

Some Doggerel !!

Some sage has said, perhaps he boasted,
To be well done, we must be roasted.
Take no offence, for none is meant.
And follow then the argument.

Colonel Watt, our late lamented,
Has gone to "Blighty" and now cemented,
Safe and rigid, warm and cosey,
Where the life will be more rosey.

Colonel John, so large and firm,
The helm has taken for a term.
I almost fear that in his eye
One sees approaching a "Good-bye."
Banish the wish his career to retard,
But we know his hankering for Dr. Blanchard.
These two inseparables—almost one—
Doctor Blanchard and Doctor Gunn.
But this, of course, is all surmise—
Like most forecasts—really lies.

The Brandonite, so hale and hearty,
Surely he won't leave the party ;
We like his smile, his shoulder square,
His feet so large, and his crown so bare ;
The swaggering gait when he approaches,
Hard on the heels and poor cockroaches.
Oh ! No ! Don't leave us, Major T.,
If you do, just TEMP-orarily.

The Bells have tolled their parting chime,
The Bells we'll miss most all the time.
Mary and his little lamb,
So keen on lobster, cake and jam,
He left for England, home and smoke,
Where his talents have larger scope,
And time to read "Ophthalmoscope."

The Major Bell, now all alone,
Is fretting his soul in gay Boulogne ;
Examining smears and snuffing a smell,
That is the work for Dr. Bell.
Up to snuff in sanitation,
Adding to his reputation.

Ere long our ranks will thinner be,
For "Smithers" leaves immediately.
He—so fond of joints and bones—
Is going to follow Robert Jones.
Stanley, the ALL-WYN, "Smithers" for short,
His setting his sail for restful port,
There to bask in the balm and sun
Of laurels gained and duty done.

The Calgary Eye-Opener, gray and sedate,
The Transport Officer, up early and late.
The collector of swag, junk, and loot,
Dealer in real estate, stump, and root.
Corner lots, oil shares, poker and chips,
Merits attention, for he does all by fits.
His spirit is strong, but his stomach weak,
So leave him alone for dear pity's sake.

The Stork to the home of Woody the Wiss,
Has left, just lately, a welcome young Miss.
In the Class of '36 she's started,
We hope, from her Dad, she'll not long be parted.

Now Padre McGreer, is really a dear,
A man of some parts is he ;
He's on the spot, be it cold or hot,
He's the pride of our family.
Nothing "fazes" him, look at the smile of him,
Seated in the centre of minstrel ring,
Primrose West and Lou Doxstader,
With their jokes and funny patter,
Cannot show him anything.

John Pringle is a rolling stone,
A rolling stone is he.
His Klondyke dope gives him awful rope,
He's at it continually.
Just mention the name of any person,
The name is all you need,
He knows the Mother, he knows the Father,
His business—"Flour and Feed."
Under the spreading chestnut tree
He weekly takes his stand.
His talk is soulful, never doleful,
A good man in the land.
Long may he live and happy be,
Returned to his home town,
In realms Elysian, a Scotch-byterian,
Of credit and renown.