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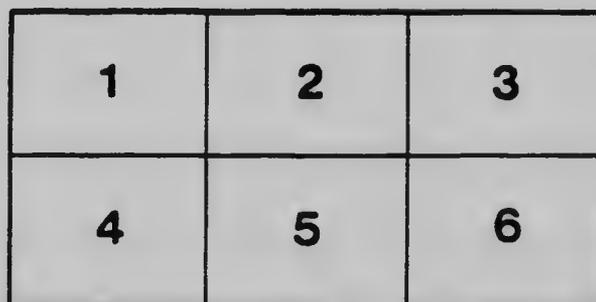
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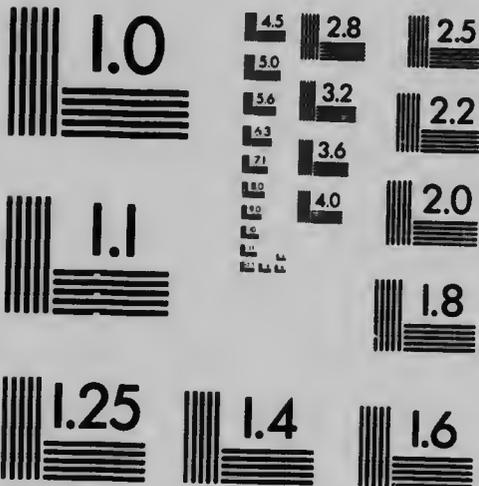
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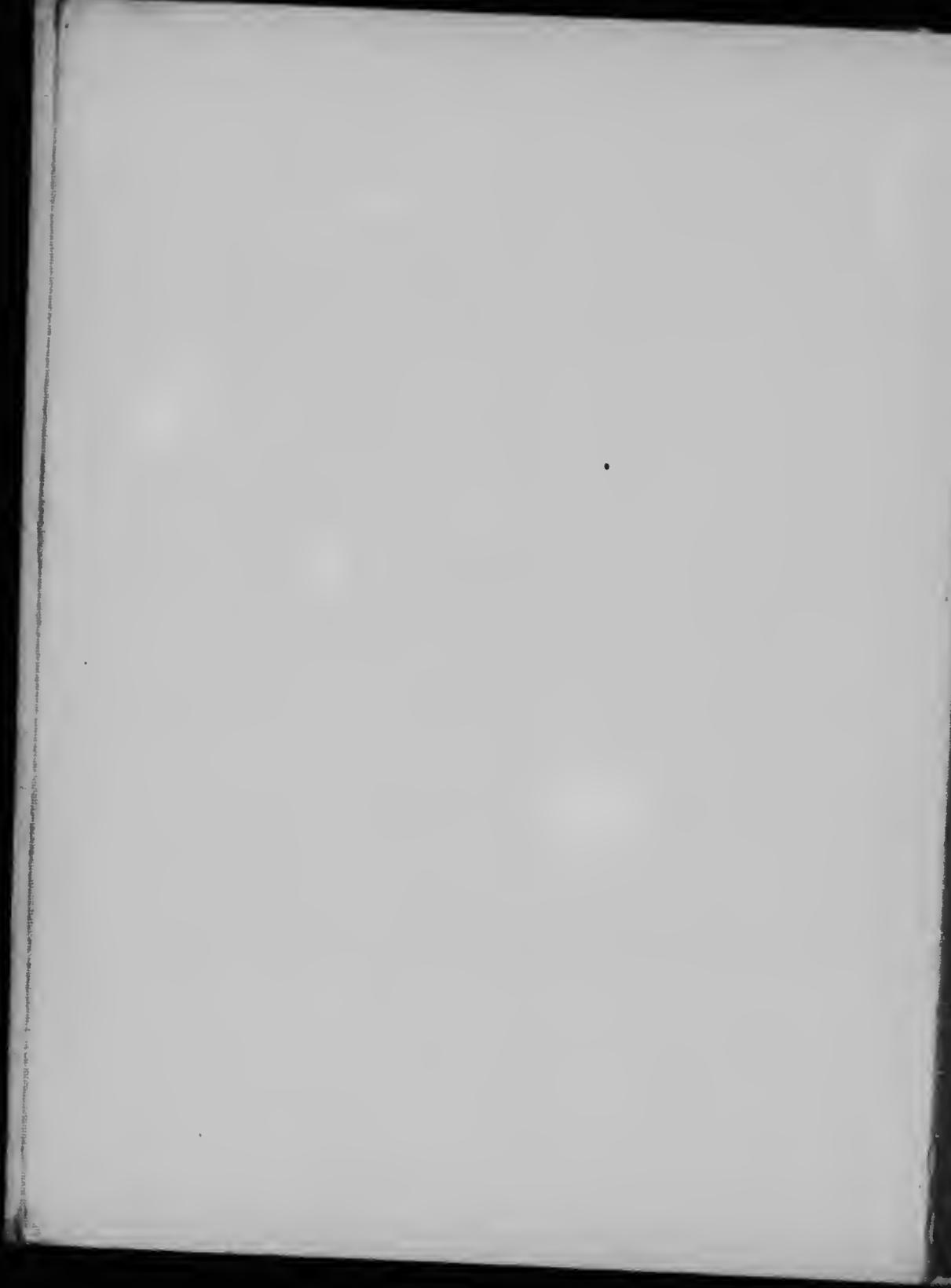
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**BUBBLES FROM THE
BOILER ROOM**



BY
DAVID MACGEORGE

GALT, ONTARIO
THE REFORMER PRESS

—
1910

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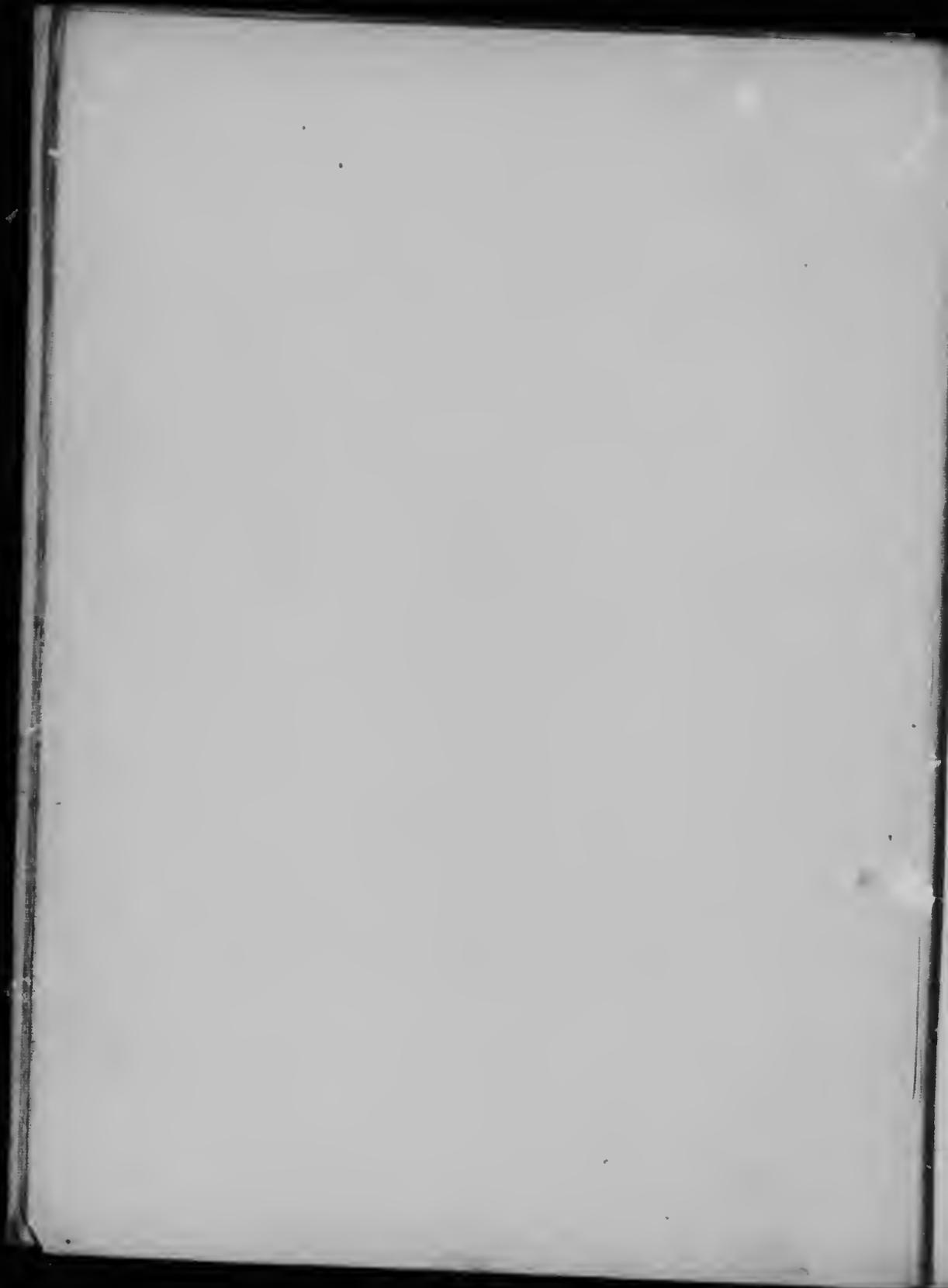
AN APOLOGY.

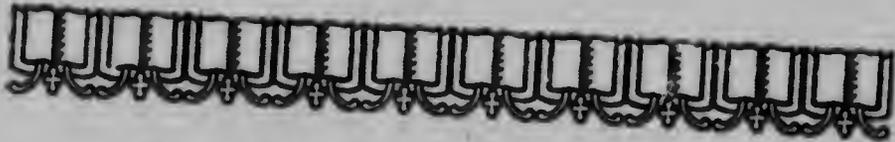
A second issue of my poems I here present to the public, at the request of many of my friends. While I claim for them no particular merit, at the same time they will be a memento of my 25 years as caretaker at the G.C.I., and to many pupils, and ex-pupils, a reminder of the pleasant associations that ever existed between us.

Ever yours,

MAC.

G.C.I., August, 1910.





WITH RESPECTS TO VICTORIA MOSS.

Were I in youth's gay morning,
And no care marks on my brow,
Just stepping to manhood
And Cupid on the prow.

My soul would fill with rapture
While I'd gaze upon a face
Where smiles of purest sweetness
Betoken inward grace.

'Tis hard to think that evil
Would lurk within the breast,
Of nature's perfect model,
Or even suspicion rest.

Begone such thoughts as these,
Those fears retire unbidden,
I read within those hazel eyes
No such a thing is hidden.

Her teeth are just like pearls
So rarely to be seen,
She needs no golden trimmings
As numbers have between.

May God's hand ever guide her
In this world where snares abound,
May Heaven's light surround her
Should darkness e'er be found.

A mother's pet, a father's joy
No doubt but such is true;
An only child, home's brightest light,
May it shine their lifetime through.

**IN MEMORY OF THE SCHOOL BEING HELD
IN THE TOWN HALL.**

I'll ne'er forget the jolly time,
Nor the students one and all,
When we had the winter quarters
In the Old Town Hall.

We had to get a new school,
For the old it was too small,
And the only place available
Was the Old Town Hall.

It was divided into class rooms,
Corridors and all,
And lavatories too were there
In the Old Town Hall.

The police court was utilized,
And yet it was too small,
So we added the old library
Nearby the Town Hall.

The master had a warm time
When the bell would call,
Going up and down the stairs
At the Old Town Hall.

The students seemed to like it,
They like changes one and all,
And certainly they had them there,
At the Old Town Hall.

I did not like the dirty place,
Nor the rats that oft did crawl,
Among my feet when sweeping
In the Old Town Hall.

And when the end did come,
Not a single tear did fall,
Or a sob or sigh when leaving
The dingy Old Town Hall.

MAC'S SPRING COOING BIRDS.

Spring has many bright attractions
That none but can admire,
For instance, there's the pretty birds
That oft my muse inspire.

But the spring of nineteen-seven
Turns my thoughts away from these,
To birds of a different nature
Than winged fowls among the trees.

These birds I'm going to speak of
Are all already tame;
And every one is pretty
And no two of them the same.

I don't judge them by their plumage,
'Tho it sometimes catches the eye,
And makes them more attractive
Even tho' they do not fly.

It's their various traits of nature;
But in one they all are even,
That's love; another, rather odd,
In numbers they are seven.

Marion is a pretty bird
She keeps (Rolan') while she sings;
But Norma is un-(Teddy)
For she has (Torran' wings).

Mable's just a (Dandi')
Whatever George will say,
She (Lean's-on-ard) whate'er she gets
Be wild or tame the prey?

Reta, she is very sweet
But fairly crazed on ('ham).
She's no content with little
But with (Mickle) will she cram.

Brownie is a singing bird,
She (Carols) all the while;
You (Ut-ta-ly) in a corner
And hear the comic style.

Maude must be a parrot
For to (Reg) she's ever bound;
So she cannot be a (Saint
I de Clair) that this is sound.

Leila does not sing at all
For a (Bur-r-gess) on her tongue;
But she's of (Roy)-all blood
And then she's very young.

There are other birds in my flock
And often in my road;
But I'll pass them by in silence
As I would do a (Todd).

WITH RESPECTS TO VERTA BECK.

The school I oft quote as my garden,
For you know I'm a lover of flowers,
The flowers are all pretty to me,
And the vines that cover the bowers.

The females are always the sweetest,
The males are rougher and plain,
So the girls attract me the most,
Yet the boys I do not disdain.

Some strong and robust as the sunflower,
And some like the daisy are small,
Others slender and pure as the lily,
No two are alike in them all.

There is one that is oft in my mind,
She is little, but then she is trig
Small ones are often the sweetest,
The coarse ones are generally big.

When I hunt for a flower in my garden,
To wear in the breast of my coat,
To make me look sweet and attractive,
Would I pluck a great big one? Guess not!
And she is a tiny wee bud,
Just ready to pluck any day,
Would make man proud as a peacock,
And make him feel happy and gay.
Verta Beck is the little thing's name,
And Preston, where pretty flowers grow,
Is the home of this little bud,
She's the cutest wee flower that I know.

THE HUMAN THORNE.

This 'ere world is full of thorns
Of one kind or another:
It does not matter where you go
A thorn will you bother.
And neither does it matter
If you're old or young;
Between the cradle and the grave
Who has not oft been stung.
It may not be the Hawthorne prod,
Or when pulling off a rose,
Or fooling with the thistle,
When you're sure to get a dose.
These, they only sting the flesh,
Them only short you feel;
'Tis the human thorn that I detest
It's rare the wound does heal.
The Human Thorne of which I write
Is different from them all;
He is Thorne by name and nature
And of stature rather small.

He does not wound severely
But keeps prodding right away,
From early in the morning
Until the close of day.

And what is strange about this Thorne
He prods himself the most;
For scarce a day does pass at school
Than a wound he's sure to boast.

He's into every scrap that starts,
And seldom comes away
Without an accident of some sort
Whatever game he plays.

If ever he is spared to live
And grow into a man,
He'll have many a weird tale to tell
How near to death he ran.

I'm no a prophet, never was,
But somehow I foresce
That Thorne Cook when he's a man,
A clever man will be.

A RECITATION BY MAC.

Of all the places that I've seen
Doing business in our town,
The Central is the funniest
I mean the place you phone.

I just looked in the other day
As I was passing by;
I stood a moment, perhaps two,
And how amazed was I,

To see a row of girls so swell
With big clasps on their heads
"Surely, they're not all cracked,"
To a young clerk I said.

He laughed and made reply:
"These are receivers that you see."
I heard them ask; but what they got
Was a puzzler to me.

I something like an organ saw
"What's that instrument?" said I.
"That's the switch," my friend did say,
"That thing standing up so high?"

O yes, switches, I have often heard
Of switches that the ladies wear,
But I never thought them ought like that,
I thought they fixed them on their hair.

I looked again and in a row,
One for each girl there hung,
Close to their mouth, something like a bell
But it did not have a tongue.

No doubt the girls would that supply,
They generally have it and to spare
"What is it?" I the lad did ask;
"A transmitter you see standing there."

I did not dare such ignorance reveal
Made no remark, but his attention drew
To something like as if 'twere pins,
Of course, this too he also knew.

"These are plugs," the young man said,
I though, well ain't it queer:
Oft I've heard of plugging up at school
When the exam. was drawing near.

"What's that I hear play click,
That they keep always pushing up?"
The young man said 'twas drops,
They just take drops, but do not sup.

I saw upon a table lying there
A clock, a dainty thing it was,
"But why a handle on each side,
Come tell me why it has?"

The young man said, "That is the stamp,
That tells how long you phone."
When you use the long distance wire,
It stamps the bill when you are done.

"What funny things you have in here,
And what's those handles that I see?"
"Cams for hearing if they choose,"
You're joking now, it seems to me.

"Is it always ladies you employ?"
"O yes, man is not made that way,
'Tis only women, don't you know
That's able for to talk all day."

JESSIE RAY I'LL NE'ER FORGET.

Years will come and years will go
No matter how we fume and fret;
And friends will leave and soon be lost
But Jessie Ray I'll ne'er forget.

She'll leave some day as others do,
When that will be I know not yet,
But from my mind she cannot go,
For Jessie Ray I'll ne'er forget.

Go where she will, success is her's
If only half a chance she'll get;
Ambition carries her along,
This plucky girl I'll ne'er forget.

How oft I've teased her years gone by,
And feel inclined to do it yet;
Though now she is a woman grown
I sometimes do this truth forget.

For all the teasing that I did,
She never lost her temper yet;
She's so good natured, Jessie Ray,
'Twould be unkind her to forget.

My compositions she o'erhauls,
And all mistakes she does omit:
So pleased and ready to oblige
I really could not her forget.

Years are passing swiftly by,
And soon my sun will surely set:
But while my faculties do last,
This Jessie Ray I'll ne'er forget.

MAJORIE SCOTT.

There is a little girl
And she's wanted me so long
To write about herself
A poem or a song.

But what to say, it puzzles me
She is such a little belle,
I could not do her justice,
That's the truth so let me tell.

Her face it's like a pansy,
It's laughing all the day,
And she's eye so neat and dandy
In colors bright and gay.

She is so quick in action,
She is like a butterfly,
All boys would like to catch her,
And many a one does try.

You cannot help but like her,
She has such a winning way;
Her friends they must be legion
Increasing every day.

This Majorie Scott's a daisy
And like the flower at noon,
Will draw some one's attention
And be plucked very soon.

FORGET ME NOT.

Wee modest flower of azure blue
With pinkish ones so sweet and true,
And such tiny bunches set
I love thee and will ne'er forget.

ODE TO MAC.

By G.C.I. Horace, W. H. Skeen (By Permission).

1. From a Burns' standpoint,
Div ye no ken yon sonsie lad,
Wha guards our school frae a' things bad?
Wha's aye sae blithesome, seldom sad,
As sharp's a tack.
Wha hails frae Scot!and, heather clad,
Our auld freen Mac.
2. From an O'Toole standpoint.
Shure now yez spake uv Kitchener
Uv "Bobs" and White ez Oirish byes,
But I'll say here in white and black,
There's none o' thim kin bate ould Mac
Whin it comes to sharp ould ears and eyes.
3. From a Kipling standpoint.
There's a little man we know
Name o' Mac,
Takes care of our little show
Does our Mac.
Fifty odd if 'e's a day,
Trifle smallish, trifle gray,
W'ich don't matter anyway,
Do it Mac?

If the school ain't workin' nice
Call up Mac.
You will get the best advice
Off'n Mac.
Walkin' ears, an' sense and eyes,
Nuthin' takes 'im by surprise

Try and get a bloomin' rise
Outer Mac.

4. From a Virgil standpoint.

Novisti qui in hac schola,
Maxime factotum est.

Et dicat bona celtic lingua'
Mac qui avis est..

Ignas facit quas nos calidos servamus

Nivem a viis projacit in quibus ambulamus,

Meridie sermones dat quas non omnes plaudamus,

And Latin has not words enough

To say that Mac. is just the stuff.

6. From a Xenophon standpoint.

There was not in the Grecian force

Who marched with Cyrus 'gainst the king

A man who could the laws enforce

Like Mac, he always has recourse

To his Scotch tongue to do the thing.

ENCLOSED WITH A SHAVING BRUSH PACKED

WITH TOBACCO IN A SMALL BOX.

TO MY SON-IN-LAW, W. H. TAY.

LOR, PLATTSVILLE.

Please look within this little box.

And the shaving brush you'll see,

And you can smoke the shavings.

While the wife she gets the tea.

You know it is a special brand

Made by a special man,

Home-grown and home-made

Come beat it if you can.

EDNA MAINES AND MYRTLE CULHAM.

My labors they are ended
For another day,
And while I sat a-pondering
The Muse to me did say:

Take up your pen and paper
And write the best you know,
On Edna and Myrtle,
That together always go.

They are neither twins nor sisters,
Although I thought them so,
But to make comparison they are like
Two flakes of snow.

They certainly are different
But you have to scan them well,
It is not just a casual glance
That one from the other tell.

Both are sweet as honey,
Aye gentle as a dove,
Pure as the flakes of snow
That falleth from above.

Their face bespeaks of freshness,
As the buds of spring,
And with their gentle presence,
A balm it seems to bring.

You could not help but love them,
The very pride of youth,
Just merging into womanhood
With not a mark uncouth.

May God protect and keep them
Where'er their paths may be
And take them to Himself at last,
Is the prayer of D. MacG.

WRITTEN FOR THE CADET'S BANQUET, JUNE, 1910.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen
You'll think me somewhat dry,
As I'm no after dinner speaker
But you'll know that by and by.

But to the company that I see
I need not my failings tell,
For I'm sure there's nobody here
But knows them all full well.

I'm proud this night to be among
So many that I know,
And prouder still to speak a word
Before we home shall go.

But in speaking to this toast
That's where I am at sea,
For not a thing I know of drill
But the marching, don't you see.

I know to march is good for boys,
That exercise is fine
And more especially you know
In the military line.

I hope you'll always keep it up
Whenever you're on foot,
Whether you're on drill or not
It's health without a doubt.

And a healthy body is sure to have
A sound and healthy brain,
And whatever be your calling
The best you will attain.

The brainy men the country needs
To make the nation strong
And Canada will soon be calling you
To help it march along.

The great minds are dropping out,
We read that every day,
They're drafted to a greater world
Where is no mortal clay.

And as this great Dominion
Is marching on ahead
To be the greatest nation
The greatest minds we'll need.

It's up to young men of today
And you Cadets of the G.C.I.
Bodes well to fill no menial place
In history by and by.

A LETTER.

Good morning, Florence Ramsay,
My dear, respected friend.
I bid you a hearty greeting
Before your birthday end.

I've longed to shake your hand
On this your natal day,
And wish you all the compliments
The best that language can convey.

But being so enthralled
With the work of the exam,
I find I cannot visit you
And disappointed sure I am.

And to write I scarce am able
My mind is wearied so,
But some day by and by
My brain and pen may go.

So excuse this little rabble,
May your heart go bounding free,
On this your fifteenth birthday
Is the wish of D. MacG.

SINCE VICTORIA WENT AWA'

What is wrong wi' the school,
It's no the same at a'
As it used to be afore Xmas
E'er Victoria went awa'.

As if the sun were eclipsed
Without any licht awa'
It certainly is gloomy
Since Victoria went awa'.

What fun we used to ha' upstairs
We were jolly ane
But nae dancing nou' music
Since Victoria went awa'.

Clare danced wi' Minnie Clare
An' did it O sae braw,
Sic dancing never has been seen
Since Victoria went awa'.

Allan trigged Georgina Clare
The "deil" o' lassies a',
Thae lads were a' quite (Clare)-ified
Afore Victoria went awa'.

George, who is so full of Hay,
Gave Mabelle lots to chaw,
And she hasna' finished yet
Though Victoria is awa'.

