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GREETINGS OFFERS THE BEST

Dollars Worth
OF
Reading Matter
IN
NEW BRUNSWICK

SEND

In your Dollar and we will put
you on the paid up list.

OUR

RATES FOR
Advertising

ARE VERY LOW

Try us and see the good
that will result

Let us furnish you with :

Letter Heads,
Bill Heads,
Envelopes,
Statements,
Note Heads,

Draft Forms,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Business Cards,
Posters, Dodgers.

OR IN FACT

ANYTHING

IN THE

Printing Line

Send, or Bring your orders and we will do
the rest

We Supply and Print

Greetings
Publishing
Co., Ltd.

AT WORK IN 3 WEEKS

34 Worth of Father Morriescy's "No. 7"
Cures Her of Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Mrs. Agnes Edgar of Grand Falls, N. B., had a terrible time with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Anyone who has had this most painful disease will understand her suffering—and her joy when she found Father Morriescy's "No. 7" had cured her. She says:

"I took Father Morriescy's Prescription for Inflammatory Rheumatism. I had suffered everything with it, but in three weeks after starting Father Morriescy's Prescription I was able to do my work, and after taking four dollars worth of medicine I was well. I highly recommend it any sufferer with Rheumatism."

Rheumatism comes from bad kidneys. The poisonous Uric Acid which they should remove stays in the blood, accumulates in joints and muscles, and causes agony. Father Morriescy's "No. 7" puts the kidneys right and removes the Uric Acid from the blood and the whole system, and cures the Rheumatism. See a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morriescy Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N. B.

Tears.

There be three hundred different ways
and more.

Of speaking, but of weeping only one.
And that one way, the wide world o'er
and o'er.

Is known by all, though it is taught
by none.

No man is master of this ancient lore.
And no man pupil. Every simpleton
can weep as well as every sage. The
man

Does no better than the infant can.

The first thing a man learns is how to
speak.

Ye understand they not each other's
speech:

But tears are neither Latin, nor yet
Greek.

Nor prose, nor verse. The language
that they teach

Is universal. Cleopatra's cheer
They becked with pearls no richer than
from each

Of earth's innumerable mourners fall
Unstudied, yet correctly classed.

Tears are the oldest and the commonest.

Of all things upon earth; and yet how
new

The tale each told by them! How un-
blessed

Were life's hard way without their heav-
y dew!

Joy borrows them from Grief; Faith
trembles lest

She lose them; even Hope herself smiles
through

The rainbow they make round her as
they fall;

And Death, that cannot weep, sets weep-
ing all.

Your Enemies are Friends

(Toronto World)

This is a very friendly world.

It is always trying to do you good,
often in spite of yourself.

If you find yourself at enmity with the
world the probabilities are that the world
has a useful lesson to teach you, and you
are unwilling to learn.

If you find the world full of enemies
you may rejoice that Providence has sent
so many mentors and chasteners to be
agents in your training.

The most valuable thing the world can
give you is experience. There is no limit
to the experience constantly being sup-
plied, even to the most unwilling and re-
fractant.

The most valuable thing you can do
with experience is to apply it to the de-
velopment of character. All those people
you are in the habit of regarding as ene-
mies are the agents of your experience.

They bring you what you need, and af-
ford you the opportunity to discharge
your debts. Your chief prayer should be
to have your debts cancelled and you cancel
what is owing you, a wholly conditional
prayer. Most of your enemies are debt
collectors in various fields, chiefly mental
moral and humanitarian. When Provi-
dence sends a collector around and you
mistake him for an enemy and drive him
away, it does not improve your credit at
the big clearing house.

The world is full of your friends. Some
of them you know, and some of them
you do not recognize.

Take if you will to your apparent ene-
mies. They will help to grow.

stopped in 20 minutes
sure with Dr. Shoop's
Croup Remedy. One
drip will surely prove.
No vomiting, no dis-
tress. A safe and pleasing syrup—See Druggists.

The Times at Glade Ranch.

Uncle Will Bradley was sitting at
the big window in the front room
looking out upon the street. A tall,
lean fellow with a face as brown as
coffee passed down the street, dis-
daining the cement walk as being too
hard for his moccasined feet. He
wore a wisp of red cotton around his
head above the ears, the national
headdress of the Navajos.

"Uncle Will, who is that funny
man?" inquired Edith, as she climbed
to her uncle's knee. "He looks just
like a character."

"What do you mean by a character
little one?" Uncle Will asked, as he
stroked her fluffy hair, that never
would be smooth.

