

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

The Granite Town Greetings

John McCready

VOL. 5

St. George, N. B., Wednesday, March 9, 1910.

No. 35

: : Here We Are Again ! ! ! : :

A little ahead of the buttercups and daisies, but, an early Easter makes an early spring. We are offering BARGAINS in Bleached and Unbleached Cottons. Also Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. A few Winter Coats and Ladies' Dress Skirts Exceptionally Low to clear. Black Sateen Underskirts and Underwear a specialty.

BOOTS, - SHOES - AND - RUBBERS.

J. SUTTON CLARK, - - - St. George, N. B.

At D. Bassen's

Arriving ! Arriving !

Daily we are receiving our

Spring and Summer Stock--

Good chances for early shoppers, for early sewers, for anyone who likes to have their sewing done early for the season. We have in, new,

Muslins, Suitings, Ducks and Rep, Gingham, Chambray Silks and Dress Goods, Finest and Newest Patterns.

White and Grey Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Art Muslins, Cretonnes, Curtains, Napkins and Table Linens.

Gents' Furnishings.

We carry a large assortment. Also in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

D. BASSEN,
CARLETON ST., ST. GEORGE.

GREAT BARGAIN SALE OF JEWELRY

January 10th to February 12th

20 per cent. Discount on all Goods now in stock, consisting of watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, stationery, novelties, etc.

A good, clean, well kept stock to select from. Do not miss this rare opportunity to save money

J. W. WEBSTER
Jeweller, Etc.

Young Block, St. George, N. B.

The St. Stephen Business College

School of Shorthand

All modern methods taught. Business men supplied with office help on application. Free catalog.

M. T. CRABBE, Prin., St. Stephen, N. B.

Town of St. George

Incorporated Oct. 17, 1904.

MAYOR
C. HAZEN MCGEE

ALDERMEN
Geo. A. Craig
Wm. H. Boyd
H. V. Dewar
J. A. Crickard

TOWN OFFICERS
Treasurer
Auditor
Marshal, Inspector
Wharfinger
Town Clerk

POOR COMMISSIONERS
Lawrence
Lawrence
Lawrence

ASSESSORS
Lawrence
Lawrence
Lawrence

REVISORS
Hector McKennie
Hector McKennie
Hector McKennie

STANDING COMMITTEE
The whole Council
The whole Council
The whole Council

Police
Wharf
Assessment
Fire
Printing
Bye Laws
Licence

DETAILED ACCT.
Town of St. George, year ending 31st December, 1909.

ASSESSMENTS

For Streets \$602.00

" Schools 3200.00

" Salaries 750.00

" County Purposes 987.05

" Assessing 60.00

" Rate of assessment on property and income Per \$100, \$1.58

Pole Tax \$4.08

ASSESSMENT AND COLLECTION ACCOUNT, 1909.

Amount of Warrant \$5397.05

Collected by Treasurer \$5321.71

Disc. allowed Ratepayers \$206.70

Uncollected \$152.88

TOWN TREASURER'S GENERAL RECEIPTS

Receipts Exp.

1284.22 Bal on hand Dec. 31st 1908

146.94 1 76 1 88 3 42 139.88

Taxes 1905 1906 1907 1908

5521.71 1909 \$206.70

431.53 Wharf 75.05

Salaries 544.91

Scott Act 200.04

Streets 1046.78

60 Contingent 76.52

204.50 License 1613

3300 Police 1613

Assessing 60.00

County Purposes 987.05

39.30 Sewers 2815.00

2.55 Interest

47.00 Dog License

Building 1150

7762.05 6043.73

Bal. on hand and in Bank N. S. 171832

RECEIPTS SALARY ACCT. Exp.

Taxes \$50.00 J. C. O'Brien 1250

T. N. Meating 29.20

T. N. Meating 29.16

H. McDougall 75.00

T. N. Meating 29.16

L. W. Goodell 2916

L. W. Goodell 29.16

J. C. O'Brien 1250

L. W. Goodell 2916

L. W. Goodell 29.16

J. C. O'Brien 1250

L. W. Goodell 2916

H. McDougall 75.00

L. W. Goodell 29.16

L. W. Goodell 29.16

J. C. O'Brien 1250

L. W. Goodell 29.16

L. W. Goodell 29.16

\$549.96

POLICE ACCT.

RECEIPTS

May 22nd, recd from P. M. \$8.00

June 22nd, recd from P. M. \$2.00

Aug. 23rd, recd from P. M. 14.00

Sept. 13, recd from P. M. 9.00

\$53.00

EXPENDITURE

April 3rd, paid L. W. Goodell 23

April 3rd, paid Grant & Morin 2.73

May 12th, P. M. 12.15

SCOTT ACT

By Taxes \$200.00 T. Meating Sal. 50.01

Fines 50.00 L. W. Goodell 150.03

230.00 \$200.04

ASSESSING

By Taxes 60.00 paid Hill Cawley 20.00

" Abram Coss 20.00

" Law. Murphy 20.00

RECEIPT COUNTY ACCT. Exp.

897.05 S. W. Boyd 300.00

897.05 F. H. Griesmer 687.05

897.05 897.05

RECEIPTS SCHOOL ACCT. Exp.

By taxes \$1200.00 paid Sec. Trustees

Bal. Dec. 31, 08, 718.14 Jan. 29 \$1400.00

Feb. 27, 1400.00

April 30 175.00

June 1, 150.00

" 28 180.00

July 24, 600.00

August 2, 350.00

" 19, 250.00

Sept. 29, 130.00

Oct. 26, 275.00

Nov. 29, 250.00

Dec. 15, 175.00

\$3918.14

WHARF ACCT.

RECEIPTS

St. George, Pulp & Paper Co. \$80.09

H. McGrattan & Sons wood 1.00

March 31, 08, Frasley Bros. shingles 27

May, 14, St. George P. & P. Co. 86.32

June 17, H. McKennie 13

June 17, Tayte Meating 11

June 17, McGrattan & Sons 2.77

June 17, Milne & Conits 29

June 17, James O'Neill 08

June 17, John Dewar & Sons 90

July 7, McGrattan & Sons \$2.60

Dec. 31, Pulp & Paper Co. 249.96

Milne & Conits 81

Thos O'Halloran 14

O'Brien & Gillmor 55

St. Geo. P. and P. Co. (Lumber) 10.68

Wm. Henry (Labor) 12.75

James Fraser 3.15

Robt. Barry 24

John Dewar & Sons 1.17

O'Brien & Baldwin 18

Gartley McGee 20

Juo Dewar & Sons 12.12

Grant & Morin (Lamps) 27.74

" A. Kernighan 50

March 10, L. McCarten 8.30

" A. M. Mealey 6.80

April 13, J. C. O'Brien labor 3.00

" John McGowan lumber 8.48

" Dan Matheson labor 10.00

" Wm. Seelye 5.00

" George McCormick 3.10

" L. McCarten 1.65

" Bill Finnigan 1.75

" Wm. Henry 75

May 13, H. McGrattan Sons oil 8.40

" L. McCarten labor 2.00

" Fred McLeod 18.50

" Alfred Spinney labor 9.34

" William Spinney 11.67

" Wm. Henry 5.55

" L. Murphy labor 1.00

" W. W. Stewart labor 1.00

June 15, Wm. Spinney labor 25.20

" Alfred Spinney 20.87

" Percy Spinney 20.87

" Harry Fraser 14.87

" George McCormick labor 3.01

" L. McCarten labor 2.00

" R. McIntyre labor 2.00

" James Chase labor 20

" H. McKennie supplies 20

" F. McLeod labor 22.75

" John Dewar & Sons supplies 4.25

July 20, L. McCarten labor 75

" Tayte & Meating labor 5.11

" Isaac Spinney labor 6.75

St. George P. & P. Co. Lumber 21.97

" Grant & Morin supplies 6.45

" Wm. Henry labor 53.50

Chip Gresson 548.56

Wm. Spinney 52.50

E. A. Gresson 39.25

Percy Spinney 40.25

Jas. S. McKay 8.55

Frank Gamble 16.99

All Spinney 35.20

Hugh Phillips 52.50

James Chase 2.85

Aug. 11th Frank Gamble 11.86

St. George P. and P. Co. (Lumber) 20.44

Wm. Spinney (Labor) 48.78

Wm. Henry 45.90

Chip Gresson 43.06

Hugh Phillips 14.12

All Spinney 10.31

Percy Spinney 4.08

Juo Dewar & Sons (Supplies) 1.91

Grant & Morin 1.82

L. McCarten (Labor) .50

Sept. 14th H. McGrattan & Sons 9.21

Jas Fraser (Labor) .25

St. G. P. and P. Co. (Lumber) 1.15

Percy Spinney (Labor) .75

Wm. Spinney .75

Oct. 1st Herb Parks (Labor) 2.62

Thos O'Halloran 1.75

St. Geo. P. and P. Co. (Lumber) 10.68

Wm. Henry (Labor) 12.75

James Fraser 3.15

Robt. Barry 24

Dec. 20th L. McCarten (Gravel) 20.00

A. Kernighan (Labor) 10.25

Aug. 11 Greetings (Printing) 11.50

" Ico Dewar & Sons .22

Sept. 13 Frasley Bros. 4.50

" Joo Spears 3.75

" Jas Fraser 1.00

Oct. 12 H. Phillips 4.50

Dec. 31 Books, Postage (Treasurer) 10.00

" Amt. to ct. Acct. 482.04

April 13 Joo Spear (Building) 11.50

\$570.66

LICENSE

March 31 H. Alberger (Labor) 2.00

April 17 Alfred Larsen 3.00

" Carl Holstrom 3.00

" 20 W. Springfield (Pictures) 5.00

" 23 W. Lorimer 3.00

" 30 Carl Johnson (Labor) 3.00

" Judson Storey 3.00

May 10 George Craig (Business) 5.00

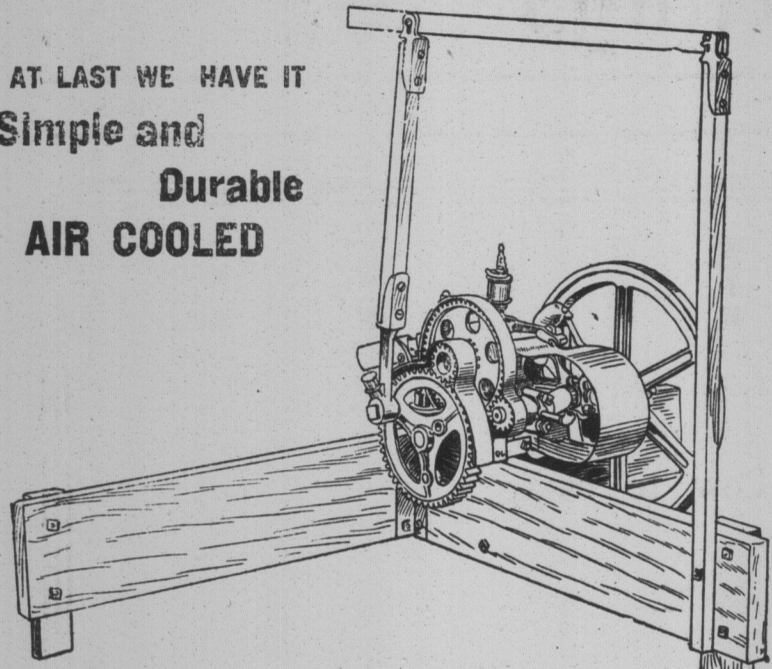
" Charles Norgren (Labor) 3.00

" 31 Dan Young 3.00

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

AT LAST WE HAVE IT
Simple and
Durable
AIR COOLED



It has no water jacket. Designed to take the place of the man at the pump. Any one who watches this outfit pump water for 15 minutes will never again be willing to work the pump handle. Will connect to any style of pump which is already in the well. Supplied for setting up complete. A simple, durable pumping engine at low cost.

