

For *White lunch* counters daily shine
With luscious dainties mighty fine.

It's here you'll find the choicest meals,
So no more kicks and no more squeals,
For *White Lunch* cooks are of the best,
With nothing better, East or West.

Who largely buys can freely sell,
And with good *service*, serve you well;
Then *White Lunch* is the place to dine
On luscious dainties, mighty fine.

THIS POEM WAS SUGGESTED
at the threshing of Messrs. Witherby's grain, November
1907, by some very original remarks of Mr. Bernard
Witherby on that occasion.

From south of Britains glorious Tweed,
Where once Barnardo Winklereid
The hero of my tragic tale,
Was first tossed headlong on life's gale.

He started cross the ocean's track
And landed then in Chiliwack,
Where after passing brush and brine,
He faithfully did feed the swine.

Just as the prodigal of yore,
Who thought upon a foreign shore,
Of friends so far and yet so good,
That never lacked their daily food.