

And there's Gristle Dave Saunders who sells us our meat;  
He's got a nice store, and it looks very neat,  
But no human teeth, and no gormand or wizzard,  
Could ever digest it without a strong gizzard.

And Dr. Farish, the medical butcher,  
With F. C. Kinney, second edition of Dutcher;  
They'd make a good team to kill off all the drudges,  
And get them to Heaven as sober as Judges.

And Lovett Hines and Captain A. Horner  
Who love to stand about post office corner;  
They must have a wager,—at least that's their rating—  
To see which can do the most expectorating.

Poor old black Bill Rogers will go till he's dead  
For his Halifax Herald to read before bed,  
And the click on the pavement of his cane and feet  
Is known by each sleeper along Cliff Street.

It's time now to make mention of James Rozee,  
Who keeps us all sweet as we can be,  
With cakes and candies. What would we do without him?  
He makes good ice-cream, too—that's enough about him.

And then there's Frank Robbins, the big fat sinner,  
Who goes without breakfast, but eats for his dinner  
Enough for a dozen, big strong fisher folk;  
If you had to cook it you'd think it no joke.

There's Capt. John Murphy, who makes our weather—  
I'd say right here if we all clubbed together  
We could not make worse than he has the last year—  
We'd not turn him out and try Tommy Gear?  
Too old for the band, his wind's on the bum,  
And we'd like windless weather for some time to come.

Great Guns! there's Ann Anderson! I almost forgot.—  
She tends all the auctions, and buys every pot,—  
Yes, every old thing, and the price makes her smile,  
For she sells it again at a profit worth while.

When the fire alarm blows, Mel Trefry starts to run,  
And he's right on the spot as if shot from a gun.  
He's got Lake George water so trained, and efficient,  
That only one word from his lips is sufficient,  
And it pours itself out on the spot that is best,  
The fire's out in a minute, and you're back in your nest.