

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

SUNSHINE FURNACE

Best call and find out the reasons why we promptly back McClary's guarantee with our own. Let us explain to you why the "Sunshine" is called

"The Understudy of the Sun."

McClary's
SOLD BY Grant & Morin

Quick Enough.

Miss Helen Hammond Riley, the champion polyglot typist, told, at a stenographers' banquet in Cleveland, a type-writer story.

"Two elderly and plain stenographers," she said, "were talking about a young and pretty one."

"Is she very quick?" said the first.

"You'd better believe she's quick," replied the other. "She's only held her present job two weeks, and she's already engaged to her employer, the millionaire octogenarian, Gotha Golde."

London Advertiser: The Australian navy act is precisely the same as the one framed for Canada by the Laurier government. The difference is that Australia has a number of ships ready for launching while Canada has none, except the two she bought. And nobody in Australia talks of a separatist navy or accuses the Australian government of disloyalty. That peculiarly mean and mischievous sort of party warfare is confined to Canada.

JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please!

KEPT HAPPENING

By Helen Help

James came into the house in the darkness of night. He moved very quietly and carefully, feeling in his pocket for his match box. It was there—deceitful thing—but it hadn't a match in it.

So James continued to move about in his little home with the air of a burglar invading the domicile of another. James had not been out too late for peace—it was his own, well-earned, and the only one he claimed in a week of cozy home evenings. And yet, having inadvertently looted James' last match, he moved among his own furniture with a wonderful solicitude. It was not so much that he endeavored to be silent as that he was cautious—that is the word—cautious. He went about the seemingly simple task of getting from the front door to the staircase with a certain circumspection. And right here something happened, something he had seemed to fear was going to happen for the moment he slipped the latchkey home. In short, James fell over a chair.

It was a chair that had not been there when he left the house that glad May morning. He muttered softly to himself, "Genevieve has been at it again," and steered on another tack. This time he got the hat-rack. It was a tall hat-rack with many protruberances and a malignant disposition. "Ow," remarked James in sudden and indescribable anguish as a hat peg hit him in the eye. He dodged, and got a sideswipe with the umbrella stand.

Grabbing wildly for something upon which he might depend for safety, James got the ornamental portion of the mirror frame and hung on for dear life. But the mirror frame was an unreliable thing and hated to have a varnish blurred anyway, so it simply tipped right over towards James.

"James, you haven't broken it—that beautiful hall tree that Aunt Mary gave me!" There was a hint of storm in the voice of Genevieve. "Oh, no, Genevieve," sighed James from his cowering corner on the stairs. "Oh, no, I haven't hurt it. I'm holding the sweet thing in my lap right now because it seems to hate to leave me!" And James spoke to the hat-rack, lifting it up to an obligate pet names that would have startled his pastor. And James isn't a man who ever uses a rough word, either. Then he went up stairs.

They have no electric lights at the home of James and Genevieve. They expect to put them in next year. So James paused irresolutely at the bedroom door. "Where are you, dear?" called James, meekly.

The answer came from an entirely unexpected angle, coming in to his head with an abruptness that almost broke his neck. "In the name of Mike," breathed James, "how'd you get over there?"

"Light the gas, dear," soothed his Genevieve, collecting her kindness of heart from the wreck of the hat-rack. "Light the gas and you'll be all right." James stared stolidly at this occasion. Rebounding, James was garbed in the stand with the fern, while the face curtain wrapped itself lovingly about his feet.

"James," shrieked his alarmed Genevieve, "what on earth is the matter with you? Can't you find your way in this perfectly familiar room? Oh, little did I think that that horrid lodge!" And then as the curtain ripped from the pole—"Don't you dare to move again. I'll get up and light the gas myself!"

"Don't you do it," begged James, "don't you do it! I can stand this, being a big, strong man, but it would kill you sure. But would you mind telling me by points of the compass, where the dresser is? Isn't it by the gas bracket any more?"

"Oh, no, dear," breathed Genevieve. "You see, I always thought that bracket was most unbecomingly in the light it cast on the mirror, so I moved the dresser where we'd get the benefit of the chandelier."

