

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached/
Pages détachées |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough/
Transparence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur | <input type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents | <input type="checkbox"/> Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure | <input type="checkbox"/> Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées. | Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient: |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: | <input type="checkbox"/> Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison |

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

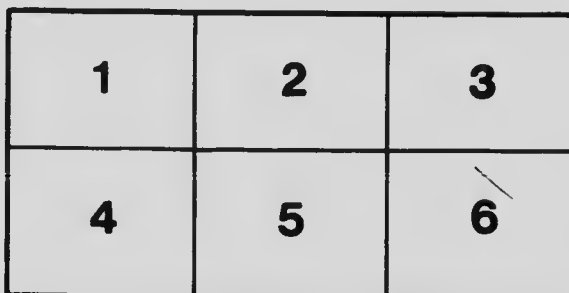
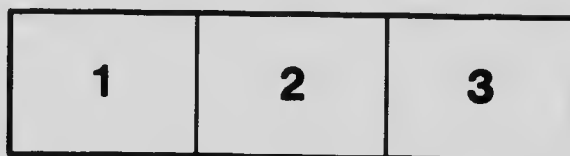
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

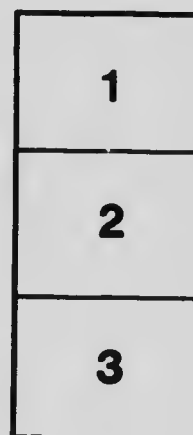
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

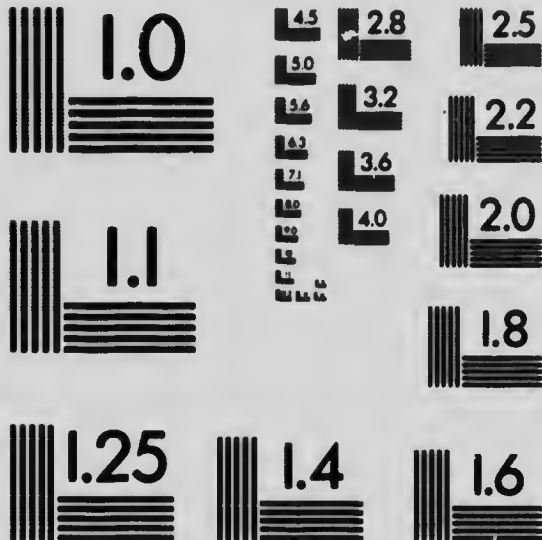
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



