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The Granite Town Greetings

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

GOOD AD-
VERTISING
MEDIUM!

VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1911

NO. 22.

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"

What Ails You?

Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from biliousness, torpid liver with indigestion, or dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made up of the most valuable medicinal principles known to medical science for the permanent cure of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient liver invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at these will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of native American medicinal forest plants. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.



The Quebec Bridge

Competition.

A most important contribution to the literature of bridge engineering is an article by Gustav Lindenthal, in our contemporary, Engineering News, on the Quebec bridge competition, which not only throws a flood of light upon the inside history of this great undertaking, but also affords a mass of instructive technical information for those who are interested in the construction of long span bridges.

The Quebec bridge owes its celebrity mainly to the fact that it contains a longer single span than any bridge as yet constructed, its nearest competitors being the Brooklyn suspension bridge, with a main span of 1,595 feet, the Williamsburg suspension bridge, which measures 1,600 feet between towers, and the Forth bridge in Scotland, a cantilever structure, with two main spans, each measuring 1,710 feet in the clear. The cantilever structure which is to be built near Quebec will be 1,800 feet in the clear between centers of main piers.

In 1889 the Quebec Bridge Company invited tenders for a structure to carry a two-track railroad with a wagon road and trolley line on each side. Out of six competitors, the Phoenix Bridge Company was awarded the contract for the construction of a cantilever bridge prepared by its own staff of engineers, the award being made on the ground, among others, that this company's plan was the lowest in price. The construction was commenced, and when one-half of the

bridge had been erected, the structure collapsed under its own weight, with the loss of eighty lives and four million dollars in property destroyed. "The primary cause of both disasters," says Mr. Lindenthal in the article referred to, was the same; bad engineering; but in connection with the Quebec bridge was a contributory circumstance, of which it is difficult for engineers to speak without a feeling of humiliation, and that is the beggarly compensation for engineering services on a work of unprecedented magnitude, and the willingness of an engineer of high reputation and unimpeachable integrity to assume very important and laborious duties for a fee for which they could not possibly and seriously be met."

In this connection we wish to emphasize the fact that in all great engineering works of this character, the very last direction in which economy should be practised is in that of the employment of the highest type of professional men both for the design and oversight of the work. When such men are engaged, the remuneration should be on a scale which will justify them in allotting that measure of their own time and of the time of their office and field force, to the work, which the importance of the job demands. We need not go farther back than the recent failure of the Austin dam for another object lesson in the folly of practicing over zealous economy in the matter of professional engineering services.

The bridge fell because one of the main compression members in the bottom chord of the shore or anchor span, which has been designed to stand a pressure per square inch of about 30,000 lbs., before beginning to give way, failed suddenly and without warning under about one-half that load, or to be exact, under 16,800 pounds per square inch pressure. Mr. Lindenthal scouts the theory advanced in some quarters that the blame is to be ascribed to lack of scientific knowledge of compression members, which it was alleged could be derived only from full size tests of large columns. He rather lays it to the fact that no studies of any kind were made for the unprecedented large compression members of the Quebec bridge until after the failure. He says: "The leading consideration for the choice of their cross sections seems to have been the desire of the contractor for cheap manufacture, which was not balked by the engineer. The chord members consisted each of four slabs or ribs composed of a number of thin, stitch riveted plates, with contact surfaces

painted or rather greased, insufficiently stiffened with flange angles and flimsy lattice angles. They were of a form so obviously defective that they should have been condemned at first sight. They were a pernicious example of commercial engineering, which may be defined for this case as the subordination of design to the cheapest methods of manufacture, under the pretense of fulfilling specifications."

The fall of the bridge was investigated by a Royal Commission of three Canadian engineers, who made an exhaustive and able report. Unfortunately the Canadian Government dispensed with the aid of that commission, whose report formed the basis of favorable comment at the time in the columns of the Scientific American, and appointed a new board, which, after much labor and time brought forth an official design, and bridge companies were invited to submit designs of their own; but they were expected to prepare these in four months' time and without any compensation whatsoever. Ultimately, out of many and costly competitions, which included twenty-four tenders varying from eleven million to sixteen million dollars an independent design, drawn up by a Canadian company "in contravention of the official specifications," providing for limited traffic capacity and costing only nine million dollars, was accepted by the Canadian Government.

Had the design for this bridge been thrown open for world wide and unrestricted competition by the leading bridge engineers of the world, the Canadian Government would undoubtedly have secured a better bridge, and certainly would have saved an enormous sum of money. In the latter half of his article Mr. Lindenthal, himself probably the leading authority on long span bridges will show that the Canadian government ultimately will have spent nearly eighteen million dollars by the time the St. Lawrence River is completely, and this in spite of the fact that by a wise and judicious policy it could have secured a bridge of greater capacity with a large margin of strength, for a sum of less than ten million dollars. -Stfc. Amcn.

Trade Asaya-Neurall
THE NEW REMEDY FOR
Nervous Exhaustion
Night sweats are a sure sign of nervous exhaustion. They weaken the body and depress the mind. "ASAYA-NEURALL" will overcome this condition. It feeds the nerves with Lecithin, the element required for nerve repair. Full control of the bodily functions soon returns. Restful sleep is obtained, the appetite and digestion improve, nerve vigor is regained. \$1.50 per bottle. Local agent, Andrew McGee, Back Bay, W. S. W. Jackson, Perfumery, Millie, Coats & Co., St. George.

**To Build Highway Across
Canada.**
(Ottawa Journal)
One of the gigantic tasks to be undertaken by the government in the near future will be the construction of a permanent national highway stretching across the continent from Halifax to Vancouver. Already the great project is under con-

sideration, and it is considered likely that it will be brought up in the House possibly during the present session.

Forming a chain that would link together the entire continent, this scheme has been the dream of politicians and statesmen for many years, and practically the whole voice of the nation approves of its being carried out.

Engineers of the Departments of Railways and Canals and Public Works are now securing estimates and plans will be submitted at the nearest possible date.

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 Courts' 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.

NATIVE POLO AT GURAIS.

The Ancient Game of Polo is a New Game in Comparison.

Polo is played at Gurais (three miles from the Gilgat Road) in Kashmir regularly once a week during the summer months, when the ground is free from snow. Each villager rides his own pony up to 15 miles in the morning, plays from 12 to 3 or 4 p.m., and then rides back to his home. When there is a bet of a sheep they have sides, otherwise it is each for himself. Each chucker lasts two hours unless nine goals are scored first; if the ball goes between the posts it counts as a goal, and if it can be caught in the hands in mid-air the catcher scores a goal by riding with it in his hand between the posts—if he can. No one bothers about "off-sides," fouls, or other embellishments of Europeans.

In spite of plentiful hard knocks, and sometimes worse, no one will miss his weekly game if he can help it. The game generally starts with six or eight players, but by the time it finishes it is no uncommon sight to see twenty players taking part at the same time, and needless to say the game is fast and furious all the time.

The local telegraph master is the only European who plays, except for occasional visitors and sportsmen on their way through. To our ideas the game is primitive, but it finds great favour in the eyes of all the natives in this part of the world, and one has only to watch the game for a few minutes to realize how keen they all are, and absolutely devoid of nerves. The greatest tragedy that can befall a keen player on polo day is to have no pony. Sometimes it happens, however, that the animal is hired out and not returned in time. Then the player calmly takes his place in goal—on foot.

System in Salesmanship.

"Young man," says the automobile manufacturer to the new salesman who has astonished the organization by the rapid-fire sales he has made in the two months of his employment, "I must congratulate you on your work."
"Thank you, sir," replies the new salesman modestly.
"I know you build the best auto in the market," says the manufacturer, "but even at that I cannot understand how you can sell ten times as many machines as the very best men we have had prior to you. How do you do it?"
"Well, sir," explains the new salesman, the light of honest pride in his eyes, "I always ask the customer to take a ride in one of our machines as the first move toward getting acquainted with its riding qualities. Of course he accepts the invitation I then take him out on the boulevard and get arrested and fined for fast driving. After that there is no argument."
Ten minutes later the new salesman leaves the private office with a deck of preferred stock tucked away in his inside pocket.

"Tea or coffee?" demanded the bustling waitress. He smiled benignly. "Don't tell me; let me guess." -Brooklyn Lite.

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, Budge 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.

Books for Boys Books for Children Books for Girls
Papeteries Cards and Calendars

Frauley Bros. Headquarters For Santa Claus!

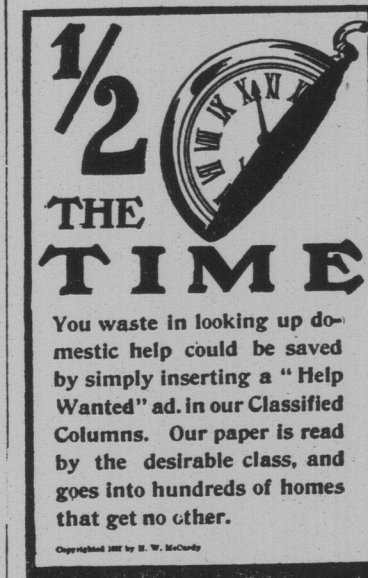
CANADIANS AND INVENTION.

Dr. A. Grahame Bell and the Telephone.

Canada has every reason to be proud of her brilliant student in practical science—Professor A. Grahame Bell—the inventor of the telephone, which has done so much to revolutionize the social and business world. The doctor first saw the light in Edinburgh, Scotland in 1847 and came out to Canada in 1876, where he carried on his investigations that consummated not only in the great invention with which his name is associated with, but the photophone, induction balance, and telephone probe, and (with C. A. Bell) graphophone. He has made a thorough study of the education of the deaf. In recent years he has taken great interest in the laws of flight and aviation generally. This brilliant Canadian is the holder of many degrees and a member of many learned societies. His Canadian home is in New Brunswick.

Great Underground River

According to geologists, the greatest underground river in the world flows from the Rocky Mountains underneath New Mexico and Texas, emptying itself in the Gulf of Mexico. This river is thought to be in places several miles wide, and it is believed that it feeds rivers that flow upon the surface. The artesian well belt of Texas is pointed to as the uplifting of the water from this river, often from eight hundred feet below.



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.

Shakespeare was asked if Hamlet was insane. "Impossible to tell till he wrecks a bank or leaves a will," the bard replied. Herewith the plot proceeded. -New York Sun.

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

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in tea must be distinctive, pleasing and unvarying to merit continuous use. The flavor of Red Rose Tea is all its own; and it never fails to win and hold approval because it never fails in quality. Try it.



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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS



KING COLE TEA

Your dear old tea-cup is to carry a keener delight, a new tea joy to your lips!

For into tea flavor—the very essence of tea joy—an even richer fullness, a more zestful vigor has been blended. The result is King Cole Tea. With your very first sip you marvel that such flavor-improvement could be possible! It tastes so unusually good. And it never varies, year in, year out.

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR.

BEAVER HARBOR

An earthquake shock was felt here on Monday night about 11 o'clock.

