

Verses on Everyday Life

Enlarged Edition, inclusive of "We are Seven"

(Or More)

Patriotic, Domestic and Social Poems

"Why Shouldn't Her Children Sing"

—Lloyd George.

"The Men's Tribute to the Women of the Empire"

AND A COLLECTION RECENTLY WRITTEN
IN VICTORIA, B.C.—

"A Hint for Busy People"

Etc., Etc.



Pleasant Poems pleasantly placed
Patiently penned at a Patient's pace:
All good men, and women too,
Twill well repay to read them through.

"Good sense is the body of poetical genius,
Fancy its drapery,
Motion its life,
Imagination its soul."

—Coleridge.

By L. HOUGHTON

Public Reader

(From Calgary)

322 Irving Road

Fowl Bay, Victoria, B.C.

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MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE
CALGARY

May 22nd, 1916

I have known the writer of this little brochure for many years, he has come to be one of the familiar personalities of our City. His quiet, kindly manner has found a warm welcome in many hearts. He has always been ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was in his power to do so. His verses on "Why Don't You Don the Khaki?" have been quite a factor in assisting recruiting. Mr. Houghton has recently been laid up in the Hospital, where he penned most of the words of this little volume. We wish for the writer and his book a kindly reception at the hands of the people.

G. W. KEAY, B.A., D.D.

Calgary, Oct. 23, 1916

I have pleasure in stating that I have known Mr. J. Houghton for some years, and would recommend him as a platform Reciter, and a gentleman of original ideas, as also a Poet of no mean worth.

Mr. Houghton's original poems and Selected Recitations, are all charged with good moral principles and must help all who come in contact with them.

Yours faithfully,

REV. JOHN McDONNELL,
Pioneer Citizen and Missionary.

M. J.

PATRIOTIC BRITISH WOMEN

(Suggested by an Article in Daily Herald.)

Some people good, of generous mind,
They fill a place on earth,
They're heart and soul so very kind—
Are truly sterling worth;
In lots of ills now under th' sun
They're on lookout for good;
"The silver lining's" sure to come—
Clear water after mud.

So in this war some good's been found,
In Sister Sylvia's crew;
(Small wonder mischief flew around,
With nothing else to do).
Now noble work their hearts engage—
Their tongues right well directed,
They take full share in war's mad rage,
With energies deflected.

All British women, one in heart—
One single object view;
Have shown the world (got past the start),
How push this matter through:
They're patting loved ones on the back—
Encourage them to go,
The women all (not one is "slack"),
Their help o'ercomes the foe!

"Anticipating?" so I am—
Your conscience says I'm right;
The Lioness is not the lamb,
When Hun's the foe to fight.
She's roused, and filled with righteous ire—
There's nothing she will shirk
In animating son and sire,
To crush the German-Austro-Turk.

She's welding ammunition, shot, and shell,
Is making rivets hot,—
Is driving taxis, 'bus as well,—
Of other things, a lot.
She's heaving coal, is Army-groom,
And spinning rope so strong,
Is farming, gardening, making broom,
(She'll sweep the foe ere long!)

"They're skilled in aerial work," 'tis said;
(Lloyd George has lady chaffeur,
Dispenses drugs, is molding lead;
(She's lost the name of "duffer").
If aught's to do to win the war,
She surely does it well—
She'd kill the Germ, war's canker-worm,
Stick Kaiser's nose in—
(The pin-cushion).

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THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE

BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE
MORTIMER LITHOGRAPHIC CO.
TORONTO

"WHY SHOULDN'T HER CHILDREN
SING?"

(Lloyd George)

"Britain's honour is not dead;
Her might is yet unbroken."
Thus spake Lloyd George at Eisteddfod;
That's Empire-greatness' token!
"Her destiny is yet unfilled,"
Her ideals nobly ring;
"She's more alive"—for weak ones strive,
"Why shouldn't her children sing?"

"Britain's power's more potent grown;"
For GOOD it still grows wider;
With Allies' aid the foe's o'erthrown;
High wisdom still doth guide her.
Earth's wisest counsels strength doth bring,
Her People's gladly own,
To Statesmen true their thanks are due,
"Why shouldn't these children sing?"

Her purpose deeper is to thwart
The war-king's foul ambition;
That purpose deep, wide Freedom keep,
And thus fulfill her mission.
Her potency's more potent grown,
The greater sway her King;
Dominions wide on every side,
"Why shouldn't her children sing?"

Our Boys in Blue, and Khaki, too,
Brave spirits, heart and soul!
The one is ruling still the wave,
And both have but one goal:
Not greed of conquest; but maintain
That Freedom shall be king
O'er do-mains all, both great and small,
"Why shouldn't her children sing?"

Sing; what?

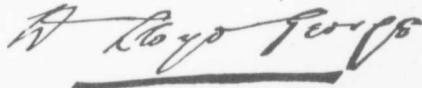
Sing that Freedom's kingdom comes:
Ye're fighting its great battle!
Let all the neutral nations' sons
And "hyphens" know WERE NOT
The Kaiser's "dumb, driven cattle!"
He's doomed! Peace soon the earth shall ring!
Greater Britain conquers! Isles, be glad!
"Why shouldn't these children sing?"

Sing of Freedom; sing of Right;
Sing of Empire's honor!
Sing of Britain's rightful might!
Sing! for brighter day and night
Soon shall shower glory on her!
Sing of victories now attained:
Sing for those to come:
Songs of Victory! "Welcome Home!"
"WHY SHOULDN'T WE CHILDREN SING?"

War Office, Whitehall, Sept. 28th, 1916

Levi Houghton, Esq.

"Thank you for the verses."



Lloyd George

NO APOLOGY

There may be such within this book You think you know, so will not look;
Yet it may be there are things new, Some lesson good, amusement too
Which in this form (perhaps new dress) You'll welcome give—goodwill express.
Should you be grieved at aught within Please perforate with common pin.
The punctuation may strike you As having need of more to do;
Or, here and there be overdone, Thus make or mar some little "pun,"
The grammar, too, your taste may jar, Please mark this off with little*,
And say what is the speech correct—Enlighten thus my intellect.
I'd like objections your to see, Your marks should point them out to me;
There's nothing "great" for you to scan—Just simple talks from man to man.
And now I'd call to your attention The matter of a true inflection—
There's lots of words to English fair Means one thing here another there;
To Author interpret, there is one guide: His spirit catch—put yours aside.
Allow me now one modest claim, There's bits for you whate'er your name;
Important man we've not forgot—The Britisher—true Patriot.

A FEW HOSPITAL AND OTHER DITTIES

(By the Impatient Patient)

The times are wont to be quite dull, When every ward is patient-full:
There's longing, longing, all the while, The time of suffering to beguile;
So, as compared to me were worse, Amused myself with scribbling verse,
And read it to them, there and then, Whate'er had flowed from off my pen;
Some patients leaned upon their staff—Some laying a-bed had hearty laugh;
If they enjoyed it, so did I—"Laugh and grow fat," Ben Johnsons' cry.
And now fair Gentile or dark-eyed Jew, Shake off your gloom, smile with us too.

"COMPENSATION"

("Morning Albertan" Report, Feb. 24th)

They asked for "Compensation," before it was their turn:
Petitioned legislation, the clerk so justly "turned it down;"
The liquor-men complained, that Act of next July
In every city, village and town, their profits then would die.
Their only thoughts were of "The Trade," they cared not for dear lives
They'd ruined; orphans made, and widows formed—from wives:
These countless; awful in their number—treated heartless, soulless—human lumber
Let's hope that Sifton will sift out—consider if 'tis common sense;
Compensate drink, thus raise a shout—outrageous! so immense!
He cannot do so wrong a thing, (the people won't stand that)—
Not sent to pander to that "ring," we know he'll stand quite pat.
To really "compensate" the thing is only sound—
For some it's driven far too late,
It should work all around. If you who brew, and good grain stew,
Say what think you is fair, in "recompensing" homes not few
Your "trade" has laid so bare. You cannot have at your request—
(The thing is too presumptuous) until you give at our behest,
Share of your wealth—so sumptions.

WHY DID SHE LOOK?

"Last night, my dear, you'd gone to bed, (industrious I am so),
I found your pants and so was led, a hole in pocket sew.
You ought to thank me for the work, and praise me for the skill,
You see my duty I ne'er shirk, but toil with hearty will."
"It seems a funny thing to me," her loving "hubby" said,
"How came you there, to find that hole, when I was gone to bed?"

THE MEN'S TRIBUTE TO THE WOMEN OF THE EMPIRE

"Why?—ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?"

—Mrs. Hemans.

(Dedicated to Mrs. Nellie McLung, Edmonton).

