

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, FEBRUARY 16, 1912

NO. 32.

AT D. BASSEN'S Gigantic Overcoat Sale! Gigantic Clearing Sale! Gigantic Selling Out Sale!

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

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

MRS. HOUSEWIFE:

Stop Cleaning Smoky Lamp Chimneys and Old Burners.

Our New Lamp Burner will give light six times as much as the old style
lamp burner, and a clear white light. You can turn light as high as you want
to—it is impossible to smoke chimney. You can burn lamp in room all night.
No bad smell from Kerosene. Gives a steady even light, does not hurt the
eyes, burns any grade of Kerosene oil, fits any No. 2 lamp, no mantle to break,
no black chimney to wash every day, always clean. Burner will last several
years—made of the best steel and brass.

OUR GUARANTEE

Send us 35 cents in coin or money order, and we will send you one of these
burners prepaid. You use burner 60 days and if you don't say it is the best
lamp burner you ever saw, and are not well pleased, just write us a postal card
stating You are not satisfied with burner and we will promptly return the money.
This is the best Burner Yet. All we ask, is to give us a trial. We
guarantee burner One Year or give a new one free. 3 burners prepaid \$1.

National Light Co.

Baraga, Michigan No. 813

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find 35 cents for
which send me one of your
White Light Lamp Burners
per your Advertisement, with
Understanding I can use
Burner 60 days and if I am
not well pleased with same
my money will be returned.

Name.....

Town.....

Name of Grocer or Town

National Light Company,

BARAGA, MICHIGAN

FACTS AND FALLACIES ABOUT TUBERCULOSIS.

A Child May be Born with a Ten-
dency to Consumption, but if
Proper Care is Taken It May
be Overcome.

Although there are many things
that we do not know about consump-
tion or tuberculosis, there are some
that we do and a few that we are in
the act of learning.
We do not know, for example, what
makes for susceptibility and what for
immunity. Strong and robust per-
sons are sometimes stricken down
with it; invalids and convalescents
from other diseases are no more sus-
ceptible to it than are other people,
and it is possible to live for an en-
tire lifetime in the condition known
as "run-down" or "weak" without
becoming tuberculous.

People, says a writer, still speak
of consumption as "inherited," but it
is not inherited. A child may be born
with a certain tendency to it, but
proper measures are taken early, and
kept up steadily and long enough,
this tendency can be overcome. A
child whose parents before him, and
their parents before them, perhaps
for generations back have been poor
breathers, will probably inherit a
small, meagre chest, and will there-
fore be the natural victim of the
consumption germ as soon as it
reaches him. That child will have to
be taught to breathe. The tendency
to pigeon-breast can be overcome. A
narrow chest developed to a nor-
mal capacity; but to do this, the
child must be kept constantly in
good air, and taught how to develop
and use the lungs. A pigeon-breast-
ed child who is being brought up on
the codding process—oversheltered,
overfed and overclothed—is in as
much danger as if he lived under
the famous sword hanging from a hair.

WATER CARRIERS IN PARIS.

In the Modern Babylon Water is Still
Brought in the Old-fashioned Way.

Paris is rich in contrasts, and
sometimes the irony is charming. In
the height of fashion to-day is still
to be seen on the picturesque streets
of Montmartre are to be seen these ro-
bust Auvergnats, marching with their
measured steps, and by a fiction, the
said, "It might lead to something
higher. You would make a national
reputation."
"That's what I am afraid of."
"What do you mean by that?"
"Well," answered the lawyer, heat-
ingly, "I will tell you, but it is in
strict confidence. It must not go
any further. Many years ago, when I
was young and inexperienced, I pub-
lished a small volume of original po-
etry. So far as I know, there is not
a copy of that book in existence now,
but one would turn up in some cor-
ner of the world if I were to run for
office, and the papers would print
extracts from it. I wouldn't have
that happen for a million dollars
No, sir, nothing doing."

Sword in a Plank.

A curious discovery has been made
at Oakley Station, near Dunfermline,
Scotland. In the course of alterations
for the purpose of heightening the
platform it was found necessary
to substitute a fresh plank of wood
for an old one. The latter was being
sawn up for firewood when a sword
was found imbedded in the heart of
it. The plank had formed part of the
platform support for at least fifteen
years. There was little rust on the
weapon, which was an old-fashioned
type, a short cross piece forming the
handle. How the sword could have
rot where it was discovered is a mys-
tery, as there was no indication from
the outside of the plank where it
had entered, and it is believed that
it had been picked up by the tree at
an early period of its existence and
accreted with the growth.

A King's Retreat.

We often hear of Bosobel Oak,
people pointing to it as the very tree
which sheltered Charles II. after the
Royalist forces had been shattered
at the battle of Worcester. But the
Bosobel Oak is not the original tree;
it has grown from an acorn taken
from the original tree. Bosobel
House, near by, is, however, the very
house in which he hid. He lay con-
cealed in a hole beneath a trap-door
in the cheese-room, but as soldiers
were everywhere about he had to
crawl out of the chimney and make
his way into a wood and hide in an
oak tree. Returning when the dan-
ger was for a moment passed, he
spent another night at the house,
then, early in the morning, took food
and drink with him to the oak tree,
climbed up and stayed there for
twenty-four hours. During that time
Cromwell's soldiers passed beneath
the tree searching for him, and he
heard them saying what they would
do if they caught him.

Complicated Census Work.

Census taking in China, it would
appear, is a business complicated by
Chinese customs. Thus the Chinese
method of reckoning age is not the
same as the European. A Chinese
child at birth is said to be one year
old, and after it has passed one New
Year it is said to be two years old;
so that if born in the last month of
the year it may be said to be two
years of age before it is 30 days
old according to European reckoning.
Difficulties are encountered in China,
as elsewhere, in regard to the ages
of females. There was an old lady
of Ching-tzu known to be over 100
who lived to the enumeration of



Your dear
old tea-cup
is to carry a keener
delight, a new
tea joy to your lips!
For into tea flavor—the very essence
of tea joy—an even richer fullness, a
more zestful vigor has been blended.
The result is King Cole Tea. With
your very first sip you marvel that
such flavor-improvement could be
possible! It tastes so unusually
good. And it never varies,
year in, year out.
YOU'LL LIKE
THE FLAVOR.

Unparalleled Task.

Winchester Cathedral Saved by a Diver's
Pluck.

After six years of groping and toiling
in darkness in twenty feet of water be-
neath the walls of Winchester, (England)
Cathedral, W. R. Walker, a diver, has
almost completed a task unparalleled in
the history of diving.

Winchester Cathedral had for some
years shown unmistakable signs of sink-
ing foundations. Its foundation was
laid in the thirteenth century. There
are visible signs today that the original
work was interrupted by an inflow of wa-
ter.

The walls began to crack and lean out
of the perpendicular. After many con-
sultations and inspections by engineers
and architects it was decided that the on-
ly way to save the cathedral from collaps-
ing was to employ a diver. Pumping was
out of the question, as the silt or sand
would be sucked up from the other parts
of the foundations and then the whole
structure would have come tumbling
down. The problem the architects had
to face was how to remove the peat and
substitute concrete without using the
pump.

Diving apparatus was installed and
Walker, a man of great experience in
deep sea work, went down into the dark
cavernous holes and began a task that
was expected to take about a year to com-
plete. But the difficulties were enormous
He had to work in absolute darkness and
to feel his way into the water, the phys-
ical difficulties preventing the use of arti-
ficial light.

Bit by bit he excavated the peat at the
foundations and jute bags containing
concrete were then lowered to him. As
each bag was placed in position he lit it
open with a knife and spread the cement
over the surface. The whole restoration
scheme has cost over £100,000.

Meeker—"Did you tell the cook that I
strangled about the food?"

Mrs. Meeker—"Yes."

Meeker—"What did she say?"

Mrs. Meeker—"She said I might in-
form you that there were no strings tied
to you, and if her cooking didn't suit you
could take your meals elsewhere."

It is said that man's secretiveness is
responsible for woman's curiosity.



Despair and Despondency

No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the
despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry
a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and
derangements of the delicate and important organs that are
distinctly feminine. The tortures so bravely endured com-
pletely upset the nerves if long continued.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive cure for
weakness and disease of the feminine organism.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG,
SICK WOMEN WELL.

It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain.
It tones and builds up the nerves. It fits for wifehood
and motherhood. Honest medicine dealers sell it, and
have nothing to urge upon you as "just as good."
It is non-secret, non-alcoholic and has a record of forty years of cures.
Ask Your Neighbors. They probably know of some of its many cures.
If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure
them at home, send 31 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing
only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page Illustrated
Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers,
in handsome cloth-binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The Liniment that is 101 Years Old

Quick relief for
burns, aches and pains.
Every household should keep
on hand the old, reliable

**JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE
LINIMENT**

For over 100 years it has had no equal.
Use inwardly for Colds, Bowel
Disorders, Cholera Morbus, etc.
25c and 50c Bottles.
L. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

**Parsons
Pills
Tone
the
System
and
Regulate
the Bowels**

LORD'S COVE

Mrs. Carl Gardner returned home from St. Stephen Thursday and is very much improved in health.

Rev. E. Davidson returned home on Saturday from Leonardville where he has conducted two weeks meeting with good success.

Rev. E. Davidson has received from the Red Men of Eastport an invitation to deliver an address to them on Sunday 18th.

The bean supper held by the Aid Society on Saturday evening last proved a success financially.

Joseph Stuart continues in poor health Mandy Lord is keeping house for him.

Miss May Greenlaw spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Kate Stuart.

Miss Grace Cook of Red Beach, Me., is visiting friends here.

Miss Ina Stuart made a business trip to Eastport on Saturday.

Mrs. Mell Eaton called on friends here Saturday.

Mrs. Mest Stuart has accepted a position as sealer in the clam factory here.

Mrs. Mary Lord called on Mrs. Chas. Lord Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Stuart visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Greenlaw recently.

Irene Lambert called on her sister Mrs. Frank McLaughlin on Saturday evening last.

Miss Hildred Butler was called to clam Cove on Saturday last to attend the sister in law Mrs. Howard Butler who burned herself very badly.

Bradford Morang went to Gardner's Point on Thursday evening last, returning the next day.

Emily English has been spending a few weeks with Mrs. George English.

Miss Eleanor Stuart called on Miss Belle Lambert recently.

Howard Lambert has been hauling wood for D. L. Martin recently.

Master Charles Lord had the misfortune to cut his hand quite badly one day last week.

Miss Rosie Stuart called on friends here this week.

Mrs. Annie Lambert had the misfortune to fall and break her arm.

Quite a number from Leonardville attended Church here on Sunday evening last.

Tillie Cabler has built a blacksmith shop here and is doing a flourishing business for the people of the Island.

BEAVER HARBOR

Samuel McKay, Sr., of Pennfield and Mr. Ferris of Boston called on relatives here on Wednesday.

Some fairly good catches of herring were taken here last week.

Mrs. Barbeau of Deer Island accompanied by her daughter Mrs. J. Stone arrived here on Wednesday and will remain here with her daughter Mrs. Rebt. Barry until spring.

Edward McGraw has opened a barber shop in the building formerly used as a store by R. T. Cross.

Teress Tatton, Pennfield, spent the weekend with friends here.

Mrs. Dan Thompson went by train to St. Stephen on Monday. She will receive medical treatment at the Chipman Hospital.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cross and left a baby girl, on Monday 12th inst. Congratulations.

W. L. Harding of W. F. Hatheway Co. St. John, made his monthly business trip here on Tuesday.

Berton Cross who has been fishing in a vessel from Dighy arrived home on Saturday.

Harvard Sparks returned to St. George on Tuesday after a few days at his home.

Harry Akerly of schr. "Rescue" is spending a few days here with his mother.

Mrs. G. W. McKay and Sweeney Munroe returned home from Grand Manan on Thursday.

Mrtle Holmes who has been ill with inflammation of the bowels is getting better.

A. C. Poole drove from Pennfield on Tuesday and spent a few hours in the village.

Mrs. Robt. Barry and Mrs. J. Stone spent a short time on Sunday with Mrs. Austin Munroe.

George Johnson, Deer Island, was the guest on Friday of Mr. and Mrs. Naylor Hawkins.

