

The Politician.

(From Kate Field's Washington.)
He has a taking way; he has
A smile that's most engaging.
Have you a woe? Well, then your grief
He's bent upon assuaging.
He grasps your hand in both of his,
Tough humble your condition;
These are the ways of all his kind—
He's but a politician.

He loves your children, oh, so much—
The drier the better;
Of promises he is profuse,
But seldom writes a letter.
He says a thousand pleasant things,
And makes a hundred pledges;
Remind him of them when he's won,
And then see how he hedges!

Will he oblige you? Yes, he will—
That is, before election;
Recall his words to him some day,
He'll want time for reflection.
The place he said he'd get for you
He's got, but for another—
Some relative of his, perchance
Some uncle's cousin's brother.

The politician's like a flea—
He isn't where you thought him;
And like the pig within the poke
When you regret you bought him.
His weight is not the weight it seemed,
And something in the flavor
Makes you suspect his porkship may
Of trichinosis savor.

I often wonder if there is
In Heaven a politician;
But, if one be there—mercy knows
How twas he gained admission!
Instead of harping with the bleat,
He's scheming all alone
To raise a mutiny above
And seize the great white throne.

Hark to the politician—hark!
That is the statesman saying:
That for the count he'll give it is
Who's laboring and praying.
Yet watch him well and you'll conclude
His highest, holiest mission
Is not to save the country, but
To save—the politician!

The Tag of War.

THE WEST ZORRA TEAM.

The following description of the Canadian team that won \$200 in the big Chicago tug-of-war, from the Chicago Daily Press, will be interesting:

The Canadian team—or, as they are called, the "Zorra team"—are a study. They are not dudes, that is sure, and if proof of this assertion were needed it would be only necessary to say that the third man from the end looks like Uncle Sam in Puck. They are all Canadian Scotch—Highland Scotch—farmers of means, insured to hard labor, and in love with their national games of sport. From the fact that they all come from Zorra township, in Oxford county, near Ingersoll, Ontario, they have derived the appellation mentioned. Strong, stout, muscular, hard and hearty fellows they all are, without frills or theatrical trappings, but, oh, how they do pull! Last night they were pitted against the Irish team.

The Zorras appeared about the same costumes which they wear when they go out into their yards at home to chop wood, looking brawny and weather-beaten. The Irish came adorned in the dress of performing professional athletes, unmistakably announcing their nationality. As they marshaled in single file headed by their big captain, with whose features the Daily Press has made its readers familiar, a storm of applause, evidently on national lines, greeted them, while the "Zorras" could not complain of lack of enthusiasm either. At the firing of the pistol in the hands of the referee down went both teams to business. At first the advantages were measured either way only by half inches, and after the first six or eight minutes of that sort of thing the audience grew wild in its demonstrations. The Irish team seemed nervous and using its full strength. The Zorras appeared to take things coolly and phlegmatically. "Heave!" yelled Captain Sutherland; but the rope remained stationary. "Heave!" yelled both captains, and a motion it made. The spectators grew wild.

"Look out for his hand," yelled a sympathizer of the Irish when "Heave" Sutherland signalled his men with his hand on his hip and moving his fingers like beating an imaginary tattoo, to take things easy.

At last McIntosh, the anchor-man, said just one little word, hardly loud enough to be heard by the audience, but there was magic in it. All he said was, "Zorra!" And the big Canadians' muscles swelled up like ropes, their limbs straightened slowly out from the cleats, and over came the rope an inch or so from the Irish boys. Large beads of perspiration stood on their foreheads, and Ireland fought bravely. An interval of two minutes, with the audience so quiet you might have heard a pin drop and the captains eyeing each other like gladiators ready to spring at each other, and there came another "Zorra," a little louder this time, from the big and benevolent-looking anchorman of the Canadians. Obeying to the command the boys pulled for their lives and the rope slid over a couple of inches.

Another "Zorra," and still another, each louder and quicker than the former, and then a yell and a howl from the audience that shook the building to its dome. The rope came a foot at a time. At last a "Zorra" that was a yell, and the anchor-man looking like a western farmer let go the anchor, and turned sailor, hauling in the slack hand over hand by the foot.

The Irish were lost. They held on to that rope as if their salvation depended on it; they pulled like politicians in a campaign. The perspiration was fairly streaming off their faces—all in vain.

The audience rose en masse. The scene was pandemonium let loose, and the Canadians had won, and "Zorra" muscle and coolness had done it.

The cottage in which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" is still standing in an ancient little English village within easy reach of London. It is a small gabled house of four rooms, the outside plastered, but with the blackened beams showing through. In the rear is the garden through which the poet walked. Within the house everything has been arranged just as he left it—the tables on which he wrote, the stool on which he sat and the hearth before which he felt the genial glow of the fire, even though he could not see it.

There are 72 places called St. Etienne in France, and 30 towns called Washington in America.

The Archduke Henry, of Austria, left behind him about 1,000,000 francs, half of which consists in a life insurance policy. This fortune will be inherited by his only daughter, the youthful Baroness Waldeck.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

A Voice from the Rural District of Tilsonburg.

ON "THE OTHER SIDE."

