

WARD'S ISLAND WEEKLY



Vol. 2, No. 10

WARD'S ISLAND, TORONTO

September 12, 1918

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WARD'S ISLAND SERVICE FLAG



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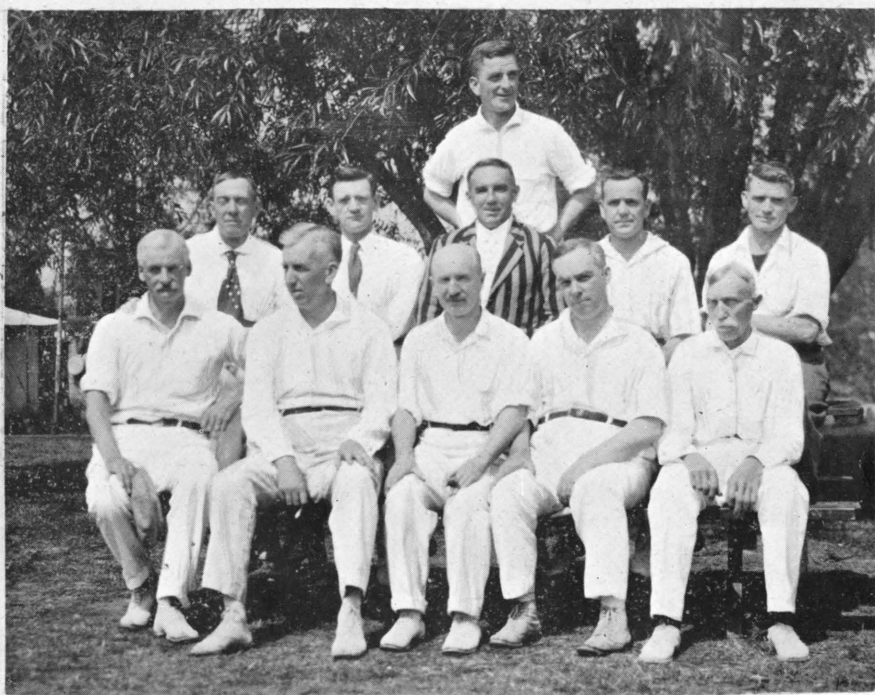




The Wiman Shelter, Centre of all Activities
The Burlesque Baseball Team



The Masquerades



The Dingbats—Baseball Champions
The 1919 Executive

WARD'S ISLAND WEEKLY

Official organ of the
WARD'S ISLAND ASSOCIATION

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GEO. GOULDING, *Editor*

Publication Committee:

GEORGE GOULDING

WILLIAM T. GREGORY

FRED REED

JAS. G. WILSON

WHY NOT!

Commend the ladies for their enthusiasm in bowling. The season has been very interesting, and ended in a close and exciting contest between the winners of the two sections. Miss Christmans Rink won over Mrs. Corin by a score of 19 to 18.

Bend our efforts to obtaining part of the old orchard for bowling next season. It will furnish excellent greens for ourselves, and at the same time give us the opportunity of entertaining rinks from Centre Island and the city.

Have a water carnival included in next year's programme. Lanterns could be strung along the boat landing and across the lagoon, while prizes could be given for most gaily decorated canoes, sail boats and launches. The contests might be open to all comers.

Encourage the sailing. There will be a number of new dinghies on the Island next season. And we should make every endeavor to maintain the high standard which the boys have set during recent years. Since the Ruth is for sale it might be wise to keep it on the Island.

Agree that the proceeds, amounting to some \$80, taken at the concert recently for mailing packages to our boys, is expressive of the deep feeling we have for them. It was a voluntary offering.

Remember the kiddies. Plan for them a wholesome play-ground as suggested

in a former issue. It would be one of the sights of our Island and furnish amusement for both the old and the young.

Fight for no more Sunday boats. They are wanted by very few. Let us enjoy one quiet and restful day each week.

Resolve to hold no more meetings of the "Knights of St. David" until after the war.

Keep in mind a new club house. Everything comes from serious thought and planning. We have the various sports—all we need is a home for them. Sailing, dancing, swimming, baseball, bowling, etc., in fact every phase of our Island life needs such a building.

