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THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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There is no complaint so humiliating and tiresome as stomach complaint. The reason so many people suffer with their stomach is because they overwork it and do not give it a tonic.

Mi-o-na Tablets will tone the stomach and speedily remove the disagreeable belching (gas on the stomach) sour stomach and foul breath. Dizziness, biliousness and headache all disappear when you begin to take Mi-o-na.

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A Self-Made Man.

General Nogi Tells of His Early Struggles.

Men are not "self-made" in Canada alone. Do not these reminiscences of General Nogi, the famous Japanese soldier, recall the pluck, determination and industry which have raised more than one poor boy of our own land to prominence?

"My father could not give me the education other boys in the clan were receiving," he writes in Nihon, no Shonen. "I had to stay at home. But one day I said to myself, 'Come what may, I must learn while I am young. Life without some sort of achievement is not worth the living.'"

"So I pleaded with my father, and at last prevailed upon him to send me to a dormitory known as the Shudoba, from which I was able to attend the clan school.

"My days at the dormitory were days of hardship. It was under the control of the clan government, and sheltered about sixty boys, all under eighteen years of age, for in those days a boy was supposed to reach manhood at eighteen, and what 'man' would live in a dormitory?

"Things have much changed since that time. In those days the boys brought their own unwhipped rice to the dormitory and pounded it for themselves in the mortar provided for their use; there was not a shop in the place where you could buy food. The boys, too, had to cook their own rice for themselves and to collect their own fuel from the neighboring woods.

"There were no curricula or clipper in those days. I had to sing the horses' coats with improvised torches made of dry twigs, and chop the straw for their bran mash as well as I could, and all this for want of labor-saving contrivances entailed much expenditure of time and trouble.

"In addition to all this manual labor I had the usual school lessons to attend. Never very strong, I found my double task a severe strain on my powers of endurance, and I began at times to doubt whether I should be able to go through with the task I had set myself to lose heart."

A Fine Memory.

Blinks, after inviting to dinner his friend Jinks, who had just returned from abroad, was telling him what a fine memory his little son Bobby had.

"And do you suppose he will remember me?" said Jinks.

"Remember you? Why, he remembers every face that he ever saw." An hour later they entered the house, and, after Jinks had shaken hands with Mrs. Blinks, he called Bobby over to him.

"And do you remember me, my little man?"

"Course I do. You're the same fellow that dad brought last summer, and ma was so cross about it that she didn't speak to him for a whole week."

Ethel "All is over between us. Here are your presents. A gold locket and chain, a diamond ring, and a pearl necklace." Herbert "There are some other things I gave you I insist upon being returned!" Ethel "What are they?" Herbert "Seven thousand, three hundred and fifty one kisses."

Advertise in Greetings

CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington
AND
Harry Leon Wilson
Adapted From the Play
of the Same Name by
W. B. M. Ferguson

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condition." Young Randall being one who cherished his matted and affectionate and renowned them with difficulty, this new and obviously accurate version of his father's suicide left him in a state of mental fog. Where Adele was only too willing and eager to believe, the boy was not. To the girl Kirby and once appeared all that woman can think of man, but to her brother he had ever been the personification of evil. Tom had blindly nourished his hatred. Now he felt strangely bewildered, self-distrustful and uncertain. His credulity had been shattered with his self-respect. He thought of how implicitly and on such meager evidence he had believed the specious and totally unscrupulous Moreau, how from such a tissue of falsehood he had carefully erected his elaborate feud. He had even stooped to the unutterably foul act of swearing a murder upon this man, who rather than being an enemy, had stood his father's sole friend. To him it was difficult to relegate to himself a new viewpoint with the "common gambler" as an object for admiration rather than vilification, to dislodge and transfer the halo which Moreau had calmly appropriated and taken with him to the grave to this erstwhile master-rogue, this arch fiend, titles for which his name of Cameo Kirby had been a synonym.

"You meant to protect my father?" he faltered at length.

"For the honor of the profession," said Kirby. "That's all right, Mr. Randall," he added gently as the boy utterly crushed and filled with a bitter self-hatred, strove to verbally interpret his abject thoughts, to frame some sort of fitting apology. "If you'll lend me a horse to go back to the city we'll call it square. I'm ready, Larkin."

He held out his hand, and young Randall, flushing hotly, grasped it firmly, then turned away and, slinking into a chair, buried his face in his arms.

Adele, placing her hand on her brother's shoulder as if he were a child, raised him gently and escorted him from the room. At the door she turned, looking steadily at Kirby.

"You waited for me this afternoon when there was danger," she said tremulously. "Don't you wait for me now, when there is none?"

CHAPTER XV.
"B" George, Gene, it looks to me like you'd get the girl," exclaimed Bunce when at length the two were alone.

