

Verse Old and New

The Carriage Waits "Without."

"The carriage waits without, my lord,"
 "Without what, gentle sir?"
 "Without the left-hand running-board,
 Without the French chauffeur,
 Without a drop of gasoline,
 Six nuts, the can of oil,
 Four pinions, and the limousine,
 The spark-plug and the coil.
 Without the brake, the horn, the clutch
 Without the running-gear,
 One cylinder—it beats the Dutch
 How much there isn't here!
 The car has been repaired in fact,
 And you should be right glad
 To find that this much is intact
 Of what your lordship had.
 The garage sent it back, my lord,
 In perfect shape throughout;
 So you will understand, my lord,
 Your carriage waits without."

—Harold Lampoon.

* * *

Requiescat in Pace.

Here lies a poor woman who always was
 busy;
 She lived under pressure that rendered
 her dizzy,
 She belonged to ten clubs and read Brown-
 ing by sight,
 Showed at luncheons and teas and would
 vote if she might;
 She served on a school board with cour-
 age and zeal;
 She golfed and she kodaked and rode on
 a wheel;
 She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew mi-
 crobes by name,
 Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter"
 and "Dame";
 Her children went in for the top educa-
 tion,
 Her husband went seaward for nervous
 prostration.
 One day on her tablets she found an hour
 free.
 The shock was too great, and she died
 instantlee!

—"Saturday Evening Herald."

* * *

Will Yours ?

A waiting cottage by the sea,
 A packed and-ready Family,
 In state of glad expectancy
 Arrayed in smiles.
 Advantages beyond compare,
 Not least a Multi-Millionaire
 Whom each Fair Daughter plans to snare
 With maiden wiles.
 A Despot's adamant decree,
 A panic-stricken Family,
 On verge of wild profanity,
 Or depths of woe.
 Dejected wait the Daughters Fair,
 Some other'll get that millionaire!
 But vain are bribe, invective, prayer—
 THE COOK WON'T GO!

—Camilla J. Knight.

* * *

Chosen.

"The wine list!" With patrician air
 I order. And each vintage rare
 That beckons from the sober print
 Bids Fancy riot without stint.
 Apon, beneath its fairy spell
 I trend the banks of the Moselle;
 Apon I view, at its behest
 The Rhenish vineyards, sun-caressed.
 The page I turn and gaze on thee,
 Fair vine-clad land of Burgundy;
 On verdant slope and flowered plain
 Of Gascony and of Champagne;
 On thee, Bordeaux—come, turn the page!
 Amontillado, ripe with age,
 Brings visions of Granada's bowers,
 Of Moorish palaces and towers,
 Of raven-locked Castilian maids
 And flashing of Toledo blades.
 Again I turn—afar I stray
 To dream of fire-franght Tokay,
 Of feasts where red Chianti flows
 And proud Madeira darkly glows
 And Port—but hush! the waiter's here—
 The dream is o'er. "One glass of beer."

—Thomas R. Ybarra.

Slambengo and Brazene.

Slambengo and Brazene
 "Oh, strolling in the garden
 There generally can be seen
 The well-known sketch and comedy team
 Slambengo and Brazene!"

In all their gay apparel
 We watch the artless pair
 Jig on R. I. and carol
 The latest shameless air.

How merrily they caper
 Before us simple folk,
 With brick and club of paper
 To point their slightest joke.

Slambengo rough and hasty,
 His face a gentle green,
 Performing with that tasty
 And polished gent Brazene.

We watch them at their inning
 And chuckle at the pith
 Of those remarks beginning
 "Who's that I seen you with?"

And next in order duly
 Until the wood wings shake,
 "Ye Shoulda Hov Called on Hooley
 The Night He Hod His Wake."

'Twould stump all but another
 When, finishing the song,
 B. says: "Why does your brother
 Look at his watch so long?"

But slightly—aye and daily—
 Slambengo plays the ace;
 "Because," he answers gaily,
 "A woman's in the case."

Crack! crack! the slapstick clatters
 Kerflop! Slambengo falls,
 And then the seltzer spatters
 Upon the canvas walls.

What peasant, prince, or chappy,
 What man of toil or ease,
 Could be aught else but happy
 With comrades such as these?—

Who help our had digestions
 With gapes of age and size,
 And point each other's questions
 With thumps upon the thighs?

So, though the purse be meagre,
 Yet let us pay our way,
 And listen tense and eager
 While they to them do say:

"Oh, strolling in the garden
 There generally can be seen
 The well-known sketch and comedy team
 Slambengo and Brazene!"

—HORATIO WINSLOW.

* * *

The Sweets of Life.

Sweet are the flowers in summer time,
 Sweet is the dewy morn,
 Sweet is the rustling of the wind
 As it plays 'mong the yellow corn.

Sweet is the scent of the new mown hay,
 Sweet is the summer rain,
 Sweet the odour of fresh turned earth,
 And sweet is the breeze from the main.

Sweet is our rest when the day's work's
 done,
 Sweet is an action good,
 Sweet is the kindly, soft-spoken word,
 And it's sweet to be understood.

Sweet is a calm and contented mind,
 Sweet is a conscience clear,
 Sweet it is to be always just,
 And to govern by love not fear.

Sweet is the love of a loyal wife—
 Sweet-heart for aye is she—
 Sweet and true, come storm, come calm,
 As we sail o'er life's troubled sea.

Sweet is our life if we try to get
 Of its lavender springs a few,
 If we garner them well in our heart of
 hearts
 Then never we'll gather its rue.

By W. C. Castleton, Auckland.

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