

PAY IN ADVANCE.

The whole o' mankind, frae the earliest date,
 Ha'e been barking and biting 'gainst fortune
 and fate;
 To the maist o' our woes we maun bow and
 endure them,
 As naeboddy kens how to banish or cure them.

But there's ao cure, I trow, that I'm free to
 disclose.

Would gang a great way to unburden our woes;
 The cure, man, is plain, it is seen at a glance—
 Just keep out o' debt, man, and pay in advance.

If ye're courting a lass, it's the best way o' a',
 Afore ye get married, tae lay doon the law;
 And tell her, off-hand, without any pretense,
 To tak' care how she handles the dollars and
 pence.

Although at your words she may fume and may
 fret,

Restrain her and charge her to keep out o' debt;
 If she'll no be advised let her o'en gang to France.
 Ne'er marry a maid wha'll no' pay in advance.

Yet, should she consent wi' your plans to agree,
 Ye'll still be as happy as happy can be:
 But temptation may come, sae ye maunna be
 slow

Tae say, ilka day, Ye must pay as ye go.

When the years wear awa, losh man, ye'll be
 fain,

When ye sit 'rang your bairnies around your
 hearthstane.

In the midst o' your glee, man, when ye ha'e
 a chance,

Sing o'er the bit sangle ca'd—Pay in Advance!

LABOUR ANTHEM.

Here's a battle song for Labor.

Here's an anthem for the Right,

For the toilers and the moilers,

For the men whose brawn and bono

Make the desert bloom and blossom

Like "The Valley of Delight,"

And bring Plenty where without them

Famine gaunt would rear his throne.

Here's a voice to cheer them onward,

On their way from darkness sunward,

Place there! Forward, foremost, vanward!

Be the Flag of Labor shown.

Lo! the day dawn! The horizon
 Now grows glad with freedom's rays;

Lo! the portents of the morrow,

Clouding, crowding all the skies;

Hark! the breezes e'en are voiceful

With the songs of pray'r and praise

That, obedient to the potent

Spell of Thought and Justice, rise.

Hear the notes of joyance swelling,

Doom of Wrong and Error knelling,

Light has come, the night dispelling,

"Truth is born and Falsehood dies."

From the valleys where the farmer
 Plows and delves and sows the soil;
 From the factories and forges

Where the million workers throng;

From the disembowell'd mountains,

Where the grimy miners toil,

Hear the pæan rising jubilant

Sweetly resonant and strong:

"Glory! for a new avangol
 Cometh with a power to change ill!

Hail the message of the angel—

Justice triumphs over Wrong!"

DAVID RORTY.

SHUN THE BOTTLE!



WITHIN

these glassy
 walls confined,
 The ruin lurks
 of human kind.

More mischief
 here united
 dwell, And more
 diseases haunt
 this cell, Than
 ever plagued
 Egyptian flocks.
 Or ever cursed
 Pandora's box.

Within these prison
 walls repose, The
 seeds of many a bloody
 nose; The chattering
 tongue; the horrid oath;
 The fist for fighting nothing
 loth; The blackened eyes and
 nose so red; The bloated face
 and broken head! Forever fas-
 toned be this door, Confined
 within a thonsed more: Destruc-
 tive fiends of hateful shape, Even
 now are plotting for escape. Here
 only by a cork controlled, And
 slender walls of glassy mould,
 In all their pomp of death reside,
 Revenge that ne'er was satisfac-
 ed: These **SPIRITS** breed the
 deadly fruit Of wilful murder
 and dispute, Assault that inno-
 cence assails, And durance vile
 in gloomy jails: The giddy
 thought on mischief bent, The
 evening hour in folly spent: In
 all these things the grogs appear,
 And Jack the hangman in the
 rear! Thrice happy he who early
 taught, By nature, ne'er this poi-
 son sought. In reason's scale his
 deeds are weighed, His spirit
 needs no foreign aid. Long life
 is his in vigor past. Existence
 welcome to the last. A spring
 that never yet grew stale:
 Such virtue rests in Adam's Ale!

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom,
 Let me feel her sweet warm breath;
 For a strange chill o'er me passes,
 And I know that it is death.
 I would gaze upon the treasure—
 Scarcely given ere I go;
 Feel her rosy dimpled fingers
 Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
 But a blessed shore appears;
 Kneel beside me, husband dearest,
 Let me kiss away thy tears.