Andrew Holmes who has been ill for some time is now very low.

Aletta Scott and Marion Justason of Pennfield spent Tuesday afternoon in the village.

Rev. T. M. Munroe spent a few hours of Tuesday here.

Mrs. Fred Eldridge was suddenly taken ill on Tuesday.

The Women's Missionary Aid Society held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Barry on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Snider with their sons Jarvis and Wesley are guests of their daughter Mrs. Harry Barr.

Mrs. Edmond Wallace, Jr., Blacks Harbor spent one day of last week with friends here.

Mrs. Lewis Holmes arrived home on Wednesday. She has been sailing with her husband Capt. Holmes of the Schr. D. Mays.

Mrs. Edgar Wallin returned Tuesday from a visit to her old home at Centreville N. S.

Ios. Spear of St. George made a busness trip on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Munroe spent Wednesday in St. George.

Mrs. Chas. Trynor, Pennfield spent Thursday here the guest of Mrs. Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. McKay visited St. George on Thursday.

Mrs. Dan Thompson enjoyed a sleigh drive to Blacks Harbor Sunday.

Schr. Happy Home sailed on Monday for N. S.

Mrs. Archie Harris has been quite seriously ill.

John Wallin, the oldest resident in the village is in failing health.

Jas. MacWhinney sold his house to Thos Spear of Seal's Cove.

Schr. Emerald, Capt. Doucett is taking a load of fish from Beaver Harbor Trading Co.

LORD'S COVE

Some of the members of the L. T. B. Lodge held a clam supper Thursday evening in the old church. A neat sum was realized which goes to help support the orphan home which has now about 80 little ones.

Rev. E. Davidson arrived Friday to take charge of the Christian church here. Since leaving home in Indiana he has received word of his mother's death which took place on Tuesday last. The sympathy of a host of friends is extended in his sad bereavement.

The clam factory is undergoing repairs and expects to begin work in the near future.

Harold Felix and wife are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl.

Mrs. Harvey Leonard who has been quite ill with Lagrippe is recovering.

May Greenlaw called on Kate Stuart recently.

K. Pendleton visited Mrs. D. Pen-

dleton Wednesday.

B. Simpson called on Luther Stuart Friday.

Mary Lord spent Thursday evening with Nancy Lord.

Lydia Mitchell visited Phileas Stuart recently.

Denell Pendleton has moved in half the house owned by Mrs. J. Cline.

Mrs. Oliver Adams has recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. Calvin Cook called on her mother Mrs. W. Lambert Wednesday.

Aunie Cook has gone to Denniseville where she will visit her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Eaton and family and Dorothy Cammick of North Harbor attended the clam supper here Thursday evening.

The Aid Society intend holding a fancy sale in the old church Saturday Dec. 9th, all are invited to attend.

No Resemblance.

"Now, Nora," said the departing physician to the Irish girl, who was nursing a bad case of fever, "if the patient sees snakes again, give him a dose of this medicine. I shall be in at six."

The hour for his return arrived. The physician once more visited the sick patient, and found him raving. He had seen so, said the nurse, for hours.

"And did you give him the medicine?" inquired the puzzled doctor.

"No, Nora," said the girl, "I didn't give it to him because he saw snakes again!" demanded the physician.

"But he didn't say he saw snakes this time, doctor," replied the nurse, confidently. "He said he saw red-white-and-blue turkeys wid straw hair on 'em!"

ON A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

A Prayer Containing 386 Letters Inscrubed and Four Figures.

Prayers have been written and engraved on many very small objects, but only one person ever has been printed and painstaking enough to inscribe a complete prayer on a grain of wheat. One day Sir Moses Montefiore, the great Jewish financier of England, received a small tin box in the mail. On the cover of the box was written, "A prayer for Moses Montefiore, by Bauch Mordecai, son of Zebi Hirsch Scheinmann, of Jerusalem." The box contained a single grain of wheat, on which was inscribed, in characters so small that they could only be read with the aid of a powerful microscope, the 386 Hebrew letters of the prayer, and the date of the year (Hebrew reckoning), 5648. Sir Moses kept the prayer in his desk until he died, and it is now preserved with religious care by one of his friends.

Canada's Post Office.

A Devonshire lady once sent to her son a pair of trousers by book post, which is, of course, cheaper than parcel post.

The postal officials wrote to her: "Clothes cannot be sent by book post. If you look in the 'Post Office Guide,' you will see under what conditions articles may be sent by book post."

After a few days the lady replied: "I have looked in the 'Post Office Guide' and find that articles which are open at both ends may be sent by book post. And if trousers are not open at both ends I should like to know what is!"

How all the pleasures of Society pale before practising the art of making the truth appear a lie, which is called intrigue.

MASCARENE

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Campbell of Brealbane visited Mrs. John McKenzie recently.

Allan Stewart called on friends at Letete Monday afternoon.

Delia McVicar and Edith Stewart were calling on friends Sunday afternoon.

John Stewart left Wednesday for a short visit with relatives in Springfield, Mass.

Arthur Henderson returned from St. John Thursday where he was receiving medical treatment at the hospital, and is much improved in health.

P. L. Cameron was in St. George for a few hours Monday morning.

Kinsman Stewart and Wm. Leland spent Saturday in Eastport.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Chubb visited Mrs. John Chubb recently.

Mrs. Matthew Mitchell and son called on Mrs. S. Dick at Letete Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kim Stewart are spending a few days with Flora and Josephine Stewart.

George Chambers was calling on friends in Calthness Sunday.

Jennie Leland spent an evening last week with Mrs. F. Leland.

Does our Cultivation Cultivate?

(Cornelia A. P. Cromer, in the December Atlantic.)

"Incomes are larger now, and a very much larger number of people have adequate ones; silver and fine linen are still beautiful, but cultivated people are very much less in evidence than they used to be. Let me say quickly that this is not an assertion that cultivation is ceasing to exist, but only that, broadly speaking, it has lost its ascendancy, with the great body of people of a comfortable life. It is no longer one of the things that they seek first. It is, one suspects, becoming one of the compensations of moderate poverty. This, if true, is greatly to be desired, but it does not explain why financial ease and cultivation should cease to be companions. Opponents of our democracy have always claimed that it would result in leveling down, not leveling up, the grades of character and culture. For very pride before such critics, the well-to-do should not justify the taint that they are becoming the Great Unlettered."

"Another curious phenomenon is that the same amount of education seems to produce less of that fine atmosphere for which we have no name, but which we know to be the flower of life."

"These results have come to pass in spite of the steady spread of education, both higher and lower; the raising of standards in the schools; the vast increase in libraries; the birth and growth of women's clubs; the valuable device of the travelling library; the incredible development of the magazines, and the indefinite multiplication of all manner of cultural devices."

PENNFIELD.

George Boyd and George Trynor have returned from a trip on the Schr. Helen.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt here Monday night about 11 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Oran Amis and children went to St. Stephen on Monday where they will make their future home.

Lizzie Murray and Evelyn Justason called on friends at Utopia Tuesday.

Misses Nodding of Beaver Harbor were guests of Mrs. C. Trynor Sunday.

Misses Bertie and Sallie Latson visited Mrs. Leigh on Friday.

The children of the Baptist Sunday School are preparing for their Xmas concert.

The opening of the Baptist church will be Dec. 9th and 10th.

Mrs. Fred Gillmor and child of Bonny River are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Hanson.

Miss Dorothy Young was the guest of Lizzie Murray Sunday.

Mrs. Rupert Hawkins and Mrs. Selma Hawkins spent Wednesday in St. George.

Aucelia, the little daughter of Mr. and Gilbert Justason is very ill.

A CHANCE TO GET - CLOTHING - CHEAP

Men's Suits

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

Men's Winter Overcoats

\$8. COATS	NOW	\$6.50
10.	"	8.25
12.50	"	10.
15.	"	12.75

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

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

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

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



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

All Kinds of 'Work Done

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

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JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
CALAIS, MAINE

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ST. GEORGE, N. B.

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M. D., C. M., M. G. I. L.
Physician and Surgeon.
Eyes tested for errors in Refraction

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

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

DR. E. M. WILSON DENTIST

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

W. S. R. JUSTASON

General Dealer
Pennfield, N. B.

Have your Watch Repaired here in St. George by

Geo. C. McCallum

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

BLACKS HARBOR

Mrs. John McDowell spent a few days with friends in St. Stephen this week.

Quite a few from here enjoyed the sleighing Sunday.

Miss May Connors spent a few days in Boston.

John McDowell made a flying business trip to St. George one day last week.

Capt. David Spear is carrying word for Connors Bros.

Miss Lillian Thompson returned home by S. S. Connors Bros. from St. Andrews where she has been spending a few days with friends.

Capt. Ward Hatt made a flying trip to Eastport one day this week.

S. S. Connors Bros. left for St. John with a large load of frozen herring from Connors Bros. Ltd.

Rev. Mr. Brown held service here last Sunday.

Mrs. Daniel Thompson and Miss Millie Wright of Beaver Harbor spent a few hours in this place one day this week.

Some of the fishermen have been doing well catching large herring lately, some getting as many as 2000 to a catch.

Capt. Geo. Moses is buying herring for Connors Bros. Ltd., he landed 13,000 one day last week.

Do not delay your Christmas shopping, buy now at D. Bassen's.

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

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

SLEDS and SKATES FINE LINE! BEST GOODS!
CHERRY, EASTPORT

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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ST. GEORGE. - N. B.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
J. W. CORRELL - Editor

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

Remittances should be made by Postal Note or Registered Letter.

Advertising Rates.—One inch, first insertion 25 cents; each subsequent insertion 20 cents; readers in local column 5c. a line; transient want adv., 25c. for one insertion, 50c. for three insertions. Transient ads. must be paid for in advance. Rates for yearly or quarterly contracts on application.

All Communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the writer's name and address.
GREETINGS has a well equipped Job Printing Plant, and turns out work with neatness and dispatch.

FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1911

Standard of Living.

(Letter in American Magazine.)

If I will do as my daddy did, get up in the morning, take my market-basket and walk to the places where the same quality of food and varieties as he bought are still handled, I will get them at the same price, but if I demand my steaks and chops brought to be door, handled from the day the animal was born in the most intelligent and scientific manner, fed and killed in up to date conditions, hauled to me in automobile, wrapped in a wax paper and delivered by a boy in a clean, white apron, I have to pay for the labor involved. Again, as a boy in the early eighties, working as a clerk for \$5 per week in Philadelphia. I received 50 cents for supper money when we were required to work extra. Of course I hunted up a 25 cent place to eat, so that the other quarter would buy some amusement or other. Today, for 25 cents, I can get a better meal in New York restaurants of the same class, the latter being much cleaner. In short, it is not the cost of living that has gone up, but the standard of living. And all the howling we country boys brought up on a dollar a day standard may do us useless so long as we try to make our new ten dollar a day income pay for fifteen dollar a day style. I rented housekeeping in London in 1905. I rented a furnished house in the southeast section. New Cross. Kept the same woman who had worked for the regular occupations. We tried to live in our regular New York Harlem flat standard. The woman opened her eyes, so did we at the bills. Yes, living is cheaper in London, but only by the London living standard. So it is in New York, if we stick to the Squelink standard.

