

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

That after Nov. 1st, 1910, our business will be conducted on a strictly CASH basis.

Will be in a position to give you great value as our stock in all departments consists of the very best bought at the lowest prices, consequently will sell low.

Do not forget the place. Come and bring your money, and if you cannot come yourself send your money.

ANDREW McGEE

Back Bay

BACK BAY

Mrs. Huch Thompson of Eastport is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Kinney of Beaver Harbor spent a few days recently with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kinney.

Wesley Hinds spent Tuesday last with friends here.

Rev. Mr. Cook expects to be here the coming week.

Hugh Harris and family have moved in their new house.

Mrs. Ernest Stockhouse and sister Mrs. Ada Cook of Eastport are spending a few days with their mother Mrs. Edwin Cook.

Mrs. H. O. Chubb of Letete was in the village Thursday.

Robt. McKiv and Wesley Hinds of Letete attended the dance here Thursday night.

Mrs. Loren Kinney and Miss Mae Kinney called on Mrs. Westworth Quinley Saturday.

Fred Hatt of Letete was here Saturday on business accompanied by his wife.

Wm. Harris spent Thursday in town.

Miss Maggie Milliken who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. Leslie McGee left Monday for Lowell, Mass. where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. E. Phinney spent one day last week with Mrs. Geo. McGee.

Eben Leavitt spent a few hours in town Thursday.

Mrs. Brown of Campbellville arrived Tuesday and is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Neil Seelye.

James Hoyt and Harold McNichol went to Boston Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hanson have moved to St. Andrews.

Wm. Westworth has gone to St. Andrews to work.

Wm. Andrews spent Sunday with his family.

Mrs. Lizette Mathews returned home Tuesday.

Joe. Catharine is confined to the house with diphtheria.

The schools are closed for a week on account of sickness in the place.

Jacob Randall left Monday for his home in Alpena, Michigan.

Niedda Williamson was calling on Miss Manie Tucker.

Lottie Lasley has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Chambers arrived on Sunday.

Wm. Hicks has moved to East Machias where he has purchased a house.

Messrs. Wm. and Frank McMann and Sherbey French attended the dance in St. George on Monday.

Abandon Courtenay Bay?

It was rumored in the streets yesterday that H. A. Woods, chief engineer of the eastern section of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and A. M. Bouillon, district engineer for G. T. P. in New Brunswick, are soon to visit L'Etang, Charlotte County, for the purpose of making a detailed inspection and arranging for surveys with the idea of establishing the company's Atlantic terminal there. If this rumor be true the decision of the company to find an outlet at L'Etang, instead of at St. John will come as a great blow to the people of this city who had hoped for so much in the development of Courtenay Bay.

Mr. Bouillon was asked last night by a Telegraph reporter if there was any truth in the rumor, and he refused either to confirm or deny it. Mr. Bouillon courteously informed the reporter that he was not in a position to give out any information on the company's plans at the present time.

It was intimated yesterday about the streets that the prospects for development at Courtenay Bay were not bright, and that it was for this reason that the G. T. P. is seeking an outlet at L'Etang. Such a rumor, must of course, have a

disquieting effect on the minds of those citizens of St. John who hoped to see in the near future a fine harbor at Courtenay Bay and, incidentally, a rapid growth in the city, which has made so little progress.

Prominent citizens when spoken to about the matter last night expressed fear that the G. T. P. might be forced to take some such action is indicated in the rumor, but declared that any failure on the part of the government to carry on the harbor development work so favorably and earnestly undertaken by Hon. Dr. Pugsley should be most emphatically condemned by the people of St. John.

The G. T. P. should decide to place its terminals at L'Etang, would probably build a line, it is thought, from Nappadogan direct to that port.

It may be interesting to note that a paragraph appeared in a Charlotte County paper a few days ago to the effect that Dr. Daniel had visited St. Andrews and had intimated that there might be important development at L'Etang.—St. J. Tel.

LETETE

Miss Portia Seelye returned from Calais on Thursday and on Friday morning accompanied her little nephew Luther Seelye to St. Stephen to the Chipman Hospital where from the last report was doing nicely.

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Mr. Bonar Law, who is likely to be elected leader of the Conservative party in the British House of Commons, is the son of a gentleman who was at one time a Presbyterian minister in Kent County.