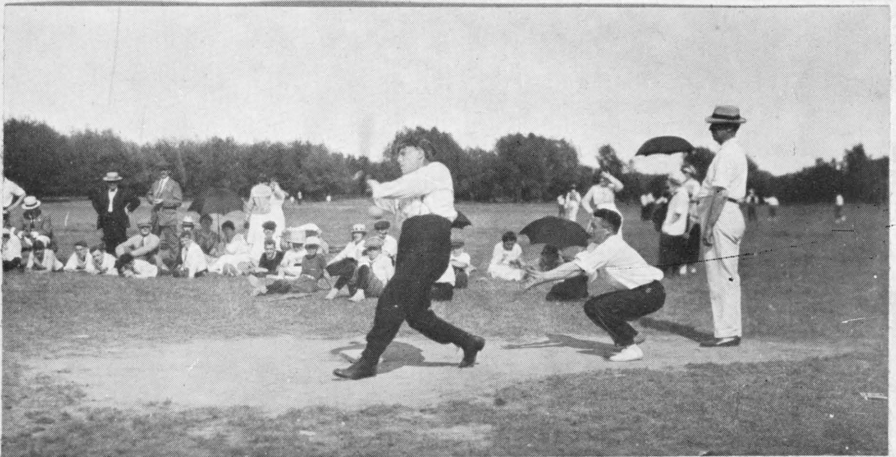
Stay until October's new moon peeps out and welcomes us back to our city homes. The month of September is the healthiest and most enjoyable one on the Island. Stay and let us make it one never to be forgotten.

Commend the work of Controller McBride in connection with the Sunday evening services. He has gradually increased the attendance by furnishing local talent of unusual merit until the shelter is surrounded by crowds unable to find room within. Our only regret is that the season is nearly over, for this song service has developed into one of the most enjoyable events of our summer's pleasure.

Have a minstrel show next season. The talent is here, and the men also who can whip it into shape. Think it over, and let's get together so the plans can be arranged before the snow flies.

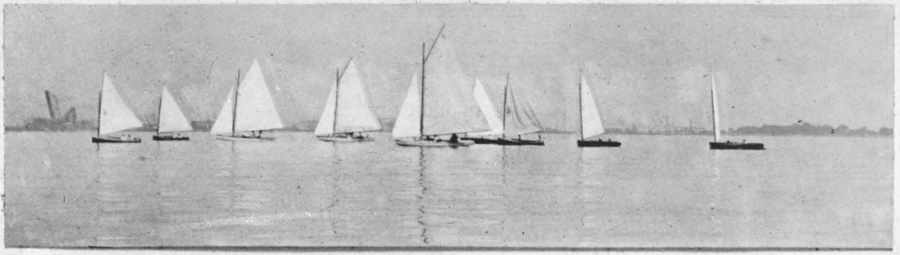
Plan to run a city dance at least once a month during the coming winter season for Ward's Islanders and their friends.

Admit the ladies are lucky devils on the bowling green.



Bowling—Girls' Baseball—Men's Baseball





Views of the Batning Beach

The Tents of Ward's

By GEORGE RIMER

Poet Laureate of Ward's Island.

KANIAMUSU? Come with me
The cheerful tents of Ward's to see,
We'll learn what people live in them
And read the names they've given them!

Be sure to call at INGLISIDE,
Our President doth there reside.
If Sidney Randall you would find,
Just TIP-TOE-INN, and he won't mind.

And then, if you would LAFALOT,
Try Sunny Jim—he'll touch the spot.
Of Ward's he is the great V.-P.
Quite noted for his repartee.

To Mr. Smith say, "Andy, please,
I'm tired, and come to you E E E E":
If that won't do, old Nibssy see,
And OSOEZE you will be.

At SUNNY BUNDELO your eyes
May see a warrior and his prize;
Oh, who across the seas will go
To win a Sunny Bundelo?

And if you love a good guitar,
Hawaiian Ben's at ALOHA,
And native melodies he sings
Accompanied on silver strings.