Sold by **T. R. KENT,**
Contractor for Artesian Wells

F. M. CAWLEY
ST. GEORGE, N. B.
Undertaker and Embalmer
Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand
Prices lower than any competitor

J. B. SPEAR
Undertaker and Funeral Director
A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.
Telephone at Residence
All goods delivered free. Prices to suit the people

Peaveys and Peavy Stocks
Axe handles
Bar Iron and Steel
Shoe bolts all sizes

Have you ever seen the Galv.
Wire Baskets, 1-2 and 1 bus.
We have Samples, call and
see them

Snow Shovels for 25 and 35c. each.
Full supply of Cold Blast Lanterns
HS AND SPRING PUNGS
and Hockey goods.

& MORIN
WARE MEN
N. B.

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger
over your cup of
& SANBORN'S
BRAND COFFEE.
In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

Nero's Fiddle.

(A Prose Poem by Walter Mason)
We have often roasted Nero that he played his violin, while his native Rome was burning and the firemen raised a din: there he sat and played 'Bedella,' and heedless of the fiery storm while the fire chief pranced and sweated in his red uniform. And I often think that Nero had a pretty little head; would the fire have been extinguished had he fussed around instead? Would the fire insurance folks have loosened up a shekel more had old Nero squirted water on some grocer's cellar door? When there comes a big disaster people straightway lose their wits; they go round with hands a-wringing, sweating blood and throwing fits, but the wise man sits and fiddles, plays a tune from end to end, for it never pays to worry over things you cannot mend. It is good to offer battle when catastrophes advance, it is well to keep on scrapping when a fellow has a chance but when failure is as certain as the coming dusk, then it's wise to take your fiddle and fall back on "Money Musk."

"Pax Humana."

The things and the forces that are seen are temporal. It is the things and forces that are not seen that are eternal. The trolley car attached to loaded cars would soon be snapped if the attempt were made to haul the cars by direct traction; but that same trolley wire can be charged with an invisible force that will move all the cars of a great city, loaded to their utmost capacity. That, it seems to me is a just illustration of the force of public opinion. It is intangible; it cannot be weighed; it cannot be seen; and yet, more and more, in every country of the world, whatever be its form of government, this intangible public opinion is becoming the decisive force that shapes the destiny of the peoples. Slowly, if you please, but surely, there is developing a public opinion of the world to the bar of which every nation must come which breaks the peace of the world. My prayer is that the United States and England and Germany, each in its own measure, may help powerfully to develop the public opinion that one day will bring about for all nations that "Pax Humana," which mean the peace and prosperity of the whole world.

SETH LOW

OVER 25 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDS ON** PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS. **Scientific American.**
A handsomely illustrated weekly, largest circulation of any scientific journal, terms for all nations.
MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 66 St. St., Washington, D. C.

Local Salesman Wanted for St. George
and adjoining country to represent CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES
Special list of Hardy Tested varieties, thoroughly adapted for New Brunswick planting. Large and small fruits, ornamentals, Shrubs, vines, Roses, bulbs and seed potatoes.
A permanent situation for the right man: liberal inducements, pay weekly. Reserved territory, free equipment.
Write for particulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON
Fonthill Nurseries
(Over 300 acres)
TORONTO, CANADA

Have your Watch
Repaired here in
St. George by
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.

Walter Maxwell
Dealer in
Meats, Poultry and
Vegetables
Prices reasonable for first-class goods

Subscribe for Greetings

HER WEIGHT INCREASED FROM 100 TO 140 POUNDS.

Wonderful Praise Accorded Peruna the Household Remedy

Mrs. Maria Goertz, Orienta, Oklahoma, writes:
"My husband, children and myself have used your medicines, and we always keep them in the house in case of necessity. I was restored to health by this medicine, and Dr. Hartman's invaluable advice and books. People ask about me from different places, and are surprised that I can do all of my household work alone, and that I was cured by the doctor of chronic catarrh. My husband was cured of asthma, my daughter of sarcoche and catarrh of the stomach, and my son of catarrh of the throat. When I was sick I weighed 100 pounds; now I weigh 140."
"I have regained my health again, and I cannot thank you enough for your advice. May God give you a long life and bless your work."

The Captain On The Bridge.

By our firesides we hear the wind howl about the corners of the house, and we make some bromidic remark about what a terrible night it must be at sea. Then we fuss about the furnace and whether the man will be around in the morning to shovel the snow off the walks, and straightway forget the sailor. "It's all in his day's work," we moralize.
In the summer the more fortunate of us make a transatlantic voyage, perhaps. We see the captain in his gold braid, acting as host in extraordinary to some hundreds of thousands of travelers. We admit that it must be a little uncomfortable to be a captain in stormy weather, but think how easy it is at other times!
How many of us realize that there is a man who is absolutely responsible for a ship worth millions, a cargo worth millions more, and the lives of a thousand men and women? When the storm beats about the corners of our houses, he is up on the bridge, facing the full force of it. It is dark there and bitter cold. His hair and beard are frozen. His face is set. Maybe he has stood there, unrelieved, for two or three days and nights and he is on the verge of nervous collapse.
The big vessel pitches and chases through the big waves and the passengers rest in their confidence of a good ship and a good captain, but his is the whole responsibility and he cannot and does not leave his post. With ears and eyes strained to reach through the murk, and his hand within reach of the engine room telegraph he does "all in a day's work," something very akin to what the soldier does on the field of battle, without the soldier's excitement. For this he receives a salary that would tempt any business man with his ability and responsibility.

A merchant may fail in business and be forgiven. A lawyer may lose a great case and make up for it in others. A physician may make a fatal mistake and be little the loser. But the captain who loses his ship is himself lost.
One year ago last month the White Star liner Republic was lost off Nantucket through no fault of Captain W. Inman Sealby, who stuck to his place after all his passengers had been taken off until the ship literally sank under him, and his own rescue was almost a miracle.
Closing some verses on the incident, a writer says:
They may say 'e was to blame; they may bow 'is head in shame:
They may break 'is master's licence: they may take 'is job away;
They may send 'im roamin' wide, sternin' tramps across the tide.
But e'll always be 'ero to 'is very dyin' day
A 'ero to all sailormen, wotever they may say.

Most of this came true, Capt Sealby never got another ship. Because he couldn't face the usual graveyard of broken captains the command of dingy tramp boats he is to-day, at the age of 50, studying law in Michigan.

Add this knowledge to what will happen if he meets with accident, to the physical wear and tear of those dreary vigils on the bridge, and you have something of the liner captain's responsibility "all in a day's work. It's worth remembering when the wind howls.

Croup positively stopped in 20 minutes, with Dr. Shoop's Croup Remedy. One test alone will surely prove this truth. No vomiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing syrup—30c. Sold by All Dealers.

"Chris Crucified."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now ere I slept my love had been that I might see my way
To do the will of Christ, our Lord and Master, day by day:
And with this prayer upon my lips, I knew not that I dreamed,
But suddenly the world of night a pan-demonium seemed,
From forest, and from slaughter house, from bull ring, and from stall,
There rose an anguished cry of pain, a loud, appealing call:
As man—the dumb beasts next of kin—with gun, and whip, and knife,
Went pleasure-seeking through the earth blood-bent on taking life.
From trap, and cage, and house, and zoo and street, that awful strain
Of tortured creatures rose and swelled the orchestra of pain.

And then methought the gentle Christ appeared to me, and spoke;
"I called you, but ye answered not" and in my fear I woke.

Again I slept, I seemed to climb a hard ascending track;
And just behind me labored one whose patient face was black.

I pitied him; but hour by hour he gained upon the path;
He stood beside me, stood upright, and then I turned in wrath.

"Go back!" I cried. "What right have you to walk beside me here?
For you are black, and I am white."

I paused, struck dumb with fear,
For lo! the black man was not there,
But Christ stood in his place;
And oh! the pain, the pain, the pain that looked from that dear face.

Then next I heard the roar of mills; and moving through the noise,
Like phantoms in an underworld, were little girls and boys.

Their backs are bent, their brows were pale, their eyes were sad and old;
Far by the labor of their hands greed added gold to gold.

Again the Presence and the Voice: "Behold the crimes I see,
As ye have done it unto these, so have ye done to me."

Now when I woke, the air was rife with that sweet, rhythmic din
Which tells the world that Christ has come to save mankind from sin.
And through the open door of church and temple passed a throng,
To worship Him with bended knee, with sermon, and with song.

But over all I heard the cry of hunted, mangled things;
Those creatures which are part of God, though they have hoofs and wings,
I saw in mill, and mine, and shop, the little slaves of greed;
I heard the strife of race with race. All sprung from one God-seed,
And then I bowed my head in shame, and in contrition cried—

"Lo, after nineteen hundred years,
Christ still is Crucified."

Houses in Fez.

In Fez, the capital of Morocco, most of the houses consist of several stories, each being provided with a light veranda running around it and connecting the rooms. All the windows and doors open up into the patio, or courtyard, the window openings in the upper stories being covered with close trellis work. All the houses have flat roofs, with a wall some four to six feet high running around, and from 4 p. m. until sunset the roofs are given over to the ladies exclusively, who can then walk about and take the fresh air without being seen by any of the opposite sex. This reservation is a law which is never broken, and no man would be guilty of being seen on his or any other roof during the forbidden hours. Owing to the fact that the women of the house are not allowed to be seen by any other man than their lord and master all domestic offices are situated away from the house proper. In many of the larger houses, besides the water fountains, others playing scented or scented water are to be found. Sections of the courtyard also are slightly sunk, and these portions are filled with scented oil, which is used to perfume the rooms. The Moors are exceptionally particular in discharging their feet gear before entering a room or crossing a rug or carpet. They even change slippers before entering a courtyard from the street. Thus the houses are kept beautifully clean and sweet and are not, as many people would suppose, musty or close.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

GREETINGS OFFERS THE BEST
Dollars Worth
OF
Reading Matter
IN
NEW BRUNSWICK
SEND
in your Dollar and we will put
you on the paid up list.

OUR
RATES FOR
Advertising
ARE VERY LOW
Try us and see the good
that will result

Let us furnish you with :

Letter Heads,
Bill Heads,
Envelopes,
Statements,
Note Heads,

Draft Forms,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Business Cards,
Posters, Dodgers.

OR IN FACT
ANYTHING

IN THE
Printing Line

Send, or Bring your orders and we will do
the rest

We Supply and Print

Greetings
Publishing
Co., Ltd.

A Real Lung Tonic

There are many preparations that will relieve a cough—few that will cure it. The first class, containing such drugs as Opium and Morphine, simply deaden the irritation and stop the cough, but do little or no permanent good.



Rev. Father Morriscy

"Father Morriscy's No. 10"

does not contain a trace of these dangerous drugs, but is an absolutely safe and scientific preparation of Nature's own remedies—Herbs, Roots and Balsams.

It entirely removes the irritation that caused the cough, by cleaning out the mucus, stopping the inflammation and healing the delicate membrane of throat and lungs.

Moreover, it tones up and strengthens the whole system, particularly the lungs, and protects against future coughs and colds.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. Chatham, N.B.

Foot Faddist's Fits.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was congratulated in his office recently on the fact that he, like the poet Meeterlinck and other famous men, has taken to the motorcycle.

'And has motorcycling benefited your health?' his congratulator, a journalist, ventured to ask.

