

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

PANDORA Range

What a "Pandora" Hot-Water Attachment Means to Me

"BELOW—You see how I just turn on the tap and instantly get hot water for my dishes, washing, scrubbing, preserving, etc.



"ABOVE—you see how the pipes are connected to the bath and basin—no waiting for a bath—no carrying hot water upstairs."

"Pandora" Ranges can be supplied with a hot-water attachment if you haven't already got one, and the attachment does not either take extra fuel or interfere with baking.

McClary's

GRANT & MORIN Local Agents

Disgraceful Methods of a Beaten Party and its Organs

The Campaign of Slander Which is Being Waged Against Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Government is a Disgrace to a Civilized People, and its Promoters Should Receive the Emphatic Rebuke of the Enlightened People of Canada--The Tactics of the Highwayman and Assassin

The Winnipeg Free Press in every respect one of the greatest of Canadian newspapers, which has been aptly described as "the Voice of the West" prints this strong protest against the "Uncivilized Political Methods" which the Tory campaigners are employing in their desperate attempt to lie the Laurier Government out of office. It deserves the thoughtful attention of every fair-minded man in the country. It is an appeal to reason and fair play. The Free Press says:

UNCIVILIZED POLITICAL METHODS

"The country is apparently on the verge of a general election campaign. Unfortunately, this does not mean that we are to have big issues, affecting the national welfare debated by our ablest men under conditions making for the education of the electorate. It means a babel of wrangling and abuse, crimination and recrimination, that will speedily transform the people into a lot of political dancing Derdishes, whirling about in the madness of party hysteria and bereft for the time being of the qualities of kindness, generosity, sympathy and justice which they ordinarily possess. The Canadian nation, in the hysteria of a general election, with the sudden stripping away of the surface conventions and the recrudescence of savage habits of thought is not an inspiring sight, and must leave upon the mind of the astounded onlooker the impression that despite our prosperity and energy we are still, in some respects, a primitive people. General elections anywhere are not periods of calm; but our election customs, so far as they relate to our platform and journalistic methods are exceptionally obnoxious. A national campaign is in progress to the south of us; and a comparison of the good nature, the courtesy, the American disputants with the methods already in vogue in this country, is not complimentary to the Canadians—but very much the reverse.

THE EXAMPLE OF BRITAIN

"The scandal-hunter and mud-thrower never lacks for pretexts. Governments are human and make mistakes—often very costly mistakes. The Liberal Government, for instance, in its twelve years of office has administered over five hundred million dollars; and to say that there has not been wastage through bad judgment, through mistaken policies, through the inefficiency and in cases, no doubt, the dishonesty of officials would be to attribute superhuman business ability to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues. In these mistakes and blunders the scandal-monger finds his opportunities; and by regarding them as the personal delinquencies of the Ministers in whose departments they occur, he proceeds to indict the whole Ministry from the Premier down, as an organized band of thieves. In no other country in the civilized world is the doctrine of ministerial responsibility pushed to such extremes to justify assaults on private character. There was on the occasion of the South African war an aftermath of

exposures which revealed graft in its most odious form in the contracting department of the army; but there was no attempt made by the Opposition in Great Britain to involve the War Minister and his colleagues in the disgrace of the transactions. Similarly, in the United States, there were revelations a few years ago of thieving in the Post Office Department in the granting of contracts; but not even the most partisan Democrat found in these facts sure and certain proof that President Roosevelt and his colleagues and all the Republican party leaders were involved in an organized plunderbunch. In Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Ministers would not have escaped the charge of direct personal liability for these irregularities; with the insinuation that in some roundabout way, they had shared in the graft.

