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The Granite Town Greetings

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

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MEDIUM!

VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1912

NO. 41.

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Our Millinery Opening on Saturday, was a great success
The Spirit of the Season's Styles has been felt
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With the interest which Miss McGloan, will take for the whole length of the season, with her pleasing methods and her twelve seasons experience every lady may be sure, by purchasing a hat in our store she will get the

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THE YOUNG MEN? WE
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The Senate and the Highways.

Why did the Senate amend the Highways Aid? Why did the Government kill its own political offspring rather than accept the amendments of the Senate? These are questions that demand an answer in the most explicit terms. When Parliament opened in November the speech from the Throne contained this paragraph:

"The importance of providing our country with better highways is manifest. A bill will be introduced for the purpose of enabling the Dominion to co-operate with the Provinces in the accomplishment of this desirable object."

It was understood that the Government would make an addition on a per capita basis to the subsidies of the various provinces which have controlled the construction and meeting of the highways since Confederation, and that the additional subsidy would be remarked as a grant toward road-building the Dominion providing for independent inspection of the work done. When Mr. Cochrane's bill came down, however, it was discovered that it provided for a wholesale invasion of the rights of the provinces. Clause six gave the Minister of Railways

power, subject to the consent of the provinces, to "undertake the construction and improvement of highways." No provision was made in the measure itself for the apportionment of the Dominion grant for good roads among the provinces on a per capita basis.

The Opposition in the Commons fought the measure from the outset, taking the ground that Mr. Cochrane, under pretense of aiding in the improvement of highways, was intent upon building up a political machine that would be utilized in every doubtful constituency to bribe the electors with their own money, and to that end was taking from the provinces a function that had been theirs since Confederation. In provinces where the local Government was in alliance with the Dominion the road grants would be spent to the advantage of the Conservative party, while provinces having Liberal Administrations would be forced to accept Mr. Cochrane's political road builders or do without their share of the road grant.

The Government protested that the crushing of its opponents beneath the Cochrane road roller was far from its thoughts. It brought down an estimate of aid for highways during the current year, appropriating a million on a per capita

basis among the provinces. This was pointed to as proving that there was no desire to use the road grants for political purposes. But the Opposition was not deceived. The Government stubbornly refused to amend the bill along the line of its own declared financial policy. It insisted on the retention also of the power to build highways. The Liberals in the Commons having failed to prevent the bill from passing, although their protests were backed up by the advocates of provincial rights all over the country the Senate amended the bill to provide that the aid for road building should be handed over to the Provinces and should be given on a per capita basis. It is well that the Senate's reasons for this amendment should secure wide publicity. They were as follows:

"Because the method of distribution provided for by the amendment is that announced by members of the Administration in the Senate and House of Commons as contemplated, and has been actually adopted in the supplementary estimates for the ensuing year.

"Because the bill undertakes to make certain permanent provisions as to the aid to be given to the construction and improvement of highways in the several provinces; and it is only reasonable that the principle of equal distribution in proportion to population recognized by the present Administration should be permanently secured by enactment in the bill, as otherwise, if this principle were abandoned in future, the Senate would have no other recourse than to reject the supply bill.

"Because, if the principle upon which the apportionment of such grant is to be made is fixed by a permanent enactment, the task of deciding upon the items to be inserted in the supply bill will be simplified.

"Because section 6 of the bill empowers the Minister to undertake the construction or improvement of highways in any province, which would be a contravention of the letter and spirit of the British North America Act, 1867, and of the uniform practice under that Act, for which contravention no sufficient cause has been shown.

"Because the amendment affirms in effect that it is undesirable that a Minister of the Dominion Government should usurp the rights and functions of the provincial Administration in the building and maintenance of highways and bridges.

"Because the amendment will not unduly hamper the Administration in carrying out its policy and in applying the funds placed in the estimates for that object, sufficient provision being made in earlier clauses of the bill for co-operation between the Federal and Provincial Governments."

New Light on Charge Of The Light Brigade

Statement made by Lord Cardigan.

The Army and Navy Gazette recently published a statement written by Lord Cardigan for Mrs. Norton, the well known authoress, which throws an entirely new light on the circumstances which led up to the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. A brief reference has been already made in the Globe to this fact, but the whole narrative is interesting. Lord Cardigan says:

"The brigade was suddenly ordered to mount, upon which I sent one of my aides de camp to reconnoitre the ground. Lord Lucan then came in front of my brigade and said: 'Lord Cardigan, you will attack the Russians in the battery.' I said: 'Certainly, my lord; but allow me to point out to you that there is a battery in front, a battery on each flank, and that the ground is covered with Russian rifle men.' Lord Lucan answered: 'I cannot help that; it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the Light Brigade is to attack the enemy,' upon which he ordered the 11th Hussars back to support the 17th Lancers. After advancing about eighty yards, a shot fell within reach of my horse's feet, and Capt Nolan who was riding across the front, returned with his arm up, through the intervals of the brigade. I led straight down to the battery without seeing anybody else in front of me, I had to restrain some of the officers, who got very much excited within eighty yards of the battery by the heavy fire.

"I led into the battery and through the Russian guns, timber carriages and ammunition wagons in the rear; I rode with in twenty yards of the line of Russian cavalry, was attacked by two Cossacks, slightly wounded by their lances and with difficulty got away from them, they trying to surround me. On arriving at the battery, through which I had led, I found no part of the brigade.

"I rode slowly up the hill and met Gen. Scarlett. I said to him: 'What do you think, General, of- after such an order being brought to us which has destroyed the Light Brigade, the officer riding to the rear and screaming like a woman?' Sir John Scarlett replied: 'Do not say more for I have ridden over his body.'

"Lord Lucan was present at the conversation. I then rode to the place from which we had turned off and found all my brigade there, and upon having them counted that there were 193 mounted men out of 670. I immediately rode to Lord Raglan to make my report, who said in a very angry way: 'What do you mean, sir, by attacking a battery in front contrary

to all the usages of warfare and the custom of the service?'

"Upon which I said: 'My lord, I hope you will not blame me, for I received my orders to attack from my superior in front of the troops.' I then narrated what I had done as described above.

"The charge of the Light Brigade only lasted twenty minutes.

(Signed) "Cardigan"
This is the first account there has ever been of a personal interview between Lord Lucan, commander of the cavalry division, and Lord Cardigan before the charge. It has hitherto been believed that Capt. Nolan, Lord Lucan's A. D. C. came to Cardigan with the message:

"The Light Brigade will advance."
Cardigan asked what was to be his objective and Nolan, pointing with his sword to the Russian battery in front, said, in the presence of the troops, "My lord, there are your enemies." Cardigan's soldierly pride was stung and he immediately ordered the brigade to charge into the valley of death."

Capt. Nolan, a hot headed Irishman, seeing that a disastrous misunderstanding had occurred, rode across the front of the brigade and with gestures of his sword endeavored to divert them to their true objective, which was the right flank of the Russians. He was, however, instantaneously killed; but the stiffened muscles kept him on his horse, and he rode a dead man through the ranks of the brigade with his sword arm uplifted as Lord Cardigan describes. Lord Cardigan's words that he rode "screaming like a woman," however, seems to show that life, though not consciousness, remained for a season.

The new version vindicates the memory of Nolan. It shows that the blame for blunder rests on Lord Lucan himself. Nolan's share was confined to the attempt to direct the brigade on to its true objective. The rebuke of Lord Raglan is interesting as showing that the blunder committed was recognized at the time.

Panama Canal Operation To Cost \$31,000,000 Year

Washington, D. C., April 10.-Thirty one million dollars a year must be paid by the Government for operating and maintaining the Panama Canal. Of this total \$4,500,000 will be for repairs and actual expenses of operation; \$11,500,000 for interest on the money invested in construction, and \$15,000,000 for supporting the military and naval establishment on the Zone to defend the canal.

This estimate was given by Emory C. Johnson today before the Senate Committee on Inter-Oceanic Canals. He is pro-

fessor of transportation and commerce in the University of Pennsylvania and was appointed by President Taft to be a special commissioner on canal tolls and commerce. As an offset he did not expect the revenue derived from the collection of tolls to exceed \$1,000,000 for the first year.

A great supply of coal should be kept at each end of the canal by the Government, he said. It should be sold to all ships entering the waterway at just sufficient to pay the cost. Prof. Johnson would not discuss the matter of tolls pending his report to the President. He said great latitude should be given the President in fixing charges.



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The Wrong Throat.

A little boy took an apple to school the other day and was playing with it. When the teacher saw him he took it from him and later came around to eat it himself.

As the boy saw the last piece disappear he began to cough violently. When the teacher asked him what he was coughing or he replied:

"Please, sir, the apple has gone down the wrong way."

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Dr. PIERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—of 1008 pages, answers hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know. Sent free in cloth binding to any address on receipt of 5¢ one-cent stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only.



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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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ST. GEORGE, - - N. B.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
J. W. CORRELL, - Editor

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FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1912

Inside News of Italian-Turk War.

Tripoli Has for Years Been the Scene of Persecution by the Turks. Deplorable Incidents.

San Francisco, April 12.—In a vigorous address that might have been entitled, "The reasons why Italy made War Against Turkey," Ettore Parrizi, editor of L'Italia, gave some inside history of European affairs that rather startled the members of Golden Gate Commandry, Knights Templar, at their annual banquet and Red Cross initiation. The applause that met his forceful remarks seemed to show that his arguments and array of facts were well received.

In part he said:
"The history of the last score of years and the big books of Italy, where the Italian government records all the dealings with foreign powers, are full of complaints, protests and charges of Italy against the Turks on account of outrages on Italian lives or properties under the Turkish flag. Furthermore, whenever the Italian resident of the Ottoman Empire appealed to the court of justice of that country for any redress invariably justice was never done him.

"In several instances Italian business men engaged in forestry, mining and railroad enterprises had been so vexed by the Turkish authorities that they were compelled to withdraw and lose millions and millions which they had invested. Many times Italian firms and warehouses have been ransacked and merchant ships and robbed. Not long ago a poor Italian girl, a minor, hardly sixteen years old, was abducted from her family, composed of honest working folk employed on a railway in Turkey, forcibly converted to the Mohammedan religion and afterward married by force to a Mussulman, notwithstanding the protests of her parents and the intervention of the Italian consul.

