

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

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

## The Granite Town Greetings

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF ST. GEORGE & VICINITY.

GOOD AD-  
VERTISING  
MEDIUM!

VOL. 7.

ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, JANUARY 19, 1911

NO. 28.

## WINTER NEEDS

Blankets, Comfortables, Warm  
Underclothing, Heavy ready-to-wear  
Clothing, Overshoes, Rubbers and  
Hosts of other Goods, all at Lowest Prices

Watch this Space  
we will have lots of genuine Bargains  
to offer during the winter.

## AT D. BASSEN'S

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

### WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as strictly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There is no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trade with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.—take no advice received and be well.



### What Germany is Doing.

Some Reasons Why Her Sons Have Ceased to Emigrate.

Twenty years ago Germany was losing vigorous and enterprising men and women by the hundred thousands, who went to help the States of the Western Hemisphere rival her commerce and industry. Today through her system of vocational training, she has begotten a generation of tradesmen, mechanics and engineers that have transformed her from an agricultural to a manufacturing country, and their dexterity has not only captured for her an increased share of international trade but has developed a home market that supplies her proletariat with employment and has for the present effectually stopped emigration.

"And this," writes R. Fulton Cutting in the North American Review, "in spite of an increase in population since 1870 of more than twenty millions. The industrial development of Germany has created for her a new economic life: it is the phenomenon of modern industrial history. The genius of her statesmen has conserved the resources she uses to squander upon the nature and education of the millions she exiled. Her people now remain in the fatherland and are

the consumers of her own products.

"The scientific system in operation in Germany of contributive insurance against sickness, accident, infirmity and old age is full of significance. In 1908 \$67,200,000 was paid out in sick benefits, and hospital service to wage earners, of whom about 13,000,000 were in contributive cooperation with the Government. Since 1891 \$330,000,000 has been distributed in old age and infirmity pensions, \$210,000,000 of which was contributed by employers and employees and \$120,000,000 by the State. The latest returns show that 14,000,000 individuals are insured in this class and that the State holds a fund of \$320,000,000 for this insurance.

"The Majority is a profession, and municipal chief executives are promoted from the smaller to the larger cities as they demonstrate their capacity for greater responsibilities. For example, some time ago the following advertisement appeared in several Cologne newspapers:

"As the undersigned will be retired under the pension law on October 4, 1909 the position of Mayor of the city of Gladbach will thereby become vacant. Candidates who have passed the State examinations for the higher judicial or admin-

strative career, and who have had experience in the administrative of a large city are requested to send in their application by March 20. The salary is 10,000 marks with right to a pension, and 1,500 marks additional for expenses"

"Legislative enactments are intended to be genuinely operative and not merely expressive of moral sentiment. The measures are first drafted by men qualified by experience as well as study and who can be trusted to make the actual purpose unmistakable.

### How Deer are Killed.

In the five western counties of Massachusetts the shooting of deer is now allowed by law for one week during November.

Below are printed a few extracts from the press of that state during hunting week, 1911. They furnish a most effective protest:

"C. H. S. shot a fine buck, wounding the animal, and spent most of the day in trying to track it by the trail of blood. He had to return without the buck."

"W. shot a doe with a fawn by her side, and followed the animals three miles but lost them."

"C. P. and J. B. shot six times at one buck, but did not kill him. P. who shot first, broke a front leg, and after following him up for two hours gave up the chase."

"F. F. killed a buck, but not till he had pursued it a mile or more; fixed twelve times at it, hitting every time and finally getting near enough to stick a knife into its throat."

"Hunters who tramped the woods were determined to shoot every time they got a ghost of a show at the deer. As a result several deer are wounded and left maimed to limp around all winter."

"C. A. found three deer in a pasture, a doe and two fawns. He got a good shot at the doe and killed her. The two fawns scampered off but soon returned. Mr. A. went after his wagon to take the

deer home and, upon returning, found the fawns beside their mother, trying to make her live and ran with them again—Our Dumb Animals.

And this is called sport and participated in by a very large number of the people of the civilized world over, from the Kings and Queens down through all grades of society even by many ministers of the gospel.

Yet verily our much boasted civilization is a pretty thin veneer, and don't take much to scratch through to the savage underneath.

### INNOCENT BUT DEAD

By Rufus Williams

The house in which Laurent Guillemot d'Anglade lived was a very large one, and—as was and is common in Paris—there were other inmates. The ground floor and that immediately over it were occupied by a certain Count and Countess de Montgommery.

In the farther of the upper rooms was a small inner closet or strong room wherein the count and countess kept all their jewels and money. Count de Montgommery, being of the ancient régime, had among his suite of attendants an "almoner," one Abbé François Gagnard.

Within a few months of the time of his coming there Count de Montgommery received a large payment of money from the steward of his estate in a distant province.

Returning home the count and countess in due course sat down to supper in the salle-a-manger, and were still at table when their friend and neighbour, d'Anglade, came home at eleven o'clock.

The next morning the count, having occasion to go to his bank-box, and the entire contents carried away. The strictest scrutiny—and the methods of the French police have never left anything to be desired in point of thoroughness—revealed nothing in the rooms they inhabited.

Just as the search through the great bare attic was on the point of being abandoned, a deep door, which the count had never noticed, opened in a remote corner, beneath an angle in the sloping roof, and a man, dressed in a deep dove-colored suit, and with a pair of round-rimmed spectacles, emerged. He was a man of about sixty, stout, and with a ruddy complexion, and could give no account of it. Madame d'Anglade, confronted with the officials, denied all knowledge of it, and the Abbé gave the pious assurance that he had never seen the man on the previous Monday in the train of the count he had double-locked the door, and that the key had never been out of his possession; with most singular forgetfulness omitting to state the fact that on his return he had found the door ajar.

The chief witnesses for the prosecution were the count's servants, and the good Abbé Gagnard, his almoner, who testified with meekness, and an evident regret, which endeared him to all who knew him, and inspired at least respect in those not so blessed. Unfortunately, the most damaging evidence was actually obtained from his own demesne and reples in the course of the merciless series of questions put to him as to his birth and source of income. He was not only confused, but greatly provoked; but it was made clear even by his own answers, that instead of being a gentleman of high rank and large fortune, his origin was obscure and mean, and upon this the court established the fact, apart from the present accusations, that he was simply at best a chevalier d'industrie.

It was therefore ordered that he be put to the "question ordinary"; and that if he continued obstinate the torture extraordinary should be applied.

Accordingly, the "question ordinary," consisting of thumb-screws and gauntlets which with diabolical ingenuity compressed first the thumbs and then the entire hands and wrists until they were mere shapeless masses of bloody pulp and crushed bones was tried; and thereafter a gentle but firm course of the rack, which was applied till every sinew in the agonised frame cracked, and each individual joint was distorted. Still the obstinate wretch declined to admit his guilt; and after a due interval, occupied in so far as practicable patching the crushed frame so that the "torture extraordinary" might bring him to a due sense of his exceeding guilt in refusing to acknowledge that the High Court of Justice knew better than he whether he had committed the crimes of which he lay accused, and he was consigned to the galleys for nine years, and his wife was banished from Paris for the like term.

Slightly over a year from the date of his sentence, d'Anglade died in the hospital at Marseilles, four months after his arrival at the galleys.

Hardly had the "High Justice of the King" had time to congratulate itself on the fact that this malefactor had met his doom, when some trouble-some person commenced circulating anonymous letters in all directions containing the statement that M. d'Anglade was entirely innocent of the crime of which he had died so miserably; that the real robbers of the Count de Montgommery were one

**KING COLE TEA**

NEVER before has such rich fullness, such delicate smoothness of flavor been within your reach to multiply the keen enjoyment of your tea-cup!

Because King Cole tea sets a new and higher flavor standard. It is blended to excel even those good teas which you find your neighbors had always held as favorites.

The delightful vigor of its flavor, the delicious zest of your very first cup of King Cole tea, will make it your life-long friend.

Why not tear this out as a reminder to ask your grocer for an introduction to King Cole?

**YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR**

### A Reign Of Terror At Vancouver.

Hold-up Men Hold High Carnival On Saturday Night—Many Robberies.

Vancouver, Jan. 7.—Thugdom in Vancouver reached its climax on Saturday evening, when a dozen hold-ups and robberies took place in various sections of the city. Hold-up men in groups of two and three robbed citizens at the end of revolvers to the extent of hundreds of dollars. Two men, one with a revolver, entered an east end establishment, pointed the weapon at the proprietor and rifled the till of some \$76. When they left the victim followed them for a short distance. The men turned and fired two shots at him, one of the bullets passing through his hat and another through his coat.

While Chas. Cadwell, one of the drivers for the I. X. L. Bakery Company, was proceeding along Salisbury Drive, between Hastings and Penner streets, at 7:30 p.m., he was held up by two men, and made to pass over \$61.50 in cash and a check for \$7.

A store on the corner of Westminster road and Eighteenth avenue, owned by G. Skelley, was entered by men with a revolver and \$15 taken from the cash register.

Ralph Heskin of Vernon Drive was held up on Union street at 8 o'clock, but when only ten cents was found in his pockets the leader of the three gravely handed back the money.

### SUPERSTITIONS ROUND 'OPALS'

Sir Walter Scott Started the Idea that Opals Were Unlucky in one of His Books.

The idea that opals were unlucky is thought by many to be on account of the unfortunate part Sir Walter Scott assigned to it in his "Anne of Geierstein." The opal is also associated with misfortune by Russians of both sexes, who should they chance to see an opal amongst the goods displayed for purchase, will buy nothing more that day, and it is a curious fact that the Japanese, being under the sign that this stone belongs to, should be the nation to bring such ill-luck to the Russians during the disastrous war between these two countries. The Romans of old loved the opal so well that they bestowed upon it the name of "lovely youth." It never occurred to them that it was a gem which carried ill-luck to its possessor. In the Middle Ages there were not wanting men who shared the Romans' weakness, for opals did not lose their popularity as time went on. Each century brought its own joys and sorrows, luck and ill-luck, to the human race; and each age brought its fashions in jewellery as in clothing, but the opal remained high in favour and entered largely into the adornment of both sexes.

### SIAMESE CATS.

At birth the Siamese cat is almost white, showing a faint line where the "markings" will, with age, develop. In a few months, the colour gradually darkens into a lovely pale fawn, and the markings are of a beautiful deep brown or even chocolate colour. These markings, which are prominently displayed on what canine fanciers would term the muzzle—the face and head—and on the legs and tail should be as clearly defined as possible, but the majority of cats seen at the present time have the colour unsharp and smudgy. Besides its peculiar colour, the Siamese cat has wonderful opalesque—blue eyes, which seem to be set against, giving it a curious appearance. In the dark these strange creatures are stranger still, for they glow like red hot coals.

The condition of the distributive service that forces the Toronto citizen to pay sixty cents for new-laid eggs that the poultry-keeper in the country sells for thirty cents is a scandal and a shame to our civilization. It is such things that make people Socialists, Ex.



