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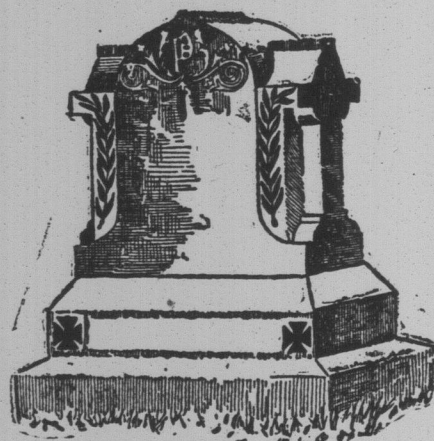
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Bob of the Furnace

By Willey Turner in London News.

Bob of the furnace stood six feet two inches in stockings and was well proportioned withal. There was nothing of the long and lanky about Bob. We in the office were wont to say that the King had lost a fine life-guard when Bob became a furnace hand.

It was a treat to watch him at his work, his sinewy frame made him so completely master of his business, and often at teeming time when the metal was run into the molds did I find myself within the melting furnace. The whole scene comes up before me as I write, the long shed full of flickering light and shade, the grotesque shadows of the men flung upon the walls, the tongues of clear flame that leapt up from the underground fires, and the grim from the half-daked giant as he stood with legs astride over one of the uncovered holes.

A straight down thrust of the long tongs and the spluttering crucible was lifted up of its flamed lined grave. For one motion the man would balance it on the iron floor. Then with a deftness which none of his mates could imitate, the long tongs would be brought to the horizontal, and the molten steel would fall into the square mold with the color and lap of new milk poured into a churn.

There came a day when the greater fear of Bob fell upon his mates. No one knew rightly the ins and outs of the quarrel. There was a clamor of voices from the furnace door. Bob's raucous tones high above the rest, followed by a sickening thud of a human head in heady contact with the iron system. Then someone shouted for the ambulance, while Bob himself was escorted from the works with three stalwart policemen in close attendance.

A merciful coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "accidental death," but Bob was never the same man afterwards. The snarl passed out of his voice, and a rough attempt at kindness took its place. He went to the cistern to fling water upon the smouldering sacking (with which the furnace men protected their legs from the heat) he looked another way and shuddered.

It was about a fortnight after the inquest that I came into personal touch with Bob. I had just locked up the safes and was about to depart when who should come into the counting house but the giant himself. "I want to ax yer," he said, as he became calmer, "to take five shillings to Mrs. Jenkins" (Jenkins was the name of the man who was killed in the quarrel) "and tell her it'll p'raps come every week till her lad's owd enow ta keep t' house going. She mustn't know as it comes fro' me, or like enow she wait hev it." He put the money in my hands and was gone. The commission was duly fulfilled, and one day I was able to bring Bob some consolation. "I hear," the widow had said to me on my last visit, "that Bob Jones is terribly cut up about the—job; but I bear him no ill-will, for I know it were just a accident," and then she added, with the characteristic resignation of her class, "What's done mun be put up wi'."

I told this to Bob, and though he said nothing his face visibly cleared. That very evening he burst into the widows cottage with the same abruptness with which he had come into the office. Mrs. Jenkins' he stammered, "I've come to ax yer pardon; I didn't go for to do it, I udn't hurt a worrum; it's my temper as gets t' better o' me. A golden sovereign was found on the table after he was gone. In this way did Bob of the Furnace try to make amends, and Bob, ladies and gentlemen had 35 shillings a week.

It was quite by accident that I came to know anything of Bob's life at home. It was rumored that the cuckoo could be heard in the Belle Copse, and that there the blue-bellies grew thick, so one evening toward the end of May I bent my steps in that direction. About a mile beyond the smoke of the town a venturesome

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builder had flung up a row of red brick cottages. In the narrow garden that fronted one of them I saw the furnace-man. He had a paint brush in one hand and was putting a finishing coat of green to a window box. On his spare arm nestled an emaciated little child.

Her thin arms were about her daddy's neck, and the tired head lay back upon his shoulder. "I came out this way to live," he explained to me, "becos o' t' little 'un; she were nobbut sickly i' you town, but she's pulling round, ull be right well when t' summer comes." And I shall never forget with what pride he held out the crooked little body toward me, nor the lovelight that transfigured the hard face as he said: "Now, isn't she a bonnie, bonnie bairn."

