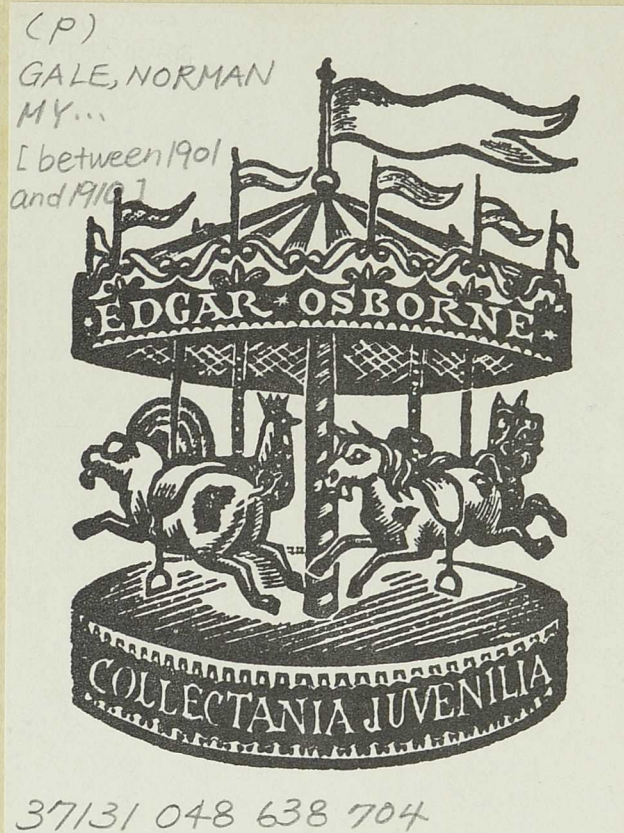


MY PLAYTIME BOOK

MARION



Father Tuck's
GOLDEN GIFT
Series.



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Mrs. Norman Robertson



A HAPPY FAMILY.

MY PLAYTIME BOOK

By

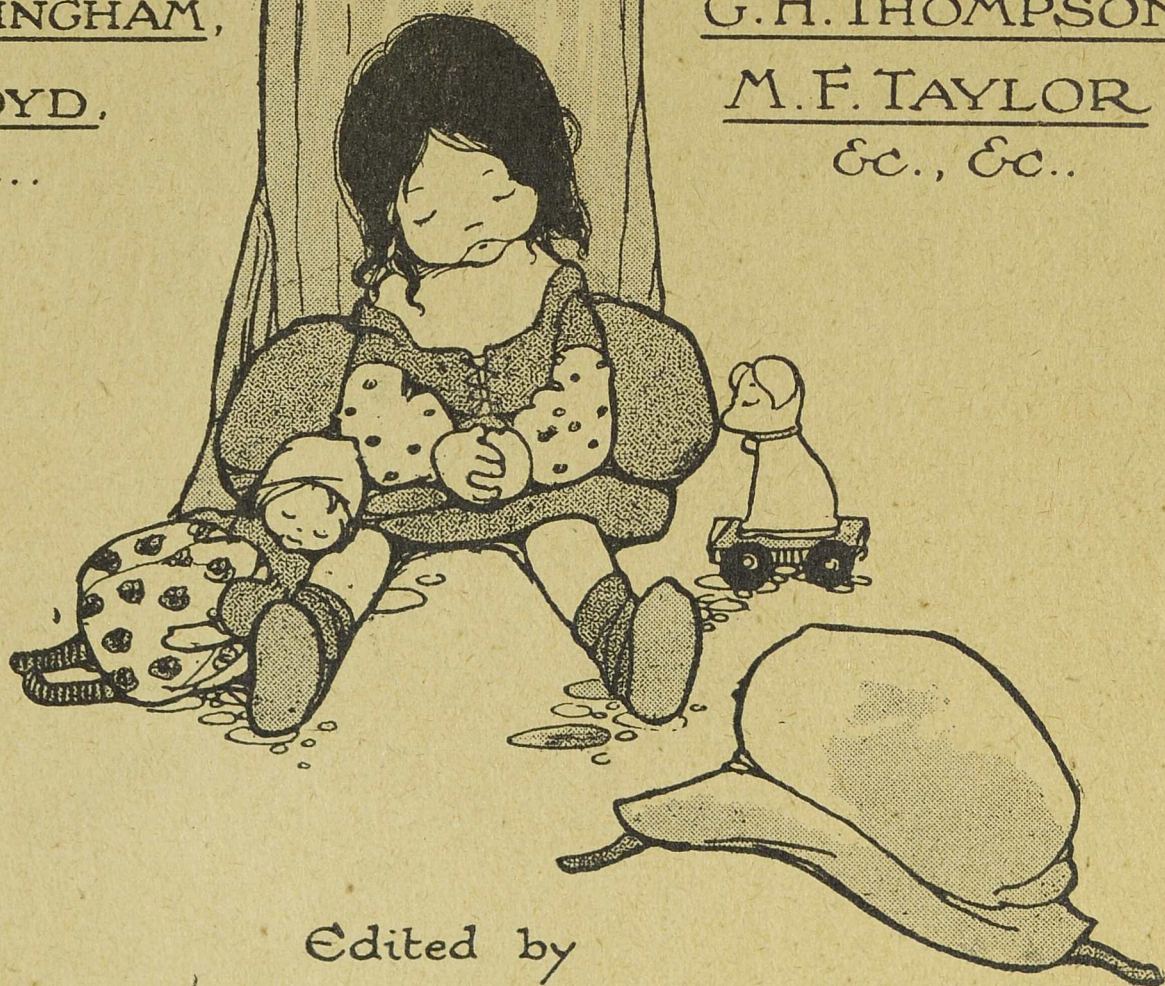
NORMAN GALE,
CLIFTON BINGHAM,

G. C. FLOYD,
Ec., Ec..

Pictured by

W. FOSTER,
G. H. THOMPSON

M. F. TAYLOR,
Ec., Ec..



Edited by
EDRIC VREDENBURG.



MY PLAYTIME BOOK.

We do not know your name
or age,

Dear children, who perhaps
will look

With eager eyes upon the
page

Of this, we've called, "My
Playtime Book."

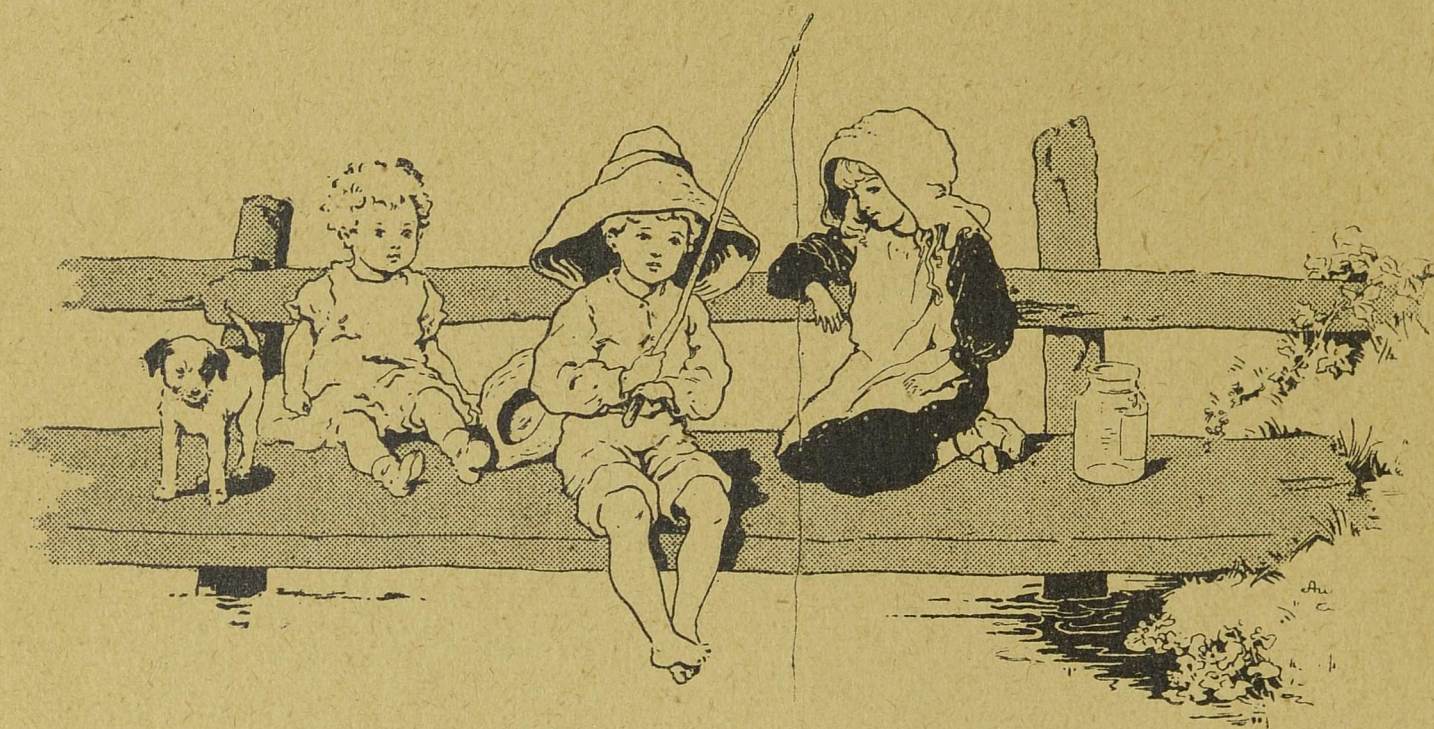
But still we love you, great
and small—

And pictured page, and
merry rhyme,

We trust will please
you, one and
all,

'Midst Winter's
snow and
Summer's
prime.





A-FISHING ON THE BRIDGE.

Teddy, Flora, Bab, and Rags,

Went out to fish one day;

Upon a bridge, with hook and line,

They sat in bold array.

And when, at last, they caught a fish,

Their joy was quite supreme;

And Rags, the puppy, barked so much,

He tumbled in the stream!



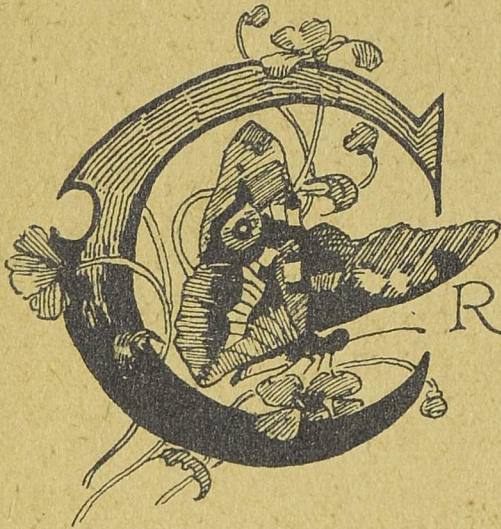


KNOWING MR. JUMBO.

"To help you over the stile you entreat,
But I'm not to be caught that way,
For your claws are sharp, though your smile is sweet,
So I'll wish you a very good day."



CRICKET.



CRICKET'S a capital game to play
 Out in the fields on a summer's
 day;

A set of stumps, a bat and a ball,
 And you can play till the shadows fall!

But play the game as a cricketer ought,
Never grumble if you get caught;
And if your sister bowls you
out,
Give up the bat without a
pout!
Keep up your wicket like a
man,
Make as many runs as you
can;

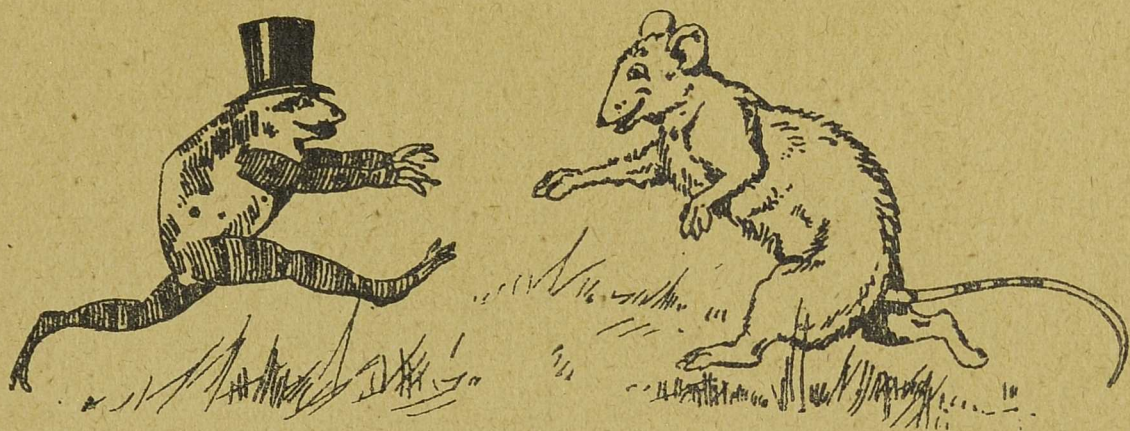


Always play fair and then you'll say,

Cricket's a capital game to play.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.
Taking home the trees for the little Bears.



THE GALLANT MR. FROG.

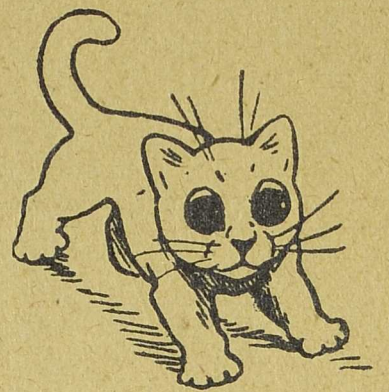
When Mr. Frog set out to woo,

He donned his best top hat,

And sweet Miss Mousie fondly
cried :

“You do look nice in that!”

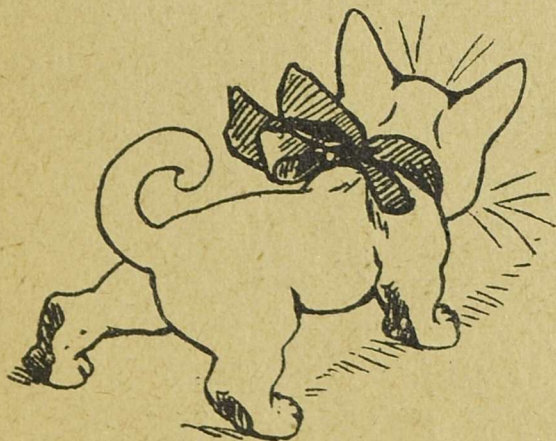
But Mr. Frog was scared to see



Two pussies creeping nigh,

And so he quickly doffed his
hat

And bade Miss Mouse good-
bye!





The Waits.

“As soon as James,” said Father Puss,

“Has rested from his ratty labours,

We’ll get our coats and clear our throats,

And go out singing to our neighbours.

“I’d much prefer, on Christmas Eve,

My dear, to frolic with the kittens,

But times are hard, and in the yard

The birds are shy. Put on your mittens !”

They trudged for miles from house to house,
And sang what cats alone can utter,
Till men flung coals and salad-bowls,
And boots and bottles in the gutter.
But fellow-cats (except a Tom
Whose rudenesses were most emphatic)
With laugh and shout threw silver out
From bedroom, drawing-room and attic !





'Twas thus that Father Puss contrived
To pay the bills that *would* come flocking ;
And even then have one-pound-ten
To hoard for chances in a stocking.

