

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

REMEMBER
THERE IS NO NEED TO
SEND AWAY FOR YOUR
PRINTING!

The Granite Town Greetings

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

GOOD AD-
VERTISING
MEDIUM!

VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1912

NO. 33.

AT D. BASSEN'S Gigantic Overcoat Sale! Gigantic Clearing Sale! Gigantic Selling Out Sale!

All our fall & winter goods must be sold,
no more Stocking of winter goods at St. George.

What we have we want to Clear Out!
We don't want any to come to St. John!
When we get ready to move we would like to take the Cash,
Not the Stock. You all know what a large stock we carry.
There is always something you want, why not try and look
out for your own interest? Save all you can, when you get
the chance. We have no space to mention Articles & Prices
but what better than to prove it yourself. One pound of Evi-
dence is better than a Ton of Talk. How many hours
Have You to Work for One Dollar?

The same articles for Less Money!
All Kinds of Discounts!
Prices Don't Cut Any Ice With Us

MRS. HOUSEWIFE: Stop Cleaning Smoky Lamp Chimneys and Old Burners.

Our New Lamp Burner will give light six times as much as the old style
lamp burner, and a clear white light. You can turn light as high as you want
to-it is impossible to smoke chimney. You can burn lamp in room all night.
No bad smell from Kerosene. Gives a steady even light, does not hurt the
eyes, burns any grade of Kerosene oil, fits any No. 2 lamp, no mantle to break,
no black chimney to wash every day, always clean. Burner will last several
years -- made of the best steel and brass.

OUR GUARANTEE

Send us 35 cents in coin or money order, and we will send you one of these
burners prepaid. You use burner 60 days and if you don't say it is the best
lamp burner you ever saw, and are not well pleased, just write us a postal card
stating you are not satisfied with burner and we will promptly return the mo-
ney. This is the best Burner Yet. All we ask, is to give us a trial. We
guarantee burner One Year or give a new one free. 3 burners prepaid \$1.

National Light Co.

Baraga, Michigan No. 813

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find 35 cents for
which send me one of your
White Light Lamp Burners
per your Advertisement, with
Understanding I can use
Burner 60 days and if I am
not well pleased with same
my money will be returned.

Name.....

Town.....

Name of Grocer of Town.....

National Light Company,

BARAGA,

MICHIGAN

Shall We Call a Halt?

The frank statement of Vice President
Bury of the C. P. R., as to the causes of
the disastrous western wheat blockade is
worthy the closest attention of all good
Canadians. Every man interested in the
prosperity of the Dominion, whether em-
ployer or employee, western grain grow-
er or eastern manufacturer, will be affect-
ed by the situation that is developing on
the plains.

Mr. Bury says that there are slightly
over 60,000,000 bushels awaiting ship-
ment. He is confident that the railways
will have it all shipped out early in the
summer. But, he adds, and this supple-
mentary statement is of the greatest im-
portance;

"If we are perfectly frank with each
other we will have to admit that the de-
velopment of the country has carried
everybody off his feet. The rush of im-
migration, and the introduction of the
country has carried, and the introduction
of the gasoline tractor (which enables the
farmer to break thirty acres a day) has
brought the land under cultivation at a
rate unprecedented in the history of the
world. Since 1907 the acreage of grain
under cultivation has increased 98 per-
cent. It may be asked why the terminal
space and the second tracks were not av-
ailable. Speaking of the Canadian Pac-
ific, I would say that during the past 8
years we have had every year more mon-
ey allotted for improvements than we
could expend. The men and the material
were not available to complete them,
although the work was prosecuted with
the utmost vigor. During the last eight
years we have enlarged and remodelled
every terminal on our line from Fort
William to Vancouver, inclusive.

"I believe that our most censorious
critic wishes to be just, and if so, he can
leave those facts out of consideration. If
the railway officers are open to any crit-
icism it would be that in their efforts to
build new lines for the development of
the country they did not concentrate all
their efforts on building terminals, and
second, third, and fourth tracks. Let it
be remembered, however, that the coun-
try has called loudly for railway construc-
tion, that Governments, municipalities
individuals have brought the strongest
pressure to bear on the railways in favor
of a further construction policy and that
the cry everywhere has been, "If branch
lines are not built the flood of immigra-
tion would be checked."

"The adoption of mixed farming in
large proportion of the west seems to me
the easiest in fact the only, solution of
our troubles. It would arrest the impover-
ishment of the soil, guard against the
possibility of a calamity which might
follow two or three successive failures of
the wheat crop, and would make this
country independent of the day when a
great fall in wheat prices might result
from the sudden development of Asiatic
countries admittedly fertile, which are
now inhabited by backward races with
primitive institutions.

"I am firmly convinced that if we do
not meet this situation now, and induce
the farmer to modify his present policy
as to wheat growing, there will be a rad-
ical and painful readjustment later on,
which will strike a damaging blow at our
prosperity."

Party strife must be mute in face of
the tremendous problem brought to the
front by Mr. Bury's admissions. In ef-
fect he says that the railway building pol-
icy of the past decade has been based on
a wrong principle. To make room for
the tide of immigration branch lines have
been pushed into new territory. Settlers
with capital have rushed in along these
branch lines, and have by the use of
mechanical appliances broken ground at
a rate "unprecedented in the history of
the world." The flood of grain result-
ing from this rapid settlement has chok-
ed the main lines of the Canadian rail-
ways and has forced the railway man-
agers and the Government to obtain re-
lief by directing some part of it south of
the border to Minneapolis and Duluth.

If the farmers persist in "mining for
wheat," as Sir William Whyte once call-
ed it, Mr. Bury sees disaster ahead. He
advises "mixed farming" as a way out,



KING COLE TEA

Just one delightful
sip of this--and even
what you thought your
favorite tea must take second
place forever! For here in King
Cole tea is a rare flavor that will double
your love for your tea cup. Such
fullness of flavor--such richness--yet
withal such smoothness.

Your first cup will be a flavor revelation.
You'll want to tell all your friends
about it. And--perhaps you had better
tear this out as a reminder to get
some King Cole Tea Quickly.

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR.

and in this he has the backing of very
many of the progressing agriculturists of
the west. But the grain growers of the
plains cannot become stock breeders, and
dairy farmers, and shepherds in a day or
a year. The remedy Mr. Bury suggests
will take time. What will happen dur-
ing the period of transition? Does Mr.
Bury call a halt in settlement? Does he
propose to restrict the area of available
land for settlement by building fewer
branch lines and directing the energy of
the Government and the railways to "en-
larging the spout?"

Some definite policy to meet present
conditions must be evolved. The wave
of immigration rises higher every year.
It is announced that the number of set-
tlers from the United States this season
will be at least thirty per cent, more than
last year, while extra steamers are being
put on to carry immigrants will not add
greatly to the congestion of grain for a
year or two, but practically every new
settler from the states brings capital
enough with him to set a steam plough
at work tearing up the virgin soil. There
will be millions of bushels of flax to ship
out this fall grown by men who are not
yet in the country. Should we continue
to beat the immigration big drum and
call for settlers to colonize the west when
we are unable to guarantee the shipment
of their products in less than six months
after they are ready for market?

These are questions worthy of far more
attention than they have yet had from
the Parliamentarians at Ottawa. In the
solution of the problem of transportation
in the west is bound up the prosperity
of the entire Dominion. Shall we call a
halt in the settlement of the west? Or
shall we facilitate it by opening and en-
larging every available channel for the
exportation of western products? It is a
momentous choice the nation is called
upon to make--*Tor. Globe.*

THE JANUARY NUMBER OF THE
CANADIAN BULLETIN "THE
PUBLICATIONS OF THE IN-
TERNATIONAL AGRICULT-
URAL INSTITUTE" HAS
Just Been Issued

In an article on "Rural Land Credit in
Argentina" a pretty complete account is
given of agricultural conditions in that
country. The average price of farm
lands is 72 cents per acre and the State
offers land at public auction at 18 cents

per acre. There are three large official
mortgage institutions in Argentina from
which loans on mortgage are procured
by issue of notes of land payable in in-
stallments. There are also a number of
private institutions, most of which have
their headquarters in Europe.

The "Milk Supply in the Large Ger-
man Towns" is the title of another arti-
cle. Since the health of the whole popu-
lation, especially of the children is con-
cerned, the consumer is justified in de-
manding a guarantee of the quality by
the milk, or even the supervision of the
milk industry by the State or by munic-
ipalities. In the question of the price,
the most important factor is the gain of
the middleman. In some German towns
the problem has been solved in large es-
tablishments where large trade and im-
mediate contact with producers permit
of their selling at reasonable prices, while
guaranteeing the purity and genuineness
of the article.

"Grimm Alfalfa, a Cold-resisting Lac-
cerne" is described. The resistance of this
alfalfa to cold is due to a selected acclima-
tization. There are cases on record
where it has withstood temperatures as
low as 38 deg. Fah.

In an article on "Dangers and Draw-
backs of Milk obtained from Cows Fed
on Factory Residues" it is shown that
milk from cows so fed causes digestive
troubles in children. The factory wastes
which should not be used include stale
malt-bushes from breweries, pulp from
distilleries and sugar refineries unless
dried.

An account is given of the "Frozen
Meat Trade in 1910." There has been
a rapid change of opinion in almost all
European countries in favor of granting
greater facilities for the importation of
frozen meat, to make up for the scarcity
and the high price of food. In 1910 the
imports of frozen and chilled meats into
Great Britain amounted to 610,970 tons.
There are 55 refrigerating establishments
in Australia and 11 in South America.

A cablegram from the Institute from
the Argentina wheat crop as 170,565,000
bushels compared with 133,000,000 last
year; New Zealand 6,487,000 against 7,
000,000 last year. The total estimation
production of wheat in the Southern Zone
is 290,987,000 compared with 275,817,000
last year.

The estimation production of oats in
Argentina is 60,833,200 bushels; against
\$2,256,000 last year; in New Zealand 18,
697,000 against 12,682,000.



