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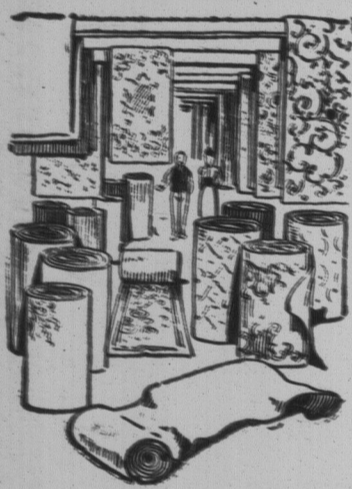
Deer Island Clothing Co

will be open about Friday, May 8, with a full line of new goods.

Ladies' Waist Coats and Skirts, Men's Furnishings, Underwear, Etc.

DEER ISLAND CLOTHING CO

Lord's Cove, N. B.



Vroom Bros. Ltd

are showing a very complete stock of Carpets of all kinds as well as Oil Cloths and Linoleums from one to four yards wide. As these goods were all purchased previous to the recent advance, they are offering them at very attractive prices.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention

VROOM BROS., Ltd.

St. Stephen, N. B.

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Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand
Prices lower than any competitor

Beaver Harbor Hotel

Boating on the harbor. The most charming resort in the county

Every convenience and comfort at moderate prices
BOATING, FISHING GUNNING,
First Class Livery in connection

Teams at station every day on arrival of St. John train

FRED PAUL - Proprietor
BEAVER HARBOR, Charlotte County, N. B.

DRESSMAKING

The Misses Somerville have opened Dressmaking rooms in the McCready building and are prepared to do all kinds of Dressmaking.

Prices Reasonable

To Enjoy Good Health, DRINK

Old Homestead Ginger

Beer and Club Brand Soda

Use Valentine's Flavoring Extracts

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L. B. YOUNG

My Violin And The Princess.

It is a perilous thing to have a princess fall in love with you. So Henry Berchman of the Bronx learned in Germany, and it was to put an end to the adventures which resulted from such a love that he fled, and, as told a few days ago fiddled his way across the Atlantic.

Had young Berchman been a hero he would not have fled, but would have stayed in Germany, to fight for his lady-love, like a knight of the days of chivalry. Being only a violin player and no hero, he packed his fiddle, turned his back upon romance and sought inglorious peace at home in the Bronx.

Berchman told his friends that he returned to America because his remittances had not arrived. He said very little to them about the princess and his head like a cloud of black bats.

In Berlin things are done differently from the way they are done here. The police here don't interfere in one's private affairs. In Germany they do—sometimes. And especially when people of prominence ask them to do so. They interfered in Berchman's romance.

Young Berchman doesn't know who asked them. All he does know is that the father and mother of the princess were angry with him and possibly with the princess. He knows too, that he was followed everywhere in Berlin and Prague and elsewhere on the continent. His rooms were ransacked on several occasions, and not by burglars. Not a thing was ever taken. But it was evident that his private papers, his letters, had been examined and read.

It was just one of those chances of Fate which brought the young New Yorker and the German princess together.

If they hadn't met one eventful night in the Cafe Roland von Berlin at a private party given by Madame Helene von Zaldern young Berchman would still be studying music over there in Berlin, and he wouldn't have been forced to fiddle his way home to get rid of German spies. "Why did I go to Germany?" said he. "Oh, that's another question. Ever since I was a little boy I loved the violin. I was music-mad, no doubt, when I was 15 years old my father gave me my heart's delight—he sent me abroad to study. I went first to Prague, where I took lessons from that wonderful man, Sevcik. I was there under him for a year, and then I went to Berlin to continue my work."

"One evening Miss von Zaldern asked me to play for her friends at the Cafe Roland von Berlin. That was the night which changed my whole life—that now has forced me to come back to America. "One of Madame's guests was the Princess Adelpha—I shall not tell you her family name—but among the other guests were Count Taabe, her cousin, and her uncle, Count Durkheim. The whole family, with the princess father and mother, were then living at the Hotel Adlon, on Unter den Linden, Berlin's most beautiful street."

"It was a jolly party; I played over and over again. Imagine my surprise when the princess took off her corsage bouquet after I had finished a number and pressed it upon me. I didn't want the flowers; I felt like a fool."

"Oh, thank you so much for your playing, she said, clasping my hand. You have quite stolen my heart with your violin. I hope we shall meet again. "Now I love my art, and to hear the Princess Adelpha's praise was indeed a pleasure to me. It isn't often that American boys can go to Berlin and meet the nobility in that way. Of course my head was turned. I thought I could see into the future—my career was made. A princess liked my playing—perhaps I might even play for the emperor!"

"Next day there came a letter with a coronet on the envelope and the initials A. Z. I opened it—within was a brief note from the princess I had met the night before. She wrote: Can't I hear you play again?"

"Of course I was pleased. Who would not be? Here I was, a New York boy, alone in Berlin and sought out by a princess. I did meet the princess—what musician wouldn't be glad to have such a charming young woman as princess Adelpha as his patroness?"

"Princess Adelpha loves music with the same passion that I did. We corresponded regularly. Whenever I left Berlin I got a letter or a post card from her every day. She was always

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and he proves it by his new, pink, tablet, called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. These tablets remove blood pressure away from pain centers. They're so charming, pleasantly delightful, gentle, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood pressure—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets "ALL DEALERS"

eager to know about my playing and to hear the news from other music centres. It was indeed flattering for me to have such a patron, I wrote home about the Princess Adelpha.

