

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

## Paying Cash Pays!

Running an Account is very convenient at times, we readily admit; but you must have observed that when you run an account, you are very apt to buy many a thing you would go without if you were paying cash - things no doubt you could easily dispense with to, without injury to yourself or family. And when those extra things come to be paid for - maybe you must then deprive yourself of other things that you actually need or at least go without them for a time, now "Paying Cash" enables you if you want to, to save money. Its very easy to "Charge the Goods" Its not so easy to "Discharge the Debt." So for economy's sake "Pay Cash" And since we have adopted this Cash System we find it moving very satisfactory both to our customers and ourselves, your money will buy you "Better Goods and More of Them" than if we were making bad bills by reckless credit giving.

ANDREW McGEE - - Back Bay

## BACK BAY

O. Snodrum of Calais was here on business during last week.

H. McLean and son Hezen were in the village Tuesday.

Wm. Harris spent one day last week in Town.

Wenworth Quigley who has been confined to the house through illness for the past week is able to be out again.

Mrs. Haden and Linda Cook of Eastport are the guests of Mrs. C. Frelich.

The Drama held in the hall Saturday and Monday evenings by E. C. Taylor was well patronized, all report it a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Leavitt were the guests of relatives here Sunday.

Miss Lee of Eastport is visiting relatives here.

Miss May Oliver of Lubec is visiting relatives here.

Capt. J. Doone of St. Andrews was here during last week buying herring.

Miss Estella Mitchell spent one day last week in Town.

The men are all busy herring fishing. Quite a number from Letete attended the show here Monday evening.

Joseph Mitchell called on friends of the Head last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Quigley have returned to their home after a few weeks spent with her parents.

Me. Mrs. Julson Kinney and Willis Phinney who left a few months ago for the Pacific coast have returned home, thinking the east good enough for them.

Wellington Phinney is spending a few days at his home here.

## BEAVER HARBOR

Many here heard with regret of the death of Miss Ada Atkinson which occurred at Hopedale last week. Miss Atkinson was at one time teacher of the Advanced Department of our school and while here won many friends. She was forced to resign her school because of ill health. She entirely recovered however and with her father and mother spent the summer of 1909 with friends here. Since then Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson have passed away and now quite suddenly their daughter goes to join them. Much sympathy is felt for those who mourn.

Lila Hawkins and Bertie Dakin drove from St. George on Sunday and spent the day at their homes.

George Bates Jr. of St. George spent Sunday at his home here.

Sch. Happy Home arrived from a trip to Grand Manan on Sunday, after a short stay proceeded to St. John.

Herbert Wright spent a short time in St. John last week.

Sam. Parsons arrived home on Friday from St. John.

Sch. Forest Maid, Capt. Hatt, sailed for Eastport on Tuesday with a load of wood shipped by Isaac Young, Pennfield.

Miss McLaughlin has returned to her school again. We are pleased to report that she has entirely recovered from her recent illness.

Rev. A. F. Brown is conducting special services in the church every evening of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McNichol are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a boy.

Archib. Harvie arrived home on Wednesday, he had been employed on D. G. Carlew.

# INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY THROUGH SERVICE TO Halifax and Sydney From St. John

Night Express Leaving at 11.30 P. M. Connects at Truro with the Morning Express for Sydney, and With Steamers Leaving Nth. Sydney for Newfndland No. 26 Through Express For Halifax Leaving at 12.40 P. M. Connects at Truro with the Night Express for Sydney

Buffet Service on Night Express serving breakfast between Truro and Halifax Dining Car on Morning Express from Truro serving Breakfast and Luncheon

GEORGE CARVILL City Ticket Agent, St. John.

Melvin Eldridge spent a few hours of Wednesday in St. George.

Mrs. George Tatton and son Charlie visited St. George one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Justison, Pennfield visited Mrs. Elizabeth Hutton on Friday.

An entertainment given by C. E. Taylor in Paul's hall last Wednesday was well attended.

Wyman Eldridge drove to St. George Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Boyd Jr. of Pennfield Ridge spent one day of last week with friends here.

Medley Kennedy, St. George spent Sunday in the village.

Stanley Brown who has been working near Bangor, arrived home Saturday.

G. W. McKay returned from attending the County Council on Saturday.

"I never could get on with my stepmother," he said, "though she's a good woman in a way. I wouldn't live near her for anything. She'd find a black speck in a bank of snow. I'm glad we're going to live—"

And shortly afterward the mother had excused herself and left them to talk without restraint. She went up to her room and lay quietly on the bed. The room seemed very peaceful and still. From downstairs came the jarring notes from Baby's practicing fingers. But they felt like balm on the mother's heart. She still had Baby—her own for years and years. She hugged the thought to her heart. Presently there came a soft tap at the door. She did not speak, but it opened cautiously.

