

THE GRAMOPHONE

WHERE the lonely settler's shanty dots the plain,
And he sighs for friends and comradeship in vain,
Through the silences intense
Comes a sound of eloquence
Shrilling forth in steely, brazen, waxen strain—
The deep, resonant voice of Gladstone calling from
the tomb,
Or Ingersoll's deliverance before his brother's
bier ;
Then a saucy someone singing, "When the daisies
are in bloom,"
And the fife and drummers rendering "The
British Grenadier."

Back as far into the hills as they could get,
They've a roof that turns the winter and the wet,
They are grizzled but they're gay,
They've a daily matinee,
They are happy though they're head and ears in debt—
"I wish I had my old girl back again,"
"If the wind had only blown the other way,"
And broken voices join in the refrain
Of ev'ry tune the instrument will play.