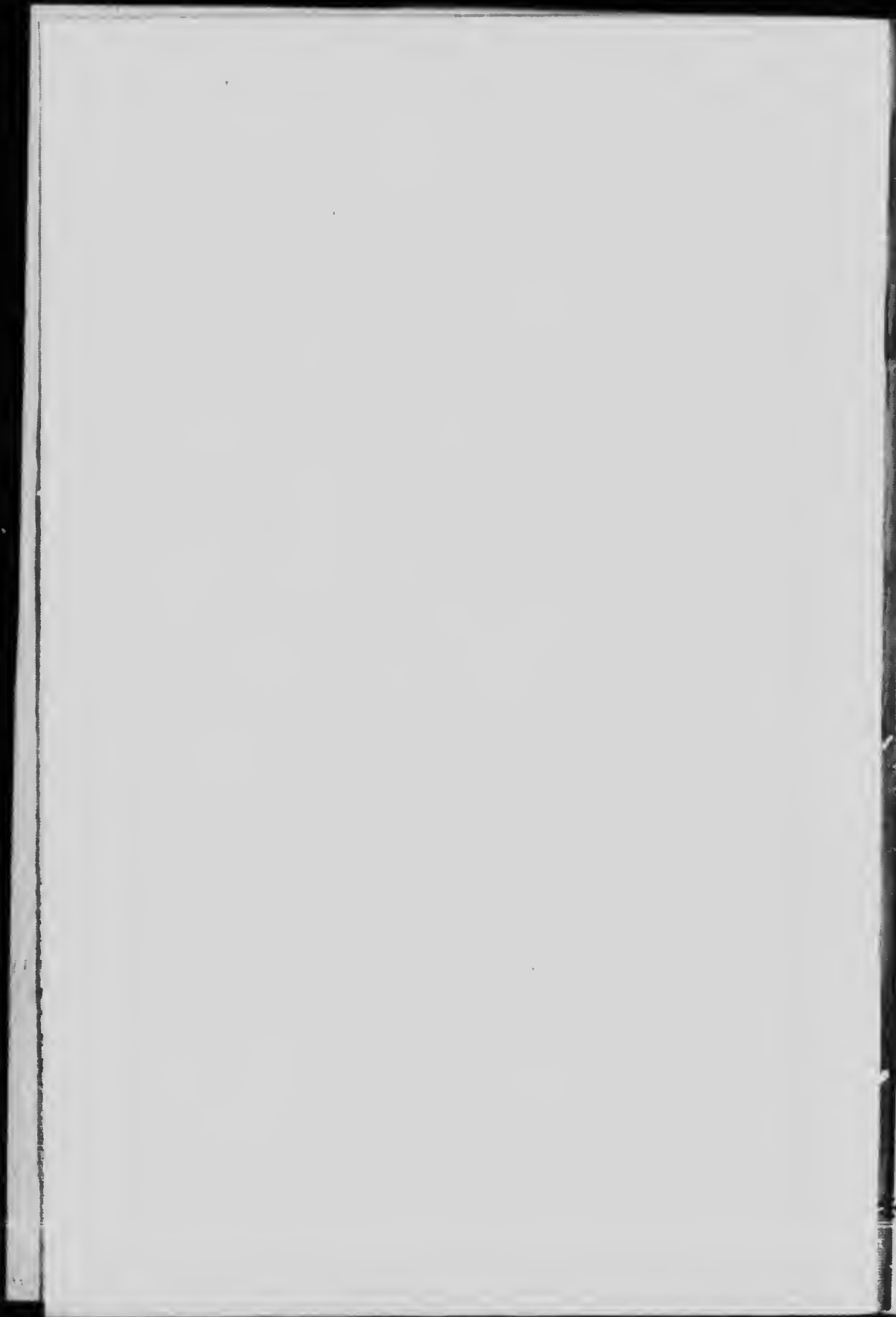
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

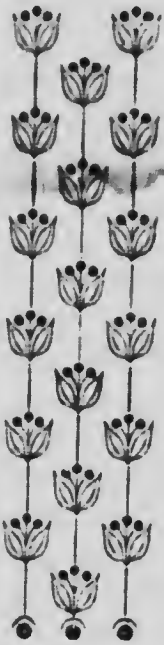
(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax





WHEN our Boys returned from
battle,
in the bright Canadian fall,

A flag - apparelled people rose to
meet them ;

But the welcome of Dame Nature was
the happiest of all,

For the maples took a khaki hue to
greet them.

To

.....

.....

*Said the Nations to the Nations,
 " Lo, this mighty Beast of Babel
 Slumbers, rotting in its thousand tongued pride !
Come, let us join as brothers, that the Beast we may disable,
 That each to each, the spoil we may divide."'
The Lion waked, and roared—The mighty echoes
 In sullen chorus thundered round the sphere,
As the Lion's countless young with swift accord gave tongue
 And the Nations quaked and quivered in their fear !*

FROM KIPLING AND THE LION.
E. T. B. GILLMORE.

1112

MAPLE LEAVES

IN

KHAKI.



THE BLOODING OF THE WHELPS

..AND..

OTHER VERSES

BY

E. T. B. GILLMORE.

PS8463

I52

M36

1901



Roses.
Molly
Pinx.

An Artist's Sweetheart.

I love my madcap Molly dearly,
Though her cheeks—the minx—
Are a picture labelled clearly;—
"ROSES—
MOLLY—
PINX."

The Blooding

Of the Whelps.

O'er mount and valley, wood and plain,
O'er rooted rock and rolling main,
"Far round the world and back again"
The Lion holds his sway.
Are riches found in field or mine,
Do pearls lie hid beneath the brine,
The great beast cries, "Behold, 'tis mine!"
And who shall say him nay?

Ah, who? But hark! What threatening snore
Blends with his loud triumphant roar?
What snorting challenge hurtles o'er
Black Afric's southern waste?
The wild, th' uncouth, the cunning Boer,
His tusks yet red with Leo's gore,
Licks his fierce chops and grunts for more.
All drunken with the taste!

Forth from his loved but savage den,
Far hidden from the haunts of men.
Madly he plunges through the fen
 With eyeballs fierce aglower.
His dogged courage fears no foes ;
His mad despair can feel no blows ;
His swinish ignorance little knows
 The Lion's mighty power.

