

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### HUNTING FOR HIS MOTHER

A True Story of Life

Twenty-two years ago a broken-hearted woman took her two children—a boy of eight and a girl of a year and a half—to the door of St. Stephen's Asylum, in New York.

Their father had just died. His name was Reed.

She was still dry-eyed and white-aced as she passed the door, but a second later, as the boy saw her pass the window, she was wringing her hands and crying as if her heart would break. The little lad ran to the door and looked along the walk, but she had gone.

"I'll find her," he said to the sisters who came to the little tots and led them into the dormitories. "I'll find her and make her happy!" he repeated, and he has never forgotten the vow.

The children had been given up by their mother. What was the cruel necessity, beyond that her husband had just died, no one who knows Thomas and Mary Reed can tell.

Where the mother went when she passed out of their lives is a mystery. For 21 years the boy has been searching for her—and will keep searching till he finds her. The story of his search for the mother and sister reads like a romance.

Two days after he had seen the face of his weeping mother pass the window of the asylum the Sisters woke the little boy in the morning. He was going on a long journey. In the girls' dormitory he kissed little Mary and said good-bye, and told her not to cry, because he would find mamma. Then, with 60 other children bound for homes among the farmer folk of the southern states, he left New York in the charge of the Sisters.

Thomas M. Reed, the little Tommy of this story, was given to a blacksmith of Snow Hill, Fla., a good but exacting German, who thought to make a hard-headed, prosaic blacksmith of the dreamy, poetical little Irish lad—who at least is supposed to have been of Irish descent. I have always felt like an Irishman, he said, in telling this story, and an Irishman generally knows whether he is Irish. Something in his heart tells him.

For four years Tommy did chores around the forge of Charles Fladung, the blacksmith, and waited on his hard-faced wife. He tried in vain to learn the German tongue and to like German cooking. He went to school part of the time and kicked a great many negro boys who called him a Dutchman.

From the moment that he reached Snow Hill he began to long to find little Mary and the woman whose tears he had seen as she passed the window of the asylum.

CHAPTER II.  
The Search for the Little Sister.  
When Tommy was twelve years old he could stand the prosaic life of a blacksmith's apprentice no longer. He also began to realize that if he was ever to find his mother and sister he must be about it. He had very little idea of where Florida was or how far New York was from Snow Hill. One night after filling the house-wife's wood box and making the forge ready for lighting the next morning, he slipped out over the shed roof and climbed to the ground and his lost mother and sister.

To tell where he went and how he lived, camping at night among the swamps with negro outlaws and "poor white trash," or working like a drudge at the lonely farm of some poor white settler, would be difficult, but he made an honest living. He had only to tell the negroes that he was a runaway to insure kind treatment, and when he told the wives of the plantation owners the story of his lost mother and his little sister, they gladly helped him on his way. Summers he worked his way across the States, always asking for "Mrs. Reed," and her little daughter, and winters he worked at anything he could get to

do and went to school. His bear told him that he must have an education if he was ever to find out his first one, and he burned the midnight oil wherever he went.

He borrowed books and read them and studied the personal columns of every paper he could find. Gradually he worked his way North until the summer that he was fifteen years old he stood one morning, with all his worldly effects tied up in a handkerchief, in front of the shop of a wheelwright in Baltimore. He watched the wheelwright shrinking a tire upon the oxcart. So long he stood there and so hard did he stare, that at last the man asked him gruffly what he wanted.

"I want to see how you do it, so that when I ask you for a job I shall know something about the trade," he replied boldly.

The quick answer pleased the wheelwright, and he gave him enough to enable him to go to night school that winter and to buy books and decent clothes. The boy learned the trade, but he would drop his tools and run out into the street to look after any dark haired girl of 10 who happened to pass. One day the wheelwright asked him why he was partial to dark haired girls. The boy told the story of his search.

"I never see a girl with dark hair but I hope that it is my little sister," he said.

From Baltimore he went to Washington, thinking that there he might get some trace. It occurred to him that as he had been sent South, perhaps she had. Now and then he wrote to foundling asylums and hospitals in New York.

When he was 20, thinking there was no longer any danger of the blacksmith taking him back by force, he wrote to Snow Hill to see if he could help him. A relative of Fladung answered that the old folks were dead and that no one was then living at Snow Hill who remembered where the boy came from.

All those years my heart kept drawing me north, he says. You will not wonder why I almost believe in occultism and telepathy when I tell you that I found afterwards that all those years my sister was searching for me, and was thinking of me.

Little by little I wandered northward, working and studying, and searching for my mother. I qualified as the family historian of the Reed tribe in those years. I wrote to more Reeds, interviewed them, hunted them like sheep, but never did I find any trace of my mother, or who had been my father.