Deplorable Incidents.
"All the deplorable incidents referred to occurred in every district of Turkey but in Tripoli they had been so frequent of late that the patience and leniency of Italy would have become actual cowardice had not the Italian government put a stop to the outrages and chicanery of Turkey and taken drastic measures.

The Italians were doing real wonders in Tripoli and vicinity. They were colonizing and developing that land, which for centuries through the neglect, laziness and backwardness of the Turks had been left in a shameful state of sterility.

"But it seems as though the more the Italians were energetically working for the welfare and development of Tripoli the more enraged the Turks were getting against them; every Italian enterprise which would give work not only to the Italians but to the Arabs had been harassed, handicapped, mutilated and jeopardized by the Turkish authorities and to that malignant aim the Turks resorted to all kinds of tricks and cowardice.

"Having seen void all its efforts to obtain justice and fair treatment from Turkey was purposely and maliciously unable to preserve order in Tripoli and guarantee the safety of life and property to the Italians there residing, only one way remained open to the government of Rome to obtain justice, that of taking under its

own care and responsibility the safety and protection of Tripoli, and to accomplish this Italy could not do any less than occupy that territory. The Italian government sent an ultimatum to Turkey telling the Ottoman of its determined intention of occupying Tripoli asking of the Turks, in order to avoid bloodshed and other unpleasant consequences, to instruct officials in Tripoli not to oppose to the landing of Italian troops, advising the Turks that by doing so the two governments would afterwards come to some agreement which would result in a friendly settlement of the situation in Tripoli.

Other Powers Apprised.

"But the proverbial stubbornness of Turkey prevailed once more. What did Turkey care for civilization and justice in Tripoli when civilization and justice are unknown to it in the very seat of the domain? What did it care if a few Italians were murdered in Tripoli when it baffled the whole world which was raising cries of protest against the wholesale slaughtering of tens of thousands of Armenians perpetrated by the Mussulmans? So instead of listening to the humanitarian offer of Italy Turkey answered with stubborn resistance in the occupation of Tripoli by the Italians and this is why the war was begun and is now raging.

"The right of Italy in Tripoli and the justice of the reasons which determined the occupation of that province were so well known and acknowledged by the European powers that no one of them dared to make the slightest opposition to the action of Italy. And, mind you, the expedition of Italy was not made by any means a surprise to the governments of Europe, because they had been notified in due time by the government of Rome that if Turkey failed or delayed in giving satisfaction to Italy for the lamented outrages against the life and property of its subjects, the Italian forces would occupy Tripoli."

Bulletin on Weeds and the Seed Law

A bulletin has been issued by the Seed Branch of the Department of Agriculture Ottawa, giving a full reprint of the Seed Control Act, 1911, which is the law governing the sale of seeds in Canada. This act, with the regulations of the Governor in Council, names the weeds which are considered most noxious and are particularly legislated against and defines the standards of quality in regard to purity and germination to which seed of various kinds must conform when sold for seeding purposes. The standards for four grades of timothy, red clover, alfalfa and alfalfa seed are given and full information regarding the law as applied to farmers and the way in which it may be used for their protection.

The second part of the bulletin deals with seed testing work and the application of the law through seed inspection. Seed laboratories are maintained in Ottawa and Calgary for the use of seedsmen and farmers where samples are tested free of charge.

The largest part of the bulletin and perhaps that of most interest to farmers deals with weeds and seeds. About 90 different species are illustrated and described and with the use of the bulletin the identification of both the growing plants and the seeds should be comparatively easy. The weeds considered noxious under the Seed Control Act are given first, in botanical order. This bulletin will be very interesting and useful to those interested in the identification and control of weeds and the means to adopt to prevent their introduction and spread through commercial seeds. It is known as bulletin No. S-6 and may be had free on application to the Publications Branch Department of Agriculture; Ottawa.

Inexpensive Spring Paint.

Farmers intending to paint outbuildings, some perhaps of undressed boards, will find a paint composed of Portland cement and sweet milk mixed to a consistency that will spread readily, and colored with any suitable coloring matter, as being the cheapest and most desirable covering material possible, writes C. T. T., in Hoard's Dairyman. A little linseed oil and a little white lead will not hurt it, but neither is absolutely indispensable.

I have some now going into a second winter's trial, and it looks quite as well as the day it was put on. It grew hard in two hours after being applied and has

stayed so ever since.
A bushel of cement will go a good way and milk is to be used fresh every day, mixing an enough of the material to use during one day only.

I don't know if it would work equally well on newly dressed boards. Its essential feature when applying is the manner in which it sinks into a rough surface, and hardening there, becomes a stone surface, not soluble by storms, cold or heat. I have used it with a light yellow ochre, and added a little white lead, merely to give it a lighter color (straw color). Of course, the absence of any coloring material would leave your building a simple drab. Some might prefer that but I did not.

The Duke in New York.

Writing on the visit of the Connaughts to New York, F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley) in The Metropolitan Magazine says:

"Other royal personages have looked us over in the past. The late King of England came to America before the war and must have been extremely active on his feet, for at least ten thousand old ladies are still alive who danced with him. The Princess Louise we always remember with respect as the first person who had the courage to speak out against the fifth and indecency of the America sleeping car of the time. We had Don Pedro of Brazil with us for a while. Ten years ago we were favored with the presence of Prince Henry of Prussia. Long before that came the King of the Sandwich Islands, an agreeable brown potentate with a taste for drawing to inside straight. It is so long ago that we can't recall whether the ladies of New York made themselves agreeable to him in the historic manner of the Cannibal Islands by asking him in to pick an acquaintance with them, but it is a fact of history that a proprietor of a hotel in Chicago did meet him at the door and inquire whether he wouldn't like to go to his room and wash up. Under all these honors, as far as we are informed, the American public bore itself with some degree of composure, but the arrival of the Duke on a purely social visit was too much for the pent-up aristocratic emotions of a section of the population and they received him with as great a show of fealty as though he were the reigning prince and they his sworn subjects."

FAKE ACCIDENT CLAIMS against railways are said to be increasing in number in Canada. In the United States there is a regular gang in almost every State living by its success in getting money for these fraudulent claims on railways and insurance companies. Last week the Toronto Railway Company used all the machinery of the court to expose an alleged fraudulent compensation claim. This was accomplished in a sensational manner. Two damage suits came to trial in the County Court, and after Dr. Garrat, a prominent Toronto physician, had testified to their injuries, one of the plaintiffs entered the box and said he had not been injured at all, but was a detective, and had brought this action to show how unreliable was much of the medical evidence in damage suits. Whether it was wise to thus entrap a medical man is for the company to decide, but if the exposure leads to the prevention of such claims in future some good will have come out of very doubtful proceedings. Ex.

King Owns Sandringham.

The statement is again being published that Sandringham is the absolute property of Queen Alexandra says the Gentlewoman. As a matter of fact in the will of the late King Edward the whole estate was left solely to King George, his late Majesty merely stipulating that the Queen Mother should have the entire use of it during her lifetime and adding a wish that in the future the place might become the dowry house of the Queen Consort. King George is, however, in no way bound by this, and is at liberty when the proper time arrives to dispose of it in any manner that seems best to him. In the meantime he has entire charge of the estate, pays all the outgoing and receives the income.

"Did you read about the \$300,000 pearl necklace that the Philadelphia banker gave his bride the other day?"

"No."

"Goodness! Don't you ever try to keep posted on the important happenings of the day?"

NAMELESS

"Boo-hoo—boo-hoo!"
The kind old gentleman traced the sad sounds to their source, and came upon a small, whimpering lad.
"What's the matter, my little man?" he asked sympathetically.
"I'm lost!" wailed the boy.
"Lost? Nonsense! We mustn't give up hope so soon. Where do you live?"
"I don't know, sir!" whined the lad.
"We've just moved, and I can't remember the address!"
"Well, what's your name?"
"I don't know, sir!"
"Don't know?" exclaimed the old gentleman.
"No-o!" sobbed the lad, breaking in to a fresh outburst of tears. "My mother married again this m-morning!"

DOING THEIR DUTY

"I try to do my duty," said the exceedingly sincere person, "and I do not hesitate to remind others of their duty."
"Go ahead," replied the easy-going citizen. "You may prove to be a very useful member of society. But when you get through you'll have as many sincere friends and admirers as an alarm clock."



HOW FOOLISH

When O'Dearie sued O'Mee for the payment of five dollars, some people imagined that they were the most important people in the case. But this was not the opinion in Pat's district. It was he who had served O'Mee with the debated goods of O'Dearie, and he had been called to give evidence. When he returned home he wore a big swagger.
"Shure, mither, an' it isn't aisy to be a witness," he boasted, "especially when the lawyers be such fools!"
"Were the lawyers fools?" exclaimed his mother. "O! shouldn't have believed it!"
"It's thrue, though," replied Pat. "It's as thrue as O'm sitting here, be gorry! They asked so many questions, O'm thinking they didn't know a blessed thing about the case!"

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JAS. O'NEILL

MC2465 PAPER DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The death of Robert W. Leland occurred March 12th, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Silas C. Saynor, Eau Claire, Wisconsin, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Leland was a native of Mascarene, N. B., from which place he moved to Eau Claire fifty six years ago. He was one of the pioneers in that section; his wife, who before her marriage was Jane Hoyt of Letete, N. B., being the third white woman to settle in Eau Claire, which is now a large city.

Mr. Leland had a family of eleven children, eight of whom are living. One son, George W., died when quite young, another John W., died about fifteen years ago and a daughter, Mrs. J. H. Massey, died two years ago. The surviving sons are, Hector C. Leland, Ph. D., Pastor Baptist Church, Livingston, Montana; Prof. Darius, R. Leland, Rock Island, Ill.; and Charles F. Leland, Proprietor of The Minocqua Boat Works, Minocqua, Wis., one in Michigan and one in Illinois.