'I think it has,' Mr. Rockefeller replied. 'I won't ask you, though to take note of my clear eye and good color, or I might find myself in the foot faddist fix.'

'A foot faddist was lecturing to a large audience on the marvelous results to be obtained from chewing soap, or eating nut butter, or something of that kind. He was not a very imposing person physically, but swelling out his chest, he slapped it thrice with his palm and cried:

'Friends, two years ago, I was a walking skeleton, a haggard, miserable wreck. Now, what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?'

'He paused to let his words sink in, and a voice asked:

'What change?'

Hunting for Trouble.

A traveler stopped at a country hotel in Arkansas. There was no water in his room when he arose in the morning, and he went downstairs and asked for some.

'What for?' the landlord asked.

'I want to wash my face.'

The landlord directed him to a creek near by, followed by several children, who stared at him in amazement.

The traveller washed his face and combed his hair, as best he could, with a pocket comb.

The children circled about him with wide-open eyes. Finally the largest boy said: 'Say, mister, do you-all take all that trouble with yourself every day?'

A Vegetable Constipation Cure

Because they contain mercury and mineral salts, many pills are harsh. The easiest and safest laxative is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. They clean the stomach, intestines and bowels—drive out waste matter, tone the kidneys and forever cure constipation. As a general tonic and system cleanser nothing is so mild and efficient as Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sold every where in 25c. boxes.

Not Mr. McChanic

Scotch highlanders, who still speak the Gaelic at times, settled much of the country north of Toronto.

One day Dr. Rutherford, locally famous, was looking for some men to do some work for him. He went to a village blacksmith shop and found several of these Scotchmen standing about.

'Are you a mechanic?' he asked one of them.

'Nay,' he replied. 'I'm a McCaig.'

'But what is your occupation?'

'Scotch.'

Never Pare a Corn

It's a sure way to get blood poisoning. Use Putnam's Corn Extractor. It's safe, painless and sure to cure in a day.

stopped in 20 minutes with Dr. Shoop's Group Remedy. One test will surely prove. No waiting, no distress. A safe and pleasing group—50c. Druggists.

GROUP

Siftings.

'He's always getting himself in wrong.'

'What's he done now?'

'Told that young mother, when she snowed him her baby, that his sister had had three just like it.'

Wise Old Uncle—Remember Tommy, as you go through the world that you can't get something for nothing.

Precious Nephew—Oh, yes you can uncle; when I don't eat nothin' I git an awful pain in my stummock.

'Ever been locked up?' demanded counsel.

'I have been,' admitted the witness.

'Aha! and what had you been doing to get yourself locked up?'

'I had been doing jury duty.'

'Colonel,' asked the beautiful young widow 'have you ever actually sniffed the point of battle?'

'No,' replied the gallant member of the Governor's staff, 'but I have carried the powder of many a conflict on my shoulder.'

A school teacher in one of the lower grades once asked her room: 'What is wind?'

After a thoughtful pause a small hand was raised. 'Well, Robert, what is your answer?' she asked.

'Why, the wind is the air, when it gets in a hurry,' answered Robert.

'Hello,' said the former prominent financier, as he placed the telephone receiver at his ear, 'give me 7462.'

He waited patiently for a few minutes and then said—

'Oh, I beg your pardon. It was my mistake. I want 7538. I was thinking of the number I had before I was pardoned.'

Aunt Hetty—What's the matter Eben?

Uncle Eben—Well, of all the brazen things I ever saw. This paper has deliberately copied that patent medicine ad. about St. Hoskins being cured of influenza by using Judge Dopenman's Pills that was in last week's Hardscrabble Clarion.

Mistress (the day-maid, who has arrived late)—You're two hours late this morning Mary; what is the reason?

Mary—Yes'm. But please, 'm, mother said I was to tell you when she wound up the clock last night, she put the big handle right, but clean forgot all about the little 'un.'

Lady (to committee room clerk, who hands her a small bill announcing a forthcoming political meeting in England)—But it is possible for ladies to go to these meetings?

Clerk—Why not?

Lady—I thought they were more or less of a rough nature.

Clerk—Well, madam, we've taken every possible precaution to keep out the suffragettes.

Jinks—'That fellow Silipate is the most inexcusable dolt I ever saw.'

Winks—What has he been doing to you?

Jinks—A few days ago someone invited him to dinner at our boarding house. Well, sir, that idiot just praised every dish on the table and complimented the landlady on her cooking until she raised our board a dollar a week.'

The Esthetic Cat.

We do not wish to underestimate the fine qualities of affection, courage and sagacity which are the dog's, but neither do we like to see the widespread lack of appreciation for the cat's many admirable traits. Patience, endurance, good judgement, self-control, self-reliance, high spirits and industry—many or all of these are possessed by the average cat.

Under favorable conditions she will develop a strength of affection not devoid of demonstration that is equal to the dog's.

The most esthetic souls of all times have cherished the cat. Baudelaire, Von Scheffel, Poe, De Musset, Henry Irving, and a host of other lovers of the beautiful come to mind in this connection. The silly feline, padded football and mystery wandrings, has ever appealed to imagination, just as she has appealed to the sense of domesticity—Milwaukee Free Press

ROOSEVELT MADE WORLD RECORD IN AFRICAN HUNT.

Bagged 500 Specimens of the Large Mammals

Gondokoro, Sudan on the Upper Nile.—Theodore Roosevelt and his party sailed today on the steamer Dan for Khartoum, where they expect to arrive March 15.

The departure practically ended the exploration of the African scientific expedition of the Smithsonian Institution (of Washington, Col. Roosevelt deems the killing of giant elands on the Upper Nile a fitting climax of a marvellously successful trip. The sporting and scientific results have exceeded all expectations.

The colonel and his son have killed some 500 specimens of large mammals, including 17 lions, 11 elephants, 10 buffaloes, 10 black rhinoceroses, 9 white ones, 9 hippopotami, 9 giraffes, 3 leopards, 7 cheetahs, 3 giant elands, 3 snakes, 1 siatung and 2 bongos. All were killed in the interest of science and the specimens will be disposed of accordingly, the greater number going to the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Roosevelt will keep no more than six trophies.

The most highly prized game may be rated thus: First the giant elands, the first complete specimens of which a native are now being taken from the country; second, the white rhinoceros; third, the bongos, the first to be killed and killed by a white man, and fourth, the siatung, a species of antelope.

The naturalists secured a remarkable collection, comprising many thousands of birds and other mammals.

The results in this Nile-Lava been most gratifying, and science will be enriched by several new species and an enormous series of the smaller mammals of Africa.

The game taken and the collections made constitute a world's record for a similar period of hunting and scientific research in Africa, and the American museums will receive the greatest collections of African fauna in existence.

The work reflects the greatest credit upon all members of the party, who labor continued ceaselessly, despite disadvantages of climate. All agree that too much praise cannot be accorded R. J. Cunningham, the Englishman, whose management of the expedition was as nearly perfect as could be conceived.

Col. Roosevelt will now devote his time to writing, including the preparation of addresses he is to deliver in Europe. He will do no more hunting unless the trip down the Nile provides opportunity to get rare specimens.

A falling tiny nerve—no larger than the finest silken thread—takes from the heart its impulse, its power, its regularity. The stomach also has its hidden, or inside nerve. It was Dr. Shoop who first told us it was wrong to drug a weak or failing stomach. Heart or kidneys. His prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—these weak and fatiguing inside nerves. This, no doubt, clearly explains why the Restorative has of late grown so rapidly in popularity. Druggists say that those who test the Restorative even for a few days soon become fully convinced of its wonderful merit. Anyway, don't drug the organ. Treating the cause of sickness is the only sensible and successful way.—Sold by All Dealers.

Fully Grown.

The old lady had a son who intended to emigrate to Canada as soon as possible, and as he was temporarily confined to his room, she had promised to find out as much as she could from the information office.

Accordingly she entered the building the next morning, and was particularly struck by the stuffed head of a Canadian moose that graced one of the walls.

'Young man,' she said to the 'hipperpotimus?'

'No, ma'am, was Canadian moose.'

The lady to her hands.

'What madia?'

this

is

fort—Milwaukee Free Press

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Granite Town Greetings

Issued every Wednesday from the office of GREETINGS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., St. George, N. B.

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All Communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the writers name and address.

GREETINGS PUBLISHING CO. LTD., has a well equipped Job Printing Office, and turns out work with neatness and dispatch.

Address
GREETINGS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
R. H. YOUNG, T. C. CHOISNET, EDITOR, MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1910.

Back To The Farm

The high cost of living and excessive prices of food stuff continue to attract the attention of the public in general. It is a topic which interests all classes, and our leaders in economic legislation are looking for a solution of the problem. While the producer and the middle man each claim an exorbitant share of profit, the consumers hand goes deep into his pocket to pay the bill. The only logical conclusion is that the demand exceeds the supply, consequently "Back to the Farm" is the urgent necessity. But if the farmer is convinced that he is not getting the value of his labors it will be very difficult to get younger men to heed the call. The problem of the farmer then is the first problem to be solved. How is he to make his labor yield fair profits? The answer is by giving greater heed to system in his methods of farming and by some organization in his methods of marketing his products. The scheme of co-operation is coming more and more into vogue among farmers in some districts and with good results. In his methods of farming the average farmer is also making advancement. Research work and object teaching on the part of our schools of agriculture have been of great benefit and are encouraging the farmer to study out his own individual problems. Farming is coming to be recognized as one of the sciences of professions. More and more is the farmer realizing his own value and the dignity of his occupation as tiller of the soil. The present agitation has tended to intensify the feeling that he is not merely a necessity in political economies but that as a class they are the "Lords of the Land." All through this country we have first class farm lands and also far too many neglected and forsaken farms. Let our young men take hold of these and in our intelligent way cultivate them. The result will be that demands will be in a larger measure supplied and they themselves greatly benefited both physically and financially. Yes; let it be Back to the Farm."

Booming New Brunswick.

(Canadian Courier)

Down in New Brunswick there is a boom in the air. Especially does the city of St. John feel growing pains. President T. H. Estabrooks, of the Board of Trade contributed a very interesting suggestion for the city's advertising campaign the other day. The chief of the tradesmen would open wide the gates of St. John the first week in March, and hospitably beckon all the newspaper editors of New Brunswick within the walls to discuss certain matters. The problems of St. John would not be the only thing on the programme. The dozens of other cities towns and villages of the province have interests in common with St. John. Mr. Estabrooks, who knows the situation well thinks that a representative gathering of New Brunswick newspapermen could afford excellent advice to secure a municipal unity of purpose for the whole province.

A proposal meeting is in St. John. We hope to attend. With its Council or by a Board of Trade back us in St. George and its near neighbors. It is a little but like "asking your fortune."

the land tax of New Zealand, what it is, its distinctive characteristics and what it does. A synopsis of the tax law is as follows:—

- 1.—All improvements on real estate are exempt from taxation.
- 2.—Where the valuation of land assessed to any individual, does not exceed \$7,500 a further exemption of \$2,500 is allowed. This latter exemption is gradually reduced, as value increases, and ceases entirely when a valuation of \$10,500 is reached, and is not allowed at all to non-residents.
- 3.—The amount of mortgage against a tract of land is deducted from the assessed valuation, and is assessed to the holder of the mortgage at its full cash value, and taxed the same as real estate.
- 4.—The ordinary rate of taxation on land is one penny on the pound sterling, or about one cent on \$242.
- 5.—A Graduated Land tax begins when the valuation reaches \$25,000 and rises by steps of one fourth of a cent, until a taxation rate of four cents per \$5 is reached, when the valuation reaches \$1,000,000 or more. Twenty per cent, is added to this graduated tax on lands owned by non-residents. The keynotes of this system are:
 - 1.—To allow the common people access to the land for use and cultivation.
 - 2.—To prevent speculation from reaping the benefits of increased land values, which have been created by the industry of neighboring farmers.
 - 3.—To tax the farmer for what he owns, not for his industry.
 - 4.—To tax the money-lender for his mortgage, the farmer for his farm.

