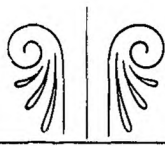


Gum Tree Gossip

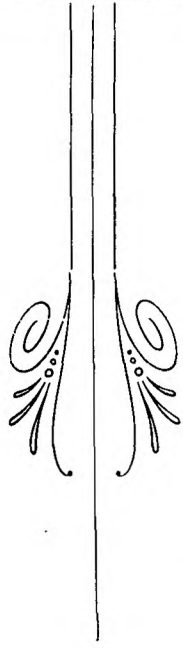
by
J. M. Gantle



GUM-TREE ... GOSSIP



Series by J. M. CANTLE.



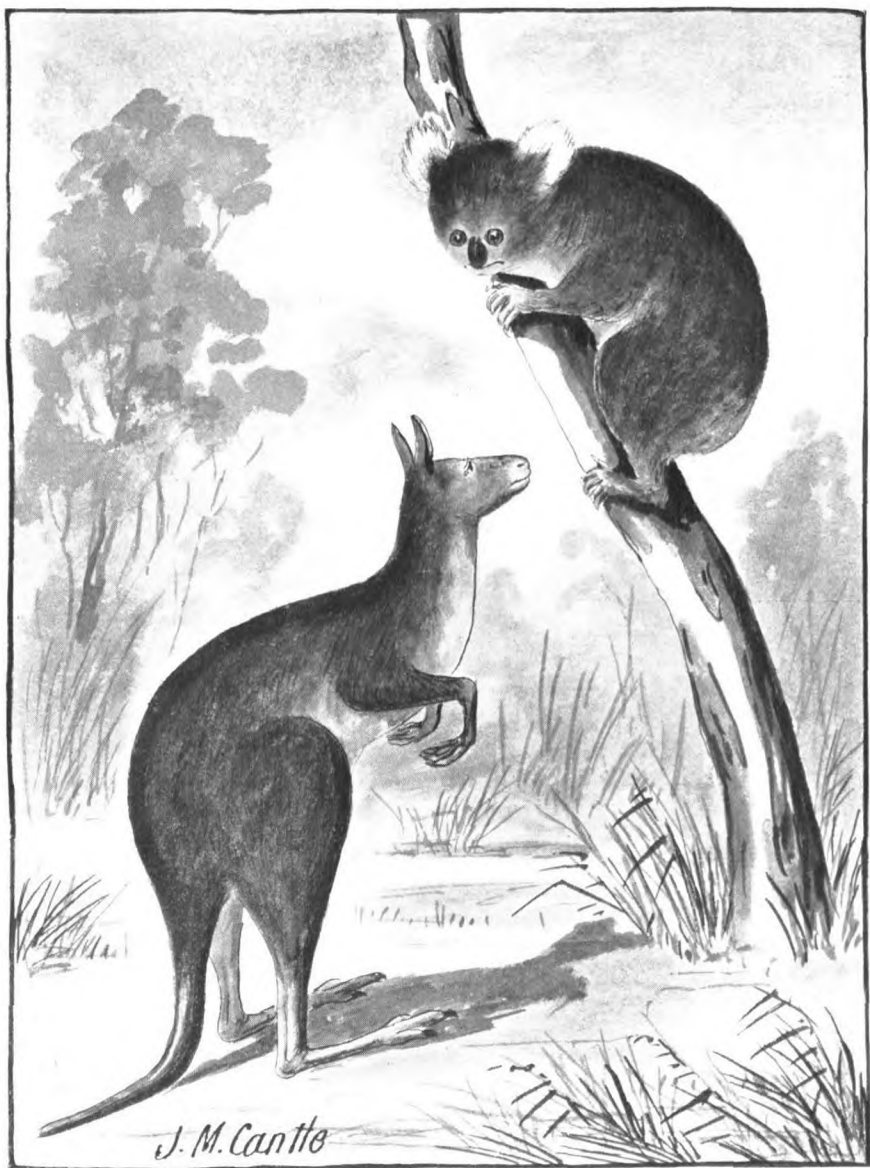
With the Season's Greetings,

To

From

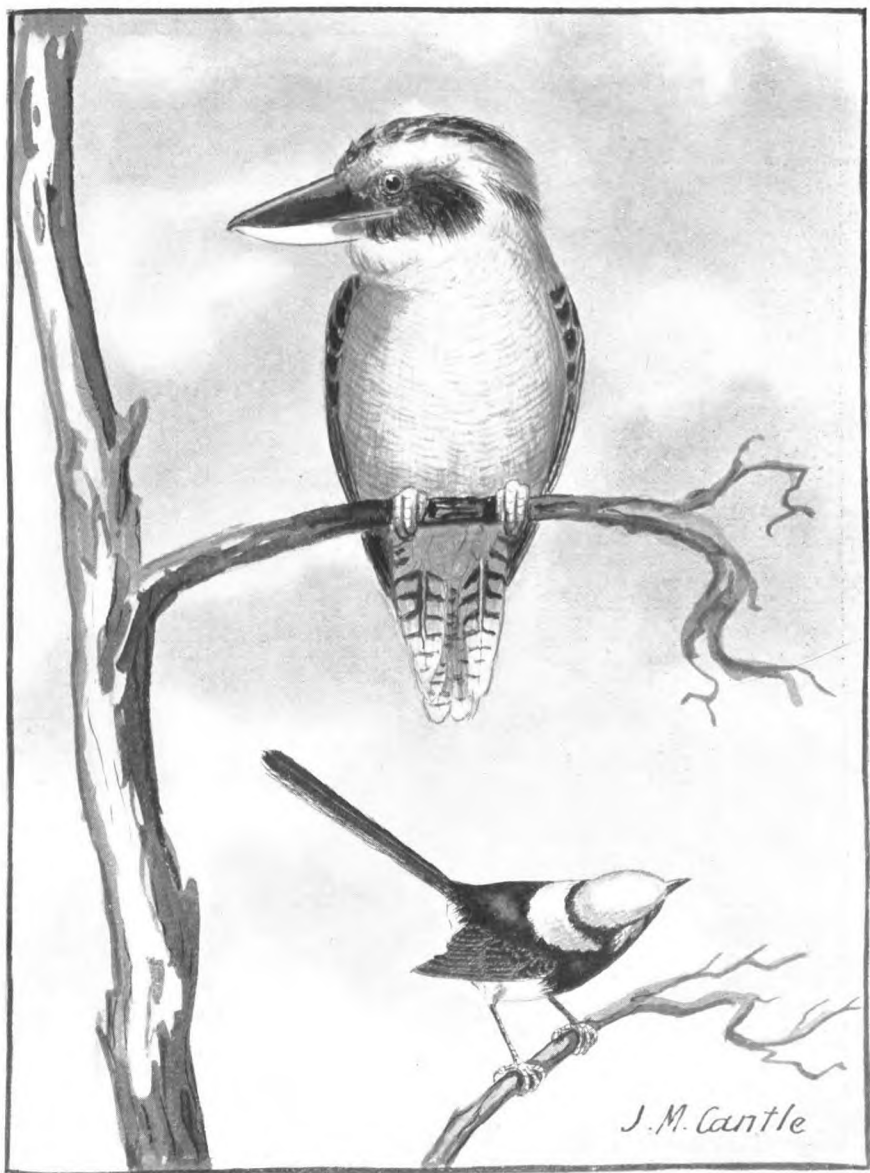
HARD TIMES.

“Dear Mr. Kangaroo, I’m quaking,
For, sure, with all my tact,
I’m only a bare living making,
Just hanging on, in fact.
But how do you get on?” she said,
The ‘Roo replied: “Why, zounds!
I set my tail and go ahead
By mighty leaps and bounds.”



IMPUDENCE.

Old Jackass sat on a lonely limb,
With his head turned towards the south,
When Willie Wren yelled up at him :
“ Hi ! Don't look down in the mouth !
For you've such a dizzy extent of it
'Twould be awful to contemplate
The fate of the ass who looked into it,
So, keep up you pecker, old mate ! ”



LOVE IS BLIND.