The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green
spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory
was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she
was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had
not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such
an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds his-
self regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shav-
ings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach
grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired
and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the or-
gans of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves,
use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an un-
failing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as
well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medi-
cine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol
as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on
its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for
stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Cuts, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Swellings, Sore Throat, Colds, Head Troubles—both outward and inward ailments are cured by

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE Liniment

Be prepared for emergencies. No other liniment so effective, no other has such a record. Sold by dealers everywhere. 25c and 50c Bottles.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

BEAVER HARBOR

Mrs. Margaret Nodding returned to her home in St. George on Wednesday after spending several weeks with friends here.

I. R. Gilmor, Bonny River was here on business this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wadlin visited St. George on Wednesday last.

H. J. Eldridge who has been ill for some time with stomach trouble was taken on Tuesday to Chipman Hospital, St. Stephen for treatment, he was accompanied by his son Wyman.

Wm. Barker spent a day of last week in St. George.

Fred Justason went by train to St. John on Wednesday, he will be employed on Fr. Connors Bros.

Lewis Connors, Blacks Harbor spent a few hours of Wednesday in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Saml. McKay, Pennfield called on friends here on Sunday.

E. Sherwood of the Woodlands Lumber Co. made a business trip here on Thursday.

Misses Sable and Beatrice Brown spent Thursday with friends in Pennfield.

Mr. Williamson, Donny River drove here on Sunday.

Arthur Frauley, St. George was in the village on Monday.

Robt. Mawhinney representing the Mianus Engine Co., and Mr. Dashwood of Fairbanks Co., are doing business in the village.

Mrs. J. Stone, Mrs. Rebt. Barry and Miss McLaughlin attended the carnival at St. George on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, Back Bay were guests on Sunday of their daughter Mrs. Chas. Wright.

Schr. R. Bowers, Capt. Nelson, arrived here on Monday, she is on the way from Calais to St. John.

Several of the young men of the village have organized a band, an instructor has been procured and musical training will begin at once. We wish them every success.

Mrs. Dan Thompson underwent a critical operation at Chipman Hospital last week and at last report was getting along well.

Miss Connors Bros. made her regular trip from St. John on Saturday, bringing quite a large freight for merchants here.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Justason Pennfield were guests on Monday of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Eldridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Josp. Hatt and Mrs. Ira Hawkins visited friends in Pennfield on Sunday.

Neil Cross and bride arrived home on Thursday. A large number of friends were assembled to receive them, a very pleasant evening was spent, refreshments of cake, ice cream and fruit were served Mr. and Mrs. Cross will reside here.

Roy Eldridge and Hayward Sparks who were employed at St. George have returned home.

Mrs. Fulton Cross has returned home from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mrs. Sydney Monroe who has been sick is improving.

Geo. Bates Jr., St. George is visiting friends.

Dan Thompson and Ethelbert Wright drove to St. George on Monday.

G. W. McKay and John Thompson attended the Carnival on Friday evening.

Having consulted William Muldoon, Eugene Sandow, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, J. Pierpont Morgan, Mayor Gaynor, Dr. William Robinson, Upton Sinclair, and many other well-known authorities on

health, we are enabled to present the following rules, these being the latest consensus of opinion:

Eat nothing.

Eat everything you want.

Walk at least ten miles a day.

Do not stir unless you ride in a carriage or some other vehicle.

Don't worry.

It is absolutely necessary that you study yourself. Remember, you are an animal.

Chew food until nothing remains.

Bolt everything. Only in this way will your stomach keep strong.

Never go on a vacation.

Change is absolutely necessary.

Chew alcohol and tobacco.

Smoke all you want to. Drink everything.

K'ee cool.

Perspire profusely...-Ex.

Canning Hints.

In the operation of canning and preserving, as in almost every other function of housekeeping, the "getting ready" is the most important thing and begins far in advance of the actual canning day. Some notes made last season will give knowledge as to when fruits and vegetables are to be expected, so that time and provision may be made for them. As the various cans and glasses have been emptied, if they have been washed and covers carefully fitted before putting away, much annoyance and expense will be spared. If the appetites of the family have been observed it will not be advisable to put up much of the unpopular varieties.

Kettles which have never been used for any other purpose than preserving spoons, forks, knives, skimmers, dipper, funnels, jelly bags, fruit press, strainers, scales, measures are all necessary implements (others will be individually required) and should be in a state of perfect order and cleanliness. Have enough suitable jars, cans, glasses etc., with rubbers, tops and covers at hand; plenty of paraffin, labels, cloths for wiping and handling utensils, and the labors of the preserving season will not plunge you in to nervous prostration.

Procure the best fruits and vegetables each at the crest of its season. Prices are lowest then and there is less waste. Overripe fruits never make good jellies or preserves.

A wise cook never tries a strange recipe if she has one which she has tested and found satisfactory. Tastes differ and an untried recipe may prove disastrous.

Use granulated sugar for all preserves, jellies, and jams; light brown sugar for spiced fruits.

Heat the sugar for jellies in the oven before adding to the fruit juice.

Do not cover while cooking unless you want trouble.

Have receptacles standing in hot water when the hot mixtures are put into them.

Seal perfectly.

Leave standing where you can observe them for a few days.

Falling Birthrate.

Only a few years ago statements, or complaints, about the falling birthrate were confined to France, and many warnings were given that country of the consequences that must follow. Attention is now being directed to conditions in Great Britain. The despatches on Friday showed that the births registered in Eng-

land and Wales for the fourth quarter of 1911 numbered 209,269, which was the lowest recorded for any fourth quarter since the establishment of civil registration. As a matter of fact the return for each quarter, shows a remarkable decline in the "natural increase" in population in England and Wales by excess of births over deaths. During the third quarter of 1911 there were only 80,645 more births than deaths as compared with 123,300 in the third quarter of 1908, 1909 and 1910. The births registered in the third quarter of 1911 numbered 222,601 and were in the proportion of 24.4 annually per 1,000 of the population, that is 2.9 per 1,000 below the mean birthrate in the ten preceding third quarters. For the last quarter, as yesterday's despatches state, there is a further decline.-Ex.

Montreal's New Terminal.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Montreal is to have new terminal and rapid transit facilities at a cost of \$52,000,000, this great outlay by the Canadian Northern Railway being justified by an airdrop land venture which is expected to more than recoup the company. The plan involves a tunnel under Mount Royal, to the north of the city, an obstruction which has heretofore blocked expansion and retarded the improvement of terminal facilities. Montreal will owe to the era of tunnelling its liberation from conditions which have long hampered its growth. There are no great engineering difficulties in the way, notwithstanding that the plans call for a bore through 3 miles of solid granite. The most formidable difficulties, the acquisition of the land needed without awakening the cupidity of speculators, have already been surmounted.

The Honorable Reporter

(Baltimore American)

A reporter in New Jersey has been cited to show why he should not be punished for contempt of court in refusing at an investigation to reveal sources of information in news he had published. It is in the line of up to date civilization and the sound interests of the public and every State should, as is done in this State of Maryland, safeguard the confidence reposed in the reporter as the law does the trust given to the lawyer, the doctor and the priest. It is a very exceptional reporter, he it said to the honor of the press who will not go to jail rather than betray a trust, and in a few years from now it will be considered almost inconceivable that any court of law should have required him to do so. The welfare of the public demands that full protection be thrown around the essential publicity of the press.

Girl's Loyalty Is Futile.

Doctor She Protected for Love Convicted of Robbing Her.

CHICAGO, Feb. 8.-Despite Hazel Hogan's refusal to testify against Dr. Irvine Sinsinger and his companions, who robbed her of \$1,750, they were convicted to-day. She and Dr. Sinsinger were held up in his office last July. Curtin F. Young and James Hogan were the bandits. They rifled Miss Hogan's stockings.

Subsequent developments showed Dr. Sinsinger, who was engaged to Miss Hogan, was the principal in the robbery. He confessed. Miss Hogan who is in love with Sinsinger, refused to prosecute. He has been sentenced to six months in jail and fined \$1,750.

The woman maintained silence until yesterday, when she threatened to "punch" Prosecutor Burnham's face and called him a liar while he was addressing the jury.

More than 140,000 persons in nine states of the South were treated for the hook-worm disease by the Rockefeller sanitary commission last year, according to the second annual report of the commission made public. The commission and the states spent \$148,000 last year, making the average cost of each person treated, \$1.27.

A CHANCE TO GET - CLOTHING - CHEAP

Men's Suits	
\$7.50 SUITS - NOW	\$6.50
8.50 " " "	7.00
10.00 " " "	8.00
12. " " "	10.00
15. " " "	12.00
18. " " "	15.00

Men's Winter Overcoats	
\$8. COATS NOW	\$6.50
10. " " "	8.25
12.50 " " "	10.
15. " " "	12.75

We also have some Good Bargains in Fur Goods These Discounts made for Cash Only

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

George F. Meating
Custom Tailor
Clothing Cleaned and Pressed
St. George N. B.
Rooms over Milne, Coutts & Co.'s store

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



The Original and only Genuine Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of Minard's Liniment

The Most Up-to-date Repair Department in connection with this Jewelry Business in Eastern Maine.

All Kinds of Work Done

Jewelry matching and repairing, Diamond Mounting, Optical Work-fitting and repairing Class and College Pins and Rings, Gold Chain making and renewing, Watch Case making and repairing Special Attention given to Watch-Work and all work guaranteed as represented.

OTIS W. BAILEY
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
CALAIS, MAINE

Subscribe TO Greetings

Windsor Hotel
St. Stephen, N. E.

The Leading Hotel in Town Rates \$2. to \$3. per Day Special Rates by Week or Month

W. F. Nicholson,
Proprietor

Professional Cards

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

C. C. Alexander,
M. D., C. M., MCGILL.
Physician and Surgeon.
Eyes tested for errors in Refraction

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

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

DR. E. M. WILSON
DENTIST

at St. George (in new office which is fitted with every convenience) the last two weeks of every month.

Office Hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.
During office hours teeth extracted without pain 25c.
After hours and Sundays, 50c.