A DISGRACEFUL ATTACK

"How absurd, how contemptible it is, to represent, as Conservative scribblers and stumpers are now doing from one end of Canada to the other, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and all his colleagues as a Canadian equivalent to All Baba and his Forty Thieves. Sir Wilfrid is now an old man who has spent nearly forty years in the public life of Canada. He has been for over twenty years the leader of one of the two great parties; thrice he has been honored by a majority of the votes of the Canadian people; he is beyond all question the most distinguished Canadian. He has been the recipient of the most marked honors in the Motherland. He is admittedly, the most experienced, the most distinguished of all the Statesmen of Britain Beyond the Seas. He is a great International figure. His name and his career are known, not only to the people of the Empire, but, to a considerable degree, to the world at large. This is the man who, in the supposed interests of a political party is to be assailed by half the newspapers and half the platform-speakers of Canada as a cheap, conscienceless schemer, the hardened leader of a gang of brigands, the associate and defender of bondholders and thieves—unscrupulous, crafty, dishonest, without a sign of public conscience, or regard for the obligations of his position. It is disgraceful that a political party should resort to such methods of political warfare; but what a reflection it is on the whole community that a party should deem such methods effective! The disgrace of the present campaign of slander and scandal attaches to the whole nation because it should not be tolerated in any community which claims to be civilized; and the Canadian electors must rebuke its promoters in the most emphatic manner if Canada is not to suffer in reputation in the judgment of the enlightened, both at home and abroad."

A Warning to Printers

An amendment to the election law passed at the last session of parliament requires that every printed advertisement, hand-bill, placard, poster or dodger having reference to any election shall bear upon its face the name and address of the printer and publisher. A fine of \$200 and costs is the penalty for failure to observe this provision of the law, and it can be collected against any person printing, publishing, distributing or posting up or causing to be printed, published, distributed or posted up election notices of any kind.

Just the Medicine you Need

Your color is bad, tongue is furred, eyes are dull, appetite is poor, your stomach needs tone, your liver needs awakening. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In just one night you'll notice a difference for Dr. Hamilton's Pills search out every trace of trouble. You'll eat, sleep, digest and feel a whole lot better. You will gain in strength, have a clear complexion, experience the joy of robust health. To tone, purify and enliven system there is nothing like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25 cts. at all dealers.

Don't flatter yourself that you are popular until you see how quickly the world forgets you when you are sick. Then compare friendship (?) with the devotion of the family.

The Scientific Castaway

There were three men sitting at the little table in the Sailor's Rest. One was a lake sailor and had little to say. He started to tell of being adrift in an open boat and being picked up by an excursion steamer after a day of exposure, but he was interrupted by the young sailor with greasy curls, who wanted to tell of being wrecked on the Goodwin sands and chased about the shoals for three weeks by a mad dogfish.

The fat old sailor with brass rings in his ears and a full set of throat whisksers pounded on the table for silence.

If you ain't got anything to tell except that, he said, you better wait a spell and let me tell you of a real experience as a castaway.

Me und Bob Shore shipped last August, was a year on the whale ship Juanita bound for the South Seas. The captain took his son along. The lad was just out of college, where he had learned a pile of things, and he had a kit of tools along for doing things with the other, the sea and all that is. He had a thing that he called a retort, for makin' drinkin' water out of the briny sea. He had hooks for big fish and guns for birds, and alcohol stoves and a lot of other fixin's.

"Well, boys, we sailed along all right till just below the cape, when a terrible hurricane hit us from the southeast and blew us for days and days afore it. We was in the neighborhood of Saint Felix when we run on a rock and the ship began to fill.

We took to the boats.

The captain and his son, me and Bob Shore and four other seamen was in the captain's gig. We lost the other boats in the dark and I may say right here that we never seen them again.

The wind shifted to the east and blew us away out into the South Pacific, and we not having any oars or sails, was left to the mercy of the waves. But the captain's son had brought his kit along. We had some hard tack and a cask of water.

The captain was goin' to put us on short allowance, but the lad said: 'Don't you do it. We can live as good on the sea as on the land, if we only know how.

Yes, says the cap, but I don't know how.

I do, says the lad. And says he, I want to tell you something. There's fish in the sea, says he, for every critter on the land, and they correspond exact, says he. Also there is a plant in the sea for every plant on land, and they are as good to eat. Now, says the lad, There's the whale for the elephant and the porpoise for the pig. Then there's the sea horse for the sea cow and the sea lion the dogfish, the catfish and a hundred others I could name, says he.

How'd you goin' to eat 'em? asked the cap.

Catch 'em, same as you would the beasts on land, says the boy.

Well, he went to work: As fast as the water got low in the cask he filled it from his retort or else rigged a tarpaulin and filled it with rainwater. Then he cast his hooks and brung up salmon and shad and other fish till we were plumb sick of eatin' 'em. When we had been out a week we came on some rocks, and the lad rigged a snare and caught a sea cow and two calves. We hitched the cow behind the boat and had fresh milk all the time, feeding the cow on seaweed. We killed the calves and had veal cutlers for breakfast and veal stew for dinner every day.

