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### THE NEW Church Hymn Book for sale at the "Greetings Office" in several Qualities and Styles.

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The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering, obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short, establishes sound vigorous health.

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#### The Grand Canyon.

Seen at any time the Grand Canyon is bewildering and appalling to one's untrained senses; but especially in the very early morning, during the hours of dawn and the slow ascent of the sun, and equally in the very late afternoon and at sunset, are its most entrancing effects to be witnessed, writes G. W. James, in "The Grand Canyon of Arizona." At midday, with the sun glaring through in its depths, the reds and chocolates of the sandstones (which are the predominant colors) are so strong, and the relieving shadows so few, that it is uninteresting. But let one watch it in the evening or early morning. What revelation of forms, what richness of colors, what transformations of apparently featureless walls into angles and arches and recesses and facets and embayments and fissures and escarpments! What lighting up of towers and temples and minarets and pinnacles and ridges and peaks and pillars of erosion! What exposures of detached and isolated mountains of rock, of accompanying gorges and ravines, deep, forbidding, black and unknown depths of which the foot of man has never trod! Turner never depicted such dazzling scenes. Rembrandt such violent and yet attractive contrasts. Here everything is massive and dominating. The colors are vivid; the shadows are purple to blackness; the heights are towering; the depths are appalling; the sheer walls are as if poised in mid-air; the towers and temples dwarf into insignificance even the monster works of man on the Nile.

**A Wonderful View.**  
In width it varies from ten to twenty miles, and at the point where I now sit writing, where the Canyon makes a double bow knot in a marvellous bend, the north wall (which, in the sharp bend of the river, becomes the south wall of the reverse of the curve) is completely broken down so that one has a clear and direct view across two widths of canyon and river to a distance of from thirty five to forty miles.  
No one can know the Grand Canyon in all its phases. It is one of those sights that words cannot exaggerate. And the eye of the best trained man in the world cannot grasp all its features of wall and battlement and canyon, of winding ridge and curving ravine, of fell precipice and rocky gorge, in a week, a year, or a lifetime. Hence words can but suggest; nothing can describe the indescribable; nothing can picture what no man has ever seen in its completeness.

**Chas. Dudley Warner's Description.**  
Chas. Dudley Warner, versed in much and diverse world scenery, mountain-sculpture, canyon carvings, and plain sweep, confessed: "I experienced for a moment an indescribable terror of nature, a confusion of mind, a fear to be alone in such a presence. With all its grotesqueness and majesty of form and radiance of color, creation seemed in a whirl. When the reader thinks of grotesque faces what images come to his mind! A Chinese joss, perhaps; a queer human face on the profile of a rock, but nothing so vast, so awful, as this. The word 'majesty' suggests a kingly presence, a man of dignified mien, or a sequoia standing supreme over all other trees in the forest. But a thousand men of majesty could be placed unseen in one tiny rift in this gorge, and all the sequoias of the world could be planted in the stretch of this canyon, and never be noticed by the most careful watcher on the rim.  
One well known poet exclaimed: "It was like sudden death" yet she is still alive. "It made a coward of me," she says; "I shrank and shut my eyes, and felt crushed and beaten under the intolerable burden of the fies. For humanity intrudes here; in these warm and glowing purple spaces disembodied spirits must range and soar; souls purged and purified and indefinitely daring."

**Bass Rock And Its Story.**  
Far over the Atlantic waters quite a number of distinguished guests from Europe, America and other quarters of the globe, who have been celebrating the five hundredth anniversary of St. Andrew, the first university in Scotland, have visited the world-famous Bass Rock on the opposite side of the Firth of Forth skirting the Haddingtonshire coast, some twenty two miles of Edinburgh.  
The "wonderful Craig" as a French officer styled it centuries ago, apart from

its extraordinary formation and shape, rising precipitously from ocean depths is dear to Scotia's sons. Not simply from the winds that blow over it and the sea beneath its rocks, but on account of the splendid witness it has borne to the faith in Reformation and Covenanting times.  
Although the traditional records of the Bass extend back to the eighth century concerning one St. Baldred, a Celtic missionary, and reappear in the turbulent middle ages of the fourteenth centuries, it is only in the seventeenth century that the celebrated islet plays a distinctly notable part in the national history of Scotland. Captured by Cromwell after it had been in the hands of the Lauder family for many generations, the Bass subsequently fell into the hands of Charles II., who used it as a State prison.

Then came a black period in the annals of the Bass, which has made its name so widely renowned. Within its dreary dungeons several of the most eminent of the Scottish Covenanters were thrown. Horrors well nigh unnamable were perpetrated on the Covenanters committed, both in Dunnotar Castle and on the Bass Rock. About forty individuals, principally ministers of the Gospel, were confined to the Bass, their terms of imprisonment ranging from two months to six years, many of them contracting illness which enfeebled them for the rest of their lives. The prisoners were seldom allowed to leave their cells.