Edward and Walter Jastson, Pennfield were calling on friends here on Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Nelson entertained a number of friends at a quilting party on Thursday afternoon.

A DUTCH HERO

By Andrew Muir

Away over the sea, in the land of Holland, there lived many years ago a little Dutch boy named Peter. Now, in that country the sea has always been very greedy, and the Dutch folk have to be continually building dykes—that is, high walls of sand and earth—to keep the sea from rushing over their land. They know how to build stronger ones now, but they had not learned to do so in the days of which we are talking.

One evening, as Peter came home, he heard a little sound, so he stopped and looked—there it was again. Then of a sudden he caught sight of a little hole in the dyke, through which the water was dripping. Being a Dutch boy, he knew that this meant that the cruel sea was coming in, and he wondered what he could do.

His father was working on a dyke a long distance from home, and in any case while he was or help, the sea, he knew, would run in, for the opening was getting larger every moment. He tried filling it up with sand and grass, but as fast as he did so the water pushed it out again. Suddenly he had an idea; kneeling down he put his hand into the hole, and to his great delight found that the water stopped dripping through.

Hour after hour passed, and the stars came out one by one, but nobody passed that way; yet brave little Peter never stirred, although his hand and arm—indeed, his whole body—felt as if it were frozen. It was not until morning that a passing workman found him, and then the poor lad was so stiff and cold that he could only just murmur into the man's ear as he bent over him, "I—am—holding—back the sea!"

The man hurried quickly returning with helpers to fill up the hole, whilst he himself lifted the brave boy gently up in his arms and carried him home to his mother, who was distracted with grief and anxiety at his absence. It was only when she got him tucked up safe and warm in bed that she had time to feel proud of her boy; nor was she the only one to be so, for all Holland was singing the praises of the little Dutch hero who held back the sea for them.

SEEK "THE SILENCE"

By Cara Reese

All truly great souls seek "the silence." When the sulky fit comes on and the feminine partner of your joys and sorrows "won't speak," you should be careful and tread the carpet as though on storage eggs.

A few little souls get in now and then, but it is not at all likely that the one of whom you complain belongs to the shriveled up persimmon type. Never try to make either a big soul or a little soul "speak" when it is determined not to. Only dogs are forced to "speak" and are disciplined for not so doing. Your whole policy is wrong; "the silence" is the most beneficial of remedies. It begins, as a wag in a current magazine says, with the "helpless" stage. If it can manfully, or womanfully, swim up through the lukewarm vapors to the ultimate progress, to behold, you have a yogi in your midst! But rest assured that no woman has yet remained in "the silence" long enough to transcend that which is of the earth, earthy, or, in other words, an eye on the rest of the house and the busting of things. Be patient and your partner will emerge from the gelatine and soft soap.

Just about the time you clumsily break one of the good teacups, or break a chair from its legs, or put your foot through the curtains, the "silence" will break and the probabilities are that you will need ear muffs? "The silence" is a foreign element to all real womanhood. You need only wait awhile and to get into mischief or to do a wrong, assert and the "silence" is scattered, there is a beating of fins and a gasping for fresh air and the real things.

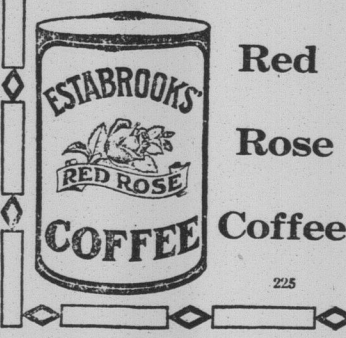
A woman does not stay "great." This is where the trouble lies in all the cults and doctrines. She goes into the trance, but just about the time you think she is blinded to faults and misdemeanors, or to rudeness and deception, that is the time you may look for an awaking. About the time you imagine that she has stopped "speaking" for good, that is the time you need ear protection. And about the time that you imagine there is peace and quiet in suffrage movements or in club agitation, that is the time you are more likely to be shaken from your boots and routed from position.

"The silence" means a great soul—while it lasts. And take courage, for the yogi of your fireside will never be of womanhood. No woman has ever been evolved to a plane beyond wishing; of hunger for bread, and finding bread there without a hand in the banding, figuratively, if not in reality. No woman is there who might require hat, clothing and trimming and have these come running and filled perfectly without her skill in selection or bargaining. No woman is there who might enjoy the gratification of a sufficiency of all good merely in the inert sense and, without stirring tongue or foot. Be patient, man, the "silence" will end. No woman is a success as a yogi.



The Bitter Chaff Removed

The men who blend, prepare and pack Red Rose Coffee know well what will please good judges of coffee. They crush—not grind—the fresh-roasted bean into small, even grains which brew readily and settle quickly to pour bright and clear. The chaff is removed, and with it the bitter essence you have disliked in other coffees. You will surely like



Leap Year Proposals.

Philadelphia, Jan. 30 Mrs. Frederick Carr, of Germantown, is the bona-fide leap year bride of the East. Not only did she propose, but she insisted on paying the car fare to Wilmington, where they were married, purchasing the ring and supplied the Rev. George L. Wolf with his fee.

Mrs. Carr was Miss Margaret E. Molenkopf. On Tuesday night last Frederick Carr called.

"Fred," she said, according to her own acknowledgment today, "I am tired of living alone; let's go and get married."

The bride explained today that she knew "Fred" loved her, so she wasn't a bit afraid of a refusal.

A CHANCE TO GET - CLOTHING - CHEAP

Men's Suits	
\$7.50 SUITS - NOW	\$6.50
8.50 " " "	7.00
10.00 " " "	8.00
12. " " "	10.00
15. " " "	12.00
18. " " "	15.00
Men's Winter Overcoats	
\$8. COATS NOW	\$6.50
10. " " "	8.25
12.50 " " "	10.
15. " " "	12.75

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

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

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

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



The Original and only Genuine

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

All Kinds of Work Done

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

OTIS W. BAILEY
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN
CALAIS, MAINE

Subscribe TO Greetings

Windsor Hotel

St. Stephen, N. P.

The Leading Hotel in Town
Rates \$2.50 to \$8.00 per Day
Special Rate by Week or Month

W. F. Nicholson,
Proprietor

Professional Cards

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

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

With poor teeth or the teeth absent satisfaction 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 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.
During office hours teeth extracted without pain 25c.
After hours and Sundays, 50c.

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

Have your Watches Repaired here in St. George by

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

For Sale!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

THE GRANITE TOWN
GREETINGS
T. GEORGE - - N. B.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS
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, FEB. 16, 1912

The Grain Blockade is so serious at the head of the great lakes that at great expense the ice is being cut away at the elevator wharves and the vessels laid up for the winter are being loaded from the algal elevators. It is said that in this way room is being found for four million bushels, but that there are still nine million bushels in the elevators, or cars or sheds in the West. The complaint is so made that much of the grain is quite rot, owing to poorly-constructed elevators. The present Government seems to have utterly failed in meeting the emergency, although the probability of such a blockade was evident soon after Mr. Bryan took office. All that is now needed to complete the Borden Cabinet's indifference to the needs of the west is to appoint a commission to investigate the blockade.

Mr. Lloyd George, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, has once more raised his voice against the mad race for which navies and bigger armies in bigger European powers are engaged. He declared that Britain was never better prepared than at present to meet any engagement with a foreign power or powers. At the same time, he thought Russia, France, Germany and Great Britain could come to an understanding on international questions, and on a great curtailment of their naval and military expenditures. These sentiments were loudly cheered by a large audience, composed mostly entirely of business and financial men in the City of London—Tor. Globe.

Capitalization of the Cement Merger.

(Manitoba Free Press) In connection with the matter of the capitalization of the cement merger, for only about one half of which there is a corresponding physical value, it is interesting to note how the figures compare with those of the Lehigh Portland Cement Company, the Chicago concern which the City Council has made the cement act for the 25,000 barrels of cement needed for civic construction work in Winnipeg this year. The Lehigh Portland Cement Company has eleven mills with a total capacity of 11,000,000 barrels of cement yearly. The Canada Cement Company, which is the legal title of the cement merger, has ten mills with a total capacity of 3,500,000 barrels yearly. The Free Press takes these figures from prospectuses published in the London papers, in which the information is set forth in detail.

The capitalization of the Canada Cement Company is \$24,000,000 in stock and 5,000,000 in bonds, a total of \$29,000,000 that is to say, while the Chicago concern has nearly two and a half times the capacity of the combination engineered by the "high finance" genius of Sir Max Arden the Napoleonic superiority of our Canadian cement-knight stands out monumentally in the fact that the capitalization of the Canada Cement Company is more than three and a half times the capitalization of the Chicago concern, which is furnishing cement to the city of Winnipeg at a price less than the tender of the Canada Cement Company, the du-

ty of 51 3/4 cents per barrel being included in the price. This, of course, is plain proof that the duty is not "adequate" to meet the "Canada For The Canadians" idea of Sir Max and his cement associates.

Sinks Ships Rather Than Sell Them to England.

New York, Feb. 8. A report circulated in steamship circles recently said that the North German Lloyd Steamship Co. had been absorbed by English steamship lines controlled by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan.

Asked either to affirm or deny this report, an officer of the North German Lloyd Company yesterday replied:

"When Mr. J. P. Morgan formed this International Mercantile some years ago, the North German Lloyd was asked to enter that combination. The Emperor of Germany heard of the offer, and called the director general of the line before him for an explanation.

"The director declared his company had never entertained the idea of selling to Englishmen for one minute.

"That is good," replied the Emperor. "Before I would allow a German steamship company to be bought by an English or foreign concern, I would order the German navy to sink every ship the company owned."

Alleged Land Swindle in Florida.

Washington, Feb. 7. The House Committee on Expenditures in the Agricultural Department today formally ordered an immediate investigation to ascertain to what extent government officials have used their positions to assist land exploiters in selling more than a million acres of water covered lands in the Florida Everglades.

Senators Fletcher and Bryan of Florida have taken a great interest in the inquiry today. It is positively denied that they had any knowledge that the land scheme was improper, or that they used any influence to aid the promoters. It is this phase inquiry that will be taken up by the committee.

The two Senators from Florida were closeted with Chairman Moss of the House Committee this morning. Neither Senator would make a statement following their conference with Mr. Moss.

Sold To Small Purchasers. The committee expects to show that former Governor Broward, who died in 1910, and former Governor Jennings of Florida were heavy holders of this land, which was sold to small purchasers in all sections of the country with the guarantee that the Department of Agriculture stood sponsor for its future value.

The land promoters paid about fifty cents an acre. They spent \$1.50 more for drainage. The total cost to the promoters was \$2 an acre. They sold it to distant purchasers at from \$24 to \$100 an acre.

Representative Clark of Florida, who has been instrumental in starting the probe, receiving letters today from several engineers who investigated the properties. They advised Mr. Clark that the lands were valuable: in their present condition, that the alleged improvements which were sanctioned by the State authorities did not add any value.

It is understood that Florida State officials and members of Congress from that State have been so heavily interested in the sale of the properties that no investigation was ever demanded before. As the money for the purchase of the lands came from the other sections of the country, the Florida authorities never questioned the activities of the promoters.

Girls' Big Hats.

It was a man who made this remark: "Girls are now wearing hats so big, and they are brought down so far that they conceal the brow, the very eyes and nose. Everything is hidden but the smile, and I'm afraid that'll go pretty soon, if they keep on."

The man didn't look as if he worked in a millinery store or that he would find anything to interest him in the latest fashion magazine, but he did look as if he saw things. Whether he knew it or not, however, he struck the key note of the latest fashion—a woman says.

is an awkward one, but there seems no way to improve it. Let it go. We all know what it means, those of us who are initiated. This particular victim suggests that he would not mind the task occasionally, but he had to do it a half a dozen times a day. One of the gowns had forty-nine buttons, and he invariably finds that when he gets near the south pole that there is a lack of symmetry in the opposing halves and that somewhere or other there has been a faulty connection. Then he has to work backward, find the unmated hole, and do it all over again. Therefore he asked for legal release from a slavery worse than death.

The case is exactly as stated. It is even more so. Buttons are by no means the worst of the contrivances that women use to shut themselves up behind. Buttons are had enough in all conscience, but how about hooks, frisky little abominations impossible to grasp, still more impossible to insert into their receptacles that are usually made of cotton and indistinguishable from the surrounding landscape? A more heart-breaking task can hardly be imagined, and it will always be found that the moment success seems to be within sight the woman will begin to breathe.

