

VERSE OLD AND NEW



Try Again.

Oh, the disappointed hurt of manuscript a refusal, Sout by asplant all alert for Editor's perusal;

What seemed the writer very fair flux changed its form in toto. The blemisher are now laid bare. As faults upon a photo.

And when the lines can find no place Witten that publication, The Editor with courteous grace Asserts a kinu negation.

Then the writer still undannted Takes to the pen once more, And lot writes now just what is wanted, Some thought ne'er scribed before.

*Tis needless now to trace the same, The entering wedge is set; All obstacles on way to fame O'ercome as soon as met.

Equality.

Come, give me your hand, sir, my friend and my brother. honest, why, sure, that's enough!
hand, if it's true, os as good as

matter how brawny or rough.

Though it tell for a living at hedges or disches

carenes r make for its owner a name fold in its grasp all the daintles of If houest, I love it the same.

Not less in the sight of his Heavenly Maker.
Is he who must toil for his bread:
Not more in the sight of the mute voder-taker.

majesty shrouded and dead.

Let mone of us jeeringly scoff at his neighbor for mack at his lowly birth.

We are all of us God's. Let us earnestly belong the control of t

abour better this suffering earth,

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Three Kisses.

A violet kissed my love to-day, And then turned white: And some one passing by exclaimed, "How strange!" Last night I saw this flower and it was blue!" I car fleart, within the eyes of you The blue is flashing bright.

A red rose kissed my love to-day, Then felt apart: And Cupid, coming afterward, Found there his dart. And on your cheeks I saw confessed The crimson drops the rose had pressed From out its bleeding heart.

I kissed my love myself, to-day, And found a tear.

I would not kiss her lips in case
Thirves should appear.

But where the wind some time had played,
I raised the curls, and undismayed
I hid the kiss my dear.

Poems for the Pushful.

It is said that lyrical advertisements soon the even more popular than they now. The bard, anxious to be up-ate, has turned out a few specimen are now.

How sweet it is to view, ah me?
Two men so subtly linked together,
From strife so beautifully free
As Messrs Morgs and Mereweather.
Two scules with but a single aim.
To them no competition matters;
Combel, you might conjure with the nar
of Morgs and Mereweather, hatters.

Often has Edward disagreed With Anachia. The heard tell, Upon the subject of his word: She says, "She doesn't like the small," He cards the idestings of his bride, His peace no sort of wrangle mars, Who caves all other brands asking. And smokes "Ushouldten" cigars.

Books! Boots! Boots! Boots! Books! Books! Books! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Every sort of size in stock. Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Give one form a trial ence. And you'll come here evermore. If you've not come our firm allows for 'em. Librari decount granted you for ready cast. Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! And you'll come here evermore.

You ask me where is Fancy bread, What step most defire takes it. Where customers on cake are feel. The same as mother makes it. Go seek that Heaven of your dreams its Gorghouy. Pleglethwaite and Creme's.

Long Ago. .

I once knew all the birds that came And meathed in our orchard trees; For every flower I had a name— My friends were woodchucks, toads, and bees:

nees:
I knew where thrived in yonder gien
What plants would soothe a stone-bruised toe-

Oh. I was very learned then— But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill Where the checkerberries found; could be

found:

I knew the rushes near the mill Where pickerel lay that weighed pound:

I knew the wood — the very tree — Where lived the posehine, saury ex And all the woods and crows knew me— But that was very long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,
I tread the old familiar spot.
Only to learn the solemn truth—
I have forzotten, am forzot.
Yet here's this youngster at my knee
Knows all the things I used to know;
To think I once was as wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

I know its fully to complain

Of whatsover the Fates decree;
Yet, were not wishes all in vain.

I tell you what my wish should be;
I'd wish to be a hey again.

Buck with the friends I used to know;
For I was, oh! so happy then—

But that was very long ago.

The Brave Little Mas.

BY WILLIAM PAGE CARTER.

All torn, but sweet, is the old straw bat,
As it hauss on the rack in the hall.
There's mud from home on two little
Shoes
Where he played on the hills last fall;
There's dust on the kite, and the little
stick horse
Stands still as ever he can.
Listening, perhaps, in the corner there
For the voice of the brave little man.

There's never a Song of bird, nor bloom Of rose that blows in the spring. Nor shout of boy, nor gleam of san But there's some tears will cling. There's never a fash of the evening star On the hearthstone's fireside Of winter night but will bring some tears For the brave little man that died.

Kind friends they were; we kiss them for

Kind friends they were; we ass them to aim.

Aid lay them out of sight—
The two little shoes, the torn old hat,
The little stick horse and the kite:
And down in his pecket a rusty unil,
A bit of chalk and string.
A broken knife, an alley or two.
Oh! the birds, the bloom, and the spring!
And star of God at morning's song.
Noon-time and twilight tide.
One sweet little face, some tears will come
For the brave little man that died.

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In Medieval Times.

In the thrilling Middle Ages, when the poets earned their wages. By their spirited descriptions of the fights in various lands. With an ardent love of slaughter went no love of soap and water—
And the heroes of these conflicts very rarely washed their hands. Even when, hor from a tourney, or a knightly errant journey, where they'd won undying honours with their lances and their branets. With their lances and their branets of though their obvious perspirement indicated such requirement.

Seidom did the notion strike them that they'd better wash their bands.

they'd better wash their bands.

Likewise, too, the ladies tender, jimp of waist and trimly slender.

With their tresses callwise hanging in With their tresses callwise hanging in With their tresses the control of the control of their triple too capricate deficious) were a fift may so gently phrase it—as to when they washed their hands. To the chase they'd ride footester, in this steaming summer weather. Which no modern scheme of starching acre than partially withstands; and the discount of the control of the c

with unwashed hands.