It's quite a cheering note these days,
That fast as world's progressing,
To hear that woman's working ways,
Must prove a lasting blessing!
We know that some have had a craze,
(They are the small exception,)
Far more do seek to clear life's maze,
Present of it a bright conception!

Now we of species classed as "man,"
Who sceptre long's been used to sway,
Should thankful be, much as we can,—
She excels gold this troubled day:
For ne'er before in hist'ry-time,
Has work of hers been more, sublime;
Not coruscatory. No! far more:
Fairer than light from moon's bright core:
She's yielding up much precious store,
Yea Empire needs her more and more!

Mere man is rather apt to lose
The sight of lights in earth's dark ages:
Where woman high aloft arose:
Left brilliant deeds on hist'ry pages:
Wasn't there a man of tyrant-bent,
Oppressed old Israel's kith and kin,
Who fell asleep within a tent,
*And Deborah bored his temples with a pin.

And didn't a woman hide the spies:
Those sent from they who good news tell:
Thus gained for self a worthy prize:
'Twas well with her when Jer'cho fell!
Now go a little further back: to Nile,
Where woman's sound tuition
A babe did save from despot vile:
Proved Pioneer of Moses' mission!

We cannot name the women all:
The Marys, Marthas, Dorcas'—
Who stand of moral shoulders tall,
Among earth's famous, heroic daughters;
Suffice to say that from an early minute,
And down its wond'rous pages,
There's always been a woman in it,
Who's earned the praise of wisest sages!
* * * * *

If sick or lame, thou mortal man,
What good's to thee thy money,
If woman from thine heart dost ban,
Thy life's devoid her honey!
She'd soothe thy wounds, thy sickness heal,
And watch thee every minute,
And where of faithfulness and zeal
Are needed, she'll be in it!

Yea! in this fight for all that's right,
She's there with every dower,
And toiling hard to expedite
The Kaiser's closing hour!
In troth, there's not of life a part,
But strength in it she's shedding,
And if you've got a lonely heart,
She'll share THAT,—at your wedding.

*Deborah prophesied the event, but Jael, the wife of
Heber, was the actual slayer of Sisera.

THE DERBYSHIRE MINER'S CHRIST- MAS FIFTY YEARS AGO

(The following relates to the time when the small shopkeepers formerly gave small presents to encourage trade. A period of "doles" to the poor. Long hours for coal miners; naked lights, many very disastrous explosions of fire-damp, or gas, and often many lives were lost from this cause.)

Oh, it was a "Merrie England" then—
No thought of world-alarm;
The petty wars of distant men,
At home we felt no harm.
The Christmas Days were all so glad:
Oranges, holly, mistletoe;
And mothers' hearts were far less sad,
Just Fifty Years Ago.

'Twas glee to go a-Christmas-boxing:
The children toiled all day
Collecting pennies from their friends
Who turned but few away.
On Christmas Eve the joy began:
(That pleasant memory lingers;—)
Angels, Shepherds, Bethlehem's Star:
That sweetest theme of singers!

Anticipation weeks ran high:
Our mother dwelt upon it,
When she would go to grocer Straw
In shawl and curtained bonnet.
Right glad was he to get her trade:
Her ready cash to handle,
So Christmas-time he rendered thanks:
Sought next year's trade with waxy candle.

All other trades,—their gratitude we knew it:
Encouraged those just bidding:
The butcher gave an ounce o' suet
To raise our Yorkshire pudding.
The tailor made our clothes,
Thus earned his daily bread;
His gratitude we all admired:
He'd give a yank o' thread!

There was poor old cobbler Clarke,
Who filled our soles with hob-nailed tacks,
And softly touched our tender heart,
An orange or a ball o' wax!
The Parson! we must not him forget:
Just think how warm a family of TEN
Can keep whole year on yard of flannellette.
How grand it was to have such men!

That fat old sport: the Squire,
(Whose game fed on his tenants' corn;)
Oh, how he roused affection's fire—
A POUND o' rice on Christmas morn!
O, those were grand old times,
For Polly and for Joe:
For Mother when she lit her foot of wax
Just Fifty Years Ago!

THE DERBYSHIRE'S MINER'S CHRISTMAS OF
FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Continued.

Poor Dad! there's nought of him you say:
A miner's life from dark to dark:
Black diamonds hewed all day:
Endangered wild-fire's spark!
On him all trades relied:—
On him depended so,—
But presents, none at Christmas-tide:
Poor Dad, of Fifty Years Ago!

VIMY RIDGE

On British front the Colonel stood:
Explained most critical position,
And said he wanted twenty men
Accept the situation.

There'd scarce be chance of their return—
'Twas almost certain death;
He loved his men—his heart's concern,
They listened all with 'bated breath.

It was a whole division,
The Colonel now addressed—
A set of men most manly,
The bravest and the best.

He knew he'd asked momentous thing,
So turned his head to hide the tears,—
Full twenty loyal to their king,
He'd neither doubts nor fears.

This twenty were to make advance
In front of others—a pace,
But when he turned his head to glance,
No difference met his face.

What! will not twenty braves
Advance for yonder post—
The winner, Comrades' lives he saves,
And thins the fiendish host.

Proudly stepped the Sergeant forth,
Salute respectful met the Colonel's face;
"Not twenty, sir, have shown their worth—
They've ALL advanced a pace!"

ISAAC AND REBEKAH

Patriarch Isaac walked the field,
To meditate at eventide;
We only guess what mind did yield:
But Isaac met his bride;
There's food for thought in topic this:
For young men's single state:
Before you venture maid to kiss,
Be sure you meditate!

To meditate is not to dream,
Nor castles build on air,
Nor reveries, pleasant though they seem
With not a thought of care.
There's samples given of other men,
Of whom it is NOT said:
They walked the fields to get clear ken
Before a maid they wed.

Samson, a man of mighty strength;
(His foxes set the corn a-fire);
But when he lost of hair its length
'Twas shorn by his Delilah!
There's good old Job of patient fame,
He did his wife reprove—
She has not left the best of name,
Her's was not truest love!

Although we mention Samson strong,
Delilah's amorous ardour;
We do not say that YOU are wrong
Employing lady barber!
There's lots to think about in life,
When partner you are seeking,
A loving maid, a faithful wife,
You'll ne'er regret the meeting!

But first of all: (don't drive too late):
Be sure she's not a wrecker;
Like Isaac, coolly meditate,
Before you take Rebekah!
What Isaac meditated on:
Was need for after days:
The need of counsel, soothe ill's thorn,
Thus earn her meed of praise.

To early rise, economise,
To clothe her children young;
To keep his tent, and, in his eyes:
Be mindful of her tongue!
We never heard of this complaint
In Isaac's wife, Rebekah,
But now-a-days there's scarce a saint
Not subject to henpecker!

So, gentlemen, keep open ear,
And eyes you must not close:
When strutting out to meet "My Dear,"
Chide gently gaudy clothes.
If too expensive for your taste,
And also for your purse,
Your time and money do not waste:
She'll ne'er grow better—rather worse!

If she is wise she'll say your view
Is rational and right:
She'll neatly trim, be cheerful too,
And sweetly ask, "Tomorrow Night?"

(A friend wrote saying that his homestead was incomplete without a poet sitting on the river's bank writing to the music of the waters.) I replied:

BY THE STREAM

We sat upon the river's bank,
My little girl and I;
We looked upon the flowing stream,
With tear-drops in our eye.
We'd had a little tiff—so sad
That pretty girl should cry!
She said she loved her little lad,
And hoped I'd better be to try.

She pointed out my weakest spot:
My human frailties weak;
She hit me hard—spared not a jot:
I was a human freak!
Of course I'd never looked inside,
To see what was within
To fit me well for husband-side,
I'd spent my life in spending "tin."

And now I asked for her sweet hand—
Her heart much sweeter still:
Her life to run 'long side of mine—
A home ruled sweetly by her will.
She thought, and thought and pondered on;
(Her gaze was still upon the water);
And I, I thought her words upon:—
Reform I would, because I oughter!

Said I: "You see how water flows
A-down this lovely river,
With rapids making it more dear,
As picture from the Giver!
The little "tiffs" the waters have
From rocks and boulders under,
They're but a momentary wave,—
They never *keep* the waters 'sunder.

Unite again, soon as they can
And flow, and flow away,
They've work to do for beast and man
That boulders cannot stay.
So let us cover up OUR tiffs,
I'll shape my life to your sweet prattle!
I'll buy a farm that's lying by
Like river this, and stock with cattle."

Her eyes she turned from off the river
And fixed them on my gaze;
And then she said: "I'm yours for ever—
I'll see you mend your naughty ways."
So off we scampered, arm-in-arm.
(O how I loved that artful Miss!)
I pressed her much; my heart was warm,
And sealed our compact with a kiss.

