

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Why Take Alcohol?

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The endorsement of your doctor will certainly greatly increase your confidence in Ayer's Pills as a family laxative. Liver pills. All vegetable. Ask your doctor about them.

The New British Columbia

A. C. Flumerfelt has just issued in pamphlet form, the following essay on British Columbia, by Miss Agnes Deans Cameron:

"So thank I God, my birth
Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth,
Or warping tribes untrod,
Surely in toil or fray,
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say,
"Of no mean country am I!"

The native-born of this province who is old enough to look about him and to think may well exclaim: "Fair is our lot, O goodly is our heritage!"

"Is British Columbia," we are asked, "as rich potentially as the other provinces of the Dominion?"

Let us count our blessings. In size and location, in magnificence of scenery and diversity of natural wealth, is there any other corner in this good world by nature so richly dowered?

One firm foot on the borders of Alaska, the other on that imaginary dividing line between Canada and the United States, her back resting against the everlasting hills, her face turned westward, looking it into the future, "severe, indifferent to Fate, she stands at the Western Gate," the water of the Continent, "British Columbia, brave young giantess, is fitting mother for a hasty and free people."

We have the largest province in the Dominion. British Columbia is big enough to enable us to place in its side by side the same time two England, three Irelands, and four Scotlands, and when we have these nine countries in, there will be no danger of their dropping out again or falling over the edge, for there will still be 5,000 square miles of country uncovered.

As regards location, fate has placed us at the nerve-centre of things. For at London is the centre of the land hemisphere, so British Columbia is at the heart of the Empire, being set at almost equal distances from India, Australia and the Motherland. And we are in the temperate zone, the zone of the thinkers, the cultured, intellectual and progressive people of the race—the world's workers.

We have in our wondrous system of land-locked fiords, island and mainland, some 7,000 miles of coast-line, with the full sweep of the Pacific, its bracing breezes, modified by the warm waters of the Japan current.

Oceans no longer separate, they join continents. Looking across the water of the millions of our British cousins in India, in Hong Kong, in Australia, and the Isles of the Sea, we catch brief prophetic glimpses of that commercial greatness which the Pacific is just beginning to wait to our shores.

Some one once, in derision, called British Columbia "a sea of mountains," and it is true we have not our share of the rolling prairies of the great North-west. Nature with prodigal hand has given us treasure; is hidden deep in the earth's bosom. It is from her mines more than from aught else that British Columbia will derive her material wealth as a great nation. Let us escape as a beautiful gift from the hands of generous nature our mountains; they give us scenery majestic and unrivalled; they are nurseries of great rivers which pour their tribute into three oceans; and in their rocky embrace they hold a mineral wealth second to none in the world.

In a measure the mountain separates us from the rest of the Dominion, that rocky rampart would seem to declare that north and south and west rather than to the east should our future commerce be. Seward was our trade in the old days, to the California gold fields, to the mines of Russian America and to sought Honolulu. So seaward to-day destiny calls us.

Our commercial future would seem to be inwrought with that of Alaska and Mexico, with imperial Japan and the hungry hordes of the Orient.

Inexhaustible, as yet hardly guessed at, are our resources. British Columbia's coal deposits are big enough to fill the world's wants for centuries; we have the greatest compact area of merchantable timber in America; our mines have produced a quarter of a billion dollars, and as yet the surface only of the mineraliferous measures has been scratched; the fisheries add to the world's wealth a yearly tale of six millions, and as yet of our three score of food fishes the salmon only has been taken in earnest. Agriculture and fruit return annually to the farmer over six millions, and one tenth only of the land is settled upon, and not one-tenth of that is under cultivation. We have, unexploited, millions of acres of pulpwood running down to ice-free winter harbors, Petroleum deposits, magnetite and hematite iron of the highest quality, pyrites, asbestos, plumbago, mica in 28-inch sheets, large deposits of gypsum, native silver, amalgam, ores of manganese, chromic iron ore, all these await development.

Building materials of unequalled quality—lime, fire-clay, cement, marble, granite and sandstone like the Douglas fir and the pulp-woods, run down obligingly to the sea.

