

"H.B.C."

I saw it on his collar whilst being lifted up
To No. 6—the Floor we bite and sup;
'Twas in chill December days I saw that "H.B.C."—
"Home Before Christmas," was what appealed to me.
But in the lengthen'd-out days those letters still remain—
That "H.B.C." my mind, and sight retain.
Surely at dinner solution I would find—
Then puzzling "H.B.C." did slowly come to mind:

Here's Best Cafateria, Here's Best Cake,
Here's Best Coffee anyone can make.
Here's Bountiful Collation,—beef and fish and fry,
Here's Best Cooking—(anyone can try).
Here's Best Custard—pies, and jellies too,
Here's Best Cup-o'-tea anyone need brew.
Here's Best Care to see you're lined within,
Here's Best Cause to quit your getting thin.

"H.B.C.'s" in 'Lizabethan style,
(You can't beat that within a thousand-mile):
Here's Best Cheese, bacon, pork-and-beans,
Here's Best Catsup, fruits and canned sardines.
Here's Best Corn, pickles, jams and rice,
Here's Best Cocoa—everything that's nice.
"H.B.C." you meet on every floor—
The windows wide on every side and every open door.

Here's Best Clothes, for you, or for your wife,
Here's Bright Cutlery, spoon or carving knife.
Here's Best Collar, cuff, and tie or stud,
Here's Best Chairs in varied kinds of wood,
Here's Big Carpets—pots and pans and things,—
Everything that follows church and wedding-rings.
Here Bethrothed Couples sit and chat at will,
Hoping By Comparing to save ten-dollar-bill.
That "H.B.C." it surely is a feat:
Hustling, Busy Clerks who wrap your parcels neat;
"H.B.C." girls, high perched, and out of range,
Have Booked, Counted, prompt returned
Your useful bit of change.
So Here's Best Compliments to "H.B.C."—
Hudson's Bay Company is yet the best for me.

CHEERY CHRISTIAN CHARLEY

Charley Holland's a useful man—he clears away our garbage can;
You needn't all turn up your nose, for into a cart away it goes.
If he didn't do it the Mayor should, it's just the thing for public good;
So do not scornful finger point, nor jerk you noses out of joint.
You eat your food by help of thumbs, but leave poor Charley bones and crumbs.
So now, before you further jeer, just wish our Charley "Happy New Year!"
This "boy" has other work to do: Soiled linen heaps he carries too,
In bags upon his shoulders strong, he takes to where they boil it long—

The laundry; where it's washed and dried and packs it now in hampers wide;
Our Charley now again he strives to comfort add to cheerless lives.
The linen comes off drying rack to go upon the patient's back,
And thus his health is always sought all through the work our Charley wrought.

Yet I've not done—I've more to say—our Charley works another way:
The patient sucks and says it's nice, those chunks of water—Charley's ice.
This substance placed in rubbers red is cooling for the feverish head.

I beg you now your work compare, before to scorn you further dare;
You may be paid so much more money, but are you making life more sunny—
For sick and faint and pains distressing to make your job a constant blessing?
To Charley's work all honor's due—let's wish him good this New Year through.