

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

**One Cent Brings It**

WOULD-YOU-LIKE-TO-READ-THE-STORY OF THE FURNACE?

Just write on a post-card, "Send Booklet A," and mail to nearest branch. The rest we'll gladly attend to.

The story is briefly told in a little booklet called "Furnace Facts." It's not an advertisement. No furnace name is mentioned, and you can read the whole story in 5 minutes.

To the party contemplating purchasing a furnace it points out the snags and pitfalls, and shows exactly what to demand of an architect, contractor or dealer, in furnace construction and installation.

**McClary's**

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VANCOUVER ST. JOHN, N.B. HAMILTON 22 CALGARY

GRANT & MORIN

Local Agents

### Romantic Mirage

Caton's cottage faced the Alameda road, and backed on to the Pacific. Indeed, at high tide the water circled and eddied about the supports of the lanai.

For some unaccountable reason Caton liked to imagine himself a writer of fiction. In the morning he paddled about in a Canadian canoe and mentally thrashed a recalcitrant brain for its paucity of ideas. In the afternoon he wallowed out to the reef, took French leave of a plump from the first boat he encountered, and wallowed back again to sit in a pair of ducks and a pajama jacket, and divide his attention between a cigar, a book and three delicate shades of green out at sea that respectively marked the shallows near shore, the coral reef half a mile out and the deep water beyond.

In the evening he wandered into the garden with a writing-pad, an indelible pencil chewed to a stump, and a determined expression, to sit between a huge mango tree and—as he thought—write, but in reality to wait for Oyosi. He had done this daily now for two months and he told himself it was good, but even to himself he had never admitted that the best part of it all was the appearance of Oyosi.

This evening, however, he felt strangely restless. More than once he found himself looking up at the calendar hanging on the wall, until he struggled abruptly from the wicker chair, strode up to it and stared fixedly at the square containing the 21st of the month, and above the figures the words printed in blue, "Mona, San Francisco."

"Poor little Oyosi," he murmured quietly to himself, poor little devil. Then he lit a fresh cigar and strolled out into the garden. The faint, rhythmic click-clock, click-clock of approaching clogs sounded on the hard road. Over a low hedge capped with flaming hibiscus there appeared a dainty little head surmounted with smooth jet-black hair, glistening with oil and pinned into precise conformity with combs of strange shapes and bright colors—but Caton failed to see it. It was not until Oyosi stood hesitating in the gateway that his eye caught the bright red of her obi, and he seized the stump of indelible pencil and bent industriously over the writing pad. Come in, he called, without raising his head, and waving an arm blindly in the air, a good dew fell last night.

Oyosi hesitated no longer, but unrolled the flour sack she carried in the folds of her kimono and threw it in the grass beneath the big kiwi tree.

It must be explained that Oyosi's brother owned the dusty little store on the corner of Wakiki road, and incidentally a mule and there is nothing quite like kiawa beans as a cheap though satisfying substitute for oats.

Oyosi knelt in the grass and Caton's glance happened to fall on

the woman's neck and was held there; he had seen that neck before. He glanced down at the face—it was Oyosi's expectancy, personified. A few seconds passed, then a little brown hand was raised and waved frantically. The gangplank, was thrust aboard and the passengers filed off to be swallowed up in the crowd. Caton stood and gazed dumbly, first at the brown speck of humanity tied to Oyosi's back, then at a stumpy little Jap with short bow legs, a nose like a piece of putty, and a grin that threatened to interfere with his ears, who bounded through the crowd and almost lifted Oyosi from her feet.

He examined her and she smiled radiantly; he examined the baby, and she laughed ecstatically then quite suddenly Oyosi's story of the night before flashed back into Caton's brain—Little girl, little garden, big, big man—dragon—him. He dragon mine. This was Oyosi's dragon and where was his?

"I've been wondering exactly how long you were going to stand there, observed a voice, slightly querulous and then he knew—Black & White.

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 for 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.

### Bits From the Writers

Progress isn't a passing fancy; it's the life principle.—Elizabeth Robbins.

When we work because we love work, then the work is well done.—Marie Corelli.

There can be no journey more pleasant than that which carries us a stage upon the road of our ambitions.—Max Pemberton.

You mustn't mind what other people do. If their souls were your soul it would be different. You stand and fall by your own work.—Rudyard Kipling.

It is a curious contradiction that happiness is the one thing people really want and that is the one thing nearly everybody misses.—Gertrude Atherton.

The kind of honesty that won't actually steal is a kind of fool honesty that's common enough, but the kind that keeps a feller's mouth shut when he hadn't ought to talk's about the scarcest thing going.—E. N. Westcott.

### The Musings of a Country Merchant

"Yes," remarked a country merchant, "in an exchange I certainly have a snap. Wholesale houses send duns every month and draw on me at sight, but if I send a bill to a farmer, he becomes swearing mail and quits trading at my store. While I am hard up for money, many of those who are owing me are sending money in advance to mail order houses. If I contribute money to any cause people say I am bidding for trade. If I don't they say I am a hog. Everyday I am expected to dig up for everything that comes along from a traffic ticket to a church fund by people who claim I ought to do this because they do part of their trading here, but our friends, Robert Simpson and T. Eaton, neither buy tickets nor help the church fund, and yet they get the cash in advance. Business. If I sell a pair of pants I must treat the family to candy or cigars; if I buy a load of potatoes I must do the same. Customers who are able to pay hang on to their money, while I pay ten per cent. at the bank to get ready cash. I have a big business during hard times and poor crops, from people who are willing to trade with me provided I can duplicate catalogue house prices and wait until harvest for money. My scales weigh too much, when I sell sugar, and too little when I buy butter. I am a thief, liar and a grafter. If I smile I am a soft soapy hypocrite, and if I don't I am a grump. Yes certainly this is a snap. And he looked over \$10,000 worth of accounts all good, and wondered how he could raise \$250 to pay a sight draft due to-morrow.

