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The Granite Town Greetings

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM!

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THE NEW Church Hymn Book for sale at the "Greetings Office" in several Qualities and Styles.

Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early ages, through countless generations, remedies *are* needed to aid Nature in correcting our inherited and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from native medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of food, Chronic Diarrhea and other Intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a time-proven and most efficient remedy.

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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Idle Rich Indicted.

Lady Who Spends Fortunes on a Monkey.

(News of the World, London Sept.25)

From the ranks of American society a millionaire, whose name is familiar all over the world, has stood forth to denounce the idleness, the profligancy, the viciousness of the idle rich in the United States. The new Jeremiah is Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, brother of Mr. Bradley Martin, the Croesus who is as well known in this country for his splendid hospitality as in his own. Mr. Martin has written a book called the "passing of the Idle Rich,,' in which tales are told and deeds described which would transcend belief but for the fact that the writer is intimately acquainted with the subject of which he writes. As Mr. Martin says in his first sentence: I know society. I was born in it, and have liked in it all my life, both here and in the capitals of Europe." Mr. Martin goes on to say: "It is hard for me to write with patience of the small class that has done so much to disgrace and discredit the spirit of American society. For I knew that it is true that in the mind of an enormous number of our people, and of the people of other civilized countries. American society is brought to shame and ridicule by the extraordinary excesses that have been brought within its gates and grafted into its system by the idle rich." Listen to this;

"The wife of a Western man owns a pet monkey. The little beast lives in a private room, and is constantly attended by a valet. It rides abroad behind its private trotter, has its own outfit of clothes, its dining tables, and a bed made of solid ivory, tipped with gold ornaments. All told, perhaps, a dozen human beings minister to the comfort of the little simian, and the mistress cheerfully pays from ten to fifteen thousand dollars yearly on this one extravagance. She became dissatisfied with the dining service in the monkey room of her home and her pet now eats its meals off solid silver plates."

Evidently such scandals are not rare. For quite recently, it will be recalled, we published an account of a dog's funeral attended by half of Chicago's folk. Mr. Martin proceeds;

"Somewhere there is something wrong I speak as a rich man. I cannot go down through the crowded tenement sections of our great cities without having it borne in upon me that we, as a nation, pay a fearful price in human blood and tears for our industrial triumphs. . . For the grim fact stands out beyond denial that the men who are the workers of the nation, and the women and the children dependent upon them, are not today given them, the opportunities, that are their proper birthright in free America; and that, struggle as they will, save as they may, lift their voices in protest as they dare, they cannot obtain from our industrial hierarchy much more than a mere living wage."

The obstacle to all progress is, as Mr. Martin sees it, the idle rich, and the mad thirst for gold. Concerning wealth, Mr. Martin, as a rich man says this:

"But of all the futile things in the world none is more futile than wealth itself. If you rest on the things you have won, and set yourself down in idleness to enjoy them, they turn to ashes on your lips. They are flat, tasteless, like fruit picked long ago."

Mr. Martin recalls a perfectly amazing incident at a brilliant social function in London. A woman, reckoned a leader in the most splendid society of the world and "wealthy beyond all human needs," asked him to help her "to get some American gold." He was astrounded and told her. She replied;

"Oh, Mr. Martin you do not know me I am almost ashamed to confess the truth, I dream night and day of gold. I want to have a room at the top of my house filled with gold sovereigns. I would like to go into that room night after night, when everyone else is asleep, and bury myself in yellow sovereigns up to my neck, and play with them, toss them about, to hear the jingling music of the thing I love best !"

Mr. Martin comments;

"Think of it. Picture a woman, wife of a man, mother of splendid children, born with the beautiful instincts inmate in her sex sinking to such a depth as that Think of the awful shallow emptiness of a life and a training that had bore such fruit as this !" The writer omits to mention whether the woman, mad with the lust of gold, was American or English. Mr. Martin concludes with this, his personal view of the future: It cannot be for long. The days of the idle rich in America are as a tale that is told. Idleness is doomed as a vocation. We in America are fast moving toward social revolution. Conflicts between labor and capital are assuming the proportions of civil war The once powerful middle class, which is the safety of every nation is today weak, and is every day declining Soon, politically, it will be a memory, and the battlefield will be cleared for conflict. Instead of being the roof and crown of things, the wealthy class in America today has sunk to the level of the parasite. The time has come when the producing classes are about to bring it to judgement.

Yes

ALL teas may look alike to you—but the difference in Red Rose Tea is in the taste and the smell. Another marked difference is the agreeable strength that puts real quality in the cup with less tea in the pot. Will you try it. 99

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Some Romances in Odd Places

People United After Many Years of Separation.

The bells of the little village of Keevil, in Wiltshire, England rang out the other day for two old pensioners who were lovers fifty years ago, and were married twice before. The old man had gone to the village post office for his old-age pension, but could not sign his order, and an old lady who was also in the office came to his assistance. His name was familiar to her, and when the next pension day came round the two old people compared notes, and discovered that they had been lovers fifty years ago. Each had married twice since then, and now they are married again for the third time—to each other.

A remarkable scene took place at the Wesleyan Central hall, Rochester, some little time ago, when William Hennan, who has the distinction of being the oldest post-boy in England, led Fanny Wadhams to the altar. Mr. Hennan looked quite sprightly, in spite of his ninety-four years. Indeed he may be said to have looked no older than his bride, though she had the advantage of 14 years over him, being just turned 80.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of youth age joining in matrimony occurred quite lately at Reighton. This bracing town has the honor of sheltering many very old people and among others is James Doughty, the oldest clown in England He is still fond of surprising his friends, for though he is 93 years of age, and lost his wife a short time ago, he has married his housekeeper, a young lady of no more than 24 years.

