

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

The Granite Town Greetings

VOL. 5

St. George, N. B., Wednesday, February 16, 1910.

No. 32

: : Here We Are Again ! ! ! : :

A little ahead of the buttercups and daisies, but, an early Easter makes an early spring. We are offering BARGAINS in Bleached and Unbleached Cottons. Also Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. A few Winter Coats and Ladies' Dress Skirts Exceptionally Low to clear Black Sateen Underskirts and Underwear a specialty.

BOOTS, - SHOES - AND - RUBBERS.

J. SUTTON CLARK, - - - - St. George, N. B.

At D. Bassen's

Worth The Cost In Honest Wages.
Peabody's Railroad King Overalls and Jumpers.
UNION MADE.

A Cash Guarantee
10¢. A BUTTON.
- - - 25¢. A RIP.

For every Button that comes off one of the Railroad King or Mechanic King Overalls, we will give you 10 cents, and for every rip in the seams we will give you a Quarter of a Dollar, within 30 days from the date of purchase.

We are the Sole Agents for Peabody's Overalls and Jackets in St. George.

D. BASSEN.

GREAT BARGAIN SALE OF JEWELRY

January 10th to February 12th

20 per cent. Discount on all Goods now in stock, consisting of watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, stationery, novelties, etc.

A good, clean, well kept stock to select from
Do not miss this rare opportunity to save money

J. W. WEBSTER
Jeweller, Etc.

Young Block, St. George, N. B.

The St. Stephen Business College

AND
School of Shorthand

All modern methods taught. Business men supplied with office help on application. Free catalog.

M. T. CRABBE, Prin., St. Stephen, N. B.

Boston and Reciprocity.

The most remarkable of recent utterances on Reciprocity was that of Mr. Bernard Rothwell, made at a Canadian Club dinner in Boston a short time ago.

Moreover, whatever it may accomplish, it will have demonstrated to the churches concerned, and to the community at large that institutional divisions do not necessarily express real differences. The churches are discovering the necessity and the possibility of cordial combination in the performance of common tasks.

But the present movement is more remarkable for that which it forecasts than for that which it actually accomplishes. The ambition and the declared purpose of the movement is to stir the entire community quite irrespective of race or of creed. They are evidently absolutely sincere in their belief that the message they preach is gospel for every man.

There are two possible reasons for that belief in the catholicity of Christianity. The one is thoroughly monarchical, autocratic, and old-world. It is an inflexible catholicity. The message applies to all men not because they need it, or desire it, or are helped by it, but because it is designed by a great being who devised everything according to his inscrutable wisdom. There is, however, another way of arriving at a belief in the universal element in Christianity. It meets man's need, services his purpose, fulfills his life and makes real his dreams.

Our inherited systems of thought and life will never permit us to live at peace with one another so long as we receive them as authoritative. But when we are prepared to build out systems of thought and one institution of service in the length of man's possibilities and man's needs then we come within sight of a day of genuine catholicity.

No one can doubt that the co-operation of the churches in the present movement of evangelism is due to the recognition of the authority of human need and the truth of that which meets the need. But in that respect there is the promise of a larger co-operation. For the foes we have to fight are common foes. The values of life are common values. The comforts of life are common comforts. The needs of man are common needs. Humanity is one.

That message which will be gospel to any of us, must, perforce, be gospel for all of us. The vitality of sectarianism lies in each man's confidence in his own conception of duty. His contact with the fact is not real enough to modify his theory. But when men begin to test their theories by the needs of humanity they find the instrument of catholicity.

This modern upheaval of thought may offer all lead us into a new and altogether satisfactory simplicity. There must be some reason why thirty churches can work together in the year 1910, when these same churches could not and would not work together in 1890. Some force is making for unity. The differences are disappearing. Old quarrels are being forgotten. Old authorities are being de-throned. And in the new day men are learning to work together.---Sun.

"The Canadian Club of Boston would be particularly concerned in promoting sentiment in favour of the closest reciprocal trade arrangements--absolute free trade between the United States and Canada.

"Boston, to perhaps a greater extent than any other city in the United States, would profit by the establishment of such intimate commercial relations.

"Boston is the natural winter port of the great Canadian railway systems, and as the production of the great northwestern territories increases--as it will with leaps and bounds--the need of an accessible shipping port available every day in the year for ships of the largest tonnage will become imperative."

Common Needs.

The comprehensive nature of the present evangelistic movement in St. John city reflects some credit upon the day in which we live. It is difficult to believe that thirty churches could have worked together cordially thirty years ago. At any rate they did not. The movement is the first of its kind hereabouts.

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Social and Personal

Wm. Hickey of L'Etang, was in town on Monday.

Thos. McIntyre, left to-day for a visit to the border towns.

Lemuel Theriault of Back Bay, was in town Wednesday.

Dr. Parker of St. Andrews, spent Sunday in town.

Patrick Daley of New River, was in town on Monday.

Mrs. A. J. Seelye, is recovering from a stroke of paralysis.

Isaac McLean was a visitor in town on Wednesday.

Chester Johnson of Back Bay was in town on Thursday.

E. W. Cross of Beaver Harbor paid St. George a visit on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sherard, visited friends in Letete, on Wednesday.

Harry Austin and Fred McVicar, drove to Mascarene on Sunday.

J. P. Sullivan, of Bonny River, drove to town on Monday.

Thomas McIntyre, was visiting friends at Second Falls, on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Hibbard, was on a business trip to Letete, on Friday.

Inspector McLean, was in town last week, visiting the schools.

Wm. Mesereau is able to be at work again, after a short illness.

Dr. B. M. Wilson, was a passenger on Tuesday's train from St. John.

Joseph Brine of Boston, Mass., is making a visit to St. George.

J. Sutton Clark, was a passenger on Tuesday's train to St. Stephen.

Chas. Fuller, was a passenger on Monday's train from St. Stephen.

Mr. W. Leavitt of Back Bay, was a visitor to St. George, on Wednesday.

Guy Flynn of Digdegnash, was among the visitors to St. George on Monday.

M. T. Kane, granite dealer of St. John, made a business trip to town on Monday.

Thos. R. Kent returned to St. Andrews to-day, after spending a few days at his home.

Miss Annie Stewart of Mascarene, is in St. George. She will spend several weeks here.

Miss Annie O'Neill returned from St. John, on Monday, where she has been visiting for the past two weeks.

Miss Sarah Moore, of the academy staff, went to St. Stephen on Saturday to visit friends, returning on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Dagle, will leave on Tuesday for Ottawa. We wish them all such happiness in their new home.

Miss Carrie Matheson leaves on Wed. for St. John, enroute to Montreal, where she will visit her uncle, Mr. Samuel Fleet.

Miss Myrtle Milne supplied for Miss Moore at the academy on Monday, she returned to her school at Calithness, on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. J. Oliver, who have been in St. John during the past three months, returned to their home here on Monday.

Wm. H. Smith, of the firm of Robertson, Foster & Smith of St. John, was a passenger on Monday's train from St. Stephen and made a business call in St. George on Monday.

J. M. Gidding, Jr., of J. & A. McMillan, St. John; L. V. Pierce, of W. F. Hatheway Co., St. John, and W. Davidson, of McAvity, St. John, made business calls in the interest of their firms, on Tuesday.

Miss Myra and Masters Harlowe Choisset arrived from Parrsboro, on Monday. Mrs. Choisset is in Portland on her way to St. George.

General News.

Digby, Feb. 14.--The announcement made by General Manager Giffins, of the D. A. R., of service between Boston and this port is what the people of Digby have been asking for, for a long time, and the new line will be much appreciated, not only by our townspeople, but by the thousands of American visitors who come to Digby every summer. It will mean a big boom for Digby, the leading summer resort of the Maritime Provinces. A number of the summer hotel proprietors have already planned to enlarge their houses for next season, but when they learn of this event work will be rushed along at once.

It is also rumored that a new hotel will be completed in time for the tourist season. Repairs on the Government wharf are being pushed forward as rapidly as possible and ample accommodations for the devised line will be in readiness before the first of July.

A special meeting of the Eastern Steamship Company was recently held in Boston and one of Digby's prominent summer visitors announces in a private letter to the Courier today that he learns on good authority that the Eastern people intended, to put a boat on the Boston-Digby route this season. Business is also rushing at Port Wolfe, just across the harbor, getting ready for the shipment of iron ore from Torbrook Mines via the Halifax and South Western Railway.

New York, N. Y., Feb. 14.--Fred Meadows of Toronto, won tonight in one of the greatest indoor professional running races ever seen in this country. His time, 1 hour, 21 minutes, 24-15 seconds, however, is 91.5 seconds behind his own world's record, made last week at Toronto. He was never pressed.

The starters were:--

Hans Holmer, Halifax, Fred Meadows, Guelph, Ont. Paul Accose, Grenfell, Sask.; Jim Crowley, New York; Gustave Ljungstrom, Sweden; Percy Sellen, Toronto and Charles Huetler, New York.

Meadow established himself as champion of the world at his own distance. Ljungstrom, who pressed him hard at Toronto, finished second again, but never was in the running with Meadows who took the lead at the outset. A coose, the Indian, finished a poor fifth, two laps behind Crowley, fourth, who in turn finished 21-2 laps behind Sellen, third. Meadows was two laps to the good at the finish, or his time might have been better.

Montreal, Feb. 14.--At a meeting of the directors of the Nova Scotia Steel Company held here this afternoon, the general manager's report for the past year was submitted and showed that the volume of business for the past year had been the largest in the history of the company. The profits for the year amounted to \$907,949, as compared with \$734,701 for the previous year, an increase of \$173,247. The balance carried forward to profit and loss account was \$184,453 and commission on re- and new issue of bonds.

