MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANTE TOWN GREETINGS

The Issue Between the West and C. P. R.

Ottawa, Feb. 3 .-- The case just de-

cided by the Privy Council in favor of the C. P. R. on the land tax question, was a long-standing issue between the Canadian Pacific Railway and western Provinces and municipalities. The appeals to the Privy Council by the Governments of the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan affected the right of "Then it is child's play. We will lay the Provinces to collect taxes on unoc- a trap. cupied lands belonging to the railroad hotly "a tried that kind of work, and company. A clause in the C. P. R. act it won't do. I'm no murderer " of 1881, dealing with the grant of 25,000,- "Those are only words," said the 000, acres to the company, provided that woman quietly "To kill your enemy is the law" the lands of the lands of the company in When he made no answer the squaw the Northwest Territories, until they are slipped out into the shadows, leaving either sold or occupied, shall be free of taxation for twenty years after the grant thereof from the Crown."

The Minister of Public Works of Alberta assessed certain lands of the company for taxation for the years 1905-6-7-8 and the letters patent from the Crown to the company in respect to these lands were not granted until the year 1903-4. commencement of the (wenty year period) of exemption from taxation was in 1884, by virtue of the statute of 1881, and that the fact that letters patent were not issued until a later date presented no legal obstacle to the assessing of these lands

twenty-year period of exemption commenced to run only from the date of the actual issue of letters patent. Members of Parliament from the western Pro- Gale slid the case from the long blade. vinces heard the news of the decision of him staring into the flames, to return the Privy Council with interest, and no a moment later bearing something in small degree of astonishment. The opinion generally expressed was one of worn.

Milking should be done with such attention given to cleanliness that it would found it hourd like a razor. be unnecessary to use the strainer. The moves the visible indications of im- while silently. The he spoke: purity from milk, not because it really has any purifying effects. Small part-dismal garret peopled with bats and impurities are churned around in the good-you can't outfoot a memory-

the receptacle by these impurities are eided untouched by the strainer and go on "No! I don't think I can do it-not in their way rejoicing to carry ill health sold blood, anyhow. Good night! I'm and disease, may be to all who drink the Zoing to sleep on it." He crossed to milk or use the butter made rrom it. We she noted that he slipped the knife and use the milk strainer because we do not scabbard inside the bosom of his shirt. like the looks of small particles of dirt and refuse in the bottoms of the milk does no harm to remove these, but gives and found Section tending us a sense of relief in thinking that the milk is clean because it looks clean. We lince the day she had questioned him seem to have discharged a moral obligation in using the strainer, forgetting and when he asked her this morning that the real harm comes from the dis- bout the reports concerning Lee's solved materials, the filth that goes into solution and carries its nauseating effect "You see, I'm a mine owner now,"

London, Feb 10--The ancient royal the first." glass coach, used for two centuries in "I'm goin' anyhow," he said, "if the the coronation ceremonies, was destroy- lentenant will let me and if it's not too ed by firetoday together with the queen's Then she told him of the trail by barouche, another vehicle used on state which Bear creek which would save occasions, when fire swept the plant of a him several hours. carriage builder in the West End where So that's how you and he made it?" both are being renovated.

The historic old carriages were being 'I supposed you went with your fafurnished up for the coronation of King ther? George in June. The glass coach was 200 years old.

ELMCROFT.

Mrs. Thos. Sullivan and Mrs. H. Matheson have returned to their homes at Bonny River.

Mrs. Charles Essansa is on the

here on Friday last.

