My Sometime Sweetheart.

I [illegible]
But sure as the skies are blue above,
Somewhere in the world she waits for me—
She who will one day be my love.
Now, this morning [illegible] she wanders
Who is lost in the lonesome lands,
On the other side of the sea that sunders
Our eyes, and our lips, and our hearts, and our hands.

But there is a place where the waters narrow;
There is a point where the margins meet;
And it the morning of some glad morrow
We shall press the isthmus with fated feet.
Though she be with a thousand I will know her,
How can I fail to find her when
To day my heart to my thought can show her,
As she must be now—as she will be then!

And she is as fair as the fairest fair;
She is as true as the truest truth;
Pure as purity—holy as prayer—
Her heart kept fresh in the faith of youth.
With a sunny gayety ever sheening
In eyes that can sparkle with wildest fun—
Or sober to tears and earnest meaning
When tears are timely and laughter done.

I pray to meet her with soul unsullied
As here will be—with a heart unworn
Like a fallow field, all grished and gullied,
Where passion's torrents their ways have worn.
Can I falter and fall beyond retrieval,
With the thought of my lady to deter,
When all that is base and impure and evil
Goes out of my heart when I think of her?

My dream sweetheart! for in dreams I see her
And hear the sweep of her dainty dress,
While a fair arm falls with a furtive fear
Around my neck in a soft caress.
I feel her breath as she bends above me;
I catch the gleam of her dark, sweet eyes,
And I long for the time when, with her to love me,
Earth will be fairer than paradise!

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

An Ant as an Engineer.

The pastry was delicious, and I wanted it myself,
So I put it in the pantry, on the very lowest shelf;
And to keep it from the insects, those ants so red and small,
I made a river round it of molasses, best of all.

But the enemy approached it, all as hungry as could be,
And the captain with his alde-de-camp just skirmished round to see
Whether they could ford this river or should try some other plan,
And together with his comrades he around the liquid ran.

To his joy and satisfaction, after travelling around,
The place where the molasses was the narrowest he found;
Then again he reconnoitered, rushing forward and then back,
Till he spied some loosened plaster in the wall around a tack.

He divided then his forces, with a foreman for each squad,
And he marshalled the whole army and before him each ant trod,
His directions were all given; to his chiefs he gave a call,
While he headed the procession as they marched off up the wall.

Every ant then seized his plaster, just a speck and nothing more,
And he climbed and tugged and carried till he'd brought it to the shore;
Then they built their bridge, just working for an hour by the sky,
After which they all marched over, and all fell to eating pie.

Who Wakes Papa?

When early dawn begins to peep,
Neath my curtains, drawn with care,
And I fain would die and sleep,
Some one gently pulls my hair,
Tosses back the nice warm clothes,
Pulls my moustache, tweaks my nose.

Bores his fingers in my ear,
Pinches at my half-closed eyes,
Half in mischief, half in fear,
Down my throat he prying spies;
Seated on my chest astride,
He takes an early morning ride.

Takes my whiskers for his lines,
Shouts with glee and slaps my cheek,
Soon for something new he pines,
Though I be quite mild and meek,
Then he hides beneath the sheet,
Pipes to me in accents sweet:

"Papa, baby's done away."
Then (although I've missed my nap)
I perforce submit and play
A half hour with the little scamp,
And when his little arms I feel
'Round my neck, for all annoy
I'm repaid. A kiss I steal,
Saying, "God bless the baby boy."

To-day.

The past is dead and gone,
The future dark, unknown;
Time's present moments one may
Frail mortal call his own;
Then act while act ye may,
Dull night comes swiftly on;
The changing moments steal away,
In deedless purpose gone!

Weep not o'er wasted hours,
Now lost beyond recall;
Time's present proffers, fitly seized,
Yet may redeem them all!
Then act while act ye may,
Dull night comes swiftly on;
The changing moments steal away,
In deedless purpose gone!

Trust not the future fair,
Though bright by fancy shown;
To-day presents her duties plain,
Would we her duties own;
Then act while act ye may,
Dull night comes swiftly on;
The changing moments steal away,
In deedless purpose gone!

