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The Granite Town Greetings

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

**GOOD ADVERTISING
MEDIUM!**

VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1911

NO. 24.

THE NEW Church Hymn Book
The Book of Common Praise
Would be an - Acceptable Xmas Reminder - for your
Church of England Friends. -Prices 35c's. to \$2.75=
For sale at the "Greetings Office"

Women's Secrets

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help. That few of these women have been disappointed in their expectations is proved by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of all women treated by Dr. Pierce have been absolutely and altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases.

Every sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge. All replies are mailed, sealed in perfectly plain envelopes, without any printing or advertising whatever, upon them. Write without fear as without fee, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION
Makes Weak Women Strong,
Sick Women Well.

Notorious Brigand

Falls in Battle.

Lest Life of Revenge for the Capture and Slaughter of His Father.

Wires from Constantinople announce that Tchakiridji, the famous Albanian brigand, has been killed in a conflict with his pursuers. He turned with characteristic ferocity upon the Turkish troops, but his favorite methods failed him at last. He had captured a Turk, Osman Bey, for whom he was demanding a £2,500 ransom. He killed his prisoners a few hours before he himself was cut down. A Smyrna telegram says his dead body was carried to the village of Navli, where it was identified by his wife.

"One who knew Tchakiridji" has written a graphic account of the career of the intrepid outlaw.

I had accompanied a friend of mine, he writes, a Turkish government surveyor, to the mountains lying at the back of Smyrna, and one evening as we sat out side his tent sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes, a young man came, saluted us, sat down cross-legged on the ground, took the cigarette offered him and joined us in our conversation. I thought he was a local notability paying my friend the official surveyor a call and treated him as such.

He looked to me in his early thirties, spoke frankly and in a gentle manner, had an open expression and many bearing, in fact, he comported himself like the better educated people in Levantine countries. When he left us, my host, Yusef Ali Bey, asked if I knew who that was. I should never have guessed. It was Tchakiridji.

Tchakiridji was a brigand, a philanthropist and a humorist.

Though he was an Albanian, he had no connection with the political revolt in that province which nearly shook the foundation of the Turkish Empire. Unlike Raisuli, the Moorish bandit, whose head was demanded by our John Hay, Tchakiridji had no political ambitions whatever. For past twelve years he, with his band of desperadoes, has given the Turks as much trouble as the Yemense, Maceonians and Armenians put together.

The peculiar feature of Tchakiridji's avocation is that he inherited it from his father, whose capture and slaughter by the Turks he swore to avenge, and in his short lifetime he has fallen at thirty-two he succeeded, it is said, in fulfilling his oath by accounting for no fewer than 1,700 Turkish soldiers.

On one occasion, Tchakiridji, pursued by 1,500 Turkish soldiers into the fastnesses of high lands, made his way with a few companions, into the enemy's encampments, and found them asleep. He crept into the commander-in-chief's (Edham Bey) tent, carried away his sword, and gathered together the arms of the whole military force, which he ordered his men to carry off. He coolly, however left a note behind him addressed to the slumbering generalissimo to the following effect:

"I had you in my power, as you will no doubt discern when you wake up. What I have done tonight is but a small punishment inflicted upon you for the unmitigated conduct of your forces."

The soldiers went back to Smyrna disgraced and disarmed.

Karma is a small Christian village in Albania, the inhabitants very poor shepherds and small agriculturists. Their ancient parish church, through age and the elements, collapsed and they had no means to replace it. Hearing of their plight, Tchakiridji, sent a note to a rich cattleman, requesting that he should send him a few dozen sheep, and in the meantime he despatched another note to a rich landowner, asking him if he would oblige him with a sum of £600 (3,000). Both requests were complied with. With the sheep and money he made his way to Karma, and turned both over to the inhabitants; the money for the rebuilding of their church and the sheep to help them along.

MASIEFUL BRIDGE BUILDER.
On another occasion a poor community was in sore need of a bridge to span a small river which, swollen by rain, stopped all their activities. One of the people sent a note to Tchakiridji begging him to come to their aid. There was a rich

man not many leagues away to whom our friend sent a note requesting \$5,000.

Three times the message was repeated without effect. The rich Turk was one evening with all the men of his village in the Mosque for prayers when he felt the touch of a man's hand on his shoulder. It was that of Tchakiridji, who had quietly entered the sanctuary. The man, startled, was about to jump to his feet, when Tchakiridji nodded to him to follow him quietly and pointed to his men, armed to the teeth in the entrance. In a few moments the unwilling benefactor was on horseback on his way to some unknown region, from whence he returned a few weeks after much thinner, and after his friends had with two thousand pounds to the brigand instead of the sum he had originally requested.

Presently a gang of workmen appeared under the leadership of a young Greek contractor to build the much needed bridge. Unfortunately for the young master builder, he was arrested as an accomplice of Tchakiridji and thrust into the unsanitary goal at Thera.

Three days only elapsed when the alarm of a furious fire at a village three miles away was given, and the garrison was despatched thither to put it out.

They had not gone more than half way however, when another fire started in a village in the opposite direction, to which place the rest of the troops were ordered Tchakiridji dropped into the deserted town of Thera with his handful of men slew the few remaining sentries released the Greek builder, and carried him away together with the governor and commander of the garrison, to his native fastnesses, where all were kept until a guarantee was given by the government for the completion of the bridge.

On another occasion Niel, Commander-in-chief of the military district, a recent arrival, happened to be a block-headed Turk, who belittled the Albanian bandit and sent only a few companies of soldiers in pursuit of him in the winter season.

This, Tchakiridji came on the Turks asleep, took their weapons and soundly thrashed them for bivouacking without a sentry.

"One thing is certain, he never oppressed the poor people. The whole province of Smyrna stood in awe of him, but he was dearly beloved by the peasants, amongst whom he had set himself up as a court of final appeal, adjudicating their differences, punishing culprits, and rendering justice to the oppressed, and woe to those who attempted to upset his decisions. Robin Hood was a novice compared with Tchakiridji.

Hartford Courant—Nobody any longer doubts that our children will see the Cape to Cairo railroad—once just a splendid dream in Cecil Rhodes' brain—a fact. The tracks from the north are steadily lengthening down toward the steadily pushing up tracks from the south. Last year the Blue Nile was bridged at Khartoum and the White Nile at Rabak, early next year, we are told, the tracklayers will be at El Obeid. One would like to know that somewhere—beyond our bourne of Time and Peace—Cecil Rhodes is looking on, and seeing his splendid dream come true.—Ex.

"Looks like an early winter this year!"
"Are any of the Christmas magazines out?"—Louisville Cour. Journal.

NOT SUCH AN AWFUL WHIRL!

By Campbell Raymond
(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

The clerks and officials in one of the smaller bureaus at Washington would, about now, seem to be a casual visitor to be afflicted with a chronic grin. Even the somewhat sedate Chief sometimes breaks into a solemn chuckle. The joke was rather on them, so they tried to keep it quiet, but it leaked out, of course. Briefly, it was nothing less than a grand, red paint whirl by the most circumspect clerk on Uncle Sam's payroll that caused that grin.

"Uncle Charlie," as he is called by everyone from the Chief to the messenger, is a meek, patient little man, weighing about one hundred and five, with mutton-chop whiskers, who has struggled along for fifteen years on a salary of \$1,200. Twelve hundred dollars does not mean affluence down there where one has a family of five girls, and Uncle Charlie has always been so.

One by one the girls were married, however, and it came about that with the June roses the last of Uncle Charlie's responsibilities as far as his family vanished. For several days after this event he was observed to wear a preoccupied look. Slowly his air of abstraction gave way to one of determination, and one sweltering afternoon, suddenly laying down his pen, he announced to the man at the next desk that he proposed to have a whirl.

The news ran like wildfire through the bureau, and presently employees began to pause casually beside Uncle Charlie's desk.

"Say," the office sport whispered, "You take my tip. Drink about an ounce of olive oil before you sit at it. You will last twice as long." He winked and went on.

"I wonder what that young man really meant?" Uncle Charlie pondered.

"I hear that you are going to give yourself a little recreation, Uncle Charlie," the Disbursing Clerk said, and gave him a playful dig in the ribs. "Of course you know that it is not exactly regular, but if you would like to have a little advance, why, er, I guess we could fix it up between us."

"That's very kind of you, sir, but I really don't think I shall need any advance," Uncle Charlie said, sorely surprised.

"Perhaps you'd better leave the number of days blank on your application for leave," Uncle Charlie, the Chief advised, meeting him in the corridor. "But then," he added with sudden indulgence, "if you should happen to overstay the time coming to you, why, er, we'll just consider that you are sick and charge it up to sick leave."

That was on Tuesday. On Thursday Uncle Charlie's rusty alpaca coat was hanging on its usual hook and Uncle Charlie was at his old desk when the rest of the clerks came racing in at one minute to nine. Uncle Charlie was chipper and smiling, though his nose was curiously peaked. The office sport dropped his hat with its fancy band in his astonishment, and walked round and round Uncle Charlie, eyeing him from head to foot.

"Nary headache, as I live!" he finally gasped. "Say, Uncle Charlie, put me wise to that dope, will you? You look as fresh as a daisy!"

It was no use trying to disguise the curiosity and presently half the office force, including the Chief, had gathered about Uncle Charlie's desk. "Now, look here, Uncle Charlie," the Chief said; "we just want to know what you did, anyway. I guess we sort of, well, misunderstood your intentions."