The first time this task was set to us, we halved the difficulties by driving the hook firmly and resolutely into the fabric of the dress, but there were reasons why this was never attempted again.—Ex.

Freedom in Germany.

Your German citizen who has lived for any length of time in the fatherland misses in these days the liberties he enjoys in his native country," remarked F. A. Herold of Hof, Bavaria, at the New Ebbitt. "In saying this I am not criticising America, which is the greatest country in the world, but the wave of reform that has spread over the United States has caused many a German to wish that he was back on his own soil again, especially on Sunday. The Germans enjoy a greater measure of personal liberty, I believe, than the people of any other nation.

"It cannot be gained that Germany is quite as religious as the United States. Its people are pious, church-going citizens who are as devout in their religious beliefs as any others, but they are not so narrow in their views that they must abstain from all enjoyments on the Sabbath. All through German Sunday is observed by religious services in the churches, but in the evening the people gather in the beer gardens and enjoy themselves over their beverages. Heads of families take their entire flock to the gardens after services at church and sit and listen to the music. The Germans do not drink beer as the Americans do. A German may sit in a garden from 8 in the evening until 12 at night and drink no more than three siecles of beer. I have seen religious services held in the rear of a saloon in Hof, where the minister sat with his parishioners drinking beer until the services began."

Why Do Men Advertise. The man who conducts his business on the theory that it doesn't pay and he can't afford to advertise, sets up his judgement in opposition to that of all the best business men in the world. Says an experienced advertising authority: "With a few years' experience in conducting a small business on a few thousands of capital, he assumes to know more than thousands whose hourly transactions aggregate more than his do in a year, and who have made their millions by pursuing a course that he says doesn't pay."

If advertising doesn't pay, why is it that the most successful merchants of every town, large or small, are the heaviest advertisers? If advertising doesn't pay, who does the most business? If it does not pay, business firms in the world spend millions in that way. Is it because they want to donate those millions to the newspaper and magazine publishers, or because they don't know as much about business as the six-for-a-dollar merchant who says money spent in advertising is thrown away or donated to the man to whom it is paid? Such talk is simply ridiculous, and it requires more than the average patience to discuss the proposition of whether advertising pays or not with that kind of a man. His complacent self-conceit is assuming that he knows more than the whole world is laughable, and reminds us of the man who proved that the world doesn't revolve by placing a pumpkin on a stump and watching it all night.—Ex.

Trials Of Married Men.

A Paris husband has applied for divorce upon the ground that he will no longer button his wife up the back. The phrase

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Neat and Tasty Printing Greetings Office

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

Engineers and Machinists. Iron and Brass Moulders
Makers of Saw Mill Machinery and Engines
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SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRS

J. B. SPEAR

Undertaker and Funeral Director

A full supply of funeral goods always on hand.

Telephone at Residence

All goods delivered free Prices to suit the people

is that was not being a soldier, was a little saddy.

"Anything else?" said the Wizard, a little saddy.

"No; I don't think so," replied Johnny.

"Then allow me to present you with your sword."

He turned aside to a pile of steel bars, and selecting a short one, handed it to Johnny.

"That's not a sword, Mr. Wizard," said he, half smiling; "that's only a bar of steel."

"It's your sword," cried the Wizard in a tone that made Master Anderson tremble, "take it in both hands, my boy, and make the best of it."

Johnny obeyed, and as his fingers touched the steel the flames in the forge fire leapt three feet high; the wind from the bellows began to murmur like a distant gale, and the whole smithy was filled with a warm and beautiful light. The Wizard, redder, larger, and more upright than before, spoke in a solemn voice:—

"Put it in the fire," said he, "make it hot, my little man. Hammer it into shape, with care and diligence."

He seized the handle of the bellows. Johnny stood before the fire, thrusting the steel bar into the glowing depths. With magic speed it grew red hot, he carried it to the anvil, and began pounding upon it with the hammer till the sparks flew in a golden shower. But with the first blow a strange thing happened. The noise it made was the boom of a drum—a far-away drum—that with every blow grew nearer and nearer. Johnny's heart began throbbing with joy. Under the hammer the steel bar was taking the shape of a beautiful sword—flat, shining, and keen. As the toll went on the sound of the drum grew louder, the hammer came down with its last blow. The shining sword was finished, and as John Anderson turned his eyes from its flashing blade to the door of the smithy, it was to see a brilliant cavalcade awaiting him there. The Wizard of the Forge laid a hand upon his shoulder. At the touch, his clothes changed like magic, and he stood arrayed in splendid uniform. Another moment he was among the crowd at the door, mounted on a lovely horse, with his sword at his side.

And then John Anderson rode away. He rode away for a month and a day, and he saw sad sights as well as brave and noble deeds. For a little while he was vain of his sword and uniform, but after that he learned that there was more for a soldier to do than ride a fine horse, listen to stirring music, and order brave men about.

And so, one day when a sad campaign had ended, he thought about the time before the Wizard of the Forge had given him his sword. He would take it back and say that perhaps after all he had wished to be a soldier without really knowing what a soldier was.

With the very thought, the uniform began to fade, the sword in his hand changed shape, and he stood in his father's forge once more. It was dark and empty, and peering into the shadow he saw the red cloak of the wizard disappear through the doorway behind the bellows. He darted forward. The door slammed in his face with a loud report, and Johnny Anderson woke with a start to find himself sitting on Wellington's back at the entrance to the forge. The fire was burning low, for the blacksmith himself had just gone to dinner, and Johnny followed him a moment later through the very doorway that the wizard had used.

When he talks about being a soldier now, it is not the same soldier that he used to mean—but a better one.

Descendants of Siamese Twins

After travelling pretty much the world, King and Chank Banker, the celebrated Siamese twins, settled at Mount

NOTICE

Public attention is directed to the provisions of Section 9 of Chapter 97 of the Consolidated Statutes, New Brunswick, as amended by Chapter 27, 9 Edward 7th 1909, which reads as follows:—

"9. Any person may kill (a) any dog which he sees pursuing, worrying or wounding any sheep or lamb; or (b) any dog giving tongue and terrifying any sheep or lamb on any farm; or (c) any dog which any person finds straying upon his or her property at any time; provided always, that no dog so straying, either when securely muzzled or accompanied by any person owning or possessing or having the charge or care of said dog, shall be so killed, unless there is reasonable apprehension that such dog if not killed is likely to pursue, worry, wound or terrify sheep or lambs then on said farm."

The above section is published by the direction of the Charlotte County Council.

F. H. Grimmer, Secretary Treasurer.

Airy, North Carolina, and spent the last years of their lives. For many years they had been star attractions in P. T. Barnum's "greatest show on earth." Retiring, they resided near Mount Airy for many years having married sisters, and each was the father of ten children. Over 100 grandchildren, all healthy and normally developed, live in the section and are highly respected people. Two of the sons are among the most prosperous farmers of the town. One of the daughters is a talented singer and the families have intermarried with cultured people throughout the section.

SHORT and SNAPPY

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

If a man is willing to spend his evenings at home it's a sign that he didn't marry the wrong woman.

Advertise in Greetings

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

The United States Treasury Department has just made an important ruling relative to the entering of fish free of duty, which prescribes among other items that "fish taken by the citizens of another country and purchased by the owner, master or agent of an American vessel, whether or not landed on shore prior to being taken aboard such vessel, are not entitled to free entry as a product of an American fishery. Fish taken from the water by members of the crew of an American vessel (who may be either American citizens or foreigners), or by foreign fishermen in the presence of such vessel and under the supervision of its master or crew, and in pursuance of an employment for that purpose, whether with foreign boats, nets, gear and tackle or with boats, nets, etc., provided for such purpose by the fishing vessel, and brought by such vessel to a port of this country, or transhipped to another vessel, will be entitled to free entry.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

(CONTINUED)

One young man interested George in spite of himself. He passed and repassed several times, and stared at George with an expression that combined interest and insolence. When he strode by and stared, Kyle chuckled. George guessed the identity of this young man in the bolted corduroy coat before his attendant-tormentor saw fit to fully enlighten him. "Blinn," he called, at length, when young Wiggin was at some distance, and the call therefore attracted attention, "you'd better come over here and be introduced. This is the fellow, and he says he's going to show you a few city tricks in the girl-catching line that will make your performances up this way look like a June pest after the moths have been into it."

Young Wiggin came forward promptly. It was plain that he was heated by liquor, though his gait was steady. He was excited enough by what he had drunk to be a victim to Kyle's malicious meddling.

"There's such a thing as joking on the wrong subject," he declared hotly. He addressed himself to the two of them.

"I am not joking, Mr. Wiggin — I take that to be your name," interposed George, with dignity. "Kyle is making all the talk. You'll kindly leave me out."

"If you want to pick this thing up," cried Wiggin, now turning on George to the exclusion of the real culprit, "go ahead and pick. But you'll find it's got a hot end to it." It was plain that Kyle had done some artistic provoking. Young Wiggin was ready to fight at the first word from the one whom he thought his rival.

"You may make a fool of your own self over gossip, but you can't make one of me," said George, keeping his temper.

"If you hadn't been making some kind of cheap talk," insisted the other, "Kyle wouldn't have had anything to start on. I don't stand for any gossip about me. There's been too much of it along this border already. This is a good time to put a stop to it."

"Begin with those who have gossiped about you," advised George, coldly and contemptuously. "As far as I'm concerned, I never heard of you till a few hours ago."

This did not please Blinn. It rolled him over. It was dismissing him as a nobody.

"Because you're a Montreal dude, don't you think that anybody else amounts to anything else in the world? Now, you can't come up here and sneer at people! I'm going to close your mouth for you, and close it, now."

"That's the kind of talk, Blinn," shouted one of the bystanders. "You've sure got a reputation up and down the border, even if they don't know you where the nantam come from. Back it up, now!"

There was a good-sized crowd by this time. Others came running, summoned by the magic word "Fight!" They grouped themselves in a hollow square, hemming in the two principals. The celebrity with which this was done showed that fist duels in the north country were prized, respected, and were common.

"I was just thinkin' that that band music was libbe to smooth out tempers and spoil the fightin', to-day," confided a burly woodsman to his neighbor in the press; "and that wouldn't have suited Cornelius. But them two young chaps seem to be husky enough to start 'er off in good shape."

"Now, back up what you've said about me," demanded Wiggin. "And there's only one way of backing it up."

The crowd had massed around so quickly that George could not retreat without fighting his way through the press. But he had no quarrel with this young fire eater. He had no appetite for fight. His desire at that moment was rather to fight the meddlesome Bill Kyle. The grin on that worthy's face stirred fury in his victim. To the astonishment of the crowd George turned his back on Wiggin, who already had his fists up, and walked over to Kyle.

"I'll not stand for this. You tell that man, there, that you've put up this job, or I'll settle this thing with you, Kyle, here and now. You've gone too far."

"Oh, go get a reputation!" chuckled the imperturbable boss. "Begin with a man of your own size. I'm starting you right, son."

"Look-a-here," cried Wiggin, rushing to them, "don't you insult a friend of mine. You rattled your gossip to the wrong man, young fellow. Bill Kyle told me. Now, don't

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in the prize-fight class, he said. "When I have any reason for fighting with you, I'll do so. Just now, I don't propose to be a spectacle of to entertain these drunken cattle."

It was righteous resentment, but it turned them all against him. The lookers were used to seeing any man fight when he was provoked to it. This stranger seemed to be shirking. And his insult capped the climax. A man swore, and ran at George from behind, jolting both hands against his shoulders. The blow drove him forward toward Wiggin, and that young man did not wait for more definite challenge. He did not even give his opponent a fair chance. George's hands were still at his side. Wiggin struck him in the face and he went down. A roar from the crowd greeted the act, but it was not applause.

"A dirty trick, Wiggin," shouted Kyle, first to resent it. "And now I hope he'll do you." There was no mistaking the sentiment of the crowd. They were woodsmen, and fair. A chorus of protest showed that they turned against Wiggin in an instant.

Several men leaped to George, and raised him to his feet. His face was bleeding, and they wiped away the blood, giving him profane encouragement at the same time.

