



VERSE OLD AND NEW

The Suburbanite.

Behold the gay suburbanite,
Who tramps the sandy road,
His whistle, and his heart is light,
Though heavy be his load.

The beacon window glow he spies
Through snow and rain and sleet,
He wipes the moisture from his eyes,
And then he wipes his feet.

Inside the house he finds it dryer,
But cold. He takes a look,
The cook has failed to make the fire,
And so he fires the cook.

The larder's empty. All the shops
Within the neighbourhood
Are closed. He thinks he'd like some
chops.
And so he chops some wood.

His exercise is quite a strain,
With dumb-bells and with basket,
For he who runs to catch a train
Must train to run and catch it.

No breakfast fit. With night and rain
He runs. Time will not wait,
For if he's late to catch a train
The train is never late.

But when he's early on the spot,
To show his mighty power
The T. H. train, can like as not,
Is late an even hour.

SAM. S. STINSON.

Household News.

The reading-lamp was reading
And the savings-bank was saving,
While the knitting-board was knitting
And the shaving-ang was shaving;
But the looking-glass was looking
In all different directions
(While the cuckoo clock was cuckooing)
And was making some reflections.

Then the looking-pad ceased looking,
For the looking-glass was jibing,
First the drinking-glass was drinking
More than it should be imbibing;
And the telephone was telling
What was mentioned by the mirror,
And the spelling-book was spelling
All the words to make it clearer.
Yes, the writing-desk was writing
All the looking-glass' gossip—
All the tinousides lying
On the drinking-glass it saw slip,
And the praying-book was praying
That they should avoid a quarrel,
And from all that they were saying
Struggled hard to fetch a moral.

Then the whisk-broom started whisking
Back and forth to tell the others
Of how much they all were risking.
When they should agree as brothers—
Suddenly in came the mistress,
And she halted at the border
Of the room and said in distress,
"Why, the place is in disorder!"

The Motor Boat.

In the good old days of yore—
Say, in Nineteen-hundred-four—
The sea-horse was a dainty place to rest in
There was not too much excitement,
And good sleep was what the night meant,
And a dally nap or two the day was best in.

Oh, the change that's taken place!
Motor boats are in the race.
With their p-p-puffing, p-p-perpetual
Pa - pa - pa - pa - peterpherpicktapecke-
pickledpeppers-pa-pa-pa-pa-pup-pup!

Now before the dawn of day
Spreads its crimson on the bay,
When the lulling waves invite to sweetest
slumber,
Then from out the river-mouth
P-p-puffing east or p-puffing south,
Dash the motor boats in ever-growing
number.
Sleep they drive from lovely eyes;
Men breathe out of lurid dyes,
And the poisonous substance of their potent
p-p-puffing
Pa - pa - pa - pa - peterpherpicktapecke-
pickledpeppers-pa-pa-pa-pa-pup-pup!

You are sitting on the shore
With the fair one you adore;
On your lips the all-momentous question
hovers,
When, with sudden discord, sound,
Latter tones with hoarse sound,
Comes the motor boat detestable to lovers;
Inimous to sentiment,
On the most sweet bay's indent,
Is the motor boat, its poisonous smelling
gasoline of least grade
And his p-p-pa-pa-pa-peterpherpicktapecke-
pickledpeppers-pa-pa-pa-pa-pup-pup!

They have delved on the foibles
Which were picturesque in stories,
Now the useless fisherman
fills an engine from a tank,
And p-p-puffs out to sea with noise that
grows no quieter.
How I hate the motor boat!
Nepenthe, sink the ones about,
Or invent a noiseless one without its p-p-
p-puffing.
Pa - pa - pa - peterpherpicktapecke-
pickledpeppers-pa-pa-pa-pa-pup-pup!

Girls I Have Known.

The blindest girl I ever met
Was charming Annie Matton;
Exceeding sweet was Carry Mel;
Helpful, Amelia Nation.

Nicer than Johnny Reddy
It would be hard to find;
Lovely was Rhoda Henderson, too,
One of the flower kind.

I did not fancy Polly Gon,
You angular was she;
And I could never take at all
To Annie Moody.

I rather liked Miss Sarah Nade,
Her voice was full of charm;
Hester too too nervous was,
She filled me with alarm.

E. Lucy Date was clear of face,
Her skin was like a shell;
Miss Ella Grant was rather nice,
Though she was awful swell.

A clinging girl was Jessie Mine,
I asked her me to marry
In vain - now life is full of fights,
For I'm joined to Millie Tary.

The Eleccionist's Curfew.

