MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

Deglish 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 jabout 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

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

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The Country Paper He was getting home from business---he a merchant well to do-Come to us with your orders ele of the electric throwing sparks of blue, And around him were acquaintances who were they stood or sat, By look or word or gesture were invitin 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 littl 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 'Aunty Simpkins gave a tear that crops are pretty good, And that "Ab Bailey came to town and and a second and a second a se 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 ; 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 vet The farm and, slothful village and it's folks they ne'er forget, ind there's not a thing in city life which greater joy can give the little country paper printed where they used to live. When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the stomach, ner simulate the Heart or Etdneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to druggists every-where as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative---tablets or liquid---and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by All Dealers. When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney They Were Safe Of Marshall Field III. recently told at Lakewood. he boy, according to the story, appached an old lady in a Lakewood 'Can you crack nuts?" " No my ear, I can't," the old lady replied. I st all my teeth years ago Then, said the little boy, extending wo hands full of walnuts. " please hold while I go and get some more. **Sapient Sayings** Some men never perceive a point uness they happen to sit on a tack. In law, who cares what is right or just provided the rules of the game ar Between the fumes of hose of good roast beef ardly hesitate Judging from the careful style of the ove letters of some famous men, ohr yould say they loved for publication You never know what a man means by will or a contract or a public promise. owever plain the language to the rdinary sense, until a court speaks. "How gray I've gotten," said the lady niserably. "Yet, before I came here to he shore I hadn't a white hair. "Madam, it is the bathing," said the nce June. In consequence our hair has thickened, but it has also arned a little gray. 'Salt water bathing, madam, would be most excellent tonic for the hair if beore going into the sea and after coming ene rabbed a little pure cil inte as its strength increases, it would increase in like manner in fineness, suppleess and brilliancy."

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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 scutting up the rigging. No faintest trace of finer piscine culture is anywhere discoverable in him. He will bodily 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 herring; 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.

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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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