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The Granite Town Greetings

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ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1911

NO. 24.

THE NEW Church Hymn Book
The Book of Common Praise
Would be an - Acceptable Xmas Reminder - for your
Church of England Friends. --Prices 35c's. to \$2.75--
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Women's Secrets

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help. That few of these women have been disappointed in their expectations is proved by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of all women treated by Dr. Pierce have been absolutely and altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases.

Every sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge. All replies are mailed, sealed in perfectly plain envelopes, without any printing or advertising whatever, upon them. Write without fear as without fee, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
Makes Weak Women Strong,
Sick Women Well.

Notorious Brigand

Falls in Battle.
Lest Life of Revenge for the Capture and Slaughter of His Father.

Wires from Constantinople announce that Tchakiridji, the famous Albanian brigand, has been killed in a conflict with his pursuers. He turned with characteristic fierceness upon the Turkish troops, but his favorite methods failed him at last. He had captured a Turk, Osman Bey, for whom he was demanding a £2,500 ransom. He killed his prisoners a few hours before he himself was cut down. A Smyrna telegram says his dead body was carried to the village of Navli, where it was identified by his wife.

"One who knew Tchakiridji" has written a graphic account of the career of the intrepid outlaw.

I had accompanied a friend of mine, he writes, a Turkish government surveyor, to the mountains lying at the back of Smyrna, and one evening as we sat out side his tent sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes, a young man came, saluted us, sat down cross-legged on the ground, took the cigarette offered him and joined us in our conversation. I thought he was a local notability paying my friend the official surveyor a call and treated him as such.

He looked to me in his early thirties, spoke frankly and in a gentle manner, had an open expression and many bearing, in fact, he comported himself like the better educated people in Levantine countries. When he left us, my host, Yusef Ali Bey, asked if I knew who that was. I should never have guessed. It was Tchakiridji.

Tchakiridji was a brigand, a philanthropist and a humorist.

Though he was an Albanian, he had

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Andrew McGeer, Back Bay,
W. S. B. Jackson, Portland,
Mine, Cotts & Co., St. George.

man not many leagues away to whom our friend sent a note requesting \$5,000.

Three times the message was repeated without effect. The rich Turk was one evening with all the men of his village in the Mosque for prayers when he felt the touch of a man's hand on his shoulder. It was that of Tchakiridji, who had quietly entered the sanctuary. The man, startled, was about to jump to his feet, when Tchakiridji nodded to him to follow him quietly and pointed to his men, armed to the teeth in the entrance. In a few moments the unwilling benefactor was on horseback on his way to some unknown region, from whence he returned a few weeks after much thinner, and after his friends had with two thousand pounds to the brigand instead of the sum he had originally requested.

Presently a gang of workmen appeared under the leadership of a young Greek contractor to build the much needed bridge. Unfortunately for the young master builder, he was arrested as an accomplice of Tchakiridji and thrust into the unsanitary goal at Thera.

Three days only elapsed when the alarm of a furious fire at a village three miles away was given, and the garrison was despatched thither to put it out.

They had not gone more than half way however, when another fire started in a village in the opposite direction, to which place the rest of the troops were ordered. Tchakiridji dropped into the deserted town of Thera with his handful of men, slew the few remaining sentries, released the Greek builder, and carried him away together with the governor and commander of the garrison, to his native fastnesses, where all were kept until a guarantee was given by the government for the completion of the bridge.

On another occasion Niel, Commander-in-chief of the military district, a recent arrival, happened to be a block-headed Turk, who bettled the Albanian brigand and sent only a few companies of soldiers in pursuit of him in the winter season. This, Tchakiridji came on the Turks asleep, took their weapons and soundly thrashed them for bivouacking without a sentry.

"One thing is certain, he never oppressed the poor people. The whole province of Smyrna stood in awe of him, but he was dearly beloved by the peasants, amongst whom he had set himself up as a court of final appeal, adjudicating their differences, punishing culprits, and rendering justice to the oppressed, and woe to those who attempted to upset his decisions. Robin Hood was a novice compared with Tchakiridji.

Hartford Courant—Nobody any longer doubts that our children will see the Cape to Cairo railroad—once just a splendid dream in Cecil Rhodes' brain—a fact. The tracks from the north are steadily lengthening down toward the steadily pushing up tracks from the south. Last year the Blue Nile was bridged at Khartoum and the White Nile at Rabak; early next year, we are told, the tracklayers will be at El Obeid. One would like to know that somewhere—beyond our bourne of Time and Peace—Cecil Rhodes is looking on, and seeing his splendid dream come true.—E.S.

"Looks like an early winter this year!"
"Are any of the Christmas magazines out?"—Louisville Cour. Journal.

NOT SUCH AN AWFUL WHIRL!

By Campbell Raymond
(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

The clerks and officials in one of the smaller bureaus at Washington would, about now, seem to a casual visitor, to be afflicted with a chronic grin. Even the somewhat sedate Chief sometimes breaks into a solemn chuckle. The joke was rather on them, so they tried to keep it quiet, but it leaked out, of course. Briefly, it was nothing less than a grand, red paint whirl by the most circumspect clerk on Uncle Sam's payroll that caused that grin.