Chas. H. Spurgeon once wrote:
"Heaven bless our wives,
They fill our hives
With little bees and honey,
They mend our socks,
They soothe life's shocks,
But don't they spend the money!"
But he never knew—

MY LANDLADY

Who met me at her cottage door
And welcomed me just ten times o'er;
Because I'd brought her dollars more;
(Of course she eyed me o'er and o'er)?
.....My Landlady!

Who looked to see if boots were spick and span,
And said I was a gentle-man,
So to her kitchen quickly ran:
Ham-an'-eggs in frying pan?
.....My Landlady!

(Fussy at first and then they began to put the lid on.)

Who asked of me a week before:
An advance of my little score,
And made me feel a trifle sore,
Because she said: "Five dollars More?"
.....My Landlady!

Who said I worked to half the night
Because of verses I did write,
And burnt up her electric light
Until she couldn't sleep at night?
.....My Landlady!

Who started nagging, scolding, grumbling,
Because this rhyme of her was jumbling:
Rapping, tapping, sheets o' paper tumbling,
And showed a physog storm was rumbling?
.....My Landlady!

Who gave my door a rousing knock,
And gruffly said 'twas eight o'clock,
And started then to "give me sock":
"You've flared my 'juice' since five o'clock?"
.....My Landlady!

Who was it made my room cold hole
Because she'd burnt seven ounce o' coal,
But never to her furnace stole
To warm me down from head to sole?
.....My Landlady!

Who was it watched my goings-out
And when returned I had to shout:
My typewriter, room without,
And had to fetch the Bluecoat out
.....To my Landlady

And so the Bobby came and said
He found it under lady's bed;
'Twas then she turned so very red—
Ten dollars quickly from her sped,
And branded "thief" that's what he said
.....Of my Landlady.

Who followed me to her front door,
And said she felt our parting sore,
And kissed me twenty times or more?
.....NOT MY LANDLADY.

THE CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL

If you've ne'er been in this Retreat, just get right sick and to it beat;
The longer you are here to say, the more of good you'll have to say.
It's not the mortar and the bricks, attention yours I now would fix;
Ncr rasping, racking windows fine—the pulleys jerked with double line;
The patient says his slumber's wrecked all through some bungling architect,
The hammer, tacks and woollen strips are needed while old zero nips.

The humane side, these walls within, just think about if scratched your skin;
You may your nose put out of joint—just haul it here, and finger point
To where you want it—doctor, nurse, will bind it up—looks slightly worse—
It can't be helped—'tis part of curing's game, your "leader's" set, muzzle off, no longer lame.
You may be sick in lots o' ways to which we all are heir,
Don't stay at home whate'er it is—you'll find the best in here.

The Toper:

You poor "D.T.'s" who on these walls see everything on earth that crawls—
And you who've swallowed houses, lands, you owe this place warm clap of hands!
Your epidermis (three coats thick), you've swollen out—a drunken trick,
The kind of treatment you'll find here will bridle up your "dope's" career.
It's best that nursing can provide to win you o'er to wisdom's side
A separate case of wood and glass should be set up for all your class—
For finished product of "The Trade," to show your "friend" the wreck he's made.
Prohibit your best friend—surely on this you may rely,
You're glad it's coming—really coming, First of next July,
There'll be less work for orderlies, the doctor and the nurse—
More beds to spare for other's ills, when "drink's" not there your life to curse,
You oft absorb five—ten per cent, beds, doctors', nurses' (time ill spent).

Your friends outside, when home you got, they asked what treatment was your lot
Whilst in this place—humane, grand, and then it was you took your stand;—
You said 'twas almost Heaven below, for healing ailments—human woe;
There wasn't one but worked with zeal, and hastened on your wounds to heal;
The latest good by Science found, was yours from all the world around;
Alert they are—the doctors' minds; you get the best of all he finds.

The convalescent's glad to get his tray with good things fully set:
Of custards, jellies, (naught exempt), the picklish appetite to tempt.
His English jam, (good Bull St. John!) the best of tea from far Ceylon.
Our cook of culinary skill possest, she has her choice from East to West.
There's naught too good (she goes this length) in coaxing back your long-lost strength.

The nurses! (ah, my troubles now begin), there's quite a lot—fair, fat and thin!
I dare not say "Fair, fat and forty." (I do not wish to be thus naughty),
It's not the outline of their form—their pretty looks—white uniform—
Nor nurses' tempers (I'll not err, I have no eye to spare for blur),
What's more than that—I've naught to say; I have my thoughts contrary way;
I'm full of admiration for their ways—they're full of good both nights and days—
Whatever be the patient's need, His help is there in very deed;
As far as lies it in their power, they are in troth his hourly deor;
One wants his broth—another milk, and yet there is another ilk
Who thinks he needs some water icy, another calls for something spicy,
Some patients scarce know what is what—asks milk quite cold—then, wants it hot!
In fact it seems there is no end—the simousness of mental trend!
It all is met, quite soon (not late) for ev'rything is up-to-date,
In truth it would large volume fill—expressing thanks—patients' goodwill.

He's simply "mothered," night and morn, almost like baby newly born;
And, like a child just learnt to stand—he's gently taken by the hand—
Once, twice or thrice, through day and night to know if pulse is beating right;
His tongue, his teeth, his general heater, is now in co. with thermo-meter.
You have no secrets; (stop your frowns!) Nurse finds them out—your ups and downs.

There is one yet, (the name not mention) who always pays you kind attention;—
Her early work at start of day, she makes her rounds and comes your way;
Again, at eventide you're glad—she comes with cheer—to make less sad;
Enquires your health, and how you feel, and order gives to help your weal.

We often think (and sometimes say), our nurses make too long a day,
The management, with funds so tight, can't make their heavy work more light;
The City should more funds provide, and send more girls to work inside;
At least this is the many's thought, thus lessen hours by nurses' wrought.
With these remarks now made to you, we close this hospital review.

"H.B.C."

I saw it on his collar whilst being lifted up
To No. 6—the Floor we bite and sup;
'Twas in chill December days I saw that "H.B.C."—
"Home Before Christmas," was what appealed to me.
But in the lengthen'd-out days those letters still remain—
That "H.B.C." my mind, and sight retain.
Surely at dinner solution I would find—
Then puzzling "H.B.C." did slowly come to mind:

Here's Best Cafateria, Here's Best Cake,
Here's Best Coffee anyone can make.
Here's Bountiful Collation,—beef and fish and fry,
Here's Best Cooking—(anyone can try).
Here's Best Custard—pies, and jellies too,
Here's Best Cup-o'-tea anyone need brew.
Here's Best Care to see you're lined within,
Here's Best Cause to quit your getting thin.

"H.B.C.'s" in 'Lizabethan style,
(You can't beat that within a thousand-mile):
Here's Best Cheese, bacon, pork-and-beans,
Here's Best Catsup, fruits and canned sardines.
Here's Best Corn, pickles, jams and rice,
Here's Best Cocoa—everything that's nice.
"H.B.C." you meet on every floor—
The windows wide on every side and every open door.

Here's Best Clothes, for you, or for your wife,
Here's Bright Cutlery, spoon or carving knife.
Here's Best Collar, cuff, and tie or stud,
Here's Best Chairs in varied kinds of wood,
Here's Big Carpets—pots and pans and things,—
Everything that follows church and wedding-rings.
Here Betrothed Couples sit and chat at will,
Hoping By Comparing to save ten-dollar-bill.
That "H.B.C." it surely is a feat:
Hustling, Busy Clerks who wrap your parcels neat;
"H.B.C." girls, high perched, and out of range,
Have Booked, Counted, prompt returned
Your useful bit of change.
So Here's Best Compliments to "H.B.C."—
Hudson's Bay Company is yet the best for me.

CHEERY CHRISTIAN CHARLEY

Charley Holland's a useful man—he clears away our garbage can;
You needn't all turn up your nose, for into a cart away it goes.
If he didn't do it the Mayor should, it's just the thing for public good;
So do not scornful finger point, nor jerk you noses out of joint.
You eat your food by help of thumbs, but leave poor Charley bones and crumbs.
So now, before you further jeer, just wish our Charley "Happy New Year!"
This "boy" has other work to do: Soiled linen heaps he carries too,
In bags upon his shoulders strong, he takes to where they boil it long—

The laundry; where it's washed and dried and packs it now in hampers wide;
Our Charley now again he strives to comfort add to cheerless lives.
The linen comes off drying rack to go upon the patient's back,
And thus his health is always sought all through the work our Charley wrought.

Yet I've not done—I've more to say—our Charley works another way;
The patient sucks and says it's nice, those chunks of water—Charley's ice.
This substance placed in rubbers red is cooling for the feverish head.