The papers lately recorded the marriage of certain vicar, who gave up work two years ago owing to his advancing age, but he did not find himself too old for wedlock. The marriage register gave the age of the bride as 35, and that of the bridegroom as "full."

When December mates May, one naturally expects the month of snow to be represented by the bridegroom and the month of blossoms by the bride. But that the roles are occasionally reversed was proved a short time ago, when a marriage, in which a lady of 68 summers had made a husband of a young man of 22, was dissolved in the Divorce Court. But the records of Cupid contain even more remarkable unions than this. As long ago as 1769 we read of "a woman of Rotherhithe, aged 70 marrying a man of 23," and of a widow of 64 leading to the altar a youth of 18, whose fickle heart she had wrested from her own daughter.

FAMOUS WOMEN LINGUIST.

Speaks Fluently Thirteen Languages.

Marteina Kramers of Rotterdam ranks among the first of women linguists. She can read and speak 13 languages, and there are few men in the world who can equal that record. Besides, she has sufficient knowledge of seven other languages to converse in them, and she has planned to have a new language to her list every six months for several years. Miss Kramers also ranks as one of the most influential suffragettes in Europe. She is editor of Jus Suffragii, the official organ of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, which has several branches in this country. Miss Kramers is one of the most optimistic of the workers. She believes that within ten years America and all the countries in Europe will extend suffrage to women on equality with men.

A Real Meaning in the Word.

The use of the word "blue" to denote melancholy or terror, as in the phrases to "feel blue," "blue devils," a "blue funk," and so on, is not entirely figurative, if we are to credit a recent medical writer. The class of phenomena that includes fainting, vertigo, nausea, etc., is controlled by certain brain centers that also bring about a sort of cramp of the external muscles of the eye. The resulting compression of the organ causes objects to look gray or bluish, and ultimately produces apparent darkness. The use of the word, having a physiological basis, is common to many languages. The French say, for instance: "I see blue." A writer says that the French word eblouissement figiddinessfl should be spelled ebleuissement, and has the same origin.

Must Have Canadian Grain.

If we were to admit Canadian grain free from tariff charges, much of it would stay with us for home consumption; a portion of it would go through our ports to foreign lands—New York, Portland and Boston are the natural outlets for the foreign trade of Eastern Canada. The elevators for storing and handling Canadian grain should be on this side of the line, and the steamers of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific should in the winter time at least find their home in the ports of Boston, New York and Portland.—H. M. Whitney, in the Atlantic Monthly.

The federal government of Canada has expended $427,000,000 on railways and canals to develop trade in our own country. The provincial governments have expended $36,000,000 more, and the municipalities $18,000,000 more. Furthermore, the federal and provincial governments have guaranteed bonds for railway construction in Canada amounting to $127,000,000 more.

$5,000 for Trip Among Catacombs.

No one Ready, However. to go After French Prize.

Paris, Nov. 8—Who wants to make $5,000 in eight hours, the American labor union man's working day? A Paris businessman announces that he will give that amount to any person who will enter the catacombs at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, alone, and appear in the streets again at midnight, having emerged by a door other than that by which he entered. The only condition is that the winner shall carry no candle or other light. He will be permitted, however, to have a whistle.

The offer has been standing two weeks, but so far there has been no wild scramble for the prize. In fact, the first fortune seeker is yet to present himself.

The catacombs are one of the mysteries of Paris. The entrance is at the Barriere d'Enfer, or "Gate to Hell," not an inappropriate place to start such a journey, when one comes to think about it. Ninety spiral steps lead from the streets to the depths. Tourist parties, directed by guides, emerge by another staircase, reached after a winding tramp of nearly two miles.

The catacombs are a series of tunnels and compartments known to extend beneath the greater part of Paris south of the Seine River. The narrow passages are lined on either side from the floor to the low ceiling with human bones and skulls, representing according to the last census 6,000,000 bodies. So underground Paris is about 4,000,000 larger than above ground.

There is no opening through which artificial light may come except the candles carried by visitors. The catacombs are infested by rats. It is to frighten them that the winner of the $5,000 prize will be allowed to blow a whistle.

The catacombs date from the Roman period. The passages were worked originally as quarries. No shafts have been discovered and engineers are at a loss to comprehend how the tunnels were drilled or the product of the quarries were brought to the surface. The galleries were consecrated to the present use in 1786, when the ground of the cemetery of the Innocents was taken for other uses and the bodies were transferred. The bodies of thousands of victims of the September, 1789 massacre were heaped there also, and half a dozen cemeteries yielded their dead in the first forty years of the nineteenth century.

It is almost certain that the quarries originally extended beneath the river and under a great part of Paris on the other side, but fallen rocks blocking the tunnels prevent any tracing of the possible connection now. The main passages are crossed by innumerable intersections, the traversing of which, even with candles is extremely dangerous, owing to the presence of pits, some of them many feet deep. But there is that $5000.

Mr. Merchant!

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Milne, Coutts & Co., St. George.

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"No," replied the manager. "We used to call it a bad temper, but now her salary so large that we have to refer it a temperament."--Washington Star.

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