S. A. MORGAN, Hamilton.

A MATRIMONIAL WAGER.

The Winning of it Brought a Strange Confession.

WHY on earth did you select this forsaken little village for me? I am weary of it already, and I have been here just one week to day, said Mark Drayton to his friend, as they sat upon the veranda smoking. It was summer, and the night was very warm.

"My dear old fellow, the doctor advised you perfect rest and quiet, away from the noise of Wall street, and when I found what lovely spot this was I sent you word, and here we are. On one side reside two very antiquated females, on the other is the beautiful river with its weeping willows. They are very beautiful."

"I hate them Dick; they remind me too much of Ophelia."

"One thing, Mark, you cannot find fault with this night."

"I see nothing in the night."

"Then your eyes are blind to beauty. It is superb! The moonlight flooding hill and vale and gleaming among the waters of the river. Look at the blue heavens with sparkling stars, and the moon beaming down upon this sleeping garden. But, I say, what is that white, willowy something emerging into the old maids' garden? I believe it is indeed Ophelia!"

Both men jump to their feet and peep through the latticed side.

"By Jove! Drayton, it must be an angel!"

"No; it is a woman," answers the other, coldly.

Standing amid the hollyhocks and roses is the figure of a young girl. The moonlight plays fantastic capers about her and lights the garden distinctly, so much so that the two men can see her face, even to the expression, which is sweet and calm. She stands perfectly still, clad all in white. Suddenly she frightens them by coming towards their hiding-place. Finally she stands so close that they can put their hands over the lattice and touch her head, crowned with a wealth of reddish-brown hair. With lazy indolence she stretches out her arms, drinks in the fresh evening, and the men wonder what her thoughts may be. That she is pretty both acknowledge to themselves. A sharp voice breaks upon the stillness of the night:

"Dorothy! Oh, Dorothy!"

"Yes, dear Aunt Kate," answers she, and, gathering up her charming gown, she flits by the two men and through the cottage door beyond.

"I thought surely I would sneeze, Drayton."

"And I," laughs his companion, "never wanted to cough so much in my life."

"I'm sorry I go back to New York to-morrow. I should like to remain and cut you out."

"You need not worry, Dick."

"I know you are indifferent, Mark, old fellow, but I will wager with you six months from to-night that divine creature will be Mrs. Mark Drayton."

His companion burst into a merry laugh and replied:

"I will take that bet, Dick, and now it is late—let's to bed."

After bidding his friend good-bye the next morning, Mark Drayton, with his fishing pole, trudged down to the river. He is about to throw himself beside an inviting bush, when a frightened little cry makes him change his mind. He meets a pair of blue eyes belonging to a pretty, winsome creature.

"I beg your pardon. I must have frightened you, but I did not know you were on the other side." He raised his cap, and she looked at him from head to foot curiously, and at last, being quite satisfied, deigned to answer:

"Yes; you did frighten me. You see, I have been picking strawberries. I let the pail fall; they all fell out, and I have been eating more than I put into the pail again."

"May I help you?" he ventured to ask.

"What—to eat them?" She looks up pretty into his face and laughs merrily.

"No. I mean to put them back."

She hesitates, as if trying to decide a very grave question.

"Well, yes, if you like. Four hands are better than two, I am sure." He knelt down and went vigorously to work.

"You live next door, I believe?" he said, by the way of keeping up the conversation.

"Yes. I ran away from home and came to my aunt's last evening."

"You ran away from home?" he repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes. Is that so dreadful that you open your eyes so wide?"

"I can't see to pick up your berries with them closed, can I?"

"Well, no," and she laughs again. "I will tell you just how it was. When I was at school my uncle informed me he had picked out a husband for me—an old friend, and one who was handsome, good and honest; in fact, a perfect angel, so he wrote. When school was out I slipped away and came here, and I did just right."

"I suppose you did."

She opens her eyes wide and answered:

"Of course I did. And now the pail is full again I must go home. I thank you very much."