By Rex Beach

"No, by heaven!" Gale interrupte ! her



"There is no magic that can turn bright steel," she said, then squatted firelight. Gale slid the case from the long blade and held it in his palm, letting the firelight dicker on it. He bal-Straining milk does not purify it, anced it and tested the feel of its hanedge of it with his thumb nail and

The glancing, glinting light flashing from the deadly thing seemed to fas utensil is of value chiefly because it re-

icles of manure, hairs, pieces of dead varmints that flap and flutter all the cuticle from the cow's udder and body, time. I used to figger that if I killed this man I'd kill that memory, too, and dirt from the milkers hands find and those flitting, noiseless things their way into the milk pail during their would leave me, but the thought of first manipulations of the udder, these so I ran away, which never did no pail by the force of the streams as the and I knew not all the while that we'd milk is drawn, and by the time the pail meet sooner or later. Now that the day is here at last I'm not ready for it. is full this filth is all but dissolved, and I'd like to run away again if there no strainer yet produced can remove was any place to run to, but I've followed frontiers till I've seen them disanything but the coarser and more in- gippear one by one. I've retreated till soluble substances which settle to the my back is against the circle, and there isn't any further land to go to. All the time I've prayed and planned The millions of bacteria carried into for this meeting, and yet-I'm unde-

> "Kill him!" said Alluna. the door of his room, but as he went

store and found Necia tending it while Gale was out Ever trike she told him of her trip and all hat bad occurred. he concluded. "If it hadn't been a

went, so you could have been one of

secret I would have fold you before !

e elserved, gathig at her shrewdly.

"Ch, no! We best him in." she sale nd fell to musing at the nemory of hose hours passed alone with Meade. vhile her eyes shone and her cheeks lowed The corporal saw the look, and t bore out a theory he had formed dur-Archibald Beney is visiting his be set about a task that had lein in his he girl and feared to say too much "The lieutenant is a smart young 'ellow." he began, "and it was slick sick list, her many friends wish her vork jumple' all those claims. It's just like him to befriend a girl like Horace Sullivan called on friends out. I've seen him do it before" "What!" exclaimed Necia. "Befriend

This couldn't cause him trouble aild it outside of Stark's and Run-

oral, groping blindly for some way of spressing what he wished to say. Except, of course, it might cause a It don't apply to you, of course"t of talk at headquarters when it's nown what he's done for you and a', so I'm afraid it will get to St lichnel's and then to his folks." "I don't understand," said Nocia, ile hasn't done anything that any an wouldn't do under the same cir-

"No man's got a right to make folks alk about a nice girl." said the cororal, "and the feller that told me cas in love." He hurried along new cithout offering her a chance to speak. | try it's a person's heart that counts." Of course that had to be caught up uick; you're too fine a girl for that." "Too fine?" laughed Necla.

"I mean you're too fine and good to o fine a fellow and got too much head of him to make what his peole would call a messy-alliance." "Would his people object to-to such thing?" questioned the girl. Thev ere alone in the store, and so they ould tal. freely. "I'm just supposng, you know."

"O Lord! Would they object?" Coricial manner that made Ne ia bridle nd draw herself up indignantly. ffended," insisted the girl. "You can stake a claim and sell it." ust. I don't know much about such hings, for I've lived all my life with een like father and Poleon and the to her feelings. day. I suppose, so I ought to know what is wrong with me." She flushed

somebody will want to marry me some | boards in front of her. "He loves me! up darkly under her brown cheeks. Corporal Thomas began to perspire uncomfortably, but went on deggedly: "I'm goin' to tell you a story, no ecause it applies to Lieutenant Bur

"Of course," said the girl. "but just to show you what I mean. it was a good long spell ago, when I was at Fort Supply, which was the rontier in them days, like this is now. We freighted in from Dodge City with ull teams, and it was sure the fringe f the frontier-no women, no society nothin' much except a fort, a lot of Inuns and a few officials with their vives and families. Now, thera kind of places is all right for married men. at they're tough sleddin' for single nes, and after awhile a feller gets wful careless about himself. He eems to go backward and run down nighty ouick when he gets away from ivilization and his people and restaurants and such things. He gets plumb reckless and forgetful of what's what There was a captain with us, a young here and a good deal the same sortsigh tempered and chivalrious and all hat sort of thing, a West Pointer, too, good family and all that, and, what's lore, a captain at twenty-five. Now, ur bead freighter was married to a quaw, or leastways he had been, but n them days nobody thought much of t any more than they do up here now, and particularly because he'd had a overnment contract for a long while, an a big gang of men and critters and and made a lot of money. Likewise he had a girl, who lived at the fort and was mighty nice to look at and restful the eye after a year or so of cactus rees and mesquite and buffalo grass. he was twice as nice and twice as retty as the women at the post, and s for money-well, her dad could have bought and sold all the officers in a ump, but they and their wives looked lown on her, and she didn't mix with hort, the captain married her. Seemd like he got disregardful of everying, and the hunger to have a womin just overpowered him. She'd been courted by every single man for 400 niles around. She was pretty and full f lire, and they was both of an age to ove hard, so Jefferson swore he'd make the other women take her, but oldierin' is a heap different from any her profession, and the army has got is own traditions. The plan wouldn't

