

A Sonnet.

I hold before me in weak, trembling hands
The fading portrait of a woman's face;
A picture not of young and gleaming years,
But one upon whose "across" heart the sands
Of time had dripped until the gleaming of sands
Shone wan with drifted white. A band of lace
Circles the wrinkled throat; fond embrace,
Even as these boyish arms, years ago, their bands
Of love clasped round the then fair neck of her,
As softly raine her lullaby unto
The dreamy ear in dreamland's tinkling
drings:
And as I can that face now, through the blur
Of manhood's tears, I hear a voice, lone gone.
Soft crooning through the portals of lost
lips.

R. C. TAPLEY in Judge

Counterfeit Money.

A NEW YORK UNKNOWN TRIES THE OLD SWINDLE
ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMERS.

A number of people throughout the district have lately received "confidential" letters from a person in New York, signing himself "You Know." This mysterious person offers counterfeit United States bank notes for sale on very reasonable terms, and goes on to say: "I warrant each and every note to be perfect as to paper, coloring, vignette, printing, engraving, and signatures, and when made to appear as having been used or handled much, I defy the best bank clerk or expert to tell them from the genuine. It has cost me a great deal of time and money to perfect these goods and I have at last succeeded where many others failed, in producing the genuine fibre paper. My stock now is as neat and perfect as human skill can make it, and absolutely no risk in using it. Remember, this is an article which will go anywhere and everywhere, leaving for you a net profit of from ten to twelve hundred per cent., according to the amount you buy. These goods cannot be detected in the ordinary course of trade, and only at the Treasury in Washington through the duplication of the number, and not then if the genuine bill of the same number is still in circulation, so that they are really as good as gold."

The instructions for getting the "stuff" are as follows:

"When you are ready to come and see me send me the following telegraph despatch: 'G. Lewis, 1,956 Third Avenue, New York City, Mail me a copy of Dan, Number 127,' and sign your telegram Tom, George, Henry, Frank, or any other name you choose. I will understand who it is from. Caution—In sending telegram be sure and send the right words and number, as it is absolutely necessary. Without these I would not know who it is from. Remember, write me no letters. I will not receive or answer them."—Westminster Columbian

The Whistling Girl.

The whistling girl does not commonly come to a bad end. Quite as often as any other girl she learns to whistle a cradle song, low and sweet and charming, to the young voter in the cradle. She is a girl of spirit, of independence of character, of dash and flavor; and as to lips, why you must have some sort of presentable lips to whistle; thin ones will not. The whistling girl does not come to a bad end at all (if marriage is still considered a good occupation)

except a cloud may be thrown upon her exuberant young life by this rascally proverb. Even if she walks the lonely road of life, she has this advantage, that she can whistle to keep her courage up. But in a larger sense, one that this practical age can understand, it is not true that the whistling girl comes to a bad end. Whistling pays. It has brought her money; it has blown her name about the listening world. Scarcely has a non-whistling woman been more famous. She has set aside the advantage. She has done so much toward the emancipation of her sex from the prejudice created by an ill-natured proverb which never had root in fact.

But has the whistling woman come to stay? Is it well for women to whistle? Are the majority of women likely to be whistlers? These are serious questions, not to be taken up in a light manner at the end of a grave paper. Will woman ever learn to throw a stone? There it is. The future is inscrutable. We only know that whereas they did not whistle with approval, now they do; the prejudice of generations gradually melts away. And woman's destiny is not linked with that of the men, nor to be controlled by a proverb—perhaps not by anything—Charles Dudley Warner, in *Harper's Magazine* for January.

Where Does it Go?

A daily paper is responsible for the following puzzle, and states that it is a greater enigma than the celebrated "15 puzzle" of a few years ago:

Take a strip of cardboard thirteen inches long and five wide, thus giving a surface of sixty five inches. Now cut this surface diagonally as true as you can, the result being two pieces in the shape of triangles. Next measure exactly five inches from the larger end of each strip, and cut each in two pieces. Take your four pieces and put them in the form of an exact square, and it will appear to be just eight inches each way, or sixty-four square inches a loss of one square inch of superficial measurement, but with no diminution of surface. The question is, what becomes of that square inch?

We hope to see 1892 a leap year with our population as well as in its number of days.

A burning coal seam was exposed by a land slide on the Peace River some time ago which has greatly interested the residents of that country.

A number of Calgary capitalists are applying for incorporation as a joint stock company, to be known as The Western Soap Company. They propose establishing such an industry at Calgary.

Horse thieves have been operating in the Yellowstone country, Montana, on a gigantic scale for the last month. Ranchers and rangers along the Wyoming line estimate their losses during the last month at 500 head.

An old farmer was petitioning heaven for rain, his prayers being long and fervent. While he was yet on his knees, he heard a rushing noise, and jumping up to the window, he beheld not only the gentle rain he asked for, but a regular storm that speedily flooded the place.

Promptly reassuming the regulation attitude he ejaculated: "Now, Lord, ye know this is ridiculous!"

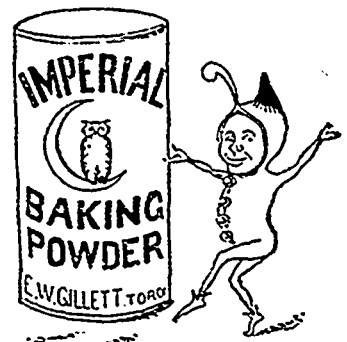
H.A. Mullens, a well-known live stock dealer of Toronto, has been visiting Manitoba. While in the prairie province he secured a lease of the Binscarth farm from the Scottish and Manitoba Land company. Mullens proposes stocking the farm with cattle and horses.

At a recent meeting of the Calgary board of trade, Major Walker suggested that the board should take action as regards the establishment of an experimental farm, and after some discussion a committee consisting of Orr, Bannerman and Walker, was chosen to draw up a petition to the Minister of Agriculture asking that the government establish such a farm in Alberta.

The following gem from the pen of a Cleveland poet at least possesses the merit of being original if it has no regard for the truth:

"The green wheat carpets all the plain,
The corn shocks stand a-row—
The starving thousands of the East
Will catch the overflow;
Our herds are thick in every vale,
Our flocks on every hill—
And Billy McKinley did it
With his big McKinley bill!"

At a meeting of the farmers' association at Brandon, Mr. Bedford, manager of the Manitoba experimental farm, contributed a paper containing an amount of interesting facts and the result of experiments made on the experimental farm. He did not believe in rushing in the seed in a superficial manner. The best results were of tests from sowing with a common drill; next the press drill and lastly the broadcast. He had not used the Gatling. Following are the figures for the tests which compare closely with the same tests of 1890: Wheat, common drill gave 33 bushels, 20 lbs; press drill, 28 bushels, 50 lbs; broadcast machine, 22 bushels, 10 lbs. Common drill gave 4½ bushels more than press drill and 11 bushels, 10 lbs more than broadcasting to the acre. With barley the results were, press drill, 55 bushels, 10 lbs; common drill 50 bushels, 30 lbs; broadcast, 42 bushels, 14 lbs. The press drill took the lead by 4 bushels, 28 lbs, over common drill, and 12 bushels, 44 lbs over broadcasting.



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