And SEE-KIN-FUN you'll find I'm sure
Is real Japan behind the door.
Dave is a Wightman, Will a Brown,
But both are Japs when out of town.

At KILCARE by the deep Lagoon,
A Gramophone invokes the moon:
At O-PEE-CHEE we'll call to see
A real Canadian Familee.

"Eat 'em Alive! Eat 'em Alive!"
The Tigers roar, to win they strive,
OLLUVUS and our stockings too.
If you love them, then we'll love you!

Jim Leckie, who's an all round sport,
Resides at PHUNFIENDS as he ought,
Though if in there you chance to drop,
You'll find you have but a "Short Stop."

At SAN TOY there doth Ernie Lye,
A novel stunt at Ball he'll try,
He'll show it to you if you wish—
He thinks a base-ball is a fish.

At HIAWATHA you may know
How nice a garden here will grow,
With Mr. Elliott pause awhile—
"The man who made the desert smile."

At WINDWARD COTTAGE, if it's hot,
You may be asked upon a yacht,
And then again, although it's hot,
It's just as likely you may not!

If hungry now, turn to the yeast
At DINGBAT'S loaf an hour at least
And see Bill Baker, for it's said
He kneads the dough, though not for bread.

On little Chris we next will call;
Chris is O.K. (not very tall),
But as is known to one and all,
Most good things come in parcels small.

Call in at MILNHOLM if you can.
You'll find a really all round man
Who dances, bowls, and tills the ground
Or may with saw or plane be found.

GRENVILLA! Bob, with patient toil
Robs helpless orchards of their soil,
He wheels the barrow many hours
But see—! his garden's full of flowers!

WACOSTA whence our "Big Chief Sloan"
Has gone, and left poor Art alone,
But Art, still loyal to his friends
Our baseball season superintends.

Now if we wish a friendly game
THE CHATEAU will provide the same,
Where Jim and Harry, Ed and Bill
Play many games with practised skill.

At WOODCREST lives the great John D.,
Player of Ball and K. of P.
If you a game of ball would play
You'll find "Red" reddey any day.

At SUNKIST COTTAGE you may view
A Meyers, who always knows his cue
And when the nights are nice and cool
Finds pleasure by the woodland (?) pool.

At UKANTBEET! Bob will tell
Of home run hits he knows quite well.
With Uplift Club full hard he'll smite
The Ball, and send it out of sight.

George Goulding lives at GEEAITCHGEE.
A walker of repute is he,
A worker too from day to day—
His other name's Y.M.C.A.

At BIG 4 if you feel inclined,
A six-foot Shorty you may find.
Originally here were four,
The other three have gone to war.

At ALDERSYDE we'll call and see
Some Bostons of high pedigree.
While common dogs may roam the land,
"Our pups may NOT, please understand."

Had Wright an accident sustained?
He had, but now has strength regained.
The Doctor said, "Regain your might,
RESTWELL, and you will be all Wright."

At ARROW TENT Bill Archer may
Oblige you with a roundelay.
He sings like twenty nightingales
While on the lake his boat he sails.

Snug in SNUG INN Dad Wright doth stay.
Though ball he's not allowed to play,
Yet on the whole he's well contented,
By Bert and Had he's represented.

No WEGOWILD, it seems to me,
Shows heights of hospitality.
I hear from those who know it best,
It's never now without a Guest.

Here is the "Landlord," mark him well,
With other five he here doth dwell,
Call at the WIMAN if you can
On Walter Dodd, the "City Man."

EASTVIEW and WOODLAWN, I may state,
Are homes of two lawn bowlers great.
John rolls the "Woods," nor does it ill,
While Prestall bowls with left-hand skill.

Please DEW-DROP-INN before you leave
On "Lefty" or I'm sure he'll grieve,
And you may see a curious sight,
Bowls with his left, but does it right.

Here is an Islander of old,
Where everything is well "controlled,"
At BRIDESCLIFFE, where the sportive Sam
Resides and doesn't give a damn.