But the laboring man? A few years ago we had no such man in America. He doesn't exist today in certain parts of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana or any other state. We hear a lot about his suffering on the east side. Go look where he came from. He is living so much better than he did that he can hardly stand it. I, an American by 8 or 10 generations of residence here, went to school with boys and girls of the same class; patches on my pants and boots were common, also on those of the other boys. My boy goes with the children of fathers, who do not yet wear a hat and mothers to whom a shawl is still enough and yet I look in vain for the patches on their pants or copper on the toes of their shoes.

"Matrimony Course" A Los Angeles Fad.

Los Angeles, Nov. 24. A course of matrimony has been included in the curriculum of the Gardens Agricultural High School.
Five classes of girls are daily taking advantage of instruction in courtship matrimony, the care of babies, mothercraft and domestic science.
It is planned that boys in Los Angeles shall be permitted to take the course next year, but some doubt is expressed about the heed of this. It is argued that "the female of the species" will be so adept in the matter of courtship and marriage by the end of the year she will have lit-

tle difficulty in imparting her knowledge to the less deadly male.
The girls are taught how to deport themselves during courtship, and instructed in household management; home dietetics, housekeeping accounts, dress-making, millinery and even in such practical matters as how plumbers are supposed to do their work and how much they should be paid.

Wireless Station.

Wellington, Nov. 24. Speaking before a Letter Carriers' Society at Wellington Sir Jos. Ward said the high power station to be erected in Wellington for wireless telegraphy would be the most powerful in the world. It had been intended that the power should be two kilowatts, but that had been extended to five.

The station would be powerful enough to get into touch with Western Australia at eight time, while in the day time communication would be carried on with ships within a few hundred miles of Sydney. It was contemplated, too, that the system should be extended to the Chatham Islands and Raratonga, the latter place being connected with Tonga.
He hoped that before long, a system of wireless stations across the ocean between the motherland and the overseas dominions would be perfected.

Use to be Found for Canada's Navy.

Ottawa, Nov. 24. Whatever policy may be adopted by the Borden ministry with respect to naval assistance to the Empire, it is said to be quite possible that the Naval College at Halifax will be maintained and the training ship utilized for turning out cadets.
The situation is, that Canada has on its hand these two vessels of war intended for training purposes only, and while it has been clearly set forth that the new government does not intend to go ahead with the late ministry's proposals, the college may be of utility in training men either for service in the imperial navy or for whatever form of naval assistance may be subsequently decided upon.

The argument is being put forth that an institution of that sort may perform a function somewhat similar to that of the Royal Military College at Kingston.
The matter, at least, is being considered.

London Doesn't Stare at Smoking Women.

London, Nov. 25. The question of women smoking in restaurants in America has been much discussed lately, but you have only to ask the managers of any of the fashionable restaurants in London and they will tell you that women now smoke in public here without the slightest restraint or causing the least comment.

As a matter of fact, they declare, almost every other woman smokes and it has been remarked during the last year or two how frequently cigarette cases, cigarette holders and boxes for holding cigarettes have been given to brides as wedding presents. At the dinner parties of the present day cigarettes are handed around the table as a matter of course, but the greater number of women prefer to smoke their own pet cigarettes. Like men, they have a penchant for their own particular brand and do not care to smoke any other.

Some women of high social position have even been seen smoking cigars in public, but this is very seldom met with, the custom being voted not at all a pretty one. A few years ago it was considered taboo to smoke in the drawing room, and, of course, there are today hostesses who object, but in the most drawing rooms of the present day one will see ash trays, matches and boxes of cigarettes placed for the use of those who wish to smoke at all times.

Queer Legal Tangle in Australia.

Sydney, N. S. W., Oct. 25. An important and complicated legal point has been decided by the high court, in which the death sentence on a man named Riddle and the lives and liberties of people in general are involved. Riddle fired several revolver shots at his wife, and on her unwillingly given evidence was convicted of wounding with intent to mur-

der and sentenced to death. The question was whether a wife could be compelled to give incriminating evidence against her husband in such a case.

The State Chief Justice, Dr. Cullen, and after him, on appeal, the State Supreme Court, both held that the wife was a compellable witness, and decided accordingly.

Now comes a curious and unlooked for complication. The case, it seems, is governed by the Crimes Act of 1900, which was "an act to consolidate the statutes relating to criminal law." Every consolidating bill introduced into Parliament has to be accompanied by a certificate from the consolidator that it does not alter "the existing law. In this particular instance, however, the consolidating act appears to have effected very considerable alterations in the existing law, the legislators who passed the measure being in blissful ignorance of the fact. Previous legislation had apparently been somewhat ambiguous on the point, but the Crimes Act laid down distinctly that "every accused person in a criminal proceeding and the husband or wife of such person shall be competent but not compellable to give evidence in such proceedings in every court."

There could be no doubt about the meaning of that clause, said Sir Samuel, so he overruled the decision and held that a wife could not be compellable in such a case. The English and Australian laws are at variance on this point.

Girl Confesses Bold Robbery of Big Stores.

Dressed in the height of fashion, with a smile of confidence in her pretty face and her head held high, Maude Ranger, alias Wilber, 22 years old, who is said by the Cleveland police to be one of the boldest and most clever operators in her line in America, was arrested Tuesday afternoon in the May Company's store, when she attempted to walk out with a cash box containing \$130.

The police of half a dozen cities, in which, it is said, she has stolen thousands of dollars from big department stores within the last eighteen months, had searched for her in vain. Inspector Rowe said the girl confessed she was the one who robbed the store of John Wanamaker in Philadelphia little more than a week ago and committed a score of crimes of a similar character.
It was about 1 o'clock. The crowd of afternoon shoppers was at its worst when the young woman, without coat or hat, appeared at the desk of Cashier 104, in the silk department.

"There is a mistake in your accounts," she said. "I am from an auditing company and have come to take your books and money to the office."
So calm was her manner that the cashier without a word handed over the cash box and some of the books, with which the young woman walked briskly away. Fearing she might have acted wrongly, the cashier notified the head of her department who put the store detectives on the young woman's track, and they caught her near another department with a box full of money. She was taken to the manager's office, where she confessed.

According to the police, she says she has worked the same scheme with profit not only in Wanamaker's Philadelphia store, but in Seigel, Cooper's and Company's in Chicago, and several places in New York City and Boston. She says she is a Rochester woman who left her husband, and needing money, took this means to get it.



Professional Advertising
The physician has a sign on his door. That is an advertisement to the passer-by. Comparatively few people see the sign however.
Why not carry your sign into all the best homes in town? You can do so by a Classified Want Ad. and without loss of professional dignity too.

FARM AND FIELD

EGG CANDLING.
A Good Way of Testing Eggs for Market.

The time of year is at hand when it is a little difficult to always know the condition of the eggs that are gathered, even upon well managed farms. Candling at home puts the producer in position to demand and to secure what his eggs are worth, and in this connection the following description of the contents of eggs, ranging from fresh to absolutely rotten, as they appear under the candle is of interest. It is from a newspaper bulletin put out by the Indiana station.

Fresh.—Opaque, appearing almost entirely free of any contents, sometimes dim outline of yolk visible, air cell very small.

Stale.—Outline of yolk plainly visible, sometimes muddily in appearance, air cell very large.

Developed Germ.—Dark spot visible, from which radiate light colored blood vessels.

Dead Germ.—Dark spot attached to shell or red ring of blood visible.

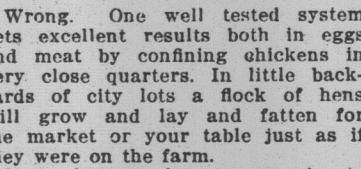
Rotten.—Muddy or very dark in appearance, yolk and white mixed, air cell large and sometimes moveable.

Cracked.—White lines showing irregularly in shell.

RAISING CHICKENS.

Chickens Can Be Raised Successful in Your Yard.

It pays to raise chickens. There's no doubt about it.
For long it was the generally accepted theory that a hen needed about 160 acres in which to roam and scratch, and that a big baroque house was needed for just a medium sized flock to roost.



Wrong. One well tested system gets excellent results both in eggs and meat by confining chickens in very close quarters. In little backyards of city lots a flock of hens will grow and lay and fatten for the market or your table just as if they were on the farm.
If the largest plot you can give to chickens is only eight feet by four, that will do for a half dozen hens and a rooster, and with right care you ought to get 50 dozen of eggs a year.
Multiply that by more space and more eggs and see how it will cut down your cost of living. Also it will make you free of the cost of storage product, and what is almost as good to the city man, the larger the production of eggs and poultry the less the demand for pork, beef and mutton, and corresponding lower prices for all meats.

FARMERS TO MEET BORDEN.

Arrangements are being made by the farmers of the three prairie provinces to meet Mr. R. L. Borden when he comes West next month. It is felt by the farmers that as Mr. Borden is Premier of Canada in prospect, he should be made fully aware of the desires of the Western people.
When Sir Wilfrid Laurier toured the West last summer he was met by the organized farmers at every point where he held meetings, and the demands of the farmers were firmly and courteously placed before him.
Mr. Borden will hold thirty meetings in the West, and it is the intention to have a delegation meet him at every point and lay before him the needs of the West. The same matters will be brought before Mr. Borden as were discussed with Sir Wilfrid last summer, though the demands of the farmers are now crystallized into more definite shape.

WATERWORKS FOR FARM.

An increasing number of enquiries are received asking for methods of supplying water to country homes. It has been one of the drawbacks of life on the farm compared with the city that while water might be in abundant supply it has not been convenient for all purposes of the household. In response to the demand for better appliances many improvements have of late years been made in pumping and piping outfits. Water in the house for free use is coming to be recognized as one of the first requirements in sanitary living. Further than this it is a labor saving arrangement that is in keeping with the modern machinery and appliances used elsewhere on the farm.

THE SUFFERING EDITOR.

A farmer wrote to the editor of an agricultural paper as follows:—
"I have a horse that has been afflicted for the past year with periodical fits of dizziness. Please let me know what I should do with him, as he seems to get worse instead of better. I am afraid he will be unfit for work if something is not done soon."
In the next issue this answer appeared:—
"When the nag is looking all right sell him to someone."

The increased production of milk in Ontario is looked upon as an indication that the farmers of the province generally are beginning to see greater possibilities in dairying. The cities are taking a great deal of milk, which to a considerable extent changes the cheese factory situation.

