

VERSE OLD AND NEW

A Ballad of Vegetables.

BY JOSEPH MEEHAN.

A potato went out on a mash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried;
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride—
You canteLoupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came,
And lay down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see;
So don't turnip your lovely nose,
But spinach with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please;
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go, think that you have never seen
Myself, or siddled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been
For favours in your eye!"

"Oh, spare a cuss," the tuber prayed;
"My cherryed bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an anticlope,
Devoured her with his eyes.

"Philadelphia Record."

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The Town of Impossibleville.

There's a wonderful town named Impossibleville,
A village eccentric and nice,
Where no matter how hot is the midsummer
day the leeman leaves plenty of ice;
The dairyman never once waters his milk,
but leaves yellow cream in his pail;
The baker gives always a full loaf of bread
and the butcher serves portnerouse steak;
The coal man gives two thousand pounds
for a ton, nor weighs up his man with
the load;
There isn't a lawyer, a judge, or a court,
and the old Golden Rule is the code;
It lies in the valley 'twixt Honesty Flats
and the top of Millennium Hill,
and it's peopled by poets and dreamers
and such—the town is Impossibleville.

'Tis a wonderful place is Impossibleville,
where there's never a scramble for pelf,
and the rights of man's neighbour are valued
as high as the rights that he claims
for himself;
No hanging man on the street ever
grinds out his ancient, soul-barrowing
times,
Nor the man who must board haunted three
times a day with small dishes of watery
honey;
There's only one church in Impossibleville,
and that one is all that it needs,
Nor do people lose sight of the one grain
of good in the chaff of their musty old
wards;
It's just over there where the Golden Rule
Height overlooks the green vale of
Good Will,
and it's peopled with folks it might please
you to meet, is the town of Impossibleville.

No sewing society there ever meets unless
there is something to sew;
Good deeds are the coin of the realm over
there, and the whole town is Millennium
air's Row;
The chief's all made from the finest of
fruit, and, open at bottom or top,
The barrel of apples looks equally good,
for there's only one salable crop;
No matter what happens the cook never
quits, nor ever was one known to scold;
weather is perfect the whole live-long
year, nor ever too hot or too cold;
It's right over there, near the town of
Don't Fret, by the top of Millennium
Hill,
and it's peopled with folks that you don't
often meet, is the town of Impossibleville.

If you'd reach the cool shades of Impossibleville
you must start on your journey
in youth,
Turn aside from the main travelled road
and set foot on the little-need pathway
of Truth,
Press on, past the towns of Fair Play, and
Don't Fret, till you climb up the Golden
Rule Heights,
and then you may look down the vale of
Good Cheer and see all of these wonderful
heights—
But many have set out with hope and light
hearts determined to reach the fair
spot
Who some way have strayed from the little-
need path and are lost in the marsh of
Dry Feet,
But it's right over there, where the Golden
Rule Height overlooks the green vale of
Good Will,
and it's peopled by poets and dreamers
and such, is the town of Impossibleville.

J. W. FOLEY.

An Honest Poet to the Editor.

This stuff I send is very poor:
'Twer' scarcely worth the time it took.
It has the same old rustic seat—
The grassy mead—the winding brook.

I tried to write the thing at night:
My head was heavy, quite, as lead;
I crashed my fingers through my hair—
Alas, the Muse had gone to bed!

The metre you will find unique—
It racks on four unsteady feet;
And, like the polliceman that we know,
It has a most uncertain beat.

The figures are of every shape,
And how they crowd for "standing
room!"
You should have seen the row they had—
One metaphos most met his doom.

But, pardon now my greatest sin—
I tagged a moral at the end:
Because I did as matters do,
Pray, don't delay my cheque to send!

I now enclose the simple verse—
'Tis poorly done—but never mind!
I'll send it in 'tis just as good
As lots of other stuff you'll find!

RARA AVIS.

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The Sin of Omission.

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a headache
At the setting of the sun;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The favour you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

"The stone you might have lifted
Out of the brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

"These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find
They come in night and silence
Each mild, reproachful waif,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

"For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late,
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter headache,
At the setting of the sun."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

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I Wonder Why?

When first we met in the ball-room
We both were shy;
He bowed, then asked for a two-step—
I wonder why?

We did not dance, but sat it out—
I felt less shy,
Strange! the weather was not discussed—
I wonder why?

He asked two dances later on
(He was not shy),
I let the little man for him—
I wonder why?

After the ball he came to call—
Neither was shy,
He took me to a theatre then—
I wonder why?

But now I always wonder why
We felt so shy,
For he's the dearest man I know—
My husband now.

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The Rajah's Elephant.

The Rajah of Brandpawnee
Had an elephant, tame as could be;
Till one day he enraged
The poor creature, when caged,
By a very stale bun for his tea.

And the elephant took an oath he
For this insult avenged would be;
And the first chance he got,
Was when some foreign "pot"
Paid a visit to Brandpawnee.

Said the Rajah: "My elephant, see,
Is as gentle as gentle with me;
He will go through his tricks
Like a cat on hot bricks;
For his tread is as light as a flea."

And the Rajah lay flat as could be
Down in front of the elephant. He
Put his foot on the chest
Of the Rajah, and pressed.
(So the son rules in Brandpawnee)

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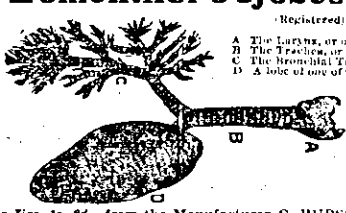
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