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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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Granite Town has a well equipped Job Printing Plant, and turns out work with neatness and dispatch.

FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1911

A Topsy-Turvy World.

(Montreal Witness.)

A New York contemporary says that this is eminently a time when men of clear sight are needed to find a straight pathway through the world's confusion. An earthquake has shaken Germany and has cracked the wall of the tower of the family stronghold of the Hohenzollerns; Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has stumbled in a New York church, and has spilt money before the eyes of Men; there has appeared on the coasts a sea-creature sixty feet long and ten feet wide; frost has been seen on fiery Mars; a King of England is on the way to India to be crowned. Municipal governments in the rich, prosperous United States are running free markets and mayors are selling potatoes as a philanthropy; farmers who wish high prices are seeking alliances with the organizations of labor which demand cheap food; planters who have denounced the trusts are trying to form a cotton combine; some women are spending two thousand dollars a day on gowns for the Horse Show in New York, while others are demonstrating by experiment that they can live on seven cents a day; the Steel Trust does not know where it stands, and the Beef Trust magnates are in sight of a real trial. Our contemporary might have added that Mr. Borden and Mr. Monk are in the same cabinet, and Dr. Sproule is Speaker. The British navy is, according to the redoubtable Lord Charles Beresford, quite unprepared for war. The Chinese are forming a republic. The Italians have caught a Tartar, and ladies are fighting men in London. Is the world in its revolution turning upside down, that its deck load is tumbling about so?

Enter The Parsees.

Dr. R. P. Ghadiali, a Parsee, who is proprietor of Indian journal Impartial, is outspoken when discussing Canadian immigration laws and their relation to Hindu immigration.

"It is better," said the doctor recently "that Canada should encourage the emigration of our race than to hold out the hand of welcome to Germans and other European nations. We are Britishers and stand high in the regard of the English Government for our loyalty. We are also an intellect nation, and very hard working. At present I am seeking information in London. We desire to settle in New Ontario, which is not populated, and British Columbia. I am one of my colleagues propose to be the pioneers, and if we find the prospect encouraging I shall, through my journal in India, persuade my fellow countrymen to follow."

The Banks of Loch Lomond.

In the West of Scotland at the present time a series of demonstrations is being held to voice the protests of hundreds of thousands of humble toilers against the complete commercialization of "the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond." The rights of the people to gather on the

shores that are shrouded in song have been gradually curtailed by private interests until, as the final injury, the proposal has come to shut out the pilgrim from the one route by which he might approach and look upon the lake even though but for a glimpse.

Along the ways of freest access leading to the lake, the land owner has raised barriers to keep the people of Glasgow and all the outside world from their poetic heritage. For just as Scotland inherited the immortal memories of the loch, so she will reclaim her right to roam the heather-clad fells, the open moorland the narrow passes, and the great green straths.

The landlord has claimed the protection of private privilege; walls have been built, keepers and dogs set on the watch. One of the public roads that formerly skirted the lake's shores has been moved behind an estate, and every yard of shore land has been claimed as private property. Only at Balloch has one been able to secure a boat and row up the river into the loch. One must not risk the chance of landing, or the keepers would be about his ears, and to moor a boat in the centre of the lake one must contribute five shillings. Now the land from which the public has embarked for years has been claimed by private owners, and they are making efforts to move some of the boat owners who serve the public. Should they be successfully in the courts there will be no free way into Loch Lomond. As one writer has it, the beauty spot will have become "a glorified cinematograph show." But the whole of Scotland is rebelling and the probability is that patriotism will triumph over privilege.

"The new idea in business is honesty, openness, frankness," said Alton B. Parker at a dinner at Esopus. "We used to conceal our plumbing, and very poor, unsanitary work it was. We expose it now, and it is altogether sound, wholesome and satisfactory. Well, business is like that."

"When I think of some of the tricks that used to obtain in reputable business firms I am reminded of the seaside auctioneer.

"That scoundrel once held up a \$10 gold piece and said:

"Guess the date on this piece of money, friends. Make a guess and a small purchase, and the correct guess takes the coin."

"So everybody in the crowd guessed; everybody bought some worthless rubbish, and the dealer netted a huge profit. Then, at the end, he looked at the \$10 gold piece, held it up and said:

"Now for it! Who guessed 1894?"

"Me! Me! Me!" cried every man jack in the shop.

"The dealer smiled.

"Then you guessed wrong," he said, slipping the coin into his pocket. "The date is 1812."—Washington Star.

Archbishop Bruchesi in his letter on the Ne Temere decree and the Graham-Straughness wedding has failed to touch the point which causes the irritation over these decrees. No one objects to the Church of Rome laying down rules as to the membership of her communion, just as Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Friends, Congregationalists and other Church bodies do. The trouble arises when marriages legally performed by clergymen who are not Roman Catholics are declared by the Church to be invalid, and when, as in the Hebert case, the civil courts are asked to make the feinting of the clerical coat binding.

