

# MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

## THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

### NOTICE

A large number of our subscribers are more or less in arrears, all of whom we would ask to kindly make a prompt remittance. This is a very small matter to the individual subscriber but when multiplied by the hundreds, it is a matter of quite large dimensions to the Editor.

The date under your address will inform all of the date they are paid up to. Remember 25 p. c. discount allowed when subscriptions are paid in advance.

### The Steamer CONNORS BROS.

S. S. CONNORS BROS. will leave St. John for St. Andrews Saturday morning calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Blacks Harbor, Back Bay or Letete, Deer Island and Red Store or St. George.

RETURNING leave St. Andrews for St. John Tuesday morning calling at Letete or Back Bay, Blacks Harbor, Beaver Harbor, and Dipper Harbor. "Tide and Weather permitting."

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd. (St. John Agent)

Thorne Wharf & Warehouse Co. Freight for St. George received up to Noon Fridays, not later.

**THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.**  
Lewis Connors, Pres.  
Black's Harbor, N. B.

### SEELYE'S COVE

(Late for Last Week)

A pie social and dance was held in the schoolhouse here Friday, Feb. 9th. The weather proved very favorable and a large crowd was present. The sum of \$52 was realized which will be used for school purposes. Excellent music was furnished by Fred Lodge of Eastport. Dancing was enjoyed until after 3 o'clock when the crowd broke up all voting it a swell time.

D. J. Spear made a business call here Wednesday last.

Miss Margaret Hayes took tea with Mrs. H. D. French on Thursday evening last.

Misses Lizzie Armstrong and Edna French visited friends at the Cove on Wednesday afternoon.

FOLEY-BOYLE - A wedding of much interest was solemnized at St. Joseph's Church, Eastport, Me., when Miss Annie J. Bright, eldest daughter of Mrs. Julia Bright; Seelye's Cove, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Foley, Eastport, Me. by Rev. J. J. Abern.

Miss Lena Butler of that city was bridesmaid, while Wil Lawrence, cousin of the groom acted as groomsmen. After refreshments were served the happy couple went to their new home in Eastport where they will reside.

Their many friends and relatives wish them a long and happy journey through life.

LORD HALDANE'S VISIT to Germany may only be, as officially announced, in connection with his desire for first-hand information on technical situation, he being the chairman of a commission investigating the subject, but many people will earnestly hope that the visit may have a more far-reaching and pacific end than even obtaining the information he is said to be seeking. The spy mania in both countries and the constant shrieking of the yellow press in London and Berlin have created a condition of affairs which the smallest untoward incident might fan into a flame. The best efforts of every patriotic Briton should be used to maintain peace, for at present there is not even the shadow of any genuine cause of quarrel between Britain and Germany.

Neighbor-How nice and clean you are, Peppe!! I suppose grandmamma is coming to see you to-day. "Oh, no, but I've been naughty-and I'm always washed for a punishment."

### A STRANGE PETITION

By Agnes Thomas

Once upon a time there lived, in Denmark, a little boy whose name was Hans. His father, who was dead, had been one of the King's foresters, and his mother still lived in the cottage on the edge of the forest where Hans and his two little sisters had been born. They were very poor, for their mother could only make a little money by knitting stockings, which were sold in the town of Z—, about four miles off. Hans, who was ten years old, was glad to get odd jobs to do for a neighbouring farmer, such as leading the cows to and from the pasture, carrying water from the spring to the house, or frightening the birds from the farmer's grain. He was a bright, industrious little fellow who loved to be useful, but his great desire was to go to school, so as to become a schoolmaster when he was grown up.

In the winter his mother fell ill, and for several weeks could earn no money. Hans did what he could, but if it had not been for the kindness of the farmer's wife the little family in the forest but would well-nigh have starved to death. Many a time the boy asked the good woman what he could do to earn more money, but she seemed to think he was too young to leave home, and told him to wait till he was older.

One day the farmer brought home great news from Z—: A fine new bridge was to be finished next month, and the King himself was coming to open it. There were no railways in those days, and the King would drive from Copenhagen to Z— in his own carriage. The road ran through the farm, and all the people, the farmer said, must be prepared to salute His Majesty as he passed.

Hans ran off at once to tell the great news to his mother, and just as he came in sight of the hut a sudden thought jumped into his mind, and it was such a great and surprising thought that he gave a little leap in the air, and burst out laughing. He thought was this, "Why should I not ask the King to help mother?"

Now, Hans had never seen the King, but he had often heard that he was a very kind and good man. He was always thinking of how he could do to make his people better and happier, and he was very charitable to the poor. So our little boy, as he skipped along the forest path, was quite sure that if His Majesty knew his troubles he would help him.