You never dreamed, I wrote to my father, when I begged you to send me abroad that my playing would win me a German Princess for a patroness. Isn't a great good fortune? She loves the violin as much as I do, and she will see that I get every advantage. She has promised that I shall play before the kaiser himself.

That was about as much as the young New Yorker could tell. The rest was beyond his understanding. Some of it told in despatches from Berlin and Prague.

There are many princesses in Europe. Some of them are real. Some of them are impostors. Young Berchman's princess may have been the genuine article, but he is an ingenious youth and it would have been easy to impose upon him.

There is a formal report filed by the police concerning the goings and comings of one Henry Berchman of New York, resident at No 6 Prager strasse, Berlin. Nothing criminal is charged against him. The report simply states that at such an hour he was at one place taking a music lesson. Another he was at an afternoon reception given by the Princess Adelpha: in the evening he was playing in concert and the Princess Adelpha, accompanied by seven young ladies, a chaperon, and three or four young officers, were at the concert, where Herr Berchman played to numbers.

Next day, the report records, the New York boy took a stroll down Unter den Linden. He ran across the father and mother of the Princess Adelpha. He bowed; they gave him the cut direct.

He went home in the evening to find his rooms ransacked. And this was only the beginning. Young Mr. Berchman moved. Again his belongings were searched. Not a thing was taken—it wasn't the work of a burglar. He couldn't leave his house without being followed. He couldn't go to his music lessons without knowing that some one was behind him, dogging his very footsteps. If he went to the theatre there was some one watching him in the row behind, he couldn't drop in a cafe without finding the same mysterious person sitting at the next table.

The police were at work, life was made so miserable for the young American, not only in Berlin but everywhere in Germany, that he decided to come home, though he was at that moment penniless. He hadn't enough money to pay his passage. His father he well knew had sent the regular monthly remittance, but it hadn't arrived. It should have reached him the day before the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse sailed, but the mails were late.

The young man fell into a condition of real terror.

On the following day he found that the secret service men had been there once more in his absence. They had gone through his letters, but had taken not one. He took a room in a hotel. He didn't know that the police of Germany know whenever a person moves. Again his rooms were searched in his absence.

That night he was followed home. The next day he met the princess at their trying place in the park. He told her he was going away. She cried and pressed a bouquet into his hands. He realized that he was giving up his career in Germany—yet, what did a young woman of noble birth know of

what the German police could do? He knew he would be safe in New York.

So he hurried to Bremen without enough money to pay his passage. The ship was sailing the next morning. In his dilemma the young violinist sought out Capt. Pollack—but not until the ship was at sea and he could not be put off.

"If you'll take me a passenger I'll pay my way across the ocean, he said.

The Captain was touched with the young man's earnestness. The passengers were agreeable and Henry Berchman and his violin did the rest.

When the ship reached New York his father and mother were waiting for him at the pier, and they were greatly surprised to learn that the remittance had not reached him in time.

"Then why didn't you wait until the next steamer?" asked his father. But the young fellow was silent. He did not want to tell the real reason. The German police are no longer bothering him in this country. As to the packet of letters with the crest, and the big stack of picture postal cards, young Berchman said: "You may see the outside, but the letters—they are from the princess. And all that tragedy isn't her fault,"—N. Y. World.

TIME TABLES

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 Check East and West Side Offices. Special Ticket Office, 97 Prince Wm. Street.

FRANK J. McPRAKE, Superintendent. St. John, N. B., Jan'y 1st, 1908.

Eastern S'mship Co

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION. Reduced Fares

St. John to Boston, \$3.50

St. John to Portland, \$3.00

Steamship "CALVIN AUSTIN"—Steamer leaves St. John at 8 a.m. on Wednesdays for Eastport, Lunenburg and Boston; also on Saturdays at 7 p. m. for Boston direct.

All freight, except live stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk. W. G. Lee, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking"

June 1st to October 1st, 1908.

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

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

Touching at Lettice 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

Victoria Hotel,

KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. AMERICAN PLAN. Victoria Hotel Co, Ltd, Proprietors.

Boyd's Hotel,

ST. GEORGE, N. B. First-Class Livery and Sample Rooms in Connection.

NOTICE

All subscriptions paid on account of St. George News expire April 1st, 1908 as per agreement with management of News, at time transfer was made. Those who have been receiving Greetings on this account, will please send renewals to this office. GREETINGS-PUB. CO. LTD.

We would be pleased to have you visit our

Drug Store when in Eastport

We carry everything usually found at a first class pharmacy

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Have your Watch Repaired here in

St. George by

Geo. C. McCallum

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Have also on hand a stock of brooches, stick pins, lockets, rings, bracelets, watches, chains, charms, etc., which I will sell at a great discount.

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Just Arrived

Place orders now. First come first served

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Local Salesman Wanted for St. George

and adjoining country to represent

CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES

Special list of Hardly Tested varieties, thoroughly adapted for New Brunswick planting. Large and small fruits, ornamentals, Shrubs, vines, Roses, bulbs and seed potatoes.

A permanent situation for the right man; liberal inducements, pay weekly. Reserved territory, free equipment. Write for particulars.

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Fonthill Nurseries (Over 800 acres) TORONTO, CANADA

John B. Spear, ST. GEORGE, N. B.

UNDERTAKER.

Furniture Repairing, Cabinet work and Picture Framing a Specialty.

PRICES LOW.

No Theories No Guesses

Go into the process that produces

Nectar Tea

It is grown and treated with science and skill.

It is a packet tea, packed direct from the Ceylon gardens.

It costs something because it is worth something.

W. C. PURVES,

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. Agents.

Wing Hem, Laundry,

Fred Hem, First-Class Laundryman. Work Done Quickly. Laundry finished on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.