Val tipped the toe wi' Lloyd
O he was hard to ca',
But he's getting smarter every day
Since Victoria went awa'.

And Adam wi' Miss Pattinson
Did cut it, O so braw,
As he does it in Toronto
As Victoria never saw.

Matthew was quite (Fox)
Though some would ca' him raw
Lee danced a jig wi' Norma
Ere Victoria went awa'.

Bert Thompson an' wee Rita
They danced without a flaw
And Norman played the music
Afore Victoria went awa'.

But Teddy and our Myra
Could beat them ane an' a'
For their dancing was a picture
Afore Victoria went awa'.

Jamie's sad and lonely
For he's jilted by them a'
And him so very bright
Afore Victoria went awa'.

And the ceremonial Master
George, he trained them ane an' a'
To dance like little fairies
Ere Victoria went awa'.

But thae pranks are past and gone
NAE SOFTIES HERE AVA'
They just play skating on the rink
Since V-I-C-T-O-R-I-A went awa'.

OUR CHARLIE.

Our little son today is ten
And what a proud boy is he,
It seems tho 'twere but yesterday
Since I nursed him on my knee.

We're all quite proud of Charlie
Tho' he troubles us so much;
He's a perfect thorn in the flesh
That stings each time you touch.

He'll retort as quick as lightning
Whatever you may say
Be it wise, or be it foolish,
He'll have it out some way.

You could not say he's saucy,
Tho' he has a ready tongue,
And makes us laugh and laugh
Till we almost burst a lung.

Of course he's just like other boys,
He wants so bad to know,
The every why and wherefore
Both in Heaven and Earth below.

Each night as I take home the paper
He's aye ready for to snatch,
So anxious is he for to read
About the hockey match.

What he'll be when he grows up
It would be hard to say;
But he'll be no dunce I'll give my word
If he'll only get his way.

He keeps the home all in a bizz
He's such a noisy block;
His tongue is always on the wag
Like the pendulum of a clock.

And he gets many a scolding
From his brother on the sly
Who often wish, and wonder,
If his gab will ne'er run dry.

But with all his crazy pranks
He's just our chiefest joy,
We cannot be too rroud
Of our darling Charlie boy.

JESSIE GEMMEL.

I love to roam the country
Where the bonnie lassies grow;
But not in the dead of winter,
When it's covered with frost and snow.

But in the bonnie summer days
When the sun is high above,
When it is warm and genial,
That is the time I love.

I've seen the day I did not mind
The frost that bites so keen,
Or the fluffy, blinding snow
That hides the verdant green.

But as my years increase
And feebler gets my frame,
I'm forced to change with nature
And every man the same.

But age with me does not affect
My love for youth and beauty,
But grows more deep and sincere
Guarded by sense and duty.

The birds, they are God's handiwork,
The flowers that deck the earth,
The pure and lovely innocents,
'Tis Him that gave them birth.

'Tis in the country that I see
Dame Nature without taint,
The varied fragrance of the air
Adorns, but not with paint.

The country girls how fresh they seem
With radiant face and pure,
They need no paint to show them off
The men folk to allure.

There's Jessie with the silken hair,
That doth adorn a brow
White as the snow upon the lawn,
And cheeks that are all aglow.

Quiet and gentle as a lamb,
With a countenance so sweet,
While faintly comes a placid smile
Every time to her I speak.

It may be that she is not strong,
But she seems of solid matter,
How could she be aught otherwise
As she's a farmer's daughter?

THE YOUNG MAN'S MOTOR BOAT.

What is it that man will not do
To gain an end in view,
When at the end is Cupid
Playing peek-a-boo.

And such is true of one I know
That has made a motor boat,
Anxiously I know he's striven
Till he got it right afloat.

I imagine that I hear him
When it was being done,
When Ruth and I go sailing
And we are all alone.

We'll steer right down the river
And through the old canal,
And sweetly hover round the lake
While the evening shadows fall.

No one will there disturb us,
No dogs to bite or bark,
The lovely birds will serenade
From the trees in Mohawk Park.

Whatever secrets we have got
They need not strain our ear
For we can talk quite audibly
And no one else can hear.

May wisdom's hand ne'er leave the wheel
While the Delmar is afloat,
And may nothing ever cause him rue
That he made that motor boat.

ANNIE AND LENORA.

I am longing, yes, am longing for a smile,
I am waiting eagerly, I am waiting all the while,
Till I see Lenora once again.

I cannot, no, I cannot do without her,
For there's a charm, there's aye a charm about her,
I never did, no, never had a cause to scold her,
She's just Lenora aye the same.

She is just, yes, she's just a little dandy,
She is sweet, yes, she's sweeter far than candy,
She's just an angel from the sky.

I dream, I dream about her night and day,
I am weary, oh, I'm weary, since she went away,
She is coming, she's coming, so the card did say,
So I'll see Lenora by and by.

And her chum, oh, how they chum together,
They are birds, I mean birds of a feather,
Annie's just as dear as she.

But she blushes, yes, she blushes all the while,
Rosy cheek, yes, rosy is her style,
But there's no fear that she would e'er beguile,
A truer girl than Annie couldn't be.

WHEN BESSIE WAS SIXTEEN.

Oh, what a pickle I am in,
I feel the matter keen,
I never dreamed of such a thing
To happen at sixteen.

But I blame it all on sis,
She makes so much of me,
She always tries to make me look
As nice as nice can be.

She fixes up my hair each day,
And leaves a little lock,
A-dangling down my cheek,
As if to say, I'm bespoke.

For I got a box of chocolates,
The finest to be seen,
As a birthday present,
When I was just sixteen.

I dare not tell who gave it,
'Twas a nice boy all the same.
He is black and comely as a Jew
With a stout and sturdy frame.

He's awfully scared that father knows,
He said so in a note
That he enclosed within the box,
Which I stupidly forgot.

To take away lest Mac might see
And spread it all about,
For I gave him it to keep secure,
Until the school got out.

And that's just what my trusted friend
Did behind my back.
I'll never trust him any more,
Not while his name is Mac.

THE SHAM BATTLE AT FREEPORT.

(By the G.C.I. Correspondent).

Freeport will not soon forget
The 24th of May,
When warriors fierce in red and blue
Did scour the heights that day.

Such crowds were 'never seen before,
Passed through that lovely vale,
Hundreds dressed in gay attire
Wandered o'er hill and dale.

All eager bent to see the fight,
So se'dom to be seen,
The River Grand went merrily,
The wooded hills between.

The day was fine, the fields were green,
Trees clad in Nature's pride,
All nature robed in gay attire
Looked joy on every side.

The lads in blue lay watching,
Scattered far and wide,
On the northern heights of Freeport,
In anxiety and pride.

Waiting for the enemy,
To check their bold career
Lest they should capture Freeport,
The "city" in the rear.

Brave Gavin did a heroic deed
With four stalwart lads in blue,
He donned a farmer's garb,
Took a horse and waggon, too.

In it, the boys were hidden
Just like any farmer's load,
Jogged off from out the barnyard
And away along the road.

Till they reached the enemy's camp,
Then surprised them on the spot.
Took their guns and ammunition
And never fired a shot.

They returned in great elate,
To help their comrades out
In the last and glorious combat
As the crowd did yell and shout.

For the reds were just emerging
From beneath the apple trees,
Determined for to cross the bridge,
Then Freeport they would seize.

But the gallant blues were in the way,
With a Hays lad in command,
Fire! fire! my boys, come knock them down!
And make them kiss the sand.

But, oh, what desperate warriors
Were the boys in red.
For they actually charged with bayonets
After they were dead.

JESSIE TOVELL.

Accept congratulations, Jessie,
On this your natal day,
May you enjoy it and receive
What you cannot give away.

God's grace to guide you onward
In life's long journey through,
God's blessed gift of wisdom
For all you have to do.

In all your birthdays that's to come
And I hope they will be many,
May there be aye new cause for joy
And sorrows ne'er have any.

And may the world have cause to bless
The day that you were born,
Through deeds of kindness and of love
That did your life adorn.

THE QUARTETTE.

Four little girls, so trim and so neat,
They are always the same from their head to their feet.
They are not related so far as I know,
But two that are sisters altogether they go.
They come and they go, all in the same car,
With a smile on their faces as bright as a star,
They aye sit together when in the hall,
And as quiet as a fly that runs up the wall.
At recess, or at dinner, or even at play,
They're always together and have little to say.
Almend and Mary, they're never contrary,

Their temper as sweet as new milk frae the dairy,
Their cheeks are like apples so rosy and red
Such is the result of going early to bed,
And so strong in the nerve that nought them alarm,
The benefit of being brought up on the farm.
And Ina the third, a trim little dear
With a sweet little face, as plump as a pear,
For beauty would match the lovely Queen Bess,
And language it fails me to tell of her dress.
Of the last of the four, what can I say?
She's a perfect puzzler to me every day.
She passes me by and seldom does look
At me at all, she is worse than a book,
For it I can read and know what it says,
And often it lightens and brightens my days.
I cannot help looking at her, don't you see?
For she's pretty as all the Clemens that be.
And I have known quite a few in my day,
But she is the strangest that ere came my way.
When I tease her, she'll smile, but follows a frown,
She's the queerest wee lass that e'er I have known.
And yet I like May, though queer that she be,
Whoever forgets her, 'twill never be me.

ON THE HESPELER PUPILS.

Of all the seasons of the year
There is none to me like spring,
Fresh and pure the birds come forth,
There is a charm in everything.

So a likeness in the youthful forms,
As they are fresh and pure,
I see them in the spring of life
Ere sin does them allure.

My mind is now on the maidens fair,
Some sixteen in all,
Like flowers in spring they vary much,
Fat, thin, short and tall.

Little May is like the crocus sweet,
Would draw a careless eye,
A face so sweet and cheek aglow,
And a manner, oh, so shy.

Almeda, sober and serene,
A deep and thoughtful mind,
So motherly in all her acts,
She could not prove unkind.

Another of a kindly mood
Is our Maud Chesterman,
Her love is deep and changeless
And wise her every plan.

There Irene P., to the fellows glum,
For never a smile they see,
But she's as sweet as anyone,
For she always smiles at me.

Ambro, the stately lady,
Like any lily fair,
Adorned rich with nature
With her luxuriant hair.

Phyllis Beattie, big and strong,
And cheeks like roses red,
It's easy seen she never was
On dainty dishes fed.

Wee Bessie, but she's spare and thin
Just like a wee snow drop,
The first in spring to show its bloom
In my garden on the slope.

Florence is my gilly-flower,
With fragrance full and sweet,
Admired by all flower lovers,
Without no garden is complete.

Of Leslie, what shall I say?
She's as broad as she is tall,
She has something hidden in her soul
That may surprise us all.

Irene is wise above her years,
And constant as the sun,
Womanly in her every act,
And fit to stand alone.

Gladys Groh, how sweet the name,
But none too sweet for her,
For love is seen within her eye,
And in her heart does stir.

Then Jessie, she outdoes them all,
A full blown flower is she,
She'd make a wife to any man
And a dandy wife she'd be.

And Nina, lovely Nina,
As sweet as is her name.
Who could not take to Nina
I'm sure they are to blame.

I'm afraid to speak of Ethel,
The last, tho' not the least,
As pleasant as an April shower,
That refreshes man and beast.

O, Hespeler, I'll re'er forget,
While senses I retain,
For the boys and girls that you send here
Are filed on heart and brain.

ON SEEING A GIRL PUSH A BOY ON A CHAIR IN
THE HALL.

I mind upon a lovely girl
Her like was seldom seen
For occupation she was nurse
And her name it was Irene.

Her name may sound a little hard
But I know not where to find,
A girl so tender and so sweet
And for a nurse so kind.

The baby that I saw her with
Had curly, auburn hair,
And as sweet as any cherub
That ever roamed the air.

Her actions they betrayed her,
Showed her genius to a dot
For she had no cart or carriage
For to air her little tot.

But by her inventive brain
She made her friends to stare.
When they saw her push the baby
Just on a common chair.

When she has babies of her own,
However scarce they fare,
They'll never want for a carriage
While, there's a common chair.

THE GIRL BESIDE THE TRACK.

Please give your attention
For I'd like to have a crack
Of a little girl I'd mention
That lives beside the track.

She is such a trig and tiny thing.
I could carry her on my back,
How sweetly she can lilt and sing.
That's my girl beside the track.

How oft' against the post I've stood
With my hands behind my back,
Peering up Main st. through the crowd
For my girl beside the track.

A bunch of roses may be grand,
But for beauty they do lack
Compared with her they could not stand
With my girl beside the track.

For bravery she is the girl
That can make a man stand back.
For an umbrella she can whirl,
Can my girl beside the track.

She has a lovely head of hair,
And, like mine, it is so black,
The fellows all on me do stare,
With my girl beside the track.

How often I've thot and pondered
Till my brain, it seemed to rack.
Will ever she be mine? I wondered
That girl beside the track.

THE G. C. I. CADETS OF 1910.

Here's to the boys of the khaki suits,
They're a credit to us a',
They all deserve the greatest praise
Our gallant forty twa.

I'm no versed about their drills,
Or military things ava.
Though I believe in drilling boys
Like our noble forty twa.

It puts life and action in a boy,
Makes him healthy, strong an' a'
He'll be fitter for life's battle
If he drills like forty twa.

How manly it does make him,
Makes them gentlemen, one an' a'
Every boy that goes to school
Should be drilled like forty twa

I'm no in for warfare,
I like peace the best of a',
But should an enemy e'er come here
They had better keep clear of forty twa.

And the little drummer boy,
He beat them without a flaw,
Three cheer for him and the Khaki lads
The matchless forty twa.

And here's to the drill instructor,
Though war he never saw,
Yet he has ample credit
Of his boys of forty twa.

WITH RESPECTS TO AGNES GRAHAM, GALT.

How lovely is a rosebud,
Some like a turtle dove,
As all who know my rosebud,
They cannot help but love.

Her face is round and plump,
And decked with frizzy hair,
Her cheeks like half-blown roses
And lips beyond compare.

Two sparkling eyes of blue
Beneath a lovely brow,
Her looks are quite enchanting
No matter when or how.

A smile that's ever natural,
Not merely one to please,
As refreshing for to meet her
As you would a summer breeze.

A sight of her when troubled
Would drive away all care,
For she's a rosebud all the time
Be the season what it may.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A BOOK OF POEMS.

Dear Mr. Wright, my brain's in a plight,
For language it cannot command,
To express my delight as the mail came tonight
And delivered your book in my hand.

The print is so neat and so very complete,
The matter is worthy of praise.
Selections are fine, your verses sublime,
Not clouded—not even a haze.

In making comment, 'tis not my intent,
To pose as a critic of you.
I can scribble off rhyme, when I have the time,
But that is the most I can do.

Words cannot convey the thanks I would pay
Or express my gratitude here.
Kind regards to you all, the best is too small,
And the least, A Happy New Year.

At the Departmental Examination in summer the pupils were detained 30 minutes past the hour of commencement. Mr. Shephard, the examiner, just to make no mistake in the time, set the clock back to the right hour. Hardly had they commenced writing when the telephone rang and he had to answer it, so Mac. had to relieve him, and while doing so, wrote the following and left it on his table.

G. C. I., July 11th, 1907.

Our Shephard he is very kind,
To us his little flock,
He never scold us when we're late,
But just sets back the clock.

AN ODE TO CHARLIE BART.

Who is he with smiling face,
That sitteth there with ease and grace,
Within that office, cosy place?
It's Charlie.

Who's ever watchful up the way
For farmers with a load of hay,
Aye ready for the same to weigh?
It's Charlie.

Who dodges 'round on market days,
Collects the fees in winning ways,
And never a cranky word he says.
It's Charlie.

Who keeps the market trim and clean,
All snug and warm in weather keen,
So all is pleasant and serene?
It's Charlie.

Who is he that fills the chair,
With not an inch of room to spare,
And waits the orders of the Mayor?
It's Charlie.

Of all the men that's in the town,
There's ne'er a one that's better known,
Or more a favorite all around
Than Charlie.

AMY RENWICK.

O Amy but you're cruel
Why tease me every day
For to write a piece of poetry
When I don't know what to say.

You have no red and rosy cheeks,
Nor crowned with curly hair;
Nor could I say you're pretty
Or with aught like that compare.

You don't dress like a dandy
With ribbons grand and gay;
Nor are you like a city belle
Appearing at a play.

You're just a common country girl
With ordinary looks;
But passing from the outward show
I've read of you in books.

Your wise and gentle nature,
Has a value far above
The outward marks of beauty,
When there's no inward love.

The pretty leaves will wither soon,
The bloom will fade away,
But the stock that's sound and good
Will last through winter's day.

"'Tis not all gold that glitters";
Nor all diamonds that do shine,
The larger part is rubbish
That is taken from the mine.

TO LOLA GOODFELLOW.

Of Lola, lovely Lola,
What ever shall I say?
You're certainly before my eye,
Be it either night or day.

When the sun shines in the morning,
Glading mother earth,
I see your happy face
Full of joy and mirth.

You're a sun to all that's near you,
Makes life where'er she goes,
And by your happy countenance
A genial radiance throws.

I look upon the lily white,
And Lola there I see,
Nature's perfect emblem
Of heavenly purity.

Your long neck so white,
I liken to the swan,
But then you lack the pride
The birdie does put on.

The simple grace and beauty,
Of your charming way,
May they never be despoiled
Through all your life long day.

Your parents' only darling,
The sunshine of their home,
May you always shine the brighter
When their darkening days do come.

GERTIE JANSEN.

Come listen to my story,
It is not very long,
About my little Gertie,
That hails from Preston.

She is rosy as the roses grow,
And bright as any bee,
She is sweeter than the honey pure
And dearer far to me.

Like the dewdrop in the morning
Glittering in the sun,
Her sparkling eyes are brighter
And they keep shining on.

Days may be dark and gloomy
And the sun be hid from sight,
But her face it never changeth
To me she's ever bright.

The flowers may bloom and deck the earth
With all their grand array,
But Gertie's beauty does excel
Aught Nature can display.

May God protect and keep her
Wherever she may roam,
And when Life's journey's ended
May Heaven be her home.

SKATING TIME.

Skates; yes, skates is all the cry,
Now that the season has begun,
Skates; in my ear, before my eye,
So nought but skates to make a song.

"Where is my skates?" the big girl cried,
Before her work was nearly done;
"Can I have my skates?" the wee boy sighed
And where is the boy that has none.

Skates on the shelf and on the floor,
Skates in the hall and all around;
You'll find them, too, behind the door,
Where is the place they are not found!

Why, every time I'm on the street,
Glittering skates do meet my eye;
There in the stores they will me greet,
I see them on the passersby.

Don't be surprised if you should see
My auld wife linked upon my arm,
A-skating forth with joy and glee,
I'm some afraid we'd come to harm.

MISS TWISS.

Miss Twiss, she is a lady,
A lady of high degree,
Well versed in household duties
As every lady ought to be.

Not only does she know it,
But practices it as well,
As every pupil under her,
If honest, they could tell.

She has chosen a profession,
A profession without frills,
That is a most important one,
Sadly needed for our girls.

How many girls get married
Whose knowledge is so slim,
Of how to cook a decent meal,
Or keep a house in trim.

They all know how to spend,
But what they need to know
Is to spend it to advantage
And have a surplus to show.

Miss Twiss, she taught all this,
All kinds of cooking, too,
From the daintiest of dishes
To an Irish stew.

There is an art in washing,
Perhaps you did not know,
She teaches it, and ironing,
Learns the youngsters how to sew.

She keeps a record of them all,
It will come in so handy,
That when a fellow wants a wife,
She can recommend a dandy.

All that's lacking is an office,
Or I should say bureau,
Where bachelors could easy call
And get a hint or two.

There is one thing that puzzles me,
About this lady of degree,
She's never got a husband yet,
For a dandy wife she'd be.

MY FAITHFUL DOG.

(With Respects to John Woods, Galt).

Come here, Bowow, my faithful dog,
Ye'r gettin' auld an' frail,
Ye canna rin as ye used tae dae,
In that ye'r like ma sel.

Ye never was o' muckle guid,
But just like a pet tae me;
Sae hairmless an' sae awfu kind
I'll miss ye when ye dee.

Ye'r feet tho' they are unco braid
Will hardly haud ye up,
Ye'r een are bleared, an man be sair,
Life's dregs are in ye'r cup.

Lie doon, ma doggie, near the stove,
Dread winter's at the door;
I'm feard I'll lose my ain Bowow
Afore the winter's o'er.

And there's the doctor's young and strong,
Like brithers they agree,
Twa dogs sae kind I never saw,
They're a' the world to me:

They're at ma heels where'er I gaun,
Frae me they wanna pairt,
Mair constant friens I couldna wish,
I lo'e them wi' a' ma heart.

THE STRANGE BIRDS.

Two lovely birds in plumage gay
Migrated from their home,
Determined for to seek a mate
And unto Galt did come.

High crested and black as a crow,
And eyes delightful to see,
The sweetest wee cheep I'll allow
That ever came down from a tree.

The other was gentle and fair
And a little bit distant and shy,
I could see she was led by the former
Though never reluctant to fly.

They wandered all over the town
And were spotted for more than a week,
But failed to catch on to a mate
Though with energy ever did seek.

Those birds were seen 'round the mill,
The dear little doves that they be,
But they simply looked at the oats,
'Twas a mate they wanted you see.

They seemed like a crow that I had.
That delighted to go to the school,
But not so mischievous as him,
For to steal was ever his rule.

So even there I did find
The dear little birds hopping in.
Yet here I safely can say
That they never even lifted a pin.

I heard that they went away north
To the place that is flowing with beer,
But came back disgusted and sour
For Berlin did give them no cheer.

To Meaford and Thornbury, too,
There the pair are safely at home,
I hope they'll have better success
The next time to Galt they do come.

THE NELDON RINK.

The Neldon rink it is not big
But big enough for four,
It's underneath the apple tree
Just close to the back door.

The Neldon rink it is not big
But in the morning, don't you see,
When I've cleared the snow away
It's big enough for me.

The Neldon rink is just the thing
And being so very near
That when I fall and bump my head
And scream, then Ma can hear.

The Neldon rink, Pa made it,
So there is naught to pay,
We can go and skate whene'er we like
And nobody can say nay.

The Neldon rink I often think
Is just the place for me,
For when I play my funny pranks
I like my Ma to see.

On Neldon rink what fun I have
From morning until night,
When Hilda she does run away
Then Prince and me do fight.

A SUMMER VISITOR.

There is a visitor I don't like,
When summer comes around,
For he's just a perfect nuisance—
I hate his very sound.

The greatest tease that ever was,
And he won't stick at that;
He'll steal before my very eyes—
Aye, slicker than a cat.

He'll come right into the house,
And never ring the bell,
And down upon the finest chair,
As if he were a swell.

Into the bedroom he will go,
For manners he has none;
His impudence it makes me wild—
Good traits he has not one.

Without an invitation,
With us he's sure to be,
And help himself to aught he likes,
Be it dinner time or tea.

It's wasted words to speak to him,
Yet him I often scold;
He'll take me by the nose sometimes
The creature is so bold.

But I've got even with him now,
And laugh when he does toot,
After he makes a sudden dart
On a paper of tanglefoot.

MY JENNIE GOOD.

I love the violet's sweet perfume,
And such a little thing to see,
Insignificant I might say,
No flower more popular could be.

The Daisy, wee modest Daisy,
That groweth at your feet,
Who could not love the Daisy,
'Tis little, oh, but sweet.

I love the pretty Pansy,
With its bright and cheery face,
So often dressed in gorgeous hues,
It deserves a royal place.

The Snow-Drop, pure and white,
That hangs its tiny head,
Is Heaven's truest emblem,
Where purity doth lead.

The Fuschia, gentle Fuschia,
What grace it does display,
No other flower I know of,
That's bright, but never gay.

I've tried to draw a picture,
Yet, oh, how incomplete,
For put all these traits together
And my Jennie Good can beat.