He leaves also a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Mr. Leland settled on a farm when he moved to Eau Claire and carried on a large business from which he retired a few years ago and since the death of his wife, three years ago, he has lived with his daughter. He was the last surviving member of his father's family, a young brother, George Leland, who married Sarah Hoyt, of Letete, and sister to R. W. Leland, having died two years ago.

THE Secret OF THE Countess

By WARD MUIR

He rose and made his way round the room, examining inquisitively its appointments. Presently he came to a small hanging bookcase. It was crammed with diverse volumes, many of them very tattered. Odd! One of the books was a copy of the Odes of Horace in the original Latin. What would Barry Lazarus, the self-educated workman, want with the Odes of Horace?

Joe drew the book from its niche, took it back to the armchair, and sat down. He opened the book and began reading. So Joe Dean could read Latin? Barry, on his part, might also have been justified in thinking this odd.

The clock on the mantel-piece chimed ten. Joe was growing sleepy over the Odes of Horace, though this was rather the fault of the warm fire in the kitchen-range than that of the Odes themselves. He dropped the book, then stood up irresolute. He reflected, picked up the book again, and carefully put it back in its shelf.

Then he looked at the staircase which led into the upper part of the house. "Shall I?" He smiled to himself. "Why not?" he said. But he hesitated. And, as he hesitated, he suddenly stiffened to attention. What was that? A stealthy footfall above? The empty house was, then, not so empty as Barry had tried to make out.

Joe crept swiftly to the top of the stairway and crouched there, listening at the closed door. Yes; there was a footfall, light but unmistakable. Joe looked at the crack beneath the door.

There was a light on the other side of that crack, carrying a lamp or candle. No; it had gone! Just for one moment the light had lingered, then faded and vanished. The crack was dark once more.

Someone had passed, on the far side of the door, carrying a lamp or candle. What was going on in this alleged deserted house? Had burglars entered? Impossible! At this early hour Joe racked his brains, as he crouched, waiting.

He waited—waited—tense-strung. The minutes passed, and nothing more happened. Then—Bang!

High up, in the echoing recesses of the mansion there had been a shot. It rang out, muffled but unmistakable. And practically simultaneously with it, there was a cry—one awful cry—a shriek almost of terror, of agonized, wordless cry, indelible, indescribable, a cry that rang through the chambers of that vast mansion, and then sank into a silence even more horrid than the cry itself.

Joe Dean was no coward. Ten years of roughing it at sea had hardened his nerves, like his muscles. The cry sank to nothingness, while Joe Dean stood rigid. Then his ears were assailed by a fresh, very different, sound. Footfalls again! But this time they were not hushed and stealthy. They were a caracol—a rush of stumbling, madly scrambling, footfalls, almost making the fabric of the mansion's pile above his head.

Someone was running down the staircase, almost making the fabric of the mansion's pile above his head. The man's face, as he looked at the person, whoever he was—and he was alone—was quite reckless; he was dashing down the stairs, without a thought of caution, from something or someone on an upper floor. With a last bound he evidently gained the mansion's hall. A second later Joe heard the front door slam.

Joe Dean's mind was made up in an instant. It was useless to pursue the fugitive. The question to be decided was: What was he flying from? What had happened in the upper layers of the mansion? No; Oroyd Square? Joe ran down the kitchen stairs again, snatched up the lamp from the table, returned to the top of the stairs, and, turning the door-handle, pushed hard.

He nearly fell sprawling, for the door opened instantly, for the door was unlocked at all. "Humph!" reflected Joe, as he regarded his balance. "That's the number two, Mr. Barry Lazarus! You're a bit of a romancer, it seems." But Barry had not lied about the state of the house. As Joe, lamp held high, surveyed the sombre vestibule in which he found himself, he could hardly repress a shudder at its disgusting state of squalor. Mats of cobwebs hung from the corners under the ceiling, from the electric light chandeliers from the empty hat-rack; and the dust of years having settled on to these cobwebs, they were inky black, thick like funeral drapery. The effect was nauseating; the stomach turned at the sight; there was something obscene in those immense and sticky webs, laden with dirt, ragged, yet festooned with a sort of grisly art, so that the house seemed fantastically decorated with them, as with soiled pirate flags.

Joe had no time to pause, however, to speculate upon the filthy effect. This was no time for asking questions. Quickly, eagerly, with firm tread, he explored each room he peeped into—just a swift glance, enough to descry the contents, glimpsed in the light of the lamp. No; on second thoughts, why depend on this wretched, flickering oil-lamp? He tried an electric switch; the light flashed out.

"Lie number three, Mr. Barry," he muttered. "You said the electricity was cut off." He put down the lamp on the hall table, and now, as he went from room to room, he switched on the electricity

in each; then, his inspection concluded, switched it off again. And what rooms they were! Here was the library, walled with books, piled on their shelves; here was the dining-room, which looked out on to the darkness of the back garden; here was the drawing-room, crammed with costly furniture, all rotting and bestriched, and hung with priceless pictures, some of which were askew and damp, while others had tumbled to the floor. Each apartment was more desolate than the last; each had evidently not been entered for years. He took a sharp peep into each, switched the light on and then off again. Nothing! Nothing but desolation.

Two minutes sufficed for the ground floor. Now for the higher stories. He ran up the magnificently broad staircase, with its carved balustrade. Here was the first floor—again room after room of emptiness! Until—

On the landing, half way up to the next flight, Joe caught sight of a door, with a line of light beneath it. Here, if anywhere, would the heart of the riddle be found.

Joe sprang lightly up the few remaining stairs, paused for an instant to take breath and to brace himself for the knock, and then pushed open the door, which swung back at a touch.

He found himself in a rather small, but brilliantly lit room. The electric lights were blazing; every detail of the furniture, in fact, was arranged what plainly furnished, but comfortably, as a sort of parlor. It was dirty, but less so than the other rooms, and it was plainly utilized by some inhabitant at the present date. It had a desk, a writing-table and a large chair, the door of the latter was swinging open, on massive hinges, and, on shelves within a quantity of papers, a table, piled neatly and, as far as could be judged, in perfect order, and undisturbed. The room, in fact, was ordinary enough, but for one significant and immediately notable detail.

It was the figure of a man, in evening-dress, and it lay face downwards, beside the desk, on a carpet, was a red and sinister stain—a stain of blood.

CHAPTER III. What the Police Missed. Joe stepped forward, then stopped and carefully surveyed the room. He seemed to be memorizing the appearance of this tragic interior, as though for future reference, as though for some purpose of his own. "Can't be too careful," he murmured, and he turned, went to the door, and closed it.

He came back to the figure on the floor, bent down, and turned it over. "So?" he exclaimed. "He's dead." He added, as though curiously addressing an onlooker: "Dead he undoubtedly was. The aristocratic visage, with its heavy 'swains' moustache, grizzled and rather military-looking, was pale and lifeless. It gazed up at Joe with unseeing orbs. And in its shroud there was a smear of blood, coagulated into a pool at one point, which no doubt indicated the locality of the wound.

"Murdered!" said Joe. "No doubt of that." The murdered man lay, unheeding, with the awful indifference of one who has gone elsewhere, and cares no longer for his own paltry clay or for any thing mundane. He was like a waning image, mocking in its imperturbability; he was like a sphinx, which smiles at your puny efforts to read its eternal riddle.

His two arms were spread wide, and his slender hands were clenched. One of them gripped tightly some small object. Joe bent down and detached it from that mechanical grasp.

It was a photograph—a miniature of a beautiful woman, with strange eyes and masses of dark hair piled on a low but noble headdress of the woman of perhaps thirty years of age. "Strange!" said Joe. He was curiously moved, as he looked at the picture. "Strange! And perhaps the fatal clue. Who knows? It may mean nothing it may mean everything."

He slipped it into his pocket. And as he did so, a sound—a sound of menace—rose from outside, a policeman's whistle, shrill, reverberating, it pierced the air like a siren. Outside, at the front of the house, there were sounds of running footsteps. Then a clatter up to the front door, whose handle was rattled; then the footfalls clattered again, this time down into the kitchen door. He strode to the door.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, as he turned the handle. The door would not budge. "An automatic lock," he commented coolly. "It must have locked itself on the outside when I closed it. Never mind. Make assurance doubly sure." Above the lock, on the inner side, was a bolt. "That'll delay 'em, I guess!" He was oddly cheerful. An onlooker would have said that his spirits were rising as danger approached.

Down below he could hear two or three people—the police obviously—moving about, and speaking in hurried tones. Then they began to mount the stairs. "Time to bunk!" remarked Joe. "Strange that he should be so chummy! Already the police were outside, on the very threshold.

"There's a light in here," a voice said. "Open the door," said another. And then the handle rattled. "Lock-ed!" said one of the voices. "Shall we break it down?" Another voice, more authoritative—perhaps that of a superintendent—replied: "Yes, break it down. Put your shoulders to it, boys!" Yet Joe did not hurry, did not attempt to hide. He had returned now to the corpse, and was again gazing down into its placid face. And as he gazed, his eyes sharpened. Was there not something strange about the appearance of the murdered man's mouth, beneath its big, grey moustache? Joe looked closer. Yes, the lips were oddly clenched.

Joe knelt down, and very gently, very reverently, forced the lips apart. Quickly he withdrew some tiny object from between them. Some object which had hitherto been hidden by the moustache. Like a flash the object went into Joe's pocket. Then he rose.

The police were thundering on the door, but the bolt still held. Joe threw a careless glance at the door. It was shaking and cracking. There was not an instant to be lost.

He walked across the room to its far side, and coolly placed his hand on a knob beside the fireplace. He pulled, and at once another door opened out to another—a vest's room, and hence to the servants' staircase—down this he ran lightly and silently. At the bottom he passed out through a back door, which was unlocked, into the garden.

He passed through, and, closing a sliding door, found himself in a small chamber, which had, perhaps, once been a dressing-room. From this he passed to another—a vest's room, and hence to the servants' staircase—down this he ran lightly and silently. At the bottom he passed out through a back door, which was unlocked, into the garden.