Finally I reached New York, and still my heart told me that my search should still be to the north. I went to Connecticut.

CHAPTER III.  
The Girl on the Street Car.  
Finally a year or so ago, I went to New Haven to live and work. There I was close to New York, and many a time came down here to hunt up some Reed or other. But somehow I never searched very thoroughly in New Haven. But the fact that my heart seemed easier there ought to have told me that I was near her. Last February I went to my parish priest, Rev. John D. Coyle, and told him that story of my hunt for 21 years. The good priest was greatly touched and offered to set in motion such machinery of the church as he could command. I thanked him and left him, greatly cheered.

On my way home I stopped on the street to watch a passing car, and my eye from long habit searched out the faces of the young women, looking for dark hair and eyes, almost automatically.

Suddenly, I felt a shock as I saw, looking earnestly at me a sweet faced young woman of perhaps twenty-five. She had dark brown hair and dark eyes, and she shot me an inquiring look as the car sped past.

Something made my heart jump, and I ran after the car, but it was out of sight in a moment, and remembering the many times that I had been mistaken, I went home and to bed. But I dreamed of the girl on the car.

A day or two after this Father Coyle sent me a letter from Sister M. Priscilla, of the House of the Good Shepherd, New York. It was in answer to one he had written to her. It gave me the information that one Mary Reed, two years old, was transferred from St. Stephen's asylum, in Manhattan, to St. Ann's Home for Children, in 1887.

St. Ann's was then on East Ninetieth street, but had since been moved to Peekskill. At the age of 15 Mary Reed had been given a home in the family of a Mrs. Deneen of New Haven. If I hunted up Mrs. Deneen I might learn if this Mary Reed was my sister. That day my heart sang while I worked, and I went home to dress and hunt up Mrs. Deneen. At my house, No. 35-1-2 Howe street, a letter was waiting for me. It was from a Miss Mary Reed, No. 548 Whalley avenue, and asked me to call.

The letter I had sent was given to Mary, telling her that I was in New Haven and hunting for her. It didn't take me long to reach the house—and when a young woman answered the bell I found the girl that I had seen on the street car. We both believe that we are brother and sister and have commenced to gether the hunt for our mother.

To Cure Sniffling Colds.  
The easiest and pleasantest cure is "Catarrhzone" which fills the nose, throat and lungs with healing balsams and pine essences that kill a cold instantly. You experience a pleasant sensation of relief at once. Soreness, congestion and irritation leave the nose and throat. The head is cleared and every trace of cold or Catarrh is cured. Catarrhzone is so sure, so pleasant, such a safe remedy for winter ills that you can't afford to do without it. Sold by all dealers, 25c. and 50c. Get Catarrhzone to-day.

Paddy Green, a Montreal peddler was brutally murdered Sunday 20th inst. by two Italians who hid in ambush behind a pile of logs and killed Green by shooting. A Jew who accompanied him was shot at and narrowly escaped. The murder took place on the G. T. P. at Plaster Rock N. B.

Fredericton, Dec. 21.—"Paddy" Green was known to railroad men all over Canada. For years he had followed the business of selling jewelry, pipes, etc., to men employed on railroad construction work. When the Temiskaming road construction was in progress in Ontario he made his headquarters in North Bay and Toronto, and since the Grand Trunk Pacific has been building he made his home in Montreal, living when there at the Turkish Bath Hotel and having his mail re-addressed in care of Ed. Green, Craig street, Montreal.

Green was a native of Ireland. He was about forty years old and had a crippled arm. At times he cashed time checks on a liberal commission, and was in the habit of carrying a large amount of money with him and, being well known to the men and having the respect of the Swedes, especially with whom he did most of his business, he seldom met with trouble, as he never was known to do otherwise than play fair with his customers.

Plaster Rock, N. B., Dec. 21.—Covering in a shack, with feet and hands frozen, the two Italians, Leon Seppila and Tony Arosia, who are wanted on the charge of murdering and robbing Edward Green, known as "Paddy" Green, peddler, last Sunday morning, were arrested this afternoon by Chief of G. T. P. Police A. R. Foster, on the right of way, not more than two miles from the scene of the tragedy. They denied all knowledge of the crime.

Alex. Panarsky, the Jew who was also shot at and narrowly escaped sharing Green's fate, has identified the men, and they are now in custody at Bishop's hotel here. They will be taken to Andover for the preliminary investigation before Commissioner Farris tomorrow morning.

