

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS



Rheumatism for Several Years— Now as well as Ever

647 Main St., St. John, N. B., Nov. 27, 1908.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd.
I am writing to tell you I have been a victim to Rheumatism for several years, and have been treated by seven doctors without finding any permanent relief until I got Father Morrissey's medicine. It has cured me so I am able to do my work and find I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours truly,
JOHN CRAWFORD.

Father Morrissey's "No. 7" Tablets

Rheumatism cannot exist when the kidneys are in perfect working order for then they take out of the blood all the Uric Acid, which alone causes the Rheumatism.

act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and helping them to clear the blood of the Uric Acid. If the Rheumatism is of long standing it may take some time to clear out all the poison, but almost from the first "No. 7" Tablets relieve the pain, and if used faithfully they rarely fail to cure.

Even if other remedies have done you no good, do not give up till you have tried Father Morrissey's "No. 7" Tablets.

50c. at your dealer's.
Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd. Chatham, N. B.

THE ANGEL UNAWARES

Hanson sat looking absently at the soft green hills and the motionless trees living in the July sun. He was sitting on an upturned pail, in the shadow of the big empty tent. The afternoon performance was over.

And now, as he sat on the upturned bucket in the shade, alone, he was thinking over all the old college days. And it had ended that he was riding as Signor Colon de Thorne—on the bills—with one of the big circuses, for he had to do something for a living.

His thoughts reverted to the girl, woman now, whose face had shown him an astonished and yet quiet recognition. She was a town girl whom he had once known well. He decided suddenly to go and see her before his night's work began. She would make allowance for the untimely call, as she knew how he came to be there.

So he started into the dressing tent to change his clothes, and as he reached the flap door, a girl with a small neat figure, appeared in it and said to him—

"I say, Carl, if you want any supper you'd better hurry up."

She was one of the trapeze performers. I guess I don't want any supper tonight. I'm going for a walk answered Carl shortly, and passed in. He nestly put on his quiet suit of blue, brushed his hair and arranged his tie with extra care, and walked quickly from the ground.

When he came to Miss Nelson's it occurred to him as it had never before, strangely enough, that however good friends they had been Miss Nelson might not be pleased to receive a circus performer, and at the idea he stood still and scowled as he thought it over. Then, with a grim determination, he quickened his steps.

It seemed a long time before the door was opened, and by Miss Nelson herself. Neither knew just what to say. Everything he had thought of saying flew from his head, until she somewhat nervously held out her hand and said—

"Carl!"

Hanson gave a sigh of relief as he entered, to find that she had not turned him away.

Before they realized how late it was. They saw a stream of people going towards the circus grounds, and this brought Hanson back to the hard reality that he was under contract to appear elsewhere. He jumped to his feet as he looked at his watch.

It may be a long time before we meet again, he said. Do you know you have done me a great deal of good this evening. You have waked me up.

nothing for a minute. I—I don't know. Something better than this? "Yes—yes, Kathleen, I will, I swear I will. I promise you, he said, taking her hand.

Then, auf weidersehen, Carl, I shall believe in you. God bless you, Kathleen. I must go now. And after shaking her hand he dashed down the street, and Miss Nelson watched him until she could no longer see him. There were tears in her eyes as she turned from the window. But this Hanson never knew.

As he came to the door of the dressing room tent, he met the trapeze girl again, and wondered, as he often did, how she came to be there. It never occurred to him that she might wonder the same about him. She was utterly different from the rest of the women, who were many of them coarse and harsh voiced, with painted-out faces and red hands. He had come to be on friendly terms with the trapeze girl, though she was peculiarly proud and reserved.

Hanson had just time to change his clothes before he had to appear in the ring. Tonight a wild, buoyant recklessness filled him, the reaction from his previous earnestness. He hotted himself more than he ever had before, and he had fits of self scorn that were drety bad, but he put on his gayest exterior, and rode magnificently, heedless of danger.

It was a relief when he had to leave town this morning. On the train he wrote a long letter to Miss Nelson, but on re-reading it, he tore it up and took twice the time writing another a page long. He still had a month to stay with the circus, under his contract, and what he should do after that, he still did not know.

He was watching the trapeze girl one night about a week after this, and as she swung in mid air he became quite annoyed to see the man on the opposite trapeze catch her hands in his and swing both to and fro. Hanson had always disliked that man for he was a bad character, and he remembered now that Francesca, the trapeze girl, disliked him too; but Hanson had never cared about the matter before. He was looking at them when his horse jumped a high hurdle, and was thrown heavily and the next horse was upon him before he could regain his feet. Some women in the audience screamed, and the horses pranced, but the ringmaster hurried up and calmly ordered two 'supes' to carry his still body out of the ring. The blood trickled down his face from a gash on his forehead, and dripped along the sawdust as they took him out and laid him on a mat in the dressing tents, with his unsteady lights. As he came to they saw he was not badly hurt, and after having his wound dressed, he asked them to leave him alone.

