

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

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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, FEBRUARY 2, 1912

NO. 30.

AT D. BASSEN'S

Gigantic Overcoat Sale! Gigantic Clearing Sale!
Gigantic Selling Out Sale!

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

All Kinds of Discounts!
Prices Don't Cut Any Ice With Us

THE NEW Church Hymn Book
The Book of Common Praise
with or without music. --Prices 35c's. to \$2.75--
For sale at the "Greetings Office"

A REAL TREAT IS IN STORE

ENTERTAINMENT
WITH HUMOR, SOCIAL, INTELLECTUAL



LOTTIE L. TILLOTSON
HAWAIIAN ENTERTAINER

Monday, February 12

For all who attend the
Entertainment given by
Miss Lottie L. Tillotson
Of Hawaii

Under the Auspices of
St. Mark's Church

This distinguished traveler comes to us from Japan
Hawaii, Alaska, Mexico, Bavaria, Austria, Bohemia,
Germany, France, England, Ireland, Hungary, Scot-
land, and Central America, with recommendation from
the cities throughout the United States and Canada.

The Programme will
Be Interspersed with Music.

Admission, 25 & 35c.

COUTT'S HALL,
St. George

A LAND MYSTERY

The building of a railroad by the British from Persia to Karachi across Mekran may not of itself, as the New York Sun says, be a project of importance. Europe has offered little opposition, and engineers say the route presents few serious obstacles; but it brings the rest of the world into contact with some of the earliest scenes of Eastern history and opens a land of mystery of which there have been only glimpses about every thousand years.

Mekran is the coastal region of Baluchistan and extends from India to the Persian Gulf. Sailors before and since the voyage of Alexander's Admiral, Nearchus, have coasted along its white shores and found themselves surrounded by spouting whales such as the first map makers delighted to picture. High pooped native craft like ancient galleys carrying pirate slave traders and gun runners dodge into its shallow harbors. British steamships sometimes stop at one of its ports for a cargo of dates or rice for the Indian trade. But sailors never penetrate into the range of yellow hills or cross the sterile plain, "the hottest land of all Asia" where the sand rolls in waves and floats in stifling clouds. Oases are rare along the streams that flow from these ridges; the country is dry, weather worn, desolate, shunned by man.

The few inhabitants are the fetsam and jetsam of the civilization that have passed over it. They are the wreckage that drifted into this obscure world from the earliest movements into and from India to the first search of Europe for Eastern empires. The Portuguese that conquered Muscat and captured the islands of Ormuz and Kishm and founded colonies at Bander Abbas and Gwadar left their tribute of adventures, as did the Dutch, French and English that came after them. These found here older people of whose origin all trace was lost, colonies of the breed Arabs left by the decline of the Arab dynasty at Sind, Mongols from the time of Genghis Khan, negroes, descended from mediaeval slaves, and stragglers from every central Asian tribe.

Yet Mekran cannot always have been such a dry, desolate land. Buried in the sands beneath some of the little towns are the ruins of cities. At one place an explorer found the walls of six towns that must at some time have been places of some importance. In the hills above Gwadar are the remains of a great reservoir. Tombs with fragments of pottery that no one seems able to identify are often uncovered; many of the hills are closely covered with stone houses with dome shaped interiors. There are remains of works of masonry that were great dams for catching the waters of the river at flood time. In arid deserts explorers have found forests of dead trees that have stood stark for centuries, and on some of the hills terraces that must some time have been in a high state of cultivation. No one apparently is able to tell who built these cities and reservoirs, cultivated the terraced hills, or were buried in the tombs. The very reason why this land to-day is only a reborn of great heat, thirst and death is one of the secrets of nature.

New Brunswick Crop Yields.

Statistics of crop yields as gathered by the Provincial Department of Agriculture show larger yields in all crops but buck wheat. The figures for 1911 and 1910 are as follows:

	Acres.	Bns.	Bus. per. ac.
Wheat 1911	13,229	254,771	19.2
" 1910	13,955	265,848	19.
Oats 1911	168,120	5,670,445	30.1
" 1910	196,795	5,847,877	29.7
Buckwht. '11	56,979	1,173,147	20.9
" 1910	56,305	1,390,717	24.6
Potatoes 1910	47,744	9,067,276	127.
" 1911	46,304	3,492,212	179.5
Turnips 1911	4,473	3,326,793	513.9
" 1910	6,310	3,160,138	500.3

The numbers of Live Stock show decided gains since 1909, though the number of horses for 1911 is slightly less than in 1910. The figures for the three years are as follows:

	1911	1910	1906
Horses	50,329	61,042	57,713
Cattle	226,145	215,229	129,430
Sheep	160,760	137,489	143,273
Swine	91,363	80,022	70,010

The Agricultural Societies in the Province now number an even hundred there having been an increase of 12 during 1911. In 1908 these Societies numbered 88, the increase in the last three years has been 42.

Lumber Waste For Pulpwood.

Forestry Department.
For the purpose of manufacturing the four hundred and seventy five thousand tons of pulp wood produced in Canada in 1910 nothing was used except logs of various species, which as our timber supply decreases are becoming valuable for lumber and other uses. No slabs or oth-

Here is a real tea-treat that will surpass your fond recollection of 'the nicest cup of tea I ever tasted!' King Cole Tea will truly make an even nicer cup of tea an everyday reality. Such richness, such vigorous fullness of flavor, such pleasant smoothness were never concentrated so deliciously in your tea-cup before. And the cup you enjoy a month hence will be as nice as your very first sip. Its delicious flavor never varies. You will love it more and more.

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR.

Dancing Lessons Ladies & Gentlemen

Wishing to LEARN any of the LATEST DANCES including the Waltz and Two Step Movements, can get instruction in these lines by applying for terms etc. to
**D. O. WHITE, Barry Lane
St. George**
Class Lessons 25c. each, Private Lessons 50c.

er sawmill waste was reported as being converted into pulpwood, by neglecting which practice, Canada is losing greatly. During 1909 in the United States six per cent of the total pulpwood consumption was from slabs and mill trimmings. If economy had been practiced to the same extent in Canada during the year 1910, as much pulp might have been produced as from thirty six thousand cords of wood and not one pulp log need have been cut. This would have made twenty per cent, more pulp than Nova Scotia produced in 1910.

Looking at the subject from another view point the gain might have been greater. Over one half of the five billion feet of lumber cut in 1910 passed through mills at large population where the slab waste of one half cord to every thousand feet of lumber might have been saved from the incinerators. One cord of pulpwood will produce at least one and a quarter million cords of slabs obtained would have produced at the lowest estimate six hundred and twenty five thousand tons of pulp produced in Canada in 1910. The sooner such practical economy and utilization of wood waste commences the longer will Canada have an adequate supply of pulpwood.

Paid His Debt.

The editor of a well known daily paper is very fond of a joke and has the good sense to appreciate one at his expense: was one day walking with a friend and saw a dilapidated looking Irishman leaning up against a corner. "Watch me surprise this fellow," said he to his friend. "Look and see if his face won't be a study." They were soon abreast of the Irishman, and the editor pulled out a silver coin and said as he thrust it into the man's hand. Here's half a crown!

owed you. Now don't go round any more telling people I don't pay my debts. For a second the man's face was a study. He was amazed at the unlooked for kindness, and then as his purport dawned on him, he raised his hat and said. "Heaven bless your honour. I'll nivir say anither word agin y'n; but." and here his eyes twinkled merrily. "are you sure it wasn't a crown yez owed me?" The friend roared as the editor blushed to the roots of his hair. He exclaimed; "Oh pay the man in full, don't try to cheat him out of a paltry half crown." The Irishman got his crown, but the editor no longer pays imaginary debts.

Hindu Women And Children Excluded.

Families Of Leading Vancouver Hindus Not Allowed To Land From Boat.

Vancouver, Jan. 22.—Another test of Canadian immigration laws in reference to the admission of Hindu women was begun last night, when J. H. Macgill, head of immigration affairs for Vancouver, refused admission to two women and their children, passengers on the Canadian Pacific Railway liner Montague, the wife of two Vancouver Hindus: Bah Singh, Secretary of the Gura Namak Mining & Trust Company, and Bahwant Singh, priest of the Sikh Temple in this city. Fifty 700 Hindus assembled near the Canadian Pacific wharf as the Montague berthed when it became known that there were Hindu women aboard. The crowd was orderly, and made no attempt to interfere, delegating a committee to confer with Mr. Macgill and other immigration authorities. A decision is eagerly looked for from Ottawa.

Dead men tell no tales, probably because they don't know any.

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.



It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this non-secret remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drug. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

A Sprain or Cut calls for quick treatment. Don't try experiments. You are safe and sure with the old, reliable

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE Liniment

The 101 Year Old Liniment

Used over 100 years for Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Wounds. Used inwardly for Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Bowel Troubles.

25c and 50c Bottles. At all Dealers.

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

LORD'S COVE

Rev. John Lord of P. E. I., Chester and Emily Lord of Portland, Me., were called here last week on account of the death of their brothers Mark and Sydney Lord who were drowned at the Wolves. Alta McKenzie of Mascarene attended church here on Wednesday evening. The clam factory is closed owing to the scarcity of clams.

Mr. and Mrs. George English are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy.

Mrs. Harvey Leonard and Mrs. Alfred Lord called on friends in Stuart Town on Thursday.

Joseph Stuart still continues ill.

Rev. John Lord went to Letete Saturday to hold services on Sunday.

The Men's Bible class is in a flourishing condition, under the management of Rev. Mr. Davidson.

Mrs. Carl Gardner who is in the Chipman Hospital is very much improved.

Mrs. K. Pendleton and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cook are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Waring, Calais, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Mesty Stuart called on Mrs. Thomas Baker Friday.

Those of the men who are so lucky as to have a herring net left over from old times are busily engaged netting herring some are getting good catches.

A number of men went to Pleasant Point on Monday to see the large whale that was captured by the Indian.

Hiram Hatt and family have moved in with Mrs. Hatt's mother.

Coas. Barker made a business trip to North West Harbor on Friday.

Mrs. Wesley Lambert is confined to the house with a sore hand.

Tewkesbury Stuart made a business trip to St. Andrews recently.

We are sorry to report Mrs. Luther Lambert in very poor health.

Miss Minnie Mitchell returned home from Portland, Me., Tuesday.

To Mrs. Mary Lord:

Dear Sister: We the officers and members of Golden Rod Lodge, No. 212, desire to extend our warmest sympathy in this your hour of deep grief. It is impossible to express the sympathy we felt when we heard of the death of your beloved husband Sydney Lord, who was taken so suddenly from his loved ones. Knowing that words fail to comfort such sorrow as yours, we therefore direct you to Him who heals every pain. By committing you all to Him who will find help in every time of need. Our prayer is that our Heavenly Father will give you grace sufficient to overcome your sorrow and say "Thy will be done." We cannot always see the purpose of those afflictions but God knows what is best for us and we should humbly acknowledge His will. We therefore point you to the Great Comforter who doth all things well and look for that bright and happy day when friends will meet again and where parting will be no more.

Signed on behalf of Golden Rod Lodge No. 212, L. T. B. A.

May Stuart, Dir. of Chr.; Emma Barker, Chap.

MASCARENE

John McKenzie was a passenger by str Viking to Eastport Saturday returning Tuesday.

Mrs. Chas. Leland and son Frank spent Sunday in lower Letete.

The young folks from here gave Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mathews of Letete a surprise party Wednesday evening, games and dancing was enjoyed till a late hour

and all report a good time.

W. R. Wentworth of Letete made several calls here Tuesday.

Bruce McVicar was calling on friends Monday evening.

Bert Cameron is cutting weir brush at Back Bay.

Nolan and Robert Wilcox spent Monday evening in Letete.

Colin McVicar was in St. George Tuesday evening.

Misses Alta and Abenia McKenzie entertained a number of young folks from St. George on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Kim Stewart spent Sunday with Mrs. John Stewart.

Allan Stewart called on friends in Letete Sunday.

School Inspector McLean passed through here Tuesday.

Roscoe Burgess was in St. George on Tuesday for a few hours.

Earl Mathews was a recent visitor here.

Mrs. Jane Doten is visiting in St. George.

BEAVER HARBOR

Lila Hutton is seriously ill with pleurisy.

H. J. Hildridge who has been sick for some time is slowly recovering.

John Thompson and Bernard Connors were passengers to St. John by Connors Bros. on Thursday.

Schr. Happy Home arrived from St. John on Saturday and left again Tuesday for Grand Manan for a load of herring.

