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(Monographs)**

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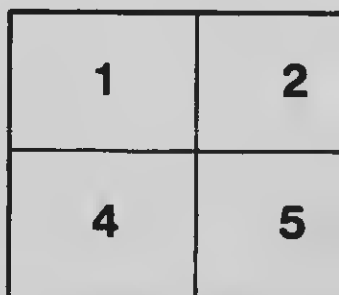
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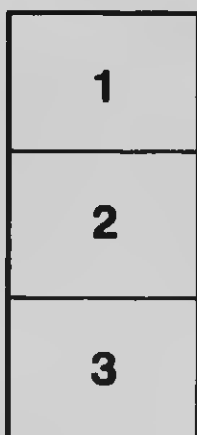
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Review Publishing Co., Ltd.,
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1915

Random Rhymes

The Saskatchewan Grain Grower

THE wind-fanned flame leaps lightly through
the grass,

Flickers and falls; flares up and leans again;
Swift flocks of startled prairie chickens pass
And skim on stiffened wing across the plain.

The gopher gallops madly o'er the field,
Then, frozen, stands and simulates a stick,
But, stricken with panic, quickly uncongealed,
Hies to his hole, and there repeats the trick.

The rabbit's fuzzy coat of winter white
Is all besmirched with streaks of sombre brown,
As if his mad March-frolics overnight
Had knocked Dame Nature's signs of "Wet
Paint" down.

Ever with noiseless tread the gray house-cat
Among the stubble stalks the thiaving mouse,
And, toiling ceaselessly, the brown musk-rat
Repairs the winter's damage to his house.

Once more the nightly chorus of the frogs
Proclaims to all the glad return of spring,
While partridges parade the hollow logs
And tango to the beat of drumming wing.

In frequent flocks far-flying water fowl
Light on the lake with loud-resounding quack!
And in the nearby bush is heard the howl
Of King Coyote summoning his pack.

From dawn till dark the plaintive killees wail,
Northward the far-strung flock of wild geese
goes,

While everywhere is heard o'er hill and dale
The bickering blackbirds and the cawing crows.

RANDOM RHYMES

Pink under white from curly tail to snout
 The sow's prolific progeny are led afield,
 Tho' young of sheep and cattie play about
 And brooding hens their callow charges shield.

Bring from the stall the sleek, well-wintered
 steed,
 Strike out the lands and speed the shining plow,
 In toil and hope cast in the precious seed,
 The mellow soil stands ready for it now.

Lo! the swift change: the sombre fallow field
 Is covered with luxuriant robes of green
 Whose billowy folds to amorous breezes yield,
 Beneath the glowing sunset's golden sheen.

Soft showers and the lengthened summer light
 Bring rapid growth, and soon the ripening grain
 Stands in the autumn sun, inspiring sight!
 One golden glory over all the plain.

Dangers of drought and fears of frost are past;
 The clattering binders and the sweating teams
 And men toiling like Titans heap at last
 A harvest rich beyond a miser's dreams.

Stiff stands the stubble o'er the far-flung field,
 The mellow soil shines yellow in the sun;
 In stook and stack a generous golden yield
 Proclaims the weary work of harvest done.

Now list the traction engine's noisy clang,
 And rumbling separator, down the wind,
 The slow-speed speciest of the threshing gang,
 Trailing the tank team and caboose behind.

'Twixt even rows of stacks on either hand,
 Broad-belted to the engine's driving wheel,
 The separator now is quickly manned,
 And knashes all its myriad teeth of steel.

Loud clang and clatter, rumble, roar and shout,
 And swelling smoke and strings of tolling
 teams,
 And flying sheaves and dust and belching spout,
 Now issue forth in copious golden streams.

Upon the housewife's ample kitchen stove
Steam savory pots that boil and bubble still,
While tempting rows of pastry stand above
And smoking roasts the sizzling oven fill.

With headlong haste rush in the hungry horde
At meal time, and with easy etiquette
Assail the abundance of the loaded board,
Like Benjamin's, with double portions set.

Rough minters of the farmer's current coin,
Ruda riflers of the treasures of the stack,
The farm-hands with the household gladly join
To speed your parting, nor could wish you back.

A moment rests the gusty autumn gale
And in the pause is heard a distant clang,
As, shape and pace like an enormous snail,
Moves off the threshing outfit and its gang.

As where a nation's secret hoard is piled
In treasure vault, now lies the golden grain
In bulging bag and bursting bin, and wild
Winds sweep the silly straw o'er the plain.

Safe-sheltered now within his cosy home,
With food and fuel plentiful for all,
The farmer feels no dread of ills to come,
And every beast is happy in his stall.

Books long neglected, and the weekly news,
Farm journals, and the things the wise ones say,
In pleasant leisure he may now peruse,
Nor fill with heavy task the shortened day.

The monthly gatherings of his friends in toll,
With warm discussion and prolonged debate,
Bear fruit in added skill to till the soil
And dignify the farmer's hard estate.

Of the long winter evenings are beguiled
In social gatherings of well-tried friends,
Whereat, when happiness on all has smiled,
A midnight feast the cheerful session ends.

Heedless of cold along the snowy trail
The well-clad children to the school repair,
No weekly Sabbath sees the household fail
To join their neighbors in the place of prayer.

Homes have their harvests, and from such as this
God gives the world his worthiest and his best;
Angels might envy their unrivalled bliss
Whose sons and daughters have withstood the
test.

Learn to till better still the mellow soil,
Press valiantly the fight for better seed,
Improve thy stock, and God requite thy toil,
But give us citizens of better breed.



My Old Cayuse

SOME like to travel on the train, some like
the auto best,
And some must have their coach and pair to give
their travel zest,
Some like the soaring aeroplane, but I make no
excuse
That I prefer to all of these my spavined old
Cayuse.

I made old Bill's acquaintance first some thirty
years ago,
When he was running with the bunch, and by
George! he could go,
The Rancher threw his lariat and spit tobacco
juice
Until he cast ten devils out of that piebald Cayuse.

