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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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The Boy Who Was Wanted

By W. R. Rose

The boy awoke with a start. He had slept soundly on his bed of hay. It was the most luxurious bed he had known for a long time. He had been very tired when he fell asleep. Walking far, dodging across the fields, always alert and watchful, he had worn himself out. He was still sore and tired and his head was hot and heavy.

He saw a man standing in the doorway of the barn. He was a tall man and his shadow seemed to reach menacingly across the floor toward the boy. By the shadow of the blue sky beyond the man the boy knew the sun had been up for some time.

Come out here, said the man. The voice was rough, but not unkind. The boy arose with difficulty. He wasn't quite sure that he could walk. But he shuffled through the open doorway and stood in the strong sunlight blinking and shivering.

The tall man came a little closer and the boy cringed. The man stopped short. What's your name?

Jem.

The boy answered sullenly. He still feared the expected blow.

How old are you?

Sixteen.

He was small of his age, underfed and stunted.

Running away?

The boy nodded.

From the city?

The boy nodded again.

I can't run no furdur, he hoarsely said. I'm all in.

And why should you run?

A defiant look came into the hungry face.

Cause I'm wanted back here. De potecce wants me. It's housebreakin' Me an' two odder kids got into a cellar door an' lifted some things from a gto'ry. We put 'em up for 70 cts. an' den de cops pinched me. But I slipped under big Murphy's arm an' got away and den broke fer de hills an' de woods. An' I can't it. run no furdur. When youse take me back I gotter be carried. Mehby dey'll give you something fer yer trouble.

He shivered again and rubbed his grimy knuckles across his eyes.

The tall man came a little nearer and again the lad shrank back.

Don't hit me, he whimpered.

Abigail. The tall man's voice was strong, but it had a pleasant quality. Yes, Abner. What is it?

The voice that came from somewhere in the interior of the farmhouse had a peculiar drawl that was pleasant, too.

Got a little traveler here for you Abigail, said the tall man. You get me a basin of hot water an' I'll see if I can't take some of th' smartin' out of these tired feet. An' then you might fix him up an' egg an' some toast, mehby. You'll know what.

The child of the gutter watched

the further pfoceedings with keenly suspicious eyes. He couldn't understand what these strange people meant. He winced when the hot water was brought, and he wriggled when the tall man pulled off the battered shoes and showed the badly blistered feet. The water hurt him a little at first, but that quickly passed and then the sensation was only delightful.

Guess we'll leave 'em there for a spell, said the tall man, an' soak th' soreness out of 'em. Feel better now don't they?

The waif didn't mean to nod his stubborn little head, and the movement was quite involuntary. And then a most delicious odor came to him. It was the odor of hot toast.

And there was the woman with the kind face and she had a tray in her hands, and on the tray was a plate of buttered toast, and a scrambled egg, and a dish of apple sauce, and a tall glass of milk.

I ain't got nothin' to pay you, he feebly muttered.

Why there's nothing to pay, dear child, said the woman and patted him gently on the shoulder. Eat all you can an' welcome—an' there's plenty more.

The boy looked up slowly and the woman noticed that two white streaks crossed the grimy cheeks.

I—I'll run away just the same, he defiantly sobbed.

And then the satirical view of life that was a part of his bitter young existence asserted itself.

Gee, but they're easy he muttered.

The woman reappeared presently and took the tray.

Don't you want somethin' more?

De she asked as she noted the cleared dishes.

Somehow when the woman spoke it made the boy feel sorry. There was something in her voice that brought this feeling. He didn't know what he had to feel sorry for, unless it was himself. That must be de hills an' de woods. An' I can't it. run no furdur. When youse take me back I gotter be carried. Mehby dey'll give you something fer yer trouble.

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The child of the gutter watched

Only he wasn't Jem any more. He was James now. He couldn't understand what these strange people meant. He winced when the hot water was brought, and he wriggled when the tall man pulled off the battered shoes and showed the badly blistered feet. The water hurt him a little at first, but that quickly passed and then the sensation was only delightful.

Guess we won't bother the police any as long as they don't bother us, he answered.

And then one day a tramp came shambling up the driveway. He was an ugly looking fellow, drunk and surly. The tall man stopped him before he could speak.

Nothing for you, he sharply said. The fellow hesitated, then turned toward the road. But midway he stopped and shook his clenched hand at the tall man.

Presently when the tall man looked around for the boy he was gone. He had slipped behind the hedge and was following the tramp. If the latter really had mischief in his heart the boy meant to find it out.

So presently, when the vagabond lurched from the roadway and climbed the fence, and went up into the little grove back of the big barn, the boy was close behind him where the shadows were thickest. And when the tramp sat down in the grass and drew out his pipe and fumbled for his matches, the boy was very near.