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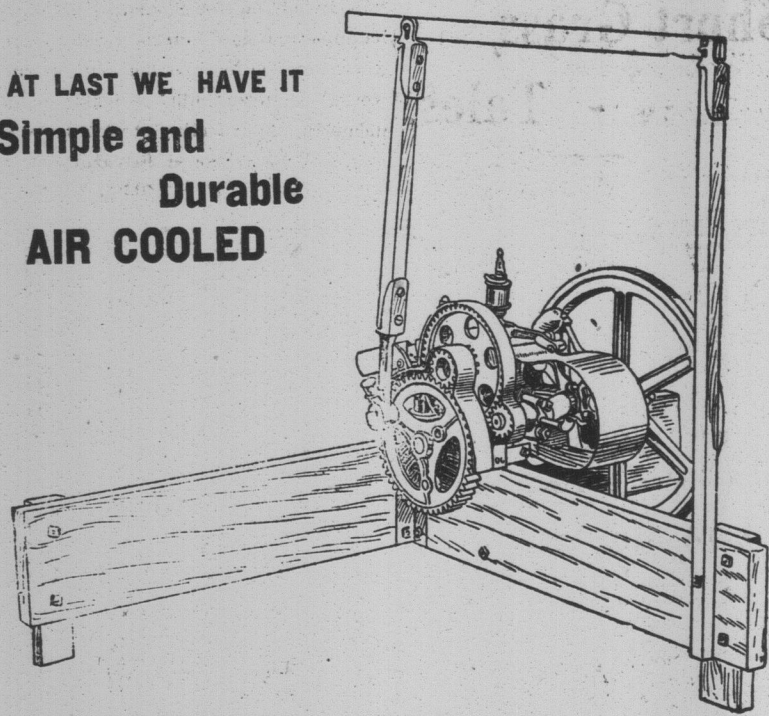
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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

AT LAST WE HAVE IT
Simple and
Durable
AIR COOLED



It has no water jacket. Designed to take the place of the man at the pump. Any one who watches this outfit pump water for 15 minutes will never again be willing to work the pump handle. Will connect to any style of pump which is already in the well. Supplied for setting up complete. A simple, durable pumping engine at low cost.

Sold by T. R. KENT,
Contractor for Artesian Wells

F. M. CAWLEY
ST. GEORGE, N. B.
Undertaker and Embalmer
Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand
Prices lower than any competitor

J. B. SPEAR
Undertaker and Funeral Director
A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.
Telephone at Residence
All goods delivered free. Prices to suit the people

Peaveys and Peavy Stocks
Axe handles
Bar Iron and Steel
Shoe bolts all sizes

Have you ever seen the Galv.
Wire Baskets, 1-2 and 1 bus.
We have Samples, call and
see them

Lanterns for 25 and 35c. each.
Only of Cold Blast Lanterns
SPRING PUNG
y goods.

MORIN
RE MEN
N. B.

We have in stock a splendid line of
Stoves and Ranges—all from the best
Manufacturers.

A Full Line of Bicycle Repair Supplies
Builders Hardware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes,
Wringers, Tin, Granite Ware, etc.

Rifles and Ammunition
Repairing of every description
BOYD BROS.

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.

No Theories
No Guesses

Go into the process that produces

Nectar
Tea

It is grown and treated with science
and skill.
It is a packet tea, packed direct
from the Ceylon gardens.
It costs something because it is
worth something.

W. C. PURVES,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
Agents.

Local Salesman Wanted
for St. George

and adjoining country to represent
CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES

Special list of Hardy Tested varieties,
thoroughly adapted for New Brunswick
planting. Large and small fruits; orna-
mentals, Shrubs, vines, Roses, bulbs
and seed potatoes.
A permanent situation for the right
man; liberal inducements, pay weekly.
Reserved territory, free equipment.
Write for particulars.
STONE & WELLINGTON
Fonthill Nurseries
Over 800 acres
TORONTO, CANADA

Have your Watch
Repaired here in
St. George by
Geo. C. McCallum

Satisfaction guaranteed.
This country is a large consumer of
this costly seed because it enters into
the famous catarrh remedy, Peruna,
sold the world over.

Western House,
RODNEY STREET
WEST ST. JOHN.
A. & M. J. WILSON, Proprietors.
Passengers by the N. B. S. Ry., will
find this hotel convenient, as it is near
the station. One can avoid taking the
ferry in the morning.

Through the Fire to Save
Children

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 7.—Her head
enwrapped in a man's coat her bonnet
abase and three small children clasped
in her arms, Mrs. Solomon Klein ap-
peared in the doorway of a blazing tenement
here tonight and was acclaimed a
heroine. Firemen had assisted the
members of 15 families to safety and
had announced that all were safe when
Mrs. Klein appeared. She had gone in
to the building unobserved to save the
children. The fire was streaming over
the bed, where they slept together.
Snatching her bonnet in a bureau in
passing, she pinned it on, took her hus-
band's coat, wrapped it about her head,
and rushing into the blaze, seized the
three children and bore them down the
falling steps to safety.

Big Jumps by Rabbits.

How fast do hares and rabbits run?
Perhaps you have wondered while out
gunning and watched the elusive animals
speeding away.
According to J. G. Millais, the length
of a hare's stride is about four feet,
while that of a rabbit is about two feet.
Under conditions of fear the hare is said
to leap ten to twelve feet, some authori-
ties claim that it can jump ditches ten to
twenty-five feet in width.
A hare can jump upward, perpendicu-
larly, but cannot jump higher than three
feet. When compelled to do so, it is
said, rabbits can swim as well as dogs.

FROM THE TROPICS
TO HEAL US.



Cedron Seed Plant.
In Central America many natives are
gathering the seeds of this plant, Cedron
Seed, a rare medicine that has valuable
curative powers. But few drug stores
carry this seed, owing to the high cost
of the article.
This country is a large consumer of
this costly seed because it enters into
the famous catarrh remedy, Peruna,
sold the world over.

Walter Maxwell
Dealer in
Meats, Poultry and
Vegetables
Prices reasonable for first-
class goods

DOING EUROPE

This Tourist Started to Have a Mania
For Souvenirs.
I had met Jones before. In fact,
meeting him had become a sort of
habit. The first time I saw him he
was hanging by his feet, an ecstatic,
squirring mass, on the facade of the
new castle, kissing the stone of the
square. My camera caught him in the
act. "Gad!" he spluttered when I told
him that his feat was immortalized.
"Is my face in it? Send me one, will
you? That'll prove to the folks back in
Zanesville that I did it."
I had run across him again in Lon-
don, where all ways meet. I was stum-
bling around the Whitechapel ghetto,
and through the window of an alley
tavern I noticed two men drinking
stout. One was a "bobby" in uniform.
He was heard and his face
purple. The prude of the other looked
familiar. I walked in and beheld—
Jones. The policeman, startled by my
intrusive breath, turned to me with
a look of vast reproach.
"Come to see you again, old man, but
—why in the deuce couldn't you stay
away a little longer? I'd have had it in
half an hour more."
"He's what?"
"Why, his club. Lord, what a sou-
venir that would have made!"
Our ways parted again for a while. "I
was riding a wheel over the crest of
the Black forest near Tilsen, pumping
slowly to the top of the long, white
rock. A pine cone struck my handle
bar, another knocked my hat off, and
I looked up. An aerial voice emitted a
Tyrolean halloo with much action,
and I saw a swaying speck silhouetted
against a cloud. My instinct told me it
was Jones.
"Hey, old man!" he yelled, trumpet-
ing through his hand, "take my pic-
ture—quick. You're just in time. Can't
hold on much longer. Camera's at foot
of tree. Lost it halfway up!"
His camera was smashed, so I used
my own. "Were you expecting me?" I
asked when he shinned down, with
barked hands and frayed trousers.
"No, not exactly," he said, "but the
biggest pine cone in Germany, from the
tallest tree on top of the highest hill in
the Schwarzwald. There's something
worth while!"
I admitted it, and we stood survey-
ing the panorama of mounded hills
and deep-cut gorges full of the sound
of falling water.
"Lovely!" I murmured.
"What? Oh, yes, I suppose it is. But
Johnnie couldn't find a big-
ger cone somewhere in these parts.
Let's move on."—Wilfred H. Alburn in
Lette's Magazine.

Free Lunch For a Lion.
He was selling suspenders on the
street, but he declared that in his
opinion, the other a meek and ineffec-
tive little chap. They were using a
crosscut saw. A big Irishman hap-
pened along and, after standing there
a few minutes watching them pull
back and forth, decided that the big
one was trying to take advantage of
the other. The Irishman reprimanded
the big fellow, which caused a row.
After Pat had given him a good thrash-
ing he turned and said, "Now, I give
y'll let the little fellow have it, be-
gorry!"—Judge's Library.

Wanted to Help the Little Fellow.
Two men were engaged in sawing
timber in the Maine woods. One was
a big, burly and very fierce looking
fellow, the other a meek and ineffec-
tive little chap. They were using a
crosscut saw. A big Irishman hap-
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In a French Court.
Counsel (addressing the judge after
he had got his client, a thief, acquitted
in the face of strong evidence)—Your
honor, I would be obliged if you would
order that this man be not released
from custody until tomorrow.
Judge—Certainly, but what is your
reason?
Counsel—Well, you see, the road near
my home is rather lonely, and as my
client knows quite well that I shall
have money on me he might possibly
lay in wait for me.—Bon Vivant.

The Quest of a Discoverer.
"Managers declare that they have
discovered some great actors and some
remarkable plays."
"Actors and plays," replied Storm-
ington Barrow, "are always in evidence.
What I want to find is some one who
can be relied on for the discovery of
audiences."—Washington Star.

Retribution at Hand.
"Duch" complained the automatic
scales in the railroad station. "These
fat men will be the ruin of me. That
last one simply put me on the bum."
"Well," replied the chewing gum ma-
chine, "now you can lie in wait for
the next one."—Catholic Standard and
Times.

Long Felt Want.
Jaxles—Do you think there will
ever be any radical change in the style
of men's hats?
Waggles—Not unless somebody in-
vents a hat that will cover the bald
spot on the back of the head.—Harper's
Weekly.

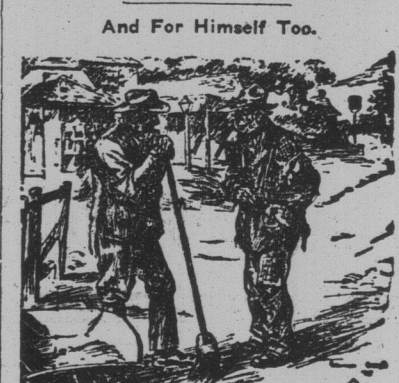
No Chance.
"Do you consider marriage a lot-
tery?" asked the coy young widow.
"Not so you could notice it without
a pair of green spectacles," replied
the fussy old bachelor. "It's more on
the order of a shell game."—Chicago
News.

Find a Cause.
Doctor (to husband whose wife he
has been called to attend)—Before I
commence my examination tell me
when she last had a new dress and a
new hat and if she has been to the
sea yet this year.—Megendorfer Blat-
ter.

The Custom House Report.
Wife—People are getting to be such
creatures of habit!
Hubby—How's that?
Wife—I read here that customs are
greatly increasing.—Kansas City
Times.

