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Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.



Rev. Father Morrissey

The Wreck of Rosebury.

It is announced that Lord Rosebury has withdrawn from the Liberal Party. Under the caption of "The Wreck of Rosebury," James Douglas contributes a stirring article to London Opinion.

I think it was Mr. Garvin who called Lord Rosebury "the public orator of the Empire." It is a terrible epithet to carve upon the tomb of a living man. There was a time when it has been almost an insult. Now it is a hollow compliment.

Lord Rosebury was once far more than a public orator. He was a Pitt. But some malign finger touched his resplendent career and laid it in the ruins. To-day we look upon the wreck of Rosebury. Lonely, scornful and taciturn, he lives like a shadow in a world of shadows, far withdrawn from the dust and heat of politics.

His unparalleled genius silently pours itself away in waste like a great river that is lost in a sandy desert. His country is robbed of his incomparable talents, and smaller men scorn at the tasks he has relinquished. It is a tragic spectacle. It is one of those perversities of destiny which make all men marvel. It is a mystery which nobody can solve. Perhaps it will never be solved. Perhaps the historian of the future will abandon the attempt to solve it in despair.

A DAZZLING ORATION.

I was one of the happy few who heard Lord Rosebury's dazzling oration at the imperial Press Conference banquet in the White City. There was no doubt that it was its greatest speech. It was the most marvellous feat of oratory that I have ever heard and I have heard all the great orators of our time. It swept even the most hostile critics out of their antagonism. It enthralled that gathering of connoisseurs. It triumphed over the most insuperable obstacles. Probably there is no living man who could have overcome those obstacles. In the first place, the building was the worst that could be devised for public speaking. The other audience were so inaudible that the speaking ignored them and gave themselves up to private conversation. Moreover, nobody expected anything more than a few conventional platitudes from Lord Rosebury. Yet he had hardly opened his mouth before we were all rising from our seats and stealthily stealing nearer and nearer to him. In a few minutes the greater part of the assembly were standing in a clustering crescent round the inner tables. Men crept slowly along the wall behind him until they were packed at ends of the little table at which he stood with the great flashing star of the Garter glittering on his breast. So eager was the jostling and hustling crowd to hear him that two great waiters had left propped up against the table were overturned and fell with a resounding clang on the floor. Strange booming noises at the end of the hall from time to time crashed in upon his silver syllables. But

nothing disconcerted the inspired Demosthenes. With his hands clasping the lapels of his coat, he poured out a glittering cascade of eloquence, moving his enchanted listeners to volleys of laughter and thundering applause.

DISCORDANT INTERRUPTIONS.

Never was a speech so assailed by discordant interruptions. The noises in the hall were torturously enough, but worse was to come. The fireworks in the Stadium began, continued, and ended while the orator was in the tide of his oration. It was a ghastly ordeal. I do not suppose any orator has ever before talked against a fusillade of fireworks. The original plan was to get the speeches over before the fireworks began. Indeed, the diners would have left the hall and to have witnessed the pyrotechnical display in the Stadium. But the dinner began half an hour late, with the appalling result that Lord Rosebury had to speak through an artillery obligato. The detonations of the rockets were tremendous. They exploded like shells over the orator's head and over and over again he was forced to let fall the sentence hang in the air until his clear tones could find a gap of silence. Once or twice a cloud of annoyance passed over his features, but he mastered his irritation and ignored the tormenting crashes of sound. He did more—he actually wove the fireworks into his oratorical symphony. He forced them into his service. He compelled them to illustrate his predictions of impending calamity. When he described the hush of an armed Europe in which the fall of a leaf could be heard, there was a strained silence, and then the awed stillness was shattered by a sinister canonade. The effect was supernatural. It seemed as if the guns of the nations had suddenly gone off, and as if we were listening to the artillery of the Armageddon which the orator had foretold. In the imagination we heard the canon of Europe and we blanched before the music of the iron throats of battle. We knew that the rattle and roar was only a mimicry, but the echo of the real thing echoed behind it. We heard war.