BY THE WAY

- Were you stung?
- Good bye Hockey.
- The lumbermen report a very light cut on the Magaguadavic.
- Read the town accounts carefully. Would it not be a step backward to abolish incorporation?

Canada's Revenue Smashed The Record.

The Customs revenue for the first eleven months of the fiscal year which closed Feb. 28th totalled \$54,081,937. These figures establish a new record, as they are half a million dollars in excess of a like period in 1907, the banner year to date. The total gain for the eleven months as compared with the same period last year has been \$11,461,228.

If the present rate of increase is continued during March the Customs revenues for the year will exceed sixty million dollars. For February alone, the increase was \$1,071,176, the total for the month being \$5,174,824.

Card of Thanks.

Mrs. S. J. Poole, Pennfield Centre, wishes to express her grateful acknowledgements to all the kind friends who rendered their sympathy in so many useful ways at the time of her late bereavement.

Nestorians Trim St. Stephen

Doubling the score made by their opponents, the St. Stephen High School, the Nestorians again skated off the ice on Saturday morning victors for four consecutive games. The game was a fast one from start to finish both teams showing up well, although the local septette had decidedly the better of the argument in the second half. The ice was fairly hard but had to be fenced off on account of a piece of bad ice. From the first toot of the whistle the rubber went into St. George territory and the St. Stephen boys set a fast pace. After eight minutes play Ensor fooled Dodds on a shot at close quarters and St. Stephen jumped into the lead which lasted throughout the remainder of the first period. Chisholm and McNeil both shot several times but St. George defended well. The first half ended with St. Stephen honors. Score 1-0. Shortly after the beginning of the second half the Nestorians displayed a nice piece of combination; the forward line went down the ice and E. Johnson passed to Stewart who beat out Leeman for the first score. Score 1-1. In exactly the same manner, E. Johnson again started a rush, the St. George forwards passing perfectly, and Hibbard netted the puck putting St. George ahead for the first time, Score 2-1. From the face off the puck went to the St. Stephen end of the rink and Watt showed the next one in from a mix up. Score 3-1. St. Stephen braced up at this point and played hard to win but St. George was playing too fast for them. Dodds was called upon to spoil some good shots and guarded his net well. A Johnson came into the limelight at this point and got the glad hand from the crowd by a nice run and perfect shot, notching one more for St. George. Score 4-1. The game slowed down toward the end, both teams feeling the pace. From a mixing in front of the Red and White goal McNeil poked one by Dodds making the final score of the game, which ended in St. Stephen's favor with a score of 4-2 in favor of the locals. Chisholm played the best game for St. Stephen coming into prominence time and again by his end to end rushes. The St. George boys all played well. The line was up as follows:

St. Stephen	St. George
G.—R. Leeman	R. Dodds
F.—J. Connell	A. Dewar
C.—B. MacInch	J. Watt
R.—F. Ensor	A. Johnson
C.—A. Densmore	F. Hibbard
L.—G. McNeil	H. Stewart
R.—A. Chesholm	E. Johnson
Referee—Young	
Goal judges—Parks and O'Neill.	

Funeral of Hugh McLeod.

The funeral of the late Hugh McLeod was held on Wednesday afternoon from his late residence. The funeral was largely attended showing how highly esteemed the deceased was as a citizen.

The services were conducted at the residence and grave by the Rev. E. V. Buchanan.

DIED

- At Milltown, Feb. 26, Mary A. Pines, aged 68 years.
- At Calais, Feb. 28, Sarah A. Dinsmore, aged 77 years, 1 month.
- At St. George, March 7, Myra L. Plude, aged 33 years.

"The Store of Values"

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER YOUR SUIT For Easter!

Our stock of Tweeds, Worsteds, etc., is about complete, and we can show you the latest styles in colorings, etc., for spring.

SUITS FROM	\$17.00	TO	\$28.00
COATS	15.00	"	25.00
PANTS	4.00	"	8.00

Come in and look them over whether you buy or not; it will pay you to see them.

We have a few lots of Heavy Winter Shirts left, that were selling for 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25; while they last will go for 49 cents.

HANSON BROS., St. George Merchant Tailors and Outfitters

Wall Paper ! Wall Paper !

A new stock just opened and now ready for your inspection.

Every roll of Paper in this store is new. Not one old roll left over; so here you will see new patterns only.

Neat Patterns for every room in the house.

Don't wait until the better patterns are picked over, but come now and make your selection while we have the range of patterns.

Get Our Sample Book!

JAMES O'NEILL,

Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishings,

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

LOCAL AND SPECIAL

Stur. Connors Bros. arrived in port on Tuesday morning.

C. H. Thomas was elected mayor of Fredericton by acclamation on Monday.

The Thimble Club and their gentlemen friends were entertained last evening at the home of Mrs. T. R. Kent.

We are forced to leave out many matters of local interest this week on account of the pressure for space caused by the town report.

The Wanderers of Montreal defeated the Ottawa Champions in the final game for the Stanley Cup at Ottawa on Saturday night by a score of 3-1. The Wanderers outplayed their opponents from start to finish.

A resolution was passed on Friday evening by the Town Council of St. Stephen which caused Scott Act Inspector Cottor to close down at once. The order was obeyed by some and ignored by others. Drunkenness was much in evidence on Saturday evening.

The Ladies Sewing Circle of the Baptist Church held a social in the vestry on Saturday evening.

Lunch was served followed by a sale of fancy goods. The sum of \$20.00 was raised for Church purposes.

Frauley Bros. Grocery stock is almost cleaned out, but they still have a few lines which they are selling at exceptionally low prices. Everything must be sold in a few days, as the carpenters are waiting to get busy. When furnished, this will be the nattiest ladies shoe store in the county.

Samuel Jackson, a respected farmer of Mayfield, on the outskirts of St. Stephen, met death in a singular manner, on Friday. While crossing a pond near his home with a load of wood, his sled broke through the ice. He was thrown to the ice and crushed by the load of wood which fell on him. It is believed that death was due to the shock affecting a weak heart. His widow, two sons and two daughters survive.

A fire in the wool district of Boston caused a loss of \$500,000 on Saturday night. Three firemen were injured and were taken to the hospital, and street car traffic was tied up for hours. The New England building opposite the south Station was totally destroyed. This is a seven storey brick building including many offices of various wool firms.

While going over the railway crossing at Young's bridge Chas. Fuller met with a very painful accident last week. He was driving toward town and while going over the crossing the runners of his pung struck the rails throwing him out, his shoulder striking the second rail. He was able to drive to town and it was found that his shoulder was out of joint. Dr. Taylor put the shoulder in place and it is mending rapidly.

Mrs. T. R. Kent entertained the St. Stephen High School Hockey Team on Friday evening. A large number of the young people of the High School and town were present. A programme of games and music furnished entertainment for the evening, and the "wee small hours" came all too soon. After refreshments were served and college songs sung, the nappy crowd broke up after spending a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Kent proved herself as usual a delightful hostess, and was largely responsible for the good treatment which the St. Stephen boys assured St. George they had received.

WANTED

Girl wanted for general house work. Apply to Mrs. N. Marks Mills St. Stephen, N. B.

Social and Personal

Ward Dick spent Sunday in St. John.

Mrs. Henry Meating is on the sick list.

Thomas McIntyre spent Sunday at Second Falls.

Mrs. Annie Coultts went to St. Stephen Tuesday.

C. Hazen McGeer returned to St. John on Saturday.

Miss Margaret McLaughlin has returned from Calais.

Wm. Bodwin of Second Falls was in town Monday.

David Leavitt of Letang was in town yesterday.

Colin McVicar of Mascarene was in town on Thursday last.

Dr. H. I. Taylor, M. P. P. returned from Fredericton on Saturday.

H. R. Lawrence went to St. John on Tuesday's train.

Anselm Wallace of Blacks Harbor was in town Monday.

E. G. Sherwood of Woodland was a visitor in town Tuesday.

Osgood Craig of Second Falls paid St. George a visit on Monday.

Frank Bixby of Baird & Peters, St. John was in town on Monday.

Adrian Cross was a passenger on Monday's train to St. Stephen.

Eldorado Gilmor of Second Falls was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Capt. Dakin of Beaver Harbor paid a visit to St. George yesterday.

J. Satton Clark arrived home from a business trip to St. John on Saturday's train.

Rev. E. Thorpe has been spending a few days in St. John and Miramichi.

Miss Winnie Doyle left on Friday for an extended visit with friends in Bocabec.

Michael Frauley was in St. John last week. While there he purchased a fine horse.

Frank Chaffee went to Letang on Monday. He is to be employed as a foreman for J. S. Clark.

Rev. Mr. Scovil of St. John West will exchange pulpits with Rev. Mr. Lynns on Sunday next.

The marriage of Alexander Holland of Letang and Miss Mabel Thompson of Black's Harbor took place in St. Mark's Church on Thursday last.

Mrs. E. D. Harvey has been very sick at her home during the past week. We are pleased to learn on going to press that she is improving.

OBITUARY.

MRS. OCTAVE PLUDE

On Wednesday night the death of Myra L. wife of Octave Plude, occurred at her home, after an illness of two weeks. Her death came as a great shock to the community, as the deceased has apparently been in good health up to a short time ago. The deceased was well known and popular among a large circle of friends, and the deepest regret is expressed on all sides. Diabetes was the cause of her death. The deceased was born at Sandy Hill, N. Y., in 1877 and consequently passed away at the age of 33 years. She leaves besides her husband three children, Rosaline, Earl and Douglas, also a father Peter Bunette, two brothers, Dolphis and Philbert; and three sisters Mrs. Varter, Mrs. Helen Barrett and Mary all of Sandy Hill. The deceased was of the Catholic faith. The body was taken to Sandy Hill for interment. We tender our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved husband and family in their loss.

MRS. MARY BOYLE

Mrs. Mary Boyle died in St. Paul December 28th. She was born in Pennfield, New Brunswick, in 1841, and was therefore 68 years of age. For nineteen years she was a resident of Anoka, moving to Minneapolis seven years ago. She is survived by two children, James Boyle, and Mrs. Joseph Bernhard, and by a sister, Mrs. Malcolm Mealey of Pennfield. The burial occurred at Anoka on December 30th. She had many friends in Anoka who sincerely mourn her death.

Heavy Boots For Spring ! FOR MAN AND BOY.

THREE GREAT LINES

In Men's Working Boots, \$2.50, \$2.60 \$2.75

Men's Sydney grain, blucher cut, bellows tongue, a heavy waterproof boot. \$2.50
Men's oil grain, medium weight, plain toe, bellows tongue, hand made bottom, tap sole, 2.60
Men's heavy oil grain, plain toe, bellows tongue, hand made bottom, tap sole, at 2.75

Three Specials in Driving Boots.

Men's Chrome Kip Driving Bals at \$4.00
Men's Chrome Kip Driving Bals, 10 inch leg, at 4.95
Men's Chrome Kip Driving Bals, 16 inch leg, at 6.00

Boys' grain bals at \$1.50 and \$1.62
Boys' Sydney grain, blucher bals at 1.90
Boys' kang grain, blucher bals at 2.00
Boys' Sydney grain, blucher, heavy tap sole, at 2.25

MARCH is usually a month with lots of storms. This means bad walking and you are sure to need extra Rubbers or Rubber Boots. If it's a pair for yourself, your wife or one of the children, we have them. Our stock is the most complete in St. George. Some Rubbers are good,--some are not; the kind that are not, you'll not find here.

