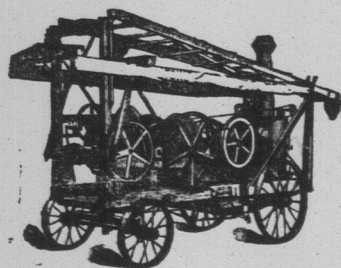


MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Good, Pure, Whole- some Water From Nature's Reservoir : Mother Earth.



Now is the time to get a good Water Supply and have it at your door, where you only have to step out and get all the water you want; or have it in the house, and not have to carry it from a spring away down in the field. No roads to break in the winter for water. We have a drilling machine in town now and can attend to anyone wanting water. Correspondence solicited. Quotations furnished on application to

THOS. R. KENT,
CONTRACTOR FOR ARTESIAN WELLS,
ST. GEORGE N. B.

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger
over your cup of CHASE
& SANBORN'S SEAL
BRAND COFFEE.
In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

F. M. CAWLEY
ST. GEORGE, N. B.
Undertaker and Embalmer
Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand
Prices lower than any competitor

J. B. SPEAR
Undertaker and Funeral Director
A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.
Telephone at Residence
All goods delivered free. Prices to suit the people

HEADQUARTERS FOR Union Blend Tea Wanted

A Large Quantity of

Lamb Pelts.
Butter
Eggs
Tallow
Deer Skins
Moose Hides
Rubbers
Calf Skins

Large and Small lots of Furs bought.
Furs by Mail or Express will receive
strict attention and prompt returns.

James McGarrigle
Utopia, N. B.

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PATENTS**
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Rheumatic poisons are quickly and
surely driven out of the blood, with Dr.
Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy—liquid or
tablet form. Dr. Shoop's booklet on
Rheumatic plagues and interestingly
tells how this is done. Tell some suf-
ferer of this book, or better still, write
Dr. Shoop, Utopia, Wis., for the book
and it is yours. Send no money.
Just join with Dr. Shoop and give some
sufferer a pleasant surprise.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA AND BRONCHITIS

Brought Mrs. Baker to Death's
Door. Father Morrissey's No. 10
Saved Her.

Of the many hundreds of cures wrought
by Father Morrissey's No. 10 (Lung Tonic)
few are more remarkable than the saving
of the life of Mrs. John S. Baker, of 104
Rockland Road (North End), St. John,
N.B. She wrote on Oct. 10, 1909:
"I wish to express my gratitude that
I am living to-day, saved from the grave
by Father Morrissey's No. 10 (Lung Tonic).
This time last year I had pleuro-pneumonia
and bronchitis, and had been given up
to die, and had my lungs tapped in the
City Hospital, and never expected to
walk again; I was continually getting
worse every day. I came home from the
hospital, and everyone was watching for
me to die. I tried everything but there
seemed to be no cure for me.
"I began taking Father Morrissey's No.
10, and the second day I could eat without
pain. I used 22 bottles of No. 10, as I
was run down right into consumption,
and for six months was just a shadow
until I began to use it, and now I am in
good health, and surprised most of my
neighbors by gaining so quickly. I feel
it my duty to publish it everywhere I can,
as with all I can say I cannot recommend
it too highly—it was a life saver to me,
and I am very thankful to recommend
it, as it is worth all it is said."
Father Morrissey's No. 10 is very different
from the many preparations that simply
relieve a cough. No. 10 relieves the
cause of the cough, restores the membrane
of throat and lungs to a healthy condition,
and tones up the whole system, giving
strength to resist future attacks.
Trial bottle 25c.—regular size 50c.
At your dealer's or from Father Morrissey
Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 92

A Laugh all Around.

And as Usual Those Who
Laughed Last Laughed
Best.

'Common decency is cheap abroad,'
said the man who had just returned
from his first trip to Europe. 'During
all the time I was on the continent I was
subjected to discourtesy in but one in-
stance, and I don't think I got away
with it then, at that.

'We were crossing one of the Swiss
passes by diligence, or coach, and stop-
ped off for luncheon at some little town.
It was hot, and I suppose I made rather
a comical sight in my shirt sleeves and
black gaiters, with a handkerchief over
my collar, as I stepped out of the vehicle
to the road. I suppose, too, that the
brand of French in which I tried to ask
questions was pretty ragged.