But the trapeze girl, coming in regard to his order, sat down beside him, and with her cool fingers on his forehead, said—

"What are you going to do? she persisted relentlessly. Hanson said

TIME TABLE

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 32.

In effect January 3rd, 1909 Atlantic Time

Trains West	Read Down Stations	Trains East	Read Up Stations
Train No. 1	Leave A.M.	Train No. 2	Arr. P.M.
7:30	St. John East Ferry	5:40	St. John West
7:35	Duck Cove	5:30	Spruce Lake
7:53	Spruce Lake	5:15	Allan Cot
8:08	Prince of Wales	4:58	Mesopach
8:25	Leprcaux	4:48	New River
8:35	Pocologan	4:25	Pennfield
9:00	St. George	4:01	St. George
9:15	Bonny River	3:44	Dyer's
9:23	Cassell's	3:30	C.P.R. Junction
9:41	Oak Bay	2:13	St. Stephen
10:15	St. Stephen	1:48	
10:17		1:30	
11:42			
12:00			

Looking into her eyes, he rose on one elbow and kissed her. So he knew without her telling him. In a certain western university town there is among the small boys there an annual craze for giving a circus. The ring leader is a boy about eight years old, whose erect figure and flashing eyes commanded obedience from the other boys. Timmie Brown, a very good natured fat boy dressed in some of his sisters clothes, makes a very presentable fat lady, and for nothing old Petel Schlack, who adores the boys, is usually called upon to assist them, and no difficulty is too great to be surmounted by the energetic young leader, who does the "feats" of daring" on old Molly! His mother smiles patiently as she binds up the annual bruises of the whole troupe. Both she and her husband, the respected Prof. Hanson or the university let this bent of the boy's take its own course, knowing that he will outgrow it, indeed, they both make the most valuable suggestions for the whole performance, and the boy thinks the mother and father wonderfully keen and observing to remember, and does not see how they notice so much just at the occasional circuses which come to town. But some day they will tell him, lest he be distressed by the remarks of gossips.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, Jan. 10th, 1909, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.	TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
No. 6.—Mixed for Moncton, (leaves Island Yard) - 6:30	No. 9, Express from Halifax, and Moncton - 6:30
No. 2, Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point duChene and Pictou - 7:00	No. 155, Suburban Express from Moncton - 7:50
No. 26, Express for Point duChene, Halifax and Pictou - 12:40	No. 7, Express from Sussex, - 9:00
No. 4 Mixed for Moncton - 13:15	No. 133, Express from Montreal, Quebec, and Pt. du Chene - 13:45
No. 138, Suburban for Moncton - 18:15	No. 5, Mixed from Moncton, (arrives at Island Yard) - 16:40
No. 134, Express for Quebec and Montreal, via Moncton - 19:00	No. 3, Mixed from Moncton - 19:30
No. 10, Express for Moncton, the Sydney's, Halifax and Pictou 23:25	No. 25, Express from Halifax, Pictou Point duChene, and Campbellton - 17:35
	No. 1, Express from Moncton and Truro - 21:20
	No. 11, Mixed from Moncton (arrives at Island Yard daily) - 4:00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time (twenty-four hour notation) 24:00 o'clock is midnight.

Eastern S'mship Co

Reliable and Popular Route BETWEEN St. John and Boston First class fare \$3.50 Stateroom \$1.00

Steel steamship Calvin Austin leaves St. John at 8 a. m., on Thursdays for Eastport, Lobe, Portland and Boston. Returning leaves Boston on Mondays at 9 a. m., Portland at 5 p. m.

L. R. THOMPSON, Trav. Pass Agent W. G. Lee, C. E. LARCHLER, Asst. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking" June 1st to October 1st, 1908. Will leave Black's Harbor, Mondays and Thursdays at 7 a. m.; Saturdays at 6 a. m. for St. Stephen.

Returning leave St. Stephen (Public Wharf) Tuesdays and Friday mornings and Saturday afternoons.

Touching at Letite Mondays and Tuesdays and during June and August on Saturdays.

Touching at Back Bay Thursdays and Fridays and during July and September on Saturdays.

Executors Notice

All persons having any claims against the estate of the late Janet Campbell of the Parish of St. George deceased are requested to present the same duly certified by affidavit to the undersigned within thirty days from this date and all persons indebted to the estate will make immediate payments to the undersigned executor.

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN, Sole Executor of the Estate of the late Janet Campbell. St. George, N. B., Oct. 8, 1908.

ECONOMY STORE

Your Attention Please Yesterday has gone, Today is very short, Tomorrow may never come

So what you do must of a necessity be done today. What you need is right here. We have always on hand a large assortment of staple groceries and Dry Goods. Also holiday goods in abundance. Everything for useful Christmas presents, from a Carpet-sweeper to a hat-pin. The most fastidious can be suited. Write or telephone your orders today. Everything delivered free.

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