"Well, a character—you needn't
laugh—is a man in a story. Some-
times he is, lost, and when you find
him he is your brother, and rich; and
sometimes he is an Indian, and says
'Ugh' and 'Woogh' and—and scalps
people."

"Oh, indeed! Well, then, Sequel
must be a character," for he certainly
saw 'Ugh' and 'Woogh' outrageously
often, and I suppose he figures in a
story or two, for that matter. I knew
him out at the Glade Ranch, when
he was a boy.

"Tell me a story about the times at
Glade ranch—a true story. Oh do!"
pleaded the little girl.

"Well, let me see. There were
two little boys and two little girls at
the Glade ranch. The boys were
good little chaps, but the girls were
so bad—"

"Oh, no!" interrupted Edith. "Tell
me a truth, Uncle Will continued. At
least that was what Sequel called
her. He used to herd the milk cows
for us. Do you know anyone by the
name of Ethel?"

"Yes—Mamma; but she's not
afraid of turtles, John Bradley
brought an animal here yesterday
from the river, and he said he was
a turtle, and so did mamma; but it
had its bones on its outside. And
mamma touched the turtles bones
with her finger, but I wouldn't."

"Well, perhaps she isn't afraid of
danger, but Sequel knew and willingly
risked his own life to protect her. He
paused only long enough to utter the
Navajo whoop that means 'Come to my
assistance,' which we all understand,
for he had amused the children often
by explaining how the Indians fight; then
he dropped upon all fours and ran about
like a dog, until he attracted County
Galway's attention, and drew him away
from Edith's tree."

"When Sequel sounded the call for re-
inforcements I turned toward the house,
wondering if he could get a rifle and
shoot County Galway before he should
kill the children, but as I turned, Ethel
much afraid ran to the corral, stumbling
at nearly every step and almost ready
to faint with fright. She clambered
upon the log fence and dropped down on
the black colt's back, and was gone before I
could speak."

"The bars of the corral were longer
than the fence, and the big black horse
skipped over them as lightly as a bird,
with Ethel huddling upon his back and
clinging to his mane with one slender
hand while she guided him some way
with the other. Then he headed straight
for the grove, and over the rock-strewn
pasture land he galloped with never a
fault, as steady as an old campaigner."

"Sequel could not forget his Indian
tactics. War was only a boy's game in
his experience, but when the great black
horse charged down he nearly burst his
throat with the fearful 'onset' whoop of
his tribesmen. Then he swiftly dodged
about, avoiding the angry enemy as
defly as a weasel eludes a dog."

"When County Galway saw the black
horse coming he seemed to realize that
the game was over, and sullenly with-
drew from the field. The colt, however,
forgot his manners when Ethel slipped
from his back and fell in a little heap,
and he chased County Galway nearly a
mile away from the pure love of run-
ning."

"Sequel brought the girls home safely,
but Ethel was ill for two or three days,
and when she was well she found that
someone had given her a new name—
Ethel-afraid."

that seemed to indicate that County
Galway was in some way connected with
the trouble.

"I climbed upon the pasture fence and
looked in the direction of County Gal-
way's angry bellowing. I believe I
joined the Much-afraid family at once,
for what I saw was enough to frighten
anyone, and I was helpless on account
of my broken ankle."

"Edith was sitting on the ground near
a small piñon sapling, with an umbrella
over her head, while County Galway was
advancing upon her, not very rapidly,
but bellowing and pawing the earth at
every stride. Sequel was about an equal
distance from Edith, and running toward
her with all his Indian might, but wast-
ing his strength, it seemed to me, shoot-
ing the awful Navajo war cry that no
words can describe."

Edith was his pet; partly, I think, be-
cause, she, unlike Ethel, was not afraid
of anything. The Indian boy understood
the danger, and was trying to impress
County Galway with an idea of his pro-
cess by making a great deal of noise.

But County Galway was not frightened
in the least. Indeed, he rather hasten-
ed the matter to attack the little girl, no
doubt intending to toss her first and
then turn his attention to the yelling
warrior. And Edith seemed not to
realize her danger, for she twirled her
umbrella and raised and lowered it in
a manner that set County Galway
wild with rage.

"With a bellow louder than any he had
uttered, he braced himself for a lunge
just as Sequel seized the little girl and
swung her to one side. The big fellow
closed his eyes and hurled his great body
upon the umbrella. His horns pierced
the cloth, and when he tossed his head
the strong silken cover hid fast. Mind
folding him for a moment, and giving
Sequel time to run to a little sapling
and place Edith in a friendly crouch. It
was a little too small to shelter two, and
Sequel was forced to run when County
Galway disentangled himself and found
that he had missed his intended victim."

