

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

**Those who are engaged in digging Clams or dragging Scallops, will find a ready market at**

**The Beaver Harbour Trading Co**

We have for sale Kippered Herring, Kipperines  
Finnan Haddies, Sardines, Boneless Cod

All kinds Dried and Pickled Fish

Also Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, and  
Fishermen's Outfits

**Beaver Harbor Trading Co.**

### Taken By Surprise

To Dixon's expectant query weather Miss Mayo was home he had been told by the maid who answered the bell that no one by that name lived there.

As he hesitated for a moment, she told him in a polite but decided manner that she was a stranger in the neighborhood and that she knew nothing of the former tenants of the building. The family that now occupied the house were on their way to Europe for a short vacation. She could furnish him with the address if he wanted to write to them.

But Dixon, with a smothered "Thank you," turned away. To Europe. He had just arrived from Europe himself, and as soon as he left the boat he had run out to Long-hurst to see Annie. And now to find out that she had moved away and he had no way of telling whether she had gone.

Six months before, when he and Annie became engaged, he had been sent to England on business. Since then he had received several letters from Annie, but had recently missed all his mail.

In his letters he had spoken of his love and how happy he was as the time drew near for their marriage.

Confronted with this, he thrust his hands into his pockets. The next morning he gave a start and drew a bulky package from his coat.

"By jove!" he exclaimed aloud, "I came near forgetting this package."

He turned it over in his hand. "Two sixty-nine," he mused as he read the number. "That must be around here someplace."

Before leaving England a friend had placed the package in his hands and asked him to deliver it to the address on the outside.

"It is very important," he told him "and I dare not trust it to the mail service. It is of a special nature, George, or I would make you acquainted with its contents. However I can trust you to deliver it right side up with care."

He glanced at the numbers on the boxes as he walked along. Ah! Here was the very place. Slowly he walked up the long walk to the house. Dixon drew in a deep breath as he pulled the doorbell and waited.

A moment later he heard the sound of feet moving along the hall. The knob of the door rattled, but to his surprise the door did not open.

He was not a believer in spiritualism, so he grasped the knob and opened the door.

The next moment an ejaculation burst from his lips. He found himself looking at the smallest mite of humanity he had ever seen.

"Oh, beg your pardon," he stammered, grabbing his hat off and making a low bow. He smiled as he beheld the reason the door refused to open. She was just tall enough to turn the knob.

"Oh, that's all right," exclaimed the mite. "I've been expecting you."

"Expecting me? I was not aware that I had notified anyone of my coming."

"Yes, you did," she said, looking into his strong face. "I read your letter a long, long time ago."

"Sis and I have been watching for

of the room ensconced himself behind the curtain. A faint noise in the outer room warned him of the arrival of the Mite, and he hugged closer the wall.

A small hand brushed back the curtains, and Dixon, ready for the grand finale, burst from his hiding place with outstretched arms.

"Annie," he cried, with the fervor of an ardent lover. "I love you; will you become my wife?"

A low cry from a young woman brought him to his senses. His arms were clasped tightly around her, but he dropped them quickly and stepped back. His face was crimson, and he lowered his head to hide his confusion.

"Mr. Dixon, may I be so bold as to ask the meaning of your impolite conduct?"

That voice, George lifted his head and looked at the speaker. A glad cry broke from his lips and he stepped to her side.

"Annie," he cried, "thank heaven I have found you!"

The girl laid her head on the young man's shoulder. "I knew you would come back, George," she murmured.

Sitting by her side he recounted his experiences with the Mite.

"By the way," he added. "I have a message and a package to deliver here. The message is an invitation to the little girl to make her future home with you, and me. The package must be for your father, although I never expected to find my fiancée by means of it."

Outside the door a glad little heart heard everything and she clasped her hands in joy.

**Presence of Mind—and Body**

An Official who has been long in the service of the Government at Washington tells a good story of the time when Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State.

Mr. and Mrs. Fish had, according to this official, a grand air, an old-fashioned courtesy that introduced a new note into the Washington society of that time. It had been said that Mrs. Fish sometimes carried her high idea of courtesy too far—that it was Quixotic.

One of her rules, for instance, was to return every call she received. Her husband was continually holding public receptions, and to these of course, many women would come who had no desire that Mrs. Fish should call upon them—who were in no position to receive her properly if she did call.

One such woman attended a Fish reception, left her card, and a little later was duly honored by a call from Mrs. Fish.

It was a beautiful, mild afternoon. The Fish equipage, all aglitter in the wintry sunshine, dashed down the narrow street and halted before the woman's shabby little house with a musical jingle of silver chains. The footman leaped from the box and opened the carriage door and Mrs. Fish descended.

The poor woman of the house was in a dreadful predicament. She was also, kneeling on the sidewalk beside a bucket of hot water. Her sleeves were rolled back. She had a scrubbing brush in one hand and a cake of soap in the other. She was scrubbing the front steps.

Bending graciously over her, Mrs. Fish asked politely:

"Is Mrs. Henry Robinson at home? And Mrs. Henry Robinson replied: No, mum, she ain't, and went on scrubbing."

### Household Standbys

**Apple Sauce Cake.**—Beat to a cream one cupful of sugar with one-half a cupful of butter. Add one cupful of apple sauce, which has been strained and had one teaspoonful of soda stirred in it. Add one cupful of seeded raisins, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and nutmeg and one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Bake in moderate oven.

**Hickory Nut Macaroons.**—Beat the whites of two eggs to a froth and add slowly one cupful of pulverized sugar and one cupful of nuts chopped very fine; mix thoroughly and drop on buttered tins. Bake slowly.