When a mandedn or lute or other instrument a suitor.

Of the trenhaneur persuasion peared his sent questions the strands.

Though he deflately fingered, still about his fingers lingered.

Much too obvious suggestion that he had not washed his hands.

And the dame at her tambouring, object of this troubadouring.

Languishing to test her fover by the finest severe commands—

Though her jewelled digits glistehed, while the sighed and bluched and listened.

Never dreamed they'd glisten better if she'd only wash her hands.

Also, when to stately lady-in a rose in-ed alley shady-

Knelt a noble with an offer of his heart and sword and lands,

and sword and lands.

White he viewed till death he'd serve her he'd observe (if an observer). That she'd rarely — practically, never — washed her hands;
And the noble thus ackneeding, all his frequied love revealing. With that ferrour which no woman ever willingly withstands,
In his wild gesticulation could not but draw observation.

To what lengths of time had vanished since he'd thought to wosh his hands.

since he'd thought to wosh his hands.

Gone is Medieval glory, though we cherish still the story.

Of the deeds of knightly valour which the modern heart expands.

Wentst that with those gallant drubbings.

That those knights and dainty-haldes had seen fit to wash their hands!

Tully, in their stately castles, domineering o'er their vassals.

Quite berbie are the figures which the Middle Age upstands—

But their fame would be completer (as their persons would be neater).

Had we only the assurance that they sometimes washed their hands!

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I have a new stenographer — she came to work to-day. She told me that she wrote the latest arg-

The New Stenographer.

tem.
Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play.
And word for word at that — she never missed em!
I gare her some dictation — a letter to a man —

And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir: I have your favour, and in re-ply would state That I accept the offer in yours of recent

date.
I wish to say, however, that under no condition I afford to think of your free lance

proposition. all begin to-morrow to turn the matter out;
The ropy will be ready by August 10th, about.
Material of this nature should not be rush—e d unduly.

Thanking you for your favour, I am, yours, very truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace;
She didn't reall me back all in a flurry.
Thought I. "At last I have a girl worth keeping 'round the place';
Then said. "Now write it out — you nedn't hurry."
The typewriter she tackled — how and then she struck a key.
And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Deer sir. I have the Feever, and in a File i Sit And I except the Offer as you Have reasoned it., I wish to see however That under any condition.

can I for to Think of a free lunch Preposithun?

I Shall be in tomorrow To., turn the mo-

I Shall be in lomorrow 10, cars on the cut, ther out,
The cap will be red and Will costt, 10 dols., about.
Mateerial of this nation should not rust
N. Dooley.
Thinking you have the Feever I am Yours
yery Truely."

Do It Now.

Anyone who has travelled over the United States of America cannot fail to carry away from the crowded, justling cities of the States a feeling of the tense lives lived by the American man, and, for that matter also, of the American woman. The piertness that has produced the vigorous young republic is seen in the home, the factory, and the counting-hoose. The American is practical. Lest be forget he hange his virtue or desired virtue over his desk. Step into a live office in New York to-day, and one cannot fail to see a little card before the desk not fail to see a little card before the desk of the master of the business. On the card are the words, "The timow." That card Indicates a wave that is passing over the States to-day—a "Tho it now" wave. Another wave may come along and another card may rake the poace of "Tho it now"—but, meanwhile, that card at present is doing a work that will remain in the character of the person reading it daily and hourly. The "Tho it now" character will have been worked into the life of the main, and he can afford to pass on to, perhaps, the "Hurry up" wave or the "De affect wave. Whate yer wave may come along, "To it now" will have become, to an extent, part of his character. It's the same principle that a certain picture constantly before the youthful ove of Nelson made of him a naval hero. The American recognises that a picture or thought constantly moulds the life.

him a naval here. The American recognises that a picture or thought constantly moulds the life.

Would not our lives be the better of a little "bo it now" virtue? Suppose we worked for a week on the "bo it now" motto, would we not at the week end be the lappier and the better? Try it. You need not print a card, but remember the motto, "Do it now." When you feel a little suggestion of "Time enough," Just remember, The it now." The "bo it now" will become a picasure; because it becomes pair become a picasure; because it he comes pair become a picasure; because it he comes pair become a picasure; because it he comes pair in the same process list—"bo it now." Put it down to your grocery list—"bo it now." Note it on your grocery list—"bo it now." Note it on your grocery list—"bo it now." Not all the pair had the "bo it now" virtue. You cannot make a better start to the "Do it now" virtue than by writing Sanlight Soap and Monkey Brand on your grocer's list—"bo it now." You will find good Sanlight Soap agood in the laundry, good in the kirthen, good all over the house; where there is cleaning work to be done good Sanlight Soap has good cleane-engly virtue. Now don't forget to note Sanlight Soap and Monkey Brand on your grocery list—"Do it now."

"What do you think, ducky-lack's given me a row of pearls. There's one for every year of my life."
"Allow me to congratulate you lovey, What a nice long mecklace it must be!"

She: "Tell me, Bertie, is it true you proposed to Miss Belsize last week? I didn't know yo uwere in love."

He: "Oh, it wasn't that. She was in bad spirits and looked so seedy, I couldn't think of anything else to say tacher her up!"

The proof of the Beverage is in the Drinking.

van Houten's Cocoa

and you will not be disappointed. It is a pure cocoa with a delicious natural flavour which you cannot fail to enjoy,

Of its purity and its nutritive value, the unanimous opinion of the Medical Press is conclusive proof." Madame. "For perfect purity, delicacy of flavour, and nutritive value, Van Houten's Cocoa occupies the Dr. Braithwaites

Retrespect of Medicine.

PURE SEDELICIOUS.