"Well, it wasn't such an awful whirl, maybe, for one of you boys, but it was a right smart one for me," Uncle Charlie told them, as they pressed eagerly forward. "You see, for quite a long while I have had to look after things about the house—there were so many little jobs that the girls couldn't do—and I used all my leave working at home. And I wouldn't have felt like being extravagant while they were dependent on me and required so many things. But after Louise was married—she was the last one, and their mother has been dead several years—why, I felt like letting myself out a little. I was one of the most delightful days I have ever experienced."

"But what did you do, Uncle Charlie?" they demanded in chorus.

"Why," he said, "first of all I went down town and bought this red necktie. I've always wanted one," he added bashfully. "And then I went out to the ball park, and bought a bag of peanuts, and sat on the bleachers in the sun, and drank pop, and watched the game. And say," Uncle Charlie concluded impressively, "Do you know, I really believe it was a better game than the one I saw fifteen years ago when our home town beat the Carter Corners' team thirty-seven to twenty-eight!"

Parental Tactics.
A worried parent is sometimes obliged to do something like this:—"Pa, what is a transcendentalist?" "Have you chained up the dog, as I told you?" "Not yet, pa." "Well, do that, and when you come back I will tell you what a transcendentalist is." While Bobby was gone his astute parent dug the needed information out of a dictionary.

What Santa Claus Has For You At FRAULEY BROS.

GIFTS FOR LADIES

Card Cases, Toilet Sets, Purses, Hand Bags, Work Baskets, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, Perfumes, Mirrors, Hair Receivers, Pictures, Manicure sets, Crumb Brush and Tray, Hat Pin Holders, Jewel Cases, Photo Frames, Ebony Brushes, Badge Sets, Puff Boxes, Brass ware and Clocks, Fern Pots, Ink Stands, Stationery, Bronze Tables, Christmas Cards and Calendars.

GIFTS FOR MEN

Smokers sets, Shaving sets, Brushes, Collar Boxes, Tie Racks, Cigar Cases, Wall Brush sets, Military Brushes, Match Boxes, Tin Cases, Letter Holders, Purses, Wallets and hundreds of other articles.

Bring The Children To Frauley Bros. TOYLAND

Let them revel in our Fairyland of new Christmas Toys. Toys of all kinds, an endless variety. Dolls from 5c. to \$3.50. Every Doll a beauty. Every Doll a bargain. Games of all kinds.

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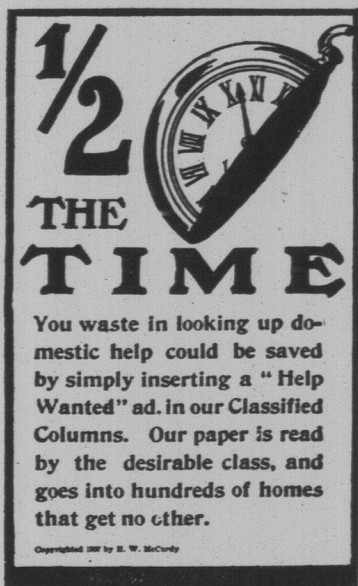
For Sale

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

Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Charlotte County Weir Owners' and Weir Fishermen's Union, will be held in Couths' Hall, St. George, on Friday the 29th of December, at 1 o'clock P. M. The members are particularly requested to attend, as matters of considerable importance to the fishing industry will be discussed. Persons desirous of joining the Union, should send in their names to the Secretary at as early a date as possible.

J. A. Belyea, Pres.
Geo. E. Frauley, Sec.-Treas.



1/2 THE TIME

You waste in looking up domestic help could be saved by simply inserting a "Help Wanted" ad. in our Classified Columns. Our paper is read by the desirable class, and goes into hundreds of homes that get no other.

A YEARS Subscription to their home paper, the GREETINGS would be Appreciated as an Xmas reminder by Friends and Relatives, away from home.

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25c and 50c Bottles. At all Dealers.

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LORD'S COVE

The Aid Society held a fancy sale Saturday evening. The neat sum of twenty dollars was realized.

Rev. E. Davidson attended an entertainment given for him by the Odd Fellows in their hall at Eastport.

The clam factory is running full time under the management of Frank Westworth of Fair Haven.

A singing school has been organized here with about thirty members enrolled.

Preparations are being made for a Christmas tree and entertainment to be held in the church Saturday evening.

Frank Calder and wife have moved here for the winter and will be employed in the clam factory.

Marjory Stuart is living with Mrs. Bartlett Warren.

Luther Stuart of Stuart Town is on the sick list.

James Cline is distributing some very pretty calendars among his friends.

Charley Stuart arrived Saturday with a load of clams from Magalloway River.

PENNFIELD RIDGE.

The masquerade ball and box supper which was held in the hall on Friday evening last was a financial success. The sum of thirty dollars was realized. The money will be used for school purposes.

Mrs. Colin McKay has been spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. Rupert Hawkins left for her home on Thursday morning where she will remain until after Xmas.

Miss Myrtle Cawley who has been away for the last few months returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Theresa Tatton had the misfortune to receive a bad burn while working around the stove on Friday.

James Boyd who has been on the sick list is able to be out again.

MASCARENE

Flora and Josephine Stewart and Jennie Leland spent Monday evening with Mrs. F. Leland.

We are glad to report Harry Chambers much better this week.

Colin Dick and Wm. Campbell are cutting boxwood at Point Middle Bluff.

Mrs. Colin McVicar has a slight attack of congestion.

Bruce McVicar who has been employed at St. Andrews is home for the Xmas holidays.

Matthew Mitchell is having a new furnace put in his house.

Edith Stewart was calling on friends Tuesday evening.

George Matthews passed through here Tuesday enroute to St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hensler were in St. George for a few hours Thursday morning.

George Chambers visited friends in Calhoun recently.

Robert and Nolan Wilcox and Menzie Chambers spent Wednesday evening in St. George.

Allan Stewart made a business trip to Letete Tuesday.

American Faults.

If we analyze the worst among the characteristics which I have called American, we find hypocrisy, sentimentality, craft and boastfulness; and they are qualities which in the individual are characteristic of immaturity. And America is, in truth, very like a child at the awkward age, exhibiting her faults very

patiently, and hiding her virtues. If one accepts this as the explanation of many of these defects, they do not appear so very formidable after all. Childishness, so long as it does not outlive its proper time, is not a fault, it is a condition; and perhaps it would show a more just discrimination to regard these defects, which I have mentioned as symptoms rather than as qualities. The Americans are childish in everything, in their simplicity of heart, in the gusto with which they address themselves to life, in their adherence to artificial and imposed standards of conduct, in their tendency to talk too much and too much about themselves in their profound and admirable curiosity, in their whole-hearted desire to imitate or acquire what they admire in other people, and, at the same time, in their innate distrust of people who do not think exactly as they do.—Pilson Young, in the Metropolitan Magazine.

Last of Trentham Hall.

One of the finest country homes in England is soon to fall into the hands of the house wrecker. This is the famous Trentham Hall, seat of the duke of Sutherland, which has been made uninhabitable by the sewage from adjacent pottery towns, which has been emptied into the river Trent, once the great ornament of the park. The library and the works of art have been disposed of, and now the house is to be dismantled and the estate sold. Trentham hall stands on the site of a nunnery which was in existence in King Alfred's time. It was succeeded by an Augustinian priory, which again formed part of the old hall, which passed into the hands of Henry VIII at the time of the dissolution. The king presented it to Chas. Brandon, duke of Suffolk, who had married his sister, and the house and lands subsequently passed to the old Staffordshire family, the Levesons, who rose to eminence through Nicholas Leveson, a London merchant, who was lord mayor in 1539. The first mansion of which anything definite is known was built by Sir Richard Leveson and was inherited by his grand nephew Richard, Leveson-Gower, who, succeeding also to the estate of the Gowers of Stellenham, another old family, united the two names, and founded the family of which the present duke of Sutherland is the head.

DIPPER HARBOR WEST.

(Late for Last Week.)

Messrs. Charleston and Bairdson of St. John drove here Friday in their auto.

Tom Larkins and W. Ring spent Sunday at their home in St. John.

Daniel Cassidy has purchased the sch. Bessie Anderson from Sammerville Anderson.

Schr. Mary M. Lord, Capt Richardson was in the harbor Wednesday.

Miss Annie Harkins spent Saturday with friends in Masquash.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murray have moved into their new house.

Chas. Dean of Masquash spent Friday evening with Wm. Harkins.

Alonzo Greenlaw of Lords Cove came here last week and went to work on the breakwater Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Thompson, Mrs. David Mawhinney and Mrs. E. I. Clark were passengers from St. John by str. Connors Bros. on Saturday.

Amid scenes of splendor such as the western mind can hardly realize, the

crowning of King George and Queen Mary as Emperor and Empress of India took place at Delhi yesterday. Their Majesties' visit to India had been looked forward to with considerable anxiety, owing to the unrest in that great dependency due to trouble in Asiatic Turkey, Persia and other Mohammedan countries. The anxiety was added to by the two fires of last week in the Durbar camp at Delhi, where the ceremony of the Coronation was fixed to take place. Fortunately the Sovereign and his august lady appear to have won all Indian hearts as they have won British hearts, and so the Coronation passed off with the greatest success, not a single untoward event occurring to mar the magnificent spectacle. One of the pathetic sights of the great event was the muster of the few remaining native soldiers who stood loyally by Britain in the dark days of the mutiny. The Indian princes and chiefs from the very highest to the lowest were present, and declared their loyalty to their Sovereign.—Tor. Globe.

