

THE FREE PRESS.

TUESDAY MORNING, August 25, 1881.

YOUNG FOLKS CORNER.

Three Foolish Young Men.

There was a young man of Dumfries, "I wonder," he said, "would it less time?" While the girl did all right, And crooked and crooked. "The deuce! Why doesn't he kiss me?" And his cousin, who lived in Edinburg, Though she kissed his bosom to guess, Yet when she somewhat helped him off his shoulder, The guy was afraid to cross her.

And the other one, down at Dundee, Was as bashful as foolish could be! When his girl, in Plaicer, Asked him if he had her, He stammered and said "I would see."

A Nipper Nipped.

"Ah, my boys, a nip is a good thing!" And here Tony Welch emptied a glass of beer.

About fourteen, he thought that taking a nip was manly.

"Have some, John!" he asked, turning to his companion.

"No; one who nips may get nipped."

"Ha, ha! you are facetious, my boy, faecious!" And Tony emptied another glass.

"You haven't got your eyes open."

"It booz is the only thing that will open thy eyes then I had rather they would stay that."

Who ever knew leger to open a person's eyes? It is the very thing that will close them, making a sleepy insect in the evening, a drowsy workman by day, a heavy lister in the evening, and afterwards put him to bed stupid and foolish. And booz is the friend with the left out (any school boy) and girl can tell you what word that will give, whose work is to hurry the body into the grave, there to sleep for ever."

But Tony was very wise; he thought he knew a thing or two.

"Besides," he said to John, "I think I have a right to nip a little to-day. Squire Selwyn takes a fancy to me, and he thinks he will give me a winter job on his farm, so let's celebrate."

"People generally celebrate after getting a job rather than before it," suggested John.

"Nonsense, John! you're too particular. Squire Selwyn won't go back on me."

Tony, therefore, kept on nipping. Going home, he was drowsy, and lay down for a nap in the shade of "Squire Selwyn's hedge. The Squire's big dog, Bruin, came along.

"What's this?" he seemed to say, smeling Tony. "Another dog, a log of wood, or what is it?" and he took several sniffs. Then he looked up; did he say, "Bah! this is a bear-drinker!" He now began to poke Tony with his long, tough nose.

"Bruin! what are you doing? Come away, sir!"

It was "Squire Selwyn" shouting to his dog. Tony was now stirring, and looking round, he muttered,

"G'way! G'way there, I tell ye!"

Rising, he began to stagger off.

"Let me have a look at that young man," said the "quire" walking up to Tony, and accompanied by Bruin.

"G'way! G'way there, I tell ye!" murmured Tony, unable to distinguish clearly between the "quire" and his dog.

"Hem! and the expire f' that's Tony Welch, the young fellow who wanted a job of me, but he won't get none now. I must have somebody I can trust, and I can't have confidence in him."

Here somebody came running after the "quire" and called him back to his house. Bruin, though, was not ready to leave, and he followed Tony.

"G'way now! groaned Tony.

But Bruin was disposed to confine his attention, smelling and poking the bear-drinker. At last, as if to make a complete test, he opened his jaws and took a mouthful of Tony's tail. Bruin had plainly made up his mind to be in the fashion and "take a nip." Tony hardly noticed it, for the dog had not bitten him. Others noticed it, and a laugh was raised at Tony's expense.

"Poor fellow!" said somebody, stopping up and taking Tony's arm. It was John Palmer, and he led Tony to his house.

"Ho! there is that Tony Welch again," said "Squire Selwyn, meeting the two boys.

"That is bad! that is shameful! But who is with him, kindly helping Tony home? John Palmer! I wonder how it would do to give him the job I meant for Tony. John shall have it!"

Add so Tony, the nipper, f' that's Tony Welch, did what he had never done before, asked God to help him, his outlook for the future was all the brighter.

A Reform Movement.

An Oil City lady remarked to a neighboring milk man:

"The weather has been quite moist for some time back, hasn't it?"

"Yes, decidedly so," replied the milkman; "and the flies bother my cows fearfully."

