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PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

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MEDIUM!

VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1911

NO. 25.

THE NEW Church Hymn Book The Book of Common Praise

Would be an -Acceptable -Reminder- for your
Church of England Friends. -Prices 35c's. to \$2.75--
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Profit in Sugar Industry But Not for the Workers.

Colorado Beet Farmers Revolt Against the "Picket Trust"—How Protection Doesn't Protect Those who Work—Organization Steals Alike from Sugar Growers and Consumers.

Longmont, Colo., Dec. 15.—"Sugar is such a staple that nobody makes more than an infinitesimal fraction of a cent per pound on it."

"So they were telling me." But the fact is that the sugar trust makes millions more every year, net profit on the sugar grown in Colorado than all the growers together got for planting, raising and marketing the beets. And makes it in a few weeks of factory operation in the fall, at that.

So the sugar beet growers of America are organizing to get a fair price for their beets. Many growers in Michigan, California, Utah, Wisconsin and other states are joining with Colorado farmers under the leadership of Attorney Albert, Dakan of Longmont, to fight the trust.

Northern Colorado, acre for acre, is the greatest sugar beet producing region in the world. Here the great Western Sugar Co., a subsidiary of the trust, operates. Its Longmont factory alone this year cleared \$595,000, or 110 per cent. on its actual investment. Its profit was greater than the total receipts of the growers for all the beets it bought.

Northern Colorado produced 7,000,000 tons of beets; for them the growers got \$3,850,000 from the nine factories in the district. The total cost of refining was \$1,925,000. The jobbers got \$1,574,000 for selling it to the store keepers; giving the trust a profit of \$3,400,000, besides 175,000 tons of pulp sold for \$87,500 at cattle feed, and 28,000 tons of molasses worth \$280,000 by products. That made the year's net profit for the trust \$8,592,500 on an assessed tax-value of \$6,000,000. Its actual value at \$7,500,000, and its capital is \$30,000,000.

Here's farmer E. L. Montgomery. His beet crop was one of the best in the district. It went 28 tons to the acre, and 180 pounds of refined sugar were made from the beets of each acre, paying him \$168 an acre. From this \$92 must be subtracted for cost of production, leaving a net profit of \$76 an acre. From this sum the sugar trust made \$713.60 clear profit per acre.

Often a farmer's crop does not go 10 tons an acre. Then he loses money. But the trust makes as great a profit per ton as in bumper years.

Last summer the trust sent out stories about the ruin of the American beet sugar crop. When that he was nailed a rumor came that foreign crops had failed. "Then how is it," asked the American grower, "that prices of beets don't go up?"

Chester A. Morey, head of the Great Western, didn't know. Nor could he explain how the high tariff protects the American grower, if the failure of foreign crops didn't affect him. "If the prices you pay us for our beets isn't dependent on the failure or success of European crops why this protection? they queried.

Weekly papers and certain farmers in the beet regions have been persuaded to speak well of the trust. Business men have been urged to do the same thing. The factories might be removed, you know. Some few favored growers are given a higher price for their beets and

buy back pulp at a lower price. They influence neighboring farmers. But now the best farmers are aroused. They have found a champion in Dakan. Possibly they will own and operate refineries of their own. Another way may be found in a compact organization. At any rate, the growers argue, the government should supervise the testing of beets as to percentage shown. Now anything less than a half of one percent is not counted of all-velvet for the trust. "The sugar refiners could pay the growers a higher price than they now do, treat them fairly in the matter of testing, and cut the price of sugar to the consumer in half, if they paid a dividend only on the amount actually invested in the business," said Attorney Dakan, after a thorough study of beet sugar from the field to the factory to the table.

HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

GRADE XI
Average 75 per cent. or upwards

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Ray Cawley | Div. I |
| Vernon Connell | " I |
| Arthur Johnson | " I |
| Average 50 per cent. or upwards | |
| Ella Armstrong | " II |
| Laura Dodds | " II |
| Hazel Craig | " II |
| Helen Kernighan | " II |

GRADE X
Average 75 per cent. or upwards

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Vida McCallum | Div. I |
| Average 50 per cent. or upwards | |
| Margaret Duffy | " II |
| Bessie Connell | " II |
| Winnifred McLean | " II |
| Evelyn Spinney | " II |
| Edith Dewar | " II |
| John Dewar | " II |
| Herman Spoffard | " II |

GRADE IX
Average 75 per cent. or upwards

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Lelia Armstrong | Div. I |
| Average 50 per cent. or upwards | |
| Douglas Campbell | " II |
| Dorothy Magowan | " II |
| Maud Wren | " II |
| Hugene Hennessy | " II |
| Sutton Clark | " II |
| Willie Campbell | " II |
| Earl Stewart | " II |
| Victor Maxwell | " II |
| Edward Dewar | " II |
| Watson Dow | " II |
| Wilfred Stewart | " II |
| Warren Dow | " II |
| Annie Spinney | " II |
| Jennie Dodds | " II |

Those making an average of less than 50 per cent. are not published.

Grades IX, X, XI

The following fell below 60 per cent. in Arithmetic

| |
|---|
| Laura Dodds, Hazel Craig, Helen Kernighan, Margaret Duffy, Edith Dewar, Bessie Connell, Evelyn Spinney, Winnifred McLean, Herman Spoffard, Jennie Dodds, Warren Dow, Dorothy Murray, Victor Maxwell, Dorothy Magowan. |
|---|

GRADE VII
Div. I, Average 75 and upwards

| | |
|-------------------|----|
| Louise Cawley | 91 |
| Edward Bassen | 86 |
| Laura O'Brien | 81 |
| Julia McMillan | 79 |
| Blanche Armstrong | 79 |
| Grace Doyle | 76 |

Div. II, Av. 60 and upwards

| | |
|----------------|----|
| Alda Dewar | 73 |
| Thomas O'Brien | 72 |

| | |
|-----------------|----|
| Gordon Wren | 72 |
| Blanche McVicar | 71 |
| Ethel Clinch | 70 |
| Ruth O'Brien | 67 |
| Laura Epps | 65 |
| Nona Spencer | 65 |
| Merl Bullock | 65 |
| Alice Chase | 60 |

Div. III, Av. 50 and upwards

| | |
|--|---------|
| Lillian Spinney, II Div., failed in arith. | |
| Ethel Mooney | " " " " |
| Helen Dunn | " " " " |
| Sarah MacPhee, III Div. | " " " " |
| Bessie Maxwell | " " " " |

GRADE VIII
Div. I, Av. 75 and above

| | |
|------------------|----|
| Laura Armstrong | 88 |
| Frank Cawley | 78 |
| Helen Taylor | 76 |
| Harry McAdam | 74 |
| Margaret Douglas | 61 |

Div. III, Av. 50 and above

| | |
|-----------------|----|
| Hazel Blundell | 71 |
| Raymond Gearson | 71 |

GRADE V

| | |
|-------------------|------|
| Marjory Hibbard | 92.7 |
| Josephine Nodding | 84.3 |
| May Epps | 84.3 |
| Ralph Southard | 83 |
| Beatrice Campbell | 81.6 |
| Novral Stewart | 81.6 |
| Mainman Chase | 81.4 |
| Rainnie McGrattan | 79.7 |
| Marian McGrattan | 78.3 |
| Henry Murray | 77 |

Div. II, 60 and upwards

| |
|---|
| Harry Wilcox, Cecil Sherrard, Frank Bullock X, Vernon Maxwell, Everett McVicar X, Bessie Spear X, Clayton Jackson, Verna Clinch, Lester Gaunt X, Albert Meating, Roy Goodell. |
|---|

Div. III, 50 and upwards

| |
|-----------------------------------|
| Evelyn Clinch X, Sadie Maxwell X. |
|-----------------------------------|

GRADE VI

Div. I, 75 and upwards

| | |
|--------------------|------|
| Bessie Gray | 85.6 |
| Margaret Frazer | 83.7 |
| Helena Crickard | 78.6 |
| Genevieve Hennessy | 77 |

Div. II, 60 and upwards

| |
|---|
| George Dow, Herbert Brown, Louis Spinney X, Willard Campbell, Fred McVicar X, Edna Brown X, Willie Dodds X, Fred Allen X, Belle Brown |
|---|

Div. III, 50 and upwards

| |
|--------------------------|
| Hazen Spear, Cecil Doyle |
|--------------------------|

Those with X after them failed in Arithmetic.

GRADES V and VI

The following fell below 60 per cent. on arithmetic:

| |
|---|
| Frank Bullock, Bessie Spear, Lester Grant, Louis Spinney, Fred McVicar, Edna Brown, Willie Dodds, Fred Allen, Evelyn Clinch, Sadie Maxwell. |
|---|

Anarchy Prevails throughout Macedonia.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—A despatch from Salonki, European Turkey, to a London news agency, reports a condition of anarchy throughout Macedonia. Murder, pillage and brigandage are rife. Travel in the country districts is safe only for large armed parties. Twenty-seven assassinations have occurred within the past month within a two hours' journey of Salonki, all the victims being Greeks. The Christians, finding it impossible to obtain redress, are organizing bands with the object of killing the Turks.

Subscribe to the Greetings

NOT EVEN IN DEATH

By Eve Grantly
(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

"Don't let anything worry or distress him," said the doctor. "He won't live through the night; but he will probably be quiet and comfortable up to the end. The least excitement may bring on the pain again."

He was a young, soft-hearted doctor with a pair of Irish eyes that had a trick of growing misty at times over the death-beds of his patients. This grey-haired man had interested him from the first. How had he spent his life?

"Poor fellow!" he said to the nurse. "I feel sure he is a Somebody. He looks like a man with an interesting past. Has he no friends, I wonder?"

But the landlady knew of no one. He had lived in her house for five years and always paid her regularly. Business letters, or what looked like business letters, came for him, and she hurried a great deal of all sitting up far into the night—writing, she believed—but beyond that she knew nothing of him.

A coal fell into the grate and startled her from her reverie. She had been thinking of the old days, the days when she had been a happy, laughing young thing, loving and loved of everyone and without a care in the world. It would be spring-time now in the country, and there were primroses and violets and the hedges, and the woods would be all green and leafy. Their woods! and now others would be "chick" in the narrow paths, and over the leaf-strewn mosses where frail anemones unfolded their heads.

Over the calm, steadfast face there stole a tear, the lonely descendant of all those she had shed long ago. She wiped it away with a furtive look towards the bed. The professional instinct reassured itself; she loved her work and excelled in it; it was time for the patient to take his medicine, perhaps the last, and she would pass his lips till he should drink of the waters of Lethe and be at peace. As she poured the mixture into the glass he opened his eyes and fixed them on her in a fixed, vacant gaze.

"Nurse," he said suddenly, "I shall die to-night."

She gave him the medicine and smoothed his pillow before she answered. "You will be glad to go?" she asked quietly.

"Out of this hell? Yes! Whatever lies beyond it can't be worse. Nurse, I have spoken to no one of what I have suffered, to no one in the world. May I talk to you a little? It will ease me, I think, and you don't know my name—or hers. Yes, it was a woman, of course. They're the curse of the world, I tell you! No, I won't say that, though—you've been good to me; but then I wasn't your nearest and dearest."

"Listen, I was young and strong and on the high-road to fame, and I married the woman I adored, heaven help me for a blind fool! Yes, I worshipped her, and I thought she worshipped me; but—there was no truth or constancy in her. She deceived me and we parted. I never saw her again in all these fifteen years, and all the time I've been going downhill—you see what I've come to! I didn't care for fame or money or anything else after she went away, and I lost everything by degrees. That's the life-story, nurse. Why, do you believe you're crying? Have you such a tender heart?"

"I am not crying; but—it's terrible! Have you never forgiven her? Suppose—suppose there was some mistake? Suppose you were hasty and you hurt her too cruelly, and she was proud and went away without speaking? Are you sure you were in the right? Did you never wonder whether she were not innocent after all?"

"She had dark blue eyes like yours," he said dreamily. "But her face was round and her hair was dark and curly. Heaven—or the devil!—had made her very beautiful."

"He must not be excited or the pain will come back," the woman kept repeating to herself, and the nails made deep marks in the flesh of her clenched hands. "To tell him—but he would not forgive— he would not believe that he was wrong—and then, the cruel agony!"