She nodded her pretty head, took her pail and left him gazing after her until the brown head had vanished into the garden.

The summer days passed on, and Mark Drayton had made great friends with his pretty neighbor. In fact, he could not, if he tried, keep away from Dorothy Deane. They took rides, walks, rows on the river and had many talks together on the veranda those beautiful moonlight nights. Something strange had come over him. A dreadful loneliness smote upon his heart. He was alone in this world. Never before in his life had he felt like this, and he could not explain it. Something stirred him to the depths of his soul, and he acknowledged to himself the awful truth—he was in love, caught fast in Cupid's net, in spite of his wisdom, and at his age, 35 years. She, Dorothy Deane, a girl of 18, had crept into his hard heart and warmed it so much he did not know himself. Then he remembered Dick Hamilton's wager. His friend had not won yet, but he would in the end, because this sweet, lovely girl must be his wife. He looked in the glass at his face, and imagined he saw it covered with many signs of age. "Pshaw!" he cried. "She won't have such an old man as I am, but I will go and tell her how I love her." And he took his hat and marched over to the little cottage. Her aunt told him she had gone out, and, going down to the river, he found her at the water's edge, throwing flowers down the tide. She grew a little pale when she saw him and held out her hand timidly. His boat was near, and Mark proposed rowing her a little way down the river. She assented, and he helped her into the boat, but, after rowing rapidly for a while, he dropped the oars and seated himself by her side. "Dorothy," he said suddenly, calling her by her first name. "I came here to say something. I cannot keep it in my heart any longer. I love you—I love you better than all the world. Say that you love me a little, Dorothy, my little sweetheart."

The scarlet rushed into her face and then faded, leaving it ghastly pale.

"Mark," she said, "I am a cheat—hypocrite. I knew you were here. I made you love me, and I hate myself. Lucy and Dick Hamilton told me you were so handsome and wealthy, but so indifferent to women, and they wanted you to be punished for it. I was to act as they told me, and if I succeeded I was to refuse you."

He broke into a harsh laugh and said in a cold, repressed voice: "Well, I ask you to be my wife. Now, refuse me."

"But, Mark, I don't want to"—

"Why not? I have given you the chance. I am sure it will not be hard."

"You are cruel, Mark," she cried. "I can't do it, I mean"—

"You don't mean"—

"Why, yes, I do, Mark, I do"—

"You don't mean that you really love me, Dorothy?"

For answer she raised her face to his, and he read the lovelight shining in her eyes. With a glad cry he folded her close to his heart and kissed her pretty lips.

"I am so happy, Mark," and then she burst into tears. He soothed her with sweet words, and soon her tears had vanished.

"I wonder what Uncle Sylvester will think, Mark?"

"Sylvester? Why, I know him well."

"Not my uncle?"

"Why, yes, I was to spend the summer with him on the Hudson, but he sent me word not to come."

"Mark," she cried, "you are the man I ran away from"—

"You don't say so!" And they both laughed merrily.

"It was a case of 'out of the frying-pan into he fire,' wasn't it, Dorothy, but what a laugh they will all have when we go back to New York."

"I don't care. Do you, Mark?"

"Well, I think not," and the boat drifted idly on through the sunshine.

It is needless to say Dick Hamilton won his bet.—*Chicago News.*

Thanks to Him.

A clergyman was severely reprimanding a man for regularly going to sleep every Sunday afternoon when he (the clergyman) preached.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I don't think it's your sermon sends me to sleep. If you notice, I am almost asleep before you begin to preach. The fact is, sir, I have been in the habit of taking a nap at about that hour of the day for years, and now I can't get out of it."

"It's a very bad habit," replied the clergyman, though somewhat mollified at the thought that his preaching wasn't the cause of the man's somnolence, "and apart from its being very improper behavior in church I should think it must interfere with your Sunday night's rest."

"No, sir, it doesn't, thanks to you," replied the man.

"Thanks to me! What do you mean?" inquired the astonished clergyman.

