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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

FURNITURE AND FLOOR COVERINGS

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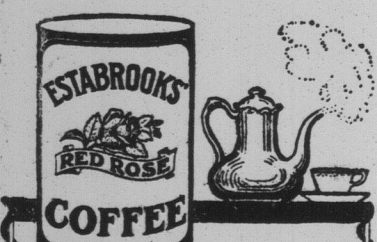
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An Elephant Got Vengeance.

Carel Krieger, a celebrated elephant hunter, met with his death in the following manner: He had been an indefatigable and fearless hunter; and, being also an excellent marksman, often ventured into the most dangerous situations. One day, having, with a party, pursued an elephant which he had wounded, the irritated animal suddenly turned round, and singling out from the rest the person by whom it had been wounded, seized him with its trunk, and lifting its wretched victim in the air, dashed him with fearful force to the ground.

His companions, struck with horror, fled precipitately from the scene, unable to turn their eyes to behold the rest of the tragedy. But, on the following day, they returned to the spot where they collected the few bones that could be found and buried them near the spring. The enraged animal had not only trampled the body to pieces, but could not feel its vengeance satisfied until it had pounded the flesh into the dust, so that nothing of the unfortunate man remained except a few of the larger bones.



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"Knack" is not needed to make good coffee every time. Follow the directions in each sealed tin of Red Rose Coffee; and in six minutes the small crushed grains give you the full strength and brisk flavor of this choice coffee. There is no dust, so Red Rose Coffee requires no "settling." No chaff, so no bitter taste. You will surely like
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Then pack it badly.
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Brighton is modern, if you like. Yet it has kept its historic note. George IV's pavilion may now be let by the municipality for cheap banqueting parties, "beanfeasters" from the city, and Mrs. Fitzherbert's house may be occupied by the local branch the Young Men's Christian Association; still the town will send the most reluctant imagination scurrying back along the years. Ghosts walk everywhere, but they are pleasant, gay ghosts they are, as they were when George was successfully Prince of Wales Regent, and King, the "best company in England."

Brighton was originally, and, indeed, through many of its best years, remained Brightonstone. It was a fishing village in a dip in the Downs, which toward the beginning of the eighteenth century began to be visited for the sea bathing. Brightonstone indeed made its first stride toward popularity when, about the middle of the century, there settled there a fashionable physician by the name of Russel, who had made his reputation by advocacy of the merits of sea water. He not only advised its external use, but considered it "wise to hurry into a course of bathing before the body is altered and sufficiently prepared by drinking sea water!" For delicate stomachs a mixture of sea water and milk was recommended as a "noble medicine." In spite, however, of such rigors the sea cure grew popular. Bathing machines were established on the front, and soon it was related with satisfaction that the attendants "dipped" several hundreds of visitors a day. "Dippers, male and female, prospered. The old books which it is so pleasant to read in Brighton abound in anecdotes of famous beach characters: "Old Smoaker" who dipped "Mr. Prince" as he called the Prince of Wales who was later George IV., and once dragged him out by the ear when the royal "dipper" was determined to swim in too high a sea; and Martha Gunn who, privileged to enter the pavilion kitchens, was once discovered there by the Prince pocketing a piece of butter, and held by that gentleman in conversation near the hot stove, with awkward results. -Har. Rhodes in Harper's Magazine.

Work For Mr. Hearst.

There is need for the utmost vigilance on the part of the officials of the Ontario Crown Lands Department and of Mr. Hearst, the responsible Minister to prevent the middleman from coming between the actual settlers in Northern Ontario and the land that lures them into the northland. In an article on the types of colonist attracted to the north, Mr. Ben Hughes says: "In the little settlement of Homey there lives a German-Canadian, Sigismund Freiberger. He built the log house and has lived in it, he has cleared the land around it and raised crops in it; yet on the books of the Ontario Government his name cannot be found, and, legally, he has no right to either the clearing or the home. It is part of the burden of the settlers in Homer, this uncertainty of tenure of land."

