

The Young Folks.

A BOY'S VALENTINE.
I ought begin: "The rose is red,"
(Though the boys all think it good,
Or this is not the time to say);
But there's a better saying,
Is given when you do say;
The same old things that every one
Keeps saying in the same old way;
And I said Jane the other night
What grown up people write about
How they feel about their love,
But last night all I could say was:
That signed her, after she said I meant
The question (and the will not know);
A boy's best love, just a smiling eye;
A kiss, a soft note, just a loving place;
It can't be hard if that is all;
So I'll sing by saying this:

"To my dear lady beautiful
I send my Valentine and kiss;
The sweetest love and gentlest kiss.
The kiss because I love her more
Than any one beneath the sun,
Because she is the kindest one;
The sweetest lady ever known;
And every year I say the same;
The very same to her alone!"

Then Now it's finished. Who will do?
I've thought of one or two others;
But I'll sing by saying this:

"I'll send it right away to mother."

FUNNY "ADS."

Curiously worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are common in the London papers, it would seem. An English periodical offered a prize the other day for the best collection of such announcements, and the following is the result:

"Abundant sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad, in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted, experienced nurse for bottle baby."

"Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Wanted, a room by two gentlemen

about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Lost, a collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle."

"Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Respectable widow wants washing for Tuesday."

"For sale—a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skin."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with reference."

"Building for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—An organist, and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted—a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter." —Westminster Gazette.

Family Likeness.

Numerous investigations have recently been undertaken by a photographic society in Geneva. The purpose was to show that the longer a married couple lived together, the more and more marked became the resemblance which the two persons bore to each other. Photographs of seventy-eight couples were taken, as well as an equal number of adult brothers and sisters. On careful inspection it was found that the married couples were more like one another than the brothers and sisters of the same blood. Apparently, therefore, there seems to be a greater facility in the production of "family likeness" with the aid of heraldic transmission. In accepting the statement of the society in question as true as to fact, it is not difficult, in a certain measure, to account for the phenomena referred to. Human beings for example, have quite a facility for copying each other in their ways, movements and temperaments.—*Photographic Times*.

What It Wanted.

Young Housekeeper (anxiously) "Is the mine good? Now tell me frankly. It's the first I ever made."

Husband (promptly) Yes, indeed, it's splendid. Head, Excellent, not quite spiced enough, though."

Her Father—Very good, my daughter; but a dash of brandy will improve it, I see.

Her Mother—You've done wonderfully well dear. The crust needs a little more shortening. Did you put any salt in it?

Her Sister—You needn't be ashamed, I'm sure, for a first attempt. But, goodness, why didn't you let me taste the raw?

Her Brother O. K. Neil first rate, only, what's the matter with the bottom of it? It tastes like dough.

Young Housekeeper (with alarm) Thank you all very much. I'm delighted to know that my pie is such a complete success. Brooklyn Life.

A TERRIBLE RECORD.

The New York Medical Times gives these sickening, yet true statistics, which set one to questioning how long Christianity and civilization will go on enduring the drink traffic curse: "In Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are every year committed to prison as drunkards; 112,000 of these are men, the rest women. The men and four women were murdered in the United Kingdom from January 1, 1891, by drunken husbands. There are 30,000 criminals in German prisons; 14,000 of whom were arrested for crimes committed while intoxicated."

DO SHE DO RIGHT?

A young lady loved a young man. He had the habit of moderate drinking. She was advised by a disinterested friend not to marry him on that account. She had a great conflict and decided to marry him. But the fact soon became known. But he broke up, in spite of what passed, as general, as daring, as loyal as ever, wasted his hollowed passion on a human brute. Finally he attempted to take her life, and she fled in terror from him to save herself and her children. He died a drunkard, and she was broken hearted into the grave. But she did right!—*Speaker & Debater*.

The Printer.

He is the medium between the author and the public, the confidante of the editor and the electric telegraph. He is the recipient of the greatest news and the repository of the merriest joke. You who read the numerous intelligence and carefully studied opinion of the current journals would be lost in the dark for the printer. He is the intermediary of the world's intelligence, the herald, the order, the gossip.

NOTES HERE AND THERE.

Items of General Interest to Pros
Pries Readers.

Yankee Hens Hiss

When there is lassitude and in the blood. Liniments and lotions will be of no permanent benefit. A cure can be accomplished only by neutralizing the acids and of that purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine because Hood's Sarape is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels also. They are a great relief to a patient? Because they are both put into the ground to penetrate them.

An Extended Experience.

Writes a well known chemist, "permits me to say that Paterson's Patent Corn Extract never fails. It makes no sore spot in the flesh, and consequently is painless. Don't you forget to get Paterson's Corn Extract, now for sale by medicine dealers everywhere. Substitutes are offered everywhere as just as good. Take 'Put name's' only."



The most pleasant and perfect cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Heartburn, Sore Throat, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c. It cures the Cough and all Throat, Bronchitis and Lung Diseases.

A new flowing machine is being built for one on the Erie Canal. It is to run over the bottom of the canal and cut long grass which grows there.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure, and effectual. If your druggist has no hope in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Get the best.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best. Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion the best form of God Liver Oil.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

FREDDIE'S VALENTINE.

There were "lunatic" sights,
As I could find "no daylight";

As lovely as ever you'll see;

With a smile, a kiss, a hug,
All mirth and fun;

All satisfied on purpose for me;

But the one missing made;

Put the rest in the shade;

When the table for dinner was set;

For a grander's sake;

In the shape of a heart;

In the pillow's valentine yet;

—Constitution.

It is estimated that 200 hours on the head, 20 on the chin, 23 on the arm and 10 on the back of the hand are respectively contained in a quartier of an inch.

Oh, What A Pough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that terrible disease Consumption. Ask your selves if you can afford for the sake of saving 60c, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shillito's Cure will cure your youth it never failed. Sold by J. V. Kavanaugh.

The best protection of a nation is its men; towns and cities can, not have a safer defense than the prowess and virtue of their inhabitants. Habibis.

Thought it was consumption.

Dr. S. S. —I was troubled with a nasty cough and I really thought I was going into consumption. I took two bottles of Haygarth's Pectoral Balsam and can say that it only cured me at last but I never had a cough since. It is the best remedy in the world.

G. E. White, Black Caps,

Bonaventure Co., Quebec

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PAIN-KILLER

VEGETABLE

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PERRY DAY'S

PAIN-KILLER

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