"Why, sir, my son is learning shorthand. So, for practice, he always takes down your sermon, and when I am in bed he begins to read it to me, and I drop off to sleep in no time!"—*Exchange.*

The World's Greatest Organ.

The largest organ in the world is in Centennial Hall, Sidney, Australia. It was built by Messrs. Hill & Son, of London, was completed in 1890, and is said to have cost $60,000. It contains 128 sounding and 47 mechanical stops. They are distributed as follows: Great organ, 28; swell organ, 24; choir organ 20; solo organ, 20; echo organ, 8; pedal organ, 26. There are 33 pneumatic pistons and 13 pedal combinations. It will give an idea of the weight and tone of the instrument when we say that it contains one 64-foot, four 32-foot, nine 16 foot, and thirty-one 8-foot stops. It occupies a floor space of 26x80 feet. Tubular pneumatics are used throughout the organ, and the bellows are worked by a gas engine.

A Popular Style of Architecture.

Visitor—So you are going to build a house in the suburbs! What sort of a dwelling shall you put up?

Host—Well, I examined the Renaissance, Queen Anne and other designs, but finally decided on the colonial plan.

Host's Son—Why, papa! you told mamma you were going to build on the instalment plan.

Easter bonnets are beginning to attract the attention of devout young ladies.

Walking is said to be the best exercise for brain workers, and it is worthy of note that brain workers can seldom afford to do anything else.

It is curious to contemplate how few young women take the bridal train when they go on their wedding tour.

Fond mamma—My son is studying biology now. Mrs. Storker—Buyology? O, I wish my daughter could study that; it might teach her how to shop.

Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald A. Smith, who gave half a million dollars each to found the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, have, it is understood, decided to give another million dollars for the endowment of the hospital.

First Medico—I'd like to get an Alms house appointment, it's such splendid practice. Second—You surprise me. I should say it was practice of the poorest kind.

There are more copies of the "Chinese Almanac" printed annually than of any other work in the world. The number is estimated at several millions. It is printed at Peking and is a monopoly belonging to the Emperor.

POPE LEO'S JUBILEE.

Some Interesting Details of the Great Catholic Function.

A Golden Virgin—Spartan Simplicity of the Pope's Life—Conversazione in St. Peter's—Pilgrims Bring Presents of Gold and Jewels—A Young Roman Prince and His Lady Love.

ROME, March.

HE eyes of a large portion of the world are now centred on Pope Leo XIII., who has just completed the celebration of his episcopal jubilee. It would be rash to judge of His Holiness' appearance from the photographs and portraits to be met with on every side. Painfully attenuated as he may appear in these, no portrait can even give a conception of the sense of vitality which lurks in the Pope's eyes and manners, when one is personally brought in contact with him. Were he more robust, he would probably long since have passed away, for his lot at the Vatican is by no means an enviable one. It is a fact which is not generally realized that for fifteen years the Pope has not set foot outside the Palace, which he has occupied since his accession. To one who in the old days was a great walker, the sufferings inflicted by such a deprivation are immense.

LIFE IN PETER'S VICAR YET.

The Pope comes of a peculiarly long-lived stock; one brother, Cardinal Pecci, died some three years ago at the venerable age of 84, while another brother reached the still more remarkable span of 92. In spite of his age, the Pope shows no mental deficiency in this respect; he is as vigorous and active as ever; but he cannot write now that his hand is palsied so cruelly by the attack of typhoid fever which struck him down many years ago. It is for this reason that his autograph is so highly valued. *Apropos* of such relics he is especially irritated at the fear that personal effects may be made use of as mementoes, and some while since he dismissed a servant on the suspicion that he traded in such papal relics as cast-off shoes, gloves and ribbons.

HIS HOLINESS EMULATES THE EARLY BIRD.