She's fresher than the morning dew,
Sweeter than the honey comb,
Gentle as the Turtle Dove,
None purer on the earth does roam.

HOW SANDY SAVED HIS WINE.

Na' na' ye winna gan'
But juke aye roon the corner;
Ye've bothered me the hale day lang,
Ye mind me on Jack Horner.

Now muse ye ja'd, I'm forced tae write
But not on Christmas nie;
But just on a New Year's visit
To a neighbor's house nearby.

It was nae new-fangled gaitherin'
But just an aul' time spree;
To cheer and hae some bleatherin'
At a widow's house ye see.

Auld Scotia's sangs were sung
And the fiddle played wi' glee;
Twas just ae' nicht wi' auld and young
As New Year's Eve should be.

Each man he had his bottle
But ne'er a ane was fu';
Just a taste tae spur the noddle
And make the tune gan' true.

Sandy's bottle it was wine,
But closely hid the stuff
That his wife had made sae fine
As he thought we had enough.

He, an ither twa gaed ben
To the kitchen for a blaw;
The night was wearin' on tae ten
And some were gaun awa.

Nae doot Sandy he was prood
That he had saved his wine;
But saving is not always good
Wi' some it's always tine.

Now here afore he went awa
We heard an afa' shot;
"Wi mercy me, what's that awa,"
Said Tibby, "It's nae sport."

"Waes me," the auld widow cried,
"Has Sandy taen his life?"
Syne up rose Tibby frae her side
And so did Sandy's wife.

And ben the kitchen hurried quick
To see what it could be;
There Sandy stood as stiff's a stick
And white as a sheet was he.

But it was neither more nor less
Than Sandy lost his wine;
The cork blew oot and you may guess
What laughter they had syne.

THE PERFECT CURE.

Them that does not read the papers
What a blank their mind must be,
For what precious information
Within each page I see.

For instance the other night
An article I read
Which impressed me of their value
And made me scratch my head.

The very thing I always do
When in a thinking mood
And no one near to trouble me
Or on my thoughts intrude.

'Twas an article on medicine,
Its value to mankind,
I'll tell you what it's for,
As near as I can mind.

It's for old and young alike
Men and women too,
Be they married, yes, or single,
What wonders it can do.

To be taken in the morning
When you get out of bed,
Especially if you've overslept
And feel cranky in the head.

For the wife that's all upset
With the scarcity of gas
When mealtime's fast approaching
It will settle all the fuss.

If the hubby then should come
With a scowl upon his face
That's the time to give it to him
And how pleased he'll say the grace.

If the baby it should waken
Just when you've gone to sleep,

Let the parents take a dose,
It won't give another cheep.

For old maids it's just the thing
'Twill make them fit to marry
By making them so attractive
Men will want them in a hurry.

This nerve tonic is a dandy
It will lengthen out your days,
Take the wrinkles off your brow
And make you young in various ways.

So if you're cross and need a dose
I pray you do not linger,
As it is cheap and easy got
It's just a dose of ginger.

A SCOTCH BILL OF FARE.

A reeking Scotch Haggis
Wi' a Canel Doup,
Lang Kail an' leeks
Makes the best o' soup.

Champted an' rummelet tatties
Wi' gravis an' sour dook,
Tattie scones an' treacle
That we our thumbs may sook.

Early morning souens
Or brose an' butter tam bo
Bannocks o' barley meal
Wi' curds an' cream like snow.

A great big warsel for a cork,
To keep the stuff weel doon,
Penny wheep to wash it o'er
An' mak' the croudie soom.

LONG LIVE THE KING.

Long live our King, our peaceful King,
Long may his reign abide,
And may our Queen, our loving Queen,
Be spared long by his side.

God bless the mighty empire
Of which we form a part;
May Canada be, from sea to sea,
True loyal to the heart.

We're proud to be an offspring,
But we're to manhood grown;
And we're marching on in earnest,
To be the grandest nation known.

We're at peace with all the world,
Our aims are all within,
And our vast and rich Dominion
Is free to kith and kin.

We breathe the air of freedom,
And we're freemen to the core.
You'll not find a freer country
If you search the whole world o'er.

We may build a mighty navy,
But not for greed or war,
'Tis only to protect our coasts
Should an enemy cross the bar.

And our neighbors across the line
Are so mixed with kindred blood,
That we aye and ever shall
Live as neighbors should.

We owe our blessed heritage
To the isles, beyond the sea,
And we're ready, ever ready,
To stand by his Royal Majesty.

Long live our King, our peaceful King,
Long may his reign abide;
And may our Queen, our loving Queen,
Be spared long by his side.

WHAT IS A MAN?

You may be robed in richest guise
And drive a four-in-han',
You may own a million acres,
And yet not be a man.

You may have passed thro' college,
And worn a gown and ban',
You may have gained great classic honors,
And yet not be a man.

You may have sailed around the world
And traversed every lan',
You may have learned every language
And yet not be a man.

You may have led victorious armies,
Till the world you did comman'—
Gained all the crowns of earth
And yet not be a man.

You may be without house or home
And your skin be black or tan,
You may not have a friend on earth,
And yet may be a man.

Man is the thing within
That never yet was seen,
Known only by his actions,
As they are pure and clean

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Say, young man, if you want a wife,
And are wanting to grow fatter,
Jus try your lu. : among country folk
And hunt a farmer's daughter.

The city girls are hard to keep,
Their expenses is what's the matter;
And then they are so hard to please
Not so a farmer's daughter.

I could not tell you all their faults,
But of course it does not matter;
They're not my taste, and that's enough—
I'd have a farmer's daughter.

Just think how nice in times like these
To be getting eggs and butter,
Fresh frae the farm and all for nought,
'Cause you had a farmer's daughter.

When time's dull and you're short of work,
To you it would not matter,
The farmer, aye, has work enough
For you and the farmer's daughter.

They're plenty of them to be got
As pure and fresh as water,
If you want a wife to help you through,
Just try a farmer's daughter.

**MR. MACGEORGE'S ADDRESS AT THE CLEARVIEW
OLD BOYS' RE-UNION.**

In case you'd ask me for a verse
I have wrote a line or so
For to refuse is not my trait
And I seldom answer no.

But what to say I scarce can tell
On this Thanksgiving day
I'm proud to be among you,
Though not of you, I can say.

My school is far remote from here
And little schooling did I get
But the memory of these happy days
Is fresh and living yet.

But in a sense I'm schooling yet
Much more than people know
And the day that I will graduate
I'll surely make a show.

For I attend the higher school
It's called the G.C.I.
For there they teach most everything
To either girl or boy.

Now I won't tell you all they teach,
The task would be too great
But what they do not teach up there
'Twould not be worth to state.

They fit them for the college
That they may go and preach,
For the Normal school and faculties
That equip them for to teach.

For dentist and for doctors
And lawyers too, as well,
But I never knew them yet to teach
Those that would be a swell.

They only teach those that have brains
Where wisdom dwells within,
Filled with strong ambition
And try to take it in.

They fit them for the shops
In the manual training room
Where girls as well as boys
In all the arts do boom.

And then in household science
They fit them for good wives
And all future husbands
Will bless them all their lives.

And in the agricultural room
The latest on the slate.
They teach scientific farming
That does dollar bills create.

But of all the teaching that they do
Perhaps you do not know it,
The hardest teaching they've to do
Is to teach the local poet.

MARY'S LAMENT.

Oh where, tell me, where is my Jimmie gone,
And where, oh where, could I find him?
For sad and sair is the heart that beats
In the girl he left behind him.

'Twould be a boon of unknown price
If you could only find him,
For Jimmie is the constant cry
Of the girl he left behind him.

The days are long and the nights are drear,
And naught but gloom about them,
Since Jimmie left and said good-bye
To the girl he left behind him.

The Hawthorne tree, with branches wide,
The howling winds do rend them,
No longer is a hiding place
For the girl he left behind him.

No auburn locks to charm her eye,
For they always do attend him,
No head adorned as Jimmie's is,
Says the girl he left behind him.

No music charms her like his voice,
So sweet the sounds he sends them.
Till round the heart they did entwine,
Of the girl he left behind him.

Where'er he goes, whate'er he does,
May fortune aye befriend him,
And keep him safe till he returns
To the girl he left behind him.

A SPECIAL CHARACTER.

What various characters there are
In this wide world of ours,
And when I wonder why it is
The thought exhausts my powers.

And all through my experience
What numbers I have seen
And rarely any two alike appear to me have been.
One character appears to me
As I write down these lines,
A face I've often looked upon
And studied oft betimes.
Soft and placid as a lake on a summer's eve,
Like a sunny ray from a darker cloud, a charm-
ing smile does give.
What open eyes within their depths
One easily can see,
Who does possess great depth of thought
Yes deeper than the sea.
A mind to grasp great truths,
So softly and sublime, matured and ripe,
And yet so young, she's aged before her time.
The gaiety of life for her
Is entirely lost to view,
She sees as though she saw it not,
She's one among a few, a kindly turn,
A loving heart, her face in friendship set,
Madge Harris is a special girl whom I
Shall not soon forget.

MR. C. W. WILSON, TOWN.

Where art thou gone, my brother bard,
Why hast thou dropped thy pen?
Your silence grives me very hard
I look, but look in vain.

I used to meet thee on the street
Each time I wandered down;
Thy pleasant face no more I greet
Hast thou removed from town?

Thy packie verse no more appears
Within the local press;
Which makes me wonder, yes and fear
If grippe has got Cornelius.

For that dread monster stalks around
And lays so many low;
'Tis that that makes my fears abound,
And thoughts of you to grow.

I love to read such thoughts as thine.
Which from thy fertile brain
Flow freely out and line by line,
Marks well a ready pen.

Come, list again to Muse's call
And tune thy harp anew;
Life is too short to stop at all
The good that you can do.

Your verses are like flowers in spring,
When nature wakes from sleep;
They cheer the heart and pleasure bring.
Which otherwise would weep.

How often, too, they do revive
The days of Auld Lang Syne;
Refresh the memory bring alive,
And sweeten life like Spring.

So bring your harp down from the wall,
And tune it up anew;
And listen to the Muse's call
And she will see you through.

MARION WILKINSON.

I see a wee girl, just once a week,
And oh, but she is bonnie,
Her face is round, just like a beet.
And sweeter far than honey.

I long for Thursday, oh, so much,
'Tis then I see the dearie,
Her winsome smile it is such
It makes me aye sae cheery.

She may be young, but not to blame,
She aye is getting older,
And she's a darling all the same
Her mamma should not scold her.

Her rosy cheeks they are so bright,
They're just like blooming roses;
Her lovely brow, that is so white,
Like a bunch of lily posies.

Her teeth like pearls, newly set,
Between two ruby lips,
And eyes that I must not forget
They shine like diamond tips.

I know she's good as well as bonnie,
And may she ever be
Aye loved and cherished sweet as honey
Is the wish of D. MacG.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines Written on the Sudden Demise of George Porritt, of
Hespeler, dedicated to the Fourth Form,
of the G.C.I., of Which he
Was a Member.

Strange, oh strange, forever strange
And will a mystery be,
The workings of God's Providence
Among his earthly family.

We wonder not when the aged
A timely death do die,
But when the young are called
We ask the reason why.

Forgetting that we're only here
While God allows it so,
Infinite wisdom cannot err
Nor strike a random blow.

But though we know that such is true
And fain would act aright,
In human frailty on we go
And mourn for lack of light.

We mourn for George, the good,
A lad so full of grace.
To know him was to love him—
Heaven's mark was on his face.

We know he's gone for aye
Without a parting word,
But left the sweetest memory
Without a jarring chord.

And may the calm of Heaven
Heal each bleeding heart—
We'll hear him in the Heavenly choir
And never more shall part.

IRENE CRANSTON.

Irene she is a rollicking girl,
A rollicking girl is she.
She must have come from a rollicking land
Where folks go rollicking free.

I cannot get sad when she is around,
For cares, if she e'er has any,
She must keep to herself and never let on
For she's aye so jolly and canny.

This jolly wee girl is so full of life,
Aye as happy as any could be,
Her eyes are aye blinking like stars in the sky
The brighter I never did see.

When I look on her face it puzzles me so,
For though she is yet in her teens,
I see wisdom expressed whenever she acts,
And never to childishness leans.

May never a cloud ever darken her sky,
Or thorns e'er come in her way;
The world sore needs her merry wee heart
And whatever kind words she can say.

There's many a heart that is broken and sore,
And many a spirit downcast,
That misfortune has blighted through no fault
of theirs,
But yet they're exposed to the blast.

So keep rollicking on and smile all the time
'Twill lengthen your life, don't you fear,
And lighten the burden of many a heart,
And dry up the sorrowful tear.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MRS. DAVID BLYTH.

Another friend has gone to rest,
Another voice is still,
Life's but a journey at the best,
And some is all uphill.

Her's was long and often wearie,
Many thorns along the way;
'Mong all her trials she was cheerie
And bravely struggled every day.

A faithful wife and loving mother,
A friend I never shall forget;
Her kindi. spirit o'er me hovers.
Her loving smile I see it yet.

She is not dead, but gone before
To a fairer world on high,
Where friends unite and never more
Shall ever hear goodbye.

A TOAST TO THE LADIES.

(By Request).

1. Mr. Chairman, one and all
Believe me I'm at sea;
In this worthy toast to the Ladies
I'm as bashful as can be.
2. We are lost without the ladies,
They're the source of all our joy,
Like diamonds in the darkness
How oft they us decoy.
3. Heaven bless the Ladies
The better half of man,
Who often clear our pathway
And direct our every plan.
4. Support us when we're weary
And make our burdens light,
Lead us on to victory
In all that's good and right.
5. Who would not be a Ladies' man
Deserves the worst of fate;
He's not fit for our society
Nor for this mortal state.
6. All honor to the Ladies
Whether dark or fair,
Be they married, yes, or single,
God bless the girls of Ayr.

Dear Mr. Manson, let me say,
Some verses here I send,
They are very few and somewhat lame,
But perhaps they'll suit the end.

TO ETHEL FERGUSON.

Who can control the thoughts of man
What wanderings they do take;
The body may be fast asleep
While the mind is wide awake

I've often been in company,
And listening with intent
When my mind was off a thousand miles
On some subject bent.

The first time that I met you,
And asked of you your name.
My mind set off like lightning,
And before my eyes there came

A mental vision of my youth,
Some fifty years and more,
Of a playmate that I had
Whom then I did adore.

Your surname it was hers,
And your visage seemed to be
The very picture of the girl
That often played with me.

Since then I've often wished to see
The farm house on the knoll,
Now since I've seen famed Allanbank,
About you and it I'll scroll.

None should be happier than you,
Your surroundings on the whole,
Seem to me to be most perfect
At the farm house on the knoll.

You have just a model home,
With a sister sweet and chubby brother,
And few could equal I am sure
Your father and your mother.

Of Nature's gift what shall I say?
She has lavished beyond control,

Why, it's just a perfect paradise
The farm house on the knoll.

Then Mill Creek with its water clear,
So gently it does roll,
Down through the stately cedars
Near the farm house on the knoll.

No wonder that your face doth shine,
Be-toking a happy soul,
That could not help but ruddy be
At the farm house on the knoll.

May happiness your heart possess,
And God your life control,
Until your sweet, sweet spirit flies
From the farm house on the knoll

WITH RESPECTS TO MARSHALL ANDERSON

I often write on girls,
But seldom on a boy,
It is not because I cannot
On them my muse employ.

Of course they're less attractive,
And seldom do create
Any strong imaginations,
In my mental state.

Yet there's one young man
That is ever in my eye,
His mother must be proud of him
He's such a tidy boy.

He always wears a cheerful smile,
Wherever I see him,
And ready ever to oblige,
A jolly boy is he.

When I look into his face,
Or peer into his eye.

There no wickedness can trace
Or evil there espy.

And no wonder that the girls,
Do sometimes chide and tease,
He has such a charming manner,
And always aims to please.

Now would you like to know him,
He's well marked anyhow,
So easily distinguished
By the cow-lick on his brow.

May no cloud bedim his sky,
And no thorns be in his way.
And be guided, aye, by Heaven,
Until his closing day.

ANNIE SMITH.

Where you 'vill o'er a' the lan'
Search both high and low
Bring to me the fairest girl
I'll a fairer show.

She comes frae bonnie Scotland
Where the bonnie lasses grow,
Where Nature does the painting
Her cheeks do plainly show.

She's frae the land o' heather
And the bonnie heather bell
Where the air is pure and sweet
Just like the lass hersel'.

She needs nae frills to set her off
Or ribbons grand and rare,
She is charming in her very walk
Would to a queen compare.

Her voice to me is music,
Although she may not sing,
For the doric, the Scottish doric,
It has a hamely ring.

Nae lan' like our native lan'
Nae sound like mother tongue,
She brings tae mind the happy days
I had when I was young.

God's blessing on this Scottish lass,
Good fortune aye be with,
Long may she live and happy be
This lovely Annie Smith.

MY DARLING ROSE.

Flower of every tint and hue,
Each one I do admire,
They have a charm I can't explain,
Of them I never tire.

Dame Nature hath bedecked the earth
With flowers both short and tall,
And though they all are beautiful
Still one that bears the pall.

The little daisy, modest thing,
The humble snowdrops, too,
Both hath a charm on human hearts
That large flowers never do.

The geranium with its constant bloom
To some it chief does pose,
But as for me there's nothing like
The ever-blooming rose.

There's not a flower that smells so sweet
And none I know that grows,
That charms me more in lowly hours
Than the ever-blooming rose.

There are pretty girls and jolly girls,
But all the girls that goes,
There's none like Margaret Watson
For she's my Darling Rose.

LETTER TO WILLIAM McCOLL, FORT WILLIAM.

Well Willie, I am at a loss,
I kenna what to say,
My mind's sae tracted o'er wi' work,
Nae time is left tae play.

I never thocht you were a poet,
Or ony thing like that,
Until I got your little card,
It fairly made me start.

I'm glaed ye like my little book,
And it enjoyed sae weel,
It's some encouragement to write
When praised by sic a cheel.

I canna boast o' muckle brains
Or ony thing like wit,
But I write awa' tae please masel'
Whatever's in ma mit.

I'm glad to think I'm of some use,
In giving ithers joy,
For my life has been to live to please
And never to annoy.

I have a craving in ma briest,
To see your ain guid wife,
And feast my eyes upon your bairns
The joys of hame and life.

If you should have a group to spare,
Just send them through the mail,
They'll all be pleased, as weel masel'
You promised, do not fail.

Noo, Willie, I am pleased to say,
We all are keeping well
And hope that you and your ain folks
Like blessings have a spell.
I shall be pleased when times tae spare
To hear from you ye see,
So wi' compliments frae one an' a'
I'll sign here, D. MacG.

VERA WALLACE.

Did you ever see the Chipmunk?
The sprightly little thing
As he sat upon a stump-fence
All ready for to spring.

It reminds me of wee Vera
With her eyes so full of glee,
So cunningly she looks around
At least she does at me.

Did you ever try to catch one?
The cunning little thing,
He darts away like lightning
Though he hasn't got a wing.

And so with little Vera,
Whene'er I near her go,
She's off as if on springs
And why I fail to know.

For I like little Vera,
With eyes of hazel brown;
And what lovely frizzy hair
My very taste I own.

And like the little Chipmunk,
An apple's her delight,
Why even in the class room
She's got to have a bite.

Though for that she had to suffer,
It being against the rule,
And how I felt for Vera
Poor thing, that day at school.

GALT FOR ME.

Oh, the summer time is comin'
 Bonnie lassie O'
When the flowers they will be bloomin'
 Bonnie lassie O'.
Then the gloamin' will be lang,
'Twill be nice to lilt a sang,
If you'll only come a-lang,
 Bonnie lassie O'.

If you'll only gang wi' me,
 Bonnie lassie O'.
When the summer's in it's glee,
 Bonnie lassie O'.
We will choose the River Gran',
I will take you by the han',
And by it we will gang,
 Bonnie lassie O'.

We will walk around the shore,
 Bonnie lassie O'.
As we've done so oft before,
 Bonnie lassie O'.
Where Nature's practised han',
Has painted all so gran',
Just for the good o' man,
 Bonnie lassie O'.

'Neath the cedars we can sit,
 Bonnie lassie O'.
I can read and you can knit,
 Bonnie lassie O'.
And we'll get the lovely breeze
That comes swirling through the trees,
Fresh as honey from the bees,
 Bonnie lassie O'.

That is where the lovers walk,
 Bonnie lassie O'.
And have a secret talk,
 Bonnie lassie O'.

Lang syne we did the same,
So them we manie blame,
Or even tell their name,
Bonnie lassie O'.

There the birds will play their tune,
Bonnie lassie O'.

On the lofty trees abune,
Bonnie lassie O'.

And the chirping all around,
Of the crickets on the ground,
Will make our hearts to bound,
Bonnie lassie O'.

Such a place I dinna ken,
Bonnie lassie O'.

As Galt frae en' tae en',
Bonnie lassie O'.

We've sae monnie parks, ye see,
And the Grand aye flowing free,
Nought but pleasure to the ee,
Bonnie lassie O'.

What crowds are going west,
Bonnie lassie O'.

But Galt for us is best,
Bonnie lassie O'.

So we'll rest content together,
On the hill beside the river,
Until we're forced to sever,
Bonnie lassie O'.

MAC'S EXPERIENCE AS A BABY JUDGE.

I've been appointed to many a job,
Since I grew to be a man;
But the last appointment that I got,
I will give it the ban.

Ye'll no guess what it was,
And you're likely to say no;
Well, listen while I tell you—
Judge at a Baby Show.

They told me it was easy,
So I thought I had a snap;
Yes; if they'd been only babies
Sitting on their mothers' laps.

Or, if there had been room enough,
And them sitting in a line;
But in a little band stand
Fancy fifty-nine.

And each one had the father,
Grand-dad and granny, too,
Cousins, aunts and sisters,
All moving to and fro.

Of course, I was only umpire,
Should the ladies disagree,
And they did the best that could be done
In such a jamboree.

But when the show was over
What a kicking I got,
From the mothers and their friends,
Said the judging was all rot.

It was not me that was to blame,
Nor the judges, don't you see;
There were not prizes to go round,
So it was the committee.

For the babies were all pretty,
All perfect in mothers' eyes,
And if I had only got my way
I'd give them all a prize.

But now, since it is over
I would have the public know,
That I'll never be a judge again
At any baby show.

THE WINNING OF THE TRACK CUP.

Five boys of worthy fame,
Set out from the G.C.I.
With quickened nerves and nimble feet
And spirits soaring high.

To the city of Toronto,
As it had a gala day,
It's the city of the stalwarts
At any kind of play.

Though the games they were open
To Collegiates all around,
Ours were the only strangers
That appeared upon the ground.

There was a gorgeous silver cup
For the champions' prize,
And no doubt but the 'Varsities
Had it in their eyes.

They never yet had lost it,
Toronto was its home;
None never dared to take it,
Or cause the thing to roam.

But Dandeno, Tilt and Metcalfe
Had it in their eye,
And Colvin, George and Fleming
Said, we'll see you by and by.

They entered in the games with vim,
With few to cheer them on,
Their acts were full of wisdom
Until the day was done.

They dashed like mighty heroes,
And jumped like any deers,
Made such a glorious record,
Set Toronto all in tears.

Just to think that little Galt
Was to take the cup away,
No wonder if their hearts were sore
On the gala day.

We have three here with other four
Still another is to come:
And if our boys a chance will get,
It, too, will soon be home.

Keep training on, it's good for health,
As well as for a name.
Let all your acts be pure and clean,
Whatever be your game.

Let's cheer along our athletes,
And boost the G.C.I.
They have given her another hoist
By their glorious victory.

THE CLOCK THAT WOULD NOT STOP.

The school term it was near its end,
School life was getting dull;
The weather was a trifle warm,
And everything was lull.

So just to break monotony
And not see the masters sick,
The boys set their brains a-working
And contrived a little trick.

