

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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ST. GEORGE, N. B.

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### Retribution

St. Peter stood guard at the Golden Gate  
With a solemn mien and an air sedate,  
When up to the top of the Golden Stair  
A man and a woman ascending there,  
Applied for admission. They came and  
stood  
Before St. Peter, so great and good,  
In hopes the city of peace to win  
And asked St. Peter to let them in.  
The woman was tall and lank and thin,  
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.  
The man was short and thick and stout,  
His stomach was built so it rounded out,  
His face was pleasant and all the while  
He wore a pleasant and genial smile.  
The choir in the distance the echoes  
swoke,  
And the man kept still while the woman  
spoke.  
"Oh, thou that guardest the gate,"  
said she,  
We two come hither beseeching thee  
To let us enter the heavenly land,  
And play our harps with the angel band.  
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt  
There's nothing from Heaven to bar me  
out.  
I've been to meeting three times a week,  
And almost always I rise and speak.  
I've told the sinners about the day  
When they'd repent their evil way;  
I've told my neighbors, I've told them  
all  
About Adam and Eve and their primal  
fall;  
I've shown what they'd have to do  
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;  
I've marked their path of duty clear--  
aid out the plan of their whole career,  
For my lungs are good and my voice is  
strong,  
So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see  
The gate of Heaven is open to me;  
But my old man, I regret to say,  
Hasn't walked in exactly the narrow way.  
He smokes and he swears, and grave  
faults he's got,  
And I don't know whether he'll pass or  
not.  
He never would pray with an earnest  
vim,  
Or go to revival or join in a hymn;  
So I had to leave him in sorrow there  
While I was the chosen, united in  
prayer.  
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford  
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;  
And if cucumbers was all he got  
I's a chance if he merited them or not.  
But, oh, St. Peter, I love him so--  
To the pleasures of Heaven please let  
him go;  
I've done enough, a saint I've been.  
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?  
By my grim gospel I know 'tis true  
at the unrepentant must try below;  
But ain't there some way you can see  
that he may enter, who's dear to me?  
It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,  
But the chosen expect to find some way  
Of coaxing, or toling or bribing you,  
So that their relatives can tumble  
through;  
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me  
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.  
You ought to stand by that opening  
there  
And never sit down in that easy chair.  
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,  
But I don't like the way your whiskers  
are trimmed.  
They're cut too wide and outward toss,  
They'd look better narrower, cut straight  
across.  
Well, we must be going, our crowns to  
win.  
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."  
St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff;  
But, spite of his office he had to laugh--  
then said, with a fery gleam in his eye:  
'Who's tending this gateway--you or I?  
And then he arose in his statue tall,  
And pressed a button upon the wall,  
And said to the servant who answered  
the bell:  
'Escort this lady around to hell!"  
The man stood still as a piece of stone--  
stood sadly, gloomily there alone.  
A life-long settled idea he had  
That his wife was good and he was bad;  
He thought if the woman went down  
below  
That he would certainly have to go;  
That if she went to the region dim  
There wasn't the ghost of a show for  
him.  
Slowly he turned by habit bent  
To follow wherever the woman went.  
St. Peter standing on duty there  
Observed that the top of his head was  
bare,  
He called the gentleman back and said,

### From a Woman's Point of View

Jellied chicken is an exquisite feature  
of an afternoon tea.  
After dressing a young roasting chicken,  
cut it in joints as for fricasseeing,  
put it in a deep saucepan over the fire  
and nearly cover the chicken with cold  
water; add a level teaspoonful of salt, a  
half dozen pepper corns, a blade of mace,  
two sprigs of parsley, two stalks of celery  
cut in slices; cover the saucepan closely  
and as soon as the scum rises to the surface  
remove it with a skimmer; then let  
the chicken cook gently till the bones  
may be easily removed. A quart of broth  
should be left when the chicken is done.  
With a skimmer remove the chicken from  
the saucepan, then strain the broth and  
return it to the saucepan, adding two  
tablespoonfuls of gelatine dissolved in  
half a pint of water, and let it simmer  
for about ten minutes.  
In the meantime remove the bones  
from the chicken, and cut it in small  
dices. Line a bowl or oval earthen dish  
with alternate slices of hard-boiled eggs  
and slices of lemon; stir the pieces of  
chicken through the broth, stand the  
saucepan in a cool place, and when the  
mixture begins to stiffen pour it carefully  
into the mould, distributing the bits of  
chicken evenly through the broth. Let  
the mould stand in a cool place for a day  
when the whole will be well jellied;  
then turn it out on a platter and ornament  
it with sprigs of parsley. When  
already for use cut the jellied chicken in  
thin slices and serve on a plate with  
celery mayonnaise.  
For a princess or empire gown the new  
ball watches hung about the neck on a  
short chain are singularly appropriate.  
With an elaborate reception gown a plain  
jewel watch chain with the watch inside  
the belt looks too eminently practical,  
so when the one-piece princess gown  
came into favor these watches were  
evolved by some clever artist. This  
small time-piece, which is but little larger  
than a pecan nut, hangs from a chain set  
with jewels and engraved to coincide  
with the watch itself. If the watch is set  
with diamonds, so must the chain be,  
while if emeralds, rubies, or sapphires  
give color to the brilliant stones they  
must be made use of also in the chain.  
Pearls also are seen in these little watches  
but unless combined with diamonds are  
not so fascinating as the more glittering  
gems.  
A tickling cough, from any cause, is  
quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough  
Care. And it is so thoroughly harmless  
and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers  
everywhere to give it without hesitation,  
even to very young babies. The whole-  
some green leaves and tender stems of a  
lunghealing mountainous shrub, furnish  
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Cough Care. It calms the cough, and  
heals the sore and sensitive bronchial  
membranes. No opium, no chloroform,  
nothing harsh used to injure or suppress.  
Simply a resinous plant extract, that  
helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards  
call this shrub which the Doctor  
uses, "The Sacred Herb". Always  
demand Dr. Shoop's Cough Care. Sold  
by All Dealers.