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm Sparks on Friday last. Congratulations.

Neil Cross has gone to Grand Manan where he will be one of the principals in an interesting event, at an early date.

Mrs. Wm. Kelson entertained a number of friends at a quilting party on Wednesday afternoon.

Maurice Hildridge visited friends at Granvilleville recently.

Rev. T. M. Munroe spent Tuesday afternoon in the village.

CATARRH STAMPED OUT!

LOATHSOME DISEASE CURABLE.

Chronic Cases Cannot Exist with Morriscy's No. 26 for Internal and External Use.

ROGERSVILLE, N. B., April 6, 1910

A few words as to the merit of your Catarrh Cure. For the last 10 years I was troubled with Catarrh of the head and stomach, and during that time tried all kinds of remedies with no results. I was, however, determined to find a cure, and hearing of your No. 26 decided to give it a trial, and am glad to say it has cured me, and I highly recommend it to all Catarrh sufferers.

A. C. Philocheant.

General Merchant.

The above prescription is not a "Cure-All" or so-called patent medicine. Dr. Morriscy prescribed it for 44 years, and it cured thousands after other doctors failed.

Price, 50c. for the combined treatment at your dealers, or Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Limited, Montreal.

The Age Of Animals.

Undoubtedly the longest lived animal on earth is the whale, its span of existence being estimated by Cuvier at 1000 years. The next largest animal, the elephant, will, under favorable conditions, live 400 years. When Alexander the Great conquered Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant that had fought gallantly for the defeated king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, placed upon him a metal band with the inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated

Ajax to the sun." The elephant was found alive, three hundred and fifty years later. The average age of cats is fifteen years; of squirrels seven or eight years; of rabbits, seven; a bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen to sixteen. Lions are comparatively long-lived, instances having been recorded where they reached the age of seventy years. Pigs have been known to live to the age of twenty years, and horses to sixty, but the average age of a horse is twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100, and stags are very long-lived, one having been taken by Charles VI. in the forest of Senlis which bore about its neck a collar on which was engraved, "Caesar hoc mihi donavit." Whether or not this stag had actually lived since the days of one of the Caesars, it is impossible to say, but the evidence seems good.

Eagles occasionally, and ravens frequently, reach the age of 100 years, and swans have been known to live 300 years. A tortoise has been known to live 107 years.

Efforts have been made to connect the capacity of the pulse-beat with longevity, no logical conclusion can be reached, as will be seen from the fact that the pulse of a lion beats forty times a minute; that of a tiger, ninety-six times; of a horse, forty times; of a wolf, forty-five times; of a fox, forty-three times; of a bear, thirty-three times, and of an eagle, one hundred and sixty times. It has been impossible to count the beats of an elephant's pulse, but that of a butterfly beats sixty times to the minute.

The wise man carries two kinds of cigars, one kind that he himself smokes and the other that he gives to people who bore him.

It is like a man to buy his wife a dress and select a blond dress for a brunette woman.

Salesclerks are apt to prefer male customers because they are such easy marks.

The small boy's ambition has shifted from baseball to aviation.

Some of our most upright legislators are those who never felt the tug of a cable pulling them into oblique courses.

Look out for the woman who feels it her duty to tell you the mean things that Mrs. Brown said about you.

It takes a great mind to prefer criticism to praise.

Any man can advise another how to build a house, but no man can build one that will suit himself a week.

Face a problem firmly and you can sometimes stare it out of countenance.

He who is gifted with a strong sense of his own importance is never at a loss for a grievance.

On Getting.

Get money, run the saying—
"er, honest, if you may—
At once, without hesitating,
But get it anyway.
But in the getting frantic
Be sure you do not make
The oppay or the ante
That keeps a man awake.

It's pleasant to have plenty,
To make things come across.
So you may lay up a twenty
And never feel the loss.
But if the stuff is tainted
It isn't you will earn.
As long as its tainted
To have the cash to burn.

A conscience than can slumber
In hours to close the eyes
You easily may number
As something of a prize.
One that is ever ready
Your easy ways to trap
Is not a comfort steady
When you would take a nap.

Get money, that's the ticket,
But, have a little care.
When from the oven you pick it
That you are on the square.
Thus peace that is adding
It brings instead of strife
When you are gently adding
The shady side of life.

Friends No Longer.

"Jones doesn't speak to Brown now."
"Is that a fact?"
"True as preaching."
"Money matters?"
"No, babies."
"How is that?"
"Brown's baby can climb up and say 'Goo!'"
"Well?"
"The Jones' baby, the same age, can just creep."

Advertise in Greetings.

A CHANCE TO GET - CLOTHING - CHEAP

Men's Suits

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

Men's Winter Overcoats

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

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

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

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

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

The Original and only Genuine

OTIS W. BAILEY
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
CALAIS, MAINE

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 repairing, Watch Case making and repairing. Special Attention given to Watch-Work and all work guaranteed as represented.

Price 25 cts. per tin
HARRIS LINIMENT CO.
LIMITED
1000 ST. CHARLES ST.
NEWPORT, N.S.

Subscribe TO Greetings

Windsor Hotel
St. Stephen, N. P.

The Leading Hotel in Town
Rates \$2.40 to \$3. per Day
Special Rate by Week or Month

W. F. Nicholson,
Proprietor

Professional Cards

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

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

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

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

DR. E. M. WILSON
DENTIST

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

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

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

Have your Watch Repaired here in St. George by

Geo. C. McCallum

Satisfaction guaranteed.

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

For Sale!

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

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

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

For Sale

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

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

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

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

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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ST. GEORGE - N. B.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
J. W. CORRELL - Editor

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS
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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, FEB. 2, 1912

Protection of Forests.

Interference with an engineer recently in a western paper to the effect that there is abundant timber on the line of the Hudson Bay Railway is an illustration of the misapprehension in regard to the matter that exists in the public mind. Because there are large areas of land in the north in which there is timber of some kind, the conclusion is reached that it is all of present value and that the country has an unlimited supply. As a matter of fact a careful inspection of the timber land on the line of the Hudson Bay Railway made in the years 1910 and 1911 by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, shows that there is not enough mature timber along the line of the railway to build the road. There are no prairie districts of any extent along the road, there are trees everywhere but owing to repeated fires the forest is except on the nearest fraction of the area too small for commercial purposes and unless it can be protected from fire until it reaches maturity, will never be of any use to the country. Explorations in other parts of the northern forested districts tell the same tale. Everywhere fire has worked havoc, and the forest is a mere wreck of what it might have been if fires could be prevented. And unless adequate measures are taken now to protect young and immature forests which form the major part of the stand, the outlook for the future is none too good. If the northern forests are to continue to be a permanent source of wealth to the country, it is absolutely necessary that the fire ranging system should be extended and that proper methods of management of the forest should be applied and public education to the value of the forest is even more necessary. In Sweden, which has large extents of northern forest, practically uninhabited similar to those in northern Canada, has about eliminated the fire danger in such districts mainly by educating her people to the value of the forests.

Anglican Synod Committee Scores Ne Temere Decree
(Canadian Press)
Toronto, Jan. 29.—"Are we to be compelled in self defense to enact laws in Canada similar to the anti-clerical laws of France, Italy, Spain, Portugal or South America, in respect of this most vital matter," is a question asked in the course of memorandum on the Ne Temere decree issued by the committee of the general synod of the Church of England in Canada. "The question may be well asked," the memorandum continues, "where does Rome find authority for her audacious claim that when the status law of the land validates a marriage, she placed in the same position as other religious bodies in the dominion, has the right by the decree to overrule such legislation and nullify what it enacts?" With regard to Quebec the memorandum shows that up to the time of the session to Great Britain the Roman Catholic church was in a state of tutelage to the French ruler. It is pointed out that by the treaty of 1763 the new subjects of his Britannic majesty were allowed to wor-

ship according to the rights of the Roman Catholic church only "as far as the laws of Great Britain permit."—Ex.

Wild Riots in Lawrence, Mass.

Lawrence, Mass.—One woman was killed and a police officer was stabbed in the back by rioting strikers or their sympathizers who gathered to the number of nearly 1,000 about the Everett Mills on Garden and Union streets tonight. Police and militia were rushed to the scene, and a free use of clubs and rifle butts resulted in the breaking up of the mob and the dispersing of the strikers. The victim of the riot was an Italian woman. A man nearby was firing a revolver into the ground when the woman dropped. It is believed she was struck by a glancing bullet. An ambulance was summoned and the woman rushed to the Lawrence Hospital, but she died before reaching the institution.

Police headquarters was notified at the beginning of the trouble. At that time the mob was charging up and down Union street yelling and shouting with some of the crowd discharging revolvers. Police Sergeant Spranger and 4 officers went to the scene but could do little towards quelling the disturbance. Oscar Benoit became separated from his companions, and while surrounded by nearly a hundred angry, threatening men, was stabbed in the back. He was taken to the Lawrence Hospital, where it was found his wound was not serious and he was later sent home.

Additional officers hurried to the scene but although they used their clubs freely they made little impression on the crowd until two companies of militia arrived on the double-quick with fixed bayonets, and it is believed many of the rioters were seriously injured. Neither the police nor the militiamen fired any shots. The rioters who discharged firearms could not be picked out by the officers and no arrests were made. An hour after the trouble started the streets were cleared at that point.—Ex.

CANADIAN PRESS.

Assuan, Upper Egypt, Jan. 26.—The Duke of Fife died at 6 o'clock this evening.

The Duke of Fife who has just died of pleurisy and congestion at Assuan; Upper Egypt, was a son-in-law of the late King Edward, whose daughter, the Princess Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagrara, he married in 1889. He succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Fife in 1879 and was created Duke on his marriage. He was born Nov. 10, 1846, and was educated at Eton. He afterward took a great interest in business and was a partner in the London banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott & Company, as well as vice president of the British South African Company. He was a colonel of volunteers and deputy lieutenant of the Scottish of Aberdeen and Banff. He was a Liberal member of Parliament from 1874 to 1879. He leaves two daughters.—Ex.

The Ne Temere Decree, which has been so much discussed all over Canada, was before the Dominion Parliament on Monday, when Mr. Lanester introduced a bill providing for a Dominion marriage act. Mr. Lanester's aim was really to present the Roman Catholic Church, under the Ne Temere decree, from dissolving a marriage as has been attempted in the Herbert case in Quebec. Instead of facing the issue boldly Mr. Lanester and his party preferred to shelter behind the courts, and declared their intention to ask for a decision from the courts on the marriage laws of the Province and the Dominion. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his followers, although not agreeing with all of the provisions of Mr. Lanester's bill, voted for it, as did several Conservatives, so that the Government majority dropped from fifty to twenty-six.—Ex.

Lord Stanmore Dead.

Under the name of Lord Stanmore, whose death is recorded today, many New Brunswickers will recognize the gentlemen who, as Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, was lieutenant governor of this province at an important period in her history. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon came to New Brunswick in 1861, and he remained until 1866. In the intervening five years the confederation question came up. It was well known that he

was opposed to the scheme for the union of New Brunswick with the upper provinces, but after the first election, when confederation was voted down, he went to England and on his return he was an advocate of union. Within a year events which were the cause of heated discussion and some criticism of the governor at the time and for years afterwards, brought about a dissolution of the legislature, and at the subsequent election the confederates secured a majority of the polls. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon subsequently became successively Governor of Trinidad, Mauritius, Fiji, New Zealand and Ceylon. In 1893 he was created Lord Stanmore.—Globe.

Refreshing His Memory.
"Where did I see you before?" asked the oily tongued stranger.
"Maybe in New York," said the simple minded countryman.
"Sure, that was the very place!"
"I thought it might be because I never was there."

And He Did.
"He said he would die for her."
"How romantic!"
"Naw, Foolish."
"Cause the dye he used fades out a funny yellow and makes his hair look like a calico mop."

Chance to Get Wise.
"Queer."
"What is it?"
"That some folks don't know when they are wise off."
"Yes, considering that they have plenty of friends to point out the fact."

The Have to Be.
"Some men are good talkers."
"I've noticed another thing about men."
"What is it?"
"All married men are good listeners, or at least appear to be."

Felt Slighted.
"Didn't I see you at the show last night?"
"I think not."
"But you were there?"
"Yes."
"Then why didn't I see you?"
"That was what I considered at the time, but I guess it was because I had my old clothes on."

Paid For It.
"How is your speculation getting on?"
"Just so-so."
"The last time I saw you you were long on wheat."
"I'm long on experience now."