In Constant Use 101 Years
What other liniment has ever undergone such a test? For over a century
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
has been curing Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Lameness, etc. Its long service tells of its merit. It is the household liniment that does not go out. 50c and 10c bottles.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Envelopes
Neatly Printed at The
Greetings 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

The Marriage Law.
Ottawa, Nov. 20.—Mr. E. Lancaster's bill to amend the Marriage Act is a direct legislative effort to overcome the Ne Temere decree. The member for Lincoln proposes to amend chapter 105 of the Revised Statutes of 1906 by adding two sections as follows:—
1.—Every ceremony or form of marriage heretofore or hereafter performed by an person authorized to perform any ceremony or marriage by the laws of the place where it is performed according to such laws shall everywhere be deemed to be a valid marriage, notwithstanding any difference in the religious faith of the persons so married, and without regard to the religion of the person performing the ceremony.
2.—The rights and duties of the respective persons married as aforesaid as married people, and of the children of such marriage shall be absolute and complete, and no law or canonical decree or custom in any province of Canada shall have any force or effect to invalidate or qualify any such marriage or any of the rights of the said parties or their children in any manner whatsoever.

Rising in Mexico Said to be Serious.
Mexico City, Dec. 4.—Thirteen in surrectionists captured Friday at Halacho, Yucatan, after their companions had been routed by State troops, were shot without formality of trial, says a dispatch to El Imparcial tonight. Unofficial reports from Yucatan indicate that the uprising begun in that State, and in the adjoining State of Campeche, last week, is serious.
Subscribe to the Greetings

Advertise in Greetings.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Thin Hair! A Liberal Offer.

When the hair thins out on the top of the head, and the bald spot is getting ready to appear in public, don't get discouraged or irritable. Just go to your druggist and ask for Parisian Sage Hair Tonic. He will charge you 50c. for a large bottle but if it does not cause hair to grow where the hair is thinning out nothing on this earth will.

And we want to say to everybody, man, woman and child, that you can have your money back if Parisian Sage isn't the best hair grower, hair saver, hair beautifier on the market to-day.

It stops itching scalp and falling hair and makes hair grow thick and abundantly. All druggists everywhere sell Parisian Sage or postpaid from the proprietors the Groux Mfg. Co. Fort Erie, Ont. See that the girl with the Auburn hair is on every bottle. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

The Big Fertilizer Plant at St. Stephen.

To meet the increasing demand from the farmers and fruit growers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Quebec for high grade commercial fertilizers a 10,000-ton plant is being completed by U.S. interests at St. Stephen, N. B.

In planning the factory provision has been made for increasing its capacity to 20,000 tons annually. The plant is 90 by 232 feet, equipped with up to date machinery for the manufacture of fertilizers according to the most advanced ideas. A co-processor will also be operated by the company.

Located at tide water, the St. Stephen plant will have the advantage of receiving raw materials by direct shipment—potash from Germany, nitrates from Chile, and acid phosphate from southern States ports. Little or none of the ingredients of fertilizers except fish-scraps are produced in Canada.

As a distributing centre St. Stephen has the advantage of location on the lines of the Canadian Pacific, and of water transportation to many points. Fertilizers from the States pay a duty on the average of \$3.30 per ton, and must be ordered far in advance with great uncertainty as to deliveries and the condition in which the goods will be received. A thoroughly modern plant of large capacity, favorably located, will give the fertilizer consumers of this district far better service than was possible heretofore.

Tired of Western Ranching.

(Fredericton, N.B.) Mr. C. Howard Clayton, of Durham Bridge, who has been ranching in Central Alberta for some time, returned recently and brings with him very discouraging reports of the west. He states that during the rush for the Western provinces, hundreds were being fed by the authorities in different cities, since the work has been completed on the Canadian Northern Railway, Edmonton has been full of laborers out of employment who have to trust to public charity for a living.

Mr. Clayton found the weather conditions very trying. The thermometer has already registered 35 degrees below before he left, and he had been informed that that was comparatively mild for the season as frequently the mercury had stood at sixty degrees below and had fallen as low as eighty degrees.

Canadian Stockmen Win Many Prizes.

Chicago, Dec. 4—According to an announcement by the stock show management, Canadian students stockmen will take home 70 per cent. of the Armour scholarship awards to the International Stock Show. Three Canadian colleges which entered the competition in stock judging against seven schools of the United States were winners in every class. The five-boy team of McDonald College of Quebec was declared the most efficient, and to this school will go 40 per cent. of the \$5,000 Armour scholarship award, together with the International trophy for judging.

Do not delay your Christmas shopping, buy now at D. Bassen's.

THE STANDING ALIBI OF

H. STANLEIGH STORME.

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

(CONTINUED).

The creaking of a stair or the whistling of the wind sent them into temporary spasms. They walked about the house in the broad daylight each one casting apprehensive glances over their shoulder, fearing that something might spring out of the dark corners to pounce upon and seize them.

This fear was intensified as night came on. They went to the front door in answer to rings of the bell in solid phalanx—some would go alone, and none would stay behind.

Miss Dumont kept to her room. "She's the only one that ain't afraid," they said down below, "and yet they say she saw the man, too. What d'ye think of that?"

"She's feelin' pretty bad, though, all the same," suggested the cook. "I would myself," interposed the housemaid, "to lose all them jewels! I know that you were supposed to be there, but where were you really? Do you know?"

"I was at the club—that's all," he answered.

She continued looking at him for a time and then uttered a little sigh which sounded like a sigh of relief. But she went on, nevertheless, in a hard, cold voice.

"You were not at the club last night, at two or half past two, H. Stanleigh Storme. You were here in this very house!"

Storme looked at her curiously. "I was—here, in this house!" he repeated in a dazed sort of way. "Is this house?"

"In this house," repeated Miss Dumont. "I saw you here." Storme put his hand up to his head. He caught her by the arm.

"Tell me," he said with a queer look. "Did I come back? What did I do? Did the others—your guests—see me? Were they still here? Tell me about it."

"They were not here," returned she. "They had gone. You came later. A burglar visited us last night, and you—"

"Did I—did I shoot him?" queried the man.

"Shoot him!" exclaimed the girl. "You were the burglar yourself—it was you who broke in and entered the house."

Storme looked at her for a moment as though he thought she had gone crazy. Then he started forward as if shot, and with his eyes starting from their sockets, and his arms waving wildly in the air, he threw himself into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Good God," he exclaimed brokenly, after a long while, "is that the thing I've come to—is that the secret of my life—my livelihood?"

"Stanleigh," she cried wildly, "then you are safe—safe. You are not hurt! They told me you were shot, that—"

"You're safe! Safe!" she kept exclaiming. Storme waited until she had calmed down.

"I beg your pardon, Helen," he began, "I had forgotten about the burglary. It is just that and the train of thought through which it carried me, about which I had desired to speak. It is that which has unnerved you. Poor little girl! I would that I had been here to protect you."

The girl raised her head and looked at him with wide open eyes. "Henry," she exclaimed, "Stanleigh No—don't look at me while I talk—I can't stand it. Look at the fire. Look anywhere but at me."

He obeyed her. She went on, quietly enough now but with a strange intensity in her voice.

"Stanleigh, tell me, why is that you have been doing these things? Why do you commit these crimes?"

"Do these things?" exclaimed Storme. "What things—what crimes? What do you mean, Helen?"

"Where were you?" she asked in measured tones, "at half past two last night—this morning, rather?"

Storme looked at her in surprise. "Why," he returned, "at the Iroquois. I was there until three."

"I know that," she returned, "I know that you were supposed to be there, but where were you really? Do you know?"

Storme looked at her in a puzzled way. "I was at the club—that's all," he answered.

She continued looking at him for a time and then uttered a little sigh which sounded like a sigh of relief. But she went on, nevertheless, in a hard, cold voice.

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"Good God," he exclaimed brokenly, after a long while, "is that the thing I've come to—is that the secret of my life—my livelihood?"

CHAPTER XIII.
A Dinner at the Club.
Livingstone Dredlington was the swiftest thing in town. He was the spendthrift millionaire of the place.

He flattered himself that he kept up the pace with the best of them.

"When I do a thing, Storme," he would say, "I do it, and you're forgotten."

But if Dredlington kept up the pace, it was clear to him that Storme made it.

Storme had many admirers. Dredlington of all those was the most ardent. He did the things and said the things that Storme did and said.

Storme, to him, was the essence of all that was chic and dashing and exclusively fashionable.

Some weeks now had elapsed since the great trial of the people versus H. Stanleigh Storme.

No one was more enthusiastic over the outcome than Dredlington himself. It supplied him with an all-embracing topic of conversation, and it furnished him with a mighty inspiration.

He would give a dinner on the most magnificent scale. Storme should be the guest of honor. It would be the talk of the town.

He consulted Storme about it. Storme acquiesced with delight.

He was appreciative and became enthusiastic about the thing. He even suggested some of the details of the affair.

In the shape of subpoenas to testify, with big red seals, and even the genuine signature of the county clerk.

The sheriff, a personal friend of both of the men, volunteered the services of one of his Neptunes to serve the invitations personally on the invited guests. This idea, as may be guessed from the weak, sickly humor it involved, was the idea of Dredlington.

The newspapers, when they finished roasting the police department, took up the freak dinner for all it was worth.

They landed it to the firmament. They printed facsimiles of the invitations and also of the menu, which had been designed in advance by Canon the caricaturist. Canon was a member of the club, nevertheless he sent in his little bill to Dredlington, and Dredlington paid it on the spot.

Canon fixed up highly illuminated copies of the indictment, and the verdict of the jury, and the menu—the whole enclosed in a magnificent cover representing on the front the prisoner Storme, in the act of breaking into a bank in a full dress suit, and on the back a striking likeness of the same gentleman in prison garb, ruefully contemplating the outlines of a nearby penitentiary.

The dinner cost Dredlington one hundred dollars a cover, and there were fifty covers. The whole thing was stupid and boyish enough, but the newspapers considered it excruciatingly funny.

The town laughed at it and talked about it, and waited for it. To cap the climax, the host invited every man on the jury panel to attend—and every man attended.

The judge also was invited. These were Storme's suggestions—and he had good reasons for them.

The thing began at 10 o'clock. Everybody was on hand but Storme. He turned up five minutes late.

He had had an engagement he explained, and had had to hurry. He seemed breathless and out of sorts. The company sat down—fifty men in all.

"You're looking pretty pale tonight, Storme," remarked the sheriff in the middle of a course. "Are you ill? You look as pale as you did that night the bank was robbed, when you lost that five hundred to the judge."

Storme smiled and shook his head. "I'm all right," he said. "I'm tired tonight—that's all."

"Well, you're most awful pale," repeated the sheriff. "And so you were that night."

There were few speeches. The guests, being all sorts and conditions of men were inclined to be a bit boisterous.

The sheriff, who didn't enjoy speech-making, rose from his chair and walked up and down the room. The dinner, of course, was about over.

Storme was called upon. He rose and as he did so his face grew paler than before.

"Gentlemen," he began in a hesitating voice, "there's something I have to say to you. Something of serious import. I—I have been, in a measure, calling under false colors."

He stopped for the jurymen at the other end of the table were squabbling among themselves and he could not make himself heard.

"Go on! Go on!" somebody cried "Bully for Storme!"