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WIFE HELPING HER HUSBAND

How a Woman Assists her Life-partner by Tacit and Thoughtfulness

Quite recently I attended a debate at a woman's club where there was a discussion on "How a woman can develop her own individuality in order to attain success." One of the most prominent speakers said to me: "What process do you adopt to develop your individuality?"

I fear she was not entirely pleased with my answer when I replied, "I have always been too busy helping my husband to develop his individuality in order that he might attain success in his career, and my personal gifts have all been used in my duties as a wife."

As a matter of fact there has been no sacrifice of any part to help my husband by every means in my power to realize success in his career was the ideal life I had before me, my eyes even on the first day we were engaged, and I consider that there is more joy in my services has all in the constant attention to what are generally considered the trifling attentions of domestic life.

Perhaps the maternal elements must play the largest part if a wife really wishes to keep her husband in such mental and physical trim that he can fully develop all his faculties, and she must watch over him as a mother watches over her child, thinking nothing too small to escape her attention and planning out her daily routine to give him the idea that the house must be run with a view to his comfort and interest.

For instance, it may seem a trifling matter to many women who are absorbed in some great artistic career that I make it my first business to study my husband's digestion. I had discovered the diet that suited him, and I had to cook the meals myself in order that I might always be able to instruct any servant to serve the table in the best possible manner.

To look after a husband's physical health means incessant attention and never have got to the summit of his career without my help. I do not think he quite realizes that the real value of my services has all in the constant attention to what are generally considered the trifling attentions of domestic life.

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Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be restored forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ont. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Leap Year. 'Tis leap year, girls, and don't forget. The privilege of the suffragette. With bashful, hesitating beams. Pick up your courage and propose. Until all precedent's red tape. And let no guilty man escape. She who hesitates is lost. So land your man at any cost. If you have youth as well as beauty. The leap year cry is "Do your duty!" "Say, Horace, dear, will you be mine? Of all mankind for you I pine." If he a happy year should wish you, And slyly try to dodge the issue, Just get a grip upon his coat. And put the question to a vote. If he vows "No" and you vote "Yes" Throw out no signal of distress. "Hip! hip! hurrah! it is a tie. Blest be the tie that binds!"—E. X.

From Profits or Losses? We'll Advertise. A man advertises his character by his needs, his wisdom by his words or by his silence. A merchant's store, stock, and windows speak either well or ill of his business. So when a man says "No, I do not advertise," he knows not what he says. What he really means is that he does not publish printed advertisements.

Some proclaim this as though it were a virtue—yet spend much effort and invest much money in advertising their business through mediums other than the printed word. They may make their wares fit for a king—yet hesitate to introduce them to Brown or Smith. This is inconsistency.

The truth is, printed advertising is a vital force in every business, just as is the "silent" advertising of a product's quality or a merchant's service. When you employ the printed word as your solicitor in the Court of Public Opinion, you build good will for your product or service—a good will that results in profit.

If unrepresented at this Court, your interests are as unprotected as though, when involved in a law suit, you failed to "enter an appearance" and the case is decided against you—by default.

So it is clear you pay for advertising—one way or the other. If you pay it wages, it will work for you. If you refuse its offers of service, it will work against you, in just the measure of its employment by your Competitors.

So you are paying for advertising either out of your profits or by your losses. Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through any advertising agency, or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 503 Lumsden Building. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write if interested.

Not Very Anxious. Old Gent: "So you want to become my son-in-law?" Youth: "No, I don't; but if I marry your daughter I don't very well see how I can get out of it!"

WINS DISTINCTION. A Canadian scholar, Mr. H. J. Baker, son of Mr. J. Allen Baker, M.P. for Finsbury, has been elected President of the famous Union Society of Cambridge University. Mr. Baker, who secured one of the most important University scholarships is a keen politician and a strong debater, and has had the unique honor of being the first scholar to occupy the Presidency of both the Union Society and the University Athletic Club.

PROMOTING CHILD EMIGRATION. The Rev. Mr. Whalley, secretary of the Child Emigration Society, in addressing a representative meeting at Stirling, Scotland, emphasized the two great needs of the present day—the need of the Dominions for trained agricultural populations, to cultivate the vast tracts of uncultivated land, and the need for the removal of thousands of children in Great Britain from their crowded and unhealthy homes, to a life of health and useful lives.

Advertise in Greetings.

JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please

Queer Station Names.

When a new railway is built in the west it is often a problem to select names for the stations which are opened along its route. Personal names have long been favorites, but there has been such a demand for them that the supply has been just about exhausted. So the station-master has to have recourse to his ingenuity. On the New Gole way branch of the C. & N. a traveller is amazed to hear the trainman call out in stentorian tones such odd names as Iloilfast, Liberty, Stal, Imperial, Renown and Radium. When comes down to impersonal nouns andjectives, the invention of the creative must be pretty well exhausted.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

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

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

The Steamer CONNORS BROS.

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

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

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

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. Lewis Connors, Pres. Black's Harbor, N. B.

The Pall of the Coal Strike

Cardiff lives by coal, it grows rich by coal, and its streets are filled with men who are the masters and slaves of coal writes Philip Gibbs, in The London Chronicle. Even the shops, restaurants, theatres, picture palaces and the pawn brokers exist only on the wages earned by coals, and the money which they take has been blackened by its dust.

Cardiff is the meeting place of the men of the hills and the men of the sea; yet, though they rub shoulders in the streets, and sit close together in the music halls, and stare into the windows of the same shops, there is no comradeship between them, and they do not know each other's woes. After an evening in the city the miners go back, shouting songs, to their small towns which straggle along the valleys to the coalfields, ready for the first cage down to the pits, and the sea men tramp back to the streets about the docks (turning in at the public house for one more drink) and wait for the next ship outward bound with a cargo of coal.

Down Bute street and round Tiger Bay there are always seamen waiting for ships. They were paid off in Cardiff when they came from other ports with light freights and in Tiger Bay they had their pleasure and their play time until they can sign on again. Then they cash their advance notes for a little ready money with which to redeem their debts in the lodging-houses and their pledges in the pawnshops, and say "so long" to Cardiff in many different tongues.

It's a Cosmopolitan Highway. This street, which leads down to Tiger Bay, is the most cosmopolitan highway in the world, and here are lodging houses for every foreign appetite. Over many shop fronts are Chinese names and characters, and little yellow men lounge in the doorways blinking out upon the passers-by.

They have washed themselves clean of the coal dust with which they came, black as devils, from their ships. In little rooms down long passages they sit close together in a hot atmosphere damp with the steam of washtubs, where white women's clothes are being soaped and rinsed by celestial laundrymen. In other rooms they lie about, dreaming and smiling, as they puff at small pipes burning with a strange odor. Some of the yellow men have white wives here, and whitish yellow children, and they all seem mixed up together in these rooms, with rumpled bed clothes and frying pans and stew pots and fancy ornaments, so that they have to move warily and with a cat

like tread. A few doors down is a Spanish lodging house, where swarthy fellows, with gold earrings are playing strange card games, and swearing strange oaths when they lose. They are such men as Francis Drake met on the Spanish Main when he boarded their galleons and cut their throats in his merry way. Close by is a "Netherlandish" lodging house, full of fair haired giants, whose blue eyes have stared across many grey seas and into the darkness of many storms. Dutchmen and Swedes, Frenchmen and Italians, Greeks, Turks and seamen from every British port know Bute as one of the highways of life's adventure, and have their lodging houses here, so built with alleys and narrow passages, an' side and back doors, that when the police are hunting for a man it is a game of hide and seek, with long odds on the man.

Drink Deadens the Soul. Always up and down the street there are the soft, padding footsteps of negroes who slouch close to the shop fronts, they have great shoulders hunched about their ears, and their legs and arms swing on loose joints. It startles the nerves of a stranger to see one of these faces glaring at him from a dark doorway, to see the roll of his white eyes and the flash of his teeth. Yet they are harmless fellows when the drink is not in them, and they will drink for hours in the John Core Club, half way down the street, playing at draughts together like big, black, simple children.

All these foreign seamen, black or yellow or white, are simple fellows, with simple virtues and vices. If you are civil with them, they will give you your hand friendship and tell you tales of the sea. If you are uncivil, they will give their hand again, clenched and hard, with a blow for a word.

It is only when the drink is in them that they lose their simplicity and use other weapons than their fists. Some of them flash out those queer knives, curving like a scimitar, or wavy like a Malay "kris" or notched with jagged teeth, which are exhibited in the shop windows of Bute street, with sea pots, chronometers, concertinas, cardigan jackets brooches, fur caps and silver tobacco boxes.

A Look of Fear in Their Eyes. During the strike all is very quiet in Tiger Bay and "up along," Bute street. The lodging houses are almost empty, for the port is dead and no ships of any size are putting in and asking for a crew. But there are four hundred foreign seamen stranded here like shipwrecked mariners cast up on a desert rock and utterly forlorn. Many of them walk the streets at night, and in the dawn, haggard and hungry, go down to Tiger Bay to see whether any vessel is steaming into harbor through the grey light of the dawn. I have talked with these men and seen the anguish in their eyes. As seamen they are not cowards, but they have a look of fear in a port without ship and the spectre of famine prowling around the docks.

The Capital of Coal has lost its life, for no longer do the men from the hills send their coal into the city, and no longer do the men of the sea come with light freights for heavy cargoes. The streets are filled with idlers who stare into the shops, but do not buy, and although the black dust of Cardiff's coal cellars still lies upon the sheds and wharves, no cranes are moving down the valleys, no cranes are working in the docks, no funnels are steaming in the port. Cardiff is a city of dreadful silence.

Real Meaning of "At Half Mast." Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called "at half mast." Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since the time flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission but of respect.

In those days when a famous soldier died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed

from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all, the Angel of Death.—New York Sun.

Subscribe To Greetings!

In Russia people must marry before reaching the age of fifty or not at all, in many only five times.