And in the sea swims untouched all up the scale of nature from sardine to cachalot whale economic wealth that would enrich an empire.

With his plethora of potential wealth, "are we sharing ratably in the general prosperity of Canada?"

Perhaps not.

"What is required to bring about the desired condition?"

"I would say that as a Province we need publicity. To attract and hold population two things are needed—first, to have natural advantages; second, to let the world know we have them. The prairie provinces were seized with this truth some three or four years ago, and a determined propaganda of publicity has resulted in an unprecedented rush to possess these golden wheat lands; the great central wheat belt of Canada is the scene today of the greatest economic trek in the world's history.

With a diversity of attractions that the prairies can never hope to offer, British Columbia has seemed to wait for some good-from-the-machine to strike her hour of destiny. Too long a modest violet the trumpet-flower would be seasonable variation.

The time is ripe to cry our waves in the market. A vigorous policy of publicity should be inaugurated by the Government. The work already accomplished and that with a very few means, by the Tourist Associations of Victoria and Vancouver, should convincingly prove the wisdom of this. On a larger scale, with wider scope, the Province could work. Illustrated lectures could be undertaken in America, Europe, Australia and the Far East—the three wheat Provinces that the money they spent on the western Canada exhibit, at the Milan exhibition, will return an 80-fold harvest. Authors and artists, by a system of money bonuses, should be encouraged to tell the story of British Columbia, its manufacturing and commercial possibilities.

Incidentally, we need to be seized ourselves with an adequate conception of the bigness of our heritage.

Some one locally suggested last year that the old Quadra street cemetery might be smoothed off and made into a 'rest place.' Rest place forsooth? A rest would seem to me the very last thing that we as a people need. We want some prophet full of nerve and force and initiative to arise in our midst and with live coal from the altar stung us into the vitality of a vigorous aliveness, a realization of the fact that

"This world's no blot for us nor blank. It means intensely and means good."

"Does the difficulty lie in the lack of manufactures, transportation, population, labor, available capital, or in ourselves?"

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." We have most of us been taught the fallacy that this life is a 'vale of tears,' a 'fleeting show,' a 'time and place of probation,' and we sit passive, waiting for some great change to be wrought upon us from without.

Life is real. Five minutes now are as valuable as five minutes of eternity, and as possibility. These are no bible times when men lived and worked two or three hundred years, and if we would do any good in our day we must about it now. Some of us could count grey hairs before we were seized of this truth, and this brings us to the last demand. 'What steps should be taken to secure the permanent well being of every man and woman in British Columbia?'

We have enumerated the multifactor of the economic wealth of the province, but the greatness of a country in the last analysis does not depend upon the character of its people. History is mankind's message delivered to every man, history is looking backward that we may intelligently look forward. Every national character has been built up through the struggles and poverty harshness of conditions. Not once or twice, but many times have we seen nations out of the very fatness decay. Per head of population, the trade of British Columbia today is the largest in the world, amounting to close upon \$300. Should the development of our natural resources and the infusion of thousands of new people increase that trade to \$600 or \$1,200 per capita, would the wealth without concomitant mental and character development spell 'well-being' for British Columbia.

"I think not. Mr. Flumerfelt's demands strike at the roots of things and touch the verities of life. If the object of existence and the end of education is merely to teach men to make a living, then let us rest as we are. There are no poor in British Columbia, and we can jog along in comparative comfort as it is, three meals a day for us all, and for the luxurians, 'a long lie and a tea break' on Sunday.

The hope of British Columbia lies in her children. These, more than coal measures or seines of lordly salmon or heaven-lifting Douglas firs, are her richest asset. The most perplexing questions of today will be in the hands of our children for solution after we are dust and our good swords rust. In their training to a full sweet womanhood, a virile manhood, is our hope as a nation.

