

CONCERNING KISSES.

In order to make this world purer, better, brighter and sweeter, the same as the Creator intended it should be I have compiled the following good advice: A kiss is a coin which is always worth its face value and will always pass current.

Kiss Her Reader, have you got a wife?
Every Day. Kiss her every day.

'Tis the duty of your life
To kiss her every day.

Tell her that the world is greaced
By such as she—the true, the chaste—
Then put your arm around her waist
And kiss her every day.

Tell her that she's growing prettier
Every dawning day,

Dearer, nearer, wiser, wittier,
Kiss her every day.

Many lives are graveyard carried,
Wounded, bruised and hurt and harried,
They stopped their sparking when they married,
Often that's the way.

Tell your wife how much you'd miss her
If she went away;

Take her in your arms and kiss her
Forty times a day.

Tell her she's your life and crown;
Never leave her with a frown;
Keep your ugly temper down,
And kiss her every day.

Winter, summer, rain or shine,
Never sulk and blame;

Spring or autumn, never whine
For your own good name.

Sometimes she'll be cross and cold,
Never mind—she's good as gold;
Let her have her little scold,
And kiss her just the same.

When there's something wrong with baby,
Kiss her every day.

'Twill help to soothe her worry, maybe,
Kiss her every day.

Kiss her when her soul is sad,
Kiss her when her heart is glad,
Be your fortune good or bad,
Kiss her every day.

Horse Lady, have you got a hubby?
and Kiss him every day;

Horse. Even if his chin be stubby,
Kiss him every day.

Remember he hath got a bump
Of self-conceit you mustn't thump;
And even if he is a chump,
Kiss him every day.

Make the gilly think he's wise,
Kiss him every day;
Could lick a man of twice his size,
Kiss him every day.

Make him think he's pretty, too;
Never raise a hulla-balloo;
But, my dear, whate'er you do,
Kiss him every day.

Make your cuckoo think he's smart,
Kiss him every day;

The idol of your wifely heart,
Kiss him every day.

Tell him he's a perfect bate,
Make him think he's mighty cute;
And tho' he's but a big galoot,
Kiss him every day.

Tell him that you pray for him,
Kiss him every day;
And something always say for him,
Kiss him every day.

Praise his nose, his ears, his feet;
Tell him that he's quite complete;
God forgive you—say he's sweet—
Kiss him every day.

Try and be his guiding star,
Kiss him every day;
You know not what his troubles are,
Kiss him every day.

Once in every little while
He'll meet with trouble—spare his pile—
Always meet him with a smile,
Kiss him every day.

Dineen. Dineen is making a big sacrifice sale of furs.

Now is the time to buy a fur overcoat, cap or anything in that line. There is a long winter before us yet and Dineen has the best stock of furs this side of the Arctic circle. Go and look at the bargains.

They Don't There is a class of people in this country who
Know When get very indignant if you talk about Canada
They Are as a nation, and who clutch you frantically
Well Off. and beg of you, for goodness sake, not to

ruffle the feelings of our big and overgrown cousin across the line. They talk vaguely about the Monroe doctrine. Now I have carefully studied up the Monroe doctrine and I see nothing in it which prevents us from being loyal to ourselves, our country and our flag. There are people who would like to apply the Monroe doctrine to Col. Denison and gag him on the principle that no person has a right to talk about loyalty and patriotism on this side of the Atlantic, save those people who are citizens of the big republic. The Yankees may ram their Monroe doctrine down the throats of the Mexicans, but they will never succeed in making Canadians swallow it. More power to Col. Denison and the like of him. The Denison doctrine is a healthier tonic than the Monroe quack medicine any day. Talking about loyalty reminds me of a wealthy old chap who was holding forth to me about the iron heel of British despotism. "Sure," says he "they turned out me poor old fother and modther on a blake hill side and we had to lave ould Ireland an' cross the sea to this country widout a pinny in in our pockets. Bad luck to thim."

Says I, "Its the best thing that ever happened to you, you ould croaker. If they hadn't fired you out of Ireland you would have been a bog trotter there yet, pealing a pratie wid your tun nail an' atin' it wid a lock of salt an' a noggin of buttermilk. To-day you own two hundred acres of land and live in a house which is all stone but the roof, and you eat meat three times a day. What are you growting about anyway? Your son Billy keeps a saloon, and Dan has got a block-paving contract—what are you kicking about?"

A Scotchman came in this morning and told me a long yarn about how he was hunted out of Scotland to make room for deer.

"Ye auld fule," said I, "it was the best thing that ever happened ye. Here you are in the County Council, ye're no longer a man but a magistrate, ye own three humner acres of land, and they want to run you for Parliament. If ye had staid in bonny Scotland ye would have been supping your brose on a bleak hill side herding another man's sheep. G'long wi' ye, an' dimma talk to me about the i-r-ron heel of despotism. Ye'd look well stuck in the middle of a bunch of heather with a hunk of haggis in your pocket and a collie dog at your heels. The subscription of this paper is two dollars a year. Whack up." He whacked up.

The Khan's Paper will always be found for sale at Mc-Kenna's, Yonge street.