"Why don't you ablinge them?" asked the lady.

"That wouldn't do any good," responded he, "it would only make the matter worse to shingle of their hair."

"I didn't say anything about shingling off their hair."

"Didda you advise me to shingle them?"

"Yes, certainly."

"What did you mean?"

"Why, exactly what I said. Shingle them—put on shingles, or a tin roof."

"What good would that do?"

"It might possibly keep the water out of the milk."

Ask your dealer for "Castorine" machine oil and so, that the barrel is branded "California," as none other is genuine.

RURAL DISCLOSURES.

Country Life in Comic Color.

Farmers are like foxes—either will get full crops without industry. If you want to get a sure crop, and a big yield, grow wild oats.

Farmers and countrymen, generally are naturally quick witted. They may be slow account as to "book learnin'" but nature seems to have gifted many of them with a quick tongue and ready wit. There have been many good stories told to illustrate this fact:

An old farmer who was troubled with skunks was found by a neighbor beating the carcass of one with a big club. The neighbor inquired why he so excited himself, telling him the animal was dead. "Well, you," replied the farmer, wittily, "but I want to learn the critter that's punishin' me after death."

There is a story of a traveller, who, wishing to reach Taunton, in the State of Massachusetts, had somehow gotten around and was trudging along very gingerly in the opposite direction from the right one to that of the town. Meeting a farmer in the road, he drew up and asked: "How far is it to Taunton, if I keep straight on?" "Well," said the farmer with an intelligent twinkle in his eye, "if you keep on in the way ye are going now, it's about 25,000 miles; but if ye turn right around, and go 'other way, it's about a mile."

"Heck! I hear as Angel singin'," sang a young man in an outside township exhibition. "No, ta'ain't," shouted an old farmer in one of the back seats; "it's my old mule that's lilted out side."

A farmer hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, when there was a big to lift, generally contrived to secure the swing end, for which the farmer classified him, and told him always to take the butt end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan sliced off a generous portion of the largest part, giving the farmer the wink, and ex claimed, "Always take the butt end."

"Buy any butter here?" asked a country customer who walked into a dry goods store. "No, sir, we don't buy any," replied the merchant. "Want any eggs?" "No, sir, we keep a dry goods store here."

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Respect.—The Grey Hair of old age demand and should receive respect, but the Gray Hair of young people require attention—in the way of using Angles Hair Renewer. Sold by J. E. McMurtry, 50 cents per bottle.

Manufacturers of Reapers, Mowers, and Threshing Machinery, prefer Castorine Machine Oil to any other. It will burn hard, seal and elephant, and is warranted not to gum.

A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples, inflamed breast, and kidney-complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases of the skin, ringworm, soury, scaly, scabbed, scurvy, swellings, sore heads, and the most inveterate diseases, to which the human frame is subject, cannot be treated with a more easy and reliable remedy than Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which act so peculiarly on the constitution and so purify the blood, that those diseases are once eradicated from the system, and a lasting cure obtained. They are equally efficacious in the cure of excretions, burns, scalds, blisters, swellings, ulcerous wounds, rheumatism and contracted joints. These medicines operate mildly but surely. The cures effected by them are not temporary or apparent only, but complete and permanent.

Mother's Milk.—Mothers!!! Are you disturbed at night and tormented by your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—deprive upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and in addition to this, it will relieve the child of its gripes. It is particularly safe in all cases and pleased to the taste, and contains no injurious or deleterious ingredients. Recommended by the highest members of the medical faculty in case of indigestion, general debility, loss of appetite, and nervous affections of all kinds. It is also specially beneficial to children and delicate females, and to business men, students, and those who have much brain work. We would say, never be without it. It will strengthen you, keep your system in regular order, and enable you successfully grapple with the work you have to do. It is pleasant to the taste, and contains nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Remember to ask for the Quinine Wine prepared by Northrop & Green, Toronto, and we assure you will be satisfied that you have full value for your money. Druggists sell it.

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