Cold Wind of Fear.

I do not say that Lord Rosebury deliberately used the fireworks to lighten the solemn terror of his gloomy prophecies, but with consummate art he blended their dark symbolism with his sombre cadences. Something like a cold wind of fear chilled our souls as we listened. Dim presages of disaster careered through our minds. We wondered after all, whether the peace of generations was on the eve of fracture. We asked ourselves whether before long England would be fighting for her life as she fought in the awful days when Pitt was dying and when he told them to roll up the man of Europe. We speculated feverishly on the secret knowledge that is locked in the breasts of our public men. Did Rosebury know more than we knew? Was the immediate future veiled from our eyes? I confess that I battled hard

against the superstitious dread that seemed to gather over our heads, but nevertheless my nerves were shaken, and my optimism for the moment was shattered. We live in an atmosphere of panic, and it is not easy to believe in an atmosphere that is proclaimed every hour from the house tops. But when afterwards I heard Sir Edward Grey saying with solemn emphasis in a great chamber of the Foreign Office that he endorsed "every word" of Lord Rosebury, I felt a renewal of the same icy terror in my blood. Warnings are seldom so menacing, so full of tragic foreboding, as these warnings. What do they mean?

IN STRANGE TIMES.

It may be that Lord Rosebury and Sir Edward Grey know no more than we know. It may be that the peril is vague and formless. But we live in strange times. Strange mutterings and rumors are in the air. A man who has just arrived from India, and who has lived there for many years, brings with him very dismal and despairing news. He affirms that India is on the eve of revolution. He is a civilian with no interest in the creation of panic, but he speaks with absolute assurance. It is inevitable he says. The Indian army is disaffected and the Viceroy is guarded night and day. Other dark and dreadful sayings I repeat that I will not repeat but it seems clear that in India also there is a hush which you can hear the fall of a leaf. It may be all an attack of nerves. It may be only the idle tremor of unreasoning alarm. But the foreboding is there and men are watching and waiting in India as in Europe for the outbreak of storm.

FATEFUL MESSAGE.

Another strange rumor seemed to intensify the curious solemnity of Lord Rosebury's predictions. It was whispered that at the last moment Lord Rosebury decided not to deliver his expected speech and that his presence was finally secured by an angust intervention. This may or may not be true, but the effect of the rumor was to deepen the impression that the retired statesman came charged with the mission of uttering a fateful message to the whole Empire, represented as it was by the editors of England and of her overseas dominions. Be these things as they may, it was impossible to look upon the orator without a sense of wonder and amazement at his isolation and detachment. Why is Lord Rosebury wrecked and wasted? Why is he a splendid nullity? After his speech we all debated these questions, and nobody could answer them. He himself has recorded a conversation that once took place as to the quality most required in a Prime Minister. While one said eloquence, another knowledge, and another toll, Pitt said patience. In twenty years of statesmanship, was never once seen out of temper. Perhaps that is the secret of Rosebury's failure. Perhaps he had not the patience of Pitt.

August time, tell on the nerves. But that spiritless, no ambition feeling can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Within 48 hours after beginning to use the Restorative, improvement will be noticed. Of course, full health will not immediately return. The gain, however, will surely follow. And best of all, you will realize and feel your strength and ambition as it is returning. Outside influences depress first the "inside nerves" then the stomach, Heart and Kidneys will usually fail. Strengthen these failing nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly health will be yours again. Sold by All Dealers.

Duke of Norfolk's Simple Life.

The Duke of Norfolk seems at present to be bent on getting rid of some of his great possessions. Earl Marshal and premier peer of the realm since he was thirteen years old, the Duke might reasonably be expected to have developed into something of an autocrat, but he is regarded with admiring devotion by his tenants. His carelessness in matters of dress and deportment have given rise to many amusing incidents. On one occasion he was ordered off his own grass by an angry member of an excursion party which was being showed the beauties of Arundel. "Come off that, can't yer?" she shouted at the shabby figure crossing one of the lawns. "It's such like as you get us decent folk into trouble." The Duke married his cousin the Hon. Beatrice Maxwell, and when kneeling at the altar during the wedding ceremony displayed on the soles of his boots the price mark—and the silk that he wore was as his are invariably, brushed the wrong way.