By and by the captain got tired of tryin' and gave up the attempt-just evoted himself to her-and then we as transferred, all but him. We shifti to a better post, but Captain Jefferon was changed to another company d had to stay at Supply. Gee, it in rotten hole! Influence had been d, and there he stuck, while the v officers out him out completely, at If e the others had done, so I was id and it drifted on that way for a tur time, him forever makin' an up it hi to get his wife reco'nized and cays quittin' loser. His folks back was scandalized and froze him id erilin' him a squaw man, and the ey went all through the army, till or others had to treat him

old in order to keep enough warmith at home to live by, one thing leadin' to another till he finally resented it penly After that he didn't last long. they made it so unpleasant that he mit the service-crowded him out, hat's all. He was a born soldier, too, and didn't know nothin' else nor care mind for some time. As a rule, he was for nothin' else; as time a man as I "I'm very bad to act this way. not a careful man in his speech, and lever served under, but it soured him the delicacy of this maneuver taxed his so that a rattlesnake couldn't have ingenuity to the utmost, for he loved lived with him. He tried to go into some kind of business after he quit the srmy, but he wasn't cut out for it and eever made good as long as I knew of him. The last time I seen him was down on the border, and he had sure grown cultus. He had duit the squaw, who was livin' with a greaser in Tuc-

"Or things just like it. He's aiwaya "And do you think I'm like that wo-

voice. She had listened intently to the corporal's story, but he had purposely avoided her eyes and could not tell how she was taking it.

"No! You're different, but the army is just the same. I told you this to show you how it is out in the States. "Of course!" agreed Necia again. "But what would happen to Lieuten-

half breed girls, I dare say, like this

She did not flush now as before. stead her cheeks were pale. "It would go a heap worse with him said the corporal, "for he's got more ahead of him, and he comes from bet ter stock. Why, his family is way up "I never thought of myself as an In dian," said Necia dully "in this coun

"That's how it ought to be," said the corporal heartily, "and I'm mighty sor ry if I've hurt you, little girl. I'm a rough old rooster, and I never thought t him put you in wrong, just as he's but what you understood all this. Un here folks look at it right, but outside it's mighty different. Even yet you don't half understand." "I'm glad I'm what I am," cried the

girl. "There's nothing in my blood to be ashamed of, and I'm white in here." She struck her bosom fiercely "If a man loves me he'll take me, no matter what it means to him." The corporal slid down from the

counter where he had been sitting "I'm goin' to hunt up the lieutenant "Go ahead and tell me; I won't be and get him to let me off. Mebbe I The moment he was gone the girl's composure vanished, and she gave vent

riests at the mission, who treat me "It's a lie! It's a lie!" she cried ust like one of themselves. But aloud, and with her fists she heat the I know he does!" Then she began to tremble and sobbed, "I'm just like other girls."

She was still wrestill with berself when Gale returned, and he started at the look in her face as she approached "Why did you marry my mother?"

she asked. "Why? Why did you do He saw that she was in a rage and answered bluntly, "I didn't." She shrank at this. "Then way

didn't you? Shame! Shame! That makes me worse than I thought I was. Oh, why did you ever turn squaw man? Why did you make me a breed?" "Look here! What ails you?" said the trader. "I've just begun to realize what I

other women and never can be. I'm a squaw-a squaw!" "No honest man can marry me. I'm a vagabond! The best I can get is my bed and board, like my mother."

