

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

A large number of our subscribers are more or less in arrears, all of whom we would ask to kindly make a prompt remittance. This is a very small matter to the individual subscriber but when multiplied by the hundreds, it is a matter of quite large dimensions to the Editor.

The date under your address will inform all of the date they are paid up to. Remember 25 p. c. discount allowed when subscriptions are paid in advance.

The Steamer CONNORS BROS.

Is now laid up for inspection and General Repairs and will remain off Her Route Two or Three Weeks Until the Time Table Appears in this Space

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.
Lewis Connors, Pres.

Paid's Finesse.

It is safe to say that nobody but an Irishman could be the hero of the following story: Mr. Murphy was inquiring of his friend, Mr. Doolan, how his wife was feeling after the excitement of the recent wedding of their daughter. She's well enough, replied the other, except that she's grievin' over a pair of illegit new kid gloves that got lost on her that even ing.

"She's feelin' bad about them. I've advertised in the paper, and I think she'll git them back again before long. They cost Mrs. Doolan eight shillin'.

"Ain't you afraid whoever got them will be slow to answer the advertisement?" inquired Mr. Murphy.

"It's meself that know how to fix that," returned Mr. Doolan. "I advertised them fligant gloves was an old cotton pair, bursting away at the seams and worth no body's keepin'.

Parisian Sage, An Ideal Hair Tonic.

Parisian Sage is compounded on the most advanced scientific principles, and nothing on the market today can compare with it. It accomplishes so much more than the ordinary tonics and does it so quickly that users are astonished.

Parisian Sage kills the dandruff germs and eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair, itching of the scalp and splitting hairs in two weeks or we will refund your money.

Parisian Sage gives a fascinating lustre to women's hair and makes it beautiful. It makes the hair grow luxuriantly it is the daintiest and most refreshing hair tonic that science has produced, and has not a particle of grease or stickiness in it. Parisian Sage costs 50 c. at your druggist or postpaid from the proprietors, The Giroux Manufacturing Co., Port Erie, Ont. The girl with the Auburn Hair is on every package. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

The teacher in elementary mathematics looked hopefully about the room. "Now children, she said, 'I wish you to think very carefully before you answer my next question.

"Which would you rather have, three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" asked the teacher.

"Three bags with two apples in each bag," said a boy in one of the last seats, while the class still de'at'ed as to the best answer.

"Whv Paul?" asked the teacher.

"Because there'd be one more bag to bust," announced the practical young mathematician.

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ONLY A VAGABOND

By Jean Sigaud

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The court-crier rose, with seeming regret in his demeanour, and called in a mild tone of voice — "Antoine Jean, come forward!"

At that name a big fellow, wrapped from head to feet — in spite of the hot weather — in a trailing cloak of indelible colour, a garment which must have been worn for many a year, pulled himself together and quickly obeyed.

"Your name?" said the presiding judge, in a weary voice.

"Antoine Jean."

"Your profession?"

"Independent gentleman."

Well now, Antoine Jean, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Nothing whatever to you, as a judge, but to thee, my old chum, Bouchard, I'll tell everything."

Those few words uttered by the vagabond suddenly brought back a new life to the whole court-room.

The two associate judges sat bolt upright with indignant fashes in their eyes yet heavy from sleep.

"Bouchard, Bouchard, don't you remember my nickname, Rabelais?"

"Two months' imprisonment."

The jailor was smoking his pipe, as he enjoyed the fresh air in front of the prison door.

"Perrin," said M. Bouchard, "I wish to examine this man at my own house. Please bring him yourself at five o'clock."

Perrin bowed, somewhat surprised at this complete derogation from all the ordinary usages of the prison.

At five o'clock the jailor brought the prisoner as desired.

"So you recognised me at last!" said the prisoner in his gentle voice, and without lowering his eyes before the sorrowful gaze of the judge, who brought a chair and made the vagabond sit close beside him, while he tried to read in that mysterious face the secret of so complete a downfall, and tried to find underneath that wretched mask the features of his old friend.

"Yes; it's I myself, sure enough," the vagabond answered.

"And to think," exclaimed M. Bouchard, "that I was obliged to sentence you — you, my poor Chabert, whom I always knew as such a good fellow, so gentle, so sensitive — ah, too much so, no doubt," the judge added, with a penetrating look. "What a continual, cruel irony is life! Bouchard judging Chabert! Rabelais! Ah, my poor fellow."

The magistrate, looking searchingly into Chabert's eyes, asked him sadly, and in a very low tone: — "Was it a woman?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the vagabond. "When a man falls as I have done, it is because he has leaned upon a woman's arm, and that arm has been suddenly withdrawn from him. A love-match," he continued, "without money is bound to come to grief. I adored my wife, but I could not support her decently, and she was unfaithful to me. When this happens, some men kill themselves. Others take to drink. Still other bury themselves in some kind of work. As for me, I suffered far less than these, for I became insane. Taking nothing with me, and without looking back, I tramped over the highways and over the footpaths in rain and sunshine, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, and only stopping at night when my swollen and bleeding feet would carry me no further. How far I tramped over those highways! My hat was full of holes, and my clothes could not have been at all creditable to me, for two policemen who saw me sitting on the opposite side of a ditch motioned me to come to them. The next morning Antoine Jean, for a remnant of sanity had made me conceal my true name — was committed for two months."

