



VERSE OLD AND NEW

Try Again.

Oh, the disappointed hurt of manuscript a refusal. Sent by aspirant all alert For Editor's perusal!

What scowled the writer very fair Has changed its form in toto. The blemishes are now laid bare As faults upon a photo.

And when the lines can find no place Within that publication. The Editor with courteous grace Asserts a kina negation.

Then the writer still undaunted Takes to the pen once more, And lo! writes now just what is wanted, Some thought never 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. If honest, why, sure, that's enough! One hand, if it's true, on as good as another, no matter how brawny or rough.

Though it toll for a ring at hedges or ditches Or make for its owner a name Or fold in its grasp all the dainties of riches— If honest, 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 mate undertaker Is majesty shrouded and dead.

Let none of us jeeringly scoff at his neighbor Or mock at his lowly birth. We are all of us God's. Let us earnestly labour To better this suffering earth.

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!"

A red rose kissed my love to-day, Then fell apart; And I, upon returning 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 Thieves 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 Fushful. [It is said that lyrical advertisements will soon be even more popular than they are now. The bard, anxious to be up-to-date, has turned out a few specimen efforts.]

How sweet it is to view, ah me! Two men so subtly linked together, From strife so beautifully free As Messrs. Mozgs and Mereweather. Two souls with but a single aim; To their no-duplication matters; Zozob's, you might conjure with the name Of Mozgs and Mereweather, hatters.

Often has Edward disarrayed With Anthea, I've heard tell, Upon the subject of his creed: "She says, 'She doesn't like the smell.'" He carries the blessings of his bride, He puts a no-sort of wrangle mure, Who wears all other brands aside, And smokes "I shouldn't" cigars.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Buy 'em from De Jones and Co. Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Every sort of size in stock. Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Give 'em from a trial once, And you'll come here evermore. If you've got coins our firm allows for 'em, Liberal discount granted you for ready cash.

Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots! Buy 'em from De Jones and Co. And you'll come here evermore. You ask me where is Fancy bred, What shop most deftly makes it, Where customers on cake are fed, The name as mother makes it. Go seek that Heaven of your dreams At Gorgonzola, Pignatone and Creme's.

Long Ago.

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

I knew where thrived in yonder glen 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 could be found; I knew the rushes near the mill Where pickerel lay that weighed a pound!

I knew the wood—the very tree— Where lived the poaching, saucy crew, 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 spur, Only to learn the solemn truth— I have forgotten all I forgot.

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 it's folly to complain Of whatsoever the Fates decree; Yet, were not wishes all in vain, I tell you what my wish should be; I'd wish to be a boy again. Back with the friends I used to know; For I was, oh! so happy then— But that was very long ago.

The Brave Little Man. BY WILLIAM PAGE CARTER.

All torn, but sweet, is the old straw hat, As it hangs on the rack in the hall. There's mud from home on two little shoes

Whose he played on the hills last fall; There's dust on the kite, and the little sick 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 sun But there's some tears will cling. There's never a flash 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 a sign. And lay them out of sight— The two little shoes, the torn old hat, The little sick horse and the kite; And down in his pocket a rusty nail, 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 tides. One sweet little face, some tears will come For the brave little man that died.

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 audacious love of slaughter went no love of soap and water.

And the heroes of those conflicts very rarely washed their hands. Even when, hot from a tourney, or a knightly errand journey, Where they'd won sundry honours with their lances and their brands (Though their obvious perspiration indicated such requirement) Scolden did the notion strike them that they'd better wash their hands.

Likewise, too, the ladies tender, limp of waist and trimly slender, With their tresses raillike hanging in the most important bands (While their kisses were delicious) were a trifle too capricious—

If I may so gently phrase it—as to when they washed their hands. To the chaste they'd ride together, in this steaming summer weather, Which no modern scheme of starching were than partially withstands; But some days of scented waters made the toilet of those daughters.

Of a period when someone found no fault with unwashed hands, When a manhood or lute or other instrument a suitor Of the troublous persuasion poured his soul out through the strings, Though he daintily 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 lover by the most severe commands— Though her jewelled digits glistered, while the strings and lute and listened, Never dreamed that their action better if she'd only wash her hands.

Also, who a stately lady—in a rose bed alley shady—

Knelt a noble with an offer of his heart and sword and lands, While he vowed 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, kneeling, all his fringed love revealing, With that fervour 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 wash his hands.

Gone is Medieval glory, though we cherish still the story. Of the deeds of knightly valour which the modern heart expands. Would that with those gallant drubbings had gone also daily tubbings— That those knights and dainty ladies had seen fit to wash their hands!

Truly, in their stately castles, domineering o'er their vassals, Quite heroic are the figures which the Middle Age upstands— But their fame would be complete (as their persons would be greater) Had we only the assurance that they sometimes washed their hands!

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

Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play. And word for word at that—she never missed 'em! I gave 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 reply would state That I accept the offer in yours of recent date. I wish to say, however, that under no condition Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition. I shall begin to-morrow to turn the matter out; The copy will be ready by August 10th, about. Material of this nature should not be rushed a madly. Thanking you for your favour, I am, yours, very truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace. She didn't call me back all in a hurry. Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth keeping round the place!"

Then said, "Now write it out—you needn't hurry." The typewriter she tackled—now and then she struck a key. And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Dear sir, I have the Feever, and in a fit 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 Pre-feroushun? I Shall be in tomorrow To., turn the mother out. The cap will be red and Will cost, 10 dols., about. Material of this nation should not rust N. Dooley. Thinking you have the Feever I am Yours very Truly."

"What do you think, ducky—Jack'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 necklace it must be!"

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

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

Advertisement for van Houten's Cocoa. 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. PURE & DELICIOUS.