I beg you now your work compare, before to scorn you further dare;
You may be paid so much more money, but are you making life more sunny—
For sick and faint and pains distressing to make your job a constant blessing?
To Charley's work all honor's due—let's wish him good this New Year through.

A NOBLE ARMY OF MART(H)AS

(Having spent several months in various hospitals, opportunities have shown us the work of about 100 nurses. We are glad to testify that a most benevolent Providence has endowed at least 98 3-4 per cent with a splendid devotion to their duties—a fine record of percentages. The exception it is said, proves the rule, as we see in "Turpentine"—(tune "Clemantine.")

In a sick ward, at the Jubee met a lady past her prime;
She was hot and sharp and burning, so we named
her "Turpentine."

Chorus

Oh the parling and the snarling of that scorching
"Turpentine!"
If you go and come back never, none be sorry,
"Turpentine!"

Mustard plaster—burning faster; tongue so long, (it's
number nine.)
She was raspy, and so waspy, none so keen as
"Turpentine."

Chorus.

(12 p.m. and 3 a.m.)
Head on table, snoring able, dreaming sweet of love so
fine,
Let her finish — no diminish; fast asleep was
"Turpentine."

Chorus.

(Supposes wedded bliss(ers)
Drove her man to drink (not water); every eve till
after nine,
So she fought him, for she caught him, drinking whisky,
beer and wine.

Chorus.

Sour of lips—he never kissed 'em—growling, grumbling
all the time.
She'd no dinner on the simmer, so he "fired" his
"Turpentine."

Chorus.

Never missed her—took her sister—glad to cool from
"Turpentine."
This one's nice, though cold as ice, quite a change from
"Turpentine."

Chorus.

A HINDOO GINGLE

"The poor benighted Hindoo!"
He does the best he kindoo:
He sticks to caste
From first to last,
For clothes, he makes his skindoo.

TO A GORSE BUSH IN BLOOM ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1917; AND ITS LESSON

O, thou myriad-prickly-pointed,
Armed and sharpened at every jointed;
Pointing North, South, East and West,
Any compass is thy rest.
Why art thou in armour clad,
Bear'st thou grapes to cheer the sad,
And jealous lest some ruthless hand
Pluck them from thy fruitful wand?

Bear'st thou peach, apricot or plum,
Ready all that pass and come,
So guarded lest off thee they strip
Then pass them on from lip to lip?
Why dost bear thy prickly parts,
Sharp and keen as arrow darts?
Art thou jealous of thy golden bloom,
Feared lest nose extract perfume?

Where's *thy* fruit of sweetness luscious—
Rose, gooscherry's borne on thorny bushes.
The strawberry doth the palate tickle—
It hath no thorns like thee to prickle.
Then why dost thou the temper try?
Thou'st nought to sell so none can buy.
The pedlar ne'er thy praises sing,
Nor gardener cultivate such thing.

Wert thou a thistle tall—thy prickles thinner—
Yon braying ass might have his dinner.
But thou—for whom dost food provide
At Spring of year or Autumn-tide?
Do not all thy presence shun,
Not one caresses thee in fun!
Maiden fair on bridal morn,
Ne'er doth brow with thee adorn!

Men off thee don't saw their cedar,
Thou art not a cattle feeder.
Thou art not for ship's bold stroke
'Gainst the waves like sturdy oak.
Then what is thy aspiration,
Usefulness or destination?
Surely thou art filled with reason,
Blooming gold in winter season?

THE BUSH—Continued.

Ah, why dost thou raise this great confusion?
Look around; make all intrusion
Into dells, 'midst forest shade,
By the roadside, valley's glade;
See if there's a tree with flowers
Smiling sweet in wintry hours!
There's not a bush with me compare:
Filled with golden blooms I bear!

I remind thee of thy school-boy-days,
'Midst hot July, its sunny blaze,
When my pods were ripe and black,
Wert curious when I made each crack—
Jumping here and jumping there—
Splitting, jerking everywhere;
*But o'er Selston Common's fence and bar,
Guessed thou not I'd jump thus far!

†And didn't I scratch that man or woman
Who stole the goose from off my Common;
And hated hard landlord's excuse:
He stole the Common from the goose!
Those magistrates they made me wince,
I've worn my bristles ever since!
That game's all o'er—we've got Lloyd George—
The next best thing: Make them disgorge!

This lesson too, on thee I'd dower:
Keep young and green, bear winter flower.
All the year my use you see—
I bloom with every season's tree,
Never let my boughs go bare;
Guard each one with sharpest care.
Advice I give: 'tis nought I sell:
"WHATE'ER I TOUCH, I TOUCH IT WELL!"

*Village in Nottinghamshire where the author went to school.

†Refers to the times when thousands of acres per year were annexed (stolen) from the poor cottager who from time immemorial had used the common lands for grazing his cow, sheep or geese. The lord of the manor, an already extensively large land owner, enclosed these lands, thus depriving the people of their rights. All buildings, homes, etc., were thus stolen. The judging magistrates were of the landlord classes.

NELLIE BINGHAM—"THE PET LAMB?"

"The dew was falling fast," the stars began to glitter,
I thought I heard a young man gasp, I knew I heard a maiden titter,
And looking o'er the hedge before me I espied
The fellow on his knees beseeching her to be his bride.
'Twas lithesome Nellie Bingham—(I knew her by her hair);
I spoke for her in school-days—but now another fellow's there!
Some said her hair was car-rot, (others they called it red),
Just what it was I say not—adorned was her fair head,
Her bright eyes were a-sparkling with fire all a-glow,
And while he was "a-sparking" she always answered "No!"
He told her how he liked her—her eyes were just his color;
He'd like her more if she'd be sure and make that coiffure duller.
She took this as a little slur—if him it didn't suit,
"Twas good enough," she said for her—"You nasty little brute!"
He saw thus one mistake he'd made; this time he'd try to flatter.
He thought her chin a trifle thin—'twould look much better fatter.
"I like your cheek," she said in pique, "I am as I was made."
He said this time, "It's not like mine, for yours I would not trade."
"Nobody 'axed' you, sir," she said—"You're talking like a f—1;
You've slipped your apron-strings too soon, return at once to school."
He thought he'd start another part to pay her compliment;
He said her cheeks of color were suggesting condiment!
At this she flashed her fiery eye (I thought to see him faint),
"You assified man! sneer all you can! I *only once* did 'paint!"
This time he shot another spot: A pair of atoms treat;
"I never saw your stockings, dear; I hate your giant feet!"
Her wrath was loud (she wasn't cowed) she'd never more him meet!

Alas! he saw he'd been too raw—his little girl to model,
He said so sly, with wink of eye, he's start her *self* to coddle,
His sanity—her vanity—(to both she was so blind
The former, man's urbanity—the latter, zephyr wind.)
He liked the way, he now did say—her hair was all so trim;
He didn't care what colored hair, 'twas all the same to him,
She now her wrath began to cool—(he'd started talking sense);
I drew as near as ever I dare—quite near to that hedge fence;
And listened now, (there was no row) they both were very nice;
In melted mood, their attitude—between them was no ice,
He'd changed his mind—his taste refined; "The auburn of her hair
Was all a cultured girl like her would e'er consent to wear."
So on he went (to win her bent), his former speech bewail;
She listened on (her frowns were gone) until he'd told his tale.
Among the rest he now confessed: it was in him a sin
To find such fault, he now would halt—he loved her dimpled chin!
There was no jot of all the lot, but what he did recant;
From feet to crown, all up, then down, straight up or on the slant.
In fact he liked her every way—she would in all things fit;
Her weight was light, that very night, she on his knee did sit!
I cannot tell what more was said, (I could no longer hear),
The things that came to those two heads (it made me feel so queer)
And so withdrew before they knew that I'd been standing near.
I thought I'd learnt a little bit; if ever 'twas my part
To need a wife to comfort life I'd got a wise old start;
No word of surl from tongue unfurl, so win my sweet girl's heart.

THE TWO BEARS

When they for life were man and wife
He said they'd start a zoo;
Two pets they'd keep that knew no strife;
She said: "That's up to you!"

He asked her wish: "I've you to bear."
(It was her wisdom-trait)
His choice resulted in "for-bear,"
For every bear has mate.

"MY RAINBOW"

(Dedicated to A Price, Esq., Montreal.)

"Your young men their dreams shall dream,
And older ones their visions see;"
Dreams; visions;—Rainbow is our theme:
A world-wide scope for you and me.

The rainbow 'gainst the cloud is seen,
'Tis Nature's God that willed it so;
Sahara's desert sands and burning suns,
Exception is where clouds don't go;—

For there, no rainbow e'er is seen,—
No lovely colours flitting to and fro;
More favour'd we where all is green
From gentle showers, cloud and 'bow.