'Anyway, a group of young French
men waiting in a carriage while their
team was changed saw in me their long
lost original scream, and the way they
laughed was convincing; if not flatter-
ing. They weren't backward about
pointing out the real, ray bits in the
picture either, and they laughed harder
when I glared at them mildly. Another
American and I trudged off for lunch,
and when we came back there was the
banquet ready to take up the bowl at
me again. I looked at my companion
and he at me. I don't think either of us
put the idea in words, but we began.

'We began to laugh. We fell into
each other's arms and laughed. We
held each other up and laughed. We
laughed till the tears rolled down our
cheeks. We laughed till we couldn't
stand. We rolled into our coach, still
laughing, taking inspiration for each
other's from a glance at the French-
man.

'Well, sir, that bunch of Frenchmen
just wilted. First they closed their
mouths; then they lost their grin; then
each one began squinting at the other,
trying to make out what was wrong. Be-
fore we'd been at it ten minutes they all
discovered they needed a drink and
smoked off to the little hotel. We
laughed till we saw the last of them,
and then we laughed at the way we had
turned the trick.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Catarrh is Dangerous.

Usually it comes with a cold. Being
slight it is neglected, but the seed is
sown for a dangerous harvest, perhaps
consumption. To cure at once, inhaled
Catarrhone. It destroys the germ of
Catarrh, clears away mucus, cleanses
the passage of the nose and throat. The
lacking cough and sneezing cold soon
disappear, and health is yours again.
Nothing known for colds, Catarrh and
throat trouble that is so curative as Ca-
tarrhone. It cures by a new method
that never yet failed. At all dealers 25c
and 50c. Get Catarrhone now, to-
day.

Subscribe for Greetings

The Prince

A gray suited young man plodded
along the country road. He was a good
walker and the end of his tramp was in
sight. He had noted the white steeple
of the village church from the high
ground he had just quitted. The village
was beyond the next ridge and he would
soon be there. He put a little more
spirit into his swinging gait.

Then his attention was attracted by a
clear young voice, the voice of a child, a
sweet voice, although thin and penetra-
ting.

'When birds make nests and rose leaves
fall,

And skies are blue above us all;
Then let us go where brooklets flow,
Then let us go where fairies call.

The voice ceased as the young man
peered about, and then a merry laugh
started him.

'Can't you see me?' cried the voice.
'Here I am.'

Then he saw her. She was perched
on the low limb of a tree at the roadside.
She seemed like a child of twelve, with
long, fair hair—a pale child, with deep
blue eyes.

'Can it be possible,' he said, 'that I
am addressing the queen of fairies?'

'The child gave a delightful scream
and clapped her thin hands.

'Oh, oh, you know me!' she cried.
'Then of course you are the prince?'

He bowed low.

'Will your majesty deign to invest me
with supernatural powers?' he asked.

The girl had a slender twig in her
hand. She smiled as she waved it above
his head.

'I give you,' she said, 'strength and
courage and faith.'

He raised his head.

A faint sound had caught his ear.
'With the gifts you have bestowed upon
him the prince should overcome every
obstacle. Just now he desires a chariot
to bear the queen to her home in the
village.' He clapped his hands three
times. 'See,' he said, as he stepped in-
to the roadway. A big touring car was
coming toward them. It was close at
hand. When the chauffeur saw the
figure in the roadway he drew close and
stopped.

The girl clapped her hands.
'You are a prince!' she cried and
laughed again.

'Will your majesty enter?' he said
and bowed as he handed her in. He
then took the seat beside her.

'Straight ahead, George,' he said, and
the car glided away. 'Your majesty
will point out your palace when we near
it.'

'There's Evelyn now,' the girl cried.
You'd know her by her envious looks,
wouldn't you?

A girl was coming down the pathway.
A pretty girl, slender and sunny haired,
like the roadside fern. The young man
took off his hat.

'Oh, Evelyn,' cried the fairy, 'I've
found him! He's the prince!'

The pretty girl shook her head at the
child.

'You should have been home long
ago, Elsa. You worried your sister.
See, you have torn your frock. There
run in the house.'