The lamp began to burn low; strange shadows danced on the ugly wall-paper, and a cold breath seemed to pass through the room. The nurse rose to look at her watch on the chest of drawers. There was a small cracked-looking-glass over it, and as she passed she caught a glimpse of her own reflection. No wonder he had to whom the crossing comes easily. Men of his stamp fight with death as they have fought with life, and suffer horribly. It was midnight now; he would scarcely live another hour.

"Is the pain coming back?" asked the nurse, bending over him. He took no notice of her question. "Yes, she was beautiful," he gasped. "I wonder who she is now."

Her eyes shone with a light that was new to them. "Would you forgive—if she were here?" she asked softly. But he turned his face fretfully to the wall. "No, I would never forgive, not on my death-bed, not even now!" The light died out of her eyes and left her face older and greyer. "Ah! the pain!" he groaned. "Nurse,

A YEARS Subscription to their home paper the GREETINGS would be Appreciated as a home reminder by absent Friends and Relatives.

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give me something!" She took up the little bottle, the contents of which would send him quietly and painlessly to rest. Then she hesitated. "No, I would never forgive!" he repeated. "She spoils my life. Ah, heaven, the pain!" "Of what use?" the woman said to herself. "He would never forgive." She uncorked the bottle and bent over him.

A fellow is generally broke when a girl drops him.

Be Good Winter Traffic

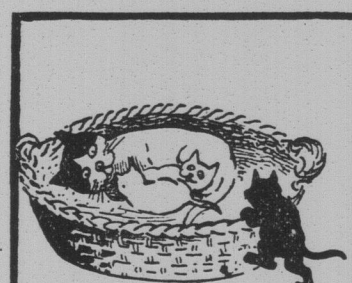
No better evidence of the increased Western traffic is needed than the statement that this year certain rail road services which in former winters have always been dropped, are this year being retained, and in some cases added to. A leading official states that this year the Canadian Pacific Railway intends to run its St. Paul-Seattle through trains, all winter whereas in former winters this through service was always dropped. The source of the increased traffic between these two points is attributed to the growing interest in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. For the last five or six years tourists from the United States have been literally pouring into Canada through C. P. R. connections at St. Paul and Seattle the greater number having the Rocky Mountains and the resorts at Banff, Field, Emerald Lake and Glacier, as their destination.

Questions of Life.

Are fully and properly answered in The People's Common Sense Medical Advertiser by R. V. Pierce, M. D. As a result of knowing the laws of health and nature, happy marriages are sure to follow. Ignorance leads to misery and ill-health. All the knowledge a young man or woman, wife or daughter should have, is contained in this big Home Doctor Book containing 1008 pages with engravings and colored plates, and bound in cloth, (nearly 700,000 copies formerly sold for \$1.50 each) is sent free to any one sending 31 one-cent stamps to prepay cost of wrapping and postage. There are no conditions to this offer and the reader must not associate this book with the advertising pamphlets prepared by quacks throughout the country. Address 662 Washington St., Buffalo, New York.

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Getting into the Home
Women buy more than two-thirds the merchandise sold in retail stores and every woman reads the Classified Want Ads. Our paper goes into the homes and the Want Ads. will reach the Spenders.

It will be remembered that when,

early in the summer, Germany sent a warship to Agadir, on the Moroccan coast, there were grave fears of international trouble. Now, when the strain is over, comes the ludicrous part of the performance. When the German warship was returning from Agadir she had put into Portsmouth to get enough coal to enable her to steam to the Baltic. This recalls the fact that German vessels ordered to China during the Boxer trouble had to stop in the English Channel until they were granted permission by Britain to coal at Aden and other British coaling stations on the way out. Yet this is the fleet which every now and then drives Lord Charles Beresford and other so-called naval experts into hysterics.—Tor. Globe.

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SEELYE'S COVE

Mrs. Julia Bright spent Saturday last in St. George.

Mrs. Benj. Carter called on Mrs. D. J. Ward on Sunday last.

John Carter of this place recently sold his horse to George Boyd of Pennfield Ridge.

A. Nicholson left on Monday last to spend a few days in Pennfield and vicinity.

Mrs. Thos. Ellsworth and children spent Monday afternoon in Pennfield.

Messrs. G. Winn and G. Mealey of New River Mills called on Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Ward on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. David Spear of Pennfield called on relatives on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McAdam of Pennfield called on Mr. and Mrs. Holland on Sunday last.

Misses Edythe and Marion Carter spent Sunday with Miss Emma Ward.

Misses Margaret Hayes and Alice Bright spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Thos. Carter.

A few of our young folks attended the masquerade ball in Pennfield on Friday last. All report a good time.

Mrs. B. Carter spent a few days of last week in Eastport.

J. Dixon of New River Mills was a visitor here on Monday.

Miss F. G. Carter returned home on Wednesday from Boston after a pleasant visit with relatives there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. D. Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert French, R. Casey and Miss Margaret Casey were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carter and family on Monday afternoon last.

Our school closed on Friday for the Xmas holidays. Miss Margaret Hayes our teacher left on Friday evening for her home in Sussex, N. B. We are all pleased to know that she is coming back for the next term.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Ward gave a dance at their home on Monday evening which was much enjoyed by the young people. Excellent music was furnished by Mr. Fred Lodge of Eastport, near midnight a lunch was served, shortly after which the party broke up all voting it a good time.

(Late for Last Week.)

Fred Lodge and family have arrived here recently and expect to spend the winter here.

Mrs. B. Carter, Margaret Hayes, Edythe and Marion Carter spent Wednesday evening with Mrs. John Carter.

Messrs. J. and D. Ward made a short trip to Eastport recently.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Holland, Mrs. I. Holland, and Carrie Holland spent Sunday with Mrs. J. McAdam.

A. Nicholson made a business trip to Pennfield on Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Holland and sister Carrie enjoyed a motor sail in the Seashell.

Mrs. J. McAdam and daughter Sadie spent Friday afternoon with Mrs. Joep. Holland.

LEONARDVILLE

Miss Annie Conley who has been attending the Ladies College at Sackville returned on Wednesday.

Miss Helen Thomas who has been teaching school here returned to her home on Grand Manan Wednesday.

Mrs. Thos. Welch has gone to Boston to spend a few weeks with their daughter Mrs. Earl Morton.

Miss Mary Conley who has been teach-

ing school at Caribou returned home for her Xmas vacation.

W. B. Welch has returned home after a two weeks trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Stone accompanied by her mother left Wednesday for Portland.

Miss Elsie Richardson who has been attending Business College returned on Wednesday.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cline when their eldest daughter Annie C. was united in marriage to Alonzo H. Conley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Opie of Oak Bay.

LORD'S COVE

The marriage of Miss Maude Lambert to John Adams took place on Wednesday evening last at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lambert. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Davidson of the Christian church. The bride looked very beautiful in a dress of white silk. About one hundred guests were present, the happy couple received many beautiful and costly presents which go to show the esteem in which they were held. They will reside in the house owned by Mrs. James Cline.

The clam factory closed on Wednesday and will open again soon with a number of new workers.

Arthur Stuart of Lubec is visiting his grandfather Thos. Calder.

Frank Calder who was employed in the clam factory here was called home to Fair Haven owing to the death of his brother Charlie of that place. Much sympathy is extended.

Frank Pendleton and Hattie Smith both of this place were united in marriage on Tuesday last.

Rev. B. Davidson was called to Fair Haven on Saturday evening last to perform the marriage ceremony of Isaac Wentworth and Miss Sadie Aliceson of Lords Cove. The happy couple received many beautiful presents, they will reside at Fair Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stuart have gone to Worcester where they will visit their sons Maurice and Harry both of that place.

Mr. McCann is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams.

Howard Cook and J. Stuart were passengers to St. Andrews Thursday last.

Luther Lambert returned home Tuesday from St. Stephen where he has been receiving medical treatment.

Mrs. Kenneth Stuart and little daughter Roberta are visiting Mrs. George Stuart.

The school examination took place on Thursday last, much praise is due Miss Coughan for the way in which the scholars carried out their different parts.

Christmas Entertainments At Pennfield and Beaver Harbor.

The Annual Christmas tree and concert of the Pennfield Baptist S. S. was held on Monday evening. Christmas coming on Monday made it impossible to follow the custom of having the tree on Christmas eve.

The day being a holiday, the balmy air, good walking, and the first Christmas tree in the new church, all convinced to bring out an immense body of people for more than taking the seating capacity of the Church. All available extra chairs were brought into requisition and still they had to stand, but it was an orderly, good natured crowd and no complaints.

The programme was not an ambitious one, the object being to give the children a good time, rather than to entertain the audience with exercises.

The organists were Mrs. Byrne Bradford, Mrs. Angus Johnston and Miss Jennie Hanson. The opening piece was the old standby, "Joy to the World" and prayer by Rev. T. M. Munroe.

Of the special singing worthy of note, the Misses Flossie and Louise Gillespie sang "Star of the East" very acceptably also good pieces by Misses Alice and Dorothy Young and by Miss Jennie and Will Hanson.

At the close of the programme an offering was taken while "Coronation" was sung, after which Pastor Brown proposed a vote of thanks to the management etc. Then Santa Claus appeared and the distribution of the good things on the tree began, and was, finally finished. It was said to be the most enjoyable Christmas tree for some years.

The next night (Tuesday) the church at Beaver Harbor held their entertainments in Paul's Hall. It was less commodious than the church and somewhat cramped the audience. It was well lighted with gasolene, but poorly ventilated, and the programme was rather long for the happiest effect. It was however, one of great excellence. The tree was well dressed and the decorations tasty. The writer had thought the Pennfield programme about as good as the season called for, but after enjoying this he was willing to admit that they know several things about Christmas entertainments. There was plenty of patience and perseverance on the part of somebody. All the singing was good. Seldom have we seen so many little girls with good voices. Without drawing any comparisons, the song by little Reta and Mary Morehouse was very sweetly sung and "Peace and Goodwill" by Miss Jennie McIntosh was well rendered. In addition to Pastor Brown and Rev. T. M. Munroe, all were glad to note the presence of Rev. J. Spencer of St. George. He came down to Blacks Harbor in the afternoon to tie the knot uniting Mr. John Campbell book keeper for Connors Bros., and Miss Sara Johnson, in matrimony. He was thus enabled to combine business with pleasure.

Pastor Brown announced at the close of the programme that they would be glad to hear remarks from the clergymen present, but the lateness of the hour forbade all thought of such a thing.

The writer left as soon as he could get out, before the distribution of gifts had proceeded far, but judging from their number there would be no lack of Christmas cheer in Beaver Harbor.

CUBA.

Again there is fear that the United States may be compelled to intervene in Cuba. It is five years since the United States found it necessary to take a hand in the management of the new republic, and while progress has been made in the island political conditions are not settled. The air is full all the time of plots and counter-plots. Quite recently the situation was considered so serious as to bring about unusual activity in the war department at Washington, but no decisive action was required. Now, a presidential election is coming on, and the politicians, always numerous and active, are doubling their exertions. Jose Miguel Gomez is president of the republic, and is said to be ambitious to succeed himself. Alfred Zayas, the vice-president claims that the succession belongs to him in consequence of an understanding made when Gomez was chosen. The latter does not admit there was any 'deal' and thus an awkward situation is created. Gomez has been acting quite arbitrarily of late, and the coming election, if he is in the field as a candidate, will be sharply contested. The fact that United States Senator General Leemann in a recent speech spoke of intervention being possible for the third time shows that Washington is watching the course of events with interest. -St. J. Globe.

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| 12. | " | 10.00 |
| 15. | " | 12.00 |
| 18. | " | 15.00 |

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Physician and Surgeon.
Eyes tested for errors in Refraction

With poor teeth or the teeth absent mastication cannot properly take place and the Stomach is forced to do the work intended for the teeth resulting in a diseased stomach.

Leading physiologists now declare it their belief that this causes not only gastritis but such serious growths as cancers.

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DENTIST

St. George (in new office which is fitted with every convenience) the last two weeks of every month.
Office Hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Daring office hours teeth extracted without pain 25c.
After hours and Sundays, 50c.

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General Dealer
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Have your Watch
Repaired here in
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Geo. C. McCallum
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Have also on hand a stock of brooches, stick pins, lockets, rings, bracelets, watches, chains, charms, etc., which I will sell at a great discount.

For Sale!