"I've a mind to give you a wallop, myself, for that," Kyle went on. "If you was that afraid he'd lick you fair, you ought to have stayed out of the fight. And now I hope he'll get the best of you."

Drink and these reproaches drove out of Wiggin what little self-restraint he had left.

He cursed the lot of them. "This fellow," he growled, "came up here bragging all along the way that he'd do me and have Clare Corran away from me."

"You lie, you drunken pup," George wrenched away from the hands that supported him. He was still dizzy from the blow, but his righteous anger now cleared his brain and steadied his nerves. As the other had become frantic, he became master of himself, though his face was rigid and gray with passion; the blood was a scarlet smear against the whiteness of his skin.

"I know what I'm talking about," screamed Wiggin. "It's my girl he's up here after, because she's got money, now."

Men in the crowd were crying protest. In that section, it was not well for any man to bandy Clare Corran's name in public brawl.

It was a mob that had grown till it filled the street. All the throngs had returned from the cemetery. They crowded on the outskirts. A man for whom they made way came thrusting through. He was tall and gaunt, a figure of angles. Even the gray beard on his cheeks was cut in the form of a carpenter's square.

"It's Jenson Wiggin — Blinn's old man," was the mutter that flowed him through the crowd. "I guess he'll callate the youngsters in talkin' too devilish much, just now."

In the wake of the old man followed Clare Corran on her big horse. She had caught a word on the outskirts of the crowd.

Hass came off to her as she passed. But she was too indignant to respond. "Blinn!" cried his father, over the heads of the crowd, trying to get to him. "What do you mean by disgracing yourself in this fashion?"

But his son did not turn his head. Neither he nor George saw the girl, though she was lifted above the throng on her horse. The two like gladiators in the arena, had eyes only for each other.

"Every one along this border knows how I stand toward Clare Corran," insisted Wiggin. "There's no Montreal dude coming along here and take her! You've got one sample of —"

A man stood between the two, wondering which had better let them get together. George settled his doubts. He seized the man, and tossed him far against the bulwarked bystanders. He faced Wiggin, breast to breast, and eye to eye.

Silence fell on them all. They wanted to hear what this stranger with his blood-marked face had to say to the man who had struck the foul blow. George broke in on the threat. "You cheap coward! I never saw you before to-day — but you are a coward. I'm not talking about how you struck me. I'll settle that with you, later. I'll do it without making a public show of it. But just now I want to say to you that if you insult a woman's name by bringing it into this quarrel again I'll drive your blatherskite tongue down your throat. And I'll do it now."

In his rage, Wiggin might have provoked the decisive combat there, but an interruption occurred that checked even his speech, much more THE BACKWOODSMAN No. 2

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Silence fell on them all. They wanted to hear what this stranger with his blood-marked face had to say to the man who had struck the foul blow. George broke in on the threat. "You cheap coward! I never saw you before to-day — but you are a coward. I'm not talking about how you struck me. I'll settle that with you, later. I'll do it without making a public show of it. But just now I want to say to you that if you insult a woman's name by bringing it into this quarrel again I'll drive your blatherskite tongue down your throat. And I'll do it now."

In his rage, Wiggin might have provoked the decisive combat there, but an interruption occurred that checked even his speech, much more THE BACKWOODSMAN No. 2

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in the prize-fight class, he said. "When I have any reason for fighting with you, I'll do so. Just now, I don't propose to be a spectacle of to entertain these drunken cattle."

It was righteous resentment, but it turned them all against him. The lookers were used to seeing any man fight when he was provoked to it. This stranger seemed to be shirking. And his insult capped the climax. A man swore, and ran at George from behind, jolting both hands against his shoulders. The blow drove him forward toward Wiggin, and that young man did not wait for more definite challenge. He did not even give his opponent a fair chance. George's hands were still at his side. Wiggin struck him in the face and he went down. A roar from the crowd greeted the act, but it was not applause.

"A dirty trick, Wiggin," shouted Kyle, first to resent it. "And now I hope he'll do you." There was no mistaking the sentiment of the crowd. They were woodsmen, and fair. A chorus of protest showed that they turned against Wiggin in an instant.

Several men leaped to George, and raised him to his feet. His face was bleeding, and they wiped away the blood, giving him profane encouragement at the same time.

"I've a mind to give you a wallop, myself, for that," Kyle went on. "If you was that afraid he'd lick you fair, you ought to have stayed out of the fight. And now I hope he'll get the best of you."

Drink and these reproaches drove out of Wiggin what little self-restraint he had left.

He cursed the lot of them. "This fellow," he growled, "came up here bragging all along the way that he'd do me and have Clare Corran away from me."

"You lie, you drunken pup," George wrenched away from the hands that supported him. He was still dizzy from the blow, but his righteous anger now cleared his brain and steadied his nerves. As the other had become frantic, he became master of himself, though his face was rigid and gray with passion; the blood was a scarlet smear against the whiteness of his skin.

"I know what I'm talking about," screamed Wiggin. "It's my girl he's up here after, because she's got money, now."

Men in the crowd were crying protest. In that section, it was not well for any man to bandy Clare Corran's name in public brawl.

It was a mob that had grown till it filled the street. All the throngs had returned from the cemetery. They crowded on the outskirts. A man for whom they made way came thrusting through. He was tall and gaunt, a figure of angles. Even the gray beard on his cheeks was cut in the form of a carpenter's square.

"It's Jenson Wiggin — Blinn's old man," was the mutter that flowed him through the crowd. "I guess he'll callate the youngsters in talkin' too devilish much, just now."

In the wake of the old man followed Clare Corran on her big horse. She had caught a word on the outskirts of the crowd.

Hass came off to her as she passed. But she was too indignant to respond. "Blinn!" cried his father, over the heads of the crowd, trying to get to him. "What do you mean by disgracing yourself in this fashion?"

But his son did not turn his head. Neither he nor George saw the girl, though she was lifted above the throng on her horse. The two like gladiators in the arena, had eyes only for each other.

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JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please!



Idle Money
If you have a few hundred or a few thousand dollars that is idle, you can put it to work earning you good interest by placing a Money to Loan Ad. in our Classified Want Columns.
People with gilt-edge collateral often require ready cash and will pay good interest for it. Put your money to work.

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

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

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists 75 c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Germans Wants War to Kill Socialism

New York, Jan. 29.—In a special from Berlin, the New York American this morning quotes Die Post, the organ of the German war party, as arguing the Emperor to end the fatherland's enervating era of peace and lead it forward to new deeds and new goals. "Only the diversion of a great war," says Die Post, "can secure the best powers of the nation, and submerge the inferior qualities which find expression in the socialist election victories. Germans have never thrived while enjoying easeless peace. The German nation never yet refused loyalty to follow the kings and emperors, especially along paths that led to height. Even though four millions misguided citizens voted for the party which would depose the Kaiser and destroy the monarchy, the kernel of the nation remains true to the sovereign. Let him be in no doubt on that score. Let him know the shadow will disappear as surely as fog before the sun, the moment he calls upon his people for great political deeds. That it may happen soon is our wish on the Kaiser's birthday."

Goodbye, "Hello Girl."

It is a simple principle, although working through a complicated mechanism that constitutes the new telephone system being introduced in England for making telephone connection without the intervention of "central."

The Strowger system, as it is called, is the patent for this device for the elimination of the "hello girl" is reaching any subscriber among thousands, is as follows:

Suppose you want to call No. 6427 for instance. You place your finger in the 6 hole of the little dial at the base of the phone and rotate the dial to the right until your finger comes to the metal stop shown. Next you put your finger in the 4 hole and do the same thing and repeat the process for all four digits. This automatically makes connection with the distant subscriber and rings his bell with one further bother.

As to the mechanism, when you place your finger in the 6 hole, for example, and turn the dial, this sends a corresponding number of impulses along the wire to the central station and there actuates an electromagnet accordingly so that contact is made with the 6,400 group of connections. The next turn of the dial makes contact in the same way with the 400 group the next with the 70 group, and the last one picks out the second station in that group, thus giving you direct connection with No. 6427 by a process of selection and re-selection.

With this system it is said to be only necessary to have the usual single or double line wire, whereas in some of the automatic systems a large number of wires have to be employed. However, it is a question whether when the additional cost of the complicated apparatus for the automatic system is taken into account it will make any saving over the prevailing system.

Before marrying an inebricate to reform him, a girl should learn the zenic art of chasing soiled linen up and down a wash board.

Subscribe to the Greetings

No preacher can make a success at gaining for men and angling for fattery at the same time.

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

NOTICE

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

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

The Steamer CONNORS BROS.

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

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

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. (St. John Agent) Thorne Wharf & Warehouse Co. Freight for St. George received up to Noon Fridays, not later.

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. Lewis Connors, Pres. Black's Harbor, N. B.

A Familiar Friend of 100 Years Ago.

Marvelous changes have been wrought in the way of living in the last 100 years. We prepare our food in a different way, we eat differently, dress differently and are taught differently in the schools. If we stop a moment to compare our "ways" with those of a hundred years ago, we are almost led to believe that everything has been improved.

In the matter of treating our ailments the changes are no less noticeable than in other things. Old ways and old methods are gone. Amid all this change, however, we are almost startled when we think of one household preparation which has come down to us out of the remote past unchanged, and which is today more highly respected than ever before. We refer to that old reliable household remedy, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, which has been used continuously by the people of this country for 101 years.

One hundred years is a long time. To go back to when it began is to get out of the age of the flying machine, the automobile, the telephone and the telegraph to a time when such things were not even dreamed of. It goes back beyond the steam railroad into the realm of the stage coach. The stamboat was a hundred years ago a new thing. In 1810, when Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was first compounded, James Madison, 4th President of the U. S., had just been inaugurated. Abraham Lincoln was then a one-year-old baby. The country then had less than one tenth of the population it now has and not one in a hundred thousand of its present 90 million people had then been born.

With the age of this 101 year old friend goes respect. The respect is due solely to its virtues. It could not have lived over 100 years if it had not been one of the most efficient remedies the world has ever known for the aches and pains, the ills and ailments to which the human family is subject. During its lifetime thousands of other liniments have come and gone and been forgotten. The 101-year-old liniment lives and grows in the affections of the people. Where it has once been used in a family it is a rare thing that anything else has been found to take its place. Thus, in innumerable households it has come down like a valued heirloom, from father to son for generations.

The Anodyne Liniment is manufactured by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., and is sold by dealers generally throughout the country.

A FOOLISH QUARREL

By Joseph Barlow

The Sun Fairies and the Rain Fairies had a quarrel, because each said that they themselves were the most useful, and it grew so hot between them that they absolutely refused to work together as they were always meant to do.

So the Rain Fairies betook themselves to the West, where they felt quite at home, and sulked there among the beautiful mountains; and the Sun Fairies went to the Prairies, which they had rather neglected for some time past, and neither of them would so much as cross the border to go either West or East.

Now the people of British Columbia are so well acquainted with the Rain Fairies that at first they took no notice of the constant showers, but when weeks and weeks went past without a gleam of sunshine, and every day was wetter than the one before, they became rather gloomy and said to each other, "This is the worst season we have ever had!" By and by they grew alarmed, and the farmers said, "If the rain doesn't stop we shall have no harvest," and the gardeners said, "This weather is spoiling the flowers, and there will be no fruit in the garden," and the children said, "It's no good having holidays when we can't go out and play. Oh! don't you hate the rain!" But the Rain Fairies took no notice, for they were still sulking, and when people sulk they don't care what anyone says of them.

Soon the country was laid waste, for the rivers overflowed and the fields were under water. A great many cattle and sheep were drowned, and the water came into the houses and made everything damp and unhealthy. And then the little children got ill, and the old people had rheumatism, and food was terribly dear, and a great many people were out of work. In fact it was the saddest, gloomiest summer that poor British Columbia could remember, and all because the Rain Fairies had quarreled with their relations.

And in the meantime the Prairie was not much better off. When the Rain Fairies took their departure at first the people rejoiced, for everyone loves the sunshine, though it is possible to have too much of it. Day after day the sky was blue, and the golden Sun Fairies danced happily through the sweet air. The flowers bloomed, the fruit swelled, the harvest began to grow ripe, old people sat in their gardens rejoicing in the heat, and the children played and shouted from morning till night.