So for our life, our daily life,
These illustrations samples give,
To teach us in this world of strife,
All sunshine's not the life to live:

If we would full fruition prove,
Of all the graces offered man;
Patience, faith, hope, mercy, love;
These clouds may bring when nought else can.

The best of men in all the spheres
Of life have had their cloudy mood:
Milton, Beethoven, soothes now our ears,
But both were blind: dark solitude!

The time would fail to tell of all:—
(Your memory may supply the lack,)
Where faith and hope were visions tall,
And rainbows never lost the track!

The rainbow is a cov'nant made
In mercy to an erring world;
So Mercy, trust her in the shade;
The rainbow yet shall be unfurled!

Apply this to your little crowd:
The little sphere in which you swim,
And when you see your brother's cloud,—
Just be a rainbow unto him.

DID I OR DID I NOT?

We like at least ONE pleasant recollection,
But with ANOTHER well-combined:
Sublimely sweet in its conception,
We LOVE to bear the last in mind:

Two patients taken for an auto-ride;
One sat beside the driver,
But Nurse and I sat side-by-side;
('Twas worth a dollar-fiver!)

The wind was chill; so cold the day,
I needed warmth upon the way;
So Nurse, knowing my hand was cold enough:
"Mr. H., PUT IT IN MY MUFF!"

THE POSTAGE STAMP

I listened to a dissertation
Upon the postage stamp;
The preacher showed the children
Some that had been on tramp;
These black marks bore upon them
Showing they'd "done their bit;"
And others clean and ready,
So for their travels fit.

Some were from dear Old England;
(And others from the States;)
He showed one from poor Belgium;
One France; (the four are mates.)
The Belgian one he cherished:
It represented such a lot!
The fight that Country's waging
Was ours in every jot!

The preacher he did lessons teach
From little postage stamp,
For to it might the children look
To guide their feet,—a lamp
Upon the highway of their life,
Its lessons it would daily give:
'Twould teach them useful lessons:
Clean lives to daily live.

P'raps this might be lesson first:
The stamp it must be clean,—
No black marks showing uselessness,
But face with peace serene.
Some stamps were of more value,
(Not necessarily because of size.)
But work for which they're fitted:
In this their value lies.

But whether more or whether less
The postage stamp did cost,
The lesser ones a place did fill:
Their work was never lost.
E'en so the child, the youth as well,—
In family each had a place:
Could pleasures give; why who can tell,
Their usefulness to human race?

Could lighten mother's labours much:
Be willing to obey, be kind;
The postage stamp taught lessons such:
It always answered ruling mind.
Another great, important thing:
The postage stamp had picture noble:
It bore the image of the King,
And so should Man:—Creator's double!

And so the minister along he went
Upon these mentioned lines,
And strength unto the proverb lent:
"As twig is bent, the tree inclines."
It seems he touched on every point,
And sought to leave the lesson sticking,
But didn't mention postage stamp (not boys!)
Were always better for a licking.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES"

O how humbly do they grow—
Flowers fair, and white as snow;
Anxious care doth not oppress—
How food provide—in beauty dress.
Consider how they do just take
The needs provided in their wake,
Accept what is; nor wish to roam—
Whate'er they need, they find at home.
Hurry none, in energies to waste;
"He that believes shall not make haste."
Consider rootlets, succour taking
From the soil, its secret springs,
Or its stem, as earth forsaking,
Wafting on its greenly wings,
Head uprearing, white and pure to kiss the sun
Bowing meekly when with graceful mission run,
Still its soul, or bulby germ
Shall survive the cankerworm;
Flower again each Easter-morn,
Emblem of the Spirit-born:
"Not of flesh, nor will of men,"
But of Christ "be born again!"

THE CHANGE

"A quarter cash; 3, 9 and twelve;"
One never hears it now;
That boom in Lots is on the shelf,
Let's think about a cow!
To sell, to "get"—keep "upper-hand"—
To swell the dealer's pocket—
While that was on, the land—the land
Just soared up like a rocket.
But now we've come to sober sense,
(We've got the land 'tis sure),
We'll cultivate it so intense
"Twill feed so many more,
And as we've mentioned friendly cow—
Suggest we now just these:
Some cocks and hens, or breeding sow,
But all should plant some trees.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO

When I'd spent six weeks in bed, then an idea seized
my head:
To try my feet, once quick and willing, so I said,
around this bed,
I will start a-sailing.
This iron frame the walls of Jericho shall be,
I'll walk round once first day, then see
Day by day till seven days passed,—
On the seventh I'll walk quite fast,
For on that day my task will be,
Just two short of three times three.
But lo! these walls weren't half so strong;—
Seven days!—won't last thus long,—
'Fore I'd got the half way round
Jericho's walls were on the ground!

A POOR LAYMAN

The barn-yard fowl!
What without it would we do?
The laying-hens, the little chicks,
And cock-a-doodle-doo!

The hen: we know her modest work:—
(Her feathers ain't so very fine,)
But Rooster, loudly he doth squalk,—
And cuts the biggest shine!

This one: the theme of present story,
Was proudest of the bunch!
He stalked about in all his glory,
Not modest he, but proud as Punch!

But lo! his pride soon has a fall;
The farmer's wife on him had eye
For Sunday's dinner: the Parson's call,
So Rooster, day before must die!

Thus mourned the little chicks to mother-hen:
"What pity 'tis that dad should die!"
The widow young was sorry too, and then
Just this was her reply:

"Your father, dears, we mourn his loss:
He's answered higher calling,
He helped to make you what you are:
Was ALWAYS fond of BAWLING!

There's consolation yet, I trow:
He always was a 'game un'
The ministry he's entered now;
He ne'er was good as layman!"

HER PERQUISITE (A FACT)

I had a friend in olden times,
They called him "Johnny" Coates,
His favor wasn't quite in line
For women having votes:
He thought domestic splits there'd be
Disturbing peaceful hearth—
She'd like vote "bluc," while "yellow" he
Would think the best on earth.

One day, while riding in the train,
(From market homeward bent),
A "pair" were having lively strain,
(To harsh words both gave vent).
The man was losing ground,
(Where woman's logic went),
To catch her up, he let off blows,
To clinch his argument.

Our friend, (so full of chivalry,
For this the vessel weaker),
Was raged at drunken devilry,
And smashed him o'er the "beaker."
At this the lady, (?) jealous was:
"You interfering feller!
'Tis my own right to lubby fight!"
On John broke umberella.

"THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM"

Of all the things that Master taught the time I went to school,
"Some proverbs good you ought to learn," he said, "not written by a fool."
Some boys they came for lessons late, and girls got other blame
So both oft-times upon the slate got cross marks 'gainst their name.
But when he'd got the desks all full he'd wisdom then impart;
While some were always rather dull—there were a smarter part,
These later years I sometimes think: The place where was my due
The mess I made with that black ink was just between the two.
One matter still I bear in mind (those proverb lessons linger):
To little birds to be so kind, and never rob a singer.
The bird had gained a meed of praise we all were glad to hear,
It had such early-working-ways—those little tom-tits dear.
He said the early bird the worm did catch (the late ones hungry went)
We boys must early house-door latch uplift—to school be early sent.
This proverb too, our father said: "The early bird eats worm so big,
You must be early out of bed—get spade, and garden dig."
When starting out to earn my board, the "boss" advice again did give:
I found out still that "early bird" was just the one to live.
I thought of what is known so wide—another proverb true:
There always is another side—to every question two.
And so decided to take part of that poor worm so bare
While dickie-bird had feathers smart, the wriggler had no hair.
Of his career no one did dare of praise nor sweet word give—
That worm so low, of feathers bare, was not the one to live.
And so a thought came to my head: So sad that 'twas a common feature—
When not a single good word's said of any creeping creature.
With your permit I'd plead the cause of poor worm long neglected,
And try and find what Nature's laws are for the thing projected;
In heat of day I made my way with spade upon my shoulder,
To try and find where our friend lay, so turned up earth and boulder.
Ah! there he was—he'd gone to sleep and slumber in his burrow;
Like other workers, health to keep for labors on the morrow.
This thought then struck my mental sight (suspicions I'd confirm):
I'd search again quite late some night, when wakened that poor worm.
Oh, yes, he'd started hard to toil he'd got his task to do—
He'd burrowed through six inch of soil on purpose to get through;
The holes he made let in the air (the rootlets were so glad),
That poor un-feathered worm so bare had left the earth less sad!
And now we come back at that bird—(feel ready for a duel),
Don't sing his praises so absurd, when, really, he is cruel.
The worm, you see, is out all night, and that is his protection,
In satisfying appetite—(this is for your reflection).
I must admit he's man just like in heaping earthly stuff—
To bed he ought to sooner go, and sleep just long enough.
If our friend worm had early seen his bed while yet 'twas dark,
Those "early birds" had hungry been—the blackbird and the lark.
And yet methinks there's one excuse: (his work so long delayed),
He'd worked all night to not much use—there was so little trade.
And now that naughty, chirpy bird advantage took so quick—
He knew he'd have all men's good word and children's "Pretty Dick."
It now to you appears quite plain: Your sympathy should spread—
The proverb is not all too sane for that poor worm's pecked head.
Let's try and put it in new form (for Dickie's good, all right).
But what about that little worm—the toiler through the night?
They each are useful in their way; the worm works out of sight,
The bird he toils the live-long-day—'tis Nature's law all right.
You love to hear your "early bird," his sweet voice greatly mellowed,
But little think his boasting word is from the worm he's swallowed.