1 Horizontal International gasoline engine four horse power—new; 1 double truck-wagon; 1 sulky plough; 1 single truck-wagon; 1 double Brantford mower; 1 spring-tooth harrow; 1 flexible spike-tooth harrow, double; 1 set double bob-sleds; 1 set single bob-sleds; 1 sloop boat, 16 ton register. Apply to

E. A. Fisher
St. George, N. B.

Boys and Girls,
Help wanted to work in Clam Factory
Houses to Rent to live in while at work in factory.
Apply to
Connors Bros., Ltd.,
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For Sale

One Second Hand Coal Stove,
Medium size in good condition.
Price \$5.00.
Greetings Office.

Guns & Ammunition!
Largest Line! Buy from Us and Save Expressage.
Cherry's, Eastport, Me.

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BUILDING - - MATERIALS
Look Us Over Before Buying
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SLEDS and SKATES
FINE LINE! BEST GOODS!
CHERRY, EASTPORT

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
J. W. CORRELL, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.
\$1.00 per year, when paid in advance 75c; to the United States 50c. extra for postage. All subscriptions OUTSIDE the COUNTY payable in advance and will be cancelled on expiring unless otherwise arranged for.

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FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1911

The British Cabinet kept its counsel, very closely relative to important changes in India which were announced by His Majesty King George on his coronation as Emperor at Delhi. The restoration of Delhi to its historic position as capital of India will no doubt appeal to the imagination of the people of that great dependency. The autocratic government tight and during the Vice-royalty of Lord Curzon, during which every effort of the educated natives to secure a larger share of self-government and of positions in the country's civil service was thwarted, is evidently to be relaxed. The cutting up of Provinces into two or more arbitrary divisions, apparently to give more positions to British officials, is to be abandoned, and in my other ways the Government will try the plan of fair and reasonable treatment, of trusting the better and educated class of natives, and of greatly encouraging education, as better means for securing peace in India than is the sword.—Tor. Globe.

Russia and the United States seem to be drifting towards a point where actual war may be precipitated at any moment. The United States has protested for several years against the exclusion from Russia of wealthy American Jews who desired to visit friends or do business in Russia, but during the past two years the United States says this form of exclusion has become most offensive. On the top of this trouble comes Russia's demand that Mr. Shuster, the U. S. official who is the financial adviser of Persia, shall be withdrawn. These accumulated troubles culminated on Monday by President Taft giving notice of the United States' intention to abrogate the treaty with Russia, which really means the breaking of all friendly relations and the probable expulsion of all Russians in the U. S. and of all U. S. citizens in Russia.—Tor. Globe.

The Packers' Combine of the United States were warned nearly two years ago by Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary in the British Cabinet, that if they were conspiring to control sales Britain would find a way to checkmate them. For nearly a year now the combine has been losing enormous sums monthly in vain efforts to secure control of the British meat markets, and now that the United States investigators have declared the packing house combines to be guilty of illegal practices to control trade the British sledgehammer has fallen with its full weight. An order has been issued to the effect that the British army and navy would no longer accept tenders from United States for the supply of meat, and as a result from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 worth of business annually has been lost to the United States packing houses. Argentina, Canada, Australia, and the small British packers will all have a golden opportunity to supply Britain's army and navy. Of course all understand that British army and navy stores are always kept at war standards. The perishable

supplies are kept as long as the health officers allow, and what is useless is destroyed, and what is fit for immediate use but cannot be stored long is sold.—Tor. Globe.

Record Price For Land in N. Y.

The world's record price for land is expected to be broken within a day or two with the sale of the plot at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth st., New York City. A Fourteenth street clothing dealer named Smith owns the place and expects to sell it for \$1,000,000 which would be at the rate of \$866.55 square foot. The present record is held by a plot at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, which brought \$685.29 a square foot in 1909. The Smith property was offered to R. Macv & Co., some years ago for \$373,000 but they thought the price too high and so built around the desired corner. Smith bought it of the Pell family at the price asked some ten years ago.—Ex.

Marvels of a Flying Bird.

On the horizon in tropical countries there often appears a small black point visible only to the practical eye. The point increases in size as it approaches. It is the sailing bird par excellence, the vulture, says the Strand, returning to its hollow in the rock a dozen miles away.

A glider who sails magnificently upon its outstretched wings without the slightest deviation from its perfectly straight track, it thus traverses the space from one horizon to another, again becomes an imperceptible point and disappears, leaving the spectator marvelling at the simplicity with which nature solves the problem of mechanics which appeared impossible to man.

When one observes a sea eagle perched upon a lofty cliff it may be remarked that in order to quit its eyrie it waits until a gust of wind arises, then it lets itself fall forward with extended wings, gives a beat or two as it turns, brings itself to face the wind and thus mounts without a wing beat hundreds of yards high.

A gliding bird so sets its wings that the air currents make an angle with their plane. The wind thus sustains its weight and give it at the same time a forward movement. If its force is stronger than is neces-

sary to obtain these two effects it produces a third effect—the 11 d mounts into space without a wing beat. If the air suddenly becomes calm the bird would fall, but the fall would be astonishing slow.

Professor Drzewiecki has calculated that a gliding bird, at a height of 1,200 yards, at the moment when it commences to descend with motionless wings, can by setting them at the most favorable angle touch the ground at a horizontal distance of about 15 miles. If the wind fall, large birds can always with a few wing beats, attain an altitude where they will find a wind which will permit them to continue their journey "on the glide."

The gusts and eddies of the wind are of course great disturbers of flight and a few birds attempt to struggle with a tempest. Even the strongest flier, however, from this point of view is so much boldness as they generally get credit for. Thus the stormy petrel is so named, not because it braves the storm, but because as soon as a storm threatens it will often seek for refuge on a ship's rigging, and thus foretell the tempest. And if the albatross loves the stormy waves it is only because it frequently alights upon the water, where it often sleeps securely to the rocking of the billows.

If Italy tries to Force the Dardanelles.

Constantinople, Dec. 16.—Italy can easily force the Dardanelles without very great loss. Such an operation would have been attended by great difficulty and danger, even if carried out by a powerful armada, a quarter of a century ago, but the armament of the batteries which in those days were very formidable, is now obsolete.

Approaching Constantinople from the Argens, the Dardanelles channel runs generally northeastwards. The shores at the mouth are about two miles apart, but the water ways widens considerably, gradually to contract again until it reaches the "Narrows," eleven miles up. Here it is less than a mile wide and turns sharply northwards round a bluff, keeps that direction up to the sea of Marmora.

The Gallipoli peninsula on the European side is generally hilly; at the Narrows the heights on that flank dominate the channel, rising abruptly from the water's edge to the height of about 300 feet. There are two sets of defences, one at the mouth and the other at the Narrows.

At the mouth there are batteries on either shore facing the Argens. As they are conspicuous (especially on the Asiatic side), the guns are not being of heavy calibre and being only of limited range. Italian warships could probably dispose of these defences without being touched, as they did at Tripoli. At the narrows most of the batteries are concentrated at the lower end, firing down the channel, where it is much wider. One low-lying battery on the European side mounts very heavy ordnance; there are other batteries on the high ground above it, and there are two forts with a number of guns on the Asiatic shore. But none of the armament possess range, and all the guns at this point could probably be silenced by a modern fleet without suffering damage; the width of the channel below the Narrows allows an attacking fleet elbow room, and several vessels could be engaging the defence simultaneously.

On the other hand, after turning the corner and steaming actually into the narrows, the warship could encounter the fire of at least one battery on the Asiatic side that was invisible before, in spite of its limited range, it might give the attacking ships a few knocks before being silenced; there is no sea room here which might prevent its being engaged except by the leading vessel. But even at short range the Turkish guns would have insufficient penetration to cause vital injury to a modern battleship.

There is a strong, although somewhat capricious, current outwards in the Dardanelles, and the water is, moreover, of great depth. These conditions militate against effective submarine mining. It is, however, understood that the Turks have arranged a mine-field a little below the narrows, the mines being "observation mines"—i. e., mines fired from the shore, not "contract mines," which go off automatically.

The Italians must know the positions and details of the batteries. But they may not be so well informed as to the mine field, or fields, and owing to the presence of a strong Ottoman garrison on the spot, these cannot be disposed of by landing parties cutting the cables. These hidden dangers may prove a more powerful deterrent to attack than the coast batteries.

Therefore, what David said was not true. Therefore, David was not a liar. But if David was not a liar, what he said was true—namely that all men are liars.—New York Globe.

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'MONEY SAVING OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERY MAN WOMAN AND CHILD'

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That's what we now offer, and what you will receive. We've worked hard to make this a Banner Sale—a Sale of momentous importance—because of the saving chances it offers. Every article has been specially selected for this Sale—from our own factories—of highest in volume quantities so that our word for big value-giving might be fully justified. A trial order will quickly prove what we say to be actual facts—indeed, it's more than likely you'll be more than satisfied with your purchase. That's the true significance of this Sale—to outdo all our previous efforts—to reach the highest pinnacle in value-giving, and with it all this guarantee—

WE GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY IF GOODS ARE NOT SATISFACTORY

No matter how small the purchase, NO RISK guarantee is your protection, absolutely, without hesitation or dissent on our part. No better assurance could you find. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back, and we pay all charges. It's really worth while.

When the opportunity is yours—Buy Now Don't Delay

CORSET COVER 39¢

TWO UNPARALLELED BARGAINS MATERIAL ALONE WOULD COST YOU MORE

14-350. CORSET COVER BARGAIN. A case where the selling price is in unusual contrast to the value offered. Fine soft cotton, charmingly trimmed, back and front, with a deep yoke, with many rows of dainty lace insertion, and jersey under-lining. Perfecting Cover, fitting just the right amount of fullness over the bust, and shaping in nicely at the waist.

Sizes 32 to 42. Sale Price **39¢**

14-350. PETTICOAT. One, long, beautiful pattern, but being ordinary, and not too, is double, and will give endless wear. The upper part of the petticoat is cut with a full ruffle, with a dart full used in the deep French flounce. The hanging is soft and fine, and there are no wrappings at waist.

Sizes 38, 40, 42. Sale Price **1.98**

• FORTY FOUR PAGES OF WONDERFUL BARGAINS

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26TH DECEMBER 1911

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T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO • CANADA

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

That Bald Spot.

Don't let that bald spot grow! Go to your druggist at once and get a bottle of Parisian Sage and if that don't check the falling hair, and cause new hair to grow nothing will. Dandruff is the cause of baldness; dandruff germs cause dandruff. Parisian Sage kills the germs, eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair and itching scalp. We will refund your money, if it fails to do this in two weeks. Parisian Sage will cause the hair to grow, if the hair root be not dead. It causes the hair to grow thicker, more luxuriant, and puts new life in it.

The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package of Parisian Sage. It is sold for 50c by all druggists or sent postpaid by the Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont. on receipt of price. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Every progressive farmer in New Brunswick should remember that the free Short Course of instruction at the Truro Agricultural College, opens on Tuesday, January 2nd, inst., continuing for two weeks, when experts conversant with farm conditions in the Maritime Provinces, will give the latest and best selection, breeding, feeding and care of different classes of farm live stock on fruit growing, soil cultivation and seed selection.

The Provincial Department of Agriculture offers to refund the railway fares of all who take this Course, as a special inducement for New Brunswickers to attend.

A two weeks Course for ladies, in Domestic Science, including Dairy Work and Poultry Raising, is conducted at the same time, and the same arrangement in regard to refund of railway fares applies to the women as well as to the men.

The tuition is absolutely free, and the only expense to New Brunswickers people taking this Course, will be their board on route and while at Truro. This need not exceed \$10.00 for the whole term.

Buy a single first-class ticket for Truro and ask the agent for "Standard Certificate" which, when properly filled out at College, will be accepted by the ticket agent at Truro.

When certificate of attendance at the Course and a receipt for the money paid for railway fare is sent to the Department of Agriculture, at Fredericton, with an application for refund, a cheque for the amount stated in the receipt will be issued.

Canadian Trade continues to expand in the most satisfactory manner, as shown by the summary of business done last year, and just issued by the Department of Trade and Commerce. Canada's total trade was \$769,443,995, of which \$462,641,320 was imports. The increase over the previous year was \$76,236,684. The increased trade with the United States was \$61,596,676, with Britain \$2,237,928 with Germany \$2,290,761, and with France \$1,726,300. The total imports from the United States were \$384,325,221, and exports \$104,115,843. The imports from Britain were \$110,585,004, and the exports a considerable reduction of duties on British goods would lead to still larger trade results with the old land.—Ex.

An Indian Prince's Insult at the Durbar.

