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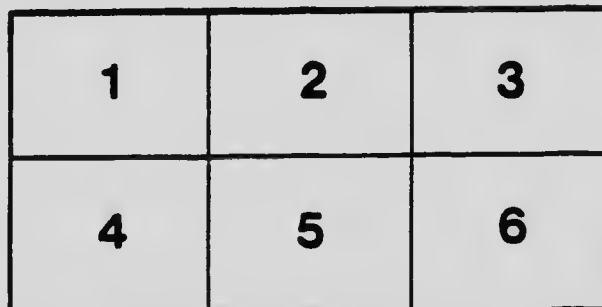
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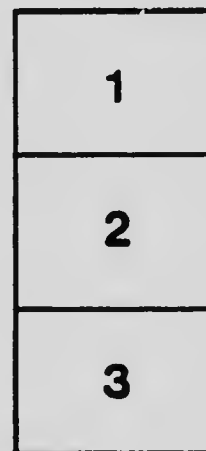
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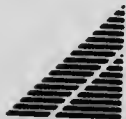
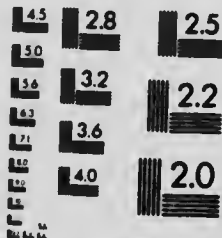
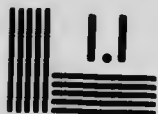
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# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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*by Estelle M. Herr*

**Greetings**  
from  
**Lawrence Salmon**  
**Toronto Ferry Company**



# THE ISLAND



RHYMES & SKETCHES

By ESTELLE M. KERR







**T**O YOU who there with me have played,—  
    (The Island that we used to know)  
    With bright red pail and tiny spade,  
    Ten, twenty, forty years ago,  
I dedicate these island rhymes,—  
    The place has changed, but so have we,—  
A souvenir of happy times,  
    A hope of happier days to be.

The Island fathers then, who missed  
    The single morning boat, must row,  
But two boats plied each afternoon,—  
    Perhaps they were a trifle slow;  
But how we loved them in our youth,  
    "Luella" with the clipper bow  
And friendly, greasy engineer,—  
    Yet who would sing her praises now?

To "Harlan's Point" and "Centre" too,—  
    More lately christened "Island Park,"—  
The ferries made a double trip,—  
    t seldom stirred out after dark.  
The Island, since that time, has changed,  
    Is changing and will change still more  
When bridges span the gaps that lie  
    'Twixt lake and bay, and shore meets shore.

COME away, come away,  
 Come, sail across the bay  
 And be merry!

For we're going to the Island  
 The green and shady Island  
 The sandy, sunny Island  
 On the ferry.

Now what Island? It would seem  
 That you don't know which I mean,  
 Yet I doubt it,  
 For our Island has such fame,  
 Even if it has a name,  
 Does without it.

Come away, come away  
 Where the lake breeze blows to-day  
 And be merry!  
 Leave the riot for the quiet  
 And choose peanuts for a diet  
 On the ferry.



**T**AKE a street-car, that's the way,  
 To the corner—Front and Bay.  
 Peanut vendors there delay you,  
 Blind musicians may waylay you,  
 Popping corn and ripe bananas scent the air.  
 You must draw your purse-strings firmly,  
 You must eye the children sternly,  
 They are sure to want their pennies over there.

Don't let anyone begin it,  
 For the boat leaves any minute,  
 And you still are blocks away from the bay.  
 Hurry! Here's the railroad track,  
 But the eager crowds surge back  
 As the safety-gates drop down—more delay!

O thank goodness! Now at last  
 Those annoying trains have passed,  
 The safety-gates are rising; we may go.  
 Hurry! Half a second late  
 Means a twenty-minute wait  
 Did you ever know a crowd to be slow?





Hasten, hasten to the wicket  
And secure a ferry ticket,—  
Steady, steady, don't get in a  
rage!

In spite of all! entreating cries  
The gates are closed before  
your eyes

And you are shut like monkeys  
in a cage.

3

“CORRECT Weight One Cent”  
Reads the legend on the scales,  
“Have you weighed yourself to-day?”  
See the fat folk slip away  
While the thin ones, crowding round,  
Put their pennies in the slot.  
Skinnie Susie cries, “I've gained!”  
While plump Beatrice looks pained.  
“Oh, those scales are never right  
And they spoil my appetite!  
Keep your money for the eats,  
Hurry, or we won't get seats!  
See, the gates are opening now  
Let's go.  
What's the use of knowing  
What you do not want to know?”