He took a week to think it over, for he felt it would be wise not to talk his plan to anyone, lest it should be forbidden to carry it out. He decided that the proper thing to do was to present a petition to the King as he drove past the farm. And, as he was a very small boy, he thought it would be wise to make the petition as large as possible. He had neither paper, nor pen, nor ink, and he knew that he could not borrow any without saying why he wanted them. After a great deal of thought he slipped into his mother's room one day when she was asleep, and opening the chest where the house linen was kept, he took out a pillowslip. It was of coarse linen, but very white from many bleachings in the sun. Upon this Hans wrote in large letters with a piece of burned wood: "Please, Your Majesty, Help Mother."

Carrying it very carefully on the morning of the great day, he ran across the fields to a part of the road where he knew no one else would be, and, sitting down under the hedge, he waited.

By-and-by he heard a sound of cheering, and knew that the cavalcade was passing the farm. Then he heard the trampling of horses' feet and the rumbling of wheels, and suddenly round the bend of the road came the gleam of bright harness and the colours of brilliant uniforms. A company of soldiers came first, and behind them the King's carriage drawn by four horses, with officers riding on each side. Hans waited till the soldiers had passed, then he sprang up and running into the road, held up his petition with both hands, in full sight of the King, quite hiding himself from view.

His Majesty stared for a moment, and then cried—"Halt! What's this?" An officer with a long grey moustache pulled up his horse, and saluted.

"May it please Your Majesty, I think it's a pillowslip."

The King lay back in his carriage and laughed heartily.

"A pillowslip, General? But what's an it?"

Now, the General was a kind old gentleman who had grandchildren of his own, and he had caught sight of little Hans's face. The tears were running down it from pure excitement. So the General said—

"May it please Your Majesty, there's a boy behind it, and I think he's in distress."

"Dear, dear!" said the King: "that is serious. Let me see him."

So the General took the petition from Hans, and the little fellow clasped his hands and gazed anxiously at the King.

"What's your name, boy?" said the latter.

"Hans Petersen, Your Majesty."

"I had a forester of that name," said the King, "who was killed by the fall of a tree."

"It was my father, sire," said Hans, "and my mother's ill and we've no money, and I want to go to school, and the farmer's wife is very kind to us."

"This should have been seen to before," said the King, "but I'll attend to it when I pass this way to-morrow, boy."

And, as you may believe, he saw to it very well, for he gave the poor woman a pension and a house in Z— to live in, so that Hans and his sisters could go to school. The boy grew up good and clever, and in time became a learned professor in the great University of Copenhagen.

### CHINAMAN'S CURIOS MISTAKE

In Chinese visiting etiquette the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper, neatly tied up.

A gentleman who has travelled in China brought home a Chinese servant, and his wife soon after held a "reception." John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small paste-board of the visitors. Evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of his mistress's friends, he pitched the cards into a basket and with scant ceremony showed their owners into the drawing-room.

But presently the gas-man called with a bill—a big piece of cream-coloured paper. The "card" satisfied John. With deep reverence he received it. With low salaams he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but with profound bowings, to the dismay of the gas-man and horror of the hostess, right up to the centre of the room, where the lady was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John, with another humble reverence, meekly retired, doubtless supposing that the owner of the card was a person of very high distinction.

### All He Said

A Chinaman was called as a witness in the police court of Los Angeles in the case of a driver who had run over a dog. The judge asked him what time it was when he saw the man run over the dog.

"I say," replied the witness, "I saw him run over the dog."

"What time was it when you saw the man run over the dog?"

"I say," repeated the judge, "what time was it when you saw the man run over the dog?"

"I say," repeated John, smiling blankly.

"We shall have to have an interpreter," commented his honour, as he realised that the witness did not understand English; and accordingly another Chinaman was hailed into court to act as interpreter. "Ask the witness," commanded the judge, "when he saw this man run over the dog."

The interpreter turned to his fellow countryman and said, "We chung lo, ho me chow ling wong, o ho me no chow chee, loo know so-too ling gong tong yit ben."

To which the witness replied, "Wong lin kee, wo hoo, wing chong lung yue lee, kim sing, choy roke coey ying lung ding wah, sling may way san yick ling toy bing coey bow ten, po long po gou hung mow kim quang que lee chow ro ben tong."

The interpreter then turned to the judge and said, "Him say, 'Two o'clock.'"

### WHAT DID HE MEAN?

"Two men got into a fight in front of the bank to-day," said a local tradesman at his family tea-table, "and I tell you I looked pretty nasty for one of them. The bigger one seized a great stick and brandished it. I felt that he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."


The family had listened with rapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery is immeasurable, proudly remarked: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidence of a dawning humorist; but, as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his bread and butter, he gasped and resumed his tea.

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