So Three A Form got settled down
And a gloom o'er faces cast;
For a mighty storm was brewing
As is oft before a blast.

The teacher he was at his desk
All ready for the grammar,
And the boys were just as ready
For the pounding of the hammer.

Freddy he had got a clock
Secured right to his table,
With the alarm wound up as tight,
As tight as he was able.

Soon as the master made a move
To teach the Latin grammar,
Then Hughie gave the string a pull
And bang did go the hammer.

"Come, Foster, stop that clock,"
Said the master, as he arose,
"I can't," said little Foster,
As he kept picking at his nose.

Stanley made a big attempt
To keep his face sedate:
But, oh, if you had heard the noise
That Lammond did create.

Blair looked around at Charlie,
But never a word he spoke,
A long-drawn smile was on his face,
As if he had seen the joke.

When the master grabbed the time-piece
And tried to grab the ring,
But as the key had been removed
He could not do a thing.

So he banged right to the window,
And hurled it to the ground
Where Mac was on his knees
And he sprang up with a bound.

For the thing was still a-buzzing,
And did scare him out of breath;
'Twas just another instance
That he nearly met his death.

He picked it up and kept it
As a relic of the past;
And has here immortalized it
Just to please the boys at last.

WHEN?

When shall Canadians awake
And ope their eyes to see
That it is time for them to shake
From partyism free?

When shall our manhood rise in might
And with courage boldly stand,
With united hearts and bravely fight
For the best men in the land?

When shall our legislative halls,
Where the nation's laws are made,
Be filled with men that duty calls,
And no selfishness parade?

When shall conscience have her sway
And men be led thereby;
When truth and right will win the day
And all selfishness will die?

When shall free men freemen be,
And vote as freemen should,
When Grit and Tory all shall see
Nought but the people's good?

When shall come those blessed days,
When perfect man shall reign,
When men shall walk in wisdom's ways—
But echo answers, "When?"

BACK TO THE FARM.

"Back to the Land," now is the cry,
The Land is waiting for you,
It cannot come to the cities and towns
Where so many have nothing to do.

Millions of acres lie vacant and lost,
Millions of money are there;
All that is needed is labor and brains,
This millions of money to share.

You may not get rich as others have done,
But there's few that ever are poor;
Who lives on the land and keeps digging away
He'll drive poverty out at the door.

In cities and towns it oft is the case
That the dollar that is easy to win
Disappears much quicker than ever it came
And you're left with an empty bin.

I've never yet heard that such was the case,
Of a farmer's soup kitchen, I think,
When times were dull or winters severe
They'd aye plenty to eat and to drink.

"Back to the land," that is the place
Where the baby can run without care;
Where the boys and girls can scamper about
And enjoy the purest of air.

Back to the farm, where the young men
(and maidens,
Grow healthy, strong and bright;
'Tis there that is reared the sturdiest men,
And the women, too, are allright.

No place like the farm for innocent fun,
Just think of the times we have seen,
At the corn roast and the pea straw fire,
And hunting the coon at e'en.

At the barn raising, what a crowd was there!
All jolly as ever could be;
And the threshing season, 'twas just a delight,
The labor forgot in the glee.

And in the spring time of the year,
When the sap did run,
The tapping of the maple trees
Gave us some glorious fun.

"Back to the farm," where love's supreme,
There you seldom hear of strife;
All know each other long before they are wed,
And thus they are happy through life.

"Back to the Farm," ye deserters of all,
The Land, it cries for you;
And what you have lost you soon will gain
If you're young, honest and true.

IN MEMORIAM OF JOHN WELLS.

Life's labors ended, rest at last
His cares and troubles o'er;
He's gone where flowers are ever green,
And blossoms evermore.

Long he has given close attention
And labored ardently
On the beautiful flowers of Nature,
And that successfully.

And gained a reputation
As a florist far and wide,
By his grand display of beauties—
Carnations were his pride.

Now his knife he'll use no more
And his trowel is laid aside;
For knife and trowel are never needed
Where everlasting flowers abide.

What beautiful flowers we spread
Around his mortal clay,
That soon will wilt and wither
And like mortals all decay.

While angels with the flower divine
And wreaths from heav'n's bowers,
Did strew his path and crown him
With immortal flowers.

BILL CARDY'S NEW INVENTION.

Bill Cardy's at his tricks again,
He is looking well ahead,
And that's the way to gain success
In running any trade.

You know he's a crank on chickens,
And great on the poultry show;
So he has got an early brood—
They're hatched out long ago.

How he got a hen to set so early
It beats me out to know,
For mine won't start to lay an egg
Until the price gets low.

Say, he is a genius
In the poultry line;
He has made a patent brooder,
And suits the chicks just fine.

And then the artificial hen—
You should see it without fail—
It's just the very thing, although
It has neither head nor tail.

How nice they nestle 'neath her wings
She covers them complete;
She cannot kill a single one,
Because she has no feet.

What next is roving in his head
'Twould be difficult to know
No doubt he means to sweep the boards
At the great poultry show.

TO THE G.C.I. ATHLETES.

(On Winning the Kiltie Band Cup at Berlin, May 24, 1907).

Come give the boys a hearty cheer,
And give it with a will;
For they have won another cup
And we want another still.

Bravo, lads, you're doing well,
You're just a noble band;
The G.C.I. is proud of you,
Go on, stay not your hand.

You've upheld the honor of the school
As in the days of old;
Who'se fame has spread the world o'er
And reared the Champions bold.

More honors still await you,
The Hough Cup you must bring;
And we'll crown you royal victors,
And your praises loud we'll sing.

A TRUE SHOOTING STORY.

We are so much alike,
Should a stranger pass us by
He would not know the difference
Between Brother Tom and I.

A very sharp observer,
Say, a detective on the hunt,
Would never take us for twins,
For I'm so very blunt,

We are both quite fond of sport,
'Specially handling of the gun,
And we often go a-shooting
To us the best of fun.

But we seldom go together,
For we sometimes don't agree
About the place where game is got,
Though he has oft the best of me.

For walking, I get plenty,
But for game, they're not my lot,
While Tom would get a hare or two,
Then boast a cracking shot.

Now this did often puzzle me,
For in shooting I him beat,
At any target practice
And then it was no feat.

Tom never cared to tell me
Where he had such luck,
He said I ne'er went far enough
Because I had no pluck.

But I set out one Saturday,
While Tom was sick at home,
Determined for some hares to get,
However far I'd roam.

I wandered many a weary mile,
Until my feet were sore,
When suddenly I spied a little shanty,
And I went up to the door.

I did not rap, but in I went,
As if the boss I knew.
He smiling said, and looking up:
"Look what I've got for you!"

I'm generally a little blunt,
But I twigged the situation,
I've struck at last Tom's shooting place,
It will cause him some vexation.

"You see I'm somewhat late," said I,
As I leaned against the wall,
Fearing he might recognize
That I was not Tom at all.

As quick as I could safely do,
The hares I then did bag,
I gave the boss a dollar bill,
Just like any other wag.

Tom's way I tried to imitate,
As I bade my friend good-bye,
I was jolly o'er my lucky find,
As homeward scampered I.

"What luck, my boy?" said brother Tom,
When I got within the door,
"Ah! I struck your famous spot,
And I managed to get four."

I asked him what he paid for his
But, oh, his tongue was still,
When I said they were somewhat dear,
As I paid a dollar bill.

IN MEMORIAM OF EDWARD SAUNDERS, GALT.

Seldom is our flag unfurled
To flutter in the gale,
But it is raised to all its height
And joyfully it we hail.

But sad and solemn was the heart
And shaking was the hand,
That raised it up the other day
To half-mast at command.

Our Eddie he has gone before
We wot not the reason why,
That one so much endeared by all
Should so early have to die.

A life so sweet and pure,
We could not help but love,
And now we mourn since he is gone
To a brighter world above.

And sad and sore the hearts of those
That knew our Eddie best;
We cannot help but drop a tear
Tho' we know he's with the blest.

Few youths like him we've seen,
Few with him could compare,
And where is one his equal
That could fill his vacant chair.

WITH RESPECTS TO MISS ANNIE JOHNSTON.

Some ladies love the pretty flowers
With blossoms all so gay,
But I love best the pretty birds
That sing the live-long day.

The flowers are charming to the eye,
Wherever they appear,
But I prefer the birds that sing
Their music to my ear.

I've a reason for my taste,
But I am shy to tell
That makes the birds so dear to me
And their song I love so well.

My lover, he so sweetly sings,
And whistles all day long,
And like the birds, he revels
In melody or song.

Whene'er I see the robin,
It reminds me of my Jim,
The name it sounds so sweet to me,
As that's the name of him.

I love to lie in the morning
Before the waking hours,
And listen to the robin's note
High up among the bowers.

I am longing for the day to come
When I will be his bride
I'll stick to him thro' weal and woe,
Whatever him betide.

**THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF MABEL McLEOD,
GALT.**

We may think and ponder well,
Yet we mortals cannot see
The ways of God's mysterious hand
Who rules our destiny.

And 'tis well we do not know
What's in our future life,
For many would ambition lose
And few could face the strife.

Such thoughts recur within my brain
As I think of one that's gone;
A friend just reached the prime of youth
A flower, but fully blown

A nature bright as any star,
Defusing light o'erhead,
Her action was so full of life,
'Tis strange to think she's dead.

But her merry laugh is heard no more,
That made dull care to fly
For she is gone where cares are not,
Where nought but joy is nigh.

The plans she laid for future life,
And her prospects that were bright,
They are by God's unerring hand,
Gone as a flash of light.

Let us not murmur or complain,
The Lord knows what is best;
We know she's safe in Glory Land,
For evermore at rest.

WRITTEN ON A POST CARD TO IRENE CHAPMAN.

Dear Irene, I got your card,
About your parachute,
I have some left, but being yours
I'm somewhat in a doubt.

But come you down if you can
And make an investigation
And I will show them all to you
Without any hesitation.

THE REUNION.

I bid you welcome one and all,
This night of great elate,
The reason why you're here tonight
Is to celebrate,

Eight and twenty years hae gane,
Just on this very date,
Since we landed on Canadian soil,
In search of brighter fate.

We left old Scotia's bonny isle,
With many a trickling tear
For loving friends we left behind,
And the land we hold so dear.

The scenes and sights we'll ne'er forget
While time its course shall run,
And naught can fill the aching void,
That Scotland first had won.

But though we love old Scotland yet
And will until we die,
Who would regret at leaving her,
Not us—at least not I.

For I love the land of Canada,
It's just the land for me,
And aye I'll bless the good old ship
That took me 'cross the sea.

She was not just the fastest,
For she took three weeks or near,
And known as the Allan cradle
Having such unsteady steer.

But with all the rocking to and fro
What merriment we had,
For the greater part were jolly lads,
From the hills with heather clad.

Seven hundred and fifty Highland lads,
Of the nine hundred that were there
And they with fiddle and the pipes
The music did not spare.

Throughout the day we played at games,
Like young folks at the school,
And when supper, it was over,
A concert was the rule.

There was no end of curious pranks,
The old cradle had to play,
Especially when the sea was rough,
And overhead a lovely day.

A bunch of checker players sat
'Neath the hatchway open wide
When a mighty wave swept o'er the deck
And drenched us to the hide.

Another time a lot of ladies
Lay basking in the sun,
What they were doing I couldn't tell
But appeared as having fun.

When another wave crept o'er the stern,
And to their great surprise,
It gently rolled among the crowd
Ere they had time to rise.

Another time I'll ne'er forget,
'Twas at the dinner hour,
When two men on a barrel sat
That was lying on the floor.

The ship she gave an awful lurch,
And the men, they both gave way,
The barrel it rolled over them,
And their soup it went like spray,

We steamed through ice a hundred miles,
And sometimes five feet thick,
We oft did cast the anchor
And for days we had to stick.

A sea storm started up at last,
Just at the close of day,
Which broke the ice in fragments
And the good ship moved away.

The only mishap that we had,
(But it was never told),
The ice burst in an iron plate,
And she drew water in the hold.

So we all got safely landed,
And as I said before,
I never once did yet regret,
That I ever came ashore.

Let us give three cheers for Canada,
The most glorious land on earth,
The Maple Leaf Forever,
Who can tell its worth?

TO MRS. R. ELLIOTT, JR., BROOK ST.

Please accept his floral bouquet,
From friends that hold you dear,
In their heart's sincere affections
And wishes you to cheer.

May He who binds the wounded
And heals whatever's sore,
Be quick to give you strength
And good health to you restore.

We long to see you round again,
And see your loving face,
The world has need of such as you
And the church a vacant place.

We're glad to hear you're gaining strength,
Improving day by day.
And that such may be continued
We will forever pray.

FAREWELL TO HALLEY'S COMET.

Good bye, old Comet, good bye,
Tho' I don't know what you are;
You did not look much different
From a common star.

I often wonder why the world
Has made so much of you,
And your crooked little tail
And what it was going to do.

Farewell, and that forever,
I'll ne'er see thee again;
But Halley's comet I'll ne'er forget
While I on earth remain.

What awful things you were to do,
The men of science said;
Till ignorant and nervous folk
Got terribly afraid.

They told us you would strike the earth
With your gaseous tail,
And either set us all a-laughing
Or make us weep and wail.

Yes, cause all life to disappear,
Blot out the human race,
When you never thought of such a thing
'Twould have put you in disgrace.

I am not much on astronomy
But often look on high
And view the wondrous orbs
Where you're supposed to fly.

And think of the great Creator
Who guards and guides alone,
That neither you nor any orb,
Can travel from their zone.

If man would only trust in Him
And always do the right,
A merry laugh would replace fear
And darkness change to light.

I am glad you came, but gladder still
You never harmed a fly;
But have fooled the foolish once again,
So I'll bid you now good-bye.

TO NELLIE IRWIN ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Congratulations, dearest Nellie,
On this your natal day;
Year after year keeps rolling on,
So another's gone away.

Thus you have reached the very stage
Where life's a glittering sheen;
The noted point in girlhood life,
The year of sweet sixteen,

I wish you, from my very heart,
Rich blessings from above;
May sweet contentment fill your breast
And your heart be full of love.

May your path on earth be straight,
And strewn with garlands many,
May you never want for loving friends,
And enemies ne'er have any.

And when you reach the end,
May Heavenly Angels see
You safely over Jordan's tide,
Is the wish of D. MacG.

**ON VIEWING THE REMAINS OF C. WILSON, GALT'S
NOTED POET.**

How still and staid the house appeared,
No voice came from within;
The blinds were down, for he had left
No more to enter in.

'Tis not for sale, and none can use
That house, where he so long
Did live a life that God did bless,
A life of psalm and song.

His house was like the rest on earth,
Just made of common clay,
And since he's gone, it soon will go,
Yes, moulder and decay.

But not the man—he'll live for aye
In a grander mansion far;
No blinds are drawn, but all is light,
And he a brilliant star.

He's gone to join the angelic throng
And sing with saints above
The song he did adore on earth—
Our great Redeemer's love.

TO LELIA HEPBURN, PRESTON

Of all the youthful girls at school,
There's none that is more dear
Than lovely Lelia Hepburn,
To me she doth appear.

There's something that I can't explain:
Strikes me each time I see
Her charming face and eyes so sharp,
What will that girlie be?

Her broadset brow so white,
And head well balanced o'er;
She has more brain within
Than she gets credit for.

Her cheery smile that's always there
Each time I do her meet;
Does cast the cares of life away,
And sets me on my feet.

May nothing come to mar the way
That lies in store for her;
And if her talents get full play
The world she will stir.

My warmest wishes here I send
On this Xmas morn;
Cultivate your gift from day to day
And you'll the world adorn.

TO HARRY MARTIN, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Dear Harry:—Let me say,
I got your welcome letter just the other day.
I could not well forget you, if I try
For you loom no little thing in my eye
And another thing that is sure to last,
The pleasant recollections of the past
(I mean the jolly time you had at school)
You were not like some boys, a fool;
Yet I'm happy here to state what's true
That the sinners that did pester me were few.
We still have some that we could do without;
Thorn, for instance, he goes on his usual route.
Sometimes I'm sorry for the little jade
It seems it's born in him to be bad.
You asked me if I'm writing any more,
Sometimes about the girls I do adore,
I cannot help but please the little dears,
'Tis they that keep me young, tho' old in years,

Occasionally I write a screed, be't more or less,
Which finds its way into the local press.
About that second book of poems, let me say,
I have not yet decided how, or when the day;
But for matter I have plenty laid in store
To make a book of 500 pages, less or more,
All type written and punctuated to a tee,
So I'm not an idle man you may clearly see,
For in this school the work is three times more,
Than what I used to have; still I'm happy as of yore.
I have now an assistant from where the Shamrock
grows

And we have a jolly time, as everybody knows.
I'm enclosing here, two screeds of rhyme,
That you may read in leisure time,
The one about the kiss you know right well,
Her name is Lexia Shantz, but of course I do not tell
And I know you won't, except when writing home,
So the secret never more shall roam.
Before I close I must let you know,
That here we have an awful time with snow,
For quantity I never yet did see
The like of this in any year of all the twenty-three
That I have passed at the G.C.I.,
We have it piled up seven feet high,
Oh, yes, the skating rink it should be somewhere here
We'll find it if the snow does ever disappear.
Now just to make these rambling notes rhyme even,
I'll close by saying that our teaching staff is now
eleven.

Your old friend,

MAC.

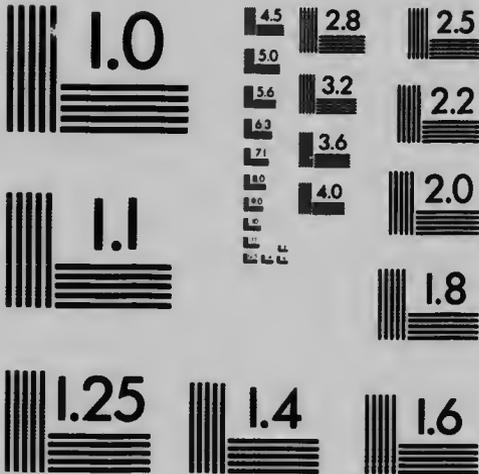
On Finding a Bunch of Violets, Mixed With Pink Begonias on a School Desk while Sweeping.

Wee gentle flowers of azure blue,
With pinkish ones mixed nicely through,
In such a tasty bunch was set
I love thee and will ne'er forget.



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GREETINGS TO MARJORIE KEYES.

The season's compliments to Marjorie
My little lady friend;
May you enjoy your holidays
From the beginning to the end.

May the New Year that's approaching
Have a rich supply,
For you deserve a liberal share
And must not be passed by.

You're as wise as any woman,
And as gentle as a dove.
Your heart seems full of kindness
And overflows with love.

I could write a column in your praise
If I had time you see;
And every word right from the heart
Of your old friend D. MacG.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A PHOTO.

Dear Mr. Wilson, your photo to hand,
With my heartiest thanks I reply,
Tongue cannot explain how delighted I am,
I shall cherish it until I die.

And the thought that prompted the gift,
Makes it extra value to me,
I never once thought that in your large heart
I had a corner, you see.

May the God of all grace, ever keep and sustain,
The flickering life in the clay,
Strengthen your faith and brighten your hope,
Until the old body gives way.

Sincerely yours,

D. MACGEORGE.

ON ANNA WINTER.

My mind is roving o'er a name,
'Tis a puzzler to me,
Why Anna should be called so,
I always fail to see.

Winter is so cold and bleak,
With stormy winds that blow;
Why Anna's name is Winter,
I'd like you'd let me know.

She's warm at heart and cheery
And bright as Summer's morn,
No chilly traits with Anna,
Nor venom in her tongue.

Some girls they would freeze you,
And how their words would sting,
And short like the days of Winter,
And don't know when they'll spring.

But say what you like to Anna,
She replies with a sunny smile;
Affection deep within her heart
And in her eye no guile.

I'll aye remember Anna,
And I know she's not to blame,
She's everything I've said of her
So I'll forgive her name.

On Being Invited to an At Home When It Was Too Late,
the Time the School Was Held in the Town Hall.

MAC'S REGRETS.

Dear third form pupils let me say
Your invitation came today.
I'm sorry that it was too late,
I've another engagement on the slate.
But when I'm at home I'll not forget
To send you word in time, you bet.

THE BONNY LASS O' CLYDE.

As the sun sank down behind yon bush
Where owlets oft abide,
My thoughts went roaming and did stray
To the bonny lass o' Clyde.

But once I caught a glimpse o' her
And that sight it winna hide;
I see her still, tho' absent she,
The bonny lass o' Clyde.

I do admire God's creatures all
When youth is on their side;
Where innocence and sweetness dwell
As in the bonny lass o' Clyde.

I cannot tell what's in her heart,
Could deception there abide?
I banish such unworthy thoughts
Of the bonny lass o' Clyde.

This I know, you'd travel far,
Yes, travel far and wide,
Before you meet a sweeter girl
Than the bonny lass o' Clyde.

Virtue's stamped upon her face,
Her countenance is open wide;
No sullen look is within the eye
Of the bonny lass o' Clyde.

May good fortune be her lot,
And wisdom ever guide
The steps of sweet Jemima Bryce
The bonny lass o' Clyde.

WITH RESPECTS TO NELLY BROWN

Pleasant as a summer eve
When the sun sinks out of sight,
And varies not in her demeanor,
Morning, noon and night.

No frown is seen upon her brow,
When things are not just so,
Only a quiet and easy look
Or just a simple yes or no.

No flaring passions e'er arise,
Whatever comes her way;
Wisdom guides her youthful steps
In school each passing day.

Sad and solemn—no, not she,
Always a pleasant smile,
As if her heart was full of love
Or ready to beguile.

She is just a girl that stands alone,
Like a Queen upon her throne,
It's rare to find another girl
To equal Nellie Brown.

**IN REPLY TO AN INVITATION TO ALLAN LEES'
MARRIAGE.**

Your invitation came to hand
In the due course of time;
Oh, how I'd like to clasp your hand
For the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Congratulations, dearest Allan,
On your great nuptial day;
How I regret I cannot come
As you're so far away.

May you and your dear Lila
Enjoy much wedded bliss,
And may heaven's smile be on you
The greatest gift there is.

And should you ever wander here
Right welcome you will be
Especially by the Janitor,
The same old D. MacG.

CHARLOTTE GILCHRIST.

Sweeter than the honeycomb,
And lively as the bee,
As chubby as a cherub
A trig wee girl is she.

She'd charm the heart of any man,
If he'd be charmed at all,
She'd twist his heart strings any way
And fairly him enthrall.

Her manner is so winsome
And bewitching is her eye,
And though she's so attractive
I could not say she's sly.

She has an open countenance
With no evil hiding there,
A kindly heart and free
And a spirit void of care.

Just what a girl should be
That's only in her teens,
With ruddy face and ruby lips
And steps as if on springs.

Long may the world's cares
Lie lightly on her heart,
And never let tomorrow
Make her spirit smart.

HOW I WAS CAUGHT BY THE SHORT CAKE.

'Twas just about the Xmas tide,
When auld and young were jolly,
And everyone was giving gifts
Frae big things tae a dolly.

What various things were being bought,
And gaen awa' for naught,
The old would get a great surprise
And the youth, the things they sought.

Of course, I was amang lave,
A hunting up and doon,
To see the sights and meet my friends
That wandered through the toon.

Until my feet got awfu cauld,
And chilly was my frame,
When I stepped into a baker's store
To get warmed ere I went hame.

But like a mouse at midnight hour,
When it comes unto the cheese,
He thinks he's made a lucky find,
Until he gets a squeeze.

I did not get a squeeze, ye ken,
But just fooled all the same,
By the store girl ere I left
A jolly clever dame.

My eye caught on a short cake
That was exposed to view,
I thought I'd buy and take it home,
'Twould help the Xmas through.

So my hand dug in my pocket,
To feel if I'd enough,
For it's generally the way with bards
That they're always short of stuff.

But the stuff I did not need,
For when I asked the price,
The dark-eyed damsel, with a smile,
Said you'll find it very nice.

