

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 brake, the horn, the cli 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 earriage waits without."

-Harold Lampoon.

Requiesat 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 goifed and she kodaked and rode on

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

The shock was too great, and she died

—"Saturday Evening Herald."

69 69 69

Will Yours ?

waiting cottage by the sea, 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 panie-stricken Family,
On verge of wild profanity,
Or depths of wee.
Dejected wail the Daughters Fair,
Some other'll get that millionaire!
But vain are bribe, invective, prayer— THE COOK WON'T GOI

-Camilla J. Knight.

9 9 9

"The wine list!" With patrician air I order. And each vintage rare That beckons from the sober print That beckons from the sober print Bids Fancy riot without stint. Anon, beneath its fairy spell I trend the banks of the Moselle; Anon 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. On tree, Bordeaux—come, turn the pa 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 kukl The waiter's here— The dream is o'er. "One glass of beer."

-Thomas R. Ybarra.

Blambengo 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 hesty, 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 Should Hoy 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 nightly-aye and daily-Slambengo plays the ace; "Because," he answers gaily, "A woman's in the case."

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

What peasant, prince, or chappy, What man of toil or ease, ould 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.

6 6 6

The Sweets of Life.

Sweet are the flowers in summer time, Sweet is the drwy 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.

Ewect is our rest when the day's work's

Sweet is the kindly, soft-spoken word, And it's sweet to be understood.

Sweet is a calm and contented mind, bweet 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'or life's troubled sea.

Bweet 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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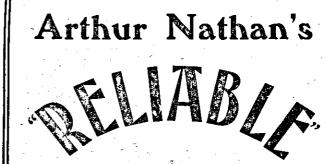
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