It had been a dry season and the grass quickly caught the flame from the match the vagabond flung to one side. The boy saw the tiny glare and sprang toward it, but the tramp, struggling to his feet, stopped him.

Let it alone, he cried thickly, who cares.

Let me alone, sh'eked the boy, and a wild rage filled him. He caught up a short branch that was lying at his feet. Let me alone.

The tramp lunged him and the boy struck him a heavy blow across the head. He saw the fellow reel back and stagger blindly away, and then he flung himself at the flame and beat it as it ran this way and that, and while he fiercely fought it he screamed wildly for help.

The tall farmer sitting on the back porch heard the cry and ran. And there were two neighbors riding by on the highway who heard it and ran too.

When the struggle was all over and the fire was beaten down, and the big barn was out of danger, one of the neighbors turned to the panting boy.

How did you start it, sonny? he asked.

The boy's temper flared up. His hands were blistered, he was half choked, and his beautiful clothes were ruined.

I didn't start it, he screamed. It was the tramp. I followed him. He flung th' match in th' grass an' struck at me an' I smashd him with a club. He ain't far away. You'll find him, his voice suddenly trailed away weakly, and he felt himself fall.

ing, but Aunt Abigail now—caught him and put her arm around him and so led him back to the porch and tenderly ministered to his hurts.

They found the tramp where he had fallen in the underbush, dazed and maudlin, and they brought him down to the highway.

What you goin' to do with that punky boy, Abner? one of the neighbors asked as they passed the house.

Do with him? cried the tall farmer. Good Lord, I'm goin' to keep him, an' bring him up, an' make a man of him!

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, inhale Catarrhazone. It destroys the germ of Catarrh, clears away mucous, cleanses the passage of the nose and throat. The hacking cough and sneezing cold soon disappear, and health is yours again. Nothing known for colds, catarrh and throat trouble that is so curative as Catarrhazone. It cures by a new method that never yet failed. At all dealers 25c. and \$1.00. Get Catarrhazone now, today.

Those who habitually correct their children in their faults by whipping and boxing them, must not be surprised when they find them slapping them in return, and rough and abusive towards one another. They are simply trying to enforce their own little ideas of right as they have seen their elders do. The mother who spends most of her time fussing over the wardrobes of her children and herself, starching, ironing and decorating and making them fashionable, will find the lessons she taught cropping out in dunderism; in vanity that prevents the development of solid character and useful habits. The father who smokes and drinks and spends his substance in riotous living, will have better luck than management if his children turn out to be strong, healthy and honorable citizens.

What is needed most of all in bringing up children is example.

What they see and hear and take in by absorption in their young years, will, in most cases, become the ruling traits of their lives. Parents rarely fully realize to what extent they stand as models to their children.

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 Ferrozone. It purifies and renews the blood, clears it of every taint. The system is vitalized and strengthened and thus enabled to fight off threatened attacks. Not only does Ferrozone relieve at once—it cures rheumatism, gout and lumbago permanently. Results guaranteed. See boxes at all dealers.

Eggs Is Eggs

Let us sing the praise of the Great American Hen, who, during the past year, may well have cackled with pride over the production of nearly one billion three hundred million dozens of eggs! Do you realize what that means? Well, listen:

If, instead of remaining quietly at home in Iowa, she had chosen to demonstrate her powers to the universe at large, the hen might have laid those eggs, each two inches long, end to end in a continuous chain reaching 238,813 miles up to the moon, back again, and then more than half way around the world for good measure—a total of 492,424 miles of eggs! Furthermore, if those eggs had been made into one omelet half an inch thick, that omelet would easily have covered Manhattan Island, an area of twenty-two square miles.

An old Mohammedan legend tells that King Solomon used to travel through the air with all his armies, on a wonderful flying carpet, protected from the rays of the sun by the wings of a host of birds. Now, according to the poultry census, there are in the United States about two hundred and eighty millions of chickens, guinea fowls, turkeys, geese and ducks of the poultry voting age, which is three months or over. If required to furnish a moving canopy like that of King Solomon, the barn-yard fowls of this country allowing only a foot of spread to each, could easily shadow a space of ten square miles.—Arthur Gutterman in October Woman's Home Companion.

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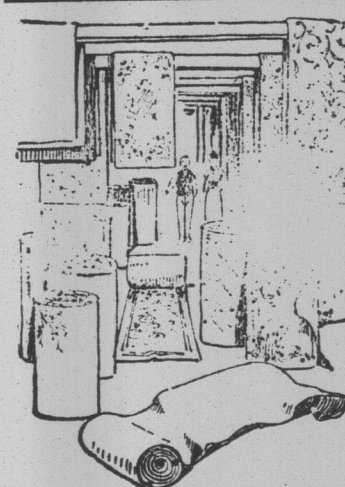
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