And all I want for payment,
So don't think me absurd,
For you promised to write a poem,
Now compliment your word.

What could I do but take the cake,
And write for her a rhyme,
So like the mouse, within the trap,
I was caught another time.

Jean's just like a' the other girls,
That bothers me each day,
Would keep me writing poetry
And give me naught to say.

They know it is my failing
That I cannot them refuse,
But to treat me thus is cruel
My good nature to abuse.

But I'll watch my chance in future
Before I go in to buy,
For when I see a girl within
I'll simply pass them by.

**WRITTEN ON SHORT NOTICE FOR MARSHALL
ANDERSON, AYR.**

Another term has passed away,
And we, like builders all,
Are building, for a future day,
A weak or sturdy wall

A shelter from the stormy blast,
That occasionally does blow,
In human lives from first to last,
But when we do not know.

A character, none can foresee,
What we will be some day;
But let us build in honesty
Our future destiny.

TO MY DAUGHTER, JEANNIE.

On Jeannie, but I fain would fly,
Across the raging main,
And light on Bonnie Scotland,
And clasp thy hand again.

I'd love to take thy little Nan
And Bobbie on my knee,
I think I hear them even now
Saying Grandpa unto me.

When I step early off to bed,
To rest my wearied frame,
And when too tired to go to sleep,
I often dream of hame.

That place that does not know me now,
Yet the dearest place on earth,
The place where first I saw the light,
Where mother gave me birth.

I dream of all my boyhood days,
And the Polish pranks I'd play,
And the moment live again
The life of manhood day.

And never halt until I came
Where you and me did sever,
That parting you may have forgot
But I know one that will never.

I fain could clasp thee in my arms,
Little Nan and Bobbie too,
And have a chat with Dadda,
Just for the sake of you.

But the future, it is hid from view,
Though on that my mind is set,
And the Lord has always brought me through
And I can safely trust Him yet.

WHEN HUGHIE GOES AWAY.

There'll be a sad lamenting,
And what will people say,
When they hear the news for truth,
That Hughie's going away.

He long has been a favorite,
And a great sport, they say,
Too bad he's going to leave us
And so he's going away.

Lots have tried to change his mind,
But to all he just said nay,
And there'll be many a sorry heart
When Hughie goes away.

For he is known through a' the toon,
Many lassies braw and gay,
And they will lose a kindly friend,
When Hughie goes away.

He always tried to treat them well,
Whatever he'd to pay,
And they'll miss an open, kindly heart
When Hughie goes away.

And there is one I darna tell,
Her name I mustn't say,
She'll just be broken-hearted
When Hughie goes away.

Fortune's wheel oft takes a turn,
Love often blocks its way,
So she need not cry, but wait until
Her Hughie goes away.

When Asked to Write a Verse on Dickie Settlement, I
Wrote the Following:

Dickie Settlement is the place
That is known far and wide
As a place more Scotch than Scotland
There nought but Scotch abide.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

Oh, what a life is mine,
I'm teased both night and day,
Ever since I started writing
Little poems by the way.

"Write a poem on me, Mac,"
Is the constant cry,
Of the jolly, pretty girls
At the G. C. I.

And the hardest thing I find.
As at my work I go,
Is to give a saucy answer,
And a decided no.

To write on some is easy,
When I am in the mood,
And they're either awful bad
Or else most awful good.

Some may tickle up the muse
With their peculiar ways,
And call up long-sought memory
Of my boyhood days.

When I come to Jeannie Douglas,
No nicer girl I know,
Yet she has something lacking
To make the matter flow.

I never see her flirt with boys,
Aye chumming with the girls,
Although I heard it whispered
That she's awful fond of curls.

But 'twas said so awful low,
And then behind my back,
That I have yet to learn
If they were brown or black.

But black, of course, would never do,
Though the wearer is sublime,
The light brown is more charming,
She don't want winter all the time.

The most girls they want a leader,
To guard them on the way,
And he'll be such a noble guide,
Come whatever may.

And fancy what a contrast,
Together they will be,
She's black and he is brown,
They'll be a sight to see.

I'll say no more just now,
But keep watching while I wait,
Time may change her fortune
And lead her another gait.

A PHILOSOPHY.

Two young ladies frank and free
Accosted me the other day,
To write on them some poetry,
And me they promised to pay.

For payment, I don't care, you see,
At least it will be only bosh,
Anna Ochs the first to be,
The second Irene McIntosh.

The first is brave beyond her years,
In all she does she will succeed,
Though she should meet with frowns and fears,
She'll succor get in time of need.

The second is of different build
With winsome smile upon her face,
Her kindly heart is bound to yield
And to another would give place.

A PHILOSOPHER they'll say is Mac,
But time will tell how true I be,
If they're the same behind my back,
As in their face I clearly see.

MISS CARTER.

Miss Carter, but I miss you,
The days seem dark and drear,
School life seems so monotonous,
Not so when you are here.

For you I've asked repeatedly
And scarce anyone could tell,
The only news that I could hear,
Was, "I think she's doing well."

Week after week they pass,
And still the same old tale,
But I cannot wait any longer
If writing will avail.

Please drop a card, Miss Carter,
And tell me how you be,
And accept the deepest sympathy
Of your humble friend, MacG.

WITH RESPECTS TO GERTRUDE M. DORNER AND BEATRICE M. TAYLOR.

Two lovely girls a visit paid
To me one Sabbath Day.
Just like the little chicks, they saw,
So attractive in their way.

Youth always has a charm for me,
Whate'er such it be,
But nice young girls, I do adore,
When they are nice to me.

Gertrude fair and comely,
Fresh as the air of spring,
When Nature starts all life anew,
And gladdens everything.

A perfect blossom in herself,
So attractive to the eye,
That one forgets all present care,
Makes troubles all to fly.

And Beatrice, sweet beyond compare,
And charming to be seen,
Her sparkling eyes and ruby lips
Would match with any queen.

She's one of Nature's lovely flowers,
That brightens up the home,
And lightens up the heavy heart,
Where cares so often roam.

What a pity youth don't last
And cares and sorrows come,
But youth and beauty both shall last
In our Eternal Home.

STELLA SAUDER.

The girls, they say I'm crazy,
As crazy as can be,
Yet they keep teasing all the time
Till I write them poetry.

They know I have a weakness
For the female sect,
And would do anything to please them,
Which reason could expect.

But some are out of reason
In their demands of me,
When there is nothing in them
To rouse the muse, you see.

And Stella Sauder, let me say,
Is one I must confess,
That I don't know what to say about,
The thought does me distress.

She's neither gay nor foolish,
Yet bright and full of life,
She's wise and thoughtful for her years,
And never causes strife.

She's a writer of some note,
And observer where she goes,
With a retentive memory
Nice entertainment flows.

And takes well to Manual Training,
Expert with all the tools,
She'd be a boon in any home,
For with her wisdom rules.

MARY MACKEAN.

The night was calm without,
But calmer still within,
As I sat musing on the past,
When a mouse the trap slipped in.

I hastened up to get it,
But to my great surprise,
The mouse, it did spring away
Before my wondering eyes.

So like the muse I often court,
I'll have pen and paper ready,
When off she'll go, like any clown,
And leave me almost giddy.

But this night, she charms me on,
Ere another mouse miscarry,
I'll try and write to please a girl,
Ye ken her name is Mary.

The name it sounds so sweet to me,
My first love it did carry,
When I was but a boy at school,
And my darling wife is Mary.

But no other likeness can I draw
Of either one or other,
I hope she's just as good as them,
But to me she's just a bother.

She teases me each time we meet,
And I could not say her nay,
For like the other girls, she wants
A poem nigh right away.

But the mouse won't let me write,
For each time the trap does spring,
I've aye to run and take it out,
The thieving little thing.

Mary she is light in hair,
And just as light of heart,
The world it has no care for her,
Nothing to make her smart.

Long may she romp and laugh and sing,
While youth is on her side,
And may no cloud bedim her eye,
Or trouble e'er betide.

May she always have a smile for those
That chance to pass her by,
For smiles do often ease the heart
Where troubles often lie.

Smiles are oft like rubber balls,
When thrown at another,
They're sure to bound right back again
And many a trouble smother.

THE BONNIE LASS OF BLAIR.

Spring is the season we adore,
Youth's period of the year,
The buds burst forth, the birds then sing,
All human hearts to cheer.

But what is cheerier still to me,
And lifts my heart from care,
Is the sparkling eye and beaming smile
Of the bonnie lass of Blair.

The flowers may come in gay array,
And deck the earth with pride;
The birds may sing on budding trees,
As on the branch they ride.

That may be grand, and so it is,
And with music fills the air,
But give me the sweet, melodious voice
Of the bonnie lass of Blair.

Spring has a charm all of its own,
To young and old as well;
New life it gives and scatters gloom,
All creatures feel the spell,

But though its charm is something great,
It can't with her compare,
For there is no break in this one's charm—
The bonnie lass of Blair.

WITH RESPECTS TO ELIZA MCGIRR.

Darling Liza, blythe and gay,
Charming as the flowers in May,
No compliments too good to pay
To lovely little Liza.

I have not words enough to praise,
Or high enough elogiums raise,
For her I've known near all her days,
That lovely little Liza.

I've nursed her oft upon my knee,
And a darling little tot was she,
Whene'er she'd come I could not be
Without my little Liza.

When at school, I o't would see,
And Liza aye the same would be,
A perfect picture to my 'ee
Was ever little Liza.

But now to womanhood she's grown,
And lovelier still I here must own,
No prettier queen sat on a throne
Than lovely little Liza.

There's more than me, I'm proud to say,
Has seen this ~~pearl~~ pearl by the way,
And prized it too, as well they may,
And it is little Liza.

I knew that she would soon entice
Some fellow that with longing eyes,
Did want to gain a priceless prize
And he has one in Liza.

I hope he's worthy of the thing,
Where now is placed a golden ring,
And may good fortune ever bring
The best for him and Liza.

PLATTSVILLE.

One early morning in July,
I started out at leisure,
To view the country around,
A day of rest and pleasure.

My objective point was Plattsville,
Some eighteen miles away,
A village that I've often heard
Was anything but gay.

The day was all we could desire,
The scenery was grand:
The various crops luxuriant,
As seen on every hand.

The village it seemed rather dull.
But no signs of decay,
And a future bright is coming,
That at no distant day.

For recently in earnest,
A company was formed,
To bore down for natural gas
That their dwellings be adorned.

Experts from Petrolea
Were soon upon the spot,
When down did go the mighty drill
And what do you think they got?

Spa water in abundance
A wonder for to see,
Three million gallons boiling up,
Both night and day so free.

We know from whence Niagara came,
And it cannot help its fall,
But whence this health restorer comes
'Tis a puzzler to all.

And now they're down another place,
Within the village bounds,
And a greater wonder does appear,
Tho' strange to me it sounds.

Three different kinds of water,
And all in large supply,
Fresh, salt and sulphur—
Gas may come, by and by.

Plattsville and its surroundings
Could be to my mind,
Made an ideal health resort
For the weary of mankind.

The only thing that's wanted,
Is connection there by rail;
The village fathers won't be long,
They'll have it, without fail.

Then you'll see the visitors
Come flocking to the spot,
The weary ones and invalids
Like doves unto their cot.

Success to Plattsville and its trade,
May the echo far and wide
Sound forth its great inducements
Which will rush it like the tide.

THE WOMEN'S CONVENTION.

The world is turning upside down
Since first I saw the light,
'Tis wonderful what changes come
And still there's more in sight.

I mind right well when on the farm
In Scotland's lowland vale,
We reaped the harvest with the scythe,
And threshed it with a flail.

I cannot here begin to tell
The ancient methods used
My object here is just to note
The convention that is closed.

Two hundred women met within
Galt's famous classic hall,
Not to trip the light fantastic step
Or waste the time at ball,

For it was a business gathering
With lofty ends in view,
And no loftier lot of ladies
Than those of Waterloo.

None of your crazy suffragettes,
That in Britain do appear,
But ladies full of sense and grit
Evinced on faces clear.

Discussed the things that do pertain
Unto their married state,
Of how to train their children well
And what evils to abate.

But the mental part it was not all
That they did there display,
For a practical illustration
Was given there that day

Of how to feed the inner man,
Without which we could not live,
For such a luncheon they did serve
That only farmers' wives can give.

No Institute when I was young
Or gatherings such as it,
If e'er the like had been proposed
'Twould give the men a fit.

Success to the Women's Institute,
God speed their noble band,
May we ne'er mar their progress,
But give a helping hand.

MAC'S EXPERIENCE ON A STEAM LAUNCH.

I'm not much of a sailor,
Though I have crossed the sea;
And a swimmer never was
And not likely e'er will be.

Yet I was born beside a water,
And even had my home
Always beside a river,
And by them love to roam.

Now for twenty years and more
I have lived beside the Grand,
And seldom have been for a sail
Think I'm 'safer on the land.

But this is a world of changes,
And people change as well;
For I'm now in love with sailing
The reason here will tell.

One eve I strolled as I am wont
With my wife and daughter,
When a launch came puffing up
In speed upon the water.

'Twas Mr. Getty and his son,
And soon they drew to shore;
And in his winning, genial way
An invitation bore.

Such kindness we could not withstand
So casting fear aside,
We stepped into "Regina,"
Mr. Getty's pride.

And, oh, but it was lovely,
Not a jar or jolt,
How nicely Eddie turned around,
Barely knew you were afloat.

No strength or muscle needed
To shove the boat along;
You only need to look ahead
In case you're steering wrong.

If ever I do own a boat,
Just like Getty's it must be;
I think it a perfect model
It's just the thing for me.

THOUGHTS ON PRESTON.

I never lived in Preston,
But often have been there,
For through it I love to ramble,
When I have time to spare.

It's a town I do admire,
It's famed both far and wide,
As a place for invalids,
Where for health they do reside.

There are springs that's overflowing,
Their value who can know?
Both iron and sulphur springs,
For such the sick do go.

But I seldom go for that,
But to view the pretty flowers,
That decorate the dwelling,
And adorn the lovely bowers.

I often think of Preston,
As the home of friends that's dear,
Friends that I never will forget,
Oft draws from me a tear.

And still new friends I'm making
Each year that passeth by,
That binds my heart to Preston,
With many a loving tie.

HELEN ROBERTSON.

Helen is a wee thing.
But, oh, she is a brick,
She's a wonder for her age,
I tell ye what she's slick.

Like a squirrel upon a tree,
How she can turn around,
Whatever she has got to do,
She's at it with a bound.

Like stars that glitter in the skies
Or diamonds in the mine,
The brightness of her little face
How it does always shine.

And clever at her duties,
Why she does nothing shirk,
I have watched her oft when passing,
While she was at her work.

She'll make a dandy housewife,
You should see her in the room,
While at Domestic Science,
'Tis there she makes things boom.

She'll be thrifty, I have no doubt,
For she's of Scottish blood,
And kind like all the Highland folk,
'Tis the nature of the brood.

And may she always strive to be,
An honor to her race,
They'll happier be and always find
A good and honored place.

LOVELY NINA PARKS.

Oh Nina, lovely Nina,
Each time I see your face,
It minds me of a flower so sweet,
That does my garden grace.

I would not be without it,
Whatever be its price,
It always seems to smile at me,
Oh, Nina, but your nice.

There's not a mark upon your face,
That bespeaks when you were born,
So fresh and lusty full of life,
Fresh as an April morn.

And still you're like October,
Your cheeks so flushed with red
The coloring so enchanting,
No painting do you need.

Were your appearance e'er so sweet,
'Twould have no charm for me,
If your manners and your actions
Did not with such agree.

But there is love within your heart,
That makes your life sublime,
So charming and so very sweet
And so constant all the time.

Could I forget sweet Nina?
Does the day forget to dawn?
I'll ne'er forget sweet Nina,
Till a storm forgets to calm.

FAREWELL TO L. B. DUFF.

Good bye, Louis, but I'm sorry
That you're going to leave us;
All that know you here will worry,
Your absence sure will grieve us.

Your honest heart and upright walk,
You never did deceive us,
You did your work with little talk
And a great amount achieve thus.

The sporting youth will miss you sore,
Right nobly you stood by them;
Of all the bunch you were the core,
Your going away will try them.

Your pleasing ways and winning smile,
Forgotten shall be never;
You'll ne'er be stripped from memory's file,
Though Galt and you may sever.

Accept these lines; they're from my heart,
'Tis but a debt I owe you;
May all that's good divine impart
And aye the best bestow you.

ON MARGARET FLEMING.

There's a wee girl, and bonny,
That's sweeter than honey;
And fairer than any wee rose,
Like the breath of the morning
When the sun is adorning,
Giving life wherever it goes.

The roses may bloom
And send forth their perfume,
And fill all the air with delight;
But with Margaret the fair
They cannot compare,
She's always so charming and bright.

The daisy is sweet
And ever so neat,
In humility lieth so low;
No sweeter than she
Or neater could be,
And as modest as any I know.

The garden of earth
It never gave birth,
To any wee flower in the dell,
That ever could be
Half as charming as she,
And language it never could tell.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MRS. WILLIAM BOOTH, GALT.

The finite mind can ne'er conceive,
Nor human words express,
What would describe some mothers,
As their nature's loveliness.

When we look back on bygone days,
And see the toil and strife,
That our mother bore so patiently
Through her long and suffering life.

We hear her voice so sweet,
And see her kindly eye,
How gently she would soothe our fears,
When she would hear us cry?

Like oil upon the troubled waves,
Our spirits she would calm,
Her gentle look of sympathy
To us was healing balm.

No love on earth like mother's
And though her voice be still,
It seems she's always with us,
Let come whatever will.

Her cares and sorrows they are gone,
That so patiently she bore,
And now has earned the heavenly rest
Like others gone before.

Let us emulate our mother,
In all her lovely traits,
And we're sure to be admitted
Beyond the heavenly gates.

TO ANNIE BLAKE.

Dear Annie Blake, the other day,
I got a glad surprise,
When I received your letter,
It opened up my eyes.

I thought when you departed
And never said good-bye,
That you'd never think no more on me
While underneath the sky.

And, of course, I did not blame you,
For that is just the way
"Birds of a feather cling together,"
We see it every day.

And your days at school I'll ne'er forget,
And your sweet, winning ways,
They're a pleasant recollection,
And robed with silver rays.

Now I see you're still the same,
Thoughtful, kind and true,
Your actions are not just "put on,"
No deception is in you.

I'll be glad when school is opened,
To see your face again,
And all other pupils that I like,
Whose sweet memories I retain.

The days are passing swiftly past,
September will soon be here,
The school may not be finished
But we'll get in—that's clear.

Now I will stop, with kind regards
To you and yours, ye see,
And waiting for the promised card,
Yours humbly, D. MacG.

SPRING CREEK FARM.

(With Respects to Mrs. Wm. Beaton).

Some love to hear the burring wheel
And the foundry hammer ring;
But I love my quiet country home
Beside the sparkling spring.

Some love to tread the busy streets,
With stores so gay and bright;
But I love to stray through clover fields,
In the glancing of the night.

The whirling cars, the moving crowds,
No attraction have for me;
'Tis nature's scenes and that alone
Gives rest, when I am free.

Give me my cows, and pretty fowl
That come whene'er I cry;
The horses neigh when far away
In a bleet the sheep reply.

My country home upon the knoll
With collie for a guard,
I am safe alone when William's gone
Who dare come in the yard.

My children they can romp and play,
Or fish along the creek;
So very near that they can hear
Me call, or even speak.

Let others choose the bustling throng,
For me it has no charm;
I'd live and die, or even lie
When dead, on Spring Creek Farm.

WINTER, 1905-6.

Come all ye noted travellers,
Wherever you have been,
And all ye aged historians,
Whatever you have seen.

Relate your vast experience,
But tell us nought but truth,
Call up your ancient memories
And tell us of your youth.

How often you have said before—
"When I do call to mind,
'Twas just like this I mind so well
In the days o' Auld Lang Syne."

A yarn like that we can't believe,
As regards this winter weather,
For it has broken all records,
Taking all the years together.

Masons building every day,
Farmers plowing in the field,
The withered grass on lawn doth burn
And dust the roads do yield.

Butterflies are sometimes seen,
Bugs are crawling on the ground,
And snakes are said to creep about
And even toads are found.

Two days of sleghing up to date,
And January it has gone,
Such moderate weather who has seen
Not even the weather man.

All hail to Canada's lovely clime,
This winter crowns it all,
Nineteen six it just suits me,
And forget it never shall.

THE LASS I DARNA NAME.

I know a darling girl,
But her name I wanna tell,
Each time I see her bonny face
It makes my heart to swell.

For she's the fairest and the dearest
The sweetest girl I know,
Her like may be in Heaven,
But not on earth below.

She has such a winsome manner,
Each time I pass her by,
I feel like in the presence
Of an angel from the sky.
For she's the fairest, etc.

Her ways are all so natural,
And the sweetness of her smile
Comes so easy and so ready
She's attractive all the while.
For she's the fairest, etc.

She's a cure for every trouble
And a boon to those within
The circle of her comrades,
And how dear unto her kin.
For she's the fairest, etc.

It is sunshine in her presence,
Just a veritable bliss,
At your very first acquaintance
You prove her loveliness.
For she's the fairest, etc.

There's not a greater bliss
That language could acclaim
Than to be the boon companion
Of the girl I darra name.
For she's the fairest, etc.

I cannot praise her half enough,
But my language is to blame,
There is none more perfect in my eye
Than the lass I darra name.
For she's the fairest, etc.

IN MEMORY OF LIZZIE DOUGLAS.

Life is a problem, who can solve;
Death is a mystery dark and deep;
Faith is the only source of light
That leadeth where our loved ones sleep.

Oh! how blind we mortals are!
To the workings of our God,
But what He does is ever right;
Right is His only road.

So let our faith be firm in Him,
Whatever may befall;
But, oh, how hard it is to bear,
This very sudden call.

A loving daughter, loved, indeed;
A sister prized so much;
A Christian friend so full of grace,
Few at her age are such.

The world has lost a light;
One home is left in gloom,
But the light is not put out,
It shines beyond the tomb.

A life so pure and bright
Can never fade away;
Its influence will keep spreading on
Unto Eternal day.

MAC'S COAL ASH BIN.

What is all this cry I hear?
What is all the din?
'Tis nothing but a foolish yarn—
The coal ash bin.

They say there's money in it,
But this I fail to fin';
For I have raked it over - -
My coal ash bin.

In it I've gotten bottles,
Old shoes and cans of tin;
But I never got a dollar
Oot my coal ash bin.

Some say it's good as gold
And I should take it in;
I had too much trouble gettin' oot
My coal ash bin.

They say 'tis good to burn again,
And that I sure would fin'
If mixed wi' salt and acid—
The coal ash bin.

I thought the matter over,
And did the best I kin;
But all I got was clinkers
From my coal ash bin.

When the coal is burnt, it's burnt,
Be the ashes thick or thin;
You'll never make them coal again,
The coal ash bin.

Man has but one life to live;
When it's done, it's din;
His ashes ne'er will make a man,
Nor coal from an ash bin.

ON SOME ONE.

Come, gentle muse, and with me stay,
Until I write a kind of lay,
For some one wants me right away,
A poem to make;
Something, be it grave or gay,
For her dear sake.

Now, what to say I scarce can tell,
Though I have known her long and well;
I'm pleased to say she does excel
In wits and graces;
Many a one who bears the belle
With bonnie faces.

'Tis here her beauty does outshine,
And makes her life in truth sublime;
I'll sing her praises every time,
Though words are scarce,
For to predict a life so fine
In prose or verse.

Some girls can boast a pretty face,
And move about with ease and grace,
And make a show in any place

When all is gay;
But when life's battle comes apace,
They're in dismay.

But someone is no outward show,
For from the heart her graces grow,
Like purest water that does flow
Right from the spring;
She'll stand the test in weel or woe,
Whatever bring.