A Thought for To-day

As in that which is above Nature, so in Nature itself, he that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe, as it were, takes up arms against him, and all Nature, with her numberless and unseen powers is ready to avenge herself upon him, and on his children after him, he knows not when nor where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the law of Nature with his whole heart and mind, will find all things working together to him for good. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet; because he is obeying the will and mind of Him who made sun, and dust, and all things; and who has given them a law which cannot be broken.—Kingsley.

Thought It was a Crack.

A corpulent gentleman with a large appetite entered a men-looking restaurant, and ordered a chop, and waited twenty minutes. Then the waiter reappeared with a plate on which rested a dab of mashed potatoes, a bit of meat burnt almost to a cinder, out of which emerged a long, thin piece of bone.

The waiter set it down before the staring gentleman and hurried off. "See here," called the customer, "I ordered a chop."

"Yes sir," replied the man, "there it is."

"Ah, so it is," mused the hungry man, readjusting his spectacles. "I thought it was a crack in the plate."

Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It gives ease to solitude and gracefulness to retirement.— Addison.

McKenzie at Seventy gets \$50,000 Job.

Murdo Mackenzie, one of the best cattlemen in Texas, is seventy years old, but he has just entered into a five year contract with a syndicate of Scotchmen to go to a remote part of Brazil and take charge of a 6,000,000 acre tract of land and convert it into a ranch property.

Mr. Mackenzie does not think it remarkable that at his age he should undertake the big job. He says that he has fifteen or twenty good years before him and that he believes the opportunities offered him will not only tend to prolong his life, but will bring him large financial benefits. He has lived out of doors practically all his life. For many years he has been manager of the Matazor ranch in this region.

As proof of what a man of Mr. Mackenzie's age and well preserved mind and body is considered worth by practical Scotchmen, it may be stated that his contract calls for a salary of \$50,000 a year America gold. Mr. Mackenzie has a full authority to perfect an organization with a view to the quick development of the 6,000,000 acre tract. He will take when he goes to Brazil within the next few weeks several cowboys and men who are capable of superintending the different details of the property. The ranch will be stocked with blooded cattle.

Mr. Mackenzie is a friend of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and was with the latter on his wolf hunting trip in Oklahoma a few years ago.—Ex.

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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

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In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

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Office Hours 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.
During office hours teeth extracted without pain 25c.
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Geo. C. McCallum
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Have also on hand a stock of brooches, stick pins, lockets, rings, bracelets, watches, chains, charms, etc., which I will sell at a great discount.

For Sale!

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

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

Boys and Girls, Help wanted to work in Clam Factory
Houses to Rent to live in while at work in factory.
Apply to

Connors Bros., Ltd.,
Blacks Harbor, N. B.

The recommendation of the Maine Game Commission for more severe treatment of careless hunters recalls the way an Indian in Washington county once seized up Maine's game laws: "Kill cow moose, pay \$100; kill man, too bad!"
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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
J. W. CORRELL, Editor

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Advertising Rates—One inch, first insertion 50 cents; each subsequent insertion 25 cents; readers in local columns 2c. 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 writers name and address.
GREETINGS has a well equipped Job Printing Plant, and turns out work with neatness and dispatch.

FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1911

If the Home Trade Were Ruined.

It is fortunate for Woodstock that the majority of its citizens are level-headed and easily carried away by a passing fad, but let us suppose that such was not the case, and try to imagine the conditions if all our residents began buying their eatables and wearables from the mail order houses.

In the first place the local stores would be no more. Their proprietors would have sought green fields and pastures new. You would be obliged to send away for everything. A store cannot be kept up on small purchases entirely, and if we sent away for the large things, we would soon have to send for the small things also.

The home trade would then be ruined, and the money have gone to build up some enormous corporation in Toronto or Montreal. We would help those cities to have finely paved streets, but our roads would be axle deep in mud. There would be vacant houses to rent, but no one to occupy them. There would be no home market for produce, and the value of farms would decrease. The value of all real estate would decrease enormously, and last, but not least, this journal would cease publication. You know how it is the inhabitants of a town that create the value of land both in the town and surrounding country.

If there were no inhabitants in Toronto, real estate would be worth nothing because it has been spoiled for farming. The large office buildings would tumble to ruins. Do you think the cities do not realize the facts? They have Commissioners of Industry to induce factories and industries to locate in the town. They have conventions and exhibitions, anything and everything that will bring money to the city. Are we to be so shortsighted that we will help them to do it at our expense?

If you realize what would happen if all our trade went away from Woodstock, it can readily be seen that even a little of it being sent away works a proportionate amount of harm. We believe we are within the mark when we say that if all the money that now goes to mail order houses from this vicinity were spent right here in town it would increase the value of property in the town and the value of farms in the surrounding country very materially.

We do not ask people to be philanthropists. All we ask is that they exercise an enlightened selfishness. Remember that it is not only the small profits on the goods you purchase that you are sending away when you deal with mail order houses. Your dollar in Woodstock would go to the rounds. Send your dollar away and you get nothing but the goods. Spend it here and it comes back to you in many ways—better roads, better schools, better churches and better social advantages. The building up of our own town ought to be more to us than the building up of Toronto

or Montreal. They are perfectly able to look after themselves. We do not ask them to help pay our taxes, so why should we help to pay theirs.

True citizenship does not consist entirely in singing the Maple Leaf and waving the Union Jack. It is shown better by the man who is true to his home interests; first, last and all the time—the man who is really intelligently selfish. Let us be honest with ourselves and make our homes more valuable. Buy at home.

The above is copied from the Woodstock Press and give forward for thought by the people of the Maritime Provinces generally, and also for the tradesmen of the different sections to study the situation to endeavor to meet the existing competition, and adopt measures to meet it.

Golden Opportunity.

Senor G. H. Melhado, the Crosses of the West Indies, is very enthusiastic over the smiling Isle of Jamaica which he believes has a great future before it. He is probably the richest man in the West Indies and the best informed on opportunities for investment in that fruitful region. In discussing the matter recently he said:

"Unless a man has a good-sized nest egg he will not be able to make much money in Jamaica. There are only three or four industries—growing sugar cane and bananas, raising cattle and mining—and capital is essential. Land is cheap, however, and there are large profits in sugar and bananas. Then, too, capital is absolutely safe in Jamaica. It is the best-governed of all the English colonies and no matter where one lives on the island one can go to sleep with as much security as in the biggest hotel in London. A large amount of capital is being invested there at present, and scores of people from other places have cottages and bungalows there.

"There are more than 1,000 miles of fine macadamized roads on the island, and although I have travelled all over the world I know of no place where one can take a better automobile trip.

"Jamaica will never have any manufacturing. Its future lies in the development of its broad acres. To make a success at raising sugar cane or bananas one must remain on the island the greater part of the year. There are hundreds of thousands of acres that have never been cultivated and they can be bought very cheaply."—Ex.

The process of manufacturing Pulp.

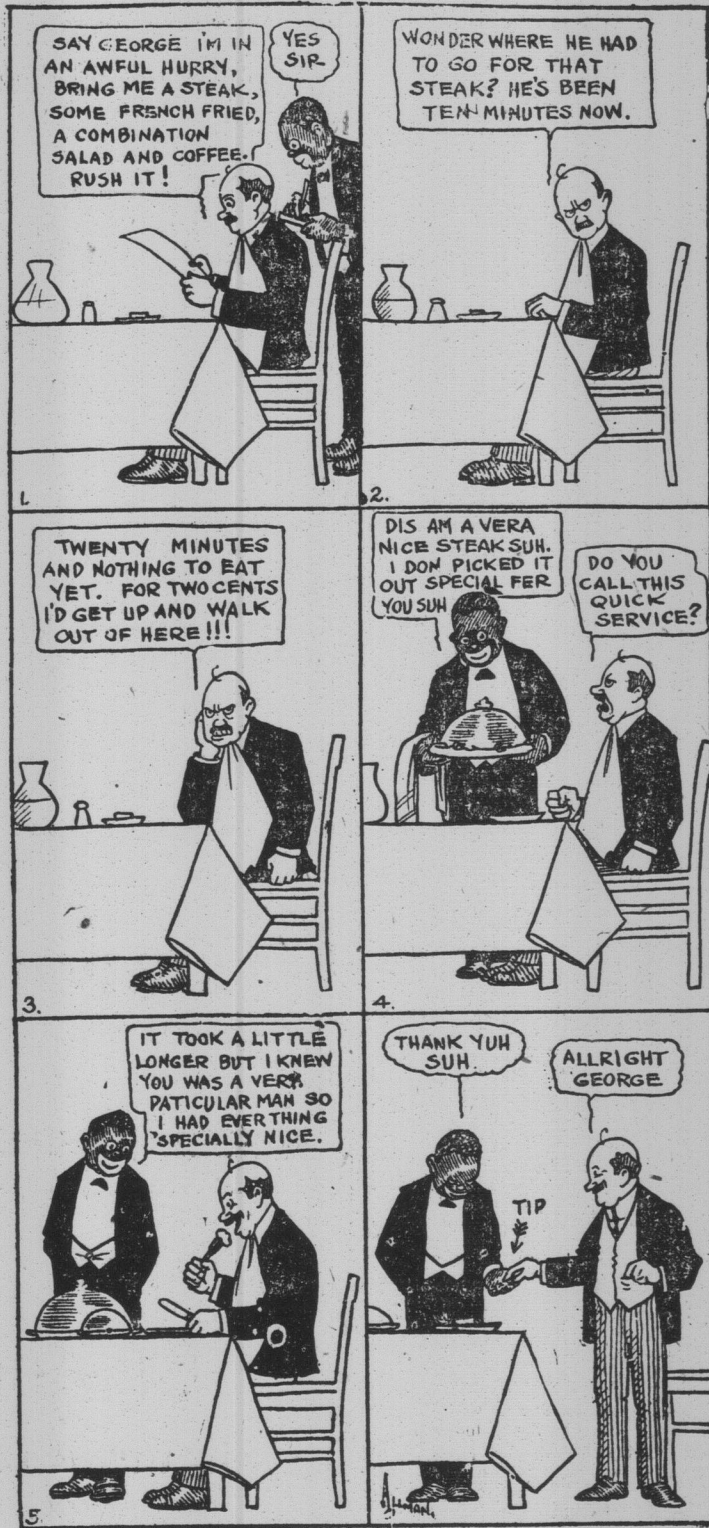
Mechanical Pulp Mills More Numerous than Sulphite and Soda Ones. (Forestry Bulletin, No. 51.)