England's sun was slowly setting—(Raise
your right hand to your brow,
Filling all the land with beauty—(Wear a
gaze of rapture now);
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a
maiden and maiden fair.
(With a movement slow and graceful you
may now push back your hair);
His with seal, bowed head—(A drooping of
your head will be all right,
Tilt you hoarsely, sadly whisper) "Curfew
must not ring to-night."

"Sixton," Bessie's white lips faltered—(Try
here to resemble Bess,
Though of course you know she'd never
wear quite such a charming dress),
"I've a lover in that prison—(Don't forget
to roll your r's
And to shiver as though gazing through
the iron prison bars).
"Crownwell will not come till sunset"—
(Speak each word as though you'd like
Every syllable to please—"Curfew must
not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—(Here
extend your velvet palm,
Let it tremble like the sexton's as though
striving to be calm,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew"—
(Don't forget to make it years,
With a pitiful intonation that a world of
sorrow bears),
"I have done my duty ever"—(Draw your
self up to your height,
For you're speaking as the sexton—
"Gyrd, the curfew rings to-night!"

Out she swung, far out—(now here is
where you've got to do your best);
Let your head be twisted backward, let
great sobs heave up your chest,
Swing your right foot through an arc of
ninety three degrees,
Then come down and swing your left foot,
and be sure don't bend your knees;
Keep this up for fifteen minutes till your
face is worn and white,
Then gaze at your mangled fingers—
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

O'er the distant hills came Crownwell—
(Right hand to the brow once more;
Let your eyes look down the distance, say
above the entrance door)
At his foot she told her story—(Lift your
hands as though they hurt)
And her sweet young face so haggard—
(Now your pathos you assert,
Then you strain up as Crownwell, and
be sure you get it right,
Don't say "Go, your liver loves!" - well;
"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"
—W. L. NESBIT in "Harper's Maga-
zine."

Loveliness.

Cold, sharp lamentation
In the cold, bitter wind
Ever blowing across the sky;
Oh, there was loneliness with me!
The loud sounding of the waves
Beating against the shore,
Their vast, rough, heavy outcry,
Oh, there was loneliness with me!
The light aerolites in the air,
Crying sharply through the harbours,
The cries and screams of the birds
With my own heart. Oh! that was lone-
liness.
The voice of the winds and the tide,
And the long battle of the mighty war;
The sea, the earth, the skies, the blow-
ing of the winds,
Oh, there was loneliness in all of them
together.
By Douglas Hyde.

Forgiveness.

Your love may forgive your offences,
But I shall never forget the forgone,
But she'll never forget the forgone—
Your punishment's only begun!

Lost flesh rapidly, was greatly weakened, took quantities of medicine, failed all the time. Was quickly cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



"Some time ago I had a very severe attack of influenza which left me greatly weakened. I lost flesh rapidly, and was in a very bad way. I took quantities of medicine, but grew constantly worse. Finally, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and began to improve from the start.

"I took about six bottles and was perfectly cured. I have used this remedy in my family a great deal and I know it to be a thoroughly reliable, health-giving compound and family medicine."

Mr. John Murrell, railway station master, of Sunnybank, Queensland, sends us this letter, together with his photograph, which we reproduce above.

This is a strong letter, one which must remove all doubt. You ought to profit by it greatly; for if you are weak, have lost flesh, are without appetite, and feel languid and depressed, here is a quick and certain cure.

Perhaps the trouble is with your blood, and you are suffering from headache, boils, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, or rheumatism. If you are suffering from weakness of any kind, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will restore to you strength and energy, and will make life the better worth living. Be sure you get

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

There are a great many substitute Sarsaparillas on the market that will disappoint you. Avoid imitations.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Take Ayer's Pills with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One aids the other.

RUDGE & WHITWORTH CYCLE CO.

The most important Cycle improvements for 1906 are found in Rudge-Whitworths only. Recent discoveries in the Rudge-Whitworth Laboratories (the only ones in the Cycle Trade) have made it possible to give a signed certificate of guarantee with every Rudge-Whitworth. And the guarantee is that of a responsible firm whose assets exceed £350,000 in value, all of which stands as security for the guarantee to riders of Rudge-Whitworths.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

ROAD RACERS, £13 13s. nett. LADIES' or GENTS' ROADSTERS, fitted with Eddie Coaster and Front Brake, etc. £15 15s. nett. Heavy Terms £2 extra. Depots and Agencies in all centres. Write for Catalogue.

E. Reynolds & Co. Ltd.
WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH and INVERCARGILL.

ROTHERHAM'S English Watches

SOLD BY ALL JEWELLERS

WHO CAN SHOW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES. FIRST THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE. MEDALS WHEN-EVER EXHIBITED. A CERTIFICATE GIVEN WITH EACH WATCH.

Estab'd 1750.