"Are you asleep, mother?" said Gertrude's voice.

She waited a moment, intending to sleep. She had never failed in all her life, even when they were tiny, troublesome things, to answer when they called. Even in her dreams she had heard their voices; she had never been too tired or sleepy to respond. She would not begin now. "No," she answered, "no, Gertrude."

Gertrude sat down on the bed beside her. "Alfred made me come up," she said. "He wouldn't wait, though it just spoils everything. But, mother, he had an idea you were hurt. Isn't it ridiculous, and just like a man? But, anyway, he insisted that I should tell you where we're going to live."

The mother's hasty voice interrupted. "You mustn't tell. I don't want to know. I will not force your confidence."

"You aren't," Gertrude observed, complacently. "Not a bit. It's Alfred, and he vows you shall know. It spoils the nicest surprise. Alfred is going to go into business—guess where? And we're going to live—guess where?"

She paused. The mother did not speak.

"Here, here, here. Right in the old house with you. I thought you'd be kind of lonely. I thought you'd like it. Mother, I wouldn't ever get married if I had to go away. I couldn't bear it. You'll let us stay home, won't you?"

## Local Business Men

Are realizing more every day the value of the concise, memory tickling Classified Want Ads. Make your story short and pithy and our Want Ad. Columns will repay you a hundred fold for the small investment.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

## THE OLD HOME.

(By Jeffery Hume).

(Copyright by Publishers' Press, Ltd.)

Mrs. Chatham had made one tressou, working at it with painstaking care — hemstitching, embroidering with weary hands working often when her tired eyes rebelled. She had sewed hope and fear, love and faith in every stitch she set. The finished tressou had been a thing of beauty. Now she thought to herself with a sigh, it looked as if another one would have to be begun before summer. There was no mistaking the meaning of two, three, sometimes four, visits a week. There could be no objection and Gertrude was one and twenty.

"Quite old enough," the mother mused. "I had been married three years when I was her age. But—I wish she didn't want to leave me so soon. I've lost all my boys. No—the girls are going. Pretty soon there'll be no one left but baby. Thank heaven, no one can take her for years."

Yet it was far from a cloudless time to her. One by one her three boys had married, and so far away that visiting was out of the question. Then had come the wrench of parting with her oldest girl. She felt it to be hard, even while she acknowledged it to be natural. Now there came to her a premonition of the desolation which would descend on the old house when Gertrude was gone. The poor old house. One of the capacity of its rambling space had been sorely taxed. Soon it would be all too large. She knew how lonely it would be when only baby and herself were left, and baby, away at school most of the time. She did not look ahead to the time when Baby, a baby no longer, would leave the old home, too. If the thought ever occurred to her it was banished by the comforting one, "Maybe I'll die before then."

As well prepared as she had been, as carefully as she had schooled herself, when the expected happened it came as a blow. The boyish lover trembled no more than she. But she gave her consent graciously enough and began to thrust busy fingers into the intricacies of a second tressou.

Daily she waited for the announcement of the future place of residence. That it would be far away she did not doubt—in the home town of the bridegroom to be. There seemed a fatality about it. Other girls married and lived near home; other boys did the same. But her boys had taken their wives' homes for their own; her girl had followed in the beaten path her husband had trod before her.

"Gertrude'll do the same," she thought. "I wish she could have married someone who lived near. Then I could have been content to give her up. Now she'll go away like the others, and I'll be left alone. There's no use to be home gatherings in my day. They'd come home from the ends of the earth. But the boys have never come—not even for Thanksgiving. I've never seen my own grandchildren. I doubt if they've ever heard my name. Suppose I'm selfish, but—"

Tears fell fast on the dainty work she held. They often fell, the days went on—almost always when she sewed alone. She choked them back when Gertrude worked beside her. And Gertrude never guessed that the eyes bent down so persistently, even when she talked, were too dim to bear inspection.

One night her sweetheart nearly blundered out the secret. If secret it were. He had been talking of his home, of his father's second marriage.

"I never could get on with my stepmother," he said, "though she's a good woman in a way. I wouldn't live near her for anything. She'd find a black speck in a bank of snow. I'm glad we're going to live—"

And shortly afterward the mother had excused herself and left them to talk without restraint. She went up to her room and lay quietly on the bed. The room seemed very peaceful and still. From downstairs came the jarring notes from Baby's practicing fingers. But they felt like balm on the mother's heart. She still had Baby—her own for years and years. She hugged the thought to her heart. Presently there came a soft tap at the door. She did not speak, but it opened cautiously.

"Are you asleep, mother?" said Gertrude's voice.

