

My thoughts often turn to the dear ones at home,
 For though I may roam the wide world around,
 It is only at home my heart's treasures are found.
 My loved treasures are found,
 'Tis only at home my heart's treasures are found.

For Pat Frodson is so presumptuous as to think he
 could sing and fix his place up into a real nice song,
 but he really has not time to attend to it now. He has
 only space to spare for a tiny advertisement for Thos.
 Woodhouse—the justly celebrated King of cheap King
 street clothing and dry goods merchants. No. 123-
 127 King street east, opposite the Cathedral—and one
 Frodson himself.

For Thomas Woodhouse once again
 Pat Frodson strikes a singing strain,
 And swags his Jew's head loud and long
 To sound his praises—It is not wrong
 To give just praise where praise is due,
 As Pat is now about to do.
 The king of clothes on King street,
 His stock is large, new and complete
 For latest patterns, new designs
 In all the various leading lines
 Of dry goods, clothing ready-made,
 He has no equal in the trade.
 His stock of carpets, large and fine
 Of rich material, all the same
 Three p's, all sorts of goods,
 Are (you know) a treat to see.

From across the street of peace
 His old store where the head of all
 Catches your attention, call around
 His place of business will be found
 To find the place you cannot fail
 This place, what chance, give him a call
 The store will surely take you all