

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY falls on the 14th inst. Mr. Valentine, whose other name is not recorded in history, who was the original patentee, if not the inventor, of the scheme associated with his anniversary, is deceased. He lived in Rome in the third century, and comparatively little is known about him. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that heavied publicity, as do most of his latter day votaries. That was just where Val showed his tact and presence of

mind. The ancient Romans were a somewhat austere and haughty crowd, and took a serious view of things. They were deficient in that fine sense of humor which is essential to the proper appreciation of a valentine. It is exceedingly probable, that, when a consul or licitor, or other magnate received by mail a villainously executed hand-painted daub, purporting to be a representation of himself, with an abnormal nose, of a Tyrian purple hue, and ears four sizes too large, with a poetical effusion, such as the following, appended—

You boozy old chump the girl who would wed
An object like you would be out of her head.
You are no good at all you measly galoot
With your spindly shanks and your grog-blossom snoot
To hang myself sooner I would incline
Than ever I would live to be your valentine.

—he would grow highly indignant over it, and swear by all the large and well-selected assortment of gods, which the Romans kept in stock for the purpose, that he would be revenged. People nowadays have no idea what a touchy and irritable set those old Romans were. They never could take a joke. So Valentine continued for many years to shroud himself in obscurity, and ran his valentine factory in an underground and intermittent sort of a way to avoid being arrested by the Pretorian guard. Owing, no doubt, to the difficulties under which he laboured, his artistic designs were characterized by considerable crudity. A less important department of his business was furnishing to love-lorn swains and damsels, those metrical epistles, supposed to be expressive of affection, in which the rhymes "heart" and "dart," "love" and "dove," occur with painful reiteration, accompanied by representations of Cupids and other appropriate symbols. Val's strong point was not startling originality. Finally an outraged public seem to have got onto him, for it is recorded that he was beaten with clubs, and finally beheaded. His remains are preserved in the church of St. Praxedes at Rome, and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of the public, who are indebted to his invention for a cheap and easy way of getting even with anyone against whom they have a spite.—R. I. P.

A NURSERY RHYME RE-MODELLED.

"**W**HO comes here?"—"A Grenadier."
"What do you want?"—"To be officier."
"How is your bank account?"—"Pretty slim."
"Clear out young fellow, you ain't in the swim."



HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

MRS. JIMSON (to new "help")—"Why, Susan, you have cut off the roots of the celery."

NEW HELP—"Yes, ma'am; but they won't be wasted. I like that part of it, so I'll eat them myself."

"MISTAKES OF BOB!"

MR. MAYOR FLEMING is inspired by democratic instincts, and has, we believe, a desire to follow a bee line of sound sense. But like a good many other would-be democrats, he has a strange tendency to state socialism, which is, in its essence, the antipodes of true democracy. It is announced that the Mayor has determined to use his influence to compel members of the civic service to pay their debts to local tradesmen. At first sight this may seem a commendable course on his part. It is easy to understand that a man of high honor is disgusted to see civic employees, who are well able to pay their way, keeping their grocers, bakers, etc., waiting for their pay, and making frequent dunning excursions to City Hall. But Mr. Mayor must not forget to remember that he is elected as Chief Magistrate, not as Head Bailiff. He has no more right to interfere in the private affairs of corporation employees than in those of citizens at large. He will find plenty to do in looking after the legitimate duties of his onerous position without undertaking any such futile task as he appears to have set himself. If he feels bad about the unhappy creditors, let him advise them in a fatherly way to give no more credit to fellows who won't pay up. This is as far as he has any call to go.

EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

A FOOL
A mule
Once tried
To ride.

When licked
Mule kicked,
Then stopped.
Fool dropped
Against—
T a fence.

Since then he's got a heap more sense.