Three processes were used to manufacture into woodpulp the six hundred thousand cords of pulpwood used in 1910. These are the mechanical or grinding process and the two chemical processes, which depend upon the use of sulphite and soda. Statistics supplied by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior show that wood used by the mechanical process formed over three quarters of the total during 1910, a greater percentage than at any time in the past. Unlimited supply of fresh water is a necessity in the manufacture of wood by the mechanical process so that Quebec is the province best adapted for it. Spruce furnished over four-fifths of the wood used for mechanical pulp. Balsam contributed one-sixteenth with small quantities of hemlock and poplar making up the balance. The sulphite process accounted for one fifth of the pulpwood and was used slightly more in Ontario than in Quebec. Nearly seventy per cent of the wood used in this process was spruce, mostly from Ontario. Balsam furnished thirty per cent, about three quarters of which was from Quebec and the same province used a small quantity of poplar in this process. Barely two per cent of the total amount of pulpwood was manufactured by the soda process although Canada has the distinction of having the oldest soda mill in America Quebec manufactured over three quarters of the pulp made by the soda process. This process was the principal method used in the reduction of hemlock. Of the total used by the soda process spruce formed seventy per cent, hemlock seventeen per cent, and poplar ten per cent. Balsam is not adapted to the soda

process.

ment.

THEY ALL FALL FOR IT.



Oriental
Abrams II, Khedive of Egypt, is growing very fat, a circumstance the more noticeable because His Highness is so short. His physical condition makes him unpopular with his subjects, who see in it evidence that he apes the English. They were the first to fatten on the country.

The Gumless Stenographer.
Prof. Burton N. Gates of Amherst college is trying to develop the steno-less bee. Why not have him try for the gumless stenographer while he's at it.

Reliable
The number of men and women who don't know what they are talking about is increasing in Canada. "Where do you get your information from?" "From the census report."

Husband, baby, lie still with your daddy.
Your mammy has gone to the club. She's giving a reading upon infant feeding.
In the meantime I'll fix you your grub.

THEY ALL FALL FOR IT.



Envelopes
Neatly Printed at The Greetngs Office

SHINGLES
During September and October we will make Special Prices on Cedar Shingles, in order to close out Our Stock
St. George Pulp & Paper Co.

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

An Election Aftermath.

Shortly after the local election in June last, an elderly Christian gentleman hailing from the East—the home of wise men—came into our office and imperatively ordered us to stop his paper.

He intimated to us that henceforth he was going to rely on a certain paper noted for its red head lines for future guidance through life! It had been his staff and comfort for many years and in a kind fatherly, but expressive manner hinted to us that we should inculcate the ideals as set forth from day to day in the columns of that journal. When he reached the "fourthly, lastly but very briefly" stage he forgot that he was a follower of John Wesley and that every Sunday for a great many years he had been creating vocal discord in the congregation of which he is a pillar by his attempts to drown out the choir in their attempts to sing the hymns of Brother Chas. Wesley.

Yesterday we met him at the Fat Stock Show, still as kindly and parental as ever and there was a deep touch of pathos in his voice as he enquired "what we now were doing." When we told him that we were in the same old business there was a look of surprise crept into his eyes, and keeping to the exact truth we said business was flourishing, our circulation was growing and we were not compelled to go out of business because he withdrew his support.

We are waiting our turn to get back at our venerable friend. When his two daughters get married, we shall apply the Grecian chisel to describe their nymph and maid forms, and if he should be gathered to the sepulchre of his fathers prior to our own departure we shall ask the parsoning angel to drop a tear over the lines that we shall pen about

him. We shall not recall his offensive and abusive language, but shall write only "things that are fairest, things most sweet."

We forgave him long ago. Life is too short to carry a load of anger any distance and we always try to dump it into the garbage heap as soon possible.

But come to think of it, it is wonderful how then, good men too, will soon forget the obligations due to a newspaper. Churches get free advertising. Editors will lose sleep o'night to get up boosting and boom matter about the town. Hospital Endowment schemes and at homes will be given, column after column of publicity, but if you dare to think differently from some men in the community "may the Lord have mercy on your souls," although you may have been their friends for life and may belong to the same fraternal societies and obligated to help and assist one another.

Such men, however, are the exception. It would be a bad thing for us all if business in general was conducted on such narrow gauge lines. What a stir we could make in this town and county if we only followed the example of some of our "friends."

The world comes to him that waits and some day we expect to have the pleasure of taking some live coals from the altar and to find use for them.—From an Ex.

The U. S. Government which has lately been so hot footed after the big trusts, are now after the Watch Case trust and bills for suit against them have been filed with the usual charge of being an unlawful combination in violation of the provisions of the Sherman act. This trust now manufacture and sell 80 per cent. of all watch cases in U. S. and no doubt were reaching out in all means possible to control the whole output.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

Are You Bilious? Mi-o-na Will Cure You.

Black specks floating before your eyes—dizziness and sick spells, prove that your liver is out of order, your digestion had and your internal machinery generally out of order. To remedy this state of affairs you must go to the seat of the evil and tone up the stomach.

Mi-o-na Tablets are a perfect stomach tonic and will relieve indigestion in 24 hours. They do more than this they also cure biliousness, sea or car sickness, vomiting of pregnancy, and stomach disorders caused by excessive indulgence.

Mi-o-na cures by strengthening and invigorating the stomach. It is guaranteed by Druggists J. Sutton Clark, who will refund your money if it fails. A large box costs you 50c. from your druggists or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont.

Earl Grey is at present the very best immigration agent Canada has had. He talks sanely and with a thorough knowledge of this Dominion, and after a residence of more than five years, and after having travelled all over it. He has met all sorts and conditions of Canadians, and above all, he knows better than anyone except Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his former cabinet colleagues all about Canada's trade negotiations with the States and other countries. The distinguished authority on Dominion affairs says openly that every Canadian is loyal to Britain, that the trade pact was no means to the old land, and that Ambassador Bryce acted in all these and other matters as a British Ambassador was bound to do, and as any loyal Briton should do. After such testimony how small and contemptible must the men look, some of whom are now high in Canada's councils, who talked of Liberal disloyalty and Bryce's incapacity and intermeddling.—Tor. Globe.

Verses

The oyster with the autumn comes,
An animal discreet,
He's mum and quiet conservative
And never will repeat
The things he hears, as people do
With all their might and main.
Although he's always in a stew
He never doth complain.
He may be destined to appear
At some swell church affair
And play a star part at the feast—
The only oyster there.
They may make him work over time
And deftly loop the loop
To spread his personality
Through fifty quarts of soup.
He may take part in some sextet,
A hall a dozen fried,
Far from his native habitat,
The scolding, morning tide.
They may entomb him in a Turk
For some Thanksgiving feed;
His outlook, it must be allowed,
Is very dark, indeed.
Of all the things that roam the earth
Or swim the salty sea,
Who gets the double cross for fair.
It really seems that he
Has not got o'en a gambler's chance
To win by any use.
The oyster surely takes this view
Of life: "Aw, what's the use?"—
Exchange.

Notice is hereby given, that a meeting of the Shareholders of the Dominion Fertilizer Company, Limited, will be held at the office of N. Marks Mills in the town of St. Stephen, in the County of Charlotte, on Friday the 29th day of December, A. D. 1911, at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of organization, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before said meeting.

Dated at St. Stephen this 14th day of December, 1911.

N. Marks Mills
Martin Eckert
Lewis F. Mills
Walter L. Mitchell
Wm. A. Mills.

Advertise in Greetings.

THE STANDING ALIBI OF H. STANLEIGH STORME

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

(CONTINUED.)

one eye on the two men and the other on the crowd.

Without any hesitation one of the two men stepped forward. He glanced expectantly at the district attorney, as though he did not know exactly what to do.

"Take the witness chair," commanded the prosecutor.

The man seated himself. He seemed somewhat nervous, as was natural. The prisoner looked on with apparent amazement at this new phase of the proceedings. Up to this time he had been calm, cool and collected, now he seemed embarrassed, and as though he knew not what to do.

His agitation was apparent to all those present. He half turned toward his counsel for the defense, and then to the prosecutor, as though to protest in some way against the witness on the stand.

Then he rose from the chair, where he had involuntarily seated himself, and addressed the court.

"Your honor," he exclaimed in a strange, strained voice. The crowd gazed open mouthed. The reporters of the several local dailies wrote feverishly on brown paper sheets and handed them to messengers for instant delivery at headquarters.

There was an air of terrible suspense. The man on the witness stand sat and waited. He seemed to be himself again.

The prisoner still stood looking at the court.