"TAIL OF THE SHIRT"

(Not by Tom Hood)

The patient had (re-habilitated) in clean, white linen; his doctor noticed this, and humorously enquired, "Where did you get that clean shirt?" The one queried didn't feel like giving the secret away, and hesitated, giving only an evasion. However, next day the doctor got the more or less satisfactory or unsatisfactory information as follows:—)

Dear Doctor:—

You asked me where I got that shirt—the one so clean, so free from dirt?

Just what I said was only "bosh!" (my only other one was in the wash).

I only gave evasive speech (none other seemed within my reach).

But now, I wish to make it clear, in what direction you're to steer:

Just for a shirt that's white and clean, you kindly ask Nurse Mary Green,

And if she brings you one too thin, with that enshroud Miss Ada Grimly,

And should she trade you one that's dark, you then address Scotch lassie Shark

If it's a shirt not worn on days, not satisfied, you quiz Miss Blayze.

There's lots o' shirts; indeed, 'tis hard to stay 'em, but the best of all is ON Nurse Flayem.

NOT "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE," BUT—

Woman! Spare thy Man! Don't pull one single hair;

Leave him five cents for chewing gum, don't pick his pockets bare.

'Twas his kind mother's work, that gave thee thy good man,

So, woman, curb thine hand; just leave him one small "can."

Her poor hard-working son, whose labors always tire,

And toileth oft, long as he can, through frost, snow, slush and mire;

Woman forbear to take, don't rob his pockets so,

Oh, spare for human pity's sake—leave dime for picture show!

"When but an idle boy, he sought the grateful shade,"

Where he could buy ice cream and spend the quarter he had made.

"His father pressed his hand," and in it this much dropped,

For sweeping snow and fetching in the wood that he had chopped.

"His heart-strings now do round thee cling," he's taken thee for better—

He's furnished thee with wedding ring, don't make his life a fetter.

Good man! the storms still brave! And, woman, don't him tease!

For all he has is thine but he's content thy waist to squeeze.

If thou would'st always win his kiss—deserve his full devotion,

His "bottom dollar" always miss, and quit that grasping notion!

But now and then, just help him strive—instead of "pinching," lend him Five.

NOT "THE MILLER OF THE DEE," BUT— THE A. ONE HOSPITAL "GROUSER"

There dwelt a fellow, sick but bold, beside the River Bow,

He bragged and bawled from morn till night; no monkey chattered so.

And this the burden of his "swank" for ever used to be:

"I'll have my 'grub' the first of all—my breakfast, dinner and tea."

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," the doctor said, "as wrong as wrong can be;

"The ruling powers will take their time—there's more on earth than thee.

"And tell me now, what further ails—I'll see what I can do,

"If thirst thou hast, thou'lt yet go dry, thou'lt have to wait that too."

The man he scowled—bare was his head—his cap he couldn't doff,

So to the doctor gruffly said: "Then where do I get off?"

"You have no wife on you to wait," the doctor made reply,

"If I and nurse were led by you, you very soon might die.

"You seem to think there's naught we know, but what you tell to us,

"You're always 'grousing,' loud or low, and kicking up a fuss.

"If you are wiser than your nurse, than doctor wiser still,

"Then sit straight up, and walk right out, and settle up my bill!"

"EXCELSIOR!"

(After Longfellow—a long while after)

"The shades of night were falling fast," as by a little cottage passed,
"A youth who bore" with smiles so nice, a token of his heart's device, "Excelsior!"
"His brow was" light, "his eye beneath," flashed like Love's arrow from its sheath,
And from that heart with love so wrung, the accents of sweet Cupid's tongue, "Excelsior!"
Inside the house he saw the light—the parlour fire glow warm and bright;
Above—from bedroom window shone—the old gent's light—to bed he'd gone,
And from this young man escaped a sigh, relieved he then began to cry, "Excelsior!"
"Try not to pass," the old gent said, "dark lowers this wash-bowl overhead,
I'll fling this basin at thy hide" but loud the young man's voice replied, "Excelsior!"
"Oh, flee!" the maiden cried, "I'll follow; my father then will have to 'holler."
A smile passed through his bright blue eye, the young man then with glee did cry,
"Excelsior!"
"Beware the fence of barbed wire—beware the yard-dog's howling ire,"
This was a neighbor's last good-night, a man replied, far out of sight, "Excelsior!"
At break of day the lovers met, on being one their hearts were set—
Uttered the oft-repeated vow, before a parson married now—"Excelsior!"
A traveller by police was found—the old man, lame, had lost his ground,
Still grasping wash-bowl in his hand—his legs so tired he scarce could stand, "Excelsior!"
Then, in the evening (happy pair!), at home they met dear father there,
And at the table both he kissed, was glad his bowl young man had missed, "Excelsior!"

THE CALL

Ye Britons! come! to the call of the drum, behind you cannot lag,
Your homes are in danger, the German stranger, is out to despoil your Flag!—
Your emblem of Freedom, your able seamen, has swept him off the sea,
Now together stand, clear him off the land, maintain your right to be free!
Mother England obey, maintain the fray; assert that you're a man
Say your bit you will do, you're a Briton true, and do what'er you can:
In medical corps, or digging ore—in mining diamonds black—
By running a train with might and main, you'll drive the Germans back;
Their trenches deep, you'll o'er them leap, and plant the Union Jack.
We're not down-hearted, though before us they started, we'll catch them up in the race.
The foe will go under the Allies' blow, to his appointed place.
Then boys, unite, in this awful fight, all energies place in line—
From Belgium and France, you'll make him prance
And pitch him over—or into—the Rhine.

* * *

To Miss H.—

The true songstress sings to reach the heart, the listener loves such better part—
Than empty soul within the singer (the former causes higher sense to linger),
So all who hear thee sing thy songs, know to which class thy skill belongs,
And everyone, without delay, wish thee the best this Christmas Day;
And when New Year shall make his start, will find thee cheerful—glad of heart,
And right along, through every day, Good Fortune may attend thy way.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE DIET KITCHEN COOK

Pies and cakes—cakes and pies, at Christmas-time is what we prize;
We know they'll never make us sick, because our cook knows all the trick
To make our pie-crusts (not of brick) but rather, full of fatty flakes—
And nice and light are all she makes—
Her crusts are light—just like a feather; her cocoa's good for any weather.
Her soup is always piping hot, as rich as any mother got
For father when he'd done his work and smacked his lips like any Turk.
Her milk's not water (more like cream), her jelly custard's like a dream—
Yet not a dream—(so much the better)—the place to say so's in this letter.
There's lots of good things from thy skill, more welcome than the doctor's bill.
His beakers, glasses, may run o'er the brim, thou'rt worth a barrow load of him.
It's nice to see thy wares come down that chute; I love thy motto: "Feed the brute!"
We wish thee all this world can give of good, of health—long may'st thou live!
And give us all good words to utter; a dietary wide—our bread and butter!
I'd like just here to make suggestion—(my stomach's good—a fine digestion),
Thou'rt cook experienced—not just budding—I'd like a dab o' Yorkshire pudding!
Just one more word—(the last we'll say)—we wish thee well, this Christmas Day!