Will Know It.
The men who are defeated
Will sadly go their ways
Quite sure they have been treated
To melancholy days.

Sometimes Effectual.
"What will stop a scandal?"
"Stop a scandal!"
"Yes."
"Well, a big burly, two fisted man going after the purveyors of it is about as good as anything."

That Old Account.
"Do you know Wilkins?"
"Wilkins?"
"Yes."
"No, I don't know him."
"Why, I thought he said you used to trade at his grocery store."
"That's the reason I don't know him now."

Taught Him the Tricks.
"So Billy and you have broken away."
"Yes; he has learned to love another."
"You ought to send him a bill."
"For giving him lessons."

Urgent Case.
"That fellow is going to the dogs."
"Do the dogs know it?"
"I guess not."
"What is the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals going to do about it?"

The Grafting Gent.
No busy little grater
Will pause to think about
The sure and stern hereafter
When he will be found out
He revels in the cover
While revelling in grand
And when his day is over
He squeals to beat the band.

When things are coming easy
With gratifying haste
He is a creature creazy
And frank and open faced.
You cannot help admiring
His free and easy way
As with a zeal untiring
He snakes your hand away.

And in the twists and turnings
The dodging here and there,
He soaks upon his earnings
As strictly on the square,
And should we call in question
The things that he has done
He comes on the suggestion
As an insulting one.

When after years of plunder
The jevous call his name
And get him for a wonder
He'll not mind with the stuff
He plundered with detour
At those who make the move
And think of his career.

Subscribe to the Greetings

LONDON AND PARIS

The British Capital Wears a Sombre Face but the Lunch is Ever in "Gay Paree."

London is the world's male-city. It ever remains a city, or if it take on a role it is that of some terrific, almost inhuman force. You never turn smiling on it when you arrive, or smile to yourself when you think of it, one thought of a loved one. London receives you with a preoccupied air, is sombre, heavy browed. It has serious affairs to think of, and cannot relax to smile on you and make you welcome. You cannot take it by the arm and make free with it. You feel there would be wondering, accusing eyes on you if you did anything which would break the sober monotony of the usual, the ordered. You must walk sedately, be of the crowd, keep on the pavement.

In Paris one who does anything, however foolish, however odd, to bring some colour, some variety into life is welcomed. Parisians love the unusual, the improvised, the daring. You know approving, sympathetic eyes as you parade your emotions, air your eccentricities, or defy convention in any form. The French do not see why shows should be kept for theatres only; they would have their streets a stage, with a thrill of every corner. Parisians love the flamboyant Bohemian, the poet, the dreamer, the lover, all half-mad souls whose eyes scorn conventions because their minds are on bigger things are at home there.

The soul that looks out of the eyes of Paris is that of one who has lived, and loved, and tasted life's many joys, and remained young, and gay, and above all tolerant in spite of all her experiences. She will look with an indulgent eye on your follies, for she has known them, and will know them again; she will laugh on a sigh at your extravagances, knowing how fleeting is the season when one dare be exuberant; she will take you to her heart, and with strange lures make you forget she has had other lovers; she will let you go, the old half-mocking, half-tender smile still on her lips. Gone with her many illusions and your faith, but forget her you cannot, ever.

CHLOROFORMING PLANTS

Latest Idea to Promote Rapid Growth of Plants is to Compel Sleep.
One would think, at first sight, that an anesthetic would retard the blossoming of a plant, instead of hastening it. The action would seem, however, to resemble that of a man who sleeps a sleeping draught in the afternoon so that he might get to sleep earlier and wake at 2 a.m. to take a train.

It was found by experiment that plants, as in animals, ether and chloroform cause every indication of sleep, and during the past few years the system of treating plants in this way to hasten their growth through the winter periods, has been adopted commercially with extraordinary success. Thus lilac-bush may be bed from the ground at the end of the summer while the leaves are still on it, and kept for several hours under the influence of ether. By this means such an effect is produced on the tissues as it would have taken Nature months to accomplish. It is now easily possible to flower lilac twice in the same year by etherizing the plant and subsequently forcing it in the hot-house. Plants to be etherized are brought first into a dry condition at top and root, and then placed in an airtight structure. The door is sealed, and the ether applied through a small hole in the roof into a vessel in the house, and the fumes, being heavier than the atmosphere, hang about near the floor, where the plants are arranged. The ether has the effect of drying up the moisture in the tissues, and it is thought that in the natural rest of plants there is a gradual drying process at work, which, for want of better knowledge, the cultivator describes as the ripening of the tissues.

Bad Times for Nobles!

One sign of the prevailing hard times in Germany is the appearance in the newspapers of advertisements of nobles seeking ready-made fortunes with wives attached. The demand for heiresses American and otherwise, was never so great as now. Titles in the market range from Princess downward, and even the staid old "Vossische Zeitung" contains the following advertisement:—
Refined, handsome young lady of 24, multi-marrionable, seeks a Count in military service. Countess, possessing millions, but divorced, wishes immediate marriage condition, \$125,000.
This is typical of many other advertisements. It would seem also that there are almost as many heiresses looking out for titled husbands, as witness the following tempting announcements:—
A few days ago two young ladies hailed a tramcar, entered it, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion:—"I'm going to get a seat from one of these men. You take notice."
She looked down the row of men and selected a sedate gentleman who bore the general settled appearance of a married man. She called up to him, and opened fire:—"My dear Mr. Green! How delightful a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired. I heartily admit. Thank you so much."
The sedate gentleman—a total stranger, of course—looked, listened, then quietly rose and gave her his seat, saying:—"Sit down, Jane, my girl. Don't often see you out on a washing day. You must feel tired, I'm sure. How's your mistress?"
The young lady got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

KEEPING TAP ON THE CROPS

The Way the Agricultural Department Gets Its Information.
The details of the comprehensive system of tapping the department of agriculture in gathering the crop information from all over the country are interesting. There are 30,000 township correspondents scattered all over the Union, whose duty it is to go carefully over the territory and submit each month complete information as to the condition of all kinds of crops. In addition to this branch, 3,000 "county correspondents" send in separate reports from those of the township men. A state agent makes a further report direct from his agents, and an organization in direct communication with the department, comprising seventeen traveling "field agents," go about the country and make separate reports for groups of states. Special cotton crop respondents are also employed to furnish accurate information concerning the cotton yield. Five different reports are sent to Washington each month by five different sets of correspondents. This safeguards the government crop reports for accuracy in local crop reports and keeps the great crop account and cost estimates for the millions of American farmers. These reports are sent to the agricultural department. Officials of the bureau of statistics and on board go over all the five reports from five distinct groups of correspondents, and from all the figures a crop report estimate is distributed to 70,000 post-offices throughout the country every month.—National Magazine.

"Hear about the revolution in China?"
"Heavens, no! And I just bought a whole new set of Haviland. What is the new style?"—Hou. Post.

Neat and Tasty
Printing
Greetings Office

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

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

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRS

J. B. SPEAR
Undertaker and Funeral Director

A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.

Telephone at Residence

All goods delivered free Prices to suit the people

LAW OF WARS.

The Code Now in Use Among All the Civilized Nations.
The "laws of war" as at present formulated by the civilized nations forbid the use of poison against an enemy; murder by treachery, as, for example, assuming the uniform or displaying the flag of a foe; the murder of those who have surrendered, whether upon condition or at discretion; declarations that no quarter will be given to an enemy; the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering to an enemy; the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's position; all unnecessary destruction of property, whether public or private.

They also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged; open cities or villages not to be subject to siege or bombardment; that public buildings of whatever character, whether belonging to church or state, shall be spared; that plundering by private soldiers or their officers shall be considered inadmissible; that prisoners shall be treated with common humanity; that the personal effects and private property of prisoners, except their arms and ammunition, shall be respected; that the population of an enemy's country shall be considered exempt from participation in the war, unless by hostile acts they provoke the ill will of the enemy.

Personal and family honor and the religious convictions of an invaded people are to be respected by the invaders and all pillage by regular troops or their followers strictly forbidden.—New York Herald.

NOTICE

Public attention is directed to the provisions of Section 9 of Chapter 97 of the Consolidated Statutes, New Brunswick, as amended by Chapter 27, 9 Edward 7th 1909, which reads as follows:—"9. Any person may kill (a) any dog which he sees pursuing, worrying or wounding any sheep or lamb; or (b) any dog giving tongue and terrifying any sheep or lamb on any farm; or (c) any dog which any person finds straying upon his or her property at any time; provided always, that no dog so straying, either when securely muzzled or accompanied by any person owning or possessing or having the charge or care of said dog, shall be so killed, unless there is reasonable apprehension that such dog if not killed is likely to pursue, worry, wound or terrify sheep or lambs then on said farm."

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

Foes of Saloon Active in Ohio.

Columbus, O., Jan. 29. The Ohio Anti Saloon League has made arrangements for a big mass convention to be held in Columbus tomorrow simultaneously with the visit of President Taft. The announced purpose of the demonstration is to impress upon the Ohio constitutional convention the importance of anti-license provision in the State constitution. Prominent prohibition speakers from several states will address the convention.

Where Horses Are Blanketed.

Blanket your horse in cold weather! If a man allows his horse to stand in the street on a cold day in Kansas, without being properly blanketed, any officer can take the horse to the nearest livery stable and have it taken care of at the expense of the owner. Should the owner refuse to pay, he may be taken before the court and fined \$250, and, if necessary, imprisoned in the city jail. Such an ordinance is in force in almost every city in the state and the horses are thereby legally protected from one of the commonest forms of cruelty.

"That is how we treat cruel people in Kansas," comments the secretary to the Governor of that state, in his reply to a question about the matter.—Ex.

ADVERTISE

IN THE
"GREETINGS"

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Are You Bilious?

Mi-on-a will cure you. Black specks floating before your eyes, dizziness and sick spells, prove that your liver is out of order. To remedy this state of affairs you must go to the seat of the evil and tone up the stomach. Mi-on-a cures by strengthening and invigorating the stomach. It is guaranteed by druggist J. Sutton Clark who will refund your money if it fails. A large box costs you 50 cts. from your druggist or postpaid from R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie.

JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please!

Chief Crawford, Advised Hyomei for Catarrh.

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

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

The vacancy in the representation of Charlotte county in the local legislation caused by the resignation of Thomas A. Hart, will be filled by an election to be held on Saturday, February 17th. Nominations will be made on February 16th. Corrier.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

(CONTINUED.)

"You're mad," confessed the boss. "Why don't you cuss? I give you five. I'd like to pick up a line of fresh city cussin'. My line of talk has gone stale with my crews. I need a new stock."

"That the forester maintained wretched silence. He would have gone back to the other car, but he realized that this retreat would have flattered Mr. Kyle. "This Billie Wiggin that you'll be gettin' up against when you make your play for Queen Clare, is a good-looking, too. But I'll tell you, son," he added critically, "it'll be a fair race between you, handicaps about even. He's known her, boy and man — kid and queen, all his life. And she knows him — but she may know too much about him. Just one quiet hellion with girls — and, on the other hand, women fall for just that sort. And yet she may be the kind that would rather come up the home stretch with something in the shafts that the crowd didn't have quite so much of a line on. On the other

"I don't want to have any trouble with you, Mr. Kyle," advised the forester haltingly.

"You're with the majority, there — not many people do! On the other hand, I say, Jenson Wiggin has been manager for Cornelius for a good many years, and Cornelius has left him sole trustee of the estate. And you've got to admit, son, that he's a bad man in the judge's stand, where outside rangers are concerned. I'd have to think twice on this before I'd place my money. I reckon I'll watch you for a few days. I can tell something from the way you score down under the wire at Corran-cache."

George, as angry as a well-bred young man can well be, muttered something about punching out the eye that dared to get busy with his business.

Mr. Kyle chuckled appreciatively. "Never had this ride up shortened any more by innocent and profitable talk in my life — and I've been juggin' in men for twenty years! You'll have to excuse me, now. I've got these pills to unload. All off at the next station!"

He went through the car, shouting, cuffing, and shaking.

It had been a long ride, and night had come on. Most of the convivial crew had long before fallen asleep. Those who were so far gone in stupor that a shake did not stir them. Mr. Kyle tugged down the aisle to the door to be unloaded when the train stopped. He handled them as a stevedore would handle bags of grain. When the station was reached, he tossed them off into the arms of the other men, and kicked their duffel bags out after them.

The little hamlet was Skitlock, so they told George. It was the junction where the logging railroad to Corran-cache tapped the country's main railroad artery. The logging railroad operated only in the daytime. Incoming crews were lodged free at the Great Trust Co.'s boarding house. Kyle informed the forester. He followed the boss there, swarms of hungry mosquitoes chasing him.