The ruins of the "castle" on the rock bear out what these unfortunate souls said they had endured in its gloomy dungeons. Sir Walter Scott makes Halibakuk Mucklewath assert that his visions of manslaughter and vengeance were made known to him in that awful prison of despair "that overlungeth the wide, wide sea. These dungeons received the perpetual moisture from the precipices above them and were washed in the sprays of the stormy seas below them."  
Among the forty sufferers or more in the Bass Rock prison, the two best known worthies are Alexander Peden and John Blackadder. Peden, the fiery prophet of the Covenanters, was one of the four hundred ministers who were ejected from their charges for refusing to be presented by their respective patrons. So dauntless was this hero of the prophetic son and uncommon gifts that he refused to obey the order ejecting him, and only forcible measures removed Peden from his church. Peden lay four years in the island prison.

In the case of the distinguished preacher, John Blackadder, his prison on the Bass proved his grave. A man of good descent, whose name still lingers on the Bass Rock, Blackadder was one of the most determined of the itinerant preachers. Outlawed in 1674, a reward of 1,000 marks was offered for his apprehension, notwithstanding which he continued to preach to large congregations in the fields and on the heath. He made a voyage to Holland and settled his son as a student of medicine at Leyden. Returning to Scotland in 1681, he was arrested and deported to the state guard on the Bass. He suffered greatly in his damp cell. His friends made zealous efforts to secure the brave man's release but ere it was accomplished the spirit of John Blackadder four years later fled from its prison bars.

The precipices of the northern face of the rock have ever been the home of those who know no imprisonment—the solan geese of the Bass. It is easy to the eyes of the prisoners from out of their grimy cells must have followed the flight of the ancestors of the birds who inhabit the rock today as they took their

free way by their dungeon windows.  
Literary as well as historical associations entwine themselves around the Bass. Robert Louis Stevenson, an Edinburgh boy and man, naturally took great interest in the Bass Rock, and his knowledge of it and its history was used by him with fine effect in his romance "Catriona," where David Balfour figures as a victim immured on the historic islet. It is an aerial narrative, fit to rank with that other most powerful short story, "The Tapestry Chamber," by Sir Walter Scott, who, by the way, depicts in "Marmion" in stirring lines, the fortunes of the Douglases linked with the time-worn towers and battlements of Tantallon Castle, perched on the cliffs adjacent to the Bass. So, again, Hugh Miller described its physical appearance and portrayed in his own masterly style its unending spiritual and heroic memories. Some two hundred years earlier Donald Defoe makes interesting references to the celebrated rock.

In 1701 the fortress on the Bass was razed after a body of soldiers, fighting for the declining Stuart cause, surrendered, and until the erection some years since of the Bass Rock Lighthouse of 39,000 candlepower, which nightly throws its line of light across the troubled waters, little has changed in the outlook from this sea-girt fortress. Subsequently, in 1908, the authorities erected there an automatic foghorn worked by compressed air, which gives every minute in foggy weather a blast that can be heard for miles out at sea. Fishermen say that the noise risen is scaring away numbers of its millions of its sea birds, among which the solan geese have hitherto reigned undisturbed on the Bass Rock for centuries.

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**The Task of Mr. Borden.**  
Mr. Borden and his colleagues have taken up on their shoulders the government of the Dominion. There are men in the new Ministry in whom we have no confidence, but there are others—and they form the majority of the Administration—who have rendered useful public service, who are good and true Canadians, who are devoted to the cause of Imperial unity, and who may be depended upon to do all that in them lies to make Canada great and prosperous, and her people happy and contented. Their way of compassing these ends is not the way of Liberalism, but it is the way that commands for the time the support of a very considerable majority of the people of the Dominion.

Of the Premier it may be said unreservedly that he comes to his high task with an unswerving personal record. That on occasion he has been weak in leadership where he might well have been strong his own supporters have frequently said. But he is an honorable, courteous, clean-minded and clean-headed man for whom no Canadian need apologize either at home or abroad. In the formation of his Ministry Mr. Borden has again given evidence that self-assertion and pull count for far more in his eyes than modest worth. There are men in the Conservative party far more worthy of high office than Col. Hughes or Dr. Reid of Grenville, but they are of the type of Andrew Broder, and do not hunt for office in the

free way by their dungeon windows. Mr. Borden. There will be criticism enough of his cabinet from Conservatives to make much from Liberal sources unnecessary. Especially will there be grave objection to the inclusion of Messrs. Rogers, Foster and Monk in the Government. Mr. Rogers brings to Ottawa from the West a sinister reputation as a politician skilled in the human devices that count for far more in the winning of elections than high ideals and patriotic fervor. It would almost seem that Mr. Borden chose him to "carry the bag." If that was the purpose the choice is well made.

It is scarcely necessary to say that we believe Mr. Foster should not have been included in the Government in view of the verdict following the suit launched by him against the Globe and its editor. The former Minister of Finance went to court to vindicate his reputation and to disprove the charge that while the Manager of a Trust Company "he asked for a private 'take-off' in a deal with trust funds; that he directed the suspicious way in which that personal rake-off should be paid. That he got that rake off, and that, as the high-salaried Managing Director of the Union Trust Company, handling funds belonging to the I. O. F. fraternal society, he had no right or title to that money."