FROM CORNCOB CENTER

She's just a summer boarder,
Unpolished, I'll allow,
She bristles at the pumpkin;
She cannot milk a cow.
She's most unsympathetic
At coons and stags and stags,
But three times oh, and pry the board,
Wot eyes she has—wot eyes!
She's just a summer boarder,
Unpolished, I'll allow,
The fute-like call of cabbage
Means nothin' much to her.
She's ojis to the turnip
And worse to homemade plas,
But three times wot, and steer the board,
Wot eyes she has—wot eyes!



Pat—The next wan o' thim chaffers
as runs over me 'll be sorry for ut.
Thomas—And why's that?
Pat—I've got a tin o' nitroglycerin in
me pocket.—Punch.

Not to Be Dared.
Although Johnnie's and Willie's
mothers are warm friends, those boys
are always fighting each other.
After a recent battle the victorious
Johnnie was urged by his mother to go
and make friends with his fallen foe.
She even offered to give him a party if
he would go over and invite Willie to
come to that festivity.
After much urging Johnnie promised
to do as his mother wished, so the
party came off at the appointed time
and was violently enjoyed by all present,
but Willie did not come.
"Now, Johnnie, did you invite him?"
asked Johnnie's mother.
"Yes, I did! Yes, ma'am, I invited
him," answered Johnnie. "I invited
him," he added reflectively, "and I
dared him to come."—Harper's Weekly.

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"Not so you could notice it without
a pair of green spectacles," replied
the fussy old bachelor. "It's more on
the order of a shell game."—Chicago
News.

Find a Cause.
Doctor (to husband whose wife he
has been called to attend)—Before I
commence my examination tell me
when she last had a new dress and a
new hat and if she has been to the
sea yet this year.—Megendorfer Blat-
ter.

The Custom House Report.
Wife—People are getting to be such
creatures of habit!
Hubby—How's that?
Wife—I read here that customs are
greatly increasing.—Kansas City
Times.

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

GREETINGS OFFERS THE BEST
Dollars Worth
 OF
Reading Matter
 IN
NEW BRUNSWICK

SEND

In your Dollar and we will put
 you on the paid up list.

OUR

RATES FOR
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ARE VERY LOW

Try us and see the good
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Let us furnish you with :

Letter Heads,
 Bill Heads,
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Draft Forms,
 Wedding Cards,
 Visiting Cards,
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OR IN FACT

ANYTHING

IN THE

Printing Line

Send, or Bring your orders and we will do
 the rest

We Supply and Print

Greetings
Publishing
Co., Ltd.



Rev. Father Morriscy

**"Father Morriscy's
 No. 10"
 Cures Coughs, Colds
 and Lung Troubles.**

Father Morriscy's remedies have been known for years throughout the Maritime Provinces, and thousands testify to the remarkable cures they have wrought. The very same remedies, with all their healing virtues, prepared from the late priest's prescriptions, are now on sale throughout the Province of Quebec.

The "Lung Tonic," commonly known as "Father Morriscy's No. 10," is one of the best remedies ever put up for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and lung troubles of all kinds. It removes the mucus, quickly drives away the inflammation and congestion and heals the membranes, leaving them stronger than before and better able to resist disease.

"No. 10" is absolutely free from Opium, Morphine or any harmful drug, and is perfectly safe even for babies.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's.

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

The Treasure Seekers

One sought the East for gems and found alas,
 Dire failure was his mo- unhappy pass,
 One sought the pearls in waters of the Ind,
 And sank a victim of the seas, and wind,
 Another sought the gold that glitters free
 Upon the strand far in the Northern sea,
 And on the beaches of that land of white
 His bones lie resting in the endless night,
 A fourth plunged in the nearer fray to win
 The gaudy raiment that the Trade-Elves spin,
 And at the last found coffers full of dross—
 The gold was profit, but his soul was loss!
 For me, in Fortune's strife, give me the part
 Of him that delves deep in the minds of heart—
 Not far afield, but here let me secure
 From them that love me treasures they endure,
 —John Kendrick Bangs, in "Success Magazine"

Squelched Him.

In a suit tried in a Virginia town a young lawyer was addressing the jury on a point of law when good-naturedly turned to the opposing counsel, a man of much experience, and asked:
 "That's right I believe, Col. Hopkins,"
 Whereupon Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied:
 "Sir, I have an office in Richmond where I would be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration."
 The youthful attorney, not in the abashed, took from his pocket a half dollar piece which he offered to Col. Hopkins with his remark:
 "No time like the present. Take this sir; tell us what you know and give me the change."

His Smile Came Off

In a Pennsylvania town, where the Friends abound, a prime old Quaker Spinster recently attended the marriage of her grand-nephew, a young person who in the course of his twenty-one years received much discipline at her hands.
 The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and at a pause in the wedding breakfast, the happy bridegroom looked over at her with a bequilling smile.
 "Tell us why thee never married, Aunt Patience?" he said, te- singly.
 "That is soon told, William," said the old Quakeress, calmly. "It was because I was not as easily pleased as thy wife was."

The Colonel at Church.

A military officer, writing in the 'Atlantic,' of a sermon that he had recently heard, speaks of it in the terms of his profession as follows:—

"I went to church yesterday and witnessed a series of operations that filled me with dismay. The minister began by seizing a text as a base of operations, I observed that the base was not secure, but this made less difference, as he was evidently prepared to change his base if the exigencies of the engagement demanded it.

His first mistake was one of over caution. In order to defend himself from any attack from the Higher Critics, he had strengthened his front by barbed wire entanglements in the way of exegesis.

"This was an error of judgement, as the Higher Critics were not on the field, at least in efficient force to take the offensive. The entanglements intended to keep a hypothetical foe from getting at him prevented him from getting at once at the real enemy. He thus lost the psychological moment for attack.

When he was endeavoring to extricate himself from his defences I trembled for the issue of the affair. Having finally emerged into the open, he was apparently unprepared for vigorous operations I watched intently for the development of his plan. I was bewildered by the rapidity of his evolutions. With a sudden access of courage he would make a wild charge against an ancient line of breast works which had long been evacuated. Then he would sweep across the whole field of thought, under cover of his artillery, which was evidently not furnished with accurate range finders, next minute he would be engaged in a frontal attack on the entrenched position of Modern Science. Just as his forces approached the critical point, he halted and retreated to his textual base. Reforming his scattered forces, he would sail forth in a new direction.

"At first I attributed to him a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true object. He was, I thought, only reconnoitering in force before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow at an unexpected point.

"At last the suspicion came that he had no objective, and that he didn't even know that he should have one. He had never pondered the text about the futility of fighting as 'one that beateth the air.'

"As we came away a parishioner remarked, 'That was a fine effort this morning.'

"An effort at what? I inquired."—Sci.

Catarrh Cured Or Money Back.

The cause of Catarrh is a germ. It multiplies in the lining of the nose and throat, spreads to the bronchial tubes and finally reaches the lungs. It goes to the stomach, and fails to cure. Catarrh is inhaled. It goes everywhere, gets right after the germs, kills them! Hence the soreness, stops discharge and hacking, cures every trace of Catarrh. You're absolutely certain of cure for Catarrh, throat irritation, croup or bronchitis, if you use Catarrh-cure. 25c. and \$1.00 sizes sold everywhere.

"If there is any woman who can cook better than my wife, I want to meet her."
 "She's an expert, then?"
 "No, that's just the point."

Short Grass
 - - Tales.

BY G. W. OGDEN.

"Well, this ain't what I'd call wind, said Pi Jessup, after the auctioneer had knocked down the last registered shoot and the company of buyers from all over the State had gathered around the fire back of the barn. "Talkin' about wind, let me tell you the wind don't blow none these days to what it did twenty years ago. In them days the cottonwoods hadn't grown up in- to wind-breakers and rain-breakers like they have now. The country was as naked as Dink Minkie's face, and the wind blowed.

"Tell you what happened to me, personally, to show you how hard it used to streak it across the pe- rairie. I was new here in them days, just out from Eli-a-noy, and didn't know a dang thing about the habits of the country.

Had a claim near a little station on the Santa Fe, twenty-six mile west of Wichita, and went on to it in Feb'u'ry to get lined up for spring. I had a little sod shack for myself and hauled out lumber to put up a shed for my mules. Well, along about the third of March the wind begun to tune up, and by the fifth or sixth it was a fiddlin' right, blowin' from the east as true as a die. I got my mule shed up by a struggle, and weighed it down with sod. Wantin' some place to hang my harness, I took and bored a two-inch hole in the east side of the shed, intendin' to drive a peg into it. That was along near dark, and as I didn't have my peg shaped down I owed I'd finish the job in the morning, so I tied my mules in the shed, fed 'em and went in the house.

"You can guess, maybe, how I looked the next morning when I went out to feed and found the whole east side of the shed gone, gone as slick and clean as if I hadn't never been there at all, and the rest of the shed a-going. Wind had blown so hard through that auger-hole it had just wored the timber away, not leaving a trace behind, 'cept the nails, which was scattered around on the ground and the whole had spread and sprout till it had took in the whole side. It was spreadin' to the other sides and roof when I got there, and the mule that stood next to the hole was blowed as clean of hair on the wind side as if he'd been scalded. Well, I cut the mules loose so they could skite for shelter under the bank of the creek, and linked in and tore the remains of the shed down to save it.

"I'd the lumber up and heaped 'em on the ends of it and went in to get my breakfast. Reckon I was gone about three-quarters of an hour, and when I come out I saw I'd done a mighty foolish thing. I'd left about two inches of them planks between the piles of sod uncovered, and danged if the wind hadn't sawed 'em in two as slick as a cross-cut.

Speth's boy came out with a bucket of coffee and a string of tin cups, and passed them around. Bill Tolman, back to the blaze and cup in hand, beamed generously on Jessup as he said:

"I'm not looking for an argument, but I must say, as far as my experience goes, it blows just about as hard in Kansas as it ever did. I've been here thirty-three years, and I've had some doing with the March wind myself, but nothing like Mr. Jessup's experience.

"The strangest trick it ever played me wasn't more than four years ago, yes, exactly four years ago this spring, I live west of Manhattan thirteen miles seven miles back from the railroad. T me I speak of my wife was taken down suddenly with a misery in her insides, one of them wringing, twist- ing miseries that pain-killer don't touch the mustard' plas— only stir- round and wakes up and makes harder. I did what I could for her.