They had not comprehended the import of his words or what he meant. They took it for the start of one of Storme's usually witty speeches.

"Gentlemen," he resumed, "I—I—" He stopped. The sheriff, roving restlessly around, had strolled over to the ticker. He held the tape listlessly in his hand for a short space of time.

Suddenly the instrument began to tick away like mad.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Hold on there, Storme. Say, you fellows, listen here. The First National was cracked tonight and four hundred and fifty thousand taken from the vaults. That's a fact—look here if you don't believe it. Wait a minute."

He sprang to the telephone and called up headquarters.

"Tell us about it," he said to the man at the other end of the line. "It's the sheriff talking to you."

"It's that man Burke," he explained to the crowd, with his hand on the mouthpiece, the receiver at his ear.

"Well," said Burke at the same end of the line, "it was done the other end as down at Mordant's. Bars sawed clean off. Window pane cut. Combination beat—ah! four hundred an fifty thousand gone. The coin was jumpy there to be sent out tomorrow. And say—"

"Go on," responded the sheriff. "Say," continued Burke. "I've got the man that did it clean to rights this time, sheriff, let me tell you that."

"Have you actually got him?" yelled the sheriff.

"No," said Burke. "I haven't actually got him, understand, but I saw him at work all right. He got away this time, too—how he did it is more than I know—but there's no mistake about it."

[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 him.

Walding, Kimman & 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.

Queer Personal Adornments

The Lahees, who inhabit a country to the east of the Victoria Nile and the Bahr el Jebel, about three degrees north of the equator, have several very remarkable ornaments. For example, bands of finely plaited grass are worn by the men round the upper arm. These are put on when the man is young and as the arms grow force the muscles of the biceps out below them. In one case, the girl at what should have been the broadest part of the biceps was only 8½ inches over the wire, while lower down, just above the elbow, it was 1½ inches. Lip ornaments are made of glass filed down from pieces of broken bottles, inserted a quarter of an inch below the lower lip.

The Humorous Elephant

The elephant is a humorist. The discovery has been made in a San Francisco paper, which tells the story of a keeper who was given thirteen ounces for his four elephants. Three of the showman went down the line, and then he had one orange left. Every elephant fixed a steady gaze upon that orange. It might have caused trouble to give it to any one of them, but the keeper decided that there was but one course to pursue. Accordingly he threw a moment's reflection the elephant phantasm might clearly see it, then calmly peeled and ate it himself. He asserts that the elephants nudged each other, and otherwise gave evidence of their appreciation of the humor of the situation.

A Fortune on Guinea Pigs

The Pasteur Institute of France spends annually a sum of \$80,000 on guinea pigs, but there is a dearth of these little animals just now, hundreds of small purveyors in the South of France having decided to cease raising the little unwilling martyrs of science. Wherever the Institute applied lately, it was told that no more guinea pigs were for sale. The Institute has had to rely principally on its own supply from its own guinea farms at Garches, but the demand has been so great that the numbers have diminished. Something like 3,000 guinea pigs are kept on the ground permanently for breeding purposes.

A Black Outlook

"Allo, Bill! You do look pale as thin, Bill. Wor's wrong Bill? Been ill, Bill?" This one jovial frequenter of the gutter to a friend he had not seen for weeks. "Bill passed a horry hand across his weary brow." "No," he answered, "I ain't been ill—it's work! Work from ten in the mornin' till nine at night, and only one hour's rest. Think of it, mate—just think of it!"

Dizziness.

Mrs. J. B. Renaud of Goldrich St. Sturgeon Falls, Ont. says: "I have suffered for months with a very weak stomach I had dizzy spells, and at times could not retain any food at all. I tried any number of remedies and prescriptions but none seem to relieve me until I tried Mirona Tablets. I used one box only and they have completely cured me of my troubles. I am pleased to recommend Mirona as I know it to be a remedy of merit."

SEELEY'S COVE

Capt. David Spear was in here for a harbor enroute to St. John with a load of turnips.

Miss Alice Bright returned to her home here after spending the summer with relatives in Eastport.

A. Ward spent a few days in St. George recently.

Mrs. B. Carter and daughters Edith and Marion spent Thursday evening with Mrs. Thos. Ellsworth.

J. and H. Holland and I. Carter have gone to Blacks Harbor where they will spend the winter.

Alice Lloyd visited Edith Carter Sunday.

Margaret Hayes spent Friday evening with Mrs. H. French and Sunday with Mrs. B. Carter.

Misses Edith Carter and Alice Lloyd called on Emma Ward Sunday.

Was The Friend of a King.

An interesting account is given for the first time of an incident which began the friendship that existed between John

Bright and King Edward VII. The story was told by Mr. Bright in the hearing of Mr. Connah, a merchant in Manchester. Mr. Bright, it seems, had, at a meeting in St. James' hall rebuked those people who were criticising Queen Victoria for her rare appearances at public functions after the passing away of the prince consort.

On the following morning the private secretary of King Edward (then Prince of Wales) called upon Mr. Bright with a special request from the prince to call upon him at Marlborough house. Mr. Bright at first demurred, but yielding to the pleading of the messenger, he went, and he was received in the most friendly manner by the prince and introduced to the family circle.

The prince took Mr. Bright aside and as a son thanked him for his kindly words on behalf of the mourning queen and asked to be granted the privilege of being counted among the tribune's friends.

"Whatever may be my personal opinion of kings and princes," Bright said, concluding his narration of the incident, "the man before me was a son making an appeal on behalf of his mother, and I could not resist it. We shook hands, and have been close friends ever since."

Charges in Bank of Montreal Management.

Montreal, Dec. 4.—At the annual general meeting of the Bank of Montreal, today, Sir Edward Clouston retired from the general management, which position he has held for the past twenty years to the honor of the financial community in this country, and will be succeeded by Mr. H. V. Meredith, for some time past a member of the directorate and assistant general manager, and for many years one of the foremost figures connected with Canada's greatest banking institution.

Mr. Meredith's place was filled by the appointment of Mr. W. E. Stavart, at one time manager of the Bank of New Brunswick, and a few years ago a prominent figure in banking circles in the eastern provinces.

Mr. Meredith entered the Hamilton branch of the Bank of Montreal in 1857, or the same year the British North America Act made the four provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia a dominion, and has grown up with the institution. His first important position was that of accountant of the Montreal branch, to which he was appointed in 1879. During the same years he was named assistant inspector, a position he held for ten years, his duties extending over the whole territory covered by the Bank of Montreal from Halifax to the end of the track on the Canadian Pacific Railway, his jurisdiction also extending to Chicago and New York. Mr. Meredith not only became thoroughly acquainted with the officials of the bank, but appreciated what the future had in store for the new Dominion of Canada. He became manager of the Montreal branch in 1889, which position he has held up to the present time, also holding the title during the past years of assistant general manager. Following the death of Sir George A. Drummond, Mr. E. B. Angus was called to the presidency, and Mr. Meredith was appointed to fill the vacancy on the directorate.

SEELEY'S COVE

Capt. David Spear was in here for a harbor enroute to St. John with a load of turnips.

Miss Alice Bright returned to her home here after spending the summer with relatives in Eastport.

A. Ward spent a few days in St. George recently.

Mrs. B. Carter and daughters Edith and Marion spent Thursday evening with Mrs. Thos. Ellsworth.

J. and H. Holland and I. Carter have gone to Blacks Harbor where they will spend the winter.

Alice Lloyd visited Edith Carter Sunday.

Margaret Hayes spent Friday evening with Mrs. H. French and Sunday with Mrs. B. Carter.

Misses Edith Carter and Alice Lloyd called on Emma Ward Sunday.

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MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

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

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

THE 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

Neon Fridays, not later.

Manager LEWIS CONNORS Blacks Harbor, N. B.

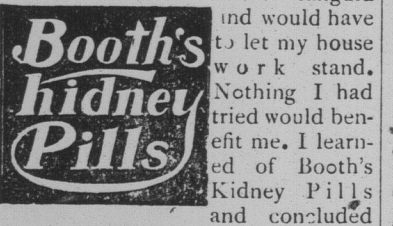
A pretty wedding took place on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baldwin where Mr. Wm. Irish was united in marriage to Miss Helen Maxwell the ceremony was performed by Rev. E. A. McPhee. The bride was given away by her father R. G. Maxwell was prettily attired in a costume of French gray with Persian trimmings and was attended by her sister Miss Irene Maxwell while the groom was supported by Mr. Robt. Irish.

After the ceremony refreshments were served. The presents were numerous and costly. The young couple have the best wishes of all for future happiness.

Bearing Down Pains.

What woman at some time or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith of Main street, H. Worth, Ont. says: "A heavy bearing down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys and just as done cut in the morning as on retiring. I was languid and would have to let my house work stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded to try them, which I did, and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me.

Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of headaches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All drug gists 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by J. Clark.



"We'll have little peace in the home from now on."
"What's the matter?"
"Pa's started to talk baseball again."—Detroit Free Press.

Knicker So he contracted the quick lunch habit at home?
Bocker Yes; trying to finish before the cook left.—Harpers' Bazaar.

WHY MALACHI NOLAN STEPPED DOWN.

As Alderman Malachi Nolan sat and smoked and sipped, he thought again of Limerick — the breath of spring blows the fragrance of the hawthorn, white upon the bough; he hears the song of the mavis; he is walking homeward along the black path through the bog, and up the green breen, and there before him is the little cottage, its thatch held down by sticks and stones, a long ash pole propping up its crumpled eaves; there is the mud shed with the thills of the old cart sticking out of it; the donkey is standing, as ever, and up the muddy lane Mrs. Annie in her bare feet is driving the cows to the byre; and then he sees his mother sitting in the low doorway, all at once he catches his first whiff of the peat smoke, and with the strange spell that colors work upon the memory, it makes him a boy again; again he is sheltered on a rainy day in the mud shed, playing shoot-marbles with Andy, Cassidy and Jerry O'Brien; again he is in the little chapel with the leiby roof, he sees all the boys and girls — Mary Cassidy among them — standing on the bare clay floor; he brings his bit of stone to kneel on during mass; he even runs out for a piece of slate to give to Mary, who has it in the puddle at her feet and spreads her handkerchief over it before she kneels. And when the mass is over he will take little Nora — little Nora — he placed his hand to his forehead in confusion, and then in a flash it all comes over him — Mother's old Andy and Jerry are old, little Annie is old, and he is old — they are all gone away. He bowed his head.

And yet Nora yearned to go. She had turned the ward over to Brennan and take her this winter. He would go for the legislature when he came back in the fall; a senator would be elected by the next election, 1904-1905, and the draft would be very good then.

The compromise attracted Malachi for at once it recruited him of indignation, a quality of statesmanship he hated, and kept for him the life of power that had become as the very breath of his nostrils.

"I saw the Shannon's purple flood flow by the Irish town."

"But it's forbidden in the lease after ten o'clock," the girl protested, leaving over her music. "What if the landlord?"

"It's time enough to say good mornin' to 't' civil Nora, when ye meet 'im."