"The Other Side" is the name of a new monthly journal published at Tilsonburg, Ontario. It promises to give Canadians something in the newspaper line different from what they have been accustomed to. The following is its declaration of policy:

All political papers have a policy, and so have we. You know what the policy of each of the others is; ours is as follows: We believe in a Royal Family and an aristocracy for the British, and we believe in confining it to Great Britain. It originated there and is well suited to the climate, the soil and the people, and there let us leave it. All British colonies should be Democratic, we know from experience; they have practically the three acres and a cow the Briton at home hankers so much after; they have a school house, with a school in it, in about every two miles square, and are supposed to be educated; and if they are they are capable of governing themselves, without having a governing class specially created for their use. Colonial aristocracy we know to be venturesome, that is, we know it to be made up of adventurers, for if they had not been venturesome they never would have accepted an aristocratic position in a country an Irish gentleman thought more democratic than a democracy. It was a venturesome thing to do, but they took the risk and we understand they have been pretty successful in carrying it out; quite as much so as people can be who have not the proper blood or breeding in them. We hear that they do the real aristocracy just as near as it can be done under the circumstances.

We believe every office in Canada, from Governor-General down, should be elective. Officers are the property of the people, and they should be filled by the people and emptied by them, too, when it comes to that, and not by death, as has been the custom heretofore. We do not believe that there is an office in Canada that we are unable to fill if we could get it, and there is none that we would refuse to run for should such a thing be possible, and we got the nomination. All Canadians should feel the same. It is a purely British feeling, as you have probably noticed as you saw a Briton filling an office here in Canada.

We believe in a National Policy, but we don't believe in the National Policy we have been enjoying the past few years. It is not exactly what the doctor ordered for the health and growth of the country, because it is not a national policy at all, to our way of thinking. We think it is a mistake to borrow when we can make. We think the country can make its own money; and we think it would be a real national policy for it to do so. We know what national policy has been without a national currency; we can see what it is with a national currency by just stepping across the line into the United States. We think a hundred or so million of national currency would be so much better for Canadians than a dozen such harvests as they have just gathered.

We favor a local banking act with a head office in the same building the bank is in. We have had a big lot of experience with the present banking system, with a head office in a city, and an elastic currency that is continually flying back to that city, and it leads us to believe the present banking system is detrimental to the commercial and industrial interests of the country, and to the city as well, for a city without a country to support it is built on a sandy foundation, and must, sooner or later, fall.

We believe in unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, and no other kind—if we are to have any. We know what sugar is worth there and we know what it is worth here. If our manufacturers who are British are not able to compete with others who are Yankees they are deficient in business ability, and should step down and out of the way, so as to make room for those fitted for business by having that important thing in their composition—ability. That's another British trait of ours. "A fair field and no favor."

We believe in education and in free schools, but are opposed to "the best school system in the world," the one we have now in Ontario, from University commencement in B. A. down to Kindergarten entrance in slippers. We are opposed to a school system that makes servant girls, dock-wallopers and navvies out of farmers' and villagers' children while it makes teachers, operators and clerks out of city and townspeople's children. We know what the old system was when a school teacher could be made in any schoolhouse in the country, and we know of one country school that made six of them at one examination, and one of that six passed first-class. The requirements for a teacher's certificate were greater when those six were granted their certificates than they are to-day. It would please us to see another system like the one we used to have, and we shall use our utmost endeavors to bring about the change.

We are opposed to intemperance. We are opposed to it in anything. We think it intemperate on the part of temperance people to make a special mark of hotel-keepers and others who deal in liquors, for squinting their slant and untruthful stories against. We believe a hotel quite as necessary as a church in our civilization. We visit both and find comfort in both; we could get more than comfort out of either, but we don't indulge in excess in anything. We don't even eat till we hurt ourselves. We are of the opinion that the vast majority of our acquaintances are the same as we are, and we don't wish to see that great majority deprived of their right to eat and drink what they want simply because one or two abuse the right. We enjoy our beer of a Saturday night in secret; we should enjoy it more in public, and therefore we are opposed to prohibition; we think it folly for Canadians to prohibit beer-drinking at home and send away to beer-drinking countries to get a market for their barley. Such work is paradoxical to say the least.

We believe in the Patrons of Industry.

Our author is one, our artist is one, our editor is one. We belong to different lodges, but are fully agreed on what is good for a Patron. We shall do all we can to help the order along, but it will not be by destroying our neighbor—the storekeeper—by making him sell his goods for a less profit than he can live on.

We are opposed to the single tax theory. We think that land is taxed altogether too much already. We believe in taxing everything that is valuable; anything that money is made out of, with the possible exception of merchandise—storekeeper's goods. A merchant pays taxes enough in the trouble he has fighting off the wholesaler and hanging on to his customer and trying to wring the money out of him which he wants to deposit in a bank instead of paying his debts with. Merchants are the only people we favor exempting from taxation.

We have more policy, but will put no more of it here. "Too much of one thing is good for nothing," once said a printer, meaning literary efforts as well as other things. He was right, and acting on his words we will leave the rest of our policy for another time.

Member of the Legislature.