The Duties of Best Man.

"Does the best man have the wedding ring and when does he hand it over?" The best man has charge of the ring and usually places it in a pocket of his waist coat. According to the ritual of the Episcopal church, the ceremony of placing it on the bride's finger follows the plighting of the troth. After the bride and groom have both repeated this after the minister the book of common prayer prescribes, that they shall again "loose their hands and the man shall give unto the woman a ring."

The best man should therefore give it to the groom at this juncture. In churches which do not have a printed ritual the minister would indicate the proper moment.

THEY ALL FALL FOR IT.



These was a good dame of Cape Horn. Her clothing was tattered and torn. She remarked, debonnaire, as she pinned up her hair:

"Three bargains I purchased this morn."

"That a susceptible heart is no excuse for bigamy."

"That love is an indulgence—marriage a habit."

"That happiness, like a wild bird, seldom sings in a cage."

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Boasting.

Things may be coming your way but be careful that they do not come with such force as to carry you away with them. There are tides and tides. Some are natural, some are supernatural and some are dangerous, because they move with a force which is too strong for our character and will. "Beware of uncontrollable circumstances." This was an expression which first fell from the lips of Wellington. The editor of a periodical remarks:

"Old salts, who are forever yarning about wrecks and their causes, have a theory that what is called a 'boasting' sea accounts for more than one of the disasters that have occurred in the long history of shipping. A 'boasting' sea is a sea that runs heavily after a steamer, and, if it does not actually 'top' the vessel, yet, by the roll of billow after billow, accelerates its speed to a degree unguessed by the navigator, until finally the ship, having unconsciously overrun its course, brings up upon a rock or hidden reef, and is reported at Lloyds' as 'lost'."

Monuments in Queer Places.

There are monuments in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, but one that is really unique is that erected in a river. It stands in the Parramatta River, New South Wales, a stream known the world over for the rowing events that have taken place upon it. This monument, which is in memory of the world-famed rower, Scaris, is also unique from the fact that it has been used as the winch-post of the racer for the world's championship, and is still used as such for local events.

The Emperor Gorges Himself.

The "Hoo! Poo!" says that an American doctor recently visited the palace at Peking to examine the baby Emperor, who, it was found, had gorged himself with a meal of swallows' nests (a sort of glutinous material), and thus provoked a raging thirst. The indisposition yielded easily to the doctor's treatment. The Emperor sleeps in a gigantic bed, big enough for six people! he rises at six, at once has a meal of rice-gruel or rice, and then goes to pay his respects to the Dowager Lungyu.

A sculptor recently produced the likeness of a celebrated personage in whose biography it was mentioned that he regarded architecture as a very secondary art. The son of this personage visited the artist's studio for the purpose of examining the bust, when, after considering it with the air of a connoisseur, he inquired, "Could you not express more clearly his contempt for architecture?"

The heart of a man is divided into many compartments, mostly isolated. Sometimes there is a door between two of them, or even three may be joined together, but usually each one is complete in itself.

Brooms to Cost More, the Rumor.

Chicago, Nov. 28 There appears to be little prospect of immediate relief for the housewife who complains nowadays that she has to pay twice as much for her brooms as she did a few years ago. According to the members of the National Broom Manufacturers' Association, who began their annual convention at the Palmer House here today, the steady advance in the price of broom corn renders it impossible to lower the price of brooms.

One of the largest local dealers said the above was just as applicable to conditions here as in Chicago. We in Canada are entirely dependent on the United States for our supply of broom corn, as none is grown in the Dominion, so that an advance in price there is followed by the same thing here.

Fall Over a Precipice.

Field Marshal Lord Methuen met with his most thrilling adventure, not on the battlefield, but on the Alps, when he and a friend were mountaineering. A storm burst on them just as they had reached the summit of Dome des Mischabel.

For seventeen hours they fought it, and though starving and stiff with cold and fatigue, held their ground. Then a flash of lightning caused Lord Methuen make a false step, and fall over the precipice, but the guide to whom he and his friend were fastened was quick enough to plant his staff in the snow and enable himself to resist the shock of the fall. For a time Lord Methuen remained suspended in mid air, when any moment might have been his last. He shouted to his comrades to cut the rope and save themselves. But friend and guide, by a supreme human effort, dragged him back to safety. That was Lord Methuen's last experience in mountaineering.

He has the reputation of getting more work out of Tommy than any other general; but they say themselves he feels them "like fighting cocks." They refer to him affectionately as Paul "because he persecuted them."

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