Nora fixed herself on the stool fingered the keys, finding a soft minor chord. The old man closed his eyes, and laid down his hand on the piano, and she suddenly stepped in the provoking way amateur musicians cultivate, to say:

"But, father, that's such an old song; wouldn't you rather I'd sing the Intermezzo from 'Cavalleria'?"

Malachi opened his eyes with a start and sat bolt upright.

"Naw," he said, "none o' them fur'n op'nes — p'hat's the use of yer goin' to th' convint all those years?" But his voice quickly softened. "Do ye go on now, Nora, darlin', there's a good gur-r!"

And so she sang, and the alderman sank in his chair, with his big arms in their shirt-sleeves thrown over his head, closed his eyes again, stretched out his stockinged feet. The smoke from his cigar ascended to the chandelier, and now and then, when he remembered the words of a line, he hummed them behind closed lips, in unison with his daughter. When the song was done Nora whirled around, clasped her hands in a schoolgirl's ecstasy, and said:

"Oh, father, that song makes me homesick — homesick for a place I never saw. You won't run again, will you, father, will you? And we'll go to Ireland in the spring, won't we? Tell me, in the spring?"

A pain struck through Malachi Nolan's heart, a pain that was made only more poignant when, with her American fear of the sentimental, Nora asked:

"I must see our ancestral cabin." Malachi could not open his eyes. For once he was afraid. He did not move for a long time. But at last he sighed and set his jaw, and said:

"Well, Nora — if ye say so — in the spring."

And that was why Malachi Nolan stepped down.

Trying Suggestion on the Mare.
Twice as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gully the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first, those inside paid little heed; but at the third time they demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"What?" cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."
"Who?"
"The mare. Spake low! Shure O'im deavil' th' creature! Every time she 'ears th' door close she thinks wan o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort a' raises her sperrits."

LORD ROSEBERRY'S BET.

How the Great English Politician Gave a Good Tip.

On one occasion Lord Roseberry was in a railway carriage on his way to a race meeting at Ayr. Opposite him sat a commercial traveller, who was rather inclined to be talkative.

"Suppose you are going to the Ayr meeting?"

"I am going as far as Ayr," replied the traveller.

"Pity young swells get fleeced by blacklegs. Some noblemen, I hear, drop fortunes on the turf."

"Do a bit myself sometimes — about a tenner or a pony is my cut. Know anything good for to-day worth my while touching?"

"Depend upon it, if it was all right, he would not let you overhear his conversation. Mum would then be his game. Why, there's a lot in that race! I'll bet you a pony Lord Roseberry don't win it!"

"There's my card. Fact is, you ain't game to bet."

"I think you'll lose your money, but as you challenge me let it be a bet. You'll see me in the stewards' enclosure at the course. I have no cards with me."

"Agreed! It's a bet. I bet you an even pony against Cheveron for the Welter Cup. But what's your name, young fellow?"

"Primrose. Sometimes I'm otherwise addressed."

"All right, young Primrose; pay and receive after the race."

The companions separated at the station. Cheveron was in a carter, and the commercial received the following morning a short note by a messenger from the stewards' stand:

"Mr. Primrose (Lord Roseberry) would feel obliged by Mr. young fellow to his servant £25, which his lordship will have much pleasure in forwarding as a donation to the Commercial Travellers' Orphan Asylum."

The "bagman" paid his money, looking very crestfallen, and was heard to ejaculate, "Done! Who on earth would have dreamt that the good-looking, affable young fellow whom I imagined was a chumpkin, was in fact none other than the Earl of Roseberry, giving me a good honest tip about his own horse, by which I was fool enough to lose £25! Anyway, he's a regular trump, and he's right — I'm the chumpkin after all!"

The agriculturist's idea of a lady is someone who has had nothing to do with farming all her life, such as his ideal gentleman is a retired shop-keeper.

It is a wise woman who refrains from bringing her husband to bring the atmosphere of his club home with him.

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, Toggles 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 \$1.25. 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 colors 40c. to \$2.00. Hockey boots and skating bats 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 Deptment! The Biggest Display we have ever Shown!

Frauley Bro's The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

Advertise in the Greetings!

THEY - ARE - HERE!

100 Boxes Valencia Raisins at 63 cents per box. We cannot duplicate the order so advise you to secure a box without delay.

Number One Bishop Pippin Apples - Selling at 35 cts. pr. Peck
GEM MEAT CHOPPERS - at \$1.35 Each

WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF PURE SPICES IN BULK,
ALSO CURRANTS, CITRON, EXTRACTS, ETC. ETC.

SHOE PACS, GUM RUBBERS AND Horse Blankets in Large Variety, - and at Right Prices

Eight Dozen Axes, Single and Double Bitt
Just Received this Week, also Good Hand Made Handles

Dec. 1 1911 John Dewar & Sons, Limited

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Dr. W. S. Carter, Sup't. of Education for this province was here during the week and is making an extended visit of the schools of this county.

Allan Stewart, Mascarene was in town for a few hours on Tuesday.


Geo. McMaster of Boston who has been here for the past week on account of the death of his brother-in-law N. Meating and helping his sister in her business, left for his home yesterday, expecting to return again shortly.

Josp. Meating who is now at Flame Ridge was here to attend the funeral of his uncle returning on Wednesday.

Miss Laura Boyd of Pennfield is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Crickard.

A Yankee's Products.

The recent death of Walter Hubbard of Meriden, calls attention to the great concern with which he was associated and of which the founder, N. L. Bradley still survives. The Bradley & Hubbard Manufacturing Co. of Meriden is the largest manufacturer in the world of gas, electric and oil lighting and fixtures, and it has all grown from the beginnings of Mr. Bradley. His first work was in making clocks in Meriden, a part of Southington. In 1854 he removed to Meriden and Mr. Hubbard and others joined him. This business did well until the Civil War temporarily broke it up and then, to keep their men busy for a while, the concern printed American flags on white cotton cloth and carried this on successfully until the regular business revived. When oil was discovered in Pennsylvania, Mr. Bradley jumped to the conclusion that this was the coming light and in the absence of his partner, embarked to the oil lamp manufacture, the first concern in the country. Mr. Hubbard returning after an absence of several months told him that a mistake had been made. It hardly proved so, on the contrary, it meant a fortune for both men. Bradley has conducted the manufacturing end of the business and for a long time did this alone. Later he took in C. Lindey, now one of Meriden's well known citizens as superintendent and secretary. In 1885 a small boy asked Bradley for a job. He was so persistent that he was taken out and set to sweeping out the factory in the early morning. That small boy is today John L. Billard who a while ago bought out the Boston and Maine road, giving his note for something like a dozen millions for it. Messrs. Bradley, Hubbard, Lindey and Billard are striking evidence of American opportunity and American capability and incidentally of the enterprise and executive ability that have made Meriden known all over the world.



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 limited ad in this paper while more limited in its scope will cover this particular locality every day in the year.
Copyright 1909 by W. W. Nichols

ADVERTISE

IN THE

"GREETINGS"

A GRAYE MISTAKE

By Donald Firey

(Copyright by Publishers Press Ltd.)
Any one would have looked twice at the girl who was coming through the big gates of the railway station together with several hundred other people who had got out of a train. Once apart from the crowd she hesitated a moment, her eyes sweeping the bystanders. Suddenly she caught sight of a good looking young man who wore a violent crimson tie and elegant leather shoes, and who was most patiently waiting. She beamed so relievedly that he unconsciously stepped forward as she fluttered down upon him.

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I knew it was you the instant I saw you! Helen said when she wrote to tell me why she couldn't meet me, and that she would send her brother Dick. She told me such a lot about you because you were such a dreadful fuss. I beg your pardon. Of course, your tie isn't at all dreadful, but red, you know—"

"Oh, don't mention it," begged the young man, as she struggled in embarrassment. "I'm always getting rot-tot about my ties, but—"

"How is Helen?" cried the girl in brown. "I'm just dying to see the dear thing! Just think! We haven't set eyes on each other since we were at school two years ago. I think it was perfectly lovely of her to invite me to spend the holidays, and she's planned so many delightful things to do. And isn't it fine that you could be here, too? Actually, Helen sung the praises of her brother so much at school that we girls used to get tired of you. That is -- I mean, not of you, but of hearing of you. That sounds impolite, I know, but I don't mean—"

"Oh, I understand," said the young man hastily.

He seemed fascinated, but uncomfortable. "Don't you think we'd better be starting?" asked the girl in brown, with an excited little dance step and a lift of her pretty eyebrows.

The young man picked up her bag and opened his mouth, but she broke in again as they began edging their way to the stairs.

"I'm so glad you are a Harvard man," she burst out, "because nearly all the men I know are and make us just about the same as acquainted, doesn't it? I suppose there is going to be a dance isn't there? It's so good, I'm so glad. Don't you like dancing?"

"I should say so!" agreed the young man, who was making no pretence of haste to reach the stairs. "I wish though—"

"Oh, I know," said the girl in brown. "When a man dances he is bored to death with invitations because so many are silly and lazy and won't and just spoil a party. Does Helen go to a lot of dances since she had her coming out party? I expect she is a tremendous bella, because she is such a splendid looking girl. I hope you won't be bored to death at having me on your hands next two weeks. It was awfully good of you to tell Helen you'd like to give me a good time. I don't want you to tell you have to neglect any one else — your old friends, you know — just to be polite to me, because I shan't mind it a bit, and you must have lots of engagements of your own."

"Not at all! Not at all!" said the young man, hastily, with a sigh that seemed a combination of despairing admiration and hopelessness. "I should be more than delighted."

"Is that bag of mine heavy?" said the girl in brown with pretty anxiety, as the young man lagged up the stairs. "I'm so sorry, but you see what I'm going to give Helen is there, and it's weighty. Oh, are you all well again? So stupid of me to forget about that broken collar bone. Isn't football just awful? But it's grand to see a good run. Oh, how I wish I'd seen you in that match! Why, the newspapers—"

"Oh, I say now," protested the young man, looking wildly unhappy and bawling at the door of the station.

"Don't be so modest!" said the girl, dimpling. "Where do we go now? Can we get a car or must we take a cab? If a cab, don't get one with a bony horse, because I'm always so sorry for the poor things. I don't enjoy my ride a bit. Do you suppose Helen—"

The young man shook his shoulders like a water spaniel ready for a plunge, but just then a tall girl in blue dashed into the station, and with a cry of "Mabel!" fell on the neck of the pretty girl. Then she turned inquiringly towards the good looking young man, whose face was the color of his tie.

Mabel looked the picture of bewilderment. "What's the matter, Helen?" she asked. "Don't you know your own brother?" cried Helen.

"He's not my brother," cried Helen, in accents of frigid amazement. "How dare he?"

"I never said I was anybody's brother," cried the unhappy young man, "I was just waiting for my train when this young lady—"

But the girl, with an agonized shriek, gathered her bag and Helen, and the two fled out to the street.

The young man mopped his forehead and ran for his train.