**Getting into the Home**  
Women buy more than two-thirds the merchandise sold in retail stores and every woman reads the Classified Want Ads. Our paper goes into the homes and the Want Ads. will reach the Spenders.

"I hear you are engaged to marry the lovely widow, Mrs. Squax."  
"It's true."  
"Let me congratulate you. Why I had not any idea you were thinking of matrimony."  
"Neither had I."

### ADVERTISE

IN THE

"GREETINGS"

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

**In Constant Use 101 Years**

What other liniment has ever undergone such a test? For over a century

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**

has been curing Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Lameness, etc. Its long service tells of its merit. It is the household liniment that does not go out. 25c and 50c bottles.

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

PARSONS' PILLS Keep the bowels in condition

### LORD'S COVE

Rev. E. Davidson left on Wednesday's boat for Lubec, Me., where he delivered a very able address to the Old Fellows in the Christian Church at that place.

Professor Herrington has a large singing class here which seems to be making good progress under his management.

Miss Emily Stuart who has been in Boston for the past few months is visiting relatives here.

The clam factory will be closed for a few days owing to the scarcity of clams.

Carl Gardner went to St. Stephen on Monday last to visit his wife who is receiving medical treatment at the Chipman Hospital there.

The Aid Society held a penny sale on Saturday evening last, which in spite of the cold weather was well attended.

Eureka, L. O. L. held a meeting on Saturday evening last and conferred degrees on new members.

### Halfax Not Slow.

The Halifax Herald in its issue of Wednesday rises to remark that "there is nothing slow about Halifax save its growth," and then our contemporary starts out to hand a few bouquets to its own city. It claims that Halifax for its size probably shows more business enterprise than any other city in Canada.

The statement made by the Herald will come as a matter of surprise to some of us who know a little concerning Halifax city. We visit the capital quite frequently and the only push and enterprise that we have noted in that city are displayed by the cabmen who lie in wait for us at North Street Station. They truly are an energetic lot of individuals and are certainly deserving of the hearty patronage of the travelling public. Of course there are occasions when it is not too slow at Studley at the Waquoitic, or even at the City Club, but as a general rule there is an air of peacefulness and serenity about Halifax that reminds one somewhat of the "deserted village."

It is true that Halifax is a wealthy city. The whole Maritime Provinces have paid tribute to the banking and monetary institutions of Nova Scotia's capital. The city of Halifax, however, has never seriously taken to industrial activity. Blackened and calloused hands and ten or 12 hours work per day do not fit in very well with a hybrid English accent, a crooked cane, and a Turkish cigarette. You can pick out a Halifax man the world over. He possesses peculiarities which distinguish him from the rest of mankind in general, and yet it is a delightful old city to visit. There is nothing like the Northwest Arm on the North American Continent. The gardens during the summer months are perfect and there are many pleasant drives and very many interesting historical associations that go to make Halifax a pleasant summer resort, especially for the aged and infirm.

There was a society called the "Boosters" organized in Halifax some two or three years ago. They started in with a shout and a cheer and were prepared to take Halifax out of slumberland and place it in line with other aggressive cities, but when the "Boosters" began their work, canes were at once crooked on the arms, the eye glasses were adjusted, the cigarettes were lighted with the greatest deliberation and the "Booster" was viewed as if they were some freak who had escaped from the hospital across the harbor. The organization died a natural death after a fortnight's existence. Other

attempts have been made to rouse up the citizens of that historical military town, but all of them ended in a dismal failure.

Halifax is, as we stated before, a wealthy city. It has a limited number of enterprising firms within its borders but for some reason or other there is a kind of soporific spell hovering over the activity of the business life of that city. If we visit the Amherst hotels and glance down the registers from day to day we shall note that on an average there are six St. John travellers in Amherst to one Halifax traveller and it is dollars to doughnuts that the Halifax man is here for the purpose of unloading some stocks, shares or dollars of some industry that means the taking away of capital from this town.

Halifax is as slow in its industrial development as are our local court house officials getting to work in the morning.

Amherst Sentinel.

### BEAVER HARBOR

A great many are getting their wood out of the woods now while the hauling is good.

Calvin Eldridge returned to his duties on board D. G. C. Petro, after spending two weeks at his home here.

John F. Paul made a business trip to St. John by str. Connors Bros last week.

Capt. Chas. Trynor, Pennfield whose vessel is hauled up for the winter months visited here last week.

Rev. T. M. Manroe spent a few hours of Tuesday in the village.

H. J. Eldridge who is critically ill, was at last reports slightly improved.

Mrs. Ellen Gillespie and son Fred drove from their home in Pennfield on Tuesday to visit Mrs. Arch Harris who is still sick.

J. Fred Eldridge has gone to work in the woods with Wayman Eldridge who is lumbering quite extensively.

W. F. Harding visited the merchants in the interests of his firm on Tuesday. Dr. Taylor made professional calls here on Monday.

W. J. Warnock of str. Connors Bros. spent Sunday with Wm. Parker.

Roy Eldridge and Hayward Sparks who are employed in St. George spent Sunday at their homes.

Councillor G. W. McKay drove to St. Andrews on Monday to attend the County Council.

Our primary teacher Miss McLaughlin has not been able to return yet on account of illness. Miss Sadie Brown is supplying for her.

Mrs. A. F. Brown has been sick with a severe cold but is now improving.

Miss Bessie Mawhinney of Maces Bay is visiting relatives here.

### SEELYE'S COVE

Messrs. George Mealy and Geo. Winn of New River spent last Sunday with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Holland were visitors at Pocologan last Sunday.

Messrs. John and Herbert Holland, J. Bright and Isiah Carter have returned home from Black River where they have been lobster fishing for the past month.

Lawrence Ward had the misfortune to lose his motor boat during the storm of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville Anderson of Eastport are spending a few weeks with relatives at Pocologan.

R. S. Spear spent Wednesday in St. George.

Advertise in Greetings.

### Progress in Palestine

No new colonies were founded in Palestine this year with the exception of Kinereth, a large farm founded by the Palestine Land Development Company with the assistance of the National Fund which employs many Jewish laborers. It is hoped that these laborers will become independent colonists by and by.

Work has also begun preparing the land for the co-operative colony of Dr. Oppenheimer, which was named Merhabiah. A large number of new olive trees were planted this year in the Herzl Forest, says the Maccabean. The Agudath Netain obtained its charter from the Turkish Government and its continuing to cover new land with all kinds of plants.

Thus more and more of the arid Palestinian soil is being reclaimed to new life. Jewish immigration into the cities of Palestine is much more evident. Wealthy Jews from Russia are visiting Palestine in large numbers. It is true that not all of them find the possibilities in Palestine which they anticipated, but many of them, who are more enthusiastic and whose desire to settle there is strong, succeed in finding various activities and they settle there.

These Jews, who have been used to a life of comfort in Europe, have joined some of the old settlers and have founded a new suburb, a new town really, near Jaffa, which they named Tel Abih. This town, built on the American style, inasmuch as it sprang out as if by magic within one year of the sand of the seashore, is very beautiful. It is well planned, has wide paved streets lined with trees, every house is fitted up with water pipes and bathrooms and they are built in a specified Oriental style, surrounded by a garden.

It is in all something of which the Jews in Palestine are justly proud. The Arabs and the European Christians were astonished at the remarkable achievement of the Jews, and their envy is genuine. All the residents of Jaffa, Christians as well as Mohammedans, take their holiday walks in Tel Abih.

The gates of this suburb are closed on Saturdays to prevent the entrance of vehicles, although the majority of its inhabitants are not religious, but the Jewish Sabbath is accepted by all as a holiday of rest. The atmosphere in Tel Abih is naturally entirely Jewish, and the Hebrew language in its beautiful Oriental accent is heard on every side.

On the main street, the Herzl street, that leads to the sea, was built the Gymnasia Iteith (the Hebrew high school) of Jaffa, a fine building in Oriental style. A corner stone was recently laid in the same suburb for a large synagogue, which will be owned by the Jewish community of Jaffa. Tel Abih was built through the assistance of our National Fund, which granted a loan for this purpose of about a quarter of a million of francs, to be repaid with interest in installments.

A similar suburb is now being built, with the help of the National Fund, in close proximity to Tel Abih. Jerusalem, too, has a few new Jewish suburbs for the help of the Hillsverein of Germany. In Haifa also lots are being acquired by Jews for building purposes around the site of the Jewish Institute and a suburb on the plan of Tel Abih is projected there.

The Wettins of England.

If the King of England were to renounce the throne and resolve to become an ordinary citizen he would be called George Wettin. How does the name Wettin come to be the king's surname? This is the answer:

Queen Victoria married Albert, duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, of the senior branch of the house of Saxony. The family name by which this house, dating from the middle of the tenth century, came to be known afterward was Wettin, and this was and is the surname of both branches—the Ernestine and Albertine—of the house of Saxony. The name comes from the castle of Wettin near Magdeburg, which claimed Witte kind as the founder of the race. London Answers.

## A CHANCE TO GET - CLOTHING - CHEAP

Men's Suits	
\$7.50 SUITS - NOW	\$6.50
8.50	7.00
10.00	8.00
12.00	10.00
15.00	12.00
18.00	15.00

  

Men's Winter Overcoats	
\$8.00 COATS - NOW	\$6.50
10.00	8.25
12.50	10.00
15.00	12.75

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

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

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

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



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

**All Kinds of Work Done**

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

**OTIS W. BAILEY**  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.  
CALAIS, MAINE

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

**W. F. Nicholson, Proprietor**

### Professional Cards

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

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

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

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

**DR. E. M. WILSON**  
DENTIST

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

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

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

Have your Watch Repaired here in St. George by

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

### For Sale!

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

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

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

### For Sale

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

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

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

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

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## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS

J. W. CORRELL, Editor

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

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

FRIDAY, JAN. 19, 1911

### Two Remarkable Careers

One of the Greatest Curiosities of History.

There is probably no more remarkable historical parallel than that exhibited by the career of Scipio Africanus, the hero of the second Punic war, and the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon.

Each was descended from an ancient and noble family. Each was the greatest soldier of his age, pitted in a life and death struggle against the greatest. As Scipio was to Hannibal, so was Wellington to Napoleon. Hannibal threatened the very existence of Rome; Napoleon was on a fair way to become the master of Europe.

Again, Spain was the centre of the most splendid achievements in Spain are too well known to need recapitulation, and Wellington's triumphs in the Peninsula War form one of the common places of history.

Neither of these great generals met his arch-foe until the final and decisive battle—Zama and Waterloo respectively. And the result of both battles was exile to the defeated chiefs. Hannibal retired to Ephesus, Napoleon was deported to St. Helena.

But the parallel does not end here. Both Scipio and Wellington exchanged a military for a political career. And here the same fate pursued them. Scipio incurred the enmity of the Roman Senate; Wellington gained the hostility of the London populace. And here follows the most remarkable feature of the parallel drawn between these two great men.