Delhi, Dec. 17.—A dispatch from Mr. Wm. Maxwell, the special correspondent of the London Daily Mail, says the Gaekwar Baroda has publicly apologized for his demeanor at the Coronation Durbar, at which, after a single bow, he turned his back on their Majesties with a smile of which the intention was unmistakable.

The Gaekwar, whose talk is not always consistent with his position as a feudatory Prince, now excuses his behavior on the ground of nervousness.

Steps were instantly taken to bring him to a knowledge of his true position. The Government is about to issue a notice acquiring twenty-five square miles for the new capital of which old Delhi will be the centre.—Ex.

THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEIGH STORME

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)
(By Wm. Hamilton Osborne.)

(CONTINUED.)

"I have suffered—it unaccountably was. At any rate, I heard what he had to say, and his argument was convincing. I thought it over a long while. But, after all, I considered that there was no harm in it, and that if it did involve embarrassment I could drop the thing at any time. There was adventure and excitement in the scheme—and more than all, it might, and probably would, lead to something better.

"You must remember, gentlemen, that I had reached the end of my tether—that notwithstanding the fact that I was a good business man, I could not command employment, and there was nothing before me but absolute starvation. I determined to accept his proposition.

"When he told me his name I recognized it at once as the name of a man well known in the town and in every way reputable and refined. Even I, who had been here but a short while, recognized that fact. If I had had any reluctance, any hesitation before, it disappeared with the mention of his name.

"That gentleman, was my first acquaintance with the prisoner there—Mr. H. Stanleigh Storme."

The speaker inclined his head once more in the direction of the defendant. The prisoner again sprang from his chair, where he had been sitting continuously, in the same extraordinary state of excitement.

"Your honor," he exclaimed again, "I must be heard. This man—"

"Silence!" roared the judge. "Sit down, sir. Your counsel will speak for you."

Two officers stepped to the back of the prisoner's chair, and there took their stations to prevent any further outbreak. The prisoner again yielded.

"Gentlemen," continued the witness, "all this happened about eight months ago, and never until recently have I had occasion to suspect for an instant that this man was other than the gentleman whom he made pretence to be.

"By prearrangement, I called upon him before we concluded our negotiations, not once or twice, but a dozen times. He stated that he desired to emphasize the fact that he was eccentric and peculiar, and that he had some ideas to which he desired me to conform which to me might seem highly ridiculous, but upon which he must insist.

"He said in the first place that he had always discouraged any attempt on the part of any of his friends to discuss with him his own private affairs—he preferred never to be the subject of conversation. He desired me, whenever and wherever I might represent him, never to talk personalities. This seemed reasonable enough, but the request that followed was indeed peculiar.

"He made me promise, gentlemen, as solemnly as though I took an oath, that while I was associated with him in this way I would never read the daily papers, and that I would never discuss the daily news. I asked him why, and he gave some reason—said that in a fit of anger once he had sworn to forswear the reading of the press; he had had some violent quarrel, or some bitter experience—said that his antipathy to the daily papers was well known among his friends, that they all laughed at it, but respected it; said that newspapers were the most monumental liars, that they could make or unmake a reputation in an hour—in short, he became so explosively violent upon the subject of the press that I assumed he had some well grounded dislike to it. I promised lightly, and I found out later that he had indeed a well-grounded reason for his request.

"Gentlemen, I entered into a compact with this man that I would do anything consistent only with adventure and consistent also with honor that he should ask me to do. It may seem queer to you, sitting here dispassionately in judgment upon the fellow, and indirectly upon myself—it may seem queer that I could consistently impersonate another man, even as a practical joke; but at that time it seemed perfectly consistent to me, and I agreed to attend such functions as he might request me to be at, and to attend such occasions H. Stanleigh Storme himself.

"It required not a little preparation and expense. He furnished me with money and with clothes of the smart cut and pattern as his own. I lived in ease and luxury at the other end of town with a suite of rooms all to myself; he had rooms there which he occasionally occupied; the name H. Stanleigh Storme was on the door.

"Where he lived when not at my apartment I never knew. I know not now. His method was this: Whenever he desired me to attend a function in his stead he handed me a brief note of the people I should meet—they were generally the same people, and I soon became acquainted with them and with some of them I became better acquainted than did Storme himself.

"In fact, there are certain persons in this town—I know of one in particular,—here he flushed slightly and stopped in an embarrassed way—"who knew me as H. Stanleigh Storme, and yet who never had met the man Storme himself.

"Storme directed me to make new acquaintances, as many as I could, and he asked only that I keep him informed of their names and of my relations with them, whether cordial or only merely formal."

He flushed again.

"I obeyed him to the very letter. I followed his instructions implicitly. His special instructions were always written and generally mailed to me; they were minute as to detail, stating when and where to go, what to do and say, and all about it. It seemed to me trouble to arrange all this mid-ception than it would have been for Storme to go himself, but that was his affair.

I found when I entered society that Storme had been in town for about three years and that everybody understood and honored his harmless eccentricities, which were attributed rather to his ancient strain of aristocracy than to anything about the man himself. Storme was regarded, I found, as intellectual and refined; he was brilliant and popular—extremely so, and with all classes of people.

The man that sits there, gentlemen," he continued dramatically, "the man H. Stanleigh Storme, was the man who committed each crime and all the others that have been so much explored, and who upon each occasion, without my knowledge, was able to grove an alibi.

"I have come here," added the witness, "to make what reparation I can for my innocent share in these two crimes by revealing to you the exact state of affairs as it exists. That is my story, gentlemen," he concluded, pointing to the prisoner, "and that is also his."

The prisoner sat spellbound, looking at the witness with a fascinated gaze in which desperation, wonder and admiration struggled for supremacy.

CHAPTER XVII

The Biggest Surprise of All.

The witness waited for the cross-examination. But there was none. He then stood up and addressed the judge.

"Your honor has my address," he said quietly, "and I can be found here at any time if I am wanted; there is no reason why I should not show you."

The judge looked at both lawyers, then shook his head.

"You may go," he said.

The witness stepped down from the stand, and the crowd made way for him as he walked slowly down the center aisle. He had almost reached the door when the prisoner roused himself.

"For heaven's sake!" he exclaimed wildly, "you are not going to let that man go! Your honor, I will be heard—I must be heard," he cried insistently.

"I am not!"

"Silence!" roared the judge again. "Sir, if you interrupt the course of his proceeding in this manner again," he continued severely, "I'll have you bound and gagged. You have counsel. You will have an opportunity to be heard when your time comes. But you must not interrupt the court."

The man who had passed down the center aisle smiled slightly to himself, and then stepped out through the door. The prisoner took his seat with a resigned air.

"Let it be upon your own head then, your honor," he said quietly, "it matters but little to me."

"Proceed," went on the judge, ignoring him.

"That's our case," said the district attorney with a note of triumph in his voice. "We rest."

"Proceed with the defense," exclaimed the judge.

Now the counsel for the prisoner had been doing some tall thinking during the testimony of the last witness, and in spite of the startling nature of the evidence he was pretty well prepared.

He knew one thing—than the resemblance between the two men, having deceived many people before, would constitute a strong argument with the jury in the defendant's favor. For it was just as likely that the witness Warburton had robbed the bank as it was that the prisoner himself had done so.

He had a dim recollection of the capital that had been made out of the resemblance of Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton in Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," and he proposed to avail himself of a similar advantage here. The more he thought of it the better he liked it.

He had had, of course, no inkling of this from his client, and he had been unable to prepare himself for it. In fact, his client's whole demeanor had changed from the instant the other man had appeared. He had ignored his counsel and kept his eyes fixed upon the witness and the court. He had not even confided in his counsel what it was he had wished to say.

But the lawyer was pretty sure from the present insistent attitude of the prisoner that he could trust him without further preparation on the stand. His client was no fool.

He touched the prisoner on the arm.

"You take the stand," he said.

The prisoner looked at him, but did not move.

"You heard your counsel," said the judge with someasperity. "Take the witness stand."

The man obeyed and was immediately sworn.

"Mr. Storme," said his counsel, "will you tell the jury—"

"Wait a minute," said the man on the witness stand, interrupting him with a gesture, "you have made a mistake—my name is not Storme."

"What?" exclaimed his counsel, unprepared for this.

"What?" repeated the judge. "Do you mean to say, sir, that the name Storme is an alias?"

The judge, from his manner, was unquestionably convinced of the man's guilt.

"I mean," replied the man in a cool, firm voice, looking the judge squarely in the face, "that my name is not Storme—that I am not H. Stanleigh Storme—that I am not the prisoner."

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TOO MUCH MELLON

"Pal, it's a sad, sad story I was bittin' gravel on the Colorado desert, alone an' hungry."

"Hence, at the witchin' hour, as the feller says, a large, handsome man might have been observed to sort o' trickle out o' the sage-brush around a water-tank and insert himself in the midst of a side-door Pullman. It was a little jerkwater line, runnin' from the main line down through the farmin' district, 'cause the car was loaded with crates of Rocky Ford melons. I crawled up near the roof where there was two feet of space and made myself as comfortable as a flea on a setter pup, except for a gnawin' at my inward nostrils."

"I was dozin' off, perfectly peaceful an' contented when it happened. I woke up flyin'. I wasn't touchin' a thing. I sailed over them crates of melons an' landed on my head against the end of the car. Then I up-ended, an' the jar drove my head between my shoulders. I couldn't move an inch, an' the sharp corners of crates was proddin' me full of equilateral triangles."

"What had happened was a mighty excitin' game of 'snap-the-whip.' Roundin' a sharp curve, my car, bein' last an' the lash of the whip, was flicked off into a gully, goin' clear to the bottom end landin' in a clump of mosquito bushes. This horrible catastrophe escapes the notice of the train crew at the time, an' the balance of the train proceeds on its way, triumphant. They remains ignorant, an' round an' gaged. You have counsel. You will have an opportunity to be heard when your time comes. But you must not interrupt the court."

"Meantime, I'm busy pickin' melons out of my system, tryin' to get room to bat my eyes an' draw my breath just once more for luck. Most of the crates had busted, an' every melon I made, more melons would come slidin' on to me. I wasn't broke anywhere, but I was a pulp, an' it seemed several years before I got one arm free, doin' myself out, an' in a day I was a heap with a few lungfuls of air. The car was lyin' on its side, considerably lower at one end than the other, an' under the peak of the upper corner I had plenty of room. I ate a few melons an' made myself comfortable. The car didn't seem to be hurt none, but I wasn't worryin'. I figured there had been a wreck an' I was a lone feller, an' every melon I made, an' dig me out with an ax.

"Nobody did. By an' by it got daylight, I could see it perkin' through the ventilator slits; but there wasn't any welcome sound to mar the holy stillness. I could hear the rattle of the wheels, but there wasn't a sound of a train. I burrowed down to the door that was open, but it was locked fast. Did you ever try to carve yourself out of an iron-bound fruit-car, reinforced with two-by-fours, with a jack-knife? Mebbe it can be done, but towards evenin' my knife broke an' I hadn't made no headway.

"I ate some more melons, but I hadn't no enthusiasm for 'em. I was beginnin' to get fonder on a melon diet. A lot of 'em had got all squashed an' mushy in the melly an' lyin' on the floor. I was a heap with the hot sun beatin' on the car, it wasn't long before they began to bubble an' ferment, an' by the end of the second day the atmosphere of that car was somethin' stuporific. After that I spent most of my time with my nose at a ventilator slit, tryin' all the outside air I could.

"I got to wither, I hatter up your feelin's further. I was in that car eight days! I'd got into a sort of halo of melon-smell all around that car. 'Friend' says I; 'lead me hence! I'm weak as a kitten an' I can't look at that car, now, friend, you've saved my life. There's only one more thing I'll ask of you.'

"What air that?" says he.

"Why, says I, 'I want you to let me take a bite out o' that hoss of yours. Just a mouthful somewheres where it won't show. I need a change of diet.' I says, 'to get rid of the taste of melons.'

"Well, the old buck sat an' cackled for fifteen minutes. He actually thought I was a fool. Finally, seein' I was really done up, he got me on his horse, took me to his ranch, fed me for a week, an' said my story told him for it all. He was mighty good to me an' I hated to leave. I have been able to look a melon in the face since."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Feeding Value of Good Straw.