W. S. R. JUSTASON
General Dealer
Pennfield, N. B.

Have your Watch Repaired here in St. George by

Geo. C. McCallum

Satisfaction guaranteed.
Have also on hand a stock of brooches, stick pins, lockets, rings, bracelets, watches, chains, charms, etc., which I will sell at a great discount.

For Sale!

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

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

Boys and Girls,
Help wanted to work in Clam Factory
Houses to Rent to live in while at work in factory.
Apply to
Connors Bros., Ltd.,
Blacks Harbor, N. B.

For Sale

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

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

BOAT & HOUSE
BUILDING - - MATERIALS
Look Us Over Before Buying
CHERRY'S

10,000 ROLLS
NEW WALL PAPER
NOW READY
AT CHERRY'S

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
J. W. CORRELL, - Editor

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

Remittances should be made by Postal Note or Registered Letter.

Advertising Rates—One inch, first insertion 50 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents; readers in local column 5c. a line; transient want adv. 25c. for one insertion, 50c for three insertions. Transient ads. must be paid for in advance. Rates for yearly or quarterly contracts on application.

All Communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name and address.

GREETINGS has a well equipped Job Printing Plant, and turns out work with neatness and despatch.

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1912

A petition was in circulation through the town last week, and we presume is being circulated generally throughout the county, asking the Local Government to grant, the Hydro Electric Co., their charter which they are applying for this session, and apparently has been largely signed.

As a general thing it is rather unnecessary for the people generally to assist and help the capitalist in their schemes of acquiring public franchises, as they themselves are usually able to get a great deal more than their share of the franchises. In the past many such have been looked up, or if developed done so solely for the benefit of the grafter capitalist and the expense of the general public, and the former governments have too frequently been the tools of such capitalists granting them about all they ask.

In this instance the Hydro Electric Co. are after their own interests and it would be far better for the people of Charlotte County to send a petition to the government asking them to look well after the interests of the county should they see fit to grant the charter asked for.

As far as Charlotte County is concerned this scheme seems of very doubtful benefit as after the works are completed, all are likely to see it is 1 or 2 men employed at the works and a line of wire running through it to St. John.

One of the first effects will be the turning of what we are informed is a fairly good farming section of the county into a pond of water.

As another phase, St. Stephen is now treating for Electric power to be brought 55 miles to their town while the natural power of the county at her doors is to be taken out of the county.

This white steam question has been well exploited both in Canada and the United States for the benefit of the capitalist, and in the states is now a burning question and means are being sought to stop it and if possible to revert, if possible, some of it back to the rightful owners—"The People," and it will be well for Canadians if they look well after this great asset that nature has so lavishly bestowed on us.

Strange Siberian Houses.

There are very many kinds of queer houses in the world, but for difficulty of ingress and egress the huts of some Siberian fur hunters, Koryaks by name, take the palm.

From a distance these houses have the appearance of huge funnels rising out of a snowbank. The crater-like top of the house, besides forming a roof, is used as a general storage place for food and all sorts of articles. This slopes downward to an aperture in the centre, which serves as a smoke hole, ventilator, and passageway below.

A number of logs arranged in a circle support the rickety framework of the roof, the lower end of which rests on a secondary pile of timbers forming the walls of the living quarters. For nearly nine months the whole house is covered up to the projecting roof with tons of snow, chinked in with frozen earth and debris, the inmates being about ten feet below the surface.

The most peculiar feature of the house

according to Fur News, is the means of entrance. This is accomplished by scaling a narrow split log, having holes cut in for the feet and hands which extend down from the roof at an angle of almost 90 degrees. Getting inside is a feat which none but the experienced native can accomplish with comfort.

The interior is reached by descending another perpendicular tree log stairway, the holes being covered with slippery coating of grease or soot. A misplaced step of any visiting white fur trader or agent would result in his landing in a pot of bladder always kept boiling at the base.

The whole enclosure has a ground floor and is barren of anything in the shape of furniture. A large vessel for cooking seal and blubber and a kettle used for melting snow are the chief household utensils. The diet is limited almost exclusively to raw and half-cooked seal and whale flesh, with Russian brick tea and American tobacco as an extra luxury.

Before entering one of these Arctic households it is customary for the white visitor or trader to send word ahead prior to his arrival. On reaching the house he will usually find assembled on the roof awaiting him the host and his family including dogs. Dogs play an important part in their primitive religion, and are thought to be a potent agency for keeping away evil spirits and bringing good luck in the hunting of fur animals. For this reason the stuffed form of a dog is always kept dangling from the rooftop of the houses.

Some Items From Auditor General's Report.

Legal Expenses—Advertising and Printing.

There are many items of interest in the report of the Auditor General of Canada for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1911. The payments to members of the bar in New Brunswick were as follows:

Byrne, J. P., Bathurst \$369.50; Cope, A. B., Sackville 968.15; Friel, Jas., Dorchester 2,241.88; Harquail, J. S., Dalhousie 50.00; Jones, Hon. W. P., Woodstock 207.00; Lewin, J. D. P., St. John 1,242.98; McCully, F., Moncton 15.00; McKennie, A. E. G., Campbellton 330.15; McLellan & Hughes, Fredericton 838.60; McLellan, R. W., Fredericton 68.08; Mills, N. M., St. Stephen 320.10; Murray, Wm., Campbellton 2.00; Phinney, J. D., Fredericton 593.04; Porter, J. J., St. John 109.01; Sherren, J. C., Moncton 138.00; Stevens & Lawson, Edmundston 14,912.09; Wallace, W. B., St. John 455.41; Winslow, W. C. Chatham 625.00;

Newspaper publishers and printers received for advertising and job work; Campbellton, Anslow Bros. \$215.00; Campbellton Graphic 285.20; Chatham, Benson, J. F. 310.61; Chatham Gazette 10.80; Fredericton, Herald 191.54; Fredericton, Mail 474.33; Hillsborough Journal 97.85; Moncton, Ayer, P. D. & Co., 390.00; Moncton, Evangeline 249.85; Moncton, Hawke, J. T. 9,669.62; Moncton, Landry, V. A. 124.15; Moncton, Times, 8.40; Newcastle, Advocate 279.00; Newcastle, North Shore Leader 181.00; Richibucto, Review 963.85; Sussex Maritime Farmer 88.87; St. Andrews, Beacon, 119.00; St. George, Greetings, 77.92; St. John, Armstrong, E. J. 853.00; Barnes & Co 151.85; J. A. Bowers 429.35

Catalogue and programme of St. John Exhibition 50.00; Day, G. E. 747.80; Globe 1,784.93; Knodell, G. A. 4,987.94; McMillan J. & A. 3,291.65; Maritime Baptist 57.39; Monitor, 215.60; New Freeman 189.40; News 33.70; Standard 2.70; Star 53.89; Sun 116.01; Telegraph and Times 20,796.66; Tourist Association 100.00; Woodstock, Carleton Sentinel 5,330.80.

Wanted

Boys and Girls over 14 years old To Learn Weaving. Apply To

O. D. MORRISON, Canadian Cottons Ltd. MILLTOWN, N. B.

Subscribe to the Greetings

GETS 'EM EVERY TIME



The Champion
Frate Visitor—I call this a downright fraud! You advertise on your bills "The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World," and he turns out to be 6 feet 5 inches high.
Bland Showman—Exactly so, sir. That's just what's so remarkable about him. He's the tallest dwarf on record.

The Last Straw
Old Money (dying): "I'm afraid I've been a brute to you sometimes, dear."
Young Wife—"Oh, never mind that, darling! I'll always remember how very kind you were when you left me."

Unreasonable
Hubby—We must be economical.
Wife—Why?
Hubby—If I should die I wouldn't be able to leave you much.
Wife—That's right. Whereas, while you're alive you leave me most of the time.

GETS 'EM EVERY TIME



Neat and Tasty Printing Greetings Office

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

GEO. H. WARING, Manager

Engineers and Machinists. Iron and Brass Moulders
Makers of Saw Mill Machinery and Engines
Shafting Pulleys and Gears Stone Cutting and Polishing Machinery
Bridge Castings and Bolt Work

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRS

J. B. SPEAR

Undertaker and Funeral Director

A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.

Telephone at Residence

All goods delivered free Prices to suit the people

Chicago Girl's beauty breeds Tragedy.

"Afraid to have a sweetheart." That is the predicament which a sixteen year old Chicago girl faces. If there is any other maid in the city who finds herself in a similar quandary she is as yet to be discovered. Pretty Mary Pallagio, "belle" of the South Side Italian colony, over whom the police declare four murders have already been committed and another sutor was shot on Sunday and lies near death, is the girl.

The father and mother of the girl are in a state of frenzied excitement over the unusual predicament of their daughter. They refuse to let any one but members of the family see the girl, and fear that some one of her numerous suitors in a moment of jealousy will turn the fatal shotgun or stiletto upon the object his affection and end the long struggle for the girl's hand. The mother was so perturbed that she could do nothing but wait over the predicament of her daughter. She has twelve other children to care for.

Meantime James Luce, the latest victim of a rival's bullet, is at the people's Hospital. During moments of consciousness he speaks of the girl he loves, scribbles notes telling of his devotion to her, and pleads with nurses that they be delivered to his sweetheart. Luce, himself, has been shot in quarrels over Mary Pallagio four times before, and a month ago was stabbed seventeen times by a jealous sutor of the girl.

The other men who the police declare paid for their devotion to the pretty girl with their lives are the following:

June 19, Carmello Larosa, 24 years old killed with a shotgun.
July 6, Joseph de Salvo, 35 years old, stabbed to death.
November 22, Pasquale de Cemico, 26 years old, shot.
November 22, Francisco Denello, 28 years old, shot.

Wanted Him To Wait.

"The late Justice Harlan," said a Washington lawyer, "was an advocate of temperance in eating, in drinking, in the use of tobacco in all things."

