d a 'orny-'anded 'umbug what the hupped classes stees.

For its "Workingmen are duffers," and.
"They're never works groat";
But it's you would show "when
they wants your blooming vote.
They wants your blooming vote, my lads,
they wants your blooming vote;
O it's "British bone and show "when they
wants your blooming vote;

If I Were Fair.

If were fair!

If wais fair!

If to my cheeks the color rich and sweet
Came at a word and faded at a frown
If I had clinging curis of burnth smiles,
If I had dreamy eyes act or the smiles,
And greece and the smiles,
I had cheek to be compared to the smiles,
I had cheek to be compared to the smiles,
I for smiles,
I for smiles, but the smiles, but the smiles,
I for smiles, but the smiles, but the smiles,
I for smiles, but the smiles, but the smiles,
I for smiles, but the smiles, but the smiles,
I for smiles, but the smiles, but the smiles, but the smiles,
I for smiles, but the sm If I were fair !

If I were fair!
Perhaps like other maidens I might hold
A true heart's store of tried and tested gold,
Love walts on Beauty, though sweet Love
the salone, alone, in Beauty, seems to me, for aught might well atone. But Beauty's charm is strong, and Love obey The mystic witchery of her shy ways, if I were fair my years would seem so few; Life would unfold awest pictures to my view, if I were fair I were fair ly were fair.

If I were fair!
Perhaps the baby, with a scream of joy,
To clasp my neck, with a scream of joy,
And hide its displacin my shining hair,
Bewilder d the mace of glory there!
But now 1; shadow of a young girl's face;
Uncolod Hips that Pair's cold flager trace,
To class the ship with the high school have the child whose wee hands Not on the blighted bud, but on the rose So rich and fair,

So rich and tair.

If I were fair!
O ijusta little fair with some soft touch
About my face to glorify it much!
If no ne shunn'd my presence or my hiss,
beart would almost break beneath its
bliss.

Tis said each pilgrim shall attain his goal.
And perfect light shall flood each bilnded soul,
When day's flush merges into sunset's bars,
And night is here. And then beyond the stars

And night is here.

A Dream of Home.
stood last night upon the dreary shore
That girdles round fair Scotia's eastern land
wildly savage scene where breakers war
'Gainst temples hewn by nature's maste

And trees and flowers their choral anther he heather's bloom in purple clothed the hill, The corn-craik piped his harsh note through The corn-craik piped his harsh note through the grain; he wimpling burn ran seaward past the mill And everything was sweet—a glad refrain.

mail, And kings and nobles who this fane did rear wail! oh proud land of tarn and stately erne! What charms still gild thy wild and stormy what charms statigue thy who and stormy shore; Although in kinder climes, our hearts still yearn For Scotia's mists, for Scotia's terrents' war. ir land of worth and warriors high renown Accept the tribute which a bard would bring:
May years add lustre to thy jewelled crown
And freedom's shout, from coast to coast still
ring. GEORGE SCOTT.

False Kindaces.

(From Harper's Young People.)
The softest little fluff of fur!
The gentless, most persuasive purr
The gentless, told me that
She was the "lovelies! little cat!"
So when she on the table sprung,
And lapped the cream with small red tong
I only gently put her down,
And sald, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
Bub if I had been truly kind.
I should have made that kitten mind!

Now, large and quick, and strong of will, Rhe'll spring upon the table still, And, spite of all my watchful care, Will snatch the choicest dainties there; And everybody says, "Scat! Scat! She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!" She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat! But I, who hear them, know, with shame, I only am the one to blame, For in the days when she was young, And lapped the oream with small red tongue Had I to her been truly kind, I skould have made that kitten mind.

When Babe Begins to Crawl. am nothing but a baby, I guess I'm pret amall,
But really rou would be surprised to see the
I only learned the other day, and now it's my
delight,
To gravil around the carnet from carls and the carpet from early mor To crawl aroun till night. I've been under neath the table, I get tangled i the chairs, And all the time keep waiting for a chance to and now I know you won't believe what lots of things I find. I never thought I'd have so much to occupy my I never thought Id have so much to occupy my
There are pins, of course, and buttons, and
common things like that,
And ence I found a penny right underneath
the mat.
And tacks, my codness gracious, they are
seven so butthet, you know,
I always who were the condition of the condi A fellow can't see much of life until he learns

Little Homer's Slate.

After dear old grandma died,
Hunting through an oaken chest
In the attle we spied
What repaid our childish quest;
Twas a homely little slate,
Seemingly of ancient date.

On its quaint and battered face
Was the picture of a cart
Drawn with all that awkward grace
Which betokens childish art;
But what meant this legend, pray:
"Homer drow this yesterday?"

