

Love's Parting.

We stood at the bars as the sun sank low,
Beneath the hills on that summer day;
On my breast lay her soft cheek, white as
snow;
Her breath smelled sweet as the new-
mown hay.

Silently stood—'twas the last embrace,
Long years would pass ere we'd meet
again;
So I wondered not at her palid face,
Or the tears which fell like crystal rain.

Like golden arrows glanced the faint sun-
shine,
'Mid the quiv'ring meshes of her hair;
While she turned her soft brown eyes to mine,
I read the love which was written there.

I see her bathed in the crimson flood,
I see her peacefully standing now,
As I stroked her neck while she chewed her
cud—
I see her yet—that Alderney cow.

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.
A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of Love
Makes a very happy home.

"You will find that luck
Is only pluck
To try things over and over,
Patience and skill,
Courage and will
Are the four leaves of luck's clover."

Dooryards.

Now that the snow has left the
ground bare, the accumulation of the
winters dirt makes its appearance.
An hours' work with a rake, shovel
and wheelbarrow; will make a chang-
ed appearance in the dooryard, besides
being more cleanly and healthful.

Sowing Onion Seed.

Experiments by professor Green at
the Experimental Station confirm the
experience of all successful onion
growers, in showing the importance
of giving onions an early start so that
they may take hold of the soil before
dry, hot weather sets in. Old horti-
cultural writers taught the same
thing a century ago. Onions are a
thing which should be grown more
largely in Manitoba, and this advice
may be useful. The quantity of onions
grown is not large enough for home
consumption, and at the present time
the article is exceedingly scarce in the
Winnipeg market.—*The Commercial*.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like
new by pouring strong ammonia on it
and scrubbing with a scrub-brush,
rinse in clear water.

RISIBILITIES.

A Scotch landlord one fine morning,
noticed a boy up in his best apple tree
filling his pockets with apples. A
little surprised he said, "You little
scamp, come down out of that." The
boy Scotch, who thought a minute,
replied, "Gin' I came doon ye'll lick
me."

Landlord—Well though you deserve
it, I'll not this time, come down.

Boy—Gin i cum doon will ye nae
lick me.

Landlord—No, I'll not, come down!
I tell you.

Boy—Weel, say "as sure as death."

Landlord—Come down I tell you,
can't you believe me.

Boy, thoughtfully—Weel I dinna
ken, but if ye dinna say as sure as
death, I'll nae cum doon the day.

"Mr. Editor—What are your Price
fur notiFoin a curtain young Man to
Keep awa From my Premises? A
Reader."

For scentsational advertisements
like yours it are four dollars a line.—
Kentucky State Journal.

Creditor—Your account has been
standing a long time now, I think it
is time it were settled.

Debtor—Things generally do settle
by standing. *I am sorry if my
account is an exception, but if it does
not settle standing suppose you let it
run a while.

"So you took satisfaction out of
your rival at last Joe?"

"Yes! I got on to him yesterday."

"You look awfully bunged up.
Where did the satisfaction come in?"

"Well, you see, I was satisfied I got
licked."—Hatchet.

Patient—"How good of you to
come, doctor! I didn't expect you this
morning."

Doctor—"No; but I was called to
your opposite neighbor, poor Mrs.
Brown, and thought I might as well
kill two birds with one stone."

Mrs. Youngpeople—"Why, Riggie,
what do you mean by eating break-
fast with your trousers turned up?
It isn't raining."

Mr. Youngpeople—"No, dear; but
the coffee looks awfully muddy."

First citizen—Do you think we are
going to have an early spring?

Second citizen—Don't know. Have
been in the country only thirteen
years, ask a new comer.

Notes on All Topics.

March came in like a lamb and
likewise departed—rather sheepish.—
Free Press.

One farmer in Ellis, Kansas, who
owns 360 acres of wheat, applied to
the aid commissioner for seed wheat.
He said he didn't need it, but if it was
going he wanted some.

The oyster is one of the strongest
creatures on earth. The force requir-
ed to open an oyster is more than 1,300
times its weight. They are docile, but
they are all muscle.—*Plaindealer*.

There are 200 women preachers in
the United States who have been or-
dained during the latter part of the
present progressive century. Forty
years ago only one woman had been
ordained as the pioneer of the new
movement.

An Arkansas editor proclaims him-
self as the Messiah. Of course he is
crazy and has been sent to the asylum,
but it is not likely that he will have
the same following that other crazy
cranks have had. There is nobody so
stupid as to believe that the Messiah
will come from Arkansas.—*Duluth
News*.

Much is being said, says the *New
York Ledger*, about the "lot of
woman" and the best way of improv-
ing it. It is our notion that the best
way to improve the lot of woman is
to put a house on it and a good man
in the house. We do not claim this
to be original with us, but we think
it is just as good as if it were.

If a man and wife agree politically
the man's vote represents the opinion
of both, and there is no need of en-
franchising women. If the man and
his wife disagree politically, and each
has the opportunity of voting, there
is no peace in that household. Peace
in the household is worth very much
more to the man, his wife and his
children than mamma's privilege of
voting can possibly be.—*Hamilton
Spectator*.

A woman once consulted a seer re-
garding a way to retain the affection
of her husband, and this was the ad-
vice received:—Get a raw piece of
best surloin steak, about half an inch
thick; rub with a central slice from a
wild onion, salt and pepper; toast over
a bright coal fire on a grid-iron which
is handled only by yourself; never by
your servants; then put a little sweet
butter over the beef. Give him half
a pound of this each morning, and do
not speak while he eats it.—*Ex*.

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