- FRAULEY BROS., -

The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

MARCH 9, 1910.

Oranges, 12c to 35c per dozen.
Best Coffee, fresh ground, 35c.
Evaporated Cream, 10c.
Condensed Milk 10c and 12 1-2c.
Canso Pickled Herring 25c doz.
Choice Pickled Shad, 12c per lb.
Gasoline in any quantity.
New Wall Papers, Borders and Ceilings, 5c to 20c.

Maltese Cross Rubbers and Rubber Boots.
Galvanized Wash Tubs.
Universal Bread Makers.
Tin Wash Boilers--in fact a good stock of all the staples in Tin and Granite Iron.
Wood Chair Seats and Brass Head Tacks.
"Stand By" Dry Batteries.

WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF

Flour, Meal, Oats, Middlings and Short AT RIGHT

John Dewar & Sons,

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The Theft

"What do you want?" asked a big tall man with a cross face.

She could only sob out: "I want to sell it." He turned it over and over, threw it on the counter to test it, and at last laid it on the tray of a small pair of scales, to find out its weight. Annetta's heart was breaking. She wanted to cry out: "Give it back to me!" and run away. But her voice was choked in her throat: she felt as if nailed to her chair, and her arms could not stir. Some malignant spirit seemed to have paralyzed her.

The jeweler concluded: "It is an ugly medal from Naples. It weighs very little. Will you be content with three francs? I will take it and have it melted immediately."

These words had the effect of an electric battery. Annetta felt as if she had been shaken. Grief had deprived her of voice and strength, and now grief gave them back to her. Her face all aflame she sprang from her chair, snatched the medal from the hands of her tormentor, and darted off glaring at him. The man, who could not account for this sudden change, cried out from the door sill: "Well, three francs fifty, does that suit you?"

Annetta had lost all control of her self; she could not reason, she could not think. She felt the eyes of two beings inexorably fixed upon her; those of her sick mother, who had said to her: "Put something on, dearest: it is cold;" those of her lover who, on the threshold of his tomb, had given her the humble token, imploring:

"Always, always, on your neck." At this devoted moment there passed before her an elegant woman in a dress of black velvet trimmed with otter; in her ears were two superb diamonds, and on her head a dream of a hat, all embroidered in gold, with azure plumes. She scented the air with perfume of heliotrope, she had golden hair, and her face seemed a promise of eternal youth owing to scientific painting. From a little pocket in her cloak half emerged a Russian leather pocketbook. It was then that a blind instinct said to Annetta: "Stretch out your hand and take it!"

And she, pursued by the touching image of her adored head, and that no less affecting, of the beloved dying she whom fatality placed in this dreadful alternative, to profane the most sacred remembrance, or to leave a mother to die, she was glad to find this solution, this unexpected means of escape. She looked around her—not a single witness to this evil deed!

At this psychological moment the voice of honesty was dumb in her heart; over her conscience, paternal hereditary reigned despotic and supreme. It took one second to ascertain that no one was watching; a second to reach out her hand and seize the object of her eager desire. "Thief! thief!" cried the woman with all her might. Terrified, Annetta ran as fast as her feet could take her. Ten men dashed forth to chase her. The poor girl was arrested.

"Leave me, leave me!" she screamed, half crazed, struggling wildly. "What have I done? My mother is dying; she is dying, dying, oh, my God, and without me, for mercy: leave me, murderers!"

Two policemen dragged her off; her heartrending cries grew weaker and weaker in the distance until at last they were heard no more. The sheriff's officer cried: "The Court! After half an hour's deliberation three judges re-entered the large room, filled to its utmost capacity. One of them having laid aside his gold embroidered toque, he said in a solemn voice:

"The name of his majesty, the King, by the grace of God, of the nation, the King, of the civil and the King, arrests: On the present year daughter of San and Preci, the daughter of a clergyman, one hot Sunday, observing a Geacon asleep in church, called out: 'Brother Austin, please on the window a little, physicians are unhealthy to sleep in a hot

pocketbook containing a check signed 'Mgr. di Roccafortia,' two French bank bills of 500 francs each, and three gold pieces of 20 francs. Seized in the very act, the pocket book in her hand, and arrested by two citizens, the witnesses, Le Ceneri and Bricatti she was led away by the guardians of the peace, Nagi and Bricacelli. The judge has heard her confession.

"Considering there can be no possible doubt as to the guilt of the accused, considering the nature of the offense is evidenced and undeniable; that it is grave because it was committed on the public road, but graver still by reason of the importance of the stolen sum, which adds aggravating circumstances to the offense:—

"Considering there is no reason to admit the conclusions of the defense tending to demonstrate that the accused was irresponsible and impelled to steal by an occult and irresistible force: considering that it has been proved very clearly:

"First—That Anna Zutti is subject to epileptic fits.

"Second—But that in normal circumstances her mind is sound, and that the court has reached the firm conviction that at the time of the theft she was in possession of all her faculties, and of her free will; considering, on the other hand, that the previous character of the accused was very good, it becomes manifestly equitable to apply the minimum sentence. According to articles 54, 60 and 600 of the penal code, the court sentences Anna Zutti to three years imprisonment."

Long murmurs of disapprobation arose through the court room. Annetta, fleshless, haggard, cold as marble, fell on the ignominious bench of the accused, and while an epileptic attack contorted her members, two gentlemen carried her away.

In a loud voice the sheriff's officer was calling out new persons and new witnesses

—From the Italian.

A Wonderful Cold Cure
Just think of it, a cold cured in ten minutes—that's what happens when you use "Catarrhzone." You inhale its soothing balsams and out goes the cold—sniffles are cured—headache is cured—symptoms of Catarrh and grippe disappear at once. It's the healing pine essence and powerful antiseptics in Catarrhzone that enable it to act so quickly. In disease of the nose, for irritable throat, bronchitis, coughs and catarrh it's a marvel. Safe enough for children. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers.

Prudence in Politics
I met a Liberal M. P.,
I asked him who would win
"There's not the slightest doubt," said he,
"Our party will come in."
"Then how much will you lay," said I,
"That in your side will get?"
He looked quite shocked, and said,
"Oh, he!
You know it's wrong to bet."
Against a Tory next I ran;
"Our side, of course," replied the man,
"The thing's a cert—stone-dead."
"Then, prithee, Sir, what odds will lay?"
He my inquiry met
By answering in the same shocked way
"Tut-tut! I never bet!"
Now I am loth to think that I
By both was merely mocked
But was that Liberal really pi?
That Tory really shocked?
"Against gambling, as a sin alone,
Were they so firmly set?"
Well, that's a point on which, I own,
I shouldn't like to bet.
—Truth.

The Girl That is Pale
She is in danger, her system is run down, weak—she needs nourishment, needs richer blood. More than all else she needs Ferroneze, needs it because it brings back the nerve energy which rapid growth and study have exhausted. The old-time vigor, happy spirits and new strength return with Ferroneze. The delicate maid is energized, strengthened and rebuilt. Isn't it worth while using Ferroneze when it surely does so much. At all dealers in 50c. boxes.

A clergyman, one hot Sunday, observing a Geacon asleep in church, called out: "Brother Austin, please on the window a little, physicians are unhealthy to sleep in a hot

Professional Cards
Henry Taylor,
M. D., C. M.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

C. C. Alexander,
M. D., C. M., MCGILL,
Physician and Surgeon,
Residence, - - - Gosa House,

DR. E. M. WILSON
DENTIST
Will be in St. George the third week of every month

Long Distance Telephone.
House 161.
Office 127.
N. MARKS MILLS, L.L.B.
HARRISTON AT LAW,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

J.H. NESBITT & SON
Contractors and Builders
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
Address: St. Stephen, N. B.

We would be pleased to have you visit our
Drug Store
when in Eastport
We carry everything usually found at a first class pharmacy

PALMER BROS

HOTELS
Victoria Hotel,
KING STREET,
St. John, N. B.
AMERICAN PLAN,
Victoria Hotel Co., Ltd., Proprietors.

Boyd's Hotel,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.
First-Class Livery and Sample Rooms in Connection.

Weak Kidneys
Great Kidney, nerve point in weak kidneys. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Brain, but in the nerves that control and guide a medicine specifically prepared to reach these important organs. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine is cloudy or contains sediment, if you are afflicted with Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney diseases, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative Tablets or Syrup—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggists recommend and sell.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
"ALL DEALERS"

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY. (ss) Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th, day of December A. D. 1896.

A. W. CLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A teacher said to a dull pupil: "When I was your age I could answer any question in the arithmetic." "Yes," said the small child, "but you forget that you had a different teacher from what I have."

TIME TABLES.
Maritime Express
VIA
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
o o i s o o

THE
TRAIN BETWEEN
Halifax & Montreal

Meals Table d'Hotel.
BREAKFAST 75c
LUNCHEON 75c
DINNER \$1.00

Direct connection at Benaventure Union Depot with Grand Trunk trains for the West.

New Brunswick Southern Railway.
TIME TABLE No. 33.
In effect October 3rd, 1909
Atlantic Time

Trains West	Read Down Stations	Trains East	Read Up Stations
Train No. 1		Train No. 2	
Leave A.M.		Arr. P.M.	

7.30	St. John East Ferry	6.30	St. John West
7.45	Duck Cove	6.45	Spruce Lake
7.59	Spruce Lake	5.55	Allan Cot
8.13	Allan Cot	5.52	Prince of Wales
8.30	Prince of Wales	5.38	Musquash
8.43	Musquash	5.25	Leppaux
9.10	Leppaux	4.58	New River
9.27	New River	4.35	Pocologan
9.35	Pocologan	4.17	Pennfield
9.55	Pennfield	4.00	St. George
10.30	St. George	3.30	Bonny River
10.52	Bonny River	3.10	Dyer's
11.22	Dyer's	2.45	Cassell's
11.35	Cassell's	2.37	Brunswick Junction
11.45	Brunswick Junction	2.20	Oak Bay
12.12	Oak Bay	2.03	St. Stephen
12.30	St. Stephen	1.45	

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted. Ticket, Baggage and Freight Offices, St. John West. Railroad connections West with Canadian Pacific and Washington Co. Railways. East with Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial & Dominion Atlantic Rys. HUGH H. McLEAN, President St. John, N. B., Dec. 1908

Deer Island and Campobello Service
Stmr. "Viking"
June to September, 1909
Mondays: Leave Back Bay for St. Stephen 7.30 a.m.
Tuesdays: Leave St. Stephen for Lettice.
Thursdays: Leave St. Andrews for Lettice direct 7.30 a.m.
Thursdays: Leave Lettice for St. Stephen, 8.30 a.m.
Thursdays: Leave St. Stephen for Back Bay.
Wednesdays: Leave Back Bay or Lettice for St. Stephen, 6.00 a.m., returning same day.
On Saturdays will run to and from Lettice during June and August, to and from Back Bay during July and September.

Touching on all trips at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Leonardville, Wilson's Beach, Welchpool, Eastport, Indian Island, Fair Haven and St. Andrews.

ATLANTIC TIME
F. E. ROSE,
Manager

EASTERN S. S. CO.
Reliable and Popular route Between
St. John and Boston

FARES:
ST. JOHN TO BOSTON . . . \$3.50
ST. JOHN TO PORTLAND . . . 3.00
STATEROOMS, \$1.00.