The Pope, though an octogenarian, rises at 6, often, indeed, in summer at a much earlier hour, his meals throughout the day being frugal to an extent which astonishes those who learn for the first time how simply the head of the Church lives. Twice a week he grants public audiences, at which very often British and American visitors, though not of the Roman Catholic faith, are present and are always welcome. Time was when the Pope's chief officer of the kitchen was an important personage; but the *chef* of Leo XIII. does not even deserve such a title, nor would he even be called to indulge in his art, since the Pope dines habitually alone and on the plainest of foods.

HIS ALIMENTARY SUSTENANCE.

In the morning, after his first mass, at about half-past 7, the Pope makes a light breakfast. A goat is brought into the kitchen—a goat which comes specially from His Holiness' birthplace, Carpineto. On a bowl of milk, flavored with a little coffee, the Pope breaks his fast. The day's provisions are not very serious—four or five pounds of meat and a few vegetables. The Pope's nephew sends him from his old home his poultry, eggs and butter. Soup is the chief favorite of His Holiness—soup taken several times a day, and a bowl of which is often offered to and gratefully accepted by the cardinals after a long audience.

SPARTAN SIMPLICITY OF DIET.

Nothing could be simpler or more frugal than the Pope's dinner, composed of a little clear soup, or a little meat served up with some plain vegetables and an orange. Throughout the year the Pope never fails to indulge in this one luxury—oranges in Italy being something like two or three a cent. For his supper a cup of broth and a boiled egg. Bordeaux is the Pope's favorite wine. Each year one of the religious bodies of La Gironde presents to His Holiness a barrel of their finest vintage, which amply suffices for the wants of the entire twelvemonth. Yet the cellars of the Vatican are known to contain some remarkable wine. There are rumors of Spanish vintages 100 years old, and Rhine wine of the beginning of the century, and some cognac of an indefinite age. But, as they are never tasted, no one has been able to discover whether they have been kept in order and duly re-bottled from time to time.

SILVER TRUMPETS SOUND THE ANGELS' CHORUS.

The fatigue of the recent celebrations, which have been interminable both in variety and magnitude, has been a terrific strain on His Holiness. His physicians thought several times that his constitution would succumb under the perpetual strain, but somehow he has pulled through. At one of the functions in St. Peter's he looked like an automatic figure more than anything else, as he bent forward from side to side and blessed the assembled multitude. His Holiness wore, as he went up to the high altar, a superb silver mitre, studded with precious stones, and white chasuble, richly embroidered with gold. When the procession reached the high altar he descended from his chair and celebrated mass. At the elevation the traditional silver trumpets played from the cupola the "Angels' Chorus"—rightly so named for its sweetness. Having finished his mass, the Pope leaned forward again, and continued his benedictions along the nave into the *Cappella de la Pieta*, where he disappeared from view. To describe the enthusiasm of every one is impossible; the cheering, with *Viva il papa! Viva il papa!* was long and continuous; the old gentleman seemed quite touched, and tears shone in his quick, black eyes.

LIVELY TIMES WITH THE PILGRIMS.

The reception of the multitudinous pilgrims has in itself been almost enough to break down the strongest constitution. And the cry is "Still they come." His Holiness is in this delightful fix. He must see them and bless them. It is what they have come for, and to send a batch away without the customary benediction would be as impolitic as it would be cruel. Hence His Holiness sees them all. The first batch of the dutiful 500 in number were received in the large nave of St. Peter's. At 10 o'clock His Holiness took his seat on a simple arm-chair at the foot of the altar, and with a motion of his hand invited the pilgrims to approach and pass before him. This was not a simple *delile*, for the pilgrims came two by two advancing toward the throne (*pro tem.*) and kissed the hand and toe of His Holiness, who from time to time said a few words. Each person received a silver medal commemorative of the jubilee.

GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES POUR IN.

The Piedmontese pilgrims brought a rich gift from the pious Princess Clotilde, and the *Guardia Noble* offered a rich silver mitre set with precious stones, which will make His Holiness' head ache if he ever wears it. The ladies of Lisbon sent a magnificent cope, entirely embroidered with precious stones, and the Argentine Republic $10,000 in gold, enclosed like jewels in an ivory case; so that he should make a good thing out of his jubilee.

