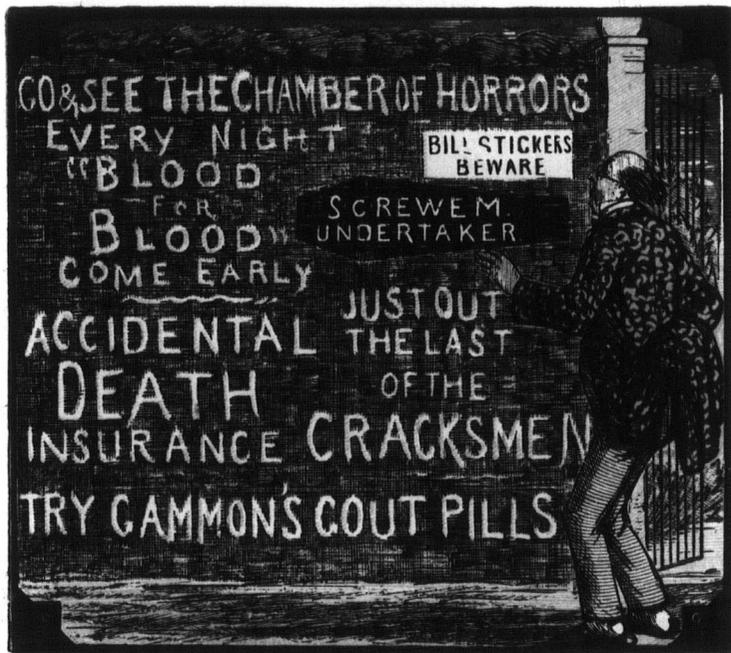


M A Y.



THE ADVERTISING NUISANCE.

I'll sing you a new song made out of my own pate,
 About a retired tradesman who bought a nice
 estate;
 Who furnished his new mansion at a most expen-
 sive rate.
 And enclosed it in a garden wall with a modern
 iron gate, [past his prime.
 Did this retired tradesman who was somewhat
 He now and then had sharp attacks of gout in eet
 and toes. [nose;
 And indigestion gave a tinge of redness to his
 And thoughts of thieves sometimes at night would
 keep away repose—
 His nerves were shaky like the leaves, when wind
 upon them blows— [time.
 So this retired tradesman had not the jelliest
 Now advertising had become the furor of the day.
 Newspapers were so cramm'd they gave their
 supplements away; [all to pay
 No "spec" without this puffing could be made at

This horrid system, as I've heard his friends and
 neighbours say,
 Drove this tradesman from the world before his
 proper time.
 Some wretches arm'd, with paint and brush,
 beneath the shades of night, [write
 Upon the wall he'd built around, maliciously did
 Most awful things, which boldly show'd in letters
 large and white.
 And struck next day like lightning flash upon the
 astonished sight [from that time.
 Of this nervous tradesman who was much worse
 The paint had sunk into the bricks, and all
 scrubbing did defy— [to try—
 To get it off they found at last was waste of time
 When he went out those awful words were sure to
 catch his eye.
 This used him up, he laid him down, gave up life's
 latest sigh, [his time.
 Did this retired tradesman some years before

What is done in the night appears in the day.

1 M
 2 T
 3 W
 4 T
 5 F
 6 S
 7 S
 8 M
 9 T
 10 W
 11 T
 12 F
 13 S
 14 S
 15 M
 16 T
 17 W
 18 T
 19 F
 20 S
 21 S
 22 M
 23 T
 24 W
 25 T
 26 F
 27 S
 28 S
 29 M
 30 T
 31 W