But later, getting somewhat stout,

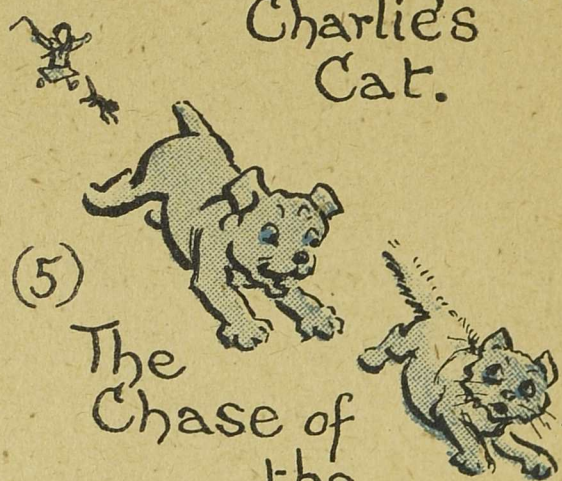
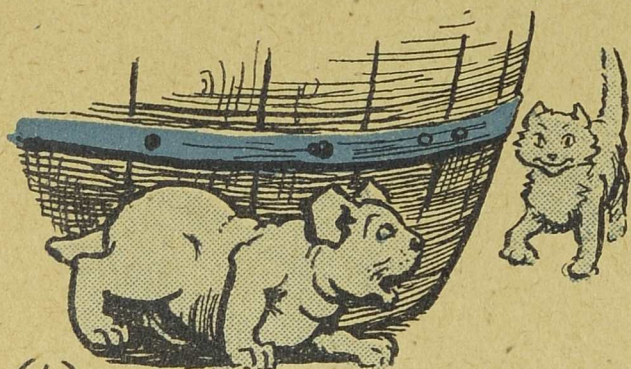
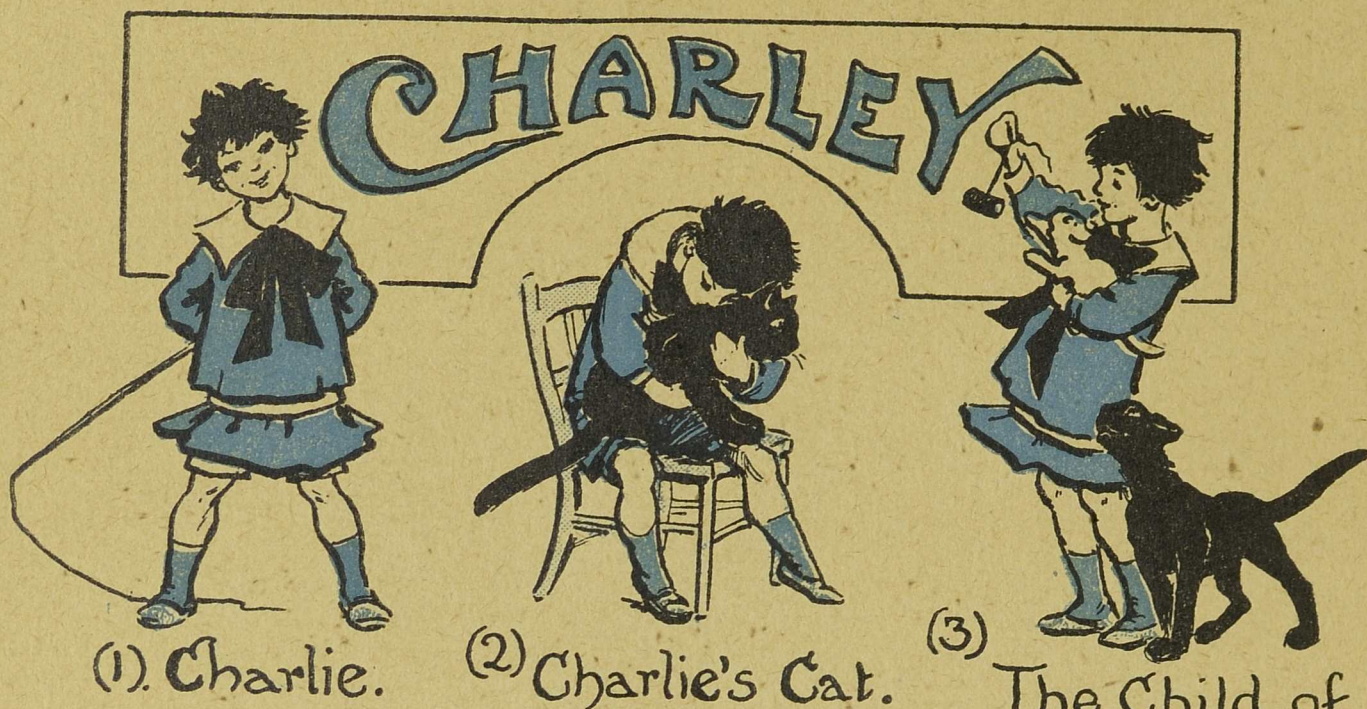
He took to friendly fisticuffing

With nimble James, in furious games

That left him hot and bruised and puffing.

Norman Gale.





M.F. TAYLOR

CHARLIE, THE PUPPY, AND THE BLACK CAT.

PRIDE ON HORSEBACK.

With heads erect and paces slow,
Along the village street we go.

We mean to show our brother Elves
Others can ride besides themselves.

Without advice or interference,
We still present a good appearance.

And ne'er by any chance forget
The laws of riding etiquette.

Githa Sowerby.



Baby wants to work, too, so with garden broom,
Out she trundles gaily into light and bloom;
April sunshine dances round her sunny head,
Flickers on the pathway where her small feet tread.

Jack comes running after with his watering-pot;
She shall be the west wind, sweeping clear the plot
Of the leaves of last year; he the rain will be—
“All the world’s spring-cleaning, and why not we three?”

Nora Chesson.



Puss and Poll.

Said Pussy: "I'm so tired of playing
With my children all day long:
Kittens always are so playful!"

Quoth the Parrot: "Very wrong!"

"And," said Puss, "they've cut such capers
With my poor old tail, you
know;

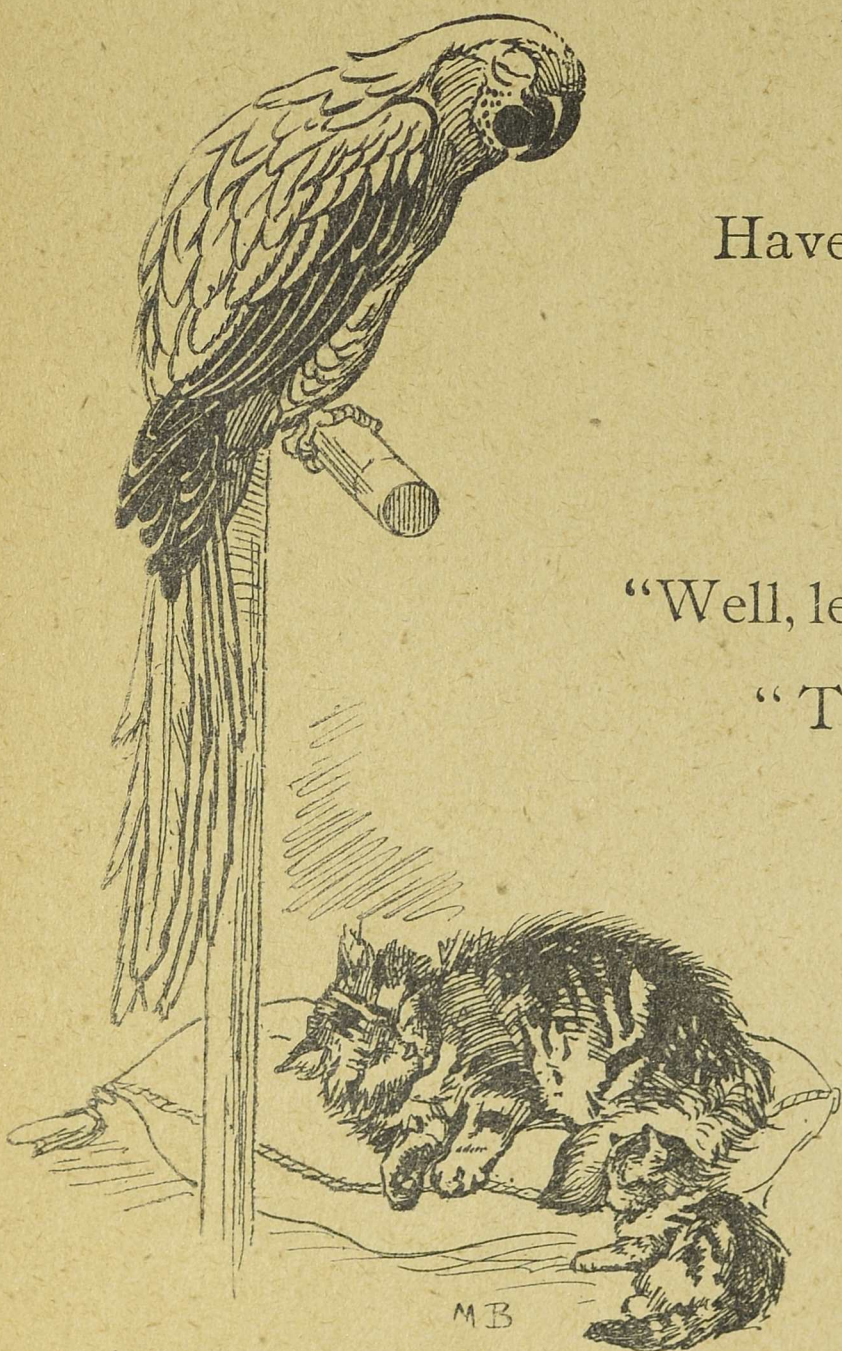
Have they left a bit, I wonder?"

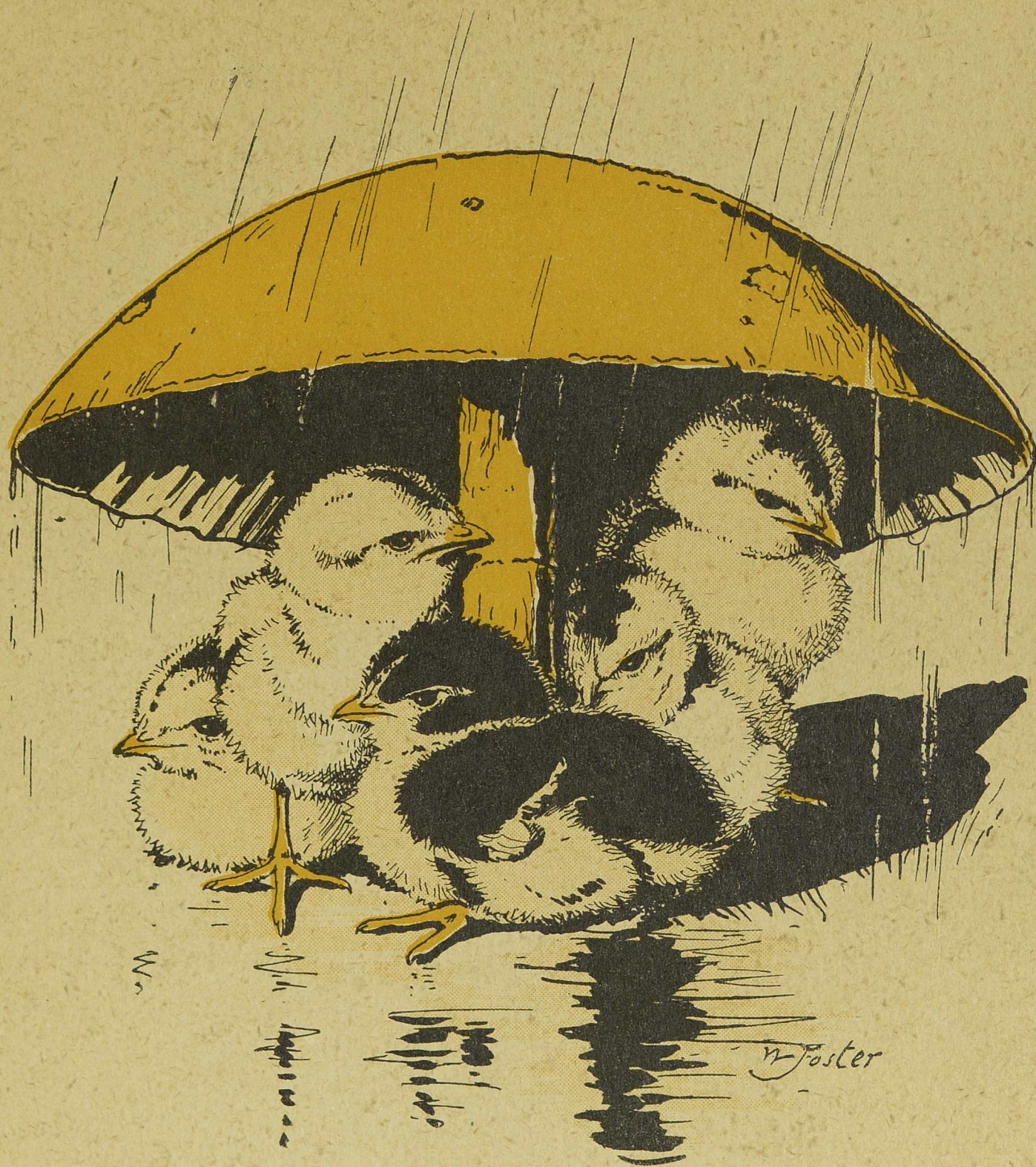
"Yes," said Poll, "a *tail* of
woe!"

"Well, let's get to sleep," purred Pussy,
"Till the daylight dawns once
more!"

"Very well; good-night,"
said Polly;

"Please remember
not to snore!"





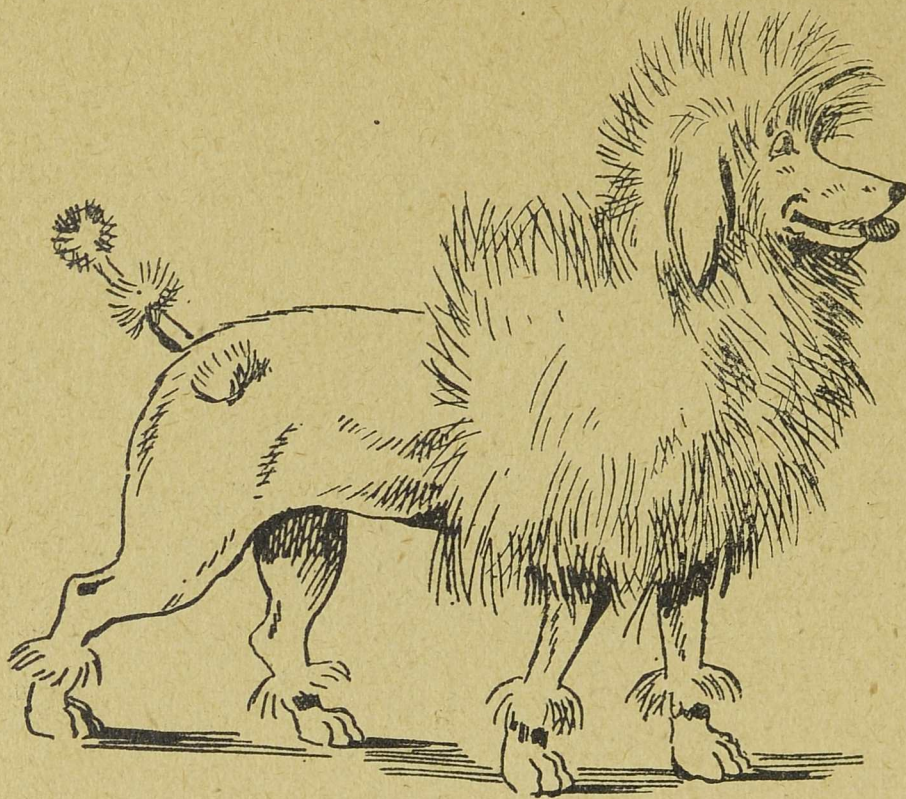
A ROOMY MUSHROOM.

"It's really not right," the little chicks cry,

"That they call this a room—why, it isn't dry!

To the landlord at once we must complain;

What's the good of a room that lets in rain?"



The Poodle and the Penny.

When Pom-Pom got his penny every day,
He to the biscuit makers made his way,
And I really think I never saw a miser half so clever,
In the way that he would bargain ere he'd pay.