"What was that you called me awhile ago?" returned Kirby quizzically, but with an undercurrent of great seriousness. "Nothing but a what you call it, seems to me you said something mighty pleasant about me, you being my oldest friend and therefore complimentary. Oh, yes, nothing but a 'damned gambler.' That was it."

He seated himself at the table and, as was his wont in moments of abstraction, began to cut the cards.

Bunce disinterestedly ignored the tribute. The mad escapade had terminated far better than he had expected or thought possible, and in consequence his native fond of good humor had been abundantly re-enforced.

"Take Miss Randall while you can get her," he advised. "She ain't thinkin' tonight of you bein' a gambler."

"What do you suppose she'll think of it tomorrow? Think she'll remember what I am, perhaps?"

"Maybe she won't think of it tomorrow," said Bunce hopefully.

"But what about that young Vandy? She'd never dare to think of anything he's done—or was," pursued Kirby. "Pretty square sort of a fellow, Larkin. Looks to me like I owe him a clear debt to himself."

"I ain't denyin' but what he acted a gentleman to you, Gene. But now's the time you got to think of yourself."

"Looks to me you're considerin' of a turncoat," smiled Kirby, picking up a card. "What were you saying to me about this? There's my wife. I married that for better or for worse—too long ago for a woman to come between us now. And what else was that you said? Oh, yes—Take one good look at yourself, Gene Kirby; then take an other at her."

Bunce snuffled feebly. "I've kind of changed my mind since I said that," he mumbled. "Besides," consulting his watch, "it was a long time ago. It was last night now."

Silence came, and with it the white dawn, and as still the men sat, one nutting, eyeing the cards, the other nutting, a fugitive sunbeam, herald of the morning, stole into the room to shame the smoky yellow of the lamps. In the sunbeam's golden wake there followed a faint breeze that stirred the curtains and sent a current of cool, pure air swirling through the

"HAVE TWO SADDLED." HE ADDED QUIETLY elegant atmosphere. Then there fell upon the silence, with a softness so impalpable that it seemed merely a progression of the hush, the sound of distant singing. For some time strain and source were alike indefinite, a mere setting to harmony the chords of the young morning. And then it arose like a sweeping curve of beauty until it resolved itself into the throaty, melodious chorus of "Mississippi River."

Kirby shivered, and his eyes came back from the great beyond, while Bunce shook himself like a great dog leaving the water.

"There's the singers' got' out to the cane," he said accidentally. "The mornin' is here. Well, Gene?"

"Well, Larkin?" The other hesitated, fortifying himself with a cheroot, which he contended himself with chewing. Finally he arose, offering elaborate signs of departure.

"I hate to see a man lose out on—everything," he tentatively observed.

"Well, I'm goin'." Gene Kirby, I reckon they'll let me have a boss now. Maybe I better have two saddled, eh?"

"Well, what do you think?" pursued Kirby, slowly lifting the deck of cards from the table. "Is that my wife? Do I turn back to the old river road with you, or do I?" He lifted his head with lightning vision. "Have two saddled," he added quietly, with bitter finality.

Bunce nodded slowly, understandingly. Alone, Kirby remained at the table, staring and seeing not.

"Take one good look at yourself," Gene Kirby, then take another at her," he mused mechanically and with dull monotony reiterating the phrase. "Take one good look at yourself, Gene Kirby. I might never have thought of that—I have been so busy looking at her."

As he sat there face to face with the future, striving to learn reconciliation without embitterment, the General, now dressed in nightclothes, tiptoed softly into the room.

"They sent me to bed again," he whispered, triumphant at his evasion, while he cuddled against the man's chest. "I want to know the end of that story. Tell me."

Kirby strove to assume his wonted gravity of manner. How long ago it seemed since in the closed carriage he had prompted that light hearted laughter.

"So you made another halfhearted escape, General," he commented lightly. "And you want to hear the end of the story—about the bad prince who was half good?—I don't know if I can tell you the end."

"Why? Hasn't the end happened yet?"

"Yes, it's come."

"But it ended all right, didn't it?" persisted the General, with all youth's confident optimism.

"Yes," said the man; "it ended all right."

"But I want to know if he's still a mixed prince—a mixed good and bad prince?"

Kirby pressed a weary hand over his throbbing forehead. "I guess he's pretty much mixed," he confessed, still smiling bravely.

The child pondered over this statement until at length he began to nod. "Did—did he go away?" he murmured drowsily, inquisitiveness battling nobly against outraged nature.

"Yes—he went away," whispered the man, his arm tightening about the small form. "You're sleepy, General."

"I'm not," protested the child, with great earnestness, opening wide his eyes only to promptly close them after an ineffectual struggle. "I want to know—the end." He gave a vexed, protesting sigh; then his breathing grew deep and regular.

"Your sister will tell you the end in the morning," said the man.