CALGARY—AN ALLITERATIVE ALLEGATION

- Calgary's churches claim clean character; commend concord, conspicuous, consistent, consonant carefulness concerning certain civil concerns. Choirs can chant canticles, choruses, cantatas cadently; congregations contribute chic cheques constantly, conscientiously. Clergy, curates, chaplains collect coin certifying contributors' cheerful charity; conduct connubial couples' ceremonies; celebrate communion, chronicle children's christenings; chide children's circumlocution; console calamitous; condemn captious cranks' crookedness.
- Calgary's City Council convene, combine, contemplate, concur, command, countermand, consume cigars.
- Calgary's City Commission comprise circumspect comrades; compiles covenants; certifies contracts; compares candidates' credentials. Clerks collect customs.
- Calgary's Chief Constable Cuddy's capable colleagues courageously, competently collect clues; chase, circumvent, capture carousing casuals—criminals; compose city's common weal.
- Calgary's Civil Courts checkmate charlatans, counterfeits; cases combated collapse—custody cells.
- Calgary's citizen chaps chop chips, chore, cook cabbage, cereals.
- Calgary's carpenters construct cathedrals, colleges, churches, cottages, capture contracts; cleverly construct contour cornices; carve curved centilinear ceilings; carry clamps. Chisels cleave clean cedar cleats.
- Calgary's college chums' current curriculum contemplates cypher calculation; calligraphy, correspondence, classic citations, compositions, cube capacities, compiled cyclopedias, Caesar's Commentaries—Countenances, cultivates cricket, croquet, curling, cycling, calisthenics, "cat-calls."
- Calgary's Climbing Club climbs colossal cliffs, crests; crawls crags, crevasses co-equalling competing companions—compeers; compassing congealed, crystalized, concatenated conglomerations. Congratulating, complimenting—compensating cultured *Canadian clergy climber, Condemning, criticizing, combating contentiously Cook's circum-polar claims.
- Calgary's climatic conditions considered conciliatory; cirrus clouds, cerulean canopy co-exist, capably conferring champion cardinal cereals consequently consecutive. Cogitate capped cliffs, crests, caverns, clearly certifying circumjacent Columbia!
- Calgary's Cupids' couples court, coo, caress, clasp, cull curls, converse, correspond; chew candy-coated Chiclets, chocolates; compose cozily-cushioned corners clandestinely; contemplate conjugal, connubial, conducive co-partnership; crockery, cookery, cots, cradles, cooing children—cherubs.
- Calgary's cafe's cooks collaborate culinary collections; compound cakes, cookies, consommé, custards, coffee. Confectioners' candy, chocolate creams.
- Calgary's clockmakers' carved cases contain chronometers, cruetts, cutlery, carved cameos, corals, charms, carefully covered caskets. Cameras conceal caricatures.
- Calgary's cattle: cows, calves' carcasses, capricious collies—canines, cats, conies, cantering cayouse; canaries, cackling chickens, crowing cocks. Coyotes, compel combat.
- Calgary cultures cool, crisp cucumbers, corn, carrots, cress, celery, cauliflower, chives; columbines, cannas, cactus, carmine carnations, chrysanthemums, climbing clematis, canary creeper.
- Calgary's commerce compels consideration. Commercial carry circling crusades continually. Courage, customary civility continue culminating contractors', civilians', cottagers' cheques. Commercial cargoes concern calicoes, cambrics, crape, canvas, cashmere, curtains, crocheting, crewel, chintz, chiffons, cravats, costumes, cloaks, caps, corsets, collars, corduroys; cars, cabs, chaises, carriages, caboose. Curious circulating catalogues concern copal, cruppers, cranberries; carpets, clocks, cane chairs, chests, chisels, churns, cycles, china cups, cauldrons, colanders, calipers, canary-cages, concertinas, complex compasses, crayons; coal, coke, cement; cheese, cream, cognac, cider, claret, champagne.
- Calgary's chemists checkmate cholera, croup, chin-cough, corns, colds, chills, chronic cancer. Commercialize corks, celluloid, cellulose, cinchona, cinnamon, celandine, castor-oil, chloroform, carraways, collapsible chamois, collaborate compound carbonated calcinations, carbolics, citrates. Capsuled carboys contain corrosives. Canistered chocolates classified conceal caramels charmingly cheap?
- Calgary's citizens' covered cars' conductors collect cash continually, call crowds ceaselessly, convey carefully,

Conveniently circumambulating,

CALGARY CITY.

*Rev. G. W. Kinney, Methodist Minister, Victoria, B.C., first to climb Mt. Robson.

MARGARET VIRGINIA

(By request)

Margaret Virginia! A Christmas good for thee!
If I'm "interned" it is my wish to see
A friend enjoying still the best of health:
Facial smile, quiet mind, possessing wealth.

I have not known thee very long,
But what I think, should make a song;
I may not tell thee half of what I think,
But I'll ne'er forget thy knowing wink.
Margaret a canny Scot might be—
There's honor in such family tree:
Bold for the right—for good so bravely set,
Thy name's well chosen rosy, cheery, kindly Margaret!

Virginia, too's, a name well chosen,
There'd been no better had'st thou a dozen.
Virginia, I would tell thee if I can,—
When thou art really ready for a Man,
Don't wed his wealth, nor yet his smile,
Right good all through is just thy style;
View him piercingly—search the inner,
But pray, don't forget me, Margaret Virginia!

LEAP YEAR LOVE STORY, IN A NUT-SHELL

Charming Cynthia carefully chooses Cyril's companionship; coolly conceded—caught chaperoning coquettish cousin (?) Charlotte.

Cynthia's cross, chilled, cooled, chagrined. Considers closer contact could conciliate, conquer, cantering, capering Cyril.

Cheerfully chooses conflict, combat.

Culprit confronted, charged, collapses—confessing culpability.

Cynthia's consoled, comforted; circles Cyril's corporation.

Chairs come closer; cerebral craning commences; clustering curls chafe Cyril's crimsoned, carmined cheeks.

Consolations celestial consummated! Chins collide caressingly.

Crisis come. Celibacy concluded.

Celebrations! Congratulations! Church, clergyman. Choir chants canticles. Congregational cheers!

Cars, chauffeurs, confetti. Cottage, crockery, cookery, candied cakes, confectionery. Colored cards calling cousins. Champagne, claret, coffee, cocoa.

Cots contain couple cheery, cherry-checked children—cooing cherubs! Concludes chapter.

THE COLLECTION AT CHURCH

Maurice is my grandson, (he's only just turned five):
A sharper child, such tender age, you never saw alive;
I took him to the church, he stood up in the pew,
His sharp eyes were open wide, to see what folks did do.
In time they came with plate around (he wondered what it meant);
He watched what I did, then put on, his only one five cent;
He'd nothing for it—watched it further, further on
From him, and then: "Grandpa, where's my money gone?"

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' "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.)

* * *

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!

THE CHURCH FIRE

The Central Methodist Church! We were pained to see it go
The day but one of First of March—a time of frost and snow.
The firemen worked so hard, to save that structure fine:
Heroes worthy pen of bard, (Beyond this one of mine).
"Seven lives endangered," so 'twas said, (one shudders at the thought);
Those lives were saved as by a thread, (let's praise when praise we ought);
Our gratitude should know no bound, for 'twas such noble deed—
No better men than Smart's are found—these heroes take the lead!
Though icy water clothes did soak—(They feared not fire nor water);
They passed through all to save the folk—that mother sick—that daughter.
Five braves were injured less or more—some burnt about the head,
But still with hurts and burns so sore, they did what "Cappy" said.
I scarcely think the people know, of Smart's years seven-and-twenty
Fighting fires 'mid heat and snow, in hospital been times in plenty:
Eighteen, to state the number full; (this sure deserves attention).
How if our people this way pull, when time arrives—donate a pension?
All honor to the crew of Smart! (Stiff tasks at times their work);
This incident of pluck and heart, shows duty none did shirk!
All those who suffered in the fire—we wish to cheer their hearts,
Sympathy's with mother, daughter, sire—we all thank "Cappy" Smart.

THE CHURCH FIRE—Part II

That now we've dealt with heroic side—the church we would review:
It's been a landmark and the pride of world, the pulpit and the pew.
A "landmark" for the immigrant—(We're nearly all in that),
To Doctor Kerby first of all, this "stranger" doffs his hat.
To us were said (the words so kind, well nigh a dozen years ago,
It showed a caring state of mind): "Shake hands before you go;
We welcome give, please little wait—we want acquaintance yours to make,
Lone strangers at our gate." (Grips yet that warm-hand-shake).

* * *

The Reading Room has been a boon—writing materials found;
Where many a son has written home—to friendships all around.
You cannot tell what good's been done—with such as this attached—
To Church's work (may seem small sum), the two are so well-matched:
The Home comes first for tender child, (He soon grows up to man);
The Church it teaches "mercy mild," (Who'd learn it always can).
The "Men's Own" fills another need each Sunday afternoon.
For every week there's sown "good seed"—it always is a boon.
Who started this and gave it "go," we give a vote of thanks so hearty—
We'd now let each one of them know:—The Kerby, Hunt and Cushing party
Include the whole of Trustee Board—(the time's propitious—one of stress);
They'll need of help, our little hoard, to build the Church afresh.
Let "Men's Own" firstly "horn the bull"—be first to "don the collar"—
Together pull, a long, strong pull—Let's start it with a dollar.

A LITTLE SUCKER

To the parson's home there came one day a bounding baby boy,
The father's heart was full and glad—the mother's filled with joy.
The flock he claimed as his "dear sheep," with feelings undisguised
Gave dollars or cents (a nice little heap) to show they sympathized.
Then parson from his pulpit said (tears in his eye, his mouth a-pucker):
"I thank you very much, dear friends, for bringing me that succour!"