But all this happiness came to an end at last. The people got sick of the long, hot days, the cloudless skies, and the stifling air. The corn stopped growing, and the fruit shrivelled on the tree; the grass and the flowers were burnt up, and birds and beasts died for want of water. The country was bare and brown and shadeless, for the trees, getting no moisture either above or below, dropped their leaves as if it were autumn, and in the towns the dry, parched streets were almost empty, for no one walked in them unless they were obliged, and water was so scarce that the children could only have a bath once a week. Many people fell ill, and the doctors were going about from house to house both day and night. It was a terrible time.

At last the King of the Sun Fairies, who had really a kindly, bright nature, and saw things sensibly when he took time to think about them, made a great mistake. He sent a stray sunbeam hurriedly to Columbia to summon the King of the Rain Fairies, as he had something very important to say to him.

The Rain-King obeyed the summons reluctantly and met his shining brother with a dark and stormy face.

"What is it?" he said gruffly.

The Sun-King spoke gently.

"Brother, I wish to tell you that I feel we have made a mistake. Nay—listen!" for the other rose in a gusty way as if to depart. "I acknowledge that I have been in the wrong quite as much as you, more so, perhaps, for I am the elder, and ought to have known better. Our quarrel was a most foolish one. What was the use of arguing as to which of us is the more useful? We are equal, for the people of the earth require us both. The country where I chose to reign alone is suffering terribly from the drought and everyone is sick of the sight of my face. What has happened in yours?"

The Rain-King lifted his head, and the drops on his cheeks looked like tears. He had a soft heart under his stormy manners, and he also was feeling rather ashamed of himself.

"The land is lying desolate," he said sadly, "and the people are weary of me and mine."

The other sighed. "I fear we shall never be able to undo the ill we have done by our silly squabbling, but at least our folly is at an end. Let us forgive each other and work together for the good of the earth, as the Great Master always intended us to do. I will take my sunbeams to the North and you shall bring your cool showers Southward."

So the two fairies embraced and kissed each other. The Sun-King on the earth looked up and they did not weep tears of joy, and when the people know that the cause of it was two foolish fairies making friends.

And this is why Canada grows the best grain and the finest apples in the world.

The Dark Ages

Throughout the Dark Ages of Europe an accused person had to carry a piece of red hot iron for some distance in his hand or to walk nine feet barefooted over ploughshares at white heat. The hand or foot was bound up and inspected three days afterward. If the defendant had escaped unburnt he was pronounced innocent; if otherwise guilty.

The greatest shipping port for wheat in South America is a town in Argentina, Bahia Blanca. Spiders as a rule have eight eyes each, but a few species have only six.

BEFRIENDING ROCKEFELLER

Not Bright Enough to Do Business in New York. Better go Back to New York, According to the Hat Boy.

Some folks think that Percy Rockefeller is the rising hope of the Rockefeller family. He is credited with being wise and wary, equipped with a positive gush of conversation that doesn't commit, when that sort of chatter is needed, and to be so silent at other times that a dunce in a deaf and dumb asylum would sound like the whispering gallery in St. Paul's Cathedral in comparison. He keeps a thumb on the public pulse, and knows a lot of things about popular sentiment that many other rich men do not know.

The other night he went to a restaurant with a party of friends. The restaurant is rather a favorite of his, and the immature pirate in charge of the hatroom had learned to know him. Mr. Rockefeller handed him his mused and desiccated old brown hat as he entered. It was a good hat,—once. The hat pirate looked on Mr. Rockefeller with pity in his gaze. By and by Mr. Rockefeller's little supper ended, and he returned to the coatroom to retrieve his hat. Instead of that decrepit old brown lid, the boy handed him a brand-new one, of the same general form and bearing the label of America's most expensive maker. It fitted Mr. Rockefeller perfectly, but he handed it back. "That isn't my hat," said he.

"Get wise, boss," said the hat pirate. "Nudge by with it while you can. It's worth ten of them old kettles you been wearin'."

Mr. Rockefeller said that was undoubtedly true, but he did not want to rob an unknown of a new hat.

"Say," said the boy, in disgust, "I thought I was doin' you a favour, because you been a good feller. But you better go back where you come from. You ain't bright enough to do business in New York."

EDISON'S ESTIMATE.

Declares the British Standard of Business Integrity the Highest in the World.

Modesty is an admirable virtue which may be with advantage cultivated by nations as well as individuals. But it must not be overdone. In these times of self-assertion, the inhabitants of the British Islands are familiar with comparisons which suggest that the Germans and the Americans are chief of the world's good and smart men, and that the Briton is now something of a back number. Faint hearts who permit themselves belief in this uncomfortable doctrine may find relief in Mr. Edison's latest pronouncement. It is not an invention of his time. He declares that the British—he calls it English—standard of business integrity is the highest in the world, and that Germans themselves admit the soft impeachment. But that is not all. In the old world, says Mr. Edison, the British—again he calls them English—are the highest type, physically, morally, and mentally. These are grateful words. The only doubt left on the subject is caused by Mr. Edison's neglect to say how we stand in relation to his own countrymen. The omission cannot be due to modesty because he predicts that the business men of the United States will some day show the Germans how this hustle in their own country. It will be a fine sight.

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!

Winter is still with us,
and we must Keep warm while it Remains!

Our Stock of Over Shoes, Rubbers, Rubber Boots, Gum Rubbers, Shoe Pacs,
and Over Socks is Quite Complete, so there is no need of
Having Cold or Wet Feet.

Drink O X O in Cold and Wet Weather. It's Good Stuff
10 and 25c. per box of 4 and 10 cubes.
We have just recently, received a fresh supply

Oranges are Good Eating Now, and Sell
15, 25 and 35cts. pr. doz. - Best Lemons, 25cts. per dozen

Feb. 16 1912 John Dewar & Sons, Limited

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Personals.

Rev. J. Spencer is attending the meeting of St. Andrew's Deacons' hall at Trinity Church, St. Stephen yesterday and today and makes an address at this morning's session.

Mr. V. Dewar was up river for a few days this week.

Messrs. Wm. Harding of W. F. Hatheway Co., St. John and Akersley of Ames Holden Co., were doing business here this week.

Mrs. Jas. Chase entertained the Thimble club on Tuesday evening, and the 500 club on Thursday evening of this week. Mrs. A. S. Baldwin will entertain the Thimble Club at their next meeting, the 20th.

J. F. Calder, Fishery Inspector was in town and vicinity for a day or two this week.

Mrs. Rachel Maxwell visited for a few days at St. Stephen and Calais during last week.

Gerard McGee, night foreman for the Pulp Co., for some months will leave to-morrow (Saturday) for St. John where he will remain a week, then leaving with his wife and daughter for Quebec near Lake St. John to assume his new position in large pulp mills there. Gov. R. Wagner who has been working here for some time will take his position as night foreman.

Mrs. Spencer who was called to her daughter's at Red Beach last week returned home on Monday.

Miss Francis Murphy was home from St. John to attend the funeral of her uncle.

Mr. Getten was a passenger to St. Stephen on Saturday returning on Monday.

Mr. & Mrs. Ben. Campbell were given a delightful surprise on Friday when a number of Bayside and St. Andrew's friends drove to their home at Beadlamie. They returned home again on Sunday. All report a good time.

Liet. Governorship of New Brunswick.

Fredericton, N. B. Feb. 13. It is understood that arrangements are already being made for the change in the position of Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, which is to take place early next month. Hon. L. J. Tweedie's term will expire at noon on Wednesday, March 6th, and it is said that Hon. Josiah Wood of Sackville, now a member of the Senate, will be sworn in as Lieutenant Governor either that day or the morning following, the incumbent remaining in office until his successor is sworn in.

The new Lieutenant Governor's first official duty will therefore be the opening of the session of the legislature at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, March 7th. Announcement of the military and other arrangements in connection with the opening of the session will probably be made very shortly, and will be along the same lines followed in former years, although particular interest will, no doubt, attach to the opening on account of it being the first public ceremony at which the new Lieutenant Governor will officiate.

Inasmuch as the appointment of the new Lieutenant Governor cannot well be announced until the present incumbent's term has expired, it is naturally difficult to get any official announcements for the newspapers, but it is understood that a double suite of rooms in the new annex of the Barker House has been engaged for Hon. Mr. Wood and family for the session, and that arrangements have been made to have the new Lieutenant Governor make his headquarters at the Barker House for this session at least.

In the new annex of the Barker House it is known that particular attention is being paid to the finishing and furnishing of the two suites in the front of the hotel on the first floor, overlooking the Officers Square of the Military Depot and this is being done, it is said, with the idea that everything will be ready for occupancy by the new Lieutenant Governor early in the month of March. Neither pains nor expense are being spared in fitting up the prospective gubernatorial suites.

It is also understood that Mr. Robert S. Barker is to be appointed private secretary to the new Lieutenant Governor.

Official announcement to that effect will probably not be made until after Hon. Mr. Wood has been sworn in, but it is believed that Mr. Barker is already making the necessary arrangements for the arrival of the new Lieutenant Governor and that he has taken up the arrangements for the State Dinner which will be given by Hon. Mr. Wood, in accordance with the usual custom, at the Barker House. Yesterday, Mr. Barker had a lengthy conference with T. V. Mahan, proprietor of the Barker House, and at the conclusion neither would confirm the reports in circulation to the effect that they were making the arrangements for the new Lieutenant Governor, but the reports are believed to be correct. Mr. Barker has had a long experience as private secretary to lieutenant governors. He was associated in the work with Col. Gordon during the term of Lieutenant Governor Fraser, and has been private secretary to Hon. A. R. McClellan, Hon. J. B. Snowball and Hon. L. J. Tweedie, a period of more than 15 years.

Mayor F. B. Black, of Sackville, will it is reported, be A. D. C. to the new governor.

Hon. Mr. Wood, who is 68 years old, was born at Sackville and has resided there all his life with the exception of the portion of the year from 1882 to the present, when his duties as a member of Parliament and then as a senator made necessary his residence at Ottawa, but it has been said by a close friend of the new Governor that he is considering the establishment of a residence in Fredericton, possibly some time during the first year of his term in office. It will be remembered that Hon. J. B. Snowball during his term of office maintained an official residence in this city, and it is believed that Hon. Mr. Wood plans to follow out that idea and that he will reside here most of his time. - St. J. Globe.



Quick Results

May be depended upon from the use of our Want Ads. The births, deaths, marriages and the other Classified Columns are usually included in even a very perfunctory perusal of the paper. They are as good for general business as they are for "Help Wanted," etc.

Great London Dock.

Scheme to be Begun Early in the Year. London, Feb. 7.—The first and most important part of the great scheme of improvements and extensions to the London docks which is being carried out by the port of London authority, will be taken in hand in the early spring. This is the construction of a new dock to the south of the Royal Albert docks.

The draft scheme has already been approved and the detailed plans are almost completed. The provisional cost of the scheme is estimated at about \$12,500,000, and the work is likely to occupy several years.

The new dock will be 4,600 feet long, giving a quay length of 9,200 feet. The width at the eastern end will be 700 feet and at the western 500 feet. The water in the dock will have a depth of 38 feet and cover an area of as much as 65 acres. The land on which it will be situated was purchased some ten years ago by the port of London authority.

This great project has been necessitated by the ever increasing expansion in the trade of the capital of the British empire, and among other improvements which will shortly be carried out are the provision of a new quay at Tilbury and a considerable extension of the East India docks. The total cost of the improvements is estimated at as much as \$29,000,000.

Mrs. Knagger—I remember the time when you were just crazy to marry me. Mr. Knagger.—So do I but I didn't realize it at the time.

Mr. Merchant!

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

Come Buy a Space!

THE CURE

By Albert Cleve

Dara sat at the window looking out into the sunny street. The sky in places was as blue as any she had ever seen above the Riviera. The night before she had come back to her old home after having passed many years in foreign countries. She had gone to seek a cure and had not found it, for Dara had had an experience in love that had changed and spoiled her whole life.

She was a girl of twenty when Walter Kent came to Westmore to preach. He was just out of the seminary with the college interest still strong in him. He made friends with all the young people. There was not a girl in Westmore who did not admire him. After a while he singled out Dara for his special attention. Dara was elated and happy. She, too, was under the spell of the young minister's face and manner. She loved him. She began to dream dreams of the future and make little secret plans.