Rising, he gently laid the now sleeping child on the sofa and with chimney tenderness covered him with a rug. For a long time Kirby stood looking down upon the faithful little General, who of them all had from the first given his full measure of unswerving loyalty and devotion without question and without price, and this despite the influence of family pressure, the venom of lying tongues or the specious evidence of circumstance. He knew only that he loved; that was faith and trust sufficient. As yet he was only a very small juvenile member in life's boys' brigade, but still he had his own dim notions of standing true to the colors.

When at length Kirby turned away it was to find himself face to face with Adele. How long she had been standing there he did not know. The fugitive sunbeam had long since vanished, as if heathily ashamed of taking prece-

dence over its majestic progenitor, and the room was now suffused by a dim, rosy glow. For a space girl and man eyed each other in silence, both waiting for the other to speak. Finally she whispered:

"Am I to tell him the end of the story?" nodding to the sleeping General. "But he'll want you to."

"I'm afraid it won't be fixed so that I can, Miss Randall. You see, I was only waiting to say goodby to you."

"He'll—he'll be disappointed," she ventured, with a pitiful attempt at composure. "And—you are only waiting to say goodby?"

He nodded, smiling wearily. "You remember that story I told you of the roselush and the playing cards?"

"Are you and I like that?"

"Just like that," he said.

"But some time"—She broke off, making a hopeless, pleading gesture.

"Tell him when you awake," said Kirby, taking a great breath and holding high his head. "The end is that for one great day, from sunrise to sunrise, the mixed prince was with somebody so good that he went away to try to make himself all over. And if he can"—He faltered and stopped; then, taking courage from her eyes, began again, "And if he can"—

"And if he can," she prompted, a great wave of color surging to cheek and neck. "And if I should wait for that—that wouldn't be the end?"

"No. That would be—"

"It would be"—she whispered, holding him by her eyes.

"Just the beginning after all."

THE END.

French women are growing taller and French men smaller, according to statistics gathered by the Academy of Science.

Breathes there a man with nerve so great Who rises unto his wife to state: "Your bread this week has too much weight?"

When we get civilised, children will so by number until they get old enough to choose their own names.

Traffic on the Lakes.

Canada's Soo Canal traffic, 1909, season of eight months, 57,983,149 tons; Soo Canal, all of 1909, 15,467,527 tons.

Canada's canal traffic, 1910, 45,000 tons.

The "Midland Prince" broke all records in grain cargoes on July 7th, 1910, by sailing from Port William with 523,261 bushels of oats.

There are 111 vessels in the Lake Superior trade over 500 feet in length, and 157 between 400 and 500 feet in length.

There were carried down the lakes during 1909, 112,252,561 bushels of wheat, and over 46,600,000 bushels of grain other than wheat.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is 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.

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 on the mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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

The Secret.

Ere I had come to three feet high, My father said to me: "You soon will be as tall as I!" Whereat we laughed in glee.

"Soon you will grow, soon you will know The things I know!" said he; It seemed so long a while to grow— Ah, might it ever be!

Within a year my father died; So very young was I. I did not know just why they cried; I sat and wondered why.

Now years have flown and I have grown Almost as tall as he— Could I have known! He must have known, That day he laughed at me! —Chas. F. Maple, in Harper's Magazine.

Belfast and Shipbuilding.

The freedom of Belfast was conferred recently on Mr. G. W. Wolff, late head of the great shipbuilding firm and formerly M. P. for East Belfast, and in his speech after the ceremony Mr. Wolff revealed an in-

teresting bit of history. He told how it was that Belfast came to be the biggest shipbuilding centre in Europe.

When he and the late Sir Edward Harland decided to start for themselves as shipbuilders they fixed on Liverpool as the city of their efforts but when they applied to the harbor authorities there for land for a yard they were told bluntly that they were far too young to undertake such an enterprise.

He was then twenty-three, and Sir Edward Harland a year or two older, but the Belfast people didn't think them too young, and gave them the facilities they needed. They began by building one ship at a time and employing 150 men.

Now they employ 14,000 men regularly and often nearly twice that number, and pay at least \$115,000 a week in wages. Their success also attracted to Belfast the firm of Workman & Clark, which, although not so well known, because it builds smaller ships, employs nearly as many men, and it also led to the establishment of the Belfast Rope Works, which is the largest undertaking of its kind in the world.—F. X. C.

He Was Curious.

The prisoner at the bar had a long list of previous convictions against him.

"Your worship," he said to the judge, "would you mind postponing the case for a week, the lawyer who is defending me is ill?"

"Dat you were arrested with your hand in the gentleman's pocket," objected the judge. "What possible defence can your lawyer make?"

"Just so, your worship. That's why I want the case postponed. I'm curious to know what on earth he will say!"

The King's Plans for India.

The next great event for which King George and Queen Mary are preparing is of course, the Indian durbar, and much of the equipment has been despatched from England, including the traveling and reception tents, which have been made after the model of, but more extensive than, those made for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia during their African tour.