Is grass greedy because it always wants mowing?

LAMENTATION

By Tom Ikers.

Whisper the news so sad,
Tell it with tears and sobs;
Everything's to the bad;
Men are a bunch of slobs.

Gloomy and dark the day,
Everyone's full of coveys—
Never can our hearts be gay—
There is no "White Man's Hope."

Artist: My object was to try and express all the horrors of war. How do you like it?
Friend: I have never seen anything more horrible.

Mr. Merchant!

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

Come Buy a Space!

NOTICE

The Christmas sale of fancy goods, dolls and Christmas gifts by the Parish Aid of St. Marks Church will take place on Wednesday, December 19th in the Basement of the Church. Their will also be a sale of home made candy. The sale will commence at 6.30 P. M.

New York Jeweller Lured To His Death.

New York, Dec. 5. With a fractured skull, and many cuts and bruises about the face and shoulders, the body of I. S. Vogel, a wealthy dealer in jewelry was found today in the engine room of loft building. The condition of the room indicated that Vogel had made a desperate fight for life. Small articles of jewelry were scattered on the floor, but gems of considerable value and a sum of money he is thought to have had in his pocket are missing.

Smith is a lovely baby girl. The stork left her with a flutter. Smith named her Oleomargarine. For he hadn't any but her.—Judge.

Prestige and Irishmen.

A well known Railroad president, in his study of all classes of men who are under him, entertains a great admiration for the Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning this foreman found that his gang had put a hand car on the track without his orders.

"Who put that han' car-r-r on the track?" he asked.

"We did, sor," one of the men answered respectfully.

"Well," he said shortly, "take it off ag'in!"

"The laborers did so with some difficulty."

"Now," said the foreman, "put in on ag'in!"

Rang himself to Death.

Extraordinary circumstances attended the suicide of a church sexton at the Hungarian village of Koros-Bucany recently. The inhabitants were alarmed by the violent ringing of their church bell, and thought a fire must have broken out. As, however, none could be seen, some of them went to the belfry to discover the reason, and there found the body of the sexton dangling from the bell-ropes, with which he had banged himself.

MUTT & JEFF

Want 500 Boys and Girls

to cut out the coupon below and present it, according to directions, at

COUPON
THIS COUPON ENTITLES

Name.....
Address.....

TO ONE PUZZLE FREE
If out of town send 2c. for postage
It's also a puzzle why we have done
so much business

Because We Are Experienced Men

Agents for Globe Wernicke Sectional Book Case

Gregory & Manuel's Artistic Furniture Store
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Gregory & Manuel's
Furniture Store
St. Stephen, - N. B.

Each one doing so will receive a

Mutt and Jeff

Puzzle Free

F. M. CAWLEY

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

Prices lower than any competitor

J. B. SPEAR

Undertaker and Funeral Director

A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.

Telephone at Residence

All goods delivered free Prices to suit the people

Neat and Tasty Printing Greetings Office

"Yes," said Diogenes, "I've quit looking for an honest man. I'm hunting a fountain pen that won't ink your fingers."



The Collarless Beer.

Prof. Burton N. Gates of Amherst college is trying to develop the stingless bee. While he's at it, he might tackle the collarless beer.

Benevolent old lady who has just given a penny to a small rustic: "Now, my dear, what do you say?" Small rustic, with native politeness: "Give us another! Collapse of old lady."

Anti-Suffragism.

Perhaps the Supreme Being made a ridiculous blunder in creating sex, but it is now too late to remedy it. Woman suffrage is so advantageous to men, in relieving them of responsibilities and endowing them with property at the expense of their wives that it is a wonder all men are not in favor of it.

If voting be a natural right, not only men and women but children may vote, for a natural right is acquired at birth and lasts till death. The supreme court of the United States has decided that voting is not a moral right, but a privilege. Governments exist by a consent of a MAJORITY of the governed. There is a small but very dangerous minority in the jails who have never given their consent.

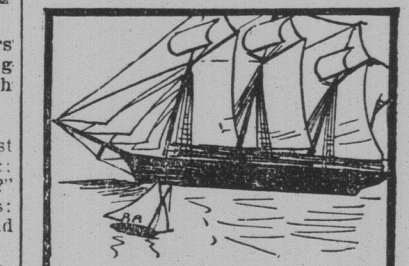
IN STOCK HARDWOOD FLOORING

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 sample is good—start now.

A beautiful display of Xmas Novelties at Baesen's. Look for their Xmas ad. in next issue.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Paying Cash Pays!

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

ANDREW McGEE - - Back Bay

BACK BAY

On Wednesday evening last Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Harris gave the first house party of the season. Music and games were the chief amusements, the guests left for their homes at a late hour voting it a good time and wishing Mr. and Mrs. Harris many happy years in their new home.

Messrs. Julian Kinney, Willis Phinney, Oscar Kinney and Charlie Cook left last Wednesday for St. John, thence they went to the Pacific coast where they will spend the winter.

Capt. S. French made a business trip to Eastport one day last week. Melvin Cook made a business call on Wentworth Quayley Tuesday. Leander McGee and Sam Craig spent Friday in town.

Dr. Taylor made a professional call here Monday. Owen Harde was in town for a few hours Saturday.

Robt. Grey has returned to his home in St. George after being employed here for the past few weeks with Capt. Kinney.

Mrs. Corbett of St. John who has been the guest of Mrs. Frank Leavitt for a few weeks returned to her home Friday accompanied by her husband.

Mrs. Allie Kinney has returned home after a few weeks spent in St. Stephen. Jas. Leavitt was in Woodland Friday on business.

Mrs. Leander McGee and Mrs. Valentine Hooper spent one evening last week with Mrs. Allie Kinney. Abraham Book was here for a few days last week.

Mrs. Nell Oliver called on Mrs. Geo. McGee Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Leslie are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl.

L. W. Theriault expects to leave soon and go to Mass. where he will be employed. Misses Lillian and Pearl Frye spent Sunday with Jennie Phinney and Vivian Oliver.

LETETE

Emery and Earl Matthews arrived Tuesday. D. J. McNichel arrived Friday at Herbert McLean's, he was the guest of his aunt Mrs. George Chubb on Saturday and H. O. Chubb on Sunday, he and Hazen McLean took tea with Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Kent, St. George and left Monday morning by Stur. Viking.

Mrs. Preebe Hicks and son Harvey McGraw went to St. George Thursday and have been guests of Mrs. Francis Tucker. Bert McNichel spent Sunday evening with Joseph M. Mahon.

Mrs. Simeon Tucker and Mrs. H. O. Chubb were out calling on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Elgin McNichel is better today, we are glad to say.

Angus Sealey of Lunenburg is the guest of Lather Sealey. James Sealey has accepted a position with Sidney Dines at Green's Point Light for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Dick are being congratulated on the arrival of a young son Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Newham arrived Tuesday by Viking from Eastport and

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Buffet Service on Night Express serving breakfast between Truro and Halifax Dining Car on Morning Express from Truro serving Breakfast and Luncheon

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AUTHORITIES REPORT ON CROP.

Prospects Good in Canada. The seeding and growing season for the whole of Canada has opened late this year, and the month of April has been marked by hard frosts. But May has been favorable to cultivation of the land, and the rainfall has been sufficient for healthy vegetation.

Wheat, which is grown chiefly in Ontario and Alberta, showed an average condition of 83 per cent at the end of April, being 89 per cent in Ontario, and 81 per cent in Alberta. In Ontario, however, the April frosts were destructive in some regions; and from 12 to 34 per cent of the area sown has been reported as winter-killed. The central counties, North of Lake Ontario, suffered worst, the average loss as reported being 84 per cent. In the Western counties, North of Lake Erie, the loss is 10 per cent; in the Northern counties and districts, 12.6 per cent; and in the Eastern counties, between the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, 15 per cent. For the whole of Canada, the area winter-killed is reported to be 21 per cent, and the per cent condition of the growing crop is 82.

About 12-12 per cent of the clover was headed out by the spring frosts, and the average condition of hay and clover at the end of April was 89 per cent. Alberta shows better than any other part of Canada, its average being 94-1-2 per cent. Nova Scotia comes next, with 83.75; and in Quebec, British Columbia and Saskatchewan: it is 86, and in Manitoba 83 per cent.

"Where is the cook?" "She's in the kitchen preparing supper for the doctor's wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."

Merchant (to widow) - I am willing to buy your husband's working business and good-will for \$5,000. Widow - Well, but I happen to be part of the working business. Merchant - Then I'll take only the good-will. - Pilegenik Blaetter.

It is frequently the case that we meet people who antagonize us the moment a glance of a handshake is exchanged, while our inner consciousness offers no explanation for that needless antipathy. On the other hand Fate brings us in contact with personalities which are indefinable, but which seem to comprehend more than the combined educated and trained sensibilities. What is that sixth sense?

THE MAN WHO BEAT BIG BEN

Like a forest fire, the news swept the camp. Big Ben, the mighty, champion sawyer of the world, had been done up, beaten to a lay-down, whipped, humbled - and by an Indian. The loggers swore when they heard the news, but there was one satisfaction back of it all. There would be a fight worth going miles to see.

And that night, in camp, the paunchy white man turned away with a growl. This was Friday night, and the time mentioned was not unreasonably distant. He rolled himself in his blankets, grumbling like an angry bear; but the Indian, slipping quietly from the room, stood long in the biting air without his face again turned toward the North. And as he looked and listened there came through the starlight night a long, faint, quivering howl, and at its first note he started as though stung. With a quick leap, he reached the bunk house, and snatching his snowshoes from the peg where they hung against the logs, thrust his feet into the straps, and went slipping away among the dark woods, along his almost obliterated trail of care days before.

Kenny, a hostler, coming from the stable, saw him as he vanished in the forest, and shared with the news to the long building.

"The Injun has 'puckoched,' skipper out, head seat to fight," he said disgustedly. And Big Ben, hearing the words, sat up in his bunk, and roared with indignation and rage.

Down the steep hillside that led to the lake, the runaway shuffled and slid the razor-edged air of the night cutting keenly through fannels and deer-skin. At the edge of the frozen surface he stopped and looked at his black eyes, but it lay like a spotless sheet, and he hurried on. Ahead of him he saw a row of brush heaps, and as he rounded his point he gave a guttural cry for a moment or so at a heap of him a black mass lay upon the snow, while sinking upon it from the shadows of the near-by woods.

"Puckoched!" cried the man, from a distance of four yards. The wolf's lip curled.

"Get out!" roared the Indian, more harshly, his knife suddenly gleaming in the moonlight. Slowly, ominously, the brute crept on forward, and with ears flattened and legs held stiffly, paced around the man at a distance of six feet. The latter, seeing his great size, his gauntness, and the famine in his eyes, crouched and avoided his tracks, and then, when he held low. Three times the bear made the circle complete, and three times the man turned round and round about, and never for an instant did the red eyes of the one or black eyes of the other meet, and never a point to point. Then the Indian rushed.