Mr. Bonar Law was born in 1859, and when twelve years of age was sent to Scotland to be educated. He has not since resided in New Brunswick, so that Scotland can fairly claim him, and no one would think it necessary to dispute the point with her. Mr. Law has shown himself a very capable parliamentarian, and may be able to pull together the disrupted party which now makes up the English opposition. It will add considerably to his fame if he is only partially successful.—Globe.

Tripoli, Nov. 11.—Various reports have been received here to the effect that the Arabs are preparing for a Holy War and that they have sent delegations to Tunis to invite the natives to cross the frontier and join the Mohammedans in Tripoli.

Subscribe to the Greetings

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 Newfoundland.

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 Breakfast and Luncheon.

Dining Car on Morning Express from Truro serving Breakfast and Luncheon.

GEORGE CARVILL City Ticket Agent, St. John.

WANTED! Deer Skins and Furs of all kinds. Will pay the Highest Market Prices for same. Send For Price List E. FISHER Pembroke, Me.

FOR SALE One 3 H. P. Engine, one new Two Seated Wagon, one Single Seat Wagon, two Sleighs and other Farm Sundries. Apply to D. Oliver, Maror Road.

WANTED OLD MAHOGANY Round Tables, Card Tables, Chairs, Brass Andirons, Old Coins, Old Postage Stamps, Etc. Highest Prices W. A. KAIN 116 GERMAIN ST. ST. JOHN, N. B.

For Sale! We have the Schooner Buda for Sale 20 tons registered. Without Engines, at a reasonable Price to the right buyers. Anyone wishing to get a Vesel of that size, will do well to come and look her over & get prices or write to Connors Bros. Ltd. BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

WANTED 20 men wanted to work in the lumber woods. Good axemen, swampers, etc. Apply to W. W. WAITE PENNFIELD, N. B.

Salmon do not grow in Wisconsin, and yet Wisconsin is going to invest in the "canned salmon" industry. Carp answer just as well, and seeing for carp is so profitable that the State fish and game warden has made up his mind to obtain therefrom some revenue for the State.

Boys overcoats, college style or any type 20 per cent. cheaper on every dollar at Bassen's.

AN EPISODE IN ITALY

"It isn't you who decide what you are going to do in Italy," said the woman.

"It's the cabby." "No!" I cried. "I was going to leave Naples that morning. In fact, I had my valises with me as I stood at the door while the porter whistled for the cab, seven of which rushed out of the shimmering sunlight around the corner at me. A handsome young cabby grabbed the valises, put them in the cab, helped me in, and started off."

"I want to go to the station," I told him as we went along. "I'm going home."

"He slowed up, rested his left hand on the back of the seat, turned half way around and said smilingly in French:

"You want to go to Pompeii?" "No!" I cried. "I want to go to the station. I am starting for home. For America, for home!"

"I'll take you to Pompeii," he offered graciously. "For 5 lire."

"I want to go home," I declared. "If I went to Pompeii, I wouldn't go over that old road anyway. I'd go by train. That's the same road you take to Vesuvius. I was over it the day before yesterday. It is full of beggars and rats."

"My driver paid not the slightest attention. Instead he pointed proudly to a passing cabby.

"That's my brother," he grinned, adding softly, "I'll take you to Pompeii for 7 lire."

"A handsome fellow," I said, "and if you paid me 7 lire I wouldn't go to Pompeii to-day. I'm going home."

"He drove awhile, then turned and smiled at me again.

"This road takes you to the station," he said, "and to Pompeii, too. I'll take you to Pompeii for 4 lire. A whole long day, a handsome driver, a fine carriage, and all to yourself for 4 lire," he exclaimed, "flashing a triumphant face full upon me."

"If you gave me the cab and the harness and the horse I wouldn't go to Pompeii to-day. You couldn't pay me to go. I know that old road. Besides, I want to start for some American home."

"He drove and drove. I sat absorbed in the things we passed. In the doorway, back of which was the veritable single paper of the family, the one large bed, the three chairs at the foot of it, the table and in the rear the altar, before which burned the little lamp to the blessed Virgin and her humble worshippers, who lived, it seemed, on the door steps, there being only one room inside."

