

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Dogfish or Halibut?

The recent startling intelligence spread abroad through the press that dogfish in rapacious hordes, have invaded the feeding banks on which the noble halibut chiefly congregates, has carried home, to even the most mildly epicurean bosom, a sense of dire dismay. To venture on a historical comparison, it is a dismay akin to that with which the first news of the sack of classic Rome by Alaric and his barbarian Goths was received by entire Europe, in or about the year of grace 400. And it is grounded in the same imperishable elements of human nature.

Who that has ever indulged in the pastime of sea fishing does not know and hate with a Carthaginian hate the dogfish. In comparison with this the sentiments the fisher entertains for muckle-mouthed sculpin and spiny skates, are pure sweetness and light. The dogfish is not a fish at all. He is a pseudo shark. He is a brute of such cerebral density that, after being clubbed on the head for half an hour by Shrewsbury clock, he will begin to thrash around afresh in such ferocity of gyration as to send everybody aboard scuttling up the rigging. No faintest trace of finer piscine culture is anywhere discoverable in him. He will boldly swallow whole tin cans of spoiled meats, and then, with the virulent intensity of his gastric juices, dissolve the solder to get at the putrid inside contents.

The bare thought then, of any such ravaging pirate of the seas being let loose on the haunts of the halibut--above all of the chicken halibut, taken "ere sin can blight or sorrow fade"--is obnoxious to every culinary sentiment of the soul. Every day will he gorge his weight of a celestial sea food, indistinguishable by his blunted sensibilities from soldered cans of rancid her- ring; just as one of Alaric's barbarian Visigoths in Rome would daily be smashing with his club priceless Greek vases breathing statues, and exquisite masterpieces in porcelain, never knowing them from cracked old kitchen iron ware. Here then lies the tragedy, that so much delicious halibut should be consumed, and never a thrill of transport impart a titillation to any discerning spirit.

Many years ago, was it, that the great naturalist, Louis Agassiz, pronounced it the standing opprobrium of man that, while, on land, he had annihilated the wolves, bears, foxes and kites in behalf of his cattle, sheep and poultry; yet, on the sea, he had still left the salmon, the sole, the shad and the turbot, so largely at the mercy of the sharks. May not the exceeding bitter cry now going up over the dire fate menacing the halibut, awaken some consecrated epicurean Peter the Hermit to inaugurate a new internecine crusade against the infidel dogfish?

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The Country Paper

He was getting home from business--he
a merchant well to do--

The wheels of the electric car were
throwing sparks of blue,

And around him were acquaintances who
were they stood or sat,

By look or word or gesture were inviting
him to chat.

But quite ignoring all of them, except
bow and smile,

When hailed by someone at the door or
just across the aisle,

He read, with boyish eagerness, while
speeding on the street

The poorly printed pages of a little
country sheet.

He read of Tom Jones' enterprise in
adding to his barn,

And learned that "Solon Huddleson has
got a bran' new yarn;"

That 'Auntie Simpkins gave a treat that
crops are pretty good,

And that "Ab Bailey came to town and
bought a load of wood."

Well, yes, these things are trifles perhaps
to you or me;

For him they are reminders of the times
that used to be;

And from his busy city life he glances
back with joy

To see the town that circumscribed his
doings as a boy.

Each poorly printed paragraph upon the
homely sheet

Presents a scene familiar or a friend he
used to meet;

And maybe--you can tell it by the smiles
that quickly come--

There's mention of his mother and the
other "folks" at home.

Men wander far from fortune and find it,
too, and yet

The farm and slothful village and it's
folks they never forget,

And there's not a thing in city life which
greater joy can give

Than the little country paper printed
where they used to live.