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VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1911

NO. 25.

THE NEW Church Hymn Book The Book of Common Praise

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Profit in Sugar Industry But Not for the Workers.

Colorado Beet Farmers Revolt Against the "Picket Trust"—How Protection Doesn't Protect Those who Work—Organization Steals Alike from Sugar Growers and Consumers.

Longmont, Colo., Dec. 15.—"Sugar is such a staple that nobody makes more than an infinitesimal fraction of a cent per pound on it."

"So they were telling me." But the fact is that the sugar trust makes millions more every year, net profit on the sugar grown in Colorado than all the growers together got for planting, raising and marketing the beets. And makes it in a few weeks of factory operation in the fall, at that.

So the sugar beet growers of America are organizing to get a fair price for their beets. Many growers in Michigan, California, Utah, Wisconsin and other states are joining with Colorado farmers under the leadership of Attorney Albert, Dakan of Longmont, to fight the trust.

Northern Colorado, acre for acre, is the greatest sugar beet producing region in the world. Here the great Western Sugar Co., a subsidiary of the trust, operates. Its Longmont factory alone this year cleared \$595,000, or 110 per cent. on its actual investment. Its profit was greater than the total receipts of the growers for all the beets it bought.

Northern Colorado produced 700,000 tons of beets; for them the growers got \$3,850,000 from the nine factories in the district. The total cost of refining was \$1,925,000. The jobbers got \$1,574,000 for selling it to the store keepers; giving the trust a profit of \$8,400,000, besides 175,000 tons of pulp sold for \$87,500 at cattle feed, and 28,000 tons of molasses worth \$280,000 by products. That made the year's net profit for the trust \$8,592,500 on an assessed tax-value of \$6,000,000. Its actual value at \$7,500,000, and its capital is \$30,000,000.

Here's farmer E. L. Montgomery. His beet crop was one of the best in the district. It went 28 tons to the acre, and 180 pounds of refined sugar were made from the beets of each acre, paying him \$168 an acre. From this \$92 must be subtracted for cost of production, leaving a net profit of \$76 an acre. From this sum the sugar trust made \$713.60 clear profit per acre.

Often a farmer's crop does not go 10 tons an acre. Then he loses money. But the trust makes as great a profit per ton as in bumper years.

Last summer the trust sent out stories about the ruin of the American beet sugar crop. When that he was nailed a rumor came that foreign crops had failed. "Then how is it," asked the American grower, "that prices of beets don't go up?"

Chester A. Morey, head of the Great Western, didn't know. Nor could he explain how the high tariff protects the American grower, if the failure of foreign crops didn't effect him. "If the prices you pay us for our beets isn't dependent on the failure or success of European crops why this protection? they queried.

Weekly papers and certain farmers in the beet regions have been persuaded to speak well of the trust. Business men have been urged to do the same thing. The factories might be removed, you know. Some few favored growers are given a higher price for their beets and

buy back pulp at a lower price. They influence neighboring farmers. But now the best farmers are aroused. They have found a champion in Dakan. Possibly they will own and operate refineries of their own. Another way may be found in a compact organization. At any rate, the growers argue, the government should supervise the testing of beets as to percentage shown. Now anything less than a half of one percent is not counted of all-velvet for the trust. "The sugar refiners could pay the growers a higher price than they now do, treat them fairly in the matter of testing, and cut the price of sugar to the consumer in half, if they paid a dividend only on the amount actually invested in the business," said Attorney Dakan, after a thorough study of beet sugar from the field to the factory to the table.

HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

GRADE XI
Average 75 per cent. or upwards

Ray Cawley	Div. I
Vernon Connell	" I
Arthur Johnson	" I
Average 50 per cent. or upwards	
Ella Armstrong	" II
Laura Dodds	" II
Hazel Craig	" II
Helen Kernighan	" II

GRADE X
Average 75 per cent. or upwards

Vida McCallum	Div. I
Average 50 per cent. or upwards	
Margaret Duffy	" II
Bessie Connell	" II
Winnifred McLean	" II
Evelyn Spinney	" II
Edith Dewar	" II
John Dewar	" II
Herman Spoffard	" II

GRADE IX
Average 75 per cent. or upwards

Lelia Armstrong	Div. I
Average 50 per cent. or upwards	
Douglas Campbell	" II
Dorothy Magowan	" II
Maud Wren	" II
Hugene Hennessy	" II
Satton Clark	" II
Willie Campbell	" II
Earl Stewart	" II
Victor Maxwell	" II
Edward Dewar	" II
Watson Dow	" II
Wilfred Stewart	" II
Warren Dow	" II
Annie Spinney	" II
Jennie Dodds	" II

Those making an average of less than 50 per cent. are not published.