I was khal of mixed in the wits. I thought me and the old la' to part. I wanted to send boys over to our postoffice to little new doctor that he but ma wouldn't have the section line, had to go she

nobody but Old Doc So-and-so of Man- hattan—we'd used him for twenty years was competent to take her out of this world. He'd brought a good many members, of our family into it safe, she said, and she reckoned he could party near get her out of it without see bub's grazin' the gate-posts as she passed.

"All right. I saw that I had time to drive over to the station and get a tele- gram to doc so he could come down on the evening train, so I loped off and sent it. Waited around there till the train come, but it didn't bring no doc, which I th-ought was strange, because I knew if doc had been away his office gal'd 'a' notified me, and I knew if doc was tied up so he couldn't come, he'd 'a' sent some other man. I quizzed the agent, and he told me he didn't seem to be able to get word to Manhattan. He got plenty of word from there, train orders and such, but when he asked over and over about my despatch he couldn't get a tick in reply. That stumped us, so I hopped the old doc or some competent substitute back with me, and when I got there I found the old coozer at home with his shoes off, lookin' like him and trouble was a thousand miles apart. Doc hadn't never got my despatch at all.

"There was another train goin' my way in about two hours, and me and doc went to the depot right then, to make sure we'd be in time for it. Doc he passed the time of day with the operator and asked him about the despatch. 'None ain't come for you, doc,' says the operator 'maybe the agent at Flytrack forgot to send it.'

"If he did," says I, 'he'd better be in- side his cyclone cave when I get back.' "Just then the telegraph instrument began to whack, and the operator went over and sat down by it. In a minute he turned toward us and said, 'Here it comes now,' and he ripped it off on a yaller paper and handed it to doc.

(Concluded in next issue)

A Clever Trick.

How the Turkish Sultan manages to wriggle out of disagreeable positions is illustrated by the experience which be- fell the Ambassador of a leading European country not long ago. The diplomat was riding in the streets of Constantinople one day when one of the Sultan's carriages rolled by, closely guarded. The Ambassador's curiosity got the best of him, and he peeped into the carriage. He was surprised and pained to receive a severe blow in the face from an attendant in charge. Mad with rage he de- manded audience of the Sultan and lodged a complaint. The Sultan listened attentively and for a moment appear- ed lost in thought. At last he spoke. 'My dear—, I have gone carefully into the case and see exactly how it stands. You are of course, a gentleman, there- fore you would never have committed such a breach of good manners as you allege to have taken place. Therefore no attendant could possibly have struck you. The whole affair seems to be a product of your fancy—let us dismiss it.'

Modern Paving

One of the best loved clergy in the Church of England is the Rev. A. H. Stanton, curate of St. Alban's, Holborn. He is popularly called 'Father Stanton,' and has been curate of Alban's from the time of its opening in 1862, and has just completed his forty-seventh year there. He is fortunate in having the gift hum- or. One of his best stories concerns a church in a slum district, where he was preaching about the present-day conditions among the rich. V his subject, he kept his an- attention. 'I tell you said, 'that, figurat- pond to perditio- and diamond' paused, an- there c- silene

GROUP stopped in 30 minutes with Dr. Shoop's Group Remedy. One test will surely prove. No vomiting, no dis- tress. A safe and pleasant cure. —Sci.

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Granite Town Greetings

Issued every Wednesday from the office of GREETINGS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., St. George, N. B.

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Address
GREETINGS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
R. H. YOUNG, T. C. CHOISNET,
EDITORS, MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1910.

Is Canada Booming?

It is estimated that the Dominion now has a population of 7,350,000. This is an increase of forty per cent in the decade. When the census of 1901 was taken, we had a population of 5,371,315, a gain of only ten per cent of 1891. During the last ten years Canada has been draining the population rapidly from Europe and the United States. In our four year period alone 718,000 "declared settlers" came to us of whom more than 200,000 came from the United States. When the enumeration of next year is finished it will not be surprising if it reveals an immigration to Canada, in the decade covered. An increase of upwards of 1,200,000 lands. Our increase, or rates of progress, is much in excess of that of any other of Britain's Colonies. The Commonwealth of Australia has probably fewer than 4,200,000 people. India is a class by itself, and its growth is in the native millions indifferent, it would appear, to British Rule and New Zealand is slow. Canada, all but independent, is a stronghold of Britain this side the Atlantic, its sentiment being British to the Core. Of the two probably Australia is less British than the Dominion, for the imperial relation is possibly weakened by distance. Our eleven million dollar navy is but a small outward manifestation of that loyalty of heart characterizing each of her 7,350,000 subjects. Canada is "booming" both in population and loyalty to the King "God bless him."

Our Speech Makers

The address delivered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the Canadian Navy is separated as being one of the most brilliant orations he has ever delivered. That of Mr. R. L. Borden on the other hand is reported as having been calm and deliberate. Sir Wilfrid is representative of one class of speech makers, Mr. Borden another. No one would speak of Mr. Borden as an orator. Mr. Foster also, while one of the best debaters and most logical speakers in the House, would not be considered an orator. It will be noticed that the Orators of the Dominion are mostly French Canadians, men who have been in touch with Naval College where the tone is made a specialty. The Maritime Provinces have produced a few orators. Ontario scarcely any, and the best is lacking. The French Canadians seem to know how to treat a subject in a large and brilliant way, clothing his thought in picturesque language and employing a wealth of striking phrases and brilliant metaphors. Few of our English speaking debaters have any training along this line. What is the result? As will be noticed most debates resolve themselves into assertion and counter-assertion, statements and counter-statements, change and counter-change. Most of our speakers evidently know little of the topic, and have little appreciation of the finer more settled qualities of reason and soundness, and their vocabulary being, are forced to use plain words in order to meet his opponent in the ordinary talk of a University professor which dis-makes from an orator. The center attention in our orations is to prove.

The provincial government met on Tuesday and continued in session until Thursday, completing details for the opening and considering the legislature program for the session.

Lieutenant Col. W. M. Humphrey D. O. C. of St. John, has issued the orders for the military display in connection with the ceremonies at the opening of the Legislature.

The Guard of Honor for the occasion will be furnished by the H. Company, R. C. R. while the 71st Regt. Band will furnish the music and the 12th Field Battery of the C. P. A. of Newcastle, furnish detachment to fire the salute of fifteen guns on the arrival of the Lieutenant-governor to open the House.

Revival in Bangor, Maine.

Bangor, Me., Feb. 11.—While 2,600 people were crowded into City Hall tonight at the next to the last general meeting of the Chapman-Alexander revival, more than five hundred others were turned away. Of these, several hundred waited in the lower corridors of the building, listening to the singing. This is probably the largest crowd which was ever in the hall and was only made possible by the several hundred extra seats which had been in and the fact that about 500 people stood up. Dr. Chapman spoke on the text: "What Must I Do to be Saved?"

Though the sermon was short, it was strong and impressive. Following the sermon, all who had signed the cards or had professed Christ during these meetings were asked to walk in a line around the hall and shake hands with Mr. Alexander, who presented each with a little souvenir book. Nearly 500 people of all ages made up the line. The young people were then invited to attend a short meeting in the Columbia street Baptist church. Fully one thousand accepted the invitation. The meeting consisted of a song, a short talk on the text: "He That Wineth Souls is Wise" by Dr. Chapman, singing and a personal plea for all to come forward who had some friend to be prayed for, which was generally accepted.

Race is now on for the South Pole

London, Feb. 14.—Captain Robert F. Scott, Commander of the British Antarctic expedition, of 1901-04, and Sir Ernest Shackleton, of the 1906-08, and Sir James Cook, of the 1908-09, are now on their way to the South Pole. Captain Scott expressed the hope that his expedition would arrive at the South Pole before the Americans reached that desirable objective point, and announced his intention of having four whites in each of his parties, and of taking the four-fittest men to make the last journey so that the world would have the evidence of three men to support that of the leader.

OBITUARY.

MRS. HARRIET FEARLEY.

Mrs. Harriet Fearley passed peacefully away to her rest on Friday morning at the home of her nephew, Melvin Cook Back Bay. The deceased lady was 69 years of age, and had been a resident of Eastport, Maine for several years. Coming to Back Bay a year ago, making her home with Mr. and Mrs. Cook, who tenderly cared for her all through her lingering illness, which she bore with Christian patience.

Kindly in disposition and of superior qualities of heart and mind, she was esteemed by all who knew her.

The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. T. H. Mason, a large number attending to pay a last tribute of respect.

SAMUEL POOLE

Another one of Pennfield's old residents, Mr. Samuel Poole, passed away at his home yesterday morning at the age of 62 years. On Saturday afternoon he was stricken with heart failure and on Tuesday death claimed its victim. The deceased leaves a wife, three sisters, Mrs. Jas. Skene; Mrs. George Weldon and Mrs. C. Spooner, Princeton; and a half sister Mrs. J. Williamson of St. George; three half brothers, Delbert Poole of Pennfield; Elmer Poole of Boston; and Scott Poole of St. Stephen.

The deceased was one beloved by all, and distinguished for his cordial nature and kindly manner.

The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon from his residence.

MARRIED.

HAMBERS--SIMMONS.

Feb. 12th at 7.30 p.m. at the St. Marks, Cathiness, Charles and Susan Simmons were united in marriage, Rev. E. V. Buchanan officiating.

The Wisdom of Nature.

The death frost lies where late the roses were
A thousand petals on the soft green grass,
And o'er the lawn dark spectral shadows pass
Of matted boughs where clover blossoms grew;
The thrush's nest is empty—swift winds strew
The straw to right and left—from that green mass
Of box and arbor vitae sounds, alas!—
No happy note—gone is the rustling crew
That period there. O what is Death to thee,
Thou ceaseless Nature?—Ocean calls; I go
To lie beneath with many helpless men,
Yet ripples laugh, new waves rise merrily
Death may not dim thy morn's recurrent glow,
For well thou knowest it means Life again.
—Maurice Francis Egan, in Scribner's Magazine.

Good and Bad Mothers

The difference between good and bad mothers is so vast and so far reaching that it is no exaggeration to say that the good mothers of this generation are building the homes of the next generation, and the bad mothers are building the prisons. For out of families nations are made; and if the father be the head and the hands of a family, the mother is the heart. No office in the world is so honorable as hers so priesthood so holy, no influence so sweet so strong and lasting. Unselfish love is the mother's! Cheerful obedience is the children's! In whatever home these forces are constantly operative, that home cannot be a failure. And mother love is not of a right kind, nor of the highest kind, unless it compels this obedience. The affectionate firmness and even wholesome chastisement is unnecessary with our advanced civilization is a species and dangerous. The children of today have as many rudimentary vices as they had in the days of the patriarchs: as a general thing they are self-willed and inclined to evil from their cradles; greedy without a blush, and ready to lie as soon as they discover the use of language. A good mother does not shut her eyes to these facts; she accepts her child as imperfect, and trains it with never ceasing love and care of its highest duties. She does not call imperativeness "smartness" nor insubordination "high spirit," nor selfishness "knowing how to take care of itself," nor lying and dishonesty sharpness.