Where both hay and straw are plentiful it naturally follows that liberal allowances are given, and in visiting farms, it is no uncommon sight in seasons of plenty to see good hay being littered about and trodden amongst the feed of milch cows and fattening cattle. When hay is of inferior quality and lacking in nutrition little notice need be taken of this apparent waste, but in seasons when hay is of good quality and high in price, every attempt must be made to put each individual blade of grass to the best use. The Farmer and Stockbreeder advises. When prices are high many farmers, and very justly so, are inclined to sell a large bulk of their hay, and so reduce the cost of purchasing the more expensive concentrated foods, and so it remains to make the very best use of the straw.

Considerable waste of straw and chaff often takes place in the rack-yard, as after thrashing operations chaff and loose straw are often allowed to remain unprotected, with the result that continuous heavy rains often render it valueless. Immediately thrashing is completed, cut chaff, wheat hulls, barley cavings, and, in fact, anything that can be utilized as food, should be carefully stored for that purpose. Where barley is seed with clover, the cavings are often very largely mixed with clover heads and leaves which, when steamed, can with advantage be utilized for mixing with pulped roots, or if desired may even be given without first steaming or scalding. If the cavings exist only as the barley awns then they are best reserved for covering over mangled, there being no material better adapted for keeping frost out of clumps. The great objection against cavings as food is that the awns may give rise to much trouble should they become lodged in the nostrils of the animals, or still more so should they get into their eyes. The sooner the straw rick is thatched and the yard cleared up the greater the economy in saving this class of fodder.—Tor. Globe.

Does Your Stomach Work Properly?

There is no complaint so humiliating and tiresome as stomach complaint. The reason so many people suffer with their stomach is because they overwork it and do not give it a tonic.

Mi-o-na Tablets will tone the stomach and speedily remove the disagreeable belching (gas on the stomach) sour taste and foul breath. Dizziness, biliousness, and headache all disappear when you begin to take Mi-o-na.

Mi-o-na is guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark who will refund your money if they fail to cure or do what we claim. Postpaid from the K. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont., on receipt of price.

Labor Gains Ground in New Zealand.

Christchurch, N. Z., Dec. 15.—Labor holds the balance of power at the polls. Dissolution will probably follow.

The News says the election probably means the fall of Sir Joseph Ward, whose popularity has been generally declining, the final touch being his acceptance of a Coronation Banquet.

Advertise in Greetings.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

A large number of our subscribers are more or less in arrears, all of whom we would ask to kindly make a prompt remittance. This is a very small matter to the individual subscriber but when multiplied by the hundreds, it is a matter of quite large dimensions to the Editor.

The date under your address will inform all of the date they are paid up to. Remember 25 p. c. discount allowed when subscriptions are paid in advance.

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

S. S. CONNORS BROS. will leave St. John for St. Andrews Saturday mornings calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Blacks Harbor, Back Bay or Letete, Deer Island and Red Store or St. George.

RETURNING leave St. Andrews for St. John Tuesday morning calling at Letete or Back Bay, Blacks Harbor, Beaver Harbor, and Dipper Harbor.

"Tide and Weather permitting."

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. (St. John Agent)
Thorne Wharf & Warehouse Co.
Freight for St. George received up to Noon Fridays, not later.

Manager LEWIS CONNORS
Blacks Harbor, N. B.

When the people of Milwaukee placed a socialist administration in charge of affairs they were promised reform, of course. The extravagance of party rule, republicans or democratic was denounced. Expenses would be reduced, there would be no graft, honesty would prevail in every civic department, and contentment would follow. The socialists have been two years in power, and it has been shown that the civic expenditure has increased half a million dollars yearly. For the next year a million dollars more is asked for than was needed before the socialists took charge. Perhaps it is too soon to judge of the result of socialist control, but the taxpayer will probably conclude that the experiment is not satisfactory.—Globe.

Women Suffer More Than Men.

Women have more than their share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity. They must "keep up" in spite of constantly aching backs, or headaches, dizzy spells, etc. Mrs. Edward Calwood of 123 S. Harold St., Fort William, Ont. says:

"I suffered with dull, miserable pains, soreness across my back and in my sides for months. They would catch me so badly at times that I could scarcely move around. I would have dizzy spells and altogether, felt generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and found them an excellent remedy. They not only relieved me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back but cured me of my kidney trouble."

Booth's Kidney Pills cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel or stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

All druggists and dealers 50c. box or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Fort Erie, Ont. If you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Could we say more? Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

"Can you tell me, my boy" said the prim teacher, "why the race is not all ways to the swift?"
"Yes'm," said the little boy, promptly. "It's because their tires bust."—Balt. American.

Advertise in Greetings

It was the first night in their urban house. The furniture was had left the door, the children and the two maid servants were in bed and John and Mary Bedgrave sat resting after their labours before a cheerful fire in the parlour.

"How the wind does whistle," said Mary.
"A corner house, you know. But it is an exceptionally windy night. Tired, dear?"

"Only pleasantly tired. How nice it feels just to sit down, and isn't it a good thing to be in a house of our very own at last? We have never had that since we were married, only rented ones, with landlords."

"Landlords ought to be shot!"
"Yes, unless they immediately gratify all the tenant's demands, especially if that tenant be John Bedgrave of The Echo."

They both laughed, but Mary's laugh ended in a shiver.
"Wh-ee! How that wind does howl! Will it always howl like this here?"

"Nonsense, no! Of course not."
He lifted his chair across the hearth and sitting close his wife put his arm protectingly round her.
"Feel all right now, little woman?"
She rested her head on his shoulder.
"Of course I do. I don't care now how the wind howls!"

"Hullo! What's that?"
They started up.
Some one had opened the outer hall door. Almost immediately the outer door was closed again, and John, hurrying to see what was the matter, came face to face with the intruder at the parlour door.

"Hullo! Who are you?" he demanded.
The stranger started, his eyes blinking in the light. He appeared to be a man of about 30, and he had a clean shaven, handsome face, and carried a portmanteau.

"I beg your pardon," he began in a gentlemanly voice that had something particularly winning about it. "This is number 64. Do not Mr and Mrs Horningstone live here?"
"No. They used to, I believe. Old Mr. Horningstone died a few weeks ago."

"Ah...!" The stranger shrank back. "I have come too late, then," he said, wearily passing his hand across his brow. "But Mrs Horningstone, my mother? Tell me, she is still alive?"

John shook his head.
"Horningstone was a widower. I know it for a fact," he said, not unkindly, but brusquely, with a man's wish to tell an unpleasant thing to another man quickly and get it over. "I cannot tell you how long ago his wife died."

"Ah...!" the stranger repeated, and leant wearily with one hand upon the edge of the door and bowed his head as if in abject misery.
"Won't you come in?" begged Mary over her husband's shoulder, speaking for the first time her sweet voice broken with womanly sympathy.

"Yes, come in," echoed her husband. They installed him in the one armchair the room yet boasted of.
"Have you come a long journey. And did no one tell you about — the house — nor anything?" asked Mary gently.

His lips twitched.
"I have come straight from Australia and I have been away for nine years, and all that time have heard nothing from them. I was — I might as well tell you — I was a prodigal. Nine years ago my father disowned me, forbade me his house, and from that day to this I have never come back. I have been successful enough in a worldly way to have pleased even him — and — I have repented — but it is too late."

"I am sure of it," said Mary, tears glistening in her eyes. "Mothers always forgive."
He gave her a grateful look.
"There is a room upstairs, the one above this one, that she used often, and called her 'sewing-room.'"

"You may certainly see the room," began John, making as if he would conduct him there immediately, when Mary intercepted him.
"So you must stay," she entreated. After a little hesitation he consented, and Mary went off to see first about food and then about sheets and blankets.

It was a little after midnight before they conducted their visitor to the room above the parlour and bade him good night.
The to-morrow came and turned into to-day, as to-morrow always do, but this one brought a shock to John and Mary Bedgrave.
They found their spare room empty. The bed had not been slept in. The "prodigal" was not to be found, neither was his portmanteau, neither was a quantity of their silver and several things belonging to them. The bird had flown indeed.

Though comparatively little was their loss compared to what it might have been had everything been unpacked; great was their indignation. Putting the matter in the hands of the police, their "prodigal" was found to be a noted swindler, who had cleverly eluded them for several years. He still continued to do so. Upon inquiry they found that the old gentleman, Mr. Horningstone, who had lived in number 64 before had been married, but had never had a son, and his wife had predeceased him 10 years.

Neither John nor Mary Bedgrave — especially Mary — care to talk to others of their first night in the house that has now been their home for many years, but on holiday time draws near they always think about it.
John, with a twinkle in his eye, says:—
"I wonder if the 'prodigal' will come again to-night?"
"Don't John!" and Mary, blushes scarlet.
Then, through a whiff of smoke, she catches her husband's eyes, and they both laugh.
Outside the wind still howls cold and whistles shrilly.
The prodigal — alas! where is he?

THE EARTH'S COLORS

Lowly Mosses and Lichens Contribute Chiefly to Most Striking of the Planet's Color Scene.

The two great elements of difference in the same landscape in winter and summer are, of course, the presence of snow in winter and of leaves and grass in summer. If we could look at our globe from the moon the variation in its aspect due to seasonal changes would perhaps be even more striking than it appears to those on the surface.

In fact, we sometimes lose sight of the very important part which vegetation plays in giving color to what might be termed the countenance of the planet.

It is not the higher forms of plants that always produce the greatest effect in this way. Some of the most striking scenes upon the earth owe their characteristic features to mosses and lichens. The famous "crimson cliffs" of Greenland, which extend for miles northward from Cape York, derive their splendid color from the growth of red lichen that covers their faces. The rocky pass called the Golden Gate in the Yellowstone National Park owes its rich color and its name to the yellow lichen covering its lofty walls.

Considered as a whole, the vegetation of a planet may give it a characteristic aspect as viewed from space. That its broad expanse of forest and prairie land causes the earth to reflect a considerable quantity of green light to its neighbors is indicated by the fact that at the time of the new moon a greenish tint has been detected overspreading that part of the lunar surface which is then illuminated only by light from the earth.

SUSPENDED TROLLEY CARS

Latest Model of Torpedo Shape, Propeller-Driven, and Indications are it will Prove a Success.

While the use of a suspended car is not altogether new, yet the one now being tried out in California is unique in many ways. The chief point of interest is the fact that it is driven by a huge propeller, itself of novel design, which is operated by a 26 horse-power gas engine. The car is no mere toy model, but a fifty-foot structure of steel and aluminium, which has a carrying capacity of 56 passengers. It is built in a torpedo shape, and will be covered with a light, flexible covering, with celluloid windows. In addition to the propeller in the rear, another will be placed in the front of the car, doubling its power, and acting as an auxiliary in case of "break-down."

The short length of overhead track, about a quarter of a mile, has made it impossible to test the new device for speed, but it operates perfectly, showing that it is no mere theoretical invention. Forty people have been carried with ease at one time.

A number of ingenious devices, lifting planes to lighten the car while in motion, apparatus for raising and lowering the car at stations, etc., have been designed to perfect this new vehicle.

Cutting Out the Tobacco.

The heads of the provincial Civil Service throughout British Columbia, have issued a circular to their various offices prohibiting smoking during working hours. The Canadian Pacific Railway long ago tabooed the use of tobacco by their employees during working hours and its example has been generally followed by other large corporations.

We wish all our Friends,
A Bright
And Prosperous New Year.
Frauley Bros.

Advertise in the Greetings!

For the Generous Patronage

given us during the year just closing, we heartily thank our patrons; and take this opportunity of wishing you the Compliments of the Season!

Dec. 29 1911 John Dewar & Sons, Limited

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Bernard Connors, Blacks Harbor and J. S. Thompson, Beaver Harbor were in town Xmas afternoon and evening.

Arthur Williamson, Bonny River was doing the town with his trotter on Xmas afternoon.

Walter Burbank of Bonny River was in town Xmas afternoon.

Chas. Lynott of H. M. C. was home for Xmas.

Miss Margaret McLaughlin is spending her vacation at her home here.

Rev. H. I. Lynds and family spent Xmas in St. John leaving on Saturday.

The Misses Helen Clark, Agnes Crickard, Mary Magowan, Jean Kelman, Helen Gearson, Hazel Stewart and Fanny Murphy are spending the holidays at their homes here.

Ellery Johnson, Roy and Everett McKay, Percy Tayte, Allan Messenett, Joe Meading, Jim Stewart and Granville Cawley were home for Xmas.