We saddled Bill and bridled him and led him
'round awhile,
And when I started to get up I saw the Rancher
smile,
I caught my stirrup, dug my spurs, and then
old Bill cut loose
As if a score of devils dwelt inside that wild
Cayuse.

We struck the perpendicular, then suddenly
reversed,
And forty different motions tried to see which
could be first,
And when he bucked in proper style I landed in
the sluce,
And waited till the Rancher caught my circling
Cayuse.

Of course I would not give him up and so I tried
again,
Until he let me keep my seat and guide him
with the rein.
I found him tough as hickory and speedy as a
moose,
And money never tempted me to part with my
Cayuse.

At length the time that comes to all, the time
 of meking love,
 Arrived for me, end I set out to imitate the dove.
 You may depend we tidied up, end mede
 ourselves look spruce,
 Until at last we won our prize, I and my good
 Cayuse.

Four years of pleasure unelloyed sped o'er us es
 a day,
 And then the darkness settled down upon my life
 to stay,
 The best that we could do for her we fonnd was
 all no use,
 She left me in the world alone, save for my old
 Cayuse.

At round-up time the hoys ell plenned to have e
 dey of sport,
 And looked with scorn upon the men who tried
 to hold the fort,
 Bnt when they got to reising Cain, I'd cut the
 whole cahoose,
 And live the old days o'er agein alone with my
 Cayuse.

With tender memories clustering eronnd my
 dear old Bill,
 You will not wonder et my wish to heve him
 near me still,
 Perhaps you'll call it sentiment, end take me
 for a goose,
 But she seems neerer to me when I'm with my
 old Cayuse.

The yeers have told upon us hoth, our best days
 ere behind,
 But while we have each other still I think we
 shall not mind;
 I'd like to ford The Stream with Bill—whet's
 that you say? the deuce!
 He's gone ecross ahead of me—Goodbye, my old
 Cayuse.

Okanagan Weather

COAST skies are dark and mud is deep,
And endless waters sop and seep,
While clouds and mists their vigil keep,
For days together.
And now, with horrid might and main,
Old Boreas bellows o'er the plain,
While we take up the cheerful strain
Of Okanagan weather.

A soft spring-song of liquid notes,
From out a myriad golden throats,
In cadent undulations floats
High hills to nether;
A saturated day or two,
Beneath the irridescent blue,
Then, presto—everything is new—
That's Okanagan weather.

The blush of bloom on bench and slope,
And all the world athrill with hope,
The soul with such tremendous scope,
Forgets it tether;
The hills a frame of living green,
And over all a wondrous sheen
That never elsewhere was seen—
That's Okanagan weather.

Those ideal days when forth we fare
To wander, wander, anywhere,
With never weariness or care
As tough as leather;
Slaking our thirst at mountain rill,
While rod and gun our larder fill,
And all God's wondrous world is still—
That's Okanagan weather.

A snappy, stimulating frost,
As winter puts us one acrost,
And all our hills with snow embossed,
Light as a feather;
The joy of cold without extreme,
The days of which the tropics dream,
A sort of climatic ice cream—
That's Okanagan weather.

Take all the wonders of the Coast,
The sunshine which the prairies boast,
The days our Eastern friends love most,
All rolled together,
Then add from every continent
The choicest things their climes have blent,
You'll understand then what is meant
By Okanagan wether.

Though on your native soil there grows
The shamrock green or red red rose,
Or came you from the land where blows
The bonnie heather;
Rest here, contented with your lot,
Nor seek for further-favored spot,
Earth holds no finer thing, I wot,
Than Okansgan weather.



September in the Okanagan Hills

SEPTEMBER in the Okanagan hills;
 Did clime and calendar e'er furnish more?
 A brimming bowl with nectar Natura fills,
 And schools her lovers in her mystic lore.
 Around their hearts she weaves a magic spell,
 Which through the passing years still lives and
 thrills
 Them with a deeper yearning yet to dwell
 With sweet September in the Okanagan hills.

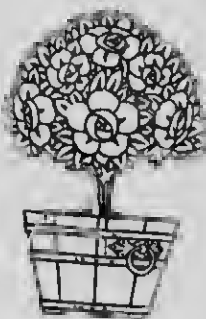
September in the Okanagan hills;
 The earth beneath our feet is warm and soft;
 There's music in the gurgling crystal rills,
 There's music in the breezes up aloft
 That sigh through mounts in pines in deep content,
 The while a merry songster madly trills.
 Oh, life is sweet and Heaven with earth seems
 blent
 When breathes September through the Okanagan hills.

September in the Okanagan hills;
 Ye slaves of toil and worry, soon and late,
 On-rushing with the ceaseless pace that kills,
 Following Fortune's swift and tireless gait
 Turn you aside into the untrod trails,
 And find a medicine for all your ills
 Where springs a living fount that never fails;
 Ho! for September in the Okanagan hills.

September in the Okanagan hills;
 I sit and feast on food almost divine,
 Sweeter to me by far than earth's great grills;
 Hera Nsture's luscious offerings are mine.
 I dine on rainbow trout and breast of grouse;
 I drink where living water springs and spills,
 I lie and sleep as in my father's house—
 Ha made September and the Okanagan hills.

September in the Okanagan hills;
 Mine be this joy again and yet again,
 Until the ardor of my life-blood chills
 With that slow change which ever comes to
 men,

Then let me climb once more, with heavy tread,
And lay me down, e'er death my heart throbs
atills,
Upon a sun-kissed, wind-swept dying bed—
Farewell September and the Oksnagsn hills.



Somewhere In France

"**S**OMEWHERE In France" to a mother's heart

He pencilled these words of cheer:
Feeling fit and ready to start
For the trenches, Mother Dear;
Our forces will eagerly welcome the day
When we shall be thrust in the thick of the fray,
Here's hoping that orders will shorten our stay
"Somewhere in France'."