Bob Creighton next we'll call upon,
He to the base-ball game has gone,
No catch too hard, no ball will drop,
BOBITY will not let it FLOP!

WALDORF ASTORIA, name of style,
In fancy see a noble pile,
That's what in FANCY you may see,
But fact and fancy don't agree!

From COSY-CORNERS in the past,
The sounds of music issued fast.
It's quieter now, for, sad to say,
The players both have gone away.

And if by now you've reached the lake,
Some forty MOONWINKS you may take,
Unless you should a tradesman be,
If so, a NOTICE you will see.

TAMMANY HALL our next will be,
See Ernie Smith chop down a tree,
Like Washington, he'll stick to facts,
"He did it with his own KODAXE."

GLENEDNA'S door will open be.
There is not any need to Lockett.
The strong arm of the law is near,
The reason is, Why, just George Sockett.

At CUT-UPS you will find to-night
A man who works with keen delight,
For Freddie at his grindstone sits
And sharpens everything but wits.

Who Eddie Hurst a visit pays,
Perforce must talk of Chevroleets.
The LAKEHURST chief a boat can sail,
But sells cars better, or he'd fail!

Though bells may clang and whistles blow,
From BALLVIEW no one now need go.
The T.F.D. can safely say
There is one Bill they need not pay!

Dost love a joke? then see B.S.,
Chief Joker of them all, I guess,
At LUCKY 13, he who knocks,
Will find this name no paradox.

If in the lake you ever fell,
You'd be fished out by Miss Beutell.
She'd say, "AU-GO-ON home to town
Or learn to swim before you drown."

At OTAZELL Fat Miller lives,
A welcome warm to all he gives;
And you will find a home of strife,
Where Boy Scamps make the most of LIFE!

Though war may rage, and cannon roar,
You'll see Frank Hangar-round the door.
He'll sing in tones of fervent glee
"Oh BLIGHTY is the place for me."

On GARD at BENVENUTO stays
A gentleman we all must praise,
A yachtsman too, we must confess,
(We know he must be by his dress.)

At QUINTE, too, a launch we find
Which leaves all row-boats far behind,
This tent enjoys the very name
That marks the Bay from which George came.

In summer time by sun or moon
Friend Watson watches his lagoon
And much enjoys his own BRIGHTVIEW—
I cannot blame him, nor will you.

No apples on this Island grow,
So EDEN'S safe, for all we know.
Our Adam need not ever grieve
But happy be from morn till EVE.

TARRY AWHILE with Charlie T.,
THE LIMIT go with Lawyer D.,
If FRECKLES come, then GRUMBLEKNOT,
You're sure to get them when it's hot.

And now my very patient friend,
At last we've reached our journey's end,
We've skipped and jumped from tent to tent
Regardless of which way we went.
Though you are tired; you must admit
You've really BEEN ABOUT A BIT!

The Voyage of The Mayflower

A mighty vessel plows the deep,
Three Captains stand upon her bridge,
With anxious eyes their watch they keep
And keenly scan each watery ridge;
Thus, with the skill of Captains three
The Mayflower journeys out to "see."

Says Captain M— to Captain D—,
"What is that line upon the sea?"
I feel," said he, "quite sure, you know
There's land upon our starboard bow.
With threefold effort let us try
To bring our ship there by and bye."

Upon that distant shore there lay
A sister vessel wrecked that day,
A boat of international fame,
"Luella" was the critter's name.
Without avail her Captain swears
For fifty cents' worth of repairs.

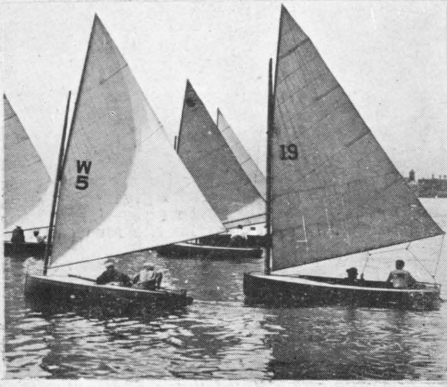
Up on the bridge three captains grave
Cast anxious glances o'er the wave.
They know not what may be in store,
They've never made this trip before.
(That's why, in case of accident,
In threefold majesty they went.)

