"HOLIDAY GREETINGS" FROM THE BRIGHTON ARGUS, 1898
A BOOK OF POEMS BY FRED A. BUSH


Geo. L. Pitkin. Drugs and Groceries
Sixteen years ago in Brighton,
In a small but modest way,
Geo. L. Pitkin started in business,
Which has grown from day to day.
He has passed along life's voyage,
Doing well by everyone.
Making friends of everybody,
And their verdict is "well done."
He has drugs and patent medicines
To cure your various ills,
Which he offers at prices
That will save your doctor's bills.
He has staple fancy groceries,
Sugar, coffee, spices, teas,
That he offers to the public.
All at prices sure to please,
He has lamps and fancy crockery,
Plates and saucers, cups and all,
That are bound to entertain you,
If upon him you will call.
And for Christmas and the New Year,
He has gifts for great and small.
Books to please the little people,
Or the old lady, short or tall.
He has plain and fancy stationery
For the business man or beau,
And fine cigar, short or tall.
And tobacco, too, you know.
And while looking 'round for bargains,
And articles galore,
You will find just what you're seeking.
At Geo. L. Pitkin's store.

F.T. Hyne. Grain, Produce, Etc.
In eighteen hundred and seventy-two,
Twenty-six long years ago,
The business of C.T. Hyne & Son
First began in town to grow.
It has prospered in its journey,
Day by day, and year by year.
Since the business first was started
In our thriving village, here.
F.T. Hyne now controls it,
And he has since seventy-eight,
Where he furnishes a market,
And no farmer has to wait.
He buys grain and farmer's produce,
Hides and pelts and furs and wool;
And so his stock of seeds and plaster
He endeavors to keep full.
And, if you should think of building,
And wish plaster, lime or hair
You should visit F.T. Hyne,
For upon him you will call.
If for field seeds or the garden
You are looking, look no more.
Clover, timothy or grass seed,
Or the old lady, short or tall.
When the dreary hours of winter
Round about you chance to roll,
When you feel its icy fingers,
Then to him just turn for coal.
He can satisfy the people.
For he keeps a stock that's right.
And will give coal burners comfort
In the day time or the night.
Then, if you have beans for market
And would sell them on the square,
Take them to his elevator,
You'll find satisfaction there.

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