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AT WORK IN 3 WEEKS

34 Worth of Father Morriacy's "No. 7" Cure for 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 Morriacy's "No. 7" had cured her. She says:

"I took Father Morriacy's Prescription for Inflammatory Rheumatism. I had suffered everything with it, but in three weeks after starting Father Morriacy'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 Morriacy'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 Morriacy 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 heavy 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 weeping all.

Your Enemies are Friends

(Toronto 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 supplied, even to the most unwilling and reluctant.

The most valuable thing you can do with experience is to apply it to the development of character. All those people you are in the habit of regarding as enemies are the agents of your experience. They bring you what you need, and afford 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 and humanitarian. When Providence 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 enemies. They will help to grow.

stopped in 20 minutes sure with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One test will surely prove. No vomiting, no distress. 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, disdaining 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 Edith 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. Sometimes 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 says '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 reinforcements 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 skinned 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 deftly 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 withdrew 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 running."

"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 Galway'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 wasting his strength, it seemed to me, shooting the awful Navajo war cry that no words can describe."

Edith was his pet; partly, I think, because 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 prowess by making a great deal of noise. But County Galway was not frightened in the least. Indeed, he rather hastened 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 held 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 Galway's attention, and drew him away from Edith's tree."

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"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 inside. 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 scary on side, but she wasn't scared inside." N. E. Homestead.

Bronchitis Creeps Into Consumption

Coughing weakens the tubes and makes a resting place for the bacilli. Why let Bronchitis become established? It's easy to cure—just breathe Scott's Emulsion in its soothing balsams and relief comes at once. Catarrh is so common 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 is The Remedy. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers. Get it today.

The Dairy Cow.

The judgements of men concerning dairy cattle are as yet too greatly confined to breed lines, says Howard's Dairyman. 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 expression as possible of the dairy temperament, dairy function and dairy form. Breed partisanship is easily led off into bad characteristics.

Nature in her efforts to perfect the dairy quality in cattle will not be confined to bad 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 functions 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, England'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 unprovided for. She made the most heroic self-sacrifices that the latter should be thoroughly 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 answered: "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 FIND

"Does any insanity run in your family?" asked the examining physician.

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

"But I must know your family history."

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