"Sequel ran toward another sapling,
and County Galway charged upon the
little tree that sheltered Edith, striking
it such a blow that it shook in every fibre.

But Baby Edith clung to the forked
branches with all her might, and even
shouted to Sequel to 'climb a tree.'
She was too young to well understand the
danger, but Sequel knew and willingly
risked his own life to protect her. He
paused only long enough to utter the
Navajo whoop that means 'Come to my
assistance,' which we all understand,
for he had amused the children often
by explaining how the Indians fight; then
he dropped upon all fours and ran about
like a dog, until he attracted County
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but Ethel was ill for two or three days,
and when she was well she found that
someone had given her a new name—
Ethel-afraid."

"Goody!" said Edith, when her uncle
had finished the story. "And now I
know what Ethel, mamma meant when
she said something about the turtle. She
hit the turtle with a little switch, but it
didn't hurt, because the turtle's bones
are just like armor with the turtle in-
side. She said that if we wear the armor
of truth, and keep inside, nothing on
the outside can hurt so. I go as
Ethel-Much-afraid was kind of shivery
on side, but she wasn't scared inside—
N. E. Homestead.

Bronchitis Creeps Into Consump-
tion

Coughing weakens the tubes and makes
a resting place for the bacilli. Why let
Bronchitis become established? It's easy
to cure—just breathe Catarrhizone—
breathe in its soothing balsams and relief
comes at once. Catarrhizone is so cer-
tain in Bronchitis that every case is cured.
Throat is strengthened, cough stops,
irritation goes away, all danger of
tuberculosis is prevented. For throat
trouble, catarrh and coughs, Catarrh-
izone is The Remedy. 25c. and \$1.00
size at all dealers. Get it today.

The Dal y Cow.

The judgements of men concerning
dairy cattle are as yet too greatly con-
fined to breed lines, says Howard's Dal-
y-man. We must study more broadly and
accurately and generic character and
meaning of the word dairy, as expressed
in a cow. The mere partisan sees
everything in a cow through breed
spectacles. He is all Holstein or all
Jersey, or all Guernsey or all
Ayrshire. But the central thought goes farther
than characteristics.

The type of great dairy merit is to be
sought for not in breed line and
characteristics but rather in the deep
purpose of nature, working through certain
physiological laws, to as perfect an ex-
pression as possible of the dairy temper-
ament, dairy function and dairy form.
Breed partisanship is easily led off into
fad characteristics.

Nature in her efforts to perfect the
dairy quality in cattle will not be con-
fined to fad notions. Hence she gives us
good cows in all colors and all breeds,
but rarely in all forms.

The Perfection of Womanhood

Who does not envy and admire a lovely
woman? The secret of her loveliness,
of her perfection, is health. She sleeps
well, eats, digests well—nutritive func-
tions are vigorous and regular. Of all
woman's remedies, Ferronone is the best;
it vitalizes the functions upon which
health depends—makes the purest, richest
blood, gives perfect complexion and
lots of vigor. Every girl and woman
who seeks health, vitality, looks—let her
get Ferronone today. Fifty cent boxes
at all dealers.

A Woman's Faith.

(Catholic World)

There are few stories of success at
once more pathetic and more romantic
than that of Archbishop Bourne, Eng-
land's Catholic archbishop, who recently
unveiled a bronze effigy over the tomb
of Cardinal Manning.

The son of a post office official, his
father died while quite young, leaving a
wife and two boys, totally unpro-
vided for. She made the most heroic self-
sacrifices that the latter should be thor-
oughly educated.

When Dr. Bourne was between eight
and nine years of age, a lady called one
day upon his aunt. Finding her engaged
upon making a beautiful piece of Irish
lace, the visitor asked: "What is that
for?"

The other looked up and quickly an-
swered: "It is for my Frankie when he
becomes a bishop."

And the aunt lived long enough to see
her beloved Frankie the head of the
Roman Catholic Church in England.

Dr. Hamilton's Cure for Pimples

All skin diseases such as pimples
originate through failure of the kidneys
and liver. All taints that block the
avenues of health must be removed.
Dr. Hamilton's Pills do this quickly.
They cleanse the system, make the skin
smooth, restore roses to the cheeks and
give clear, fair complexion. For good
looks, good health and good spirits there
is nothing so sure as Dr. Hamilton's
Pills. 25c. boxes at all dealers.

WHOM HE SHOULD FEEL

"Does any insanity run in your
family?" asked the examining physi-
cian.

"Doctor, I didn't come here to be
insulted!"

"But I must know your family his-
tory."

"You are not hitting at my mother
in-law, are you?"