That fall Edith Mahan came home. Dara had known Edith in their childhood and now they resumed their friendship. People smiled at their intimacy. They said Dara Connell had better look out. If she did not Edith would get Walter Kent away from her. Finally that was what happened. Looking back now with the reasonableness of maturity, Dara could see how Edith had tricked her to win Walter Kent for herself. One day the truth came out. Edith confided in. She was going to marry Walter Kent herself.

before Dara had recovered from the shock of her revelation her father—Dr. Connell, died. And then Dara—Dr. Connell's house. She started out rather blindly. In New York, she joined a party of Cook tourists who were starting for Naples. She had plenty of money. The years slipped away. One day it came to her that she might as well go home.

She wrote to Johanna, the old German woman, who had been her servant, and had been left alone in the old house as caretaker. So it was last night when she arrived.

She got up and began to walk about the room. A great slab of mirror upon the wall caught her reflection at every turn. She realized that if Europe had not cured her wound it had at least hidden it away gracefully. The shy, rather awkward young girl had become a noble woman.

As she stood there the door bell rang, and she heard Johanna going to answer it. She had not expected visitors so soon. Of course she had known that Johanna would tell every one she saw that her mistress was coming home. Without any ceremony of announcement Johanna simply opened the door and let the visitor in. Then she withdrew. The woman stood waiting for Dara's recognition. She was small and faded. Her clothes had a look of not belonging to her. Against her shoulder she held with difficulty a large whimpering baby.

"I had to bring him," she panted in apology. "Dara, don't you know me?" Dara braced herself against the shock of recognition. "Edith Mahan—Edith Kent?" she exclaimed. The

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Complete stock Funeral Supplies on hand

Prices lower than any competitor

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out of her womanliness she bent over the little woman and kissed her, urged on by something pathetic in Edith's haggard eyes.

"Are you glad to see me, Dara?" she asked.

"Of course I am. But you mustn't stand holding that baby another minute. Let me take him. There! Sit down—relax. You do look so tired."

"I am," Edith said, obeying gratefully.

The baby had begun to cry. Dara touched a bell on the table, and Johanna appeared. Dara gave the baby into her arms.

"Take him away, Johanna," she commanded. When the German woman had obeyed she turned to Edith. "Now we can talk. Johanna is a good hand with children."

"I know she is. You don't care for babies, do you, Dara?"

"Why, I don't know. I've never had any intimate acquaintance with them. I suppose it makes a difference whether or not one is used to them."

"Yes, it does." There was a listless monotony in Edith's voice. As she spoke her eyes sought over Dara's temple hopefully. "I've had seven. I buried two; that makes five living. This baby's dreadfully cross most of the time. I actually dread taking him out. But there's no one to leave him with at home."

"If I had been you," pursued Edith, "I'd never have come back."

"Wouldn't you?" Dara was growing more and more bewildered.

"Not to Westmore. It's so dull, especially for a minister's wife. I'd rather be back in the convent. It's terribly wearing. And then one's household and a baby every now and then and a husband who's no better than a baby."

She had some swift mental pictures of the manse overrun with children of like this heavy-headed baby, of a half sick woman tolling dejectedly to keep the home going, of a soul worn man grinding out sermons in the dingy study at the head of the stairs. And she shuddered uncontrollably. She was very glad when at last Edith went away.

In the parlor Dara stood perfectly still, pondering and gazing at Edith's chair as if her weary, frail, comfortless body still filled it. A rumpled bit of white lay on the cushion. She picked it up and smoothed it out. It was a square of fine linen smelling faintly of sachet and monogrammed. In the centre was a hole! Dara caught her breath. To think of Edith Mahan carrying a ragged handkerchief. Edith who had always prided herself on being absolutely correct to the last detail!

Dara turned away and dropped the tell-tale bit of linen upon the table, and it seemed to her that she laid down with it all the years of heartache and disappointment she had known. The streak of sunshine that lay on the faded Brussels carpet, brightening it, seemed to brighten her future as well. She knew as well as if a charm had been said over her that the past was past. She had found the cure.

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

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In Birch, Maple And Beech.

ALL Kiln Dried Bored for Nailing And End Matched

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St. Stephen, - - N. B.



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

W. A. KAIN

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

A Sign of the Times

PEOPLE are becoming very careful about what they eat and drink—

The preference for goods in sealed packages—especially in food stuffs—is now quite definite and becoming more so every day.

We must frankly admit that there are sound reasons for this preference. Food stuffs cannot be exposed to varying atmospheric conditions without losing both strength and flavor.

Tea—of all articles of everyday diet (excepting coffee, perhaps) needs protection most, and best merchants have been quick to appreciate the fact. So much is this the case that the selling of loose Tea in bulk will soon be a thing of the past.

RED ROSE TEA reaches you with all its virginal flavor, strength and purity—

—It is sealed in air-tight packages—dust and damp-proof—

RED ROSE is a blend of the best Indian and Ceylon Teas.

—The former assures generous strength and richness—the latter that coaxing, delicate flavor, Qualities for which Red Rose Tea is famed.

Ask your Grocer for the 40c. package of Red Rose and you'll get better Tea—Tea that spends farther—for the same money.

You want "Good" Tea—well,

"Red Rose Tea is Good Tea"



MC2465 PCOR 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

Jas. Leavitt spent Saturday morning in Town.

Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Quigley expects to leave soon for Portland Me., where Mrs. Quigley will receive medical treatment.

Robert Grey, St. George was in the village on business Tuesday morning.

Cecil McGee who had the misfortune of jamming his foot a few days ago is able to be out again.

Messrs. Wm. Harris, Owen Hinds, Thos. and Wesley Mitchell were there that attended the Carnival from here.

Gartley McGee, St. George spent a short time here Saturday.

Mrs. Irvin Holmes, Letete, spent Sunday at the home of her son Capt. Sydney French.

Wm. Dashedwood of the Fairbanks and Morse Co., was here during the week.

Mrs. Ance French and Miss Arvilla Henley called on Mrs. Jas. Hooper one day last week.

Misses Clara Baker and Joanna Hooper were calling on friends last Thursday afternoon.

The dance here Thursday evening was reported the best of the season. McNichol and Chubb furnished the music.

(From Another Correspondent)

Mrs. John Catherine spent Sunday afternoon with her brother Andrew McGee.

Mrs. John McGee who has been very ill is improving in health.

Mrs. Wentworth Quigley is on the sick list, we are sorry to say that she is not improving very fast.

A very pleasant evening was spent at Mrs. Leander McGee's, one evening last week, among those present were Mrs. R. Hooper, Mrs. Valentine Hooper, Misses Clara Baker, Blanche, Mabel and Lillian McGee, Garfield Cook and R. A. Hooper.

Quite a number from Back Bay went from here Saturday morning to Eastport on str. Viking.

Valentine McGee lost a very valuable cow one day last week.

Leander McGee, Hugh Harris, Neil Oliver and George Phinney spent one day last week in Eastport.

John Cook called on Simon Theriault one day last week.

Wm. Harris is able to be out again after an attack of rheumatism.

Samuel Craig is busy hauling coal.

Miss Lillian McGee has returned to her school at St. Stephen.

Russel Hooper is hauling wood.

MASCARENE

Wm. Mathews, Letete is helping Kin Stuart cut logs and box wood.

Nolan Wilcox made a short call to Letete Saturday evening.

George McVicar and Roscoe Burgess were passengers by str. Viking to Eastport Saturday.

Percy Stuart is busy cutting weir brush this week.

Dennis Leland of Cathness made a short call here Tuesday afternoon.

Bruce McVicar was calling on friends Thursday evening.

Mrs. A. Cross, St. George spent a few days last week with Mrs. Kin Stewart.

Mrs. Wm. Hilyard was in St. George Wednesday morning.

Bert Cameron spent Sunday at his home here.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY THROUGH SERVICE TO Halifax and Sydney From St. John

Night Express Leaving at 11.30 P. M. Connects at Truro with the Morning Express for Sydney, and With Steamers Leaving Nth. Sydney for Newf'dland

No. 26 Through Express For Halifax Leaving at 12.40 P. M. Connects at Truro with the Night Express for Sydney

Buffet Service on Night Express serving breakfast between Truro and Halifax

Dining Car on Morning Express from Truro serving Breakfast and Luncheon

GEORGE CARVILL

City Ticket Agent, St. John.

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Boys and Girls over 14 years old To Learn Weaving. Apply To

O. D. MORRISON, Canadian Cottons Ltd. MILLTOWN, N. B.

Wanted

We have position for a good man with a fair education who can furnish reference, we will give steady employment & pay straight salary to the right party, people using intoxicating liquors save your stamps, see our big Ad in this paper to-day.

National Light Co. Baraga, Michigan, U. S.

Miss Alberta McKenzie called on Miss Josephine Stuart Wednesday.

Hattie Cook is visiting friends in St. George.

John Stewart spent an evening with R. Burgess.

Fashion has a strong grip on the poor as well as the rich. An attempt has been made in England to introduce among the children of the very poor the use of wooden shoes, such as are worn in Holland and France. Despite the fact that these shoes are cheap, waterproof, and almost indestructible, they have not become popular. The children prefer to wear wretched leather footgear rather than endure the ridicule of their companions.

THE CHAPERONE

By Diane Robson

Mrs. James Dix was looking out across the Rue de Rivoli at the morning's brightness of the Tuilleries Gardens, when the boy in the hotel lift brought her a cablegram.

It was a message from her lord and master in Chicago declaring that her immediate presence was required. At once all the brightness faded out of the Tuilleries; for the frivolous gaiety of Paris had been especially attractive to this poorly, easy-going, good-natured matron of the West.

"But mother, you'll have to go alone. It'll be a whole month before my singing lessons are finished, you know," broke in Elya, who was having her flaxen hair shampooed by a real Parisian hairdresser.

Mrs. Dix clasped her ring-becked, pudgy hands. She always clasped her hands when she agreed about anything.

"You'll have to have a chaperone, of course, dear," she added. "Now, who can we get on such a little notice?"

There was silence for a moment, while the left fingers of the hairdresser ran through the flaxen hair with a soothing touch. Then Elya's girlish voice sounded in a delightful treble:

"Oh, mother! I know the very person. She's terribly nice and awfully ladylike." (Elya always emphasized her adverbs, and used indiscriminate ones, at that, "and she's an American, and that's the best of all - ouch!") In her eagerness she'd turned her head a bit too suddenly and some soap had gotten in her sapphire eyes.

"Oh, I know who you mean," helped out Mrs. Dix, while her daughter struggled with the soap. "You mean Miss Clemmens the governess to that little English boy who died last week? Yes, she's looking for another engagement, that's true. And she certainly is a lady."

So Miss Dorothy Clemmens, of New York, was engaged to chaperone Elya Dix for a month in Paris, and then bring her back to America.

To console herself for her mother's departure, Elya had Miss Clemmens secure tickets for that night's opera. She sat in a box, in her young beauty, set off by a \$200 Paquin gown, and serenely allowed the audience to stare.

Already she was learning that the notion of the beauty is to support modesties and to be stared at. Behind her, robed in some soft, inexpensive gray stuff with a narrow white lacollar scarf, sat her chaperone.

The opera was "Siegfried," the scherzo of Wagner's great symphony, as Lavigne has called it. Upon Miss Clemmens' music-paroled soul (she'd not heard an opera for over a year) it fell like gracious dew and fetched a sweet refreshment. When the orchestra tells the mood of Siegfried in the second act, feeling the first frost of awakened passion, her eyes shone like stars, her lips parted slightly and just at that juncture a man in the audience caught her perfect profile as she leaned slightly forward.

That same look, downward and sideways and smiling! That exquisite head in its cloud of wavy dark hair! Paul Demarest brushed away the sweat that had blurred it all and then the audience caught her perfect profile as she leaned slightly forward.

And she was in the same box with that gay little butterfly, that American flirt, Elya Dix. Bless Elya Dix! It was the first time he had ever felt grateful to her. He would make his way to her box at the end of the second act.

"Why, Mr. Demarest! I'm awfully glad to see you - I honestly am! I thought you'd forgotten me. And I'm all alone now - mother called unexpectedly for home this morning, and I'm all alone now." Elya greeted him in her young, untamed effusiveness as he entered the box.

