

LAKE MEDAD.

Mrs. R. Jackson, of Hamilton, washed her
Face and hands
In Lake Medad last Thursday ; the lake and
Scenery met her expectations.

I write to the lady who gets so weary
And tired of the household fad ,
Get out your bicycle—not for a short spin,
But go out to Lake Medad.

And if you should get hungry on your way out,
Stop at a farm house and say,
“The road is not bad but the hills are steep,
And I must reach Medad.”

The good housewife to the cellar will go,
And bring up to you ice cold milk and shad,
And with a sweet, sweet smile she will say to you,
“We love our Lake Medad.”

Then you can go to the old peach tree ;
Look up, and you will see a brave lad,
So pleased to hand a brown peach to you,
To help you to Lake Medad.

If I was as pretty and as light as Miss ——
And her spinning bicycle had,
I would rise with the sun and off with a run
To the beautiful Lake Medad.

Go where the Indian girl sang her sweet song of love
To the paleface man which she thought she had ;
And the grand old chief sent his arrow straight
To the buck and doe around our Lake Medad.

Please do not fall in—it is a bottomless lake,
And it would make my poor heart sad
If any of my friends from Hamilton went out
And was left in Lake Medad.