

J. J. HAWKINS, EX-M.P.

(1)
In a kentry like this whar rite is expected
Ter perch high in the air 'way 'bove that that's wrong,
I naturally supposed a man who folks 'lected
Should in parliament sit whar he do justly belong,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
Thet state'r things might do in Bombay.

(2)
Kinsistency's a jewel, so wise people assert,
So politicians ter be jewels to one party should stick;
And not, even for gain, from thet side desert,
Ter git in ther Commons by a dirty mean trick,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
Let a man change when he likes to be Vicker o' Bray.

(3)
Honorable David Mills is a purty shrewd feller,
He's held high persitions 'mong rether smart men;
He ain't one of these cusses just crawled from a cellar,
And 'magine themselves clever with less brains than a hen,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
He wants a slice of my cheek ter make him O. K.

(4)
I ain't no crank on religion, like some in this world;
Prayin' I'm feard will never give me the heaves,
But I think a man oter from his country be hurled
Fer not sticken up fer the religion in which he believes,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say—
Religion's one thing, but it aint sessional pay.

(5)
If wind 'd pay accounts we'd be all free from duns,
No notional kerusey we'd need ter pay off our debt;
We'd only have ter bottle up three or four tons,
Haud it in, and then wait our receipt fer ter get,
And J. J.
Hawkins 'll say—
Ther's nuff in my stomak to make me Bonanzer Mackay.

(6)
Thar's too many parasites on the plitical cheese,
Some of them oter be plesher or starved,
Ther use in the kentry ther's no person sees,
They'd better go to New Zealand and get themselves
carved.
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
While ther's a cent in the treasury on it I will stay.

(7)
Ambition kintrolled is a very good thing,
It's allus stuck in a man tho' he's rared in a stable,
But when its rain gets loose it jists makes him sing,
And he'll soon come to nothin', like the Tower o' Babel,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say,
I'm the only livin' example to the contrara.
Feb. 18th, 1883. J.H.C.

HIS MOTHER'S PET.

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?"
asked a young Milton wife of her husband, a
few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty
good, but—" "But what? I suppose you
started to say that it isn't as good as that which
your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did in-
tend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, your
mother made that very pie and sent it to me—"
"Why, Susie, don't cry. I didn't mean to
hurt your feelings. Mother probably never
made that pie. She bought it at your father's
bakery."—*Milton News*.

An idle and dissipated young man, who
turned over a new leaf and went to work the
first of the year, says he don't see why it is:
all of his creditors seemed to be anxious to have
him settle down, but no sooner had he done so
than they simultaneously began to manifest an
equal eagerness to have him settle up.—*Cin-
cinnati Saturday Night*.

But one distinction marks the frisky
And festive rulers of the State,
One-half delight in crooked whiskey;
The others—take their whiskey straight.
—*Chicago Sun*.

A Williamsport youth sent fifty cents to a
New York man to learn how to keep from
swearing, and received in reply: "Don't open
your mouth." He has sworn ever since.—*William-
sport Grit*.

SHE REFERRED HIM TO HER PA.

Her fairy form,
Her modest face,
Her charming air,
And winning grace
Enchanted all
The lads in town,
And each one loved
Jemima Brown.
She oft was called
The village pride,
And for her love
I long had sighed.
I said I'd know
No joy in life, till she'd
Consent to be my wife. She
Blushed quite red and said
"Oh, la," and then referred me to
Her pa. His manner was both rude
and rough, and when he spoke his tones
Were gruff. I asked him then in accents
Bland to give to me his daughter's hand.
For answer he gave me his foot encased
Within this cowhide boot!
—*Someville Journal*.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

After the stovepipe had been knocked down
by the efforts of Giveadam Jones to rest both
his feet on the hearth at once, and Judge Ca-
daver, Pickles Smith and Blossom Joluson had
heroically restored it to place, Brother Gardner
arose and said:

"One great cause of human misery am de
fact dat mankind expects too much of Provi-
dence. Take the case of Elder Toots, fur in-
stance. Fur de las sixty y'ars he has been
waitin' fur Providence to stop de leaks in his
cabin roo an' he am waitin' yit. He somehow
expects dat Providence am going to furnish
him pie an' cake an' oyster soup, an' when he
sots down to cold taters an' tuff meat he feels
as if he had been wronged.

