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JOSETTE.

Poem presented to the Lady Strathcona Capital Fund for Our Handicraft Shop,
by William Henry Drummond, Esq., M.D.

I SEE Josette on de car to-day
Leetle Josette Couture,
An' it's easy tellin' she's been away
On market of Bonsecour—
'Cos dere's de blueberry on de pail
Wit' more t'ing lyin' about—
An' dere's de basket wit' de tail
Of de chicken stickin' out.

Ev'ry conductor along de road
Help her de bes' he can,
An' I see dem sweat wit' de heavy load,
Many a beeg, strong man—
But it's differen' t'ing w'en she tak' hol'
Leavin' dem watchin' dere—
For wedder de win' blow hot or cole
Josette never turn a hair.

Wonderful woman for seexty-five—
Smart leetle woman sure!
An' if he's wantin' to kip alive
On church of de Bonsecour,
De pries' he mus' rise 'fore de rooster crow
Or mebbe he'll be too late
For seein' dere on the street below,
Josette comin' in de gate.

An' half de morning she don't spen' dere
Hangin' aroun' de pew—
Bodderin' God wid de long, long prayer—
For bote of dem got to do
Plaintee work 'fore de day's gone by,
An' well she know—Josette—
No matter how busy and hard she try,
De work's never finish yet.