"By George!" exclaimed the sheriff to his neighbor, referring to the prisoner, "how pale he's turned! He's even paler than he was at the dinner the other night."

He sniffed with suppressed excitement.

"This is getting mighty interesting, all right," he thought to himself.

Again the prisoner's voice was heard.

"Your honor," he exclaimed again. The court however, silenced him with a severe gesture, and he resumed his seat, but reluctantly, as though under protest.

The district attorney, the spouse of all eyes, drew himself up to his full height, and addressed the court impressively.

"If your honor please," he said with an inclination of his head toward the witness, "the facts in this case are so very peculiar, and the testimony of this witness is so unusual—in fact, sir, I have never in my experience heard of a case like this, or of a story such as this witness can tell, although it is absolutely true—but the whole situation is so unique that I shall ask him, without the formality of question and answer, to state here-in narrative form the statement which he has already been good enough to send to me in writing.

"I have never," he exclaimed, "come into contact with this gentleman—except, possibly"—nodding toward the prisoner—"when I may have been under a misconception as to his identity. I have never known the witness as Mr. Wesley Warburton, at any rate, before. But he has written me a letter of the utmost importance. His story is of the utmost importance. I have thoroughly investigated it, and I am prepared to show both court and jury that absolute reliance may be placed upon his statement.

"It is a strange one, gentlemen—most remarkable one—but it is entitled to credence, I assure you. I think," he added, turning to the attorney for the prisoner, "that counsel will find the narrative of this witness relevant in each particular. If counsel, however, desires to object at all, he may with perfect freedom stop the witness at any juncture and enter his objection. All that I desire to do is to save time. His story is a long one."

The prisoner's counsel, who was a bit flustered and taken aback, nevertheless nodded, and said that the witness might proceed, and that he would reserve the right to cut him off if necessary. The witness took a long breath and prepared to start in. He glanced just once at the prisoner.

The prisoner again rose to his feet and attempted to address the court. But the court again put up his hand and the man's own counsel pulled him back into his chair.

He submitted for the time being but kept his eyes fixed upon the prisoner, as though he intended later to be heard.

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

"Proceed," exclaimed the judge impatiently.

CHAPTER XVI.
The Testimony of the Witness Warburton.

"Mr. Warburton," said the prosecutor to the witness, "will you please tell the jury all you know about the defendant in this case."

Warburton eagerly leaned forward in the direction of the jury box and began in a low, clear, musical voice. He seemed now to be free of any nervousness or embarrassment—none in the court room was more at ease than he.

"The story, gentlemen, that I am about to tell," he said, "is so strange that under ordinary circumstances I could hardly expect you to believe it had it not in my own personal experience, and in the documentary evidence which I am able to produce, the absolute proof of what I say.

"I appear before you, gentlemen, in the light not of an accomplice of the man who sits yonder, but as his dupe. The general public has been fooled by this man, but I have been fooled more than the public. And I am able to state now, that it ends there—I am as innocent of any complicity in the series of crimes as is his honor who sits in judgment in this court.

"I tell you briefly that I come of a good family. The Warburtons are well known in Hannaford county. I am but a few years older than thirty, though both myself and that other man have the appearance of older men. I am a railroad man, and ever since I attained my majority have held a responsible position in the office of an influential road in the town whence I came.

"Some time ago my road consolidated with another larger road. The employees of the larger road took our places. I was turned out of my position in the road."

The prisoner all this time had continued to show signs of great excitement. He again rose to his feet, and again addressed the judge—he was persistent, and yet he didn't seem exactly to have the courage to insist upon being heard. The court gave him one look, and he once more desisted and again fell back into his seat.

He apparently decided that he would bide his time.

"Gentlemen," continued the witness, "I hope that none of you has ever been thrown out of employment—if any has, he will know just what it means. I did not know. I assumed that it was a mere question of a few days or weeks to obtain another situation.

"I found to my surprise that it was difficult to obtain a position anywhere. Where I expected to be successful in a few days, I discovered that I could not obtain remunerative employment in months. My surplus dwindled to my last dollar—and my last cent.

"Gentlemen," he continued with lowered voice, "I starved—literally starved. I, who all my life had been at least in prosperous circumstances, found myself without the food wherewith to sustain life.

"Have you ever been through it—do you know what it means?—The man who starves will do anything—will commit any crime, to get food. He cannot help it—he must have food. Thank heaven, I did not have to commit crime, though, after all, it might have been better to have done it. I was tired, hungry, desperate.

"What happened? Unutterable good fortune fell upon me and like a winter-debut out of a clear cold winter's sky. I picked up in the street one morning this copy of a newspaper.

"You lie!" cried out the prisoner here, again leaping to his feet.

A court official seized him and forced him back.

"I have marked with blue pencil," resumed the witness, disregarding the outcry, "the advertisement that I read that morning. I afterwards discovered that the defendant in this case—the prisoner at the bar—had caused it to be inserted."

He handed the paper to the prosecutor. It was marked in evidence over the strenuous objections of the defendant's counsel.

The prosecutor read it to the jury. It ran as follows:

IMPORTANT TO ACTORS. Actor producing play with dual role wants double; must be about 5 feet 11 inches tall, broad shouldered, slender, dark, warty complexion, and naturally strong beard. Must be refined and educated—this is important. Salary large; work light. Apply at once.

X 13, this office.

"I wrote," resumed the witness, and received a letter in response directing to call on M. Madigan, top floor, 53 River street, this city.

"River street, as you may know, is an obscure neighborhood. I called here, however. I saw M. Madigan, and found a crowd of dark-complexioned men in waiting. No explanation was made to any. We sat and waited.

"Out of all these men three were finally selected by Madigan. He had weeded them out rapidly. I was one

THE VENOM OF LOVE

By L. A. Ruffman
(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

"I can't meet you on Sunday, I'm coming to meet you any more."

Nettie leaned back among the fragrant Capebrooms, jutting its golden spray through the fence, her eyes upon the ground, seeking refuge from the open avowal Sid's stupid obtuseness forced from her.

He stepped forward, his hand fell upon her shoulder, turning her roughly, compelling her to face the situation.

"I'm sick of you," she whimpered, "go away!"

"There's someone else?"

He was still dragging at her, forcing her to face him.

"Well, what if there is?" She faced him, a small frown. "Haven't I a right to please myself?"

"If there is—?" He threw her off with such violence that she rebounded from the fence, and her bonnet was tossed over her eyes.

Nettie tore her hat off. "There is! There is!" she cried.

The girl caught herself up with a gasp. Sid was looking very ugly just then. In the eyes that stabbed her, he was a vicious beast, his mouth was slightly open, the under jaw rigid.

"You little beast!" he said. He held her tightly. "It's Bodio!" The pressure increased, bruising her soft, slim body. "It's Bodio!"

"Yes, it is," she answered, defiantly. "A Dago. A dirty Dago!" He pushed her away, his face full of disgust.

"He's lovely. I don't care what you think. I don't care what you say, he's lovely."

For over three weeks Sidney Wood saw nothing of Nettie, but he heard of her often, and always in association with Gian Bodio, the dapper, black-eyed Italian who speared oysters with amazing dexterity on the pier-side of the Paganelli's shop front, while Nettie Mulholland boxed sweets and bagged bananas behind her natty little counter on the left.

Sid was a commonplace youth in a commonplace world, suddenly thrust into a vortex of the emotions that make for tragedy.

One moonlight night, after following that blackmailer for an hour, he crept, meekly from bush to bush, he saw Gian kiss Nettie good-night by the Cape-broom hedge, where he and she had so long parted. The Italian held her close in his arms, and kissed her again and again, with uncouth, noisy kisses. Suddenly Sid arose. He understood now what it all meant. He realized in a moment what the fury that he felt in his mind there were no doubts. He would kill her.

No argument followed, no self-questioning. In his mind there were no doubts. He no longer cherished enmity towards Gian Bodio; his soul was absorbed in the killing of Nettie Mulholland.

Then he heard she was to be at the trade picnic with Gian Bodio, and that decided him. At the picnic, somewhere in the bush, before the eyes of her Dago, he would kill her.

None detected as they drove to the picnic. Gian Bodio sat on Nettie's lap, and she sat on Gian's lap, pressed very close, was Martin Slickert, big, black-haired, violet-eyed, handsome, a muscular, a member of the Italian. He certainly enjoyed more of Nettie's attention than poor Bodio; yet Martin was nothing but long-man for Sid. He, the banana king, with two guineas a week and the beer habit. Throughout the picnic Sid watched them, and he watched them with a keen eye.

Nettie was conscious of Bodio, but gave no thought to Sidney, and he too was watching. It was not till after dinner, when Martin was to drink half an hour and then went off through the trees and along the creek, Sid followed. He felt his moment of chance. Near the camp they passed from view beyond a clump of saplings. He waited, but they did not reappear. He stole forward, crept quietly to the saplings, arose, and pushed his way through, without a sound, his knife on the weapon, his soul hot with resolution.

He stopped. They were there. Nettie lay upon the grass, Bodio knelt upon her, his knee crushing her breast, his left hand gripped about her throat.

In his right hand he held a knife, from the bright blade of which the sunlight flamed. His face was close to hers, his teeth bared, and he spat Roman oaths at her with something of the tiger, something of the snake. His face was contorted with abominable malice, hers wild with the horror of death.

For one tense moment Sidney Wood gazed down upon the lovers, and then a heart-burst filled him with blind rage. He hurled himself at Bodio.

Half a moment later the two men were on their feet fighting. Nettie, crouched down, backing under cover of the saplings, watched them, mad with fear.

