

Mr. Lindsay. To see—if—you—I—or—  
[Stops.]  
Mrs. Osborne, (aside.) Why don't he speak out? Will you have me? That's what he wants to say.  
Mr. Lindsay. To see if—you—had seen anything of the gloves I left her yesterday. [Aside.] I can't propose when she looks at me in that way.  
Mrs. Osborne. Your gloves? No.  
Mr. Lindsay. Oh, I found them in my hat. I came to-day—to see—if—  
[Stops again.]  
Mrs. Osborne, (aside.) Oh, why don't he speak? It will be so apropos. I want a protector against that impudent officer. Fancy his expression when I tell him I am engaged. [Sighs.]  
Mr. Lindsay. You know, Mrs. Osborne—you must have seen—that—that—  
Mrs. Osborne, (aside.) Oh, he will set me frantic! [Aloud.] Yes. Mr. Lindsay, I have seen.  
Mr. Lindsay. I am glad of it.  
Mrs. Osborne, (aside.) Will he stop there?  
Mr. Lindsay. If I—may—hope—that—that—  
[Stoops for his cane, loses his balance, and comes down upon his knees, in front of Mrs. Osborne.]  
Mrs. Osborne. Don't prostrate yourself.  
[Laughs.]  
Mr. Lindsay, (rising, with his hat and cane,) Madam—I—I-wish you good morning! [Exit.]  
Mrs. Osborne. Was there ever such an idiot! "I—I—you—you." I almost prefer the officer's style. [Goes forward and sits down, facing audience.]  
Enter COLONEL O'LEARY, back. [MRS. OSBORNE does not see him.] He is very handsome. His eyes are splendid, I noticed, when he looked into mine.  
Colonel. It must be myself.  
Mrs. Osborne. And what a pretty compliment he made. He would woo in a different style from my friend Lindsay. Really, his impudence is almost fascinating. "I allowed him a whole week for courtship!" Positively, I should not be surprised to see him kneeling at my feet at this moment.  
Colonel. Shall I take the hint?  
Mrs. Osborne. Oh no, that is too lowly a position for his lordship. He kissed my hand. [Raises her hand.] Here! Next time he will probably clasp my waist, and kiss my cheek. [Rises. Colonel springs forward, throws his arm around her, and attempts to kiss her; she draws back.] Sir!  
Colonel. You said to-day! so I came. I cannot live an hour away from you, having once enjoyed your dear society.  
Mrs. Osborne, (haughtily). Colonel O'Leary!  
Colonel. Will you not say Hector? I shall hold my name a thousandfold more dear when those lips have syllabled it.  
Mrs. Osborne. Will you drive me, sir, to calling a servant for protection? [Takes up the bell.]  
Colonel. Replace it, madam. I go! But if you ever want a friend, a protector, nay, a servant, remember, Hector O'Leary waits for his word of recall. [Going. Suddenly returning.] One little favor, before we part, perhaps to meet no more. Will you say Hector?  
Mrs. Osborne. How will it affect you for me to say Hector?  
Colonel. Thank you for complying.  
Mrs. Osborne. Complying?  
Colonel. Did you not say it! [Takes a ring from his finger.] I have something here to show you.  
Mrs. Osborne. Will you leave me, sir?  
Colonel, (coming nearer). One moment; see, I had this engraved for my betrothal ring. You see the emblem? a lover's knot, and in the centre the words are entwined—Clara and Hector. [Takes her hand and slips the ring upon her finger.] It fits!  
Mrs. Osborne, [trying to take it off]. Sir, this insolence—[Aside.] It will not come off.  
Colonel. You see the ring is as persevering as its giver. Mrs. Osborne, I love you! Will you be my wife?  
Mrs. Osborne, [laughing]. Your wife!  
Colonel. Will you state your objections? I will overcome them. There is plenty of time. A whole week.  
Mrs. Osborne. Why, it would take a week to name my objections.

Colonel. Then we have no time to lose. [Offers her a chair.] Pray be seated.  
Mrs. Osborne, [aside]. I will crush his pretensions now, finally.  
Colonel, [sitting opposite her]. Madam, I listen.  
Mrs. Osborne. In the first place, you are an utter stranger.  
Colonel. An utter stranger, when you wear my ring, and call me Hector?  
Mrs. Osborne. I know nothing of you, save your name.  
Colonel. Yet I am the brother of your dear friend, Mrs. Marshall. You will own my family good?  
Mrs. Osborne. Y-e-e-s!  
Colonel. I have property independent of my profession; quite enough to live on. I am no fortune-hunter, you will grant.  
Mrs. Osborne. I—really, sir—  
Colonel. You have already said that I am handsome and fascinating; I love you devotedly; my superior officer will give me a good character. What more can you ask?  
Mrs. Osborne. Sir, I—  
Colonel. I love you! First, from report; for sister's letters were filled with your praises, and I hastened home, determined to win you. I saw you—need I say how far the reality exceeded my wildest hopes? Your beauty enchanted me, your wit enthralled me! If you are obdurate, my heart is broken. I have proffered my suit, and I await your answer. For, [with dignity] impudent as I appear, I would not force my love upon any woman.  
Mrs. Osborne. I really—I— [Aside.] What can I say?  
Colonel, [aside]. She hesitates! She's lost!  
Mrs. Osborne. Colonel O'Leary, as the brother of my dear friend—  
Colonel. No, no! If you will not be gracious on my own merits, I will leave. I will not shine in my sister's reflection.  
Mrs. Osborne. Well, then, since you will have it so, in your own person I welcome you to my house.  
Colonel, [seizing it]. And heart?  
Mrs. Osborne. I yield—to your superior impudence!  
Colonel. Dearest!—But we will spare our friends here my ecstasies, only asking them if my wooing and Lindsay's reminds them of any proverb?  
Mrs. Osborne. Proverb?  
Colonel. Yes; do you not know it?  
Mrs. Osborne. I do not recall any now.  
Colonel. Then our friends here [to audience] will, I am sure, help you. [Curtain falls.]