"Where do we go?" two Captains cried.
"To Ward's" the other one replied.
"Towards the south we journey fast,
Have patience, we'll be there at last,
Though storm and tempest may assail,
So help me Bob, we shall not fail!"

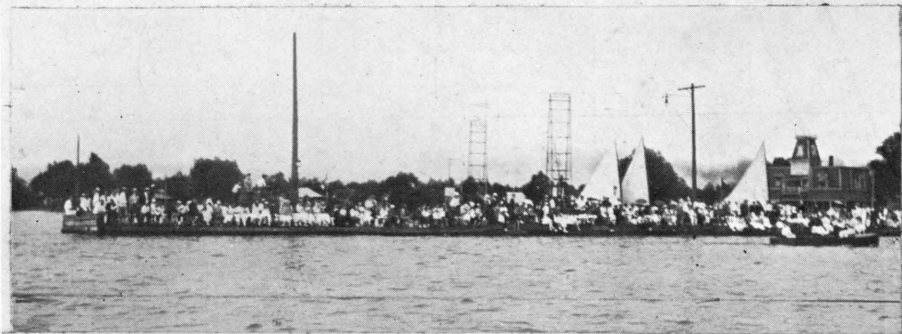
Thus merrily three Captains take
A gallant ship across the lake
Hunger and thirst they do not feel,
Each keeps his eye glued to the wheel,
Determined when they reach the coast
Each Captain shall be at his post.

The waiting crowds with wonder gazed
The monstrous vessel all amazed,
"Come," cried the Captains three, "Embark!"
"We take the place of your "Noah's Ark."
The people cried, "It can't be true
That we'd be fetched by such as you."

At last persuasion gains the day
And all are safely on their way.
The Captains three with jovial smack
And thus the Mayflower, noble ship,
Patted each other on the back,
Completed its "Unusual" trip.



Sailing—Bathing—Quoits



The Water Sports



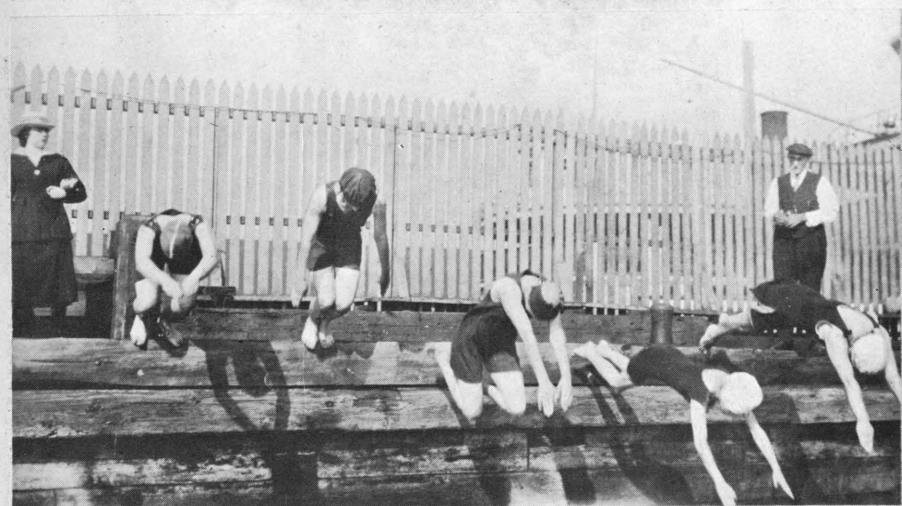
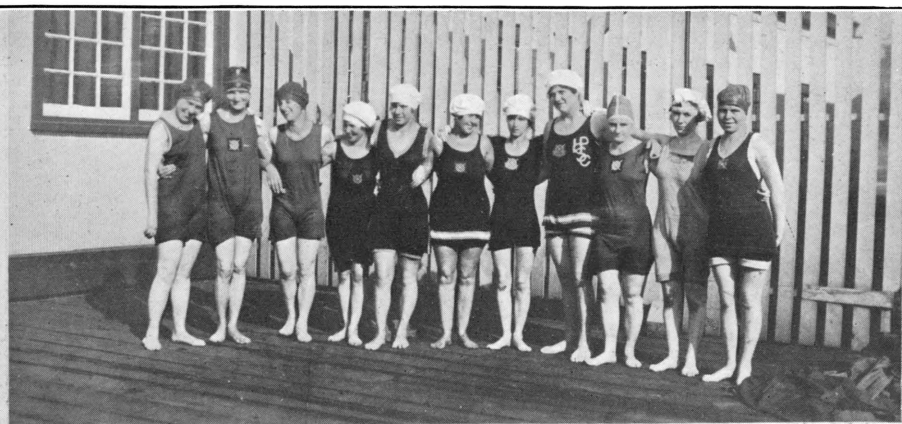
Pessimists and Optimists at Ward's