In addition to the testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U. S. A., a member of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Harden, testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., U. S. A., Jan. 18th, '90. Gentlemen: I met with a severe accident by falling down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. HARDEN, Member of State Legislature."

Provincial Immigration Returns.

The Provincial Immigration Department has issued its annual statement, showing the number of immigrant arrivals and departures at the several agencies for the eleven months ending November 30th, 1891. The number of arrivals by way of the St. Lawrence and Halifax was 8,022, as against 9,958 during the preceding year; and by way of the United States 40,765, as against 41,558 during the preceding year. Of the total number 37,517 are reported as going to the United States, 59 to Quebec, 1,299 to Manitoba and 3,922 to Ontario. Last year the figures were 38,011 to the United States, 96 to Quebec, 1,732 to Manitoba and 10,977 to Ontario. The nationalities of the settlers in Ontario were as follows: English, 5,930; Irish, 1,194; Scotch, 1,316; German, 626; Scandinavian, 94; Swiss, 2; American, 643, and other countries 117. The net result shows 1,055 fewer settlers this year than last in Ontario, and 1,573 fewer in the three Provinces named.

Increase Your Weight.

If you are losing flesh and blood, commence at once taking Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which is far ahead of all other preparations of the kind in existence. By taking Miller's Emulsion people gain from five to ten pounds by the time the first bottle is consumed. It is the greatest blessing of the century to all in delicate health, or who suffer with coughs, colds and ailments that tend to consumption. Remember, Miller's Emulsion contains all the constituents found in wheat. It is used in the hospitals and asylums of the country. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1 at all drug stores.

The Condition.

Puck: Benedick—I'll give you the money for your Christmas shopping on one condition.

Mrs. Benedick—I know what that condition is. That I don't ask for too much.

Benedick—No; that you don't ask me to go with you.

"When I was a young man," said Jonathan Gray.
"If a fellow took physic he knew it, you bet. It would cramp you all up in a colicky way. And, good Lord, what a twisting his insides he would get!"

But the pills in use now-days by sensible folks are as easy to take and as pleasant as "oaks."

Of course, the kind referred to by Mr. Gray was Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills, the very best Liver Pills ever made—mild, but sure and effective. The only pills, sold by druggists, absolutely on trial! Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money is returned.

Want Their Rights.

New York Commercial Daily Bulletin: Workingmen want neither sympathy nor pity; all they ask is their equal rights, with every other class of citizens, and freedom to pursue their own interests in their own way, without obstruction from others upon whom special protections and exemptions have been unwarrantably bestowed. Charity may be, ought to be, offered to the helpless or the unfortunate; but the honest, manly workman asks nothing and will accept nothing beyond the Divine bestowals, his liberty and his independent strength and skill.

Graduates and students of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, Ont., may now be found in honorable and lucrative employment in shop, store and office, in School and College from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in Canada and the United States. Scores are teaching successfully and others earning large salaries as Stenographers or Bookkeepers. A 60-pp. Calendar sent on application to PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.

Both Stayed at Home.

Chicago Post: Johnny—Ma, where'm I going to stay when you and pa are gone?
Ma—Your pa isn't going away.
Johnny—Yes he is. He's going to Rome.
Ma—What put that foolish notion into your head?
Johnny—I heard him tell a man that as soon as you went away he was going to make Rome howl, and how can he do it without going there?

All nervous disorders, all diseases peculiar to women, such as bearing down pains, suppressions of the periods and weak nerves can be thoroughly cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Try them.

Advertising Man Rampant.

Chicago Press: With an injured husband hunting for him with a gun, Robert Mantell, the eminent actor, ought to be satisfied. It gives him a big advertisement for nothing.

WITS—All Fitts stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fitts after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and trial bottle free to Fitt cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 381 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.
"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used
ST. JACOBS OIL
and it completely cured. I give it all praise."
MRS. WM. RYDER.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

A LOVER'S REVENGE.

His Affection was Unrequited, but He Got There Just the Same.

CHAPTER I.

"Is it true, Marie?" he asked with blanched face and trembling voice, according to the Chicago Tribune. "Has Henry Fitz-Dougherty, my bosom friend, he whom I trusted as my own brother—has he supplanted me in your affections?"

"It is true, Leonidas," said the young lady, turning away coldly.
"False and perfidious friend! Fickle and heartless girl!" howled Leonidas Grimshaw, as he rushed forth from the house and wandered through the deserted streets till the dull, murky tinge of approaching day began to smear itself on the dingy sky. Then he went to his lonely, cheerless room, threw himself on his couch and tried to sleep.

But his feet were very, very cold.

CHAPTER II.

The ceremony that united Henry Fitz-Dougherty and Marie Penjarvis Kernhook in marriage was over. The guests had departed and the happy bride and exulting groom were looking over the glittering array of presents that had been sent to them.

"I have a little surprise for you, Henry, dear," said Marie, a smile of radiant beauty bisecting her lovely face.

"What is it, love?" inquired Henry.

"Leonidas Grimshaw has sent me a costly and elegant gift."

"That is kind of him."

"Indeed it is. The poor fellow has got over his broken heart. He cherishes only the kindest feelings for us now. See!"

She