Steel Steamship CALVIN AUSTIN. Complete wireless Telegraph Equipment.
Leave St. John Thursdays at 8.00 a.m. for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.
Returning, leave Union Wharf, Boston Mondays at 9 a.m. and Portland at 5 p.m. for Lubec, Eastport and St. John.
City Ticket Office, 47 King Street.
L. R. THOMPSON, T. F. & P. A.
W.M. C. LEE, Agents, St. John, N. B.

Five Senses at the Economy Store
Common Sense---We buy as low as we can. That's business sense.

We sell as low as we can, that's Progressive sense. You buy as low as you can, that's Good sense. You buy of us, that's dollars and cents for both of us

We have everything you can expect to find in a first-class general store. Our goods are of excellent quality and our prices as low as the lowest. DRY GOODS, dress goods, prints, muslins, flannels, hats and caps, boots and shoes.

HARDWARE of all kinds, staple and fancy. Groceries, Coal. We Pay the Highest Price for Country Produce. Give us Your Patronage and we will treat you right.

ANDREW McGEE - **Back Bay**

When in Eastport

Visit Martin's Variety Store
Gasolene 15c. a gallon.
Kerosene 11c. a gallon.
Gas Engine Oil 50c. a gallon.
Martin keeps everything in Motor boat supplies.

All kinds of jobbing and stove repairing done at short notice.

Our Groceries are sold at rock bottom prices

E. S. MARTIN & SON

73 WATER STREET, EASTPORT, ME.

Connors Bros., Ltd.
BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

Are in a position to supply the wants of everybody in

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Hardware, Furniture, MEN'S AND BOYS' Clothing and Furnishings AT RIGHT PRICES!

Hay, Flour, Cracked Corn, Meal and FEED OF ALL KINDS.

Wholesale and Retail.

Union Foundry & Machine Works, Ltd
WEST ST. JOHN, N. B.

GEO. H. WARRING, Manager
Engineers and Machinists. Iron and Brass Founders
Makers of Saw Mill Machinery and Engines
Fitting Pulleys and Gears Stone Cutting and Polishing Machinery
Bridge Castings and Bolt Work

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRS

GLENWOOD RANGES
Make Cooking Easy

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.



Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

The Hunting of the Woodchuck

There was murder in my heart; the woodchuck knew it. He never had had a thought before, but he had one now. It came hard and heavily, yet it arrived in time, and it was not a slow thought for a woodchuck, either—just a little better, indeed, than my own.

This was the first time I had caught the woodchuck away from his hole. He had left his old burrow in the huckleberry hillside and dug a new one under one of my young peach trees. I had made no objections to his huckleberry hole. He used to come down the hillside and waddle into the orchard in broad day, free to do and go as he pleased; but not since he began to dig under the peach tree I discovered this new hole. When it was only a foot deep, and promptly filled it with stones. The next morning the stones were out and the cavity two feet deeper. I filled it up again, driving a large, squarish piece of rock into the mouth tight, certainly stopping all further work, as I thought.

There are wonderful woodchucks that you can discourage and some that you cannot. Three days later the piece of rock and the stones were piled about the foot of the peach tree and covered with fresh earth; the hole ran in out of sight, with the woodchuck evidently at the bottom of it.

I tried shutting him out; now I would try shutting him in. It was cruel—it would have been to anything but a woodchuck. I was ashamed of myself for doing it, and went back the next day really hoping that I should find the burrow open.

I would not worry so again; but then I should never again try to destroy a woodchuck by walling up his hole, any more than Brer Fox would try to punish the rabbit by slinging him a second time into the briar patch.

The burrow was wide open. I had stuffed and rammed the rocks into it, and buried deep in its mouth the body of another woodchuck that my neighbor's dog had killed. All was cleared away. The deceased relative was gone—where and how, I know not; the stones were scattered on the farther side of the tree and the passage was neatly swept of all loose sand and pebbles.

Clearly the woodchuck had come to stay. I meant that he should move. I could get him into a steel trap, for his wits are not abiding. They come only on occasion. He lives too much in the ground and too constantly by his door to grow very wise.

He can always be trapped; your enemy can always be murdered. But no gentleman shoots and stabs. I hate the steel trap, I have set my last one. They would be bitter peaches on that tree if they cost the woodchuck what I have seen many a woodchuck suffer in the jaws of such a trap.

But it is perfectly legitimate and gentlemanly to shoot such a woodchuck. Certainly. So I got the gun and waited—and waited—and waited. Did you ever wait with a gun till a woodchuck came out of his hole? I did. A woodchuck has just seen enough to go into his hole—and stay in.

There were too many woodchucks about, and my days were too precious for me to spend any large part of the summer watching for this one with a gun. I have been known to fire and miss a woodchuck, anyway.

It was while thinking what I could do next that I came down the row of young trees and spiced the woodchuck out in the orchard, fifty days away from his hole. He spied me at the same instant, and rose on his hunches.

At last we were face to face. The time had come; it would be a fight to the finish, and a fair fight, too; for all that I had about me in the way of weapons was a heavy pair of knee-high hunting boots which I had put on against the dew of the early morning. All my thought and energy centered immediately in those boots.

The woodchuck kept his thoughts in his head. He put into his heels what speed he had; and little as that was, it told, pieced out with the head-work.

Back in my college days I ran a two mile race, the greatest race of the day, the judges said—and just at the tape lost two gold medals and the glory of a new record because I didn't use my head. Only two of us out of twenty finished, and we finished together—the other fellow twisting and falling forward, breaking the tape with his side, while I paced for pace with him—didn't think.

For a moment the woodchuck and I stood motionless. I was at the very mouth of his burrow. It was coming to sure death for him to attempt getting in. Yet it was fatal if he did not get in.

Had you been that woodchuck, gentle reader, I wonder if you would have taken account of the thick-stemmed stones behind you, the dense tangle of dewberry vines on your left, the heavy boots of your enemy and his unthinking rage?

I was really mistaken that woodchuck. A blunder, flabbier face never looked in to mine. Only the sudden appearance of death could have brought the trace of intelligence across it that I caught as the creature dropped on all fours and began to wobble straight away from me over the area of rough, loose stones.

With a jump and a yell I was after him making five yards to his one. He tumbled along as best he could, still to my surprise, right away from his hole. It was down hill; and I should land upon him in half a dozen bounds more.

On we went, reckless of the uneven ground, until accurately calculating his speed and the changing distance between us, I rose with a mighty leap, sailed into the air and came down—just an inch too far—on a round stone, turned my ankle, and went sprawling over the woodchuck in a heap.

The woodchuck spilled himself from under me, slid short about and tumbled off for home by way of the dewberry tangle.

He had made a good start before I was righted and again in motion. Now it was all up hill, which did not seem to matter much to the woodchuck, but made a great difference to me. Besides, I had counted on a simple, straight away dash and had not saved myself for this climbing stride and saw the woodchuck turn sharp to the right in a bee line for his burrow.

I wheeled, jumped out after him—and caught him on the toe of my boot, and lifting him, fopped him smoothly, softly into his hole.

It was gently done; and so beautifully! The whole feat had something of the poetic accuracy of an astronomical calculation. And the perfectly lovely dive I helped him make home!

I sat down on his mound of earth to get myself together and enjoy it all. Perhaps he never could do the trick again; but then he won't need to. All the murder was gone from my heart. He had beaten the boots, so neatly, so absolutely, that simple decency compelled me then and there to turn over that Crawford peach tree, root and stem, to the woodchuck, his heirs and assigns forever.

By way of celebration he has thrown out nearly a cartload of sand from somewhere beneath the tree, deepening and enlarging his house.

"Dose voodahuck, him kill dem tree," declared my Swedish neighbor, viewing the hole. Perhaps so. As yet however, the tree grows on without a sign of hurt.

But, suppose it does die? Well, there is no certainty of its bearing good fruit.

There was once a peddler of trees, a pious man, who made a mistake selling

the wrong tree. Besides, there are other trees in the orchard, and, if necessary, I can buy peaches.

Yes, but what if other woodchucks should seek other roof-trees in the peach row?

They won't. There are no fashions, no emulations out-of-doors. Because one woodchuck moves from huckleberries to a peach tree, is no sign that all the woodchucks on the hillside are going to forsake the huckleberries with him. Only humans are silly enough for that. If the woodchucks should all come, it would be extremely interesting, an event worth many peaches.

In the Day Coach

At first when she saw the train whirling over the bridge into the junction where she changed cars she thought there must be some mistake. She had expected a limited train with a Pullman for the long day's ride into Chicago, and this—

"Have I got to go all the way in this tram?" she demanded irritably of the brakeman. Even then she noted that he did not gaze through her in the impersonal, stony manner so often employed by the bored handler of human freight. There was in his attitude a hint of surprise that anyone should be dissatisfied with the engine, baggage car and two day coaches which he found so satisfactory.

"We pick up a parlor car at Dubuque, he told her and passed on.

"Hello! hi!" he called from the back platform as the train puffed away.

A young fellow in his shirt sleeves waved a friendly air in answer from the window of the telegraph room. Some old men leaning against a baggage truck nodded also, but in a stately way, as befitted persons whose minds were on crop prospects and other weighty affairs. There was a faint clang of a school bell, which was lost in the clank of the wheels on the rails and the train roared over a little bridge. Down in the swollen brook below cattle stood knee deep. A delicate green overran the willows on the banks and the meadows stretched bright green up in the fields, where ploughs were turning the soil in ridges of moist blackness. The violets were out, making blurs of blue along the banks by the railroad track.

"It would be perfect," the dissatisfied traveler muttered. "If one didn't have to ride in this stuffy old crowded coach!" She gazed about her with hostile eyes. Particularly she disliked the head of the man in the seat in front of her. That head had thick black hair which curled in shiny ringlets. She felt it a distinct outrage that she was compelled to sit near a head like that. In her mind was a vivid picture of what the owner of the head looked like. She knew he wore a checked suit of clothes with a red tie and a turquoise matrix pin and that he had a carbuncle cuff links and a huge secret society diamond ring and sold an inferior kind of ready made clothes to helpless merchants who knew no better.

There was a little girl across the aisle. She was not a pretty child. Her woollen dress had been cut large to allow space for her to grow, and her hair was curly and tightly strained back from her face, which had high cheek bones and the nose of a European peasant. The hair was tied with light blue ribbon and on the cheap straw hat, perched at an ungainly angle on top of her head, were rigid little bunches of pale blue forget-me-nots. Her hands were red and rough. Beside her sat a stolid woman with an indeterminate waist line and a wrinkled face and the two were hedged in with many newspaper bundles, a shiny valise and a geranium with the blossoms sticking out above the wrappings. But in the child's eyes was the light of adventure. She was riding on the cars and enjoying a new thrill every moment. She sat tense and did not swing her feet. There was a superiority in her glance when she looked out of the window at two barefoot children standing in a field waving their hats and shouting at the train. A week ago she had done the same thing, but now she was a travelled person. Had she not been 60 miles up the line to visit her cousin and they had not had the minister to tea? Things were very different now from what they had been a week ago.

Out of one paper package her mother produced a piece of bologna sausage and

some thick bread, and the little girl ate with slow, important bites.

The elderly men and their wives who boarded the day coach were haughtily alike. The men had whiskered faces and moved slowly, as though their muscles were stiffened from years of field work, and they all had on their Sunday clothes and the coats were all Prince Alberts. About their white collars their necks looked red and weatherbeaten. The women wore ruches in the necks of their black dresses, and their shoes creaked. Sometimes they would find acquaintances on the train and there would be joyful explanation. Mostly they had just come from or were going to Tom's or Jannie's, or one of the other childrens for a few days.

"They've named him after pa," one woman announced, her voice rising triumphantly. "And he weighed eight pounds, pa's as proud—you'd think no one ever had grandchild before!"