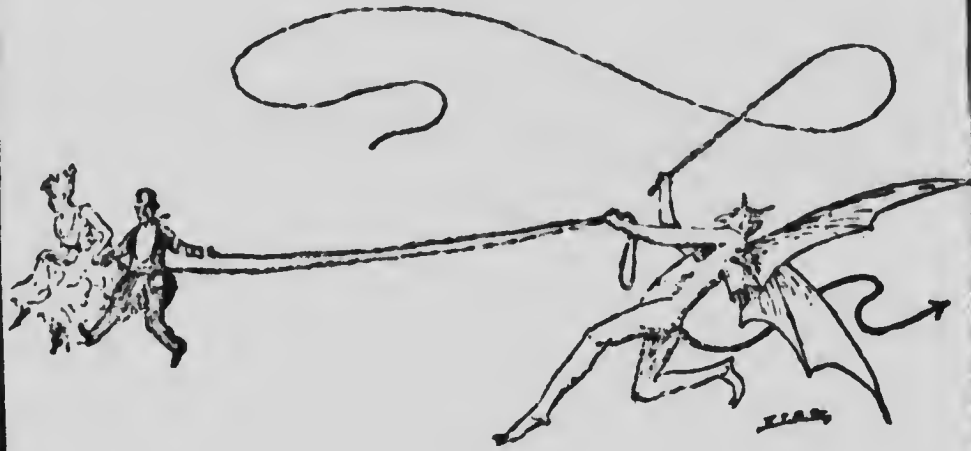
With proud disdain the Lion eyes
His sturdy foe. In humbler guise,
His whelps, observant, round him rise.
 Threshing impatient manes.
As to the fight the rivals leap
One vicious tusk cuts clean and deep—
Down Nichol's Nek red streamlets creep,
 Fresh from the Lion's veins.

Roused at the sight to furious ire,
Each cublet springs to aid his sire ;
A glistening well of fervid fire
 Each angry eyeball seems ;
Swift from each adolescent paw
Bursts forth the unexpected claw ;
Soft lips roll back, and lo, each jaw
 An Ivory rampart gleams !

Fiercely they leap on flank and side,
Tearing to shreds that rugged hide ;
No false disdain, no adult pride,
 Impede, their hot attack ;
On right—on left—in front—in rear—
With sudden rush, now there, now here,
Now flying in fictitious fear—
 Plunges the chary pack.

In vain the Boar, yet dauntless, spurns
A flying foe that swift returns ;
In vain those massive jaws he churns,
 With furious snorts and yelps.
Ha! Boar ! Dost find these dangerous foes ?
From victories past thy cunning knows
To dodge the Lion's ponderous blows—
 But not the Lion's whelps !





Sportibus Puerisque.

DON'T sow wild oats, for it does not pay ;
They will stick in your crop in an awkward way.
Your wild time sown, you will find—some day—
Man reaps but the crop he sows.
You may put on airs, but they will not waft
O'er Life's broad stream a used-up craft
You must raise the wind or you'll soon drop aft,
And there lives no man can raise a draft
On the bank where the wild thyme grows.



A Poet's Quandary.

As I sat at my table
And scribbled in haste,
I saw through the window
An arm and a waist !



AH, me ! It was hard
In that moment to choose
'Twixt amusing embrace
And embracing a Muse !



Wagon Hill.

An Incident of the
Siege of Ladysmith.

Mauser bullets, zipping—zipping—
Through each bush and bomb-proof whipping ;—
Leaves and twiglets dripping—dripping ;—
 Down, ye Dogs of War !
Down, down, in ditches dank,
Mute and mouldy, rank on rank,
Shrill shrapnel shrieking to the flank,
 Snapping behind, before !

Like hooded cheetahs fierce they lie
Obedient to the leader's cry ;
For he who lifts his head on high
 May never lift it more :
One glance above that mound of mud—
A whistling whir—a click—a thud—
And Afric's soil drinks in his blood
 With Afric's thirst for gore.

No flashing falchions, ringing steel,
Or clash of weapons fires their zeal;
No foaming steed, no crimson wheel,
The panoply of war.

Not theirs to taste the frightful glee
Of combat close-fought, knee to knee,
When lives were lost "right merrilie"
On battlefields of yore.