"Where?" gasped James. "Is the light of that bracket never going to shine again before the furniture kills me?"

"Jamen!" exclaimed Genevieve, severely. Then she got up. It was a match, gathered James could not even guess whence, stered a straight uninterupted course for the gas bracket, lighted it and proceeded to collect James out from under the ruins.

A STORY OF HEROISM

Sixteen Hours On a Partially Submerged Boat

At an inquest at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, on the body of Frank Russell, pawnbroker, one of the four victims of the Bournemouth boating disaster, a thrilling story of heroism was told by Mr. Edwin Sidney Cassel, the sole survivor of the accident, who was rescued after clinging to the partially submerged sailing boat for sixteen hours. He said that when about three and a half miles from shore the boat was overturned, being struck both by a heavy squall and a heavy sea. The occupants were thrown into the water, but all managed to regain the boat within a few minutes, only to be washed out again, and Davis, the boatman, disappeared. Russell and Gough, two of the party who were not good swimmers, were brought back to the boat by the witness and Mr. Barnett. They were washed out of the boat several times, and at length Gough and Russell disappeared, the latter sinking just before the witness could reach him. Barnett, who was exhausted by his efforts to save Gough, also dropped off.

IMPRISONED LIVES

By Ada Patterson.

The telephone rang. The call was an unwelcome one, for it had come at the busiest hour of a busy day. It seemed that life was a busy jest, the world a tumbling, busy planet, and humanity a busy stream, all hurrying, all worrying, with each new task crowding upon the heels of the last and not time to complete the thing undertaken before the thing contemplated screamed for attention.

That was the way I felt when I lifted the telephone receiver to an unwilling ear. Why should people call at busy hours? Why did telephones ring at tangled times? Why were telephones anyway? This was my mood.

"Is that you?"—a sad old voice came thread-like over its path of wire—"I am sorry to break in upon your busy life, but my poor wife wanted to send a message."

A hush fell upon the quiet room. The stream of the city's harsh noises ceased pouring in at the windows. It was as though a voice had spoken the words, "Peace, be still," and all the world listened. For the words that had trembled upon the telephone had conjured a vision.

I saw a woman's face, deep etched with lines of pain and white as the pillow on which it lay. I saw great eyes, blue-grey and full of wistful inquiry, looking at me out of that face, and I heard a voice rich and low, full of quivering notes, shot through with pain and broken by weakness, say:

"My prayer is that I may have enough words to be able to do it." The woman who had sent the message is a genius and, like many geniuses, poor. The weight of age is upon her and illness has not lifted its heavy hand from her in all the years since some of us were born. She lies in the sick bed, with pillows at her back and a tiny dog at her feet. Her weak hand guides her pen over a pad of yellow paper. That frail hand and the blunted pencil and the yellow pad are all that keep her under another shelter than that which charity gives the poor.

"My wife," the sad old voice went on, "wants you to know that the story you had told about will be written—if she lives. But she says I should tell you that the doctor thinks the operation will be successful." The message ended in a sob.

A QUITTER NEVER GETS ANYWHERE

By Herbert Kaufman.

Every man who ever did anything really great did it by himself. Success can't be gained without confidence. Half the fibre of achievement is equanimity. It is the fibre that carries the struggler to the goal. He must believe in his ability—he must possess so much tenacity of mind that others become infected with his assurance. When he meets with disaster, without discouragement, his faith has to support and sustain him. And such faith is only to be arrived at by training. Just as the athlete's stride is the result of months of effort, and the hammer-thrower's form is the outcome of untiring practice.

Self-confidence is a moral muscle, which requires development. It is no different from any other muscle and can only grow strong through use. If you never try, no one will ever try for you. If you don't make a start no one will give you the impulse. The world is selfish and the individual is endeavoring to the best of his might to utilize his knowledge and experience to all advantages to his own profit.

Only the ambitious achieve, and ambition, without initiative, is a useless possession. It has as much value as a gun without ammunition.

Big things are hard to get, otherwise they would have no value. Ground fruit is easier to pick than that on the tree but if it were so it wouldn't be so low. What is not difficult to secure can be just as readily gotten by everybody else. The little posts are always hardest to hold because they require so little ability to maintain and the competition among men who can fill them is many times more intense than the striving higher up.