Seventeen years elapsed from the Battle of Zama, seventeen years to the very day when the great Scipio was tried on a question of bribery. He was not slow in his defense to remind his judges that on that day he had saved the republic. Seventeen years elapsed from the Battle of Waterloo, seventeen years to the very day when the great Wellington had to take refuge from the attack of a London mob, angered on account of his opposition to the Parliament Reform bill.

The only point in which the parallel fails in this Scipio died outside his beloved city of Rome; Wellington had his monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. But the parallel between the careers of these two extraordinary men remains as one of the curiosities of history.

### An Odd Incident of War

In the Philippine portion of his book "The Memories of Two Wars" General Funston tells of a unique instance at the siege of Malabon: "Company L was firing a few volleys, and one of the men, having just discharged his piece felt a second blow against his shoulder, it being almost as hard as the kick of the gun. Upon trying to reload it was found that the breach of the piece could not be opened, and it was laid aside to be examined by daylight, which was done in the presence of a number of us officers. Upon forcing the breach open it was found that the base of the copper shell of the cartridge that had been fired just before the weapon had been disabled had been shot away, while mixed all up in the breech mechanism we found the remains

of the steel jacket and the lead filling of a Mauser bullet. There was a very pronounced dent on the muzzle of the piece, what had happened was that while the man had the gun extended in the firing position a bullet had gone down the muzzle. This weapon is now in the Army Ordnance museum in Washington."

At the annual meeting of the St. George Band held in the Town Hall Friday evening, Jan. 12, the following officers were elected for the year 1912: Geo. A. Craig, pres; Geo. C. McCallum, vice-pres. and Leader; Josp. Spear, Secy. Treas. The financial statement given by the Treas. showed the band to be in good shape.

During the year the band has built a public band stand at a cost of \$79.00 to which the Red Granite Division Dramatic Club had subscribed \$15.00 to head the list, the general public \$44.00, the balance \$20.00 being taken from the band treasury. It was also decided to adopt the name of Citizen Band of St. George. A vote of thanks was passed to all those who assisted the band during the past year.

THE TROUBLE IN PERSIA had its origin many years ago, when Britain realized the value of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf as a place where an enemy might gather forces to assail India. The revolution of a few years ago, when a constitution and a Parliament were forced on the reigning Sovereign, accentuated

all the gathering troubles. Then Persia was a good borrower and a slow payer. After long negotiations between the powers whose bankers had lent Persia money Mr. Shuster of the United States was appointed financier, but instead of increasing it, for he was no sooner in office than he showed considerable antipathy to Russia, began appointing Europeans, mostly British, to important posts in northern Persia, and in various other ways he is said to have been planning to lessen Russian influence, the former promptly demanded Mr. Shuster's recall, marched her troops into Persian territory and is now, with her usual iron grip, administering part of Persia through a military command. The next move may either mean Russian execution, the appointment of a new financier, or the occupation of the sea coast and a larger area of southern Persia by Britain, Tor. Globe.

### Boston Harbor Froze

But That Didn't Keep the Britannia From Sailing on Time.

Boston harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia, then in dock, seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not let it go. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time.

The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged

like Frederick Taylor, in the expert of ice, but not ice cut from the harbor. Their task was to cut within the space of three days a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh water ice, and horsepower was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness.

As the Advertiser of Feb. 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharves to witness the operations and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by scoters, sleds and even sleighs. Teams and boats were needed upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian holiday scene." On Feb. 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators, made her way to the sea.

### A Geographical Question

"Mother," asked Jennie, where is Atoms?

"Atoms, you mean, I guess."

"Yes, mother, I mean Atoms, because when a person is in a boiler explosion or an earthquake they always say he is blown to Atoms."

"He? You look nice enough to eat. So? Well, I do eat."

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THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO CANADA

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### You Breathe It.

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

You also breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-mei) and by so doing breathe in life—Hyomei is medicated and vaporized air. In its journey through the breathing organs it arrests and kills catarrh and cold germs, soothes the inflamed membrane, and commences the work of healing. Ask druggist J. Sutton Clark or at the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. You will find it invaluable for coughs, colds, catarrh and all kindred diseases. Money refunded if it fails.

## JOB PRINTING

## PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT

## AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

## We Aim To Please!

### Thin Hair.

A Liberal Offer.

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

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

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

Where is the live chicken I bought for my party?  
She-I put it in our new icebox, to keep it fresh until it is killed to morrow.

### THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

(CONTINUED.)

ication of her weakness he stamped the life out of that little serpent of doubt that had hissed a hint that she might be selfish in asking him to stay—might, later be beguiled into solacing herself for his absence.

At Norray Junction, next day, he stepped down out of his Pullman and out of his dreams. He stopped thinking exclusively about stary Laroche, and began to think pretty diligently about the Great Trust Company.

He had a vague idea that certain woods' gentlemen, named Smart and Niles, would be waiting eagerly and humbly at the car steps. Norray Junction had a station building, a tank on stils, and coal sheds. Across the platform was a train, plainly ready for its journey. He saw his trunk lugged to the platform from the main-line train, and slammed into the baggage car across the platform! It had been checked through. Therefore, his course was made plain to him. But no inquiring Niles or Smart stood beckoning within range of his vision.

The smoking car, he could see, was filled with men wearing blanket coats and plaid jackets, uniforms of woodsmen. In the door of the car a burly man had braced himself, occasionally thrusting back with fist or moccasined foot men who lurched up the aisle and tried to squirm out past him.

The brakeman, waiting for the conductor's word, stood by the steps looking on with a grin.

"Another grateful for the Great Trust," said the brakeman, as George reached him. "Shipped pickled as usual."

Sudden hope sprang in George.

"That big man—in his name Niles or Smart?"

"Nope—Kyle. 'Big Bill,' they call him. Great driver for the G. T. Hurroches in the new crews."

The forester mounted the car steps. Here at least was a Great Trust Co. man. Kyle's great arms and sturdy legs barred the door with effective triangles. His head reached to the lintel, and a grizzled mustache, that ran down his cheeks and thrust out like horns from his jaws, seemed to bar in the upper part of the door.

He did not make way for George.

"There's a smoking place for drummers in the combination car, back."

George hastened to inform him. "Forestry department. I'm looking for Mr. Niles or Mr. Smart."

"Don't hurt your eyesight—you'll strain it if you try to look to where they've gone."

He stopped to kick another persistent inebriate back into the smoky interior of the car.

"But they were to meet me here—they were to wait for me here," insisted George.

"Civ Niles and Lynch Smart don't wait, not when they get started for the woods," stated the big man. "Where were you yesterday?"

"I was—was detained," stammered the young man.

"But for you, I saw them just before they took the train to come out here to the junction. Told me they'd been sentenced to load themselves down with a tree-college degree. They followed their part of orders. And, to tell the truth, young fellow, I reckon they was glad of the excuse to give you the slip. If you've slipped up on your part of orders, you can't blame 't'other fellers."

"But they could have waited," George muttered. "It was only twenty-four hours."

"You couldn't expect them to roost twenty-four hours on that waterin' tank or this station platform. And they ain't the kind of chaps to go back for fresh starts." He looked George up and down. "Better give it up, hadn't you? It's a big country, north, to find men in when they're tryin' to keep away from you."

"Is that the kind of feelings the employees of the Great Trust have for each other?"

"Well," drawled Kyle, "Civ and Lynch ain't exactly the kind that will grab up a city tenderfoot and hug him hard—not real hard."

"I'll go into this car, if you'll let me pass," said George curtly.

"Better ride with the drummers, or the dames, back there!" Kyle was not rude; he was patronizing. "Lately, the Great Trust Co. is hirin' g'illies, mostly—I mean for the gashin'-fiddlin' job, and I'm takin' in forty ring-tailed ones this trip."

"Gashin' fiddlin'!" repeated the forester.

"Why, cross-cut sawyers, man? Say, you are a tenderfoot, ain't you?" After that, and with that humor-

ously tolerant grin beaming on him, George would have gone into a den of tigers rather than back into the protected peace of the rear coaches. Somehow, he felt that his future reputation up that way rested on a little display of independence at that moment.

The conductor had signalled a start, and Big Bill stepped back into the car, George at his heels.

The boss strode the length of the "Set down, you arrub-bahoolies!" he bawled. No one raised hand against him. The men only rubbed their smarting cheeks and simpered after him. Some held bottles toward him placatingly. But he refused roughly. "Drink your own booze juice. Get it all into you, and get over it and ready for work!"

He met the conductor in the centre of the car, and passed to him a little package of mileage books.

"Tear out for Bill Kyle and forty!" He looked over his shoulder, and saw George. "Make it forty-one. You might as well ride on a company ticket," he broke in, when the forester demurred. "The Great Trust Co. pays for its men, and its' got more money than you or I have."

That business transacted, he tossed a man across the aisle in order to establish himself alone in a seat, filled his pipe, and proceeded to solace himself with tobacco. George found a place beside a man whom he noticed now for the first time, deciding that he was the only individual in sight beside whom that rice would be endurable.

"Set in, mister," invited this person cordially. "I've been afraid one of them ring-tailers would tumble in here and if there's anything worse than the sound of wind in a knothole it's a drunken man talkin' to you."

He was an elderly man, and his fuzzy silk hat and sun-faded, worsted suit made him a unique figure in that mob of woodsmen.

"I gents can get together in a bunch like this," he remarked, as George crowded in beside him, "gents better do it. Have a segar?"

But, before he could produce a questionable weed, George had courteously rescued himself by explaining his preference for his brier pipe.

"I smoke a pipe myself, mostly," agreed the elderly man, "but when I'm wearing my plug hat and, as you might say, attendin' to official duty, a segar seems to be more genteel. I'm on official duty, now. I'll make myself known to you. I'm Governor Harris, of Corran-cache."

He glanced sideways at George to note how the young man took the announcement. His seatmate seemed to be puzzled rather than impressed.

"Governor, I will say an honorary title, that the boys along the river have given me, and at the same time it ain't no cussed honorary as a lot of titles he. What I mean to say is, some honorary titles mean that a man ain't got any power. But I have. I'm plantation assessor, constable, road commissioner, and justice of the peace, and quorum. Could have other offices, but don't want 'em. So the boys have put all titles into one and call me 'governor.' And I've took it, and I use it. I've got a lot of power up our way, and I ain't been called out of my name a mite when I'm referred to as 'Governor Harris.'"

There was a challenge to this stranger in his tone. It was plain that other strangers had deprecated or ridiculed it.

"It's pleasant to stand well enough among your neighbors to be called 'governor,'" agreed George, so frankly that he disarmed Mr. Harris's hair-trigger suspicion. "And I'm glad to know you, for I'm headed for Corran-cache, myself. And, by the way, that's a queer name for a town! I only heard it two days ago, when I was hired by the Great Trust Co."

Governor Harris removed his cigar, and slowly faced around in his seat.

"Do you mean to tell me that you come from any place so far away that you never heard of Cornelius Corran, the duke of the Great Toban country, and the founder of the village of Corran-cache?"

"I'll not lie about my ignorance, sir; I never did."