The fairy child turned as she ran up
the walk and shook her clenched hand
at her sister.

'You see, prince,' she cried.
The young man, hat in hand, came
nearer.

'Perhaps I am a little to blame in this
matter,' he said. 'I talked with your
sister by the roadside. She seemed to
take me for somebody else he hesitated.

'I thought she was a child.'

'She is seventeen said the girl.
'Seventeen!'

'Seventeen in years, in mind she is
only ten.'

His look changed to one of respectful
inquiry.

'The effect of illness?' he asked.

'Oh illness and a fall. When she was
10 years old she had a fever and one night
she slipped from bed while my mother
dozed, and fell down a flight of stairs.

She hurt her head and had a relapse and
almost died. Our doctor says she will
always be a child.'

She drew away with a little bow, as if
having satisfied his curiosity there was
nothing more to be said.

'Pray let us detain you a moment
more,' he cried. 'I am interested in

the child. That hurt to her head—
can nothing be done? Modern science
accomplishes such wonders, you know.'

She shook her head.

'We have every confidence in our
doctor, he says my sister cannot be help-
ed.'

He looked his sympathy.

'Will you let me come this afternoon
and take your sister and you for a ride?
I have nothing else to do. It would be a
pleasure for me to give her pleasure.

She seemed delighted with the brief ride
she has just taken, I am Richard Bennett.
Here is my card.'

The girl hesitated. Her clear eyes
turned from the card to the man.

'It seems to me,' said the young
man quickly, 'that there are times when
a common humanity overrides the social
requirements. All I ask is an opportunity
to please your afflicted sister.'

The girl's face softened.

'Elsa has few pleasures,' she said.
'You may come if you will.'

He smiled as he rode away.

That evening Richard Bennett sent a
long letter to a man he had met abroad a
man with whom he had become very
friendly, a man who had professed a
desire to be of service to him.

He hoped that this man could help the
stricken girl. What a blessing it would
be to awaken that sleeping mind.

On a third day he drew a telegram
from his pocket.

I am going to bring a visitor tomorrow
he said. He is coming here to look at
Elsa. I sent for him.

The girl flushed.

'I told you that nothing could be done
for her' Dr. Arnold had said so many
times.

'I hope that Dr. Arnold will change
his mind,' said Richard gently.

Old Dr. Arnold drove up to the Gordon
home at almost the same moment that
the car with its two passengers stopped
there.

Richard Bennett introduced the tall,
dark haired stranger to the old doctor,
and the latter looked him over with
wondering curiosity. A moment later
they met Evelyn and after the introduc-
tions the doctor drew the girl aside.

'I told you nothing could be done for
Elsa, my dear, he softly said, but to this
man nothing is impossible. I don't
understand how you got him here.

'Mr. Bennett sent for him, said the
girl. The old man looked around.

'Bennett must be a prince in disguise,'
he said.

The great surgeon caught the old
doctor's eye.

'I must ask you to let me see your
patient, doctor,' he said in his quick
sharp way. 'This is necessarily a fly-
ing visit, as I explained to Dick here.'

The two medical men and Evelyn pass-
ed into the house, leaving Richard seat-
ed on the rustic bench under the old
apple tree.

Presently the girl returned to him.

'If your friend is successful, she
murmured, how can we ever pay the debt
we owe you?'

'I have thought of a way,' said Rich-
ard Bennett. Then he suddenly passed.

'But that would be imposing on our
gratitude. It was exactly 40 minutes
from the time the two medical men enter-
ed the house until they reappeared again.

The tall surgeon caught Richard's
anxious eye and nodded.

'An interesting depression,' he said
in his quick way, but not as bothersome
as I expected. The doctor here will do
the rest, now Dick, you may send me
back. Good by all. As he stepped into
the waiting car he looked around. You're
a good fellow in spite of your money,
Dick he said.

Richard was smiling as he went up the
pathway to the house. He found the
old doctor talking volubly to Evelyn.

It was the finest bit of work I ever saw
and the nerviest, he was saying. And if
all goes well, as it surely will, our little
maid will come out of fairyland and be-
gin her schooling anew in—well, let us
say in fortnight hours.