"Somewhere in France" through the shell-swept night

A Canadlan regiment lay
In water and mud awaiting the light
And the charge at the dawn of the day;
Forward they rushed with a terrible shout
Driving the Huns to confusion and rout,
But many brave fellows had fallen out
"Somewhere In France."

"Somewhere In France" 'neath a Red Cross ten'

A stricken hero lay,
While a Nursing Sister about him bent—
There was nothing to do but pray;
But never a murmur came from him
For the deadly wound and the shattered limb,
But he thought of home as the light grew dim
"Somewhere in France."

"Somewhere in France" in a soldier's grave
Sleeps the heroic dead,

And a rude cross, fashioned by comrades brave,
Stands sentinel at his head,
While still must the stricken mother weep,
And her lonely vigil for ever keep
For her darling soldier boy asleep
"Somewhere in France."

"Somewhere In France" the hand of Fate
Is fashioning day by day

A mighty weapon of deadly hate
And vengeance that knows no stay,
For the Kaiser and all his heartless Huns
Who have murdered mothers and little ones,
A death-knell sounds in the roar of guns
"Somewhere in France."

Johnnie Canuck in France

JOHNNIE Canuck is a lively chap, a son of
 the open ways,
 A Hercules when he turns to work, a strenuous
 lad when he plays,
 On Canadian soil he won his spurs, and what can
 his fame enhance?
 But wait awhile till you hear the tale of Johnnie
 Canuck in France.

He leaped at the sound of the bugle's note and
 sailed from his Western land
 To the scenes of war where duty called all ready
 to lend a hand,
 But many a game in the leisure days and many a
 merry dance
 Bore witness to all the playful ways of Johnny
 Canuck in France.

Johnnie Canuck has a tender spot in his heart for
 the ladies fair,
 And of course he couldn't be blind to all the
 lovely maidens there,
 So many a smile and a "parlez-vous" and many
 a rich romance
 Attended upon the journeyings of Johnnie Canuck
 in France.

Soon scenes of pleasure were left behind and
 ladies he bade adieu,
 The days were filled with heavy toil and hours of
 rest were few,
 But never once did he shirk his share and never
 he looked askance
 For all the wearisome days and nights of Johnnie
 Canuck in France.

On the firing line the thunder of guns resounded
 through the sleepless night,
 The veterans and the raw recruits are eager to
 join the fight,
 And mounted guard or as sentry set the foe had
 never a chance
 To gain the lines of the British troops with
 Johnnie Canuck in France.

To the eager walters who ever peer over the
trenches' marge
Is passed along the welcome word "The Hun
are about to charge,"
Steady and strong is the British line and steady
and keen the lance
That hurls them back in the sturdy hand of
Johnnie Canuck in France.

Behind the curling and choking smoke are the
men of the Prussian Guard,
The flower of German soldiery, and their hearts,
as their steel, are hard,
But through the breath of the Pit is seen the
resistless British advance,
And right in the front of the glorious fray is
Johnnie Canuck in France.

After the charge and the German rout the men of
the Red Cross came
To tend the wounded and lay the dead in a
grave of deathless fame,
Wounded and fainting they found him there,
lying as in a trance,
And tender hands gave healing care to Johnnie
Canuck in France.

Covered with glory, the struggle o'er, returning
with joy and pride,
Shall come the hero home again, with valor and
vigor tried,
And the German mother will tell her child, and
shudder the while, perchance,
Of the awful days when his father fought with
Johnnie Canuck in France.

And strangely enough, when the war is done,
and peace comes to earth to remain,
Throwing his weapons aside he will walk in
Industry's ways again;
His mother's joy and his father's pride, in the
quiet old-fashioned Manse,
Unspoiled by the scars and glory won as Johnnie
Canuck in France.

Going Fishing

WE went a-fishing, did Blanche and I,
 With a rising sun and a cloudless sky,
 For twelve good miles we rode our wheels
 With the joy that youthful vigor feels,
 And we walked to the top of the heavy grade
 And rested awhile in a pleasant shade,
 Then coasted the other side of the ridge
 And left our wheels at a rustic bridge.
 Then we rigged our rods and cast our fly
 On the pools where the speckled beauties lie.
 We fished up many a noisy run
 And talked and laughed and had lots of fun,
 And we stealthily cast on the mirrored pools,
 Observant of all the fishing rules,
 'Till we found, at the foot of a lofty fall,
 The largest and loveliest pool of all,
 And I caught the biggest fish of my life,
 For I persuaded Blanche to become my wife.

As we sauntered homeward arm in arm
 The shy wood creatures felt no alarm,
 And we climbed the grade and we coasted
 down,
 And wheeled in the gloaming back to town.
 But oh, the joy of that summer night,
 And oh, the well-earned appetite;
 And the taste of the trout was most divine,
 For her eyes were smiling back into mine;
 And when I kissed her at last good-night,
 Her face was suffused with a wondrous light.

Full many a day we have fished since then,
 For our sons and daughters are women and
 men,
 And many a tramp and an outdoor meal,
 And a homeward walk with a crowded creel;
 But by far the loveliest spot all
 Was the pool at the foot of that waterfall;
 And the greatest joy I have found in life,
 I found when Blanche said she would be my
 wife.

So to-day we went to that spot once more,
Not wheeling, the way we went before,
But side by side in a huggy seat,
With a top to shelter us from the heat.
We travelled slowly across the ridge
And turned to the left at the rustic ridge,
And the steady horse drew the easy load
Along the uneven hauling road;
And each of us caught a silver trout,
And laughed and wept as we pulled him
out,

For this was our silver-wedding day,
And we kissed each other and drove away.
And Blanche half whispered to me "Dear
Heart,

When the time arrives that we two must
part,

If I should be the first to go,
And I ever pray that it may be so,
Beside the river of love and life
"You will find again your waiting wife."
And I drew her closer still to me
With eyes so full I could scarcely see,
And I thanked my God for my happy lot,
And the biggest fish that I ever caught.



**Dorothy Doleful of the Sunshine
Committee**

EXCUSE ma, dear, may I come in?
 You have heard of me, I am Dorothy
 Doleful,
 I live to comfort the sick and sad,
 And the tears I've shed would make a bowlful.