The man with the curling black hair got off at a country seat and the dissatisfied traveller noted triumphantly that he had on the diamond ring and the carbuncle cuff links and was fully as impressive as she had pictured him. But he helped her homely little girl down from the car steps and rescued the imperiled geranium. His smile as he did so was entirely human and sympathetic. One suddenly realized that it was part of a friendly spirit pervading the crowded and stuffy day coach.

There were jutting rocks and hills when one looked from the window now. The brakeman paused beside the traveller who had wanted better accommodations; "You can get into the parlor car in a few minutes, he told her. Here's Dubuque!"

The parlor car certainly rolled along more smoothly and the seats were dignifiedly exclusive, and one could turn one's back to everyone else, and the scenery was the same, but the dissatisfied traveller felt as if he had lost something.

"I really believe," she confided to the muddy Mississippi, which the train was crossing, "that things were a great deal more interesting back there in the day coach!"—Chicago News.

The Progressive Prescription Man.

A prescription man had worked at the same drugstore for several years. When his third baby was born he went to the proprietor and declared that it was necessary to have more income.

"I'm willing to work harder, but I've got to have better wages to meet expenses."

The boss took a day to think the matter over, and then replied: "Your job carries all the salary I can afford to pay for that kind of work. There isn't any chance for you to work harder for me behind the prescription counter and be worth more money. But of course, I want you to be satisfied. So I'll show you how to make more money by working a little for yourself."

This druggist was enterprising and had built up a good trade in side-line-preparations of his own compounding, sold in other stores. He had, at one time, tested the formula of a toilet preparation, found it satisfactory, and then set it aside for lack of time to develop it. This formula was given to the prescription man, and the boss drew up a scheme for marketing it. Under his direction the clerk took up a small office near the store, adopted a company name compounded a quantity of the stuff, bottled it and began selling it over the country through women selling agents, who worked on commission, and were secured by advertising, according to the employer's scheme.

During the first year this prescription man worked nights, Sundays and holidays in that little office, spending there pretty nearly every hour when he was not behind the counter or asleep. During the first six months the business had just about paid back what was put into it. But presently profit began to come in, and by the end of the year the outlook for the future was so good that the clerk felt tempted to give up his job. He told the boss this frankly, and the latter was frank with him.

"You can quit if you want to. I don't even ask you to remember that I furnished the scheme and the experience. But if you stay I'll show you how to make a good deal more out of that little business than you can ever make by the plan your following."

The druggist thereupon bought a half interest in the clerk's outside enterprise, furnishing capital with which to extend it. He drew up a plan for placing the preparation with the wholesale and retail trade, widely extending its possibilities, and it is now becoming highly profitable.

No Man is Stronger Than His Stomach

A strong man is strong all over. No man can be strong who is suffering from weak stomach with its consequent indigestion, or from some other disease of the stomach and its associated organs, which impair digestion and nutrition. For when the stomach is weak or diseased there is a loss of the nutrition contained in food, which is the source of all physical strength. When a man "doesn't feel just right," when he doesn't sleep well, has an uncomfortable feeling in the stomach after eating, is languid, nervous, irritable and depondent, he is losing the nutrition needed to make strength.

Such a man should use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enriches the blood, invigorates the liver, strengthens the kidneys, nourishes the nerves, and so GIVES HEALTH AND STRENGTH TO THE WHOLE BODY.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit. Ingredients printed on wrapper.



Great Clearance Sale

fancy and staple Crockery, Wedgewood

We have carried over too much stock and must dispose of it before winter sets in. For the next thirty days we will sell all kinds of Crockeryware at unheard of low prices. Yarn, Stockinet, Mittens, Socks, Homespun, Unshrinkable Underwear at low prices. Boots and Shoes. Staple and Fancy Groceries. Flour, Feed Oats. Fishermen's Outfits.

Everything to be found in a first class general store.

WELCHPOOL MARKET

GEORGE M. BYRON, Manager.

For Mutual Prosperity

At the beginning of another year, when good wishes for the prosperity of all our friends are in order, I take this opportunity to thank all my customers for their trade during the past year, and I have pleasure in advising that my lines have never represented my motto, "Value Received," as well as it does this year. I trust that you will again give me the privilege of proving the fact, by giving me your orders early. This enables me to buy cheaper and get the goods to my customers with much less expense to them. Hoping you will note this fact, and thanking you for past favors,

I. E. GILLMOR, - - Bonny River.

St. George Pulp & Paper Co.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

We Manufacture Spruce, Pine and Hemlock Lumber, Rough and Plained. Also Laths and Cedar Shingles.

Get our prices before placing your orders elsewhere.

Mill Wood delivered at your house.

Geo. F. Meating

Merchant Tailor

Clothing Cleaned and Pressed

St. George N. B.

Rooms over Milne, Coutts & Co.'s store



The Original and only Genuine

HEADQUARTERS FOR Union Blend Tea and Wanted

A Large Quantity of

- Lamb Pelts
- Butter
- Eggs
- Yellow
- Deer Skins
- Moose Hides
- Rubbers
- Calf Skins

Large and Small lots of Furs bought. Furs by Mail or Express will receive special attention and prompt returns.

James McGarrigle
Utopia, N. B.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The St. Stephen Bank Failure.

The financial difficulties of the St. Stephen bank have resulted in the opening of a branch of the Bank of New Brunswick on the premises of Mr. R. B. Kessen, who is general manager of the latter bank. Mr. Kessen is also curator of the Canadian Bankers Association. Further developments include the return home of Julia T. Whitlock and Lt. Col. J. P. Chipman, cashier and vice-president respectively. The bank closed its doors at Saturday noon and since then nothing has occurred to throw further light upon the extent of the liabilities or the cause of the suspension of payments. The general impression is that the affairs of the bank are in a very unsatisfactory condition and that when all the particulars are known it will be found that conditions are bad. The alarm that was felt by those holding notes of the failing bank was allayed as the Bank of N. S. and Bank of B. N. A. are accepting all for their full face value, and the belief is growing that depositors will get a fair percentage if not all their deposits. Mr. Kessen has not as yet given any official statement bearing upon the financial condition of the bank, but stated that it would be some days before anything definite would be known. J. D. Chipman and J. T. Whitlock who returned from Montreal on Monday are absolutely non-committal on the subject. It is rumored that a majority of the directors are heavy share holders in American mining ventures, including the Gold King and Crystal Lake, and the belief is that had these ventures been paying dividends instead of making heavy drains upon the financial resources of the community the condition of the bank would have been improved. It is believed that the "double liability" feature of the Banking Act will only be met by a small majority of the share holders, large percentage of those interested have all their present holdings in the bank stocks.

Many of the depositors will be in great hardships should they lose their deposits as a great many had the accumulations of a life time deposited in the bank. The town of St. Stephen is sure to be a loser to a certain extent. It has current funds amounting to \$8000 or \$9000 deposited in the bank. The town will also lose a good local institution as it paid an amount tax of \$2000 and is to be succeeded by a branch bank whose capital cannot be assessed there and accordingly will pay a much smaller tax and the deficiency will have to be made up by the rate payers. It is indeed a hard blow to the town of St. Stephen. The government statement of the standing of this bank on the 31st, Jan, was as follows:

Assets	\$9,752
Specific	18,406
Dominion notes	13,500
Deposits at Ottawa for security of notes	20,037
Notes and checks other banks	39,565
Deposits with and balances due from other banks	26,582
Railway and other bonds	43,482
Current Loans in Canada	611,933
Overdue debts	28,940
Real Estate other than bank premises	4,068
Bank premises	20,000
Other Assets	2,000
Total Assets	\$818,171
Liabilities	29,954
Capital	200,000
Reserve	55,000
Notes in circulation	149,935
Balance due Government	12,684
Deposits on demand	103,137
Balance due other banks	283,923
Liabilities not included	989
Total liabilities	549,830

The bank paid an annual dividend of 6 per cent.

Leather and Rubber Taps, Cement, Etc.
AT CHERRY'S
EASTPORT, MAINE

BACK PAY

The drama entitled "Old Acre Play" was played in McGee's hall on Friday evening and was well patronized. The characters were:—
The Doctor—Caleb Evans—John McGe
The Doctor's Wife, Emma Eliza—Flora McGe
The Doctor's son, J. H.—Russell Hooper
The Spirit, Aaron Playfair—Joe Mitchell
The Spine's Housekeeper, Miss Pines—Stella Mitchell
The Spine's daughter, Elizabeth Ann—Edith Lank
The Country Boy, Ebenezer Ham—Horace McGeese
The Country Boy, Job Hardy
The Constable, Ike Johnson—Tom Mitchell

Much praise is due to those who took part. They have been asked to repeat the play. The sum of \$22.50 was raised for the benefit of the school here.

Mrs. Charles Lank of Welchpool who has been visiting her daughter Miss Edith Lank for the past week returned to her home on Saturday last.

The many friends of Miss Aldon Kinney are sorry to hear of her illness.

Mrs. Audrey McGee entertained a few friends on Tuesday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. Lank who is visiting here.

Mrs. Cogill of Eastport is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Melvin Cook is visiting in St. Andrews.

TOWN OF ST. GEORGE.

(Continued from first page.)

Alfred Spinney	1
Vess Southard	1
Aug W. Stuart	1
Windsor Morin	1
Nov. 30 F. G. Hibbard	1
Jim McGeel	1
Father Carson	1
Archie Harris	1
Dec. 31 Harry Hinds	1
Joe Jackson	1
Chas Murray	1
Joe Hart	1
Rev. H. I. Lynds	1
George O'Mally	1

No money has been borrowed during 1909 on the credit of this Corporation, and all bills submitted to council up to 31st Dec. have been paid.

C. Hazen McGee, Mayor
Jno C. O'Brien, Clerk

To His worship the Mayor and Councilors of the Town of St. George, Gentlemen:

Having had all books and papers placed in my hands and carefully examined all accounts and compared vouchers with same find accounts correct.

A. D. Herron
Auditor.

Millions From Canada's Mines

Ottawa, March 3.—Canada's minerals, produced in 1909, were worth more than \$90,000,000, the production showing an increase of about \$5,000,000. Silver was produced to the value of \$14,388,310, of which \$13,000,000 came from Cobalt.

Of gold, the production was about \$9,300,000, a slight decrease. The gold output of the Yukon totalled \$3,960,000, an increase of \$360,000.

There were 28,845 tons of nickel produced from the Sudbury district, having a value of \$3,913,012.

The production of pig iron was 757,162 tons, valued at \$8,112,294.

There was an increase in the iron production of about twenty per cent. There was a small reduction in coal and coke, which had a total tonnage of 10,411,955, and a value of \$24,431,351.

Administration Notice.

Estate of Julia A. Doyle, late of the city of Boston, Mass., intestate.

Administration of the assets within the Province of New Brunswick of the above estate has been granted to the undersigned as attorney for John F. Sullivan, the foreign Administrator. All persons having any just claims against this estate are requested to submit the same, duly attested, within one month from the date of this notice, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to me.

St. Andrews, N. B. March 1st, 1910.
F. H. Grimmer.

AXES and SAWS
all kinds at
CHERRY'S

MUSQUASH

Ernest Shepherd, who underwent an operation for appendicitis a few weeks ago at Mrs. Higgins private hospital, St. John, is steadily improving.

Miss Alice Spinney, is spending a few days with friends in St. John.

Frank Parks is visiting his folks at Quacco, N. B. It is understood that Mr. Parks and family, intend to move to that place at an early date.

Mrs. Daniel Newman, returned to her home in Musquash, after a few days visit with friends in St. John.