"By heaven! Who offered you that?" Gale's face was whiter than hers now. but she disregarded him. "He can play with me, but nothing more, and when he is gone another one can have me, and then another and

another and another." "That's all infernal rot," he said. "There's fifty good men in this camp would marry you tomorrow." "Bah! I mean real men, not miners I want to be a lady. I don't want to pull a hand sled and wear moccasins all my life and raise children for men

want to be loved! I want to marry a gentleman. "Burrell!" said Gale. "No." she flared up-"not him no anybody in particular, but somebody like him, some man with clean finger nails."

He found nothing humorous or grotesque in her measure of a gentleman. for he realized that she was stung to a pitch of unreason and unnatural excitement and that she was in terrible

The old man hesitated "I'll own I was wrong," he said finally, staring out into the sunstaine with an odd ex pression. "It was thoughtless and wrong, dead wrong, but I've loved you better than any daughter was ever loved in this wide world, and I've worked and starved and froze and saved, and so has Alluna, so that you might have something to live on when I'm gone and be different from us won't be long now, I guess I've given you the best schooling of any girl or a convent in the States, but I contin iet you go so far away. I love i yo too much for that! I coulist de it, girl I've tried, but you're all I'v got, and I'm a selfish man, I ree! "No, no! You're not!" his day his cried impulsively "You're every that's good and dear, but you've on see things differently.

mean of me to talk as I did." So her arms around his neck and ha him. "But I'm very unhappy, de this?" he said gently care-sirwith his great, hard hand as somother. But she sinok by

and he continued, "I'll take the hrs poat down to the mission and marry your ma if you want me to." "That wouldn't do any good." said they are." Then she drew away and smiled at him bravely from the door.

Necia was in a restless mood, and, remembering that Alluna and the children had gone berrying on the slopes her way thither. All at once a fear of seeing Meade Burrell came upon her. She wanted to think this out, to find where she stood, before he had word (Continued Next Week.)

He nodded, and she went out.

lcuses."

MACES BAY

Wilson G. Mawhinney has recently been doing some carpenter work on the house of Pirley Lomax, Little Lepreau. David H. Mawhipney has recently finished some carpenter work on the new Catholic church at Dipper Harbor there occasionally.

Jarvis Snider and Fred Chamberlain were guests of Mrs. J. Spears at Dipper Harbor Sunday afternoon.

Algia Mawhinney drove to Point Lepreau and spent the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charley Thompson on Friday

hill at Dipper Harbor Willie McAdam hauled out. got his arm hurt but not serious.

Frank Frauley and son who run the Frauley Pros. last week. Point Lepreau fog whistle have been kept quite busy these last few days ow- Mascarene.

ing to stormy weather. The young boys are enjoying them-

selves sliding and skating. We are sorry to report that Freeman Leaver was called again to Leaverville last Saturday to attend the funeral of Friday on his way to Beaver Harbor. his brother, he has returned here again. Miss Alice Snider was the guest of her visitor here Tuesday. aunt Mrs. Arthur Mawhinney Monday

afternoon. We are sorry to report that Joseph El-they were pleasantly entertained with lis of this place has gone to St. John to music and songs.

Charley Brown made a flying trip to Bates Sunday.

Leonard Mawhinney went to Grand George Saturday.

here to California last summer where by all.

Mrs. Wilson Mawhinney, sr., was the cent illness.

am. I'm not respectable. I'm not like and Messrs Fred Mawhimmey and Hen- here Sunday ry Brown were guests at the home of Wilson Snider at Little Lepreau Friday

> Mr. and Mrs. John R. Corcadden spent Thursday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John McGowan.

Thos. Corcadden has been employed hauling wood for John Cain of Dipper

Baptist church last Thursday evening these latter days.