How bad you look—let me see you—so,
 You must be suffering something fearful,
 Don't think me lacking in sympathy—
 My heart just aches, if I do look cheerful.

Poor soul, I guess you need someone
 To cheer you up—now, dear, don't weep—
 Though I'm not surprised—but settle down
 And try to get a little sleep.

How much you look, as you lie that way,
 With your sunken eyes and your face so drawn,
 Like my poor dead sister; but there, my dear,
 We mustn't grieve for them that's gone.

It may be you will get over this
 And live for years before you die,
 And then, Dear Friend, if you have to go,
 Just think of your mansion in the sky.

They tell me I always cheer the sick,
 And goodness knows I'm glad of that;
 All my own folks are in their graves,
 And I've no one left but my darling cat.

And she, poor thing, is old and sick,
 And perhaps will be dying before you yet;
 So I spend my life for the sick and sad.
 For it ain't no manner of use to fret.

I must be going, Goodbye, my dear,
 We may never meet in this world again;
 But do be cheerful, I've always heard
 It makes you stronger to bear your pain.

If you do get worse just send for me,
 I've helped so many dear people die,
 And I'll gladly help you, so let me know.
 Remember, Be Cheerful—Goodbye. Goodbye!

A Cosmopolitan Feast

A GENTLEMAN in Winnipeg, whose name you
need not know,
Arranged to hold a novel feast some little while
ago;

He asked a representative of every dialect
To celebrate Empire Day apart from race or
sect.

The Bill of Fare attended to, the Chairman rose
to say:

"A native born Canadian, I greet you all to-day;
To His Most Gracious Majesty, I now propose
a toast,
The Empire, and Canada, the Land we love the
most."

A portly, well-dressed Jonnie Bull arose and
bowed with grace:

"Aw, really now, excuse me, friends, if I usurp
first place;

I cheer this loyal sentiment, and dub that man
an ass,

Or bally, bloomin' idiot, who dares turn down
his glass."

"Honts mon," cried Sandv from Argyll, "Per-
haps ye dinna ken

We a' are brithers here the nicht, an' leal Em-
pire men;

The Thistle's bloom's as soft as silk; it wounds
the hand whs' smites,

And while oor Great Empire stan's, a' men
shall hae their richts."

"Begorra, byes, Home Rule or no, Hurrah for
Ireland,"

Cried Patrick Murphy, late of Cork, who was the
next to stand.

"If sny wan disputes the toast, bad cess to
that spalpeen.

Fight for the owld Red, White and Blue, and
don't forget the green."

Louis LeBlanc, the Canayen, addressed the Chair-
man then:

"I come from Montreal, Kebbec, an' Laurier's
ma frien',

I'm born on Canadaw, mese'f, an' love ma own
countrle,
So eef it ever come de fight, ba gosh jes' count
on me."

Sald Yacob Kaiser: "Yah Mein Vrlends, meIn
heart vas in meIn mout'
Till I vind on dot Bill of Vare some bully Sauer
Kraut.

Ven I vas leave meIn Vaterland I tink das iss
nein goot,
But now I vinds meIn Mudderland und chines
dis Brudderhoot."

Next Israel Levinsky rose, a Jew of Russian
birth:

"See vat dis land have done for us, offscourin's
ov de eart';

Ve puts our hands upon de plow an' ve will not
turn back,

Ve vinds beace und brosperty beneat' de
Union Shack."

"Vall, My Dear Friends, I have bane tank," big
Ole Yonson said,

"It's time for everyone reyoice and holdin' oop
de head;

I come Stockholm by Nye Yark, and I bane
tank all slob

Wat can't respon' on Toast like dat he better
yomp his yob."

Then Antony Petrucai spoke: "Me sella nice
banan',

An' sometime taka wife an' monk an make
musique by han',

Me lika leev dis counterie an' maka plenty mon,
So wen you drinka disa Toas' be sure geev
Tony wan."

To cap the climax of it all "The Colonel" last
upsprang,

With silvered moustache and goatee and tell-tale
nasal twang:

"Wall naow, I swan, if this ain't great; I like
this speerit fine,

From naow and henceforth till I die, its Can-
nady for mine."

Then all arose and drank the toast in sparkling
 aqua pura,
 The Chairman's face was wreathed in smiles and
 bright as an aurora,
 And in s bond of loyalty no difference could
 sever,
 They sang in many dialects "The Maple Leaf
 For Ever."

A Autobiographie, Ba Gosh!

W'EN I am young feller—das long tam ago—
 I'm axin' ms fader tak me to de show;
 He pull out hees pipe an' look on ma face,
 'n' say, "No Siree, I don' go on dem place,
 Ba Gosh!"

One day I am eatin' small piece of tabac,
 No sooner I get heem inside on ma jaw
 Ma stummk is stannin' on top of ma head
 An' mak' me feel sorry I cannot come dead—
 Ba Gosh!

I go de pic-nic, me, on Parish Ste. Anne;
 I'm eighteen dat fall, an soon be de man;
 Marie LaJeunesse trow de smile on ma face,
 An' I msk up ma min' she's bes' girl on dat
 place,
 Ba gosh!

Marie an' mese'f we bot' mak marier,
 An' leesen so quiet to all Pries' is say;
 An, when, bimeby, he spik de "Amen,"
 He say "Dst will cos' you ten dollar, ma
 frien'."
 Ba Gosh!

Ma wife get so seek she can not be no worse,
 I sen' for de Docteur, and he bring de Nurse;
 I'm waitin' an' prayin' till Docteur come out
 An' say "Das tree twin," and den I am shout
 Ba Gosh!

W'en chl'ren is jes' commencin' to walk,
 An' more every day for larnin' de talk,
 Ma wife ssy to me das very bad trick
 For havin' de garcon hesr me w'en I spik,
 Ba Gosh!

