

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

IT WAS REALLY DYSPESIA

Though They Thought She Had Heart and Lung Disease.

The case of Mrs. James Russell, of Armstrong, Brook, N.B., is typical of many really suffering from stomach trouble, who think the heart or some other organ is diseased.

She writes:—
"Five years ago I suffered with pain in my heart which would leave me so weak I could scarcely walk; at night I would have to sit up in bed to keep from snoring. I was treated by doctors for heart disease. Then the pain moved to the shoulder and my left arm would be numb at times. Then the doctors treated me for lung disease, but the pain kept getting worse. At last a friend advised me to write Father Morrissey. I did, and the answer I got was I was suffering from dyspepsia. I got medicine, which consisted of a box of tablets. The tablets I took twice, when I was completely cured and have never been troubled since—two years now."
Curing the stomach puts the whole system right, and there is no quicker way to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn and the other forms of stomach trouble than by taking Father Morrissey's "No. 11" Tablets, 50c. at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 4c.

THE MIRAGE OF THE PLAINS

The next day, when she was packing her books, her hair disheveled, her fingers dusty, the hallboy brought a card. There was some self-distrust in her frown; but she told the boy to bring up the caller, and went on packing.

Henry Duray sat down uninvited. "Are you moving?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, with a sort of uncertain challenge in her voice; "yes I'm moving."

"I thought you liked these rooms." He had an insistent way of making an indifferent remark. At the moment his eye swept the view from the window. She followed his glance with hers but made no explanation.

"If you will glance over the contract and sign it," he said, looking at her. "The places and dates are here. You are to open in the 'North' this season."

The pallor that came to her cheek was noticeable, and she put her hands on the arms of her chair for a moment then leaned forward, a look of exaltation shining in her black eyes. "Henry," she said, "I am not going to sign any contract this year."

He was used to hesitation. "Well why not?"

"I am not going to sign any more in—public," she said, slowly.

He started back, agast for a moment. Then a humorous look stole into his keen black eyes.

"Who is he?" he asked.

She parried because he was cold and not fratic. "It is all so artificial this life—striving for new phases of appreciation, for fresh honors. I want the real life."

"Ah!" there was contempt, a volume of it in her tone, "realities attract you?"

"Yes," she said sharply, because of his sarcasm; "I leave tomorrow for a real world, a place where love is, and home and freedom."

"For you," he answered, "that can be only a mirage. Your realities lie in your voice, in your power, in your surroundings. Keep the other for a vision, my lady."

She did not seem to hear him, and spoke quickly. "You see, I must surrender all that is mine to go into the other world. He must live on the plains, going where his work takes him. I cannot even take these books and pictures. But I am glad to go—I cannot wait to start! Today I am putting these things of the old world into their coffins." She pointed to the open boxes and laughed.

His face narrowed in its intensity. You are wild—a mystic with a dream! "I am a primeval woman," she said. "I will not stay here longer! I love him!"

"Your logic is perfect, but I know that you will come back to your world. These things are a part of you," he looked about the room: "the noises in the street, the applause at night, the smell of wet pavements—" he rose and offered her his hand. "I don't envy him. If you love him, let him come into your world; enjoy your primeval visions where you can awake from them." His eyes lost their look of amusement, and he measured his prophecy against her faith. "You will not stay away many months. And

I am always your friend, though I may have to fill your engagement for this year with some one else.

When he had gone she went back to the books and packed them as though they were hot things that scorched her fingers.

By sea, and racing across the Eastern States, watching the praries roll away from the window, she recalled the prophecy. She drew a long breath of relief that she was free from the world of real things. She exulted in her freedom. Had she not surrendered all her things, all her friends and associates, her successes, with joyous content in her strength? Was she not stronger than most women, and was she not approaching love with triumph of soul?