### WHITMAN.

On New Year's morning the quiet of  
our street was disturbed for the first time  
by the shrill whistle of the letter carrier.  
This set your scribe to thinking. This  
little town has had quite a history. Or-  
iginally Whitman was a part of Abington  
and called South Abington. Here the first  
lead bullets were moulded in the  
old revolutionary days to drive the En-  
glish out.  
Several years ago the growth of this  
part of Abington seemed to warrant  
secessions, and so a section was struck  
off and owing to a present of a piece of  
land for a park being given by a man  
named Whitman the town took his name.  
One Post Office was quite sufficed to do  
the business of the town until the Regal  
Shoe Co. established a factory here and  
started into a large mail business. Then  
a branch office was opened in the east  
end for the accommodation of the Regal  
and east enders. That office grew until  
it outgrew the main office. About one  
year ago free delivery was given to the  
branch while the main office was still on  
the old beaten path. My but we people  
were indignant. It was a case of tail-  
wagging the dog. We aristocrats were  
compelled to go to the Post Office for  
our mail and the east enders sat in their  
houses and had theirs brought to them. A  
few weeks ago, Mr. Roosevelt appointed  
the east end postmaster head postman  
and our man assistant, made his office  
the head office and our office Station A.  
Hereafter all my friends must add  
Station A to my address. To quiet us a  
little, they gave us on Jan. 1, free  
delivery.  
In speaking of our town we think we  
have a model Civic government. We  
have about eight thousand people to govern  
but we do it without either Mayor or  
alderman. We hold an annual town  
meeting for which a warrant is issued  
containing the items to be acted upon.  
Then we elect three men called select  
men and they attend to the public affairs  
and make a full report at next annual  
meeting. It was thought a few years ago  
that owing to the difficulty of getting a  
suitable place for the rate payers to meet  
in that some other method would have  
to be adopted but so wedded are this  
people to this direct simple method of  
doing business that they went to work  
and builded a hall at a cost of one hun-  
dred thousand dollars and recently dedi-  
cated to all town functions. There are  
twelve hundred chairs in the main  
audience room, and a dining room for  
five hundred, public library, city offices  
and every equipment for the town affairs.  
Boston would do well to take a leaf out  
of our note book. A Happy New Year  
to all Greetings readers.  
W. J. STUART.

### Retribution

"Friend how long have you been wed?"  
"Thirty years," with a weary sigh,  
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"  
St. Peter was silent with head bowed  
down.  
He raised his head and he scratched his  
crown;  
Then seeming adifferent thought to take,  
Slowly, half to himself he spoke:  
"Thirty years with that woman here--  
No wonder the man hasn't any hair.  
Swearing is wicked, smoking not good;  
He smoked and swore, I should think  
he would.  
Thirty years with that tongue so sharp.  
Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp--  
A jeweled harp with a golden string;  
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing.  
Gabriel, give him a seat alone--  
One with a cushion up near the throne.  
Call up some angels to play their best,  
Let him enjoy the music and rest;  
See that on finest Ambrosia he feeds;  
He's had about all the hell that he needs.  
It isn't just hardly the thing to do  
To roast him on earth and the future too  
Then give him a harp with a golden  
string  
A glittering robe with a pair of wings,"  
And he said as he entered the realms of  
day:  
"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway,"  
And so the Scriptures had come to pass,  
The last shall be first and the first shall  
be last.

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