And may her sky be ever clear,
Her path in life be never drear,
May nothing ever make her fear.
Or her astound,
Till life shall cease and she appear
On holy ground.

BILL CARDY AND HIS CHICKEN INCUBATOR.

Who does not know our Bill,
That has chickens by the score,
Well, he's made up his mind
To have as many more.

I don't know if he's a member
Of this Poultry Combine,
But of late he's quite excited
Over chickens in that line.

He's a well known chicken breeder,
But he never cared to blow,
Now he's started quite in earnest,
And determined for a show.

Not content with what he has,
And they are a dandy lot,
He's going to raise some early
Of the best that can be got.

But being short of clucking hens,
And no Niagara heat,
He hit upon the incubator
That does the hen's outbeat.

He managed for to get the loan
Of a second-hand affair,
But to raise enough of heat,
He was nearly in despair.

A naked lamp he placed within,
The very thing, said he,
I'll test it first and raise the heat
Up to one hundred and three.

It did not get quite hot enoug
So he turned the flame up higher,
And the next time he went to see it
The whole thing was on fire.

Two smaller lamps he tried next,
But they were near as bad.
They made more smoke than heat,
And also made him mad.

He has broke three lamps already,
And has tested half a score,
But he says he's bound to raise the chicks
If it takes a dozen more.

So I'm waiting patiently
For the results to see,
And with his failure or success
You may hear again from me.

THE EIGHT COLORED TIE.

Gifts you know are all the go,
As Christmas time comes near,
So let me say I thought one day
A young man's heart to cheer.

My purse being low, I made a bow
Of patches I laid by
Of colors eight, and all so straight,
It made a dandy tie.

I wrapped it well, and O, so swell,
What clerk could do it so,
I mailed it sure, with stamps secure,
That it was sure to go.

He got it right that very night,
And how his heart did swell,
As he tried it on, and looked upon,
There's none on earth could tell.

He could not stay, but went his way
To show it to his dear,
But it was not me, don't you see?
Though strange it doth appear.

How she did gaze, when he did praise
And thank her for the tie,
"You're duped, I fear," said she, "my dear."
You've a second on the sly."

MY EASTER GREETINGS TO MARGARET MILLER.

Come with me to some flowery dale;
Where beauty holds ther head,
Where modesty so gently steps
And majesty doth lead.

I love to view the flowers so sweet,
On Nature's carpet fair;
What grand impressions I do greet
What lessons I get there.

And when I see in human form
Arayed in neat attire;
And comely as the flowers that grow
I can't but them admire.

When I look upon that face of thine
And see thy gentle smile;
I see the Lilyum Aratium
Wherein there is no guile.

I look within thy open eye
And see within its depth,
The innocent wee violet
With sweetness on its lips.

Thy brow is full of majesty;
Were I looking for a Queen,
I'd find thee just the thing
To dress in golden sheen.

My pen it cannot picture
No words of mine express,
How I admire thee, Margaret,
Dame Nature's loveliness.

LINES ON HELEN CARSCADDEN.

'Twas a moonlight night, and the stars shone bright,
As I strolled for a little walk,
When the muse did say, come here I pray,
While we have a little talk.

My thoughts took a whirl, and I thought of a girl.
Whose face sprang into my view,
'Twas Helen Carscadden, my thoughts then did
burden,
The girl both honest and true.

I saw in her eye, so blue as the sky,
That away down deep in her heart,
That love had a nest, below her young breast
That had value far above art.

Her face it was fair, ne'er burdened with care,
And the smile that I usually greet,
'Twas on her sweet face, there never a trace.
Has a frown got ever a seat.

Her ways are her own, just naturally grown,
I like her so much for that,
She that casteth her head, to show her good !
She never gets tipped with my hat.

What more could I say, she's good every way,
No nicer wee girl could there be,
But my doggerel I'll quit, for I know I'm not fit,
To depict the good traits that I see.

MY LITTLE GIRL FROM DOON.

Tell me what is nicer
'Neath the shadow of the moon
Than walking with Viola
The little girl from Doon.

When day-labor it is ended,
What is a greater boon
Than a stroll along the river
With my little girl from Doon.

Tell me what could charm
Better than a tune,
'Tis the voice of her I love,
The little girl from Doon.

Whate'er she is to others,
She has my affections won,
There's none that takes my fancy
Like the little girl from Doon.

There are many pretty girls,
But at school I say, there's none
That I adore so much
As the li'le girl from Doon.

Viola is my world,
She is my rising sun,
To lose her would be darkness,
The little girl from Doon.

ARCHIE'S DEARIE.

Of all the girls we have at school,
And they are jolly as a rule,
With fun and frolic, they are full,
With them you never weary.

Yet Alma Stahlscmidt takes the cake,
If you're asleep you'll soon awake,
When she is near and you she'd shake,
She's Archie's lovely dearie.

He's proud of her and well he may,
Endowed by Nature, I would say,
An extra share of Nature's clay,
But pretty, never fear ye.

If she is spared she will shine,
Above the average of her kind,
Especially at her marriage time,
Before she's time to weary.

I could not say that Archie shall
In matrimony, her enthrall,
'Tis sure that some will on her call
And make her his own dearie.

THE BRAVERY OF A YOUNG HUSBAND.

When a young man gets a wife
He thinks he's quite the thing;
And why should he not feel manly
When he's placed the wedding ring.

It certainly takes some courage
Us married men all know;
But how few think what's before them
On the road they have to go.

I never was a big man,
But I ventured in the strife,
My nerves were strong and buoyant,
When I chose myself a wife.

She was gentle, sweet and timid,
I felt I had a charge
How proud was I and dauntless
As we walked out at large.

Fears had no place within me,
Though small my stature be,
To shield my love I took delight
When danger I would see.

It was not long until she proved
That she was safe with me,
A brave and fearless guardian
O'er life's tempestuous sea.

We had not long been married,
And had just retired to bed,
When she whispered quietly in my ear,
"What's that noise I heard?"

"Come, dear," said I, "it's nothing,
Why should you be afraid?
The door is locked, the windows fast,
"We're perfect safe," I said.

"There is a man walking in the hall,"
This time she said to me,
I heard the footfall, lit the gas,
And looking nought could see.

My nerves had now been shaken up,
A fear lodged in my breast,
When again the noise it started
E'er we had a moment's rest.

Like a warrior brave I bolted up,
Took down my ancient sword,
Determined now to slay the ghost
Or die; I gave my word.

I sallied forth with sword in hand,
My wife she took the light;
From room to room we searching went,
But naught we saw to fight.

Retired again, but in a state
Of awful fear and dread,
Tramp, tramp, again along the hall
Made the hair stand on my head.

At last I made a desperate rush
Before the noise had ceased;
And with heroic bravery
I caught the monstrous beast.

A young husband should be brave
To protect his darling spouse;
And I did my very best,
Though 'twas only but a mouse.

WITH RESPECTS TO PEARL BROWN

Short and dumpy, bright and gay,
Always smiling, come what may,
And never a saucy word do say,
Does Pearl.

No wonder that the lads do greet,
And smile on her that is so sweet,
For such is rare upon the street,
That's Pearl.

Of course her name, it won't agree
With the dearest pearl of the sea,
For they are white, but bide a wee,
For Pearl.

The creature's young, she's sure to grow,
And change from Brown for aught I know,
Time makes changes here below
On Pearls.

For she is one I here do say
That you can't pick up every day,
And then, she's spoke for anyway,
Is Pearl.

TO MISS STRUTHERS FROM HER BIBLE CLASS.

Galt, April 19, 1909.

Accept this bunch of roses,
An emblem strictly true
Of your unspotted character,
As we have found in you.

May your example be to us,
A beacon on the way,
And lead us on in faithfulness
Until our dying day.

Fifty years you say you've labored,
In the Master's field,
Half a century in his service
And yet no thought to yield.

Fifty years and yet in vigor
In teaching of the young,
In holding for the Light of Life
That never Setting Sun.

We wish you here God speed,
In your glorious work of love,
And may He grant you every grace
From His boundless stores above.

And when your labor's ended,
We know there is in store
For you a Royal Diadem
And life forever more.

PROTECT OUR BIRDS.

I was waked the other morning,
As the clock was striking four,
By the little birds a-singing
On a tree near by the door.

The loud notes of the robin
And the twittering of the wren,
Made me think and ponder,
And bade me lift my pen.

And write about the birdies,
That charm the listening ear,
And give such sweet music,
Makes earth to Heaven appear.

To watch the little birdies
As they hop from limb to limb,
One would think that they did nothing
But simply had a whim.

Just playing hide and seek,
Like as children do;
Peeping this way, sometimes that,
As if 'twas peek-a-boo.

But the useful birdies
Are as busy as can be,
Picking up the nasty bugs
That spoil both bush and tree.

Watch the pretty Pecker,
With his bill of steel,
Digging in the solid trunk
To get his daily meal.

He has heard the borer,
As him he could not see,
For he is in beneath the bark
Of the apple tree.

And watch our sprightly swallows,
Darting through the sky,
You'd think 'twas only fun,
Trying how fast they'd fly.

By fleet of wing they work,
Catching as they go,
Flies and moths that are in the air,
What number, who can know!

Most of our birds are pretty,
But so useful too, as well,
We could not do without them
I earnestly would tell.

The air would soon be full of flies,
And the ground be full of bugs;
Flowers and fruit would cease to be,
By them and dirty slugs.

So let us all united be,
By acts as well as words,
In using all endeavors
To protect our lovely birds.

BILL CARDY ON NIAGARA POWER.

Do you know "Bill" Cardy,
The man with the mighty head;
He is one among a thousand
Of the true Irish breed.

He has not much to say,
But then he thinks a lot;
Just now he's fairly crazed
Over the Power Commission vote.

"Now, listen, Mac," says he,
"What wonders there's in store
For all who live within the reach
Of this great Niagara power.

"We'll have no night at all,
For when the sun goes down,
We only need to turn the switch
And the glorious light is shown.

"No snow we'll have to shovel, Mac,
For on it we will play
The power on all our sidewalks
And melt the snow away.

"No Poca Hontus then, Mac,
Or any dirty coal;
'Twill heat as well as shine,
And save us endless toil.

"No damper, then, will stick, Mac.
That causes me to swear,
For when we get Niagara power,
It won't be needed there.

"And we'll fix it on the lawn mower;
No more I'll have to shove—
I'll just sit on a seat behind
And guide its every move.

Your wife with it will cook, Mac,
And wash and iron, too,
And just live like a lady
As all wives ought to do.

"And you can write your poetry
By attaching to the pen
The wonder-working power—
What writing you'll do then.

"I'll need no clucking hens, Mac,
To raise my chickens now;
The lectric heat will do the trick—
'Twill be fun to see them grow.

"We'd ne'er had these advantages
But for R. MacGregor—
'Twas his great speech the other night
That made the vote to figure.

THE RATS THE LADIES WEAR.

My mind has troubled me of late,
When freed from toil and care,
'Tis rats whether awake or asleep,
Before that I'm aware.

So just to ease my troubled brain,
I quietly sat me down,
And gave my mind all up to rats
Though regretful I must own.

For I do hate the nasty beast,
Or any of that tribe,
Their presence always bodes of trouble
Wherever they abide.

But 'tis not of the living rat,
That's the subject of my theme,
That bothers me in leisure hours
And causes me to dream.

'Tis the rat of fashion's craze,
Among the ladies fair,
That holds aloft their mighty hats
And nestles in their hair.

'Tis time they were discarded,
Who knows from where they came.
And I have often wondered
How they got that ugly name.

They may be alive with microbes,
Or bacteria, far worse,
And give the wearer a disease
That all their life will curse.

But ladies they have always been,
Ever from the first of time,
The leaders of the human race,
Of the ridiculous and sublime.

The very names of rats will scare,
A woman off her feet,
And yet they'll wear them in their hair
And never give a cheep.

They have its body on their head,
And what does me distress
They now have got its ugly tail
For trimming on their dress.

WITH RESPECTS TO JENNIE.

Oh that the muse, would me infuse,
And force me lift my pen,
For I must write, that is indite,
The best of that I ken.

The rose it is the emblem,
As everybody knows,
Of true love when it's red,
No matter where it grows.

And the pansy has a charm for me,
That words cannot express,
And our own Canadian lily
When out in summer dress.

Why name one flower above another?
There's something in them all,
That brightens up the life of man,
And drives sorrow to the wall.

And so it is with loving friends,
Friends that you hold most dear,
They rouse you up when you're downcast,
And your very soul does cheer.

And in my eye there comes to view
A face I'll ne'er forget;
All hanging o'er with ringlets black,
And eyebrows black as jet.

'Tis Jennie Enushevsky,
And a darling girl is she,
And may good fortune be her lot
Is the wish of D. MacG.

BILL CARDY'S DREAM.

'Twas after five in the morning,
While the fire I did stir,
When Billy, he came strolling in,
Says I, you're early, sir.

Weel, Mac, says he, I could not sleep,
For a funny recollection,
Of a strange dream that I had
About a new election.

I was the chosen nominee
To run for Waterloo,
And got in by acciamation
The easiest way, you know.

So down to Ottawa I went,
How the big guns they did stare,
But Sir Wilfrid, he politely bowed,
And offered me a chair.

The great debate it soon came on,
About this immigration,
And on it I resolved to speak
For this was my ambition.

Some would stop the foreigners,
And some the poor keep out,
At this I sprung unto my feet
And loudly did I shout.

Mister speaker, let me say,
We want men with muscle.
Though they be poor and penniless,
They'll do if they can hustle.

And I'd have none but Britishers,
And a character bar a flaw,
Not rogues and vagabonds,
Who are fleeing from the law.

Put a tax on all that's married.
That have lived a year or so
And have never borne fruit,
And your taxes soon will grow.

Tax the single men as well,
Put it on them good and stiff,
And before the year is done,
Lots of them will have a wife.

Take the tax and hand it round,
To all married who are in need,
Who have children of their own,
Just so much for every head.

Let the doctors have a share
In this population scheme,
And the country soon will see
That I have had no idle dream.

A LETTER TO THE MISSES WELLAND.

What shall I say my youthful friends
To you this New Year's morn?;
I've not forgot your Xmas gift
Tho' my thanks were poorly borne.

You must have thought that, by the way,
That I received your gift;
That gratitude I ne'er had none,
Nor manners even left.

My mind was so absorbed with cares;
That, taken by surprise,
I felt as if I could not speak
Nor even thoughts arise.

Forgive the silence of my tongue,
Words sometimes don't express
The feelings of a grateful heart
Or proper thankfulness.

'Tis not the gift I prize so much
As the thoughts that moved
The hearts of my young friends,
And proved that I was loved.

I wish you both a bright New Year,
And may you both be given,
Health, strength and happiness
Through the year nineteen-seven.

WITH RESPECTS TO GRACE EASTON.

Of all the places in the land,
And it is broad and wide,
Extending from Atlantic shores
To Pacific's balmy tide.

Take in the States if you will
Or go beyond the sea:
You cannot find a place like Galt
For girls of high degree.

It matters not what rank you try,
Be they rich or be they poor;
Galt takes the lead in pretty girls
It leads the world o'er.

And better still they're good at heart
I honestly confess;
And if there's one above them all
I think it's little Grace.

She's as gentle as the dove
And as modest as they're made,
A face as sweet as e'er you saw
And no airs does she parade.

A favorite girl with one and all,
What other could she be?
You only need to know the girl
To be agreed with me.

May she always walk in wisdom's way
And help to spread the name
That Galt has got for pretty girls,
And far and wide a fame.

MYRA RENWICK, HESPELER.

I aye had a fondness for lasses,
And this a' the days of my life;
And I never had cause to regret it
Yet never less love for my wife.

I admire a face that is bonnie,
Though I never look down on a form
That is ugly or plain, if they're good,
For at best we are only a worm.

But some, they're attractions are great,
And others, they only repel;
'Tis the principle that is within them
That makes them a Heaven or Hell.

There is one little girlie I admire,
She is both modest and sweet;
Like the dear little flower, the Daisy
That blooms low down at your feet.

Her wisdom exceedeth her age,
And yet has the brightness of youth;
To my mind she's perfection itself,
Who knows her will say it is truth.

May her path through life be aye smooth,
And shine as a beacon of light,
For others to follow and guide
Wherever there's darkness or night.

I shall ever remember sweet Myra,
And the thought seems to hover o'er me,
That she'll find a bit place in her memory
For the Caretaker Davie, you see.

TO MY MARGUERITE.

I miss thee, oh, I miss thee,
It may seem strange to thee
When I have so many others,
An as nice as nice can be.

There's nothing strange about it,
When you look at it aright,
For to me you are a pretty flower,
All dazzling pure and bright.

My flowers they are not all alike,
What a garden it would be,
If I had no variety
It would be all monotony.

Any florist let me say,
Who would not miss one gem,
Even from a vast collection,
Would be hardly worth the name.

But I miss thee little Margaret,
And long for your return,
Dame Fortune, naughty thing,
She made my heart to burn.

But the news they are assuring
How glad I feel and pray,
That you soon will be convalescent
And return at an early day.

**WITH RESPECTS TO MARGARET COWAN AND
MYRTLE CULHAM.**

Two "Little Twins" but not of one birth,
Two "Little Girls," the sweetest on earth,
Two "Little Comrades," so seldom are seen,
That never a mar or a jar comes between.
They're both alike bonnie and sweeter than honey;
To me they're perfection and prized above any,
To me they're like angels, if I should compare,
The sweet little angels that drive away care.
For never a frown is seen on their face,
Or a word or an act that seems out of place.
Like stars in the sky, aye shining so bright,
That lightens the darkness when drear is the night,
May their light ever shine and never give way
As long that on earth they're allotted to stay.

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION OF MAGGIE MAC-
DONALD'S MARRIAGE TO GHOMEN
THOMAS, APRIL, 1909.

Long life to the bride that is married tonight,
May she aye be as happy and aye be as bright,
And should she have troubles, I hope they'll be few;
May she never have cause her marriage to rue;
May the husband she's got be the best of the land,
And never once rue that he got her sweet hand.
May kind fortune attend them wherever they go,
And their life be as pure as new falling snow.
May their life be as webs, new out from the loom,
United from now till they reach to the tomb;
When their bodies' discarded and laid in the dust,
Then they'll find an abode with the good and the just.

WITH RESPECTS TO BROWNIE WALKER.

Come, oh come, my precious muse,
And fill my brain with matter,
Until I pen a verse or two
About my Brownie Walker.

For she's a flower of brightest hue,
And sweet as any daisy;
Her manner's all that I desire
So quiet she is and easy.

Pure as the lily in the pond,
Upon its watery pillow,
Looking upward to the sky
Surrounded by the willow.

How sweet to look upon her face,
'Tis soothing to the heart,
That aches with troubles great,
And makes them soon depart.

Long may such sweetness be retained,
And marred by nothing ever
Until she reach the holy ground
In the land beyond the river.

RECITED ON THE NIGHT OF DAVID A. MACGEORGE
AND HIS WIFE'S RECEPTION AFTER MARRIAGE

I'll not forget that bonnie day,
No, not a cloud miscarried,
The sun was out in full array,
The day our Jean was married.

All Nature wore its gayest dress,
The air rich with perfume,
'Twas simply perfect, nothing less,
That twenty-fourth of June.

The flowers gave forth an odor sweet,
What blooms the rose-bush carried,
The very birds, they seemed to greet
Our Jean when she was married.

The hawthorne tree across the way,
Although na bloom it carried,
Though only green, seemed rather gay
That day when Jean was married.

And Wreck, the dog, did frisk and smell
Nowhere he ever tarried,
He seemed to know it too, as well,
That Jean was getting married.

And Jean, herself, I'll ne'er forget,
Looked like a dainty queen,
Her image is before me yet,
And ever since has been.

She was the first to break away
And settle down for life,
God bless them to their dying day,
Both Willie and his wife.

See what a fix I've landed in,
Because I am a poet,
Another rhyme I'll have to spin,
If I can only blow it.

GE
E

For David there has got a wife,
That's why we're here tonight,
So I must say a piece on them
Or they'll be in a plight.

What shall I say, I scarce can tell,
'Tis a puzzler to my brain,
I've tried my thoughts to gather,
But I'll just try again.

For it would ill become me,
On this eventful night
To pass them by in silence,
It would be far from right.

You have gathered here to welcome home
To me another daughter,
It's not my doings, let me say,
It was my son that caught her.

In olden times, the parents had
The choosing of the honnie,
It was often just a contract
To make a little money.

But customs they have changed,
And I think the change is better,
That the man should choose his girl
Without either fear or fetter.

I'm proud this night to welcome her,
To the circle of our home,
For she'd adorn any place,
Where angels love to roam.

I speak not here at random,
I speak right from the heart:
And that from perfect knowledge
That her acts and words impart.

May she ever be a jewel,
To adorn her husband's life,
And may his love grow nothing less
But increase unto his wife.

And may they both be spared
To have children of their own,
May they be as good and kind
As ours has ever grown.

Long life, health and happiness,
To David and his wife,
And may a kindly Providence
Protect them all through life.

WITH RESPECTS TO MARJORY KAY.

I love the girls that's young and bright,
To tease the girls is my delight,
Each time I pass them by.
They'll scold and slap me sometimes sore,
And call me names, yes, o'er and o'er,
But well I know they're wanting more,
And that's no lie.

Some gets more teasing than the rest,
'Tis them you know I like best,
And often see.

And there is one that comes to school,
A something quieter than the rule,
Sedate and wise and always cool,
Yet pleasant she.

It does not matter how I tease,
Her storm is nothing but a breeze,
It is so tame.

A nature steady come what may,
Be it morning, noon, or close of day,
No cloud e'er seems to come her way,
She's aye the same.

May sweet contentment be her lot,
No angry passions find a spot,
In her to dwell.

That life may be calm and serene,
As it ever yet has been,
As far as I have known or seen,
Ne'er had a spell.

EDNA McMURTRY.

When night had drawn her curtain
And my daily labor through,
I sat me down in silence,
When a form came in my view.

It was nothing but a vision,
And one I did not fear,
No ugly fiend to haunt me,
Or make me drop a tear.

Just such an one that cheers the heart,
And casts all care away,
Dispels the clouds that hide the sun
And makes darkness into day.

She had the youth of early spring
The glow of flowery June,
And richness of the waving grain
Fair as a harvest moon.

Her face it was enchanting,
Her manner frank and free,
But my pen it fails to picture
Sweet Edna McMurtry.

ROLAN'.

My mind has gone a Rolan',
A rolan' right along;
My heart it feels a rolan'
Like rolan' into song.

There is nothing like a Rolan'
When they are all away;
I can study best a rolan'
Whatever others say.

Rolan' on a window sill
And Rolan' very kind;
Rolan' in the sunlight
And Rolan' down the blind.

Rolan' in the morning,
And rolan' through the day,
Rolan' at my studies
And rolan' at my play.

And when the day is over
And silence reigns supreme;
Ever then believe me
A Rolan' in my dream.

What will I do when Rolan'
To Elmira goes away:
I'll have to stop my rolan'
In the Easter holiday.

THE MOST PERFECT WEE LASS THAT EVER I SAW.

There is a wee lass,
Aye dainty and braw,
The nicest wee lass
That ever I saw.

Her face, oh how sweet,
Never sulky ava',
The sweetest we lass
That ever I saw.

Jet black is her hair,
And so tidy an' a',
The tidiest wee lass
That ever I saw.

Dark hazel her eyes,
Brow white as the snaw,
The brightest wee lass
That ever I saw.

Her teeth are like pearls,
And so neat in a row,
She's the dearest wee lass
That ever I saw.

Her conscience so tender,
Unsullied and a',
She's the purest wee lass
That ever I saw.

Her name it is Margaret,
Wi' Cranston sae braw,
The most perfect wee lass
That ever I saw.

REGARDS TO MAY McWILLIAMS.

I'm glad when persons disappear,
That give me pain and grief,
When they are gone ne'er to return,
It seems a great relief.