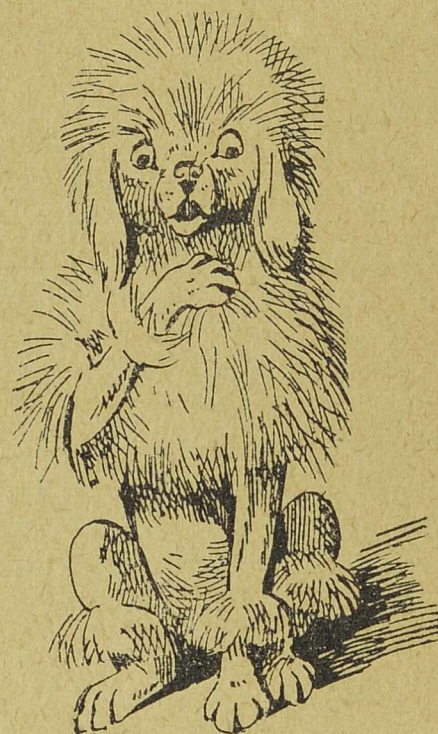
And when he'd got as much as he thought fair,
On the floor he'd eat his dinner, then and there;
You could never make him wait for a knife and
fork and plate,
And for table cloths a poodle does not care.

Some mongrels can't like decent dogs
behave ;

Oh, the chaff that dear old Pom-Pom
had to brave !

For these street-curs thought it funny
to shout, "There, he's got his
money,

And he's going to the barber's for a
shave!"

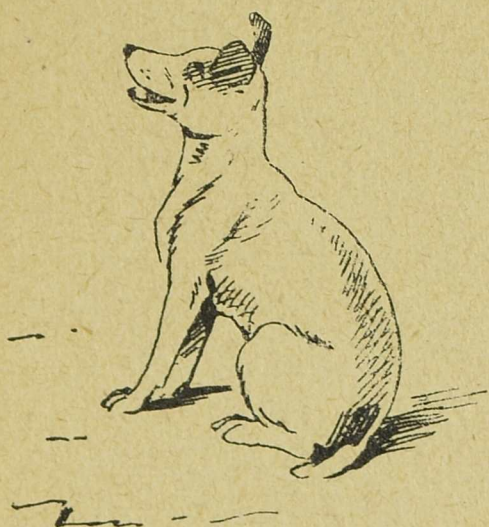


But the insults of this rude and common crew
He would swallow, as the best thing he could do ;

They were very bad one day, and to

Pom-Pom's great dismay,

Why, he swallowed both the chaff and
penny too.



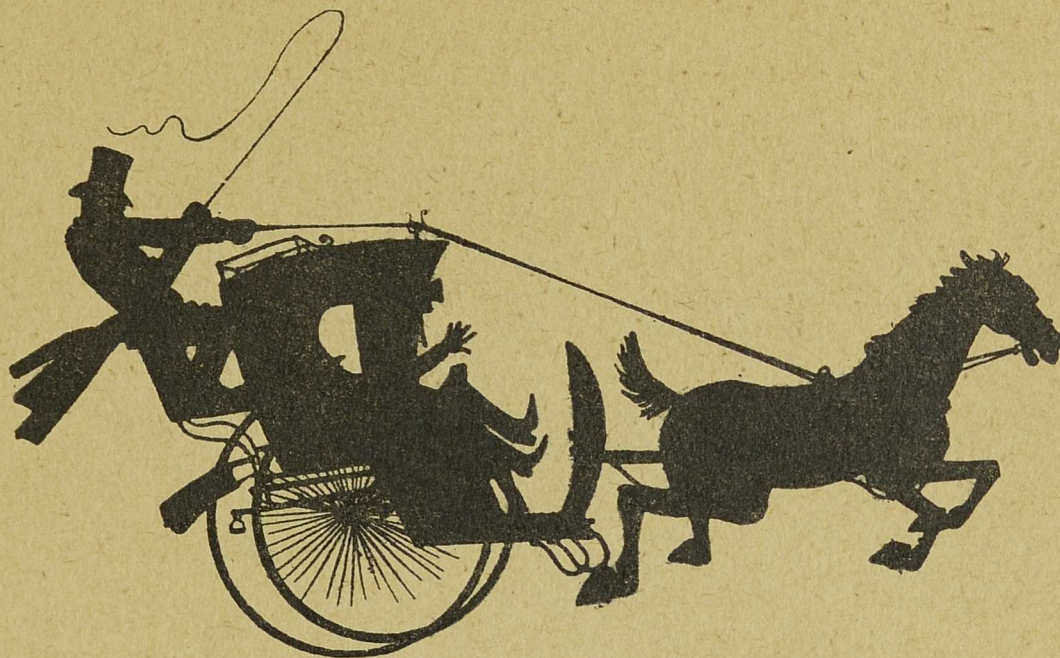
R. K. Mounsey.



OUT FOR THE DAY.

E.M. Taylor

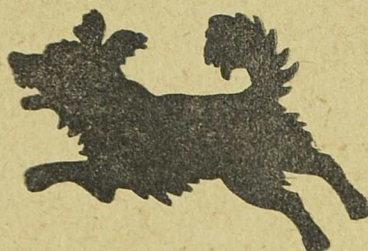
Here they come, a merry load,
Tearing madly up the road,
But then they don't know better!



THE BLACK AND WHITE BALL.

I drove to that Ball, and the hansom was black ;
 Well ! so was the cabman, and so was the hack ;
 The night was as dark as the blackest of ink,
 And the dog must have lived up the chimney, I think.

The place that I went to—ah ! that was a sight !
 The room was a black one, the dancers were white ;
 I could write a volume or two on that Ball,
 But I haven't the room—so, dear children, that's all.



R. K. M.



ROUND-THE-WORLD BETTY.

Little Betty Mahoney was sitting her pony,

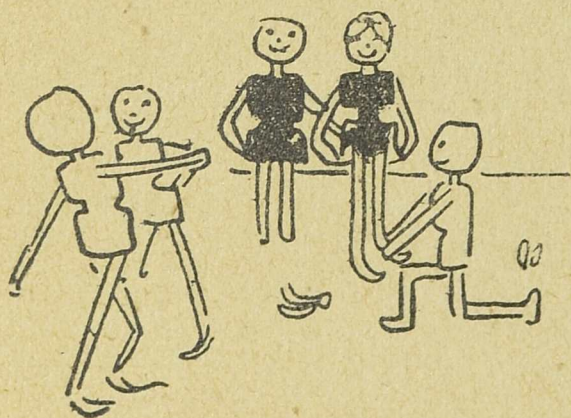
And telling her doll about cream in the
dairies,

When who should pop in but a couple
of fairies!

"Little Betty Mahoney, sit tight on your pony!"

Cried one in a voice that was sweet
and appealing,

As she rapped with her wand on
the nursery ceiling.



Little Betty Mahoney, the doll, and the pony

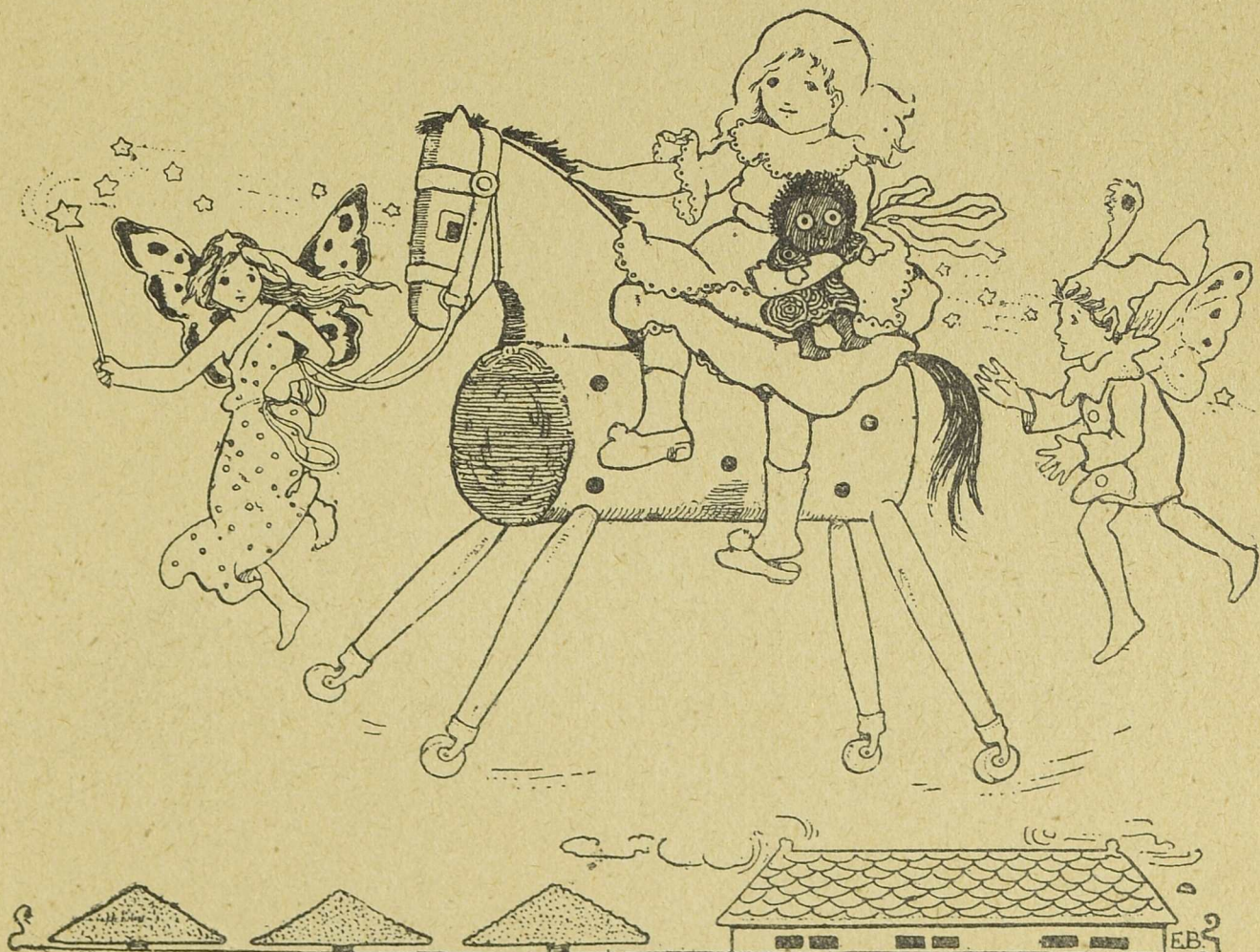
All went through the roof, just as light as
a feather,

And appeared in the afternoon sunshine to-
gether.

If the way had been stony for Betty's small pony,

The rider, no doubt, would have soon fallen
from it,

For they rushed through the air with the speed
of a comet!



ROUND-THE-WORLD BETTY.

Little Betty Mahoney, the doll, and the pony

Went round the big world in the time that
it takes you

To sulk when your scandalised Governess
shakes you!

If a Milly or Letty would travel like Betty,

She *must* tell her doll about cream in the
dairies,

And sit on a pony and wait for the fairies!

Norman Gale.





A Froggy would a-wooing go,—“Heigh ho!” says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him, or no.
With a roley, poley, gammon and spinach,
“Heigh ho!” says Antony Rowley.



The Pancake.

“Some flour and an egg,
and put both
in the pan,

It's the simplest of things
to make pancakes,”
said Nan.

“It's as easy as can be,
now I've had
one look,

I'm sure I could do it
much better
than Cook!”



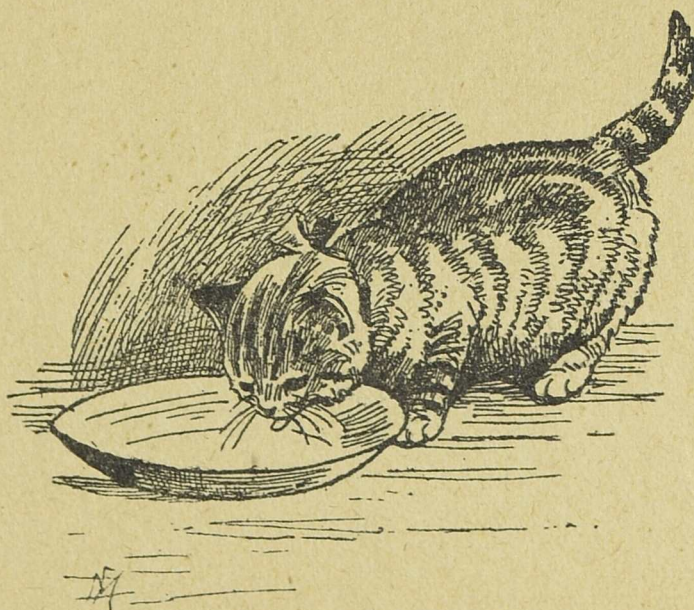


“You should mix them
together and fry
it with care,
Then you take it and
toss it right up
in the air.”

But alas! poor Nan's pride had
a terrible fall,

For over went frying-pan, pancake
and all!

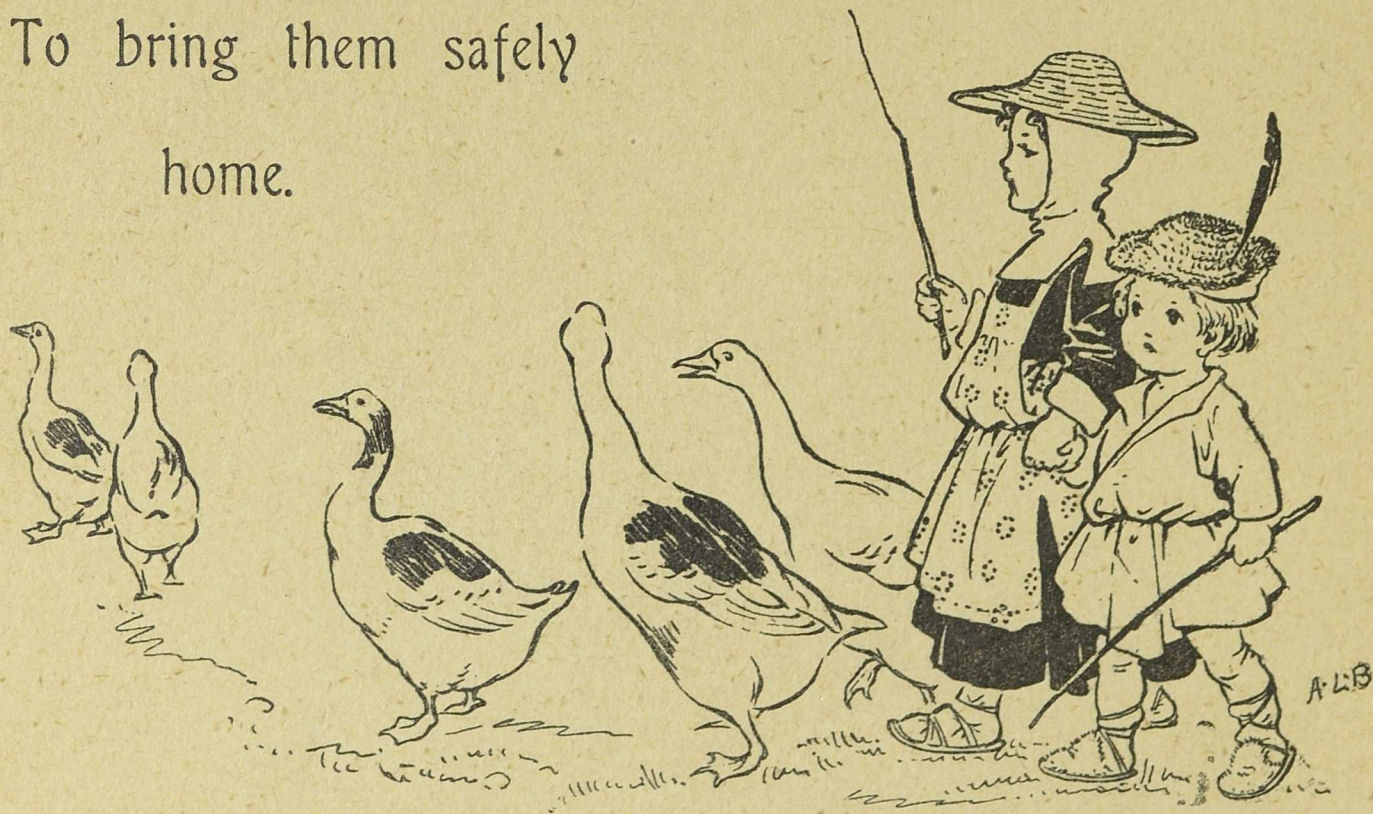
Clifton Bingham.





LITTLE FARMERS.