"There, played the horse through the little ragged grille of 5 and 6 building the building done up in swaddling clothes, looking it between their feet, they would meet an overgrown doll and the boys more ragged yet, if that were possible. There were always cats, the chickens, and now and then a second turkey, indignantly tied far from barnyards and its kind, by a string to a post."

"I didn't know which I pitied most the babies in training for cripples swaddled so, the tiny limbs so unnaturally bound, the unwhispered cats and dogs, or the turkeys in chains."

"I recalled my destination with a start."

"Where are we? I demanded to know."

"The station is about a mile back yonder," my handsome driver said smiling, and you'll be too late for your train. I'm taking you to Pompeii now for 5 lire."

"I could have wept, but what was the use? I was now too late for my train."

"Anyway," I petitioned, "you'll rescue me from the beggars. Won't you? When you get to them drive fast."

"To my amazement he complied. We sped past the man with the withered arm, the cripple tangled up with the donkey, and passed another cab. The driver flung a bright look at me. "Do you see that man?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, he's my brother," gloated he.

"He seemed to have an oversupply of brothers, but he endeavored to compensate for bringing me out of my way for five lire by showing me the sights."

"He pointed out all the pleasures of the natural life by the roadside, the crucifixes on the walls, the Holy Virgins at the corners of the lead-colored houses, until at last the wide sweep of level country where the dust and ashes of the buried city were begun to show."

"Arrived there, a babbling guide hurried me through with the velocity of a whirlwind, showed me broken columns, old fountains, Medusa heads with the faces worn away by hands long since ashes, the buried dog, its mouth in the attitude of barking, prints of chariot wheels, gray walls through the apertures of which the smoky peak of the mountain that had done all the harm glowed purple and hurried me out again through the gate to my cab."

"My cabby stood there smiling, a man beside him who was even handsomer than he."

"My brother," said he. "I smiled and bowed, and we started off over the long gray road of the poor to Naples."

"The sight saddened me. I wished I had started for America, for home! As we bumped over the terrible stage of the Naples streets my resentment grew. It was not lessened by the behavior of my guide. Three times more he had pointed out brothers. Now he leaned over to me, smiled and pointed out another before we drove up to my door."

"Some acquaintances ran out, amazed at seeing me."

"I thought," they cried, "that you had started for home this morning."

"I thought so, too," said I, "but my cabby thought differently."

McCarthy was boasting of the prominence of his family in bygone ages. "But there were no McCarthy's," said O'Brien. "No," said McCarthy, "our family was exclusive in those days and had yacht of their own."

LOCALS

The Sch. Francis Goodnow is loading Pulp for the Paper Co.'s mill at Norwalk, Conn. and will likely be ready to sail to-morrow.

The Ladies Missionary Aid of the Baptist church held a concert meeting on Wednesday evening which was quite successful, several new members joining.

A destructive fire occurred at Woodstock, N. B. Friday of last week in which a young lad 14 years old lost his life and thirteen horses were burned and a number of farms were burnt out.

John Doyle succeeded in bringing a fine deer to town last week, when the animal was dressed it weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, this being the largest deer brought to town for many years.

The Cornet Band dance in Dr. George Hall Monday night was a very successful event, many enjoying the evening, and financially it also was a success and puts the band on a sound financial basis, clearing up most of their outstanding debts.

David Nichols of Elmcroft who has sold his farm and other property at that place was in town Tuesday of last week to leave about the middle of December. All regret the loss of one of Mr. Nichols' sterling qualities to the County, and while doing so wish him success in his future life wherever that may be cast.

Mr. Nichols who also acted as postmaster for his village has been succeeded by Mrs. A. F. Grant who was appointed last week.

Ward Dick a former Mascarene boy who has taken up ranching in the northwest arrived here last Saturday on the most interesting mission of life, which takes place on the 22nd immediately after the ceremony he and his esteemed partner will leave for High River, Sask. The marriage is to be very quiet, none but the immediate families of the bride and groom being invited. Miss Grace Johnston's many friends while deeply regretting her loss from among them wish her and her partner every happiness and prosperity through life's pathway.