Harris replaced his cigar, and faced the front. "I ain't goin' to make comments, for I never believe in bein' disagreeable when words don't do a subject any justice. But if you never heard that such a man as Cornelius Corran ever lived, it may be that you never heard the news that Cornelius Corran has just died."

"It is news to me."

"Then, it probably didn't occur to you to be surprised to see me on official business wearing my plug hat—didn't occur to you that I might not say anything but an ordinary salve peddler, traveling upcountry, say?"

"I'll be honest. I didn't think anything about it, or what you might be." Governor Harris puffed at his cigar, squinting his eyes at vacancy.

"That shows how little a man can judge by his own inside feelin's what kind of an impression he's makin' on the world in general. But I'll pretty

blunt, young man. I'm goin' to say to you that I believe you ain't been makin' in very thick with the general public lately, not to know any more about the world's news than you do. You've either just come out of some college, or else you've been settin' in some back yard courin' a girl!"

George was glad that his seatmate also, cutting to right and left.

"A college feller thinks he knows too much to pay any attention to what the world's doin', and the feller in love don't think about anything. And here Duke Cornelius, of the Great Toban, lays dead in his house at Corran-cache, leaving for 'hellness' a daughter that is the handsomest girl in all the north country, leavin' half a million acres of timberland and all the men from St. Francis to St. Agathe to mourn him; leavin' five thousand dollars in hands of a committee, to be spent in one day in celebratin' his funeral, and the crowds now comin' from every village and loggin' camp two brass bands ordered, and me down to the city to get 'em!"

"That's my official business, young man—to get them bands and an orator and a thousand-dollar coffin that's ahead of us, now—the coffin, mean out in the baggage car! All that happenin' and you settin' here beside Governor Harris, comin' back from his official business, and not knowin' him from a corn doctor, or understandin' his business! My stars! That shows that this world needs something more than wire-see telegraphin' to get news circulate!"

He sat for some time and dragged at his cigar, and gazed out of the window.

George was glad that the tumult in the car, recently stilled by Kyle's passage, broke out now afresh. A fight started up just behind them, and much rushed that way. An apology for his ignorance could not have been heard, and he could not think of a suitable remark to make. He turned to his plug hat, and guarded it on his knee.

"I never had it touched, yet; but you never know what a drunk is goin' to do when he's too far gone to recognize dignity."

Big Bill came up through the car, knocking men to right and left, and bawling down the innocent and the guilty, until he burst through the press and clutched the two who were battling. He tore them apart, cracked their heads together, left one, and dragged the other to the opposite end of the car.

"It's goin' to keep Bill Kyle pretty busy if he cal'lates on stoppin' every fight that's due in this section for the next three days," observed Governor Harris critically. "Funeral committee reckons on spendin' at least three thousand on feller—and, seein' that it's been smuggled over from the States, you get more run in the dollar. The other two thousand will be spent on the barbecue. All outdoor cookin' for this feed! They got the fires to goin' before I came away."

He mentioned these details with a satisfied relish that jarred on George, considering the reason for the amazing demonstration.

"This strikes me as being a queer funeral you're talkin' about, if you'll pardon me for saying so. It sounds like a celebration of some sort."

"It is a celebration," stated Mr. Harris calmly. "Celebration is called for by the will. That was Cornelius Corran's idea—to have his friends enjoy themselves."

He produced another cigar.

"These here segars come out of the appropriation. Boxes open everywhere in the village; help yourself. That's why I offered you one," he added naively. "Eat, drink, smoke, and whoop it up, was the motto of Cornelius Corran, and he says, 'I want the boys all to remember me as that kind of a feller. I want 'em to look back and say that the last thing old Cornelius ever done was to give 'em the time of their lives.' And he's doin' it!"

The old man eyed his silent companion slyly from the corner of his eye. "You don't think that's the right kind of a funeral to have, do ye, city feller?" he demanded.

"No, I don't!" blurted George. "It seems rather heathenish to me. Your Corran must have been a—"

"You'd better not pass comments on Cornelius, not at this time. In this section," broke in Governor Harris briskly, but calmly. "You're a stranger and young, and I'm advisin' you for your own good. Nobody ever ain't been in the habit of criticizin' the duke of the Toban. Nobody criticized how he got sold of most half a million acres, nor whether his title would stand law, nor how he handled his men when they didn't toe the scratch, nor how he spent money when he was spendin', nor how he hung on to it when he had a 'close fit.' And he's windin' things up in a blaze of light that will flicker round his memory for a long time to come. Young man, I reckon it'll settle into a steady halo for him, so far as the old chaps up this way go; as for the young ones—he's Clare Corran's young ones—he's Clare Corran's young ones." (To be continued.)

## AIR CONQUEST LONG STRUGGLE

Berget is of Opinion that the Monoplane is the Machine of the Future—Presses Speed Must Be Doubled to Secure Safety.

The fundamental principle of aerostatics was discovered by Archimedes and formulated as follows: "Every body plunged into a fluid is subjected by this fluid to a 'pressure' from below to above which is equal to the weight displaced by that body." The first application of this principle was to balloons, care being taken to produce a body whose total weight was less than that of the volume of air it displaced. But although the principle was thus applied as far back as 283 B. C., it was not until 1784 that the first balloon capable of being steered was produced by Col. Renard, who accomplished a circular flight in what deserved the title of a dirigible. The reason for this was that in order to carry a dirigible in a fluid it is absolutely essential that this body should possess an independent speed, or power to move in the fluid of its own accord. In 1887 Col. Renard succeeded in obtaining an electric motor of sufficient weight to power a dirigible of forty kilogrammes a horsepower and capable of great endurance.

Monoplane the Future Machine

Today mechanicians have succeeded in perfecting motors especially designed for aviation of the almost incredibly light weight of two kilogrammes a horsepower and of such perfect action that they can start in an instant without preliminary preparation. Professor Berget, in his volume "The Conquest of the Air," explains clearly and briefly the mechanical difficulty of the problem and the scientific reasons why it took so long to solve. A spherical balloon can not be propelled, so long ago as the beginning of the nineteenth century, because of the resistance of the air. The dirigible, which is a spherical balloon, can not be propelled, so long ago as the beginning of the nineteenth century, because of the resistance of the air. The dirigible, which is a spherical balloon, can not be propelled, so long ago as the beginning of the nineteenth century, because of the resistance of the air. The dirigible, which is a spherical balloon, can not be propelled, so long ago as the beginning of the nineteenth century, because of the resistance of the air.

## Deafness Cannot be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give you Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ont.

Sold by Druggists, 75 c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## SOME BACK NUMBERS.

Bill Shakespeare wasn't very much. The modern critics say. Though he was counted quite a chap at writing in his day. Now any little scribbling bard Can beat Bill at the game And write around the Avon lad To hear him tell the same. Old Adam Smith he knew a lot About the laws of trade. Political economy By him was almost made. Now every bright-eyed congressman Who gets a few points scored Has Adam and the things he said Shoved well nigh off the board. Napoleon had a winning way. That much we must admit. It took a syndicate of foes To show him when to quit. Fat, oh, how feeble were the plans Laid out to fack his sword Compared with those a modern chap Can draw upon the board! And there were other mighty men Who knew where they were at In fighting, writing and in law And other things like that. Who by the makers of this age Are distanced very far. Who couldn't hold a candle now. Oh, my, how smart we are!

## Protection from Cholera.

The possibility of an outbreak of cholera in France has led Prof. Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute in Paris to express his opinion on the subject. Among other things he says: "Cholera is not dangerous. It is easy to protect oneself from it. I have lived in contaminated areas and never felt the least fear. The measures taken by the Government are excellent, but I must confess I have only a moderate confidence in them. The only measures to be taken are individual measures. The strictest hygiene must be observed; one must wash often, but above all drinking water must be boiled and all fruit scalded. People who say that raw fruit is dangerous make a very great mistake. Let people eat their melons without fear; they run no risk. The only essential precaution is to plunge the melons in boiling water for a minute, for the rind may have fragments of earth on it containing the germs which propagate cholera. These germs will die at once. The same is true of all fruit. Cholera and typhoid fever can only contaminate any one by means of the digestive organs. The hands must therefore be kept perfectly clean and all foods carefully sterilized. "Another mistaken idea is that boiled water is easily contaminated. That is not so. Boiled water keeps its properties for a very long time. It is quite enough to keep it in a jar. Personally I prepare my supply of boiled water in sufficient quantity for two days."

## The Gentle Answer.

Mr. Poarck came home very late the other night from an important political meeting. In the hall he kicked up rather a row, growling and swearing to himself till his wife called to him from upstairs: "What's the matter, my dear?" "Matter-hic-is," Mr. Poarck shouted, "that there are two hat racks here, and I dunno which one to hang my hat on." "But you've got two hats, haven't you?" said Mrs. Poarck, soothingly. "Hang one on each rack and come up to bed, you're tired."

## SOME HOMES THAT ARE HOMELIKE

Children Provided With Playgrounds Are Healthier and Happier for It.

The tendency when building homes in the city is to ignore the sides and especially the rear of the house, letting the windows and openings open haphazard wherever it fits in with the interior arrangement conveniently, but give the front of the house every attention as to detail, making it artistic, sometimes the reverse of this, by an excessive use of ornament which contrasts greatly with the bald appearance of the rest of the home. While designing a home in this fashion can hardly be approved, it is admittedly natural.

When planning country homes, one faces different conditions. The house is not hemmed in between two other homes, with an alley in the rear, neither is the size of the house restricted in any one direction because of lot line limitation. There are no laws requiring the house to be so many full stories high, and set back a certain number of feet from the sidewalk, so that a designer or a builder of a home in the country has no excuse for not making the home as beautiful on one side as on another.

There is no reason why the kitchen porch and entrance should not be attractive, although simple in design, whether it be on a city home or a country home. True the average passerby does not see the rear entrance and in most cases it is well that he does not, but the owner of the house, and his family, whose needs, comforts and pleasures should be most considered, see the rear of the house frequently and it is a poor compliment to them to assume that they are not as capable of appreciating an attractively designed house from the rear as much as the average passerby appreciates it from the front.

Daisy: "Is she so economical?"  
Maidie: "Well, she's saving her wedding dress for a possible second marriage."

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

## NOTICE

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

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

## THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

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

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

"Tide and Weather permitting."

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

Thorne Wharf & Warehouse Co.

Freight for St. George received up to Noon Fridays, not later.

Manager LEWIS CONNORS Blacks Harbor, N. I.

## He Has Seen It.

Artie Hunter: "I think if your wife would wash her face it would improve her appearance."

Eskimo: "Ugh! You never saw her face!"

## Sometimes Happens.

Friend: "You took your son into your establishment a few months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did he turn out?"

Business Man (wearily): "Great success. He's teaching me the business now."

With one foot in the grave it doesn't take a man long to get there with both feet.

## Bearing Down Pains.

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

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

"Why do you argue with your wife?" asked the bachelor. "Don't you know the futility of it?"