FISHERMEN BRING OFFERINGS FROM THE SEA.

There was a pretty incident when the Neapolitan fishers, dressed in their white dress and long scarlet caps, passed before the Pontiff, each couple bearing their offering of a basket of beautiful fish, ornamented with flowers, which they laid at the feet of the Holy Father, at the same time saying in their expressive dialect, *Santo Padre benedite la mare* (Holy Father, bless the sea). The Pope seemed quite touched, and gave them an especial benediction, and turning to the *Cameriere segreto*, standing at his side, said: "We must take care of these people." The long ceremony last[illegible] rising from his chair [illegible] the kneeling multitude his *pertantina*.

Basilica amid cries of *Viva il papa re!*

CONVERSAZIONE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

This same ceremony had to be gone through on the following day, for about 8,000 pilgrims who mostly belonged to a higher status in society, many priests, but mostly gentlemen in evening dress, with decorations, ladies wearing the usual black dress and veil. After the ceremony of kissing and blessing had been gone through, the assembly took their seats in the tribunes and the nave, conversing and having introductions made as if in a drawing-room or theatre. For the last fortnight this sort of thing has been of almost daily occurrence, and His Holiness may now with satisfaction exclaim, "Thank God, it is all over!"

A GOLDEN VIRGIN.

The present sent by Prince Luitpold, Regent of Bavaria, is so costly and beautiful, that the Pope has decided that it shall have a place in the ante-chamber of his own apartment. It is a model of the famous Column of the Virgin in the Marien Platz at Munich; it stands five feet high, and the statue of the Virgin and attendant angels are made of solid gold, the Virgin's crown being thickly set with diamonds. The lamps that stand at the pedestal are ornamented with sapphires, rubies and emeralds, and as many as four hundred diamonds enrich this costly model altogether.

A YOUNG PRINCE AND HIS LADY LOVE.

In spite of the Papal jubilee Rome has indulged in one of its periodical scandals. Prince Doraszi, who prides himself on belonging to one of the oldest families in Europe, has two sons, the second of whom has fallen in love with a young lady occupying a high position. The young man frequented the house and made love to the fair damsel. One evening the stern father told the Prince he had better not see his daughter any more; and he reluctantly left his beloved's domicile. The girl in despair rushed out of the house, found her lover, and threatened to throw herself into the Tiber. This was between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. The Prince found himself in a difficulty with his love-sick girl in his arms in the middle of the night. What was to be done? he reflected, and thought the best thing was to take the girl to a convent.

NUNS DECLINE TO LEND A HAND.

No sooner said than done; but when the convent door was opened, the good nuns declared they would not take the stray damsel in. Worse predicament than ever for the Prince! The girl refused stoutly to go again under the paternal roof; so there was nothing for it but to place her in a good hotel, where she passed the remainder of the night. The next morning the dutiful son informed his father of the whole story, and declared his intention to marry the girl. The upshot is that the gay Lothario has been sent out of the way, while the young woman is shut up in a convent. The girl Prince himself is a *mauvais sujet*, and ran away from his wife with a *danseuse*. Future developments now point to a duel between the two irate fathers which can only be averted by the marriage taking place with the least possible delay.

Seed Testing and Distribution of Seed Grain.

SIR,—Knowing that farmers generally are much interested in the above subjects, permit me to place before your readers the following:

SEED TESTING.

The work of testing the germinating power of grain and other agricultural seeds is now in active progress at the Central Experimental Farm in Ottawa. Up to the present over 1,600 samples have been tested and reported on this season, and on the whole with very gratifying results, showing a good percentage of vitality. There are, however, some districts in the Dominion from which samples have been received of very poor quality and quite unfit for seed. In some parts of Manitoba the harvest season of 1891 was very unfavorable, and considerable quantities of grain were left out in stook or stack all winter and threshed in the spring of 1892. A number of samples of such grain have been tested and they show a very low percentage of vitality, many of them ranging from 15 to 40 per cent. only, and are quite unfit for seed. In some other parts of the Dominion, and especially in some sections of Ontario and Quebec, the weather during the last harvest period was very wet, and the grain in the stook was subject to repeated wettings before it could be housed, and in the meantime some of it sprouted. A large proportion of such samples also show a low degree of germinating power, and if sown as seed will be likely to result in poor crops.

