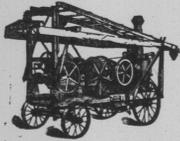


MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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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

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CONTRACTOR FOR ARTESIAN WELLS,
ST. GEORGE N. B.

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

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Undertaker and Embalmer
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Prices lower than any competitor

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A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.
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Large and Small lots of Furs bought.
Furs by Mail or Express will receive
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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 Catarrh. 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 Catarrh. It cures by a new method that never yet failed. At all dealers 25c and 50c. Get Catarrh now, today.

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 membranes 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 instance, 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 stopped 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 glasses, 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 as they laughed was convincing; if not flattering. 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 bunch 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 Frenchman.

"Well, sir, that bunch of Frenchmen just walked. First they closed their mouths; then they lost their grip; then each one began squinting at the other, trying to make out what was wrong. Before we'd been at it ten minutes they all discovered they needed a drink and smacked 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.

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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 penetrating.

"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 into 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 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 helped."

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 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 introductions 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 flying visit, as I explained to Dick here."

The two medical men and Evelyn passed into the house, leaving Richard seated 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 Richard 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 entered 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 neviest, he was saying. And if all goes well, as it surely will, our little maid will come out of fairyland and begin 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 I 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 Erezooone. It purifies 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 Erezooone relieve at once—it cures Rheumatism, joint 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, comparatively 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 indescribable 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, odoriferous bills will be sent away for destruction?" asked the newspaperman.

The bank manager laughed at such ignorance of finance.

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

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, Wbr, 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 education 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 storekeeper 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 dosing a weak stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is all wrong. This is why his prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—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 correctly. Each inside organ has its controlling or inside nerve. When these nerves fail, then these organs must surely failer. These vital truths are leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Test it a few days and see! Improvement will promptly follow. Sold by all druggists.