**Old-Time Crullers.**—Mix two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs and one cupful of sweet milk together. Use two scant teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted through enough flour to make a smooth paste. Roll hard and thin and cut into pieces about three inches square. In each piece make four incisions. Twist these into fancy shapes. Fry in hot lard.

**Spice Fingers.**—Beat to a cream one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of lard and a scant cupful of brown sugar, adding one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg and ground allspice, a saltspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cupful of sour milk (or sour cream if you can get it) and enough Graham and white flour mixed to form a slack dough. Turn out on and candied orange peel. Roll out as thin as possible, cutting into strips three inches long and one finger in width. Bake in a moderate oven until brown and crisp.

**Coffee Fruit Cake.**—Mix one cupful of brown sugar with one egg, beat for a few minutes, then add one cupful of molasses and a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and grated nutmeg. Take the seeds from one pound of raisins and mix them in three cupfuls of sifted flour, adding also one-half a pound of currants, one-quarter pound of shredded citron. Add the flour and fruit to the other ingredients, alternately with one cupful of strong coffee in which one-half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved.

**Raised Dough Cake.**—Cream together one large cupful of sugar and one-half a cupful of butter. Add one beaten egg and mix well. Then take one full pint of light bread dough and one level teaspoonful of baking-powder and beat hard with the hand until soft and white. Sprinkle in a little grated nutmeg and half a wineglassful of wine. Flour one cupful

of stoned raisins and sliced citron and stir in lightly. Bake one hour or more in slow oven. This cake is better a day or two after baking, and will keep quite a time if uncut.

Little Vegetarian—Papa, why do you go away again? Why don't you stay home with mother and me?

Papa—But I must go, little daughter, to get bread and butter for you.

Little Vegetarian—Oh, Papa! if you'll only stay home I'll eat meat!—Brooklyn "Life."

### No matter where women meet they talk and

wherever you hear them talking the gist of conversation is always the same.

They being a unit on this point at least, that the **ECONOMY STORE** is the reliable store; everything for the home and family.

A valuable prize given free with every ten dollar purchase.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED

**ANDREW MCGEE - Back Bay**

### Modern Society

It is in the home that woman rises to her truest heights and yields her widest influence. Every home is a miniature world, and the wife is a crowned queen. The wife who makes society the field of her accomplishments soon finds her husband a devoted club man. The woman who fills her head with many of the ideas and pleasures of much that is called society, soon wants to entertain her husband, any evening she may not have some other engagement with cards. She plays just as she did to win some prize at progressive euchre or whist parties. She cheats a little, and they have a great spat over it, and then another and another, and presently she fires something at his head, but misses it and hits the motto over the door, "God bless our Home." Their little boy says: "Ma you missed pa's head, but you gave the motto hail Columbia." Often the only question to be decided in that home is, "who shall have the boy?" and the court is asked to decide it. God pity the woman who has set her heart on much that is in modern society.

### His Life Work

A Foreign tourist who had received permission to visit one of the large asylums for the insane in this country was surprised at the neatness, quietude and good order that prevailed within the walls of the institution. He asked if it was always like that, and the polite attendant who was showing him through the buildings said it was. "We have what we call our violent wards, of course, but I presume you would not care to see those?"

"I think not."

"It is just as well, perhaps. They are rather noisy, although, of course, we exercise the same care in providing for the welfare of the inmates that you see in this part of the institution. We also have a section where we keep the incurables."

"These inmates, then, are considered curable?"

"Their cases are at least hopeful."

"I am greatly interested, said the visitor, "but I will not take up any more of your time. You have other duties to attend to, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, this is merely one of my recreations. In one of the rooms of the main building I am engaged during most of the time in pursuing what may be called my life work."

"Your life work? May I ask what that is?"

"Hadn't you heard?" said the attendant, in a tone of astonishment. "I am compiling an index to Webster's Dictionary."

"—Youth's Companion."

### Going Into Consumption?

When your throat rattles, your lungs and chest are sore, your throat is stuffed with cold—don't fear consumption—Catarrh and get well. It clears throat, cures hacking, relieves tight chest and soreness in the bronchial tubes. To clear away Catarrh of the nose nothing could be better. Catarrh of the nose is Nature's own remedy—it heals and soothes—cures every form of throat, lung or bronchial trouble. Prescribed by many specialists and used by thousands every day. 25c. and \$1.00 at all dealers.

### Cleared the Place of Rats

The ingenuity of a South Norfolk, Conn., workman is trying a small bell around the neck of a rat and then liberating it has completely freed the company's factory of an army of these pests.

The noise of the tinkling bell frightened them away.

### All Peaceful

"I hope things are more peaceful in the choir than formerly," said the pastor.

"Yes, sir," replied the organist; "it is perfectly calm now."

"Everybody excepting myself resigned."

### Explained

Andrew Carnegie tells of an old Scotch lady who had no great liking for modern church music. One day she was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in her own church, when a friend said:

"Why, that anthem is a very ancient one. David sang it to Sam."

"Well, well!" said the old woman. "I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."—Lippincott's."

### Do Your Boots Pinch?

If so, look out for a tiny corn. Care it before it grows big. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Try Putnam's.

Files are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by All Dealers.

**Duke Of Devonshire**

**Died Yesterday.**

Canter, March 24.—Spencer Compton Cavendish, eighth Duke of Devonshire, died here this morning of heart failure.

He was born July 23, 1833, and was a son of the seventh Duke, and Blanche, a daughter of the Earl of Cuelin.