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Cape Race, the Trap of the Northern Sea.

A desire to annihilate distance for the sake of time and money is being held largely responsible for the loss of thousands of lives each year, but it must be admitted that nature itself is partly to blame especially along the great highways of the ocean. Whether it is courage or foolhardiness that prompts mariners to brave the dangers of blinding fogs, powerful gales, hidden reefs, drifting ice bergs, and treacherous currents is a question that doubtless will be long debated, but there is no disputing the fact that in places the natural forces are in a conspiracy to baffie, and often destroy, ships steered by the wisest navigators. And one such place is the vicinity of Cape Race, the southernmost point of N.B., which juts out into the ocean on the northern pathway of transatlantic steamers. This probably has been the scene of many wrecks as the Strait of Magellan Cape Race is interestingly described by George Harding in Harper's Magazine, from which we quote the following:

Bluff, jagged Cape Race. Cape Race is a bluff, jagged bit of coast scarcely provided with strand, and a multitude of submerged rocks are scattered from the breaking water at the foot of the cliffs as far to sea as the Virgin Rocks which outlie ninety miles. The polar current, which "runs like a river" past the grey cape, is so variable in the direction of its flow that it may race southwest at one time and flow northeast at another. In the spring and early summer, and oft as late as the fall of the year, ice bergs come down with the current, and lie sluggishly off the coast, hidden from the sharpest eyes of ships' lookouts in the dense accumulations of fog.

It is the fog, almost continuously raised by the contact of the polar current with the warm waters of the Gulf Stream which for centuries has made a menace of this cape of evil name. There is little relief from it; it is so continuously present, indeed, that the cape fog horn is frequently blown for hundreds of hours at a stretch.

"It's nothing but fog here," said the keeper of the light. "Sure, sir, the dogs bark when the sun comes out!" And he meant it.

Graveyard of the Ocean. Graves by the wayside, weathered crosses on the heads above the sea, tell their own tales of disaster; and the cottages which huddle in the sheltered coves, and the singular furnishings within, betray the dangerous character of the coast. Most of the cottage doors once saw service at sea. They do well ashore (be it a trifle low for tall men. A sky light may do well enough for a window and ships' ventilators and the stout planks of ships' decks are not to be despised by the builders of dwellings ashore. Almost every habitation of the cape is comfortably provided with a ship,

settee; and most of the hospitable tables are set with ships' china, some of this dating back to the wreck of one or another unlucky vessel of the European and American Packet Company, which must have gone ashore in the fifties, at the latest. Ships' pewter is serviceable; decanters and glasses are as good as any other; ships' medicine chests contain valuable remedies, if one but have both the knowledge and the courage to see them. Coal from the bunkers of a stranded steamer burns brightly in a stove; of a dark night, when the wind is high and cold, the light falling from the cabin lamps gives a snug comfort to fishermen's cottages; and a wee nip from a captain's bottle, however long it may have lain under water, completes the joy of the occasion. By means of a ship's captain boats may be hauled from the surf quite as smoothly as anchors may be lifted from the bottom of the sea; and a ship's bell, used aforesaid to call the watch on some forgotten old wind-jammer, may guide a bewildered fisherman from a thickening fog to the security of his own familiar harbor.

Too Close to the Cape. The route of the transatlantic lines from American ports runs past, a hundred miles to sea; but the slow going tramp, to save a day's steaming, follows the shorter route, and seeks to pass within flag-signalling distance of the cape. Added to the great fleet of tramps which must venture near are the Canadian liners, which use the Cape Race route during the ice season in the strait of Belle Isle, and many coastwise craft, schooners and full rigged fish carriers. Altogether thousands of vessels must pass within sight of the cape every year; and it is vessels such as these, astray in the fog, off the beaten track, which come to grief and give the coast its gruesome name. In a single month an Atlantic liner, crowded with passengers, and four tramp steamers were totally wrecked within twenty miles of each other. And once ashore a craft has small chance; the stupendous cliffs, with deep water to their jagged edges, and exposed to the swells of the open ocean, have allowed but one vessel of the seventy that have been wrecked there in the last twenty years to be refloated. The craft on the rocks is furiously pounded to pieces by the first heavy sea; the Delta, a tramp steamship, entirely disappeared from sight three hours after going ashore; and the Regulus, a tramp of near two thousand tons utterly vanished with the whole ship's company between dark and dawn leaving her propeller fixed in the cliffs twenty feet above sea level, where it remains to this day.

"A wreck on this coast disappears like a herring in a whistle," said a rufel in habitant of the cape. A record of wrecks is taken, but hundreds of narrow escapes never become known officially. Doubtless we have missed many an interesting tale of how

steamers and sailing vessels have been saved almost as if by miracle. Mr. Harding goes on with his description: Dangers of the Path.