The circuit court, Judge Barry presiding was engaged for four days last week in trying out the civil cases of Harry W. Mann, of Baillie, against the St. Croix Paper Co. It was an action brought to recover a balance due on certain logging operations which the plaintiff had been engaged in on behalf of the defendant. The matter turned upon the scale that was to apply in the measuring of these logs, which were intended for pulp manufacture. While Mr. Henry Todd was manager of Company's logging interests, a special scale was devised by him and adopted by contractors. Mr. Mann had been operating under this scale, and when Mr. Munce succeeded Mr. Todd he contended, that although there was a written contract between them, it was understood that the logs should be scaled as in the past. The defendant claimed that the Bangor saw log scale, which had been the only one in use on the river for the measurement of saw logs, was the one that should apply. There was quite an array of legal talent on either side and there was a good deal of evidence taken with respect to the Bangor scale, the Todd pulp log scale and the New Brunswick. Mr. Mann was represented by H. A. Powell, K. C., M. R. Teed, K. C., and N. Marks Mills; the defendant by Attorney-General Grimmer and J. B. Baxter, K. C.

The case went to the jury at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the judge submitting to them thirteen questions of fact for them to answer. They gave their answers just before 5 o'clock and a verdict was entered for the plaintiff, the amount involved being \$13,519. An appeal will be taken.

The case of James Rideout and the St. Croix Paper Co. turns upon the same question that was involved in the Mann case. This case was postponed until May next. If the Supreme Court concurs in the opinion of the lower court in the Mann case, the Rideout case will probably be settled.

After delivering his charge to the jury in the civil case, on Saturday afternoon, Judge Barry pronounced sentence upon the three criminals who had pleaded guilty.

John Thomas Quinn, for assault, received three months in jail, to date from Sept. 21.

Floyd Brown and Chipman Cheney of Grand Manan, for robbery, received a sentence each of two years in Dorchester penitentiary. The judge said he had been moved to reduce the sentence by the eloquent appeal of their counsel, Judge Cockburn, and by the petition from Grand Manan. He expressed great sorrow for their widowed mothers. He administered a severe lecture to them. The young men took their sentence unmoved.—Beacon.

MASCARENE

Joseph M. Stewart is visiting his sister Mrs. Wm. Matthews at Letete. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Leland spent one evening last week with friends in Calais.

Mrs. R. R. Stewart and son spent Saturday afternoon with Flora Stewart. Mrs. Clara Bond of Pennfield spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. M. C. McKee.

Grace Stewart was in St. George Sunday afternoon.

Perry Stewart of Letete spent Saturday at his home here.

George Chambers was calling on friends Sunday afternoon.

Rod and Dick Elwell spent Saturday at Lamberts Cove.

Wm. Maxwell and Gertrude Armstrong spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. J. Chubb, they left Monday morning for West Upson, Mass. where they will be employed for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henderson spent Monday in St. George.

Miss Alma McKenne entertained a number of young friends Saturday evening in honor of her guest Miss Boyd, games and dancing was enjoyed by all.

Hiram and Robert Wilcox spent one evening last week in St. George.

Delta McVicar visited friends in Letete recently.

Miss Jennie Leland called on Grace Stewart Friday.

A Mooted Question

(Trib-Its.) In a parish in Wales where very little English was spoken a general meeting was held to consider the desirability of putting a chandelier into the school-room. Every one seemed in favor of the idea.

"Do you think we ought to have one, Mr. Davies?" said the schoolmaster to a venerable parishioner.

"I agree to it," was the reply; "but there is one thing I wish to know. If we have one—"

"Chandelier," said the schoolmaster, helping him out.

"If we have a chandelier," the old man continued, "who is going to play it?"

Mrs. Moffatt, of the Cherryvale Journal, writes:

"The new \$8 corsets which encase one to the knees are often responsible for embarrassing their wearers. The other day at a card party a fat lady dropped a card. She made several ineffectual dives trying to pick it up. Finally with a purple face she gasped out:

"Will somebody wearing a dollar corset kindly pick up that card for me?"—Kansas City Star.

"Why do you carry a lantern in your quest of that rare specimen, an honest man?"

"Merely to be original," replied Diogenes. "Ordinarily a man engaged in such a search thinks all he needs is a looking-glass."