"Forty goats for the ram pasture!" Kyle notified the keeper of the boarding house. He was showing men before him in at the door. "Me'n a caliper chap for a room."

George got a look into "the ram pasture" when he passed down the corridor. It was a bare room, with field beds on the floor. Some of the men were lugged there and thrown upon the beds to sleep it off. Most of them were sufficiently awake to eat supper in the dining room, with its tin dishes, its bare benches and tables covered with oil-cloth. George managed to eat there, too. And he was careful to get a seat as far away from Bill Kyle as possible. That gentleman was getting on to his nerves. That Mr. Kyle went promptly to sleep when they retired together in the one room available in the house, and snored continuously and kept him awake did not seriously trouble George. Mr. Kyle's coffee-grinder noises were preferable to his line of conversation.

In the morning, they were away early over the rough road, in a rough train, and with their rough crew.

There was one battered car for passengers. It had benches without backs. It played "snap-the-whip" at the end of a train made up of log carriers — skeleton cars, loosely shackled.

George had hard work to edge himself into the car. It was packed to the doors. There had been important new arrivals on the train that passed through Skitlock in the early hours of the morning. These were the two bands of music that Governor Harris had ordered. Their gay uniforms

contrasted strangely with the rough clothes of the woodsmen. Governor Harris marshaled them pompously, and lavished much attention on a gentleman whom he introduced as "Squire Thurlow, orator of this solemn occasion, gent's." Lastly, the master of ceremonies had careful eye out for a huge box that was set across one end of the car. He consented finally to allow men to sit on it, but impressed on all that Cornelius Corran's thousand-dollar coffin was inside that box and must be respected accordingly.

"Toward a trunk that had been loaded on board the car, Governor Harris did not display as much respect. He ordered it to be taken off.

"I'm running this occasion, and we need all the room," he said. "And who in the name of the wall-eyed Horace is it that's carryin' a trunk into the woods, anyway? Trunks don't belong in the woods."

"That's my trunk," stated George. "And I want it taken along to-day." He was thinking of the precipitate Niles and Smart, and realized that if he managed to catch up with them at Corran-cache they would not be inclined to wait another day for the trunk that contained his woods' equipment. He had a wrothy battle with the governor, and prevailed only because the men who sat on the trunk had anchored it, and did not want to give up their seats.

When the train started away, scores of men were straddling the spreaders of the log cars at the risk of their necks. Another score clung to the roof of the passenger car.

There seemed to be a general hankering for music in the crowd, and men pleaded with the bands until they were hoarse. But the men with the instruments could not lift their elbows. Then, the little group on Cornelius Corran's coffin decided to try their voices in old Dobeery's "Come All Ye." It was familiar enough, so that all joined the third time it was sung, and it furnished melody for most of the trip, except for the intervals when the choristers refreshed themselves from their bottles.

George had those words dimmed into his ears so many times that he could never forget them:

Oh-h, come all ye bearded larrigan lads
And listen unto me
I'll sing a song to the tune we played
With a cross-cut on a tree
When we whooped along, a hundred strong,
With a hotfoot down the middle;
A-dancin' wide and a-kickin' high
To the tune of 'the gashin' fiddle.
Slivers, and sawdust, and swagons stey,
Rip-fa-duddy, we're Corran's crew!

"You see, son," growled Kyle, in George's ear, "they ain't forgotten old Corran in this country. I can see that you're a pretty good pussy-foot, and know how to keep your mouth shut as well, but you've got to play smoother than the big bosses up Montreal way realize, if you're going to get away with any of the plunder that Cornelius left behind."

It was a perambulation in an insulting belief that stirred George, sick with sleeplessness, and harried by the din of voices in that stifling pen, to curse him outfully.

"You'll do for what they want of you, I reckon," intoned Mr. Kyle cordially, after listening. "I can see that you're hidin' quite a lot of brimstone under a pretty smooth shell!" The forester plunged into the press, and forced his way apart from his tormentor; and the men whose feet he trod upon, swore behind his stalwart back.

It was respite after agony when that sluggish serpent of a train wrenched its way out of the woods and jangled down into the broad, river valley where Corran-cache huddled in its clearing. He burst out of the car among the early ones, struggling as one struggles to come to the surface of the water.

He narrowly missed being flattened by his own trunk. First of the baggage, as though it contaminated the car, it came out of the side door like a projectile. It was plain that the man who threw it had the full strength of his convictions that trunks did not belong in the woods. It struck on one corner, and its reams started with protesting squeal.

"Got a school m'arn on board?" demanded the station agent of the crowd that came flocking out of the car door, each man with his stuffed messack on his shoulder. The agent was patting the trunk. In his sudden little panic of embarrassment, the forester hurried up the platform toward the station. It was relief to get away from those grinning faces. He would claim his despoiled trunk when they had scattered. The agent up ended it, jounced it along on its corners in a few emphatic revolutions, and then started to drag it. A sprinkling trail of some black substance that issued from a broken corner marked its course.

One citizen who had early noticed

that trunk to scort at it was among the last to leave the car, his legs not being of the surest, that day. He seeped the trunk departing. Then, his eyes followed back along that black trail that ended at his feet. He picked up a pinch, eyed it, smelled at it. Being still in doubt, but mumbing certain suspicions, he scratched a match and dropped it upon a considerable deposit of the black stuff that the trunk had shed at its impact on the platform.

The experimenter's suspicions were confirmed. The black stuff "flashed" with a vicious hiss, and fire ran along the trail.

"Powder!" yelled the man who had convinced himself. The station agent saw the chasing serpent of the blaze just in time to throw himself over the edge of the platform and duck his head. There was a breathless instant, every eye in Kyle's crew on the trunk; and then the fateful piece of baggage exploded.

"Erupted" might be the better word. Never were the passenger's reactions of property so instantly opened to the world.

Following the muffled "boof!" of the explosion, the air was alive with belongings. Blazing shirts took sudden flight, and opened themselves over the telegraph wires. Clothing alighted on the log cars and smoked and smoldered. Men dodged mysterious missiles that whizzed past, and ran and recovered them, finding them to be brushes and razors and toilet articles, of whose nature the simple habits of the woods had not informed the finders.

They came bringing these back to George, who stood staring at this wreck in a state of mind that combined astonishment and ferocity.

A certain tall man made the most notable capture. He had been lounging against the side of the station when the train came in. He saw a pair of hunting-boots coming his way. They were tied together by the laces, and revolved about each other in their flight. The tall man stuck up one gaunt arm and plucked them out of the air by the laces. The owner was standing beside him, but the captor made no move to return the shoes.

"Sort of what the newspaper advertisements would call an opinion of gent's furnishings," he remarked cheerily. "Spontaneous come-bust-up, scientifically speakin'. Was that your trunk?"

"It's my trunk — and it's my powder for my shells — and — and a fool with fire!" cried the young man angrily.

One of the men ceased to take interest in the incident, for one of the bands had listened to entreaties, and now began to play the tune most eagerly besought: "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." Tramping men kicked the remains of the smoking trunk right and left; garments still hung their torques on the wires.

In the uproar, George had not heard the horse coming. He was staring up regretfully at a hunting boot that just dropped into his hands. The man with the boots yanked him out of the way, and the girl went past, and almost over him as he stumbled. She did not look at George. The big black that she rode crouched back behind the music blared under his frothing muzzle. But she lashed him down the platform, scattering musicians and listeners. The music stopped.

"Three cheers for Queen Clare, thy daughter of —" began a man, raising his hat. But she struck down a his swinging hand with her crop, and her indignant cry stifled them.

"It's just as I thought, and that is why I'm here. You haven't the sense and decency even to bring my father's coffin to the house without a riot. You are drunk already. You are destroying property." Her keen eye had noted the flaming garments on the wires.

But Governor Harris had been marshaling the unloading of the huge box. He rushed to her through the press, his ancient hat in the crook of his elbow, bowing to her as to a divinity.

"I am in charge, Miss Clare, and it shall be done right and proper. I know how."

"Stop this drunken noise, then. I'll have you to understand, men, that I'm carrying out the wishes of my dear father, because I'm the one he depended on to carry them out. But I'll not have his memory insulted here, to-day — and you were doing it, just now." She addressed them as men would address men. She used the language and the tone that Bill Kyle might have used.

"It's the girl of Cornelius Corran that's talkin' there, all right," mumbled the tall man at George's side. "It's many a lesson he's given her in talkin' to men."

"I see your lookin' at them things," explained the governor, justifying himself and his friends. Her indignant eyes were flashing from members of trunk to smoldering ap-

parel on the wires. "Them ain't antics, Miss Clare. It was accident. They doddle's trunk got blowed up." He pointed to the forester, who stood apart with certain poor salvage in his hands. He did not make a heroic spectacle, thus; but her

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

The Romance of a Canadian Painting Exhibition.

(Copyright by Publishers' Press, Ltd.)

This story must be told in stages. The first must picture the hero, a boy of fourteen, by name George Davidson, just arrived in Montreal from Ontario, where, since he had left his home in Russia, he had lived with his aunt. He was homely and fatherless; but filled with a determination to make his way in the world, he had come to the great Canadian metropolis. After several days' vain tramping of the streets for seek employment, Davidson was engaged by a crayon artist. And this must mark the second stage in his story.

His main duty in these early days was to sweep the floor of the studio, and to prepare the easels and other implements of the artist, ready for his master to begin work each morning.

But if the work seemed mean and profitless for the future, it was effecting a great change in the boy's mind. As he busied himself in the studio, his eyes would constantly roam to the easel at which his master was working. How simply and wonderfully he supplied a delightful background to the portraits which were sent to him by a firm of photographers.

Ambition was gradually growing in young Davidson's mind. One day he would become a painter.

A year or so went by. In that time a big change had come over the boy's life. He no longer spent the day in mental work in the studio. Instead, he was fast becoming a professional artist. At night he went to the National Academy of Design, and there, under competent masters, worked diligently at oil-painting.

Three years past, Young Davidson sat before his easel. He was just putting the finishing strokes to a small landscape scene.

The exhibition was filled with an excited crowd. It was the first day of the opening. A group of critics had gathered round a large canvas. This was the work of John La Farge, the once penniless boy who had in a few years proved himself to be one of the rising artists of the great Dominion.

"George Davidson—Davidson, who was Davidson, whose picture had received such commendation? A few days later everyone in Canada could have told how, with indomitable courage, the once penniless boy had in a few years proved himself to be one of the rising artists of the great Dominion."

Bohemian Summer Resorts. According to the latest statistics about \$40,000,000 is expended each year by visitors from foreign countries who take the "cure" at the natural mineral spring resorts in western Bohemia, along the Erzgebirge (Ore Mountains).

This does not include the sum spent by foreign transient visitors who stop for less than eight days or by those from the Bohemian crown lands. The grand total is of less than \$45,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

Some idea of the volume of business transacted at the great Bohemian spas may be deduced from the fact that the railroad office in Marienbad, which has a resident population of 6,279, receives from outboard passengers for transportation tickets alone, exclusive of baggage receipts, 400,000 annually.

The post office in the same city turns over to the government after payment of all expenses a net profit of a like amount. These figures can be multiplied by three of Carlsbad. The three resorts depending on their natural mineral springs for cure purposes (Carlsbad, Marienbad and Franzensbad) pay \$913,500 annually in direct taxes exclusive of the special assessments.

HE WAS SURPRISED.

House Was Hansacked While Family Slept on Board-Ship.

While Mr. Ovide Tanguay, in company with his family was enjoying the fresh air on the front doorsteps of his on Gifford Street, Montreal, a very second story man introduced himself through a window in the rear and ransacked the place from top to bottom. When Mr. Tanguay made up his mind to retire he was dumfounded to note the appearance of his bedroom. All the drawers had been emptied and contents were strewn pell-mell on the floor while all the jewelry and other valuable articles had been taken. Two watches, a watch chain, two stick pins and three rings are missing.

"Poor old Professor Dreamer went home the other night, and he knew there was something he wanted to do, but he couldn't think what it was."

"And didn't he remember it at all?" "Oh yes; after thinking about two hours he realized that he had wanted to go to bed early."

Weston: "Did you congratulate Brown on his marriage?" Preston: "I couldn't — I don't know his wife."

Weston: "Then you might have wished her happiness."

Preston: "I couldn't do that. I know Brown."