TIME TABLE

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

CONNECTION FOR
Ocean Limited
(CANADA'S SUMMER TRAIN)
leaves St. John 11.20 a. m.
daily except Sunday
arrives Montreal 7.35 a. m.
daily except Monday
Through Matapedia
Valley in Daylight

Connecting in Montreal, Bonaventure Union Depot
---with the---
Grand Trunk Railway's

INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

LEAVING MONTREAL 9.00 A. M.
ARRIVING TORONTO 4.30 P. M.
and for
Detroit, Chicago and the West

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 32.
In effect January 3rd, 1909
Atlantic Time

Trains West	Read Down	Stations	Trains East	Read Up
Train No. 1			Train No. 2	
Leave A.M.			Arr. P.M.	

7.30	St. John East Ferry	5.40
7.45	St. John West	5.30
7.53	Duck Cove	5.15
8.08	Spruce Lake	5.13
8.40	Allan Cot	4.58
8.25	Prince of Wales	4.48
8.35	Musquash	4.48
9.00	Lepreaux	4.25
9.15	New River	4.10
9.23	Pocologan	4.01
9.44	Pennfield	4.44
10.15	St. George	3.14
10.32	Bonny River	2.56
10.58	Dyer's	2.30
11.11	Cassell's	2.10
11.17	C.P.R. Junction	2.13
11.42	Oak Bay	1.48
12.00	St. Stephen	1.30
Arr. Noon		Leave P.M.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.
Ticket, Baggage and Freight Offices, St. John West
Railroad connections West with Canadian Pacific and Washington Co. Railways.

East with Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial & Dominion Atlantic Rys.
HUGH H. McLEAN, President
St. John, N. B., Dec. 1908

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking"

June to September, 1909
Mondays: Leave Back Bay for St. Stephen 7.30 a.m.
Tuesdays: Leave St. Stephen for Lettice.
Thursdays: Leave St. Andrews for Lettice direct 7.30 a.m.
Thursdays: Leave Lettice for St. Stephen, 8.30 a.m.
Fridays: Leave St. Stephen for Back Bay.
Saturdays: Leave Back Bay or Lettice for St. Stephen, 6.00 a. m., returning same day.
On Saturdays will run to and from Lettice during June and August, to and from Back Bay during July and September.

Touching on all trips at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Leonardville, Wilson's Beach, Welchpool, Eastport, Indian Island, Fair Haven and St. Andrews.

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Reliable and Popular Route
BETWEEN
St. John and Boston
First class fare \$3.50
Stateroom \$1.00
Steel steamship Calvin Aust in leaves St. John at 8 a. m. on Thursdays for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. Returning leaves Boston on Mondays at 9 a. m., Portland at 5 p. m.
L. R. THOMPSON, Trav. Pass. Agent
W. G. LEE, E. LAEHLER, Ass't. Agent
St. John, N. B.

Five Senses at the Economy Store

Common Sense---We buy as low as we can. That's business sense.

We sell as low as we can, that's Progressive sense. You buy as low as you can, that's Good sense. You buy of us, that's dollars and cents for both of us

We have everything you can expect to find in a first-class general store. Our goods are of excellent quality and our prices as low as the lowest. DRY GOODS, dress goods, prints, muslins, flannels, hats and caps, boots and shoes. HARDWARE of all kinds, staple and fancy. Groceries, Coal. We Pay the Highest Price for Country Produce. Give us Your Patronage and we will treat you right.

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ALL POPULAR BRANDS CIGARS AND TOBACCO

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The flavor ingers.

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1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.