The king has given further commissions to certain jewelry firms for articles of various descriptions, with the royal monogram, to serve as presents while in India.

Delhi-ke-Bashab is the title with which the king-emperor will be hailed at the durbar. No official programme is ready, but the work of preparation is well advanced, and it is well known what it will be like. It involves almost the reconstruction of the city, roads, railroads and sanitation all being extensively improved.

King to Crown Self.

King George will be the first of the English, to be crowned Delhi-ke-Bashab. He himself will perform the act of crowning, as no religious ceremony is possible in a land full of so many jarring creeds as in India.

For King George and Queen Mary special crowns are being made at the crown jeweller. They will be of a characteristic Indian type and will be assembled by them with their own hands at the durbar on Dec. 12.

The king and queen will be in Delhi from Dec. 7 to 16. The king then leaves for a shooting expedition at Nepal, when he will be the guest in a shooting camp of the maharajah, the queen remaining at Agra.

Among the ceremonies fixed is a state entry into Delhi, presentation of the inevitable addresses and the reception of several thousand Indians in a pavilion on historic ridge, where the British camp was during the mutiny days.

Chiefs to Meet George.

Two days are set apart for visits from the ruling chiefs, the king being anxious to come into personal touch with them, and for these two days he will do nothing but converse with the rulers of native India.

This is looked upon as a stroke of very wise policy, due entirely to the king's comprehension of the Indian problem, in which he is known to have taken a very deep interest, and it is considered that it will make permanent the good effects of his trip to India.

The king will not return his visit, in that respect his place being taken by Lord

Hardinge, who, when the king steps ashore at Bombay, ceases to be viceroys and becomes simply the governor general.

The durbar will be witnessed by at least 50,000 persons. The scene is expected to be overwhelmingly splendid even to the Indian mind, which expects a great deal. There is to be on another day a review of 80,000 troops. Calcutta children will sing the national anthem in that city in four languages, English, Gujarati, Marathi and Urdu.

5 Minutes the Time Hyomei Takes to Relieve a Cold or Croup.

At the first sign of a cold breathe Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me.) It will relieve the most stubborn cold in the head in five minutes.

Hyomei's way is nature's way. It is a well known fact that we breathe disease germs and you can only overtake them by breaching the healing essence provided by nature. The medicated air of Hyomei immediately comes into contact with the disease germs. These they quickly overcome and destroy. The work of healing is then commenced.

The Hyomei outfit consists of a hard rubber pocket inhaler and a bottle of Hyomei. This costs \$1.00 (Extra bottles 50c.) All druggists or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont.

Hyomei is guaranteed to cure catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds and croup. Money back if it fails. Sold and guaranteed by J. Sutton Clark.

Agriculture in the Jordan Valley.

(From Consul General W. Stanley Hollis Beirut, Asiatic Turkey.)

Many people have thought it strange that some extended use has not been made of the rich lands in the Jordan valley and that some irrigation system has not been devised to utilize the millions of gallons of water that are weekly carried by the River Jordan simply to be evaporated in the Dead Sea.

The Jordan Valley is a long plain extending along both banks of the river and bounded on either side by the mountains, first of Samaria, then of Judea, and then of Moab. In the upper reaches the mountains come close to the banks, while lower down near Jericho and the Dead Sea the plain is quite extensive, reaching a width of about fifteen miles on both sides. In this region the waters of the river might be turned to advantage.

It has recently been reported, however, that a syndicate has acquired a large tract of land in this district, which is going to be exploited by a system of irrigation. The land being Turkish domain land, the company has agreed to pay per cent of its profits to the government against the lease. About \$200,000 have been devoted to the redemption of this tract.

Whether cotton will be grown or not in this district is still a matter of doubt. One man from Jerusalem has imported cotton seed from Egypt and tried it in the Jordan Valley with every satisfactory results. Lack of capital was the reason why such an experiment was not further continued. There is one difficulty besides that of water which stands in the way of cotton growing: it is the difficulty of transport. The means of communication in the valley are very primitive. The nearest railway station is Amman, which lies across the river and is one day's journey to Jericho. Jerusalem is about 2,000 feet above the valley and about seven hours distant; and next is Haifa which, for commercial purposes, is too far removed from the centre of the agricultural district. This difficulty might be surmounted by building a station on the Hedjaz railway line nearest to the valley and thus bringing the district into communication with Haifa and Damascus.

When at Haifa recently I was informed that although there is a steady stream of Syrian emigrants leaving the country, this exodus is counterbalanced in a way by the influx of a considerable number of Jews, mostly from Russia, of the agricultural classes, who are very industrious and hard working and who make excellent farmers. These people may prove to be the pioneers in the agricultural regeneration of these lands.

Advertise in Greetings.