

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Pop. 1891, 109,078.

Seat of Government—CHARLOTTETOWN.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

The Honorable Geo. W. Howlan.

Private Secretary, Vivian Doran.*Aides-de-Camp*, Lieut.-Col. F. S. Moore, D.A.G., and Capt. W. A. Weeks.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Honorable Frederick Peters, President and Attorney-General.

" Angus McMillan, Provincial Secretary-Treasurer and Commissioner of Public Lands.

" James R. McLean, Commissioner of Public Works.

" Peter Sinclair,

" Alex. Laird,

" James Richards,

" Don Farquharson,

" Geo. Forbes,

} *Without office.**Clerk of the Executive Council*—Arthur Newbery.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA AND KEEWATIN.

Pop. 1891, 152,506.

Seat of Government—WINNIPEG.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

The Honorable John C. Patterson.

Secretary, Hon. W. R. Bown.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

The Hon. Thomas Greenway, Premier, President of Council, Minister of Agriculture and Immigration, and Railway Commissioner.

" Robt. Watson, Minister of Public Works.

" John D. Cameron, Provincial Secretary and Municipal Commissioner.

" C. J. Mickle, Attorney-General and Land Commissioner.

" D. H. McMillan, Provincial Treasurer.

Clerk of the Executive Council—C. Graburn.

JUNE.—If you have not had time to clean up about the farm and house since spring set in, perhaps you may have time about now. One often sees about the barn yard of some farmers old wagons, wheels, lumber, wood scattered about, logs lying by the road-side, and many other things which tend to make the place present a very disagreeable appearance. Why not be tidy and clean about the premises; set things to rights; make the place look better than ever before. Then inside the house perhaps the kitchen or some other room wants a little white-wash. Perhaps the wife or daughter wants a room or two papered. Possibly the house or windows need a little paint outside or in. It pays better in the long run to do all such things at the right time. None know better than the farmer that a stitch in time saves nine, yes, even ninety-nine, and often nine hundred and ninety-nine.

DRY ROT.

A clergyman on his way to church one Sunday was over-taken by a heavy shower of rain. On arriving at the vestry, he exclaimed, rather impatiently, "I wish I were dry!" "Never mind," said his colleague, "you will soon be in the pulpit, and there you will be dry enough."