No tear drops ever fill the eye,
Nor sobs come from the breast,
But gladness reigns within the heart
The spirit's then at rest.

But oh, when those that I admire,
Dame fortune calls away,
It makes me sad and lonely feel,
Throughout the live-long day.

Your thoughts will wander after them,
No matter where they be,
Their spirits seem to hang around
And even their image see.

And May McWilliams, little dear,
I never will forget,
I felt so sorry when she left,
My heart is aching yet.

My mind it often wanders,
To the cottage by the way,
And there I see the smiling face
Of sweet and gentle May.

I often see her in the room,
As I sweep up and down,
Or dust the seat where oft she sat,
And never wore a frown.

How nice it is when leaving,
When you leave no sting behind
But a sweet and blessed remembrance
That the left can call to mind.

ETHEL SELF.

Dear Ethel, I've been waiting,
Waiting night and day,
For the muse to come along
To tell me what to say.

About your little chubby face,
And what it does reveal,
For it's the mirror of the heart
Whate'er the heart conceal.

I'm looking you straight in the face,
Although you are not here,
The mind it is a strange affair,
That ne'er one thinks is clear.

Let anxious cares be gone,
Be happy while you may,
A cloudy morning oft precedes
A bright and glorious day.

Dear Ethel, I'm no prophet,
Far less a worthy seer,
So if you I have mistaken,
You'll please forgive me dear.

My mind is oft on Ethel,
And she'll ne'er forgotten be,
While mental faculties I have,
I'll ever think of thee.

A TOAST TO THE LADIES.

Now here's to the Ladies,
Come drink all around,
Man's life is a failure
Where they are not found.

Should your sky e'er be darkened
They'll break up the gloom,
They're the sun of our life
From cradle to tomb.

Give a tiger to them,
God's gift unto man,
Be good to the ladies
Whenever you can.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick was a gentleman,
A Scotchman too, at that,
Every time you meet a Scotchman,
You should doff your hat.

Of course he went to Ireland
To bless the isle so green,
And banish all the vermin
And he did it clean.

And then they canonized him,
So its safe enough to say
That you should always wear the green
Upon St. Patrick's Day.

THE HOUGH CUP.

Come, join with me in praises loud,
Let cheer on cheer arise;
For once again the G.C.I.
Looms up in public eyes.

Our football team set out in glee,
With the Hough Cup in their eye,
Accompanied by a jolly crowd.
To Clinton they did hie.

The day was fine, the ground was good,
The Clinton team was picked;
But they failed in combination
No wonder they got licked.

They certainly could kick the ball,
And run and jump and kick;
But our boys played the game you see,
And in the end the trick.

With broken hearts and earnest cry
They begged for minutes three;
Our boys gave in, but still they failed
Then blamed the referee.

We'll not forget our noble boys
Of nineteen hundred and seven,
Who won the Hough Cup on the field
From Clinton's fast eleven.

George valiantly defended goal,
And Roland he was there,
With Milen, Todd and Stanley Rouse
And Burgess, yes, and Blair.

Dandeno, Tilt and Bissonnette,
'Twas grand to see them run.
And the two Macdonald brothers,
But Ernie made the fun.

And we had the good Samaritan,
But he wandered by the way;
Still we did not need his service,
I am happy for to say.

TO MILDRED GEHL, 1907.

My mind goes off to distant parts,
To lands I may not see,
Attracted by thy youthful form,
Mildred, I think of thee.

I think of thee, tho' thou art gone
To parts unknown to me,
I only dream of what they are
While I do think of thee.

I think of thee when morning breaks
As the sun shines bright on me,
It minds me of thy sunny face,
And bids me think of thee.

I think of thee at the noon-tide hour,
When I do use the key,
To lock each form as I was wont,
'Tis then I think of thee.

I think of thee, when back I go
To unlock one called three;
And as I see no Mildred there,
Again I think of thee.

I think of thee and of thy charms,
Of thy nature bright and free,
'Twould be cruel on my part,
If I didn't think of thee.

I'll think of thee, who'er may come,
None brighter e'er shall be,
And all I ask of you is this.
That sometimes you'll think of me.

OH ANNIE WILL YE HAE ME.

That favorite Scottish story,
That Scottish men like tae hear,
I mean the Bonnie Briar Bush,
That aften draws a tear.

There is a sentence in it,
That's like tae break my heart,
It's hoverin' in my mind sae much,
And frae me it winna part.

So just to get my brain relieved,
For the sentence it is this,
Oh, Annie will ye hae me?
It will not come amiss.

It just suits Annie Osborn,
The very thing, ye see,
For if I've asked her once,
I have asked three times three.

Till at last she gave consent,
On a promise that I made,
Then she blushed like blooming roses,
But when she never said.

But, of course, it does not matter,
For the lassie is sae young,
And she'll maybe just excuse herself
And say it slipped her tongue.

TO THE REV. MR. STARK.

Dear Reverend Sir, please pardon 'me
For taking thus such liberty,
As writing you in homely rhyme
Some words of thanks for taking time
To write the book I've in my hand,
Sent me frae bonnie Scotland.
I've read it through with interest deep,
And carefully I will it keep,
As a memento of the place,
Where I in youth did roam apace.
Your predecessor, Godly man,
I'll ne'er forget, for oft I scan
His wise remarks that he did make,
As in his garden I did rake.
Or drive him when he'd go to preach,

He never failed me good to teach,
And in your book I plainly see
The name of my lost ancestry,
And many a name I'll ne'er forget,
That wakes sweet memories in me yet.
Kirkpatrick Durham is the place
Where sprang MacGeorge, that humble race,
But now they're scattered far and wide,
All bent on seeking fortune's tide.
This homely scrawl will tell to thee
That I am one across the sea,
And has been here for many a year,
But strange to me it doth appear
For all the people that has come,
One's all that I've seen from my old home,
John Moffat, a carpenter to trade,
'Twas he your book a present made,
Now, Reverend Sir, I'll say no more,
Save that your pardon I implore,
And wishing you prosperity,
Your humble debtor, D. MacG.

LYDIA SCOTT.

There's something in young womanhood,
I cannot well explain,
That does attract and charm me,
And to praise I cannot refrain.

If they're innocent and pure,
I can't but them admire,
Then the jolly and good natured one,
Of their company never tire.

Some like the rose bloom in its prime
With cheeks that all aglow,
Some with necks like to the swan,
And white like falling snow.

Others with teeth so pearly white,
So neatly in a row,

That when they look and smile at me,
I'm at their beck and bow.

Some have got a glancing eye,
That pierces through the brain,
That time can never such efface,
But ever there remain.

And there is one I must confess
Shall never be forgot,
She charmed me from the very first,
And she is Lydia Scott.

ON SEEING A VERY LONG MAN WITH A SHORT GIRL.

I always like proportions,
Be the object what it may,
My taste may not suit others,
But yet I'll have my say.

I grant there's lots of room
In this wide world of ours,
To accommodate variety,
And not mar beauty's bowers.

But this mixing up of long and short,
It somehow pains me sore,
'Tis even pairs I like to see,
Upon this earthly floor.

A little thing I do admire,
When it is all alone,
For then there's no comparison,
For the eye to rest upon.

And the little things in nature,
Are oft the richest prize,
Like diamonds and like jewels,
Not valued for their size.

But the long looks so very long,
When it is close to short,
That we are apt to criticize
And of the same make sport.

I saw the like; they were in love,
So of these two made no sport,
For even as two turtle doves,
Were they, the long and short.

THE LOST KISS.

I love the winter evenings,
When comes the frost and snow,
'Tis then I have the jolly time,
When I to parties go.

Then I can go a-skating,
Or watch a hockey game,
Then my fellow takes me home,
But who I dae not name,

And what fun there's to be got,
When sleigh riding we do go,
Especially if the road is rough,
And tumbling in the snow.

But oh, how sad to sit and think,
That I was so easily led,
When I was out the other night,
Why I fairly lost my head.

Being so full of merriment
I thought it not amiss,
When a fellow jerked against me,
I just let him steal a kiss.

My fellow had been watching,
And to my great surprise,
He gave me such an awful look,
From his big, rolling eyes.

And then he turned his head away,
And from that time till this,
He has been quite broken-hearted,
All because he lost a kiss.

Now when I think about it,
How simple he must be,
To cast me off for such a thing
As a fellow kissing me.

'Twas just like a certificate,
And highly in my favor,
But he did not see it that way,
And thought it rude behavior.

Perhaps he'll get another girl,
But I fear he'll not get blessed,
By getting one as good as me,
That no other fellow kissed.

THE CONTRACT.

Two youthful girls here at school,
They promised me a tie,
If I would write on them a poem,
So to get it I would try.

But what to say I scarce can tell,
Although I've looked them over,
They're nothing for to stir the Muse,
So very unlike each other.

Hazel, she is plump and fat,
And coal black is her hair,
Mary she is spare and thin,
And then she's very fair.

I do believe they have agreed,
See clearly they combine,
To get me write on them and theirs
I mean their valentine.

A nicer lad than Jimmie,
Why Hazel could not find,
He's just as sweet as honey,
And then so very kind.

He wraps her in his muffler,
From the stormy winds that blow,
When they go out a-sleighbing
Through the blinding snow.

Mary she is strong and hardy,
And easily kept warm,
And all that Stephen has to do,
Is just put round his arm.

So thus the two are happy,
Be the weather coarse or fine,
Each time they go a-sleighbing,
With their Valentine.

So now I've filled the contract,
And it's up to them to buy
And that too in a hurry,
That dandy, dainty tie.

Oh, what astonishment I saw,
It brought tears into my eye
When the girls fulfilled their contract
And gave to me the tie.

For you know I was only fooling,
Never thought that they would buy,
That they were only joking
About giving Mac a tie.

And what do you think they did,
Not one but two they bought,
And a brand new collar into boot,
It's grand to be a poet.

Mary McKean I'll ne'er forget,
Nor yet Hazel Montgomery,
May they never want as long's they live,
And have plenty when they're hungry.

No trouble will affect me now,
For the collar and the tie
Will scare the nasty things away,
At their very sight they'll fly.

Laryngitis ne'er will come,
Nor even tonsilitis,
Bronchitis won't get near,
And neither typhilitis.

Nurititis I've had long enough,
But now it's got to die.
The girls say it cannot live
If I wear the scarlet tie.

There's another trouble worse than these,
That even it won't bite us,
That awful thing I scarce can spell,
They call it perityphilitis.

Now blessings on these darling girls,
May they never want a beau,
To take them out a-sleighing,
Through the frost and snow.

A PEN PICTURE IN VERSE.

Show me the person that's happy
And I will depict you their life,
Their face has a glowing radiance,
And never a mark of strife.

Eyes as bright as a sunbeam,
Quick as a lightning flash,
Mouth surrounded by wrinkles,
Created by a natural dash.

Thoughts that are seldom on self,
Ever are straying away,
To subjects that are needing some help
Or some friendly visit to pay.

Deeds of benevolence doing,
Counting no cost of the same,
Aroused only by kindness,
Without the thought of a name,

Sympathies quick as a spring,
Start at the slenderest touch,
Of the needy's fervent appeal
Honestly taken as such.

A heart as brave as a warrior,
That never a quiver does show.
Yet the lamb's gentle nature within
That often makes harder the blow.

Of luxury never a thought;
Self only when others are served.
Then only as nature demands
Without they could not be nerved.

Such is the life of the happy,
The happiness that is to last;
With no sting at the end of the journey,
When they're sure to look back on the past.

**Lines Written in Memory of Three Pupils, Tom Williams,
Who Accidentally Fell From the C.P.R. Bridge,
a Distance of Twenty-Five Feet and Re-
ceived but Slight Injuries, and Gor-
don Hagmeir and Bert Robson,
Who Went Through the Ice
on River Opposite
the G.C.I.**

What fame our boys are gaining,
For the ancient G.C.I.,
All through their noble training,
That some even try to fly.

Tom Williams there, I do declare,
Who won the silver medal,

For the country run and that so rare,
He broke all previous schedule.

Not satisfied with this you see,
Jumped from the bridge so high!
Twenty-five feet, but said he,
"That same I'll never try."

And the thirtieth of November,
Of nineteen hundred and four,
Two boys will long remember,
And tell it o'er and o'er.

One burly Gordon Hagmier,
A lad of seventeen,
At every sport he's full of fire,
A sight worth being seen.

The other one he got a scare,
Bert Robson was his name,
A worthy chiel, who hails from Ayr,
Somewhat of water fame.

Like other boys were full of glee,
At the thought of having fun,
So at recess, don't you see,
To the river quick did run.

As Jack Frost had clad the river,
With a sheet of tempting ice,
And without fear or quiver,
Reached the centre in a trice.

When the tender ice gave way,
And the lads went plunging in,
But to them it was no play,
To be soaked right to the skin.

I have heard it often said,
That once in the life of man,
Good Fate a visit paid.
We should grasp it if we can.

So they did it, I assure you,
And that without a doubt,
When two willing hands and true,
With their hockey sticks held out.

DeGuerre, the stalwart hero,
Was happily near the spot,
When Hagmier's death was near O,
He bravely pulled him out.

And McColl he's always near,
When there is mischief brewing,
But this time he showed no fear,
And say, he did no chewing.

At Duty's call he proved a man,
And grasped the drowning lad,
They loitered not, but quickly ran,
Being cold and drenched so bad.

Like new dipped sheep just out the tank,
A sorry sight that day,
But the crowd that followed up the bank,
Was laughing all the way.

Half smiling, nearly laughing,
As they approached the door,
Where every boy was chaffing,
As they saw the water pour.

But the master he came on the scene,
And bade them go below,
Where other bad boys too had been,
In days of long ago.

Mac soon stepped down with little noise,
As if the two were dead,
And after he'd addressed the boys,
He put them both to bed.

Not of feathers could they boast,
But simply paper thin,
To protect from the black coal dust,
In case it soil their skin.

Then with their garments off he went,
And hung them up to dry,
His summer duds the lads he lent,
That long had been laid by.

They were not just the best of fit,
But they donned them all the same,
The best he had out of his kit,
And of them he thought no shame.

The black hole is just the place,
Where bad boys sure will go,
The teacher says in every case
They're sure to find it so.

And they may thank their lucky stars,
That they had not to shovel coal,
Where Demons rage behind the bars,
Companions in the hole.

MY WIFE AND I.

When Floss and I got married,
We were as happy as could be;
I never thought that aught would come
Between my wife and me.

I may not just be innocent,
I would not like to say,
But she's a perfect worry
To me both night and day.

She has got no ugly temper,
For she's both sweet and kind,
And never says an angry word,
And to my faults is blind.

She can cook and she can wash,
And keep the house so clean;
She can sing and she can play,
Why, she's just a perfect queen.

But her mind is always roving,
When she should be fast asleep,
And she wakes me in the morning
Long before I need to peep.

"Rise, rise, guid man," she'll say to me,
"There's someone at the door";
When I have nicely gone to sleep,
Perhaps an hour or more.

She'll poke me in the ribs and say,
"I'm afraid the fire is low,
Won't you rise and give the stove a shake,
Come hubby, don't be slow."

"You know I set my bread last night,
It needs aye to be warm";
Then another poke she'll give to me
Right underneath the arm.

I don't know what I'll ever do,
When there's a little one to nurse,
I think I'll quit the whole concern
Ere it gets any worse.

THE WARNING BELL.

As I lay stretched upon our lounge,
My wife sat on a chair,
We, reading as it is our wont,
When free from work and care.

Everything was quiet within,
And stillness reigned supreme,
Being the evening hour for worship
No Sabbath more serene.

An unusual sound broke on our ear
'Twas the tingling of a bell,
My wife she listened breathlessly
I heard it too, as well.

"What was that lovely bell?" I said,
When the sound had died away,
We failed to find from whence it came
Yet three times the same did play.

Next day the reason soon appeared
When the sad news was heard
That a well known friend and neighbor
Was called to his reward.

At that same hour he passed away
But God alone can tell
Who was the messenger that rang
That sweet and heavenly bell.

'Tis a mystery beyond our ken,
Why the heavenly bell does play,
As the spirit takes its flight
And leaves this mortal clay.

The mystery deepens as we ask
Why don't you ring to those
That's on the brink and do not know
Before their spirit goes.

To watch and wait is ours
And to nothing earthly cling.
And so be ready for the call
When the heavenly bell does ring.

WITH RESPECTS TO MARGARET ELLIOT.

Who is the girl that does me greet,
Where and wherever I her meet,
With courteous air and smile so sweet?
'Tis Margaret.

That's like a lily tall and fair,
With ringlets from her silken hair,
Adown her cheeks so dainty there?
'Tis Margaret.

Who has quite a kindly turn,
And even nature and would spurn
To injure either fly or worm?
'Tis Margaret.

No surly looks like some I see,
When something comes that don't agree
And don't rise up in dignity?
'Tis Margaret.

Who is the girl that's like the rose,
Makes life more pleasant where she goes,
And always does the best she knows?
'Tis Margaret.

Who entertains in royal style,
Her blue eyes showing all the while,
That she is perfect, free from guile?
'Tis Margaret.

Who's just as perfect as can be,
For all I've said she's proved to me,
She's just the best o' company?
Is Margaret.

TO V. V. BLAIR.

Dear Verda, I have read your poem,
That you have titled, Mac,
So here I'll try my 'prentice hand
And simply pay you back.

I appreciate your kindly lines,
And will not soon forget,
The Sister Bard of the G.C.I.
You're just a darling pet.

I do not use this appellation
Just because you wrote on me,
For I ever held you in esteem
Ere the poem I did see.

The praises that you shower on me,
Are somewhat in excess
But such will never keep me back
For my desire's to bless.

Human life it is so short,
Uncertain to us all,
So we should make life happy
Every time occasions call.

"Little deeds of kindness,
And little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above."

So like the poet's axiom,
My life would ever be,
Aid to help and aye to cheer
When opportunity I see.

It would be so ungrateful,
If the best I did not give,
To you and your little group,
As long as I do live.

Your cheery words and loving smile
That you so oft display
Cheers me when I am weary
And brightens up my day.

May the muses never leave you,
But a double portion give,
Of poetic power and favor,
As long as you shall live.

THE MODEL BOY.

Character is everything,
In the making of a man,
And when the boy has got it
More perfect is the plan.

For you may teach and train,
And do the best you can,
But out of bad material,
You will never make a man.

You may dress in richest style,
And drive a four-in-han'
And own a million acres
And yet not be a man.

Man is the thing within,
That never yet was seen
Known only by the actions
As they are pure and clean.

I've often watched a certain boy,
And no language I could plan,
Could do justice to his character
He's the making of a man.

Should you want to know his name,
His name is William Roy,
And finished off with Burgess,
Just a model of a boy.

TO TENA ROBSON, AYR.

Tena is a bonnie lass,
And Tena she is fair,
And is just as nice a lass,
As ever came from Ayr.

She had an afa' task to do.
And puzzled her so much,
A Christmas story for to write
That she hated it to touch.

So she asked me for to do it,
And I could not say her nay,
So I put on my glasses
And began to write away.

Before that I had well began,
She ordered me to quit,
So scared that I would write some trash
She nearly took a fit.

I would not write no trash on her,
She is so very good,
And she's aye so very nice to me,
Of her I'm always proud.

She's womanly and modest,
There's a sweetness in her ee'
And her face it beams with kindness
Her manner's quiet, but free.

Now this ain't no Christmas story,
But what I've said is true,
So I'll say no more at present,
For this is all I meant to do.

ON GLADYS MANSON.

My lit' Gladys she's a peach,
If 't sweetness you'd compare,
And she's aye so neat and tidy,
And a face so very fair.

She is full of spirit and of pluck,
More s' than many a boy,
Nerve strong as any hero,
No ghost would she annoy.

She rises ere the cock does crow,
And hails the early train,
No matter what the weather is,
She goes through snow or rain.

There never seen upon her face
A scowl or ugly grin,
She's aye as happy as a lark,
She's the kind that's sure to win.

The sight of her it does one good,
When I don't feel just the thing,
And to hear her glad good morning
Fresh life to one does bring.

I want no brighter morning call,
To drive old care away,
Than Gladys' cheery welcome,
It makes me happy all the day.

TO MARY HUNTER ON HER 15TH BIRTHDAY.

Congratulations, Mary,
On this your natal day,
May good health and happiness
Ever come your way.

May the horn of plenty be your lot,
Coupled with Solomon's gift,
Then of peace you'll have abundance
And never of joy bereft.

No wonder that you're always bright,
Whether at work or play,
For it is the best of omens,
To be born on New Year's Day.

So take you wisdom by the hand
And go where'er she leads,
None ever yet did she deceive,
Or stumble where she treads.

Thy pretty face will ne'er be marred,
By burning from within,
For conscience then will be serene,
And no evil then will win.

And as your years grow on apace,
So will your beauty shine,
For it is grace within the heart
That makes one look divine.

WITH RESPECTS TO VERNA MEGGS.

Verna is a charming girl,
Enchanting is her smile,
She treats the boys to candies,
And chums them all the while.

Her love it is all aglow,
For a boy I must not name,
He's a strapping, goodly fellow
So the lass is not to blame.

She is both sweet and handsome
With hair as black as jet,
And her teeth they shine like pearls,
Why she is just a darling pet.

Her eyes are quite bewitching,
Dark are her eyebrows, too,
And her cheeks like blushing roses,
And snow-white is her brow.

And that one is proud of Verna
For she's one you seldom see,
Except it be on paper
Where thy're mere imaginy.

TO WILLIAM WEBSTER, ESQ.

Congratulations, worthy sir,
Allow me to convey
To you on this occasion
Your ninetieth birthday.

May He who guards and guides His own
While here on earth they stay,
Still give you health and strength to live
With us yet many a day.

And when your sun does set,
May no cloud dim your sky,
But a halo of the Saviour's face
Waft your soul on high.

JOE KNIGHT AND HIS MAUDIE.

The day was bleak and stormy,
And the Grand was high in flood,
The muddy waters raging,
As if in angry mood.

Carrying all before it,
That came within its grasp,
Bridges, dams and fences,
Alike were floating past.

Mén were hauling out the driftwood,
As oft they'd done before,
Fearing not the raging torrent,
As they piled it on the shore.

Our Joe was there as usual,
And with his gray mare stood,
Ready to drag a mighty log,
From out the swelling flood.

With tackling firmly fastened,
"Git up," to Maudie cried;
"Git up," again he shouted,
But Maudie only shied.

Yet Joseph, nothing daunted,
Gave Maudie such a lunge,
That with a dash she jumped
And backward made a plunge.

Down into the awful torrent,
To Joseph's great disma,,
When the surging, mighty river
Seemed to carry her away.

No help could Joseph give her,
She was now beyond his care,
His heart did quake within him,
For Maudie, his gray mare.

Despite her desperate splashing,
Still further down she went,

"My Maudie's gone," said Joseph,
As a heavy sigh got vent.

He stood and watched her struggle,
But only once she sank,
And after many an effort,
She safely reached the bank.

He ran like any father,
As if she'd been his child,
And threw his arms upon her neck,
With joy was perfect wild.

With upturned eyes poor Maudie,
Gave Joseph such a look,
As if to say, that awful plunge,
Was nothing but a joke.

EASTER GREETINGS TO JEAN WINDELL.

Bright as an Easter morning,
When clothed in its glorious sheen,
Sparkling like the dewdrops,
Is the face of Bonnie Jean.

Pure as an Easter lily,
The most graceful flower that's seen,
Fair beyond comparison,
Would I say of Bonnie Jean.

What Easter flower could match her,
I know not nor have seen,
One that nature has endowed
With the traits of Bonnie Jean.

May nothing come to mar them,
But get brighter on till e'en
This is my Easter greeting
To you my Bonnie Jean.

BESSIE D.

Oh, what a pickle I am in,
I feel the matter keen,
I never dreamt of such a thing
To happen at sixteen.

But I blame it all on Alma,
She makes so much of me,
She always tries to make me look
As nice as nice can be.

