

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### Childrens Chest Troubles.

Nurse Carrington Says Her Long Experience Proves the Safest Remedy Is to Rub on Nerviline!

Every mother knows how difficult it is to get a young child to take a cough mixture. Seldom will one help unless given in large doses, and the result is to completely upset the stomach and make the child sick.

Speaking of the promptest cure for chest trouble and children's colds, Nurse Carrington says: "In all my experiences in nursing I haven't met any preparation so dependable as Nerviline. It is an ideal liniment. Every drop you rub on is absorbed quickly. Especially for chest colds, pain in the side, stiff neck, earache, toothache, I have found Nerviline invaluable. In treating the minor ills of children, Nerviline has no equal. I think Nerviline should be in every home.

A million bottles of Nerviline used every year—this is itself a burden of proof that it is the ideal liniment for the home. Refuse anything your dealer may offer instead of Nerviline. Sold everywhere and by The Catarrh-ozone Co., Kingston, Ont. In two sizes 50c. and 25c.

### Overland Route Through Persia

Two months ago the Government of Persia was informed by the British foreign office that the southern trade routes across that country must be more effectively policed, otherwise the British government would have to intervene for the protection of traders against the depredation of bandits, who are little amenable to the authorities at Teheran. The implication was that the British intervention would be effected by the use of Indian officers, and perhaps Indian soldiers, whether the Persian government or refused its consent, and that the cost of the service would be met out the customs tax on the Persian Gulf.

In a very interesting article contributed to the National Review, Lovat Fraser points out the difficulties and dangers which Great Britain may become involved by translating this half explicit threat into action. He shows that the procedure contemplated would be an impairment of Persian Government's concurrence, which, he says, it is not likely to give. On the other hand, any armed force from India would under any auspices have its work cut out for it, and if it were operating against both the Persian bandits and the Persian Government it would have to assume before long the dimensions of an army of occupation. This is precisely what the foreign office has been disclaiming, so that if Lovat Fraser's statement is correct, it is clear that someone in the Foreign Office has blundered.

If one casts about for a motive deeper than the need of local protection of traders against brigands, then the Nation comes to his aid. Liberal paper as it is, it cannot stand for anything like spoliation of Persia on any false pretences. It is suspicious of Russia, which is almost openly preparing to annex her northern 'sphere of influence,' presumably expecting Great Britain to do the same thing in and for its 'southern sphere.' But the British people, having a different genius from that of Russia, would not stand for such political cynicism, even at the instance of Sir Edward Grey.—Tor. Globe.

### UPPER LETANG.

Daniel McLaughlin lost a valuable horse Monday.

George Chambers and Frank Leland of Mascarene are cutting boxwood for R. Burgess.

Menzie Chambers spent Sunday at his home.

Dan McLaughlin and Mrs. John Stamp were guests of Mrs. John Hamilton on Tuesday.

Arthur Henderson was a visitor here Wednesday.

Robert Gray spent Friday here.

Mrs. R. Burgess called on Mrs. Robt. Steen Wednesday.

## THE BARRIER

By Rex Beach

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"I allowed you were to use your own judgment," said the elder man.

"So I am, I suppose. There is one chance, Mr. Gale. If you'll back me up I'll send him on down to St. Michael's. That is the most I can do."

The lieutenant outlined his plan, and as he went on the trader nodded approval.

The young man gazed back at him so squarely, his eyes were so pleasant and friendly, his whole person breathed such straight up honesty and freshness that shame drove to the old man, and he had hard shift to keep his claws from watering. Without forethought he answered impulsively:

"He's desperate and not dangerous. I sold him a 45 just now." He was about to tell him where the man were it and to add a word concerning his detestable with the gun when the very fearless deliberation of the youth deterred him. On second thought Gale yielded to an impulse to wait and see how Claude Burrell would act under fire. If the soldier emerged scathless it would give him a line on his character. If he did not—well, that would be even better.

The crowd was coming back to the steamer, which had discharged her few hundred of freight, and there was no one inside the log post as they entered except Doret and the stranger, who had deposited his baggage at the rear and was talking with the Frenchman at the bar. At sight of the lieutenant he became silent and turned away, although with a distrustful stare. Burrell wasted no time.

"Are you going to locate here?" he began.

"Yes."

"I notice you go skeleton rigged," the soldier continued, indicating the man's baggage. "Pretty small outfit for a hunter, isn't it?"

"It's plenty for me."

"Have you enough money to buy your season's grub?"

"I guess that's my business."

"My orders are to see that all newcomers either have an outfit or are able to buy one," said Burrell. "Those that are not equipped properly are to be sent down river to St. Michael's, where there is plenty of everything and where they will be taken care of by the government. Mr. Gale has only sufficient provisions to winter the men already in this district."

"I can take care of myself," said the man angrily, "whether I'm broke or not, and I don't want any of your interference."

He shot a quick glance at Poleon Doret, but the Frenchman's face was like wood, and his hand still held the neck of the whisky bottle he had set out for the stranger.

"Come," said the officer peremptorily. "I have heard all about you, and you are not the kind of citizen we want here, but if you have enough money for an outfit I can't send you away. If you haven't—"

"I'm broke," said the man, but at the note in his voice Poleon Doret's muscles tightened and Burrell, who also read a sinister message in the tone, said his heavy service revolver from his holster beneath his coat.

"Give me your gun," he said. "I'll maintain it and give it back to you at the gangplank."

