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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

COAL

[American]
Anthracite and
Blacksmiths' Coal

Constantly on hand
A. C. GILLMOR

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.

We would be pleased to have
you visit our

Drug Store
when in Eastport
We carry everything usually
found at a first class
pharmacy

PALMER BROS

Local Salesman Wanted
for St. George
and adjoining country to represent
CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES
Special list of Hardy Tested varieties,
thoroughly adapted for New Brunswick
planting. Large and small fruits; orna-
mentals, 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.
STONE & WELLINGTON
Fonthill Nurseries
(Over 800 acres)
TORONTO, CANADA

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.

To Enjoy Good Health, DRINK
Old Homestead Ginger
Beer and Club Brand Soda
Use Valentine's Flavoring Extracts

MANUFACTURED BY
THE INTERNATIONAL DRUG CO., St. Stephen, N. B.

The Leader Pneumatic Water Work
System

The Latest Improvement in water systems for Private Res-
idences. Water is kept in Cellar and delivered to an
[Part of the house.]

BOYD BROS. Agents for
Charlotte County

Sample Outfit Installed in Boyd's Hotel. Intending pur-
chasers are especially invited to call and inspect.
System Installed in any part of the County.

INSURE

with the
Dominion Fire Insurance Co
CAPITAL \$1000,000
ALEX. HERRON Agent

Union Foundry & Machine Works, Ltd.
WEST ST. JOHN, N. B.

GEO. H. WARING, Manager
Engineers and Machinists, Iron and Brass Moulders
Makers of Saw Mill Machinery and Engines
Shafting Pulleys and Gears Stone Cutting and Polishing Machinery
Bridge Castings and Bolt Work
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRS

Professional Cards
Henry I. Taylor,
M. B. C. M.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and Residence, PARKS BUILDING
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

C. C. Alexander,
M. D., C. M., MCGILL.
Physician and Surgeon,
Residence, Goss House,

DR. E. M. WILSON
DENTIST
Will be in St. George the third week of
every month

Long Distance Telephone.
Home 161.
Office 127.
N. MARKS MILLS, L.L.B.
BARRISTER AT LAW,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

I. H. NESBITT & SON
Contractors and Builders
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
Address: St. Stephen, N. B.

J. D. P. Lewin,
LAW OFFICE,
Canada Permanent Building,
St. John, N. B.

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

Both Gully
The man who prided himself on his
keen perceptions, watched the witness
on the stand with intensity, and nodded
his head vigorously at the closing words
of the bewildered witness, under the
searching cross-examination of the
lawyer.
"That man's concerned in it," said
the keen observer to his friend. Did you
not notice how his eyes shifted around
while he was answering the questions?
"How about this next one?" inquired
the friend, as another witness took the
stand to give his testimony.
"He's guilty of something," asserted
the keen observer. "No man stares
at people in that bold, defiant way if he
has a clear conscience."—Exchange.

The knowledge and fear of the Lord
are the beginning of wisdom.
"A man must gather, first of last, the
harvest he has sown."
A well-spent youth is the only sure
foundation of a happy old age.
To conquer evil you must hate it, and
have a passion of goodness.
Foundations which have to bear the
weight of an eternal life must be surely
laid.
The first step to knowledge is to know
that we are ignorant.

Fortify now against the Grip—for it
comes every season sure! Preventives—
the Little Candy Cold Cure Tablets—
offer in this respect a most certain and
dependable safeguard. Preventives, at
the "sneeze stage" will, as well, also
surely head off all common colds. But
promptness is all-important. Keep Pre-
ventives in the pocket or purse, for instant
use. Box of 48 for 25c. Sold by all
dealers.

Western House,
RODNEY STREET
WEST ST. JOHN.



A. & M. J. WILSON, Proprietors.
Passengers by the N. B. S. Ry., will
find this hotel convenient, as it is near
the station. One can avoid taking the
ferry in the morning.

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.