Pity This Poor Girl  
Growing fast—yes, into weakness, but without strength. Tired of course she is—pale and thin too. She doesn't eat enough and digests far too little. This condition is so common, but how seldom noticed even by fond parents. Give her Ferruzone—then watch her appetite improve—see her cheeks and lips grow ruddy—watch her spirits rise. This gain is simply the result of eating and digesting enough, and thereby nourishing blood, brain and nerves. To a woman Ferruzone restores strength she has lost—to a girl it brings strength perhaps she never knew. You'll try Ferruzone, 50c. at all dealers.

### TIME TABLE

#### New Brunswick Southern Railway.

St. John, St. George and St. Stephen American Express Mail Train.

(Daily, Sunday Excepted.)

On and after Monday, May 11th, 1908, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Leave St. John East Ferry 7.50 a.m.

Leave St. John West 8.10 a.m.

Arrive St. Stephen 12.30 p.m.

Leave St. Stephen 2.50 p.m.

Arrive St. John West 6.50 a.m.

Atlantic Standard Time.

Railway connections at Calais with the Washington County Railway; at St. John with the Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic railways.

Tickets sold and Baggage Checks East and West Side Offices.

Special Ticket Office, 97 Prince Wm. Street.

P. W. WETMORE, Acting Superintendent.

St. John, N. B., Sept. 11th, 1908.

### INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 11th, 1908, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed for Moncton, (leave Island Yard) 6.30

No. 2, Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point duChene and the Sydney 7.00

No. 26, Express for Point duChene, Halifax and Pictou 12.40

No. 4, Mixed for Moncton 13.15

No. 8, Express for Sussex 17.15

No. 138, Suburban for Hampton, 18.15

No. 134, Express for Quebec and Montreal, via Moncton 19.00

No. 10, Express for Moncton, the Sydney, Halifax and Pictou 23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9, Express from Halifax, Pictou and the Sydney 6.30

No. 135, Suburban Express from Hampton 7.50

No. 7, Express from Sussex 9.00

No. 133, Express from Montreal, Quebec, and Pt. duChene 13.45

No. 5, Mixed from Moncton, (arrives at Island Yard) 16.00

No. 3, Mixed from Moncton 19.30

No. 25, Express from Halifax, Pictou, Point duChene, and Campbellton 17.35

No. 1, Express from Moncton and the Sydney 21.20

No. 11, Mixed from Moncton (arrives at Island Yard daily) 4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

City Ticket Office, 3 King Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 271.

GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 7th, 1908.

### Eastern S'mship Co

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION.

Hon. William T. Cobb and Calvin Austin, Receivers

COASTWISE SERVICE: Commencing Wednesday, June 24th, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Eastport and Lunenburg, Portland and Boston.

DIRECT SERVICE: Commencing Tuesday, June 30th, Express Steamship "Calvin Austin" leaves St. John Tuesdays and Saturdays at 7 p. m., for Boston.

W. G. Lee, 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 Fridays mornings and Saturday afternoons.

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

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

J. W. RICHARDSON, Manager

### HOTELS

Victoria Hotel,

KING STREET, St. John, N. B.

AMERICAN PLAN.

Victoria Hotel Co., Ltd., Proprietors.

### Boyd's Hotel,

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

First-Class Livery and Sample Rooms in Connection.

Subscribe for Greetings

### 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 telephone. The most fastidious can be suited. Write or telephone your orders today. Every thing delivered free.

ANDREW MCGEE Back Bay

### COME ALONG

now to the new store in the YoungBlock

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 in Eastport Visit Martin's Store

as they keep a full line of Groceries that they are closing out regardless of cost

MARTIN SELLS EVERYTHING

E. S. MARTIN & SON

73 WATER STREET, EASTPORT, ME.

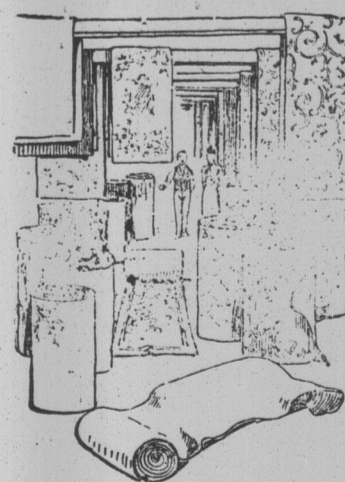
## J. B. SPEAR

Undertaker and Funeral Director

A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.

Telephone orders will receive prompt attention.

All goods delivered free. Prices to suit the people



### Vroom Bros. Ltd

are showing a very complete stock of Carpets of all kinds as well as Oil Cloths and Linoleums from one to four yards wide. As these goods were all purchased previous to the recent advance, they are offering them at very attractive prices.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention

VROOM BROS., Ltd.

St. Stephen, N. B.

## F. M. CAWLEY

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand  
Prices lower than any competitor