"Uncle Charlie," as he is called by everyone from the Chief to the messenger, is a meek, patient little man, weighing about one hundred and five, with mutton-chop whiskers, who has struggled along for fifteen years on a salary of \$1,200. Twelve hundred dollars does not mean affluence down there where one has a family of five girls, and Uncle Charlie has always been seedy.

One by one the girls were married, however, and it came about that with the June roses the last of Uncle Charlie's responsibilities as far as his family vanished. For several days after this event he was observed to wear a preoccupied look. Slowly his air of abstraction gave way to one of determination, and one sweltering afternoon, suddenly laying down his pen, he announced to the man at the next desk that he proposed to have a whirl.

The news ran like wildfire through the bureau, and presently employees began to pause casually beside Uncle Charlie's desk.

"Say," the office sport whispered, "You take my tip. Drink about an ounce of olive oil before you sit at your desk. You will last twice as long." He winked and went on.

"I wonder what that young man really meant?" Uncle Charlie pondered.

"I hear that you are going to give yourself a little recreation, Uncle Charlie," the Disbursing Clerk said, and gave him a playful dig in the ribs. "Of course you know that it is not exactly regular, but if you would like to have a little advance, why, er, I guess we could fix it up between us."

"That's very kind of you, sir, but I really don't think I shall need any advance," Uncle Charlie said, sorely surprised.

"Perhaps you'd better leave the number of days blank on your application for leave," Uncle Charlie, the Chief advised, meeting him in the corridor. "But then," he added with sudden indulgence, "if you should happen to overstay the time coming to you, why, er, we'll just consider that you are sick and charge it up to sick leave."

That was on Tuesday. On Thursday Uncle Charlie's rusty alpaca coat was hanging on its usual hook and Uncle Charlie was at his old desk when the rest of the clerks came racing in at one minute to nine. Uncle Charlie was chipper and smiling, though his nose was curiously peevish. The office sport dropped his hat with its fancy band in his astonishment, and walked round and round Uncle Charlie, eyeing him from head to foot.

"Nary headache, as I live!" he finally gasped. "Say, Uncle Charlie, put me wise to that dope, will you? You look as fresh as a daisy!"

It was no use trying to disguise the curiosity and presently half the office force, including the Chief, had gathered about Uncle Charlie's desk.

"Now, look here, Uncle Charlie," the Chief said; "we just want to know what you did, anyway. I guess we sort of—well, misunderstood your intentions."

"Well, it wasn't such an awful whirl, maybe, for one of you boys, but it was a right smart one for me," Uncle Charlie told them, as they pressed eagerly forward. "You see, for quite a long while I have had to look after things about the house—there were so many little jobs that the girls couldn't do—and I used all my leave working at home. And I wouldn't have felt like being extravagant while they were dependent on me and required so many things. But after Louise was married—she was the last one, and their mother has been dead several years—why, I felt like letting myself out a little. I was one of the most delightful days I have ever experienced."

"But what did you do, Uncle Charlie?" they demanded in chorus.

"Why," he said, "first of all I went down town and bought this red necktie. I've always wanted one," he added bashfully. "And then I went out to the ball park, and bought a bag of peanuts, and sat on the bleachers in the sun, and drank pop, and watched the game. And say," Uncle Charlie concluded impressively, "Do you know, I really believe it was a better game than the one I saw fifteen years ago when our home town beat the Carter Corners' team thirty-seven to twenty-eight!"

Parental Tactics.
A worried parent is sometimes obliged to do something like this:—"Pa, what is a transcendentalist?" "Have you chained up the dog, as I told you?" "Not yet, pa." "Well, do that, and when you come back I will tell you what a transcendentalist is." While Bobby was gone his astute parent dug the needed information out of a dictionary.

A man's ideal woman is simply one who believes everything he tells her.

What Santa Claus Has For You At FRAULEY BROS.

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Card Cases, Toilet Sets, Purses, Hand Bags, Work Baskets, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Perfumes, Mirrors, Hair Receivers, Pictures, Manicure sets, Crumb Brush and Tray, Hat Pin Holders, Jewel Cases, Photo Frames, Ebony Brushes, Badge Sets, Puff Boxes, Brass ware and Clocks, Fern Pots, Ink Stands, Stationery, Bronze Tables, Christmas Cards and Calendars.

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Smokers sets, Shaving sets, Brushes, Collar Boxes, Tie Racks, Cigar Cases, Wall Brush sets, Military Brushes, Match Boxes, Tin Cases, Letter Holders, Purses, Wallets and hundreds of other articles.

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One Second Hand Coal Stove,
Medium size in good condition.
Price \$5.00.
Greetings Office.

Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Charlotte County Weir Owners' and Weir Fishermen's Union, will be held in Cotts' Hall, St. George, on Friday the 29th of December, at 1 o'clock P. M. The members are particularly requested to attend, as matters of considerable importance to the fishing industry will be discussed. Persons desirous of joining the Union, should send in their names to the Secretary at as early a date as possible.

J. A. Belyea, Pres.
Geo. E. Frauley, Sec.-Treas.

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