Sid was sparring and punching with bare hands. The other slashed with his knife in a blind fury. Instinctively Wood's left shot for the face with every movement of the Italian. His arms were cut. He got the knife in his breast again, and then he saw Bodio's chin as through a mist, and swung his right with all the weight and power he could put into it. The Italian collapsed on himself, and went down, limp and lifeless. Sid staggered to his knees, and then fell, face foremost, across the body of his foe.

Nettie was running towards the picnic party, white and wild, shrieking "Murder! murder!"

The men found Gian Bodio on his knees, still dazed, but Sidney Wood lay prone, bleeding from a dozen wounds.

"Take care of Nettie," he whispered. "For God's sake, take care of Nettie. The Dago will kill her!"

As they fled, a loaded revolver fell from the right-hand pocket of his coat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How's This?

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

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

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

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Audience Laughed when, at a meeting in Toronto, Mr. George H. Roberts, the Labor member for the city of Norwich, declared that the policy of the party to which he belonged was to open up and settle Great Britain. Mr. Roberts, however, was simply stating facts. It is a good many years since Frost Caird, one of the ablest agricultural educators in Britain, declared that the United States could support nearly a hundred and fifty million people if the available good soil was all under cultivation. Mr. Roberts pointed out, what is a fact also, that from 55,000,000 to 82,000,000 acres of cultivable land in Great Britain was at present given over largely to game preserves. He pointed out how already Mr. Lloyd George's system of taxation was bringing great stretches of that land into the hands of the people who would cultivate it.—Tor. Globe.

The Greatest Measure of social and moral reform which was ever undertaken in Britain is the Lloyd George sickness and out-of-work legislation which on Wednesday last passed triumphantly through the House of Commons. To the disgust of the Tories themselves, as voiced in their papers, Mr. Bostre Law induced his followers to run away rather than follow their leader's desire and endeavor to beat the measure. It will in a few years revolutionize the conditions of fully fifteen millions of the British working classes. At one sweep it removes the fear of poverty during sickness, puts a premium on the care of mothers, and save the lives of thousands in the United States and a lot of every child in the United States brighter. Every philanthropist and every worker is thankful that the Tories can no longer kill such a measure.—Tor. Globe.

Chief Crawford Advised Hyomei for Catarrh.

J. Wilfred Brown of Water St., Campbellton, N. B. says: "Hyomei cured me of a severe case of catarrh and asthma after four years of suffering. I was constantly hacking and spitting and the catarrhal droppings that came from the head into my throat affected my stomach and I could not enjoy my meals. Chief Crawford having the same trouble advised me to try Hyomei. I did so and soon was without a sign of the health racking disease that had troubled me for so long. I now recommend Hyomei to all catarrh sufferers."

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is guaranteed to cure asthma, bronchitis, croup, coughs and colds. A complete outfit consists of a hard rubber inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei and a unique dropper for filling the inhaler. Your druggist will supply you the outfit for \$1.00 (extra bottles if afterwards needed 50c) or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Seven hundred and fifty-five companies from the United States have built factories in Canada since 1900. Many of these are larger than the original plants in the United States. The outlook in the building trades of Sweden is gradually drawing to an end through one firm after another deserting the master's organization and making peace on their own accord.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

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

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

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

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

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

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. (St. John Agent)

Thorne Wharf & Warehouse Co. Freight for St. George received up to Noon Fridays, not later.

Manager LEWIS CONNORS Blacks Harbor, N. B.

It should Be Pure.

In connection with the "Chateau Laurier" the new \$2,000 Grand Trunk Hotel at Ottawa. It has been decided to establish an ice freezing plant, and the Forbes System of sterilization. This means that every drop of water that comes into the hotel for any purpose is first sterilized and cooled, rendering it not only absolutely pure from all sanitary standpoints but clear and free from any coloration.

As regards ice, the water from which it is made will be first filtered twice, then converted into steam then condensed and frozen rendering the ice not only pure but a beautiful clear transparent crystal.

-Tor. Globe.

Rheumatism Cured by Booth's Kidney Pills.

T. E. Foster of St. John St., Fredericton, N. B., says: I have found more actual relief from Booth's Kidney Pills than in all else I have ever tried for rheumatism. The pains in my limbs have lessened greatly and I am better and stronger than in years previous. My appetite has built up and I eat and sleep better than I have in over three years. My general health is greatly improved and I can credit this only to Booth's Kidney Pills.

This is the Booth Kidney Pill way. These wonderful Pills are sold under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any sufferer from rheumatism or any trouble having its origin in the kidneys. They cure backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel and stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and dealers, 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

"I hear your rich uncle left all his money to charity?"

"No. He left it all to me."

"Well, isn't that the same thing?"

-Detroit Free Press.

The Venus of Milo explained her missing arms.

"I tried to get the tan off," she said.

Herewith she rejoiced she hadn't used the same method on her neck. -Harper's Bazar.

"THE HERRING"

By J. Niderost.

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)

"Really, Vladimir Anchevitch, you must put some restraint upon your tongue. The priests have become the talk of the town. The papers openly hint at deeds of great brutality, and even the 'Novoye Vremya' has taken up the matter. I cannot go out without hearing it whispered abroad. Besides, you forget, we live in Christian Russia and not in heathen Persia."

"It is easy enough for you to talk," the Governor retorted to his wife. "We must have confessions, and in these revolutionary times are such stubborn traitors. Unless some force is used they will not talk. However," he continued after a moment's reflection, "you are right in a way. Things have been a bit lively here, and I'll see what can be done."

Kardoff, the Governor's chief assistant, could not see the force of the argument. He firmly believed in the persuasive power of nagalka and screw to loosen the tongues of his obstinate wards.

"Herrings, third, pepper eyes," he muttered to himself as he left the chief. "Bah, I set my faith upon our old ways. There is no secret on earth which they won't reveal. However, he has his orders and needs must obey."

In the small cell of the citadel a prisoner raised himself painfully from his plank bed. His limbs were aching and his head swam. Yet after awhile he would dimly recall the events of the last twenty-four hours; how he was dragged from his bed, how the police searched his room and found the pavement, then his arrival in this cell. He was so hungry.

He hurried his face in his hands, when the door flew open and Kardoff, accompanied by a warder, appeared on the threshold.

"Well, prisoner, are you ready for your supper?" the former inquired. Just tell me the names of your friends and I'll promise you a meal which would be placed before any nobleman.

The prisoner made no reply, but turned his head against the wall. Kardoff's mouth was distorted in a mischievous grin. "All right, you are excellent, just as you like. You may fast a little longer," and with a mocking laugh he went away, banging the door behind him.

The prisoner sat down, exhausted. For three days he had tasted nothing but water. He knew he would die, and he was only seventeen.

In the evening Kardoff appeared once more.

"My pretty bird," he commented, "you're a stubborn customer; but I cannot allow you to starve. You must, however, be content with plain fare. Here, give him his supper."

The warder put down a dish containing a herring and a chunk of dry bread. The prisoner felt on it like a hungry wolf. The herring, it was true, was terribly salty, and the bread was dry, but it was food.

Kardoff watched him with gleaming eyes as he picked the bones, and then withdrew once more.

The prisoner sat down contented. The food had revived him, he already felt stronger. Now he was prepared for his tormentors. He would not betray his associates.

After a while he felt thirsty, and went towards the window recess to have a drink of water.

The jar had disappeared!

"A drink! A drink! For mercy's sake, one drop of water!"

At the night advanced his thirst became more unbearable. His throat was dry and sore, and his tongue stuck to his palate.

At eventide Kardoff came. He did not enter the cell, but looked through the trap in the door.

"Water!" the prisoner cried.

"Confess, and you shall drink."

"No!"

He leaped towards the door, but the trap was already closed, and as he walked off Kardoff chuckled. "A capital idea, indeed; and so artistic, too. Who would have thought it? But there, we live in a Christian country and not in heathen Persia!"

The prisoner shook with fever heat. His agony had become unbearable. He knocked and knocked, and feebly whispered "Water!" But all was silence around him.

In his despair, he climbed up to the window and pressed his tongue against the cold iron bars. The rough bars lacerated his lips and tongue, and he greedily swallowed the blood that flew from the wounds.

It was the third day since his meal. Kardoff cautiously opened the door. Behind him stood a warder carrying a bottle of beer. It was uncorked and the froth trickled down the side of the glass.

"Now, then, prisoner, if you confess, you will have this beer, and as much more as you like. Who is your accomplice?"

The prisoner looked at it with greedy eyes. Then with a sob he muttered:

"I will not!"

"Just as you like." To the warder: "Take that beer away!"

The warder obeyed. Now he crossed the threshold — now he had disappeared round the corner.

The prisoner uttered a cry of despair and then, as if automatically, his lips moved:

"Vladimir — Feodorovitch — Matlakoff."

The next moment he had the beer to his lips. It was cool; it was refreshing; every drop seemed to bring new life into his body. But with his strength returned the consciousness of his deed.

He had betrayed his friend in the frenzy to save his own life — and the glass fell to the ground with a crash.

"Well, now," the Governor said to the gleeful Kardoff, "you see that it worked, and, besides, it is ever so much more civilized. Indeed, indeed, we live in Christian Russia and not in heathen Persia! Don't you forget that, my friend."

GIVE UP BURROWING

Rabbit Is Giving Up Digging Earth-Homes, and Begins Nesting Above Ground.