She fixes up my hair each day,
And leaves a little lock.
She means it as a notice
That I am not bespoke.

And now this work of Alma,
She must be proud to know,
Has made the boys all like me,
And some would be my beau.

And two are striving each to win
The affections of my heart,
For they both gave me nice candies
That made my nerves to start.

For if ever father comes to know,
That the boys are after me,
He'll be as wild as any bear,
And brother, so will he.

And Herbert he will break his heart,
His black hair will get gray,
And Harry, he will surely faint,
He'll simply waste away.

THE GRADUATES OF 1908.

Of all the seasons of the year
To students there is one,
That causes more of mental strain
Than all the rest that's gone.

That's when they make their great attempt,
To gain a higher place,
Not like athletics, of course,
For all may win the race.

For years they have been working up,
With a certain goal in view,
Some will reach, while others fail,
We find this always true.

Our candidates this year are good,
I'm watching them with eager eye,
A synopsis of them here I give,
The best I know, in venture try:

Teddy Torrance, always gay,
Like the ocean wave on a stormy day,
Marshall Vair who ne'er does rile,
Would make the worst of friends to smile.
Gordon Struthers with antic vim,
Full of physics to the brim,
Herb. Detweiler, come what may,
Where'er he goes he's sure to stay.
John McLelland, quick as fire,
He'll gain renown if he aspire.
Vall Gourlay, canny and wise,
I long to see his ambition rise.
Gordon Hagmeier needs a halter,
For he's ever on the helter skelter,
Jamie Campbell, quiet and slow,
But it's not worth knowing what he don't know,
Reggie Bearen, sweet as honey,
Fonder of the girls than money.
Clarence Rife with double eyes,
He'll strive for a pulpit if he be wise.
Harley Misener, with easy brain,
Is sure rich laurels for to gain.
Gardiner Misener, he cannot fail,
If the ladies' help does aught avail.
Now of the girls, what can I say?

They're a perfect puzzle every way,
Jean Buchanan, sweet and true,
Firm as a rock in ocean blue.
Marion Ferguson, tough as leather,
Safe and sound the exam. she'll weather,
Marion Tovell, firm of will,
What she lacks in brain, is made up in skill.
Edna Stafford, what a shame,
That she has never changed her name.
Nelly Wallace, so full of glee,
Is sure this time of victory.
Maggie Sault, with steady brain,
Her object she will yet attain,
Maude Hall need never fear,
For victorious she'll appear,
Grace Douglas, easy and kind,
She never will be far behind,
Ethel Wallace, excuse my say,
But happy-go-lucky all the way.
Gertie Moffatt, the bushing maid,
Will never lack for help and aid.
Achsa McDonell, the little dear,
Good news of her, we're sure to hear.
As I have done let me remark,
I wrote the above just for a lark.

TO FLORENCE.

'Tis strange to think that I should write.
To one I've never seen,
And that too, unrequested
By you or any kin.

My thoughts they seem to wander
To where I do not know,
But it's somewhere on the border.
Away near Buffalo.

I can fancy that I see you,
Yes, and hear your voice,
But why this dream I know not,
Or why you are the choice.

For me this night in silence,
To write in simple verse,
One that I've never known or seen,
I will not here rehearse.

Yet I feel as if I know you,
There is something in my breast,
That tells me you are worthy
Of a place right there to rest.

Of course, I've read some letters,
That my wife did pass to me,
And that may be the reason,
That I'm thinking now of thee.

They tell me those very lines
Although without intent,
That true Christian love possess you,
Your nature true is bent.

'Tis what this world wants,
True love within the heart,
To make our actions such as would
Never make us smart.

Then what a world it would be,
Sunshine all the time,
Everywhere a Paradise,
And everything sublime.

Now Florence, I regard you,
As one I here portray,
And may you never lose the gift
Until your dying day.

THE SCOTCHMEN'S REUNION, MARCH, 1905.

At Homes and Reunions
Are the order of the day,
Be they those of poor or wealthy
No matter what's to pay.

Societies all have them,
And families have them, too,
I think they're just delightful
For I've been at a few.

But the one the other night,
Was the best of all,
When the Scotchmen they foregathered
To a supper and a ball.

They had a concert first,
Like as they have at hame;
They sang the auld songs o'er again,
And sangs I couldna name.

Nae fancy music had they,
But music frae the heart,
That struck a chord within me,
And made the tear to start.

It took me back to Scotland,
And the days when I was young,
To hear the sangs my faither sang,
And to hear my mither tongue.

The supper was so home-like,
For they were a jolly lot,
But the oatcakes they were absent,
Nor a haggis to be got.

But I didna mind sae much for that,
For my wife can mack them gran';
And tho' I did expect them,
For them I didna lang.

When the feast was over,
The speeches they were made,
The chairman's his came first,
And what jolly things he said.

When up sprang Dr. Thompson,
And gave a great oration,
And Cornelius read a poem
Composed for the occasion.

They lauded up auld Scotland,
The place that gave us birth
But ne'er forgat our Canada,
The best place on the earth.

After that the dancing came,
And it was a sight tae see;
Auld and young sae jolly,
Without the barley bree.

There was Jock and there was Jenny,
And Tam and Tibby too,
Mag wheeled about wi' Sandy,
It was gran' I will aloo.

Belle tipped the toe wi' Donall,
And Rab cheeked up tae Nell,
But the lad that Lottie had,
His name I darna tell.

The fiddlers they did draw the bow,
And made the auld hen skirl,
Till I felt as I could dance mysel'
And wi' my auld wife whirl.

The hundreds that were on the floor,
Were overjoyed that nicht,
As they danced the real old Scottish reels,
Until 'twas near han' licht.

And O, the ending it was gran'
Auld times it brought tae min';
As we sang the dear old Scottish sang,
The Days O Auld Lang Syne.

ANNIE BLAKE.

Dear Annie Blake, it seems so strange,
To see you not at all,
But in my mind I often see,
You in the old Town Hall.

This new school can't banish thought,
For I often here recall,

The pleasant times together spent,
In the jolly Old Town Hall.

This card I send with wishes best,
To you and yours all,
'Twill let you see you're not forgot
Nor yet the Old Town Hall.

PAULINE.

I have an affliction, oh, so bad,
It's centred 'round my heart,
Affects my head and eyes,
And makes my nerves to start.

Only one object that I see,
Can soothe my troubled breast;
Only one form that meets my eye,
Can give my spirit rest.

I often roam through heavenly lands,
When night her mantle throws,
And view angelic hosts above,
But they don't soothe my woes.

Artist may paint in heavenly rays,
Sweet angels on the wing;
But charm who may, they charm not me,
Nor any comfort bring

There's only one that I adore,
Between heaven and earth and sea,
She's fairer far than angels sweet,
However sweet they be.

The boys oft tug my curly hair,
Which makes my temper start,
But let Pauline only touch a curl,
Then Cupid tears my heart.

She's fairer than the heavens above,
And besides there's none on earth,
None sweeter, no not in between,
Has ever yet seen birth.

WITH RESPECTS TO MARGARET H. FRASER.

Seasons come and seasons go,
So time keeps speeding on;
And many shall forgotten be,
As soon as they are gone.

But some whose life has been to me,
A source of sweet delight,
Can never fade from memory,
Through either day or night.

When cares and worries press me so,
How oft I think of them,
The thought is just a healing balm,
There's virtue in their name.

The sour and saucy I forgot,
And them I soon forgive,
But friends that's ever true to me,
Their memory aye shall live.

When in the midst of busy hours,
Oft they come in between;
Like openings on a cloudy day,
The glorious sun is seen.

And there is one I'll ne'er forget,
Or I'll be all to blame,
Her life it has endeared me so,
Margaret Fraser is her name.

WRITTEN ON A PUMP ON THE WAY TO KOSSUTH.

Blessings on you little pump,
You refreshed my thirsty heart,
Fresh water on a sultry day
Gives a fellow a fresh start.

Now if you ever should be sad,
And happy want to be,
Just turn your mind on the G.C.I.
And laugh and think of me.

LINES WRITTEN ON FOUR YOUNG MEN, WHO FRE-
QUENT THE G.C.I. STEPS EACH EVEN-
ING IN GOOD WEATHER.

Just at a time when yarns are rife,
And politicians in mortal strife,
I took a thought to ease my life
From such a babble;
Such cutting up without a knife
'Tis perfect rabble.

So I sat down in musing strain,
As thoughts went scouring through my brain,
I tried to stop them, but in vain,
They would not rest.
At last I got one of the train
To be my ghost.

To write of it I've promised long,
When I had time in verse or song,
About four lads, both young and strong,
Well known to me.
I'll ne'er forget them, no not one,
That could not be.

In early years they teased me sore,
And often caused my voice to roar,
"Keep off the green," said o'er and o'er;
Right mad was I.
I tried to scare, but nothing more
And they did fly.

Freddy, oft with him did plead,
For he it was who took the lead
With the other three in every deed,
That they were in.
To tell the truth he's just a weed
Of all the kin.

And Eddie, too, he's full of mettle,
He's trained to it by killing cattle,
He often too has given battle,

About the place.
And made me run when no in fettle
For him to chase.

The Verex brothers, I declare,
(That's George and Abe so like a pair),
I've chased them, too, till I was sair,
Both hip and thigh.
And never knew which one was there
Without a lie.

But what changes time does bring,
Their wintry natures turn to spring,
They treat me now like any king,
Upon his throne.
The worst they do is rant and sing
The steps upon.

And better still I'm glad to say,
When working at the close of day,
Each man is there with me to stay,
Till it is dark.
Some runs the mower, some rakes the hay,
As bright's a lark.

Now as I close this rhyming scrawl,
I thank them here both one and all,
And wish no evil them befall,
Till life shall flee,
I'm still their debtor after all
Yes, D. MacG.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

As Xmas is coming
To me it doth appear
That a little gift in season
Might tend your heart to cheer.

Though distance draws her curtain
You may think you are forgot,
This little gift will show you
That by me you're really not.

WILLIE HAMILTON.

Where is the lass that wants a man;
A wisely girl, nae simpleton,
I know a lad I've ken'd lang,
His name is Willie Hamilton.

A worthy chiel, both blyth and free,
He's well worth being called upon;
A smarter chap you ne'er could see,
Than this same Willie Hamilton.

He pledged to me, one day you see,
That ne'er a girl he smiled upon,
But love might easy kindled be
In this same Willie Hamilton.

He's no sae shy, but very sly,
For he is always roving on,
But no a girl when I go by
Is seen wi' Willie Hamilton.

I saw him just the other day,
And faith I nearly pryed upon
The secret that is hid away
In the heart o' Willie Hamilton.

If to pop is his only hope,
That's what the girls is waiting for,
Among the crowd there's ample scope
For ane to Willie Hamilton.

Time's fleeting on, he well may see,
And if he does not settle on
A mate for life, he soon will be
A bachelor, Willie Hamilton.

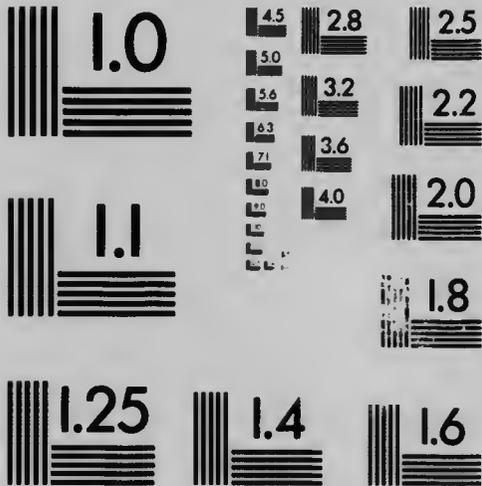
FOR A WIFE.

Should hubby get too saucy
Or ever prove uncouth,
Be sure and use the dishcloth
And slap him on the mouth.



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DAISY ROSE, GLENMORRIS.

There's roses red, there's roses white,
And some are lovely pink,
Some has a perfume, oh how sweet,
And some sweet memories link.

The saying goes, "There is no rose,
But what has got a thorn,"
Yet I know one, a special one,
That such has never borne.

But all the good traits that they have,
Be they pink or white,
This rose to me is sweeter far,
Whatever they are like.

My Rose may not be loved by all,
And may be scorned by some,
But I'll cherish sweet thoughts of this Rose
As long as time shall run.

While my mind its powers retain
My Rose shall have a place,
Should distance draw her curtain wide,
I aye shall see her face.

My Rose it is no common rose,
For she's a Daisy don't you see,
I'll ne'er forget this Rose of mine,
No, not this D. MacG.

CONGRATULATIONS TO F. S. P. SHANTZ, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS WEDDING, JUNE 10, 1908.

Here's my congratulations,
To you and yours, as well,
Long life, health and happiness,
And in comfort ever dwell.

Of good fortune, have your share
And nothing worse annoy,
But just every second year
A darling girl or boy.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines Written on the Death of Annie Renwick, of Hesperer, Who Was Accidentally Killed on the Street Railway, Near Preston, October 17th.

How silent are the College halls,
On this bright autumn day,
The youthful spirit's bowed in grief,
We all are in dismay.

On hearing of the sad, sad news,
Of her so much beloved,
No truer friend or kinder heart
O'er this threshold ever moved.

A sweeter nature could not be,
Admired by everyone,
A purer life I've never seen,
Bright as the rising sun.

A flower of sweetest fragrance
Besparkled o'er with dew,
Nipped from the bud so sudden,
And hidden from our view.

A star dropped from our sky,
Just as we saw its light,
And as we saw its brightness
It vanished from our sight.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF LITTLE RALPH DEGUERRE AGED FIVE YEARS.

Autumn days are passing by,
For the leaves are falling fast,
And the wintry days are drawing nigh
With their cold and biting blast.

The verdure of the lawn will soon
Be hidden from our view,
With snowy sheet of fleecy down,
Will dress the lawn anew.

We may see it all as oft before,
As winters come and go,
But two little feet will nevermore,
Go wading through the snow.

How oft he'd braved the blinding storm,
His daddy for to meet,
As joyfully would he return,
As if 'twas summer heat.

His spirit's gone to realms above,
And playing round the throne,
Rejoicing in a Saviour's love,
With others that have gone.

He needs no more his daddy's hand,
Or a mother's tender care,
For now he's in the glory land,
And all its glories shares.

WITH RESPECTS TO MARGARET MORTON, AYR, ONT

A dear little girl is Margaret,
A star in this world so bright,
A home with a girl like Margaret
Shall ever be one of delight.

They never shall need any roses,
To brighten the parlor, when drear,
As the presence of her I am writing,
The dullest of places would cheer.

Some girls are all that is good,
When none but strangers are near,
But Margaret's a gem in the home,
She is just a sweet little dear,

I shall never forget little Margaret
So long as my memory last,
The sweetest of thoughts for reflection,
Shall ever be those of the past.

WITH RESPECTS TO JULIA MACDONALD HAMILTON

Bermuda's Isle I never saw,
But I fancy it is grand,
For there the Easter lily grows,
The fairest in the land.

As pure as any on the Nile
And perfumed sweeter far,
How gracefully it hangs its head,
And nought its beauty mar.

How well it serves at Eastertide,
An emblem of divine,
Nought purer have we got on earth,
To decorate our shrine.

There may be flowers of gayer hues,
And cast a greater show,
To catch the human fancy,
On this fair earth below.

But what of that, 'tis purity,
And sweetness when combined,
That makes the lovely character,
In man or womankind.

Fair as an Easter lily,
Sweet as its odor can be,
Pure as the flower in its glory,
Is dear young Julia to me.

WITH RESPECTS TO MARGARET COWAN.

Oh, the girls they do bother me,
And tease me all day lang,
Some wants me to write a poem,
And others want a sang.

And it is seldom I refuse,
The lovely little dears,
I've wrote on near a hundred,
And yet I'm in arrears.

But there's one who never asked me,
I cannot pass her by,
She is just the sweetest, dearest pet,
That has not gone on high,

I'm feart to say what I think,
In case it should be true,
As I think she's just an angel,
Dropped from the sky of blue.

It would be folly on my part,
To describe her here to you,
For I could not do her justice,
Or tell the half that's true.

No, I will never forget wee Margaret
With the hair as black as jet,
Or fail to see her smiling face,
It's a sun that ne'er will set.

TO GALT'S NOBLE BARD, CORNELIUS WILSON.

Respected sir, my honored friend,
And Scotia's worthy son,
And one of Canada's brilliant lights,
If ever there was one.

Good cheer to you this Xmas morn,
May health and strength be given,
To enjoy this festive season
From morning until even.

Lean on the everlasting arms
In your declining days,
None ever trusted Him in vain,
That walked in wisdom's ways.

I wish my star was e'er as bright
As yours has ever been,
'Tis nothing but a glimmering light
While yours is clearly seen.

Accept this tribute here I give,
Though expressed so vaguely here
I wish you a joyful Xmas
And a bright and glad New Year.

Recited at a Meeting of the Pupils Held in the School
When the Hockey Boys Were Presented
With Medals on Account of Them
Winning the Evans Trophy Cup.

You're now no longer hockey boys,
As the season's past and gone,
A field or lawn is what you want,
To test your metal on.

The ball, the ball, is all the cry,
No longer puck or stick,
Long wind is wanted for to run,
And nimble shanks to kick.

The honors you have lately won,
Is a credit to the school,
And now you mean to take the Hough*
Be the weather hot or cool.

It's grand when boys do look ahead,
With an object clear in view,
Ambition strong within the breast,
Makes heroes it is true.

So keep the ball a-rolling,
When you have time to spare,
'Tis practice and experience
Outbids luck anywhere.

May the sun shine always on you,
Though you've no Hay* to make,
And honors sure will follow,
Even though the Hough* you take.

*Hay—A member of the team.

*Hough—The trophy cup.

IN MEMORY OF GRACE.

One by one our friends depart,
And leave us here to mourn,
The dearest idol of our heart
Is often from us torn.

The aged ones, however dear,
Must yield to Nature's call,
And silently we'll drop a tear
Their loss is felt by all.

But oh, our spirit's bowed in grief,
When youth is marched away,
And only faith can give relief,
Or make darkness into day.

Why mourn for Grace I cannot tell,
But still we mourn and grieve,
'Twas He that doeth all things well,
And in Him we believe.

He gave but why he took away,
With so little warning given,
To us, 'twill be a mystery,
Until we meet in Heaven.

A girl so loving and so sweet,
So gentle and so kind,
In all endearments was complete,
A perfect model to my mind.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

I hae' nae gifts to gie ye,
But just a line tae send,
My warmest wishes to ye baith,
Through life unto its end.

May the sheets hae time to air,
And the tick hae time to cool,
And may you hearty be, and strong,
From this time tae next Yule.

REMARKS ON CANDIDATES AT THE EXAM. OF 1907.

Let me draw you here a picture,
Of an examination hall,
Where the candidates are writing,
And no talking's done at all.

I am watching at the desk,
And quite amused to see,
The various attitudes of each,
'Tis that, that tickles me.

With serious look and solemn
Jimmy sits at ease,
But Robert, he is quite concerned,
His chin he oft does tease.

Peter slips his finger through his hair,
Just to wake his memory up,
And Billy just beside him,
Keeps biting at his lip.

Norman he's determined
To press the matter out,
So with clenched fist upon his jaw,
His mind begins to spout.

Poor Mabel looks so sorrowful,
As if she'd like to cry,
And Catherine, curly head,
She heaves a heavy sigh.

While my little Millicent,
Keeps twisting at her lip,
And Eila's tiny fingers
Through her hair do slip.

Mabel Hall, how oft she yawns,
And stretches her long neck,
There Maggie McDougall chews her pen,
Each time she does reflect.

Easy Fleeda beats them all,
She does not care a rap,

Her mind so free, she soon has done,
And then she takes a nap.

It will be well for Norman H.
When the exams. are done,
Then his upper lip will get a rest,
For to pick it he is prone.

Now here I must draw the line,
As time will not permit,
To draw a picture of the rest
They're such a numerous set.

There's Katie Keachie, tall and slim,
And laughing Mildred Gehl,
Quiet Hilda Schultz who starts
When Ethel gives a wail.

Marion Jamieson, just a peach,
And Annie B.'s so good,
Fair and bright is Norma,
And Stella's never rude.

Francis, tall and stately,
And Reta just reverse,
And Myra a little touchy
But Bessie very terse.

Quiet and thoughtful Matthew,
Just a little slow,
And earnest Edwin Hagmeier,
Bound to make it go.

Plucky little Arnold,
The liveliest you could find,
And Smith he will astonish me
If he is left behind.

Next there comes two K's,
Long Kribs and Koeppel,
The last was spoiled by trouble,
The first the exam. did settle.

Oswald—and—McDonald,
Barely one in two,
But brave little Marcey,
Triumphantly went through.

Now Montague and Ferris,
I could not well define,
But each in their own calling,
Some day they're sure to shine.

McCallum, yes and Struthers,
I venture here to say,
Though I've put them last on the list,
They won't be that some day.

BY REQUEST.

Six young ladies, students all,
Some were short and some were tall,
The other day did on me call,
And this was their request:
We want you, when you've time to spare,
To write a poem, and that with care,
On one and all us maidens fair,
And you'll be forever blessed.

For blessedness I ever long,
So if it comes just by a song,
I'll try my best to be among
The company of the just.
So haste ye, Muse, come me inspire,
And fill me with poetic fire,
That I may write and never tire,
Till stop I must.

There's Marion Brown with yellow hair,
A girl with few she would compare,
She's one I would call deil ma care,
So full of fun.

I hope she'll aye return her glee,
And sorrow never wet her e'e,
Better be merry than sad, ye see,
While life does run.

Of Grace McBride, what shall I say,
She's fairer than the flowers in May,
And ever alert at work or play,
She is aye so jolly.
Her silvery locks I like to see,
All frizzled out as they should be.
On any girl as young as she,
Let nobody say it's folly.

Ada Bailey, she comes next,
She puts me in an awkward fix,
By her I really am perplexed,
I really can't tell how,
A motherly girl I would her call,
Kind and true to one and all,
No surly wrinkles e'er does fall,
Upon her brow.

Rolling eyes has Verda Blair,
What she doesn't see isn't there,
Of marriage she should not despair
I'll risk to say.
She'd be a prize to any man,
Being quick to see and wise to plan,
She'd keep a house both spick and span,
In every way.

There's Bertha McBride, stout and strong,
Where'er she goes she'll get along,
With whatever people she's among,
She's aye so sweet.
I often say she is my bride,
But this is only for to chide,
I'd scorn to say aught to deride,
One so elite.

I have a wee Scotch lassie yet,
Anna Cowan, she's just a pet,
To more than me I'll gie my bet,
This vera night.

What lovely ivory- she can show,
And rosy cheeks all in a glow,
I dare not tell the half I know,
She'd be upset.

I've wrote the ladies each a verse,
The writing may not be just terse,
The matter they may think is worse,
And sense may lack.
I wish them well, both short and tall,
And may kind fortune on them call,
And richest blessings on them fall,
Is the prayer of Mac.

ANNIE BLAKE.

How oft you cross my mind
Wherever I may be,
Working or at leisure
I am sure to think of thee.

What is't that so enchants,
My brain, each time I see
Thy youthful form; that makes
Me often think of thee.

It's not thy gay attire,
For thy dress is modesty,
Nor spouts of sparkling wit,
That makes me think of thee.

Thou hast no rosy cheeks,
Nor eyes that's full of glee,
What is it then that charms
And makes me think of thee.

'Tis the sweetness of thy face,
And thy constant modesty,
An even nature free from guile,
That makes me think of thee.

When distance draws her curtain,
Your thoughts may me forsake,
But I don't think I ever will
Forget you Annie Blake.

**To Maggie Cowan, in Reply. to. Her. Invitation on Her
Marriage, July 19, 1907.**

Congratulations there accept,
From friends that's far away,
May every blessing rest on you,
On this, your nuptial day.

May you and yours, long life enjoy,
Peace and plenty be your lot,
And have at least one girl and boy
To cheer and charm your living spot.