Mr. Foster failed to obtain the vindication he sought, and that failure should have been followed by his withdrawal from public life. His own political associates so understood his action when suit was entered. Mr. Borden did well when he gave the high place of Finance Minister to another than Mr. Foster; he would have done better had he left the chief of the nest of traitors out of his Government altogether.

his colleagues, Mr. White if he keeps his head, will be a success. He has brains, and an earnest desire to serve his fellow countrymen and promote the prosperity of Canada. It is probable that the Big Interests which forced him into the Government will not profit so much from his elevation to the Ministry of Finance as they would have done by pinning their hopes upon some "regular" Conservative protectionist like Mr. Kemp or Mr. Aves.—Tor. Globe.

**DYSPEPSIA CLAIMS MANY LIVES.**  
But John Mitchell's Life was saved by Morrissy's No. 11 Dyspepsia Cure.

Woodstock, N.B., Aug. 10, 1910.  
"I had a very severe case of stomach trouble which caused me great pain, and a lot of distress. I tried several doctors, but could get no relief. I also tried about all the patent medicines that are recommended for stomach trouble, and still I was getting worse—in fact, I felt like dying, and had to stop work. My friends thought my days on earth were few, and I thought so myself. I had heard a great deal about the wonderful skill of Father Morrissy, and thought I would go and see him. He prescribed his No. 11 Dyspepsia Cure for me, and I took his medicine as he directed, and soon began to feel relieved, and today I am a very well man, have gained in flesh—have no pain in my stomach, and am feeling first-rate. There is no doubt but that he saved my life, and I only wish I could find words to express my gratitude. I hope all who suffer as I did will use his marvelous No. 11 Stomach Remedy."

**Glascow's Business Administration.**  
The objection to Mr. Monk is of another sort entirely. He is a man of great ability and of excellent repute, but his presence in the government proves that the alliance between the loyal Conservatives of Ontario and the anti-British Nationalists of Quebec did not end on election day. There can be no manner of doubt that Mr. Monk sits in the Government as the mouthpiece of Mr. Baurassa. The Navy Act is to be repealed or suspended, and Canada is to build no vessels for naval defence until the question goes to the people in the form of a referendum. The Liberal party passed the Navy Act, and had it remained in office would have built in this country the ships called for by it. We venture to say that as the result of Mr. Borden's evasion of the issue and his alliance with the Nationalists there will be neither a Canadian navy nor a contribution to the Imperial navy.

Of the Ontario members, holding portfolios, four—Messrs. Reid, Crothers, Foster, and Col. Hughes—have been active in Opposition, while Messrs. White and Cochrane have had no experience in the experience in the Federal arena, and have not seats in Parliament. Arrangements have no doubt been made to open consular agencies for them immediately. Messrs. White and Cochrane are evidently cast for the leading parts in the Ontario representation. As the organizer of victory, Mr. Cochrane gets the great spending department of railways and canals, with thousands of employees, while Mr. White as Minister of Finance, will have control of tariff legislation. For him the pitfalls of office will be more numerous than for most of his colleagues, because of the jealousies to which his sudden elevation to high office has given rise. As a Liberal he has supported a moderate tariff, and when the manufacturers, who regard the recent victory as an opportunity for an increase in their protection, begin to interview Mr. White matters will become interesting. Despite his inexperience and the ill-will of some of

Glascow and Birmingham are usually regarded as the two cities that head the list of British municipalities in the industrial character of their administration. The recently issued annual report of the superintendent of cleansing for the Toronto city contains, according to the Toronto World, some rather striking figures regarding the operation of his department. It handled during the year a total material weighing 322,408 tons or a working daily average of about 800 tons. Out of this the department made 232,865 tons of manure of which about 64 per cent was sold to farmers and about 36 per cent stored in the bins throughout the country. Glascow has also been eliminating the middleman, since it is stated that while in certain countries the sale of manure was formerly entrusted to agents the department is now conducting the business through its own travellers.

Among other parts of the material handled turned into merchantable products was clinker from the destruction of which 12,463 tons were sold for \$8,000. Old tins, galvanized buckets and light iron were retinned and subjected to hydraulic pressure in accordance with a system introduced by the superintendent some years ago, and brought in a revenue of \$8,800. Waste paper also systematically dealt with realized \$3,890, while heavy scrap iron from the workshops brought in \$2,500. The year's revenue from these waste products has risen steadily from \$4,000 in 1895 to over \$26,000 last year. The net result of the year's business was a revenue of \$15,000 in excess of the estimate, while the net cost to the city of the cleansing department was over \$17,000 less than the estimate. Another interesting feature is the fact that the department runs four farms which together yielded produce to the value of over \$33,000 making a good profit after deducting expenses.

**A RECKLESS MOTORIST** from Port Huron, Michigan, was on Thursday fined one thousand dollars and costs, with the alternative of six months in jail, by Judge Winchester at the Toronto Sessions. The man ran his motor on Labor Day directly into a crowd of women and children, and the miracle is that no one was killed.

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