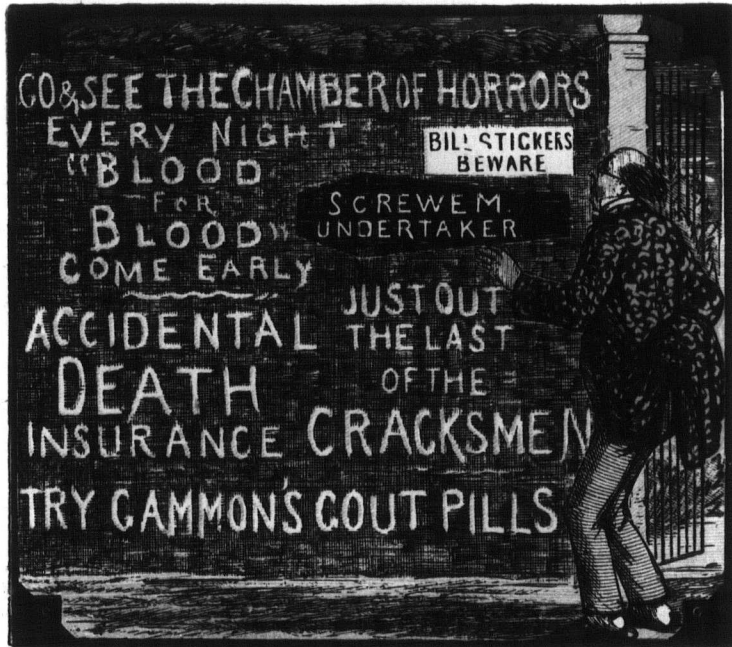


MAY.



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 cram'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