Obedience swift and courage stern,
Wild daring, caution, unconcern—
All these they need who fain would learn
The modern warrior's lore.
To skirt th' Eternal's trembling marge
Whilst unseen foes, afar, discharge
Swift darts that reckon not mail nor targe,
Ah, truly, this is war!

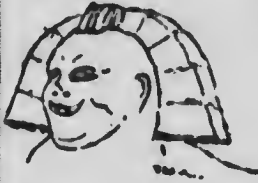
"Up! up! and charge!" Loud rings the hest;—
Each Briton springs like hawk unjessed;—
A fearsome flood, o'er ramp and crest,
Sweeps with a mighty roar!
Sweeps with a roaring, thund'rous yell,
Deep as the boom of a monster bell,
Sounding the Transvaal's funeral knell!
Bay on, ye Dogs of War!

Their sinews strain, their eyeballs swell.
As on they rush with purpose fell—
Wild, powder-blackened imps of hell,
Hot on the Dutchmen's spoor!
Hurled by a ravenous lust to kill
At the sight of the comrades, silent, still,
Prone on that blistering, lead-swept hill,
Full many a bleeding score.

The fight is fought;—the foeman flies;—
The fuming fury faints and dies;—
Sweet Mercy's angel swiftly hies
To spread her pinions o'er
The horrid field; as, to and fro,
Soothing each stricken friend and foe,
Britannia's thousands softly go;—
Bulldogs in fight—St. Bernards now;—
Honor them now the more.

Nay, honor the helpless, glorious dead;
Honor the men who fought and bled
For kin and country, hearth and bed—
The Briton and the Boer.
But a toast! a toast! a bumper toast
To the merciful men of a martial host—
The nation's pride, an empire's boast—
Britannia's Dogs of War!

Echoes from Egypt.



SAID the Great Pyramid to the Sphinx,
"I can beat you at tiddle-de-winks
Just as easy as pie.
It is horribly dry;
Come on, let us play for the drinks."

Said the Sphinx to the Great Pyramid,
"Your riches are jolly well hid;
But I'll race you to Cairo,
Or play you at Pharaoh,
For any old size of a bid."

Then the Pyramid answered, "My pile
I entrust to the banks of the Nile.
Though they've watered their stocks
I have plenty of rocks;
But I never play faro,—it's vile!



Said the Sphinx to the Pyramid, "Pard,
Whisht! Here's that Canadian bard—
Who will spring his old joke
That my nose is stone broke;—
Though I'm sand to the neck, I am sca'rd!"



And so the Sphinx quietly doses,
Like Pharaoh, and Aaron, and Moses.
Her friend does the same,
And that no-limit game
is off, as the Sphinx' pretty nose is.

A Canadian

Winter's Dance.

O the tinkling—O the chinkling
Of the chattering, chiming bells !
O the twinkling—O the crinkling
Of the snow-fields in the dells,
All gaily aglow with a glittering glint
And a shimmering silver sheen,
As we merrily speed our steaming steed,—
I and my Love,—my Queen!

O the pleasing—O the freezing,
Nitid, nipping Northern night!
O the teasing! O the squeezing!
O the dulcet, douce delight!
'Mid the brilliance bright of a winter's night,
With its sparkling, snapping snow;
'Neath the halo white of the moonbeams' light
And the Borealis' glow!

O the dances! O the chances—
Privily pressing paws of pink!
O the glances—shy advances—
O the wicked, winsome wink!
O the ecstasy mute as we hover and shoot,
With a swallow-like swing and sweep,
To the twiddle and toot of the fiddle and flute
And the piccolo's piercing peep!

Hang hereafter! Daft and dafter,
Leaping light from lip to lip,
Rings the rafter-shaking laughter,
Joyous joke and quizzing quip.
And morbid the mind with a bogle to borrow,—
The sparkling sport to spoil,—
Of a torpid to-morrow; a spectre of sorrow
And terrible tawdry toll!



night,

s' light



HERE'S a yaller pickanninny
who was full of fun and frolic,
But, alas, he's now
"lamented," also "late";
For he ate a watermelon,
which resulted in the colic;—
Wirra ! Wirra !
Whatermeloncholic fate !



THERE was a young singer named Cholmondely—
Quite terribly handsome and colmondely ;
But he hadn't a tongue,
And was short of a longue,
So his songs were all songue very dolmondely.

y—

7.

RS, OTTAWA