Grades IX, X, XI

The following fell below 60 per cent. in Arithmetic

Laura Dodds, Hazel Craig, Helen Kernighan, Margaret Duffy, Edith Dewar, Bessie Connell, Eve's Spinney, Winnifred McLean, Herman Spoffard, Jennie Dodds, Warren Dow, Dorothy Murray, Victor Maxwell, Dorothy Magowan.
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GRADE VII
Div. I, Average 75 and upwards

Louise Cawley	91
Edward Bassen	86
Laura O'Brien	81
Julia McMillan	79
Blanche Armstrong	79
Grace Doyle	76

Div. II, Av. 60 and upwards

Alda Dewar	73
Thomas O'Brien	72

Gordon Wren	72
Blanche McVicar	71
Ethel Clinch	70
Ruth O'Brien	67
Laura Epps	65
Nona Spencer	65
Merl Bullock	65
Alice Chase	60

Div. III, Av. 50 and upwards

Lillian Spinney, II Div., failed in arith.	
Ethel Mooney	" " "
Helen Dunn	" " "
Sarah MacPhee	III Div.
Bessie Maxwell	" " "

GRADE VIII
Div. I, Av. 75 and above

Laura Armstrong	88
Frank Cawley	78
Helen Taylor	76
Harry McAdam	74
Margaret Douglas	61

Div. III, Av. 50 and above

Hazel Blundell	64
Raymond Gearson	61

GRADE V

Marjory Hibbard	92.7
Josephine Nodding	84.3
May Epps	84.3
Ralph Southard	83
Beatrice Campbell	81.6
Novral Stewart	81.6
Mainman Chase	81.4
Rainnie McGrattan	79.7
Marian McGrattan	78.3
Henry Murray	77

Div. II, 60 and upwards

Harry Wilcox, Cecil Sherrard, Frank Bullock X, Vernon Maxwell, Everett McVicar X, Bessie Spear X, Clayton Jackson, Verna Clinch, Lester Gaunt X, Albert Meating, Roy Goodell.

Div. III, 50 and upwards

Evelyn Clinch X, Sadie Maxwell X.

GRADE VI

Div. I, 75 and upwards

Bessie Gray	85.6
Margaret Frazer	83.7
Helena Crickard	78.6
Genevieve Hennessy	77

Div. II, 60 and upwards

George Dow, Herbert Brown, Louis Spinney X, Willard Campbell, Fred McVicar X, Edna Brown X, Willie Dodds X, Fred Allen X, Belle Brown

Div. III, 50 and upwards

Hazen Spear, Cecil Doyle

Those with X after them failed in Arithmetic.

GRADES V and VI

The following fell below 60 per cent. on arithmetic:

Frank Bullock, Bessie Spear, Lester Grant, Louis Spinney, Fred McVicar, Edna Brown, Willie Dodds, Fred Allen, Evelyn Clinch, Sadie Maxwell.

Anarchy Prevails throughout Macedonia.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—A despatch from Salonki, European Turkey, to a London news agency, reports a condition of anarchy throughout Macedonia. Murder, pillage and brigandage are rife. Travel in the country districts is safe only for large armed parties. Twenty-seven assassinations have occurred within the past month within a two hours' journey of Salonki, all the victims being Greeks. The Christians, finding it impossible to obtain redress, are organizing bands with the object of killing the Turks.

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NOT EVEN IN DEATH

By Eve Grantly
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"Don't let anything worry or distress him," said the doctor. "He won't live through the night; but he will probably be quiet and comfortable up to the end. The least excitement may bring on the pain again."

He was a young, soft-hearted doctor with a pair of Irish eyes that had a trick of growing misty at times over the death-beds of his patients. This grey-haired man had interested him from the first. How had he spent his life?

"Poor fellow!" he said to the nurse. "I feel sure he is a Somebody. He looks like a man with an interesting past. Has he no friends, I wonder?"

But the landlady knew of no one. He had lived in her house for five years and always paid her regularly. Business letters, or what looked like business letters, came for him, and she hurried a great deal of all sitting up far into the night—writing, she believed—but beyond that she knew nothing of him.

A coal fell into the grate and startled her from her reverie. She had been thinking of the old days, the days when she had been a happy, laughing young thing, loving and loved of everyone and without a care in the world. It would be spring-time now in the country, and there were primroses and violets and the hedges, and the woods would be all green and leafy. Their woods! and now others would be "chick" in the narrow paths, and over the leaf-strewn mosses where frail anemones unfolded their heads.

