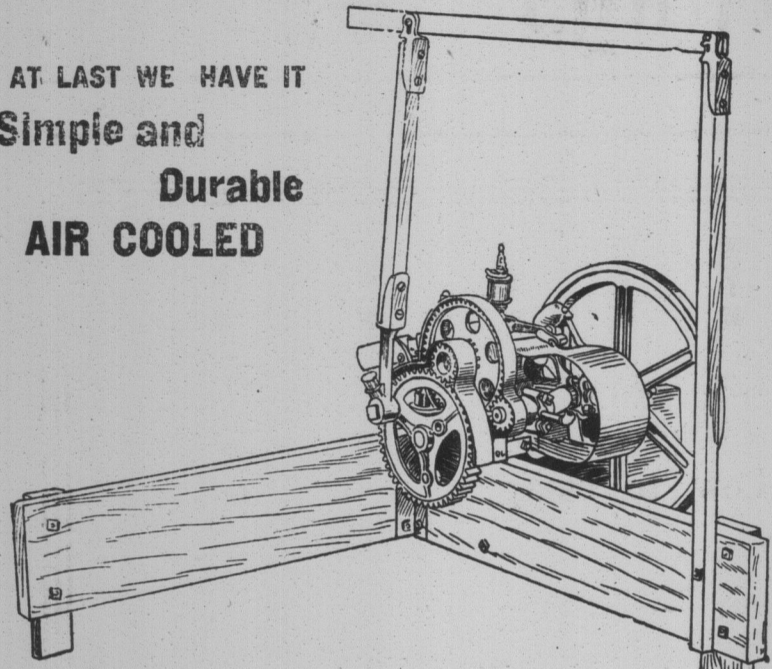


MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

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AT LAST WE HAVE IT
Simple and
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AIR COOLED



It has no water jacket. Designed to take the place of the man at the pump. Any one who watches this outfit pump water for 15 minutes will never again be willing to work the pump handle. Will connect to any style of pump which is already in the well. Supplied for setting up complete. A simple, durable pumping engine at low cost.

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And you will linger
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**CRANE & SANBORN'S SEASIDE
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In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

Nero's Fiddle.

(A Prose Poem by Walter Mason)
We have often roasted Nero that he played his violin, while his native Rome was burning and the firemen raised a din: there he sat and played 'Bedella,' and heedless of the fiery storm while the fire chief pranced and sweated in his red uniform. And I often think that Nero had a pretty little head; would the fire have been extinguished had he fussed around instead? Would the fire insurance folks have loosened up a shekel more had old Nero squirted water on some grocer's cellar door? When there comes a big disaster people straightway lose their wits; they go round with hands a-wringing, sweating blood and throwing fits, but the wise man sits and fiddles, plays a tune from end to end, for it never pays to worry over things you cannot mend. It is good to offer battle when catastrophes advance, it is well to keep on scrapping when a fellow has a chance but when failure is as certain as the coming dusk, then it's wise to take your fiddle and fall back on "Money Musk."

"Pax Humana."

The things and the forces that are seen are temporal. It is the things and forces that are not seen that are eternal. The trolley car attached to loaded cars would soon be snapped if the attempt were made to haul the cars by direct traction; but that same trolley wire can be charged with an invisible force that will move all the cars of a great city, loaded to their utmost capacity. That, it seems to me is a just illustration of the force of public opinion. It is intangible; it cannot be weighed; it cannot be seen; and yet, more and more, in every country of the world, whatever be its form of government, this intangible public opinion is becoming the decisive force that shapes the destiny of the peoples. Slowly, if you please, but surely, there is developing a public opinion of the world to the bar of which every nation must come which breaks the peace of the world. My prayer is that the United States and England and Germany, each in its own measure, may help powerfully to develop the public opinion that one day will bring about for all nations that "Pax Humana," which mean the peace and prosperity of the whole world.
"SETH LOW"