Justice Harlan, praising temperance at a lawyer's banquet, once told a story about a young wife, who said to her husband:

"Jack, dear, I do wish you would stop drinking. Every time you go to one of these banquets of yours you get up the next morning pale and tired; you won't eat anything, you just gulp down nine or ten glasses of water. Do stop drinking, won't you, dear? I know it's bad for you."

"But all great men have been drinking men," Jack grumbled. "Look at Webster, look at Poe, look at Charles Lamb, look at Grant, look"

"Well, interrupted his wife, 'you just promise, dear, that you'll quit drinking if you're great, and I'll be satisfied.'"

NOTICE

Public attention is directed to the provisions of Section 9 of Chapter 97 of the Consolidated Statutes, New Brunswick, as amended by Chapter 27, 9 Edward 7th 1909, which reads as follows:—

"9. Any person may kill (a) any dog which he sees pursuing, worrying or wounding any sheep or lamb; or (b) any dog giving tongue and terrifying any sheep or lamb on any farm; or (c) any dog which any person finds straying upon his or her property at any time; provided always, that no dog so straying, either when securely muzzled or accompanied by any person owning or possessing or having the charge or care of said dog, shall be so killed, unless there is reasonable apprehension that such dog if not killed is likely to pursue, worry, wound or terrify sheep or lambs then on said farm."

The above section is published by the direction of the Charlotte County Council. F. H. Grimmer, Secretary Treasurer.

New White Metal Alloy.

Metallurgical investigation has resulted in the perfection of a new white metal alloy. Atherium it is called, and it is stated to be lighter than aluminum. The metal is said to be superior to the pure metal, to make good, sound castings, and to work well in rolling and turning. It can also be soldered, welded, and forged; it does not tarnish, and is impervious to corrosion and the action of seawater. It should prove an excellent substitute for German silver under these conditions, and be effective for a great variety of purposes for which aluminum would be used were it stronger and lighter combined with strength is the superlative consideration. Owing to its electrical conductivity, the new alloy should be extremely useful in a wide range of applications in this phase of industry.



SHORT and SNAPPY

The secret of the success of our Want Ads. is that they are short and snappy. People like a plain business story told in a few words and if they want anything they refer to the place where they will find it with the least trouble, viz., the Classified Want Ads. in your business represented there.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please!

Save Trouble By Shrinking Your Wash Goods.

In these days when so many are getting shirt waists and wash dresses ready for the summer, a hint from a New York writer is timely. Home-dressmakers, she says, sometimes forget that many wash fabrics should be shrank before being made up into frocks if good service is to be secured from them, and that they should also have their colors "set." The cotton voiles and mercerized poplins do not need to have this done, but percales, gingham, and other cotton dress goods need it.

Thorough shrinking can be done by laying the material in a tub, unfolding it so the water can get all through it, and pouring plenty of boiling water until it is plenty cool enough to wring out easily. This means about two hours. In hanging up straighten as much as possible and there will not be nearly so many wrinkles as there would be otherwise. Iron while still damp enough to make perfectly smooth.

Oxgall is recommended as being one of the best things to set all colors—one table spoonful to twelve quarts of boiling water being the right proportions. Do not use, though, unless you can be sure that it is fresh. If there is any white in the goods, too much oxgall will have a tendency to make it yellow.

Salt in dissolved boiling water is another old standby.

Sugar of lead one ounce to twelve quarts of water, is good for all colors except blue. Saltpetre, one ounce to twelve quarts of water is good for pinks or blues.

In using any of the above solutions, dissolve the powder thoroughly in a little hot water, then add the required number of quarts, put the material in a tub, and allow it to remain until cool or cold; then shaking some help in pulling it straight, hang it up to dry, ironing, while still damp enough to get smooth.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

(CONTINUED.)

"You know what people I represent, Mr. Wiggin," he returned. "You probably know why I'm up here. You've got the advantage of me in that. You've got to talk a little plainer."

"I kin w a run was coming," said Wiggin. "Of course, I knew it couldn't be same one that made the other trade. He's marked in this section! But I've looked for some line from the big folks — a little something from you, in the way of credentials."

"My folks do not put things on paper — when those things can be arranged by word of mouth," declared George, hating himself for this declaration, but firmly resolved to uncover any more plots against himself if he were able.

"An excellent plan," affirmed Wiggin, "even if it does put other parties in the way of guessing a bit." He fended his long nose, and studied the face of the Great Trust Co.'s man. "You received some instructions, I suppose?"

"I did."

"I don't like to beat about the bush," said the old man. "I know your folks understand how I stood with Corran. And, of course, you know. I have been his right-hand man ever since he started in business — he couldn't read or write, as you've heard."

George did not betray by a flicker of the eyelids, even, that the information was new.

"I'm going to tell you very frankly that I've hoped that my son would get the girl," continued Wiggin. "There's no chance of that. I've helped Corran steal half the lands he owned. I'll say this — if he hadn't stolen them, some one else would have done it. That's the style up here. He could have made a fair division with me and still left the girl enough. But that will — I drew it myself for him — left me just where I've always been — his agent. I'm sole trustee, too. Now, just what kind of a proposition have your folks sent to me? The other man said the proposition would come along just as soon as Corran dropped out."

"Our folks would like to know just what you can do," stated the young man. He felt no sense of guilt, now, in leading this plotter on. Clare Corran's interests were threatened. He hardly knew the girl. But never had the desolate condition of any one so appealed to his chivalry. She was alone in the midst of them.

Outside his window, the uproar of the drunken mob celebrated the memory of her father. But that kind of disorganized loyalty, ignorant support, could not prevent the subtle plans of schemers. Common sense suggested that it was none of his business. But there was something pitifully pathetic in it all.

He shut his eyes, hiding his own from the boring regard of Wiggin. Her brave face came before his inner vision — he saw her again riding past — and he believed he knew her well enough to understand in what agony of spirit she had obeyed. Sudden determination took possession of him. It was quixotic resolution. He loved Mary Laroche. That was a sentiment that made him tender toward the helpless in the world.

He opened his eyes. Wiggin was surveying him anxiously, almost suspiciously.

"I don't propose to turn myself wrongside out before a stranger. I've gone far enough as it is," insisted the Corran trustee. "Say something, yourself."

"Are you in a position to turn over anything worth while to the Great Trust Co.?"

"If you think I've had the handling of all the papers of old Corran without getting ready for just such an emergency as this, you've got another guess coming."

"Here's my credentials," said George, producing papers. "I'm an accredited agent of the company. But, of course, you understand that I can't settle matters with you. I can only hear and report. The fellows higher up arrange the price — it's their money."

"That's all right. I expected that. I'll say this, now: I've left deeds open so that when the time comes, claimants who haven't signed off their rights in certain tracts can be produced. Those claimants will never come forward to contest the Corran claims until the proper work is put into the matter. They don't know anything about their claims. You see, don't you? You've got to have me in the thing to make it go. I know the claimants — I know how to produce claimants."

"Ready-made ones, eh?"

"That's a part of the system, up here, but it has to be worked just right when the matter of Corran's properties are up. You've got to know your men. Corran's friends are

pretty thick. You'll fall down unless you deal with me. I've been in it long enough to know how to operate and cover all tracks. And if tracks ain't covered, you'll have a tough gang on your backs. Corran's scheme has left an army of fools to back up his estate — he flapped his hand at the window, outside of which the hands were playing. "But even fools can put the torch to timber lands that your company grabs. It's all got to be done right! I can do it right, and hide behind the law, for I've been getting ready."

"What's your price?"

"Half. Not lands. I can't use lands. But half the valuation in cash. The Great Trust will be getting practically the other fifty per cent. My scheme grabs the land for 'em — they don't have to buy."

George felt sick at heart. This buzzard was so promptly ready to tear at the dead man's possessions.

"Of course, this is no time to get down to details," went on Wiggin. "I'm just up here to tell you that I've got the thing in my hands. He stretched out his bony fingers, looked like talons. "Get your report in, and make the big fellows up — for there are others, if the Great Trust Co. don't grab it."

"I'll attend to the matter in the right way," replied George grimly.

Wiggin made cautious examination of the corridor through the crack of the door before he ventured out. He left with promise to "show goods" to the Great Trust Co. as soon as the young man got the ear of his superiors and was ready to talk business.

George kept vigil for the most of that night. The tumult outside did not trouble him as much as the plot that Wiggin had exposed. It was plain why the old man had been so precipitate with a stranger — the Great Trust Co. had dealt with him before. Probably, the company was entirely ready to deal with him again. It was the money of the Great Trust that George was carrying in his pocket at that time. His future prospects were in the keeping of the company. He was their employe.

On the other side was a girl that he barely knew. Perhaps, she would not listen to a stranger who came to her with words of warning against the old man who had been her father's intimate. Women did not usually understand business well enough to determine what dishonesty was.

He could not warn her without exposing the men who were powerful to help or harm him.

After he had breakfasted, finding a place at the table in company of the sleepy, sullen roisterers of the night before, he went and sat on the porch of the tavern, trying to straighten out a line of action for himself.

Romeo Bragg found him there.

"I ain't exactly what you might call sober, yet," acknowledged Mr. Bragg, "but I'm all over celebratin', and ready to start. And, Judgin' from what you said to me yesterday, I figger you've got considerable appetite for the trail. So, what say?"

It was a call to duty put straight. But Harry George was still floundering in his difficulties.

"I reckon you'll outfit like the rest of 'em, at the company store," pursued Bragg. "I'll go across with you and help pick out."

"That summons bore in upon George the truth that he was meditating treachery to his employers. He had money that belonged to them — he was not ready to take more of their goods, not at that moment.

While he was hesitating, Clare Corran swept past on her black horse. She bowed to George proudly.

"Reckon Queen Clare is out'n' out to the grave," suggested Bragg. "Wain't much chance for her to mourn there, yesterday!"

"Bragg, I'm not ready to start to-day," blurted the young man. "I've got some business to attend to."

His guide stared at him a little while, but George's expression did not invite comment. So Bragg strolled away.

VII.

During the forenoon, the roisterers went straggling out of town. Bill Kyle took away his crew, after he had made some biting comments on the hustling qualities of certain foresters that he knew. Pennell did not report. He found no profit in converse with Bill Kyle.

