

## An Ode from the North On the Douglas Hunting Party

By H. A. Soper, of Hamilton

It was in the fall of nineteen hundred and twenty, Settlers wrote down and said deer were plenty, So a gang from West Flamboro decided to go To a town in the north near Orville P. O.

Now this crowd was a motley crew, Five of the Shepards and of Hopkins two, Three were named Douglas and yours truly, And cook Frank Stock who at times was unruly.

Now Garwood Sheppard was a goodly man, He was built on the Moody and Sankey plan, But when he missed a shot in the clear, He swore to the boys it never was near.

I'll tell Charlie Sheppard in the spirit of fun, You can't shoot deer with an empty gun, But that's most peculiar as I have heard people say, There's been many a person shot that way.

Now Jake Sheppard is our puncher of dogs, Who takes them through swamps and out over the logs, He feeds them in the morning and at night time again, I reckon him one of the best of our men.

Haskin Sheppard is the next in line, Who always takes two fish at a time, Writes a letter home to his wife every day, If he didn't do that he couldn't have come away.

Next Morley the kid in his buckskin shirt, Which I hope soon to see covered with dirt, Or blood of a buck and doe, For I am sure if he saw them down they'd go.

Now we come to the Douglas party, Frank the Captain is still quiet hearty, But when he missed a deer with his worn out rifle, Made him mad as a jockey whose horse threw a stifle.

Then grey headed John who's a good old scout, For he always lugs an old shotgun out, But if he ever leaves his runway again, He'll spend the night in the dog house pen.

Give him a Safety Razor. Bachelor has the slick kind.

Now comes big fat Ernie, oh how he can snore,

You would almost think it was a lion's roar,

But if the boys get another wild goose by chance,

His wife will have to put a gusset in his pants.

Jim Hopkins is the secretary of this camp,

Who only brought up one chimney for the lamp,

Left his nice chicken lunch for the train crew as well,

When he gets back home he'll sure catch 'em all.

Then there is Will Hopkins who is a good fellow too,

There is hardly a thing he cannot do, Except when he is out taking a burf

He can walk around a tree but not the squirrel.

Frank Stock the cook on going to bed,

Is sure to bite on "That's what I said,"

But on making pies he sure is a prince,

He hands out apple the boys swear they're immense.

For what yours truly has said I am sure they'll not mind,

For is it only the work of a deranged mind,

It was only got up to have some fun in the camp,

Now hold your ace, Morley, till I grab the lamp.

### P. S.

In Memory of the Absent Members

Fred Binkley's the first I'll put down in our log,

Who would never let on what became of his dog,

Till the gang met a guy coming up on the train,

Who swore he paid Fred twenty dollars for the same.

Then there is John Poole who at hunting was lax,

Who stayed home this year to collect Flamboro's tax,

For one day when a deer near his runway ran around,

He pumped seven loaded shells out onto the ground.

### A Painter of History.

Mr. Robert Harris, C.M.G., who died in Montreal recently, had a long and distinguished career, chiefly as a figure and portrait painter. One of his best known works was "The Fathers of Confederation," executed under a commission from the Dominion Government. It contained the figures of thirty-three Canadian statesmen, and was regarded as an accurate representation of them and of great historical value. Unfortunately this painting, which hung for many years in the lobby at the main entrance to the House of Parliament, Ottawa, was destroyed in the fire. Among the offices which he held were President of the Royal Canadian Academy, 1893-1906; president of the Ontario Society of Artists and Director of the Art School, Montreal Art Association, 1883-87. He was created a C.M.G. in 1902.

A sanitary hair brush has the flexible pad, which enables that part to be separated from the back for cleansing.

## Public School Essays

### The Cannon Tells Its Story

One day some birds were resting on the cannon. It was telling of its adventures and I heard what it said.

"One day I heard someone digging all around under me. I wondered what it was. Alas, I found what it was. They were digging me out of my home in the ground. Then they took me to a factory in Germany and they put me in a hot fire and melted me and made me into a cannon. War was on between Germany and Britain and they took me up to the front lines. I tried to do my duty for my country, and I saw many sad sights. I saw dead horses and men and guns blown to pieces. I surely was frightened when I was first taken up to the lines. I was not there long before the war was over. One day they sent me to a little village called Waterdown, and placed me by the flag-pole in the school yard. The children pass me on their way to school. The women and men come to see me, and they think of the brave deeds that have been done. I have one friend and that is the flag-pole."

Cecil Wilkinson, Sr. III class.

### The Cannon Tells Its Story

"I was found in a very large iron mine. I was taken away to a smelting works. When I got there I was tumbled in a large pot. Then I was cooled off and found I was made into a cannon. I was sent out in the trenches and tried to fight as hard as I could for the Germans, but at last I was captured and sent over to France. Then I had to fight for the Canadians, which I did not like very much. When the war was over I was sent over to a little village called Waterdown, and there I was drawn down to the school yard behind a truck. They left me by a flag-pole. On Halloween I was moved down to the front of the school and they I told this story to the boys."

Jack Davidson, Jr. III class.

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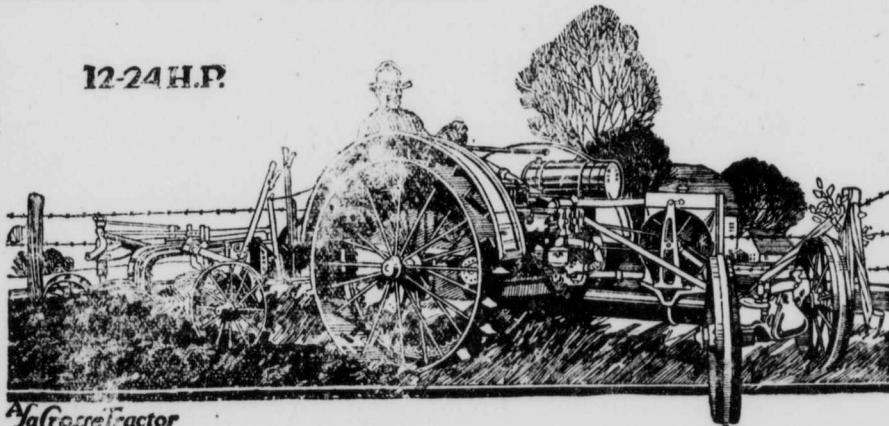
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