Rude Remarks by S.P.Asm. Illustrations by Fred Rowley.

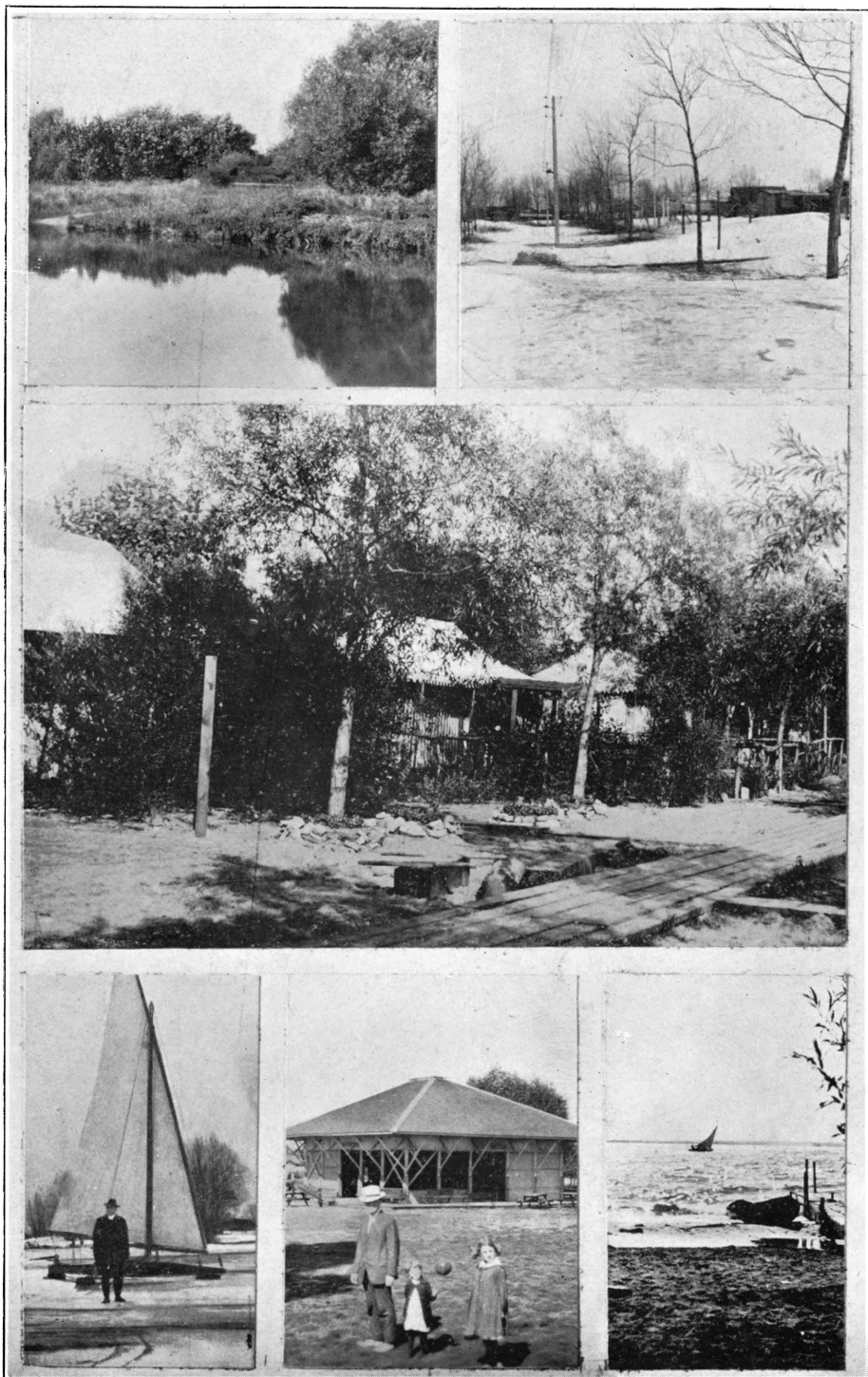
A Pessimist has been described as one who sees nothing but the hole in a doughnut, and no doubt an Optimist is a fellow who thinks the paint on a girl's face is a beautiful, natural bloom. Now while Ward's Island is populated largely by Optimists, we have our share of the other fellow too. A Ward's Island Pessimist always talks about the great heat and describes monster mosquitoes buzzing around as large as seagulls. The Optimist, however, arouses the envy of his friends by telling them of the pleasant times spent sitting in the cool of the evening, enjoying a "Natmills" cigar. The sailors at Ward's all know the pessimistic chap in the next tent who refuses to go sailing because he is sure he would meet with a watery grave. But the Optimist believes it is always good weather when good fellows get together. You can see for yourself, even though his back is turned, how happy he looks letting out the sail, ready for a tack to port. Our artist is a very gallant fellow, and has not shown any lady pessimists in his pictures. The truth is, the woods are full of them. There's a lot of them right here at Ward's. Pessimism in a woman is especially noticeable after marriage. If hubby wants to play ball the pessimistic wife draws a woeful picture of him getting a wallop in his right optic, but the optimistic wife says, "Why, certainly, John, I just love to watch you play ball, your tall graceful figure and dignified manner of batting is the pride of the Island." Perhaps there is no part of the Island so infested with Pessimists as the bowling green. If one of these pests bowls wild, like the chap in the picture, he attributes his punk play to the green. The Optimist, on the other hand, when his bowl hits the bumps, explains its erratic course by saying that he must have used the wrong bias. Nothing tends to make a fellow a Pessimist quite as much as being driven out of a warm, cozy bed at night by wifie, clad only in pajamas, in a noble endeavor while the gale is at its height to coax the fly to linger longer. In contrast to this picture note the happy home of the Optimist. The artist has seated a lady on one side and a gentleman on the other. Perhaps he did this to make the picture symmetrical, or possibly he arranged them thus to indicate that they are married.