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

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

Sold by Druggists 75 c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

One Word, "Obey," used in the marriage ceremony has recently given rise to much discussion, and it is said to have been left out of one fashionable English wedding ceremony lately. In these days of militant suffragettes and hobble skirts it is dangerous for a "mere man" to have opinions on any subject relative to women. We do, however (the danger notwithstanding), frankly admit that if a woman does not "obey" it will make but little difference to her married life whether the word is retained in or left out of the marriage ceremony.—Ex.

Will He Be King?

Grand-nephew of the great Napoleon, Prince Victor Napoleon, whose marriage to Princess Clementine of Belgium was celebrated at Monsieller near Turin, is the recognized Bona partier heir to the throne of France, just as the Duke of Orleans is the recognized Bourbon heir to the same throne. And such is the untitled condition of France that Royalists are freely predicted an upheaval in the throne of France.

Whether such an event will ever come to pass, of course, time alone can prove; but it is a significant fact that those who have closely followed international events during the last few years laugh at the story that the wedding between Prince Victor, who is now forty eight years of age, and Princess Clementine, who is thirty eight, is the climax of a romantic attachment. The story goes that eight or nine years ago the two met at Brussels and fell in love with one another. But the late King Leopold strongly objected to the marriage and refused to consent to the betrothal. He favored the Orleans family, it is said, and hated the Bonapartes, and it did not suit his policy with the French Republic to have his daughter married to one of the Royalists pretenders. There was, therefore, a secret betrothal, and when King Leopold died last year the only obstacle to the marriage was removed.

On the other hand, others say that it is purely a marriage of convenience. Should Prince Victor ever sit on the throne of France he would become Napoleon IV; but he would be the last of his line. It had been alleged that the Prince contracted a morganatic marriage in Brussels and has three children living; but of course, they could not succeed their father to any royal honors and dignity which the Royalist party of France hope will fall on him in the near future. Hence his marriage to Princess Clementine of Belgium, which it is hoped by the Bonapartes will result in the continuity of the Napoleonic line.

THE EXCESSIVELY HIGH PRICES

being paid by those who do not produce their own food is being keenly discussed by city newspapers. Canadians are being offered the useless consolation of knowing that in large United States cities prices are higher even than they are here. What has never been satisfactorily explained is why butter for which the farmer gets from twenty-four to thirty-four cents per pound is sold in Toronto for nearly double that price, and why eggs, poultry vegetables and roots are also sold in cities and towns of Ontario at prices running from thirty-five to seven cents per pound, above what the farmer gets for these articles. Perhaps on an early date producers and buyers will learn that in co-operative buying and selling both will do better.—Ex.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

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

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

The Steamer CONNORS BROS.

Is now laid up for inspection and General Repairs and will remain off Her Route Two or Three Weeks Until the Time Table Appears in this Space

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. Lewis Connors, Pres.

Paill's Finesse.

It is safe to say that nobody but an Irishman could be the hero of the following story: Mr. Murphy was inquiring of his friend, Mr. Doolan, how his wife was feeling after the excitement of the recent wedding of their daughter. She was well enough, replied the other, except that she's grivin' over a pair of illegitimate kid gloves that got lost on her that evening.

"She's feelin' bad about them. I've advertised in the paper, and I think she'll get them back again before long. They cost Mrs. Doolan eight shillin'."

"Ain't you afraid whoever got them will be slow to answer the advertisement?" inquired Mr. Murphy.

"It's meself that know how to fix that, returned Mr. Doolan. "I advertised them illegitimate gloves was an old cotton pair, bursting away at the seams and worth no body's keepin'."

Parisian Sage, An Ideal Hair Tonic.

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

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

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

The teacher in elementary mathematics looked hopefully about the room. "Now children, she said, 'I wish you to think very carefully before you answer my next question."

"Which would you rather have, three bags with two apples in each bag, or two bags with three apples in each bag?" asked the teacher.

"Three bags with two apples in each bag," said a boy in one of the last seats, while the class still de'ated as to the best answer.

"Whv Paul?" asked the teacher. "Because there'd be one more bag to bust," announced the practical young mathematician.

Subscribe to the Greetings

ONLY A VAGABOND

Copyright by Publishers' Press Ltd. The court-crier rose, with seeming regret in his demeanour, and called in a mild tone of voice — "Antoine Jean, come forward!"

At that name a big fellow, wrapped from head to foot — in spite of the hot weather — in a trailing cloak of indelible colour, a garment which must have been worn for many a year, pulled himself together and quickly obeyed.

"Your name?" said the presiding judge, in a weary voice.

"Antoine Jean."

"Your profession?"

"Independent gentleman."

Well now, Antoine Jean, have you anything to say in your own behalf?"

"Nothing whatever to you, as a judge, but to thee, my old chum, Bouchard, I'll tell everything."

Those few words uttered by the vagabond suddenly brought back a new life to the whole court-room.

The two associate judges sat bolt upright with indignant flashes in their eyes yet heavy from sleep.

"Bouchard, Bouchard, don't you remember my nicknames, Rabelais?"

"Two months' imprisonment."

The jailor was smoking his pipe, as he enjoyed the fresh air in front of the prison door.

"Perrin," said M. Bouchard, "I wish to examine this man at my own house. Please bring him yourself at five o'clock."

Perrin bowed, somewhat surprised at this complete derogation from all the ordinary usages of the prison.

At five o'clock the jailor brought the prisoner as desired.

"So you recognised me at last!" said the prisoner in his gentle voice, and without lowering his eyes before the sorrowful gaze of the judge, who brought a chair and made the vagabond sit close beside him, while he tried to read in that mysterious face the secret of so complete a downfall, and tried to find underneath that wretched mask the features of his old friend.

"Yes; it's I myself, sure enough," the vagabond answered.

"And to think," exclaimed M. Bouchard, "that I was obliged to sentence you — you, my poor Chabert, whom I always knew as such a good fellow, so gentle, so sensitive — ah, too much so, no doubt," the judge added, with a penetrating look. "What a continual, cruel irony is life! Bouchard judging Chabert! Rabelais! Ah, my poor fellow!"

The magistrate, looking searchingly into Chabert's eyes, asked him sadly, and in a very low tone:—"Was it a woman?"

"To be sure!" exclaimed the vagabond. "When a man falls as I have done, it is because he has leaned upon a woman's arm, and that arm has been suddenly withdrawn from him. A love-match," he continued, "without money is bound to come to grief. I adored my wife, but I could not support her decently, and she was unfaithful to me. When this happens, some will kill themselves. Others take to drink. Still other bury themselves in some kind of work. As for me, I suffered far less than these, for I became insane. Taking nothing with me, and without looking back, I tramped over the highways and under the footpaths in rain and sunshine, thinking of nothing, seeing nothing, and only stopping at night when my swollen and bleeding feet would carry me no further. How far I tramped over those highways! My hat was full of holes, and my clothes could not have been at all creditable to me, for two policemen who saw me sitting on the opposite side of a ditch motioned me to come to them. The next morning Antoine Jean was for a remnant of sanity had made me conceal my true name — was committed for two months."

"What shall I say? Those two months must have been the beginning of a complete change in my whole physical and moral being. In the solitude of the prison my reason came back to me, and I meditated. And about what, do you suppose? About my wife's unfaithfulness and crime? No, about the happiness which she had brought me, my three years of earthly paradise while I lived with her! Her perfidy and my despair had disappeared; my thought did not rest upon them for a moment. That is the happiness which I owe to my prison life. When my two months were over, I took my staff and wallet like any self-respecting tramp — and I continued my tour of France. It has taken me ten years to find you. After two months I shall continue my journey."

The judge, looking him full in the face and grasping both hands, exclaimed passionately — "My dear Chabert, I want to save you!"

"To save me? From what?"

"From yourself, and in spite of yourself, I fit must be so," said the judge, firmly. "As to the imprisonment for two months, I shall permit you to endure it. I can arrange the matter. And, little by little, I want to see Jean Antoine disappear, and Chabert come to the front."

"Begin my life over again! Oh, no!" exclaimed the vagabond, as he rose from his seat. Then, taking the judge's hands in his own, he said—"My poor Bouchard, you are kind and good, and you love me; yet my cruellest enemy could not propose anything worse than you have done. I am speaking to you now with all my former cold sense, and I tell you that no place but the prison is gentle and pitiful to me. There only I can really live again, without thought of the present, without care for the future. And you would snatch this dream from me, and would kill me forever! Why, can't you see that my body is a mere rag, a thing which does not count at all, and which I no longer regard? What does it matter that this worn-out body should appear before sentences, despised, branded! My dear old friend, call in the jailor who brought me here and let me go!"

"So be it!" said M. Bouchard in a sad tone. And the judge and the vagabond embraced each other fraternally. Then Chabert said, freeing himself and turning away—"Now, judge, do your duty."

HIS BRIDE.

The Romance of a Convent.

When Pastukhin, captain in a Russian cavalry regiment, heard that Irma Mazienkoff had been placed in the Convent of the Passion at Simbirsk, he vowed to effect her release. That he, her lover, should be debarred from entering the convent drove the captain nearly to distraction. However, he found consolation in the thought that Irma was ever thinking of him, and knew that sooner or later he would devise a plan for her escape.

One morning a buzz of excitement ran through the convent. From nun to nun and student to student it was whispered that the good Sister Superior had received an important letter from the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg. On the morrow, it announced, Father Solovieff would be pleased to pay the convent an official visit of inspection.

Many eyes peered at the good father as he drove up in a carriage drawn by three splendid horses. But if the good father was pompous in coming, he was charming in manner, and delighted the heart of the Sister Superior by his praise of the order and discipline that marked her regime.

In the afternoon Father Solovieff announced that he must examine all the students of the convent, so that he should be able to carry a thorough report of the convent to St. Petersburg, both as to its conduct, condition, and learning. Naturally such an unlooked-for request created a flutter of excitement among the students. But everyone agreed, from the humblest nun to the Sister Superior herself, that there could not possibly be a nicer priest in the world than Father Solovieff; and, besides, there was no reason to fear that he would find the students lacking in learning.

So one by one the students entered the examination room and there were examined in their studies by the good father. And one by one each emerged full of the praise that he had bestowed on them. He was the most charming father who had ever inspected the monastery! After the examination Father Solovieff made his report to the Sister Superior. The teaching in the convent he declared was excellent. All the students had done well. But there was one who had far and away excelled all the others. This student was Irma Mazienkoff. She, the good father informed the Sister Superior, was far too advanced for the learning of the convent, and he had decided to remove her at once, and to place her in the famous Convent of the Kremlin at Moscow.

Flattered by such praise, the Sister Superior bade Irma Mazienkoff farewell.

A few days later the papers announced the marriage of Captain Pastukhin to Irma Mazienkoff, and the good news of the Convent of the Passion nearly died of horror when they learned how they had been deluded by the charming "Father Solovieff."

Happiness

"It folks go looking for happiness it never comes to them. Happiness isn't a thing — it's yourself." "A woman is never so happy as when she has a more man at her feet, grovelling; there in hopeless perplexity."

Advertise in Greetings

Cold Weather Requisites!

Men's Overshoes, 1, 2 & 4 Buckle
Womens, Misses
And Children's Over Shoes

Gum Rubbers, Shoe Pacs and Oversocks
For
Men, Boys and Youths

Get Ready
For Skating

HOCKEY BOOTS Of All Kinds for
Men, Women, Boys & Girls.
AT VERY LOW PRICES

Frauley Bros.
The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

Advertise in the Greetings!

Mid-Winter -- Necessities

International Stock and Poultry Foods

Horse Blankets and Fittings - Some of the Best Kinds

Single Bitt Axes, 70c. and 75c; Double Bitt Axes, \$1.00 and \$1.10; Hand-made White Ash Handles 15 c. and 20c; Hunters Handled Axes, 60c; Boy's Handled Axes, 65c; Hatchets, 35 to 50c; Bench Axes, 75c; Drawing Knives, 65c; Lanterns and Globes, Harness and Pieces, Snow shovels, Peevies, Cross Cut and Buck Saws, Shoe Packs, Gum Rubbers and Oversocks, Socks and Mitts, Woolen Blankets (only 2 pairs left), Horse Blankets, some of the best kinds.

Lower Prices On Following Goods - Sugar, Lemons, Oranges, Girls and Boys Sleds

Jan. 19 1912 John Dewar & Sons, Limited

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Justin Stewart of Bonny River spent Sunday in town.

George McMaster of Boston arrived on Thursday and will visit relatives.

Miss Madeline Spencer of Ontario is the guest of her parents Rev. J. Spencer and wife and expects to remain for a few months.