She was vibrant as she sat there and remembered how the struggle had first begun; on board ship, when he had touched her hand as it lay on the rail, when they had looked into the darkness of the night over the darkness of the sea. She had swayed toward him and kissed him, and then caught snatches of his incoherent love words. She was a singer that had won, a woman whose name was before the people of two continents. He knew that, and had asked nothing of her beyond the moment. It would not be right to ask her love, he had said.

And the letters he had written from his field of duty asked nothing of her, though they were full of his loneliness. He wrote of the plains, of the silence out there, of his willingness to live alone if she would only let him hear from her now and then. In words he had never asked her to come to him; but she was sure of his desire.

Mountains and valleys and praries she had seen before; the plains she had never seen. She waited for him impatiently, and in the morning, when she saw them luminous in the dawn, full of mystery, stretching away as far as a sea stretches, she lay quiet in her berth and watched the colors spread toward her from the horizon. All day she watched the colors—they made a song for her: they were full of motion. She saw herself riding horseback through the heliotrope haze toward the distant, dim lined mountains. She saw purple smoke rising from her own tent that lay shining in the midst of the color.

At sunset her breath came faster, she sang to herself in the rhythm of the wheels that, rushed on to the destination. She pictured a morning ride to the camp, and the surprise of the man who had been so lonely. She planned that they should be married at sunset.

The beauty of the hotel, built like an old Spanish mission, surprised her. The Spanish colors of the sky hung beyond the other end of the piazza like a banner. Before she had left the train she had noticed these things. And when she had come down to the dining room, and the sky had become a purple curtain, she hastened her dinner so that she might sit out of doors and make for herself a new vision of the tent on the plains.

Just as the waiter put a salad before her she heard a voice outside the window which stopped her heart. It was his voice! It was the voice that had called her into a new life, the voice that had awakened the primeval woman in her and had seemed more to her than the music of applause or the sound of an orchestra. There was the same power in it that she had felt before.

To the surprise of the waiter, she started to rise from the table. But the words reached her—words of a question; and the answer came in a woman's low love laugh, a laugh with truth in it, of surprising contentment and belief. She might have doubted the question; the laugh with the girl's note in it—that she could no doubt. And all the long time when she was trying to eat her salad she had to hear his voice from behind the gently moving curtains.

When the waiter came with her coffee she looked into his eyes, a queer dumb look it was, that belied the richness of her voice. "When does the first train for the East leave?" she asked. "And where can I send a telegram?" Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Mother

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

"My mother was the making of me," said Thomas Edison, recently. "She was so true, so sure of me; and I felt that I had someone to live for; someone I must not disappoint."

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

The testimonies of great men in acknowledgment of the boundless debt they owe to their mothers would make a record stretching from the dawn of history to to-day. Few men, indeed, become great who do not owe their greatness to a mother's love and inspiration.

How often we hear people in every walk of life say, "I never could have done this thing but for my mother. She believed in me, encouraged me, when others saw nothing in me."

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

A distinguished man of today says: "I would never have reached my present position had I not known that my mother expected me to reach it. From a child she made me feel that this was the position she expected me to fill, and her faith spurred me on and gave me the power to attain it."

It is a strange fact that our mothers, the moulders of the world, should get so little credit, and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers. The world sees only the successful son; the mother is but a round in the ladder upon which he has climbed. Her name is never seen in the papers; only her son is lauded and held up to our admiration. Yet it was that sweet, pathetic figure in the background that made his success possible.

Many a man is enjoying a fame which is really due to a self-effacing, sacrificing mother. People hurray for the governor or mayor, or congressman, but the real secret of his success is often tucked away in that little unknown, unappreciated, unheralded mother. His education and his chance to rise may have been due to her sacrifices.

The very atmosphere that radiates from and surrounds the mother is the inspiration and constitutes the holy of holies of family life.

"In my mother's presence," said a prominent man, "I become for the time transformed into another person."