Heart Strength

Heart strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve
Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Pos-
sibly, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in its
own anatomy diseased. It is almost always a
hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault.
This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—
simply needs, and must have, more power, more
ability, more controlling, more governing
strength. Without that the heart must continue
to fail, and the stomach and kidney also have
these same controlling nerves.
This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr.
Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much
for weak and ailing hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought
the cause of all this painful, pulsating, suffocating
heart disease. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this
popular prescription—is alone directed to these
weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds
up strength; it offers real, genuine heart help.
If you would have strong hearts, strong di-
gestion, strengthen these nerves—re-establish
them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's
Restorative
"ALL DEALERS"

Come to Us
With Your
Orders
for Job
Printing

We are prepared to give a
class of work that is artistic
and at a reasonable price

And we will give it to
you on time—The
wise man will
consider this

We do anything in the
Printing Line

Visiting Cards
Envelopes
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Tickets
Invitations

Letter Heads
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Note Heads

Statements
Business Cards
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"Greetings" the pop-
ular Weekly is wel-
come in every
Home

Subscription: One
Dollar a Year

Greetings Publish-
ing Company
Limited

IN PRAISE OF CATS

(The 'Nation,' London)

It is the final proof of the civiliza-
tion of the French that they have
learned to understand the cat. In
no country, since the dog loving
Greeks overthrew the maturer culture
of Egypt, has she been a popular
idol, or extorted the reference of
crowds. But in France, at least,
there is literary testimony in her favor
and the French intellect has bestowed
upon the task of comprehending her
a talent and a devotion, which we
have squandered on the horse and
the dog. Balzac described the
passion of one of Napoleon's veterans
in Egypt for a leopardess, with a sur-
ness of insight and a depth of feel-
ing that proclaim him a devotee of
the cat tribe. Gautier has been
eloquent and fantastic about the cat.
Loti has been tender and graceful,
and his essay on the death of an aged
cat has a sincerity and truth which
are wanting in his sugared writing
about Oriental women. A man must
put self aside who loves a cat; there
is in all the range of sentiment no
emotion so entirely disinterested.
We have before us a small volume of
minor verse which carries this dis-
tinguished tradition yet a little further.
It is a eulogy, relieved by humor and
marked by what is rarer still, a nice
and accurate study of cats. M. Alfred
Ruffin not only loves cats; he loves
them for the true reasons. He loves
them for their grace and their elegance
reverences their self-sufficiency and
their sublimity, accepts their egoism,
and feels a becoming awe at the
concentration of diabolic vigor which
can reveal itself, under the stress of
passion, in the limbs of a fire-breast
Tom. He sings the mistress whom
no praise can corrupt, the friend
whose intimacy flatters no human
vanity. He paints her amid rare
vases and works of art, admiring her
self more than any masterpiece. He
delights to tell of her ravages among
his precious china, and exclaims, as
he contemplates the sublimity of her
indifference. One might as well
accuse the pyramids. He tells of
the mingled prudence and courage
with which she meets the perils of a
street, where every journey is an
anabasis through barbarian lands.
He dwells with a sane and restrained
tenderness on the rare moments in
her relations with her human servants,
when her habitual tolerance warns
into an almost maternal affection.

It is doubtless because we are an
imperial people that we have taken
as our patron Saint George, who was
in the flesh a not impeccable army
contractor. For the same reason we
maintain a patriotic cult of the dog.
The dog is the tame native among
beasts, the national scout in the
politics of the animal world. He
has been conquered, and he tells us
for ever that he is glad to be conquer-
ed. He declares with every ripple of
his tail that we are the superior race.
He wears his collar like a uniform of
khaki. He bands himself in
traitorous packs to pursue his fellow
animals for our service. He hunts
his brother, the fox, as the tame
Boers hunted DeWet. He has the
air, when he begs on his haunches
for a bone, of appealing to us to take
up the white man's burden. All his
service is a flattery, all his friendship
a servility. He graduated for his
post in society before ever man had
tamed him. He tamed himself in
the life of gregarious packs, in which
the old bullied the young and the
weak fawned on the strong. The cat,
on the other hand, has emerged from
no shameful gregarious past. He
was ever an individual, and even
civilization cannot corrupt him.
Even in his loves he is resolutely
exogamous, and refuses to contract a
permanent tie or bend himself to
domesticity. Of one thing only is a
fighting Tom afraid, and that is a
newly born kitten. Never unless he
is actually starving, will he stoop to
feign gratitude or ape servility. It
is a common superstition that the cat
when he rubs upon a human leg is
indulging in an act of flattery. He
does indeed flatter, but he flatters
only himself. The act, combined
with that same arching of the back
which makes him a combat terrible

A Household Necessity

Father Morrissey's Liniment Should
be in Every Home

How seldom a week passes without
some member of the family suffering
from a sore throat, chest or back, a burn
or a cut, a sprain, strain or ache!