Great is the power of environment. In her giant mountains, lone lakes, deep rushing rivers and lush valleys, nature intended the Pacific Province to cradle a people big and broad and unselfish. To this and we want an educational system, freed from politics, we want as teachers men and women big enough to know their power and their high privilege, strongly possessed of the truth that dollars do not spell 'well-being,' that this sorry scheme of things embraces more than make a living, that we are here for a deeper purpose—to live a life. They must teach our boys and girls that in the deepest and truest sense each of us is our brother's keeper, that in the final analysis nothing that is selfish can survive, be that selfishness national or individual, and that all questions must be settled not by self-interest but by justice, by merciful considerations and mercenary ones.

We want in British Columbia an aroused public opinion, and we want our broadest-minded and deepest-thinking men to forego personal ease and take hold of the helm.

Our hope is in the homes and the schools. Here and not in the bank-clearings and customs returns our national destiny it even now being wrought out. If ever a new country had an opportunity of covering a school system to meet its own needs, British Columbia is that country. A people somewhat apart we can afford to slough off from our school programmes some of the dry bones of the valley, and from the very beginnings let our children realize that they move in a live world. Let the message we bring them a mile-stone farther on be one of good cheer, and remember

that it is the feet of Him who brought glad tidings that are beautiful. Nine times out of ten if you make a child happy you have made him good. All the grand beauty of this favored land is lost to the children if we cannot contrive to let them live near to nature's heart. I often think a child gets more moral uplift from the six weeks in summer when he wanders at will, than during the forty-six weeks when we ostensibly "educate" him within walls. Blessings on that rare teacher (may her tribe increase) who takes her little flock into the fields and teaches them to name and love every British Columbia bird and flower.

We should make our children realize that destiny has not intended them to.

"House close in a wayside inn,
Or drowse by a dying fire."

They some of a race of workers, and to whom much is given them is much required. As British subjects, they belong to the greatest commercial nation of the world; Anglo-Saxons; they are the dominant race; Canadian; they are a self-governing people, a free people, they will be called upon to make the laws under which, and protected by which, they will live. Tell them of their inheritance, not alone the inheritance of rich mine and fertile field and fortune holding forest. Let them realize into what a glorious brotherhood they are born, they truly are sprung from earth's noblest—the good King Alfred; de Montford, the Father of the Commons; John Hampden; Latimer and Ridley; Nelson and the Iron Duke; the gallant Sidney, on Zutphen's field dying in agony that another's thirst might be quenched; silver-haired Caxton, in the old Almonry bending over the clumsy types of our first printing press; Wilberforce, who made of slaves free men; Florence Nightingale and John Howard, bringing life and hope and courage to the dying and the soul sick, heroes on the battlefield, martyrs for the faith!

Within them as we look on the scroll of the past enrolled, we are very proud, as we look forward to the road we are opening up for the children we are very humble.

If commerce is enterprising enough to build a million dollar hotel on the mud flats, and if politics ensconces itself in a stone palace of equal cost even now somewhere amid the oak groves of Victoria should be building the walls of the British Columbia University, a new vital, growing institution dedicated to the making of men and women, and full of the mellow juice of life. We have talked university and written university and in the temple of the wise at James Bay has been debated university for more than one decade. When we really want it, we will simply start to build it.

"There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim postponing
All selfish seeking in the general good;
There shall come a time when knowledge wide extended
Sinks each man's pleasure in the general health,
And all shall hold irrevocably blended
The individual and the commonwealth."

—Victoria Colonist.

The Trooper's Wise Steed.

Trooper Brown of the British Territorials was 'green.' His horse, likewise unaccustomed to war, seemed from its appearance and general structure to have not been very long ago a gray horse. But it was a wise animal, and learned through experience that to keep one's mouth shut is to avoid many troubles. Much practice had enabled it to keep its mouth shut very successfully, and very tight.

On the first morning parade in Trooper Brown's first camp the Lieutenant rode down the lines of his company.

"All the men turned out, Sergeant-Major," he queried.

"Yesir," said the Sergeant-Major, "all except Trooper Brown. He's waiting for his horse to yawn, so's he can slip the bite in, but the worst of it is, sir, the brute doesn't seem a bit tired."

Tit-Bits.

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