4

**H**O, for the Island, sail away,  
Sail to-day  
Across the bay.  
Come to the Island, come and play,  
My fair lady.  
Golden is the sun,  
Silver is the moon,  
And our feet keep time to the harpist's tune.

Drop your pennies in the blind man's hat  
The harpist's hat  
So worn and flat.  
Drop your pennies in the harpist's hat,  
My fair lady.  
Golden is his harp,  
Silver is his hair,  
Copper are the coins that are falling there.

Clang! A copper. He can always tell;  
He cannot see  
But knows full well.  
Chink! Comes the silver ringing like a bell,  
My fair lady.  
Clang! Clang! Clang!  
Clink like a bell.  
But there's nothing but a rattle in a peanut-shell.

THE Island is a pleasant place for all the ages,  
It is beloved alike by fools and sages.

If you are five  
You like to dig and wade  
And, just as soon as you arrive,  
To picnic with your mother, in the shade.

If you are eight  
You like the games of ball,  
You like to be out late, and watch  
The ferry's engine, that's the best of all.

At more than ten  
Such things seem rather slow  
And you are chiefly happy, when  
You swim or dive or paddle, sail or row.

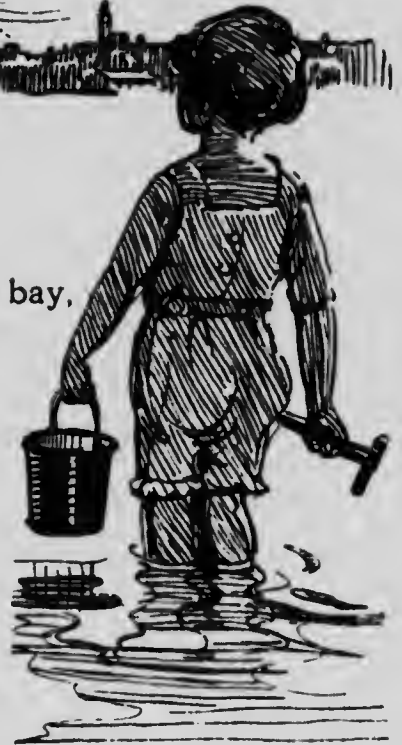
If you're in love  
You'll ride in a canoe,  
The lake below, the sky above  
And none in all the universe, save two.

If you are old  
You'll listen to the band  
And tell the children that the park,  
When you were young, was only arid sand.



6

I GAZE upon the city, gray  
With smoke and dust, across the bay,  
The office buildings, piled so high  
That people say they scrape the sky,  
Cathedral spires, the city hall,  
The station,—why, I know them all,  
Or almost all,—and any doubt  
My mother soon can straighten out.



7

THE "Chippewa" has gone to take  
Her trip—Niagara-on-the-Lake;  
And through the eastern gap once more  
"Corona" will return at four.  
I wave to them; I know each one,  
"Modjeska" comes from Hamilton,  
While smaller ferry-boats like ours  
Are called by names of pretty flowers,—  
The "Mayflower," "Primrose," "Island Belle,"  
I know them all; I know them well.



8

THE rain shuts out the distant shore,  
A fog obscures the ships,  
The docks and sheds and bridges  
Are lost in driving mist,  
The tables are deserted,  
The ball-ground is forlorn  
And, huddled 'neath the willow trees,  
We wait the coming storm.

The willows shake their matted leaves  
And toss their dripping branches,  
Then happily we scamper off  
And quite forget our fears.  
The pools reflect a turquoise sky,  
The emerald grass is sparkling  
And the willows see a rainbow  
Through their tears.



LANGUIDLY moving o'er the grass  
 We see the artist pass  
 She pauses now and then to stare,  
 Now here, now there, now anywhere—  
 But what is it the artist sees?  
 Just picnickers and willow trees?  
 Nothing in view that we could mention  
 Would warrant such absorbed attention.

And now she halts besides the bay  
 While all her languor fades away,  
 She drops her kit and shades her eyes  
 And stares, to everyone's surprise.  
 The people gather round to wonder,  
 One mutters vaguely, "What in thunder . . ."  
 A youngster trebles, "Gee, I bet  
 That lady saw a boat upset!"

"What can it be? What can it be?  
 Stop shoving there, I want to see!"  
 Then all the people gathered round  
 Tell one another, someone's drowned . . .

Still unconcerned she seems to gaze  
 Into the opalescent haze.  
 Oblivious to all around,  
 She hears no unaccustomed sound.  
 She sighs, and slowly turns her head.  
 Seeing the crowd, she blushes red,  
 Picks up her kit and slips away  
 And so, still curious, do they.