"I'll tell Fatty Niles to stop running," he said, by way of parting word. "And I reckon you can do the Great Trust as much good by sittin' on that porch as you can any other way."

As the day wore on, George was less inclined to seek the girl and expose what he had learned. It seemed a rather cowardly piece of tale bearing. Probably Wiggin had it in his power to convince her that this stranger, representing a land-grabbing corporation, was lying to her for his own ends. The plan of going to Wiggin and threatening to expose him unless he either gave up his plot or his trusteeship would appear to be only a futile bit of blackmail. George had nothing except his own unsupported

word.

When night came, he was still undecided. He cursed himself as a decidedly worthless tool. He seemed to be of no use to himself or to others. With every hour that passed, Niles and Smart were getting farther away from him, carrying his job with them. His conscience suggested that he had a duty to perform in the interests of Clare Corran, but he could not make up his mind how to do it — he was not absolutely sure that he had made up his mind to do it, anyway. These reflections rendered him miserable — for he seemed to himself to be both cowardly and dishonest.

No young man, starting out on his life work, ever passed a Lore heart-breaking, courage-sapping day. The next morning, he was even more disinclined to start on the trail of his woods mentors. Romeo Bragg ventured reproach when he was told to wait.

"You don't think do ye, that you're goin' to set on that piazza and get into a trance and see where they are? The only way to catch them two men is to hipe!"

"I'm running my own business!" snapped George.

"No, you ain't," said Bragg, over his shoulder, as he departed. "You ain't even walkin' it!"

Jepson Wiggin passed him several times, on his way to and from the post office. But the young man made no signal that he wished to see him in private — and Wiggin was too wise to account the Great Trust Co. man in public. The old man was not worried. He winked at George. "Why, evidently impressed by the fact that the agent was awaiting word from headquarters."

On the second day of his waiting, an alert stranger arrived at the tavern in Corran-cache, coming in by the logging train.

He paid no attention to any of the porch loungers, among whom was George.

Obtrusively, he nailed up a circular advertising a certain make of cross-cut saws, and then asked the landlord the way to Jepson Wiggin's, as though eager to sell saws. George, still immersed in his bitter thoughts, called himself "first fool" and then knave, as he hesitated between his personal interests and the leaving of Clare Corran to her own fate, paid little attention to the business-like stranger.

The landlord came and sat by George, after the mail had been distributed and the loafers had gone. It was dull once more in Corran-cache, and the landlord liked conversation.

He pointed at an aged Indian, who had sat in stolid silence for some hours on the end of the porch platform.

"Know him?"

Harry shook his head.

"That's old Noel, the Bear. Guess how old he is!"

The young man did not venture.

"Probably over a hundred. My grandfather used to know him, and he was a man, then, Noel was. Says he goes off into the wilderness and catches a beaver every fall, and eats his tail, and that makes him live a long time. He was chief of his tribe when there was any tribe to be chief of. Lives over across the border somewhere. Don't see him round here very often. He ain't much of a talker to talk, but maybe I can get something out of him. Know anything about Injuns?"

"No," admitted George.

"Well, that don't fool is proud because he's an Injun. Ever hear anything funnier than that?"

Harry did not undertake to argue regarding pride of birth. But he looked on the old remnant of the great Abaki race with interest. He knew history. He could appreciate what sentiments Noel, the Bear, descendant of chiefs, nourished in his bosom. The landlord addressed him with the patronizing familiarity he would have used toward a child.

"How do, Noel? Where from, where to, how be squaw?"

The old Indian turned his head slowly, and surveyed the speaker with grave eyes.

"How?" he returned gnatually, and resumed his position.

"No, you can't ever get anything out of 'em," went on the chatty landlord. "I asked him how squaw was I meant the Injun girl they call the White Lily. Ever hear of her? Probably not. But in this country up here she's known, all right. I've seen handsome girls, but I've never said eyes on a prettier one than she is. King of a great-grand-daughter of the old boy, there. The pride of the tribe, you know. Set up for a queen amon' 'em. Too bad she's got Injun in her. She'd make some feller a handsome wife if it wasn't for that. It's tough to think of her marryin' an Injun. Say, there's Blinn Wiggin got back. Been away somewhere in the woods, I callate, to let that strip across his face get well."

George had not seen his foe since that bitter meeting, at which their enmity began.

Young Wiggin advanced, swagger-

ing.

The old Indian stood up, and seemed to be awaiting him.

For an instant, Wiggin hesitated. The appearance of old Noel did not please him, that was plain. Harry could see that his face changed. But he walked on. When he was about to pass the Indian, Noel raised his brown hand.

"I wait here. She wait there. You have not come."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped the young man.

"She wait. You have promised," insisted the Indian. "You go back with me."

Wiggin perceived that the others were listening and had overheard. He grew red and angry.

"I tell you to close your mouth," he commanded. "If you've got business with me, talk in private. I haven't got any time for you now."

But the old Indian stepped in front of him when he attempted to pass.

"I have wait. I have hunt long for you. She cannot wait longer. This is the time to talk. Do you come with me?"

"I've given you your warning. You keep out of my way!"

He thrust his arm against Noel to push him aside. The Indian clung to him. Wiggin, beside himself, cursed, leaped back, and struck the old man. Noel fell, and Wiggin came on. He glared at George, challenging him with his eyes. But Harry, shocked though he was by the brutal act, said nothing. Another public quarrel with this young fire eater was not to his taste. He had an account to settle with Blinn Wiggin, but he proposed to attend to it at a more fitting time.

The landlord was not restrained by such considerations.

"That was about as dirty a trick as I ever saw done," he declared. "You did take a man of your size the other day, but you struck him when he wasn't looking. Now, you hit a man a hundred years old. We'll ride you on a rail, Wiggin, if you keep this up." The Indian had struggled to his feet. "It's too bad, Noel. Did he hurt you much?"

"He hurt me here," replied Noel, drawing up his tall form and patting his breast. "For she wait. If I not bring him, she die of shame and sorrow."

"Say, what's the trouble here, anyway?" demanded the landlord. "Now, you needn't flare up at me, Wiggin. You tackle me, and I'll brain you with this chair. What are you battering that old man for?"

"None of your devilish business! I've got any mail here, give it to me. That's all the business I've got with you."

"There isn't any mail for you."

Wiggin turned to leave.

"I say you come," cried Noel, his voice breaking.

But Wiggin hastened down the street. Noel tried to follow, but he staggered, and the landlord ran after him and brought him back to the porch.

"It's too bad, old man," he said soothingly. "You're only an Injun, but don't do that to you wa'n't right. You seemed to have business with him about some 'shes. What's the matter?"

The landlord displayed the curiosity of the busy-body.

Noel drew himself up. He towered even above George's stalwart figure.

"Don't talk for him, no you," he said, with dignity. The wrinkles that marked his face were set into deep lines that made his visage grim. He turned, and walked away.

"I wouldn't want to have that Injun after me if he is a hundred years old," vouchsafed the landlord.

"I'll tell you what it is, son, that devil of a Wiggin has got mixed up with the White Lily. If he's done her dirt, there's trouble ahead for him, and some white folks I know of will be willing to help make it."

The return of the brisk stranger broke in on their conversation. He came with Jepson Wiggin at his heels. The old man was worried and haggard.

"I'd like to see you in private," the stranger informed George crisply. The young man led the way to his room, and the two followed.

When they were closed, the stranger began without preamble.

"I'm from the main office of the Great Trust Co., Mr. George. You were sent up here on forestry work. You were supposed to be in the woods with our cruisers. Just what authority do you have to make talk with Mr. Jepson, here, on matters you know nothing about?"

"I had no authority," confessed Harry.

The old man began to curse, but the stranger snapped his finger at him, and ordered him to keep still.

"You deserve to be discharged, George, and I have full power to fire you. We make no allowances, understand? You've been here on a spree with the rest of these yahoos, when you —"

"I have been here doing no such thing," cried Harry indignantly.

"You've been loafing here, making talk about matters that you have no license to meddle with. Our company

is not what you try to make it out. Jepson has told me how you tried to bribe him. I say, I ought to discharge you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists 75 c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Tea Lords Philanthropic, or Seems to be so.

London, Feb. 4. The tea world knows no famine, at least, not now, yet, signs in the east assuredly indicate a rise in the price of the national beverage. Cheerfully we have shipped our favorite blends of Ceylon and Indian teas without giving a moment's thought to the inevitable rise in price these times were bound to bring. Tea drinkers have been exceedingly lucky up till now, because tea is about the only article of everyday diet that has remained within the reach of the average housekeeper's buying power. Perhaps a word of praise for the far-sighted policy of these lords is in keeping. The growing tide of the higher cost of living has swept against the fundamental policy of their business in vain. That policy has been immense sales with a low margin of profit. However, the time is at hand when they will be compelled to revise the retail price of their different blends—indeed, some merchants have already done so.

Numerous conditions contribute towards a higher price for tea. First in order, comes the universal tendency that makes for more of the comforts and luxuries of life—a tendency which is largely responsible for the higher cost of living. Second, the world is hungry for more rubber, and tea lands can be readily and profitably turned into rubber plantations. Thousands of acres of these lands are acquired by rubber planters year after year, so that even now the decrease in the world's tea area is quite perceptible. Thirdly, while the tea area of India and Ceylon especially is increasing, the market for tea is constantly widening. Moscow tea buyers now compete with the representatives of the New York and London tea lords, and it's a certainty that if the market continues to widen, while the world's tea area decreases, the housewife will have to pay more for her favorite beverage.

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father invited a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice. "Ah, Venice, to be sure," said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's and the Michelangelos." "Oh, no!" the young lady interrupted; "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."



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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 mornings calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Blacks Harbor, Back Bay or Letete, Deer Island and Red Store or St. George.

RETURNING leave St. Andrews for St. John Tuesday mornings 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.