De Irishman say "Begorrs," all tam;
 An' English "Ba Jove," was mean jes' de sam;
 De Scotch say "Hoots Mon," and de Yankee say
 "Gee;"
 But bes' word of all I'm t'inkin' is be
 Ba Gosh!

I'm sayin' ma prayer an' 'ten'ln' de Mass,
 Dat w'en "Au Revoir" I mus' spik at de las',
 De holy St. Peter, was kipin' de key,
 Don' say dere's no place on de inside for me,
 Ba Gosh!

De Toot' Docteur

De Horse Docteur he treat de horse,
 Physician cure de cough;
 De Toot' Docteur fill up de toot'—
 No good fill up, pull off.

MA wife she got de bad toot'ache, I can't
 stay roun' de place,
 She git so cross an' scol' so moche, an' swell up
 on de face;
 At las' I say "You mus' go in an' see de Toot'
 Docteur,
 An' if de toot's no good fill up, we pull him off
 for sure."

So I heech up de ol' gray horse, on buggy los'
 de top;
 He's not moche good for mak de go, but fine one
 sure for stop;
 Ma wife she tie aroun' de head wit' shswl, an'
 est de clove;
 So we start off for Ssskatoon, an' mak dat ol'
 horse move.

Dat road she's only fifteen mile, but seem lak
 feefy sure;
 Ma wife she cry an' scol' at me till she can't
 spik no more;
 I break ol' horse upon de whip, den cut de
 pople tree,
 But he don' git one half de cut ma wife she
 lay on me.

At las' I say, "Ba Gosh! Elmire, you 'better tak
de rein,
If dat horse git one half I got he never stop
again."

She say "All right," an' den, sapre! we git
dere putty soon,
For ol' horse never broke de trot till we reach
Saskatoon.

I know me one good Toot' Docteur, hees nam'
she's Doc. Buylea,
He come Kebbec, or New Brunswick, or some
place down dat way.

I say to heem, "Ma wife, Elmire, she's feelin'
putty toff,
So if de toot's no good fill up, we got to pull
him off."

He say "All right," den place Elmire upon de
iron chair,
W'ere she is cry and screech some more, an'
pullin' on de hair;
Ba gosh, I tink she go crazee wen he is ponch
de gum,
But Doc. don't seem to min' at all, I tink he's
laffin' some.

He git heem mebbe hunder pair of pincher from
de she'f—
No wonder ma poor wife feel scare, I feel dat
way mese'f—
An' den he look de toot' agin, an' geev one
leetle cough,
An' 'fore I tink he mak de start, he's got dat
toot' pull off.

He git some water on de glass, an' geev Elmire
one sup,
Den say, "Ma frien', here's noder toot' I tink
we mus' fill up."
Den he commence for bore an' dig, ba gosh! I
can't stan' dat;
An' Elmire holler mos' de tam jas lak crazee
tom-cat.

He fill de mout' wlt' cotton wool, an' stuff lak
rubher boot,
An' tie 'bout fifteen piece de string aroun' de
nader toot'.

Den he commence for trot de foot, lak rock de
 cradle fas'
 An' hol' somet'ng in Elmire's mout', I tink
 dat be her las'.

But still he turn dat sonny ting, look like de long
 black snake,
 Wit' red-hot sting upon hees nose, ba gosh! he
 tak de cake;
 He kill dat woman feety tam, an' kill me too
 also,
 But still dat black snske sting ma wife, an'
 Doc' don' let her go.

But bimeby he say "All right, dat hole she's
 beeg enuff,"
 An' den he tak de small bottle, look lak de pizen
 stuff;
 I tink she's dead dis tam, for sure, an' start
 for interfere.
 But Doc. he tink I'm interes', an' tol' me for
 "Look dere."

I look in leetle lookin' glass upon de en' of stick
 An' see one hole das look so beeg it mak de
 stummik sick.
 But Doc. commence for fill heem up an' poun'
 de gol' in place;
 I commence tink dere's danger now he crack
 Elmire she's face.

At las' he's done with' poun'in' lak woodpecker
 on de tree,
 An' hol' de leetle lookin'-glass so Elmire she can
 see;
 She dry de tear an' start for laff, I'm laffin'
 too good deal,
 She say, "Be gosh! das lookin' good, I don'
 csre how she feel."

Den Doc. he put de small grin' stone upon de
 black snake' nose.
 An' grin' dat toot' until I feel shiver in bot' ma
 toes;
 Den scratch de toot' wit' san' psper till all ma
 toot' feel sore—
 But Elmire tink about de gol' an' never cry no
 more.

At las' de job is finish an' Doc. cut off de string;
Ma wife she fin' de lookin' glass an' start right
off for sing,

She smile beeg lot for show de goi' she's got
upon de head,

An' say, "I'm sorry now I wish las' night
dat I am dead."

"Mebbe you got some toot' also was need de hole
bore in,"

Doc. say to me, "If dat's de case its good tam
for begin."

I say, "No sir, ma toot's all right, you mus'
excuse to me,

I got no use for dat black snake wit' red-hot
nose, sapre!"

I pay de Toot' Docteur good cash for all de job
he do,

I tink mese'f its cos' enough, but den she's good
job too.

We laff and sing mos' all way home, de moon
is shinin' bright,

Ol' horse don' seem to min' de load our heart
is feel so light.

We fin' de chil'ren safe asleep, ol' Carlo bark
wit' joy,

Ma wife ronne on de house firs' tlng for kiss de
girl an' boy;

An' wen she's comin' out agin an' hug me on
de door,

I tink, ba gosh! das cheapes' gol' I never buy
before.

I tol' ma neighbor all around' de good bargain
I get—

Advlse dem all do jes' de sam, an' nam' de man
you bet;

If wife is cross jes' go to heem, don' min' how
moche you pay,

She's cheap enough for cure he mak, dat Toot'
Docteur Buylea.

The Homesteader

I'M leevin' on ma homestead, nort'-east from
 Calgarie,
 Got honder seexy acre, bes' lan' you never see;
 She's not'ing but de prairie wit'out de bush or
 slough,
 Plough up de groun', trow in de seed, das all
 I got to do.

