows across the range, and renders the great North-fit for the home of the white man.

The Old Hymns.

There's lots o' music in 'em, the hymns o' long ago; An' when some gray-haired brother sings the one's I used to know I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by— "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wistful eye." There's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old, With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets of gold; And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where memory dreaming stands, From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands." They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days. When lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways; And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetin' rise, Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies." We hardly needed singin' books, in them old days, we knew The words, the tunes, of every one the dear old hymn book through! We had no glaring trumpets then, no organs built for show; We only sang to praise the Lord, from whom all blessings flow." An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come— Before the light has left me and my singing lips are dumb— If I can only hear 'em then I'll pass, without a sigh, "To Canaan's fair and happy land where my possessions." Atlanta C