SEELYE'S COVE

(Late for Last Week)

A pie social and dance was held in the schoolhouse here Friday, Feb. 9th. The weather proved very favorable and a large crowd was present. The sum of \$52 was realized which will be used for school purposes. Excellent music was furnished by Fred Lodge of Eastport. Dancing was enjoyed until after 3 o'clock when the crowd broke up all voting it a swell time.

D. J. Spear made a business call here Wednesday last.

Miss Margaret Hayes took tea with Mrs. H. D. French on Thursday evening last.

Misses Lizzie Armstrong and Edna French visited friends at the Cove on Wednesday afternoon.

FOLEY-BOYLE - A wedding of much interest was solemnized at St. Joseph's Church, Eastport, Me., when Miss Annie J. Bright, eldest daughter of Mrs. Julia Bright; Seelye's Cove, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sutter of Masquesou, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Thomas S. Foley, Eastport, Me. by Rev. J. J. Abern.

Miss Lena Butler of that city was bridesmaid, while Wild Lawrence, cousin of the groom acted as groomsmen. After refreshments were served the happy couple went to their new home in Eastport where they will reside.

Their many friends and relatives wish them a long and happy journey through life.

LORD HALDANE'S VISIT to Germany may only be, as officially announced in connection with his desire for first-hand information on technical situation, he being the chairman of a commission investigating the subject, but many people will earnestly hope that the visit may have a more far-reaching and pacific end than even obtaining the information he is said to be seeking. The spy mania in both countries and the constant shrieking of the yellow press in London and Berlin have created a condition of affairs which the smallest untoward incident might fan into a flame. The best efforts of every patriotic Briton should be used to maintain peace, for at present there is not even the shadow of any genuine cause of quarrel between Britain and Germany.

Neighbor-How nice and clean you are, Peppi! I suppose grandmamma is coming to see you to-day. "Oh, no, but I've been naughty-and I'm always washed for a punishment."

A STRANGE PETITION

By Agnes Thomas

Once upon a time there lived, in Denmark, a little boy whose name was Hans. His father, who was dead, had been one of the King's foresters, and his mother still lived in the cottage on the edge of the forest where Hans and his two little sisters had been born. They were very poor, for their mother could only make a little money by knitting stockings, which were sold in the town of Z—, about four miles off. Hans, who was ten years old, was glad to get odd jobs to do for a neighbouring farmer, such as leading the cows to and from the pasture, carrying water from the spring to the house, or frightening the birds from the farmer's grain. He was a bright, industrious little fellow who loved to be useful, but his great desire was to go to school, so as to become a schoolmaster when he was grown up.

In the winter his mother fell ill, and for several weeks could earn no money. Hans did what he could, but if it had not been for the kindness of the farmer's wife the little family in the forest but would well-nigh have starved to death. Many a time the boy asked the good woman what he could do to earn more money, but she seemed to think he was too young to leave home, and told him to wait till he was older.

One day the farmer brought home great news from Z—: a fine new bridge was to be finished next month, and the King himself was coming to open it. There were no railways in those days, and the King would drive from Copenhagen to Z— in his own carriage. The road ran through the farm, and all the people, the farmer said, must be prepared to salute His Majesty as he passed.

Hans ran off at once to tell the great news to his mother, and just as he came in sight of the hut a sudden thought jumped into his mind, and it was such a great and surprising thought that he gave a little leap in the air, and burst out laughing. He thought was this, "Why should I not ask the King to help mother?"

Now, Hans had never seen the King, but he had often heard that he was a very kind and good man. He was always thinking of how he could do to make his people better and happier, and he was very charitable to the poor. So he thought, "If I could skip along the forest path, was quite sure that if His Majesty knew his troubles he would see that he took a week to think it over, for he felt it would be wise not to talk his plan to anyone, least of all to be forbidden to carry it out. He decided that the proper thing to do was to present a petition to the King as he drove past the farm. And, as he was a very small boy, he thought it would be wise to make the petition as large as possible. He had neither paper, nor pens, nor ink, and he knew that he could not borrow any without saying why he wanted them. After a great deal of thought he slipped into his mother's room one day when she was asleep, and opening the chest, where the house linen was kept, he took out a pillow-slip. It was of coarse linen, but very white from many bleachings in the sun. Upon this Hans wrote in large letters with a piece of burnt wood:—"Please, Your Majesty, Help Mother."

Carrying it very carefully on the morning of the great day, he ran across the fields to a part of the road where he knew no one else would be, and sitting down under the hedge, he waited.

By-and-by he heard a sound of cheering, and he saw the cavalcade was passing the farm. Then he heard the trampling of horses' feet and the rumbling of wheels, and suddenly round the bend of the road came the gleams of bright harness and the colours of brilliant uniforms. A company of soldiers came first, and behind them the King's carriage drawn by four horses, with officers riding on each side. Hans waited till the soldiers had passed, then he sprang up and running into the road, held up his petition with both hands, in full sight of the King, quite hiding himself from view.

His Majesty started for a moment, and then cried—"Halt! What's this?" An officer with a long grey moustache pulled up his horse, and saluted.

"May it please Your Majesty, I think it's a pillow-slip."

The King lay back in his carriage and laughed heartily.

"A pillow-slip, General? But what's an it?"

Now, the General was a kind old gentleman who had grandchildren of his own, and he had caught sight of little Hans's face. The tears were running down it from pure excitement. So the General said:—"May it please Your Majesty, there's a boy behind it, and I think he's in distress."

"Dear, dear!" said the King: "that is serious. Let me see him."

So the General took the petition from Hans, and the little fellow clasped his hands and gazed anxiously at the King.

"What's your name, boy?" said the latter.

"Hans Petersen, Your Majesty."

CHINAMAN'S CURIOS MISTAKE

In Chinese visiting etiquette the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, neatly tied up.

A gentleman who has travelled in China brought home a Chinese servant, and his wife soon after held a "reception." John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great respect the small paste-board of the visitors. Evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of his mistress's friends, he pitched the cards into a basket and with scant ceremony showed their owners into the drawing-room.

But presently the gas-man called with a bill—a big piece of cream-coloured paper. The "card" satisfied John. With deep reverence he received it. With low salams he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but with profound bowings, to the dismay of the gas-man and horror of the hostess, right up to the centre of the room, where the lady was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John, with another humble reverence, meekly retired, doubtless supposing that the owner of the card was a person of very high distinction.

All He Said

A Chinaman was called as a witness in the police court of Los Angeles in the case of a driver who had run over a dog. The judge asked him what time it was when he saw the man run over the dog.

"Me no sabe," replied the witness. "I say," repeated the judge, "what time was it when you saw the man run over the dog?"

"Me no sabe," repeated John, smiling blankly.

"We shall have to have an interpreter," commented his honour, as he realized that the witness did not understand English; and accordingly another Chinaman was hailed into court to act as interpreter. "Ask the witness," commanded the judge, "when he saw this man run over the dog."

The interpreter turned to his fellow countryman and said, "We chung lo, he me chow ling waw, cho me no chow chee, loo know so-too big song tong yi ben."

To which the witness replied, "Wong lin kee, wo hoo, wing chong lung yue lee, kim sing, choy yoke coey ying lung ding wai, sling suoy way san yick ling toy big coey bow ten, po long po gou hung mow kim suong owa lee chow yo ben tong."

The interpreter then turned to the judge and said, "Him say, 'Two o'clock.'"

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

"Two men got into a fight in front of the bank to-day," said a local tradesman at his family tea-table, "and I tell you it looked pretty nasty for one of them. The bigger one seized a great stick and brandished it. I felt that he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as the head passed in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery is immeasurable, proudly remarked:—"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidences of a dawdling humorist; but, as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his bread and butter, he gasped and resumed his tea.

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Drink **O X O** in Cold and Wet Weather. It's Good Stuff 10 and 25c. per box of 4 and 10 cubes. We have just recently, received a fresh supply

Oranges are Good Eating Now, and Sell 15, 25 and 35cts. pr. doz. - Best Lemons, 25cts. per dozen

Feb. 16 1912 **John Dewar & Sons, Limited**

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Mrs. D. Bossen spent a few days at St. John this week.

Mrs. Thos. McIntyre and brother Justin Stuart are guests of their sister Mrs. A. Goss this week.

Arthur Stuart's brother and brother-in-law are visiting with him this week.

C. A. Carson a former resident of the town, now of Eastport was here on Monday coming via Back Bay, returning by the same route.

Miss Carrie Cameron returned home last Friday from a few month's visit at Boston and Vermont.

Miss Anna C. Fey who has been confined to the house for some weeks is able to be out again.

Arthur Carran now of East Millinocket is visiting at his home for a few weeks.

Willie Connors of Blacks Harbor was in town for a few hours on Sunday.

Wm. Cameron was at Red Beach during the week.

Mrs. Mitchell, Boabec is visiting her daughter Mrs. H. Dow.

Stuart McAdam went to St. John this week on business.

Miss Cora Levitt of Back Bay is the guest of Miss Ethel Kernighan.

Miss Moore entertained some friends to a straw ride Tuesday evening returning to the residence of Henry Meating where they spent the evening.

John Magowan, Medley Kennedy and Bert Gray are on the sick list this week.

Miss Sophia McArdle spent a few days at Calais returning here on Wednesday.

H. V. Dewar returned home on Saturday of last week from an enjoyable week's trip among the Lumber Camps going over the old ground where he formerly lumbered, now being operated by the Pulp Co.

Earl Dow returned this week from St. Stephen where he has been visiting. He expects to leave for St. John on Saturday.

S. L. Lynott editor of the Sentinel spent Sunday with his family at Richibucto., Woodstock Press of Feb. 20th.

The many friends of Chas. Fuller regret to know that he still continues ill.

J. B. Spear was taken quite ill Wednesday while at his work in the Catholic Church renovation.

Wesley Hinds who has had serious trouble with his ear during the past few weeks left for St. John where he will have special treatment, his brother James accompanied him.

T. R. Kent and H. A. Hinds left on Wednesday for St. John.

Mathew Gallant is visiting with his father this week.