Firs' year I plough ten acre, I don' got any horse,
 Mus' heech de cow an' leetle ox, das be slow
 work, of course;
 But nex' year I am buyln' wat you call wil'
 Broncho,
 It mak de halr stan' up on en' for see de way
 dey go.

Dat fall I have de trasher for trashin' out ma
 wheat,
 It kip me jompin' all de tam, dey wan' so moche
 for eat;
 Dey burn ma straw upon injine, an' tak ma
 wheat for pay;
 Nex' fall I tink I tak de stick an' trash de ol'
 tam way.

I buil' de leetle sod house, she's not de swell
 msison,
 I got no wife for cookin', no chil'ren mak de
 fonne.
 Wit' cow an' horse an' leetle ox de small sod
 barn be full,
 An' jes' outside is pile de straw an' stack of
 prairie wool.

For kip warm on de winter, I'm needin' plenty
 wood,
 Mus' haul it fifteen mile mese'f, w'enever road
 is good;
 An' w'en de well is freezin' up I melt de snow
 for drink—
 Das not so good lak wat I lef' on Kebbec, I don'
 tink.

But all de sam I'm happy an' soon forgit dem
 ting
 W'en I am git ma paten' two year ago las' spring,

Das tam de beeg excitement, enuff for t'n de
hea',
W'en railroad she is buil'in' alongside ma
homestead.

Nex' ting dey buil' de statlon, hotel, de bank an'
store;
Of course de Church and Schoolhouse dey mus'
be dere for sure;
Den elevator's comln', blacksmilt', docteur an'
all,
It look for sure in two, three year she's beeg
lak Montreal.

Dere's mebhe twenty office wat you call Real
Estate,
All sayin', "You mus' buy de lot before it come
too late"
An' affer w'ile dey buy ma place, mus' be de
reeches' one,
Pay me de cash an' git de deed for mak sub-
division.

Dey fi'l ma farm wit' leetle steek, stan' up 'bout
seex inch high,
An' say dat every one of dem was be de house
bimeby;
Den geev de street all fancy nam', an' mak
nice lookin' plan,
An' sen' some feller sol' de lot an' fool de
Eas'ern man.

I put ma money on de bank, 'cept 'nuff for buy
tiquette,
An' travel back ma own countree, de happy man,
you bet!
An' affer w'ile dem nice French girl dey look
so good to me
I tink I got to settle down an' have de familiee.

One day I see swell feller come on our leetle town,
An' try for git some people go Wes' an' settle
down;
"Nice lot, cos' tousan' dollar"—I'm almos'
comin' dead—
De lot he's tryin' sell us is on ma own
homestead.

Ten mont' I do de sparkin' den mak de marler,
An' everybody tink for sure I'm come back Eas'
for stay;

But all de tam I feel somet'ing, wat I can
never 'splain,

So affer w'ile I tak de wife an' go out Wes'
again.

We travel on de touris' car, an' Rosie cook de
meal.

Some pork an' bean, an' apple-sass flavor wit'
orange peel;

We mak nice frien' an' have good tam all way
to Calgarie,

"It seem jes' l' de weddin' tour," ma wife
is say to me.

In Calgarie we got hard job for fin' de leetle
room,

'Cause everyone is gone crazee on wat dey call
"Oil Boom,"

An' holler out "De ten cent share to ten
dollarre may go,"

But all de sam' I t'ink "Ba gosh! May go
not'ing also."

For stay among de crazee folk don' be safe t'ing
for me,

An' so we're startin' out agin nex' day from
Calgarie,

An' travel troo de gran' montagne we see
won'erful sight,

Until we're stoppin' off at place call Sicamous
dat night.

Das be nice place for spen' de night, wit' lovely
mountain air,

But feefy million skeeter fly I bet you mus' be
dere.

Nex' day we're startin' off agin on Okanagan
Branch,

An' affer steamboat trip we spen' de night on
fine fruit ranch.

Our frien' is mak us welcome on place call
Summerlan',

An' why dey be so happy it's easy un'erstan',

Got plenty fruit an' flower, da chicken an' de
bee;

I t'ink, mese'f, "Das be da place for kip
de familiee."

So I am buy ten acre an' start anjoy ma life,
You cannot fin' more happy pair dan bot' me an'
ma wife;

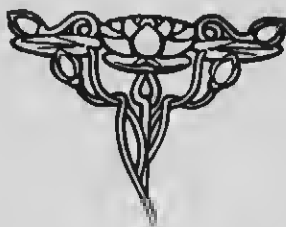
Da neighbor's mos' all Protestant, but dey're
good people too,
An' if dey're tryin' use you right wat more you
wan' to do?

We got no winter coi' an' snow, 'cep' jes' wat
we enjoy;

Mese'f an' wife is feelin' young, all sam de giri
an' boy;

No beeg tempes' on summertam; an' eef you
un'erstan',

You come along yourse'f also for leev on
Summerlan'.



How Louis Got Insured

NO one can blame de French boy if dey love
de Canayenne,
Someone may see de better, but you got to show
me wen;

Still, tam I mak de marier on Parlish of Ste.
Anne

I pass de Canayenne all by an' marry Irishman.

Bridget O'Brien is de nam', wld rouge upon de
head,

An' leetle freckle on de nose--she's face also is
red;

But I don' min' de look at all wen I come
un'erstan'

Bridget she's jes' de fines' girl was leev upon
Ste. Anne.

She splk Francals lak Canayenne because de
moder's French,

An' on de school de Sister teach she set upon
fron' bench;

But some de tam wen I am tease dat girl she
say to me,

Jes' lak de fader, Pat O'Brien, "Be aisy now,
Louis."

De youngest of de chil'ren—we got tree 'sidea de
cat—

I call Louis Napoleon, de moder call him Pat,
De nex' is Pierre, one leetle rogue, no finer
you can see;

An' baby girl, l'enfant, she's sweet, we call
Petite Marie.

