

CALLING CARD

"I give you loose to buy  
 anything you want, son."  
 "No, father, I don't want  
 anything." "No, take what  
 you want." "No, father, I  
 don't want anything to do  
 with you." "No, father, I  
 don't want anything, not even  
 in the Humboldt walking  
 shoes." "Yes, father, you are  
 asking too much."  
 "Well, my son, I know I am. I  
 didn't mean the last. Now  
 here's seven cents, but be very  
 careful."

Dedicated to the Cigar Called "Toronto Junction."

My good old friend in later days,  
 I've watched your varying gostrage  
 I've touched your lips in fond caress;  
 I've smoothed the creases of the press.  
 Half solemnly I've seen the fall  
 Of each white ash and noted all.  
 The warmth, the fire that in you lies,  
 I've valued with a lover's eyes.  
 And doubt if Ceylon's breezes be  
 More rich in spice than you to me.  
 Till now, at least, I lay thee down,  
 In the soft coat of leopon's brow,  
 And when I burn as thou burn  
 I'll be certain thou shalt burn  
 As nobly, as nobly, as thou'rt  
 So STRAIGHT

By the sacred church regularly