E. G. Murphy, Norwalk, Conn., has been in town during the week arriving on Monday.

NOTICE

Feb. 19th 1912.—Secured on real estate lands in Pennfield, located at Negro Harbor, McHorn McLomonge does not own any of my father's or mother's land nor does no one belonging to McLomonge that was ever granted to my father and to my mother. Catherine Foley, Michael Foley.

Sword at Pennfield Feb. 19th 1912 before me, W. S. R. Justason, Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Charlotte.

USE FOR ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Of all those who know the value of the common sparrow as a food, the Italians probably stand first. I'm told that in the north end, the birds are trapped on the low roofs. The hungry ones cluster around handfuls of grain or peanuts, and a yankee with a string, running through a window, clips over them a large improvised sieve. As the birds masquerade on the hotel menu as reed birds, there is no prejudice against them serious enough to cause the most fastidious to refuse. Recently there was a Pawtucket, R. I., man arrested in a public square for trapping the sparrow and he explained that he was getting them for the Boston hotel trade.

American Tourist (gazing into the crater of Mt. Vesuvius).—"It looks just like the infernal regions."

English Tourist—"O, I say, how these Americans do travel!"

Subscribe To Greetings!

ON "THE CANNY SCOT."

Scotsmen Not Sentimental, But Deeply Romantic at Heart, Says a Well-Known English Writer.

"I have been trying all my life to like Scotsmen," said Charles Lamb, "and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair." There are still probably a few people who secretly or openly harbour similar antipathetic feelings towards the natives of Caledonia, but their number is decreasing daily. It would hardly be correct to say that the Scots are universally popular. Popularity is usually the product of leisure and luxury, and is seldom accorded to those who have had little opportunity for the cultivation of the graces and external beauties of life. For generations the Scots have been held fast in the grip of uncompromising realities. The poverty of the country, with its long stretches of bleak but beautiful moorland; the "Sabbath gloom" which so long reigned over the Lowlands, combined with the "Celtic gloom" permeating every development of a spirit of gaiety and charm. But what they have lost in one way they have gained in another. It is this very schooling in "trait and narrow" ways which has given the nation the grit and dogged determination it now possesses.

HUMOUR NORTH OF THE TWEED.

A sense of humor is not now denied Scotsmen by the Sassenach. "A Scotsman and therefore quick to see the humor of things," was the recent comment of so cosmopolitan a critic as Mrs. Annie Besant. What would Sydney Smith say if he could have heard it?

Meanness is another charge which seems to have been withdrawn in recent years. It probably arose in the first instance from the Scot's necessity for economy. Brought up in a country where money was unusually scarce, it was difficult for him to develop suddenly an open-handed generosity. This fostered habit of economy, brought about by circumstances, must be carefully distinguished from the merely mean desire to hoard. Great generosity of heart is often found in the most economical person, while a certain cold selfishness not infrequently accompanies the most outrageous extravagance.

Another charge which has sometimes been levelled against the Scots is a lack of romance, but their history is an ample refutation of this charge. The Scotsman is not sentimental, but he is deeply romantic at heart."

Mr. Merchant!

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

Come Buy a Space!

LIST OF LENTEN SERVICES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND Parishes St. George and Pennfield St. George, N. B., 1912

Every Wednesday & Friday at 7.30 p. m. Children's service every Friday at 3.30 p. m., except Mar. 24 to 30. Last week in Lent every day 3.30 & 7.30 p. m. Good Friday, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

PENNFIELD

Every Thursday at 7.30 p. m., From March 24 to 30, every day at 3 and 7 p. m. Good Friday 3 p. m.

Sunday Services as Usual Holy Communion By Notice J. SPENCER, RECTOR

To Locate Underground Water.

A French inventor has contrived an application of the microphone to the discovery of underground water. One end of a tube is inserted in the ground the upper end being attached to this microphone. The sounds of flowing or dropping water are conveyed to the ear from great depths. In the Marne valley two springs were discovered with this apparatus at a depth of about 50 feet below the surface of the ground. It is believed that the apparatus will be of great service in mining operations both for indicating the location of concealed springs and for communicating with imprisoned miners.

Wm. Carson Is Slowly Dying.

William Carson, pioneer millionaire lumberman of Humboldt county, is gradually sinking at his home at the head of Second street. The gentleman, who is more than 80 years old, has been confined to his bed for several weeks past and each day he is losing strength. There is no particular complaint, the decline being due to the weight of years.

Dr. H. C. Gross, who is attending Mr. Carson, states that there is no immediate danger but the patient is slowly growing weaker and no hope for his ultimate recovery is entertained.

Mr. Carson was formerly a resident of Digbyquash, N.S.

The Mule Was Uninjured

Senator John Sharp Williams, whose supply of dinky stories seems inexhaustible, tells this new one:

"I was proceeding leisurely along a Georgia road on foot one day, when I met a conveyance drawn by a mule and containing a number of negro field hands. The driver, a darkey of about 20, was endeavoring to induce the mule to increase its speed, when suddenly the animal let fly with his heels and dealt him such a kick on the head that he was stretched on the ground in a twinkling. He lay rubbing his woolly pate where the mule had kicked him.

"Is he hurt?" I asked an older negro who had jumped from the conveyance and was standing over the prostrate driver.

"No, boss," was the older man's reply; "dat mule walk kind o' lamish for a day or two, but he ain't hurt."—Lippin Magazine.

THE SPY MANIA increases in intensity. Two years or so ago an Englishman was convicted in a German court of espionage. Shortly before the coronation of King George a German was convicted in Britain of the same offence. Next came another Englishman, convicted in Germany, followed soon after by a German convicted in Britain. About three weeks ago an Englishman was convicted in Germany, and now on Friday last a German is convicted in Britain, and so the merry see-saw goes on. In the meantime passions are inflamed in both countries, and war may at any moment ensue for apparently no reason which would even justify a lawsuit.

Increase Of Wages Will Add \$10,000,000 To Pay Roll.

New York, Feb. 17.—A conference committee of twelve representing the forty-eight eastern railroads concerned, will meet union representatives in the near future to discuss the recent demand of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for increased pay. The meeting presumably will be held in New York probably some time next month.

The increases asked by the engineers run from fifteen to fifty per cent, and if granted would mean an aggregate annual increase to the pay rolls of \$10,000,000.

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Twist Bull and Bear. Lincoln stories are common, and the tellers of them are not as accurate in ascertaining their genuineness as they are prolific in producing them. The following tale may or "may not be a real Lincoln." It is, in any event, a good story:

Two farm-hands, Lincoln used to say, were set upon by a huge bull while crossing a rocky field. One managed to gain a tree. The other took refuge in a hole in the tree that proved to have an exit in the rear.

The man who had chosen the hole was no sooner in at one end than he was out at the other. With a bellow, the bull met for him. He turned and again shot through the hole. The bull once more bore down upon him, and once more he was in and out of his hole.

The strange pursuit kept up some minutes. At first it mystified the farm-hand up in the tree. Then it angered him.

"Hey," he shouted, "you idiot! Why don't you stay in the hole?"

The bull was dashing from one end of the hole to the other at great speed, and the man was bobbing in and out desperately. He heard, however, his comrade's shout, and found time before his next brief disappearance to shout back:

"Idiot yourself! There's a bear in the hole."

The Time of Long Sermons. Those who like long sermons should have lived in the seventeenth century. The manner in which the Rev. John Howe, Minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire, conducted Divine service on a public fast day is thus described by a contemporary: "Mr. Howe said that upon these occasions he began about nine in the morning with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing upon the work of the day, and afterwards read and expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent three-quarters of an hour; then prayed for about an hour, preached for another hour, and prayed for about half an hour. After this he retired and took some little refreshment for about a quarter of an hour (the people singing all the time) and then came into the pulpit and prayed for another hour; and gave them another sermon of about an hour's length; and so concluded the service of the day . . ."

From Generation to Generation. Grandfather Billings smiled covertly when Billings Junior wondered where Billings third, aged seven, got his "trickiness." "If I didn't keep my eyes open," said Billings Junior, hotly, "Billy would outwit me every time."

"This morning," he continued, "I promised him a whipping to-night. When the event came off just now, he never flinched or yelled. 'Pluck pure and simple!' said I to myself, mighty proud, for I wasn't sparing him in the least. But that wasn't it at all, he concluded, in disgust. "The young rascal had on three pairs of trousers."

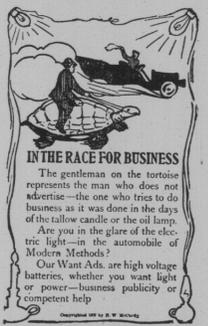
"As I remember it," observed Grandfather Billings, reflectively, "you used to insert a small geography when a 'good sound one' was due to you."

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A \$2.50 Iron Bed	for \$2.00	A \$6.50 Dining Table	for \$5.20
A \$10.50 Bureau & Com- mode	for \$8.40	A \$350.00 Parlor Suite	for \$280.00
A \$12.50 Sideboard	for 10.00	A \$75.00 Organ	for \$60.00
A \$2.50 Spring	for \$2.00	A \$60.00 Range	for \$48.00

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Adventures That Could Fill A Book.

Financing a Revolution and A Treasure Hunt - Debtor's Career.

Seldom outside the pages of romance does one encounter a career so crowded with adventure as that of a debtor whose history was detailed in London recently to a meeting of creditors.

Donald Francis Stuart-Seton of Mall Road, Hammersmith, was trained for the Army. But he failed in the examination. He read for the Bar in Canada, and was never called. Finally he went cattle and horse ranching in Montana, U. S. A.

That the chairman explained, was all fifteen or sixteen years ago. He had come of age a few years before, and then fortune smiled. His guardian handed him £25,000. The money had been left in trust for him. After about a year in London the debtor had run through the greater part of the fortune. He went to Canada, taking with him about £7,000 all that was left of his fortune.

He bought for £5,000 a share in a ranch, but eighteen months to two years later he sold out at a loss, receiving £1,200. About the same time he purchased a share in the Green River Valley mining claim and out of that he made a profit of some £800. In addition he received as his share of the sale a sum of £1,000. He next ranched again for eleven months at El Paso, New Mexico.

