

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

That Red Rose Tea is of surpassing quality is accepted everywhere it is used as an undisputed fact, but it is in the Maritime Provinces especially that it has by unvarying goodness so well earned the term "is good tea."



Prices: 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

HOME READING COLUMNS

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water a log cabin and perfect love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or shiny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or flower garden. The heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can. Home is where the heart is.

The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her heart is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons, who come to wear this mantle and to fill his places; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, strifes and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

The bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and for deeds left undone. "She never knew that I loved her." He never knew what he was to me. "I always meant to make more of our friendship." I did not know what he was to me until he was gone.

Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots from the door of the sepulchre. The lady who laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. Her face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see her. Their hands instinctively go half way out to meet her grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the dampy touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks in the gloomy key. She laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with her and you never know what a pleasant world you live in until she points out the sunny streaks on her pathway.

Home Sweet Home

Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest; Homeseeking hearts are happiest. Fortunate that wonder they know not where

Are full of trouble and full of care. To stay at home is best.

Home—the name made dear by sacred associations, the place where childish feet take their first faltering steps and infant minds receive their first ideas. There lessons of love and truth, or right and wrong, of faith and hope and purity are imprinted upon the plastic heart, and all the sorrows and perplexities of after life are inefficient to quite efface these first deep true impressions. Sweet home where the mother's gentle hands prepare the little domestic comforts that a father's love provides, and filial affection is the silver link, the silken tie that binds the household band together. Trials may come and clouds may lower, but in the seclusion of home remains sweet healing for the wounds that brave and sensitive hearts hide from a disdainful world. There these hurts and distresses may be confidently revealed and a sovereign remedy found in its unquestioning faith. There a child's pure kiss, or the touch of dimpled fingers may revive a soul on the verge of despair and

in the home the brightest dreams become more golden, the rarest pleasures more intense, the rarest joys more serene. And if in the varying degrees of fortune its loving shelter must be abandoned, how the exile folds about his heart, as the traveler does his cloak the memory of its light and flowers, its loves and hopes and kindnesses.

There the noblest influences exist, the holiest impulses find expression and there have been born the chaste and lofty sentiments that have made a whole world better.

Comfort Dresses

"Comfort dresses, that is the new name the up-to-date girl calls her tub dresses this year and she plans them in every particular so that they will be a credit to her name," says Grace Margaret Gould in the Woman's Home Companion for July.

"They are smart in style, she wouldn't own them if they were not. They are most simple in design, yet they carry distinction. And they are sure to be coming for their colorings are specially charming.

"There is no doubt that extravagance is running riot this season as far as one's afternoon and evening frocks go. But Fashion makes up for this recklessness by looking with favor upon many materials for simple morning dresses which are extremely inexpensive and extremely good looking.

The fancy cottons, the ginghams, the percales and piques, and the plain and novelty linens were never before seen in such an array of lovely colorings. The blue tints seem to lead and their different shades are many, the old blue and gentle blue tones being more to the fore than the turquoise and blue green tints. Then there are the tans and yellows and buffs which vie with one another in their soft, becoming shades. The lavenders are also in favor and very many grays and clever black and white mixtures are seen in these wash fabrics. It is easy to see from this that the comfort dresses are pretty to look at and apt to be becoming to about every woman.

"They have no high stiff collars, but are cut low in the neck in various ways. Some show the Dutch neck, others are a little higher in the neck and finished with a soft turn-down embroidered collar, and then for the girl who does not look well in either of these styles there is the waist with the round neck, finished with some attractive trimming-band"

Grains of Gold

Tomorrow is the fool's seed time, Today is the time to do.

Fear to die until you have done some good that will always live.

It is a risky thing to get mad and stay that way until after sunset.

Many people fail to accomplish anything because they try to do too much. When the character of any one is discussed silence in the good-natured is censure.

The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success.

You may be moral without being religious, but you cannot be religious without being moral.

There is a Swiss proverb which says that "it takes a good many shovelfuls of earth to make the truth."

Many people who pray for a "deeper work of grace," do not want it to come deep enough to reach the pocket.

No man has come to true greatness who has not left in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him he gives him for mankind.

Economy is the parent of integrity, and of liberty, and of ease, and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and of health. Profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon that generally involves her followers in dependence and debts.

Philosophy of the Day

Great men outgrow nicknames. Worry kills more men than wars. Experience gets there every time. Wisdom wants to be asked for advice. Some men discipline themselves to death.

Vanity produces corns and vexations of spirit.

A woman tired of hearing of love is tired of loving.

Many a man lives on the reputation others make for him.

A wise gentleman, who wished to obtain more wisdom, was doing special work at Harvard College, and had his room at the house of little Helen's mamma, who was a widow. Helen liked to meet the wise gentleman every evening and walk home with him. One evening, as they were walking along, her little hand clasped in his big one, little Helen remarked: "Any one seeing us walking along this way would think you was my papa, wouldn't they?" And the wise gentleman said:

"Where is your papa?"

"Oh," said Helen, "my papa's in heaven; I think he's in heaven; I hope he's in heaven; anyhow, he's dead!"

Needed a Blanket

Screams early one morning this week aroused the tenants of a New York city apartment house. Persons searched the halls and the roof, but they could not locate the screams. They were sure it was a woman. Finally the screams took the form of words.

"I'm here—here," they came. "Here between the fence."

The yard has two fences, about two and a half feet apart. Wedged fast between them was Mrs. Emma Wick, a widow who lives on the second floor. She had gone to bed early. Unable to sleep she went to a window for air. Loosing her balance she fell and landed between the fences. She was unconscious for a brief time, then, recovering, started screaming. She was also blushing, for her night dress was gone. It was hanging on a nail at the top of the fence.

A policeman sent in an ambulance call and then borrowed an ax. He made short work of the fence and called comfortingly: "Be brave. There will be a doctor here in a minute."

"I don't need a doctor half as much as I need a blanket," cried the distressed woman. "Please drive that crowd away."

He showed the curious ones away and brought a blanket. An ambulance surgeon made the same diagnosis Mrs. Wick had made. He prescribed the blanket, congratulated her on her good fortune and saw her walk without as much as a limp back to her rooms.

FATHER MORRISSEY'S WAY

Of Saving Outcasts to Simple and Effective.

In treating earache, some doctors recommend internal remedies, while others pin their faith to external applications. Internal remedies do not produce immediate relief, while external ones do not reach the seat of the trouble.

Father Morrissey's method was to supplement one treatment with the other. His famous prescription, "No. 26," consists of tablets and salve, each skillfully compounded of Nature's own remedial agents. The learned priest did not believe in using dangerous and powerful drugs, when simpler and better remedies were available.

The tablets, to be taken three times a day, invigorate the system, purify the blood, and restore the health and vitality. The antiseptic salve, applied inside the nostrils, soothes and heals the passages and destroys the germs therein.

Attacking the disease from within and without, and working together, the two treatments known as No. 26 quickly cure catarrh and prevent future trouble. For this tried and true combined remedy, 50c. at your dealer's or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

The Slaughter of Birds to Make Hats

The havoc that is being wrought among birds to satisfy demands of modern millinery was pressed home by Mr. James Buckland in a striking speech at the recent annual meeting of the S. B. Society, London, England.

"The whole volume of the bird life of the world is being reduced at an alarming rate," he said, and then he gave the reason—that to obtain the feathers the birds had to be killed in the breeding season.

At that time bird's natural fear of man disappears under the stress of providing for and protecting their young, and it is under conditions such as these that the old birds are shot and killed in their plumes, and the young left to die of starvation in the nest.

Thirty years ago there were heronries in the United States which were estimated to contain about 3,000,000 white herons. At the same period these birds roamed widely over China in prodigious multitudes. But even these vast herds could not withstand slaughter during the breeding season, and now the white heron is practically exterminated both in North America and in China. Now the same havoc is being wrought in South America—in every country of the world, indeed, where the white heron is still found.

The feeling grounds of the America robin, the largest but one of living birds, are also the scenes of slaughter during the very period when the bird should have respite. Thirty thousand quills of these birds are sold annually in London alone, and as the species was never very numerous, it will soon be wiped out.

So wary is this bird that it keeps beyond the range of a following-piece; but is shot to-day with a soft-nosed bullet from a mauler rifle, a dreadful missile, which often tears away a great piece from the body of the bird. Even in this sickening condition, unless the mutilation be such as to prevent flight, the majestic creature will take wing in one last effort to escape. Of a sudden it falls lifeless to the earth—and the fashion's wish is gratified.

So far this year but three plume sales have taken place in London, yet in those three sales alone there were catalogued the skins of over 25,000 humming birds.

The law is set at defiance by gangs of men who make a livelihood by the slaughter of the birds. Not long ago a gang was surprised in one of the islands which the United States had decreed to be a bird reservation, and these men had in their possession the plumage of 300,000 birds.

There is no bird in the world toward which the eyes of zoologists are turned in more admiring wonder than that of the Australian, the lyre bird. Yet the rarer the bird became the fiercer grew the competition to secure its tail feathers, and not long ago a party of plume-hunters surrounded a patch of scrub in which the birds were known to be breeding, and setting fire to it, shot down the birds as they struggled through one pitiless ring of fire to meet death in another. Then the tail feathers were cut off and the bodies left to rot.

OPPOSITION TO BURIAL AT SEA.

Philadelphia. A movement has been started here to have steamship companies discontinue the practice of burying at sea the bodies of persons who die at shipboard. Last week the Rev. William McLaughlin, a prominent clergyman of this city, died at sea, and notwithstanding that a wireless message had been sent to the captain of the liner requesting that the body be landed, the clergyman's body was consigned to the waves. Sunday the Holy Name Society of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady at Mercy adopted resolutions protesting against the custom. The society authorized several clergymen to correspond with steamship companies with a view to ascertaining the opinions of their officers on the subject. It is understood that leading steamship companies have already taken this subject under consideration.

The truth about some men is not told until after they are dead.

Two Minute Talks About

PANDORA RANGE

for Coal or Wood

BRANDY stove experts designed the Pandora Range. They introduced a new system of flue construction so that the draft for cooking would also be the draft for baking. With the Pandora you can have the kettle boiling over every pot hole at the same time the oven is baking pies and roasting beef.

Just think of the time that this perfect system of flue construction will save for you when you're hurrying to get a big dinner ready. Just think how much fuel the Pandora will save for you by doing the baking and cooking at the same time. And remember, no other range has this perfect system of flue-construction. Send for the Pandora booklet. It tells of other conveniences designed by our brainy stove experts.

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