With a catlike leap, a snarl, and a snap of his teeth, the wolf was on one side, while the assailant, tripping unluckily, fell floundering through the crust, from the violence of the wasted brute swooshed. And before he could clear the snow from his eyes, the silkenlike teeth of the striking one had sunk into his right wrist, and at the first crunch of the iron jaws the knife fell from the helpless hand. But the man, twisting like a worm, bit the shaggy fingers of his free hand in the shaggy throat above him, and floundered to his knees.

Not many men have strangled a timber wolf that stood three feet high at the shoulder with his teeth in his hand; but for that matter, only one man ever bore the brunt of Big Ben's giant arm, and he came off victorious. The Indian killed his enemy with the strength that the protecting spirits of lovers gave him, and he was until the slathering jaws fell apart, and the glowing eyes grew dull as dead ashes. Then, bleeding and dizzy, he arose.

"Live," he whispered, as he painfully swung the motionless form of the woman across his broad shoulders.

"Live, and I will always work and hunt for you. And may Mo-no-ko and me his strength once more for the trail is long, and my strength runs away like the waters of a river. Bent nearly double beneath his burden, he stumbled across the bosom of the lake, floundered up the ridge, reached along the summit, and fell prostrate upon the floor of the bunk house.

Slowly the sleep-benumbed camp aroused itself, and stared through heavy eyelids at the senseless woman and gasping man, with the red ice thick upon his sleeve. Then, one by one, they crept from their bunks and bent over the motionless pair. "He was said, but muscle-knotted arms laid them tenderly in a bunk, and rough hands chafed the icy wrists of the girl until she sat up, gazed wonderingly about; and then, with a cry, threw herself upon the still heavily breathing form by her side.

"It is the wish of Mo-no-ko that we part no more," said he, as his hand closed over hers. "Your tongue was long, and my patience short, yet you are my squaw, and our trails should run side by side. One tepee is enough for both of us, and the wolfskin shall cover us when we are old."

Big Ben slowly got upon his feet, and glared at his companions. "That Injun is the best man in the woods, and I want to hear some one say different," he said threateningly. "He's the one man that's got me beat, and we two will saw those others out of their hides yet. Shake hands, partner."

A Sign in Gray's Inn Road. A correspondent thinks he has discovered the shortest shop front name in London. It is above a shop in Gray's Inn road - simply, S. Be. There is some sort of accent on the 'e', but the sign writer seems doubtful about it. Can you beat that name for brevity?

LOCALS

A very perceptible shock of earthquake was felt on Monday night about 10.30 which seems to have been very general all over the county.

St. Andrews town council has authorized the school board to bond the town for \$25,000 or to erect a new schoolhouse the payment of which is to extend over 40 years.

Bassen's Christmas stock, of Toys, Fancy Goods and general stock is now complete, all should come in and examine the many nice and useful articles now on display.

It is reported that Jas. McKay our popular custom house officer has signified his desire to retire from that office and we understand that Geo. Craig has been recommended for the office.

No Christmas Gift could be better appreciated or more sensible than gifts of Furs. You'll find what you want in anything from a Fur Cap to a Fur-lined Coat at Frauley Bros.

W. P. Nicholson of the Winslow Hotel St. Stephen has a number of improvements in contemplation for next season, the Dining room is to be removed to the lower floor and fifteen bedrooms added, also a number of Plumbing improvements which are now under way. Host Nicholson is bound to Ring his Hospitality in the front rank.

A half million Co. has been granted a charter to erect a large sardine factory and conduct a fish business at Chamcook and it is stated work will be commenced early in the spring. It is understood all the buildings will be of concrete, cottages for the help will be among them and a large wharf will also be built for shipping and receiving purposes. G. F. Johnson of Montreal is President of the Co. and Sir Wm. Van Horne, R. B. Van Horne, Wm. Shughnessy and Mr. Bosworth vice president of the C. P. R. are said to be interested in it. H. G. James formerly C. P. R. architect is now in St. Andrews to arrange plans as are Chas. Harvey, Cocksey, of the new Co. and R. B. Van Horne.

On Monday evening last any one on the look out would have noticed an unusually large number of the members of the Baptist congregation with arms well filled with various sized bundles and packages, wending their way toward the Baptist parsonage. Mrs. Gamble was at the head of the party, and it seemed to be their object to give Pastor and Mrs. MacPhee a "pounding," which in due course was done; and as a result the parsonage pantry was many "pounds" better off, and the Pastor's wife pocket-book was fatter. The evening quickly passed with pleasant conversation, music, and games, after which our friends departed leaving lighter and happier hearts behind. To all absent as well as present - we express our heartfelt thanks, and pray that He who rewards "the cup of cold water given in His name," may abundantly reward our "pounders."

The death occurred on Saturday last of Mrs. Isabella Jack at her home in Pennfield, she was 79 years of age and was a native of Pennfield and had passed all her life there. Her husband, Washington Jack preceded her about 17 years.

She was formerly Miss Boyd and leaves two daughters Miss Ranie at home and Mrs. John Doone of St. Andrews and a large number of relatives to mourn her loss. The funeral services took place on Tuesday at Christ Church of which she had been an active member during her life and were conducted by the Rev. J. Spencer.

The funeral of the late Nicholas Menting took place on Saturday at 1 p.m. and was very largely attended, being under the management of F. M. Cawley. After a short service at the house the remains were brought to St. Mark's church, where the Episcopal funeral service was held and an address made by the Rev. J. Spencer, in which he drew attention to the many sterling qualities of the deceased, and the great loss St. Mark's had sustained and also the town and county in the taking away of so valued a member of the Church and community, but all should while remembering their loss rejoice in his promotion to the higher life to which he had attained.

Here is the pretty quibble from the new edition of "Logic for the Million," which Sharper Knowlson has prepared: David said in his wrath. All men are liars. Therefore, David was a liar.

Catholics Can Eat Meat Next Friday. Montreal, Dec. 6 Roman Catholics all over the world are discussing this week the dispensation of His Holiness Pope Pius, which will permit of them using flesh meat on Friday, Dec. 8, upon which day the feast of the Immaculate Conception is celebrated. Before the dispensation was granted by Pope Pius relieving Roman Catholics of the necessity of fast upon church holidays, when such happened to fall on a Friday, Christmas and New Year's days were the only occasions upon which the fasting Rule was suspended. Now, by virtue of Pope Pius's action, all Fridays throughout the year, which are also observed as feast days, with the exception of Good Friday, will be the same as ordinary week days as far as abstinence from flesh meat is concerned. Next Friday becomes the first occasion upon which the Holy Father becomes operative since he assumed office.

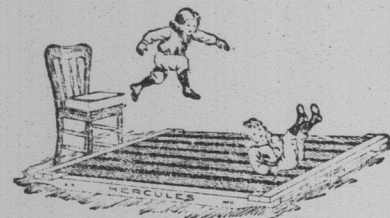
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West Steadily Advancing.

Beershaba is still an outpost of civilization against Belonin tribes its commercial importance is increasing rapidly, owing to waterworks which draw their supply from seven wells mentioned in Genesis. That the history East is gradually succumbing, however, to the progressive spirit of the West is indicated by the fact that a pumping plant has been erected over Abraham's well. When the railway system now under way has been completed, it will be possible to run trains from Paris to Damascus, Jerusalem, and Mecca itself.

Panama's Terraced Lawns.

By the time the Panama canal is opened the ships may sail through terraced green lawns instead of the bare yellow earth slopes now in evidence. The reason is not altogether an aesthetic one, though the attraction of sailing on a big ocean liner through such a scene might well induce a few extra passengers to take the trip, just as the run up to Santos or the entrance to the Rio de Janeiro harbor is sufficient excuse for a voyage from Europe.

It is believed that sowing the sloping sides of the canal through the cuts with a strong grass may prevent the slides now so frequent, and will reduce the wearing down by the tropical rains. H. Pittier, an expert botanist from the Smithsonian institution, has charge of an attempt to test his theory, for which purpose the agricultural department at

Washington has sent down several thousand pounds of grass seed.

Even though it be impossible to prevent entirely the occasional big slides, it seems almost possible that the measure will result in a great saving by holding the ground from starting except under great pressure, and by reducing the erosion, which brings down a tremendous amount of earth in the course of the year.

You Breathe It.

By the simple act of breathing we inhale life and death. You breathe air crowded with disease germs. These lodge in the membrane and at once commence their deadly work. In a night you develop a cold and before long you are in the grip of Canada's deadliest enemy—Catarrh.

You also breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei) and by so doing breathe in life—Hyomei is medicated and vaporized air. In its journey through the breathing organs it arrests and kills catarrh and cold germs soothes the inflamed membrane and commences the work of healing. Ask druggist J. Sutton Clark what he knows about Hyomei. You will find that he not only sells it but guarantees it. A complete outfit will cost you \$1.00 from your druggist or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. You will find it invaluable for coughs, colds, catarrh and all kindred diseases. Money refunded if it fails.

THE CARE OF LAMPS

In places where electric light or gas are not available if lamps be good and have proper attention, one cannot wish for a more satisfactory light, but if badly cared for they will be a source of much discomfort. The great secret of having lamps in good working order is to keep them clean and to use good oil. Have a regular place and time for trimming the lamps. Put a folded newspaper on the table so that any stray bits of burned wick and drops of oil may fall upon it. Wash and wipe the chimneys and shades. Now take off all loose parts of the burner, washing them in hot soap-suds and wiping with a clean soft cloth. Trim the wicks and turn them quite low. With a soft, wet cloth, well soaped, wipe the burner thoroughly, working the cloth as much as possible inside the burner, to get off every particle of the charred wick. Now fill the lamps within about one inch of the top, and wipe with a damp towel and then a dry one. Adjust all the parts and return them to their proper places. Whenever a new wick is required in a lamp wash and scald the burner before putting in the wick. With a student lamp, the receptacle for waste oil, which is screwed on the bottom of the burner, should be taken off at least once a week and washed. Sometimes a wick will get very dark and dirty before it is half consumed. It is not economy to try to burn it; replace it with a fresh one. The trouble and expense are slight and the increase in clearness and brilliancy will repay the extra care. When a lamp is lighted it should not at once be turned up to the full height; wait until the chimney is heated. Beautiful shades are often cracked or broken by having hot chimneys rest against them. Now, when lighting a lamp be careful that the chimney is set perfectly straight and does not touch the shade at any point. The shade should be placed on the lamp as soon as it is lighted, that it may heat gradually.

Utilizing Waste as Fuel.

The greatest work which has been carried on by the British in Egypt, since their occupation of that country has been the construction of dams along the Nile for the purpose of providing water for irrigating the Nile Valley. As a result of this work vast areas of previously waste, have been brought under cultivation and the output of the country vastly increased. Another enterprise of little less importance, is now under way. This is for the purpose of utilizing and, a thick tangle of water plants in the Nile bed. This growth has for generations seriously interfered with the navigation of the Nile. It has recently been discovered that it can be utilized as a fuel. The new fuel is known as suttite.

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