Miss Evelyn Kinney is the guest of Mrs. E. Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer McCan of St. Stephen are the guests of her sister Mrs. Fred McLeod.

Frank Gearson and wife of St. John spent Xmas with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Matheson of St. John spent Xmas here.

Colin Spear of St. Andrews spent Xmas at his home here.

Mrs. H. R. Lawrence left on Wednesday for Hillsboro to attend the wedding of her uncle John Wallon of that place.

Mrs. M. H. Swain (nee Miss May Howe) of San Francisco, Cal., a native of St. George who left here in her early childhood, and who has for the past 6 or 7 months been making a European tour is the guest of Mrs. Sauré arriving here on Xmas day.

The 40 club met at the residence of Mrs. Jas. Chase on Wednesday evening.

Judge Cockburn, St. Andrews was in town Thursday.

Rev. Mr. Thorpe was called away suddenly Saturday of last week on account of the illness of his mother, on which account there was no church in the Presbyterian church Sunday or Xmas.

J. Sutton Clark was in St. John for a day or two this week.

Dr. Taylor spent Xmas with his mother and other relatives in St. John West, leaving on Saturday and returning Tuesday.

Dani and Horace Gilmor accompanied their parents Senator and Mrs. Gilmor home for the holidays arriving here Friday afternoon of last week.

Vess Lynott, former Editor of the Greetings, now of the Richmond Review arrived here on Thursday and intends leaving again today.

Mrs. A. C. Gilmor entertained a few friends at a musical party on Wednesday evening.

David Hodgson and wife (nee Miss Lizzy Dewar) were guests of her mother and sisters and brother leaving again on Thursday for their home in Alberton, P. E. I.

Miss Marian Lindsay of Woodstock is the guest of her uncle Dr. Alexander, also the Doctor's sister Miss Alexander of Fredericton.

Theodore Nutter and wife, on old resident of the town now of On's Bay was visiting friends and relatives here during the past week.

The Misses Sophia and Edith McArdle of Calais who are spending the winter with their sister Mrs. George Frauley, went to their home in Calais for a day or two this week.

Miss Edna O'Brien is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Lambert at Lords Cove this week.

Oty and Morton Kennedy were home for Xmas.

Harry Fraser received an Xmas present of another young daughter, thus just balancing his family making 4 daughters and 4 sons.

R. H. Davis, a former resident of this town arrived here on Thursday.

In a historical tragedy there are always two heroes, one in the play, and the other in the box office, -F. H. Bletter.

THE VEIL OF FUTURITY

By Martha Lyon

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

Perfectly motionless lay the ship on the still water, awaiting the dawn to enter the harbor in a deck-chair. Leslie Cartwright stirred restlessly. It was late, and nearly all the other passengers had retired for the night; but he was in no mood for sleep.

In the dim light the man's face was seen with an unusual pallor, scored blackly here and there, on the forehead and round the mouth, with short, hard lines. Every now and then his hands would clench nervously, and a quick, impatient sigh escaped his compressed lips. The light murmur of the bulwarks, where a late fellow-traveler and the first officer were chatting over a last cigar, came to him as an impertinence and an irritation. At length the voices died away as the speakers moved forward, and nothing broke the stillness save the lone wash of the Australasian sea, and at intervals, with far-off suddenness, the striking of the ship's bell. The man looked around to see if he was alone, and dropped back with an exclamation of satisfaction. By-and-by he began to murmur and fret once more. "What fools women are!" he growled. "They take an abstraction and make a god of it; they take a literature and make it a fetish. And what a fool I am to take so much notice of their chatter!"

He was silent for a time. Then he resumed his musing. "Who said 'The Veil of Futurity' is woven by the hand of Mercy? Stuff! I should like to lift it for one. Fast as though there could possibly be any mercy in not letting a poor devil see what's ahead of him — and people have lifted it, too — what about the Eastern mystics — the sooth-sayers — the Chaldeans? — what about prophecies? The old prophets were more than the mere far-sighted statesmen as some would have us believe — wonderful — wonderful!"

His voice died away in a low, dreamy murmur, then he stirred again, and began to mutter once more.

"What about their wretched Western imitations! They are too grossly material to possess even a fraction of the occult power they presume to claim to. Centuries of European training have been quite enough to exterminate any force of the kind, even if it ever existed. Existence — of course it did. Men have read the stars like an open book and seen their own fate in the signs of the wind and the wave — they have foretold war and famine and pestilence and the doom of nations that they were men of old — not the puerile would-be mystics of to-day."

"I do not believe the most spiritualized, sensitive Anglo-Saxon could look five minutes into the unknown."

"On this he spoke, his white forehead grew whiter, and an expression almost of fear came over it. He shivered for a moment, then braced himself, evidently with an effort. He laughed nervously.

"Something is wrong with me," he said savagely. "I hope I am not going to get fever. I had a feeling then that I could know the future, if I would only — that it would be well for me if I did not will to know. It's horribly uncanny. I can't shake it off."

Well — his voice rose in excited defiance — "I will test this power, I demand to see myself a year hence."

x x x
Then he was floating in a thick, heavy atmosphere, now dark — dark to blackness — now lightening into transparent blue; sometimes flashing into silver, and even blazing into a splendor of gorgeous golden freshness.

Around him, with him, and of him, were long, spherical gray shapes. He was conscious of a curious sense of dispersion — of separation in some indefinite, indefinable manner from himself; and yet he was perfectly capable of connected thought.

"Can this be an answer to my demand?" he questioned. "Bah! As vague as all prophecy! Well, we will ask eleven months." There was no change. "Well, then, ten — nine — eight — seven six!"

A look of horror seized him. Great drops of sweat sprang out on his brow. One might have seen the muscles start and stiffen in his hands as he gripped the arms of the chair. "Five — four — three — two — a month, yes, a month!" he spoke with agonized intensity.

The sense of uneasiness was with him still, but in a modified degree. He seemed more sentient, more living, more human. His voice rose to a shriek. "Take me back to this hour — to this minute!" He was alive now, but oh! the agony of that revival! Ah, that fierce, deadly grin on his shoulder! A score of cruel, sharp points were entering his flesh and crushing his joints as in a steel trap! What was that awful wrenching tug at his foot? "Ah, mercy! mercy!"

x x x
The first officer reported to the captain: "I had been talking to Mr. Chadwick till he finished his cigar. I noticed Mr. Cartwright — he was lying in a deck-chair, I thought asleep. Before turning in finally, I made the round of the decks, after Mr. Chadwick had gone. When I came back Mr. Cartwright was still there, and as I thought he might get a chill if he slept in the open air, I was going to awake him."

"As I got close to him, I found that he was talking in his sleep very excitedly. I was just about to rouse him when he sprang out of his chair with a most dreadful shriek for mercy and before I could stop him he had rushed to the side and jumped overboard. I snatched up a coil of rope and ran to the place, but I was too late. It would almost seem as if the sharks had been waiting for him. There were three of them."

And he turned away and put his hand over his eyes.

Mr. Merchant!

Your Ad. in this Space would be Read by buyers Just as you Read it.

Come Buy a Space!

TEACHING THE DOG

The training of animals, to teach them to perform all sorts of entertaining tricks, is a task that requires talent on the part of the trainer, but above all, demands patience and a thoroughly methodical procedure. Begin with the dog, and see how he is taught his tricks.

The first thing every dog must learn is his name. Select a short, sharp-sounding name, and stick to it. Never call him anything else. If you have several dogs, the name of each should be different. Teach him to come forward out of their turn. By and by they will learn that a certain name is always associated with a certain dog. Handle among the dogs, and call out one of the right dog comes to you, reward him with a piece of cracker. Pay no attention to the other dogs. They will learn very soon, and the first great lesson — dependence and obedience — will have been learned.

Having taught a dog to fetch and carry — which he will easily learn — the next thing is to teach him to place a glove on the floor, then say to the dog, "Fetch the glove," putting the accent on the last word. Then, when he has done this several times, place a shoe on the floor, and teach him to fetch this in a similar manner. Now place both objects on the ground, and teach him to fetch either one, as asked for — rewarding him when he brings you the right one, and rebuking him when he fetches the wrong, which you take from him and replace. He will soon learn to distinguish the articles, when a third may be substituted, and so on until a number are on the floor. You should then go into the next room, taking the dog with you; and send him to fetch any article you mention. After a little time he will bring you the right one every time.

Similar methods can be adopted with regard to other articles and the letters of the alphabet.

Beggar Please help me to recover my child.
Lady Is your child lost?
Beggar No, mum, but his clothes are worn out.—Boston Transcript.

A Man wants an Overcoat

which is distinctive and graceful to look upon — of a style and quality that carries the "air."

Semi-ready Top-Coats in this season's mode possess both good design and correct, careful tailoring.



All sizes and many styles are shown in Chester, Boston, New York, and Denver, at from \$15.00 to \$35.00.

Semi-ready Tailoring J. O'NEIL



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Iron Beds, Springs and Mattresses and ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE

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Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

Prices lower than any competitor

Envelopes

Neatly Printed at The Greetings Office

Arbitrary English Language.

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes.
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone moose on a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hices.
If the plural of man be called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan, be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called vine.
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would the pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Shouldn't the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three may be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.
We speak of a brother, and also of brethren.
But though we may say mother, we never say methern.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim!
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the funniest language you ever did see.

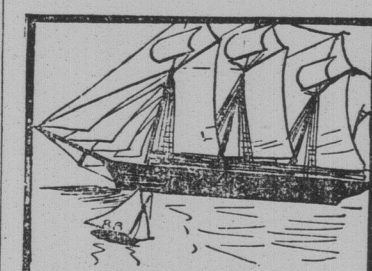
IN STOCK HARDWOOD FLOORING

In Birch, Maple
And Beech.

ALL
Kiln Dried
Bored for Nailing
And End Matched

HALEY & SON

St. Stephen, = N. B.



"Vessels Large May Venture More, but Little Ships Must Stay Near Shore."

The large display ads. are good for the large business and the Classified West Ads. are proportionately good for the small firm. In fact many large firms became such by the diligent use of the Classified Columns. There is ample is good - start now.

WANTED

OLD MAHOGANY

Round Tables, Card Tables, Chairs, Brass Andirons, Old Coins, Old Postage Stamps, Etc. Highest Prices

W. A. KAIN

116 GERMAIN ST.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

New Diamond Mines in South Africa.

London, Dec. 20. - A Johannesburg despatch to the Express reports a diamond rush at Bloemboef, a farming district on the banks of the Vaal river, not far from Kimberley. A canvas town with a population of 12,000, has sprung up within a month. Twenty thousand claims will be officially announced.

Advertise in Greetings!

MC2465 FOUR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Paying Cash Pays!

Running an Account is very convenient at times, we readily admit; but you must have observed that when you run an account, you are very apt to buy many a thing you would go without if you were paying cash - things no doubt you could easily dispense with to, without injury to yourself or family. And when those extra things come to be paid for - maybe you must then deprive yourself of other things that you actually need or at least go without them for a time, now "Paying Cash" enables you if you want to, to save money. Its very easy to "Charge the Goods" Its not so easy to "Discharge the Debt." So for economy's sake "Pay Cash" And since we have adopted this Cash System we find it moving very satisfactory both to our customers and ourselves, your money will buy you "Better Goods and More of Them" than if we were making bad bills by reckless credit giving.

ANDREW McGEE - - Back Bay

BACK BAY

Mrs. Valentine Hooper and children are spending a few weeks at her former home in Milltown Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Fallon of Letang are the guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Eben Leavitt.

Harry Epps of St. George called here on Monday last.

The young out owned by Tom Johnson while driving from Ellsworth a few days ago got frightened, throwing both him and his brother out of the wagon, fortunately no great damage was done.

Capt. and Mrs. Kinney drove to Town Thursday.

Our school has closed for the Xmas holidays Friday, under the management of Misses Mitchell and Gresson, much credit is due the teachers for the program carried out by the children in both dpts. Among the visitors present were, Mrs. Thos. Johnson, Mrs. Leander McGee, Mrs. John McGee, Misses Estelle Mitchell, Lila Kinney, Joanna Hooper, Mary McLeese; Rev. Mr. Burr, Ivo Cook, L. W. Theriault and Wesley Mitchell.

Tom and Chester Johnson will go to Ellsworth soon where they will be employed in the woods.

David Leavitt and Allie Kinney were in St. George Saturday.

Mrs. Allie Kinney spent a few days recently in St. Stephen.