Fred McLean and Chester Catherine, Letete were in town Monday.

Rev. E. V. and Mrs. Buchanan very pleasantly entertained some St. George friends on Tuesday evening of this week. They are now comfortably settled in their new home at Second Falls, and are well liked by their people.

The Dukes Visit To New York.

London, Jan. 29.—An editorial on the Duke of Connaught's visit to New York, in the London Times, concludes:

"The Duke is back in Ottawa, but memories of his brief sojourn beyond the border will live to bear fruit in many minds. It is the feelings of the masses of people, which in self-governing nations like Great Britain and her dominions and like the United States, determine national relations. Visits such as that which has just come to a happy close tend to make these feelings more friendly and more intimate and obliterate the last traces of prejudices that are old and prevent the growth of others. They make for common good will and in so doing, make for the peace and happiness of mankind."

Similarly the Daily Telegraph says editorially: "The Duke of Connaught has come, seen and conquered, first because of his great and dignified personality, which carried with him an influence proportional to the authority of the royal house of Great Britain, secondly because he has been found to be an admirable representative of the English race, who hail their kinsmen across the sea with the sincere desire that all members of the Anglo-Saxon brotherhood should work in common for the peace and welfare of the world."

An Important Naval Anniversary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30.—Fifty years ago to-day took place one of the most important events in naval history, the launching of the famous iron-clad ship Monitor at Brooklyn. The construction of this craft marked the turning point in the great naval transition from the old wooden warships to the modern battleships of the Dreadnought type.

The Monitor was the first fighter to be equipped with a revolving turret. A short time after she was completed there took place between her and the Merrimac in Hampton Roads the first battle between armored vessels. The Merrimac was an old wooden vessel converted by the Confederate government into an iron-clad. The result of the contest between the two vessels was somewhat of a draw but it settled the question of the superiority of any kind of iron-clad ship over the old wooden men-of-war. Immediately the nations of the world began constructing new iron vessels, and ever since there has been a continuous effort on the one hand to invent guns capable of destroying existing vessels, and on the other to invent ships capable of resisting them. Great Britain was easily first in the new departure, and has occupied that position for half a century.

REFUGES IN ROYAL and special commissions has always been considered an indubitable sign of weakness on the part of Canadian Governments. A special commission on the civil service, a Royal commission on old age pensions, and several special individual commissions to hunt for the scalps of suspected Liberal officials is the Borden Government's record along these lines for the few short months it has been in office. The only politics on which the Borden Cabinet appears to have made up its mind is to find jobs for its followers, and to adopt, whenever allowed, some plan of work which the Liberals had previously outlined.—For Globe.

VERY LITTLE IS HEARD just now of the war between Italy and Turkey, but all the same there are still hard blows being given on both sides, with the advantages to the Italian arms. On Senalo Italy is driving the Turkish flag from the waters, and the grip on Tripoli is now so strong that the Turks are unable to unloose it. The powers have suggested a settlement of the embargo, but apparently neither side is sufficiently tired to agree to the proposals. Ex.

MACES BAY

Quite a number gathered at the home of Mrs. Martha Thorpe on Monday evening last and enjoyed dancing, singing, also piano and banjo music.

Mrs. John Snider and son and daughter, Jarvis and Mrs. E. Wallace drove to Selsey's Cove last Saturday returning on Sunday.

A large crowd gathered at the home of Mrs. A. Hope, Little Lepreau on Wednesday evening and spent a very enjoyable evening.

Mr. Greeler of St. John is here selling some very handsome tombstones.

John Mawhinney had the misfortune to cut himself quite badly last week.

Harry James, while cutting wood got a slight cut on his foot.

A large party gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Snider of Little Lepreau and spent a pleasant evening all enjoyed music and games.

DIPPER HARBOR WEST.

Mr. Addison Thomson returned home Monday after spending a few days with friends in St. John.

John Murray left for St. John on Monday evening where he will spend a few days with his sister Mrs. Boyle, he will also visit his brothers in Lynn before returning.

Dr. Duval of St. John made a professional call here Saturday, he is attending Mrs. Daniel Murray.

Alonso Greenlaw left for his home in Lords Cove Thursday, his many friends hope to see him return soon.

Mrs. George Thompson and daughter Violet spent Tuesday evening with Mrs. Peter Divine.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Belding of Point Lepreau enjoyed a sleigh drive to Chance Harbor Saturday.

Thos. Corscadden is hauling firewood for Patk. Murray.

Henry Divine made a business trip to St. John Thursday.

Capt. Harkins entertained a large number of his friends Saturday evening, singing and games were enjoyed by all, refreshments were served in abundance and the merry party broke up at 12 o'clock all voting it a good time.

The dredges Keta and Asp finished working here on Tuesday and left Wednesday for St. John in tow of the tug Jas. S. Gregory and Kenton.

Miss Annie Harkins spent Sunday with friends in Musquash.

Misses Greta and Kathleen Boyle called on friends Sunday evening.

Arthur Small of Digby, N. S. is spending a few days with Wm. Harkins.

The Saddest Lot.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" she asked.

"I have just been trying to decide something."

"Can I help you?"

"No, I've arrived at a conclusion."

"What is it about?"

"I have just decided that a man who marries an heiress and then has to work for the purpose of earning his own spending money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Mean Trick.

We waited for the bride and groom To start their trip.

To sink a ship.

Each fellow held a rusty shoe Behind his back.

And there were ribbons, pink and blue, Upon the back.

The bride and groom, they held aloof, To our dismay.

Then took an airship from the roof And got away.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Geometric Finance.

"Do you call that merger you effected for those monopolists a square deal?"

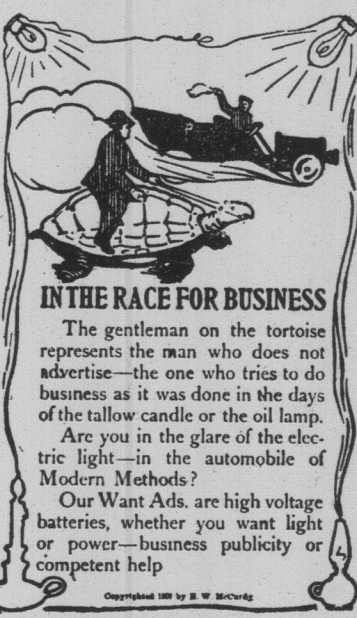
"Certainly," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, with a chuckle. "It represented a quarter of our greatest and most far-reaching enterprises. Since the deal has four corners in it it must be square."—Washington Star.

Advertise in Greetings.

Mr. Merchant!

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

Come Buy a Space!



IN THE RACE FOR BUSINESS

The gentleman on the tortoise represents the man who does not advertise—the one who tries to do business as it was done in the days of the tallow candle or the oil lamp.

Are you in the glare of the electric light—in the automobile of Modern Methods?

Our Want Ads are high voltage batteries, whether you want light or power—business publicity or competent help.

JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please!

THE LIE NAILED DOWN

J. M. Barrie, who celebrated his 51st birthday a few days ago, is a direct contradiction to the absurd theory that Scotsmen are humorless. Once the leading actor who was playing in one of his plays fell ill. The occurrence meant a chance for his understudy, who, not being particularly gifted with a sense of modesty, sent a few dozen telegrams to dramatic critics and others solemnly informing them that he would be taking the "star" part that evening. One telegram went to Mr. Barrie. He sent this answer:

"Thanks for your warning."

In connection with the Scotsman's proverbial love of argument, he tells a delicious story. An old fellow lay very near to death, and his friends suggested sending for the minister. But the old chap did not want a spiritual comforter. The friends said they would sing a hymn. The dying man did not want hymns. "A'm wanting neither hymns nor minister," quoth he; "I want to argue."

Another yarn Mr. Barrie tells is about a friend of his who once had the misfortune to sit at a performance of "The Little Minister" behind a lady with a large hat. Requested politely to remove it, the lady stubbornly refused. But the man was anxious to see the play. Presently he leaned forward again. "Madam," he said, gravely, "if you won't remove your hat, would you mind folding up your ears?"

Missed 286 Babies and Coaxed \$27,500

After kissing 286 babies, ranging in age from six months to four years, and consecrating them to the "cause of Zion," Overseer Wilbur Glenn Voliva, successor to John Alexander Dowie, stood by a barrel in Shiloh Tabernacle lately and watched his hapless toes \$27,500 into it a "sacrifice offering."

Voliva kissed all of the infants and consecrated them in exactly 48 minutes! Sunday was the annual consecration at Zion, and in the line of men and women that contributed to the "sacrifice fund," were 3319 orphans.

Nipped.

"Pardon me, but I have," chimed in the detective, appearing at that moment with a pair of steel bracelets; "here's something special for two wrists. Suppose you try 'em."—Caldwell Standard and Times.



SHORT and SNAPPY

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

Formerly With Vroom Bros. Eight Years Experience With That Well Known Concern Iron Beds, Springs and Mattresses and ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE At Reasonable Prices. -- Mail Orders Attended to Promptly. Give Us a Trial

THE ARTISTIC

Picture Framing & Furniture Store OF ST. STEPHEN

GREGORY AND MANUEL

Near the Bridge ☞ Telephone 73-31

F. M. CAWLEY

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

Prices lower than any competitor

Envelopes

Neatly Printed at The Greetings Office

IN STOCK HARDWOOD FLOORING

In Birch, Maple And Beech. ALL Kiln Dried Bored for Nailing And End Matched

HALEY & SON

St. Stephen, = N. B.

Where He Fell Down.

He was a forgetful writer. A speaker, too, of note. There never was a fighter To quicker shed his coat. But in the palace dining car This mouth and gun debater. Where all men on a level are. He quailed before the waiter.

Jones' Mistake.

"Heard about Jones?"

"No. What about him?"

"He has quit the club."

"What for?"

"He tried to use it as a big stick."

"Well?"

"And it turned out to be a boomerang."

Wise Girl.

"Why did you refuse young Wilkinsmyr, daughter?"

"I thought it best."

"Why did you think it best? He is both young and rich."

"Yes, but I happen to feel very sure that in a few years he will be neither."

The Way It Works.

"Money can't buy friends."

"Well, there is one good thing about it."

"What is that?"

"The more money you have the less you seem to need friends."

One Jar Less.

"Life in a steam heated flat must be dull and spiceless."

"What is missing?"

"Married people cannot quarrel as to who will build the fire."

Another Throne in Pawn.

By gum. That was some Revolution, into Portugal You sure fit up strong And told the king "So long!" In a gift trilled manner Ordered his banner Moved to some other lot Not In that latitude or longitude. And smacked too much of the soil, Not according to Hoyle Or Chesterfield; but, say, It was O. K. And a yard wide! It made a hit this side The booming strand And Rounded out the task. If any one should ask. Kings are out of date. A few more wait For their papers And cut no capers As though they were here to stay. But nay! Their finish is writ. The place to quit Will soon be pointed out. They are getting too stout For the delicate job. The hand of fate is on the knob, And they Must soon away. One by one the roses fade. Thus with those whose trade Is to be king. The common people are in the ring And ready to say: "Good day!" We hate to make a fuss. But a republic is good enough for us." Well may they tremble as Manuel reads the text And wonder who's next.

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Round Tables, Card Tables, Chairs, Brass Andirons, Old Coins, Old Postage Stamps, Etc. Highest Prices

W. A. KAIN

116 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

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 to, 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

Misses Arvilla and Blanche Henley and Mrs. Ancil French were calling Sunday evening. We are sorry to report Mrs. Wentworth Quigley in poor health. Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Fallon of Letang spent Sunday here. Frank Calder of Campobello spent a few days here recently. Miss Clara Baker of St. John is spending a few weeks with her uncle S. Theriault. Miss Maud McDonald of Moncton is visiting her sister Mrs. Ancil French. Jas. McGraw who is employed at Letang spent a few days here recently the guest of Jas. Henley. Miss Baker was the guest of Mrs. Leander McGee one day last week. Mrs. Hugh Harris and Miss Mae Oliver spent Sunday with friends on the Head. Skating was greatly enjoyed on the rink Friday evening. Mrs. Haden returned to her home in Eastport a few days ago. Mrs. Hill Hooper called on Mrs. W. Quigley Monday afternoon. Misses Clara Baker and Estella Mitchell took tea with Miss Lila Kinney on Monday. Jas. Henley spent a few days recently in Eastport. Mrs. George McGee entertained a number of friends Tuesday evening. Miss Baker and Estella Mitchell spent Sunday evening with the Misses Cook.