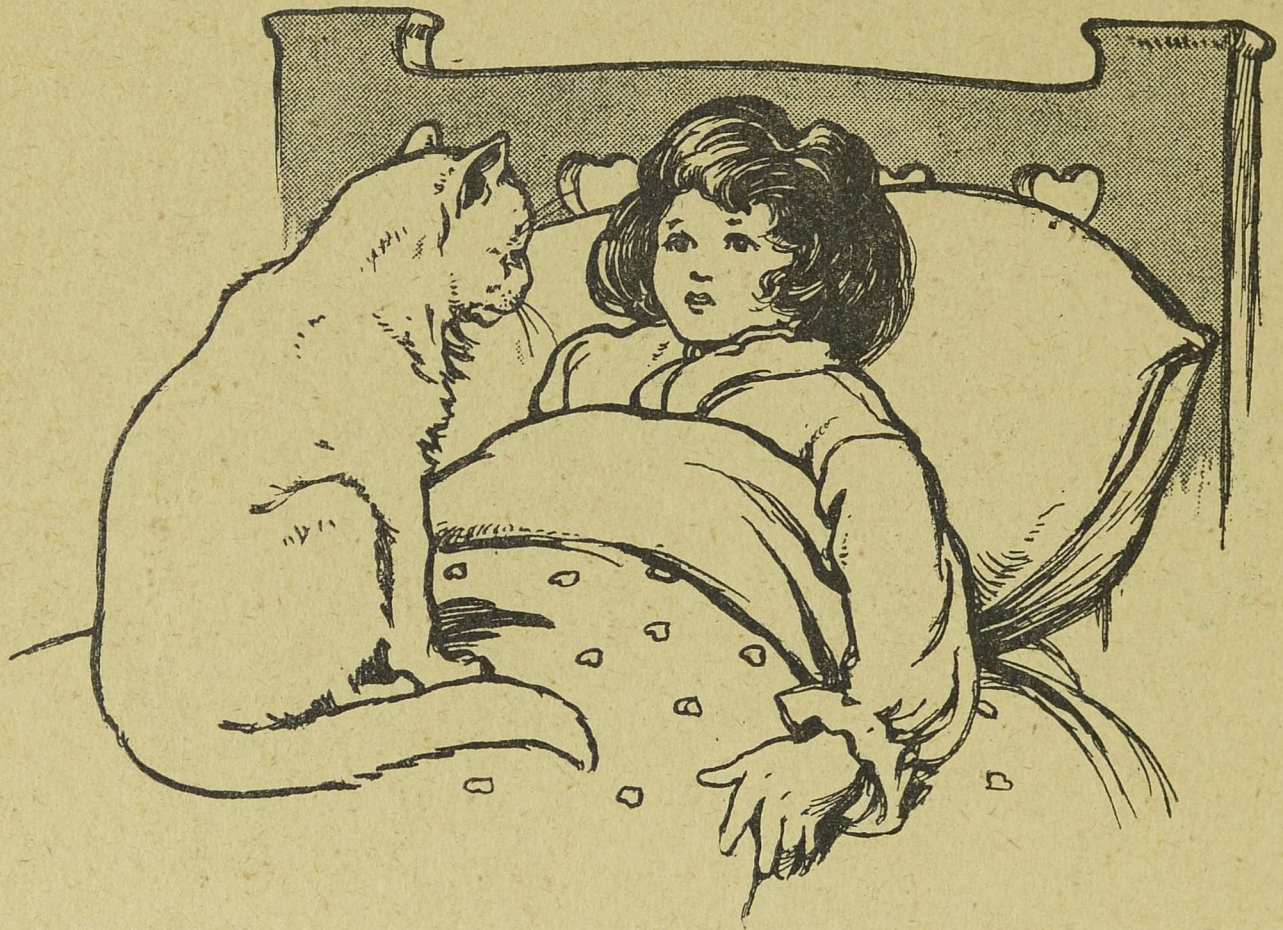
Before the flowers are well awake,
To meadows wet with dew
We drive the flock of snow-white geese,
To feed the morning through.
It is our task to watch them well,
For fear that they should roam;
And when the sun has gone to bed,
To bring them safely
home.





THE ELEPHANT TRUMPETS.

Mr. Elephant seems to know,
His own trumpet, how to blow.



A PAINFUL TALE.

As Phyllis lay asleep one night,
She dreamt that Tom, the cat,
Jumped up and sat upon her chest—

A painful matter, that,
And not at all desirable,
For Tom was big and fat!

So Phyllis scolded, and she tried
To drive the cat away
(All in her dream, of course): but Tom

Decided that he'd stay.

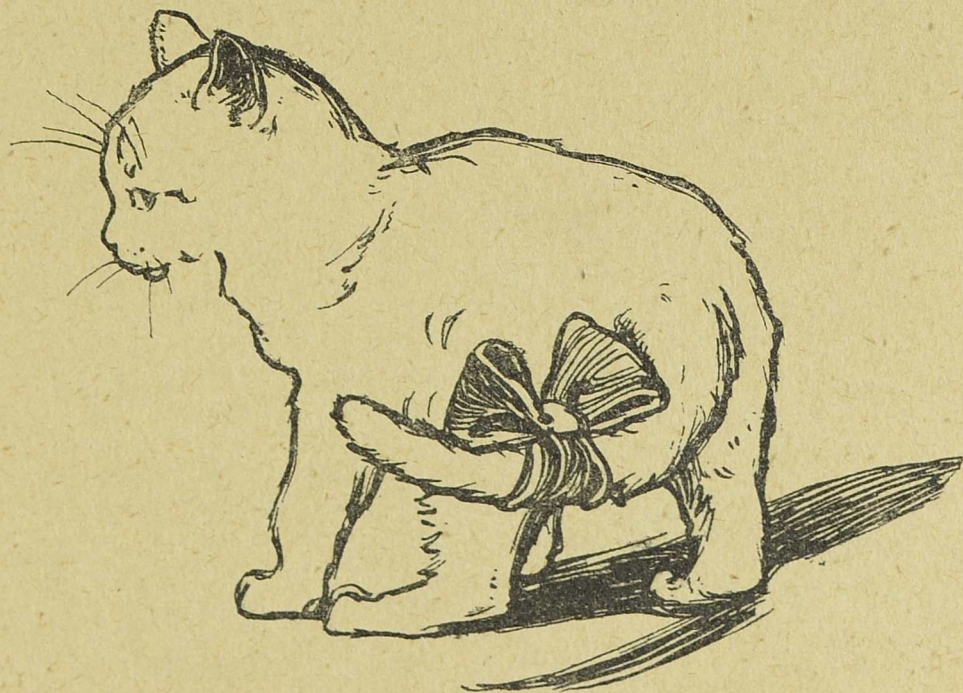
And when she begged him to depart,
He merely muttered: "Nay!"

"But, Tom," cried Phyllis, "do get up!
You hurt me more and more!"

"And you've hurt me," the cat replied,
"So many times before
That I've rebelled at last, you see—
My tail is still quite sore!"

Then Phyllis really cried aloud,
And with that piercing cry
She started up in bed and gave

A long-drawn, quivering sigh;
And wondered, as she rubbed her eyes,
That Nurse was standing by.



The child was trembling still, and cried,

In accents full of pain :

“It’s been a lesson to me, Nurse ;

It hasn’t been in vain ;

I’ll never do it any more,

No, never once again !”

“Hush, hush, my dearie !” Nurse began,

“And you that never ails !

This comes of eating suppers, child ;

I never heard such

wails.”

But Phyllis shook her head

and sobbed,

“It comes of

pulling

tails !”

Constance M. Lowe.



Afternoon Tea.

"Oh, how good of you to call,

When it is so wet and all!

Put your muff down—take a seat;

Your new hat and cloak are
sweet!

Would you like a cup of tea?

Kettle's singing merrily,

Puffing such a cloud of
steam—

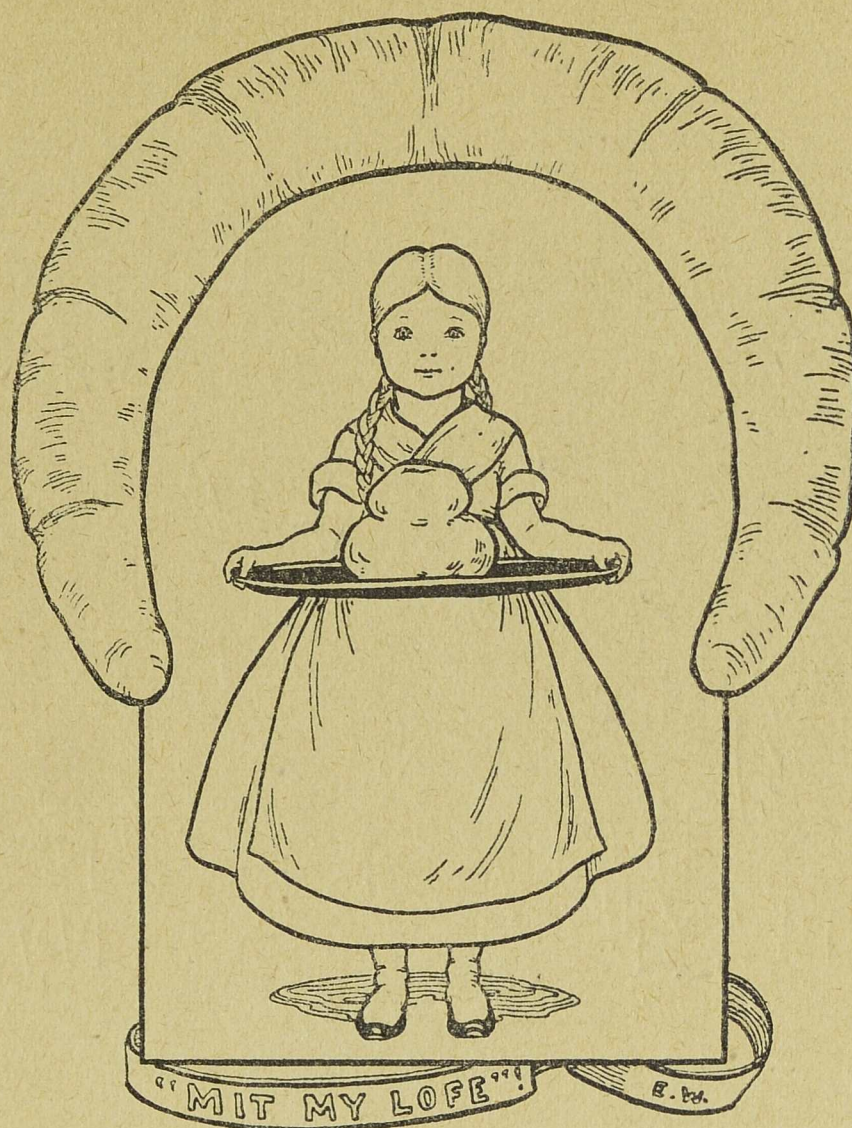
Sugar do you
take—and
cream?



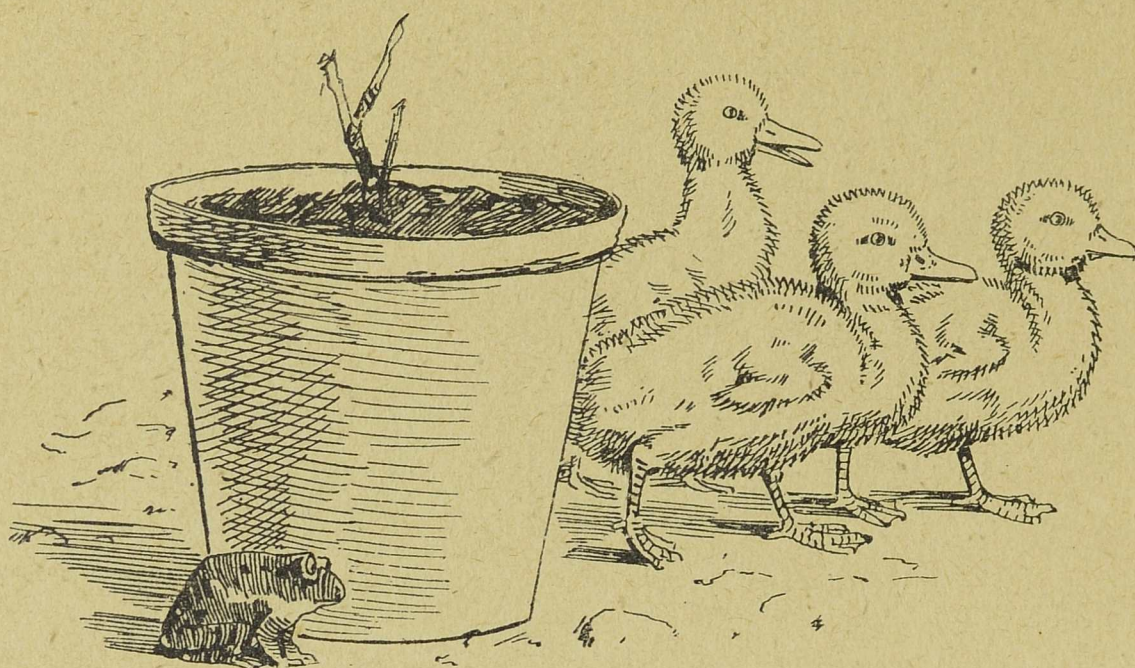


A FINE PORTRAIT.

Teddy Brown Bear boasts "R.A." to his name;
As a painter of portraits he's well known to fame;
He's painting King Lion, who sits in the chair;
You'll know him at once by his big head of hair.



“Dainty little maiden fair,
 With the primly braided hair,
 All the way from Germany,
 What have you to say to me?”
 Little maiden gave a smile,
 Looking so demure the while;
 Then polite, and quite well-bred,
 “Mit my lofe,” was all she said.



THE NIGHTMARE.

A youthful duckling found some peas,
And feasted, greedy as you please;

But when that night he went to
rest,

A nightmare sat upon his chest.

He turned and twisted,

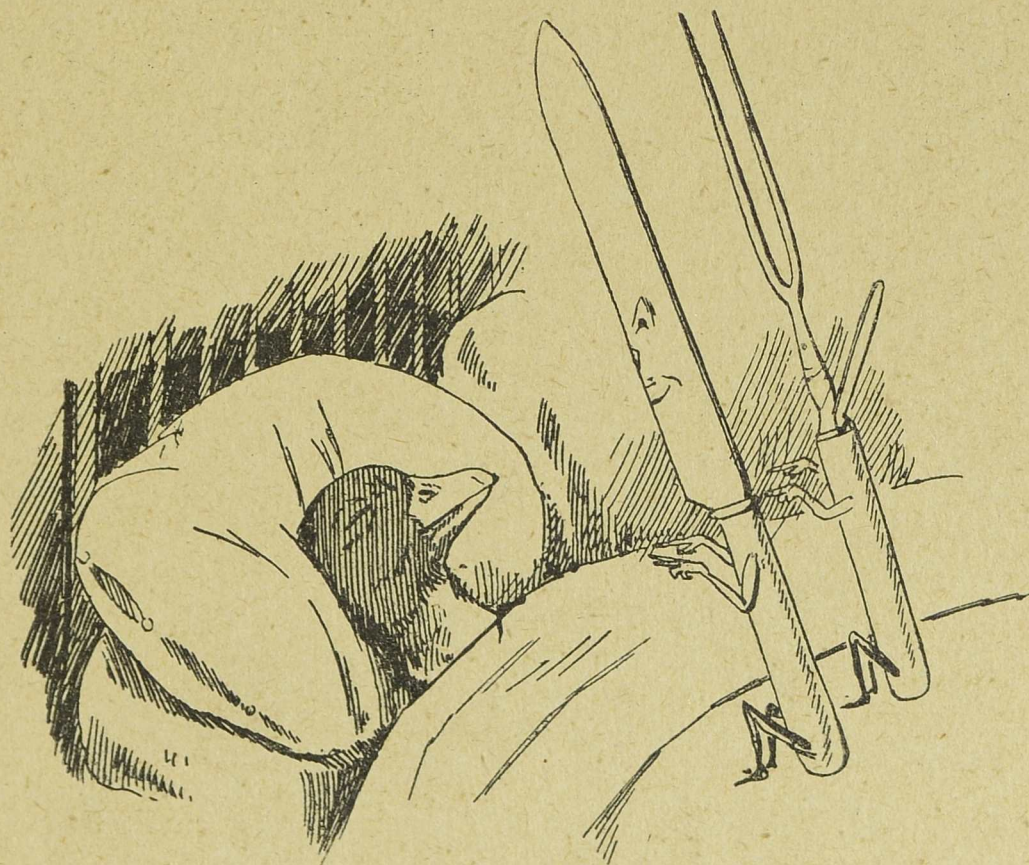
sighed and groaned,

He quacked and struggled, whined and
moaned,

Then woke up with a dreadful scream
To find that nightmare was a dream.

