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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

Much flippant, buoyant caroling he putteth in his speech, and telleth every damsel she's the pebble of the beach.

He goeth forth at break of day and playeth golf and things,

And through the watches of the night he seeks to fill on kings.

He runneth up the hotel bill at Wet-spot-by-the-sea, and when you speak of where he works, "Now, what is work?" asks he.

And through the weeks of parching heat he dangleth at the side of some fair maid, and urgeth her that she become his bride.

Yea, verily, the summer maid is she for whom he longs, and every day and every night he singeth dreamy songs.

He telleth her his papa hath so many banks that he cannot but claim that Pierpont M. is only one-two-three.

And that his rich old uncle holdeth bonds and coins and notes, and on a pool of Standard oil the little homestead floats.

Likewise the summer maid asserts, with why and downcast eye, that popper has such wondrous wealth there is no use to try,

To spend the same in one short life, with no time off for meals, and that is why the summer man is ever at her heels.

He buyeth for her dainty things and candies in a box, and sends her flowers every morn, and at the florist mocks.

He taketh her on buggy rides and holdeth to her hand, and playeth like a Romeo in style to beat the band.

Yet on a time the summer maid returneth to her home, and then the summer man remains to curse the ocean's foam.

For he hath spent his little all, and now must softly slip away from Wet-spot-by-the-sea, and leave his trunk and grip.

Because the heartless hotel man no more his bill will chalk, and voweth that his ears are deaf to all but money talk.

Yea, surely, thus it is that he, the summer man returns

He walketh o'er the railroad ties, whose heat most fiercely burns;

He cometh to his native town, and humbly he doth seek his ancient job of selling silk at nine-fifteen per week.

And with surprise he noteth at the counter next to his the lady whom he knew as "Ethelinda"—now she's "Liz."

And each upon the other smiles, and either looks at each, but neither giveth voice to thoughts that are too deep for speech.