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDS ON PATENTS** will draw and prepare a patent for you. We receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.
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Wonderful Praise Accorded Peruna the Household Remedy

Mrs. Maria Goertz, Orienta, Oklahoma, writes:
"My husband, children and myself have used your medicines, and we always keep them in the house in case of necessity. I was restored to health by this medicine, and Dr. Hartman's invaluable advice and books. People ask about me from different places, and are surprised that I can do all of my household work alone, and that I was cured by the doctor of chronic catarrh. My husband was cured of asthma, my daughter of sarcoche and catarrh of the stomach, and my son of catarrh of the throat. When I was sick I weighed 100 pounds; now I weigh 140."
"I have regained my health again, and I cannot thank you enough for your advice. May God give you a long life and bless your work."

The Captain On The Bridge.

By our firesides we hear the wind howl about the corners of the house, and we make some bromidic remark about what a terrible night it must be at sea. Then we fuss about the furnace and whether the man will be around in the morning to shovel the snow off the walks, and straightway forget the sailor. "It's all in his day's work," we moralize.
In the summer the more fortunate of us make a transatlantic voyage, perhaps. We see the captain in his gold braided, acting as host-in-extraordinary to some hundreds of thousands of travelers. We admit that it must be a little uncomfortable to be a captain in stormy weather, but think how easy it is at other times!
How many of us realize that there is a man who is absolutely responsible for a ship worth millions, a cargo worth millions more, and the lives of a thousand men and women? When the storm beats about the corners of our houses, he is up on the bridge, facing the full force of it. It is dark there and bitter cold. His hair and beard are frozen. His face is set. Maybe he has stood there, unrelieved, for two or three days and nights and he is on the verge of nervous collapse.
The big vessel pitches and chases through the big waves and the passengers rest in their confidence of a good ship and a good captain, but his is the whole responsibility and he cannot and does not leave his post. With ears and eyes strained to reach through the murk, and his hand within reach of the engine room telegraph he does "all in a day's work," something very akin to what the soldier does on the field of battle, without the soldier's excitement. For this he receives a salary that would tempt any business man with his ability and responsibility.
A merchant may fail in business and be forgiven. A lawyer may lose a great case and make up for it in others. A physician may make a fatal mistake and be little the loser. But the captain who loses his ship is himself lost.
One year ago last month the White Star liner Republic was lost off Nantucket through no fault of Captain W. Inman Sealby, who stuck to his place after all his passengers had been taken off until the ship literally sank under him, and his own rescue was almost a miracle.
Closing some verses on the incident, a writer says:
They may say 'e was to blame; they may bow 'is head in shame:
They may break 'is master's licence: they may take 'is job away;
They may send 'im roamin' wide, sternin' tramps across the tide.
But e'll always be 'ero to 'is very dyin' day
A 'ero to all sailormen, wotever they may say.
Most of this came true, Capt Sealby never got another ship. Because he couldn't face the usual graveyard of broken captains the command of dingy tramp boats he is to-day, at the age of 50, studying law in Michigan.
Add this knowledge to what will happen if he meets with accident, to the physical wear and tear of those dreary vigils on the bridge, and you have something of the liner captain's responsibility "all in a day's work. It's worth remembering when the wind howls."
Croup positively stopped in 20 minutes, with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One test alone will surely prove this truth. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing syrup—30c. Sold by All Dealers.

"Chris Crucified."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now ere I slept my love had been that I might see my way
To do the will of Christ, our Lord and Master, day by day:
And with this prayer upon my lips, I knew not that I dreamed,
But suddenly the world of night a pan-demonium seemed,
From forest, and from slaughter house, from bull ring, and from stall,
There rose an anguished cry of pain, a loud, appealing call:
As man—the dumb beasts next of kin—with gun, and whip, and knife,
Went pleasure-seeking through the earth blood-bent on taking life.
From trap, and cage, and house, and zoo and street, that awful strain
Of tortured creatures rose and swelled the orchestra of pain.
And then methought the gentle Christ appeared to me, and spoke;
"I called you, but ye answered not" and in my fear I woke.