The art of Saying "Yes"

No one of us can do everything we are asked to do, but it is to be regretted that we so often hesitate over saying "Yes" when a prompt compliance would mean so much more than one which is grudging, hesitating. There are a great many people who are wasting a vast amount of energy trying to coax other people into doing what they should be ready to do without urging.

"Will you read a paper at our next missionary meeting?" "Will you sing at our young folks' gathering?" "Won't you give something to the support of the orphan our society is educating?" These are specimens of the questions that are constantly asked of us and to which we hastily say "No." How would it do if we surprised the next one who approaches us by a cordial, "I shall be glad to." We may not be able to give very much, but if we comply readily, our service will take on a new value.

Let us cultivate the gracious art of doing what we are asked willingly and cheerfully, when possible. God loves a cheerful giver, but few of us stop to think of the grateful love which workers for good causes feel toward those who, instead of waiting to be coaxed, say "Yes" as if they were glad to say it.

Tests of a Gentleman

"Don't judge of a man by the fact that he regularly gives up his seat in a street car to a smiling young woman, who beams upon him her gratitude and good will," philosophized a young professional man the other day. "That is no test of his gallantry and self-control," says the Philadelphia Record.

"That is, the easiest thing he does. Just watch the same man at the rush hour on a rainy, slippery day. Watch him try to make his way up the street against the crowd of shoppers and shoppers on their mad rush to lunch. Watch him ward off the point of an umbrella, carried like a bayonet, in the hands of some absent minded, giggling shoppist, and then get jabbed in the ear with the tip of a steel umbrella right on the other side.

"Watch him chase through the mud for his hat which some careless pedestrian knocked off as he came pell mell around a windy corner. See him dodge into a doorway to avoid a line of shoppers walking abreast across the sidewalk. If he still manages to smile, manifest no ill-will against the fair sex and does not swear loud enough to be heard, you may mark him down as a perfect gentleman."

"The Store of Values"

COAT SWEATERS,
Open Neck Sweaters and Closed Neck Sweaters,
all colors and sizes, from 75c to \$3.00.

UNDERWEAR,
Fleece Lined and Wool, from 90c to \$3.00 per suit.

HATS AND CAPS
39c and upwards.

SHIRTS.
From 29c to \$1.75.

Tailor Made Suits and Overcoats,
Also Ready Made Suits and Overcoats.

HANSON BROS., St. George
Merchant Tailors and Outfitters

SHIRT VALUES!

In order to make room for our New Spring Goods, now arriving, we will clear out the balance of

Men's - Working - Shirts,
AT SPECIAL PRICES!!!

Only a few dozen left, and sizes run from 14 to 17. Prices 50c, 55c, 60c, 70c, 75c & \$1.00.

ALL EXTRA VALUES!!!

See our Men's All Wool
WORKING PANTS
At \$2.00 Per Pair,
IN ALL SIZES.

JAMES O'NEIL,

Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishings,

ST. GEORGE, - - N. B.

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

LOCAL AND SPECIAL

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chafey, are rejoicing over the arrival of a son.

Last Wednesday was the beginning of Lent, which ends with Easter Sunday March 27th.

The river continues to be free of ice and the steamer Connors Bros. was successful again in landing at the wharf with freight yesterday noon.

The Interscholastic Hockey League was opened last Wednesday night at Fredericton when the Acadia college and U. N. B. hockey teams played. Acadia won by a score of 4-2.

E. M. Cherry, Eastport, has purchased the Chapman block from Rumery Bros. on Water Street and is putting in a plate glass front and other improvements and will occupy it about March 1.

The Canadian Railway Accident Insurance Company is represented in St. George by Thos. Kent. Mr. Kent represents a reliable Company, whose rates are the most reasonable to be had.

The lath mill belonging to Mr. Murphy at Pleasant Ridge was burned at midnight on Monday, the 7th inst. The cause of the fire is unknown. It is understood that Mr. Murphy will rebuild the mill at once.

A number of items of interest have been sent in for publication, but not having the writers name attached, consequently could not be published. Correspondents will please bear this in mind and attach their names.

The Red Granite Amateur Dramatic Club which has been flourishing under the supervision of Mr. T. S. McAdam will appear in the St. George Opera House in the near future and will present two of the most attractive plays witnessed in St. George.

In another column will be seen the challenge of the High School team to any seven in town. Are there seven sports in St. George who play hockey? If we had no rink there would be some excuse, but we have a rink and the ice is kept in excellent condition. Now, boys it's up to you.

Thos. R. Kent has a new acetylene plant installed in his residence. The work was done by Thos. McIntyre. A great many people are using the acetylene light, and the work of Mr. McIntyre, who is responsible for the successful lighting of a large number of houses in our vicinity, cannot be too highly spoken of.

The Naval College which is to be built in connection with the Government naval scheme, at a cost of \$150,000 will be located at Halifax, as will also a barracks for the staff, etc., at a cost of \$200,000, and possibly an admiralty-dockyard at a cost of \$100,000. Halifax, will also be the Atlantic naval headquarters where will be stationed the Atlantic squadron.

Extensive improvements to the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrews, are being completed. Among other things a wing with 200 concrete rooms has been added to the structure, under the supervision of F. J. Jago & Co. who are subcontracting for C. E. Deacon of Montreal. Wm. Stewart is also putting a wooden roof over the wing, as a subcontractor for the same concern. The improvements will add greatly to the commodity and appearance of the hotel.

The Town Council met in regular session on Monday night. Present mayor and full board, Simon W. Boyd, Will Seelye and Lawrence McCarty were re-appointed alms-house commissioners. The license system was discussed regarding laborers coming into the town to work. It was agreed that the license should be raised in order to protect local labor. The matter was left with the license committee. The usual number of bills were presented and ordered to be paid.

The Council then adjourned.

The following officers of the Nestorian Society of the St. George high school were installed on Feb. 11th, 1910. Vernon Connelly, President, Ben Meating, Vice-president, Bessie Cawley, Secretary. An excellent programme was carried out consisting of an excellent speech on Western Canada, a recitation entitled "Bingen on the Rhine," Review of current events of the week, an essay on "The Life of John Milton." The following question was debated and resolved that the west side of the Magdalenic is a more suitable locality to live in than the east side, the President decided in favor of the Affirmative.

BY THE WAY

Another winter?

It is folly to strive to attain that which is beyond our reach.

All things come round to him that tips the waiter.

It takes a clever oculist to cure an egotist of his I trouble.

The best way to keep peace is to be able to lick every possible antagonist.

Flack is really better than luck, for it often picks up the latter and carries it right along.

If there were no bird-man could not live on the earth, and the deplorable fact is that birds are decreasing in this country.

A housemaid did not do her work. And now she is at large. The cause for letting her depart was just as sweeping charge.

It is not a very difficult thing for a man to reach his limit as far as a physical strength is concerned. He can lift so much and by physical training he can increase the amount, but he soon reaches a limit beyond which he cannot go. But during his whole life he can keep on increasing his intellectual capacity, and making himself more valuable as a brain worker.

You never know your own resources as long as you have an easy time. While sympathizing friends are on hand to help you out and bolster you up, some of your faculties remain inactive. Hard places reveal strength you never dreamed of. When you are forced to depend on yourself, you find that your own judgement is just as good as the next fellow's. The most of us would fall far short of our possibilities if it were all smooth sailing. Rough winds and boisterous waves make seamen.

To achieve success work and hard work is essential. Of equal importance to the possession of the quality of stick-to-itiveness. This quality coupled with one aim and object is a synonym for success. The schoolboy who is so smart that he can get along without studying his lessons is rather to be pitied than envied. Without patience and industry, brilliancy does not carry him very far. The fact that so many boys are lost sight of in after life and were formerly the envy of their schoolmates is that they tried to continue as they began and achieve success without working for it.

Do not Choose Your Friends Hastily

Do not be in too much of a hurry to choose your associates. There are young men who give more serious consideration to the selecting of material for an overcoat than they do to selecting the companion whose influence will make their lives better or worse. There are young women who are more painstaking in the matter of choosing a new hat than they are in choosing a new bosom friend. If we are particular in anything, we should be particular in friendship.

CHALLENGE.

The Nestorian Hockey Team of the High School hereby challenges any septette of Hockey Players within the town of St. George to a friendly game of hockey to be played at a date to be fixed upon when the challenge is accepted.

ALLERY S. JOHNSON
Capt. of Nestorians.

The following cabinet appointments in England were announced on Monday. Secretary for the home department-Winston S. Churchill, President of the Board of Trade-Sydney Baxton.

Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, J. A. Pease, Postmaster-General-Herbert Louis Samuel.

As the changes consist principally in transfers from one office to another, no bye-elections will be involved, except in the case of Mr. Pease, for whom a safe seat is expected to be for him in Lancashire.

The American Express Co. has recently closed a deal with the Union Pacific Railroad, whereby the former gains control of the express business over the lines and adds about 4,000 or 5,000 miles to the mileage already controlled by the company. In addition to the Union Pacific lines, two auxiliary lines, the Oregon Short Line and the navigation companies have also been acquired, which gives the American Express Company, a direct line from Eastport, Me., to Portland, Oregon. Globe.

The work of the Rectory is progressing rapidly.

GOING OUT OF THE GROCERY BUSINESS.

Every Dollar's worth of goods must be turned into money as quickly as possible. Why pay more, when you can buy staple lines at the following prices :

Purity Flour at Only \$6.69.
Best Quality Barbados Molasses at 34c per gal.
Best American Oil at 19c per gal.

::: BREAKFAST FOODS :::

Wheat Berries and Puffed Rice, 7c per Package, Rice Flakes 6c per Pkg, Ralston's Breakfast Food 14c per pkg, Rolled Oats, 10 lbs for 39c.

Bensdorp's Cocoa, half lbs 33c. Baker's Cocoa, half lbs 27c. Baker's Chocolate half lbs 19c.
Heinz Pure Evaporated Horse Radish 17c. H. P. Sauce 19c. Celery Salt 14c. Mince Meat 9c.
Fruit Pudding 3 Pkgs 25c. Sage and Savory 5c per can. Jam, per jar, 9c; per pail 44c.
Lipton's Jelly 7c. Pearline 3 pkgs 25c. Asepto and Gold Dust 3c per pkg.
Starch, Celluloid, Electric and Acme Gloss, 9c pkg. A few Bean Crocks 13, 16 & 19c.