And now he's older, if you please,
He shivers when you whisper "peas."

C. B.





A BAD STROKE.

Teddy Brown Bear, when he's at play,

Golfs on the links the whole of the day.



The Trip to Greenland.

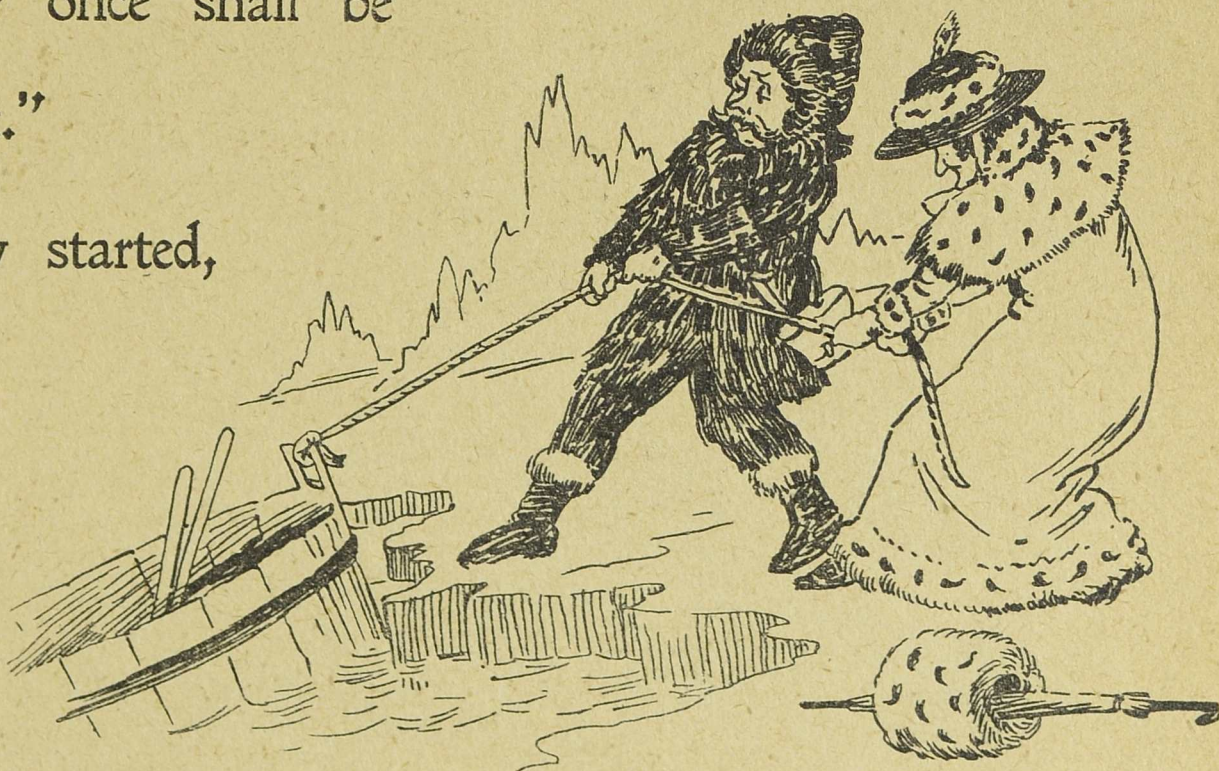
Said Mr. to Mrs. Esquimaux,

“My dear, for a little trip we’ll go;

Many a boat is a tub, I note,

A tub for once shall be
a boat.”

So off they started,
full of
glee,



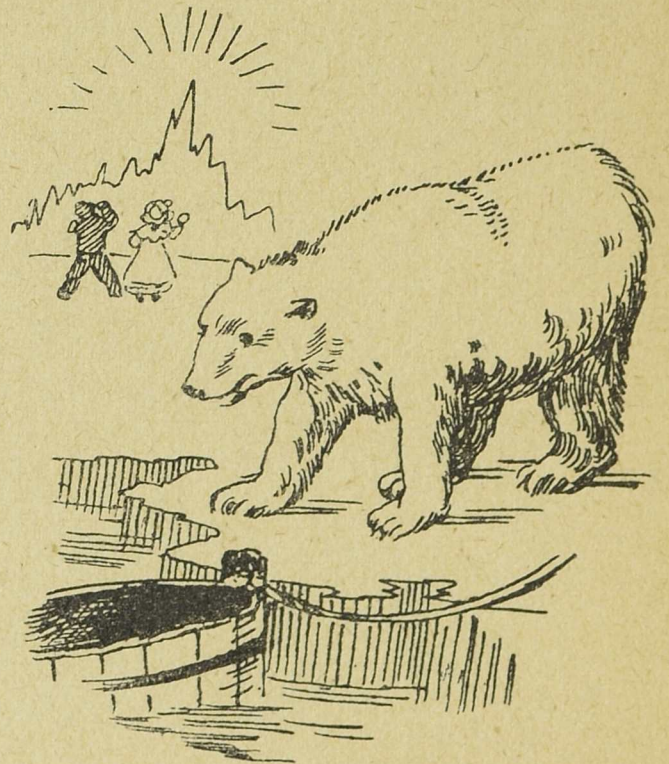


And rowed to Greenland
o'er the sea;

And when they landed on
the ice,

They both exclaimed:

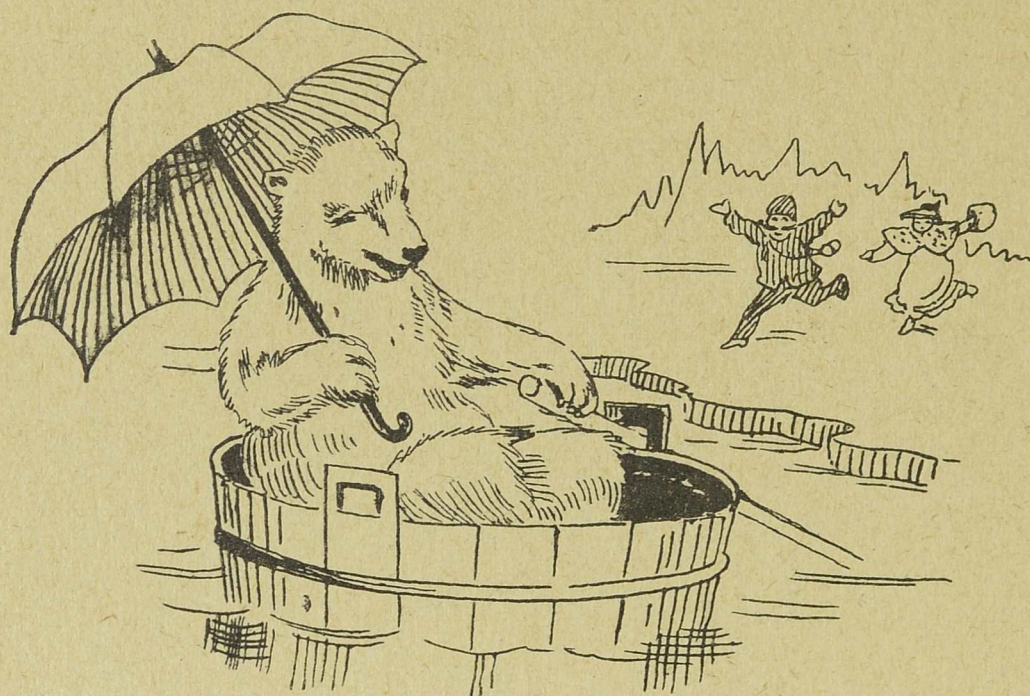
"Now this is
nice!"





SEA DOGS.

Cried Mrs. Kingcharles, "Oh, hold me tight!
I'm in a sadly unhappy plight;
The boat will not keep for a moment still,
And, oh dear, oh dear, but I do feel ill!"



But presently a Polar Bear

Came by and saw their

fine boat there;

“I’ll take a trip,

and go,” said he,

“My cousins at the

Zoo to see!”

Poor Mr. and Mrs. Esquimaux

Came back in time

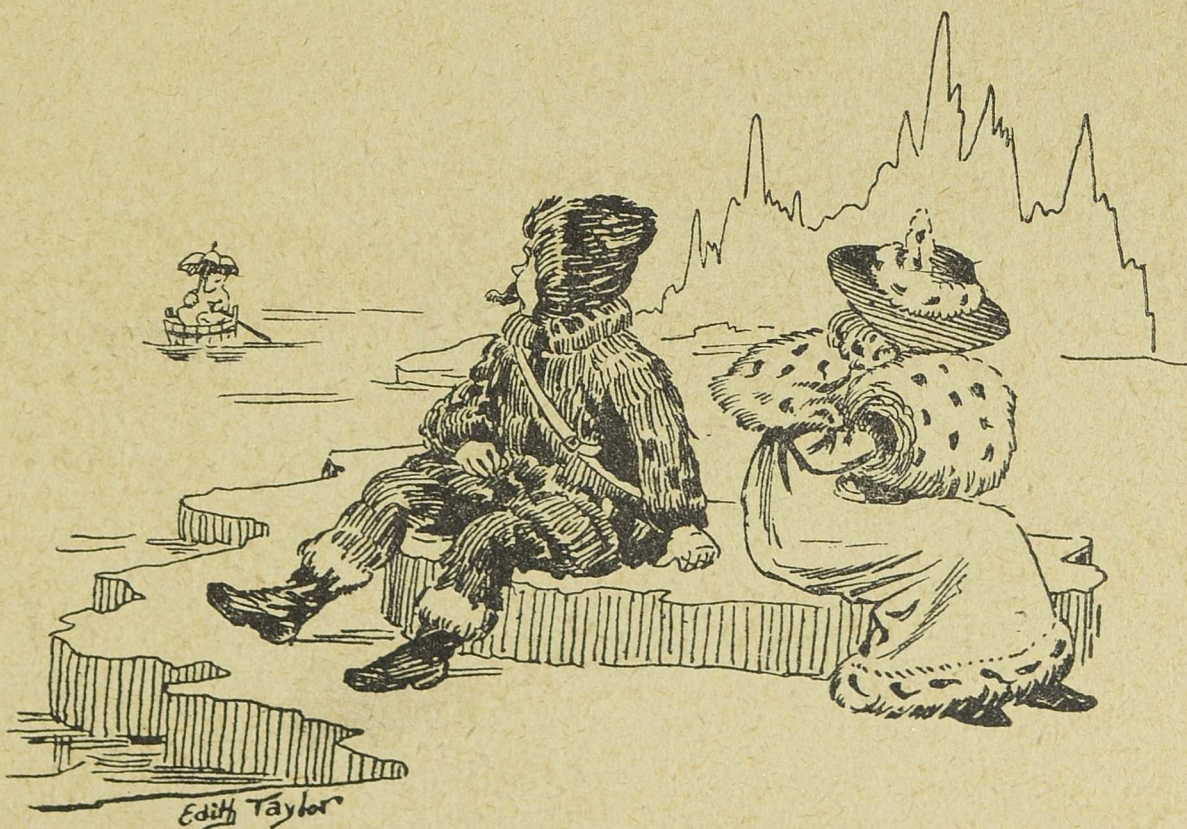
to see him go ;

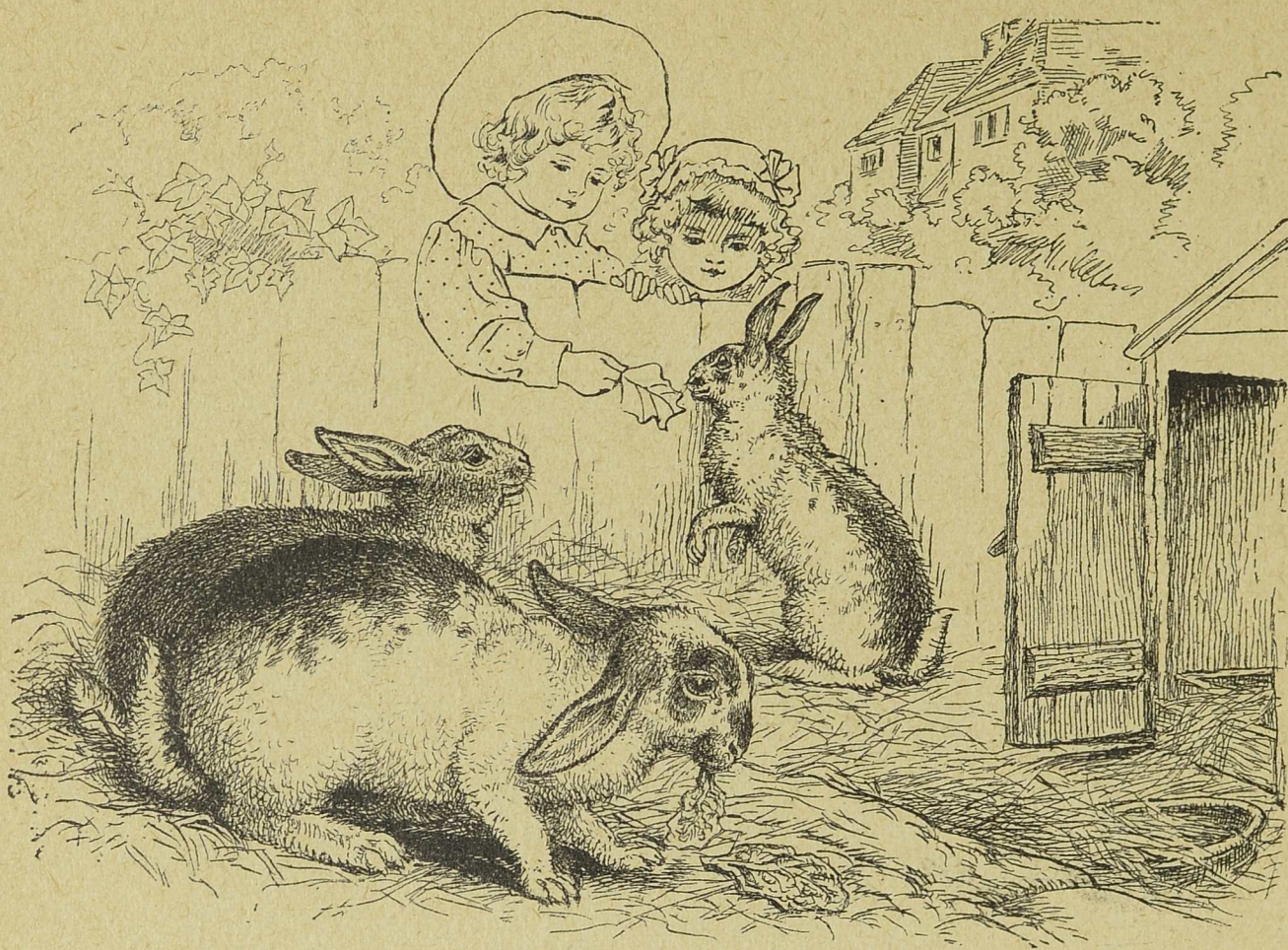
And there they are,

and there they'll be

Until that Bear comes

back from sea !





Mother, as a Little Girl.

THAT picture of a little girl

That hangs upon the staircase wall?

Why, that was Mother, long ago—

We children love it best of all.

A well-known artist painted it,

And Mother often tells us how

She fretted and refused to sit,

Though she's so still and patient now.

The gay and pretty dress she wore

Was all the mode in those old days,

And "it became her vastly well,"

As dear old Granny quaintly says.

Now Mother's hair is silver grey,
But it was once as brown as mine;
I'm something like her as she was
In what dear Gran calls "auld lang syne"!