"All alone?" he questioned gravely. "Well, there's Miss Clemmens here, my chaperone. By the way, she's an American, too. Miss Clemmens, Mr. Demarest, you've heard mother speak of him, I'm sure - Oh, here come Dickie Marston and Bob Sawyer. How terribly jolly!" Elya reached out her daintily gloved hand to greet two new comers.

They were of the aggressive type, these two English chaps and in a few seconds Demarest made his way to Miss Clemmens in the rear.

"Do you know, Miss Clemmens," he began curiously, "the last time I saw you you wore your hair in two braids, and I wrote a poem and dedicated it to the curls at the end."

His voice and mouth were grave, but there was a smiling gleam in his eyes.

Miss Clemmens glanced rather blankly from beneath her heavy lashes at this man well under forty.

"I think," she began, with a calm dignity befitting her position - but just there, on the very second word of approval, a flash of understanding radiated over her tired, lovely face. "You - surely, you're not 'Prince Paul'?"

"The very same - princess." Paul Demarest bowed very low.

"But - but why Demarest?" pursued Miss Clemmens with puzzled uncertainty.

"A grand uncle over here, without any closer issue, left me his money and estates, providing I'd take his name in the bargain. I took them all." The light rallery in the voice changed to seriousness. "But I'd have known you, princess, if you went by any name under heaven!"

"For pity's sake!" dimpled she, then she added with a wistful dignity: "But I must have changed a deal since then. That was nearly twelve years ago - just fancy!"

"I don't see the changes," said he. "To me you're just the same."

"But oh, how tired she looked, his gay, light-hearted little princess. And how he longed to fold her protectively in his arms!

Obituary

On Sunday last one of the oldest, if not the oldest resident of the parish suddenly passed to his rest, in the person of Levi Goodell Sur.

He had nearly reached his eighty-third year, and after a married life of 63 years his aged widow remains to mourn the loss of her lifelong partner, besides he leaves six sons Joseph, Levi Jr., and Stephen of this place, Solomon of Eastport, James of Charlotte, Maine, and Hugh of California, and five daughters, Mrs. Robt. White of this place, Mrs. Nath. Wakefield, and Mrs. George Mathews of Lunenburg, Me., Mrs. A. W. Hunt of Eastport, and Mrs. Della Carter.

Deceased was a native of Penfield and passed all of his long life here as also is his widow whose maiden name was Miss Jane Craney.

Moses Murphy a well known resident and native of St. George died on Monday, after a lingering illness of some months. He was one of the first to learn the Granite polishing, in his early life, and worked at it over twenty years most of the time for Epps Dods Co.

He leaves one brother James, in B. C. and two sisters Mrs. James McCarty of Spokane, Wash. and a number of nephews and nieces to mourn their loss.

The funeral took place on Thursday morning, from the residence of his sister Mrs. J. McCarty.

Mrs. Percy Spinney died Wednesday about 4 P. M. after a lingering illness of that dread disease consumption, besides her husband she leaves two small children, a son, Miss Clara McLeese of Back Bay, all sympathize with bereaved family.

Another of the older residents passed away on Wednesday in the person of Mrs. Wm. Brown of Upper L. Stang, at the age of 73 years, she leaves a husband and two sons to mourn.

Men Gaining On Women In Germany.

The last German census, that of 1910, shows that the preponderance of women over men continues to decrease. Sixteen years ago there were in Germany 104.3 women to every 100 men. To-day there are just three-quarters of a million more, or 102.6 women to every 100 men.

The decrease is attributed to the decrease in the mortality of the men owing chiefly to the improvement in the hygienic conditions of labor and the diminishing emigration of the laborer. Preponderance of women is most noticeable in the eastern provinces of the empire where large numbers of men are crowded into industrial districts.

are comparatively few, while to the west, where the defensive forces of the empire are most concentrated and industry is flourishing the position is reversed.

In the large towns women preponderate because unmarried women, particularly widows, seek society and employment there. The reason given for the still existing preponderance of women in the empire is the longer duration of female life.

Philosophic.

An American who spends much of his time in London tells of a philosophic financier in the British capital who, after being at the "top of the heap," saw his wealth swept away. His friends came to console with him. They found him cheerful.

"I am living alone," explained the philosopher, "and disturbing just as few of my habits as possible. I get up at nine o'clock just as I always used to and ring the bell for my valet."

"What!" exclaimed the friends, "are you still able to keep a valet?"

"No," sighed the philosopher, "but I keep the bell!"

An old woman was profuse in her gratitude to a Magistrate who had dismissed a charge brought against her.

"I thought you wouldn't be 'ard on me."

"How does this noted healer who cures his patients by touching them, differ from a regular physician?"

"Why, he touches them before he cures them."

LOCALS

Remember the Last Carnival of the Season To-Night

A Splendid Selection of Moving pictures will be shown at Cotts' Hall St. George, on Saturday night by one of the best picture producers in New Brunswick. Admission free, to all. Show starts at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Housewife:

Stop cleaning old smoky lamp chimneys, send for one of our New 36 Candle Power White Light Lamp Burners, cut the coupon out in our big Ad in this paper today.

National Light Co.

After boring down about 80 ft. the machine was taken away from the Carleton St. well, but it had scarcely got around the corner before the users of the well had it pumped dry, and now it only gives about 1 or 2 barrels at a time so that the work done has made no improvement.

A jolly party of about 30 from Bay View Division, Bax Bay, drove up on Friday evening of last week to visit with Red Granite Division here who royally entertained them. After the regular meeting and programme was finished light refreshments were served and the visitors left for their home about midnight.

The Choir of the Baptist Church enjoyed a delightful sleighride to Second Falls on Monday evening leaving town at 6 o'clock and arriving at the passage up there about 8. They spent a delightful evening with their former pastor Rev. E. V. Buchanan and wife, in their pretty new home. An abundant supply of refreshments were prepared by the ladies, and served at about eleven o'clock after which they had a short musical commencing with a pretty duet by the host and hostess and closing with the singing of the Choruses "God be with you" and "Auld Lang Syne," ending an evening of enjoyment long to be remembered. The drive homeward was also much enjoyed as the night was perfect, and the party in the best of spirits.

The entertainment given by Miss Lottie Tillison was one of the best that has been in the town for a long time and was deserving of a crowded house, and all who did not attend missed a treat. The lecturer is possessed of a fine clear enunciation and pleasing manner, and told a very interesting and instructive story of the Hawaiian Islands. An orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Mooney composed of his daughter Miss Nellie and Messrs. George and Nicholas Meating gave several acceptable selections. Entertainments of intrinsic worth rarely get good patronage; and this proved no exception to the rule, "and pity tis, tis so," should a boxing bout be advertised the hall would be filled to overflowing at 50 to \$1.50 a ticket or double, with standing room at a premium.

A picked Hockey team from St. Stephen and Calais came here by Wednesday's train and played that evening with the town team, this being the only time the visitors had played together. They were badly worsted the score being 8 to 2 in favor of the home team. The playing at times was quite lively, the visitors putting up quite a tussle.

As usual in these rough and tumble games, considerable hard feelings were rendered, and some of the worst traits of the human character, both among the players and spectators, was in evidence.

The way these games are played now, and they are getting so general among the young folks, they are having the effect of almost destroying the Lady and Gentlemanly like instinct of the present generations, and it does

seem as if it were about time to call a halt, and in future, make toward an infusion of a Kinder spirit, in friendly games, leaving the rowdy element to the professionals, where it originated and has been unfortunately copied by the amateurs.

Our Baseball team and their assistants, last season gave an exhibition of gentlemanly sport that would bewilder to be generally copied by other Amateur teams.

Tobias Spinney met with an accident on Wednesday afternoon that might have been very serious, he was hauling pulp wood and while turning his team at the dump after unloading in some way they and the sled went over the cliff, fortunately he was able to get out of the way himself, in some miraculous way, the team tumbled down to the bottom, where they were tied up and got on the sled rack and slid over to the ice, and taken up almost without a scratch.

The Immigration Convention being organized by the Prefecture and St. John Boards of Trade, to be held in Fredericton on the day after the opening of the local House, promises to be the biggest get-together meeting held in New Brunswick in some years. It is expected that something over seven hundred delegates will be present to discuss ways and means of getting a good class of immigrant into the Province - how to get them here and what to do with them when they come.

The strongest speakers, that is those most conversant with the subjects, will be selected to deal with each particular phase of the general subject. It is expected to get speakers from every section of the Province men who are specially conversant with any peculiar conditions or requirements of their particular section, so that every phase of the question may be intelligently presented before the Convention.

BREADALBANE

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Campbell very pleasantly entertained a sleighing party from Bay Side on Friday evening last.

Benj. Campbell is busily engaged in logging this winter.

J. H. Sheppard and H. V. Connell were in town last week calling on friends.

F. Leland of Mascarene called at Bay View cottage last week.

Thos. Justason has completed his hauling wood.

We are sorry to report Mrs. Justason still in very poor health.

Messrs. H. Maxwell and F. Fisher of Digby called here last week.

Thomas Spinney made a business trip to St. Stephen last week and purchased a fine harness and sleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Fisher of Digby called on friends here Sunday.

The weeds along the shores are very much damaged by ice.

Terrible Weapon for Airmen is perfected in Dynamite Dart.

Paris, Feb. 9 - A new and terrible weapon has been invented by the department - a dynamite dart for use by airmen. It is a hand projectile about six inches long, the size and shape of a lead pencil, but made of steel. The head is solid and very heavy and extends about two inches up the shaft. Above this the shaft is deeply grooved.

In action, when flying over a body of infantry or cavalry, the airman has only to drop these missiles in handfuls. Owing to the heavy steel head, the dart always falls point first, while the grooved shaft serves as a rudder, like the feather in an arrow.

Falling from an aeroplane, these darts would acquire terrific velocity. By experiment it has been shown that a dart dropped from a height of only three feet on to a plank of hard pine penetrates it an eighth of an inch.

"I don't like these big affairs. Can't see any fun in inviting everybody to your party."

"Most assuredly not. Half the pleasure in giving a party consists in leaving somebody out."

"Did you go to see D. Cadent's play?"

"Yes. The scenic effects are wonderful!"

MC2465 YOUR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

A FURNITURE SALE WORTH WHILE!
Beginning Saturday Morning, Feb. 17th 1912
and continuing until March 1st 1912, we will give
every Customer paying Cash, a discount of 20 cents on
each Dollar. For Example:

A \$2.50 Iron Bed	for \$2.00	A \$6.50 Dining Table	for \$5.20
A \$10.50 Bureau & Com. mode	for \$8.40	A \$30.00 Parlor Suite	for \$24.00
A \$12.50 Sideboard	for 10.00	A \$75.00 Organ	for \$60.00
A \$2.50 Spring	for \$2.00	A \$60.00 Range	for \$48.00

We Carry all kinds of Furniture For
The Home and Office, Floor Coverings of all kinds,
Window Shades, Sewing Machines, Pianos,
Organs, Ranges, Stoves, Etc.

BUCHANAN & CO.
SUCCESSORS TO VROOM BROS.
SAINT STEPHEN, N. B.

On Robinson Crusoe Island.

Juan Fernandez, a place of call, is a lovely spot, the hills are well wooded, the valleys fertile, and pouring down through many ravines are pure water, writes Capt. Joshua Slocum, in "Sailing Alone Around the World." There are no serpents on the island, and no wild beasts other than pigs and goats, of which I saw a number, with possibly a dog or two. The people lived without the rum or beer of any sort. There was not a police officer or a lawyer among them. The domestic economy of the island was simplicity itself. The fashions of Paris did not affect the inhabitants; each dressed according to his own taste. Although there was no doctor, the people were all healthy, and the children were all beautiful. There were about forty five souls on the island all told. The adults were mostly from the mainland of South America. One woman there, from Chile, who made a flying jib for the spray, taking her pay in tallow, would be called a belle at Newport. Blessed island of Juan Fernandez! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you is more than I could make out.

A large ship which had arrived some time before on fire had been stranded at the head of the bay, and as the sea smashed either to pieces on the rocks, after the fire was drowned, the islanders picked up the timbers and utilized them in the construction of houses, which, naturally, presented a shiplike appearance. The house of the King of Juan Fernandez, Manuel Carroza by name, besides resembling the ark, wore a polished brass knocker on its only door, which was painted green. In front of this gorgeous entrance was a flag mast all stunted, and near it a smart whale boat, painted red and blue, the delight of the king's old age.

