

# The Merry Muse

## TOO WISE

I wouldn't want to be so wise  
I'd always know the truth from lies.  
Ah, no, my friend, I tell you flat  
I wouldn't be as wise as that.

I met a man the other day,  
He grasped my hand, then dashed  
away—

"I liked that thing you wrote," said  
he,

"'Twas something that appealed to  
me."

He hurried on when this he'd said;  
He didn't say just what he'd read.  
I'd not have been so pleased, you see,  
If I had *known* he'd lied to me.

James P. Haverson.

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## WHY HE DOESN'T

I so admire fair Phyllis  
My love I would rehearse,  
And ask her if she'd take me  
For better or for worse.

But when I read the papers  
I'm scared almost to death,  
For butter's thirty-eight now,  
It takes away my breath.

I'd like to ask fair Phyllis  
To share my humble lot,  
But eggs are thirty-six now,  
I'd really better not.

I wish to wed sweet Phyllis,  
But then there is the rent,  
I know I can't afford it yet—  
A handsome fire-proof tent.

So I refrain from asking  
And merely sigh and sigh;  
I'd like to marry Phyllis,  
But prices are so high.

J. G.

## SAVING THE COUNTRY

The Patriot in fervid tone  
Spoke of the Sounding Seas  
Which lave This Canada of Ours,  
And bear our export cheese.

Then of the Lakes he said a word,  
Commendatory too,  
He asked, if they should disappear,  
What would the yachtsmen do?

"I see," the patriot declared,  
"The Mountains clad with pine,  
The silver in its native lair,  
The gentle wildcat mine."

"Hear, hear!" the worthy chairman  
said,

His bosom swelled with pride,  
For, though an honest man, he sold  
Some stocks upon the side.

The Patriot thereby was stirred  
To wider, higher flights.  
He spoke about the Western Plains,  
Also the Northern Lights.

The Cattle on a Thousand Hills  
Came in his peroration,  
And lastly he demanded votes  
To save this noble nation.

He said: "Defeat me not, my friends,  
Nor lay me on the shelf—  
I want to save this glorious land,  
To save it—for myself.

J. Edgar Middleton.

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## WHERE IT ENDS

The quality of mercy  
Is not strained;  
But durn the sinner anyhow who  
swiped my old umbrella  
When it rained.

Evening Sun.