Well, Mother could be naughty then—

The artist had to coax her so
To keep her still, until he found
How fond she was of pets, you know.

And then he had a lucky thought,
And one fine morning when she went
To gather lavender for Gran,
To put into her bags of scent—

She found a grand new rabbit-hutch
Beside the sunny garden wall.

Where lavender and roses
grew,

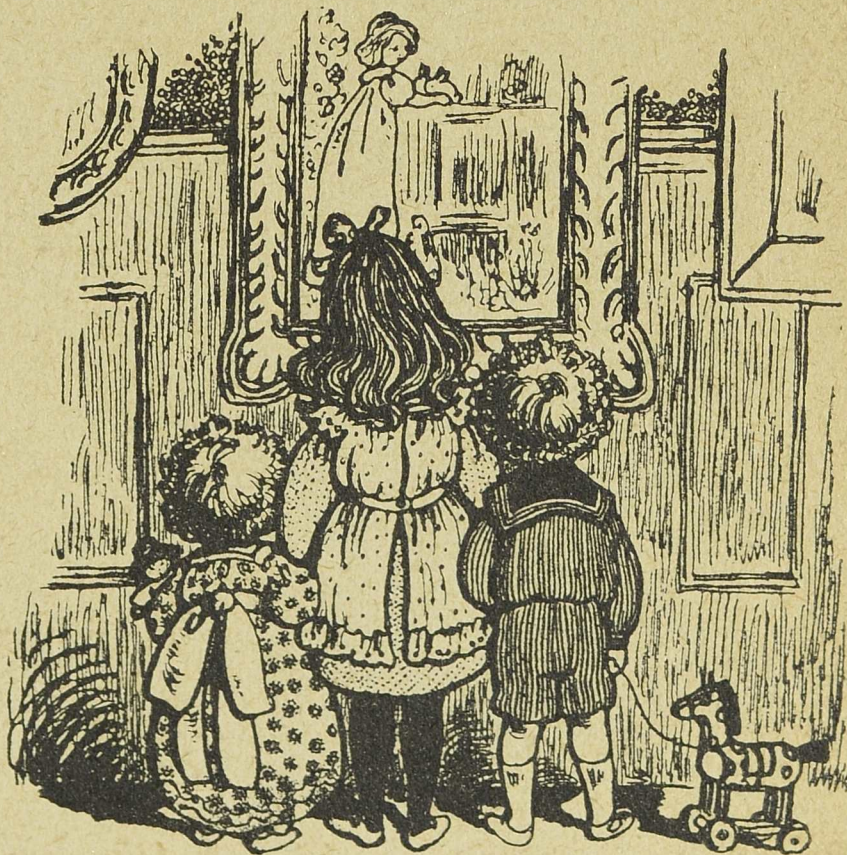
And hollyhocks, so straight
and tall.

And in the hutch were furry
things,

With glossy ears of beauty
rare,

And it was labelled, large and
plain—

*"For Lady Betty—this, with
care."*



MOTHER, AS A LITTLE GIRL.



A rabbit white, a rabbit black,
One piebald, and, the best
of all—

For Mother so loved baby things—
Two baby rabbits, soft and
small.

Her little heart was full of joy,
And when the artist came
that day,

She said how good and still
she'd be,

If she might with the rabbits
play.

And so he sketched her as she
stood,

Beside the tall gay hollyhocks,

And loved her rabbits, while the sun
Played blithely with her curly locks;

She never minded standing when
He said he'd paint the bunnies too;
And that he'd let her come and look
At every portrait that he drew.

When the big picture was complete
They sent it up to London Town,
And hung it "on the line," I'm told—
Where all great artists' work is shown.

'Twas thought so very beautiful,
And Grannie says that "sums untold"



BROTHER BLACK RABBITS.



Were offered for it, but, you see,
She loved it more than mines of gold.

Now Father often laughs, and says
He saw that picture when a lad,
And fell in love with it at once—

I think it was just sweet of Dad!

For Mother was a grown-up girl
When first they met, but still he knew
It was the very self-same face
That pleased him at the "private view."

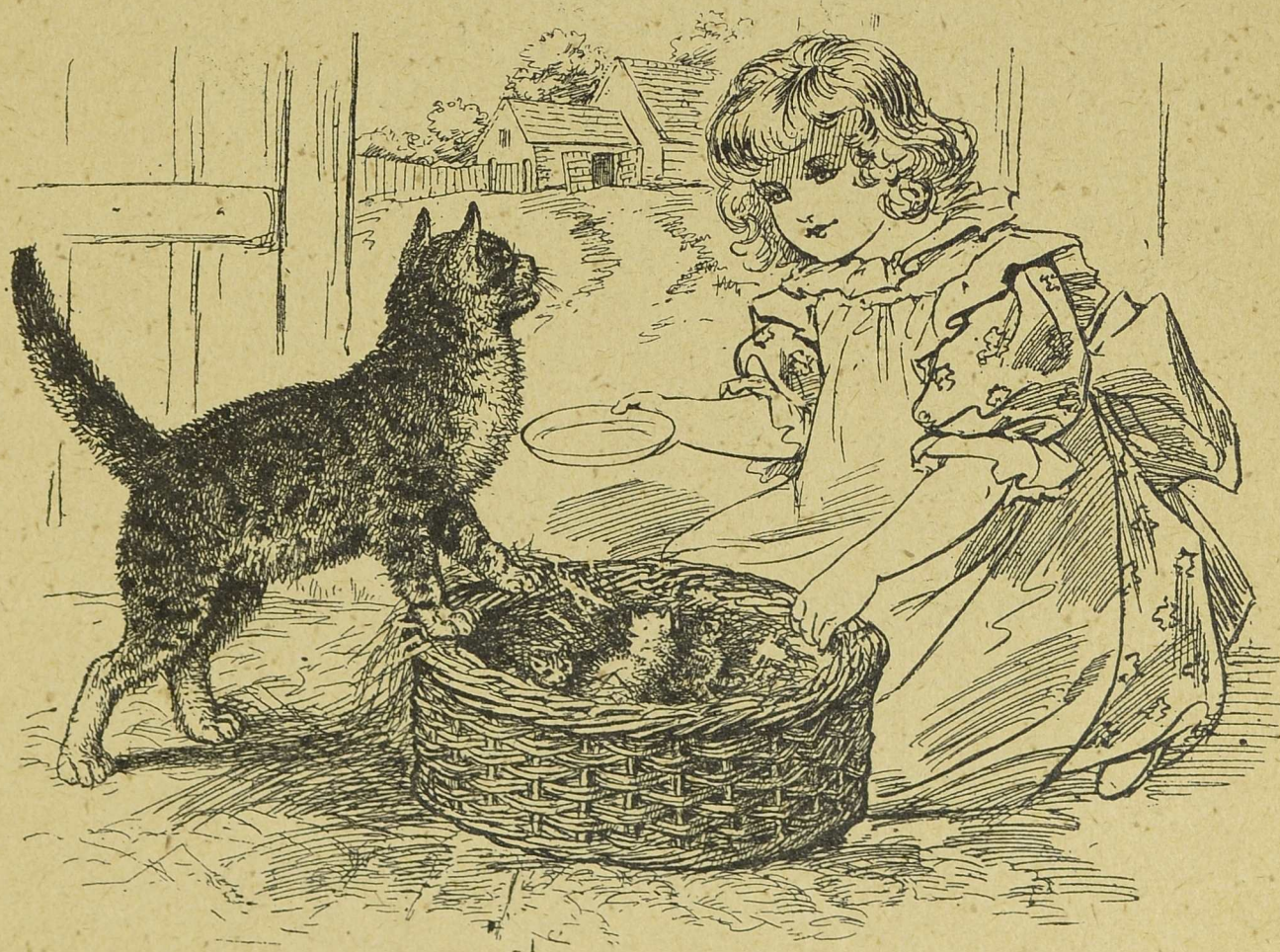
And Mother tells us how she loved
Her gentle rabbits, great and small,
And often held them up to see
Their portraits on the staircase wall.

And Grannie says she's always grown
The hollyhocks, so tall and gay,
In the same garden border where
They flourished in that by-gone day.

And when the great hall fire is lit
On rainy day or wintry night,
We children on the staircase sit,
And chatter in the dancing light;

For many a famous portrait's there,
In fashion old, or armour dressed,
But "Mother, as a little girl,"
Is still the one we love the best.

Helen Marion Burnside.





"HUSH-A-BYE-BABY."

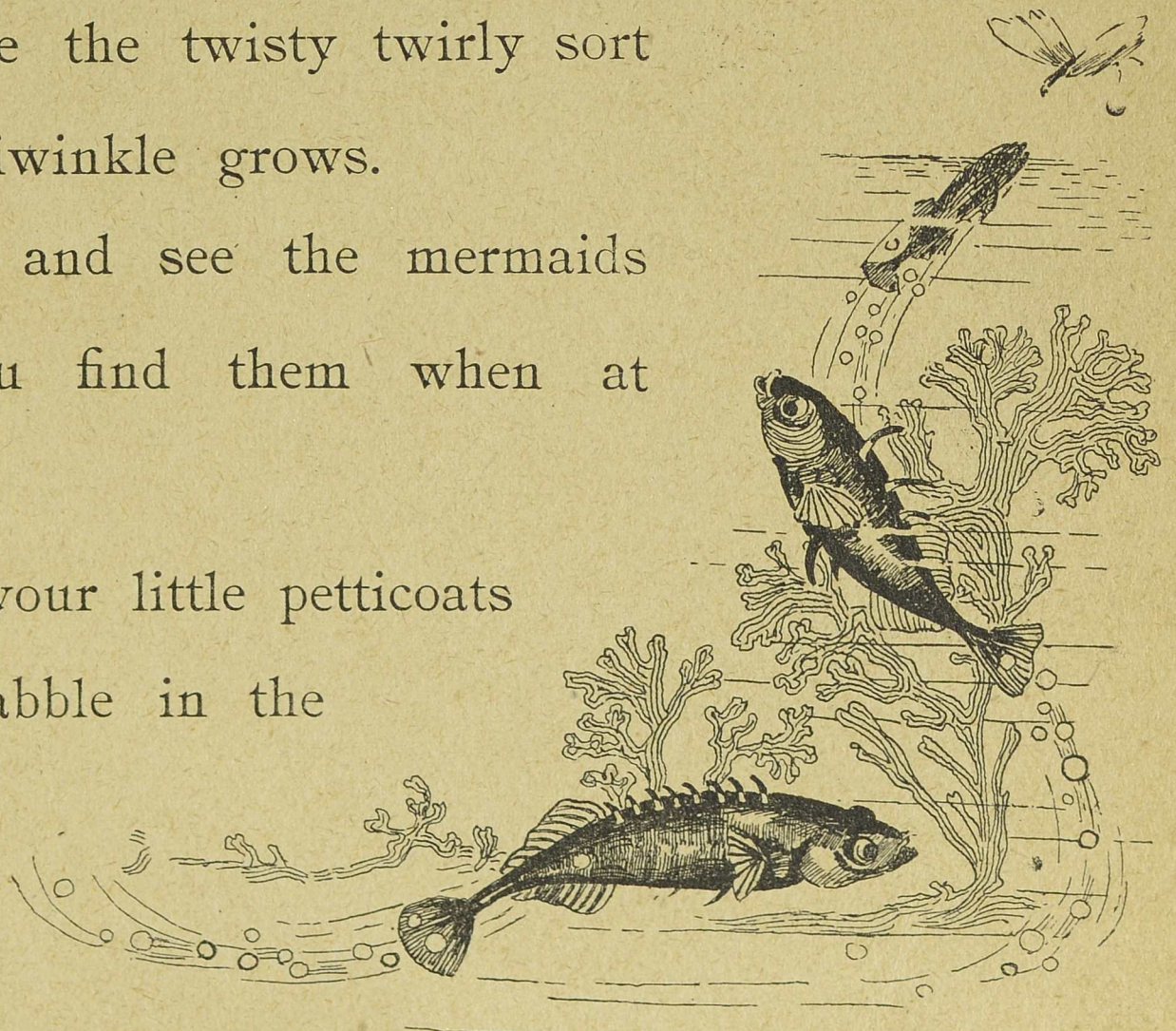
Signor Hippo sings a song—

His notes are deep, his voice is strong.

THE MERRY MERMAIDS.

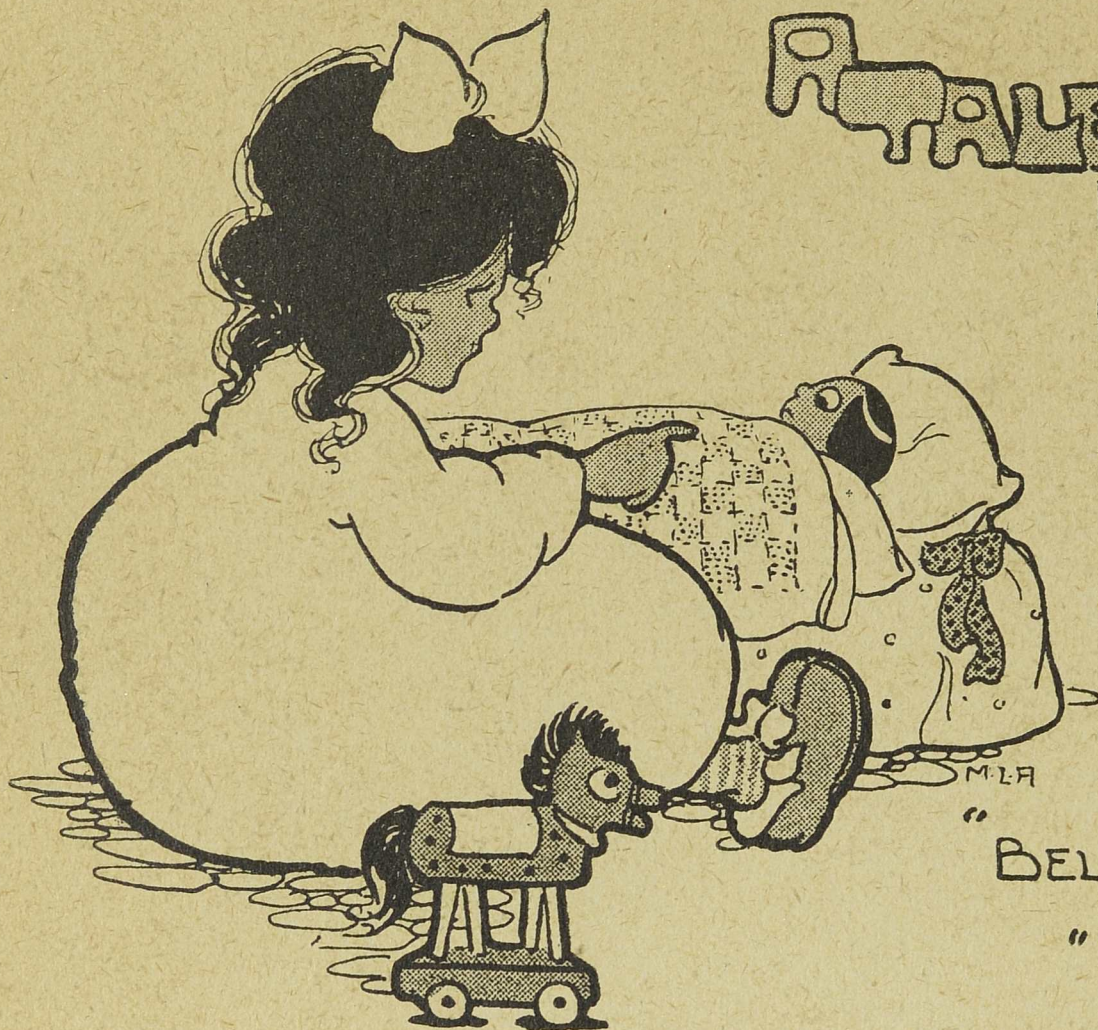
Oh, come unto the yellow sands, for that's
the place for fun,
Come where the calves-feet jelly fish are
melting in the sun;
Come where the creepy, crawly crabs are
longing for your toes,
And where the twisty twirly sort
of periwinkle grows.
Oh, come and see the mermaids
as you find them when at
home;
Tuck up your little petticoats
and dabble in the
foam.