THE INDIAN

By Alec Jones

Within twelve miles of Calgary, a city of 50,000 people, and with telephone communication with that city, the Sarcee Indians pursue their lives and observe exactly as their forefathers the ancient habits and customs of their tribe.

Two years ago there was a great chief's related the stories of their exploits, which the painter of the tribe preserved at the office of the agent of the Sarcee reserve.

While the history of the palefaces has been in the daily newspaper, the magazine and the Government archives, the Indians have no such means of collecting, preserving and disseminating information of their great men. The Indian lad, writes Alec Heydon, in a magazine relies on campfire stories and a well tanned steer hide covered with queer characters painted crudely with a sort of ink made of the juices of plants.

These records are not haphazard, but they are not altogether regular. When several chiefs and medicine men of the tribe are growing old an assembly is arranged where a famous Indian interpreter and painter meets the aged men. One by one the old men stand forth before the people and recount the stories of their lives. They tell stirring tales of the battles in which they have fought, of the scalps they have taken and the horses they have stolen. These three achievements are regarded as the three most honorable and various exploits of the great men. Compared with these the white man's election to Parliament, his appointment to high office and his great commercial achievements are as nothing.

Sometimes these meetings last several days. The old men are enthusiastic in their descriptions of bygone days; they relate rapidly and glibly the exploits of their forefathers, and the members of the tribe, sitting about them, listen eagerly, storing the details to be told to and over again to their sons and their sons' sons, etc. They are tribal traditions of the long past. As they talk the painter sits upon the ground with his deer hide spread before him and paints with his eyes red pictures to illustrate the incidents.

A circle represents a barricade or campment; awkwardly drawn pictures of animals stand for the horses he has stolen; a palisaded house with a man on its back suggests the story of a wild fight with a grizzly bear before passing enemies, a flag may mean a bloody battle with a tanpouche mark a scalped Indian. The figures are very crude, the drawings no better than those a four-year-old child makes on his slate. But some ingenuity is exercised in the grouping and each sketch is, in a way, a key to the thrilling tales which in time become history.

Bull Head, the last great chief of the Sarcees, died on the reserve last spring. He was acknowledged to be the most cautious and far-seeing of the tribe, and always represented them in any dealings with the whites. The Indians are still in fear of him, and think that his spirit haunts the reserve. His record is pictured on his skins. The interpretation is necessarily brief.

Circle and figures in the upper part of the column tell the story of one of the bloodiest and most disastrous battles in Sarcee history, when the Sarcees were annihilated by the Cree and lost over fifty warriors. Looking closely one may discern a Cree who has been shot by Bull Head; Bull Head's squaw crawled out and carried him in and the chief scalped him. The battle occurred at the Vermilion Creek, near Battle River, in 1895.

Another group illustrates a subsequent battle with the Cree, when Bull Head pulled a Cree warrior off



his horse and scalped him. Two horizontal figures near the solitary horse in the second group depict this thrilling deed. The spotted of tents below stands for the scene of another battle with the Cree. Bull Head and his followers are in desperate retreat—Bull Head's squaw falls from her horse; the chief stops and helps her into his own horse.

To the left and a little below the circle which represents a barricade, Bull Head is seen shaking hands with a Cree whose life he saved; Cree and Sarcee were friends in peace but foes in war. Immediately after this demonstration the Cree returned to his barricade and the Sarcee chief to his tribe to resume the fight. Bull Head's record, which follows, shows four men killed and scalped, five tomahawks, two spears, five bows and two war clubs captured.

All the thrilling elaborations of these details are told to the children of the subdued reserves even now as they assemble around their campfires within sight of automobiles passing—along the new government road through the reserve.

FARMER NALLEY WAS CURE FOR TONSILLITIS.

Nalley came to town for the livestock show and dropped in on Charles Berryman, a barber, for a shave, a shave is 5 cents in Chariton, Iowa, but Nalley was in a shocking mood, so he placed a dime on the counter and climbed into the chair. When he came out from under Berryman's spell, he was handed the following bill:

Head massage . . . \$.25
Hair cut \$.25
Shampoo \$.40
Hair rinse \$.25
Head massage \$.25
Face massage \$.25
Shoes shined \$.10
Hair tonic \$.100
Nalley paid the bill, went out and got a policeman and Berryman was fined \$10 in the Municipal court.

Chicago.—Have you ever had an experience similar to that of J. P. Nalley, a farmer of Chariton, Iowa? So did you have the nerve to do what Nalley did?

An "Ear Telephone."

Differing from the various kinds of instruments which are used to aid persons of defective hearing, a new long distance hearing apparatus has recently been invented to assist the hearing of normal persons in much the same way that a telescope does the eye; that is, it enables one to distinguish sounds through a greater distance, besides amplifying those which would ordinarily be detected by the unaided ears. For this reason it has been facetiously called the "ear telescope."

Children And Good Roads.

It is pleasing to learn from the officers of the Canadian Highway Association that the children throughout Canada are taking a keen interest in the essay competition on "What Good Roads Mean to Canada" and that from all parts of the Dominion papers are being forwarded to the headquarters of the association at New Westminster, B. C.

As an encouragement to the children to busy themselves in the preparation of these essays the president of the Canadian Highway Association, Mr. W. J. Kerr is offering valuable gold, silver and silver gilt medals, and also a souvenir silver pin to all competitors whose paper attains a certain standard of merit.

While it should not be necessary for this incentive to interest the young people of Canada on Good Roads, and their relation to the well-being of the country, the fact remains that in this, as in other things, some inducement often necessary in order to awaken the younger generation to the economic needs of this country.

Good Roads, as everyone will admit, are badly needed in Canada at the present time, but it is only when the people at large are ready to demand this not merely to request it, that we can expect the authorities, whether local, municipal, provincial or federal, to act on this matter on anything like a large scale.

The aim and purpose of the Canadian Highway Association, as is well known, is to establish a Transcontinental road that will reach from Halifax, N. S., to Alberta, B. C. and while it is not the intention of this organization to do more than educate the public and act in an unofficial advisory capacity, it is yet doing much good work in this cause and will be largely instrumental in getting this Highway, four thousand miles long, completed within five years.

Farm to Let. A First Class Farm to let. Apply to Mrs. A. J. Seelye St. George, N. B.

Advertise in the Greetings!

Too Busy This Week To

write a new advertisement, but do not forget that we have all appliances needed for House Cleaning. Such as Alabastine, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Whiting, Brushes of all kinds and Wall Paper Also Diamond Dyes in all Colors, Rubbers and Rubber Boots, Garden Rakes, Manure Forks, Shovels and Early Garden Seeds

APRIL 5 1912 John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

O. Bassen was in town between trains on Tuesday to vote.

J. D. Harvey has been quite ill for the past few days.

J. N. Hawkins, Beaver Harbor was in town for a few hours on Wednesday.

Messrs White & Patterson of St. Martin arrived here on Wednesday to set up and prepare their Mill for their 5 year contract with the Pulp Co.

H. R. Lawrence left on Wednesday for his farm at Indian Head, he expects to likely return about the last of May, but possibly will not be able to do so until later in the season.

Mrs. Wm. Mersereau left last week for a visit with her mother and brother at Burlington. Mrs. Milne we are sorry to report has had a recurrence of her old trouble and it is feared another operation will be necessary.

Mrs. T. R. Kent spent some days at St. John during the week returning home on Thursday. Mr. Kent who went to St. John Tuesday returned with her, also Mrs. Lottie Brown of St. John who will be their guest for a time.

Leonard Walker and Arthur Crow two employees of the Pulp Co. left this week for Bangor.

Misses Madeline and Daisy Spencer spent a few days in St. John last week. Miss Madeline leaving on Monday for Toronto where she will resume her nursing duties.

Miss Pauline Craig of Back Bay is visiting her sister Mrs. Harry Epps.

Dawes Gillmor returned home on Monday from a short visit at Montreal and other places, as soon as the Courtenay Bay work commences he expects to go to St. John to take a position on that work.

R. V. Arnold has purchased a Driver and rig from L. E. Gillmor, and Chas. McGrotan a driver at St. Stephen.

LETETE

Randall Mathews who has been ill the past few days went to St. George Saturday to see the doctor.

Mrs. John Wentworth who has been receiving treatment at St. John returned home on Thursday.

Misses McCaffery and Malloch were to Eastport Saturday.

Everett Newnam went to St. Andrews Monday.

H. O. Chubb went to St. Stephen on Wednesday to call on his father at Chipman Hospital.

Mrs. Wilson Wentworth and son Wm. were to Eastport Saturday.

The many friends of Mr. Hugh Mathews will be pleased to hear that he is improving since he has entered the Chipman Hospital.

Mrs. Neil Seelye and daughter, Portia were to St. Stephen Wednesday last.

Mrs. H. O. Chubb spent Sunday at home returning to St. Stephen Monday. Jas. Seelye went to Fair Haven on Monday.

(From Another Correspondent)

The community was shocked on the evening of the 5th, by the news of the death of Mr. John Holmes who has been sick for the past five months of heart trouble, but who did not seem to be any worse the past few days, and the sad messenger came very suddenly almost in a moment while talking with his family.

Mr. Holmes was about 72 years of age, and is survived by a wife and two daughters, Mrs. John Leland, of Eastport, and Mrs. Wilson Wentworth who lives at home, also two sisters Mrs. Oliver Emery of Eastport and Mrs. Wm. McMann of this place.

He has been a life long resident of Letete and one that was respected by all. The funeral services were held at his home, the sermon being preached by Rev. E. Davidson, of Discipline church, Deer Island and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, an exceptional large number of friends and acquaintances gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased.

It is a man that will be missed in the community as he was always ready to lend his influence for the betterment of the place and people, but we all have to submit to the higher powers.

Mrs. Clayton Holmes of Lubec went to St. Andrews by str. Connors Bros., after attending the funeral of J. Holmes.

Mrs. Leland and family returned to

Some of the Lines We Handle!