Mrs. Nelson Spinney, of St. John, west, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Cutler-wood.

Jack McLean, who is employed with the Eng. P. and C. Co., as foreman over a crew of men at Log Falls, spent Sunday at his home.

Mrs. B. F. Austin is visiting her uncle A. T. Dunn, of St. John.

Mrs. M. J. Boyd spent Friday with her daughter, Mrs. A. V. Appleby, South Musquash.

James Shepherd went to St. John, on a business trip Saturday.

John O'Dell, Jr., is out from the woods, spending a few days with his folks.

Chas. Winnett, is acting as sexton at St. Anne's church.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, of Lepreau, spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Geo. Gamble.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Boyne, of Lepreau, drove through to Musquash on Friday last, and were the guests of Mrs. M. J. Boyd.

On Sunday last Geo. Ferguson and David Hargrove were returning to the lumber camp, and told that they met two moose on their way, which detained them quite awhile on the road, before they reached their destination.

Thos. Walsh, a well known brakeman, on the N. S. Railway, met with an accident at the water tank Monday last, falling off the van.

Dr. Corbett M. D., drove through to Musquash on St. John, on Wednesday last.

J. Graham and Roy McCluskey, left on Thursday evening train for St. John. Richard Quartley and John Cairns, have completed cutting pulp wood for this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Jones Jr., and son, of Musquash, are visitors in St. John.

Mrs. Wm. Shepherd, Sr., has returned from a visit in St. John.

Wm. Stevens, went to New River on Thursday.

Edward Stevens, has returned to his work at the Lowell lumber woods, after being laid up with a bruised ankle a few days.

MASCARENE

Miss Leora McVicar spent Wednesday afternoon with her friend, Annie Stewart.

Mrs. Oscar Matthews, called on friends here Thursday afternoon.

Miss Annie Stewart, is confined to her home, with a cold.

Maggie Leland, still continues very ill. Menzie Chambers is visiting his sister, in L'Etete.

Miss Grace and Flora Stewart, spent Friday evening with Miss Pitt.

We are sorry to hear that Allen Stewart is confined to his home, with a severe cold.

George McVicar and Will Leland, spent Friday evening with Havlock Stewart.

Mrs. Sydney Dines and young son, Milton, were visitors here Saturday.

Mrs. Kathleen Stuart and Gertrude McMann of L'Etete, spent Thursday evening with Mrs. R. Burgess.

Mrs. Oscar Matthews, visited Mrs. Chas. Leland on Wednesday last.

Bert Cameron has been hauling box wood for Arthur Henderson.

Robert and Nolan Wilcox, are spending their vacation at their home here.

Roscoe Burgess, spent Monday evening with Havlock Stewart.

Mrs. Will Matthews, spent a day last week with her father, John Stuart.

We are all sorry to hear, that Ernest Stuart is still on the sick list.

Raymond Matthews was in L'Etete, Tuesday last.

Mrs. Frank Leland, has been suffering from a severe cold.

Oscar Matthews, has been hauling logs for George McVicar.

Colin McVicar, was in St. George on Thursday.

Miss Gertrude McMann and Mrs. Kathleen Stuart of L'Etete, took tea with Mrs. Wm. Hilyard, on Thursday last.

CARD OF THANKS.

To the Editor,
Dear Sir—

I wish through the columns of your paper to thank the many friends of St. George who were so kind to us at the time of our recent bereavement and who so kindly tendered their sympathy.

OCTAVE PLUDE

SLEDS and SKATES
At CHERRY'S
EASTPORT, ME.

WILSONS BEACH

Messrs. A. McKenzie, traveller for Ganoing Bros. St. Stephen, Walter Snow for Baird Co. Ltd., Woodstock, H. Grimmer of St. Stephen, A. Kierstead and E. Shiels for Hall & Fairweather, St. John, called on the merchants here this week.

Miss Ernie and Kenneth Brown a visiting friends at North Road.

Misses Hattie and Ulah Smith are guests of their aunt Mrs. Frank Lank.

A social party was held on Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Chas. Hilyard, Head Harbor Whistle, about 25 couple were present, and enjoyed themselves, with music, games, and dancing.

Messrs. Oswald Antling, Frank McDonald and Miss Maud McDonald, returned to their homes at Scotts Bay, N. S. on Monday by Smt. Aurora.

Mr. Johnson of New York called on his young son Pacl at Mr. Enos last week.

A masquerade ball was held in Dan Green's hall on Thursday evening. Two prizes were given, one a box of chocolates, to the best dressed lady, and a box of cigars to the worst dressed man.

The box of chocolates was awarded to Mrs. Wm. Lank who represented a square, and the cigars to Banks Lank, among the best representations may be mentioned:—

Ernie Brown
Maud Dick
Flossie Matthews
Im Mitchell
Clady Matthews
Lizzie Tucker
Sarah Fitzger, Id
Mila Mitchell
Mrs. Holland
Willie Tucker
Kenneth Brown
Hilman Mathews
Simon Newman
Mr. Renouff
Mexican
Uncle Sam
K of P
Clown
John Calder
Clarence Chute
Hiram Smith
Walter Cline
Hosemuit
Indian
W. Lank
Darkey

BREADALBANE

Mrs. Angus McVicar, has been spending a few days with Mrs. Geo. Matthews, Ethel Spinney and Ernest Spoffard, attended the party at Mascarene, on Tuesday evening.

We are glad to hear that Cecil Sherrard is recovering.

Thomas Spinney has returned to work again, in the stone shed.

George Wass of Eastport, Me., is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Wm. Welsh.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Buchanan, were the guests of Mrs. Fred Spinney, on Tuesday last.

Peter McDermott, is suffering from an attack of LaGrippe.

The Welsh Bros. are engaged in getting out box wood.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Spinney, called on friends in Back Bay and Letete on Sunday.

Wm. Boyd of St. George, called on Peter McDermott, one day last week.

Mrs. Benjamin Campbell, delightfully entertained a number of young friends on Thursday evening, it being Mr. Campbell's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherrard, called on Mrs. H. Dewar one evening recently.

M. S. Thomas Spinney, called on friends here on Sunday.

Sylvie Spofford, spent a few days in St. George last week.

Mrs. John Spofford, called on Mrs. Jas. Oliver last week.

NEW RIVER

Dr. Reynolds of Lepreau was here to attend Joseph Haggerty Wednesday as he took a bad turn.

Mr. Todd of Milltown stopped at the New River house Thursday on his way from St. John.

Edgar Smith had a car of machinery and lumber come on Monday.

They are working at the new boarding house and the mill and the work is progressing rapidly.

Edgar Smith left for St. John on Friday.

L. R. Bonnell was here taking orders for tailor made suits recently.

Bennie Saunders has got his house all boarded in.

Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds called on Mrs. Giles Thursday.

Mr. Smith of St. John spent Thursday here.

A double team came out of the woods Thursday on account of no snow.

Howard Boyne made a trip to St. John Monday returning Tuesday.

Edward Chittick made a trip to St. John this week.

The friends of Ernest Shepherd are glad to hear that he is recovering.

James McKeever spent Sunday at Musquash.

Lobster Gear
AT CHERRY'S

NOTICE!!!

REXAL Cold Tablets, 25c.
REXAL Colery and Iron Tonic, \$1.00.
REXAL Vegetable Compound, \$1.00.
REXAL Wine Cod Liver Oil, \$1.00.
REXAL Cough Syrup, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

These preparations are each guaranteed. If they are not satisfactory we will give your money back.

HAVEY & WILSON - - DRUGGISTS
EASTPORT, ME.

BEAVER HARBOR

E. S. Hennigar, Grand Worth Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance visited Harbor Light Division on Friday evening.

We are pleased to report that Capt. Kelson who had his hands severely burned is improving.

Mrs. Egerton left last week for North-East Pa., where her husband has been for some months, and which will be their place of residence. Mrs. Egerton was accompanied by her daughter Miss Millie Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barry and Mrs. Dan Thompson attended the funeral at Maces Bay of Kathleen only child of their sister Mrs. Melvin Mawhinney. Steamer Connors Bros. towed a large scow from St. John on Saturday for the Woodlands Lumber Co. A number of young people spent a social evening at the home of Mrs. Geo. Eldridge on Thursday.

A number of the members of the congregation of Rev. I. N. Thorne drove to his home on Thursday evening and spent a very pleasant evening, beside leaving him some token of their appreciation of his service amongst them.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bates were visitors to Blacks Harbor a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barry spent Saturday in St. George.

Miss Dora Justason has gone to visit friends in St. John.

Mrs. Wm. Cross and Mr. Snider were passengers to Black Harbor by Smt. Connors Bros. Saturday.

Edgar Cross is spending a few days with his parents here.

Mrs. Lewis Holmes is in very poor health.

Save Your Furs : Save Your Woollens

To This Purpose Order A
CEDAR CHEST
from
HALEY'S.

We make Cedar Chests to order, any sizes, any styles desired: just plain or as elaborate as you please.

We are anxious to have your orders now, while the dull season is on, when we can give them better attention.

DON'T BE DECEIVED!

Halley's Chests has no notion of destroying the earth this time, some entrepreneurs to the contrary notwithstanding. You will therefore not save your furs and woollens for next winter just the same, and just the same you will require a Halley Cedar Chest.

Don't Delay!
Telephone Or Write To—
HALEY & SON,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

Commencing Oct. 1st, and until further notice the steamer of this line will run as follows:

Leaves Thorne's wharf, St. John, for St. Andrews at 8 o'clock Monday morning, calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Blacks Harbor and Back Bay.

Returning Wednesday for St. John, calling at Back Bay, Blacks Harbor, Beaver Harbor, and Dipper Harbor. Tide and weather permitting.

All freights must be prepaid.
Agent Lawton Saw Co.
St. John, N. B.
Phone Main 531
LEWIS CONNORS, Manager,
Blacks Harbor, N. B.

CORN HAS ADVANCED

very much in cost and I am now selling
Corn, Cracked Corn, Meal,
By the single bag, \$1.65.
Five bag lots, \$1.60 per bag.
Ten bag lots, \$1.55 per bag.
G. STUART GRIMMER,
Dealer in CORN and MEAL
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

R. A. CROSS

Charlotte County's Agent
for Fire, Life, Accident and Motor Boat
INSURANCE
Lowest Rates
St. George, N. B.

RUSSELL HANSON

Wheelwright and
blacksmith. Repair work.

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN, J. P.

Collecting Justice Conveyancer, Licensed
Auctioneer, etc. Office Clinch street.

H. H. THOMPSON

Agent Singer Sewing Machine Co. St. George, first
two weeks of each month. Easy terms
\$1.00 a month if desired.

PADLOCKS, all styles and prices,

GRANT & MORIN.
A big stock of latest models by popular
authors. Fruit at lowest prices.
L. B. YOUNG'S.

POCKET KNIVES

10c. to \$2.50
AT
CHERRY'S
Eastport, Maine

WILLIAM IRISH

DEALER IN
Soda Mineral Water
Ginger Ale
Sarsaparilla.
The Famous Old Homestead
Ginger Beer.
Pipes, Tobacco and Cigars.
Fruit and Confectionery.

H. GOWTCHEY,

House Painter and Paper Hanger
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Residence at Mrs. Coutt's.
St. George, N. B., Feb. 9, 1910. 2mo.

BARTON BLUNDELL

JOB WORK.
Office in McCready Building.
GIRLS WANTED—Cout, vest and
pant makers, also apprentices HANSON
BROS., Merchant Tailors.

JOHN B. SPRAR, Contractor and

Builder. Estimates furnished.

WALL PAPER

Discount on all patterns to
close this season's goods
AT CHERRY'S