To Nurse E.:-

Many kindly thoughts of thee doth linger, and were I poet or a singer,
I'd like to warble with delight, thy kind attentions day and night,
One pleasant thing when on Floor A., I found in thee a friend alway
Great comfort thou to meet my sight, at 4 a.m. or 12 at night.
I ne'er expected thus to meet, such willing hands—such lovely feet!
I can't re-pay thee—'twould be rash—to rate thy worth in dollars' cash;
But I can wish with all my heart thou'lt always have "the better part":
Just as one Christmas means another, goodwill shall follow like kind brother,
And when shall come a fresh New Year, thy best of fortune may appear.

HE NEVER WILL

If the doctor's Antiseptic Baby, and the nurse's Prophylactic Pup
Were nosing in the garbage when the flies came buzzing up,
They scarce could look upon these insects with a loathing undisguised
For fifty years behind them, scarcely they were sterilized.
P'raps themselves had "cultured" microbes—been hot beds of disease,
But good luck stood by them through the vapor of a thousand odd degrees—
Would their love for Creatures—Flies and such like doze
Tell the worth of Permanganate, "Monkey Brand," or Carbolated Soap?
If they'd don their Rubber Mittens—take each Wasp or Beetle by the hand,
Then the child or Pup-superior, soon could lead a fumigated band.
They should say to Micrococcus: "Please get out of the way,
We bathe in pure Iodoform at least three times a day;
In Sulphuretted Hydrogen, we've steeped up to the ears;
We cut our curls, or tails off with a pair of hard-boiled shears.
Our Papa's a doctor, says he'll never give it up
Till we all imbibe our Rations from an Hygienic cup.

AT THE HOSPITAL CONCERT

Sometimes a grudge we'd satisfy—time short or long we'd gratify;
It's well to think if 'tis worth while, sometimes it's mean and full of guile,
Your judgment's given to find it out, to pass it o'er, or make a shout;
If innocent and free from harm, return it quick while yet 'tis warm:
I had one late—of matter such—a little matter—'twas not much;
(A patient always feels so humbled, when in his bed he's just been tumbled,
He's such a lot which to submit, and kicks right out, or someone hit).
The nurses, doctors long did treat, and doped me up from head to feet;
Helpless was I to give them back, a bitter dose their lips to crack:
Till evening one they concert had, and asked me then, if not too bad
To stand before them and recite. So back at them from left to right
I thought I'd give them something warm; "Tipperary," 'twould not much harm.
They sat it well—physic, nursing hands—Got back at me with clapping hands—
It was no use—I had no chance to parley, "Encore," they called, give "Cheery Charlie."

ON TAG DAY

One loves to see a Tag Day come, "mere man" then gets detention—
The ladies do around us hum, and claims our full attention.
It's nice to see them all alive, to our importance great,
Our steps they meet us one-in-five: "We're pillars of the State!"
There's something coming after this—(we wonder what their "axe to grind"),
That smiling, 'witching, artful Miss—she would our pockets find!
I used to give at early morn, to first of Taggers I did meet,
But through the day 'twas almost scorn from other Taggers on the street.
I now reserve till late at eve—till Taggers all on me have pressed,
The dollar then that does me leave has earned its very best.

WHY DON'T YOU DON THE KHAKI?

(Suggested by a Recruiting Poster).

Why don't you don the Khaki,
Or else the Navy Blue—
From line and trench, or Kiel Canal
Stop Huns from coming through?
You've shown no "colours" yet this while
"For Britain, Home or Beauty,"
You've worn civilian garb in style,
Now don the dress of Duty!

Have you not seen the finger's scorn,
Because you're not in Khaki?
When every clime of our Domain—
From Afric's shores the Darkey—
From frozen North—from Tropic soil,
They feel it's but their due—
All these are *Men*—true Britishers—
You don the Khaki too!

It's not a glittering show, we know—
Nor yet the peacock fine,
But Khaki or Blue, will see you through
The Kiel or River Rhine!
Then up and don the Khaki—
Your part for Freedom take,
For Honour, King and Empire—
Your own dear safety's sake!

Have you not known a mother's love?
And been her constant care?
Did she not train for Manhood's ways—
Made that her daily prayer?
The time is *Now*, to prove her work—
Now let her prayers come true—
For her dear sake the dress now take—
The Khaki, or the Blue.

Just think of wives, of mothers, homes,
Of all they loved bereft,
Just look at gallant Belgium,
Of it so little left!—
Once smiling, peaceful, well-tilled farms,—
A land of beauty, too;
Up, up and right her forlorn plight,—
Don Khaki, or the Blue!

Were *none* to change peaceful attire—
None don the Khaki, or the Blue,
By now the foe had been through France,
Aye! wasting Britain too!
But thousands brave have crost the wave—
And blocked the lawless Hun,
You back them up, in Khaki get,—
Be Britain's worthy son!

"Yes! yes! I'll don the Khaki,"
I hear you firmly say;
I'll be the man my mother wished,—
I'll help to win "The Day!"
I'll be the friend of orphans—
Of helpless, mothers, wounded, too,
I'll help the fight—(Great Britain's right)
I'm Khaki through and through!

Hume, the historian, says of Lord Astley, that before he charged at the battle of Edgehill, made this short prayer:—"Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me."

"A HINT FOR BUSY PEOPLE"

To him that is of humble heart,
No matter place in life his part,—
Lord or Duke, or lowly peasant,
"Way of Life" makes it most pleasant.

Astley fought at Edgehill battle,
In the days now long gone by,
But his prayer, (no idle prattle)
Busy men should not pass by.

'Fore he charged on this occasion,
Felt he this: might fight all day,—
Not one moment of cessation,
Gain his closet for to pray.

Petitioned thus: (so brief we see)
Busy day this one must be,
Should I in this strife forget,
Do Thou me remember yet.

Brother, ring them down the ages,—
Let us use them as time flies,
Words so worthy hist'ry pages,—
Prayer, like kindness never dies.

Oh that they our souls would fill,—
"Lest we forget," lest I forget,
Precious Saviour out war's ill,
Do thou bless our Empire yet.

All our wise men placed in power
By Thine own Almighty hand,—
They are busy,—*very* busy,
Few of us can understand.
Knowest thou,—scarcely time to bend the knee,
Hear: "If I forget thee,
Do not Thou forget poor me."

And ye mothers,—yes our mothers,
Worn and weary day and night,
Toiling hard for good of others,—
Brave of heart, keep up the fight!

Think ye thus of what *He* said:
Little sparrows falls not dead,—
Pity in His tender eye
Melts to see small creature die.

More than this: (who'd think it?)
"Numbered are your very hairs,—
Come to Me ye heavy-laden,
Cast on Me your burdening cares."

Are we busy,—*very* busy,
Let us ask, and wait, and see,
Tell Him brief if we forget Thee
Do not Thou forget poor me.

A HINT FOR BUSY PEOPLE—Continued

Can *one* say I ne'er forgot Him;
"All like sheep have gone astray,"
Never *once* has He forgotten,—
Grace has lengthened *all* our day.

When we're busy,—very busy,—
Scarce find time to bend the knee,
It's *so* easy to forget Him,—
Do not Thou forget poor me!

Kept as apple of His eye,—
Brother closer draws not nigh,
"Taste and see, the Lord is good",—
Mercy, love His attitude.

Rebels we when first He sought us,—
"Dopted now His sons and daughters,
Marvel this: "What manner of love,"
Sweetly peaceful Heavenly Dove
Fill us more while earth we stay
Till we find Eternal Day;
There from ill we'll all be set
Glory Thine,—we'll ne'er forget,—
We'll *ne'er* forget.

Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, B.C.
May 1, 1917.

OUR EDNA

(In Memoriam)

The greatest grief lays low our hearts,—
How deep none know till loved one parts:
It can't be healed in this world wide—
Our Edna taken from our side;
Was all so young, so fair, so good;
Her worth the mother only understood,
Even she finds words do not express
The sadness, loneliness and distress
At vacant place on hearth in home,
For one that never more may come.
The only comfort—she so kind,
The solaced, peaceful, quiet mind—
The prayers for whom she left behind;
Her grief dear mother's heart to rend
So soon—no longer her befriend.
She prayed for this, (nor would she swerve),
Through life her mother always serve;
But when it came (the words so still):
"Not mine, O Lord, but Thine the will,"
And after this no longer pent,
Her soul to Jesus calmly went,
With final words just at life's end:
"To Thee my spirit I commend."

* * *

"She came and we all were better
For the sight of her winsome face,
Her smile was a ray of gladness,
And the world was a purer place."

Entered her rest February 5th, 1915
24 years of age
Daughter of Levi and Lucy Houghton