Said Bandicoot : " Love may be blind,
And you two on each other gone,
But still I'd have you bear in mind
That that's my tail your treading on."



GAY BOYS.

“Hi, Brother Owl, what do you say
If we two make a night of it ;
I'm in an 'owling humour gay,
So, hang the wrong or right of it.”
“Ribuck, old 'Poss, we'll go the pace,
I feel to-night like playing possum ;
I know a most enchanting place,
Down by the tree with cherry blossom.”



WHAT'S IN A NAME.

“Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus !

What a very funny name !

Why, the very sound o't knocks us,

Now I wonder whence you came,

I'm a grebe myself—and quite rare.”

“You don't say !” said Platypus,

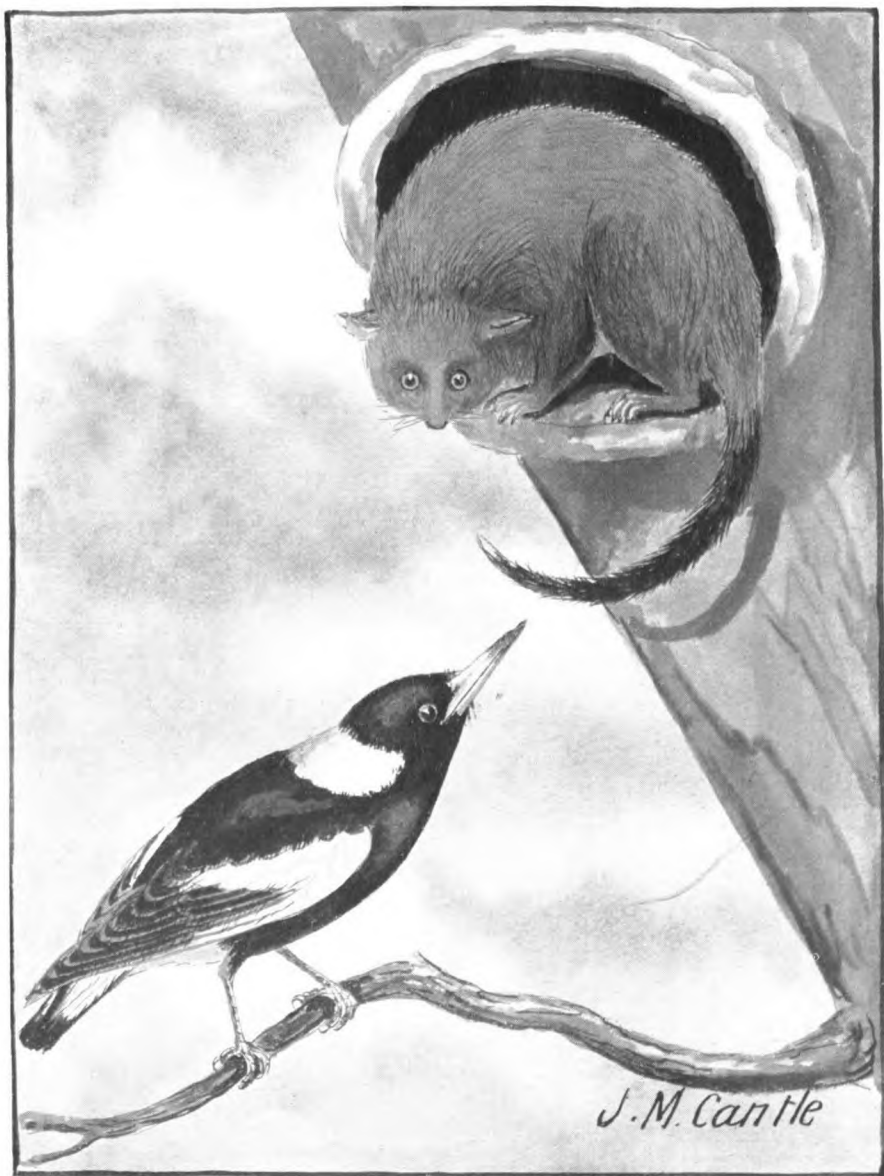
“I'd have said you were a nightmare—

Or a spook—or something wus.”