Quite a number from Letete attended meeting here Friday evening.

Chas. Hooper and George Phinney arrived home Saturday to spend a few days.

Miss Estelle Mitchell was in Eastport for a short time during last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orben Harris were visitors in Town one day last week.

Capt. Neil Oliver accompanied by a number of lady passengers spent a day of last week in Eastport.

Capt. Sydney French has been making remarkably quick trips from St. John during the past few weeks, having a good cargo every trip.

Thomas Mitchell spent a few days recently with his sister Mrs. Chas. Wright at Beaver Harbor.

Harlow Kinney of Blacks Harbor spent Xmas at his home here.

Rev. Mr. Burr spent Xmas day at the home of Capt. Kinney.

Well, Kinney of St. Andrews spent Monday with relatives here.

Capt. Kinney and son and Mr. Ferr enjoyed a pleasant sail to Blacks Harbor on Monday.

Lillian McGee is spending the holidays at her home here.

Mrs. John Cook went to St. John Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Hooper was calling on friends Monday.

Helen Leavitt of Letang attended Church here Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Westworth Quigley returned from St. John Monday after spending a few days there.

Mrs. Peter Leslie has returned from New York after an extended visit with friends and relatives there.

LELETE

Mr. and Mrs. John Williamson of St. George spent Xmas with his mother, Mrs. Isaac Williamson.

Mrs. Teresa Greenlaw was the guest of Mrs. H. O. Chubb Friday.

The Misses Alice McMahon and

Nicoda Williamson took dinner with Carrie Chubb Thursday.

Miss Carrie Chubb was a guest at Green's Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis McMahon of Lubec arrived on Viking Tuesday.

Miss Portia Seeley went to St. Stephen Wednesday.

Miss Grace McNichol returned home Tuesday.

Miss Edna and James Bannon of Lubec arrived Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Kinney of St. Andrews are spending the holidays with her mother Mrs. Kitty Mathews.

Mrs. Randall Mathews spent Tuesday evening with Carrie Chubb.

Mrs. Wilson Mawhinney, Mrs. Milton and Mrs. Stevens arrived Thursday and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin.

Mrs. Wm. Tucker arrived from St. Stephen Tuesday where she spent Xmas.

Misses Sadie McCaffrey and Bessie Malloch left Saturday to spend their vacation at their homes in St. Andrews.

Obituary

Mrs. John Cook of Back Bay who went to St. John last Saturday for operation at the Hospital there died while under the operation. Her remains were brought home on Thursday to the sorrowing family. Deceased, whose maiden name was Miss Palmer was a native and lifelong resident of Back Bay and leaves beside her sorrowing husband, two daughters and two sons all of whom reside at Back Bay and who have the deepest sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

Joseph McMahon, a native and lifelong resident of Letete died on Wednesday.

The Report Courtroom.

Workers are, doubtless, they who shall inherit the earth. But certain indolent natures, gifted with wit, can afford to take occasional chances as residuary legatees. A writer in "Vanity Fair" tells of one such fellow, a student in a noted philosopher's class.

The student, who was a lanky youth sat in the rear seat. His attitude was sprawling, and he was either asleep or seemed about to go to sleep.

"Mr. Fraser," said the philosopher sharply, "you may recite!"

Fraser opened his eyes. He did not change his somnolent pose.

"Mr. Fraser, what is work?"

"Everything is work."

"What! Everything is work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I take it you would like the class to believe that this desk is work?"

"Yes, sir," wearily, "woodwork."

Sons of the King.

The Prince of Wales, much to his disappointment, it is said, is not destined for a naval career. He may spend only six months on the "Hindustan," and after that enter a cavalry regiment.

The future of the King's next son, Prince Albert, has been capturing the King's attention lately, and it is understood that he will eventually become a midshipman. In his case the navy will furnish him with a career. Prince Henry, the third son, is not fitted for the strenuous life of a sailor and he may, after spending some years at Eton, be gazetted to a cavalry regiment.

Sanford, the Holy Ghost and U. S. Falker has been given a term of 10 years imprisonment.

Advertise in Greetings.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

SPECIAL FARES For Christmas And New Year.

FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE BETWEEN ALL STATIONS ON THE RAILWAY.

Good going Dec. 21, 1911, to Jan. 1, 1912.

Good for Return Jan. 3, 1912.

TO DETROIT, PORT HURON, SAULT STE. MARIE, BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS AND POINTS EAST IN CANADA.

FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE TO MONTREAL, added to First Class One Way Fare and One-Third Beyond.

Good going Dec. 21, 1911, to Jan. 1, 1912, inclusive.

Good for Return Jan. 3, 1912.

GEORGE CARVILL

City Ticket Agent, St. John.

WANTED!

Deer Skins and Furs of all kinds. Will pay the Highest Market Prices for same.

Send For Price List

E. FISHER

Pembroke, Me.

CAN BE NO MORE "DODO"

Now No Raw Material from Which Nature Can Produce Another Supply of What has been termed "A Joke in Feathers."

One of Nature's worst mistakes was the dodo; but two others, equally bad, were a huge, nameless bird which once existed on the Island of Reunion, and the gigantic, flightless pigeon of the Island of Rodriguez, known as the "Solitaire." All three are extinct, as was inevitable, because, in their evolution, Nature had no forethought of the appearance of man upon the scene - a creature who can cross the sea without wings - with his weakness for killing everything which cannot escape from him.

And the dodo, it must be admitted, invited his fate. It was the autocrat of the Island of Mauritius, rather larger than a swan, with remarkably strong and heavy body, wings which were of no more use than feathered waiflets, a huge hooked beak, short neck, legs and an absurdly stiff, curly tail.

From Northern lands, acclimated to such birds as sparrows and robins, this preposterous, waddling monster seemed a practical joke dressed up in feathers.

The fate of sellers in those days was hard and stale and cold. So, though the dodo was not a very particularly good eating, who could help - in those days, two hundred years ago - walking after a stick, biting it on the head with a stick?

Away up in the North, Nature had produced, side by side, races of cunning, clever men, struggling against difficulties for bare existence, and races of swift and active birds, cunning to dodge a missile or avoid a trap. Away down in the soft and sunny South she had, at the same time, in the absence of man, allowed the birds to fall into easy habits. The dodo, with his huge, hooked beak, would have made short work of a wandering bird of prey. So he grew heavy and slow and fat. He never had occasion to fly, so his wings and tail dwindled to mere ornamental appendages.

There were doubtless many smaller, less conspicuous creatures, equally interesting in their way, which have totally disappeared, and left no trace of their existence behind.

That is the worst of Nature's mistakes; they are irreparable. By degrees, so slow that within the period covered by human history no appreciable change has been recorded in any wild creature, she builds up her species to suit their surroundings, until, after thousands of years, she produces, from the same stock which has provided our sparrows and crows, a huge, heavy-footed bird, that strolls about its island in the Pacific, monarch of all it surveys. Then, in a single day, as it were, another of Nature's creatures, developed on different lines elsewhere, appears upon the scene and wipes the dodo off a million years out of existence.

There is no hope whatever that Nature will ever be able to make another dodo, even if man could afford to leave Mauritius uninhabited for a million years in order to give her a free hand with the experiment. The original pigeon-like bird, bigger than a swan, and smaller than a crow, from which the dodo was evolved, no longer exists; so Nature would not have the raw material to work upon.

It is stated that plans are on foot to build a line from Gibson, N.B. to Minto, 23 miles, to provide a connection between the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Lake coal fields, as well as an outlet to the West for the coal.

AN ATLANTIC TRAGEDY

By Bower Jones
(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

Mabel and I had known one another since as children we had played together. The friendship of our childhood had ripened into a love that was little short of ideal, and when she was nineteen, I being her senior by four or five years - we were married. I was an orphan, and had spent many years on the Continent; her parents were wealthy, and with them she had travelled much. Thus it happened that we were both familiar with the European capitals, watering-places, and winter resorts, and determined - as we had neither of us crossed the Atlantic - to spend the winter and the following summer in the new world. So a few days after our wedding we found ourselves on board the Royal Mail steamship Arcadia, our faces turned toward the setting sun, looking forward in joyful anticipation to the novel scenes we were to witness together.

The passage began by being a rough one, but we were both excellent sailors, and enjoyed its opening days. There was only one cloud in the horizon of our happiness, and that foolish as it may seem - was Mabel's fear of the sea.

"Eugene, pray that the ship does not go down in the night."

One night we had retired as usual, and certainly the sea was awfully rough. It took even me, hardened as I was, some time to get to sleep. I was awakened by Mabel crying out on the side of my berth and rapping out - "Eugene, Eugene! what is the matter?"

I roused myself and listened. Certainly a dull, roaring sound filled the ship - a banging and splashing which drowned the noise of the propellers. A little alarmed myself, I jumped out of my berth, and telling Mabel to keep quiet, I went out into the passage. I ran into the arms of a scared, white-faced steward, of whom I inquired the cause of the commotion.

"The ship's sinking!" he cried. "Haven't they roused you? They're manning the boats up there on deck." It was true. Isolated as we were in our state-room we had been forgotten. Assuming as careless an air as I could assume up on that moment, I returned to our state-room, where Mabel lay in an agony of alarm.

"Well, little woman," I said, "the curtain is rising on your long-looked-for drama. The ship is going down, but there's no particular hurry and no cause whatever for alarm."

I helped her, and dressed myself, putting some papers and valuables into my pockets, and then, fastening the life-preservers round myself and her, we went up on deck. We had indeed been forgotten! The last boat was just preparing to leave the ship with the captain and some of the crew. We hailed them, and jumped in just in time.

The boat that had left the ship before us had been swamped by a wave, and its occupants were struggling in the water. Instead of pulling out in the danger zone, the boat was in the vicinity of the sinking ship, trying to rescue them. All at once the deck burst up, and the ship settled. One of the boats was modified in the water; I had only time to seize Mabel by the arms, and we found our selves struggling for our lives in the cold sea.

The night was pitch dark; there was no moon, and the stars were hidden behind the masses of storm clouds. I could not see Mabel's face, but her feverish clutch on my arm reassured me, and I knew that she retained consciousness. After about ten minutes, during a lull in the wind, I said to her -

"You see, darling, the night is warm, and we are perfectly supported. It cannot be more than three or four hours to day-light at most, and then we are bound to be picked up immediately. You feel safe with me, do you not?"

Her voice came back in the impenetrable darkness: "Yes, Eugene, I feel safe with you; but you have tied this belt too tightly round me. It makes me feel faint. Can't you shift it a little?"

"Of course I can," I replied, and the moment it was seemed to be a little calmer, I proceeded to do so. She was lying on one arm, and I was busily readjusting the belt; with the other, when in the darkness, a great wave came over us, and dashed her out of my grasp. I dived instantly and caught her by the hair, just as she slipped away, and, bringing her to the surface, I held her closely in my arms. The life-belt had been washed out of my grasp, and I had to trust to my own strength, assisted by the belt that was tied round myself.

Alas! my wife had lost consciousness, and hung a dead weight in my arms. For hours and hours and hours, it seemed to me that I bore her up in the blackness of the night, imploring her to speak to me - to open the dear eyes which I could feel were tightly closed.

It was all in vain; save for the occasional beat of the heart she might have been dead.

What a night of agony! Heavenly now I prayed for morning - for one ray of light by which to see my darling's face. I thought I should go mad. My arms ached, my limbs - my whole body grew numb and cold; sometimes I almost felt myself doing off into the sleep of death, waking with a start to cry aloud, "Mabel, Mabel, my darling, speak to me!" and nothing answered but the moaning of the storm as it died away in the distance.

At last a faint streak lit the horizon, a flush tinged the edge of a cloud, made it visible in the darkness, a breeze rippled the sultry billows that rose and fell smoothly around us. The day was breaking; I shrieked aloud a prayer of thanksgiving to heaven at the night was over, and bent over the motionless, senseless body that I held in my tired arms with a renewed vigor.

Little by little the sun uprose, and the dawn came. With the first grey beams that crept across the ocean I peered into the face that had lain close to mine all night.

It was that of another woman!

LOCALS

A Happy and Prosperous Year, is the hearty wish of Greetings to All.

The New Year's term of the St. Stephen business College begins Wednesday January 3rd.

Three Engineers have been during the past week making extensive surveys at L'Etang Harbor.