### The Case of the News Paper Man

According to an exchange a preacher near the conclusion of one of his sermons recently said "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Instantly every man, woman and child, with one exception rose to their feet. The preacher seated them and said "Now every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception noted, a care worn and hungry looking individual, clothed in his last summer suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position. How is it my friend, asked the minister, that you are the only man not to meet his obligations?

"I run a news paper," he meekly answered, and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers, and—"Let us pray exclaimed the preacher.

Drive Rheumatism out of the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy and see how quickly pain will depart. Rubon's never did reach the disease. Rheumatism isn't in the skin. It's deep down—it's constitutional. Getting rid of the pain, is after all what counts. That is why Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy goes, by word of mouth from one to another. And herein lies the popularity of this remedy. It is winning defenders everywhere. Tablets or liquid. Sold by All Dealers.

### Merely Disgusted--That's All!

Two weeks ago we sent bills out from this office to subscribers and job printing customers to quite a large amount. So far we have received less than \$25 in return. We can't do business that way. Our employees expect their wages every Saturday and there are a large number of other bills which have to be paid and our customers must furnish us with the cash to pay them.

We have built up a large circulation at considerable expense but this circulation is a heavy loss to us now, as no more than a third of our subscriber are paid up. We can't afford to send these papers out for nothing, we can't afford to give advertising space for nothing; and we can't afford to do job printing for nothing. Consequently we have decided to make a change, and in the future do a strictly cash business. Therefore we beg to announce that during and after the month of September no man will be great enough or rich enough to get this paper on credit or for a longer time than paid for: no man will be great enough or rich enough to get transient advertisements inserted in this paper unless accompanied by the cash, or in the case of "until forbid" ads, without sufficient deposit to cover at least one month's insertion; and no man will be great enough or rich enough to get any job printing unless he pays cash for it.

This is an entirely new departure in country journalism, but we are not in a position to do otherwise, and anyway we would prefer to do a small, snug business on a cash basis than do a large business and forget what a five dollar bill looks like.—Weymouth Gazette.

### Jelly From Old Boots

The reader may stare, but science smiles supreme and asserts very emphatically that a toothsome delicacy can be made from a dilapidated foot covering. Some time ago a New York doctor regarded some friends not merely with boot jelly, but with shirt coffee, and the repast was pronounced by all partakers excellent. The doctor tells us that he made the jelly by first cleaning the boot, and subsequently boiling it with soda, under a pressure of about two atmospheres. The tannic acid is the leather, combined with salt, made tannate of soda, and the gelatine rose to the top, whence it was removed and dried. From this last, with suitable flavoring material, the jelly was readily concocted. The shirt coffee, incidentally mentioned above, was sweetened with calf and collar sugar, both coffee and sugar being produced in the same way. The linen (after of course, washing) was treated with nitric acid, which acting on the lignite contained in the fiber, produced glucose, or grape sugar. This roasted made an excellent imitation coffee, which an addition of uncastep readily sweetened.

### ECONOMY STORE

#### BRAINS MAKE BUSINESS; FISH MAKE BRAINS

We have on hand a choice lot of this brain making commodity, just what every farmer wants in haying time.

ALSO: A complete stock of Summer dry goods and groceries. Everything to make the home happy. Mail or Telephone your orders. Everything delivered free.

ANDREW MCGEE

Back Bay

### COME ALONG

now to the new store in the Irish Block

FRUIT, CANNED GOODS, CONFECTION-ERY and SOFT DRINKS always on hand

ALL POPULAR BRANDS CIGARS AND TOBACCO

GIVE US A CALL

FRANK MURPHY

## GLENWOOD RANGES

Make Cooking Easy

## EXCURSIONS

TO ST. JOHN

FOR THE

## EXHIBITION

SEPT. 12-19

The Railways and Steamboats have made Low Excursion Rates from all points to St. John to enable the people to visit the Exhibition.

Take Your Holidays Then

See the Best of Everything

Special Amusements Daily

Wonderful Fireworks

DON'T FORGET THE DATES

Make plans to visit the St. John Exhibition

R. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

23 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Merely arousing a boy's ambition develops in him a great many deficient qualities by putting them into healthful exercise.

Change of environment will often wondrously help a backward boy whose parents were completely discouraged with him under the home conditions. As soon as the boy got into a store or into a school, or was thrown upon his own resources, his whole character was changed.

In the mountains of Colorado there are massive and sandstone rocks, which have been sculptured into all sorts of grotesque shapes by the grains of sand and gravel which the fierce winds have hurled against them for ages. So the him.

fairest faces have been distorted into repulsiveness and sculptured into ugliness by the sands of worryment and anxiety, and the sunniest tempers, together with everything that is lovely and attractive, have been ruined.

Men who have left their mark upon their century have been men of great and prompt decision. They have been men who "do something, and do it at once." An undecided man, a man who is ever balancing between two opinions, forever debating which of two courses he will pursue, proclaims by his indecision that he cannot control himself, that he was meant to be possessed by others; he is not a man, only a satellite. The decided man, the prompt man, does not wait for favorable circumstances; he does not submit to events; events must submit to him.