"What shall I say? Those two months must have been the beginning of a complete change in my whole physical and moral being. In the solitude of the prison my reason came back to me, and I meditated. And about what, do you suppose? About my life's unfaithfulness and crime? No, about the happiness which she had brought me, my three years of earthly paradise while I lived with her! Her perfidy and my despair had disappeared; my thought did not rest upon them for a moment. That is the happiness which I owe to my prison life. When my two months were over, I took my staff and wallet like any self-respecting tramp — and I continued my tour of France. It has taken me ten years to find you. After two months I shall continue my journey."

The judge, looking him full in the face and grasping both hands, exclaimed passionately — "My dear Chabert, I want to save you!"

"To save me? From what?"

"From yourself, and in spite of yourself, I fit must be so," said the judge, firmly. "As to the imprisonment for two months, I shall not permit you to endure it. I can arrange the matter. And, little by little, I want to see Jean Antoine disappear, and Chabert come to the front."

"Begin my life over again! Oh, no!" exclaimed the vagabond, as he rose from his seat. Then, taking the judge's hands in his own, he said — "My poor Bouchard, you are kind and good, and you love me; yet my cruellest enemy could not propose anything worse than you have done. I am speaking to you now with all my former cold sense, and I tell you that no place but the prison is gentle and pitiful to me. There only I can really live again, without thought of the present, without care for the future. And you would snatch this dream from me, and would kill me forever! Why, can't you see that my body is a mere rag, a thing which does not count at all, and which I no longer regard? What does it matter that this worn-out body should appear before sentenced, despised, branded! My dear old friend, call in the jailor who brought me here and let me go!"

"So be it!" said M. Bouchard in a sad tone. And the judge and the vagabond embraced each other frantically. Then Chabert said, freeing himself and turning away — "Now, judge, do your duty."

HIS BRIDE.

The Romance of a Convent.

When Pastukhin, captain in a Russian cavalry regiment, heard that Irma Mazienkoff had been placed in the Convent of the Passion at Simbirsk, he vowed to effect her release. That he, her lover, should be debarred from entering the convent drove the captain nearly to distraction. However, he found consolation in the thought that Irma was ever thinking of him, and knew that sooner or later he would devise a plan for her escape.

One morning a buzz of excitement ran through the convent. From nun to nun and student to student it was whispered that the good Sister Superior had received an important letter from the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg. On the morrow, it announced, Father Solovieff would be pleased to pay the convent an official visit of inspection.

Many eyes peered at the good father as he drove up in a carriage drawn by three splendid horses. But if the good father was pompous in coming, he was charming in manner, and delighted the heart of the Sister Superior by his praise of the order and discipline that marked her regime.

In the afternoon Father Solovieff announced that he must examine all the students of the convent, so that he should be able to carry a thorough report of the convent to St. Petersburg, both as to its conduct, condition, and learning. Naturally such an unlooked-for request created a flutter of excitement among the students. But everyone agreed, from the humblest nun to the Sister Superior herself, that there could not possibly be a nicer priest in the world than Father Solovieff; and, besides, there was no reason to fear that he would find the students lacking in learning.

So one by one the students entered the examination room and there were examined in their studies by the good father. And one by one each emerged full of the praise that he had bestowed on them. He was the most charming father who had ever inspected the monastery! After the examination Father Solovieff made his report to the Sister Superior. The teaching in the convent, he declared, was excellent. All the students had done well. But there was one who had far and away excelled all the others. This student was Irma Mazienkoff. She, the good father informed the Sister Superior, was far too advanced for the learning of the convent, and he had decided to remove her at once and place her in the famous Convent of the Kremlin at Moscow.

Flattered by such praise, the Sister Superior bade Irma Mazienkoff farewell.

A few days later the papers announced the marriage of Captain Pastukhin to Irma Mazienkoff, and the good nuns of the Convent of the Passion nearly died of horror when they learned how they had been deceived by the charming "Father Solovieff."

Happiness

"It folks go looking for happiness it never comes to them. Happiness isn't a thing — it's yourself."

"A woman is never so happy as when she has a more man at her feet, grovelling; there in hopeless perplexity."

Advertise in Greetings

Cold Weather Requisites!

Men's Overshoes, 1, 2 & 4 Buckle
Womens, Misses
And Children's Over Shoes

Gum Rubbers, Shoe Pacs and Oversocks
For
Men, Boys and Youths

Get Ready
For Skating

HOCKEY BOOTS of All Kinds for
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AT VERY LOW PRICES

Frauley Bros.
The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

Advertise in the Greetings!

Mid-Winter -- Necessities

International Stock and Poultry Foods

Horse Blankets and Fittings - Some of the Best Kinds

Single Bitt Axes, 70c. and 75c; Double Bitt Axes, \$1.00 and \$1.10; Hand-made White Ash Handles 15 c. and 20c; Hunters Handled Axes, 60c; Boy's Handled Axes, 65c; Hatchets, 35 to 50c; Bench Axes, 75c; Drawing Knives, 65c; Lanterns and Globes, Harness and Pieces, Snow shovels, Peevies, Cross Cut and Buck Saws, Shoe Packs, Gum Rubbers and Oversocks, Overshoes, Socks and Mitts, Woolen Blankets (only 2 pairs left), Horse Blankets, some of the best kinds.

Lower Prices On Following Goods - Sugar, Lemons,
Oranges, Girls and Boys Sleds

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