Again I slept. I seemed to climb a hard ascending track;
And just behind me labored one whose patient face was black.
I pitied him; but hour by hour he gained upon the path;
He stood beside me, stood upright, and then I turned in wrath.
'Go back!' I cried. 'What right have you to walk beside me here?
For you are black, and I am white.'

I paused, struck dumb with fear.
For lo! the black man was not there,
But Christ stood in his place;
And oh! the pain, the pain, the pain that looked from that dear face.
Then next I heard the roar of mills; and moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld, were little girls and boys.
Their backs are bent, their brows were pale, their eyes were sad and old;
Far by the labor of their hands greed added gold to gold.
Again the Presence and the Voice: "Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these, so have ye done to me."
Now when I woke, the air was rife with that sweet, rhythmic din
Which tells the world that Christ has come to save mankind from sin.
And through the open door of church and temple passed a throng,
To worship Him with bended knee, with sermon, and with song.
But over all I heard the cry of hunted, mangled things;
Those creatures which are part of God, though they have hoofs and wings,
I saw in mill, and mine, and shop, the little slaves of greed;
I heard the strife of race with race. All sprung from one God-seed,
And then I bowed my head in shame, and in contrition cried—
"Lo, after nineteen hundred years,
Christ still is Crucified."

Houses in Fez.

In Fez, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provided with a light veranda running around it and connecting the rooms. All the windows and doors open up into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trellis work. All the houses have flat roofs, with a wall some four to six feet high running around, and from 4 p. m. until sunset the roofs are given over to the ladies exclusively, who can then walk about and take the fresh air without being seen by any of the opposite sex. This reservation is a law which is never broken, and no man would be guilty of being seen on his or any other roof during the forbidden hours. Owing to the fact that the women of the house are not allowed to be seen by any other man than their lord and master all domestic offices are situated away from the house proper. In many of the larger houses, besides the water fountains, others playing scented or scented water are to be found. Sections of the courtyard also are slightly sunk, and these portions are filled with scented oil, which is used to perfume the rooms. The Moors are exceptionally particular in discharging their feet gear before entering a room or crossing a rug or carpet. They even change slippers before entering a courtyard from the street. Thus the houses are kept beautifully clean and sweet and are not, as many people would suppose, musty or close.

Wants Psychic Test for Bank Workers

The Rev. Edgar W. Preble of Worcester, urges the application of Professor Hugo Munsterberg's psychological tests to all bank employes by bank examiners. These are the tests Mr. Preble suggests.

"For gambling propensity let the examiner have a ticket and a photograph concealed in the room. During conversation set the ticket going and have a voice from the photograph cry out: 'Atchison up three points, or Reading off and going down, and carefully observe the result. If his lips quiver and his face flashes let all the funds and securities be spiked down immediately.
For the drink peril, place before the man different colored pieces of paper, with the names of the various liquors curiously printed upon them. If his eyes are attracted by 'High Balls' put out the red signal report.
For domestic virtue let the examiner have some woman call up the cashier suddenly on the telephone with a message something like this: 'John, oh, John the baby has cut another tooth!' If he shows indifference or vexation, the domestic tie is not strong enough to warrant absolute security. He will bear watching."

Fortify now against the Grip—for it comes every season sure! Preventives—the little Candy Cold Cure Tablets—offer in this respect a most certain and dependable safeguard. Preventives, at the "sneezy stage" will, as well, also surely head off all common colds. But promptness is all-important. Keep Preventives in the pocket or purse, for instant use. Box of 48 for 25c. Sold by All Dealers.

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Passengers by the N. B. S. Ry., will find this hotel convenient, as it is near the station. One can avoid taking the ferry in the morning.