German natural historical periodicals are calling attention to an interesting change in the habits of wild rabbits, especially in the western parts of Germany. The animals in question are giving up their ancient habit of burrowing, and have commenced in great part to imitate the hares, which, as is well known, nest only above ground. The hares themselves were once burrowers, and gradually went through the same change in habits in this particular that appears to characterize the rabbits at the present day — at any rate in Germany. In woods where the undergrowth is thick, and which are therefore especially suitable to the rabbits, they find hiding places in plenty for their nests; and even in open country, unwooded — and the rabbits seem to be taking more and more to the open — they take refuge in board-piles, rubbish-heaps, brush-piles, brick-kilns, drain-pipes, and ditches that are overgrown with weeds. The female makes little fortresses for her young, to protect them from the cannibalistic propensities of the male; she lines the nest warmly with fur from her own breast, visits them secretly at night, and perhaps suckles them once more during the 24 hours; but each time that she leaves them she carefully mixes rubbish before the opening which leads to her defenceless family, and defies the obstructions with ordure.

INTERESTING OCEAN FACTS

Complete Evaporation Would Leave an Immense Deposit of Salt Two Hundred and Thirty Feet Thick.

Oceans occupy three-fourths of the earth's surface. At the depth of 3,500 feet waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of a ton on every square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with salt water and allowed to evaporate, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom of the box. Taking the average depth of the oceans of the world to be three miles, there would be a layer of salt 230 feet thick over the entire bed should the water evaporate. The water of the ocean is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In many places especially in the bays on the coast of Norway, the water freezes at the bottom before it does above. Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think that the whole water travelled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high and travel fifty miles per hour — nearly twice as fast as the fleetest steamship. The base of a wave — the distance from valley to valley on either side at the bottom — is generally reckoned at being 15 times the height. Therefore an average wave, say one 25 feet high, has a base extending over 275 feet. The force of waves breaking on the shore is said to be 17 tons to the square yard.

Without Nihilism in Russia Siberia would be unnecessary. The very faults which Nihilism seeks to remedy are kept alive by its existence. If it were eradicated Russia would take its place among the Liberal nations of the world.

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early!

This Store is simply overflowing with Merchandise Suitable For Christmas Gifts!

Practical Gifts for Man & Boy

Splendid values in Gloves, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Arm Bands and Hose Supporters, Mufflers, sweaters, Fur, Cloth and Wool Caps, Toques etc., special Christmas Neckwear in the newest designs 25c. to \$1.

Big Stock Fur Coats, Overcoats and Suits; At Lowest Prices!

You'll Want Your Footwear! Smart For Xmas

Felt Slippers Ladies Felt Juliets, Fur and Ribbon trimmed, in Black, Red, Grey, Blue, Green and Brown. Leather Soles, 75c. to \$1.4. Special Value at 25 to 75c. Kid Slippers and Pumps \$1 to \$2. - - - -

Misses & Childrens' Velvet slippers 45c. to 75c. Mens' Felt and Leather Slippers in black and color: 40c. to \$2.00. Hockey boots and skating bala for big and little folks at special prices. Overshoes of all kinds, high and low cut, from childrens' in size 6 to mens' in size 11 at lowest prices

Don't Fail to visit Our Toy & Fancy Goods Department! The Biggest Display we have ever Shown!

Frauley Bros.
The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

Advertise in the Greetings!

Christmas Stock Includes

- | | |
|---|--|
| 100 boxes Valencia Raisins at 63c. | 20 bbls. Apples (including Bishop Pippins, King Tomkins, Baldwins and Northern Spys), Oranges, Grapes, Dates, Figs & Lemons, Hockey and Acme Skates from 60c. to \$2.25, Hockey Sticks and Pucks, 3 dozen Framers and Sleds, Meat Choppers at \$1.35, Carving Sets, Bread Mixers, "Sterling" Fountain Pens, "Sillette" Safety Razors, 8 Day Clocks at \$2.65, "Big Ben" Clocks at \$3.00, Nickel Plated Tea and Coffee Pots and Tea Kettles, Fancy Lamps in Brass and Nickel Plated. |
| 350 lbs. Seeded Raisins at 124c. | Finest fresh ground Coffee at 38c. lb. |
| 4 boxes Finest Layer Raisins. A complete line of Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Citron, Lemon and Orange Peels, Sage and Summer Savory, Shelled Walnuts and Almonds, Filberts, Almonds, Walnuts, Brazils and Pea Nuts in shell. | |
| 2 bbls. Xmas Mixed Candy, 1/2 bbl. Hard Mixed Candy, 12 pails Cream and Fancy Mixed Candy, 6 bottles Buttercups, & G. B. Chocolates in 1/2 lb., 1 lb., 2 lb., 5 lb. and Fancy Xmas Boxes. | |
| Overshoes in 1, 2 & 4 buckle for Men, Women, Misses & Children. | |

Dec. 15 1911 John Dewar & Sons, Limited

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Mrs. Frank Chaffee of Letang was in town for a few hours on Monday.

Miss Mary McMillan of the Chipman Hospital, St. Stephen is spending the Xmas holidays at her home here.

Octave Plade foreman of the Pulp Co., left on Wednesday for a fortnight's vacation which he will spend with his parents and his children at Hudson Falls, N. Y., going via Newark where he will spend a day at the paper mill enroute.

H. R. Lawrence was in St. John for a few days during the week.

Mrs. J. J. Kay of Indian Island who has been visiting with her mother Mrs. John Magowan during her illness for the past few weeks left for her home on Wednesday, her mother being much improved in health.

Misses Nellie and Katie Spinney returned from Calais on Saturday.

Mrs. Alex. Milne who underwent an operation at the Chipman Hospital a few weeks ago has returned home, her many friends will be pleased to know she is vastly improved in her health.

Mrs. John McMillan of Bocabee expects to leave in a few days for Medical treatment at the St. John Hospital.

Mrs. Lawrence Murray spends a few days at St. Stephen during the week.

Miss Annie Carran who is attending the St. Stephen Business College is home for the holidays.

Miss Lizzy Murray of Boston is home for the Xmas holidays.

Miss Bessie Phillips returned home this week.

Mellford M. Nichol of Letete was in town on Monday.

Peter McCallum of Elmsville, Scott Act Inspector for the County was in town for a few hours on Wednesday.

Saml. McLaughan, Daniel Mahar and one or two others who have been working with special crews on the rail road during the summer returned to their homes here this week, the crews having been laid off for the winter.

Theodore Hickey of Back Bay was in town on Wednesday.

H. Lambert and wife of Lords Cove will spend Xmas with her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Brien.

Senator Gilmore and wife will spend the holiday season at their home here as usual.

Miss Florence Giles' New River was in town on Thursday.

Elmer McLaughlin is home for the holidays.

Miss Mary McMillan of Chipman Hospital, St. Stephen is spending her vacation at home.

Messrs Leo and Lewis McGrattan of Sydney, Cape Breton arrived home on Thursday to spend the Xmas holidays.

David McAdam of Hillsboro' is spending Xmas here with his wife and family.



A FORTUNE IN IT

If you could place an ad in the Moon millions of people would read it. Even then it would only be valuable a few nights each month, whereas a **CLASSIFIED** ad in this paper while more limited in its scope will cover this particular locality every day in the year.

What the Dead Letter Office Accumulates at Ottawa.

Ottawa, Dec. 2nd.-A great collection of valuables and curiosities was made by the dead letter office during the past official year. Almost everything under the sun which could get through a slot and fail to find an owner, had landed safe, but unclaimed at Ottawa.

No less than 2,963,117 letters, cards, packages and enclosures of various kinds

came in. Among them were cheques to the value of \$632,398 money amounting to \$21,713, drafts amounting to \$104,151, money orders totalling over \$80,000, promissory notes of the face value of \$183,151, stock certificates worth \$20,850.

There were 43 aprons, 6 bonnets, 6 sets of prayer beads, 8 Bibles, a bill of divorce 3 stuffed birds, 270 blouses, 168 boots, 355 brooches, 3 butterflies, 298 cases, 6 certificates of character, 5 certificates of death, 27 marriage certificates, 1 cheese, 7 packages of chewing gum, 23 cigars, 4 corsets, 1 bust developer, 7 garters, 212 gold rings, 6 hair switches, 15 knives, 1 lady's companion, 39 pieces of machinery, 1 mince pie, 15 pelagrees, 3 plum puddings, 1 shaving mug, 1 spine supporter 89 stockings, 5 Teddy bears, 122 watches and 2 wigs, besides a ton of post cards. -Ex.

The Sardine Project.

The work of preparing the plans for the proposed sardine factory at Chamcook has not yet been completed, but it is expected that the first of the year will witness the commencement of construction.

Mr. F. P. McColl, who is to be the general manager of the new company was in town on Monday and went to Montreal from here. There is a good deal of interest in the project over the retirement of Mr. McColl from the management of the Sea Coast Company, -Beacon.

On Taking a Holiday

A great many people lead just as strenuous a life while on their holidays as they are accustomed to do during the working year with the result, of course, that they are very little better for the fortnight's change. They overlook their need for rest in the desire to participate in all the amusements and distractions offered to them. The young people are so anxious not to lose a moment of the time so wholly their own that they count themselves unfortunate to have a vacant hour in the day's programme. But for the middle-aged the holiday should not be this strenuous order if it is to do any lasting good. Excess must be avoided none the less when the ordinary life is rather sedentary than otherwise. It is a big mistake for a man or woman to think that because he or she generally spends the best part of the day in a chair at a desk, the one precious fortnight ought to find them perpetually on their feet, or even indulging in the most violent exercise. Under the belief that they are getting their muscles into good order, they are putting a severe strain on the heart that has been long accustomed to very gentle movement only. The best thing for these people is to take a couple of days' entire rest, and then to begin gradually with walking exercise or the like. This moderation will enable the holiday-maker to enjoy every hour, and to undertake in the end considerable exertion with real benefit to his whole system.