Nel Thorpe has recently been employed hauling firewood for A. J. Ma-

Archie Lomax and Charley Rogers and obtained the experiments indicate that it Wilson Snider of Little Lepreau. Mike and Dan Cassidy, Silas Mawhin- for floors, cellars, foundation walls,

When writing last I spoke of Mr. Livingston preaching his farewell sermon, we did not knew whether we would have days or not but glad to say Trinity

another minister again for a few Sun- come in her imagination it doesn't Church bell rang again last Sunday evening to notify the congregation, people who have learned to say no when all gathered to fhe Church Rev. Mr. Travis occupied the pulpit.

Peat to burn in Canada

1 oronto, Feb. 9 .-- "Nature has provided a substitute for coal and wood, for fuel, in the peat bogs scattered in abundance throughout the central provinces," said Dr. Eugene Haamel, Director of Mines for Canada, in an address to the Canadian Club. The doctor's subject was "The Fuel Supply of the Central Provinces of Canada and Its Economic

"It has been estimated, the doctor stated, "that the known peat bogs of Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick cover an area of 12,000 square miles, with an average depth of six feet. This is probably but a small fraction of the actual amount.

an average depth of six feet, will produce 774,000 tons of peat fuel containing 25 per cent. of moisture. The 12,000 square miles will therefore contain about

ten billion tons of peat, equivalent to five billion tons of good coal, or enough to supply five million families for a

UPPER LETANG.

nown what he's done for you and one it. I heard somethin' and Burrell if-if- well, if he should do West, Rev. Father Carson preaches and Maurice Burgess spent Thursday with Mrs. R. Burgess.

> Mrs. Robert Stein has been suffering from a severe attack of Lagrippe. Price and Henry Hatt are busy cutting logs for James Hamilton.

Dan McLaughlin was in St, George on Thursday. Robert Gray and Roscoe Burgess While coasting down the school house are busy this week getting their logs

John Patterson was hauling ice for

Frank Leland spent Sunday in

James McGregor of Eastport was a visitor here last week. Arthur Blackmore called on R.

Snider Jones passed through here Burt Cameron of Mascarene was a

A number of young folks spent Thursday evening with Burt Grav,

the hospital to undergo an operation for Tom Spinney spent last week here.

The long looked for snow storm Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown moved from has arrived and is much appreciated

they intend spending the rest of their We are all glad to hear that Basil Patterson is improving after his re

guest of her daughter Mrs. John Snider A number from here attended the pie supper at Letang Monday even-

a large load of freight last Saturday, al- Russell Hooper hurt his foot quite so a gasoline engine for Andrew Mc- badly working in the woods this

Misses Alice Snider and Carrie Hope Oscar Henderson was a visitor

Victoria Times:-We have heard of no fearful lapses during the present winter as a result of the Methodist footnote in regard to dancing and theatres being struck out. The same people dance and attend theatres, who danced and attended last year. We doubt even if any tender Mike King of Chance Harbor drove to consciences have heen relieved by action of the General Conference Rev. Mr. Johnson preached in the blue laws do not bother people in

Oll-Cement Conc ete

An important investigative work dur-A. T. Craft has been hauling wood for oil-cement concrete, and from results nev and Siras Shaw have recently been tanks, silos, manure pits, and similar cutting weirbrush for repairing their construction, where strength, solidity, and waterproof qualities are required .---Stfc. Amen.

> When a man's wife stretches his inseem to pay any more bills.

> As hell is a place of negations the Those people are esteemed the best

talkers who listen attentively and say The trouble is that people who have For Centuries a past seem never able to train it so

> sight. If the shoe fits it is so apt to pinch.

that it will be docile and keep out of

Asaya-Neurall-Nervous Exhaustion

Indigestion, Heartburn, Dyspep sia and Constipation result more often from nervous exhaustion than from food. Dieting or pills will not avail. The only remedy is nerve repair. "Asaya-Neu-RALL" is and makes possible this cure. It feeds the nerves, induce deep, quickens the appetite and ligestion, and these disorders dis appear, \$1.50 per bottle. Obtain

from the local agent. Andrew McGee, Back Bay, W. S. R. Justason, Penfield, Milne, Coults & Co., St. George.