The crucial test in a man's life at Ward's Island comes when visitors blow in, especially if they are his wife's relations. Note the downhearted look of Fred Rowley as he sees his tent invaded. Then feast your eyes on the picture of Jim extending the glad hand to his company. It's only fair to point out, however, that in Fred's case he had to put up with an avalanche of maiden aunts and prolific relatives with a retinue of offspring. But Jim is being visited by two fairies, and they are pippins! You can see for yourself—"Sonkissed" variety! There's no camouflage about Jim's smile of welcome. He means it! Gentle reader, wouldn't you be an Optimist if some fairies like these came to stop at your tent. You betchuwould!





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11.00
11.40

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12.20
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WARD'S

A.M.

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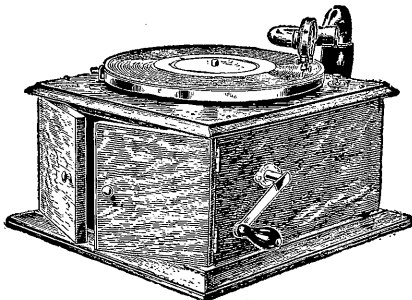
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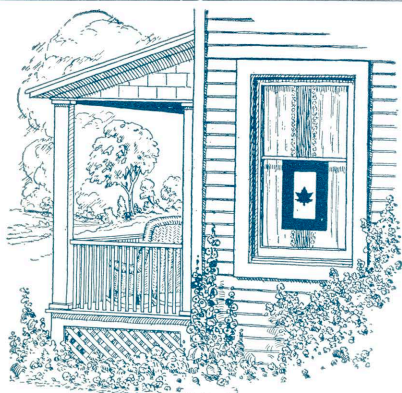
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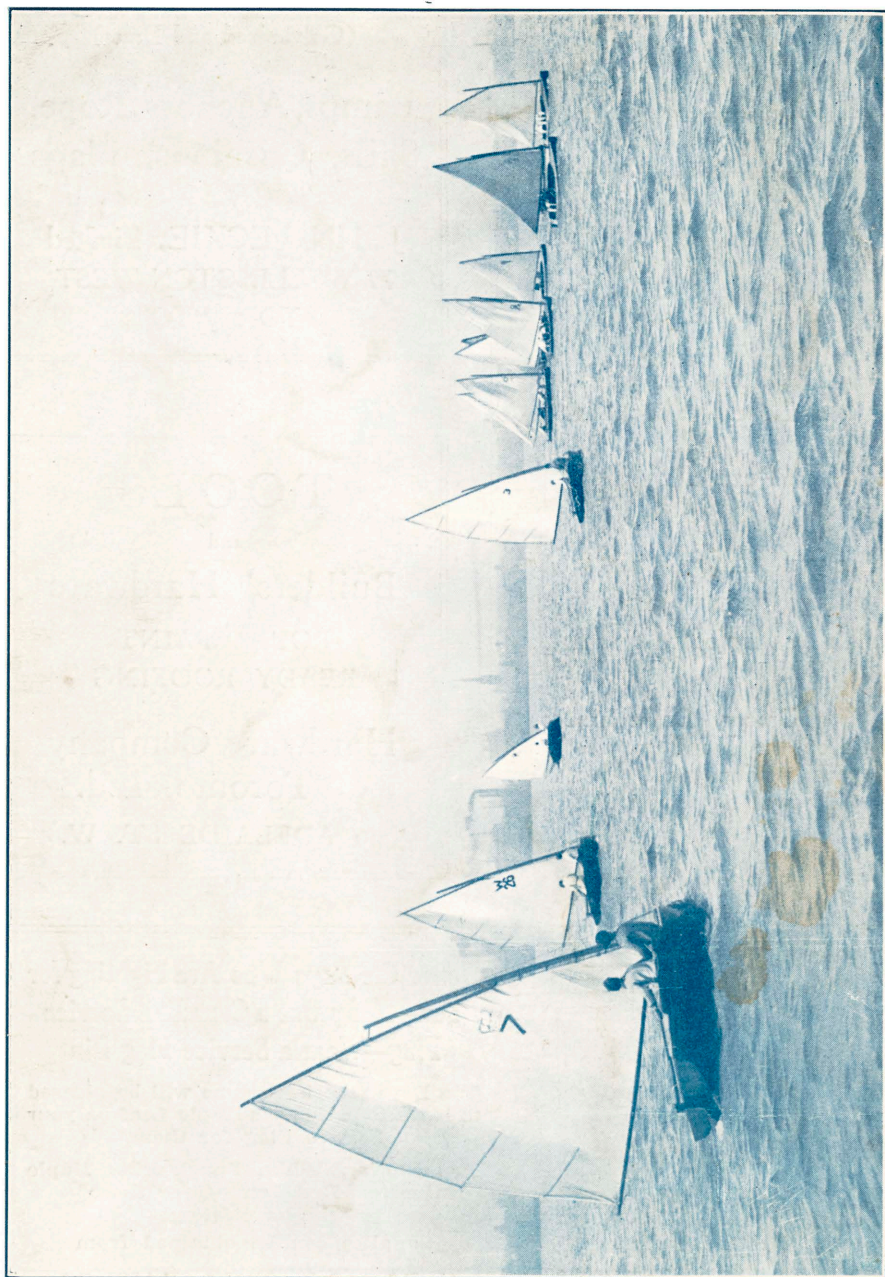
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