WHAT HOURS WE KEEP.

“Good morning, Miss Possum, the sun shines so bright,
I thought 'twould be nice for a walk,” Magpie said.
“Why, look, Mr. Mag, I’ve been dancing all night,
So now, if you please, I’m just going to bed.”



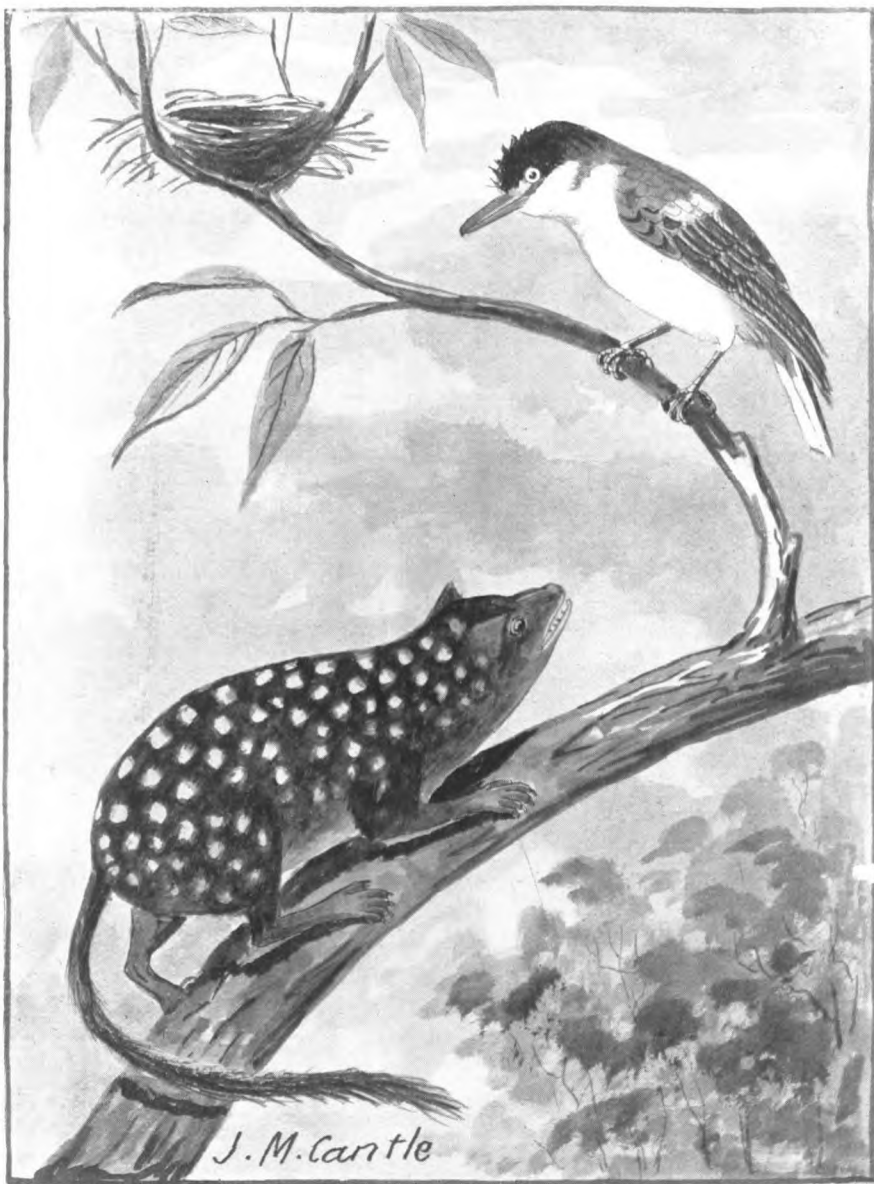
A TERRIBLE TALE.

