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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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Local Agents

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP

The barque Deliverance was at last ready for sea. The last few cases of cargo were being secured aboard, the riggers were busy, and the great sheets of canvas that, ere many hours were past, would be swelling to the thrust of the Eiscay gales. Her decks were littered from stem to stern with ropes, and in and between all this conglomeration the sweating stevedores moved and swore fluently, catching the swinging cases deftly, guiding them orderly precision, ready to stand whatever the future might be pleased to show in the way of weather.

"I've got something rather important to tell you, Flaxman," said Wenlock, and had the skipper not been so taken up with his own imaginings he might have noticed a trace of nervous excitement in the owner's voice. "You're not to bring the Deliverance home again." He tried to look the skipper in the face as he spoke, but failed. His eyes dropped off their own accord to his feet.

"I'll see you d—d first," said Flaxman hoily. "What, throw away my ship? If you weren't my owner, I'd tell you pretty plainly what I think about you. Being that you are my owner, I tell you to your face that I won't commit barratry for any man under the sun, not if it meant drowning myself first. And I'll tell you this, Mr. Wenlock, that if you so much as put your hand to pocket and show me the color of your dirty cash I'll throw it in your face?"

"It isn't cash I'm going to show you," sneered Wenlock. "It's something else. Look! He took out a folded paper as he spoke, and opened it before the skipper's eyes.

"Read it," he commanded; and Flaxman, with horror tightening the heart strings, read—

"On the seventh of August, 1901, I promise to pay Samuel Wenlock the sum of £1000, value received, with interest at the rate of seven per cent per annum."

"See the signature?" asked the ship-owner. "That writing ought to be familiar to you."

"Yes I see it," gasped Flaxman hoarsely. He might well gasp, for the promissory note was signed by his own father.

"Nineteen hundred and one," said Wenlock musingly. "And now it's '05. Four years overdue, and never a penny of interest been paid ever since the beginning. Do you know what that means?" He had grown suddenly vicious, as weak men sometimes do. "It means that I've only to lift my hand to have your father thrown into goal as a debtor. It means that I've only to close my hand as I now close it, to have your father in the sight of men. Well, on the day I hear the Deliverance is thrown away I'll burn this; or, better, when you come and tell me the ship's lost I'll give it to you to burn. What do you think of the affair now, Capt. Flaxman?"

A hundred times a day Flaxman went over his parting with the girl he loved. He conjured up soul-stirring visions of her humid eyes which yet shone with a light of perfect faith. Her parting words sounded in his ears above the rustling fret of the canvas and the booming of the Atlantic gales: "I know there's something worrying you, dear, but remember that I love you with all my soul and perhaps that will help to lighten the load."

What would she think if she knew the cause of his worry?

"But it's no use," muttered the captain to that vision that would persist in growing out of the night; "I've got to do it, Elsie. It's as much for your sake as my own. I can't lose you, girl, I can't."

And so he whistled about the decks, now and then he sang a rolling stave of some good old sea song; but it was in the darkness of his own shrouded cabin that the full horror of what he purposed came to him, and then he saw himself face to face, without any pleasure in the sight.

There was a shivering groan passed along the whole length of the Deliverance, a resounding crash, a sucking of angry water, another crash, and the thunder of falling yards. Then a wave broke over the ship's stern, another followed it; she stopped dead and heeled over at an ugly angle.

As Captain Flaxman turned into the entrance of the building where the inquiry was to be held, he commanded full into Sheerpole, his late mate. Therepole greeted him with a sinister smile.

Flaxman said nothing. He turned away to enter the fateful room, where the judges sat in authority. What would be his fate when the door closed on him again?

He stood up to give his account of the happening, but just as he did so Sheerpole forced his way into the room.

"Who is this man?" asked the president of the board of inquiry, and Sheerpole answered grimly: "First mate of the Deliverance, and I've come to tell the truth of the matter."

Then, without waiting for permission, he told all he had to tell. Not a single detail was spared. Sheerpole licked his loose lips when the tale was told.

"Is this true?" asked the president when he came to a close. His face was very grave, his lips were tightly compressed.

"True, sir, in every word," answered Flaxman bravely. "The facts are stated as absolutely correct."

"Then this is a case for a criminal court, but before we commit Captain Flaxman for trial, I should like to hear his defense."

In a clear voice that never faltered Flaxman told of his desperate temptation.

"But sir," he said, "I repented in time. Though the ship was lost, I swear that I was innocent of evil intent. On that night when I altered the course, which, so Mr. Sheerpole says, was done with the intention of casting the ship on the rocks, I had fought a bitter fight with myself, but I had won. I altered the course to save the ship, not to lose her and had the mate been a better navigator, he would have known that such was the case. It was an error of judgment on my part, not a criminal act. And then he waited, stiffening himself to meet whatever was coming.

A whispered conversation was held by the board. There was excitement in the very air.

"What was your position when you altered your course, captain?" asked one of the board.

