Samuel McTavish

Was a Scotchman's

His clothing was tight

And his habits the

Wherever he went

The people would stare

(His head was so tight

It wouldn't grow hair).

He slept on the floor

To save a few dollars

And always wore celluloid

Washable collars.

He once bought some glasses

But never would wear 'em

For fear that the looking

Would some day impair 'em.

He knew that his wife

Light die of surprise

So he sent her a note

To prevent her demise:

"My poor lonely wife

Whom I left home to pine

This furniture gives you

A grand Valentine'.