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The Granite Town Greetings

VOL. 6. ST. GEORGE, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1910 NO. 21.

AT

D. BASSEN'S

A splendid showing of Ladies Custom Coats and Ready to wear garments of all kinds.

Ladies ready-to-wear hats. If you do not find any to suit, we have plenty of material and the milliner is always at hand to make one to become your face, stylish, modest and low priced.

We also have a splendid line of Footwear and Rubber goods for ladies and children.

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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Meating & Douglas,

Merchant Tailors

Clothing Cleaned and Pressed

St. George N. B.

Rooms over Milne, Coutts & Co.'s store

German's Weird Ships

Great Britain, eager to catch up every story as to Germany's naval programme, again has its eyes turned across the North Sea. For the latest report has it that two Germans---Herr Christopher Wirth, an electrical engineer, and Herr Christopher Beck, a manufacturer---have invented a "crewless" war ship whose engines can be started or stopped and whose helm can be controlled by electrical waves communicated without wires to a receiving apparatus aboard the mysterious vessel by a sending apparatus from shore similar to that utilized in wireless telegraphy. Further, so the report has it, by means of these electrical waves, guns on the crewless vessel can be controlled and fired, while signals can be transmitted either by bells or fflashlight, and all these wonders are possible within a radius of eighteen miles from the wireless station which transmits the controlling force.

STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS

An eye-witness who has observed exhaustive experiments conducted with a motor boat model on the Dutzendteich, a large expanse of water near Nuremberg has affirmed the stories of this wonderful method of control.

I have seen the interesting trial trips of a large unmanned motor boat," said this observer in a statement which has been published in London, "which was controlled and steered from the bank of the lake by means of wireless telegraphy. I also saw guns being fired on board the unmanned vessel, and a bell being hung on the deck, and also flashlight signals being given in the same way with the help of electrical waves. When I first arrived the motor boat Prinz Ludwig was lying motionless in the middle of the lake. No one was on board. Suddenly a gun was fired on the deck, and I saw the screw begin to revolve and drive the boat forward.

STEERED BY STRANGE POWER

"Then I saw the boat follow the zigzag course, steered by some unsee power There were ordinary rowing boats on the lake, and when the unmanned vessel approached them she gave the signal by means of a bell to ind cate whether she intended to go to port or starboard, and the indicated course was carried out with absolute accuracy. I watched the manoeuvres of the unmanned boat for a whole hour during the daytime and again in the evening, when the signals were not given by means of bells, but by flashlights. At the end of these tests the unmanned vessel was brought to her anchorage by the same unseen forces These forces were omitted from a send ing station on shore to a receiving apparatus on the boat, started and stopped the engine and controlled the helm of the vessel. The will of the man who controls the electrical waves on shore thus exercises absolute command over the unmanned vessel.

Are you Loyal to Your Community

No word appears more strongly to the average person than loyalty. We all love to be spoken of as loyal to family, friends, country and to our ideals. We should also include our home city.

There is no doubt of our sincerity in this, and we would feel very much offended were it questioned, but is this loyalty always of high sort; is it intelligent and active, or is it sometimes a sentimental and pleasing fancy with which we delude ourselves?

The happiness of the people of a city depends largely on the prosperity of the community as a whole, and this prosperity of a community depends in part upon the amount of money circulated there. The more money the people send away for things they can buy from their own merchants, the poorer the community will become and, conversely, the more they spend at home, the more the place will thrive.

Do those who patronize distant mail order houses ever think of the harm done? If all the good people in Boston, for instance, should ignore the local merchants and for one year buy all their supplies in Chicago, Buffalo and New York, there would be "For Sale" signs on the City Hall Young's, the public library and the old North Church. The same principle applies to all communities.

Patronage of home merchants is the life of a city. The mail order houses by offering attractive (?) premiums with indifferent goods, have drawn from us large amounts of money which, if spent at home, would have helped to pay for schools, paving and general civic improvement. Outside business houses do not pay any part of our taxes.

But "Business is Business" some say. Yes, but business is more than that, it is reciprocity, and it should be apparent to everyone that business dealings with those who are working for the same local interests as ourselves will be far more productive of good, than trading with people who are far away who buy nothing from us, and whose only interest in our community is the amount of money they can get out of it.

Do you recall when times have been hard that these mail order houses ever extended you credit to help you over the hard place? Will they? Not in a thousand years—Its money down, or no goods. The local merchants are the ones to whom we must then turn for assistance, but how can we do so with good grace or reason unless we support them in prosperous times?

They are alert, intelligent and progressive, and if given the opportunity will sell better goods at the same or lower prices than the mail order houses can or will and deliver them at once—no express charges; no long delays, no disappointments.

