

Verse Old and New

Fatlet's Soliloquy.

Hips must go.—Fashion Note.
 Mrs. White adjusted the corset with a few deft movements, and presto!—the model was hipless.—News Item.

To lace, or not to lace, that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the flesh to suffer
 The pinch and squeezing of outrageous fashion
 Or sit down upon this dire announcement
 And, by opposing end it? To gasp, to pant
 No more, and being fat, to say we end
 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
 The flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To tug, to pull,
 To squeeze, perchance to pinch! Aye, there's the rub!
 For in this chub of style what frets must come
 Ere we may nullify this mortal flesh
 Must give us pause. There's the tight sleeves
 That make calamity of reaching up:
 For who would bear the grip of bone
 and steel.
 The stifling steam within the Turkish bath,
 The rubbing of masseurs, the gulping down
 Of powders and of pills of anti-fat,
 The stunning sweets and farinaceous food,
 When she herself might her contentment make
 In a loose wrapper? Who would corsets wear
 That neither let her walk nor stand nor sit,
 But that the dread of being out of style,
 That bridge-whistless existence, from whose boume
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear the ills we must
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus, fashion doth make cowards of us all
 And thus the native girth and size and plumpness
 I, skinned o'er with hands of crushing grip,
 And lose the name of fatness. Easy, now,
 My good dressmaker! Nymph, in my directorie
 Be all my fat forgotten!

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Why?

Why is it, Lord, that we should stay
 And work the long, long, weary day,
 While those we love so tenderly
 Are called above to dwell with Thee?
 Why those whose work seems but begun
 Are called away as though 'twere done,
 While others, inefficient stay,
 Though longing to be called away?
 Thou knowest all, and Thou alone
 Canst tell why these strange things are done:
 Thou rubest, and with boundless love
 Dost guide us all from heaven above,
 We know Thou dost what is best,
 And when we, too, will be at rest,
 We then will know, and not till then,
 Why all our plans could not have been
 When in that realm of heavenly light,
 We there shall see that all was right,
 And wonder why we questioned so
 At what seemed strange to us below.

By John Stirling.

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The Legacy.

The poet died, and to a friend
 He left his writing desk;
 Another got his manuscripts,
 A third his pipe grotesque,
 "The editor," so ran his will,
 "Receives the cedar chest
 Wherein the fruits of all my toil
 In tens and twenties rest."
 The editor he straightway sent
 His resignation in,
 "For now I need not work," he cried,
 "I'll loaf and spend my tin."
 But when he got the chest, behold!
 The legacy he found
 Was but his own rejection slips
 In bundles neatly bound.

Spring.

Hymn of Success at the Government
 Land Ballot.

There are many things I the year
 That makes up man's estate;
 Some come wi' fame, an' some wi' gear,
 Some heavy wi' debate.
 But syne I left the muckle boat
 Tae pad ma ain canoe,
 The best hae can, let it be wrote;
 For I'm a cocatoo!

Across o' vale an' hill galore,
 The letter says are mine,
 And they maintain, ere I explore,
 A' guid for rye an' swine;
 The neebours crack at sic a rate,
 I'm shure it mair be true;
 Sae cheer up, lass, for Kate, oh, Kate,
 I am a cocatoo!

Horses an' cotts, an' droves o' sheep,
 An' mout out on the grass;
 The finest corn, a first-rate neep—
 Our fortune's made nae less;
 A blithe, blithe blink o' fortune's smile,
 O' faur argout ma due;
 I'll drive ye out in richt fine style,
 Syne I'm a cocatoo!
 Our past days hae been troubled, lass,
 Like Rotorua's sel';
 Though sunny showers, wud often pass
 An' cast a welcome spell;
 But now, oh, Kate, we're leavin' a',
 Our time o' trial's through,
 On pastures green our footsteps fa',
 Syne I'm a cocatoo!

A fairer fame, a peacefu' life,
 Toil kens a warmer blanket,
 An', wife Kate, oh, Kate, ma wife,
 The Government be thankit,
 An' what our friens the tidings find—
 What visions fill the view—
 It wud employ the best yin's mind
 Tae think a cocatoo!

—Heather Lintie.

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Dreams of Youth.

The long, green blades of waving corn
 In my father's field, so long ago,
 Stirred by the winds of the dewy morn,
 Fluttering, swaying to and fro,
 Whispered to me a story sweet,
 Of life when youth and manhood meet.

Sometimes in the restful eventide,
 As I watched the slow-rising moon
 Climb up the old earth's eastern side,
 And scatter its rays in a gay festoon,
 The tasks of the field were then forgot,
 And I was chained with a happy thought.

Ah, bright were those 'castles in the air,'
 I wove in the midst of Nature's heart;
 They came, bright hopes, and still are there,
 And I would not have them depart;
 They are sweet as songs of the hunter's horn,
 Those dreams I dreamed 'mid the fields of corn.

A happy flood of light and thought
 Would fill me with enchantment wild;
 Its promise as I toiled and wrought,
 Was food for me, fell Fancy's child,
 As shadows played beneath the rows
 And I a king and with no foes.

The dews of night came gently down
 In blessings rich on corn blades long;
 The silences all sound would drown
 Save some loud-buzzing insect's song;
 Bright hopes of youth, like fallen leaves,
 Have flown as Time has reaped his sheaves.

Sometimes my burdened heart o'erflows,
 In musing o'er the scenes of life;
 God in His perfect wisdom knows
 The purpose of the stress and strife,
 The years have longer paths revealed
 Than were the rows in my father's field.

And yet, it may be after all,
 A crown will come for all my toil,
 For Fame's rich prizes often fall
 To those who burn the midnight oil,
 Who know? As the years unfold, for-
 sooth,
 They may come true, those "dreams of youth."

By Willis George Emerson.

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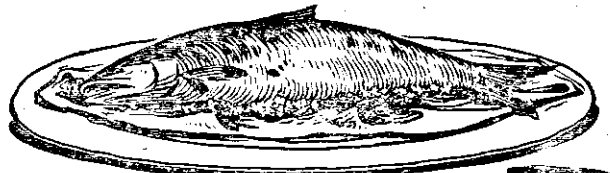
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