"Of course," replied the married man, "but I have to allow her a little pleasure once in a while."

"Getting any closer to her father?"

"Just a little since fall began. We've moved in from the front veranda and he's moved in from the back steps."

## UNDER THE TWINKLING STARS

By Catherine MacDougall

Twenty years ago when, Mathilde Westley was a girl in her teens, she, too, with her mother, father, sisters and brother, had lived in Lexington, and the Louwwoods and Westleys were like twin families. But one by one the parents and sisters had passed away, leaving Miss Mathilde and her brother sole survivors. After a few years of dreary lingering in the old home they had drifted to Glendale, where Jake Westley had built up a flourishing little mercantile business.

A little later had come also the Peabodys and pitched their tent near the pretty rose-shed cottage. But for the circumstance Miss Mathilde might have been contented, even fairly happy. Her life was full of congenial, healthy tasks which she performed with as much cheerfulness as she did thoroughness, each day standing forth as its own bright monument of reward.

If only there had never been a Russell Peabody! Every day, for four or five years, she had been forced to see him three times, four—sometimes five, as he passed in and out of the gate across the way going back and forth to his work.

For just a little while, many years ago, the sun of happiness had shone upon Miss Mathilde's life. It was in the days when she was a Vassar girl and he a student at Harvard. They had met, fallen desperately in love, exchanged vows and rings—only to find on their return from college that a bitter feud had existed between the Westleys and the Peabodys for scores of years. That marked the end of Mathilde Westley's brief love-dream, and Russell Peabody settled down as an old bachelor almost before he was a man. Thus the years drifted.

This morning Miss Mathilde was busy with her dust-cloth, interrupting herself every little while in the cleaning to run back to the kitchen and glance at the preserves sitting in a big copper kettle.

"Put on a fresh white apron right away, Kitty, and take this over to the little brown house on the other corner where the Louwwoods live. Tell them that Miss Mathilde sent it—for 'Auld Lang Syne'—can you remember that?" Then she added to herself:

Now there were two little brown houses across the way and each of them stood on a corner. Also, Kitty was a new maid and it was not unnatural that she should have selected the wrong place. Miss Mathilde was so deeply engrossed in the bottling process that she did not even look up as the girl went out of the gate.

Russell Peabody, by some peculiar circumstance, sat in his study looking over the contents of an old cabinet-drawer he had not opened for many years. He held in his hand a faded knot of pink ribbon—one that she had worn that night of their betrothal—and his face was less ruddy than its wont as he recalled the sweet memories of their short-lived happiness and the bitter thoughts of all the drab years that followed.

The sharp peal of the door-bell brought him to his feet. All of them were away for the Summer, not even the servant was in the house, and he answered the ring himself.

A look of surprise came into his face at sight of the trim, strange maid, but he took the dish from her hands with a smile of appreciation. Probably some neighborly friend of the family, pitying his bachelorhood, had sent it over.

"From Miss Westley—Miss Mathilde, sir—for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,'" she said. A moment later, Kitty was out of the gate and Russell Peabody stood staring into the space through which she had disappeared, and as he stared, a radiant hope awoke in his eyes. For one second he knew what is termed "mad, delicious bliss." What if she had meant that there was no "Past"? That she wanted him again as he used to be—at her side? That she cared, even as he had, more and more through all the lonely years that had divided them? Was she clearing the road for him at last? The road for which he longed, but lacked the courage to take.

After a while he closed the door and went back into his study. With trembling hands he gathered up all his treasures and locked them back in the cabinet—al, but the faded knot of ribbon. This he wrapped carefully in a piece of paper and wrote across the back of it:

"Will you wear it this evening—for 'Auld Lang Syne'?"

Afterward, he went out in the street and stopped a boy who was coming along with some papers. He gave him the package, threw a half-dollar into his hand and pointed the way to Miss Mathilde's cottage.

The day hung heavy on Russell Peabody's hands. Would she wear the pink ribbon? Or was her overture of the morning simply an act of neighborly kindness? When night came, he dressed himself more carefully than he had done for a score of years. He discarded the usual black tie for one of less sober hue and flicked imaginary specks of dust from his broadcloth jacket at least a dozen times. He looked at himself a bit uncertainly in the glass. But after all, forty-three was not so very old, and Time had traced no unflattering lines on his keen, good-looking face.

At 8 o'clock he left the house and walked rapidly, without looking up, till he came to Miss Mathilde's gate. The high fence was tangled in clematis and he did not see her at all till his hand rested on the latch. She was dressed all over in white, with a white rose nestled at her throat above a faded knot of pink ribbon.

"Mathilde!" A vivid light leapt to his face, illumining it. She answered by a quick flash of her eyes, and he, reading love's language in them, held out his arms. She went to him with a little something between a sob and a laugh and he kissed her softly under the twinkling November stars.

## ACADIANS AND DOUKHOBORS

Two Communities, Whose Praises Were Sung by Longfellow and Tolstoy, Who Are Settled Happily in Canada.

The years 1665 and 1682 saw two considerable migrations from Normandy and Brittany to the peninsula since christened Nova Scotia, which for a long time subsequently formed a part of New France. These people were not fugitives of any description, neither the law requiring them nor persecution driving them. They formed a colony under their own Government's rule. They were farmers, with a desire to obtain freehold property and a life of peace and quietness. Their name resulted from the description of the Indians around, who designated any cultivated place as Kady. These people were comparatively few in number, for about a century after emigration their total population was computed at about two thousand. Things went fairly well at first, for they made excellent friends of the Indians in the vicinity, the Micmacs by name. Later, however, came the subjugation of the French in Canada by the English, and this latter's complete possession. Then it became necessary for these simple folk to take full measures and precautions for self-maintenance, as it turned out they were unmoored for forty years, no English settlement being formed in Acadia during that time. Eventually, however, the inevitable took place; the English settled at last, and founded the town of Halifax, and the disaffected Acadians had to undergo the bitter experience of deportation.

The Doukhobors

To turn our thoughts in another direction, we find the Doukhobors. These strange people differ considerably from the Acadians, the first and foremost reason being that they are now a scattered race, parts of which can be found in various Canadian States. Again, their nationality is different, for they are the descendants of Russian emigrants of the peasant class; and lastly, the cause of their emigration was in total contrast to that of the Acadians. In the reign of Catherine II, the Doukhobors, who are a religious sect entirely opposed to militarism, and in favour of a doctrine of non-resistance, could still not be induced to conform with the conscription laws of their country, which had been the case for a considerable period previously; the ruler in question, however, considered persecution an unwise procedure, so that any settlings the Doukhobors underwent were purely private. After the accession of Paul the plan was changed, and in 1799 persecution with the cognizance of the State commenced. Alexander I, reverted to the policy of Catherine and permitted the sect to form a settlement of their own at "Milky Waters," near the Sea of Azof. Thus the Doukhobors became an industrial and economic community as well as merely religious. Unfortunately they failed to give complete satisfaction to the Government, and were transported to the Caucasus. Still, owing to their anti-militarist attitude, persecution followed them there as a small detachment emigrated to Cyprus, whilst in 1888 permission to leave Russia for Canada was granted by the Government with somewhat stringent conditions.

## Cold Weather Requisites!

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

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

Get Ready  
For Skating

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

Frauley Bros.  
The St. George Clothiers & Furnishers

## Advertise in the Greetings!

## Mid-Winter -- Necessities

International Stock and Poultry Foods  
Horse Blankets and Fittings - Some of the Best Kinds

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

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

Jan. 19 1912 John Dewar & Sons, Limited

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### Personals.

David Edridge of Deaver Harbor was in town for a few hours on Tuesday driving.

Mrs. Benj. Austin has returned to her home at Musquash after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

Miss Reva Beck of Milltown, N. B., was the guest of Mrs. Jane Dohls during the week.

Jas. Southard and wife spent last week with friends at St. Stephen and are visiting this week at Red Rock.

Henry McCatten who has been at West Berlin, Mass., for the past 7 or 8 years is visiting relatives here and also at Red Rock.

Miss Olive Mitchell and Mr. Thomas Mitchell of Back Bay and Earl Tucker of Blacks Harbor attended the social and dance here on Wednesday evening.

Fred McLean of Letete, I. S. Thompson and Bernard Connors of Blacks Harbor were in town on Tuesday.

Harry Doyle is quite ill at his home here.

Mrs. Garfield Boone who spent the holidays at Oak Bay returned on Friday of last week.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Boyd and Clarence Munroe took place at Peun-fact on Wednesday, Rev. J. Spencer performed the ceremony.

Sam'l. Lord of Piscobagen was in town Thursday and reports that he has finished brushing out the road from Foyers-Ridge to Brown Ridge which had been all-wet to grow up for some time past.

Mrs. McCabe and Miss Edith Gilmer of Bonny River were in town on Thursday for a few hours.

### DIPPER HARBOR WEST.

Schr. Ruby, Capt. O'Donnell returned from St. John Monday.

Roy James has purchased a fine horse from Tbos. Hovan of St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Kerrigan of Musquash spent Sunday with relatives here.

The schr. Whisper, owned by Capt. Harkins that dragged ashore in Tuesday's gale was floated Tuesday by the dredge Kita, and tug boat Kenton, and was safely ground on Campbell's beach, it is not known yet what damage is done to the vessel as she is lying on her side full of water. Capt. Harkins wishes to thank his many friends who helped him as his vessel would have been a total loss.

Mrs. David McAdam spent a few days in St. John.

Schr. Ssacy Imp, Capt. Calder, Lord's Cove is here on a fishing cruise.

Alonso Greenlaw called on Jas. Boyle Sunday evening.

Pat Murray, Harry Divine and Harry Carson spent Saturday evening with Capt. Harkins.

Jas. Clark returned to his home in St. John Friday, he expects to return in a few days to commence work on the new breakwater again.

Miss Parker of Gardiners Creek has taken the school here for this term.

Furniture men are watching with considerable interest the experiments of Thomas A. Edison in the manufacture of concrete furniture. Mr. Edison says that the concrete furniture is coming and that with its arrival the cost of furnishing a house will be reduced by one half. He claims that nothing will be lost from the standpoint of the artistic, while from the standpoint of durability, there will be a great improvement. According to Mr. Edison, the concrete furniture can be stained to resemble any kind of wood. The greatest difficulty, thus far experienced, in manufacturing concrete furniture, as in its weight. Mr. Edison has already turned out some specimens, but these weigh about one third more than the wooden furniture with which they are expected to enter into competition.

Mr. Edison realizes this drawback, but says that the excess in weight can be reduced to 25 per cent.

**Will Cause a Shudder In American Society**

New York, Jan. 16.—The Tribune's London correspondent today says: "The startling proposal is made that presentations at court of ladies of foreign birth

shall in future be restricted to those married to British subjects, or whose male relatives hold some official position in this country."

It is stated that Queen Mary does not view the American invasion with favor, and that she is the author of this suggestion. It is further proposed in order to relieve the pressure on the courts held in London, that their majesties shall hold courts in Dublin and Edinburgh.