Any farmers desiring to send further samples for test should forward them without delay; the packages should contain about one ounce each, and they can be sent to the Experimental Farm free through the mail. The samples are tested and reports can usually be furnished in about ten days after the grain is received.

SEED DISTRIBUTION.

Last year 16,905 sample bags of promising sorts of grain, weighing 3 lbs. each, were sent free through the mail to 9,114 farmers residing in different parts of the Dominion. This large quantity of grain, over 25 tons, was all of first quality and consisted of the most promising sorts which have been tested on the several experimental farms. By instruction of the Hon. Minister of Agriculture a similar distribution is now in progress for this year, and already over 3,000 samples have been sent out, and a large number are being mailed daily. The object of this distribution is to place in the hands of good farmers in all parts of the country samples of the best varieties of oats, barley, wheat, peas, etc., so that they may shortly be available for seed in every district in the country, and eventually result in the displacing of poor, mixed and enfeebled sorts, with varieties possessed of greater vigour and fertility. The number of samples sent to one applicant is limited to two in each case, and on this basis a very large number can still be supplied. With careful and judicious handling these 3 lb. samples will generally produce from one to three bushels the first year, and at the end of the second season the grower usually has seed enough for a large field. The advantages resulting from this large distribution of the best sorts of grain obtainable will no doubt in a few years be generally manifest in an improvement in the quality and an increase in the quantity of the average grain crops of the Dominion. A circular is sent with each sample which the recipients are expected to fill up and return at the close of the season, with particulars as to the character and growth of the grain. The request is also made that a sample of not less than one pound of the product be returned to the Central Experimental Farm, so that information may be had as to the measure of success attending its growth. Samples are sent to applicants as long as the supply lasts. Letters can be sent to the Experimental Farm at Ottawa free of postage.—WM. SAUNDERS, Director Experimental Farms.

Ottawa, March 9th, 1893.

What Became of the Dose.

Captain Orris A. Brown, who recently paid Washington a visit, and who lives not far from the now historic Hog Island, at Cape Charles, Va., where Mr. Cleveland stopped for a short time on his way home, is quite an interesting character with his kindly Southern ways, and by virtue of his aptness in telling a good story a desirable guest at dinner parties. One he told while in Washington was of a man owning a stable of valuable horses. On being informed one day by the hostler that one of them was sick he wrote a prescription which he ordered the man to get filled and administered by blowing it through a rubber tube down the horse's throat. In the course of time he went to the stable to see the effect of the remedy and found the hostler doubled up in a corner, groaning and twisting about in mortal terror, his black face ashy with fear.

"What is the matter?" he roared, with more or less Southern embellishments of a profane character.

"Deed, marse, 'deed, boss, I'se po'ful sick," groaned the dusky veterinary nurse.

"What in thunder have you been doing, you scoundrelly coon?"

"Deed and 'deed, marse, I tried to do jes' ez yo' tol' me, but somefin' done goned wrong. I got de med'cin', an' I put it in de tube an' I put de tube in de horse's mouf, but I cu'en git it down in no how, case he done got de fust blow on me!"

You can't judge the extent of a man's literary reputation by the number of times his productions are read by himself.

"I am engaged Jennie." "To whom?" "I declare I don't know. I was introduced to him at the Dawsons'; he was lovely; he loved me; proposed and was accepted, all in the same evening. Unfortunately, I didn't catch his name."

"Are you engaged to Miss Bondclipper?" "No, not exactly. But when I asked for her hand she gave me the refusal of it."

A LINCOLN COUNTY MIRACLE.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-to-do Farmer.

Mr. Ezra Merritt Suffers Untold Agony—Told by a Physician That Only Death Could End His Sufferings—How He Secured His Release From Pain—Anxious That Others Should Benefit by His Experience.

