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YOUNG HOLES CORNER.

THE FATE OF THE HEN.

A little pig
that ate a pea;
Chittering at an old hen;
Loving it a bit;
Standing with her neck stretched;
Waiting for the grub;
From the piggy's dinner;
Wishing she had some;
Little black puppy;
In his dirty pen;
Dropped a kernel, falling;
Very nice the hen;
Bitty saw it coming;
Made a quick dive;
But that biddy never
Left that pod alive;
For had little Henry;
Caught her by the head;
Pulled her down;
With the hen down dead;
Children when the temper;
With his cithering tail;
Or like that poor biddy;
Sad may be your fate.

True Words Well Said.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

A father taking his careless daughter aside, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any sort of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fair tanned breath, and swollen face. You were not attractive then, as you are now. And through those

TEARS OF CHILDISH SUNSHINE and shadow she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss, with which she roused so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, I am sure, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more.

BEST OF AN ANGEL'S AS IT BLOWS OVER YOU, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelike of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days; the burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done too many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother's love when it will be too late."

Successful Men.

We have again to express our surprise at the unprecedented and continual extension in all countries of the demand for Holloway's Pills and Ointment, as most things of the kind, after one generation, is set aside by the next; but to our astonishment, this extraordinary man, for so we may certainly call him, goes on and on and on, and all classes and conditions of mankind unite in proclaiming the supremacy of his remedies over all others.

No one has met with so much opposition, or secured so much success! The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, and Holloway's remedies once tried never give place to others. To what can we attribute the spread of them over the civilized portion of the globe? Whatever one goes, there the energetic Professor will be found to relieve pain and restore health. Are you a樵夫? A few pills will remove the effects of excess. Are you feverish, dyspeptic, troubled with an enlargement of the liver or spleen? What more efficacious than the remedies he offers at a test which appears ridiculous when compared with the inestimable benefit they confer! Are you troubled with skin diseases, sores or ulcers, old wounds or swellings? A few applications of the Ointment will remove the same. Are you rheumatic? The Ointment will restore your limb to the elasticity of vigorous health.

This is no puff purchased by laura. Professor Holloway is nothing more to us, than are the thousands who enter for public approval; but as faithful servants of the public, it is in their interest that we record these facts, as we do not consider it to be to our duty to write anything that may be considered as a puff for any individual. If such wish to avail themselves of our publicity, our advertising columns are always open to advertisements that are not official; but, when we say this, we are advised at the same time that all caterers to the public should occasionally publish such things as appear to be deserving of notice.—Patent.

A common, and often fatal disease is Jaundice. Regulate the action of the Liver, and cleanse the blood with Bitter Blood Bitters, and the Jaundice will speedily pass.

DRUGSTORES—
A. MILLION, 104 Front Street,
Portland, Maine.

A Michigan man told his daughter that she learned to work well without training. She learned the art, and he surprised by discharging the hired girl.

MALVY—Who had that little lamb?

Hud. Teeth as white as snow.

She always bathes them twice a day.

With "Teasants" you know.

English doctors say that plants in sleeping rooms are unusually fresh.

Friendly doctors say they produce great comfort.

French doctors don't say anything about it.

It's a mystery.

It's a secret.

It's a secret