Jap -- a -- Lac The King of Household Finishes
Muresco, Mixed Paints, Oils, Putty, Glass, Rope
Poultry Netting, Blasting Powder and Fuse,

A Full Line of Builders Hardware, Special Weir Spikes all Sizes, Paroid Roofing and Utility Wallboard,

Pumps and Pipe, Fishing Tackle, Columbia Igniters, Baseball Goods, Cast and Steel Ranges

You want our Goods!

We want your Trade!

Call & Get Our Prices!

Grant & Morin
SAINT GEORGE

Groceries, Meats, BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, Patent Medicines, etc.

Having bought out the Business of Tayte, Meating & Co., I am Prepared to Supply goods as Low as the Lowest! Cheap Sale of Shoes & Rubbers now on
Come and save Money!

Highest Prices paid for Farm Produce. Terms Cash.

J. A. Crickard Saint George

Eastport on Monday after being called here by the death of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cameron called on friends here during the past week.

Mrs. Judson Mathews and Mrs. Elgin MacNichol called on a number of friends in the lower part of the settlement Thursday.

George Chubb who is undergoing treatment at the Chipman Hospital, St. Stephen was doing well at last reports, expecting to return home the coming week.

Misses McCaffery and Malloch, teachers of our schools here were passengers to Eastport Saturday by St. Viking.

We are all glad to welcome John Dick home again after spending some months in Boston on business and pleasure combined, he reports a very pleasant winter in Boston.

Mrs. Cora Kinney has returned to St. Andrews after spending a week with her mother Mrs. J. Mathews.

Mrs. John Wentworth has returned home from St. John where she has been for some weeks undergoing treatment there.

Mrs. Wm. McMann returned to her home Monday after spending a number of weeks at the home of her brother J. Holmes.

W. R. Wentworth made a business trip to St. George Monday.

H. H. McLean returned home Saturday after spending the week in St. Andrews and vicinity.

Mrs. Elgin MacNichol and Mrs. Judson Mathews went to Lubec Friday returning Saturday by str. Viking.

Alfonso French who has been on the sick list for the past two weeks is reported as improving the last few days.

Paper, paint and brush seems to be the order of the day now and every man knows way down deep in his breast what that means.

The weather being so cold at Easter time did not seem to effect the Heads of the ladies very much, there being no change with the exception of a very few cases.

There is something wrong with the woman who doesn't enjoy a good cry occasionally.

CHARACTER BY FINGER-NAILS

Amuse your friends by telling them their characters by their finger-nails. Broad nails are said to indicate a gentle nature, and persons possessing them are inclined to be kind and bashful.

Those who have red and spotted nails have a desire to command, show great delight in war, and have a disposition to be cruel. White spots on the finger-nails denote misfortune.

Those who have very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh. Melancholy persons, and those who have a desire to higher branches of knowledge, have pale or lead-colour nails. White nails denote a great love for the society of the opposite sex, very weak constitution, and feverish subjects.

Persons with narrow nails are ambitious, have a keen love for scientific knowledge, and are quarrelsome. Round nails show a great desire for knowledge in general and liberal sentiments, also that their possessors take great pride in their own accomplishments and are rather hazy in human nature, and are decided in opinions have long nails. Small nails indicate a very small mind, obstinate and secretive nature.

Persons who have very good appetites and lovers of sleep have fleshy nails. Nails that grow into the flesh at the sides or points denote that their owners are given to luxury.

A TRAIN-LOAD OF MONKEYS
A plague of monkeys some years ago sorely troubled the officials at a small station on the Saran Railway, in North-West India. Trucks full of grain for export were often stored up in the station, and the monkeys came down in large numbers from a neighbouring grove to help themselves to the grain, plucking holes in the tarpaulin roof of the wagons.

The officials were wearied out with keeping watch and scaring away the thieves, who daily grew bolder, till an ingenious guard hit upon a stratagem. For several days sweets and fruit were put on the roofs of the wagons, with the result that the whole of the monkey colony were attracted to the spot, and soon became perfectly indifferent to man.

One morning, when they were all busily feeding, an engine was stealthily attached to the wagons, and suddenly the train moved off. The monkeys were quite scared, and made no attempt to escape, sitting crouched together till the train had gone several miles and stopped at a jungle. Then they wanted no hint to leave. Every monkey leapt down howling and fled into the jungle, whence they never returned to trouble the railway.

What makes a woman proud of her husband is to think how some day he might make some money.

The Man Who Wears 20TH. Century Brand Garments!



Has the Satisfaction of Knowing that he is Stylishly and Correctly Dressed. That he has not paid too much for the Style and Quality in his Clothes - and that they are made in Clean and Sanitary Tailor Shops and not in a Filthy Sweat Shop. He is comfortable in mind and body.

We are Agents For These

FINE GARMENTS

Men's = Easter = Neckwear!
THE NEWEST PRODUCTIONS

We invite you to call and inspect our Choice collection of Easter Neckwear - by far the best we have ever displayed. All the latest styles, most popular shapes and at popular prices. You will also find an equally good variety of other Easter Accessories in,

Gloves, Shirts, Collars, Half Hose, Hats and Caps
And Easter Footwear!

Frauley Bros.

The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

HALEY & SON

DO JOBS IN
WOOD = WORK

of all kinds, anything from a

Crutch to a Pulpit

in any kind of wood from

SPRUCE TO MAHOGANY

HALEY & SON
St. Stephen, = = N. B.

F. M. CAWLEY

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

Prices lower than any competitor

Mr. Merchant!

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

Come Buy a Space!

THE WEST INDIES are evidently in earnest in their desire to try and increase their trade with Canada, for the delegates from these "summer islands of the west" are now in Ottawa on a trade mission. The question of the West Indies joining the Dominion will be incidentally dealt with, but the main object of discussion between the visiting delegates and the Cabinet at Ottawa will be trade relations. Had reciprocity carried, the task of mutual trade exchange would have been easier, but now the West Indies have to walk wily, so as to avoid offending their best customer, the United States.-Ex.

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Paying Cash Pays!

Running an Account is very convenient at times, we readily admit; but you must have observed that when you run an account, you are very apt to buy many a thing you would go without if you were paying cash...

ANDREW McGEE - - Back Bay

BACK BAY

The death of Mr. Elisha Leavitt took place here Friday morning, at the age of 85 years. He has been a great sufferer for many years, although his death came unexpected, as he seemed to be in his usual health.

Mr. and Mrs. Boynton Henley and Miss Violet Leslie spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. E. A. McPhee of St. George. He leaves to mourn two daughters, four sons and one brother.

Mr. Edwin C. Oak and children have gone to Eastport to spend a few months. H. Henley made a business trip to Eastport Saturday.

Miss Estella Mitchell expects to go to Beaver Harbor soon to stay with her sister for a few weeks.

The many friends of Mrs. Charles Wright of this place are sorry to learn that she is not improving in health as quickly as we would like to have her.

Mrs. Chas. Hooper was calling on friends during last week. Mrs. Neil Oliver called on friends of the Head Sunday evening.

Mrs. L. W. Theriault entertained a number of little girls on Friday last, in honor of her daughter Dorothy's birthday, ice cream and cake were served, the little ones enjoyed themselves greatly, and wished Dorothy many happy birthday days.

Wm. McMahon, Letete, called on friends here Sunday. Mrs. Hugh Harris spent one day recently with friends at the Head. Eben Leavitt paid a business trip to St. George Friday.

NOTICE

All Debts Owing to the Firm of Hawkins Bros., Beaver Harbor, Charlotte Co., N. B., must be Paid on or before May 31st, 1912 and all claims against the said firm must be presented on or before the Same Date.

Signed: John N. Hawkins, Receiver for the above Estate.

British Columbia Liberals were entirely snuffed out in the elections for that province, held on Thursday. The only opponents of the Government returned are two Socialists. This gain of one seat to the extreme section is a counterpart, in a small way, of what is going on in many countries where the "interests" are the bosses, as in British Columbia.

"Don't you want to leave any foot-prints in the sands of time?" "I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum. "There's so much sleuthing going on that a man gets shy of a thumb-print, a foot-print, and even of a leave to print."

Subscribe to the Greetings

THE SEPARATION

By Rosa Adams

"Let me in, dear. I'll explain." "I shall not let you in," she cried. "You have deceived me"—her voice rose to hysterical pitch—"you have insulted mamma. Go away, and don't come back till you have money of your own to fling away in drunken orgies."

The words struck Harry like the lash of a whip. "Do you mean what you say?" he asked angrily. "Certainly I do," then he said quite calmly, "Well, good-bye, then." But his wife made no reply.

Harry Linyard left the house. He did not return that day nor the next. Dolly became very uneasy. She was already sorry for the words she had uttered. A week passed and she became seriously alarmed. She and her mother went to Harry's chambers. His room was let. Inquiry at the banker's elicited the fact that he had drawn out every penny of his account did not exceed \$250. Major Linyard, his father, had not seen or heard of him since.

A month passed without tidings of the runaway. Mrs. Linyard became seriously ill. Three months' stay in the Riviera improved her health, but made her still more anxious for the return of her good-humoured, though thoughtless, husband. Heartrending advertisements in the principal newspapers, investigation by Captain Letax the detective, carried on over a period of months, were of no avail.

It was quite 18 months after Dolly's cruel words had driven her husband from his home when the great bazaar of the season was held at Albert Hall. Mrs. Linyard depicted of bluebell, and was herself dressed to represent this pretty flower. Her fair, perfectly chiseled features looked out from a bonnet shaped like a bluebell; her rich silk gown was simply shaped. Indeed she was pronounced to be the most prettily dressed among dozens of fashionable women attired to represent favourite flowers.

The grass-widow acid her buttonholes at \$2,500; her bouquets fetched twenty to twenty dollars. She was in the act of pinning one of these admiring bouquets in the coat of an admirer when on the third evening of the bazaar, when her eye was caught by the unobtrusive, unassuming figure of a man.

He was a regular seafarer. His tawny hat was watered and greasy, his coat was torn and tattered, his trousers were frayed at the knees, his boots worn at the heels. He had not been shaved for a week, and his face was grizzled. He sauntered slowly along, heedless of the gaudy and fashionable dances or the crowded ranks of well-dressed men.