As we close up our forms, the annual Xmas tree and entertainment of St. Mark's Sunday school is being held in Couts' hall. The committee in charge of the preparation are sparing no pains and have the hall handsomely decorated with greenery and mottoes, etc, and the trees will be loaded down with pretty and nice things to please the younger folks.

The Baptist congregation held a very enjoyable concert and Christmas tree entertainment on Christmas evening, the spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity, and at the close of the concert, the majority of those present retired to the basement where Santa Claus distributed the many presents etc, from a well laden Xmas tree, making glad the hearts of the younger parties of the congregation.

Mr. Farnham who has been experimenting in potato growing during the summer at Penfield, has been encouraged that he expects to plant about 75 acres next season.

Penfield seems to be very well adapted to raising potatoes, and those raised there in the ordinary way, are the average equal any raised at other points and the better ones surpass those raised at other so-called districts.

Julian Mozart Southworth of South Carver, Mass., and Mary Alice Perry of St. George, N. B., daughter of Mrs. Lawrence Perry were united in marriage at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Brockton at 7 p.m. Dec. 21st by Rev. David B. Matthews. The bride was dressed in navy blue Broadcloth with hat to match, they were attended by Jason Elliot Cushing and Josephine Perry Stetson. The couple will reside at 62 2nd Ave.

Thursday evening, Dec. 22nd the Neotoma Society of the St. George High School entertained the parents and friends of the members in the High School Department. The room was tastefully decorated with drawings, mottoes and festooning. A large number of guests enjoyed the following program: Essay, "History of St. George," Laura Dodds; Recitation, Thanatopsis, Bessie Connell; Biography of Author, Lelia Armstrong; Recitation, Robert of Sicily, Margaret Duffy; Speech, The Aim of Education, Principal; Essay, The New Brunswick School System, Ray Cawley; Impromptu, The Value of a good Education, Rev. Mr. Spencer; Debate--Resolved that Commercialism has done more to advance Civilization than Conquest. Aff--John Deane, Laura Dodds and Douglas Campbell. Neg--Horace Stewart, Inez MacPhee and Ray Cawley.

Rev. Mr. MacPhee and Mr. Fred M. Cawley acted as judges, giving the decision to the Negative side.

While the judges were coming to their decision there were short addresses by the Secretary of Schools and others.

Refreshments were then served and the meeting broke up after votes of thanks had been presented to those who had so kindly assisted the members in their preparations.

MASCARENE

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Matthews and son Stewart spent Xmas with John Stewart.

P. McLaughlin passed through here Wednesday enroute to Eastport. Oscar Henderson of Mascarene spent a few days here with friends.

Mrs. P. L. Cameron and Della McVicar called on Mrs. Lizzie Chambers Monday.

Harry Chambers still continues ill. Roscoe Burgess made a business trip to Eastport Monday.

Lyman Chambers of Northern Harbor, D. L. spent a few days last week

with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Caniphell of Letete will occupy the McDermid house at Point Midgie for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leland were calling on friends Sunday.

Jennie Leland was in St. George Friday afternoon.

Misses Alta and Albenia McKenzie attended church in St. George Sunday evening.

Burt Cameron called on Wm. Leland Sunday.

Bruce McVicar was calling on friends Monday.

MACES BAY

On the 14th of Dec. a quiet but pretty wedding took place in Trinity Church, St. John when Miss Alice Florence Snider and Fred Mawhinney of this place were united in marriage by Rev. Mr. Armstrong. Mrs. Edmund Wallace of Blacks Harbor was bridesmaid and Sanile Corcalden was groomsmen. They arrived on Saturday by Stmr. Connors Bros. and a reception was given them at the home of her parents. The bride received some handsome and useful presents, they will reside here.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. and Mr. and Mrs. William Mawhinney of Jonesboro are visiting their sister Mrs. A. T. Craft.

A dance was held in County line hall Xmas night and a good time was reported.

Miss Ethel Mawhinney is spending the holidays with her parents.

Mrs. Charles Brown and brother Edward Thorpe have gone to Boston to visit relatives.

A large party of relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mawhinney on Xmas eve where all enjoyed music and singing, a handsomely decorated tree was displayed and Santa Claus didn't forget any of the company.

John Snider and son Wilson drove to Musquash Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Magowan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Snider and Charles Brown spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. W. Brown at Little Leprau.

Mrs. Edmund Wallace is spending the winter with her parents here.

Amongst the large freight landed here Tuesday was 2 sleighs for Michael Cassidy and Silas Mawhinney.

A short time ago Mr. and Mrs. John Snider and two sons Jarvis and Wesley visited their daughters at Blacks Harbor.

BLACKS HARBOR

Miss Blanche McDowell who is attending Normal School spent Xmas with her parents.

Willie Connors is home for the holidays.

A. Murphy spent Xmas at his home in St. George.

A number from here attended the concert at Beaver Har.

Miss Mary O'Connor is visiting her brother in N. S.

B. Connors and John Thompson were in St. George Xmas day.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. David Johnson Dec. 25, their daughter Miss Sarah Mabel Johnson was united in marriage to Wm. J. Campbell of Westfield. Rev. Mr. Spencer officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Wallace are visiting at McAdam Junction.

Owing to the storm Sat. and Mon. being a holiday the S. Connors Bros. did not leave till Tuesday.

Charlie Cross of Cruiser Curlew is spending a few days at his home.

Slow Work Probing Dynamite Outrages.

Indianapolis, Dec. 22 - Seven days' work by the Federal grand jury has developed that the evidence in the McNamara dynamiting case is more voluminous, and the number of witnesses to be called from distant cities is greater than was anticipated. The investigation temporarily will stop today, when the jurors will adjourn until Jan. 3. It will then require a month to complete the inquiry.

"I have a remarkable history," began the lady who looked like a possible client.

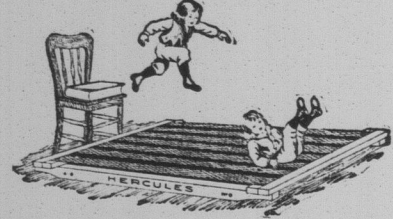
"To tell or sell?" inquired the lawyer cautiously.--Wash. Herald.

Advertise in Greetings

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Buy Your Friends A Useful N. Y. Gift
We have a Large Stock of Furniture of all kinds, Pictures, Stoves and Ranges, Sewing Machines, Pianos, Organs, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Oilcloths, and Mattings.



We are Agts. in Charlotte Co. for the Celebrated Hercules Springs; Guaranteed for a Lifetime.
Window Shades A Specialty
If you cannot call and see our Stock, write, and we will send You Goods On Approval

Buchanan & Co. SUCCESSIONS Vroom Brothers
St. Stephen, - - - N. B.

REAL ESTATE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under the power and authority of a License issued out of the Probate Court in and for the County of Charlotte on the Fifteenth day of December A. D. 1911, to the undersigned, Patrick McLaughlin and Howard C. Traynor, Executors of the last will and testament of Thomas Bothwick, deceased, to sell the Real Estate of the said deceased for the payment of his debts, there being a deficiency in the personal property of the said deceased for that purpose, there will be sold at public auction at or near the Residence of Geo. Maxwell in the Parish of Saint George in the County of Charlotte, on Tuesday, the 30th Day of January A. D. 1912, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the lands and premises described in the said License from the Probate Court as follows—

"All that lot of land and premises containing 100 acres, more or less, with dwelling house and out buildings thereon, situate in the Parish of Pennfield in the County of Charlotte, and bounded on the west by "Letang river, on the north by land owned by William Johnson, on the south by land owned by Malcolm "Mealy and the Estate of the late "Percy Trynor, on the east by the "road leading to Blacks Harbor", for the purpose of paying the debts of the said Thomas Bothwick, deceased,

and the expenses of administering his Estate.
Terms announced at time of sale.
Dated this 16th Day of December A. D. 1911.

Patrick McLaughlin
Howard C. Traynor
Executors.

5 Minutes the Time Hyomei Takes to Relieve a Cold or Croup.

At the first sign of a cold breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei). It will relieve the most stubborn cold in the head in five minutes.

Hyomei's way is nature's way. It is a well known fact that we breathe disease germs and you can only overcome them by breathing the healing essence provided by nature. The medicated air of Hyomei immediately comes into contact with the disease germs. These they quickly overcome and destroy. The work of healing is then commenced.

The Hyomei outfit consists of a hard rubber pocket inhaler and bottle of Hyomei. This costs \$1.00. (Extra bottles 50c.) All druggists or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont.

Hyomei is guaranteed to cure catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds and croup. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

A Remarkable Chimney

A chimney two miles high with a brook running through it is certainly something of a novelty. Such a chimney exists in connection with the copper works at Cwmavon, near Aberavon, in Glamorganshire, Wales. This is how it came to be built:

About sixty years ago the copper smelting from these works was the plague of the neighboring countryside. It settled upon and destroyed the grass for twenty miles round, while the sulphur and arsenic in the fumes affected the hoofs of cattle, causing gangrene. The company tried all sorts of devices to remedy the trouble, but in vain. Finally Mr. Robert Brenton, who was later engineer of the Sind Railway in India, solved the problem.

The copper works are at the foot of a high, steep mountain. Mr. Brenton constructed a fine or chimney running continuously from the base to about one hundred feet above the summit, following the natural slope of the ground. The brick which lined it and of which it was largely constructed was burned close by. A small spring, rushing out near the mountain top, was turned into the chimney, and allowed to flow through almost its entire length to condense the smoke. Once a year it is swept out, and about a ton of precipitated copper obtained. Its top can be seen for between forty and fifty miles.

A World in the Forming
The planet Jupiter, whose volume is 1270 times that of the earth, and superior in dimensions and weight to all the other planets put together, is just now attracting the attention of astronomers. M. Giacobini, of the Paris Observatory, who has made a special study of Jupiter, has described a red spot which possesses a relative fixity, but within the last year its mobility has increased in great proportion, and its longitude by about 30 degrees. It is possible this may be the forming of a new continent, but who can say so with certainty? M. Camille Flammarion, however, expresses himself with confidence in the matter. "We are assisting at the creation of a world. Under our dazzled eyes a new world is being created in the infinity, and in Jupiter we had the world of the future."

Saving an Historic Record
The little stone school in Nutana, Sask., that held all the Saskatoon scholars some thirteen years ago and also served as a hospital during the "Red" rebellion, is being rapidly torn down and will be removed to the University grounds to be kept as an historic relic. This commendable action is due to the work of the Daughters of the Empire; the press drew attention to the state of affairs when the school was to be demolished and this patriotic association took the matter up in time to save the building for future generations.

Cheap Meats!

We have an Oversupply of Corned Beef and Pork Good Stock!

Buy Your winter Stock of Groceries Now as Prices are expected to Advance!

Horse Rugs, Gum Rubbers and all Footwear at Special Discount Cash Paid for Fresh Eggs!

H. McGrattan & Sons,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

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IS A

SUCCESSFUL SPECIALTY OF OURS

Let Us Show You Samples, and

Quote You Prices.

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN, J. P.
Collecting Justice Conveyancer, Licensed Auctioneer, etc. Office Clinch street.

JOHN B. SPEAR, Contractor and Builder. Estimates furnished.

Try Greetings for JOB PRINTING;
St. George, - - - N. B.

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PATENTS
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Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$1.00 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 65 P St., Washington, D. C.

COSTS LITTLE
Accomplishes Much
A two cent stamp does a lot for very little money, but it would require thousands of two cent stamps and personal letters to make your wants known to as many people as a 25c. investment in our Classified Want Ads.
Copyrighted and sold by M. W. Johnson

Job Printing at
The Greetings Office.

AT BASSEN'S

All Hands Steer for Bassen's Popular Dry Good and Clothing Store! To Bassen's Variety Store! For Your Holiday Goods, all hands come to Bassen's Store, For Saving and Low Prices!



HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS We have this Year Mountains of Holiday Goods, Showers of Presents, TONS OF TOYS & Novelties of All kinds!

Overcoat for Daddy or a Fur Coat! Overcoat for Sonny or a Reefer!
Why not a pair of Shoes, a Cap or a pair of Gloves, What we don't have is not worth having!
And Imagine what you can get for the Ladies! No Question what You think of

Steer Right to Bassen's Store!
WITH Our Consolidated Stock of GOODS
We can Supply the whole of Charlotte Co.
Room for All in Our Store and A Pleasure to Show Goods
AT D. BASSEN'S, ST. GEORGE, N. B.