### FIRST LOVE OF KAISER WILHELM

The Stern Necessities of Politics Cast a Cloud Over Two Young Lives and Compelled a Prince to Desert His Love Who Died.

The touching story of the romantic attachment of the Emperor William I. to Princess Eliza Radziwill when he was young man and she a girl, and of the obstacles that arose to prevent their union, is related in detail in a book just written by Dr. Bruno Hennig, of Berlin. The stern necessities of politics cast a cloud over these two young Royal lovers, and compelled Prince William — as he then was — to desert the girl he loved to contract a union based on duty — instead of on personal inclination.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century Prussia had absorbed a portion of the ancient kingdom of Poland, and was engaged in the difficult task — scarcely imperfectly accomplished — of assimilating the conquered Poles, who regarded their German masters with repugnance.

The hopes of Prussia in those days were largely centered in Prince Antony Radziwill, one of the Polish magnates, who accepted Prussian supremacy over his native land in a friendly spirit, and married the daughter of a niece of Frederic the Great, after which he was appointed Viceroy of Prussian Poland, with his seat at government at Posen. His real home, however, was in Berlin, and it was here that his daughter, Princess Eliza, who as a Hohenzollern on the maternal side associated freely with the Prussian Royal family, met the reigning King, Frederic William III.

Prince William and Princess Eliza grew up from childhood together, and it was not until 1820, when he was 23 and she three years younger, that their friendship ripened into love. The first words of love were spoken at a picnic in the forest round Berlin, at which Prince Antony, Princess Louise Radziwill and the King's remaining children, the Crown Prince, Prince Charles, and Princess Alexandra, were also present. "Dear, dear Lulu," wrote little Princess Eliza to her friend, Countess Storch. "How happy, how supremely happy I was with William."

**A Shadow**  
During the next two years the young couple saw one another constantly, but a shadow had fallen across their happiness owing to the degree of difference in their respective ranks, which constituted a bar to their marriage. When Princess Eliza's mother — a Hohenzollern Princess — married Prince Radziwill, her inferior in birthright, she descended to his rank, and their children were not Royal Princes and Princesses, but merely the descendants of a Polish noble family, with Royal blood in their veins.

A marriage between Prince William and Princess Eliza would thus have been a morganatic union, and the right of their children to inherit the Prussian Throne would, according to the "House Laws" of the Hohenzollern dynasty, have been open to doubt. The question was raised whether Princess Eliza could not be raised to the rank of "Royal Highness" either by the King of Prussia or by the Tsar, and the two lovers went through an anxious time, which extended into several years, while this matter remained undecided.

But Prince William was obliged by what he considered his duty to the State to desert the girl of his heart, and in February 1829 his engagement to Princess Augusta of Weimar was announced.

Princess Eliza did not live long after the marriage of William to Princess Augusta of Weimar.

**With a Moral**  
The Chamber of Commerce of Rochester, N. Y., is circulating booklets to show the community the loss through preventable fires and the need of individual fire protection. The increased use of gasoline makes education on its handling very timely. Here is an illustration from one of these booklets:

"A woman poured a quart of gasoline in the marble wash bowl of the toilet room, and placed a silk waist in it. She closed the door and returned in ten minutes. She rubbed the silk between her hands. This generated sufficient electricity to make a spark. The gasoline exploded, the house burned, and the woman lost her life."

**Sand Bricks: Growth of Industry**  
The making of building bricks by pressing together milk of lime and ten or twelve times its volume of coarse sand is a twentieth century industry, says a Scientist. Beginning with the production of a few thousand bricks in 1801 at Michigan City, Ind., it has developed rapidly in the United States, and the product seems to have stood the tests of the laboratory and actual use.

## Mr. Merchant!

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

### Come Buy a Space!

#### The Grege-se Penguin

Of all the foreign birds to be seen in zoological collections, it is the penguins that gain the most popularity with the least attempt to do so; they do not affably converse with the public like parrots, or make grotesque grimaces like pelicans; indeed, they studiously ignore the visitors, whom they attract by their inimitably quaint caricatures of humanity. No birds depart more in form from the usual bird-type, and there is something about them which irresistibly suggests an over-fed little boy in an overcoat with the sleeves very much too tight for him, as they toddle about with their stiff wings hanging down, or solemnly meditate a three-inch jump.

#### Making Dad Worse

A clergyman was severely reprimanding a man for regularly going to sleep every Sunday afternoon when he (the clergyman) preached. "Well, sir," said the man, "I don't think it's your sermon sends me to sleep. If you notice, I'm asleep before you start to preach. The fact is, sir, I have been in the habit of taking a nap about that hour of the day

for years, and now I can't get out of it."

"It's a very bad habit," remarked the clergyman, though somewhat mollified at the thought that his preaching wasn't the cause of the man's somnolence; "and, apart from its being very improper behaviour in church, I should think it must interfere with your Sunday night's rest."

"No, sir, it doesn't — thanks to you," replied the man.

"Thanks to me! What do you mean?" inquired the astonished clergyman.

"Why, sir, my son is learning shorthand, so, for practice, he always takes down your sermon, and when I am in bed he begins to read it to me, and I drop off to sleep in no time!"

The clergyman's feelings can better be imagined than described.

#### Diastic for the Hair

Some girls have invented quite a clever scheme this Summer to keep their locks in place in or out of the house by using the thinnest kind of hat elastic around the brow. It makes a tiny ridge, barely visible, where it tightens the hair, but the locks can easily be pulled up above it with a hair pin.



What "Semi-ready" Assures

You can judge the suitability of a suit—the fabric, fashion and finish of it—and know just how it fits your personality.

You can have the suit finished and tailored to your exact physique type—so that it will conform to any little peculiarity of shoulders or proportion of your body.

We can show you Suits and Overcoats at \$20 that will cost you \$30 to get their like elsewhere. Semi-ready Suits at \$18 with the "Signet of Surety" on them. At \$15, with satisfaction; at \$30, perfection.

## J. O'NEIL

Formerly With Vroom Bros. Eight Years Experience With That Well Known Concern

Iron Beds, Springs and Mattresses and ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE At Reasonable Prices. — Mail Orders Attended to Promptly. Give Us a Trial

THE ARTISTIC Picture Framing & Furniture Store OF ST. STEPHEN

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ST. GEORGE, N. B.

Undertaker and Embalmer

Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

Prices lower than any competitor

## Envelopes

Neatly Printed at The Greeting's Office

#### The March of the Queueless.

The present generation has seen no more significant procession on the streets of Toronto than the march of the "queueless." The Chinese who took part in it were not holidaymakers. To them it was a solemn public repudiation of the Manchu conquerors who for two hundred and fifty years have lorded it over the swarming millions of China. To the marching hundreds the preliminary step of cutting off the queue must have been as momentous a thing as was the signing of the National Covenant in Greyfriars churchyard to the Scots of Charles First's day, or the drawing up of the invitation to William of Orange by the English leaders of the revolution that drove the Stuarts from the Throne.

Consider also what evidence of national solidarity was presented by the men who marched behind banners bearing mottoes such as "China Forever," "Liberty and Equality," "Progress and Prosperity." Nine-tenths of them were coolies from provinces south of the Yangtze unlettered men who in their own land have neither social standing nor political rights. No Pharisee ever despised the Galilean and His fishermen as the Manchus despised the Chinese Reform party. And yet, borrowing underground among men of the type of these stolid Cantonese coolies and merchants, the leaders of the revolution built up a national spirit, accumulated money for the purchase of munitions of war, and laid the train for the upheaval that the leading British authority on foreign affairs regards as the greatest event of the world's history in a thousand years.

The thoughtless Occidental may smile at "John Chinaman" on the march, and remind him that the washing wails, but the inscrutable and queueless Oriental represents almost a quarter of the human race, and woe be to the Western world if the awakened giant takes to the sword in stead of the implements of husbandry and the tools of industry. Let us hope that behind the grave, unsmiling faces there is no thought of a career of glory and adventure for the new China, and that "Liberty and Equality," "Progress and Prosperity" are in very truth the things of the above all others which the rulers of the Chinese Republic set before them, and toward which they will strive. Tor, Globe.

IN STOCK HARDWOOD FLOORING

In Birch, Maple And Beech.

ALL Kiln Dried Bored for Nailing And End Matched

HALEY & SON St. Stephen, - - N. B.



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

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

WANTED

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

W. A. KAIN 116 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

# MC2465 PEOPR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### Paying Cash Pays!

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

**ANDREW McGEE - - Back Bay**

#### BACK BAY

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mitchell spent a few days of last week in St. Stephen and St. Andrews.

L. W. Theriault made a business trip to Letete Monday.

Chester Catherine and Fred McLean of Letete passed through here Monday enroute to St. George.

Mrs. Wm. Mitchell and son Wesley were in town Monday.

Bert Cameron of Mascarene was a business caller here Friday.

Miss Estella Mitchell spent Sunday with Lila B. Kinney.

Miss Violet Leslie called on Jennie Barrett Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Leavitt spent Sunday in Letang the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Leavitt.

Thos. Mitchell who has been spending his vacation at his home here, expects to take his position on Str. Viking in a few days.

Mrs. Hugh Harris spent Sunday with her sister Mrs. Jas. Henley.

Miss Agnes Leavitt was the guest of Letang friends Sunday.

Miss Mamie Hooper and Boynton Henley were married Saturday Jan. 13th, in the evening quite a number of their invited friends gathered at the bride's home, where music and games were enjoyed, refreshments were served and the guests left at a late hour all voting it a good time.

Rev. Mr. Burr preached his farewell sermon here Sunday evening, while here he made many friends who will regret his departure, and wish that he may be with us again. We all join in wishing him the best of luck.

Harlon Kinney who has been employed at Blacks Har' for the past few years left a few days ago for Boston where he will spend a few weeks, thence he will go to Florida for his health.

#### LELETE

Mrs. Edward McNichol who has been confined to the house with the grip is improving daily.

Mrs. John Catherine spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Geo. Chubb.

Misses Jessie Catherine and Nellie McLean spent Saturday evening with Miss Carrie Chubb.

Messrs. Wm. McMahon and Alphonso and Sherry French were to Back Bay to the party Saturday evening at the home of Allan Lasley.

Miss Portia Seelye who has been confined to the house the past few weeks went to St. Stephen Wednesday to the hospital.

John Addy of S. Hayward, St. John was the guest of H. O. Chubb Wednesday.

Albert Tucker was confined to the house a few days with the grip.

#### MASCARENE

Kin Stuart is cutting box wood for Walter McKenzie this week.

Fred Wentworth of Letete was a recent visitor here.

Robert and Nolan Wilcox were calling on friends Tue day evening.

Raymond Matthews hurt his finger quite badly cutting wood last week.

Eva Cameron called on Flora Stewart recently.

Bert Cameron called on Wm. Leland

#### HOW HE WON PEGGY

By Ernest Macgee

From outside the block of flats there came the throbbing and grunting of a taxi, but Harry Martin had settled himself to spend a lonely evening, and did not dream that the noise heralded a visitor. He was mistaken, however, and a few minutes later the visitor arrived, in the person of Mr. Jack Palmer.

