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A Giant Heap of Junk

Among the many queer and unusual industries which the San Francisco fire brought into being is what might be called the apotheosis of the junk trade, a business which involves half a million tons of iron debris and runs into millions of dollars, says the "San Francisco Chronicle."

It is estimated that 100,000 tons, in the form of bar iron, made from scrap, has already been utilized, and that probably twice as much more will be used in the same way. Although there is no method of reaching anything like an accurate estimate of the amount of scrap iron in San Francisco's ruins, half a million tons, the guess made by the largest operator in his class of salvage, is probably conservative rather than grandiose. This same operator estimated that only 25 per cent. has been taken away, leaving some 375,000 tons of iron still lying where it fell.

The manner in which this scrap iron is purchased by the dealers therein is varied, and, although a large amount of it is acquired through the agency of contractors and real estate dealers, a great deal is brought from individual owners as well. The prices paid vary even more. In some instances as high as \$15 a ton is paid; in other cases the dealers receive payment for taking it away, owners being anxious to clear building sites, deeming the iron of no value. Between these two extremes all sorts of terms, prices and business arrangements prevail.

Cast iron is the most desirable grade of scrap iron. This is made into castings by the simple process of melting and re-moulding at a comparatively low temperature, and commands practically the same prices as new material, besides meeting a ready sale. Cast iron has a more or less uniform price of \$15 a ton, "F. O. R. ruins," and brings much more than steel, wrought iron, or pipe, for the reason that it is softer, and therefore, easier to work over, much greater heat being necessary to fuse either of the other grades.

Iron pipe in comparatively good condition is next in order of value, and brings on an average about \$10 a ton, although it can be had as low as \$5.

Have You Stomach Trouble?

When you wake up with headache and bad taste in the mouth, something to settle the stomach is needed. That dull, heavy feeling must be lifted. And appetite must be created. Get a tumbler of water, some sugar, and then pour in a stiff dose of Nerviline. You'll feel tip top in a few minutes. Nerviline invigorates, braces, tones, puts vim and snap into your movements. You'll be fitted for a hard day's work by taking Nerviline--nothing better. Large bottle 25c. everywhere.

Francis Murphy's Cast

"The late Francis Murphy," said a Pittsburg man, "was perhaps the greatest temperance reformer our country has ever seen. Over ten million people thanks to his labors, took the pledge."

"Mr. Murphy, a plain sincere man, hated snobbishness hardly less than drunkenness. At a dinner here in Pittsburg I once heard him rebuke, with a anecdote, a snobbish millionaire."

"He said there was a rich and snobbish English woman living in the country. Her husband put himself up for a political place, and in order to help his campaign along the woman gave a garden party to which every voter for miles around was invited."

"Among the humble guests was a very independent grocer. The grocer made himself quite at home. No duke's manner could have been easier and freer. Indeed, the man's total lack of subservience angered his hostess extremely, so that in the end, thinking to take him down a peg, she said to him significantly:

"You know, Mr. Greens, in London, shopkeepers don't go into the best society."

"The grocer looked at her and nodded and smiled.

"They don't here, either, ma'am," he said."--Chicago Inter-Ocean."

The Spoken Word

Boys and girls, what is it you can never catch, though you chase after it as the wings of the wind? You can never catch the word that has once left your lips. Once spoken it is out of your reach; do your best you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word or a profane word.

Old Folks

A homestead without a pair of old folks... Time's dotting chronicles... seated contentedly in the chimney corner, would hardly be a homestead at all. If they are in the picture, it is complete.

There you may find them, day in and day out, in all sorts of weather, steadfast to their places and to one another.

When the leaves drip, in the middle of the winter forenoons, the old man, with head of silver abandons his post and newspaper to make the accustomed tour of the kitchen offices, the shed, or the barn, lingering by the way to throw down a handful of grain for the pinched poultry.

With what minuteness he is cautioned by grandmother not to go out insufficiently clad, and with what a single-hearted joy she welcomes him when he comes back to her again. He would hardly get a warmer reception if he was just returning from a genuine polar expedition with Walter Wellman.

As soon as he has nestled down snugly in his cushioned chair once more, he will launch out into such valuable details of the keen air outdoors, suggestive of Arctic reminiscences, which no listener could very well call in question--as will find the white-haired old couple topic of earnest talk till dinner is brought on the table. Fortunate is the home where grandfather and grandmother still occupy their old arm chairs.

Keep Straight Ahead

Pay no attention to slander or gossip-mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbitings die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake nights brooding over the remarks of some false friend that run through your brain like forked lightning?

What's the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody, who has more time than character. These things can't possibly injure you, unless indeed, you take notice of them and in combating them give them character and standing.

If what is said about you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is false let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received.

We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbitings and gossipings we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

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