Contentment is rust—men who are satisfied with what they have done soon cease to be of value to themselves and to others. Every twenty days of doing things, and the self-complacent man, content with his knowledge and his opportunity, soon becomes a back number—he stands still while things are moving forward.

Don't be afraid of risking your present position—if you possess enough ability to hold it, you can hold another. On the other hand, if you are not that capable, sooner or later some one better qualified to do what you are doing will get your place.

He who is afraid to venture his bait will never fish—if you believe that you possess the power to do better things than you are doing—if you think that you are gifted with capacity to fill greater responsibilities you will stay where you are until the end, if you don't make the effort to climb to where you rightfully belong.

Suppose you do undergo a setback or two on the way to greater prosperity. If you're not willing to stand a stumble, you haven't grit and courage enough to hold on to things after you get them.

Every man who ever shined up a tree had to climb down the trunk, time and time again until he caught on to the branches and pulled himself up. Every new swimmer keeps sinking until he finds how to use his arms and legs in water. A quitter never gets anything.

SOME RAPID TRAVELLING

Some folk seem to have all the luck. A man who was discharged from prison the other morning was married during the course of the afternoon, arrested during the course of the evening, and has now been sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment.

QUEER MAN-BIRD OF THE ANTARCTIC

A Grave and Upstanding Creature Is This Feathered Inhabitant of the Southern Ice-Fields

What a living creature greeted the South Polar explorers?

The most extraordinary bird in the world, a great, solemn creature, dignified, awkward, almost human in many ways, the penguin, the highest type of animal life on the antarctic continent extended the "glad hand of welcome" to them.

The penguin walks upright raising his small wings to balance himself. He talks in his fashion and has a civilization all his own.

James Murray, biologist of the Shackleton expedition, tells how the first penguin family marched up to greet the explorers. Penguins travel in families, the king, as leader, head, the wives—he's a polygamist old fellow—bringing up the rear.

The first family closely inspected the boat, then crossed over the lake to the winter quarters, the king doing the leading. A few feet from the first man he halted, his wives doing like-



wise, for they dare not move except when he's moving. The king bowed gravely, almost solemnly until his beak touched the ground. While keeping his head in that respectful attitude he made a long speech in a sort of mutter, short sounds following one another in rapid succession. He finished what he had to say he kept his head bowed a few minutes for solemnity sake, then raised it and described with his bill as large a circle as the joints of his neck allowed. There is a limit to the and a wondering of the penguin. They never go within hundreds of miles of the pole. It is too cold for them; if they would starve if they did get there; and the altitude—10,000 feet—is too high for them.

As the explorers begin to climb upward they bid farewell even to the penguin and become acquainted with the only creature that can exist around the pole, the reindeer, or scurvy polar worms. These worms can and do live for years frozen up in ice. Exposed to the air, 65 degrees below zero doesn't bother them a bit. Prof. Murray experimented with some albatrosses, freezing and thawing them. From 40 degrees below zero some were placed in a bottle and put in boiling water. Neither extreme killed them.



She: The Browns have the cutest baby, John, and it talks all the time. He: Does it? What a poor judge of babies I am; I thought it was a boy.

Advertise in Greetings

African Wild Dogs.

Hunting in Packs, They Chase Leopards and Even Lions.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.)

There is no wild animal in Africa which deals out such wholesale destruction to certain kinds of game as the hunting dog. Leopards have been known to be chased up trees, hyenas have been found in process of being mobbed to death; the lion himself, when found solitary, is sometimes purchased by a pack.

Bush pirate Ishmael, as he is, strangely enough toward man the hunting dog seems to betray little or no aggressive tendency.

Wandering about in bands over huge areas of wild country, and seldom remaining more than a few days in any one locality, the hunting dog is probably less frequently encountered than any other kind of carnivore, and therefore in less degree than any other has he experience of man and his ways.

There is at least no doubt that when this experience has been acquired few creatures show more haste in escaping from man's presence or display more intelligence in doing so. But if there is little ground of complaint against him as regards man personally, it is a very different matter where the latter's flocks and herds are concerned.