Let us cease, then, enriching a few people in whom we have no sort of interest, at the cost of lasting injury to our own community. Try supporting our own home business for a time.

Surely, loyalty, in this instance, means, spend your money at home.—Exchange.

When!

A Toronto lecturer predicts that within twenty-five years every woman will have the right to vote and within the same time about half of them will smoke. Then the young man will buy cigarettes or a cigar for his best girl instead of the standard ice-cream or chocolates. Or perhaps it will be up to the young women to buy.

"Will you always be true?" asked the broker's suspicious daughter, when young Sportleigh had thrown himself at her feet and begged for her hand.

"As true as steel!" he cried.

"Common or preferred?" she inquired, still suspicious.-- Chicago News.

Father and Son

"I must look to the sheep of the fie
See that the cattle are fed and v
So, Jack, tell your mother to ov
you well,
You may go with me over the farm.
Though the snow is deep and the
weather cold,
You are not a baby you're six years old.
Two feet of snow on the hillside ly.
But the sky was as blue as June,
And father and son came laughing
home
When dinner was ready at noon—
Knocking the snow from their weary
feet,
Rosy and hungry and ready to eat.
"The snow was so deep," the farmer
said,
"That I feared I could scarcely
get through."
The mother turned with a pleasant
smile—
"Then what could a little boy do?'
'I trod in my father's steps, said Jack;
'Wherever he went I kept his track."
The mother looked in the fathers face,
And a solemn thought w s there;
The words had gone like a lightning
flash
To the seat of a noble care;
"If he treads in my steps, then day
by day
How carefully I must choose my way!
For the child will do as the father
does,
And the track that I leave behind,
Will be firm, and clear, and straight,
The feet of my son will find;
"He will tread in his father's steps
and say
I'm right, for this is my fathers way.'
Oh! fathers, leading life's hard road,
Be sure of the steps you take;
Then, the sons you love, when gray
haired men,
Will tread in them still for your
sake;
When gray-haired men their sons will
say,
"We tread in our fathers' steps
to-day."

—Plank and Platform.

Arsenic Poisoning

When a single dose of arsenic in a sufficient quantity to be left has been taken colicky pains, bowel disorder and perhaps nansea result. In the course of an hour after a poisonous dose has been taken an intense burning pain is felt in the esophagues and stomach. This spreads to the entire anterior portion of the lower part of the trunk. A seuse of constriction at the throat and an acrid, metallic taste accompany the pain. Then vomiting and relaxation of the bowels begin As the case progresses the symptoms increase in intensity. Then comes a thirst that water will not allay, although it apparently increases the stomach disturbance. The victim groans and writhes.

Now he implores the doctor to save him. Then he begs to be killed and put out of pain. The extremities become icy. The pulse is small, feeble and frequent, and the breathing is labored, embarrassed and painful because of abdominal tenderness. The surface of the body becomes dark and of that bluish color that medical men call cyanosed. Violent cramps add their torture, exhaustion becomes collapse, convulsions or coma ensues, and death ends the agony. The torture lasts sometimes from five to twenty hours.

In some cases these symptoms occur, but in a modified form, and the doctor will apparently get the better of the disease.—The remission will be but for a day or two. Then the abdomen will swell, and icy coldness will pervade the frame. Shivering will become pronounced trembling, then, cramps, convulsions and death.

"Why are you so sure there is no such thing as a fourth dimension?"

"Because replied the discouraged fat man, "if there were I'd have it."---Ladies Home Journal.

The Making of Bank of England Notes

About the year 1819 a great outcry was raised against the Bank of England for not adopting a style of note that could not be imitated, at the same time preventing the sacrifice of life which at that period was all too common, the punishment for forgery being death. The subject at last became so pressing that the government appointed commissioners to investigate the cause of the numerous forgeries, and whether a mode could be devised whereby the forging of bank notes might be prevented.

Previous to this investigation the directors of the bank had been endeavoring to remedy the evil, many plans having been submitted to them, all of which they were obliged to reject. At one time they were about to adopt a curious and very costly machine for printing the notes on both sides, so exactly alike as to appear one impression, when a workman came forward and showed that the same thing might be done by the simple contrivance of two plates connected by a hinge.

The bank placed before the commissioners one hundred and eighty different projects that had been recommended for their adoption, and seventy varieties of paper made at their factory by way of experiment.

The result of all this labor was the bank note of to-day. The color of the paper is peculiar, and cannot be imitated exactly by counterfeiters except at great expense. The combined thinness and strength of the paper are also unique. It is made in sheets large enough for two notes. Each note, before it is sized, weighs about eighteen grains, and if then doubled, it is strong enough to suspend a weight of thirty-six pounds. The texture of the paper is also peculiar, It has a crisp feel, invariably the same, and such that bank clerks of experience can readily detect forgeries by this test alone.