She waited a moment, intending to sleep. She had never failed in all her life, even when they were tiny, troublesome things, to answer when they called. Even in her dreams she had heard their voices; she had never been too tired or sleepy to respond. She would not begin now. "No," she answered, "no, Gertrude."

Gertrude sat down on the bed beside her. "Alfred made me come up," she said. "He wouldn't wait, though it just spoils everything. But, mother, he had an idea you were hurt. Isn't it ridiculous, and just like a man? But, anyway, he insisted that I should tell you where we're going to live."

The mother's hasty voice interrupted. "You mustn't tell. I don't want to know. I will not force your confidence."

"You aren't," Gertrude observed, complacently. "Not a bit. It's Alfred, and he vows you shall know. It spoils the nicest surprise. Alfred is going to go into business—guess where? And we're going to live—guess where?"

She paused. The mother did not speak.

"Here, here, here. Right in the old house with you. I thought you'd be kind of lonely. I thought you'd like it. Mother, I wouldn't ever get married if I had to go away. I couldn't bear it. You'll let us stay home, won't you?"

# My Girl At Coutt's Hall Sat. January 27th.

From all reliable reports it will be a gladsome night of fun and song at Coutt's Hall on Sat. Jan. 27th when that effervescent musical comedy "My Girl" is presented. The piece is elaborately produced in fun, folly and frolic and is filled to the brim with bright situations, screaming comedy, charming and original melodies, and daintily musical numbers. The entire acting company is an exceptionally strong one, and the many fine musical numbers, both singing and dancing are of unusual excellence.

Bright dialogue, laughable situations and overwhelming complications, combined with a large number of original and tuneful musical numbers makes "My Girl" a most delightful and interesting morsel of high class amusement.

Press and public everywhere are unanimous in declaring that this screamingly funny musical farce comedy is the best and liveliest entertainment ever presented on any stage.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

## LOCALS

Are you investing any of your money in jewelry. Invest at Bassens. You will save 50 per cent in this special line. We are going out entirely in this line.

The steamer Connors Bros. will be taken off the route for general repairs and inspection for a couple of weeks, commencing Jan. 25th and will be off until notified by add in this paper.

Miss Robb, Presbyterian missionary for Carca will give an address on the work of the mission in that country on Monday evening 29th in the Presbyterian Church. This should be a very interesting and instructive subject and all will do well to attend.

Rev. Wellington Camp will make an address in the interests of the Canadian Branch of the Bible Society in the Presbyterian Church on Friday evening, the Rev. Mr. Newcombe who was expected to have been here was unable to make train connections and keep his other appointments.

A rumor was afloat during the week that some of our prominent citizens had applied for the site of the old rink to start another, this surely must have been in the nature of a joke but if not and they were in earnest in the matter it goes to show how narrow and small some folks can be.

The many younger and middle aged residents of the town who have been wishing to learn to trip the light fantastic will now have an opportunity as D. O. White one of the lately arrived residents will if given proper patronage open Dancing lessons, and will also give private lessons to any wanting such, see his add in this issue.

The dwelling of Manford Sherwood of Second Falls was destroyed by fire early Monday morning of this week, we understand Mr. Sherwood was partially insured but his loss will be quite heavy, all will be pleased to know that most of his furniture was saved, and give him full sympathy for his loss and being turned out during the cold weather.

The management of the skating rink have at last got it going in full swing, and as the season will now likely be short, they are rushing things for all they are worth. Three band nights this week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with Wednesday as a leap year night. On Monday night of next week they will hold the first Carnival of the season.

The Carleton st. well was finished this week and is now down about 42 feet below the surface and no doubt will now give an abundant supply of the needful.

Since writing above it has been decided to go down farther, and the machine will be again started. A new pump is being put in the well on the hill which is not any too soon as the old one has been very rheumatic for the past year.

A grand field or ice day of Horse Racing is being held at the lake this afternoon (Thursday) for which two classes have been made, six entries for the 1st class G. M. Williamson's, Bushan; Arthur Williamson's Edson; Saml. Hatt's Golden Prince; T. R. Kents, Lu. Dufferin; I. E. Gilmore's, Parker L., and Douglas Spinney's, Silvia.

In the 2nd class there are four entries, Arthur Fraley's, Midget; A. C. Kennedy's Alforda Jr.; Edw. O'Neill's Paddy and Justason Stewart's Lady Winton; A. Johnson of St. Stephen will drive I. E. Gilmore's horse.

The weather which was 15 below in the early morning and is still quite sharp will likely make pretty good times as they will have to keep moving or freeze. We expect quite a crowd will be in attendance.

Carnival Postponed to Feb. 2nd.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

Copyrighted by H. W. S. S. S.

</