**S**EE the Sunday-school picnickers come from the  
ferry,

Be-badged and be-ribboned the boys run ahead  
To the spot they have chosen to play and make  
merry,

The little tots after by teachers are led.

The bigger boys follow with baskets and hampers,

Two men stagger past with an organ, for hymns,  
And half an hour after they all have assembled,

The best fun commences: the racing begins.

First the infant class runs, then the primary classes,

All eagerly striving to merit the prize;

Then the three-legged boys and the obstacle races,

With handicaps only a fiend could devise.

But the elders aside, whisper one to another,

How Johnny should really have won that last race,

How Susie pushed Hetta and Edith tripped Bella,

And Charles tried to cheat,—you could tell by his  
face!

Then the call comes to supper, spread in the Pavilion,

There are tables in plenty to seat the whole crowd;

And they stand while they're singing "Oh Lord,  
now we thank Thee."

They do not sing well, but they sing very loud.



Such cakes with such icings, such tarts and such  
doughnuts

With sandwiches too, as a matter of course—  
With tea for the elders,—if teacher's not looking,  
For Mabel (who afterwards feels some remorse).

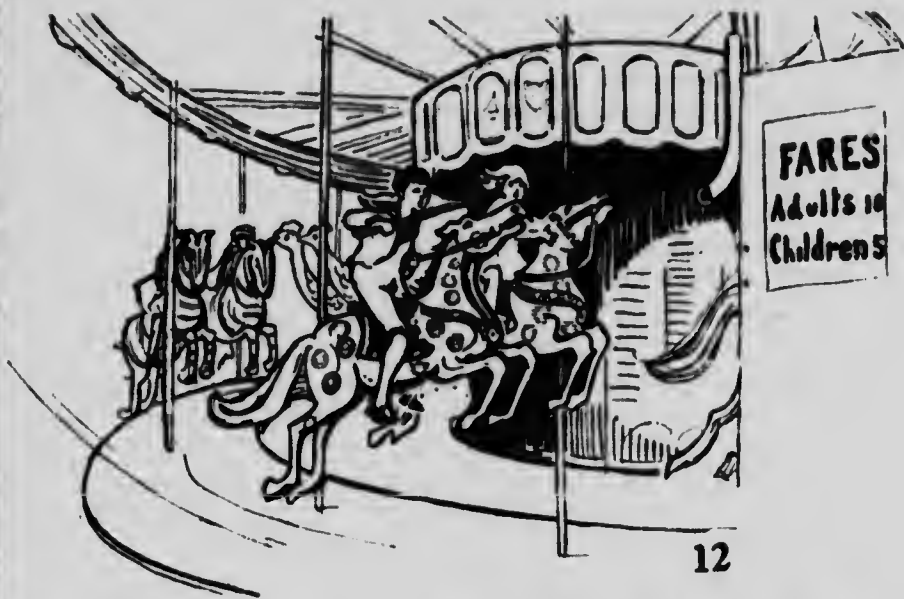
After supper, more races, a race for the mothers,  
The teachers will share in the "thread-needle" race.  
Some fat fathers come by the six o'clock ferry  
For a fierce tug of war—and the fun moves apace!

But the children are tired and contented to gather  
Around the small organ to sing, while the sun  
Glow red through the willows and gold on the water,  
Then the dishes are gathered and packing begun.

Away through the twilight they move towards the  
ferry

Still humming the tune: "Sailors, pull for the shore,"  
Faint and faint by the water we still hear their voices,  
Then a ferry-boat whistles: the picnic is o'er.





*Round, round, merry-go-round  
To a ringing, tingling, musical sound.*

**A**LL aboard, children, come for a ride,  
Lions and camels and zebras bestride!  
There are beasts by the dozen and even a bird,  
But to Ronald these creatures are simply absurd:  
And so he rides, as a matter of course,  
A rearing, prancing, dapple-gray horse.

Ronald, transformed to a famous lord,  
Grasping the hilt of his mighty sword  
And drawing it forth to test the steel,  
Adjusts his grip. How good to feel  
One's feet in the stirrup, that's the thing!  
Now he rides on the Quest of the Golden Ring.

A pale little girl with golden hair  
Clings to the inside horse of the pair  
Says Ronald, "This is the way to ride!"  
And he vows that the maiden shall be his bride  
When he has achieved that perilous thing  
The Quest of the one rare Golden Ring.

An iron ring hangs suspended on high,  
But lo, he has pierced it when galloping by,  
Again he strives bravely, and worshipping eyes.  
Watch while he captures the golden prize,  
And Ronald smiles back, "Did ever you see  
A braver or cleverer boy than me?"