Two days later Richard Bennett was
taken into Elsa's room by her sister and
permitted to speak to the girl.

She looked at him wonderingly.

'I seem to have seen you somewhere,
she faintly murmured. 'Let me think
where it was.' She slowly smiled. Was
it in a dream?'

He nodded.

'Yes, and you—you were a prince.'

Yes, yes. She softly laughed.

Her face grew grave.

'An! sister Evelyn was in the dream,
too—you and Evelyn. You were a prince
but was Evelyn a princess? Her face
grew troubled. "I can't remember."

'Don't try, dear,' said Evelyn softly.
'But if you were a prince and Evelyn
a princess then you should have married
—in the dream.'

The older sister suddenly drew back.
But Richard Bennett caught her hand
and held it fast.

'Never mind the dream, Elsa,' he
said.

'That's all past. This is the reality.
Do you understand? See.

He drew Evelyn closer and slipped
his right arm around her waist.

The child smiled up at them.

Yes, prince, she said. 'And I'm very
glad.'

New Theory About Rheumatism.

This disease is constitutional-caused
by virus in the blood that circulates to
all parts of the body. To cure, you
must use a constitutional treatment.
Nothing so completely dispels the poison
from the system as Ferezoon. It puri-
fies and renews the blood, clears it of
every taint. The system is vitalized and
strengthened and thus enabled to fight
a strengthened attacks. Not only does
Ferezoon relieve at once it cures Rheu-
matism, gout and lamboago permanently.
Results guaranteed, 50c. boxes at all
dealers.

Ask for Clean Money.

The other day a Free Press man was
taken in to look at real money in a bank.

The manager took him into the vault
where an inner recess was opened and
then there was unfolded to gaze what
looked like enough money to retire on.

However, there wasn't so much, com-
paratively speaking. The packages
were mostly composed of ones, twos, the
bills mostly handled on.

But to come to the point. It wasn't
the amount of money that caused the
surprise. It was the filthy state of it
arose from those packages of bills.

caused the wonderment. It was an in-
describable odor or rather a combination
of many odors. Probably each of those
bills had an odor of its own, coming
from some particular kind of microbe.

They were by no means new bills—just
plain, bills that we handle every day in
business.

'And I suppose that those dirty, filthy
odorous bills will be sent away for
destruction?' asked the newspaper-
man.

The bank manager laughed at such ig-
norance of finance.

'Why, no, we'll just slip those over
the counter tomorrow or this afternoon.
They're real right.'

And before those odors and microbes
will have been scattered through a city.
Perhaps more odors and microbes will
be added by now.

This story of the bills was told by The
Free Press to officials up in the Finance
Department. They laughed louder than
the bank man.

Part of that odor, one of them said,
'and perhaps the greater part, was from
the ink and paper used in the bill.'

That was a hard sentence to swallow.
If printers' ink and paper had that odor
few would be in the business.

'Don't you think that these bills are
unhealthy?' the official was asked.

'Unhealthy, no. Why, we have a staff
of women handling these discarded bills
that come in to be destroyed, and some
of them have been working thirty years
on the job, handling these old bills,
and I don't remember of anybody being
sick or catching a disease.'

However, the official was fair enough
to admit that these women took some
chances.

'Of course, the public need some edu-
cation on this question of clean money,'
he went on. 'We don't have to have
dirty bills. If people only demand clean
ones, they can get them. The store-
keeper will then get after his banker,
and the bankers will get after us, and
we can keep well ahead of the game—
Ottawa Free Press.

The old fashioned way of doing a
weak stomach or stimulating the Heart
or Kidneys is all wrong. Dr. Shoop's
first pointed out this error. This is why
his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restora-
tive—is directed entirely to the cause of these
ailments—the weak inside or controlling
nerves. It isn't so difficult, says Dr.
Shoop, to strengthen a weak Stomach,
Heart, or Kidneys, if one goes at it cor-
rectly. Each inside organ has its con-
trolling or inside nerve. When these
nerves fail, then these organs must
surely fail. These vital truths are
leading druggists everywhere to dis-
pense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Re-
storative. Test it a few days and see!
Improvement will promptly follow.
Sold by all druggists.