

THE TURKISH DYE CO.,  
Montreal, Canada.

R. L. STEPHEN, Druggist,  
MARKDALE, ONT.



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HAMILTON, ONT.

over

## NEVER SAY DIE.

King Walla-ma-Joe, of the Cannibal Isles,  
Was weary and worn and sad :  
He thought of his life and his last new wife,  
And how she might make him glad.

He called for his Lord High Chancellor,  
And demanded something new ;  
But the chancellor said, with a shake of his  
head,

“ That’s a difficult thing to do.”

So he pined and pined, did Walla-ma-Joe,  
But good news came at last :  
A pale face man (so the message ran)  
Upon our shores is cast.

When they cast him in the dungeon drear,  
He was dressed in a suit of blue ;  
Next day he was seen in a coat of green  
And a vest of a purple hue.

So they took the captive before the king,  
And his fame spread up and down,  
For he could change his hue, from white to  
blue,  
And from green or black to brown.

Said Walla-ma-Joe, the Cannibal king,  
“ Just hearken unto me.  
“ Your secret give and you shall live,  
“ And I will set you free.

Then spoke the ship-wrecked pale face man,  
And filled them with surprise :  
“ I left last fall from Montreal ;  
“ I’m a traveller for **TURKISH DYES**.

“ Just buy a packet of **TURKISH DYE**.  
“ I’ll show you what to do.”

He showed the way, then said : “ Now, pray,  
“ Let me sell you a packet or two.

Then said the king : “ Now, lie you back  
“ And bring a large supply ;  
“ Sing, I’ll laugh and sing  
“ Again to **DYE**.