We're leevin' on our leetle farm, she's forty acre
one,

Wit' small house buil' upon de road, an' barn
hol' twenty ton;

I got one horse was be firs' class 'bout fifteen
year ago,

So you can see mus' be for sure much better
choual now.

I got four cow was geev de milk wen dey ain'
goin' dry,

An' tree four noder leetle one was be de cow
bimeby;

Ma wife she keep de chicken, one guinea hen
for luck,
An' plenty more dem w'lte canard, wat
English call de duck.

We're happy dere upon our place, an got no
troub' at all,
Until' ma brudder, Telesphore, he's comin' dead
:~:~:~: las' fail; :~:~:~:
He lef' (de) leetle familiee, four boy and tree
small girl,
Wit' broken-hearted moder, alone upon de
worl'.

Ma brudder he was hard work man, but tam she's
very bad,
He cannot pay de mortgage so he's feeln' putty
sad;
He ketch de col' upon de lung wen he get
wet wan day,
And putty soon he's dead wit' wat you call de
pneumoney.

Das mak me tink, ba gosh! mebbe I'm dyl'n'
some day too,
An' if I lef' de familiee, sapre! wat can dey do?
Wen dere is come along one dry 'bout two tree
wick ago,
Wan dem niece lookin' eity man, all dress up
on de show.

He's look lak walkin' checker boar', wit' boot
das mak box-toe,
An' leetle hat, 'bout two inch high, an' carry
cane also;
He spik "Bon Jour," lak Habitant, den' pass
right on de door
An' commence talk lak anyt'ing I never hear
before.

He know all 'bout mon frer is dead, an' leetle
one is lef',
An' tol' me mebbe feefy man he know come
dead hese'f;
Den show nice lookin' paper, wat he call de
policie,
Is he'p de wife nnd' leetle one if I come dead,
sapre!

Well, mak short story long enough, I'm wat you
call insure',

I sign one paper wit' ma name w'ile he is on de
door;

Ol' Doc. LeBlanc come ponche de rib, an' say
"Hol' out de tongue,"

Den ax me who's ma gran'fader an' eef he's
dyln' young.

I answer all de t'ing he ax, Bridget is he'p me
too,

An' affer w'ile he's satisfy an' say he t'ink I do;

Den feefty dollar good l'argent I pay dat
'Surance man,

An' git nice lookin' Policie mak on Endow-
men' plan.

I'm feeln' putty good, meself, an' hope I leev
long tam.

But eef I'm leevin' twenty year de cash come jes'
de sam;

Den I will pay de mortgage off an' put res' on
de bank,

An' eef we're needln' leetle cash we got no
one to tank.

I know le Bon Dieu's very good on woman lef'
behin',

An' for de leetle orphan chil' aho is very kin';

I lef' dem in Hees love an' care eef He is
callin' me,

But tink He's willin' have some he'p from
'Surance Companie.



Captain Pierre LeBlanc, M.C.

SOME man nam Drummon' write beeg pile
an' mak de Heep Hooraw,
About dem feller on Kebbec he call de Habitaw,
But he mus' be forget, hese'f, 'bout Canayen
we got,
Was jes' so good lak Kebbec men, on place
call' Arichat.

I t'ink she's tam I mak de try for tol' de
story too,
De way we leev on Arichat an' some de t'ing we
do,
But not'ing beeg an' won'erful I'm sure you
don' expec',
'Cause we don' lak for stretch de trut' lak
feller on Kebbec.

Firs' winter I am beeg enuff for un'erstannin'
well,
Ma fader salt ten puncheon down dem tinker
mackerel,
Ma moder say she's not lak eat dem t'ing on
every meal,
So mak de change she get these'f ten, twelve
barrel of eel.

Of all good t'ing we have for eat I iak bes' have
agin
Some ma ol' moder's good eel soup wit' plenty
doughboy in.
Dem Kebbec feller, let dem have crapeau an'
fancy deesh,
Bet wen I'm hongry pass along plenty go'
fresh salt-feesh.

I lef' de leetle school behin' for workin' purty
quick,
Ba gosh! I t'ink I tas' it yet firs' tam I glt sea-
sick;
It feel to me dat tam jes' lak I'm turnin'
inside out,
But affer w'ile I 'm feelin' good nowhere but
on de boat.

I 'member well de tam mon pere an' me bot'
 git upset,
 T'ree hour on de water an', ba gosh! I'm feelin'
 wet,
 Mon pere is tell ma moder wen she cry "Das
 handy ting,
 Don' got no bodder now, ma chere, for wasy
 de foot dis spring."

Beeg barkenschooner come wan tam from place
 call Liverpool,
 De Capitan is say he t'ink de French mus' all be
 fool,
 'Cause feller, can't spik moche Anglais, was
 haul de polp-wood log,
 Want empty pork bar'l half full boeuf mak
 hen-coop for hees dog.

I'm work lak noder feller do, an' mebbe leetle
 more,
 Some tam I'm on de banker an' some tam feesh
 off shore;
 In spring trap for de lobster, kech mackerel on
 de fall,
 An' mos' de winter set on house an' do not'ing
 at all.

W'en I am comin' twenty-one, das be some tam
 ago,
 I'm beeg an' strong, an' feelin' scare of not'ing
 I dunno;
 De res' is all git marier, I'm only wan is lef',
 An' mon pere say its tam for me do somet'ing
 for mese'f.

I hear some nice new ves' was buil' on place call
 Port Medway,
 An' write de man for fin'in' out how moche I got
 to pay;
 De price is low, so all ma frien' is feelin'
 interes',
 An' nine, ten men go in wit' me tak' quarter
 on dat ves'.

I tak two men an' go mese'f for see dey rig her
 right,
 Tak in de ballas', buy some grub, an' start for
 home nex' night.

Dey he'p us git her onderway, den bull'er
shake ma han',
He's pleasan' feller, an' I t'ink, ba gosh! I lak
dat man.