I of course made a pilgrimage to the old lookout place at the top of the mountain, where Selkirk spent many days peering into the distance for the ship which came at last. From a tablet fixed into the face of the rock I copied these words, inscribed in Arabic capitals:

In Memory
of
Alexander Selkirk,
Mariner.
A native of Largo in the County Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth, A. D. 1723, aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. Tanar A. D. 1858. The cave in which Selkirk dwelt while on the island is at the head of the bay, now called Robinson Crusoe Bay. It is a round a bold headland west of the present anchorage and landing. Ships have anchored there, but it affords a very indifferent berth. Both of these anchorages are exposed to north winds, which, however, do not reach home with much violence. The landing ground being good in the first named bay to the eastward, the anchorage there may be considered safe, although the undertow at times makes it wild riding. I visited Robinson Crusoe Bay in a boat and with some difficulty landed through the surf near the cave, which I entered. I found it dry and inhabitable. It is located in a beautiful nook sheltered by high mountains from all the severe

storms that sweep over the island, which are not many; for it lies near the limits of the trade winds regions, being in latitude 35 1/2 degrees south. The island is about four miles in length, east and west, and eight miles in width; its height is over three thousand feet. Its distance from Chile, to which country it belongs, is about three hundred and forty miles.

A GOOD HART

By George Hart

It was noon of a brilliant, still day on the south coast of Louisiana. My partner heard a rapid crunching of feet out on the dazzling shore of white shells marking Barataria Bay. Then a shout, eager, tremulous, in German, then two burned and ragged boys of eighteen came round the mangrove and rushed to Allen, with cries of joy.

"They were almost unable to speak from thirst, and their feet were bleeding; but after Allen had offered them the contents of our canvas water-bags, they crawled into the strip shade and explained. Oscar did not talk and Paul kept his blue eyes steadily on the red sail, a lugger that hung lifeless over the small water miles down the shrimp platforms. They were afraid of that lugger, Paul explained. Only yesterday they had escaped from the old Etienne and his Filipino-Chinese company.

"No more shrimp-planting!" said Oscar. "We were just landed from New Orleans from a Bremen ship. We deserted to get out to Paul's sister in Kansas. Ach, if we could only get there. Gretchen and Hans, her man, says what money we could make. And we landed in New Orleans on the quay - man asked us if we didn't want to fish for shrimp down in Barataria - he, too, had what money a man could make."

"Shanghaied," said Allen laughing. "I've been told this before."
"Slaves," cried Oscar; "that's what we were."
"I know the game," said Allen. "Every man in the company has a share—the lugger is counted a share, and the seine a share, and the captain's wife a share for the cooking, a share for the steamer men, and against the catch is charged all the stake expense. And old Etienne juggles the account to suit himself."
"And all the time," quavered Paul, "beans and bread—each, Oscar and I, we jumped that camp last night."
"You don't say," retorted Allen, "that you spent the night in the swamp?"

Oscar nodded. We might have known by a single glance at them, if they had known the hopelessness of getting away unaided they would never have plunged into that morass. Back of our camp, near the scrub oaks with their Spanish moss and the mangrove bushes, one of Etienne's seines was stretched to dry. The crew had landed only the day before and hung the two thousand feet of grey net on the flimsy frame. Its leads and floats sagging it to the shells.

At sunset Etienne's crew pulled the lugger with their cars far to the east. The castaways breathed easier. Allen and I slept soundly in our tent; our friends slept under the big net. I was awakened by an exclamation and a fumbling at the flap. Oscar was there warning me in a scared voice.

"Someone's fooling round our camp," he whispered. "Paul's still asleep, but I heard noises in the shells and went out. I crept along the net rack, and down by the little scrub oaks somebody was prowling about. I heard him in the trees."
"Panther!" Allen and I yelled together. And our amazement at this moment was swallowed up in what followed for the big cat, describing an arc in the air, came down on all fours squarely in old Etienne's mass of seine.

He crashed through the flimsy frame upon the shells, instinctively closing his claws in the meshes. And the whole long frame collapsed just as we heard a howl from up the line. While we stood staring the panther charged up the line of net, sprung again and alighting not twenty feet away from where Paul was fighting about in his bar.
When the place was reached the cat was on its back, kicking and tearing great holes in the net, only to find successive layers. Then it would jump and twist, growling. Paul, too, was roiled in yards of the seine, for the struggles of the panther drew it tight about the boy. Tear at it as we might, we could not get him out, and he, wildly yelling, could not understand what was the matter and another leap of the panther landed him not two

"Told on," shouted Allen; let me get the gun! He dashed away for the camp. But meanwhile the fighting panther had dragged one seine to the edge of the water, and then another leap and twist sent him in. Paul was hurled down also in the shallows, and Oscar and I dashed in to seize the seine, for we thought surely that he would be drowned. But salt water had a surprising effect on the panther. The minute he was beyond his depth he ceased tearing at the net and struggled round in a circle under it.

"Get the head line and twist them!" I shouted. "Twist them hard and we'll tighten him in."
Paul had got his panic-stricken head out of the net at last. He could hardly comprehend our cries; but he seized the lead edges of the seine, and when Allen came up we were dragging a half-drowned but very big panther ashore.

When sunrise came we sat about the brute, near our campfire, all of us bruised, cut by shells and palmettoes, but with the prisoner safe. I never saw two such excited boys as the German fellows. And when Allen told them we would throw the panther into the launch and hurry him off to the city, where he surely could be sold for enough to pay them for the three months they had been marooned, they were the happiest castaways imaginable.
"Old Etienne's seine did make a haul for us after all, er, Oscar?" cried the younger one.
"We get by Kansas now," shouted his friend. "Und Gretchen's farm, where her man'll pay us big in the harvest."
The next week, indeed, we saw them off bound for the promised land. A speculative commission man in New Orleans had given them \$150 for the last cut. In Kansas's shrimp

POWER OF CO-OPERATION.

Chinese Have Steadily Combined Together To Arm Themselves with an Invisible Weapon for Protection.

In order to enforce their rights by the simplest and most bloodless means, the Chinese have steadily cultivated the art of combining together and have thus armed themselves with an immaterial, invisible weapon, which simply paralyzes the aggressor, and ultimately leaves them masters of the field. The extraordinary part of the Chinese boycott or strike is the absolute fidelity by which it is carried out. If the bootmen or chair-coolies at any place strike, they all strike; there are no blacklegs. If butchers refuse to sell, they all refuse, entirely contempt of each other's loyalty.

Foreign merchants who have offended the Chinese guilds by some course of action not approved of by the powerful bodies, have often found to their cost that such conduct will not be tolerated for a moment, and that their only course is to withdraw, sometimes at a considerable loss, from the untenable position they have taken up.

The other side of the medal is equally instructive. Some years ago the French tea merchants at a large port in order to curb excessive charges, decided to hoist the Chinese tea-men, or sellers of tea, with their own petard. They organized a strict combination against the tea-men, whose tea collection was to be withheld by what seemed to be a natural order of events, the tea-men had been brought to their knees. The tea-men, however, remained firm, their countenances as impassive as ever. Before long, the tea merchants discovered that some of their number had broken faith, and were doing a roaring business for their own account, on the terms originally insisted on by the tea-men.

OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE.

How Allah Fashioned a Tongue for the Englishman.

In spite of certain undeniable disadvantages, the English language steadily makes headway. There are few tongues so hard to master. One foreigner, who has had his troubles, but has won his way to a perfect command of the language, has presented some of the humor of the difficulties which belong to this richest of living languages.

As a boy, I heard a fantastic Turkish legend, which, to my mind, aptly illustrates the actual facts concerning the origin and formation of modern English.
After creating the first parents of each of the races, the story runs, Allah took a large piece of meat, and cutting it into slices, distributed them among all the people to serve them as tongues. For some reason the Englishman was absent when the others received their share. At last he came into the presence of his Maker, and in mute humiliation begged to put a tongue into his mouth. But nothing was left of the meat. So Allah was obliged to cut a little piece from the tongues of all the others, and joining these pieces, he fashioned a tongue for the Englishman.

The Golden Opportunity.

Among the persons who have recently made provision for old age when it comes are two sisters, aged respectively 33 and 34 years. They have purchased from the Canadian government a Last Survivor Annuity, that is an annuity which will give them together an income of \$600 a year so long as they both live, and to be continued to the survivor so long as she lives. The cost of this Annuity, \$3,648.65, has been invested at 5 per cent, and had brought in less than \$185.00 annually, with the difficulty and annoyance of re-investment. The Annuity becomes payable when the younger sister attains the age of 55, and should both be dead at that time the purchase money

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Kingsley Would Smoke.
Archbishop Benson, when headmaster of Wellington, was a great friend of Charles Kingsley, whose rectory of Eversley was but a few miles away. A. C. Benson gives many interesting reminiscences of Kingsley as he remembers him in these days:

"My father used to tell how once he was walking with Kingsley round about Eversley, when Kingsley suddenly stopped and said, 'It is no use; I know you detest tobacco, Benson, but I must have a smoke!' and he had accordingly gone to a big turkbush and put his arm in at the hole, and after some groping about produced a churchwarden pipe, which he filled and smoked with great satisfaction, afterwards putting it into a hollow tree, and telling my father with a chuckle, that he had concealed it over the parish, to meet the exigencies of a sudden desire to smoke."

Growth in Naval Expenditure.
Since 1902 the naval expenditure of the principal countries of the world has increased from \$80,000,000 to \$240,310,000. Great Britain is responsible for an increase of \$13,000,000, Germany for \$12,000,000, the United States for \$10,000,000, France for over \$4,000,000, and Russia for \$2,000,000. In the last ten years the eight chief naval powers have spent the stupendous sum of upwards of one billion pounds sterling on naval defence.

The Brigand King of Mexico.
(Richard Barry in Harper's.)
One day in December, 1910, he entered Madero's camp in northern Senora a dashing fellow less than 30 years of age. The slouchiness, the laziness, the stupidity, and the cowardliness of the average Mexican were absent from his make up. Instead, Zapata was lithe in figure, mentally quick and decisive in manner. These qualities being the opposite of Madero's own, and matched elsewhere in the revolutionists' camp only by Orozco, Madero's chief of staff, the recruit made an instant impression. The information he brought however, was more telling than his person. He declared that his native State of Morelos, next to the smallest in the republic, but very populous and with its eastern border contiguous to the State of Mexico, was ready

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dy to rise against Diaz at any moment, in fact, as so on arms and ammunition and a suitable leader were supplied to its inhabitants.

Madero thereupon caused Zapata to be furnished with the war material he desired, and the intrepid young rebel started south on what then seemed a desperate adventure, but which proved to be the splendid career of a revolutionary conqueror. His operations in the states of Morelos, Oaxaca and Guerrero, in which he burned haciendas, looted villages, killed foremen and routed the continuous detachments of federal troops sent against him, covering the first four months of 1911, formed a conclusive argument in forcing Diaz to resign. Even the newspapers avowedly loyal to Diaz referred to Zapata in big red headlines as "The Scourge."

Early in December Zapata started out at the head of a marauding band of perhaps a thousand lawless followers, determined to "throw a scare" into the city of Mexico. He rode within sight of the city, set on fire three small villages, and rode away again. The smoke from his devastation could be seen from the spires of the cathedrals in the capital. He then made a long detour to the west and south and on Christmas Day again appeared near Tenancingo, in the state of Mexico, within easy telephone distance of the city. There he overtook twenty rurales, and killed thirteen of them, the rest escaping. Some women, wives of the rurales, and killed thirteen of them, the rest escaping, and a child, who witnessed the butchery and protested were killed. Whatever becomes of Zapata, and there must be some end to him soon, or else he will accomplish what is freely asserted as being his object, the assassination of a large amount of money with which he will flee abroad, he will doubtless go down in history as the most remarkable bandit the North American continent has ever seen.

Mrs. Smart So these are the China bargains you advertised?
Clerk Yes, ma'am; and they're going for little or nothing;
Mrs. Smart All right! I'll take that blue-berled dish for nothing. - The Catholic Standard and Times.