

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Rev. J. Spencer is attending the meeting of St. Andrew's Devants held at Trinity Church, St. Stephen yesterday and today and makes an address at this morning's session.

Mr. V. Dewar was up river for a few days this week.

Messrs. Wm. Harding of W. F. Hathaway Co., St. John and Akersley of Ames Holden Co., were doing business here this week.

Mrs. Jas. Chase entertained the Thimble club on Tuesday evening, and the 500 club on Thursday evening of this week. Mrs. A. S. Baldwin will entertain the Thimble Club at their next meeting, the 20th.

J. F. Calder, Fishery Inspector was in town and vicinity for a day or two this week.

Mrs. Rachel Maxwell visited for a few days at St. Stephen and Calais during last week.

Gerard McGee, night foreman for the Pulp Co., for some months will leave to-morrow (Saturday) for St. John where he will remain a week, then leaving with his wife and daughter for Quebec near Lake St. John to assume his new position in large Pulp Mills there. Geo. R. Wagner who has been working here for some time will take his position as night foreman.

Mrs. Spencer who was called to her daughter's at Red Beach last week returned home on Monday.

Miss Francis Murphy was home from St. John to attend the funeral of her uncle.

Jra Getten was a passenger to St. Stephen on Saturday returning on Monday.

Mr. & Mrs. Ben. Campbell were given a delightful surprise on Friday when a number of Bayside and St. Andrews friends drove to their home at Bredalunie. They returned home again on Sunday. All report a good time.

Liet. Governorship of New Brunswick.

Fredericton, N. B. Feb. 13. It is understood that arrangements are already being made for the change in the position of Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, which is to take place early next month. Hon. L. J. Tweedie's term will expire at noon on Wednesday, March 6th, and it is said that Hon. Josiah Wood of Sackville, now a member of the Senate, will be sworn in as Lieutenant Governor either that day or the morning following, the incumbent remaining in office until his successor is sworn in.

The new Lieutenant Governor's first official duty will therefore be the opening of the session of the legislature at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, March 7th. Announcement of the military and other arrangements in connection with the opening of the session will probably be made very shortly, and will be along the same lines followed in former years, although particular interest will, no doubt, attach to the opening on account of it being the first public ceremony at which the new Lieutenant Governor will officiate.

Inasmuch as the appointment of the new Lieutenant Governor cannot well be announced until the present incumbent's term has expired, it is naturally difficult to get any official announcements for the newspapers, but it is understood that a double suite of rooms in the new annex of the Barker House has been engaged for Hon. Mr. Wood and family for the session, and that arrangements have been made to have the new Lieutenant Governor make his headquarters at the Barker House for this session at least.

In the new annex of the Barker House it is known that particular attention is being paid to the finishing and furnishing of the two suites in the front of the hotel on the first floor, overlooking the Officers Square of the Military Depot and this is being done, it is said, with the idea that everything will be ready for occupancy by the new Lieutenant Governor early in the month of March. Neither pains nor expense are being spared in fitting up the prospective gubernatorial suites.

It is also understood that Mr. Robert S. Barker is to be appointed private secretary to the new Lieutenant Governor.

Official announcement to that effect will probably not be made until after Hon. Mr. Wood has been sworn in, but it is believed that Mr. Barker is already making the necessary arrangements for the arrival of the new Lieutenant Governor and that he has taken up the arrangements for the State Dinner which will be given by Hon. Mr. Wood, in accordance with the usual custom, at the Barker House. Yesterday, Mr. Barker had a lengthy conference with T. V. Mahan, proprietor of the Barker House, and at the conclusion neither would confirm the reports in circulation to the effect that they were making the arrangements for the new Lieutenant Governor, but the reports are believed to be correct. Mr. Barker has had a long experience as private secretary to Lieutenant Governors. He was associated in the work with Col. Gordon during the term of Lieutenant Governor Fraser, and has been private secretary to Hon. A. R. McClellan, Hon. J. B. Snowball and Hon. L. J. Tweedie, a period of more than 15 years.

Mayer F. B. Black, of Sackville, will, it is reported, be A. D. C. to the new governor.

Hon. Mr. Wood, who is 68 years old, was born at Sackville and has resided there all his life with the exception of the portion of the year from 1882 to the present, when his duties first as a member of Parliament and then as a senator made necessary his residence at Ottawa, but he has been said by a close friend of the new Governor that he is considering the establishment of a residence in Fredericton, possibly some time during the first year of his term in office. It will be remembered that Hon. J. B. Snowball during his term of office maintained an official residence in this city, and it is believed that Hon. Mr. Wood plans to follow out that idea and that he will reside here most of his time.—St. J. Globe.



Quick Results

May be depended upon from the use of our Want Ads. The births, deaths, marriages and the other Classified Columns are usually included in even a very perfunctory perusal of the paper. They are as good for general business as they are for "Help Wanted," etc.

Great London Dock.

Scheme to be Begun Early in the Year. London, Feb. 7.—The first and most important part of the great scheme of improvements and extensions to the London docks which is being carried out by the port of London authority, will be taken in hand in the early spring. This is the construction of a new dock to the south of the Royal Albert docks.

The draft scheme has already been approved and the detailed plans are almost completed. The provisional cost of the scheme is estimated at about \$12,500,000, and the work is likely to occupy several years.

The new dock will be 4,600 feet long, giving a quay length of 9,200 feet. The width at the eastern end will be 700 feet and at the western 500 feet. The water in the dock will have a depth of 38 feet and cover an area of as much as 65 acres. The land on which it will be situated was purchased some ten years ago by the port of London authority.

This great project has been necessitated by the ever increasing expansion in the trade of the capital of the British empire, and among other improvements which will shortly be carried out are the provision of a new quay at Tilbury and a considerable extension of the East India docks. The total cost of the improvements is estimated at as much as \$29,000,000.

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THE CURE

By Albert Cleeve
Dara sat at the window looking out into the sunny street. The sky in places was as blue as any she had ever seen above the Riviera. The night before she had come back to her old home after having passed many years in foreign countries. She had gone to seek a cure and had not found it, for Dara had had an experience in love that had changed and spoiled her whole life.

She was a girl of twenty when Walter Kent came to Westmore to preach. He was just out of the seminary with the college interest still strong in him. He made friends with all the young people. There was not a girl in Westmore who did not admire him. After a while he singled out Dara for his special attention. Dara was elated and happy. She, too, under the spell of the young minister's face and manner, she loved him. She began to dream dreams of the future and make little secret plans.

That fall Edith Mahan came home. Dara had known Edith in their childhood and now they resumed their friendship. People smiled at their intimacy. They said Dara Connell had better look out. If she did not Edith would get Walter Kent away from her. Finally that was what happened. Looking back now with the reasonableness of maturity, Dara could see how Edith had tricked her to win Walter Kent for herself. One day the truth came out. Edith confessed it. She was going to marry Walter Kent herself.

before Dara had recovered from the shock of her revelation her father—Dr. Connell, died. And then Dara—she started out rather blindly. In New York, she joined a party of Cook tourists who were starting for Naples. She had plenty of money. The years slipped away. One day it came to her that she might as well go home.

She wrote to Johanna, the old German woman, who had been her servant, and had been left alone in the old house as caretaker. So it was last night when she arrived. She got up and began to walk about the room. A great slab of mirror upon the wall caught her reflection at every turn. She realized that if Europe had not cured her wound it had at least hidden it away gracefully. The shy, rather awkward young girl had become a noble woman.

As she stood there the door bell rang, and she heard Johanna going to answer it. She had not expected visitors so soon. Of course she had known that Johanna would tell every one she saw that her mistress was coming home. Without any ceremony of announcement Johanna simply opened the door and let the visitor in. Then she withdrew. The woman stood waiting for Dara's recognition. She was small and faded. Her clothes had a look of not belonging to her. Against her shoulder she held with difficulty a large whimpering baby.

"I had to bring him," she panted in apology. "Dara, don't you know me?" Dara braced herself against the shock of recognition. "Edith Mahan—Edith Kent?" she exclaimed. The

out of her womanliness she bent over the little woman and kissed her, urged on by something pathetic in Edith's haggard eyes.

"Are you glad to see me, Dara?" she asked.

"Of course I am. But you mustn't stand holding that baby another minute. Let me take him. There! Sit down—relax. You do look so tired."

"I am," Edith said, obeying gratefully.

The baby had begun to cry. Dara touched a bell on the table, and Johanna appeared. Dara gave the baby into her arms.

"Take him away, Johanna," she commanded. When the German woman had obeyed she turned to Edith. "Now we can talk. Johanna is a good hand with children."

"I know she is. You don't care for babies, do you, Dara?"

"Why, I don't know. I've never had any intimate acquaintance with them. I suppose it makes a difference whether or not one is used to them."

"Yes, it does." There was a listless monotony in Edith's voice. As she spoke her eyes sought over Dara's ample perfection hopelessly. "I've had seven. I buried two; that makes five living. This baby's dreadfully cross most of the time. I actually dread taking him out. But there's no one to leave him with at home."

"If I had been you," pursued Edith, "I'd never have come back."

"Wouldn't you?" Dara was growing more and more bewildered.

"Not to Westmore. It's so dull, especially for a minister's wife. I'd rather be back in the convent. It's terribly wearing. And then one's household and a baby every now and then and a husband who's no better than a baby."

She had some swift mental pictures of the manse overrun with children like this heavy-headed baby, of a half sick woman tottering dejectedly to keep the home going, of a soul worn man grinding out sermons in the dingy study at the head of the stairs. And she shuddered uncontrollably. She was very glad when at last Edith went away.

In the parlor Dara stood perfectly still, pondering and gazing at Edith's chair as if her weary, frail, comfortless body still filled it. A rumpled bit of white lay on the cushion. She picked it up and smoothed it out. It was a square of fine linen smelling faintly of sachet and monogrammed. In the centre was a hole! Dara caught her breath. To think of Edith Mahan carrying a ragged handkerchief. Edith who had always prided herself on being absolutely correct to the last detail!

Dara turned away and dropped the tell-tale bit of linen upon the table, and it seemed to her that she laid down with it all the years of heartache and disappointment she had known. The streak of sunshine that lay on the faded Brussels carpet, brightening it, seemed to brighten her future as well. She knew as well as if a charm had been said over her that the past was past. She had found the cure.

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