She's Changed

Though Dorothy's put up her hair That late was hanging down her back, She still is young and she is fair.

She not a single charm doth lack But now there's distance in her eye

And introspection in her smile; I look at Dorothy and sigh,

And then I muse a little while. Here was a happy, careless child

Who romped and laughed so frank and free. She ran, she climbed in pleasure wild, She'd even come caressing me.

Her wind blown curls then swept her cheeks Where tan, ah, that's the proper wear! Would show in long vacation weeks,

Now Dorothy's put up her hair! That is a sign to one and all

That Dorothy's a woman grown, On her sweet youth I vainly call,

And, sitting here, I now make moan, I'm pushed aside I'm old, forsooth,

My leaping heart's not old, I swear! But now will come some conquering youth

Since Dorothy's put up her hair. —Chicago News

The Richest Indian.

(Denver Republican)

Lon Hill, the richest Indian in the world, recently realized \$2,000,000 on the sale of a large tract of land in the Southwest. He still owns 90,000 acres in the Rio Grande Valley, valued at \$4,000,000. Hill lives at Harlingen, Texas, a town of 2,500 inhabitants. He helped blaze the trail of civilization along the Rio Grande when it was infested with cattle thieves. He is a graduate of the Texas University, and for a time after receiving his diploma practised law.

The English lighthouse service has during the past year been operating a clock mechanism for the purpose of turning on and shutting off the supply of gas for buoys and unattended beacons and light vessels. The device has worked well and it will probably come into general use. The United States lighthouse service at present maintains 288 lighted buoys, the larger part of which are Pintsch gas buoys, many of which are placed in locations where it would be practically impossible to maintain light vessels or lighthouses.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, ss.

Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is on senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal)

A. W. Gleason,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial free.

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Tactful Editor

A Kansas editor became disgusted with the lies he told in wedding notices and obituaries and concluded for one issue to tell the exact truth and this is the way the next wedding notice appeared: "Married: Miss Sylvia Rhode to James Cannan, last Sunday evening at the Baptist church. The bride is an ordinary town girl who doesn't know any more than a rabbit about cooking and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by any means and has a gait like a duck. The groom is an up to date has been loitering, living off the old folks all his life, and don't amount to shucks. They will have a hard life while they live together." After the editor got out of the hospital all brides looked beautiful to him again and the grooms were all young men of good character and fine prospects.

Increase Recorded in Railway Casualties.

Washington, Aug. 17.—Railroad accidents and the casualties resulting increased during the three months which ended March 31, 2,383 persons having been killed and 20,499 were injured. In train accidents 268 persons were killed and 4,875 were injured, an increase of 121 killed and 1,555 injured as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1911.

Of the 2,383 fatalities, 1,151 were suffered by trespassers, persons using railroad tracks as thoroughfares, or those stealing rides on trains. In deliberate accidents, those which occurred either in railroad shops or in the progress of industrial work for railways, 94 were killed and 22, injured.

Arrested for Sketching Forts at Levis, Que.

Quebec, Aug. 17.—While proceeding from No. 1 fort, Levis, to No. 2, sub-conductor of the ordinance corps found a gentleman sketching the forts. He immediately called the attention of the guardian and placed him under arrest or neglecting duty. Then he took hold of the party who was doing the sketching. The latter stated that he was an officer in the Imperial Army and had been employed as a military surveyor by the Ottawa government. He proceeded to Quebec with the sub-conductor, and was handed over to Major Robertson at the brigade office. The case is a peculiar one and more may be heard of it.

Albanian Christians Attacked By Turks

Cettinje, Aug. 17. A band of Mohammedan Arnauts, supported by a number of Turkish troops, yesterday attacked a section of the Christian population in the Berana district of Albania, close to the Montenegrin frontier. A fierce fight ensued and much blood was shed. Many Christians and their families have fled from the district and taken refuge in Montenegro.

Peace overtures between the government of Nicaragua and General Mena are still under consideration, although the original terms proposed by Mena have been declined. Representatives from the neighboring republics are also endeavoring to mediate.

Envelopes
Neatly Printed at The
Greetings Office