#### Office Receipts.

From Adams & Co., New York, "The Peep Show;" one of the most interesting, amusing and instructive books for the young we have seen this year; it is very handsomely illustrated.  
Also the "Lays of Ancient Rome," by McCullay; and the "Lays of Scotch Cavalier," by Aytoun. These publications are of noted standing. The price is \$1; it is well worth the money.  
GEMS OF THE DANCE—a music book, containing 240 pages of choice music, waltzes, polkas, galops, quadrilles, &c. Price \$1.50. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. This is one of the choicest music books we have seen for the amount of new music it contains.  
We have a very handsome companion picture to "The Offer." It is the same size and as expensively gotten up. It is called "Accepted." By sending one more new subscriber you can have this handsome picture.  
Each one of our nephews or nieces would be much pleased with the very handsome picture, "The Offer." You should try and get it. Every one that sees it is highly pleased with it. By sending in one new subscriber for the paper you will procure it.  
Our readers will welcome the advertisement of the popular seedsmen, Messrs. D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich. Their Seed Annual for 1877 far surpasses their previous numbers. This firm, one of the largest in the seed business, needs no endorsement from us.

#### Double the Circulation.

A greater attempt than ever is to be made this year to double the circulation of this journal. To do this, we will give a much greater inducement to really good agents, than we have ever before offered; or to any one of our old subscribers, or their sons, that will undertake an active canvass. Send for terms.

#### Ontario Agricultural College.

##### REPORT OF EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING PIGS.

Mr. William Brown, the farm manager, has kindly forwarded to us the full report of the results. As it has arrived just as we go to press, we cannot give the full statistics, as it would delay this issue. The results have been carefully noted by Mr. E. H. Carpenter, one of the students.

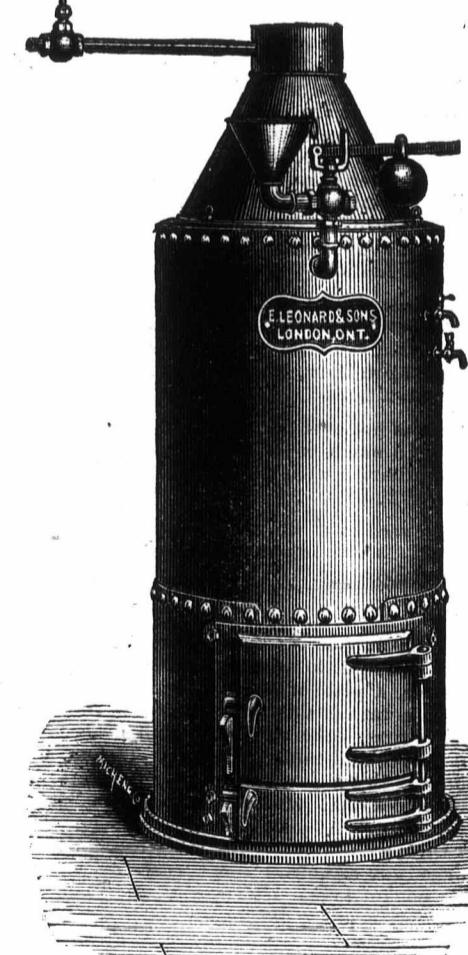
The following is the result of a series of experiments, conducted with much care and accuracy at the Ontario School of Agriculture, for the purpose of ascertaining which of the two feeds, pease or corn, it is more profitable to feed, and also to find out whether it is most profitable to feed these two grains raw or soaked in water, or, as in the case of peas, boiled.

For this purpose, five comfortable pens were set apart, each bearing a large numbered ticket, so as to avoid any mistake in feeding.

Pens Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 had each two pigs in them, pen No. 5 having but one. We omit the figures for future reference.

It was demonstrated that pease fed in their raw state again take the lead, with soaked and raw corn not far behind. And now, in summing up the whole, we learn the following fact:—That boiling pease, soaking pease or soaking corn is but a waste of time and money. It is well to observe that although pease cost a few cents more than corn the bushel, a bushel of the former, fed in its raw state, makes many more pounds of flesh than a bushel of the latter fed in its raw state.

**ERRATA.**—The cuts of fastenings on page 9 should have been placed the reverse side up.



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