Mether recollected then
What the years were fain to hide—
She was but a baby when
Little Homer lived and died;
Forty years, so mother said,
Little Homer had been dead.

This one secret through those year Grandma kept from all apart, Hallowed by her louely tears And the breaking of her heart; While each year that sped away Seemed to her but yesterday. So the homely little slate
Grandma's baby's flagers pressed,
To a memory conscorate,
Litch in the caken chest,
Where, unwilling we should know,
Grandma put it, years ago.

After his Short Vacation,

His linen coat he dood vacation,
Likewise his linen vest,
And to the country takes his way
To get a rest. Two weeks hence to the town he hies, Denuded of his pelf, And two days on the bed he lies To rest himself.

Three Bad Little Bucks,
(Belle Hunt, in Omaha World-Herald.)
Old mether hen hatched three little ducks,
And she leved them with all her heart,
Though she thought their web toes were fun
for chicks.
And resolved she would pull them apart ut Puffy cried "cheep!" and Fluffy cried
"Peep!"
And the powder-bill cried "cluck! cluck!"
Till the kind mother hen let the little toes
the heart was an and the first duck.

One day mother hen took a stroll to the pool, With Powder-bill, Fluffy and Puff, When in the three hopped and went swimming about, Contented and happy enough. Quack quach": oried the Mother, "You'll drown, my dear chicks !"
But her answer was three merry clucks, And they sauntly said, "mother heu, seratch your head we're not chickens, but three little ducks."

The ballot-box about, my lads, the ballot-box about.

Ol 162 "Bless the British workman" with the ballot-box about.

struck for better wages, and they said I was a fool.

And the crafty nagitatur merely used me as a bool;

And when the kids was starvin' and we hadn't sup nor bits.

For sits, "Ruin to the country," and it's wickedness and crime, and it's "Sacred Rights o' Labor" just about election time.

The ballot better shoulders and they said it served me right.

For sits, "Ruin to the country," and it's wickedness and crime, and it's "Sacred Rights o' Labor" just about election time, my lads, just about election time, my lads, just about election time.

In lary and I'm 'ulking, and a noceance and a cuss, and I sits on trade and commerce like a blessed inkybus.

In alway and I'm 'ulking, and a noceance and a cuss, and I sits on trade and commerce like a blessed inkybus.

For it's "Workingmen are duffers," and "They're never worth a groat," when they want your blooming vote, my lads, to I'm 'British bone and sinew," when they wants your blooming vote, my lads, or any sunt you blooming vote, my lads, wants your blooming vote, my lads, it's "British bone and sinew," when they wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a wants your blooming vote, my lads, it was a want your about a want your blooming vote, my lads, it was a want your about a want your blooming vote, my lads, it was a want your blooming vote, my lads, it was a want your blooming vote, my lads, the work and want was a want your blooming vote, my lads, the work want your bloo

question had been addressed to her. "I never know but one girl as could, and also got drowned." Well, "Qualified to make haste as the dark banks where the night got drowned." Well, "Qualified to make haste as the season of the

Will all the control of the control TOTAL OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

him and feeling that he was amost one of themselves, had taught their language fortunately overheard it and wrote it down, so that all may read it to this day.

Unhappily for us, however, Fate is hard and saying with a handkerchief tied round his heast forces the hand, and she was laught to pick flowers now, my dear, "she crise, in her sharp, cross tones, as has seizes our arm and jerks us back into the roadway;" "we haven't time to-day. We will come mark and jerks us back into the roadway; "we haven't time to-day. We will come back again to-morrow, and you shall probe them then."

And we have to follow her, knowing, if we are experienced children, that way again; or that, if we doe, it will be wentable to the human and the hances are outlidened to the them. The one of the hand, and the was an exceptionally fine summer—which was an exceptionally fine summer—but promise ut that if we were good and saved up our money we should have one next year; and Ethelbertha and I, being simple-minded, interportenced chillers, were content with the promise, and had faith in its satisfactory fulfilment.

As soon as we reached home we informed ure that if we were good and saved up our money we should have one next year; and Ethelbertha and I, being simple-minded, interportenced chillers, were content with the promise, and had faith in its satisfactory fulfilment.

As soon as we reached home we informed which are the wear of the with the promise, and had faith in its satisfactory fulfilment.

As soon as we reached home we informed unested with the promise, and had faith in its satisfactory fulfilment.

As soon as we reached home we informed the door, Ethelbertha burse out with:

"Oh 1 can you swim, Amenda?"

No, mum," answered Amenda, with entire absence of curiotity as to why such a question had been addressed to her.

"No, mum," answered Amenda of our plan. The moment the girl opened the door, Ethelbertha burse out with:

"Oh 1 can you swim, Amenda?"

