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## H. McGRATTAN & SONS

St. George - - - N. B.

### THE NEW BOY AND THE BULLY

It was in Commutersville. The new small boy in the neighborhood swung on the front gate, humming to himself.

He was a nice if somewhat waxy-looking boy with hair chopped off at the back like a Russian mujik's and peachy cheeks and blue eyes like moss agates and pretty manners and his mother saw to it that he brushed his teeth every morning and evening, and she used a nail file on his finger nails, too, and he wore those queer, outdoor playing suits with the floppy hanging belts, and all like that way. But for all these things he looked like a nice little boy.

He was finding it pretty hard to get acquainted with the other boys in the neighborhood. It is difficult, for that matter, for any boy whose hair was cut short, and those of them that didn't go about all the time in their regular clothes wore those suits of playing dungarees that give youngsters a chance to move around in the dirt without doing any particular damage when they muss.

The other boys in the neighborhood played football on the vacant lot quite a good deal, and duck on the rock and follow my leader.

They weren't addicted to the habit of swinging on their front gates. Several of them could spit through their teeth and two or three of them could whistle shrilly with their fingers in their mouths. These facts are mentioned to show how different they were from the new boy in the neighborhood, that it may be better understood how lonesome he was.

Not only did the other boys seem to hold aloof from the new boy, but two or three of them actually evinced an inclination to pick on him.

For example, when they passed by with their football gear on, on their way to the vacant lot, they'd catch sight of the new little boy in the neighborhood swinging lonesomely on his front gate, and they'd stick their fingers to their noses at him—and then the real rough, rowdy boys in the gang would call out to him: "Hey, there, Winnie, why haint you choshavin', hey?" or "Say, Edith, why don't you get some jacks and play with 'em?" and address him in terms of similar disparagement.

For several days the new boy in the neighborhood stood for this, but at length it began to get him on the raw.

He couldn't help it, he argued to himself—yes, small boys argue these things out with themselves—he couldn't help it if his mother insisted against his father's wish that his hair be cut in that fool way, and it wasn't his fault, either, that his mother made him wear those white stockingettes that made him show his sort o' chilly bluish legs to everybody, and had to wear those floppy suits like the pictures his mother cut out from the Ladies Hearststone, with the sagging belt hanging all around it.

None of these things, he argued to himself was his fault. He himself was not only willing but eager to be like the rest of the boys in the neighborhood, but he couldn't get away with it.

But, at that, still arguing to himself, he wasn't going to stand for many more of the fancy cracks of those other boys. He sure was not. No'm.

He was going to show 'em that he resented it the very next time.

And so when on the following day the bully boy of the neighborhood swung by and made faces at the nice little boy who again was swinging on the front gate and humming to himself, the new little boy in the neighborhood summoned himself to meet the situation.

"Say, I don't want you to do that to me," he said, just like that.

"Oh y' don't hey?" said the bully boy, with another grimace and approaching closer. "Say, how'd j' like to have me hand you a spank on the ankle, hey?"

"I wouldn't let you," was the prompt and spunky reply of the manly little fellow swinging on the front gate. "Indeed I would not," he added, the sense of wrong swelling up within him.

### Pays for itself in fuel saved

Don't allow a few extra dollars to prevent you from taking the perfect-cooking, sure-baking, easily-regulated Pandora in place of a cheaper stove. In a season or two Pandora will pay the difference in the fuel it will save—and it will keep on saving until it has paid for itself.

Pandora special flue construction makes fuel do double duty. Wide fire box is another fuel-economizer. The steel oven heats quicker than a cast oven, thus saving still more fuel. Further economizing features will be explained by the McClary Agent.



**McClary's**

For Sale by Grant & Morin

"Aw, g'wan, y' reed bird," said the bully boy, obviously meaning by that to refer to the somewhat pipestemmy legs of the new little boy. "Go bag y'r head," and he continued to approach.

"Don't you come any closer to me, earnestly warned the little new boy in the neighborhood. "This is my gate and I've got a right to swing on it all I choose. I don't wish to have you bother me."

"Oh-ho, y' dont hey?" said the bully boy, whose face was freckled and tanned. "Say fr two cents I'd leave a shoe in your ear, do you know that, Ethel?" and he kept right on getting closer, in a menacing way, to the nice little boy.

"You leave me alone or I shall fight you, was the out-and-out challenge that the new boy uncoiled right then and there.

Suited the action to the word he climbed down from the gate, stepped outside the gate, closed the gate with the determination of somebody burning his bridges behind him, and stood awaiting the onslaught of the bully boy, who, with a confident grin walked up and—

However, the place for the pause has now arrived. Right here. This isn't one of those comic supplement things.

If it were it would show how the new little boy in the neighborhood walked into the bully boy and biffed him all over the sidewalk and rolled him in the ditch and tossed tar from the near-by paving gangs tar pot into his eyes and pushed him through a line of sewer pipe about to be laid and kicked him up and down the street for a block or so and finally landed on to of him, pinning him to the ground and asking him if he had enough.

However, it did not come off that way not at all.

The new little boy in the neighborhood with the mujik hair and things had no sooner advanced boldly upon the bully boy of the neighborhood than he caught a clip on the starboard side of his peach chart that sent him to the count, and while he bellowed at the top of his voice and kicked on the pavement, the bully boy walked up the street whistling cheerfully.

And then the mother of the nice little boy came a-rushing out of the house and picked him up and asked him what it was and who had hit him on the starboard jowl, and later on in the day she went over to the house of the bully boy and complained to the latter's mother, and the bully boy's mother said that, yes, indeed, she'd see to it, while she was secretly tickled to death that she had an offspring that could wallop any kid on the block, and when the bully boy got home his mother told him

that he really ought to be more careful, 'deed he had, and so on and so on and so on. Hateful business, this thing of having to scalpel these comic supplement pipes. But facts is fact just the same as eggs is eggs.—Sun.

Tickling or dry Coughs will quickly loosen when using Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so thoroughly harmless that Dr. Shoop tells mothers to use nothing else, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub give the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. It calms the cough and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Accept no other. Sold by all Dealers.

#### How Monarchs Dine

When the Shah of Persia was in power he used to sit down to meals in a truly imposed manner. His dinner services were incrustated with precious ones, and the kitchen appointments at the palace were valued at over five million dollars. Constructed entirely of marble, with pillars of onyx, they had the appearance of a huge banquet hall rather than of a place where food was prepared. Everything from the massive stove to the smallest kettle was made of silver.

Mutton broth has a peculiar fascination for King George of Greece. His Majesty is a hearty eater, and it is said, only loses his temper when any dish does not come up to the usual standard. He is also fond of Oriental soup meats, special consignments of which reach the palace every day throughout the year.

King Leopold of Belgium, on the other hand is the most frugal of all monarchs, inclining to the simple life. Out of bed at 6, he works till 9, when a light breakfast of bread and butter with a little jelly or marmalade and a cup of tea is served. It often happens that he takes no luncheon at all, while his dinner is of the plainest possible description.

In the matter of food the German Emperor is distinctly patriotic. His favorite dish is sauerkraut, served with sausages and bacon. He also has a tender corner in his heart for garlic. The royal cooks, however, are strictly limited of regards table expenses, and are never allowed over a certain sum per person per meal, unless, of course, the event happens to be a state banquet, when the House of Hohenzollern rises to the occasion with the best in the world.

Germany has the last naval power to adopt the submarine.

Mr. Hall Caine received \$375 for the copyright of his first book.

Nearly three quarters of the entire population of India are Hindus. Cruisers are specially designed to carry out the work of scouting and pursuit. India produces about 7,000,000 tons of coal yearly.