"As near as I could judge, sir, it was in—" and he gave the exact spot on the sea's surface where the Deliverance lay at the moment he altered her course for safety.

There was a rustle of charts, and the parallel rules were laid carefully on the parchment.

"And after that you steered what course?"

"Sou'-west, sir. Allowing for variation and deviation, it was south-west-by-south-half-south true." A shuffling of the ruler, a bending of heads. Excited arguments amongst the grave and reverend seigniors of the sea.

Then the president spoke.

"According to the admiralty chart gentlemen, there is no reef or rock within 200 miles of this port. An admiralty chart is supposed to be flawless. But there have been rumors of an uncharted rock in this vicinity and if Captain Flaxman's story be true, we have ample verification of the rumor. Unmarked, unguarded in any way there exists a hidden rock, a menace to navigation, and this being the case, Captain Flaxman is guilty of evil intent."

Flaxman heard but did not understand.

"You are discharged, Captain, with a clean certificate. You were severely tempted, perhaps none here knows how severely; but you came through the temptation bravely, and I pray that none of us may ever have to cope with a similar trial. I should like to shake hands with you, Captain if you don't mind." And so, with a sentiment that is rare amongst men who use the sea, he gripped Flaxman's hard hand.

"I have nothing to do with your owner's share, but I think you are fit for something better than his service, and so I shall make it my business to keep an eye on you, and I think I can promise you an early command. How would the Palace line suit you?"

The Palace line! Flaxman reeled uncertainly. They paid their captains £350 a year to commence with.

"Where are you going Captain?" asked the president as Flaxman made a bolt for the door.

"Going to telegraph to Elsie," he stammered with a blush.

TIME TABLE

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

St. John, St. George and St. Stephen American Express Mail Train. (Daily, Sunday Excepted.)

On and after Monday, May 11th, 1908, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Leave St. John East Ferry	7.50 a.m.
Leave St. John West	8.10 a.m.
Arrive St. Stephen	12.30 p.m.
Leave St. Stephen	2.80 p.m.
Arrive St. John West	6.50 a.m.

Atlantic Standard Time.

Railway connections at Calais with the Washington County Railway at St. John with the Intercolonial and Dominion Atlantic Railways.

Tickets sold and Baggage Checked East and West Side Offices.

Special Ticket Office, 97 Prince Wm. Street.

P. W. WETMORE, Acting Superintendent. St. John, N. B., Sept. 11th, 1908.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 11th, 1908, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted,) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed for Moncton, (leaves Island Yard)	6.30
No. 2, Express for Halifax, Campbellton, Point duChene and the Sydneys	7.00
No. 26, Express for Point duChene, Halifax and Pictou	12.40
No. 4 Mixed for Moncton	13.15
No. 8, Express for Sussex	17.15
No. 138, Suburban for Hampton	18.15
No. 134, Express for Quebec and Montreal, via Moncton	19.00
No. 10, Express for Moncton, the Sydneys, Halifax and Pictou	23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9, Express from Halifax, Pictou and the Sydneys	6.30
No. 135, Suburban Express from Hampton	7.50
No. 7, Express from Sussex	9.00
No. 133, Express from Montreal, Quebec, and Pt. du Chene	13.45
No. 5, Mixed from Moncton, (arrives at Island Yard)	16.00
No. 3, Mixed from Moncton	19.30
No. 25, Express from Halifax, Pictou Point duChene, and Campbellton	17.35
No. 1, Express from Moncton and Truro	21.20
No. 11, Mixed from Moncton (arrives at Island Yard daily)	4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

City Ticket Office, 3 King Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 271.

Geo. CARVILLE, C. T. A.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 7th, 1908.

ECONOMY STORE

Your Attention Please

Yesterday has gone, Today is very short, Tomorrow may never come

So what you do must of a necessity be done today. What you need is right here. We have always on hand a large assortment of Staple groceries and Dry Goods. Also holiday goods in abundance. Everything for useful Christmas presents, from a Carpet-sweeper to a hat-pin. The most fastidious can be suited. Write or telephone your orders today. Everything delivered free.

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Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

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Hon. William T. Cobb and Calvin Austin, Receivers

COASTWISE SERVICE: Commencing Wednesday, June 24th, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Eastport and Lubec, Portland and Boston.

DIRECT SERVICE: Commencing Tuesday, June 30th, Express Steamship "Calvin Austin" leaves St. John Tuesdays and Saturdays at 7 p. m., for Boston.

W. G. Lee, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking"

June 1st to October 1st, 1908.

Will leave Black's Harbor, Mondays and Thursdays at 7 a. m.; Saturdays at 6 a. m. for St. Stephen.

Returning leave St. Stephen (Public Wharf) Tuesdays and Friday mornings and Saturday afternoons.

Touching at Lettie Mondays and Tuesdays and during June and August on Saturdays.

Touching at Back Bay Thursdays and Fridays and during July and September on Saturdays.

J. W. RICHARDSON, Manager

HOTELS

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