R. K. Mounsey.



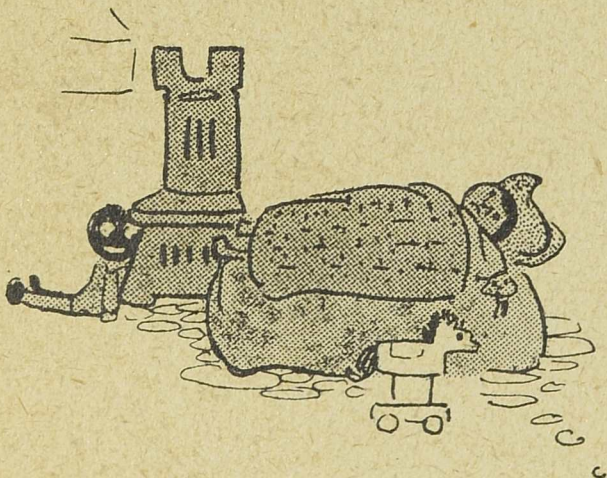
A TALE OF BAD BELINDA.

BY
M. L. ATTWELL.



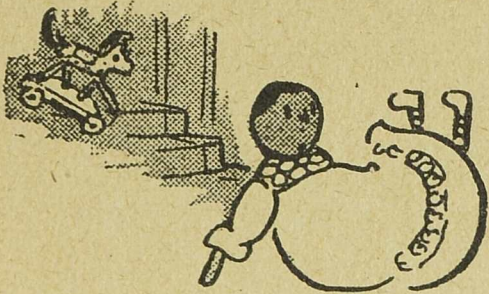
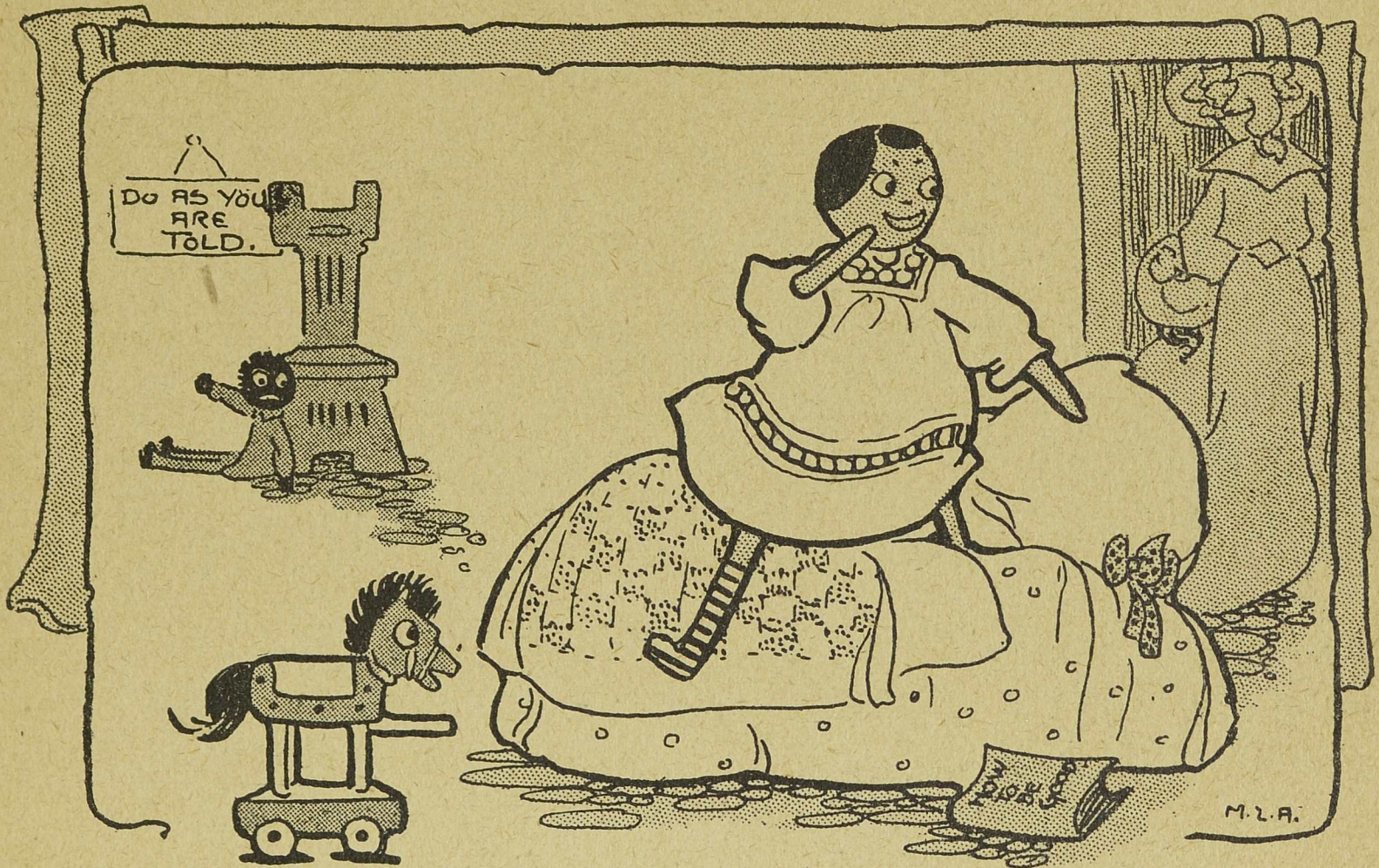
"BELINDA JANE"
SAID ELSIE MAY
"I WANT YOU TO BE GOOD
TO-DAY

FOR I AM GOING OUT
WITH MY MAMMA . SO YOU MUST
STAY
IN BED - I SHAN'T
BE
LONG
AWAY



SO
DONT
BEGIN
TO POUT."





AWAY SHE WENT, THEN LINDA JANE -
"O! NAUGHTY!" CRIED THE HORSE

IN PAIN -

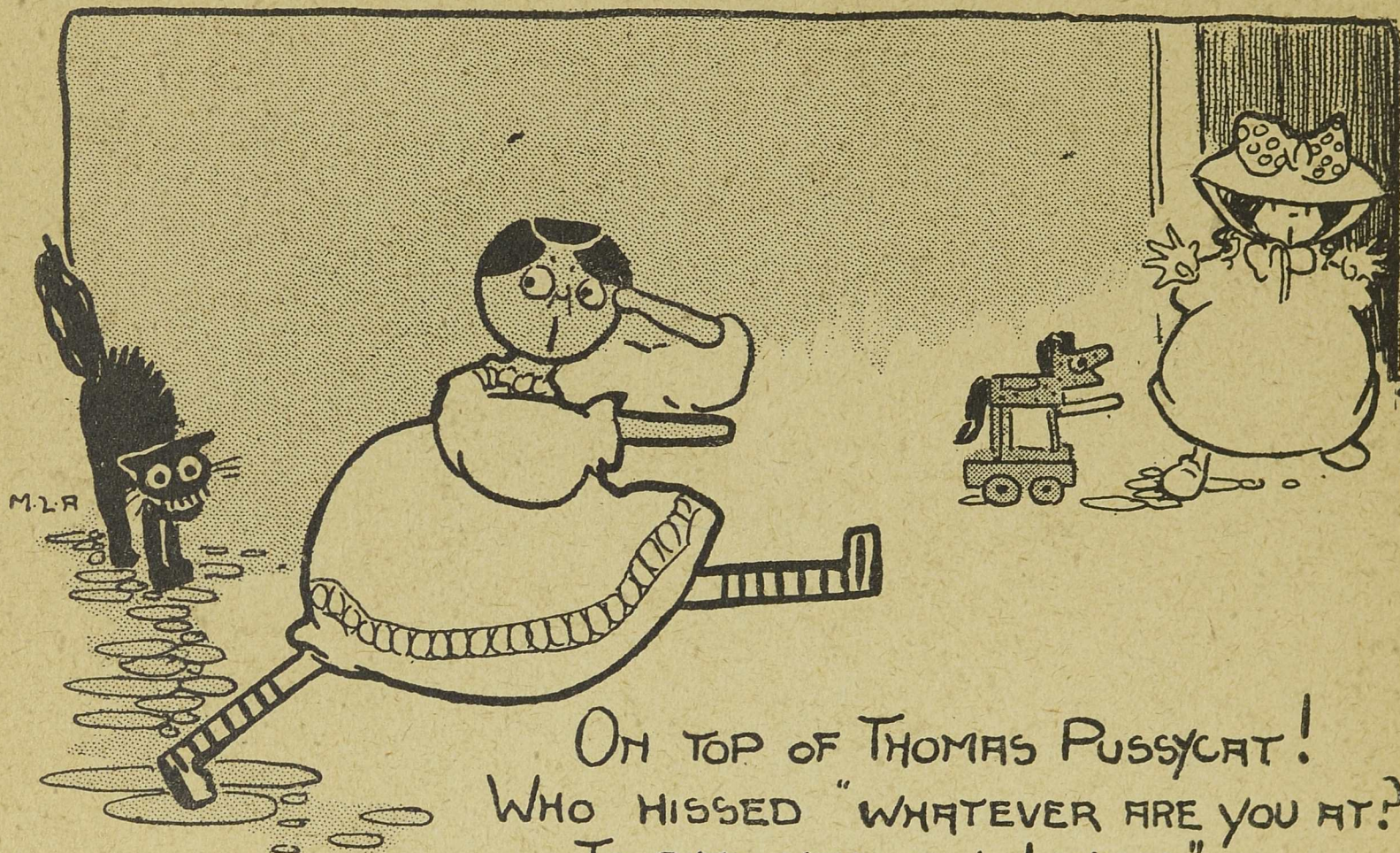
JUMPED STRAIGHTWAY OUT

OF
BED

THEN
THRO' THE DOOR
WHEN
UNAWARES

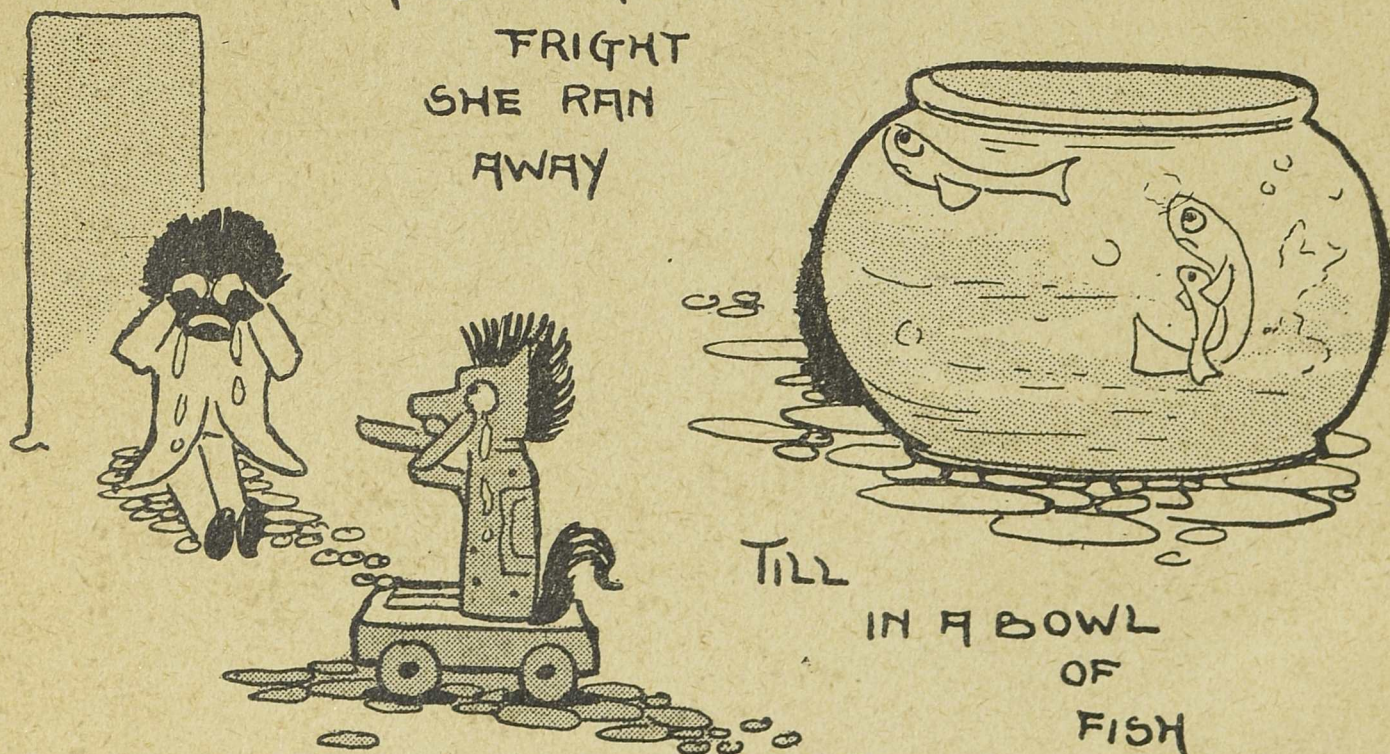
SHE TUMBLED - BUMP - BUMP -
DOWN THE STAIRS
AND LANDED -
ON HER
HEAD -



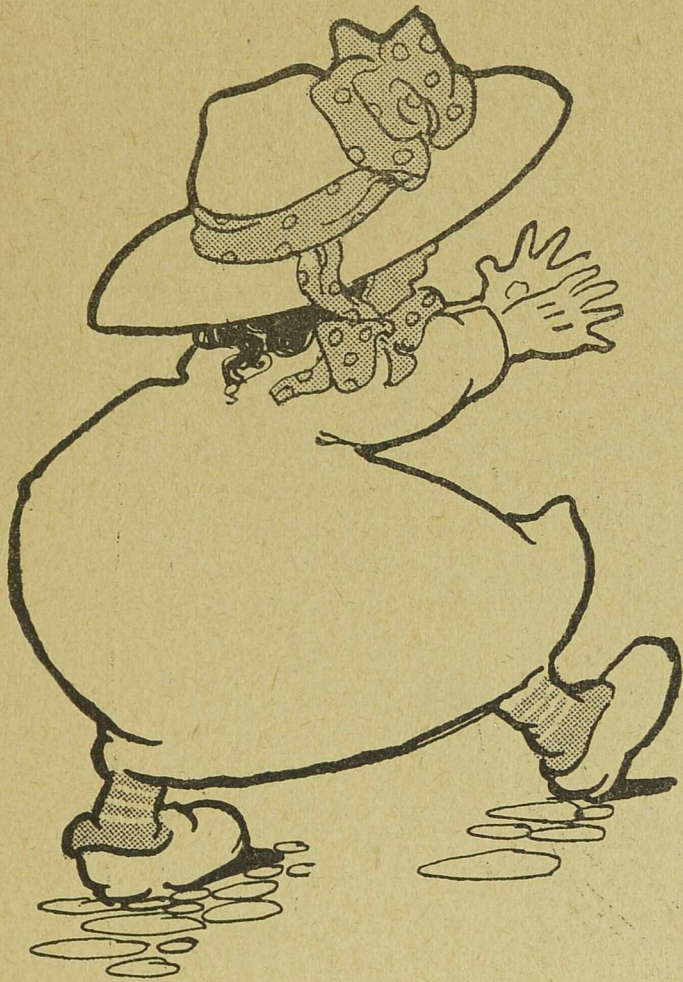


ON TOP OF THOMAS PUSSYCAT!
 WHO HISSED "WHATEVER ARE YOU AT?
 TO BITE YOU NOW I WISH".
 BUT 'LINDA SHRIEKED
 "I CANNOT STAY"

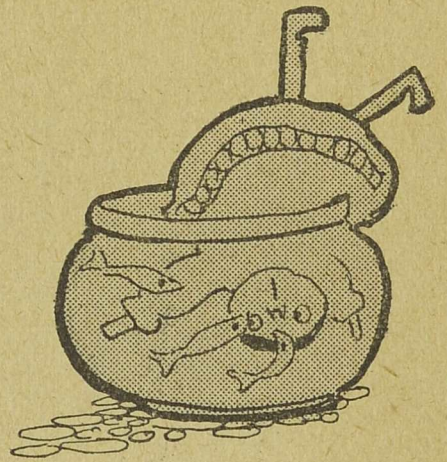
AND IN HER
 FRIGHT
 SHE RAN
 AWAY



TILL
 IN A BOWL
 OF
 FISH



SHE
FELL !!