How many of us have felt the truth of his statement! How ashamed we feel when we meet her eyes, that we have ever harbored an unholly thought, or dishonorable suggestion! It seems impossible to do wrong while under that magic influence. What revengeful plans, what thoughts of hatred and jealousy, have been scattered to the four winds while in the mother's presence! Her children go out from companionship with her resolved to be better men, nobler, women, truer citizens.

The greatest heroine in the world is the mother. No one else makes such sacrifices, or endures anything like the sufferings that she unconsciously endures for her children.—Orison Sweet Marden, in Success.

The Willing Horse

A willing Horse, having been nearly worked to death, resolved to strike for the Right Hour System, but was beaten within an Inch of his Life, and set to drawing Loads far heavier than before. Moral—This Fable teaches Us Something concerning the Relations of Capital and Labor.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one decided disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any cure that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

TIME TABLE

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

CONNECTION FOR

Ocean Limited

(CANADA'S SUMMER TRAIN)

leaves St. John 11.20 a. m.

daily except Sunday

arrives Montreal 7.35 a. m.

daily except Monday

Through Matapedia Valley in Daylight

Connecting in Montreal, Bonaventure Union Depot

—with the—

Grand Trunk Railway's

INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

LEAVING MONTREAL 9.00 A. M.

ARRIVING TORONTO 4.30 P. M.

and for

Detroit, Chicago and the West

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 32.

In effect January 3rd, 1909

Atlantic Time

Trains West Read Down Stations

Train No. 1

Leave A.M.

Trains East Read Up

Train No. 2

Arr. P.M.

7.30 St. John East Ferry

7.45 St. John West

7.53 Duck Cove

8.08 Spruce Lake

8.10 Allan Cot

8.25 Prince of Wales

8.35 Musquash

9.00 Lepreau

9.15 New River

9.23 Pocologan

9.41 Pennfield

10.15 St. George

10.32 Bonny River

10.58 Dyer's

11.11 Cassell's

11.17 C.P.R. Junction

11.42 Oak Bay

12.00 St. Stephen

Arr. Noon

Leave P.M.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

Ticket, Baggage and Freight Offices, St. John West

Railroad connections West with Canadian Pacific and Washington Co. Railways.

East with Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial & Dominion Atlantic Rys.

HUGH H. McLEAN, President

St. John, N. B., Dec. 1908

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking"

June to September, 1909

Mondays: Leave Back Bay for St. Stephen 7.30 a.m.

Tuesdays: Leave St. Stephen for Lettite.

Thursdays: Leave St. Andrews for Lettite direct 7.30 a. m.

Thursdays: Leave Lettite for St. Stephen, 8.30 a. m.

Fridays: Leave St. Stephen for Back Bay.

Saturdays: Leave Back Bay or Lettite for St. Stephen, 6.00 a. m., returning same day.

On Saturdays will run to and from Lettite during June and August, to and from Back Bay during July and September.

Touching on all trips at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Leonardville, Wilson's Beach, Welchpool, Eastport, Indian Island, Fair Haven and St. Andrews.

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Eastern Steamship Co

Reliable and Popular Route

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Return

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Coastwise Service—Leaves St. John at 8.00 a. m., Fastport, Lubec, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, for Portland and Boston.

Direct Service—The Magnificent Steel Steamship CALVIN AUSTIN leaves St. John at 7.00 p. m. on Tuesdays and Saturdays, due to arrive in Boston about 2.00 p. m. the following day.

L. R. THOMPSON, Trav. Pass. Agent

W. G. LEE, E. LAEHLER, Asst. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Five Senses at the Economy Store

Common Sense—We buy as low as we can.

That's business sense

We sell as low as we can, that's Progressive sense.

You buy as low as you can, that's Good sense.

You buy of us, that's dollars and cents for both of us

We have everything you can expect to find in a first-class general store.

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DRY GOODS, dress goods, prints, muslins, flannels, hats and caps, boots and shoes.

HARDWARE of all kinds, staple and fancy. Groceries, Coal.

We Pay the Highest Price for Country Produce. Give us Your Patronage and we will treat you right.

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