"Glad I got you in," he started. "I hear you're clearing out to-morrow going down to a place in Cornwall called Halesworth, and that you're to be there for a week or a fortnight. That's so, isn't it?"

"Hilda Durrant is staying there. I heard that yesterday in a round-about way. And that's why I've come to warn you. You remember, don't you, of course? At least, you've heard of her from me. She's the world's star flirt - an exquisite face, a charming manner, a clever brain - and no heart."

"What? Oh, yes, I see! I do thank you then. It is to be Harry Martin, isn't it? Right, Jack. But, after all, I'm sort of case-hardened. It would take a pretty smart flirt to get me to the sentimental point."

"Exactly, and that's the second reason for my coming here - I want her to be taught that she can be fooled just as she can be flattered. Two years ago I was a victim of hers - and she only smiled. Well, I've recovered, but I haven't forgotten, and I want her to be shown that every man isn't a confounded idiot where she's concerned."

"When Harry had been settled at the Cliff Hotel for a little more than half an hour, he noticed a girl coming slowly up the drive and when she drew near enough for him to see her clearly, he knew quite well that she must be the flirt for whom he had a rod in pickle. He was cautious, however, and, just for safety's sake, turned the hotel bookkeeper, near whose office he was standing, and said: "You see that lady coming toward the hotel? I wonder if you can tell me what her name is." And the bookkeeper, cloaking with tact an acute curiosity, answered: "Her name is Miss Durrant, sir. She has been with us for nearly a month."

"The girl came nearer, nearer yet, and as she still moved with graceful slowness, entered through the wide doorway. In passing Harry, she cast a glance at him with a half-smile, and then, evidently noticing that he was a stranger, averted her eyes, and walked on towards the wide staircase."

"That night at dinner he contrived with an address which surprised even himself, to make the first friendly advances to her, and these advances were met most graciously, but with a shyness which was in Harry's eyes the hall-mark of superb acting. And how wonderful she was! He planned to make love to her with just as little waste of time as possible, and, even now confident in his own strength, he set himself to the task."

Apparently, too, he was vastly successful, for the acquaintance formed at dinner that night ripened and changed for something deeper in the days that followed.

At the end of the third day, Harry told himself that everything was going magnificently, and that he was seriously made at least a slight impression on the flirt's heart; at the end of the fourth day he felt less sure of himself, and of the ultimate success of his scheme; at the end of the fifth day he called himself a fool and maligned Jack Palmer; at the end of the sixth, he made up his mind that he must bring the crisis on at once; and at the end of the seventh, he knew that he would never bring on the crisis at all - that the crisis had come of its own accord, and was of a very different nature from that which he had expected.

And on the evening of the eighth day he told himself that he was the biggest idiot in England; that he was quite hopelessly in love, and that - and this was the worst thing of all - he must speak to her. He must speak of his love, and be smiled at slyly, and told that he was behaving in an absurd manner, and that he knew quite well that he should pack up his things and leave the hotel - but he could not.

Harry had spoken of love to women many times before, and indeed was supposed by his friends to be rather an expert at the game. But he floundered; he spoke in broken sentences - he called himself an ass, and called the girl an angel - working up at last to the point where he offered himself, and everything that he possessed, and saying that if she had no love for him, then he had no love for life.

Harry had stood a pace back from her - grown suddenly chill at the thought of the gentle chiding which would reward his outburst, but this chiding did not come. Instead she gave what sounded like a poorly crushed sob, and took a step towards him fatteringly.

"Oh," she managed. "Oh, yes! - I feel like that, too."

Half an hour later Harry mentioned Jack Palmer - he felt that the time had come for that.

"You knew him didn't you?" he asked. "I think he told me that he was rather friendly with you once."

"No," she said, "I never knew him - but I've heard of him, of course. You see I was at school in Germany when he used to come to our house. It was Hilda he must have meant - my sister, you know. And," she laughed a little here, "that reminds me - you don't even know my first name yet. I do hope you won't think it too frivolous - it's Peggy."

"Peggy," he said, his words coming with difficulty, "is the name I like best in all the world. And - so you're Peggy? Well, Peggy, that - that's fine."

It was not until after the marriage that he explained things.

#### County Council

The municipal council opened its winter session on Tuesday, Council: E. A. McNeil was elected Warden, and R. E. Armstrong, official reporter.

A protest was entered by Henry Emmerson against the return of Council: McCann of Dumbarton but after was withdrawn.

Auditor Cockburn submitted his report which showed Contingent Fund, Receipts of \$8,318.89 with expenditures of \$7,999.68 leaving a balance on hand of \$1,019.21. School Fund, Receipts \$1,781.91, Expenditures \$6,686.11, Bal. on hand \$5,995.50 which with other small balances leave a total balance in hands of Treasurer of \$7,655.58

A number of bills were reported on and M. N. Cockburn was re-elected Auditor. Dr. Lawson addressed the council on a scheme to take care of tubercular patients.

Edith-Can you tell me the reason for the high cost of living, Mr. Mushie? Mr. Mushie-O-aw-I suppose it's because there is considerable demand for it, you know.

Miss O'right-When I am doing serious work I hate to have a lot of men hanging around bothering me. Miss Pert-You do a great deal of serious work, do you not?

The Rink. During the late cold snap the Rink Committee after discussion of T. R. Kent, H. R. Lawrence and Dr. E. Wilson have been doing strenuous work trying to get a sheet of ice, working with their assistants every day and also considerable time during the nights, and doing work that if anyone sought to hire them to do they would laugh at any offer.

All of which work they are doing with out any future hope of reward except abuse and complaints or such as will remember that the rink is a public institution and anything made over expenses goes to improvements on it, or for some other town purposes, should it even get into perfect condition.

Before holidays the weather prevented them from getting ice, and after they met with difficulty after difficulty but at last on Monday they succeeded in getting a fair sheet of ice and proposed opening on Tuesday evening (as Monday was too cold), when a heavy storm set in just before tea so that the opening was forced to be again postponed.

On Wednesday the weather being fine the rink was scraped off and in the evening with beautiful fine weather a large crowd gathered and enjoyed skating from 7 till 9 o'clock, when the rink was closed and a large proportion of those present, went to the Hall for the Box Social and Dance which continued to the wee sma hrs. all voting it a very pleasant nights enjoyment.

Music for the skating at the Rink was furnished by the Cornet Band, while Mooney's orchestra supplied that for dancing in their usual acceptable manner.

Shore Line Train Off The Track. Ditched by what is believed to be a broken rail, the regular N. B. Southern train from St. Stephen left the track at Mahogany about two miles from the west side station last evening, and up to an early hour this morning, a C. P. R. auxiliary crew had not succeeded in restoring the engine, snowplow and cars to the rails.

About a dozen passengers on the train at the time of the accident were given a rude shock, but fortunately no one was seriously injured. Arrangements were made to have them brought to the city by a jolly crowd apparently, none the worse for the mishap.

The engine was preceded by a snowplow and was traveling at a fairly rapid rate in spite of the drifting snow when the plow lurched suddenly under a heavy drift, and it is believed that one of the rails gave way. The engine followed the snow plow, and it is understood that the entire train was derailed, although fortunately none of the cars toppled over.

The train crew sent a hurry call for assistance, and an auxiliary crew from the C. P. R. yards at Bay Shore was sent down but they found their work cut out for them in restoring the heavy engine and cars to the rails. With the exception of a broken cowcatcher on the locomotive, the rolling stock is not seriously damaged. If the line is cleared in time, the morning train will be made up at the west side station and leave for St. Stephen at 7:45 o'clock as usual. -Tel.

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#### LOCALS

Robt. J., the 8 year old son of Adam Taylor of Lepreau died on Thursday morning of this week.

The train on Thursday morning was over an hour later in arriving on account of the run off Wednesday night 2 miles this side of St. John.

The boring machine owing to the cold weather has been making very slow progress, with the Carleton st. well, but will likely be able to make quicker work.

The handsomest calendar to hand this season is undoubtedly that of Hale & Sons of St. Stephen. Very pretty one also to hand from Messrs. Connors Bros. of Blacks Harlor, while the Beaver Harbor Trading Co. send one with a very catchy picture. Messrs. Boyd Bros. send out a very pretty bracket Calendar.

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#### Notice of Election!

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday 23rd day of January instant, I will hold a poll for the Election of two Councillors for the Town of St. George to fill vacancy in Wards 1 and 4 the place of said polling shall be at the Town Hall and the polling will open at 10 o'clock in the morning and close at 4 P. M. Nominations for Aldermen will be received by me up to Friday the 19th day of January inst., at 6 P. M. No person who is not regularly nominated as the law directs, shall be a candidate. Polling will only take place in the event of more than one candidate being duly nominated for Aldermen in each ward.

**Jno. C. O'Brien,**  
Polling Officer.  
St. George, N. B.  
January 11th. 1912.

St. George N. B., Jan. 12.  
Mr. Editor,

Please permit me a small space in your valuable paper to inquire into a matter of importance of our town affairs. How long has the public got to put up with this neglect of the Street Commissioner not looking after his business? Why should we see the Sewers of the Town, being stopped up and flooding out our cellars, and our stone walls. For inst. take the Sewer on Carleton Street, look what a state that sewer is in, and with a little work could be remedied very easily.

There is just one more question of importance I would like to refer to and that is: Why can't there be a "Lamp" lighted at every Church on Sunday Night? Now an occurrence like this is going too far. An occurrence like this is going too far. An occurrence like this is going too far. An occurrence like this is going too far.

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## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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



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

### REAL ESTATE SALE.

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

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

Terms announced at time of sale. Dated this 16th Day of December A. D. 1911.

Patrick McLaughlin  
Howard C. Traynor  
Executors.

### Female Labor in Germany.

Female labor is already an important factor in Germany's national economy, and without it many important branches of industry would not be able to pay their way. In 1907 out of a population of 61,600,000 there were 26,000,000 working in the principal trades. Of these 8,000,000 were women, but 1,051,723 female servants living with their masters are not included in the total.

That same year in Saxony about 350,000 female workers were making their living in mining, building and similar industries, about 900,000 male workers being engaged in the same industries. In trade and commerce there were 211,570 males and 75,072 females. The number of female farm laborers was over 100,000 in Saxony in 1907, but that was less than it had been.

Owing to the increased duty on tobacco female labor is being used more and more for sorting in the cigar industry of the Chemnitz district. Owing to the last business crisis, the same may be said of different branches of the textile industry. According to Consular and Trade Reports, the tendency is to use female in place of male labor wherever possible.

From the statistics of sick funds it is learned that the employment of female labor is increasing much more rapidly, comparatively, than the male population. From 1906 to September, 1910, the number of female workers increased by 24.5 per cent., that of male workers by 13.9 per cent. The great accession of able bodied female workers in the last few years is remarkable, and is to be attributed to the rise in the cost of living, which causes women to leave household duties for a more remunerative work.