No, mum," answered Amenda, with entire absence of our joint year to make the

The Summer Umbrella.

The rise of the sun umbrella is manifest these insufferably hot days. Perhaps it would be more strictly accurate if it were designated the rise of the number umbrella; for the most practical article of that description is one equally adaptable to sun or rain. It has a light stick handle and is in a shade of light blue or dark green—for this in a summer when it rains as unexpectedly as the sun shines fiercely. There is no adjunct of latter day costume that is a greater boon than the summer umbrells.

A man is called a confirmed liar when nothing that he says is confirmed.

Fruit may be cheap at this season, but the doctor never lowers his sets.

A vast snow field in Iceland spreads over a space of about 3,000 square miles.

Necessity knows no law, but it has too much sense to practice in the courts.

"He married a spiritualist." "Does she make him a good wife?" "Medium."

There is no better way to further a cause than to induce some crank to oppose it.

"I'm making headway," as the goat remarked while butting his way through the crowd.

The tailor-made girl doesn't wear a watch chain. She carries her watch his her cost pocket.

When a woman "marries for a home "she gets a home, but the man she marries doesn't.

There are four singers in every quartetts choir who think the other three can't sing a little bit.

Bob (looking over the fence)—Been fishin', Joe? Joe—yep. Bob—Get anything? Joe—A whippin.

Photographer—Please look a little pleasant, miss; I know it's hard, but it's only for a moment.

"Yes," said the old lady, "they've had a dry season out there, when her sines have here."

Photographer—Please look a little please ant, miss; I know it's hard, but it's only for a moment.

"Yes," said the old lady, "they've had a dry seasen out there—they have had to irritate the land.

A man is love can do more thinking without thinking of anything at all than anyone elso on earth.

Conductor—Come, now, get aboard." Conductor—Come,

And while I at longth debate and ceatch bush.

There shal stop in other men and catch the birds.

Mrs. Grimley—Our iceman is very strong. He carried 500 pounds of ice from the street to-day clear into our cellar. Isn's that wonderful? Mr. Grimley—No, not if he weighed the ice himself.

Solemn Party—My young friend, is your conscience eyer awakaned to the call of duty? Tom Bigbee—I should say so! Why, I've been te make a party-call on Miss Norris this very evening?

Men are so peculiar that as a rule a man sells his wife the most when she asks him the least questions. A turtle will keep its head in it it is poked and bothered, and a man is a great deal like a turtle.

Young De Binks—"You saw that lady—ust passed us—well, young Smithers has kept up a firstation with her for a month." The Major—"Ob tell me all about it, that's a good fellow! She's my wife."

The spacious banqueting hall at Osborne House has been decorated by Oriental artists at a cost to her Majesty of \$25,000. It was used for the first time upon the cocasion of Emperer Willian's visit.

What housekeepers want is a cook book that gives recipes for dishes that do not require six dozen eggs, five barrels of flour, the milk of one cow for a month, and a couple of hundred pounds of sugar.

"Doctor, what is the meaning of the peculiar formation just back of baby's ear?"

"Combativeness, perhaps." "Why, some one said the wal love of domestic life," "Oh, well, it's all one and the same thing."

"Miss de Trop had on the longest gloves last night that I ever saw. She buttoned them from her wrist to her elbow."

"That's nothing. "My girl buttons hers all the way from home to the theater."

Husband—I think young Mrs. Prettyface was green with envy when you came in with

of a widdoat mine, a promotes it away who promotes his own fortune by gutting yours."

Employer—Rastus, how did you ever happen to marry such a virage as that crosseyed wife of yours? Occohman (sighing heavily)—Oculdu't he'p it, Mistah Eloyd. She jes' keep agonizin' an' agonizin' me, an' I gur in.

The steamship Dubbledam, from Amsterdam, was released from quarantine yesterday. When asked what he thought of the evactious delay, the Dubbledam's captain simply pointed to ker name.—New York Recorder.

And Mr. Beerbohm Tree says he is going to get her that pony if he has to work eight hours a day for it.

The "Golden Rose," the rarest of European "decorations," is the Pope's priss for the best, the most religious and the most virtueus Queen. It was recently bestowed upon Rueen' Amelia, of Portugal. In a Paris paper it is thus described: "Upon a tall triangular socle there stands a sort of chalice with the Pontifical arms engraved upon it, and from this there emerges a cluster of golden roses, one of which, larger and in fuller bloom than the others, sparkles with dewdrops, all of diamonds. In the heart of this rose there is a little cachette, a valve into which the balm and perfumes are introduced at the moment of the benediction."