"All right; you've got the upper hand," said the man through his teeth and gave a faint smile. "I've been in the line of my forefinger was thrust through the trigger guard."

Burrell lowered the barrel of his revolver and put out his left hand for the other's weapon. Suddenly the man's wrist jerked and the soldier saw a flash of sunlight on the steel as it whirled, saw the arm of Poleon Doret diving itself across the bar with the red of a striking serpent, heard a crash of breaking glass, felt the shock of a concussion and the spatter of some liquid in his face. Then he saw the man's revolver on the door half-way across the room saw fragments of glass with it and saw the fellow step backward, snatching at the fingers of his right hand. A snarl of under smoke and rank whisky was in his air.

There are times when a man's hand will move swifter than his tongue. Poleon Doret had seen the manner of the stranger's surrender of his gun and, realizing what it meant, had acted. At the very instant of the fellow's treachery Doret struck with his bottle in time to knock the weapon from his hand, but not in time to prevent its discharge. The bullet was lodged in the wall a foot from where Gale stood, aiming a sweeping downward blow with his Colt. Burrell clipped the Skagway man just above the ear, and he wailed. Then as he fell the officer struck wickedly again at his opponent's skull, but Doret seized him by the arm.

"Be gar, don't kill 'im twice!" Burrell wrenched his arm free and turned on Doret a face that remained long in the Frenchman's memory, a face suffused with fury and convulsed like that of a sprinter at the finish of a race. The two men stared at each other over the fallen figure for a brief moment until the soldier gained mastery of himself and sheathed his weapon.



The arm of Poleon Doret hung limp on, when it struck the bar.

"I spoil a quart of good whisky on you, that's worth five dollars."

The lieutenant wiped the liquor from his face.

"Quick work, Doret," he said. "I owe you one."

Gale's face was hidden as he bent over the prostrate man, fingering a long and ragged cut which had the fellow's scalp open from back of the ear to the temple, but he mumbled something unintelligible.

"Is he hurt badly?"

"No, you clipped him too low," said the trader. "I told you he was bad."

They revived the man, then bound up his injury hastily, and as the steamer cast off they led him to the bank and passed his gripsacks to a roasts about. He said no word as he walked unsteadily up the plank, but turned and stared malignantly at them from the deck. Then as the craft swung outward into the stream he grinned through the trickle of blood that stole down from beneath his wide hat and cried:

"I'd like to introduce myself, for I'm coming back to winter with you, Lieutenant! My name is Hanson."

And until the steamer was hidden behind the bend below they saw him standing there gazing back at them steadily.

As Burrell left the two men at the store he gave his hand frankly to the French Canadian and said, while his cheeks flushed:

"I want to thank you for saving me from my own awkwardness."

Doret became even more embarrassed than the lieutenant at this show of gratitude and granted cheerfully. But when the young man had gone he turned to Gale, who had watched them silently, and said:

"He's a nice young fellow, old man. Saprel! When he's had his eye got so red ink my endorsement."

But the trader made no reply.

CHAPTER III

WITHOUT MERRY OR CHERY.

WHEN the steamer had gone Napoleon Doret went to look for Nech and found her playing with the younger Gales, who reveled in the gifts he had brought. Never had there been such gorgeous presents for little folks.

The elder girl laughed gladly as Poleon entered, though her eyes were wet with the pity of it.

"You seem to bring sunshine wherever you go," she said. "They have never had things to play with like other children, and it makes me cry to watch them."

"Ho, ho," he chuckled. "Gis ain't no time for cryin', ba gosh! I guess you don't have so much present when you was 'IT' gal yourself, w'at? M'bbe you t'ink I forget you. Want I didn't?"

He began to undo the fastenings of a parcel he carried in his arms.

"Don't you dare open it?" cried Nech. "Why, that's half the fun!" She was a child herself now, her face flushed and her hands a-tremble. Taking the package to the table, she hurriedly untied the knots while he stood watching her, his teeth showing white against his dark face and his eyes half shut as if dazzled by the sight of her.

"Oh, why didn't you tie more knots in it?" she breathed as she undid the last, and then, opening the wrappings slowly, she gasped in astonishment. She shook it out gently, reverently, a clinging black lace gown of Paris make. Next she opened a box and took from it a picture hat with long jet plumes, which she stroked and pressed fondly against her face. There were other garments also—a sliver of petticoat, silk stockings and a pair of high beeled shoes to match, with certain other delicate and dainty things which she modestly forbore to inspect before the Frenchman, who said no word, but only gazed at her, and for whom she had no eyes as yet. Finally she laid her presents aside and, turning to him, said in a husky, awe-stricken voice:

"It's all there, everything complete! Oh, Poleon, you dear, dear Poleon!" She took his two big hands by the thumbs, as had been her custom ever since she was a child, and looked up at him, her eyes wet with emotion. But she could not keep away from the dress for long and returned to feast her eyes upon it.

"You like it, eh?" pressed Poleon, hungry for more demonstrative expression. "Ob-h!" she sighed. "Where on earth did you get it? Why, it must have cost a fortune!"

"Wasn't I a gambler in begg saloon. Yes, sir! I gamble good dat night too. For w'ile I play roulette, den I dance, den I play some more, an' 'ba' an' 'ba' I see a new dance gal. She's Franche (Continued on Page 8.)

We Wish all our  
FRIENDS and PATRONS  
A HAPPY AND  
PROSPEROUS  
NEW YEAR

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