Few Felt Sweat Pads, at 59c.
Few Horse Blankets at 98c, \$1.19, and \$1.29.

FRAULEY BROS.,

The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

Something Of Interest To Us All !

ARE YOU SATISFIED

with the FLOUR you have been using; or would you like something better ?

"ROBIN HOOD"

is the name of the best Flour on the market; and to introduce it we offer it for 86.75 per Bbl. We stand behind every barrel we sell. GIVE IT A TRIAL.

MEAL, OATS, MIDDINGS, SHORTS AND HAY ! We have a large stock at Right Prices.

2 FRAMERS---Fancy Ones---

at \$1.50 each. Former price \$2.00.

Winter seems to be but beginning. We have a good stock of SHOE PACS, GUM RUBBERS, OVER SOCKS and OVERSHOES.

FOR LENT :

Boneless Smoked Herring, Smoked Herring, Extra Pickled Best Pickled Shad, Boneless Cod Hooper's Pollock.

BRING US YOUR EGGS AND BUTTER.

John Dewar & Son

FEBRUARY 9, 1910.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

A Flutter in Literature

"Sh!" said Betty sharply. She was seated at a small writing table and formed an attractive oasis in a desert of foolscap. I paused abruptly in the doorway and stared. "I mustn't be interrupted," she exclaimed, "because I am busy." "So I see," I rejoined. "What are you doing—sorting your dressmaker's bills?" For a fraction of a minute I was permitted to gaze into a pair of deeply wounded eyes. "I'm writing," she said coldly. "Oh," I said, somewhat impressed. I subsided gently into an armchair, and eyed her admiringly. "Er—what are you writing?" Betty looked at me thoughtfully and sucked an inky forefinger before she replied. "I'm writing a novel," she vouchsafed at last. "A novel?" I cried. "You didn't mention it yesterday." "Because," she answered simply. "I hadn't thought of it yesterday." "Is it finished yet?" "Finished!" She regarded me scornfully. "Have you ever heard of a novel being written in a day?" "No," I admitted, "though many could have been—easily." "I don't expect to get it finished," she resumed, "before the end of the next week."

"Too impressed by the magnitude of the work to offer any comment, I lit a cigarette. "I'm glad you called, though," she resumed, "because there's something I want to know. What is the least number of words you can have in a novel?" "Not less than 70,000," I informed her. Betty gave a shrill cry and gazed at me in dismay. "Truly?" I nodded. For a few moments Betty involved herself in a minor maelstrom, and eventually emerged flushed and disheveled. "Thirty pages," she announced. "It's foolscap, though, mind you. How many words would that be?" "About 1500 altogether," I calculated, glancing at her handwriting. "Oh," she wailed. She resumed the sucking of her ink-stained forefinger. "Have I got to write another 40 times as much?" I suggested. Betty reflected over this for a few moments. "Should I get as much?" she queried. "As much?" "Money, of course. What else do you think?" "That depends. Some authors get more for a short story than others for a long novel. It's a question of reputation."

Betty wrinkled his brow at me for a few moments. "How do you get a reputation?" she inquired at length. "By writing," I affirmed stoutly. She pondered over this for a while. "I see," she evolved at last. "At least, I think I do. You have to write a story first to make your name and another to make money. Is that it?" "That's the theory of it, anyhow," I assented. "Butter!" she said, "I wish I'd known that before. It means I shall have to write two stories, doesn't it?" "Agreed that it did."

"Of a strain," said Betty. "I've written the story." "One hears of a writer's cramp," she said with a shudder, "but your hands be- want for a story."

"Don't be silly," said Betty scornfully. I meant danger of getting writer's cramp. And anyhow when I've written the story, I shall take it to some editor personally. You don't suppose I am frightened of an editor, do you?" "Look here," she cried suddenly, "what will you bet that the first one I take it to doesn't accept it?" I looked at her laughing face, and imagined myself an editor, I shook my head. "A dozen pairs of gloves," she pleaded. "A lady editor? I bargained. She looked at me reproachfully. "That's mean—I won't bet at all with you now." She paused and then added: "You might have won, you know." "In any case," I said, undisturbed, "I've plenty of gloves." "Gloves! Why, I—I needn't have bet you gloves." "What are you going to bet me?" I said. "Oh, well," she meditated awhile. "Well, what do think is worth a dozen pairs of gloves?" "I told her." "Done," she said, "but only mind." And then a horrible, disturbing thought came to her. "If I finish the story, she said aghast, "I may get writer's cramp, and then I shan't be able to wear the gloves!" "If you don't finish it," I pointed out, "it can't be accepted, and so I shall win." "I don't know that I mind," said Betty, with a dimple.—London Leader.

Labor Lifts

This brown bread and butter sandwiches are the most appetizing accompaniments for fish salad of any cost. A clean cloth dipped in hot water, then a saucer of bran, will speedily clean white paint without injury to it. The soft bran acts like soap on the dirt.

In making cheese balls to serve with a lettuce course work browned nuts into the cheese and note the delicious flavor that this imparts. Most babies fret when bathed because the rag dries. To avoid this use bath mats made from cheap imitation Turkish toweling. To make them durable have an inner mat of muslin, joining the two at the seams. With a mat on each hand the mother can bathe the baby in half the time. If you are doing your own washing and are in a hurry to iron immediately after the cloths are dry, sprinkle with warm water and in 10 minutes they are ready to be ironed. A new idea is to serve a marshmallow in a cup of chocolate. It softens the marshmallow and gives a dainty flavor to the chocolate. When singing to the baby the mother can carry on a conversation by singing whatever she wishes to say, and the baby will not be startled out of its slumber by a break in the lullaby. The method is equally successful when practised by papa. After sweeping, empty out all the dust and then put sweeper down, brush side up, and sweep with a broom. This will remove all string and hair from the brush and make it like new. If thread and hair are matted cut first with a scissors and then sweep. This is the best way to preserve and keep the brush clean. If an old floor shows unsightly cracks the following treatment will render it more slightly: Make a thin solution of glue and add to every four quarts a tablespoonful of alum. Steep in the solution newspapers torn into shreds. Press this mixture into the cracks while still warm and it will be found that this home made papier mache will eventually become as hard as wood. The floor may now be painted or stained if the boards are unpainted, in case a dark stain or paint is to be used add a little coloring matter to the glue.

Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure

"ALL DEALERS"

How's This?

Catarrh cannot be cured with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Painless Corn Cure.

Applied, costs but a quarter, and is a sure cure. Insist on Putnam's only. That's Cartwright's over several aviation prizes. He holds his head pretty high himself one of

Professional Cards

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

C. C. Alexander,
M. D., C. M., MCGILL.
Physician and Surgeon.
Residence, Goss House,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.

DR. E. M. WILSON
DENTIST
Will be in St. George the third week of every month

Long Distance Telephone.
House 161.
Office 127.

N. MARKS MILLS, L.L.B.
BARRISTER AT LAW,
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

J. H. NESBITT & SON

Contractors and Builders
ESTIMATES FURNISHED
Address: St. Stephen, N. B.

We would be pleased to have you visit our

Drug Store

when in Eastport
We carry everything usually found at a first class pharmacy

PALMER BROS

HOTELS

Victoria Hotel,
KING STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
AMERICAN PLAN.
Victoria Hotel Co., Ltd., Proprietors.

Womanly ousins, head pains, in fact any pain anywhere can be completely stopped in 20 minutes with one of Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. Ask your Doctor or Druggist about the formula. It is printed on the box—and it can't be better. Try one dose and be convinced. Box Sold by All Dealers.

Boyd's Hotel,
ST. GEORGE, N. B.
First-Class Livery and Sample Rooms in Connection.

Cough Caution

Never, positively never poison your lungs. If you cough—even from a simple cold—your throat always feels sore, and you should use Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all coughs, whether they are caused by colds, influenza, or any other ailment. It is a true and reliable remedy, and it is the only one that is safe for all ages. It is a true and reliable remedy, and it is the only one that is safe for all ages. It is a true and reliable remedy, and it is the only one that is safe for all ages.

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TIME TABLES.

Maritime Express

VIA
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY
o o o IS o o o

THE

TRAIN BETWEEN
Halifax & Montreal

Meals Table d'Hote.
BREAKFAST 75c
LUNCHEON 75c
DINNER \$1.00

Direct connection at Benavente Union Depot with Grand Trunk trains for the West.

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 33.
In effect October 3rd, 1909
Atlantic Time

Trains West	Read Down Stations	Trains East	Read Up Stations
Train No. 1	Leave A.M.	Train No. 2	Arr. P.M.
7:30	St. John East Ferry	6:30	St. John West
7:45	Duck Cove	6:15	Spruce Lake
7:59	Spruce Lake	5:55	Allan Cot
8:15	Allan Cot	5:52	Prince of Wales
8:30	Prince of Wales	5:38	Musquash
8:43	Musquash	5:25	Lepreau
9:10	Lepreau	4:58	New River
9:27	New River	4:35	Pocologan
9:35	Pocologan	4:17	Pennfield
9:55	Pennfield	4:00	St. George
10:30	St. George	3:10	Bunny River
10:52	Bunny River	3:10	Dyer's
11:22	Dyer's	2:45	Cassell's
11:35	Cassell's	2:37	Brunswick Junction
11:45	Brunswick Junction	2:26	Oak Bay
12:12	Oak Bay	2:03	St. Stephen
12:30	St. Stephen	1:45	
Arr. Noon		Leave P.M.	

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.
Ticket, Baggage and Freight Offices, St. John West
Railroad connections West with Canadian Pacific and Washington Co. Railways.
East with Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial & Dominion Atlantic Rys.
HUGH H. McLEAN, President
St. John, N. B., Dec. 1908

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking"

June to September, 1909
Mondays: Leave Back Bay for St. Stephen 7:30 a.m.
Tuesdays: Leave St. Stephen for Lettice.
Thursdays: Leave St. Andrews for Lettice direct 7:30 a.m.
Thursdays: Leave Lettice for St. Stephen, 8:30 a.m.
Thursdays: Leave St. Stephen for Back Bay.
Wednesdays: Leave Back Bay or Lettice for St. Stephen, 6:00 a.m., returning same day.
On Saturdays will run to and from Lettice during June and August, to and from Back Bay during July and September.