LETANG

Mrs. Russell Hooper and baby Doris are both improving after their illness. Miss Winifred Hinds of St. George spent Sunday at her home here. Isaac McVicar and John Hinds returned home last week from Forest City Me., where they have been working in the woods for the past few months. Ira, McConnell is busy hauling wire stakes from Arch McVicar's place at Bonny River. Robt. McKay who is employed for the winter months at St. Andrews spent Sundays at his home here. Miss Maud Dick was a recent guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hinds. Miss Bertha Ingalls took tea with Miss Randall on Sunday afternoon. We are glad to report that C. Wesley Hinds is improving after being confined to the house with neuralgia in his head for the past week. Inspector McLean visited the schools here Tuesday afternoon of this week. Miss Flora Leavitt has returned home after spending a few weeks in Eastport.

LETETE

Mrs. Joseph McMahon went to Eastport Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Chubb spent Sunday at Pennfield with Wm. and Teresa Tatton. Mr. Watson, Woodstock, arrived last Tuesday by Viking and was the guest of H. McLean. John Chubb, Mascarene spent Tuesday with Mrs. George Chubb. Fifteen young ladies met at the home of Mrs. H. O. Chubb last Friday evening for the purpose of forming a Club known as the "Leap Year Bunch." The evening was spent in doing fancy work

WHAT "AT AT LLOYDS" MEANS

A Well Known Phrase to Most People, but Few are Familiar with its Real Significance.

In the first place, it may be as well to explain that Lloyd's is not an insurance company. It is simply a combination of individual members, each member transacting his own business, but being bound by the common rules. In other words, Lloyd's does not insure as a body, all business being transacted by individual members. These members divide the risk, each member taking a small proportion only.

Thus, in the case of a policy for \$5000 it is quite probable that the risk would be apportioned between ten members. Each of these members would sign the policy, stating the amount of risk undertaken. As the signatures are written on the policy one under the other, the meaning of the term "underwriter" becomes apparent.

In the case of a large policy, there may be dozens of names, and so it would happen that should a vessel be wrecked no individual person would be responsible for the whole loss, in the case of disaster no member would have to pay more than the amount underwritten by him. It frequently happens that the fractional risk taken by an underwriter may be underwritten again by other people who will thus share his loss, if such occurs.

Lloyd's was started about the year 1688 by Edward Lloyd, the first of the Lloyds, who kept a coffee shop in Tower Street, and who at the same time provided such facilities for marine insurance that his name has always remained as the title of the association of underwriters who transact business under its auspices.

Lloyd's grew and prospered so much so that the members made fortunes. The years 1811 and 1871 were red letter years in the history of the association, the former witnessing the organization of the company on the lines on which it still conducts and the latter the Act of Incorporation.

In every port and upon every coast Lloyd's are represented, and at the present moment there are no less than 2000 agents stationed all over the globe. The movements of every ship from point to point are known to these men, and, as they are in constant communication with headquarters in London, the latter are in a position to answer all inquiries relative to vessels in which Lloyd's are interested.

Marine insurance and marine information are the specialties of Lloyd's, and every kind of risk is undertaken. The underwriters will insure any person against practically any imaginable contingency.

Always Her "At Home" Day Carpenter-mason birds would probably own the honor of being the king-fisher in content to have its smelling fish-bones in the hollow tree-trunk in which it lays its eggs; the hoopoe, similarly housed, has a nest which smells vilely, apparently as a means of protection. A bare ledge of rock for a sea-bird, a hole in the sand for the ostrich, a mound of decaying vegetation acting as a natural incubator for the eggs of the brushturkey; nests of leaves, nests of spiders' webs, nests of dainty lichens; nests shaped like cups, like bottles, like hammocks, like sugar-loaves; nests made from a sort of glue from the bird's mouth - there is no end to the variety of nest-making, from the simplest to the most complex.

Opening Up the West Lands One of the most remarkable features of the railroading in Western Canada this year has been the unflagging energy of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials in pushing forward its branch lines to completion. Despite the fact that the company has had to pay big prices for construction gangs, owing to the scarcity of labor, hundreds of miles of new road have been built, and good services inaugurated, greatly to the convenience of incoming settlers. What is probably the longest of these new branch lines was opened for traffic early in November the Regina-Colony branch. There were really two branches open, as at Valeport Junction, 24 miles from Regina, a sub-line leaves the big branch and runs to Bulyes. From Regina to Conlayton it is 133 miles, while from Valeport to Bulyes it is 19 miles.

Never Too Late Character may be improved, and it should be guarded and kept bright. Reformation is praiseworthy, and it is never too late for people to reform, and change and mend their ways. Reformation proceeds from within, and is independent of external circumstances. It may be produced by some good thought which enters and fixes on the mind, or it may come from the light produced from the flame developed by a spark of goodness which entered by the heart, and radiates, and transforms darkness into light over the whole character. There have been many instances of people that have not seen, or corrected, the errors of their ways until they reached middle age, and they then turned over a new leaf, and became good and useful members of the community.

BREADALBANE

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Campbell and Harold and Edson spent Saturday and Sunday at Bay Side the guest of her mother.

George Scammell and Thos. J. Stinson attended the auction at Pennfield Tuesday last.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Buchanan were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherrard last week.

Mrs. Fred Spinney has been confined to the house for the last week by illness. Geo. Matheson and Wm. Welch are engaged in getting out pulp wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Spinney called on Mr. and Mrs. Ben Campbell recently. George Mathew visited friends in this vicinity last week.

Wm. Leland called on Mr. & Mrs. Thos Spinney Monday evening.

Mrs. Alex Dewar has returned to her home at Pomeroy Ridge after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Misses Lillian and Ethel Spinney called on friends Monday last.

A surprise party was held at the home of Hugh Dewar on Tuesday evening in honor of Wm. Leland it being his birthday. A very enjoyable evening was spent, at a late hour refreshments were served and the party broke up all voting it a jolly good time and wishing Mr. Leland many happy birthdays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spofford called on friends in Letete recently.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

If the man in the flat above who he takes off his shoes at night would only drop them in a whispser: The man who does as he pleases in his own house usually pleases to please his wife.

We are apt to miss the point of a blessing in disguise even though it carries a diagram.

Some men refuse to be in debt because the return power is out to them.

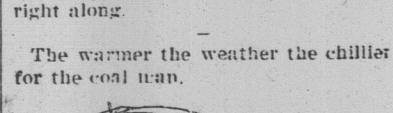
Babies may be out of style, but they are seldom out of heart.

Trust a poor relation to be a walk but encyclopedia of your early misdeeds.

Trouble has its uses. It gives the weather a rest as a conversation topic.

Flying machines should soon be cheaper. They are coming down right along.

The warmer the weather the chiller for the cool man.



Taking No Risks Why do the girls on the street all look so much prettier on a rainy day?

"The ugly ones all stay indoors."

To freshen a salt fish lay it in water, skin side up in an earthen vessel, never in a tin.

If every man loved his neighbor as he loves himself his Satanic Majesty would soon have to hunt another job.

Decent conservatives are ashamed of the onslaught that is being made on the new government by hungry office-seekers. Well they might be.

Quebec has a surplus of a million dollars. Premier Gouin must have acquired the surplus habit from Sir Wilfrid. Premier Flemming should send for the recipe.

Homeopathic doses of hospitality seldom do much good.

A soft answer seldom turns away the book agent.

The older the family tree the more decayed are its branches.

LOCALS

Carnival at The Rink To-Night

The death occurred in Boston last week of Miss Margaret Torney a former well known resident of Bonny River.

A very bad acetylene gas explosion occurred at the DeWolfe store St. Stephen this week, severely injuring two members of the firm.

After the Carnival to night a dance will be held in Drageorgan Hall, at which the three prizes will be awarded for the best ladies and Gents Cost-umes and also for the most original.

Frank McMahon of Letete and Miss Edna Bannion of Lubec, Me., were united in marriage on Tuesday at the Rectory, St. George by the Rev. J. Spencer.

The first hockey match was played on the Rink Tuesday evening between the High School team and a picked team from the town which resulted in a victory for the High School.

The choir and Sunday School teachers of St. Mark's Church had a straw ride to Chas. Gillespie's, Pennfield, on Wednesday evening, by invitation of the Rector, Rev. J. Spencer.

Ira Getten a son of one of the heavy stock holders of the Pulp Co., and who worked in the mill for a year or two sometime ago, arrived here on Wednesday and will probably remain for some time, and do some work for the Co either in the mill or outside.

The pupils of the principal's room on invitation of John McKenzie and wife, enjoyed a straw ride and evening at their home on Friday of last week, leaving the schoolhouse in two racks at 7, getting home about midnight the party were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Barica.

S. L. Lynott who for some time has been Editor of the Richibucto Review has severed his connection with that paper and has assumed the Editorship of the Carleton Sentinel of Woodstock. All here wish him success in his new field. During his Editorship of the Review all admit that he made very much improvement in that paper.

The Conservative Convention to nominate a candidate for the coming by-election Feb. 17th, will be held at St. Stephen on Monday. It seems somewhat doubtful if the opposition will put up a candidate for the short time that remains before the general election will be held, but quite a number of rumors are now afloat and something may come out of some of them.

Miss Lottie Tilliston of Hawaii, Honolulu, a world wide traveller will give an evening of entertainment in Court's Hall on Monday, Feby. 12th under the auspices of St Marks Church. Miss Tilliston has been giving entertainments throughout the provinces during this season, and is highly spoken of, and has a fund of information, anecdote etc., of old or equalled and all will do well to spend that evening in her company.

Dawes Gilmor returned home last week from Montreal where he went for medical treatment, all will be pleased to know that he considers he has been completely cured. The doctors there decided he had not been troubled with rheumatism as he supposed, but had spinal trouble, the older school decided a heavy operation was necessary, but an Osteopath undertook to treat it without operation with the above result.

Miss Robb of St. John who is sent as missionary to Carea by St. David's Church and who is now spending her furlough at her home in St. John. While there she makes short lecturing trips to different parts of the province in the interest of the Presbyterian mission to Carea. She spoke in the Presbyterian Church here on Monday evening in a very interesting manner, giving some very surprising intelligence, of the success of those missions in comparison to the small number engaged in the work. She left on Tuesday for St. Stephen and St. Andrews.

Chamcook Sardine Project.

Tenders are Being Asked for Big Factory Building.

Local officials of the Canadian Sardine Company Limited are getting busy. Treasurer Haycock told The Beacon that the plans for the big factory building had been approved and that the architect was now asking for tenders. He expected that construction would soon begin.

The factory building will be 180-75 feet, will be constructed of concrete. The first floor will be used for picking, the second for shipping and the third for packing and sealing. The cutting room will be independent of this building. The power house and canning plants will be in separate premises.

Mr. F. P. McCall late manager of the Sea Coast Canning Company, has been appointed managing director of the new corporation - Beacon.

Mayor Dinsmore is Returned in St. Stephen Elections.

St. Stephen, Jan. 31. The annual town elections held here today passed off very quietly, with no great issue before the people.

For Mayor, Wm. A. Dinsmore, who had held the chair for two years, was opposed by J. R. Polley, who had been a councillor for several years. The former polled 318 votes and the latter 104.

Mayor Dinsmore had a substantial lead in every ward.

In Dukes ward, John G. Hamilton and Hugh Love were elected councillors by acclamation, and in Kings ward Arthur D. Ganong and Amos A. Mallory were accorded a like honor. In Queens ward there were three candidates for two vacancies. Parker Gimmer received 159 votes, Thomas Casey 132, and James Maraty 65.

Thos. K. McGeachy, H. L. Wall and J. F. Douglas, the former board of assessors, were all returned unopposed.

Mayor Dinsmore and Councillor Hamilton were the only members of the council of last year returned this year - Standard.

The Baptist congregation of Fairville St. John, wrote to Andrew Carnegie asking him to subscribe for an organ for their church, he immediately replied that he would give \$1000, if the congregation raised the same amount. Collectors immediately got to work and the necessary amount was subscribed and the order is now placed for a \$2,000 organ.

"What are you crying about, Freddy?" "I got licked twice today." "How was that?" "Teacher came me, an' I told dad, an' dad went up to thrash the teacher, an' the teacher licked dad, an' dad came home and walloped me."