More than once in his life the debtor has lost all his money in some daring venture. One of the most romantic of these was the fitting out of an expedition for a treasure hunt at Yucatan, Central America. The expedition lasted for six months. At the end of that time he drifted to New Orleans with no means whatever.

He then tried pearl fishing. He sailed to Australia, and was engaged for two months, jointly with another person, in pearl fishing and dredging on some islands north of the Caroline Island. He afterward made his way to San Francisco and received the sum of £6,000 as his share of the sale of the pearls found.

A further stroke of fortune came his way. With that money he acquired shares in the Red Star Mining Company

and cleared in a few days £11,000.

Then he turned to revolution. He went to New York, and put £9,000 into an expedition having as its objective a revolution in Honduras. In that venture however he lost his money.

In 1896, he further stated, he was in Matabeland and cleared about £2,000 in trading. There he joined the Balawo field force. He afterward went to Angola, where he was again engaged in trade, making about £1,500, but in 1898 he was compelled to return to England in consequence of illness.

He was, however, in the same year able to go to Canada again. He bought for £2,000 some land at Vancouver, but in the following year was back in England again with a batch of options. In 1904, after another deal in land in Vancouver, the debtor took to the writing of short stories, and afterward worked a betting system in which he lost £1,500.

In February 1909, he began to develop his land at Vancouver, which was becoming of value by reason of its timber. The debtor had roughly estimated his liabilities at £4,200 and disclosed no assets of any value.

One of the misfortunes which befel him was the destruction of timber and sawmills in Vancouver, and to this he attributed his failure.

He did not appear in court, and a resolution for the appointment of a trustee was declared not carried.

The matter was thus left in the hands of the Official Receiver.

An hour late.

A New Yorker tells of a pleasant evening spent by him and a friend at a cafe in Paris, where the fare and the music were so good that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the New Yorker's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of a hat is it monsieur?" inquired the polite individual in charge of the hats and wraps.

"It was a new silk hat," said the American.

"Alas! monsieur," exclaimed the attendant, "all the new hats have been gone for half an hour." - Press

Advertise in Greetings.

"BROWNIE'S" PRINCESS

By Shell Barry

The clock in the outer office had just struck nine when "Brownie" tripped into the chief's room with the keys. The great man looked up at him with a genial expression softening the usually severe lines of his face. Observant and far-seeing, almost to the point of genius, he knew none better — that in the person of Philip Dodson the firm of Gates Bros., wholesale hardware merchants, Wingate Street, S. B., possessed a jewel of a cashier.

He was also well liked, for laughter was no stranger to the shining brown eyes, and the little, dun-colored hands were quick to do a kindly service.

"One moment, Dodson! You will re-commence your duties on Monday next, at an increase of salary amounting to five shillings per week! and I should like to add what, I think, you will not be displeased to hear, that your services up to the present have given us the fullest satisfaction."

"Thank you, sir," said the cashier. The chief's voice was not quite steady. The chief nodded kindly, and pushed a small white package — one of many of his kind — towards him. "A trifle you will no doubt be able to make use of," he observed genially, "something pretty for the wife, eh? — or, I beg your pardon!"

A quick flush had dyed the thin cheeks of the little cashier, and his head moved negatively several times. "I'm sorry," supplemented the chief apologetically, "but I was certainly under the impression that you were a married man, Dodson."

"No, sir, not yet — at least —" "Ah! I understand. Selected, but not yet acquired, eh? Well — a hump I wish you luck, Dodson, a happy Christmas, and — good-night!" "Good-night, sir; and the same to you."

At the corner of the street, "Brownie" overtook a fellow-clerk — a big, hulking man with heavy features and a sullen expression. "Going down by this train, Bob?" he queried briskly.

The big man nodded, and the pair walked on, side by side. "Not half a bad sort — the boss," he said warmly. "What do you think? He's raised me five bob!"

"Humbug!" commented the big man. "Besides the usual half-quad for a Christmas Box," went on the other cheerfully, "I had it liberally."

"Do you?" Mr. Robert Dredge was emphatic. "A mere flea-bite!"

The little cashier rushed breathlessly on to the station-platform just as Dredge was in the act of entering an empty third-class compartment, and he screamed in behind him.

"Look!" invited the little man, twisting the paper wrapping off a gaudily-colored china vase, in the shape of a Neapolitan shepherdess, and holding it aloft. "That's father proxy, don't you think?"

"Bob, old fellow," he communicated abruptly, "there's something I've got to tell you before it bursts me. The fact is, I — I've found my woman!"

"Well, I suppose that's better than finding somebody else!" he vociferated grimly.

"I pulled her out from under a cab-horse's feet," went on "Brownie" quietly. "Of course I walked with her as far as the corner of the street, and there I left her. The following evening, I met her again, at almost exactly the same spot. We walked the length of two streets this time, and the next night it was three. Then for two nights I missed her; but she came the next, and I got her to promise she'd meet me at the station this evening."

"And that's all, I think, except that I've named her 'Princess,' and that I feel sure we were meant for each other from the beginning of things. She's my very sweet and small, Bob, old man — and good. Oh, I know she's good! But scarcely so happy as she might be, I fancy."

"Chuck it, 'Brownie!' he said with a short laugh, "you don't know anything about women, and that's a fact. You think they're first cousins to the angels. Wait till you've lived with one."

"By-the-by, Bob, you've been spiced a little over a year, haven't you?" "Yes."

"And I've never met your wife!" "Your fault," retorted the other. "I'm under the impression that I wrote, inviting you to the wedding."

"Right; and I stayed away. Shall I tell you why? You remember that girl from Snigrove's that we used to travel down with every night in the train — the one we — er — quarrelled about? And that other one later on we met at Yarmouth during the holidays. Somehow or other we have always seemed to want the same things, haven't we? And I was awfully afraid to fall in love with the same woman, so — Don't you understand?"

A minute later the pair stood side by side on the crowded platform. Presently Dredge, whose weight had carried him on ahead, halted suddenly in front of a woman, conspicuously pretty and becomingly dressed, who was scanning the stream of passengers moving towards the exit with eager eyes.

"Why, Mary?" "The big man did not seem altogether pleased, and the woman — a small, frail creature — took a step backwards, her eyes dilating as if with fear.

"At last, Bob, old man! What a terrible crush! Oh, for a burly form and muscles of — Why, what — oh —" The words died on the little cashier's tongue, as his eyes suddenly encountered those of the woman. Dredge stopped forward hastily.

"Allow me," he said, "to introduce you to my wife."

The Neapolitan shepherdess crashed on the stone paving.

"Brownie" had met his "Princess" according to appointment.

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WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT.

Booth, Taking Advantage of Guard's Temporary Neglect, Rushed Through the Box Entrance and Accomplished His Deed.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their party sat down in their box at Ford's Theatre the fateful night the President was shot, the guard who was acting as substitute for Col. McCook, took his position at the rear of the box, close to an entrance leading into the box from the dress circle of the theatre. His orders were to stand there, fully armed, and to permit no unauthorized person to pass into the box. His orders were to stand there and protect the President at all hazards. From the spot where he was thus stationed, this guard could not see the stage or the actors; but he could hear the words the actors spoke, and he became so interested in them that, incredible as it may seem, he quietly deserted his post of duty, and, walking down the dimly lighted aisle, deliberately took a seat in the last row of the dress circle. It was while the President was thus absolutely unprotected through this guard's unwatched recklessness — to use no stronger words — that Booth rushed through the entrance to the box, just deserted by the guard, and accomplished his foul deed. Realization of his part in the assassination so preyed upon the mind of the guard that he finally died as a result of it.

Women Jurors.

The invasion of the jury box by women has begun in earnest in the State of Washington, and will be watched by the rest of the country with great interest. Our ancestors, in their blindness, fancied that the revelations of the law courts were sometimes unfit for the ears of the gentler sex. But the women of Washington have repudiated the gentler sex idea, and countless women of other States are trying to do likewise. Women have for years defied the old conventions, and the proprieties, too, and thronged court-rooms in which evidence really unfit for any ears had to be endured by Judges, lawyers and jurors, and they have seemed to enjoy it. That line of logic was withheld from has been frequently asserted, though never proved, but the logic of male jurors in the State of Washington has not been noticeably strong.

There is no privilege the men would more willingly resign to the women than jury duty. So long as the women of Washington seek for it with the avidity they now display, they will get their full share. The report that in the first experiment a single woman "hung up" the jury is not unlikely. It is so likely,

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indeed, that the report is probably a mere guess. But one stupid or obstinate man will often keep a jury in conference many hours.

Clearer headed, sounder minded jurors are needed everywhere. There are many cases in which a jury of women might be found quicker in judgement and fairer than a jury of men. Women are susceptible to sentimental argument, of course, but too many male jurors are at fault in this respect. Washington's jurors may be influential in reforming the trial courts. We doubt it, but we are willing to wait until the new system has had a fair trial. McCall's Magazine.

Lines Written on the Death of Mrs. Percy Spinnie, by Lizzie Murray.

Your Beloved Wife has left you,
Gone with angels for to dwell,
It is God who has bereft you
And He doeth all things well.
She is now a shining angel,
In that far off better land
With a wreath upon her forehead,
And a harp within her hand.
Called in the strength of her young womanhood,
Called in the dawn of her youth,
She has entered the gates of safety,
Entered the ways of truth.
How sad for her to say "Farewell!"
To a Husband kind and dear,
She faded like the summer rose
After four short happy years.
What's a home without a Mother.
The Children thus will say,
But a voice that comes from Heaven
Answers in this far off way.
She sleepeth not;
But wakeful above this valley here,
From God's eternal highlands
She'll send them words of cheer.
Those dear Children left so lonely,
That devoted loyal band,
She is waiting by life's river
For to greet them, hand in hand.
She has joined the course immortal;
Of our great commander fleet.
Now her cares in life are ended,
And her joys in Heaven complete.
Received that roval welcome
From Christ who says, Well Done,
Life's battle now is ended,
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