*(Round, round, merry-go-round  
To a ringing, tingling musical sound)*

Then Ronald jumps to the gray mare's side  
To aid the dismount of his future bride,  
"Jump and I'll put you safe on the floor,  
But I, with my ring, may ride once more."

### 13

LET tired mothers sit and talk  
Where they haven't far to walk,  
Let the picnickers eat sandwiches and cake.  
Sure, the park is cool and shady  
If you are a kid-gloved lady  
But the gayer crowd is moving to the lake.

There's a band in the Casino,  
There are ball-games on the green  
And little boats glide past on the lagoon,  
But if it's hot we recommend  
That swimming's the best way to spend  
A quiet and a pleasant afternoon.



Oh, your cup of joy seems brimming,  
If you're really fond of swimming,  
And the diving-board will bring a new elation.  
During August give me quiet,  
With ice-cream for a diet  
And swimming for my only dissipation!

14

THE picnickers are scurrying,—  
It's nearly six o'clock,—  
And harassed mothers, hurrying  
Soiled children to the dock,  
Meet the city-men returning  
From their day of money-earning  
To their homes upon the island  
In a flock.

Then sunburnt children rushing up  
On fat brown legs to meet him,  
His evening paper crushing up  
Impulsively to greet them,  
The happy father groans—  
He must purchase ice-cream cones  
And treat them.



## 15

**W**HEN the tired business man  
 Doffs his dusty suit of tweed,  
 Dons his flannels or his ducks and negligé,  
 Comes a feeling of elation,  
 Like a boy on his vacation  
 Every evening is a happy holiday.

## 16

**B**EHIND the roofs of Hanlan's the ruddy sun  
 drops down  
 While a gold and crimson glory spreads above  
 the purpling town,  
 The quiet waters echo back the beauty of the sky  
 And we hold our breath with rapture, while the  
 angel passes by.

The city starts to sparkle, here a glint and there a  
 gleam,  
 Then the street lamps add their lustre and each  
 dock-light throws a beam.  
 Now the ferry's starboard side and port are marked  
 with green and red.  
 While the smaller craft swing lanterns or else hurry  
 off to bed.

The moon we once thought chalky, is a brilliant  
 silver tray  
 That throws a radiant path for us, away across the  
 bay.  
 There are circling lights at Hanlan's, ruby, emerald,  
 and topaz,  
 And across the quiet waters comes the vibrant  
 sound of jazz.



**P**OISED between two skies we go  
 Noiselessly, save for the dip  
 Of gleaming paddles as they slip  
 O'er quivering moonlit ripples  
 To the mirrored sky below.

Across the bank the night breeze sighs  
 Bending the rushes, and you turn  
 To catch the scarf whose loose ends yearn  
 And flutter gently, touching now  
 Your cheeks, your lips, your eyes.

Through gray lagoons and cuts we glide,  
 Leaving slow-moving craft behind,  
 Their songs and laughter stilled, we find  
 Ourselves upon the silent bay  
 Where moonbeams peep and hide.

The town which, but an hour ago,  
 Gleamed gay, eludes our sight.  
 A fairy isle, a mystic light  
 And nothing real in all the world  
 Save you and summer night.





18

**D**OWN at Ginn's Casino,  
Twinkling through the trees,  
Chinese lanterns light the dancers  
Swaying in the breeze.  
Music every evening,  
Always gay and bright,  
You ought to see the dancing—  
Take your girl to-night.

Buy a double ticket,  
Self and lady fair,  
Check your hats and put your wraps  
Together over there.  
This way, show your tickets,  
Pass in through the gate,  
The orchestra is starting,  
Do not hesitate.



19

**T**HE fox-trot ends triumphantly,  
The warm embraces sever  
And one by one reluctant pairs  
Will seek their wraps together,  
Then onward, forward towards the boat  
The crowds of evening idlers float.

The whistle! No. It cannot be,  
Their time is surely fast  
Why, by my watch . . . By Jove, that's so  
It is a quarter past.



The boat is moving, but don't stop  
Keep on, there still is hope  
It's got to wait, it simply must  
Hi, hi, there,—drop that rope!  
Prepare to catch her. There! All right!  
We nearly had to stay all night.

20

NOW the girls are softly humming  
And the boys have gone below  
They must see the throbbing engines  
And the wheels that make us go  
Mothers, leaning on the railing  
Watch the moonlight on the foam,  
Babies sleep until the whistle  
Blows to tell us we are home.



The Island is a pleasant place for all the ages,  
It is beloved alike by fools and sages.