Over the calm, steadfast face there stole a tear, the lonely descendant of all those she had shed long ago. She wiped it away with a furtive look towards the bed. The professional instinct reassured itself; she loved her work and excelled in it; it was time for the patient to take his medicine, perhaps the last, and she would pass his lips till he should drink of the waters of Lethe and be at peace. As she poured the mixture into the glass he opened his eyes and fixed them on her in a fixed, vacant gaze.

"Nurse," he said suddenly, "I shall die to-night."

She gave him the medicine and smoothed his pillow before she answered.

"You will be glad to go?" she asked quietly.

"Out of this hell? Yes! Whatever lies beyond it can't be worse. Nurse, I have spoken to no one of what I have suffered, to no one in the world. May I talk to you a little? It will ease me, I think, and you don't know my name—or hers. Yes, it was a woman, of course. They're the curse of the world, I tell you! No, I won't say that, though—you've been good to me; but then I wasn't your nearest and dearest."

"Listen, I was young and strong and on the high-road to fame, and I married the woman I adored, heaven help me for a blind fool! Yes, I worshipped her, and I thought she worshipped me; but—there was no truth or constancy in her. She deceived me and we parted. I never saw her again in all these fifteen years, and all the time I've been going downhill—you see what I've come to! I didn't care for fame or money or anything else after she went away, and I lost everything by degrees. That's the life-story, nurse. Why, do you believe you're crying? Have you such a tender heart?"

"I am not crying; but—it's terrible! Have you never forgiven her? Suppose—suppose there was some mistake? Suppose you were hasty and you hurt her too cruelly, and she was proud and went away without speaking? Are you sure you were in the right? Did you never wonder whether she were not innocent after all?"

"She had dark blue eyes like yours," he said dreamily. "But her face was round and her hair was dark and curly. Heaven—or the devil!—had made her very beautiful."

"He must not be excited or the pain will come back," the woman kept repeating to herself, and the nails made deep marks in the flesh of her clenched hands. "To tell him that he would not forgive— he would not believe that he was wrong—and then, the cruel agony!"

The lamp began to burn low; strange shadows danced on the ugly wall-paper, and a cold breath seemed to pass through the room. The nurse rose to look at her watch on the chest of drawers. There was a small cracked-looking-glass over it, and as she passed she caught a glimpse of her own reflection. No wonder he had to whom the crossing comes easily. Men of his stamp fight with death as they have fought with life, and suffer horribly. It was midnight now; he would scarcely live another hour.

"Is the pain coming back?" asked the nurse, bending over him. He took no notice of her question.

"Yes, she was beautiful," he gasped. "I wonder who she is now."

Her eyes shone with a light that was new to them.

"Would you forgive—if she were here?" she asked softly.

But he turned his face fretfully to the wall.

"No, I would never forgive, not on my death-bed, not even now!" The light died out of her eyes and left her face older and greyer.

"Ah! the pain!" he groaned. "Nurse,

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give me something!" She took up the little bottle, the contents of which would send him quietly and painlessly to rest. Then she hesitated.

"No, I would never forgive!" he repeated. "She spoils my life. Ah, heaven, the pain!"

"Of what use?" the woman said to herself. "He would never forgive. She uncorked the bottle and bent over him.

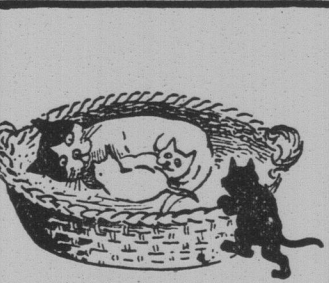
A fellow is generally broke when a girl drops him.

Be Good Winter Traffic
No better evidence of the increased Western traffic is needed than the statement that this year certain rail road services which in former winters have always been dropped, are this year being retained, and in some cases added to. A leading official states that this year the Canadian Pacific Railway intends to run its St. Paul-Seattle through trains, all winter whereas in former winters this through service was always dropped. The source of the increased traffic between these two points is attributed to the growing interest in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. For the last five or six years tourists from the United States have been literally pouring into Canada through C. P. R. connections at St. Paul and Seattle the greater number having the Rocky Mountains and the resorts at Banff, Field, Emerald Lake and Glacier, as their destination.

Questions of Life.

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It will be remembered that when, early in the summer, Germany sent a warship to Agadir, on the Moroccan coast, there were grave fears of international trouble. Now, when the strain is over, comes the ludicrous part of the performance. When the German warship was returning from Agadir she had put into Portsmouth to get enough coal to enable her to steam to the Baltic. This recalls the fact that German vessels ordered to China during the Boxer trouble had to stop in the English Channel until they were granted permission by Britain to coal at Aden and other British coaling stations on the way out. Yet this is the fleet which every now and then drives Lord Charles Beresford and other so-called naval experts into hysterics.—Tor. Globe.