Such troubles will come, but there is
no need of suffering much from them.
Keep a bottle of Father Morrissey's
Liniment in the house, use it freely,
and the pain has little chance.

During his lifetime Father Morrissey
prescribed this Liniment regularly, and
it proved very effective in relieving all
sorts of pains and aches. In Rheumatism
it is valuable as a "rub", when "Father
Morrissey's No. 7" Tablets are taken
internally. Similarly, applied freely to
throat and chest it helps "Father
Morrissey's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) to
quickly break up and drive away a sore
throat, cold in the chest, or cough.

Taken all around it is one of the best
family liniments in existence. Price 25c
per bottle. At your dealer's, or from
Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd.,
Chatham, N.B.

and great, is really a self-centred
expression of satisfaction or pleasur-
able expectation. For once that he
rubs himself upon a human leg at
such times, he rubs twice upon a
chair or a tree. He is not stroking
the leg to flatter it; he is stroking him-
self by means of the leg. Equally
ill-observed is the current notion that
his chronic disobedience and his
failure at call due to some want
of intelligence. It is his profound
individualism, his triumphant self-
sufficiency, which makes him disdain
to obey or to learn tricks like a dog.

To respect the cat is the beginning
of the aesthetic sense. At a stage of
culture when utility governs all its
judgements, mankind prefers the dog.
Let it advance to a level at which it
can admire an object of beauty with
a disinterested passion, and it will
renew this egoism among animals,
whose suffices for himself. Only in
the mouth of the egoist is egoism
others a matter of reproach. To the
cultivated mind the cat has the charm
of completeness, the satisfaction
which makes a sonnet more than an
epic, a fugue more than a rhapsody.
The ancients figured eternity as a
snake biting its own tail. There will
yet arise a philosopher who will
conceive the Absolute as a gigantic
and self-satisfied cat, purring as it
claps in a comfortable round its own
perfections, and uttering as it
that line of Edmund Spenser's
the Cosmos—"It loved itself,
cause itself was fair."

There is, however, a deeper reason
why the cat is, in the domestic
hierarchy, a relatively unpopular
animal. It is not content to stand
aloof from all human activities; it
views them with a disquieting disdain.
It is the authority who makes our
luxuries foolish, the anarchist who
rebukes our organizations and our
politics. The dog, within the limits
of his understanding, must share in
all we do, scratch when we dig and
retrieve when we hunt. When his
understanding fails him, he looks at
us with a mute appeal for enlighten-
ment like some Galatea waiting for the
breath of life. The cat in the same
circumstances stares vaguely, winks
one eye, and goes to sleep. More
than the lilies of the field she re-
bukes us for our care for the
morrow. The student Faust in the
old engravings had always a human
skull among the vain instruments and
the barren alchemies in his study. A
cat blinking at midnight among your
papers and your books declares with
more eloquence than any skull and
the vanity of knowledge and useless-
ness of striving. Mahomet, nursing
a cat one day, was minded to rise
upon some great errand of revelation
or conquest. But, man of action
though he was, he was Oriental
enough to value her passivity. He
cut off the sleeve of his robe and left
her seated on it. There comes to
those who love a cat a further ques-
tion, which is the paralysis of all
morality. Why, after all, should one
rise at all, and what is worth the
sacrifice of a sleeve? The cat enjoys
the march of seasons, spins through
space with the stars, and shares in
her quietism the inevitable life of the
universe. In all our hurrying can we
do more? She sits among creative
work, the indolent spectator of our
progress, blinking at our questions
the malicious eyes of a Sphinx. And
the real secret of the Sphinx, one
suspects, was that she knew
that there was no riddle to answer.