Miss Rosella exclaimed to her friend on the bough
“That horrid old Wallaby ’s dreadfully rude !
He declared that his tail was as good as mine, now,
Did you ever hear anything like him, the dude.”
“My dear,” said her friend, “take no notice of him,
Those Wallaby people are bounders, you know,
Altogether beneath us—for we are the rim
And the hub of society’s circle, I trow.”



SOUR GRAPES.

The Butcher Bird glared at the wild Native Cat,
“I’ll knock spots off you, puss, if you do not clear out,
I won’t have you prowling round here like a rat
You’re after my eggs, sir, of that there’s no doubt.”
“Fitz-z ! who wants your eggs ? you old Butcher, I’ll bet
That they’re addled and not worth a gentleman’s while,
Besides, there are others I know I can get,
What ! *me* want your eggs ! well, I guess I should smile.”



CIVILITIES.

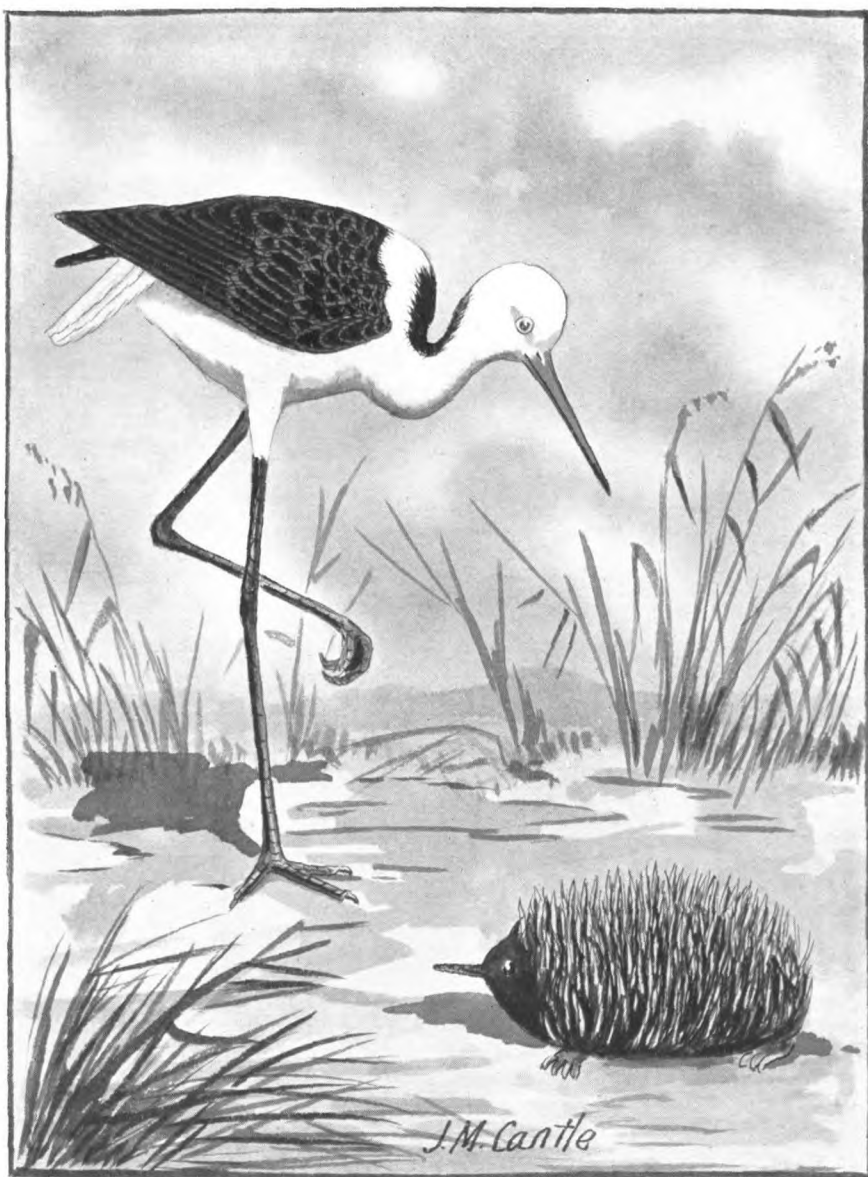
"You're a creature, barefaced and erratic !"