If colonization companies, or pulpwood concessionaires, or veterans' lands associations stand in the way of the granting of land in the North to the actual settler they should be swept aside. The men needed to make Northern Ontario strong and prosperous are Freiberger and his fellows who go out into the bush and hew homes out of it for themselves and their children. That some soft-handed speculator should prevent such men from getting title to their land is not to be tolerated. The granting of no less than two million acres of the fertile belt in the north, to the Canadian Northern Railway was a huge blunder. The evil effect of that should not be increased by multiplying the agencies that stand between the settler and the title to his land. -Tor. Globe.

The person that stands on the street corner looking around for something to gossip about or to find fault with, can always find what he is looking for. But what a life he lives. His soul shrivels and withers until it is shown in his manner and looks. For such a person life has lost its savor. It becomes sour, misanthropic, whining. He passes from bad to worse and sees no good in anybody. His taxes are always too high, no matter how low they may be and he curses his neighbor because his neighbor is prosperous and enjoys life. In fact, he hates himself, his menace to a town's prosperity, a foe to God and no good to the devil. These persons seem to be a necessary evil in every town. They ought to be put out. Ex.

MERRY MOMENTS



LORD'S COVE

Mrs. M. C. Stewart returned home on Thursday after a very pleasant visit with friends at Letete, Mascarene, Back Bay and Bliss.

Owing to small pox at Clam Cove, the public school has been closed for the past two weeks.

Rev. E. Davidson will go to Eastport Decoration Day, where he will deliver an address in the opera house.

Mrs. Sargent Stuart called on Mrs. M. Stuart on Friday last.

Fred Lord visited his aunt Mrs. Chas. Stuart at Stuart Town on Sunday last.

Luther Stuart is visiting George Grey at Robinson Me.

Wesley Lambert still continues ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Waring of Calais spent Sunday with Mrs. K. Penlington.

Andrew Stuart is confined to the house with a very lame knee. Dr. Gove of St. Andrews is in attendance.

Mrs. Calista Lord called on friends in Stuart Town last week.

LEONARDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cline made a short visit with friends here.

Wilfrid Welch made a business trip to St. Andrews on Friday last.

The Deer Island Canning Co., expect to begin work this week.

Capt. Johnson spent Wednesday at his home here, on his way to N. S.

L. J. Keffer, Evangelist, held services at the home of Winslow Richardson on Sunday last. Rev. E. Davidson held service at Deacon Fred Doughty's last Sunday.

Miss Bessie Johnson returned from Richardson on Wednesday where she has been visiting Mrs. Jennie Simpson.

Chas. A. Rogers made a business trip to Eastport on Saturday.

Mrs. George Smith has been ill for the past week.

Miss Alberta Cline of Richardson is visiting friends here.

Arthur, little son of Jas. G. Wilson, while at play with one of his playmates, got his forefinger cut off. Dr. Alex. Murray rendered medical aid.

Miss Violeta Simm of Westport, N.S. is spending her vacation with Miss Elsie Richardson of this place.

Vaccination is the order of the day, everyone has sore arms.

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INVADED BY WOLVES

Hordes From Siberia Said to be Entering Saskatchewan

Here is what the London Chronicle says: "The invasion of Canada has at last come to pass; not, however, from the south, but from the north, and the attacking force is an army of wolves. This grim migration is no trappers' tale, and Saskatchewan is threatened with an invasion of a particularly menacing nature. Several years ago a terribly cold winter drove many thousands of the great grey wolves of the Siberian steppes across the frozen sea into the warmer climate of northern Canada. Through the Canadian pine forests of the uninhabited north they have steadily come east, until the plain opened out before them which terminates to the south in the rich prize wheat belt of the Saskatchewan valley. According to Mr. Wood, a Saskatchewan delegate who is in London organizing a party of emigrants, hunger is driving these terrible animals steadily toward the settlers. Terrible they are, indeed, for while the lighter Canadian brown timber wolf only attacks a man on provocation, and warns with a saving yelp before he leaps, his Siberian kinsman steals on his victim without a sound, and is an infinitely fiercer and grimmer antagonist. The Saskatchewan Government thinks enough of the danger to have set prices of \$100 and over on the heads of these unwelcome visitors, and wolf hunts are being organized in many places to secure the bounties."

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ADVERTISE

IN THE

"GREETINGS"

The war in Tripoli has almost dropped out of sight. The moving picture men must have moved out.