He Wasn't Encouraging

"Concede nothing," was the advice of a well-known politician concerning a certain famous disputed election. His policy was followed to the letter by the man of whom the following is told:—

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter. The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were blackened and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't? Who are you, anyhow?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."

World's Costliest

Who keeps the costliest kitchen in the world? Not, as one might imagine the American millionaire, but the Shah of Persia. The utensils, fittings, and furnishings of the Shah are said to be worth \$2,650,000. Every exception is gilded inside, and the dishes appearing on his table are of solid gold, as well as the spoons, knives and forks, the handles of which are bejeweled with precious stones. Moreover, the chef in preparing dishes for the Shah's table, must use none but silver spoons and forks, and any dish on which he puts cold viands to keep them must be also of silver, gilded inside.

Our Sovereign's Long Pedigree

There are few people who can boast so ancient a genealogy as our King and Queen, who trace their descent in unbroken line from the Saxon King Egbert, and through him back to the British kings, who in turn were reputedly descended from the survivors of the fall of Troy.

Subscribe to the Greetings

Mr. Merchant!

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

Come Buy a Space!

Suggestions For Xmas Gift Shoppers!

Kindly Remember that Our Display of Fancy Goods Is Upstairs and we want you to Go up and see it, whether You Buy or Not!

Practical Gifts for Men

Every man welcomes and appreciates a handsome scarf, or a handkerchief, a warm muffler, a prettily boxed pair of suspenders, or a combination of armlets, garters and suspenders. And here is the place to buy such a gift, not only because of the great variety and completeness of the display, but because every purchase carries away with it the assurance that the article is the very best of its kind.

A Handsome Line of XMAS NECKWEAR

For the Lady you will find a host of articles in going through our Store, and you are sure to Find Just what you want!

Look over the following List and Remember This Store has every article on it and many others

For The Women Folk

A Scrap Basket
Purses, Hand Bags
Pincushions
Hair Receivers
Gloves
Neckwear
Toilet Sets
Manicure Sets
Brass and Bronze Articles
Handkerchiefs
Belts

For The Men Folk

Ties
Gloves
Mufflers
Collar and Cuff Boxes
Shaving Sets
Vest Sets
Military Brushes
Suspenders
Sweaters
Handkerchiefs
Smoking Sets

Buy now and have your goods sent

J. O'NEIL

Formerly With Vroom Bros.
Eight Years Experience With That Well Known Concern
Iron Beds, Springs and Mattresses and ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE
At Reasonable Prices. - - Mail Orders Attended to Promptly. Give Us a Trial
THE ARTISTIC
Picture Framing & Furniture Store
OF ST. STEPHEN
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Near the Bridge ☎ Telephone 73-31

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Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

Prices lower than any competitor

Neat and Tasty
Printing
Greetings Office

Calgary Overrun With Vermin of the Lower World.

Crooks, Murderers and Prostitutes Defile The Metropolis.

Calgary has recently become the mecca for crooks of all descriptions; in fact, the metropolis is overrun by vile and low down class of humanity as could be found in the red-light district of any community in the world. The city police are an incapable or grafting organization at any rate they refuse to take steps in cleaning up the city, with the exception of hauling in a harmless drunk or assisting a painted street walker to the cells.

The wave of crime which has flooded Alberta's metropolis is surprising the law-breakers have flocked to Calgary, having been given the "tip" that they will be immune from prosecution.

Last week twenty-two burglaries were committed in five days; six assault cases and one murder.

The News Telegram says: CALGARY'S CRIME RECORD FOR THE WEEK IS NOTHING SHORT OF DISGRACEFUL.

MONDAY Night-Murder and robbery on Ninth Ave. West, between Fourth and Fifth streets.

MONDAY Night-Assault and robbery in rear of Royal Hotel Eight av.

TUESDAY Night-Assault and robbery near Riverside Lumber Co's premises.

WEDNESDAY Night-Assault and robbery in rear of Savoy Hotel, Ninth av.

News of another serious assault in an alleyway at the back of the Royal hotel, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues, and in which the victim had his jaw broken and his face badly cut, has just leaked out. In this case, as the other, robbery was the motive, and the man who was battered was relieved of all his cash and valuables.

The assault occurred on Monday night after a pool game in the Star Pool room. With two chance acquaintances, made in the pool room, the victim was on his way to a restaurant when one of the trio suggested stepping into an alleyway for a drink from a flask he carried. The victim fell in with the idea, and while drinking was hit behind the ear with a club. He fell to the ground, but attempted to rise again, and this time received a kick in the face which broke his jaw and partially stunned him.

The things then went through his pockets and ran up the alley way towards First street east, and after lying where he had been thrown for sometime the victim of the assault managed to make his way back to the pool room, from

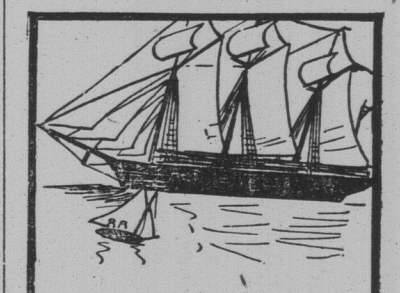
IN STOCK HARDWOOD FLOORING

In Birch, Maple And Beech. ALL

Kiln Dried Bored for Nailing And End Matched

HALEY & SON

St. Stephen, - = N. B.



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

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

which place a doctor was summoned and he was taken to his home.

As far as can be learned no complaint of this assault was made to the police, but the case was common talk, and is still common talk among the pool room frequenters, and it is stated that the victim of the assault, although refusing to talk much, has an idea who the culprits in this case are. -From an Alberta Ex.

The teacher asked: "When did Moses live?"

After the silence had become painful she ordered: "Open your Old Testaments. What does it say there?"

A boy answered: "Moses 4000."

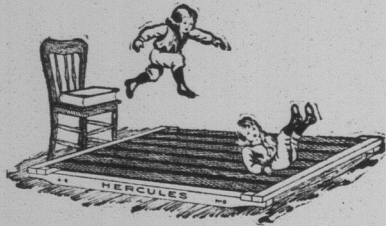
"Now, why didn't you know when Moses lived?" said the teacher.

"Well," replied the boy, "I thought it was his telephone number." -Suburb. Life.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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



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

REAL ESTATE SALE.

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

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

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

Patrick McLaughlin
Howard C. Traynor
Executors.

Parisian Sage! An Ideal Hair Tonic.

Parisian Sage is compounded on the most advanced scientific principles, and nothing on the market today can compare with it. It accomplishes so much more than the ordinary tonics and does it so quickly that users are astonished.

Parisian Sage kills the dandruff germs and eradicates dandruff, stops falling hair, itching of the scalp and splitting hairs in two weeks or we will refund your money.

Parisian Sage gives a fascinating lustre to women's hair and makes it beautiful. It makes the hair grow soft and luxuriantly, it is the daintiest and most refreshing hair tonic that science has produced, and has not a particle of grease or stickiness in it. Parisian Sage costs 50¢, at your druggist or postpaid from the proprietors, the Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

THE MOSLEM AT HOME

Old Before the Christian Dawn, Tripoli Has Seen Many Changes, But Always the Arab Remained.

Grown old before Christianity began, Tripoli has seen Norman, Spaniard, and Maltese Knight come and go again, leaving always the Arab and the Berber still in possession. Is the old granary of Carthage to become at this late date the granary of the old rival Rome? Who knows? For though the Turk may go, there still remain the Arab and the Berber, a factor not to be despised.

Viewed from the anchorage in the bay, a full half-mile from the shore, Tripoli is a delight to the eye. The white walls of the houses, the slender minarets of the mosques, the whole town in a setting of palm trees and green olives, in the foreground the deep-blue waters of the bay, and a dazzling sunshine bathing all, the picture is not easily forgotten.

Although closer acquaintance with Tripoli tones down very considerably the picture as seen from the sea and introduces one to an assortment of smells that can be neither localised nor diagnosed, yet withal it is wonderfully attractive. There the Moslem is at home — the Moslem as devoted to his religion as he was in the days of the Crusaders. No Christian dog may enter his Mosque, nor "Sain's" tomb, nor stand in a sacred cemetery beside the graves of "The Faithful." Because it is a principal portal of the Sahara and the centre of a once very rich caravan trade, one finds converging here an unparalleled mixture of nationalities. Tall, broad-shouldered, finely-featured Arabs, Berbers, desert Bedouins, Moors, Turks, full-blooded negroes whose fathers died here in slavery, all pass and repass in the narrow streets. The Jew, too, settled here since the days of Carthage, has his ghetto at the western side of the town; an intricate maze of narrow, unpaved, dirty, evil-smelling streets, unlovely by day and unlighted by night.

An expert states that all one needs do to put out a gasoline or kerosene fire is to put foam on it. He does not say so, but we presume the gentleman means to imply that it is always well to have a man dec around the house to supply the foam.

What's in a Name?

There is a bandit chief in Morocco named Gilull. He claims as his ancestor an Irishman of the name of Gilbhoily, who was caught and enslaved by Arab freebooters some two or three hundred years ago. Of course Gilull is again the government of Morocco.

Advertise in Greetings

Cheap Meats!

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

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

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

H. McGrattan & Sons,
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SUCCESSFUL SPECIALTY OF OURS

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