

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### PANDORA RANGE

Train up a girl in the way she should bake, and when she is married she will not depart from it.

My mother taught me how to bake, and told me why she always used a McClary Range.

"Now I have a 'Pandora', and, as with mother, my troubles are few. After fire is started, I simply bring thermometer to desired heat and leave the oven in charge of the baking. It's built for faithful service."

While housewives with other ranges are poking fire and changing dampers, I sit and read the 'Joy of Living'.



**McClary's**  
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

CRANT & MORIN Local Agents

### HER TWO LOVERS

Thomas Gilkes dismounted from his stiff old cob. He slumped rearingly on the shoulder, glanced with some disfavor at its hairy legs, its hoofs, overgenerously blacked by the cowboy, and his battered stirrups and bit, and then handed the reins to a boy who came clattering down the cobblestoned street at the signal of his lifted hand.

Gilkes had been a smart man and a good judge of horses in his day—the day when wheat was 50 shillings a quarter. He now wore a black coat and sand-colored trousers, very little better than his thatcher's Sunday suit. His hands were hard and stained; his shirt, though clean, atrociously ironed.

He had stopped in front of a large house with a red-brick front, a parapet, and a row of alternate real and drummy windows on the first floor. There was a grained front door at the top of two steps and an iron gate at the side of the house a brass plate setting forth that here was the office of "Dunster & Sons Solicitors."

The gate opened on a paved passage, where the office windows looked down upon a garden wall barely eight feet away. The passage was very clean, respectably dreary, and inhabited by a cutting dwarf.

Gilkes shut the gate and looked back through it to where the cob stood in the sun with its head drooped, and the small boy posted before him in an attitude borrowed from the photographs of grooms in the Newmarket stables.

Gilkes took a coin from his pocket, looked at it, and then climbed the stairs and asked whether Mr. Dunster could see him.

A man about his own age, who sat doing nothing before a desk covered with papers, welcomed him with a great show of heartiness.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Gilkes," he said, his voice heavy with that spurious benevolence which comes of physical well being and a mind intent upon itself. He sat forward and rubbed his large hands together, wondering whether Gilkes had at last come to try to raise money. Rumor had it that Gilkes bank balance was down among the twenties, and that he had bought his seed potatoes cheap.

Gilkes shook his offered hand and sat down at the other side of the desk; he was a man of slow thought and, unready speech, and for a moment there was a silence.

"It's a long while since we saw you here!" said the lawyer, setting his heavy shoulders into his round-backed chair, and making up his mind that there was a small profit in raising money for old Gilkes.

Times good! asked Gilkes at last.

The other broke into a stream of complaint; no one paid him; he would be obliged to spend his old age in the workhouse; he did not know where to

turn for a 2s note. This was the only subject upon which he was fluent: this was his ready-made answer to children creditors, clients and beggars for the last 30 years. It had never been true, it had hardly ever deceived the most simple, yet (such) is the influence of words upon some men; he always half believed his own tale of struggling penury.

As he spoke he glanced up at the ordnance map on the wall opposite. His own land—a field here and a field there, a farm or a row of cottages in this parish or that, all marked in red ink, and adding up to 3000 acres or so. He smiled with satisfaction, and waited for Gilkes to unfold his business.

Gilkes took the gold coin out of his waistcoat pocket and laid it upon the table.

"I want a word with you, Dunster, he said, and I will pay for it before hand. I come to you because I have known you a good many years, and because your wife was the best woman I have ever seen or heard of, and because I was sorry for the boys."

Dunster rubbed his hands. It is a good rule to give your business to old friends, Mr. Gilkes, he said in his thick expressionless voice. Then he blamed himself for using the word friends lest it should embolden Gilkes to ask a loan when the other business was settled.

Gilkes put out a finger and pushed the sovereign a little farther across the desk, making a track in the light dust as he did so.

"Do you think he asked, if you were penniless tonight, that there's a man in the world, Mr. Gilkes, who would give you a bed or a meal, or as much as let you sit by the warm ashes of his fire? Is there anyone to whom you've done a good turn in all your long life—that you could go to for help? Not eat if you had leave to whistle them up from all England, graveyards and all. Your wife and your sons (who are dead and no expense to you now) would heap help like coals of fire on your head, but that they're beyond anything for you now, poor souls. Jim and Edgell are half way across the world where you sent them, schoolboys, with your blessing, and boots half-worn-out to start with. He looked across at the Lawyer, who sat in his chair, looking slightly puzzled, but quite unmoved.

"I've said what I have to say, Gilkes went on, and I shall say it once a year. I shall not say it often. Neither shall I occupy your time for nothing.

He stood and rested his hands on the edge of the desk, and for the first time stopped to pick his words.