Then the wire-mark, impressed in the making by a frame, costly to make and difficult to use; is practically inimitable.

Each note has thin, rough edges, uncut, not to be produced by any mode of cutting paper that is not made expressly for the purpose. The paper for printing is damped with water in the exhausted receiver of an air pump. The ink used in the plate printing is made of Frankfort black, which is composed of the charcoals of the tendrils and husks of the German grape, ground with linseed oil. This ink has a peculiar and very deep shade of black, common black inks being tinted either with blue or brown.—Stfc. Amen.

The Hero of Hart's River

The late Major W Bruce Carruthers, Assistant Adjustant-General for Signalling for Canada, who died at his home in Kingston recently, aged forty-seven years, was the Canadian hero of Hart's River in the Transvaal during the Boer war. On March 30, 1902, a party of twenty-one Canadians, under his command, was cut off by 600 Boers from the main body of British under General Kitchener. Lieut, Carruthers, as he was then, refused to surrender, and all but four of his command were killed. His own clothing was perforated by Boer bullets, and he received a couple of flesh wounds. The Boers captured him, and would have shot him there and then, but the wiser heads decided that he was too brave a man to die. The Hart's River flight occurred at a time when the honor of British arms was at stake, and the heroism of Lieut. Carruthers and his little band was one of the bright spots in that war. Lord Kitchener declared that there had been finer instances of heroism in the whole course of the campaign.

Advertise in Greetings.

Husband Drowned From the Yarmouth In Mid-Bay; Bride Of 11 Days Crazed With Grief

Washed from the deck of the steamer Yarmouth on a trip from St. John to Digby Saturday morning, Robert Tupper who a few minutes before had left his bride of eleven days in the cabin of the ship while he went to chat with some friends outside, was carried into the whirling waters of the Bay of Fundy and drowned. Although the steamer was stopped and lookouts sent aloft, no trace was seen of him, and it is believed that he never came to the surface, probably owing to injuries received as he was swept against the rail by the angry sea which carried him overboard. No boat could live in such weather and with great reluctance Captain Potter was forced to abandon the search and continue the trip to Digby.

It is a sad story: the saddest the ship's officers have ever been called upon to relate. On November 15 Robert Tupper, of Round Hill, Nova Scotia, and Miss Daisy Syda, of Digby, were made man and wife, and left for St. John en route to Montreal, Ottawa and Niagara, where they spent their honeymoon. They returned to this city Friday at noon, and left on the Yarmouth Saturday morning for Digby, full of pleasant thoughts of the comfortable home awaiting them at Round Hill. When the steamer was in mid-bay Tupper left his bride in the cabin and went on deck. He was standing with a waiter from the saloon and several other passengers on the main deck near the starboard side of the ship. The wind was blowing a gale from the northeast and a terrific sea was running, causing the ship to roll heavily. She took a sudden lurch, a great comber slipped over the side and before a hand could be raisee to save him, Tupper was caught and swept overboard. The same sea struck Harold Warner of Digby, hurling him along the deck and smashing him against the side of the ship's rail with such force that his shoulder was dislocated.

The alarm was quickly given, Captain Porter had the engines reversed and the Yarmouth was stopped as soon as possible Seamen were placed in the rigging and everything possible done to locate the missing man, who, it is thought, never rose to the surface. It was useless to launch a boat in such a sea.

After it became apparent that poor Tupper had gone forever, Captain Potter reluctantly proceeded on his way to Digby. The steamer arrived there at 11 o'clock with flags half-mast and passengers and crew in a state of gloom.

The wife of the drowned man is crazed with grief. Her unfortunate husband was only twenty-five years of age. So great was the storm that the Yarmouth dare not attempt the return trip to St. John.

Steamer Here This Morning

It was early this morning before the steamer arrived at her dock from Victoria Beach, where she had sought shelter. Those on board described the trip across Saturday morning as one of the very worst in their experience. The seas were mountain high, they say, and again and again swept the vessel's decks. The officers did not break the news of her husband's death to Mrs. Tupper until the Yarmouth had arrived inside of Digby harbor. She was simply crazed with grief.

The popularity of motoring in France is held to be a cause which has lessened the billiard playing of the country. In 1888 there were 97,000 tables licensed throughout the country, the greatest number ever known. The number has been growing less since then and it is estimated that 8,500 tables have been destroyed. There has been a decrease in the number of packs of cards sold, and this also is attributed to the automobile.