Touching on all trips at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Leonardville, Wilson's Beach, Welchpool, Eastport, Indian Island, Fair Haven and St. Andrews.

ATLANTIC TIME
P. E. ROSE,
Manager

EASTERN S. S. CO.

St. John to Boston

City Ticket Office, 47 King Street.
Coastwise Service—Leaves St. John at 8:00 a.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.
L. R. THOMPSON, T. F. & P. A.
W. M. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Five Senses at the Economy Store

Common Sense—We buy as low as we can. That's business sense.
We sell as low as we can, that's Progressive sense. You buy as low as you can, that's Good sense. You buy of us, that's dollars and cents for both of us

We have everything you can expect to find in a first-class general store. Our goods are of excellent quality and our prices as low as the lowest. DRY GOODS, dress goods, prints, muslins, flannels, hats and caps, boots and shoes. HARDWARE of all kinds, staple and fancy. Groceries, Coal. We Pay the Highest Price for Country Produce. Give us Your Patronage and we will treat you right.

ANDREW MCGEE - Back Bay

When in Eastport

Visit Martin's Variety Store

Gasolene 15c. a gallon.
Kerosene 11c. a gallon.
Gas Engine Oil 50c. a gallon.
Martin keeps everything in Motor boat supplies.
All kinds of jobbing and stove repairing done at short notice.

Our Groceries are sold at rock bottom prices

E. S. MARTIN & SON

73 WATER STREET, EASTPORT, ME.

Special Christmas Announcement

EVERYTHING TO MAKE THE XMAS SEASON OF 1909 A MEMORABLE ONE

Fruits of all kinds, Confectionery of all kinds, Nuts of all kinds. Spices, Essences, Mince Meats, Raisins, Currants, Cranberries, etc., at special Christmas prices.

Gifts! Gifts!
of all kinds for all people

Up-to-date Clothing of all kinds. Fur lined Overcoat are our Specialty, and we are showing some great values in this line.

Apples Apples Apples
All the leading varieties of Keeping Apples in stock at bottom prices.

Give us a Call

Connors Bros., Ltd.

BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

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
Cutting Pulleys and Gears Stone Cutting and Polishing Machinery
Bridge Castings and Bolt Work

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRS

GLENWOOD RANGES

Make Cooking Easy

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

'Smith, Debtor.'

A Bucket-Shop Idyll.

BY JAMES H. GANNON, JR.
(Continued from last issue.)

Whatever this may have been to others, to Wallace B. Jones it was an opportune call to a wider field—the beckoning finger of the Goddess of Fortune—and he followed on, thrusting Skaneateles behind him without hesitation.

Therefore, once again footsteps echoed down the corridor leading to the offices of Smith & Wise, and this time the artists within, become careless through frequent disappointment, continued absorbed in their more natural roles until disturbed by the rattle of the door-knob under the feverish hand of Mr. Jones.

As a result, the clamor that reached that gentleman's ears as he finally thrust open the hesitating door was far less artificial than its hundred futile predecessors. He stood bewildered, his first groping thought being one of amazement that same men should dream of giving up a business such as this.

Gradually there came to him more definite impressions, of men fighting for a place at the ticker, scorning the slower quotation board. From this crowd each moment there broke away at a broad gallop some screaming individual, who lost himself in another crowd surging about the order window, scribbling madly on little slips, which Jones knew were order slips to buy or sell, or seemingly impatient at the delay involved in this, shouting orders, initially, at the window, orders for 100, 200, and even 500 shares of stock.

Mercilessly, Mr. Jones' thoughts traveled back to Skaneateles, to the modest little bucket-shop in the town hall basement, with special entrance on an alley for the use of such Skaneateles as paid homage to public opinion. He saw the morose group of individuals, heavily bewiskered, figuring, figuring, and finally sighing like a furnace as they reluctantly plunged into a ten-share purchase.

Only the figure of the late cashier of the Skaneateles had believed the picture—a regular plunger compared to his cautious fellow townsmen—but alas now a late cashier.

It was the voice of Mr. Smith, inquiring politely what service Smith & Wise could render him, that finally brought Mr. Jones back to realities. Like one banishing a dread vision, Mr. Jones shook himself, awoke more to the delicious present, and resolved that this present should be his future, cost what it might—a future of fame and power in the great "Street."

"Can we do anything for you?" asked Mr. Smith mellifluously, deferentially. He had sized up Mr. Jones and, having given him time to drink in the scene, judged the psychological moment to have arrived for disturbing his sweet reveries.

Mr. Jones fumbled at his waistcoat pocket, averted, in spite of his carefree front, by the imposing picture made by Mr. Smith, and drew a copy of the Syracuse World.

"My name is Jones, of Skaneateles, N. Y., where I've been running a brokerage office. I saw this ad., and as I was coming down anyway, I thought I'd drop in to look the place over."

Mr. Jones rather congratulated himself on the skill with which he made his visit to Smith & Wise seem secondary, especially in view of his fixed intention of getting the business now that he'd seen it. Mr. Smith's round countenance betrayed no least sign of his full appreciation of this feeble maneuver.

"Glad to see you and have you look us over. If you'll excuse me half a jiffy, I'll see if my partner, Mr. Wise, is in. I think he is." And he left Mr. Jones to feed his passion on the scene about him.

"A guy from Skaneateles, Arty, to buy the shop," Mr. Smith used a stage whisper to convey the intelligence to his partner as he closed the door of the private office. "His name is Jones."

"Mud, you mean, Smithy," said Mr. Wise sententiously, "plain Mud.

Well, bring Mr. Mud in, and we'll do him quick."

"Please, Arty, Jones, not Mud. You'll kill off the guy if you call him that in your funny business. Is the phony 'phone bell working O. K., Arty?"

"Yes, the thimbles are entirely rigged—on with the dance—or dance, Smithy."

Mr. Smith vanished, only to reappear instantly with the amateur from Skaneateles, who was struggling hard to look like a broker born on the ticker.

"Mr. Jones," said Mr. Smith, elaborately, "my partner, Mr. Wise," "Exceedingly glad to meet you, Mr. Wise heartily. "You're one of our number, I know; can't mistake the signs."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Jones modestly. "I've been running a shop up State."

Mr. Jones saw our advertisement, Art—Mr. Wise—Mr. Smith corrected himself hastily—and as he was coming down anyway, he stopped in to look us over."

"Everything at your disposal, Mr. Jones," said Mr. Wise, smiling pleasantly at the double entendre. "We're a going concern."

Here Mr. Smith, who was in an agony of fear lest his partner's sarcastic points should penetrate Mr. Jones' intelligence, coughed heavily. "A going concern, as you see from the customers' room, finished the imperturbable Mr. Wise. "But we are compelled to retire, in a way, by the condition of my partner, Mr. Smith. You notice his cough. He thinks its consumption. He doesn't look it now—does he, Mr. Jones?—but his doctors have told him to travel; and as for me, I'm just tired of work."

Mr. Smith, who had thus drawn down upon himself the unwelcome role of invalid, perforce coughed lustily again, to the evident enjoyment of Mr. Wise, who was beaming upon the enraptured Skaneatelesan.

"Tired of work," in the way Mr. Wise said it, meant simply to Mr. Jones, the anxiety for opportunity to spend the money which the little gold mine had turned out for an unappreciative young spendthrift.

"Now, me," said Mr. Smith, after he had coughed again sullenly, at a silent command from his partner, "I don't ask nothing better than to stay, for I know a good thing when I see it; but there are the family physician and the family to consult. Mr. Wise, Mr. Jones, is the nephew of the celebrated financier, Russell Wise, and he naturally don't have to stop and think of little money details the same as you and me do. He can get tired of work at any time, especially so now that we've made such a hit here."

Mr. Smith broke off to answer the telephone on the desk at which he had seated himself in his role of invalid.

"Russell Wise's nephew?" The worrisome Mr. Jones into a moments forgetfulness—to reveal thus in the Eden of high finance! He was brought forth again by the soft voice of Mr. Wise.

"I don't think a lot of bragging about ones relatives, Mr. Jones, but this time it is rather important, since my uncle does a great deal of his buying and selling of stocks through our house."

"Excuse me, Mr. Jones, broke in Mr. Smith, "its an important order I must give, and, coughing violently, he rolled over to the cashier wicker, and to the pale-faced cashier, who opened it in response to a tattoo, shouted an order to buy 500 Erie at the market for President Cary of the Amalgamated."

The pale-faced cashier grinned diabolically as he slowly closed the window.

"I was saying, continued Mr. Wise, "that my uncle deals through us, and if you satisfy him, will continue his trade with you. He's eccentric, as you may have heard, but—"

Again the monologue was interrupted by Mr. Smith at his desk 'phone. "Who is it?" shouted Mr. Smith through the phone. "Oh, Cashier Cole, of the City Bank! Yes, Mr. Cole, this is Smith. What—the market? Pretty strong; looks like a bull move all around. Three hundred Steel?

O. K. at the market? Yes, thanks.

And again Mr. Jones, whose usual caution evaporated, as the course of the negotiations was repeatedly broken into now by a call at the phone for Mr. Smith and now for Mr. Wise. Each call resulted in an order that made Mr. Jones blush for shame at the memory of his Skaneateles retail trade, and fixed him more firmly in his determination to have the business of Smith & Wise.

There were others after this business; a splendid chance naturally, as the partners explained while they exhibited the books and other business details of the firm. But they wanted the proper man to get it, on account of Uncle Russell Wise among other reasons, and, as Mr. Wise said with commendable frankness, Mr. Jones really seemed best able to fill the bill.

An earnest skirmish over the price was finally on, and Mr. Smith concluded that it was time to play the trump card. The bell of his telephone rang, and he picked up the instrument.

"Yes?" he said questioningly. "Oh—!" "It's your uncle, Mr. Wise," he said softly, putting the 'phone down and getting out of his chair to make way for his partner.

Mr. Jones rose to leave the room, which had now become hallowed ground, while the heart-to-heart talk between uncle and nephew should be on. But with a finger at his lips Mr. Smith led him back, and Mr. Wise smiled graciously on him as he seated himself and picked up the apparatus.

"Yes, uncle." There was a world of deference in Mr. Wise's voice as he greeted his famous relative. "I know it—I ought to have come up to Fifth Avenue to dinner last night, but we were so busy at the office—"

Here Mr. Smith winked knowingly at Mr. Jones, and whispered behind a pudgy hand, "A little supper at Del's with his lady friends, the young scamp." And Mr. Jones, not to be thought untutored in the ways of the great metropolis and its gilded youth, winked back with interest.