The lad rigged a grappeler and brung up a lot of vegetation from the bottom—sea cabbage and things like turnips they was, and a little grain that we made into flap jacks that tasted like buckwheat cakes, only better.

We lived like princes, I tell you. The only thing we missed was our liquor. We didn't have a drop a board. But the boy wasn't stuck. He took a lot of the grain und distilled it in his little retort and made the finest whisky I ever put to my

ECONOMY STORE

BRAINS MAKE BUSINESS; FISH MAKE BRAINS

We have on hand a choice lot of this brain making commodity, just what every farmer wants in buying time.

ALSO: A complete stock of Summer dry goods and groceries. Everything to make the home happy. Mail or Telephone your orders. Everything delivered free.

ANDREW MCGEE Back Bay

COME ALONG

now to the new store in the Irish Block

FRUIT, CANNED GOODS, CONFECTION-ERY and SOFT DRINKS always on hand

ALL POPULAR BRANDS CIGARS AND TOBACCO

GIVE US A CALL

FRANK MURPHY

GLENWOOD RANGES

Make Cooking Easy

When we got shy of 'baccy the lad fished around the bottom and found the deep-sea weed that he said the walrus chaws. He dried it and rolled it in sugar and I want to tell you that since that supply has petered out I have quit chawin'. Nothin' that grows on land tastes good no more. He made a lot of good cigars out of it, too.

Well, for six months we drifted about, not sighting land or sail. Fact is, we wasn't lookin' real hard, for we was havin' too good a time.

One day the cap. was lookin' through his glasses oer the water, and he see a big black thing comin' toward us. He didn't know what the critter was but the lad took the glass and says he, It's a sea horse. Clear the decks for action says he. On came the horse straight for us. The lad got a rope and made it into a lasso, and when the sea horse got near enough he turned the rope and got the horse around the neck. The horse kicked up a big row, but he hauled him head on and got a stick in his mouth for a bit, and in a jiffy the lad had rigged a harness of a rape end had the horse hitched up to the bow of the boat.

Hurrah! says the lad, shakin' the lines and hittin' the horse with a boat hook. Homeward bound! says he. Git up says the lad.

Away we started: 50 miles an hour, with the old sea cow puffin' and blowin' behind.

We was only about 200 miles off the Japanese coast, but we didn't go there. We headed straight for Frisco. The second day we see the first ship we had seen since we was wrecked. She was headin' east, too, but we passed her like she was standin' still, with all the passengers and crew lookin' over the rail at us, and cheerin' hearty.

We beat the record to Frisco, you bet. When we went ashore we could hardly walk, we was all so fat with high livin'. We sold the cow and horse to the zoo and started east by train.

We had been just six months and five days on that boat, and a better time I never had in my life. It has

unfitted me for work. I am too fat to ship as a seaman now.

I tell you this to show you that the time will soon come when it will be impossible for sailor men to be cast away and perish in an open boat. As soon as they learn to git the plenty provided on the great deep they want to be cast away.

The old sailor closed his eyes and folded his hands across his ample stomach. When he opened his eyes again he was alone, and the proprietor was turning down the lights—Chicago News.

Are Your Children "Croupy"

This trouble is deadly—must be stopped quickly, nothing is so sure as the Nerville Plaster. Give it internally, rub it on the throat and chest, and then put on a Nerville Plaster. The Plaster has the power of Nerville, both as a liniment, and a plaster form, will soothe you. For sore throat, coughs, colds, and pleurisy alone, it is used by thousands every day. Invaluable in the home, especially for treating the minor ills that all children are bound to catch. Large bottles 25 cts. each Nerville Plaster same price, of dealers or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston Ont.

Have a Cough

A room without a couch of some sort is half furnished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune-fighter is the periodical "good cry," and momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge or sofa in the sitting room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out, and the way made clear, if one only had a long, comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, strength his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless, eternal rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light and the star of hope shine again.

We can imagine no meaner trick than that of the jealous boys who stole all of the clothes of a party of Pennsylvania's society girls camping out. Exchange.