At the pretty grass-widow's stall he stopped. "How much for this?" he said, taking the bluebell in his grizzled fingers. "It's sold at the lowest price," she said, the living bluebell. "The pink had left her cheeks." "I'll take it. Please fasten it in my coat."

Mrs. Linyard fastened the buttonhole in the man's greasy coat. She tried to avoid looking at his face, but the impulse was too strong for her. A moment later a woman's shriek rang through the building. Dolly and he fled.

Immediately the flower stall was surrounded by eager questioners. The distinguished-looking man had been seen by the stall. A search was made for him. He had vanished. Mrs. Dallas was at her daughter's side when she recovered.

"What is it, darling?" she anxiously inquired. "Home, mamma; home at once," was her reply. In her own home the grass-widow broke into a fit of passionate sobbing. Her mother let her have her cry out. "Tell me, dear," asked Mrs. Dallas, "what was it that alarmed you?" "That seafarer who—was Harry!"

The following day advertisements again appeared in the agony columns of the newspapers. Yet though many callers and letters were received, no news was gained of the missing husband. Mrs. Linyard kept to her room. Her health gave way. She cried repeatedly for her husband and lover. At last Mrs. Dallas insisted that Dolly should go to the theatre. Dolly was too weak to resist. She dressed mechanically and walked to her carriage as if in a dream.

It was a few minutes to 8 o'clock and the Strand was thronged with vehicles. Mrs. Linyard's carriage was compelled to proceed at a walking pace; now and again it stopped. On one of these occasions it passed where the lamps of a public-house threw a strong glare on the pavement. Suddenly, before her mother had the least idea of what she was going to do, she flung the door open and was out on the pavement.

And then the public was treated to a dramatic scene as over-witnessed in the house of melodrama close at hand. A woman, in light attire with bare arms and neck, and diamonds in her hair, had flung herself into the arms of a dirty man on the pavement, and was sobbing as though her heart would break.

The Titanic Wreck

The loss of the Titanic has added another, and in many ways, the greatest disaster of the sea. The latest and greatest ocean greyhound 46,000 tons on her maiden voyage, goes crashing into one of nature's monsters the dangerous iceberg and at latest reports it is feared that over 1,475 of 2,200 souls aboard have been hurried into eternity.

People from all parts of both the United States and Canada were among the passenger list, even little St. George was represented in the person of Miss Emily Young, daughter of the late Rev. F. M. Young, and her many relatives and friends are looking anxiously forward as to her fate. This disaster very likely is another, caused by the feverish haste of the money bags of the world, (many of whom were aboard) to go to their destination as quickly as possible, and go through or over all obstacles, no matter how dangerous to obtain their objects.

And strange to say that in 999 cases out of the 1000 they do so and come off unscathed, though many others suffer for their carelessness. There is no doubt but the captain under their inducements was trying to make some kind of a record trip, and likely ran risks in what he knew was a dangerous locality in order to meet their senseless hurry. The particulars are as yet very indefinite and all are anxiously looking for further accounts.

From the steamer Bruce comes the latest and most extensive account of the disaster, she on her way to St. Johns, Nfld. seems to have got right in the middle of the wireless messages and picked them up from all the steamers most in touch with the wreck.

From her account the Titanic when she struck was running at 18 knots and went crashing into the mountain of unyielding ice and was literally ripped apart from her bow to amidships. She had forced her giant bulk up on a submerged spear of the berg and in sliding back many of her bottom plates were torn off and water speedily flooded her forward compartments. She began settling by the bow.

British seamanship and discipline prevailed and the Captain with megaphone in hand belted his orders and all the boats most of which had remained uninjured were launched, but before that was accomplished the ship had settled so deep that the engine, dynamo and wireless were put out of commission and the work had to be continued with what light could be got by torches, etc.

A dispatch from U. S. cutter states that only 705 were aboard the Carpathia. There were only 14 lifeboats and 2 cutters capable of carrying at their utmost capacity only about 950 people while the vessel had accommodation for about 3000 passengers, and had davits etc., to accommodate over 3 times as many boats, an engineer states that enough boats to accommodate every soul on board could have been installed in a day.

It is thought that the list of cabin passengers saved is about complete, among them is a Miss Marie Young, and unless that should be a mistake it is most likely Miss Young has perished. Arrangements for relief are being made and many subscriptions have been sent in, and London places of amusements are preparing for benefits.

Algonquins Big Kitchen. When the new concrete kitchen wing of the Algonquin hotel is completed as it will be about the 24th of May this summer hotel will possess one of the finest kitchens on the continent. It will occupy about 130x40 feet, and will be supplied with every modern convenience.

The floors below the kitchen will be utilized for the female help, for servants dining room, etc. A Dutch oven will be placed in the basement. The floors above the kitchen will give thirty additional rooms for guests.

The old wooden wing will be utilized this season for quarters for the help and for other purposes. It is expected that it will be removed this fall. Postmaster McGregor, Beccabec Cove, having failed to persuade anyone to relieve him of the duties of postmaster, locked up the doors of the office last week and refused to handle any more postal matter. The people who have been getting their mail at the Cove are now getting it at St. Andrews. It is probable that a new office will be opened up at the Cove. Beccabec.

Mary had a little lamb With it she used to tussle, She pulled the wool all off its back And put it in her bustle.

It is often easier to be frank with a stranger than a friend.

LOCALS

The Motor boat Jessie M. formerly owned here by the late Joseph Meating was in port on Wednesday with a score load of Granite she is now owned by a Mr. Grimmer of St. Andrews.

The Citizens Band serenaded the New Mayor Emery Gearson on Tuesday night, light refreshments were served, and a few hours pleasantly spent; the band returning about 11:30 p. m.

Report says that half of Dr. Taylor lot at the Band stand has been purchased by the Postal Department for the new Post Office this is one of the best sights in the town for the purpose.

Clarence the little son of J. S. Clark had his hand badly bitten on Monday the little fellow was standing on the station platform and 3 dogs got fighting and he either was pushed off or in some way fell among the dogs and one of them bit him quite badly on the hand.

The C. O. F. lodge held a parade on Sunday evening to the Baptist Church where the pastor Rev. E. A. MacPhee preached a special sermon, the choir also gave special music. About 60 members turned out and the spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity.

The tug Dolphin, Lusher brought the Tern Schooner Sequin Capt. Cole, 333 tons, here on Tuesday, going out again on the same tide with the Francis Goodnow, which cleared with 617 tons of Pulp for Norway. The Goodnow also took the household effects of Mrs. Chas. Fuller.

D. O. White was tried before Martin Magowan P. M. on Tuesday for selling liquor at his residence. Complaint was made by Dan Curran, who went there wanting to purchase a quart but as White would only sell him a pint he made the complaint a fine of \$50.00 was imposed which was paid.

A comedy in three acts entitled "Brass Buttons" will be given in Caults Hall, Monday Evening April 29th 1912, under the auspices of the Girls Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. Marks Church. Specialties between acts. Admission Adults 35c; Children 25c.

Dirty Politics.—In the dismissal of Geo. Marshall Sr. from the petty position he held under the Department of Fisheries, St. George has produced a dirty sample of politics as we hope has never been equalled and trust will never again in our fair Dominion. Wherever the blame be, either to our local member or members of the local machine they have put themselves among the meanest of the mean and placed themselves on a level with the proverbial skunk who would steal the coppers of a dead man's eyes.

Election.—The town elections were held on Tuesday when Emery A. Gearson was elected Mayor with a majority of 19 over his opponent Thos. R. Kent the vote being 82 and 63. Abraham Goss, Hector McKenzie and John B. Spear contested Ward 1 the two first being elected, Henry Hinds, Chas. Craig and W. E. Seelye contesting Ward 3 the two latter being elected.

In Ward 2 Jas. Bogue was nominated and in Ward 4 A. R. Tayte both of these getting their election by acclamation. Another election to fill the two seats one each in wards 2 and 4, will likely be held at once, and nomination called as soon as the Mayor is sworn into office.

Mary had a little lamb With it she used to tussle, She pulled the wool all off its back And put it in her bustle.

It is often easier to be frank with a stranger than a friend.

MASCARENE

Mrs. Merrill Stewart of Deer Island is visiting her mother Mrs. A. Henderson. Robert Holmes of Letete was a recent visitor here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Stewart spent Sunday at Granterville. Frank Leland spent Saturday and Sunday at his home here.

Messrs. Roscoe Burgess, George McVicar and Kin Stewart spent Saturday at Eastport Me. Robert Wilcox spent Saturday morning at Letete.

Oscar Henderson of Let-ng is visiting friends here for a few days. J. Brownrigg of Beccabec was here on business one day last week.

Clair Mitchell of Back Bay is visiting his brother here. Mrs. C. McVicar and Miss Della were in St. George Monday for a few hours. W. R. Wentworth passed through here Monday enroute to Letete.

Miss Josephine Stewart has an attack of the mumps. Friendliness towards Great Britain is said to be practically universal among the people of the Russian middle-class.

Human Hair For Sale

If you've known! If only for one day wigs could be left at home, what a transformation there would be! Statistics as to wigs are not compiled, but, without a doubt, the wearing of these appendages to personal beauty is on the increase. And as wigs become more and more worn the price of human hair mounts steadily upwards. Naturally, the actual value depends upon color, texture and length.

White hair, genuine, and over ten inches in length is almost priceless, and golden locks are also very expensive. Dark hair is comparatively cheap. The fact that China is becoming more and more Westernized, and that pigtails are being cut off wholesale, has materially increased the supply of dark tresses. The main centre of the human hair industry is in France.

The sardine season opened on Monday. The first weirs to take fish were those of Herbert McLean, of Letete. Twenty three hogsheds were taken by them. They were sold to the Sea Coast Company for \$6. per hogshhead. Herbert McLean, Letete, supplied several St. Andrews stores with gasolene lighting plants last week.

The St. Andrews town council was re-elected by acclamation on Friday last the only nominations being: For Mayor—R. E. Armstrong. For Aldermen—P. G. Hanson, James Cummings, C. S. Everett, Wright MacLaren, Albert Shaw, George Gardiner, James McDowell and Goodwill Douglas. Beccabec.