Advertise in Greetings

We are Agents in Charlotte Co. for the Celebrated Hercules Springs, Guaranteed for a Lifetime.

Window Shades A Specialty  
If you cannot call and see our Stock, write, and we will send You Goods On Approval

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

### Brass Bands.

The first brass bands in this country were established by some of the large employers of labor in Lancashire, who provided instruments and tuition. The innovation proved popular in the extreme, and in a few years almost every industrial centre in the Middle North possessed one or more of these fraternities of musical factory workers. Public contests became common as a result of local rivalries and in 1866 Enderby Jackson of Hull organized the first "Grand National Brass Band Contest" at the Crystal Palace. On that occasion 169 bands entered and about two thirds of the number actually competed. Musical critics were greatly impressed by the playing of "Rule Britannia," the "Hallelujah Chorus" and other more or less suitable pieces by the massed bands.

From England the movement spread to America, where it is said the members of brass bands may now be numbered by the hundred thousand—an estimate that is possibly exaggerated, though every minor celebrity over there seems to be escorted about his business by companies of lusty blowers that seem to emanate from the sidewalks or pavements. The writer has been assured by an American authority that the best brass bands in his country are to be found in the textile towns, where, as everybody knows, the foundations of the local industries have been well and truly laid by immigrants from Lancashire, who were no doubt missionaries of robust music as well as teachers of the arts of weaving and spinning.

In European countries the private brass band is infrequent for the simple and sufficient reason that the whole supply of instrumentalists is absorbed by their enormous armies, the military band being ubiquitous.—London Times.

### Dizziness

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

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### ANGEL OR DEVILMOUNT

By Kit Brum

Many years ago, relates a woman writer, a lonely man dwelt in a cave up in the hills where rise the waters of the Iwaga. None know whence he came, nor who he was, except that he called himself Randolph Jackson, and that he had made himself a habitation in the cave. Beyond the lodge the hill arose, its crest looking towards the north-west where Greylock loomed and opposite towards the south-eastern hills, below the valley lay the guarding hill precipitate in its descent. At the bottom the river murmured over its pebbled bed and between the forest-clad hills. For the stately pines the rugged oaks and spruce and the graceful birches were crowded close on either side, and far upward, till they reached the fertile fields that the first settlers had cleared.

From the front of the cave, Randolph could look far across the valley, and could see no human habitation or human being; only now and then he might watch an eagle soaring across, or see a fox skulk away in the shadow, or hear the soft flap of the wings of an owl, when the great

barrenness had come down.

Randolph worked for the farmers down beyond the valley and took for his pay mostly provisions, for money was scarce then in all this region, and trade was made by bartering. So from one he took the cloth, spun and woven there, that another farmer's wife made his garments from. Another gave him meal, another potatoes. From a fifth he secured the maple sugar that was his only luxury, and from a sixth the pork that served as meat or now and then a pat of butter. And then, too, he could use his musket, and sometimes also furnished himself a meal from the tender flesh of a rabbit, coon or quail; he would stride down the valley and from a brook on the other side of the river draw out an unsuspecting, unsophisticated trout. So Randolph lived.

One winter morning Randolph arose long before light, for he had work with a farmer down the valley whose hours were early, and he must be there to help before the early winter sun arose above the eastern hills. The winter had been hard, a thick coat of snow lay upon the ground. A day or two before more had come, and then had turned to rain, and then the rain had frozen into sleet, and formed a crust, hard enough to bear up the fox taken away from home, unwarned and unthought, but not hard enough to bar the weight of the lone cave-liver. When the long day's work was done, and the weary oxen in their stalls, and the dog snoring in the chimney corner and dreaming of the fox he had seen that day, Randolph started to his sheltering cave, across his shoulder a bag of potatoes, a side of salt pork, and a loaf of corn bread, given him by kindly Mistress Leason. But it was darker than ever then. The dim ghosts of farm buildings, or towering trees were only a visible tangle of darkness. The fog was thick and close, and Randolph had no lantern, and perforce must find his way, alone and unlighted, up the slope of the valley to the ledge that made his roof tree. And he was tired, and painfully groped his way along the beaten road that was his path for a part of the distance.

Then he left it to try and find his path through the forest trees, his path alone, for none other lived in the valley, and none other ever passed that way. Did he find it? He could not tell, but groped darkly and alone through the misty trees. Soon he could not tell where he was. He could not tell how far up the hillside he had come, nor where the edge began its sinuous length. And he paused alarmed at last.

And then, far off in the distance, there came a noise, indistinguishable at first from the breath and whisper of the fir trees, then more plain and plainer yet until it seemed to Randolph that it was a voice crying, "This-a-way! This-a-way! Heere-ere! This-a-way!" "Heere-ere!" said the wanderer, and paused perplexed. "This-a-way," cried the voice. "What was that?" he ejaculated. "Heere-ere!" pealed the voice far away in the darkness behind the spruces. "Heere-ere!" it pealed again and again. Randolph wiped his sweat from his brow and placed his old fur cap, and went on again, slowly and painfully up the snow clad hill. Again it seemed to him that his path was not here, and again he paused, and then, "That-a-way!" cried the voice, "This-a-way! Heere-ere-ere!"

And the clump of dark spruce trees close at hand seemed strange to him, and lacked their familiar outlines. When he stumbled over a log that he had no recollection of, and paused again, he heard a faint voice, and he heard again in the forest. "This-a-way! This-a-way! This-a-way!" And so he climbed the mountain, pausing ever and anon for the sound of the welcome voice far away calling plainly, "This-a-way!" or near at hand echoing with a sighing cadence, across the valley, "This-a-way!" Until at last, while he was peering himself to be a long way from home, he suddenly saw before him the glimmer of a fire; the few embers left burning from his fire of the morning, and he stumbled across the rocks of his threshold with a sigh of relief, and threw himself down upon his couch of fir branches, tired and content. And always, when he told the story of his long wandering up the hillside in the dark night, and mimicked the sound that had come to him, and led him upward in safety, he said that he never knew if it was an angel calling him or a catamount.

In China the average rate of wages throughout the empire is about 18c a day. The labourers at work on the new telephone line in Pekin get 10c, and wheelbarrow coolies in Shanghai \$4 a month. The wages of Pressmen average about 48c a day.

In the homes of the middle-class Chinese the husband's mother reigns supreme, and clubs have been formed among wives with such titles as "Rebellion Against the Mothers-in-law" and "Restoration of Female Rights." Pekin is often erroneously referred to as "The Forbidden City." As a matter of fact, it is the Royal Palace in Pekin which is the real Forbidden City and from which foreigners, except on very special occasions, are rigidly excluded.

The Chinese, as a rule, are poorly housed. In the towns the buildings are mostly brick with tiled roofs, but many are built of wood. There is practically no attempt at internal decoration. The windows are papered, but glass is coming into use among the well-to-do. The labouring classes live in mud or wattle huts, tiled, thatched, or roofed with matting.

Maybe So.

"Pai!"  
"Well, Hildegard?"  
"Sawfish live in the sea, don't they?"  
"Yes, my child."  
"Doesn't the salt water make their teeth rusty?"

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## THE ORIGIN OF OPIUM

The Cultivation of Pepples which was only begun in China 200 Years Ago was Imported from the West into India.

The same political developments are to be seen in the East as in the West, but in a lesser degree, and to affirm that the West has outstripped the East, or that the East has lagged behind the West, is to affirm things about which nothing certain can be said. It is curious that the vice which is regarded as most distinctly Asiatic should have originated in Europe. Seven thousand years ago, in the so-called Stone age, the lake dwellers of Switzerland were cultivating pepples, apparently for the oil in the seed.

In the South of Europe and on the Mediterranean shores of Africa the opium poppy—or rather the wild poppy of which the opium poppy is a cultivated variety—was grown perhaps two thousand years ago. The Greeks were acquainted with the somniferous properties of the sap, which was used as medicine, but chiefly it was cultivated for the oil. Now this variety of poppy does not grow wild in Asia; it was apparently introduced into Persia, India, and China by Arab traders, as the narcotic juice seems to have been large-

ly used by the Arabians for the pleasurable effects produced. It appears to have reached India about a thousand years ago, although no doubt the drug was imported before that time, and five hundred years ago it was an article of trade between India and China.

The cultivation of pepples, however, apparently was only begun in China some two hundred years ago, when the Chinese hit upon the plan of inhaling the fumes by burning the drug—the so-called opium smoking. Here we see the introduction of a narcotic from the West to the East, and the question arises why the West has been able to escape from its influence while so many Eastern nations have succumbed? This is more especially curious when we remember that tobacco, also introduced to the East from the West, is now as popular in Europe as in Asia and other parts of the world. Whatever be the cause of this comparative indifference to opium in Europe, it remains a fact that its use and cultivation were imported from the West, and thus an Asiatic vice turns out to be not peculiarly Asiatic at all.

Who is Hansard?

Webster's dictionary says Hansard is an official report of the proceedings of the British parliament, so called from the name of the publishers. In Canada, also, Hansard is the official report of proceedings in parliamentary sessions. When you heard speakers referring to Hansard they had reference to the official report of debates, etc., on the floor of the house.

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This is rather a difficult thing to ascertain, but some deductions have been made and some conclusions arrived at. Professor Rege says that the cost of the first fleet of Columbus was 1,140,000 maravedis. The value of a maravedi was about 1/4 of a cent in modern money. The contribution, therefore, that was made by Queen Isabella was about \$725,000, without taking into consideration the higher purchasing power and money in these days. The city of Palas, Spain, also had to furnish out of its own means two small ships manned for 12 months. The cost to the State, therefore, of the journey of discovery was not more than \$7,500,000, about the price of a modern first class automobile. Of this sum the admiral received the sum of \$320, the captain \$192 each, the pilots \$128 each, and a physician \$25.50. The sailors received for the necessities of life each month about \$2.45. Not a very expensive trip considering the value of the discovery.

### A Relic Of Old England.

Within sight of three of the most beautiful church towers in Somerset—belonging to the parishes of Huisli, Martock and Langport—some streams flowing from the river Parrot meander round a village called Mcheleny. That in the Saxon tongue meant Great Island. It is close to Athelney, where Alfred the Great lay in hiding in the dark hours of his reign. In the village of Mcheleny there is a very ancient and beautiful little house called the Old Priests' House, on behalf of which an appeal is being issued by the council of the National Trust in order that this most interesting and valuable example of mediæval architecture may be preserved.

The house dates probably from the fourteenth century, when it was used by the secular priest of the parish and the assistance given to him in vicarials and drink by the monks of a neighboring abbey founded by Athelstan. It is undoubtedly one of the oldest houses in England. In its earlier years it had a central hall open to the roof, like all domestic architecture of that period, with smaller rooms at each end. Later the hall was avoided in height in order to make an upper chamber. It was in the fifteenth century that a fine door with a pointed arch was built on the south side, with a stone fireplace and two very beautiful perpendicular windows. The house is roofed with thatch.