

St. Valentine's Day

Its Legends and Customs



Candy Boxes Decorated With Roses Meaning Love



The Face that broke a heart



An Exchange of Hearts—Valentine Day on a Southern Plantation



The Newest Check Kissing for St Valentine's Day

Valentine Bouquet.
Lilies of the Valley and
Ferns meaning Your
Unconscious Sweetness
was Fascinated Me

Making Valentines

Custom rules the world for no matter how much we may deny that we are custom fettered, the fact remains that we follow blindly, curious old and unwritten law, without so much as asking the reason for so doing. The method of celebrating St. Valentine's day is one of the best examples of this, for if the sender of one of these love missives were asked to explain just why it was sent on this special day, the answer in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred would be, because it is the custom.

It is a pretty and plausible plea which he deserved that on St. Valentine's day, which in the Roman and Anglo-Saxon calendar falls on February 14th, young folks should exchange greetings of love set forth in verses or emblematic pictures, and this has been practiced certainly for the last three hundred years. The legends of St. Valentine's day are far from satisfying, for search history as we may there seems to be no real reason why this Cupid's feast should be given that name. The saint who bears the name of Valentine was not of a sentimental nature. He wrote no love songs, nor does history record any love affairs in connection with his life.

He was a bishop or pope of Rome, who remained steadfast in his faith during the persecution of the Christians by the Emperor Claudius, and was cast into jail for this reason. While he was incarcerated there his story tells us that he cured the jailor's daughter of blindness. His gifts were anything but sentimental, for when the miracle was made known to the authorities they beat him with staves and later he was beheaded. His body is preserved in the church of St. Praetextus at Rome, where the gate now known as the Porte de Popolo was formerly called the Porte Valentine or Valentine Gate.

Another Valentine, too, may have a share in the day, but he had even less to do with sentiment. He was likewise a bishop, and one of his acts was to heal the son of Cratton, the historian. This miracle worker choked to death on a fish bone. His memory is still revered in Germany and Italy, where prayers are offered to him for the cure of epilepsy. So, it would seem that neither Valentine would seem eligible to the honor of being the patron saint of lovers.

An old English dictionary of the

a barbarous, pagan fest for many of the girls so won were carried off into slavery. The Christian clergy found it impossible to stop the custom during the feast of the god and goddess, but they finally succeeded in substituting the names of saints for those of young girls when the slips were ready for drawing. As the names came out the young men were asked to pray to the saints whose names were on the papers they received. The result was that the lottery of girls at the Roman festival ceased.

As far back as 1691 history records incidents of Saint Valentine's day such as parties were maidens and bachelors would meet and each write their names upon separate billets. These billets were then rolled up and drawn by way of lots, the man taking the girl's billet and vice-versa. After the drawing each girl and man found themselves with two valentines. However, there seems to have been but little attention paid to but one, for the man became the devoted cavalier of the girl whose name he drew. It seems, after all, to have been the man's privilege to choose and the girl's drawing amounted to a mere form. There was dancing and supping, where each bachelor appeared wearing heart on his sleeve, bearing the name of his valentine. Quite frequently the couple became real sweethearts and married. In every case the man remained bound to the service of his valentine like some medieval knight of romance to his lady love. The men were, of course, always anxious to draw the names of pretty girls. There was an equal number of both sexes, however, and even the most unattractive girl found a valentine as well as her fairer sister. Numberless tricks were used by those who were already sweethearts in order that they might get together after the drawing.

In Shakespeare's time the custom of challenging a valentine somewhere was an unwritten law. The challenge consisted simply of saying "Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day" and he or she who said it first on meeting a person received a present. Later the custom changed and the gentleman alone gave the present if he was challenged by the woman. He lost. In the days of the quill pens and high priced postage the manufacture and transmission of valentines through the post was an expensive luxury, for the sentimental poetry had to be written on thick sheets of gilt-edged paper. The first page of the sheet was always adorned with a gilt paper Cupid which had been carefully pasted on. Such silly verses as:

"The rose is red,

The violet is blue,

Sugar is sweet,

And so are you."

usually followed. Frequently these valentines were delivered by servants. Then came the age of printing and the reduction of postage and Valentine's day became a busy time for the post office employees and has remained so ever since, increasing each year. The first printed valentines consisted of gaudily colored pictures representing loving couples seated in bowers of flowers with a church in the distance which served to convey the idea that matrimony was the end in view. A very telling of the tender passion of the sender was attached. It is to be

regretted that so few of these old valentines have been preserved for the designers of them seemed to have such an extraordinary idea about dressing the ladies and gentlemen whose feelings they sought to interpret. The man was usually attired in lavender trousers, yellow waistcoat, blue coat and a green or red necktie. The stock costume for the lady was a fiery red gown, a lively green shawl and a bright yellow bonnet. For the past twenty-five years the valentines have been especially artistic. They are manufactured all over the civilized world and thousands of people find lucrative employment in their making. The work is carried on for two or three months of each year in factories where paper ornaments are manufactured. The home-made valentine, too, plays its part, for children frequently make their own love tokens by cutting pictures from fashion papers and pasting them on cards decorated with fancy gilt little love verses or fancy gilt little love verses under the picture. Hearts have always been a part of Valentine's day, and among the children, especially in the south, there is an exchange of red paper hearts on that occasion.