"Take de case of Bradawl Jalap. He has
allus had de idea dat he would some day be
rich, an' as a consequence he sots on de fence
and plans new houses, and drives fast hosses,
an' w'ars good clothes, while his wife goes
ragged, and his children have cold toes. What
he might airt by honest labor he won't airt,
bekase he hopes to get a fortune widout
work.

"I tell you, my frens, de man who waits fur
to-morrow to sharpen his ax, am sartin to do
poor choppin'. De man who sots on de fence
to wait fur a legacy will h'ar his wife scrapin'
de bottom ob de flour barrel ebery day in de
week. De man who lets himself believe dat
de world owes him a libin' am gwine to eat
some mighty poo' fodder afore he dies. De
world doan' owe nobody nufin. We am put
heah to sot an' starve or git up 'n' dust. Pro-
vidence won't pay house rent, buy our 'taters,
or keep de cook-stove hot. Let us now pur-
ceed to bizness."

Sir Isaac Walpole desired to state before
passing the bean-box that he started out in
life with the feeling that he would find a lost
wallet containing \$20,000. The idea lasted
him until he was obliged to wear a suit made of
coffee-sacking, and until he was reduced in
flesh from 167 to 98 pounds. He then kicked
himself all over the back yard and went to
work.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MEAN MEN.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks
about when he goes to bed; when he turns out
the light and lies down; when the darkness
closes in about him, and he is alone and com-
pelled to be honest with himself. And not a
bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a
manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grate-
ful look, comes to bless him again. Not a

penny dropped into the outstretched palm of
poverty, nor the balm of a loving word drop-
ped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of en-
couragement cast upon a struggling life; the
strong right hand of fellowship reached out to
help some fallen man to his feet—when none of
these things come to him as the "God bless
you" of the departed day, how he must hate
himself! How he must try to roll away from
himself and sleep on the other side of the bed!
When the only victory he can think of is some
mean victory, in which he has wronged a neigh-
bor. No wonder he always sneers when he
tries to smile. How pure, and fair, and good
all the rest of the world must look to him, and
how cheerless, and dusty, and dreary must his
own path appear. Why, even one lone, iso-
lated act of meanness is enough to scatter
crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man,
and what must be the feelings of a man whose
whole life is given up to mean acts? When
there is so much suffering, and heart-ache, and
misery in the world anyhow, why should you
add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the
general burden? Don't be mean, my boy.
Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than
commit it once.—*R. J. Burdette*.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

Almost every father knows about the in-
quisitive boy, and frequently has occasion to
wish his boys were girls. A North Hill father
began shaving himself in the presence of his
four-year-old hopeful. The boy commenced
and kept on, with a result somewhat as fol-
lows:

"What you doing, papa?"
"Shaving."
"What you shaving for?"
"To get my face clean."
"Why don't you wash your face to get it
clean? 'At's the way I do."
"I shave it to get the hair off."
"What hair?"
"The hair that grows on my face."
"What hair that grows on your face?"
"My whiskers."
"What are whiskers, papa?"
"Hair that grows on the face."
"What does the whisker hair grow on the
face for?"
"I don't know."
"Why don't you know why whisker hairs
grow on the face?"
"Because—"

The interval came to a sudden termination.
A long gash and flowing blood was the cause,
with the sudden departure of Young America
in his mother's arms as an incident.—*Des
Moines Mail*.

The man that has an ear bit off in a carouse
can never explain how he lost it; there's al-
ways something missed-car-ious about it.—
Yonkers Gazette.

Big Horse, the Cheyenne Indian who com-
mitted suicide, had an internal pain which he
had not the Indian fortitude to endure. It
must have been a hankering for liquor.—*Bos-
ton Post*.

"I don't see why you married Mr. Jones, he
is so much older than you," said a female
friend to the blushing bride. "That's just the
reason," was the reply. "The contrast will
make me look young enough to wear bangs
for several years yet."—*Utica Press*.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petro-
lia, says:—"I know many persons who have
worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying
results. I would say to all suffering from
bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad,
put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great
benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar
testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a
pad or treatise.