

Mr. J. Bull: His Business

There's a wonderful firm which is busy in trade.
And the sign — *The Big Gun* — is forever displayed.

All painted in Red, White, and Blue, which won't fade —

'Tis the firm of one Mr. J. Bull.

You may go to the line of the tropical sun,
You may sail over oceans for wealth or for fun,
And a row of big houses will greet you, all run
By the forementioned Mr. J. Bull.

His needle and anchor establishments stand
As lighthouse to ocean and stronghold on land,
A fine combination in perfect command
Of the businesslike Mr. J. Bull.

There are wares for the dainty, and goods for
the bold.

As fine and as tempting as ever were sold,
All marked in plain figures: so, come with your
gold.

For he wants it, does Mr. J. Bull.

If you have not the cash, why, a mortgage will
do.

His dealings in real estate are a few;
He's a lover of land, but has also in view
Ocean trade, the same Mr. J. Bull.

His clerks speak all languages under the sun,
And will sell you a Bible as soon as a gun;
But they'd rather sell both, when you're purchasing one —

"You may need them," says Mr. J. Bull.