"Well, you needn't be cocky about it,
You reckon you're aristocratic,
Just because you've a crest ; but I doubt it."



WE SHOULD THINK SO.

Hedgehog. "I'm not very nimble of mind,
But should you endeavour to sit on me,
I have many strong points you will find,
Tho' there may not be very much wit in me."

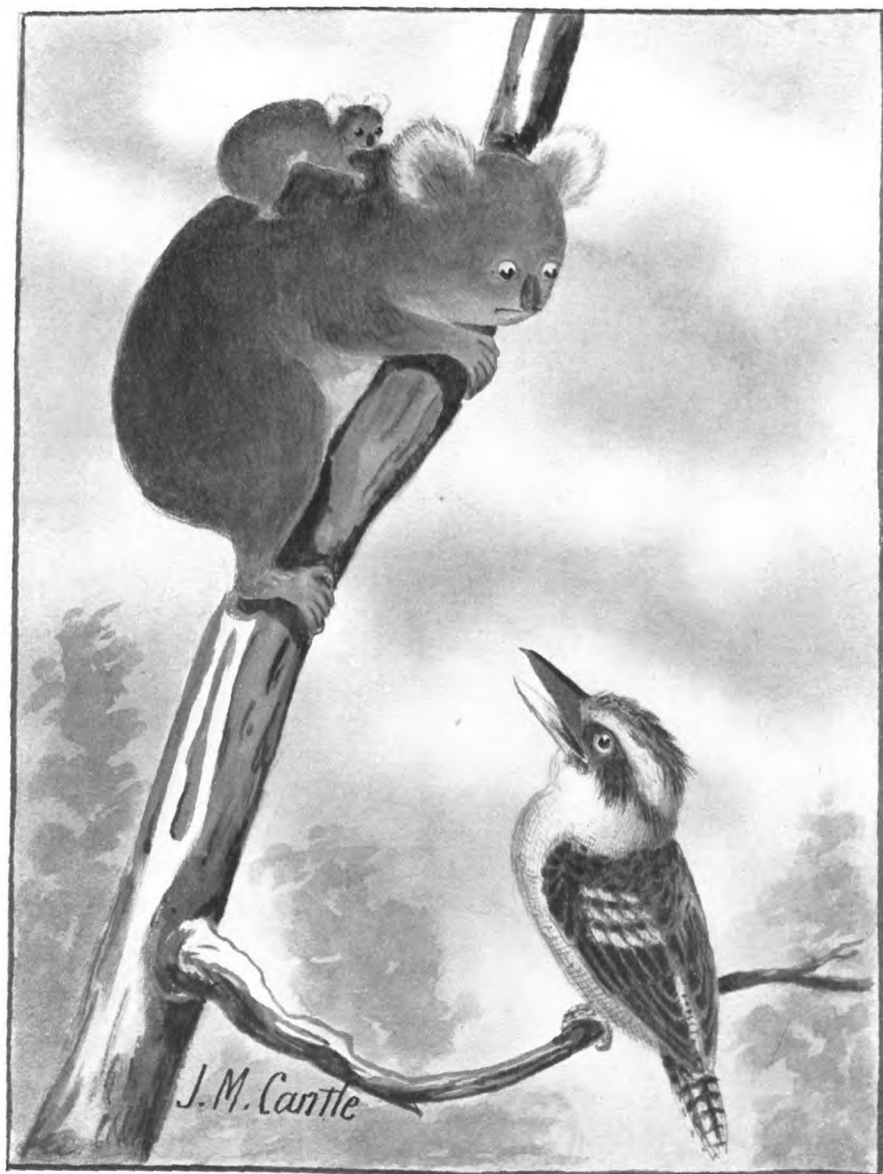


HA! HA! HA!

"You look surprised to see us, you old bore!

You laugh as if you'd gone clean out your mind."

"Well, I guess that I've seen many a bear before,
But I'm tickled with the little bear behind."





SYDNEY
N.S.W. BOOKSTALL CO

MARCHANT & CO., LTD., PRINTERS, SYDNEY.