AND CAUGHT A
DREADFUL
COLD—
THRO' DOING NOT
AS SHE WAS
TOLD.



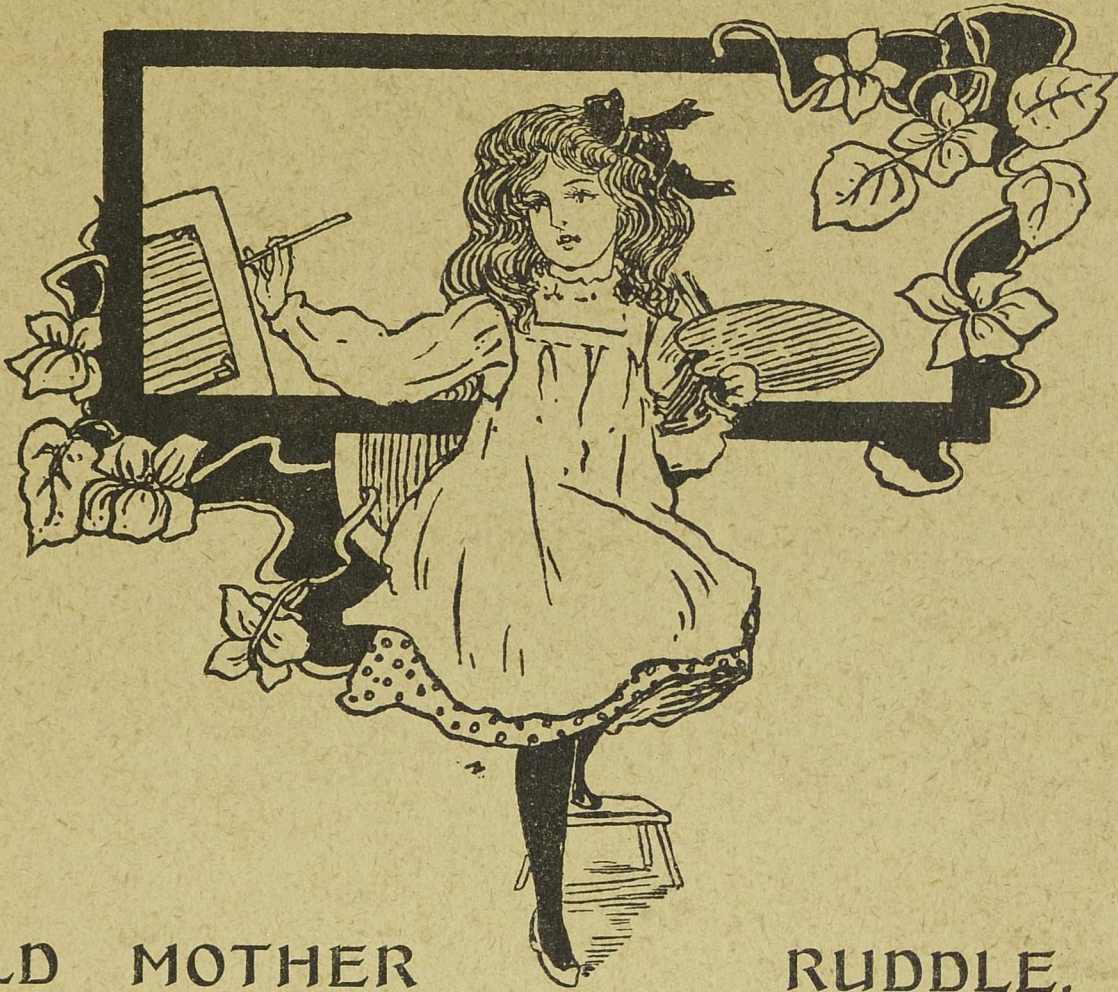


TWO FISHERMEN.

Two fishermen sat in a punt all day,
But never the bite of a fish got they.

"There can't be a fish in the river," they thought.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the fish, "we don't want to be caught."



OLD MOTHER

RUDDLE.

Old Mother Ruddle! She lived in a muddle;

She couldn't exist without something to cuddle!

The babies adored her for miles around;

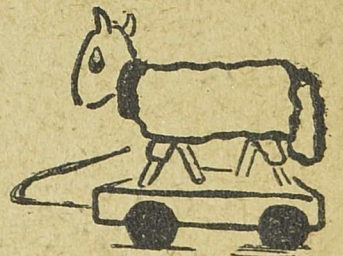
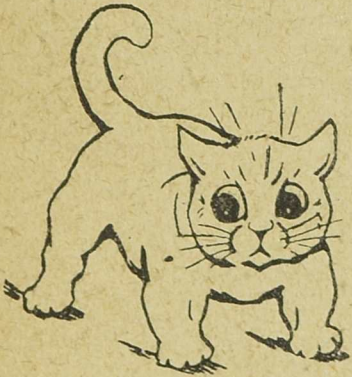
Her home was their happiest hunting-ground.

She'd cats in plenty and dogs

by the score;

She'd birds, and gold-fish,

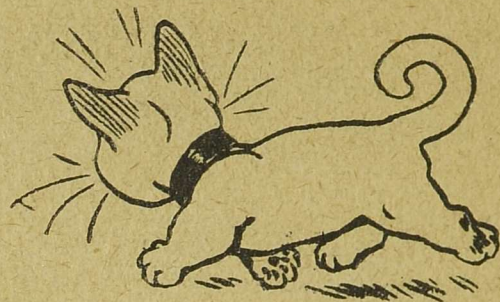
and frogs galore—





Now, where is the baby could
wish for more?

And oh! the sweetstuff she
kept so handy!



The chocolate, toffee, and sugar-candy;

The peppermint-sticks and the balls of
brandy!

Her place was sticky without a doubt;

There was never a single chair
about;

And though that was a thing
one could do without,

Still, with dogs on the table and
birds on the shelf,

One didn't quite know where to
put one's self!



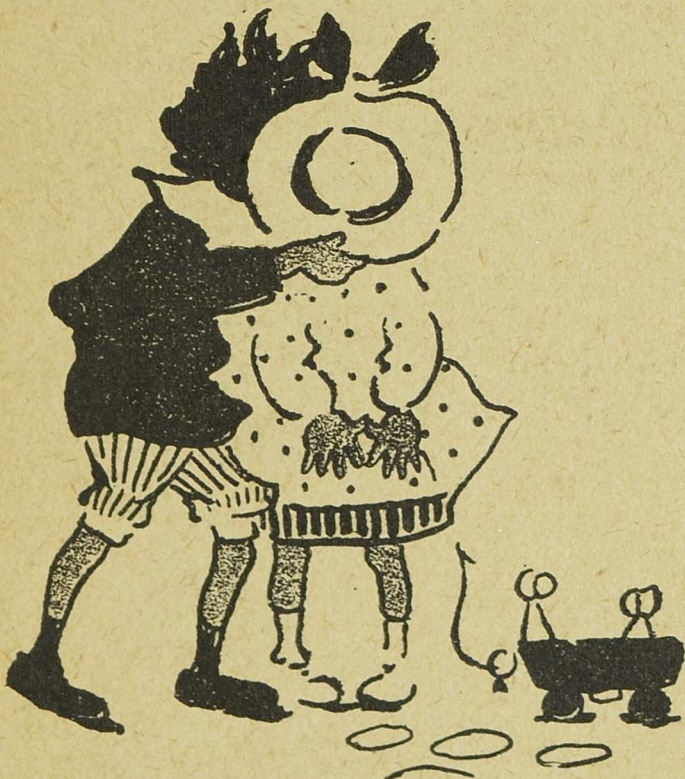
But weren't her breakfasts and
dinner nice!
No bread-and-milk, and no greens
nor rice,
But plenty of jam-puffs, with
perhaps an ice.



Old Mother Ruddle, she loved to
please:
The cats she'd hug, and the dogs she'd
squeeze.

Whilst the frogs
played at leapfrog across
her knees.

Thus she spent her days
in perfect bliss,
With beasties to fondle and
babes to kiss.



OLD MOTHER RUDDLE.

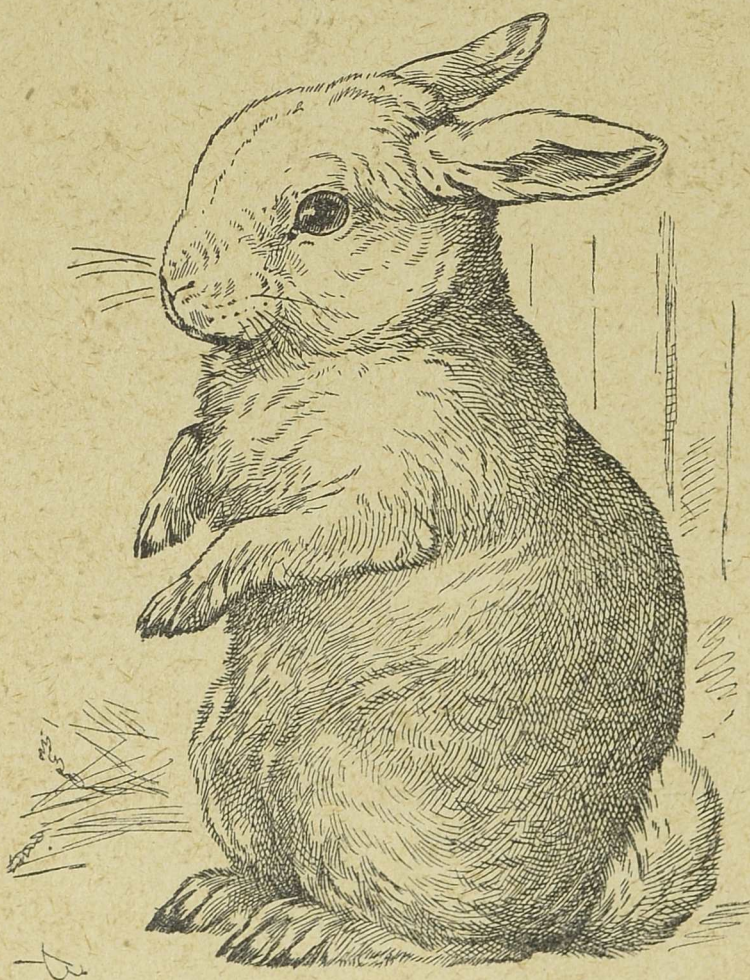


Was there ever a
dearer old soul
than this?



Old Mother Ruddle! She lived in a
muddle,
But *she* didn't mind while she'd something
to cuddle!

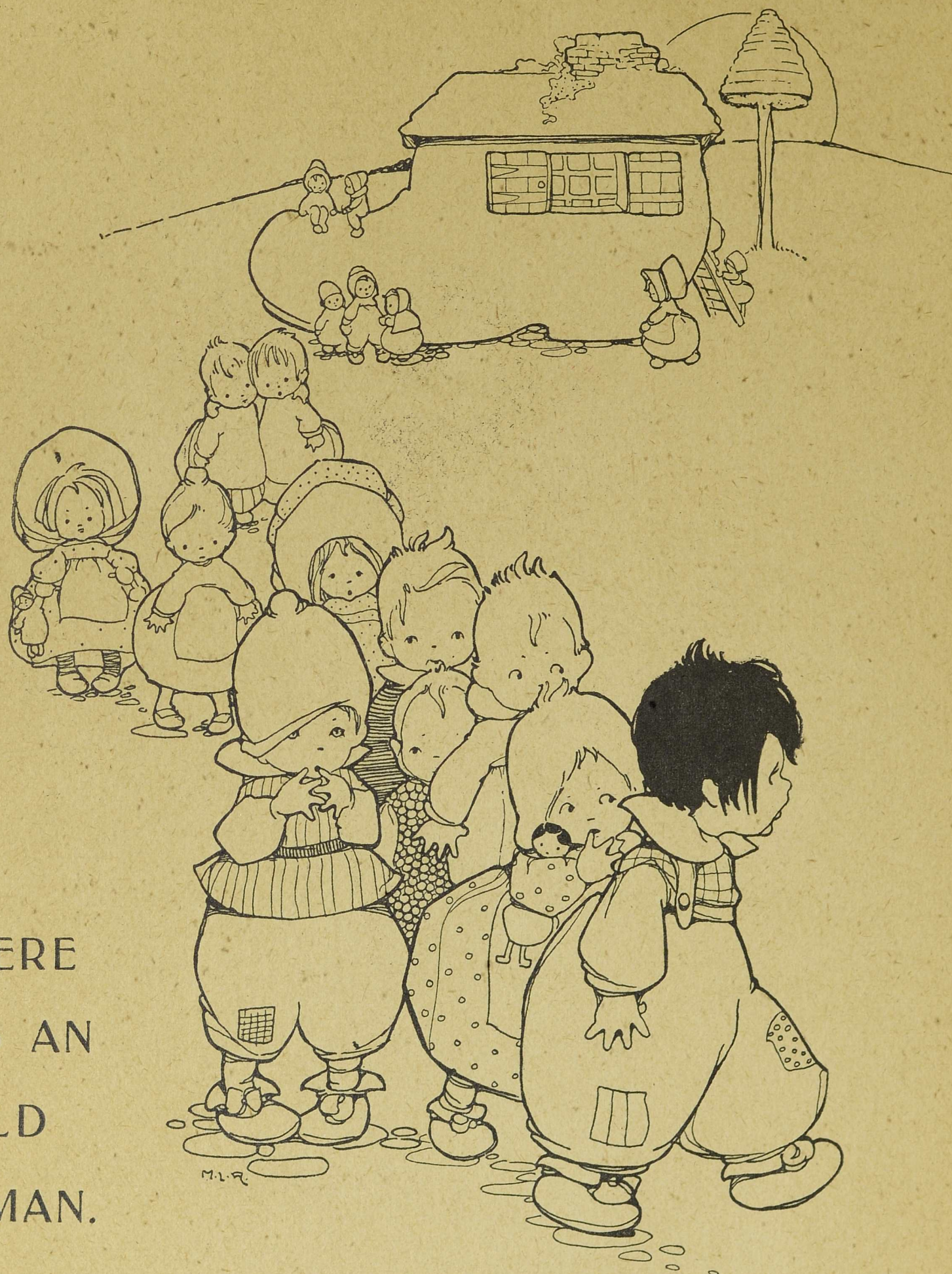
Irma Blanckensee.





CLEARING THE ROAD.

When Rhino's motor horn is heard, it's time then to begin
To hurry and to scurry, if you wish to save your skin!



THERE
WAS AN
OLD
WOMAN.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do,
So she gave them some broth without any bread,
And whipped them all round, and sent them to bed.



PAT A CAKE, PAT A CAKE !

"Pat a cake, pat a cake, Baker's man !"

"So I do, Master, as fast as I can."

"Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
And put it in the oven for Baby and me."



A LONG NECK-TO-NECK GALLOP.

At the seaside, don't you know, a Donkey may be slow;
A Giraffe's the thing for riding, with a Bear to make him go.



Beneath a Rose tree is a nook
 Where oft I take my Story-book;
 There through the Sunny hours I lie,
 You cannot tell how quick they fly—
 And nothing comes to visit me
 Save now and then a Humble-bee.

PINK-TIPPED DAISIES.

How I love to sing your praises,
 Gold-eyed, pink-tipped, darling daisies;

Lifting up your happy faces

Deep among the meadow places;

Closing tight your pretty flowers

In the restful twilight hours.

Little gold-eyed, pink-tipped daisies,

How I love to sing your praises!



A TUNE ABOUT ROSES.

See, here is a beautiful maiden,

She's playing a beautiful tune,

And the time is the early morning,

And the month is the month of June.

She's playing a tune about roses,

Sweet roses all crimson and white,



All hanging on high in a garden,
Under the brilliant sun's light.

The blossoms are stooping to listen,
The birds are forgetting to sing,
And butterflies flitting about her,
Come dancing around in a ring.

The bees cease their humming
to hearken,
The streams cease their
rippling to hear,
Her brother and sister,
unheeding,
Are playing the game to
them dear.





“Good-bye !

Till we meet again.”



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