Swimming Against the Stream

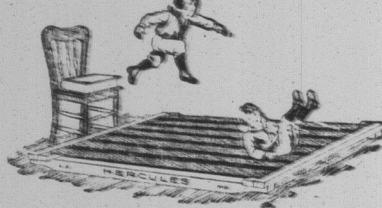
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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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We are Receiving every Day, Our Spring Stock of Carpets, Carpet squares, Straw matting, Matting squares, Rugs, Oilcloths and Linoleums, in all the new styles and Patterns. Direct from the Old Country, also the Newest



Things from the Canadian mills. Furniture for the office and home. — all new stock. — We also carry a Fine Line in Stoves, Ranges, Sewing Machines, Pianos,

Organs, Window shades, Baby carriages and sleighs, Etc. Agents for the Guaranteed Hercules Spring Beds. Come See Our Goods Before Buying Elsewhere! Buchanan & Co. Vroom Brothers St. Stephen, — — — N. B.

China's Dried Eggs.

The exportation of eggs from Tientsin in 1910 was 1,221,183 dozens, against 585,400, the bulk going to Vladivostok. One factory engaged in the export of prepared dried eggs and the manufacture of egg cognac, egg noodles and albumen also uses about 350 dozen a day.

The eggs arrive at the factory packed in old kerosene oil boxes. They are carefully examined by being held close to a strong electric light which shows the least defect. The fresh ones are washed and passed on to several Chinese boxes, who open them and separate the yolk from the white.

With the aid of a suction pump the yolk passes through a large pipe into a vacuum in the machine and is dried in the machine and is dried in fifteen seconds. It is then passed on to a large receptacle into which the matter falls in the form of flakes which look clean, have a good color and a fresh odor. The flakes are again passed through a machine and comes out in a powdered form ready for shipment. It is said that this product can be kept indefinitely if stored in a dry cool place.

The whites of the eggs are put in small glass bottom trays about a foot square and placed on shelves in a room having a temperature of forty to fifty five degrees centigrade. After thoroughly drying the material is broken up in small pieces and ready for export. These sheets are sometimes powdered or reduced to a crystal form resembling granulated sugar.

To make ten kilos (22 pounds of dried yokes) 1500 eggs are required; to make to make ten kilos of whole dried eggs, 1000 must be used, while two and a half kilos (five and a half pounds) of albumen is made from the whites of 1000 eggs.

Rheumatism

Cured by Booth's Kidney Pills.

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

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

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

A Maze Of Intigue.

Russian Police Accused of Being Revolutionists.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 18.—The press is urging a revision of the trial of M. Lopukhin, a former director of police, who was sentenced in May, 1909, to five years imprisonment at hard labor on a technical charge that he was a member of the revolutionary organization.

The newspapers point out the absurdity of the conviction of Lopukhin for his

alleged disclosure of the true character of Azeff, who figures as one of the most successful plotters against the Emperor, the state and the lives of police agents and government officials, and at the same time was a daring police spy.

It is argued by the writers of the articles that if Lopukhin contributed to the unmasking of Azeff he should be regarded as a saviour of Russian lives and Russian honor and if he did not contribute, then they ask why he was sentenced.

CANADIAN-TURKISH ADMIRAL

Bucknam Pasha of Ottoman Fleet is Nova Scotian and Started Live on a Lake Boat.

There is a proportion of Canadian brains behind whatever portion of a fleet it is that flies the Turkish flag, for Raaford D. Bucknam, Canadian, better known as Bucknam Pasha, is vice-admiral and naval adviser to the sultan. Bucknam's side and friend is an American, W. H. Ledbetter, who has the rank of commander. It was about eight years ago that Bucknam went to Turkey as commander of the new cruiser Medidra, built for the sultan by the Crimps.

Bucknam's adventures began young. He was born in Nova Scotia, and his father died at sea. When his grandfather gave him the choice between farming and seafaring, he chose the sea. He had an instinctive love for the sea, a love that helped him to pick up the knowledge of a ship with hardly an effort. His first venture was made on the Great Lakes. At the age of 14 he became a cabin-boy on a schooner of which the captain was also the owner. The captain's wife took a fancy to the youngster and ultimately they adopted him. Today the schooner's captain is a wealthy shipowner in one of the lake towns and the lonely cabin-boy is a Turkish noble of the highest rank.

When he was 16 years old, Bucknam sailed from New York as quartermaster of schooner bound for the Pacific. At Manila the captain and mates died of cholera, and Bucknam went before a special board to be examined for a master's certificate, he being the only man aboard the vessel who had studied navigation. He passed the test without difficulty and was made captain at 17. To prove his efficiency, he brought his ship home.

Shortly before the world's fair at Chicago, in 1893, Bucknam went to that city and built the whaleboat Columbus, of which he was captain while she was on exhibition at the fair. Later he went to the Pacific Steamship Company's service, and two years later was made captain of the island of Nook at Panama. It was there he met Ledbetter, who has been his aide in Constantinople for the last four years.

At all events, the Sultan sent for Bucknam and asked him if he would take the post of naval adviser to the Porte. Bucknam considered the matter and finally told Abdul Hamid that he would. Bucknam was practical, and the salary offered him nothing short of princely. But he stipulated that he was to have a preliminary leave of absence in order that he could go home and marry in girl in San Francisco. The Sultan assented, and Bucknam married the young woman, a school teacher. She went with him to Constantinople.

Provoking an Appetite

Shakespeare's wish that good digestion may wait on appetite expresses a distinct physiological truth. There is no doubt that food-taking, considered all round, should be, and is, in the healthy person, a pleasant duty. If hunger be regarded in proverbial language as being the best sauce for food, it is clear that an appetite for food must constitute the first and primary condition for the enjoyment of our diet. The question of appetite is not such a simple one as many persons might be inclined to suppose. Popularly regarded, appetite, of course, implies and means a desire for food. Hunger is different from appetite. Hunger may be regarded as the condition which indicates that the body demands a food supply; appetite, on the other hand, indicates an additional something which contributes to the enjoyment of the food, and causes an agreeable anticipation of the advent of a meal. Scientific research has shown us that appetite may be excited in various and, in some degree, complicated ways. For instance, it is known that if the nerves of the stomach be duly stimulated so that gastric juice be poured out at the beginning of a meal, appetite for food is thereby developed. In this connection it is extremely interesting to note that

certain substances appear to possess a definite power of effecting this action, and so of stimulating appetite. Amongst such substances, extracts of meat or the stimulating bodies contained in meat are known to cause stomach stimulation, and in all probability the taking of some light meat soup as a first course at dinner is justified from a scientific point of view by the effect it produces on the stomach and its work. In other words, the soup provokes an appetite for the foods which are to follow.

Interviewing the Editor

Many folks are full of the idea that the newspaper editor by reason of his sedentary occupation must necessarily be a man of slight muscular development. But 'tis not always the case. One day a young man might have been seen leaning up against the front of a sporting journal, a prey to uncontrollable grief. A benevolent-looking old gentleman who was passing by, noticing the man's frame shaken with his outbursts of sorrow, approached him, and said:

"What is your trouble, my friend? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Alas!" said the young man, "it is my poor misguided brother."

"And what of your brother, my young friend?" gently inquired the benevolent old man.

"Well," sobbed the stricken one, "this morning he saw an insulting paragraph in this paper, which he took to refer to him. He—"

"Yes," said the kind-hearted gentleman, "well, ten minutes ago he went upstairs to knock the stuffing out of the editor."

"And has he come down yet?" asked the anxious inquirer.

"Part of him has," said the brother, in a voice that was choked with emotion. "He—his coming down in s-sections. I d-dunno' know when the body will arrive!"

One of the Wrong Methods

A little girl from the East End of London (Eng.) was invited to a garden party given by a very aristocratic lady to a group of little slum children.

The little girl, as she drank her tea and ate her plum cake on a velvet lawn under a blooming cherry tree, said to her hostess—

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why—er—so, not to excess," was the astonished reply.

"How much does he make?"

"He doesn't work," said the lady. "He is a capitalist."

"Of course, child. What on earth—"

"Your colour looks natural — I trust you don't paint?"

"Look here," exclaimed the hostess, "what do you mean by all these impudent questions?"

"Impudent!" said the little girl. "Why ma'am, mother told me to be sure and behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our room they always question mother like that."

Two spicers who dwell in different parts of a church chanced to meet together in the aisle one day when out for a constitutional.

"How are you getting on?" said spider No. 1 to spider No. 2.

"Oh, moderately," was the reply. "I don't feel very comfortable on Sundays. I live in the pulpit, under the cushion, and on that day the parson comes and bangs the book and sends his fists on the side, and I have to keep very close, or else some day I think he'll hit me. He bangs with such force that I know he'll squash me to a jelly."

"Oh you come and live with me, said his companion. "I'm never troubled; I am always comfortable, and never disturbed from one year's end to the other."

"Indeed!" said the other spider.

"And where do you live?"

"Oh, I live in the poor-box," was the reply.

WHAT ARE ACADIANS?

First People, Who Originally Came from France to Settle in Nova Scotia.

In 1633 Isaac de Rozely and Chouart brought some families from France to Nova Scotia. This was the first successful attempt at colonization in this country. These families were the progenitors of the Acadian race, braved to the rigors of the severe coast climate, but they were persevering and industrious, and soon reclaimed from the sea a very fertile valley. French exiles from the province of Acadie in France, they multiplied until they soon peopled the valley from Port Royal to Passade. They spread also around the Bay of Fundy. In this race, whose romantic nature furnishes the theme for Longfellow's Evangeline, we find the seat of the French war — a war upon racial lines. The struggles of the Acadians forms the most striking period of Nova Scotian history.

Sleep Due to Poisoning.

Considerable discussion has arisen in scientific circles over the experiments of MM. Legendre and Piron in Paris, who have discovered that the real reason why we go to sleep is because our brain has been actually poisoned. Sleep, they declare, is produced through a morbid change in the cells of the frontal lobe of the brain. They discovered a dog that died of insomnia, and injected some of the serum of its brain into another dog, thereby causing it to fall

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In 1633 Isaac de Rozely and Chouart brought some families from France to Nova Scotia. This was the first successful attempt at colonization in this country. These families were the progenitors of the Acadian race, braved to the rigors of the severe coast climate, but they were persevering and industrious, and soon reclaimed from the sea a very fertile valley. French exiles from the province of Acadie in France, they multiplied until they soon peopled the valley from Port Royal to Passade. They spread also around the Bay of Fundy. In this race, whose romantic nature furnishes the theme for Longfellow's Evangeline, we find the seat of the French war — a war upon racial lines. The struggles of the Acadians forms the most striking period of Nova Scotian history.

Sleep Due to Poisoning.

Considerable discussion has arisen in scientific circles over the experiments of MM. Legendre and Piron in Paris, who have discovered that the real reason why we go to sleep is because our brain has been actually poisoned. Sleep, they declare, is produced through a morbid change in the cells of the frontal lobe of the brain. They discovered a dog that died of insomnia, and injected some of the serum of its brain into another dog, thereby causing it to fall

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Vancouver Clergymen And The Hindus.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Jan. 27.—On the broad ground that Hindus will not assimilate and become part of our community, Vancouver clergymen are opposed to further immigration from the Orient. A memorial carefully prepared and at great length will be sent to Ottawa on this subject. The clergymen point out that the Hindus are under the same inspection in coming to Canada as are people from the British Isles. The coming of Hindu women would mean the establishment of a separate Hindu colony a condition that would be extremely undesirable. In conclusion, the clergymen suggest that if Hindu women are admitted, great care should be taken that the newcomers are the first and only legal wives of Hindu men bringing them.

The Largest Loaf.

The largest loaf of bread in the world was baked the other day by Andrew Newberg, of Austin, Texas. This gigantic mass of the Staff of Life weighed 140 pounds, and was two feet high, three feet wide, and twelve feet long.

After the ingredients were mixed, the baking process consumed more than an hour, a special oven being used for the purpose.

The loaf was sent to a barbecue at Moulton, where it was cut and distributed to a large crowd. Mr. Newberg accompanied the bread to its destination to see that it was safely carried.

By making this loaf, Mr. Newberg breaks his own record for the largest loaf of bread in the world, which was one weighing a hundred pounds, sent to the Louisiana Exhibition in 1904.

Enthusiasm Won.

Enthusiasm in a cause one has at heart overcomes many obstacles which would be otherwise insurmountable. For instance, Mr. John Abbey, the well-known temperance veteran, spent over forty years in England, where he rendered yeoman service in the Eastern Counties, and then proceeded to South Africa to help on the cause over there. Mr. Abbey has journeyed no fewer than 5,000 miles during the last thirteen months. In addition, he has delivered 200 addresses and taken 15,000 pledges in the colleges and schools, from both teachers and scholars.