Somehow one felt that in the rough furnace man the world had lost a saint. With the summer came the news that Bob of the furnace had lost his little lass and gone to the bad again. For a full month Bob was absent from his work, and only when word was sent that his place was about to be filled did he return. With his return came also a return of the old temper the snarl reappeared and it came to be said that "Bob had come and brought t' greater part o' owd Nick in inside o' him."

But our opinions were to undergo another change, and this is how it came about. At the further end of the shed where Bob worked a deep pit had been excavated in the floor. Into the pit the large castings were craned the molds knocked apart, and the thing left to cool at leisure. Needless to say an intense heat was given off in the process. Exactly now the accident happened may never be known, but one night one of the laborers slipped and fell into the pit, in which a casting had just been lowered. Amid the uproar that ensued one of the men flung a pail of water on the hot metal. A report like a gun followed, and it was this report that brought us pell-mell out of the office to know what had happened, and we were just in time to see an almost naked and blistered figure climb out of the pit bearing another naked and blistered figure in its arms. It was Bob the furnace-man who had risked his life to save his mate.

Swathed from head to foot the rescuer and the rescued lay side by side in the quiet hospital yard. In one of the intervals of fearful pain the rescued man half turned toward the other bed and spoke.

"Bob, owd lad," he whispered, "yer's a brave 'un—a brave 'un." A faint hoarse reply came from the heap of cotton wool on the other bed.

"If yer sees another word about it I'll smash yer head when I gets on my legs again."

And these were the last words that Bob of the furnace ever spoke.

A clever, popular Candy Cold Cure Tablet—called Preventics—is being dispensed by druggists everywhere. In a few hours, Preventics are said to break any cold—completely. And Preventics being so safe and toothsome, are very fine for children. No Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh or sickening. Box of 48—25c. Sold by all Dealers.

Don'ts for Girls

Don't ever "nag." If you have to find fault, or speak on any subject that you know will be distasteful say what you have to say and have done with it. There is nothing more exasperating than a continual harking back to an unpleasantness.

Don't be annoyed if someone points out a fault or draws your attention to a mistake that you are making. Very few people in this world care enough about us to tell us of our faults, but those who do should be treated with respect.

Don't idolize your friends. Nothing is a greater hindrance to real friendship. Everybody is human, and, therefore, faulty.

Don't imagine that every man who is ordinarily polite is in love with you; and when you get a lover, don't expect too much from him. Many an engagement is broken off because the girl fancied she had secured an angel, and when she found that her lover was a mere man, after all, felt she couldn't stand it.

Don't boast of your superior possessions to a poorer friend, nor of your knowledge and attainments to anyone who has had less advantages.

Drive Rheumatism out of the Blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy and see how quickly pain will depart. Rheumatism never did reach the real disease Rheumatism isn't in the skin. It's deep down—it's constitutional. Getting rid of the pain is after all what counts. That is why Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy goes by word of mouth from one to another, and herein lies the popularity of this Remedy. It is winning defenders everywhere. Tablets or Liquid. Sold by all Dealers.

Pay as you go

Each one of us is the daily beneficiary of a fund of blessing coming to us from other men and other days, and to which we have in no measure contributed. We are thus laid under a heavy obligation of debt which is growing day by day, and which demands some measure of discharge on our part. We cannot repay those of other days who have sacrificed for us; we can seldom repay even the living to whom we are in debt. There is only one way in which we can discharge the obligation; and that is to render unto others even as it has been rendered unto us. "Freely ye have received, freely give," is the message of Jesus. Nor should be leave till a future time of debt can be paid to-day. We must pay as we go, or the end may overtake us with our obligations unfulfilled.

Skin and Sun

In sunny weather it is fatal to plunge the face into cold water to cool it after exposure to the sun. The sudden change from heat to cold is likely to cause an unbecoming hot flush, due to the inflammation of the skin.

The proper procedure is, after coming indoors, to rub in a little cucumber cream, and then wipe the face gently with a soft handkerchief.

A layer of cream is left on the face, which cools and refreshes it, and after fifteen or twenty minutes the face may safely be washed in tepid water, or the cream may be left on and the skin lightly powdered.