It is necessary for a bewildered captain unable to take noonday observations, and running on dead reckoning to locate the Cape Race fog whistle. There is no other way to determine his position, and he is in haste, in desperate haste, when he thinks of his owners, to get along. Consequently he takes a chance and goes close in murky weather. Steamers have come so close to the cliffs in fog, indeed, that the fishermen on the beach, unable even to discern an outline of the blind craft, have clearly heard the panic on the bridge when the captain reversed the engine signals, and in the same breath ordered the lifeboats manned. After that they have listened to the churning of the screw, to the orders of the bridge, and to the gradual departure of the vessel from the dangerous position.

Once, at a point beyond range of the fog whistle, a fisherman heard from the fog not only the orders to reverse the engine and man the life boats, but a loud command to one of the officers to guard the liquor. Vessels often slip past in the mist themselves unseen, their presence, peril, and escape from danger told only by voices coming muffled from the obscurity at sea. Sometimes skippers send boats ashore to inquire, the way; but of te. they go by in care-free ignorance, without the faintest notion that they have escaped catastrophe by the miracle of a hair's breadth.

"I heard a feller go by today," said a fisherman of Chance Cove. "I allowed he'd fetch up on Fish Reef, by the sound of his course, and waited to see, but he skipper her, and a close skim, too!" No such chances are taken by the big Canadian liners, neither off Cape Norman in the Strait of Belle Isle in the summer months, nor off Cape Race when the strait's route is blocked. There is the wireless to guide them; as they go past they receive reports of icebergs and fog areas, and may even be helped to determine her own position in relation to the cape. Upon approach to the Belle Isolation the ship's wireless picks up the operator ashore. "Can you hear us?" she asks. "I hear your whistle," is the answer. Then the operator ashore sends a message such as the following to indicate the approach, position, and depart-

ure: "Your whistle is stronger. . . . I hear you better. . . . You are all right. You are ahead. . . . Your whistle is fainter. . . . I cannot hear you." By this time the liner is of course safely past the cape. If she is inclined at any time to run into danger, she is easily warned off by the shore operator.

Tramp steamships, not always equipped with wireless, have no such aid near Cape Race; they must depend upon the light, the power of which is enormously lessened by the fog, great as that power is, and upon the sound of the fog whistle, which the heaviest fogs greatly limit, if they do not altogether stifle it beyond reasonable distance. At the Belle Isle light there are two lanterns, one high, for the time when the fog lies low and one low, for the time when the fog floats high. There is also a high and a low fog whistle. At Cape Race, however, there is but one light and one whistle.

Talking to the Point
Our Classified Want Ads. get right down to the point at once - if you want something say so in a few well chosen words. The intelligent reader likes that kind of straight-from-the-shoulder talk and that is one reason why condensed Want Ads. are so productive of the best kind of results. Whether buying or selling they will help you.

Michael Loriza, of Philadelphia, aged seven, has had his speech kicked back by a mule. Several months ago the youngster fell, the injury deprived him of his power to talk. On Thursday the boy was playing in a lot where the mule had been turned out to graze. Michael decided to examine the hoofs of the mule's hind feet. Suddenly the mule kicked Mrs. Loriza saw her son go hurtling into the air. She rushed to him expecting to find he had been killed. Instead he greeted her with: "Hello, ma, I ain't hurt!"

MERRY MOMENTS

1. THIS WEATHER CERTAINLY MAKES A FELLOW FEEL GOOD, GUESS I'LL TAKE A WALK.

2. HELLO TOM, HAVE YOU BEEN SICK? YOU'RE NOT LOOKING VERY WELL TODAY.

3. HELLO JOHN, DO I LOOK SICK? HARRY JONES JUST SAID THAT I DID.

4. ON A LITTLE PEAKED, BUT NOT DAD.

5. BERT, DO I LOOK SICK TO YOU? TELL ME QUICK.

6. YOU DON'T LOOK VERY WELL TOM, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

7. MY - I DO LOOK BAD!

8. AND I FELT SO GOOD A SHORT WHILE AGO.

9. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

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WHO WAS THE CULPRIT?

The teacher was very earnest - far more so than his pupils - and the subject was about the terrible outcome of laziness and idleness. With due solemnity, as befitted the occasion, he drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who dislikes work, and who cadges for all he gets. "Now, Charlie," said the teacher to a little boy who had been looking out of the window instead of attending closely to the lesson. "Charlie was instantly on the alert. "Tell me," continued the master "who is the miserable individual who gets clothes, food, and lodging, and yet does nothing in return?" Charlie's face brightened. "Please, sir," said he, "the baby!"

MERCY FOR THE HORSE

The Duke of Connaught Condemns Docking and Reckless Driving. "I think the docking of horses' tails is a relic of barbarism. The dealers may not agree with me - the horses sell better when they are docked. I think it is a shame to deprive this dumb animal of the tail which God has given it." This was the declaration of the Duke of Connaught at the annual meeting of the Ottawa Humane Society. His Royal Highness also spoke strongly against reckless driving and overloading, which the Humane Society is fighting in Ottawa. "I hope there will grow up a strong sentiment against reckless driving and overloading," he continued.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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