"I've seen my land get poor and foul, and the buildings rot, and the stock die, and not been able to help it. But I won't see a man rot year after year and never give him warning.

Dunster sat still, with his eyes on the gold piece torpid and tolerant. When the other man ceased he smiled vaguely,

Is there nothing more I can do for you Mr. Gilkes, he said.

He was not angry, not even interested as he sat absorbed in his interminable calculations of pounds, shillings and pence; of acres and cottages and house property.

Gilkes wondered how he could, for so many years, have hated so impersonal a thing. The woman whom Gilkes had loved had married this man. She had been too proud not to seem content, and it was not for many years after her death that the man she had not chosen knew what her life must have been. He felt that he did well to be angry. The thought that he was not as this money-grubber had comforted him through monotonous years of disappointment. Failure itself was a kind of triumph when set against Dunster's mean success.

At last came a day when Gilkes, sitting by his solitary hearth, saw that he was rejoicing in his enemy's wickedness. All the warmth and color in life, it seemed to him, in that moment of vivid illumination, came from the spectacle of Gilkes going his own way to perdition. There was a dreadful night when he lay and felt himself unworthy either to live or to die. Then his everyday outlook reassured itself, and he found it as difficult to keep his eyes fixed on his own sins as his own virtues.

All that was left of the night-mare was a conviction that it was his duty to warn Dunster.

It was done now, and he stood for a moment erect and intent, as if expecting a blow, or at least a cause.

"Good-day to you, sir," said Dunster, raising his eyes till they rested upon Gilkes' shabby coat, and then glanced off to the map again.

Gilkes went slowly downstairs to where the cob stood, in a patch of sunshine, and they jogged back again to the hungry, ill-doing farm.

"It's worth it, boy," said Gilkes to his mount. "I shall do it again—though a man might as well agree with Pharaoh."

### Do Your Boots Pinch?

If so, look out for a tiny corn. Cure it before it grows big. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Try Putnam's.

### Mother

Of all the words cherished in the recollection of man—of all the names held sacred in his memory, that of mother falls upon his heart with the most sublime influence. How sweet the recollection in after years of a mother's tender training, and who is there that finds no relief in recurring to the scenes of his infancy and youth gilded with the recollections of a mother's tenderness. And how many have nobly owned, that to the salutary influence, then exerted, they must ascribe their future success, their avoidance of evil, when no eyes were upon them, but which rested on the heart, the warnings, the prayers and tears of a mother.

### Home Happiness

Probably nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have, you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over and he feels that he has run out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that little room a home to you. You can people it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress.

### Defeated by Dr. Hamilton

In no way is health so menaced as by constipation. It leads to indigestion, insomnia, anæmia and a hundred ills. Ordinary remedies fail—they relieve—don't cure. The worst case is defeated and cured quickly by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which cleanse the entire intestinal tract, stimulate kidneys and liver, keep the pores of the skin open. You'll never have stomach trouble, yellow complexion or headaches if you use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are a perfect system tonic. 25c. at all dealers.

### Make Home Pleasant

Make your homes pleasant to your children and there will be no armies of unemployed marching through the country. In America every sober, industrious, honest young man can find employment. He may have to accept of a humble calling, but will rapidly climb the ladder. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined" and it is the home without pleasure or happiness that sends the children upon the streets in search of a more congenial atmosphere than they find beneath the parental roof. There are none of us so poor but we can train a few roses on the humble wall, and their scent and beauty will long be remembered, and many a boy, instead of going to loaf upon the public highways will linger at home among the flowers. Moral degradation always begins at home. Honesty is never gained or lost suddenly, or by accident, but idleness feeds upon it, and will, in time, use up the last vestige. The happy home, be it a cottage or a mansion, furnishes no recruits for an army of unemployed.

### Prevent Taking Cold

Often you come home, cold and shivering—feet are wet, throat is raw, chest a little sore. A bad cold is just beginning. Put on Nerviline Porous Plaster on your chest, rub your throat with Nerviline, and take a stiff dose of Nerviline in hot water. This prevents a chill, and checks the cold instantly. No remedies so useful in the home so sure to prevent serious illness as Nerviline and Nerviline Plasters sold by all dealers, 25c. each, but be sure you get the genuine, and refuse the substitute.

### Down the Wrong Seed

A practical committeeman in presenting diplomas last June to a graduating class spoke as follows: "Girls, in presenting you these diplomas, it is by their significance you are led to allow your mother to do all the work, bake all the bread, sweep all the floors because you can read Latin or because you demonstrate a theorem of geometry, then has your school been a most unfortunate course, and in all the teachings you have vœr received at my hands, I trust there has been no lesson that has weaned you from the dish pan. Boys, if from this graduation you go out into the world too nice to carry wood and swill the hogs, if need be, then has our school failed in its purpose and sown the wrong seed."

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