A "heckler" at a political meeting in Scotland ence asked Sir Lyon Playfair a question in political economy which could not be readily answered so as to be understood by the audience. The candidate avoided the difficulty by telling the following story: "A negro prescher was holding forth to his congregation, and during his recital he said that the first man was made of red clay and was stuck on a stake to dry. Up jumped one of the listeners, and said: 'I say, brether, who dreve in that ere stake?' The preacher replied: "Now brudder, if you ax them kind of questions yea!'l bust this ere meeting.'"

SONG OF THE MERHY-GO-BOUND.

If you sever ride on the merry-go-round? My eyes how it flies: 'Glephants, tigers, giraffes, kangaroos, creatures to frighten the bluest of blues, to the state of the second of the latest in mouth, but in meet fetching. We catch the breeze as the organs wheeze

pose.
We catch the breeze
As the organs wheeze
And so our jey of the merry-go-round,
The merry-go, merry-go, merry-go-round Ass merry-go, merry-go, merry-go-round.
There's life and sport on the merry-go-round,
Great Scott I like a shot on, what a lark
We spin about and tird on, what a lark
Riding sill there floats
From the brazen threats
"""
Maggie" and "Annie" and "Mary" and
"Mone" Whose musical woes help the merriment on. "Tohn,"
Whose musical woes help the merriment on.
And, dear girls,
How it swirls!
And so we sail on the merry-go-round,
The merry-go, merry-go, merry-go-round.

A professional thief is under arrest Brooklyn for robbing the poor-boxes in a Xavier's Church. Sweet fern placed in quantities will drive awa

Hr Yen are Fat and Shuggish, Take H 188 Tain and Nervous, Boart.

Persons who have an abundance of flesh and blood, who are shuggish in temperament, and whose nervous force is not deprived on take the old morning bath to attracting. Uthers who are inclined to be thin in fissh, whose hands and feet become old and clammy on alight provocation, who digest food slowly and assimilate it with difficulty, who are nervous and who carry large mental burdens, should avoid early morning bathing. For all such the carry morning bathing. For all such the local conditions of circulation are re-established.

—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

day. When asked whas he shought of the vezatious daley, the Dabbledam's captain simply pointed to her name.—New York Recorder.

A teacher of natural philosophy olice asked the bright boy of the clear have many kinds of force there were, and was autonished to receive the following reply "Three, ma'am. Mental force, physica, force and police force."

"Do you pretend to have as good a digment as I have?" exclaimed an entraged wife to her humband. "Well, no, as replied slowly, "our choice of partners for life show that my judgment is not."

Chromatopseudopsis is the medical term for color blindness, and statistics show that mental more chromatopseudoptically inclined than women. A man invariably succumbs to hopeless chromatopseudoptic tude when he tries to match a ribbon.

Sammer resort girls are as much given to a multiplicity of skirts, sach of a different color, over on another. The sim is to produce the changeable effect seen in he latest silks.

Alather THE TIDE.

The tide was with him, as he royed, "Those seven plump young girls," all talk and giggle, laugh and song, Red pouting lips and curls," Oh, how they did admire his stroke, the first of the complete within it but coming back against the tide in a faint fell down.

And then those never to town!

An Atchiseon man had been writing his wife for weeks that he was lousesome and sick, but she would not come home, so last week he stred the plan of giving a party and writing her the next day of what a good time he had. She took the next train home.

Somebody says: You may make homes enchantingly beautiful; hang them with love, and that, but if the komach is fed with sour yellow, but if the stomach is fed with sour yellow, but if the stomach is fed with sour yellow, but if the stomach is fed with sour yellow, the sake of God above us, protesses and was a proposed to be kind to your sisters; and little sisters, if you want to keep the love of your brothers, remember the kind to their best with lone, and more faithful than his sister, and the sister, if your want

DR. WILLIAMS cina. They are e grace of the control of the control

EVERY WOMAN should take them

They cure all sup YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These Pills will For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon sector of price (50c, per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO.

MED. CO.

ISSUE NO 33, 1892.

ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known. Both the method and results when

to all and have made it the mess popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists.

Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

FLORIDA'S ADVANTAGES FOR SMALL investments, See Florida Real Estate Journal, Arcadia Fla. Sample and map 10c. MICHIGAN LANDS FOR SALE.

12,000 Of good Farming Lands, title perfect on Michigan Central, Detroit & Al ACTeS pena and Loon Lake Railroads, at prices ranging from \$2 to \$5 per acre. These lands are close to enterprising new towns churches, schools, etc., and will be sold on huse favorable terms. Apply to R. M. PIERCE, West Bay City, J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich mention this paper when writing



Pleas itemedy for Catarries the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail,