

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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### Beaver Harbor Trading Co.

#### Plucking a Pigeon

From the Philadelphia Telegraph  
"What a horrible place!" said Mrs. Tresilian, with that slight suspicion of a lip over the "y" which her admirer thought so delightfully fascinating, but which was described by some of her more candid acquaintances as "disgusting affectation."

The remark was addressed to her daughter Ella, who looked up quickly from the book she was reading, and then became immersed in it once more.

She had learned by experience that as she hardly ever agreed with her mother on any point, it was a great saving of trouble to avoid all discussion as far as possible; and so she made a point of never contradicting her if she could help it.

Ella Tresilian was a girl of nearly 18, but was carefully dressed by her mother to look like 15; though it is only fair to admit that what was taken off in the matter of age was more than made up for by her ever-elaborate style of clothes in which she was invariably attired.

Laura Tresilian was a widow who, at the time of her husband's death some ten years earlier, had been left almost penniless; and all her friends imagined that she would either marry again or else be obliged to set to work to earn her own living.

As a matter of fact, she had done neither, and yet she always contrived to be staying at some smart hotel in one or other of the fashionable Continental resorts. How in the world she managed it was a puzzle to her friends.

The answer in the riddle was summed up in the one word—piquet. Mrs. Tresilian was an extremely good piquet-player, and she used to give delightful little dinner-parties in her private sitting-room, consisting, as a rule, of one masculine guest, with her little daughter there to play propriety and after dinner there would generally be a game of piquet. Her little games of cards not only paid for the dinners, but for the entire hotel bills of herself and her daughter, and apparently left a considerable margin to pay for the dainty and expensive clothes in which they were always both to be seen.

On this particular occasion she had taken rooms at the Bear Hotel at Grindelwald because she knew that Leslie Streatfield was coming there for a month to do some mountain climbing.

Leslie Streatfield had lately inherited a large fortune from an uncle, and when Mrs. Tresilian made his acquaintance by chance a few weeks before, at the Hotel National at Geneva it was at once apparent that he was greatly attracted by Ella's delicate child-like beauty.

It also transpired that he was an enthusiastic piquet player, and as he did not seem at all to object to playing for fairly high stakes, Mrs. Tresilian made up her mind that such a useful acquaintance must on no account be lost sight of. And so Leslie Streatfield, rather than the splendid mountain air, of Grindelwald, was responsible for Mrs. Tresilian finding herself in such an unfashionable and tripper-trodden haunt as Grindelwald in the middle of July.

"By the way, Ella, I hear from

seen how the pigeon she had been engaged in plucking would take it. Streatfield looked her quite steadily in the face, and then said calmly: "I think, if you don't mind, we won't play any more this evening, Mrs. Tresilian. I fancy I quite forgot to tell you that I shall be obliged to leave Grindelwald tomorrow morning, and ought to see my man in good time to night and give him some final instructions about packing my things."

Ella had been sitting in the arm-chair reading a book on mountain-climbing, but she caught a subtle change in the inflection of his voice when he began to speak, and when he said he was going away next day she realized at once that something serious had happened, for they had arranged that morning to start to do the Wetterhorn together in the morning—the biggest climb that she had undertaken so far.

Streatfield rose from the table. "Good-bye, Mrs. Tresilian," he said, in a level voice, but without offering to shake hands. "Very many thanks for all your hospitality. I am sorry I shall not have the pleasure of playing piquet with you any more."

Then he walked across the room to Ella, who had got up, out of her chair and took her by the hand. "Good-bye, little girl," he said quietly.

"I'm sorry we shan't be able to do the Wetterhorn together, after all. Perhaps you'll find someone else to take you up later on. Good-bye."

Ella spent a very miserable night. She and her mother had not exchanged a single word on the subject of the events of the previous evening; but they understood each other.

There was a little shady nook in the woods, not very far from the hotel where she and Streatfield had picked together once or twice on days when they were not climbing, and it was towards this that she now almost unconsciously directed her steps. She could see the station from there, and she felt that, if she could not see him again before he went, at least she would like to watch his train go out of the station.

"Did he really think," she wondered, "that she was as bad as her mother?"

And then, while she was still sobbing, she heard a cracking of underground, and looking up, she saw the stolid, honest features of Christian Burchmann, the guide.

"Why, Christian," she said, trying hard to smile through her tears, "what have you come for?"

"Fraulein," he said, simply, "I have brought the Herr."

He stepped back and pulled aside some branches, and Streatfield came forward.

"I—I thought you had gone!" she said.

"Well, so I have—theoretically," he replied, smiling; "but dear old Christian came and pulled me out of the train. He said he had seen the Fraulein stealing off here, looking very unhappy, and dragged me here to see if I could not find out what was the matter."

"Dear old Christian!" said Ella, smiling in earnest this time, through her tears. "He was quite right in saying that I was feeling very unhappy."

"Then you really do care?" said Streatfield.

"No," she said emphatically. "I don't care a bit!"

But there was a little sob in her voice that told him all he wanted to know, and it was quite a long time before they discovered that Christian had discreetly disappeared.

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Mrs. Tresilian has a handsome allowance which continues as long as she keeps to her undertaking neither to interfere with her daughter nor to play cards.

At Streatfield's wedding a good many people wondered who a sturdy looking individual in very ill fitting clothes could possibly be; but the bride and bridegroom knew, and were both inclined to consider that Christian was the most important person there.

#### Greatest Leviathan of the Ocean

The later months of 1907 were a period that particularly appealed to all interested in transatlantic transportation, whether as passengers or students of construction. The new and magnificent vessels of the Cunard Line, the Lusitania and Mauretania, were going through their paces and showing that increased size was not incompatible with increased speed, to say nothing of the wealth of new equipment for the convenience and comfort of patrons. But we are not to suppose that the limit of development has been reached. These triumphs of the shipbuilding art are a challenge to rivals to strive for larger things that is not going to be ignored.

The announcement that the shipbuilding firm of Harland & Wolff at Belfast, has begun work on new slips at its yard, which will permit the construction of liners a thousand feet in length, is tantamount to saying that such vessels are to be built. It probably means that they are already spoken for, and as the keel of the mammoth new White Star line boat for the Southampton New York traffic, is to be laid there, the distinction of bringing dimensions up to four figures for the first time may rest with this Company. When it put the Oceanic into commission nearly nine years ago her great length and fair proportions; to say nothing of the elegance of her fittings, attracted wide attention. Her smoke stacks were spacious enough to permit two trolley cars to pass one another, her length over all was 704 feet, and that held the record for three years, until the Kaiser Wilhelm 11, came to the front with two and a half feet additional.

The Mauretania now leads all ocean couriers with a length of 790 feet, and the Lusitania comes but a few feet short of that. Development of ship building was to wait on docks and channels. There was none too much for either in New York for the Oceanic's use in 1899, and the Lusitania had to wait for the completion of the Ambrose Channel before daring to venture into American waters. A ship of a thousand feet in length means proportionate beam, draft and weight, and if the rapidly growing Leviathans are to be welcome in this country we must prepare for their accommodation.—Boston Transcript.

#### Household Hints

Before sweeping a carpet sprinkle with moist salt. It will both lay the dust and revive the colors.

When boiling milk, always rinse out the saucepan with cold water before adding the milk. This will prevent it burning.

To clean Indian brass trays, rub with a lemon cut in half, dipped frequently in salt. If badly soiled, more than one lemon will be needed to clean it properly.

Don't throw away burnt milk; instead pour into a clean jug and stand in cold water. By the time the milk is quite cold the scorched taste will have entirely gone.

When cleaning brass, try moistening the rag with alcohol before dipping it in the brass paste. The alcohol soon removes all stains from the brass and makes it beautifully bright.

To make glass opaque, dissolve in a little hot water as much Epsom salts as the water will absorb. While still hot, paint over the window with the mixture. When dry you will have a good imitation of ground glass.

#### No matter where women meet they talk and

wherever you hear them talking the gist of conversation is always the same. They being a unit on this point at least, that the ECONOMY STORE is the reliable store; everything for the home and family. A valuable prize given free with every ten dollar purchase. CALL AND BE CONVINCED ANDREW MCGEE Back Bay

#### Superstitions About the Rainbow

All over the world the rainbow traditions found, and, although superstition and weather lore have gone to their making, there is that in them which is the expression of poetical mysticism.

Most beautiful of all, and full of wonderful imagery, are the old Greek and Scandinavian beliefs. Down from heaven to earth, by the old Greek gods, was the rainbow let as a bridge, and Iris, the swift-footed, passed to and fro on the errands of the gods.

Bifrost they called it, and it stretched between Migard, the earth, and Asgard, the white city of the gods; and in the last days of Migard, it was believed, the bridge would break; and only the souls of the mighty in battle could cross it, for Valhalla was shut against the deedless; and only as Heimdall, the Warder, sounded his horn, Tjalar, summoning the gods to greet a hero, was the rainbow bridge seen by mortals.

The rainbow reaches Asgard now no more, and the horn of Heimdall is silent; but the old belief, with its sublime imagery, remains one of the most beautiful in mythology.

Tenderly, pathetically beautiful also, is the Irish rainbow lore, with the magic of the misty isle strong upon it; and it brings one as near, though differently, to an interpretation of the rainbow glamour as do the Norse and Greek.

Where the rainbow strikes the ground there the crock of gold is found, runs one quaint rhyme, embodying a delightfully tender fancy, while another somewhat similar legend is that a pair of slippers lies buried at the rainbow's end, and to the one who seeks them and finds them do they bring his heart's desire.

Under the rainbow, they say, does the earth give forth a sweet odor, and a prayer prayed under the rainbow arch goes straight to the ear of God. Good does the morning rainbow bring, while the evening one, the nun's girdle, brings but ill.

Quaint is the belief that the rain which goes through the rainbow blights whatever it touches, and a sixteenth century couplet runs: When the rainbow touches the trees, No catepillar will hang on the leaves.

common in the Middle Ages, that ere the Day of Judgment, even for forty years before, would the rainbow, with the rainbow promise, utterly depart. But in England all mysticism has passed from the rainbow lore, which now goes along with the lore of the weather. Similar to an oft-quoted Scotch rhyme is the Wiltshire one, running:

The rainbow in the mornin' Gives the shepherd warnin' To car' his gurt cwoat on his back; The rainbow at night Is the shepherd's delight, For then no gurt cwoat will be lack, In Cornwall the weather-wise think differently, for the rhyme runs:

A rainbow in the morn, Put your hook in the corn; A rainbow in the eve, Put your hook in the sheave.

An old sea rhyme—the rainbow with sailors being called a sun-dog—tells:

A dog in the morning, Sailor, take warning; A dog in the night Is the sailors' delight.

Should red prevail in the rainbow, says the legend, wind and rain will follow. Green also tells of bad weather to come. Blue gives foreknowledge of the weather's clearing, and concerning the blue rainbow beautifully quaint is the old Scotch rhyme:

The weather's taking up now, For yonder's the weather gaw; How bonny is the east now, Now the colors fade aw.

There is a note of sublimity as well as triviality in the rainbow lore. And although the bridge be broken to Asgard, though the swift-footed Iris passes no more, though we seek for the fairy crock and the golden slippers and find them not, we can still rejoice in the old promise attached to the "bow in the cloud."

**Why?**  
Why do many wives put on the injured martyr air instead of telling their husbands just what they want or think?

Why do many husbands work hard for their wives and families, but never think how the wife would appreciate an invitation to a theater, a little dinner at a restaurant, a box of candy, or some flowers brought home unasked?

Why do so many rich folks look on their poor relatives as being always on the look out for favors, and so prevent the poor relatives from giving them little presents or being natural with them?

Why do many children resent anything their parents say, and look on them as bores, and long to be grown up so as to escape from them?

Why do so many poor relatives look on their rich relatives as arrogant and purse-proud, scarcely admitting any good qualities, and always adding or prefacing any account of the rich relatives' generosity of kindness with, "If I were as rich as he it would be my delight to do so-and-so, instead of being appreciative of the kindness?"

Why do many employers say their clerks are a stupid lot and unworthy of consideration?

Why do many clerks look with envy on their employers, and rage over every correction or sharp word?

Why do men laugh at women's lack of business ability, and yet sneer and rather look down on the woman who shows she has some?

Why do many persons behave more courteously and kindly to outsiders than they do to ones they really love the best of all?

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