Side by side with the sentimental

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valentine—the comic monstrosity has grown up—a grotesque figure with an insulting verse under it. This hideous vulgarity is offered for one cent and finds a ready sale among people who are maliciously inclined, and is used more to wound the feelings of the receiver of it than for any other purpose. While it is, perhaps, not so extensively used at the present time as it was in former years it is still the disagreeable feature of the true lover's day and should have been prohibited by the post office authorities long ago.

The valentine postcard with its Cupids and its flowers has made its appearance and now rivals the Christmas, New Year and Easter postcard. It had its origin in Germany and the most beautiful ones are designed and colored in that country. The custom of sending flowers, candy and jewelry as Saint Valentine presents has rapidly gained ground, especially in our cities, and this practice is exceedingly popular with the gentle sex, most of whom are fond of flowers and sweets. Indeed, flowers have become so popular at valentines that florists make a special feature of the day and grow extra flowers, forcing them to bloom for this auspicious event. The language of flowers comes into play here and this year the florists are making combinations according to the meaning of the flowers. When a lady receives a bunch of lilles of the valley mixed with madam hair fern she is expected to understand that "her unconscious sweetness has fascinated the sender." A bunch of white violets or gardenias will tell her of her loveliness in the eyes of the flowers mean true love, and as American Beauty roses at Valentine season will bring from one dollar to one dollar and a half each they prove a rather expensive way of bearing a message of the tender passion. Rosebuds, now so difficult to obtain, when combined with a spray of myrtle, are meant as a confession of love.

The confectioner, too, reaps a harvest with his canary done up in appropriate boxes. Heart shapes have always been popular, but recently many novelties have appeared in connection with them—heart-shaped boxes with tiny Cupids perched on the top, round boxes with a frosted glass globe cupids sending out arrows from the quiver slung over their shoulders, and heart-shaped boxes with satin bags inside and hung by white silk cords. These last, however, may be used for powder puffs after the sweets have vanished.

Valentine parties are in order and the old game of drawing names to select partners is played. This year being leap year the ladies will do the drawing and select their partners instead of the men being allowed to make the choice. The title decoration for these affairs to be strictly correct must include ices and confectionery in the shape of hearts. Cupids, too, must be in evidence, for after all St. Valentine's day is really the feast day of this little god of love, who is supposed to send his arrows home on that particular date.

"Snap kisses" are used as well, these are merely bon bons wrapped in colored paper with fringed ends. Enclosed with the bon bons is a verse appropriate to the occasion, and a cap with a string on each end. A young girl takes one end of the kiss, and a man the other, and both pull at the same time. The cap snaps with the report of a toy pistol and the verse is read aloud by the one who finds it in his or her part of the kiss." These verses are oftentimes passionate declarations of love and cause much merriment when they are read by a bashful young man. The newest "kiss" for this year is made of crimped paper of the most delicate shade of pink and decorated with pictures of Cupid in various attitudes always bearing a red heart.

Even though the origin of St. Valentine's day may be rather vague "all the world loves a lover" and it will never question the right of this lover to send out his missive of tenderness to his sweetheart on this particular day, so the pretty custom of sending valentines is likely to continue for all time.

Racers' Queer Names.

How much truth there is in the story we know not, but it is told that when Captain Boyd told Lady Lillian that he had bought a yearling, she replied, "What a senseless thing to do."

"Senseless! Good!" railed the captain, and forthwith gave the colt that name. It was appropriate for this good-looking grey horse, now belongs to Major McLaughlin, by Grey Leg, and out of a mare called Sensible.

There are some owners who have considerable difficulty in naming their thoroughbreds and it is said of the late Earl of Glasgow that his friends had quite a task to get him to christen them. The testy earl used to say that a horse should prove itself worth a name before one was given to it.

One evening he was induced to christen three, and the following were the names under which they ran: Give-Him-a-Name, He-Hasn't-Got-a-Name, He-Isn't-Worth-a-Name.

There are not a few horses which have run in recent years with a equally foolish and much more meaningless nomenclature. For instance, John-Wille-Come-On and Would-You-Believe-It. There ought to be a censor of racing nomenclature, for some of the titles chosen for horses detract from the dignity of the sport.

A Surprise.

On the occasion of a football match in England, between a number of military officers and a team of lawyers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for chambagnes and cigars, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking toward the football ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkable fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were.

"Oh," replied one of them, finishing his last glass of champagne, "those are our playing team, we are the only the lunching team, you know."

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