"To-night?" asked the apologetic young man at the 'phone. "Yes, indeed tell Aunt Mary I'll be there promptly, if she won't ask me to put on dinner togs. I'll be kept here till six, probably."

"Yes—I know—you don't say? Got the deal all fixed up already? Rockefeller told you he was putting two million into it and Morgan, too—'Whew! million and a half? Gould's got a big interest, and the City Bank people take a three million participation? Union Pacific will have the control of all the Western roads cinched—c i-n-c-h-e-d—Oh, I mean absolutely safe uncle!"

"Old man don't unders and slang; cinched too much for him," whispered Mr. Smith joyfully to Mr. Jones, whose eyes were popping out of his head as he listened to this familiar mention of financial giants.

Mr. Wise went on with the one-sided conversation:

"Where do you come in, uncle?" he asked solicitously. "Oh, you take a million in bonds and a half million in stocks! You like bonds better than that, right, safer always. They asked you to be a director? Morgan insists on it, and won't go into the deal unless you accept? Rockefeller'll throw it over, too? Certainly, take it, by all means."

"Good idea, that; ought to be a good thing. How much do you want us to buy for you?"

"Three thousand shares? All right. Buy a thousand for myself? You guarantee it? Good. You've got ten thousand already—'Whew—!"

Mr. Jones had been unconsciously drawing nearer and nearer the telephone. At last, crowded up against the side of the big desk at which Mr. Wise sat, he stood like one entranced, seeing visions through a golden haze, for was not all this splendid traffic to be his?—the nephew had promised that the light of the uncle's countenance should be shed in turn on him if he bought, and he would buy all right—trust him to buy. So deep in his dreams was he that he just heard the "good by" of the careless nephew as he hung up the receiver on the hook. The jangling of the telephone bell brought him back, and he stood there, waiting hungrily for some more of this food of ambition.

He failed to notice the look of anxiety on Mr. Wise's face as he removed the receiver again. The momentous babbles in the bell, which persisted, although

Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.



If you think consumption is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

they should have ceased when the receiver came down, escaped him, as did the covert, uneasy signals which passed between Mr. Wise and his partner—signals which seemed to have direct reference to the position of Mr. Jones' feet, almost, oddly enough, as if Mr. Jones were unconsciously standing on a lost dime ardently coveted by two street gamins, at their wits' end to move him and get it. He paid no attention when Mr. Smith, with exaggerated politeness, invited him to come over to the turf above the graves; he was as far away from suspicion as those who slept so peacefully there. Mr. Smith bumped into him, at first easily, with a quick apology, and then, as this only prompted Mr. Jones to grip the side of the desk and stand fast in his tracks, almost savagely, like an enraged full-back at a stubborn line.

The bell still babbled and Mr. Wise still shouted meaningless nothings into the transmitter, waving the while more and more frantic signals at his maneuvering partner, who tried in vain to move Mr. Jones. Perspiration burst out on Mr. Smith's round, red face, as he nudged and shoved at the un-understanding man from Skaneateles, who calmly held his place by the desk. At last a sort of madness seemed to grip Mr. Smith. He trotted off on small circles around the room, completing each circle at the unmoved Skaneatelesan with a vicious bump. Gradually the circle enlarged, like those that spread from a stone cast in a pool, and finally Mr. Smith was galloping about, not unlike a fat white circus horse in his destined ring, while his partner did strange things with the clamorous telephone, which bubbled tirelessly.

Suddenly the cashier's window opened. The pale-faced, bespectacled cashier looked in on the scene, at first with amazement and mystification; as Mr. Smith dashed by on his orbit, and finally as he heard the gurgling telephone bell, with understanding. A look of acute pleasure swept over the cashier's features. As Mr. Smith dashed by once more on his mad round, the sour face of the cashier was thrust clear through the wicket into the room, and making a trumpet of his hands, bellowed through them at Mr. Jones, of Skaneateles: "Get your foot off that button, you jay!"

Then he fled, the long over-due sentimental account of "Smith, Debtor," being now liquidated.

As the flying footsteps of the cashier and of the pursuing Mr. Smith echoed ever more faintly down the corridor, Mr. Jones, with his eye fixed on the floor, speculatively moved first his left foot then his right. As he thought from the slight protuberance felt beneath the heel it was his right. He lifted it. The bell ceased its jangle, and he knew the bump in the carpet for what it was, the push button of a dummy telephone, built for pleasant but deceptive monologues.

Dully, or the passion of his dream still gripped him, he looked at Mr. Wise, who tilted back in his chair, raised his arms above his head, and yawned with ennui; for to Mr. Wise it was a play played out, and the audience still lingering, he arose and sauntered over to the window, with the view of Trinity and of its graveyard of other hopes.

It was, by contrast a pleasant outlook, perhaps, for he did not even turn his head as Mr. Jones silently passed out.

If from society we learn how to live, it is solitude should teach us how to die.—Byron.

Great Clearance Sale

fancy and staple Crockery, Wedgewood

We have carried over too much stock and must dispose of it before winter sets in. For the next thirty days we will sell all kinds of Crockeryware at unheard of low prices. Yarn, Stockinet, Mittens, Socks, Homespun, Unshrinkable Underwear at low prices. Boots and Shoes. Staple and Fancy Groceries. Flour, Feed. Fishermen's Outfits.

Everything to be found in a first class general store.

WELCHPOOL MARKET
GEORGE M. BYRON, Manager.

For Mutual Prosperity

At the beginning of another year, when good wishes for the prosperity of all our friends are in order, I take this opportunity to thank all my customers for their trade during the past year, and I have pleasure in advising that my lines have never represented my motto, "Value Received," as well as it does this year. I trust that you will again give me the privilege of proving the fact, by giving me your orders early. This enables me to buy cheaper and get the goods to my customers with much less expense to them. Hoping you will note this fact, and thanking you for past favors,

I. E. GILLMOR, - - - Bonny River.

St. George Pulp & Paper Co.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.

We Manufacture Spruce, Pine and Hemlock Lumber, Rough and Plained. Also Laths and Cedar Shingles. Get our prices before placing your orders elsewhere.

Mill Wood delivered at your house.

Beaver Harbor Hotel

Fronting on the harbor. The most charming resort in the county. Every convenience and comfort at moderate prices.

BOATING FISHING GUNNING. First Class Livery in connection.

Teams at station every day on arrival of St. John train.

FRED PAUL - - - Proprietor

BEAVER HARBOR, Charlotte County, N. B.

Geo. F. Meating

Merchant Tailor

Clothing Cleaned and Pressed

St. George N. B.

Rooms over Milne, Coutts & Co.'s store

HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Original and only Genuine

Union Blend Tea

Wanted

A Large C

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Beware of Imitations

Sold on the Merits

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Subscribe

Subscribe



THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

WILSON'S BEACH

Owing to the bad storms and heavy seas, the Star Viking had to harbor at the Breakwater on Saturday night. W. B. Welsh of Leonardville called on friends in this place on Saturday evening.

BEAVER HARBOR

Miss Manny Eldridge who was called home by the illness of her mother Mrs. Wm. Eldridge has returned to her duties in Boston. Dr. Wilson spent a few days of last week in the village.

LETETE

Mrs. Stephen Dick has returned home after spending two weeks in St. Andrews visiting her daughter, Mrs. Willie Campbell. Mrs. William McLean, is visiting friends at Letete.

MUSQUASH

The young ladies of Musquash have been successful in starting a normal lesson class on Wednesday after school. The Women's Auxiliary was reopened on Tuesday at the rectory in which a large number were present, they expect to have a sale of their work ready for Easter Monday.

NOTICE!!!

REXAL Cold Tablets, 25c.
REXAL Celery and Iron Tonic, \$1.00.
REXAL Vegetable Compound, \$1.00.
REXAL Wine Cod Liver Oil, \$1.00.
REXAL Cough Syrup, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

These preparations are each guaranteed. If they are not satisfactory we will give your money back.
HAVEY & WILSON - DRUGGISTS
EASTPORT, ME.

LETANG

Mr. and Mrs. Artimus Hat spent Sunday at Lake Utopia the guests of Mrs. James Hat. Eben Leavitt who is working in Woodlands spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Leavitt.

Save Your Furs : Save Your Woollens

To This Purpose Order A CEDAR CHEST from HALEY'S. We make Cedar Chests to order, any size, any styles desired - just plain or as elaborate as you please.

GRANITEVILLE

Mark Gordon has arrived home from Boston Lake where he has been employed in the lumber woods. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Maxwell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arch McVicar.

MASCARENE

Mrs. Wm. Hilyard spent a day with her daughter Mrs. Alex. Maxwell at Graniteville last week. Mrs. Wm. Matthews of Letete visited her father John Stewart on Wednesday.

NEW RIVER

Herd Grass passed through here Wednesday. Mrs. Margaret Giles spent Wednesday at St. George, the guest of Mrs. Howard Babler.

CAITHNESS

James W. Murrar, who has been ill in recovering, to the delight of his many friends. Mrs. A. McVicar of St. George, is visiting her mother, Mrs. P. S. MacDougall.

Dr. Hamilton Follows Nature's Plans.

No physician was more successful in treating stomach and liver troubles than Dr. Hamilton. He avoided harsh medicines and produced a wonderful pill of vegetable composition that always cures.

H. GOWTCHEY, House Painter and Paper Hanger

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. Residence at Mrs. Coult's. St. George, N. B., Feb. 9, 1910. 2mo.

WILLIAM IRISH

DEALER IN Soda Mineral Water, Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla, The Famous Old Homestead Ginger Beer, Pipes, Tobacco and Cigars, Fruit and Confectionery.

BARTON BLUNDELL JOB WORK.

Office in McCready Building. GIRLS WANTED--Coat, vest and pant makers, also apprentices. HANSON BROS., Merchant Tailors.

SLEDS and SKATES

At CHERRY'S EASTPORT, ME.

POCKET KNIVES

10c. to \$2.50 AT CHERRY'S Eastport, Maine

Picture of Christ Baffles Science.

A remarkable painting, a representation of the Christ, exhibited at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was purchased by Dr. W. L. Wright, of Wash. The canvas has peculiarities for which neither chemists nor clerics can account.

BACK PAY

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney French visited friends in Letang recently. Wm. Mitchell, Jr., returned home Tuesday after spending a few months in St. Andrews.

FOR TENDERS FOR I. C. R. Construction Work

Feb. 11.-The I. C. R. construction of a line mill and Chatham, N. H. The I. C. R. construction of a line mill and Chatham, N. H.

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