In Halifax we stop wan day for gittin' some
supply,
An' wat you call de charter for load produce
bimeby,
Git leetle freight for Arichat, an' steerin'
Eas'-Sou'-Wes',
We soon git home, w'ere all is t'ink I got de
firs' class ves'.

I'm marry w'ile I'm home dat tam, so I was
tol' ma wife
I tak heem up to Halifax for see de city life.
Nex' day we start git dem produce on place
call Summerside,
An' sail dat ves' troo Gut Cansore agin de win'
an' tide.

We load de ves' wit' pomme de terre, den finish
up wit' oat;
Buy feefy turkey gobbler, an' wan pair nanny
goat;
Wit' load lak dat we fin' de ves' good sea-boat,
bet your life,
So in we run to Arichat for gltтин' ma new
wife.

In Halifax I t'ink, ba gosh! I board ma wife
ashore,
So tak heem to de Queen Hotel, an' knock upon
de door;
Wen man come out on top de door I ax heem
putty quick,
"How moche you charge board ma new wife
at your Board House wan wick?"

He look at me wit' pleasan' smile, but answer
mak nie sick,
"We charge all guess at dis hotel ten dollar ev'ry
wick."
I tell heem "Tank you for de guess," an' nex'
I ring de bell
At noder Board House, wat dey call de Hali-
fax Hotel.

Wen man come out he smile de sam, but answer
 mak me scare;
 Kip ma new wife only one wick is cos' twelve
 dollar dere.
 An' so we go from wan board house to mebbe
 six or tree,
 An' ev'rywan is ax too moche for suit ma wife
 an' me.

At las' he say "I go aboard an' board aboard de
 ves',"
 So af'er w'ile I say "All right, mebbe das be de
 bes'";
 He stay aboard and board aboard, an' swear
 hese'f to me,
 He's better board aboard de ves' dan Board
 House on Citie.

Wan tam some Yankee man is come for mak de
 trip wit' me;
 He hear we got nice lookin' coast an' lak go 'long
 for see;
 But all de tam we have de fog, I never see so
 t'ick,
 Mus' cut some new hole ev'ry tam you're
 goin' try for spik.

We meet wan pink, das be de ves' got bow on bot'
 de en'.
 An' I was spik en Francals wit' de Capitan, ma
 frien'.
 Den Yankee man is holler out: "Wat's nam de
 ship you got?"
 An' back de answer come at once lak trumpet
 "Arichat."

Den Yankee man is ax' heem eef he know de
 course or not,
 An' only answer come agin is sam' word
 "Arichat!"
 He ax who buil' de shiplak dat, an' eef she can
 be bought,
 An' answer's comin', not so loud, but still
 she's "Arichat."

Den Yankee man is try once more "How many
 crew you got?"
 It mak heem mad wen all he hear is sam word
 "Arichat."

He ax me if I t'ink dat man know nam of place
Is hot,
An' troo de fog we hear once more, lak echo,
"Arichat."

Dat trip, ba gosh! I los' mese'f for mebbe wick
or so,
Can't see ma han' behin' ma back an' don' know
how to go;
But affer while de wedder clear, an' wen de
fog is gone,
I fin' mese'f 'bout ten, twelve mile dis side of
Newfoun'john.

De tam I mak de Boston trip de win' she blow
wan gale,
Mon Oncle Paul is tryin hard for git reef on de
sail;
She blow so moche de men git scare' an' t'ink
dere is no hope,
Nex' t'ing we know whip go bot' spar right
out de new bol'rope.

We dreef until de win' go down den rig de
jurymas',
An' feex tarpaulin for de sail, but don' go very
fas';
Jes' den I ses tree-masted brig upon de
starboar' tack,
Astannin' In before de win' wit' ev'ryti'ing
aback.

I hail dat feller "Ship Ahoy! I hope you feel firs'
rate,
I'm Pierre LeBlanc from Arichat, an' jes' come
off de State,
I los' bot' spar, an' jurymas' is only t'ing I got.
How long it tak' wit' rig lak dat git me to
Arichat?"

Dat feller tak de beeg fog-horn an' holler loud he
can,
'Bout longitude and latitude, w'at I don'
un'erstan'.
I holler back "For t'ing lak dat no use at all I
got,
I want to know how long it tak git me to
Arichat."

I tol' de mate, mon Oncle Paul, "If sun is settin'
clear,
I git ma course an' know all right de way we got
to steer;
'Cause 'fore I'm startin' sail de ship I'm smart
enuff for larn,
In Arichat de sun is set right back ma fader's
barn."

So, sure enough, de sky is clear, an' beautiful
sunset,
Nobody mak de straighter course dan we was
mak, I bet,
Strike Arichat fair as a die, an' never broke
spun-yarn,
'Cause dere ha gosh! de sun is set right back
ma fader's barn.

But I can't tol' you ev'ryt'ing in leetle tam we
got,
So bes' t'ing sure is veesit me ma home on
Arichat.
Come bring de wife an' familee for jes' so long
you please,
An' fin' dem feller on Kebbec ain't only hole
on cheese.



Beat It!

WHEN you've hung a record up,
Beat it!
Think not you have reached the top,
Beat it!
Strain your sinews, set your will,
Do a little better still,
From success claim added skill,
Beat it!

When the egg is in the dish,
Beat it!
Though it's not the task you wish,
Beat it!
Even though your soul be wroth,
Stir it like a Visigoth,
Whirl the thing and make it froth,
Beat it!

When wife takes the carpet up,
Beat it!
Sit not down to dine or sup,
Beat it!
Whip it hard for whip you must,
Raise a mighty cloud of dust,
Get that carpet clean or bust,
Beat it!

When you find a little drum,
Beat it!
Make a noise like Kingdom Come,
Beat it!
Set the air vibrating round,
Fill the very heavens with sound,
Strain the drumhead as you pound,
Beat it!

When the people cry "Encore,"
Beat it!
Don't go on for evermore,
Beat it!
Rattle off your little spiel,
Don't forget just how they feel,
Finish. Halt! and—Right Wheel—
Beat it!



