

BESSIE McNAIR

(An Old Maid's Warning)

There is a girl of Calgary City—she was so cold, she had no pity;
Here lover met her here and there, but when he wished her to declare
When she would have him altogether, she just observed, "Wait till cold weather!"
His patience thus was often tried, for when he wished to have his bride,
She'd toss her hat of ostriched feather, and say, "Wait till it's warmer weather!"
He still kept hoping she'd have sense, to marry him with lots o' pence,
So next time caught her on the trot, she breathed this o's, "Wait till it's hot!"
And yet still longer did he wait (he thought she'd got an empty slate).
He watched her wipe her lovely nose, and now she said, "Wait till it blows."
Another week he waited yet, the night was cold, and very wet;
He felt determined again to try—she calmly said, "Wait till it's dry."
He asked her, "Why what atmosphere will suit my darling, Bessie McNair?"
She pouted now, just like the dickens: "I've got to feed my mother's chickens!"
Once more for home again he started, (enough to make him broken-hearted);
He came again, she asked, "What now? I've got to milk our brindled cow!"
He argued with her—got quite mad; she coolly said, "Apply to Dad!"
And so this girl, I do declare, was aggravating Bessie McNair.
Another time he broached the matter, and then she fell a little flatter:
She said she'd never talked it o'er with mother dear upon the floor.
He let her off till next they'd meet (by chance they met upon the street),
His heart was full of what he'd popped,—she ran away and never stopped!
This time, her lover waved "Good-bye," and let her go with never a sigh;
And now she's lonely—pulls her own hair—this procrastinating Bessie McNair.

THE HYPOCONDRIACAL PATIENT'S HOLLOW DREAM

"I stood beneath a hollow tree, the blast it hollow blew,
I thought upon the hollow world, and all it's hollow crew!
Ambition, and it's hollow schemes, the hollow hopes we follow,
Imagination's hollow dreams—all hollow, hollow, hollow!"

A crown, it is a hollow thing, and hollow heads oft wear it;
The hollow title of a king, what hollow hearts oft bear it!
The hollow leader but betrays the hollow dupes who heed him;
The hollow critic vends his praise to hollow fools who feed him.

The hollow friend who takes your hand is but a summer swallow,
What'er I see is like this tree—all hollow, hollow, hollow!
No hollow wiles nor honeyed smiles of ladies fair I follow,
For beauty sweet still hides deceit—"Tis hollow, hollow, hollow!"

—ANON.

(Patient improves; temperature normal; sits up; takes notice, also nourishment—
Nurse says he'll pull through.)

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Another day—another tree, (the stomach free from bile),
The liver living painlessly—(the spleen just clear awhile).
I stood beneath a *solid* tree—(it sure was heart of oak),
The hollowness had passed from things, as by a single stroke!
A sweet, soft wind the leaves just moved, straight up did curl the smoke,
The world so full of good was spread, the leafy shades above my head—
I feel inclined to joke.

A maiden true I met just there, (No worldly cares did jar),
The fairest she of all the fair—I'd found my Guiding Star!
I told her that I'd felt a wreck—found hollow world remiss,
She threw her arms around my neck—then all the world was bliss!