New Sardine Town

An idea of a new town in the making may be had from the work that is now going on at the new sardine plant at Chamcook. A few weeks ago the locality was a stretch of woods and beach, without a building of any kind upon it. Today it is a hive of industry, with shacks and boarding houses and other evidences of human occupation scattered everywhere. About 260 men are employed just now upon the works, concrete men, carpenters and laborers. More carpenters are advertised for.

The footings for the main factory building 180x75 feet, are now well advanced, and the ground is being laid out for the canning works, office and other buildings. Nothing has yet been done to the wharf.

The C. P. R. is laying a spur track about half a mile in length to the works, connecting it with the main line near Chamcook station. On Sunday many persons visited the locality, though the mud in some places made the roads almost impassable. Beccabec.

SURVEYORS of Rural Mail Routes are to be appointed at once, according to a statement made by Hon. Mr. Pelletier, Postmaster General, in the House of Commons last week. The Liberal Opposition had no difficulty in showing that the scheme was another subterfuge for appointing a lot of good Tories to "jobs." The Government attempted no defense of the scheme, but pushed the measure through.—Tor. Globe.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

FURNITURE AND FLOOR COVERINGS
We are Receiving every Day, Our Spring Stock of
Carpets, Carpet squares, Straw matting, Matting squares,
Rugs, Oilcloths and Linoleums, in all the new styles and
Patterns, Direct from the Old Country, also the Newest
Things from the Canadian
mills. Furniture for the of-
fice and home, - all new
stock. - We also carry a
Fine Line in Stoves, Ranges,
Sewing Machines, Pianos,
Organs, Window shades, Baby carriages and sleighs, Etc.
Agents for the Guaranteed Heretics Spring Beds.
Come See Our Goods Before Buying Elsewhere!

BUCHANAN & CO.
SUCCESSORS TO YHOOM BROS.
SAINT STEPHEN, N. B.

Dogs Destroyed.
Owners of Sheep Killers Set
Good Example To Rest of
Kings County.

A correspondent signing himself "Fair-play" writes the Record that the dogs, which a short time ago, chased a flock of sheep at Ratters Corner and maimed some of them, have been destroyed. The owners of the dogs are to be congratulated on their action, they have set a good example to the rest of this county. If every dog, known to be a menace to flocks, is treated in the same way, this county will soon figure largely as a sheep breeding section. The Record takes pleasure in giving publicity to this good piece of news. It means a whole lot to a community to find men who are willing to give due consideration to the real interests of their neighbors. There can be no ques-

ion as to the great damage done by dogs in the past, often without redress to the owners of sheep.
That a start has been made in the right direction is an encouraging sign and good should result from it. If there are others whose dogs have killed sheep, they should follow in the footsteps of the two Ratters Corner residents.-Ex.

The Publicity Commissioner.
There is scarcely a place of the least possible importance in western Canada which doesn't support an individual known as a Publicity Commissioner. The west believes in advertising, wherefore it lures advertising men. These geniuses are supposed to know everything that is worth knowing about a place, and to be in a position to answer any questions which the curious investigator may wish to ask. They usually occupy little booths

near the railway stations, where they are to be found surrounded by pictures and samples of the natural products of the district. Personally no two are alike. They are representative of all types and conditions of men. Most of them have had experience in newspaper offices. All are extremely affable and entertaining.

EXTRAORDINARY
ADVERTISING

A Beef Firm Offered to Pay the
Nicaraguan Government a Heavy
Sum if Allowed to Permit the
Sides of its Warships
Placarded with Ads.

A striking novelty in what might be called political advertisement has just been hit upon by an English M.P. wishing to draw attention to the need for reform in the present electoral system, he has had a number of blue poles erected on a conspicuous site in the Strand.
These poles, which vary in size from eight inches to twenty-two feet, represent the number of voters in each constituency. Below appears in large letters the inscriptions: "Each upright, whatever its size, contains the same in the lobby. Is this fair?" And the thousands of people who have stopped and stared, have walked on chucking over the neatness of the idea.
But some of the most startling advertising ideas have never gone beyond the idea stage. When the new King George stamps were being designed, a well-known firm offered a good many tens of thousands a year for the right to use the reverse sides of the stamps, as well as the blank stamp-paper, as advertising space. The Government, however, firmly declined the offer.
On Chiffs and Stamps.
It was a firm of equal enterprise that some fifteen years ago talked of having an illuminated advertisement in strait lettering on the face of

Dover cuts. The smart firm probably knew quite well that they would never be permitted to, but the newspaper talk of the project was a good enough advertisement in itself.

Beef on Battleships
In the U. S. A. laws in restraint of the more blatant form of advertising are practically non-existent. Some of the growing towns of the West spend money like water on advertising their own merits. One may see train-loads carrying big inscriptions like, "Here is another batch of wise men. They are settling down at Portland." In many a town all the inhabitants pledge themselves always to wear a button-badge with the town's name and motto.

But probably the most startling idea on record is that of the big Chicago beef firm, which proposed to pay the Nicaraguan Government heavily if it return it would permit the sides of its warships to tell forth the glories of a certain pressed beef. And it was only by a narrow majority that Nicaragua refused to turn its fleet into sandwich-boards.

BOYHOOD OF
GREAT NAPOLEON

In the French military school at Brienne a small garden was allotted to each pupil to be tilled for his recreation. But one of them, a stunted, sickly youth, palisaded and entrenched his portion, and in this miniature fort he sat and read without disturbance. Fifteen years later this youth had carved his way to a throne, was making and unmaking kings, was terrifying Europe, and proving himself not only the first of all soldiers, but a legislator and constructive statesman beyond compare. Who ever tires of the story of Napoleon? The spot that he cast over the Continent in his left hand clings to his name to-day.

"Tourist"—Why do you call that boy of yours flying machine?
"Farmer"—Because he's very interesting and promising but he won't work."

PAINTS

Martin Senour 100 Pr.-Ct. Pure
In all Colors and for every Purpose
House, Carriage, Boat and Floor!
Try a Tin and you will use no other. Guaranteed to Cover More Surface and Wear Longer Than any other Paint made!

We have Arriving this week!
1 Car Choice Yellow Corn
1 ,, Flour, Middlings and Oats
Direct From The Mills

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

WEDDING PRINTING

IS A

SUCCESSFUL SPECIALTY OF OURS

Let Us Show You Samples, and
Quote You Prices.

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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

ARE YOU A SUBSCRIBER Yourself? If not, Why not?

you surely realize the benefit of a Local Paper in a Community; to make it a success in one so small, Everyone should give it their Full Share of support One thing all should realize, is that "Greetings" since last May has been full - Fifty per cent - ahead of what the support given it would warrant.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

\$1.00 per year. If paid in advance, only 75c. for 52 Copies.
50c. extra to U. S.

NOTICE

The following named non-resident rate-payer of The Town of St. George in The County of Charlotte, is hereby notified that unless the Rates and Taxes, as below mentioned together with The costs of advertising are paid within Four weeks from This date proceedings will be taken as provided by Law, for the Collection of said rates:
Miss Kate Murphy, 1911 \$5.60
Dated at St. George this 28th day of March 1912
Jas. O'Brien, Collector.

TWO'S COMPANY

The customer looked wealthy, and capable of a good tip, so the barber refrained from making personal remarks. He snipped and clipped and hustled and hustled for fully five minutes, and bestowed all the attention upon him that he would have bestowed upon any of his ordinary customers. Then he stood back.
"Is that about right, sir?" he asked, with his head on one side.
The customer regarded himself carefully in the mirror.
"Yes, that will do," he announced, after a critical scrutiny. "I want the parting in the middle."
"Yes, sir, by all means!" replied the barber, brandishing his brush and comb above his customer's shining pate, and coughing slightly. "And er—what would you like done with the third hair, sir?"

OVER 66 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may obtain a patent. Attention is hereby called to the fact that the only agency for securing patents, Trade Marks, Designs, Copyrights, etc., is the Scientific American Patent Office, 375 Broadway, New York.
MUNN & Co 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 111 F St., Washington, D. C.

ADVERTISE

IN THE

"GREETINGS"

The receipts of American picture theatres are said to amount to \$13,000,000 a year.

WE PREPAY ALL CHARGES ON ORDERS OF \$25.00 AND OVER, AND HEAVY GOODS SENT FREIGHT PAID.

EATON'S

HAVE YOU GOT A COPY OF OUR NEW WALL PAPER SAMPLE BOOK? IT'S FREE.



A CATALOGUE WORTHY OF YOUR HOME

* A BUYING GUIDE THAT HELPS TO GREATER ECONOMY *

Just picture to yourself what a wealth of opportunity EATON'S Catalogue opens up to you. So great a variety of dependable, desirable merchandise, and also so moderately—savingly priced. Truly, a service worth knowing about, because it's so helpful, and this New Catalogue presents our wares at their best. It's a specially prepared book containing carefully selected goods that are in season and that appeal quickly to one's sense of good judgment and thrift. In many instances you'll find actual color reproductions of the goods, beautifully illustrated, adding a wonderfully realistic touch to the merchandise we offer. By all means see that this Catalogue gets a chance to demonstrate its great helpfulness. Send a trial order and judge for yourself how well we can serve you and how that if you are not absolutely satisfied you have this guarantee

MONEY BACK IF WE FAIL TO PLEASE

You have to be suited absolutely or else we refund your money and pay all charges. Don't pass by the opportunity that now comes to you through this Catalogue. Get to know its helpfulness—its saving qualities—its far reaching guarantee. If you have not received our Spring and Summer Catalogue No. 102 tell us—quick.

Don't Forget that we Prepay Charges on all \$25.00 Orders and all Heavy Goods as quoted in our Catalogue.

WE HAVE ISSUED A SPECIAL STYLE BOOK

Those who have not received our New Style Book listing fashion's latest decess in Millinery and Women's Wear, are invited to send us their Names and Addresses and we will forward this interesting Booklet by return Mail—Free.

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TORONTO CANADA