

## When Dorothy Went to Town,

When Dorothy went to London Town, In her Sunday hat and her Sunday gowa, Which, 111 theu, she had thought so fine, you know, and a buttle of rowstip wine, heigho? With her rowy checks suit her sumy locks, 11er home-made jam and her home-made Some new Johl erges in a bound-thor-When borothy went to Town!

When herothy went to London Tewn, In her simple bat and her simple gows, Though her eyes and complexion won prime, you know, They imgined at her countrified ways, height! And taught her to dress and counce and suffer, here the batest simple

To do her bair in the latest style— And this and more, in a little while, She learnt when she went to Town.

When Dorothy said "Good-lyge" to Town, In a smart or w hat and a smart new gows, There was hardly room in her box, you know, For her ribsons and frills and frocks, height! While the innocent heart 1 had thought

heighe: While the innecent heart I had thought was mine. Was left with the horite of cowally wine-And the anu has suddenly ceased to shine Since haveoing went to Town?

T Harris in "Ladies' Resid."

- A.	I Harris,		m , Laures		New June 1	
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Some	Day.	-	 ه.	•		

He's not at all distinguished, but You want to wait awhile and see. When once that fellow leaves the rut There's nothing that he couldn't be. It's an a rather humble place. But that's not where he means to stay. He means to strike a swifter pace And more up to the front — some day.

the a getting pash the flush of youth, At times we think he's lacking stram-Boune propile say, to fell the truth. He's less disposed to do flush dream, But he has failt thut's fresh and green, Athengh his head is getting graz. His hopes sublime, bir faith server, His means to do a tot — some day, u, steam—

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A Fable from Nature.

A highlingule woord, in a garden green, The loveliest rose that ever was seen. And he same for her, with 'dis wilding art, The tremming plaint of a wistful heart. · ....

"Decreat nightingale." said the little cose, "Such a wonderful gift your songs disclose That I long for this work to share with an The margical charms of your moledy."

The nightingale thrilled with a joyous pride

pride As he flew to the tree-tops far and wide--And plaintive and tender and sweet he same. This the whole green earth will his praises range

But the ruse no achio uor tidlugs knew, Aud, paler and fragier each day she grew; Yel, bravely she answered the jerring ratu-"Nay, haudh; for my love will come back again."

When the first wild joy of his song was

Nuent, The nichtingale back to the garden went: "lear ruse. I have brought you my fame! ' it is said, But uo suswer came-for the rose was dead,

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## The Auto Speed Manine.

He scorched upon the highway. He scorched upon the street; He scorched by france and the score in the score of the score and score and He scorched in plores at the score as the He scorched when it was hot; He scorched when they ild not; At last his nivek he broke it. Wifen scorching out a bet; And for uit that you or 1 know, He may be orching yet. ų . 1 . . 13 A Waif. - - - VI

A Poet dreamed me; but he woke, And with the slamber-thread Of Memory. The morning broke, ( And, to, the vision Bed!

Heurefurth a homeless wanderer it is my fate to be. Will Memory of Hunga that ween Recludie and sheller me.

How to Make One.

To b. (Pr -build a neat ballade like this Fronounce the word "bah-ishd," **you** 

(Fronounce the word, "bah-iabd," Jon know, You can't go very far amias If you construct the thing just zo. We'll take, to end this line, "bestow," Or any nother word in sight, Where rhyme and rhythm smoothly Subdow is a case things to write

Ballades are easy things to write,

But this, somehow, suggests a "whoa!" Ballades are casy things to write,

Then next you try the word "abyas," And follow it with "overflow"; Lug in some reference to hiles, Or something as to Capid's bow, Or "marticle brows," of "delven asow." The process thus you expedite. This sort of thing is not as ostow---Ballades are easy things to write.

L'ENVOI.

But liere you've got to stop, although 'Twere easy thus to grind all night The object merely is to show Ballades are easy things to write.

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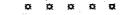
## The Song of the Open Road.

Eerily the winds are calling, sweeping in-ward from the hay. Where the long white line of breakers meets the sky-hue far away; And the great, gnout, ghostly beadlands rise so naked, hare, and brown, With the mighty sweep of moorland and the spieudid reach of down,

Golden gorse and purple heather, shining structed of yellow saud; call of petrel far to seaward, cry of bit-ters from the land; Wildgruess of thorn and thistle, wind-swent dune and stunted tree; Fish. of white wing; cry of seafowl, breath of blossom; hum of bee.

These and thousand thousand volces call one forth, and I must rise, a super-usander out upon the mortands under-ments God's maked skies. So I by askie my burden, daily work and daily load, And I merken to the voices calling to the open read!

-By Tom Quad, in "Chambers's Jour-



Chums.

He lives across the street from us Au' short as big as me: His mether takes in washin', cuz They're peor as they can be, But every night he belugs his state An' 'en I do his soms, Au' help ibin get bis bessons straight, 'tuz him an me is choms.

Ills clo'es ain't quite as good as mine, But I don't care for that: Ills mother makes his face 'st abine, An' every mornin'. Yet by rule, W'en nime o'clock it comes. He takes my hand an' goes to school, 'Cuz him an' me is chums.

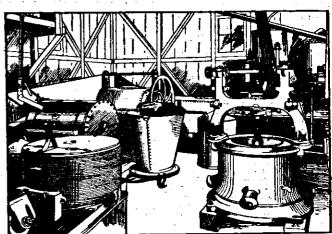
Notody better plague him, teo, No matter if he's small, 'Uux Fm bis felend, for tried and true, Au''atik th' reason all Th' hors about care to plague him, cus I 'list wait till he comes. 'An' he walks by me, he does, 'Uur him au me is chums.

Ile fell au' hurt bl'self one day The summer before last. Au' 'nt's wirt makes him Hmp 'at way, So w'en I got a piece of pie, Or mayise mits or plums. I always give hum some, 'ews I Get lots-au' we are chums.

As' w'en 10's unitin' dime, we go, An' i climb all th' trees, 'Cus he can't climb. ho's hort, you know→ But he gets all be sees Come droppin' down, an', my! he's giad; An' w'en th' twilight conce Ho mays wist a fior time we had, 'Cus him au' me is chums.'

But my! his mother's awfal queer; 'Cus w'en we're Lonic again, She wiyse hor cyc-a grest. Uig toar--'An' snys: 'Glod bless you, Ben! Th' Lord will bless you all your deys Wee th' great Judgment comes.' But I say I dua't usef ao praise, 'Cus him au' me is chuma.





NETTOYAGE A SEC. (We ments a part of our Applianess for P (Works: Grafing Terrs Anchiand. 'Phe ma iabi.] ch Dry Cl (The above illustration rep Ladies' Conternes, Fancy Dresses, Capie, Blouses, Furn, and Boas done by this process. No part of the linings, trimmings or eramements need the removed ; the goods are not abrank or altered in abape, the instan-god fluch are preserved, and the most delivate colours are not injared.

uis are made squal to new by th D. & A. BROWN, MIGHENST CLASS CLEANERS SHORTLAND STREET.

