

# OUR SOCIETY

A  
WEEKLY RECORD OF SOCIETY AND SPORTS

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Vol. I. No. 5.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 2ND.

HALIFAX, N. S.

## My Rival.

I go to concert, party, ball—  
What profit is in these?  
I sit alone against the wall  
And strive to look at ease.  
The incense that is mine by right  
They burn before her shrine;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush.  
My colour comes and goes;  
I reddish to my finger-tips,  
And sometimes to my nose,  
But she is white where white should be,  
And red where red should shine.  
The blush that flies at seventeen  
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had her constant check,  
I wish that I could sing  
All sorts of funny little songs,  
Not quite the proper thing.  
I'm very *quack* and very shy,  
Her jokes aren't in my line,  
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen,  
While she is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,  
Each pink and white and neat,  
Older than their mothers, but  
They grovel at her feet.



ADMIRAL WATSON.

They walk beside her *l'ick-shaw* wheels—  
None ever walk by mine;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And she is forty-nine.

She rides with half-a-dozen men,  
(She calls them "boys" and "washers"),  
I trot along the Mall alone,  
My prettiest frocks and sashes  
Don't help to fill my programmes up,  
And vainly I repine  
From ten to two A.M. Ah, me!  
Would I were forty-nine.

She calls me "darling," "pet" and "dear,"  
And "sweet retiring maid,"  
I'm always at the back I know,  
She puts me in the shade,  
She introduces me to men,  
"Cast" lovers I opine,  
For sixty takes to seventeen,  
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even she must older grow,  
And end Her dancing days;  
She can't go on for ever so  
At concerts, balls and plays  
One ray of priceless hope I see  
Before my footsteps shine;  
Just think, that she'll be eighty-one  
When I am forty-nine!

RUDYARD KIPPLING.

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