(Grimsby Independent.)

How often we hear the expression "Hills are green far away" as a term of disparagement. So it may be with many of our readers when they hear of anything occurring at a distance from home bordering on the wonderful. They may place little confidence in it, and even if they do believe it, allow the matter to pass from their minds without leaving any permanent impression. Not so with local affairs. When anything startling occurs in our midst, affecting people whom we all know well, every one is interested, and all are anxious and even eager for the most minute details. For some months past there have been published in the columns of the *Independent* from time to time accounts of remarkable cures made by that now justly famous medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Possibly some of our readers have looked upon some of these accounts as describing cures highly improbable, if not impossible. And yet this should not be the case, for they are all vouched for by respectable newspapers who could have no object in stating other than the facts, and who would be discredited by their own readers were they to do so. However, seeing is believing, and Mr. Ezra Merritt, of South Grimsby, stands forth to-day as living testimony to the wonderful curative powers of this not at all over-estimated medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having heard that a most remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. Merritt, the editor of the *Independent*, with that desire possessed by most newspaper men for verifying things coming under their notice, resolved to investigate the case and satisfy himself as to the truth of the story. Some days ago he drove over to Smithville, and at once called upon Mr. D. W. Eastman, druggist, a straightforward business man whose word is as good as his bond with all who know him. Mr. Eastman stated that he knew of the case of Mr. Merritt, and considered it a most remarkable one. Mr. Palmer Merritt had come to him one day and asked him if he could give him anything that would help his brother, Ezra Merritt, who was suffering untold agony with pains in all his joints, his back and his head. Mr. Merritt stated that his brother had tried everything, and could find nothing to help him, and that the doctors could give him no ease. One doctor from the United States had told him positively that there was no help for him, and that death only could set him free from his agony. Mr. Merritt further told Mr. Eastman that his brother wished to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked him if he thought it would be any use. Mr. Eastman advised him to try them, as wonderful cures had been worked by their use. Mr. Merritt acted on his advice and continued the use of Pink Pills until he is now a well man and sound as ever.

The editor then drove over to see Mr. Merritt, and found that gentleman sound and hearty, looking over his cattle in his farmyard. Mr. Ezra Merritt is a well-to-do farmer owning two fine farms about 3½ miles west of Smithville, in the township of South Grimsby. When the newspaper man told the object of his visit Mr. Merritt expressed his willingness to give him the fullest particulars of his case, and we cannot do better than give it in his own words: "The first time I was troubled," said Mr. Merritt, "was on July 1st, 1891. We commenced haying on that day and I felt sore and stiff in all my joints. I now believe the trouble originated through my washing some sheep in cold water the preceding April, when I went into the water and stayed so long that when I came out my legs were numb, but I did not feel any bad results until July, as I have said. I gradually grew worse until I could scarcely do anything. I kept on trying to work but it was a terrible struggle, and the way I suffered was something awful. Every joint in my body was stiff and intensely painful. As time passed on I gradually grew worse, the pains went into my back and at times my agony was almost unbearable. I had tried all home-made remedies but without avail. I then consulted a doctor but his medicine had no effect. At the time of the Smithville fair a doctor was over here from the States and I consulted him. He said my case was hopeless, and I need not expect anything but death to release me from my pain. As winter came on the pain got into my head and my sufferings were something terrible. About dark the pain would start about my ear and work up until it reached the crown of my head. As morning came on the pain in my head would subside, but the pains in the rest of my body never left me, and at last I grew so bad that when I would lie on my back I could not get up to save my life without assistance. Although I had not lost my appetite I became weak, so bad that though I could walk around I could not stoop to lift a pound. I became so weak in this way that I got discouraged and lost all hope of ever getting better. It was about this time that I heard of the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and Mr. Eastman, of Smithville, advised that they be given a trial. My brother got me a box and I took them, but felt no good results. I took still another box and still no perceptible benefit, and I felt so weak and discouraged that I decided not to take any more. At this time a lady from Hamilton came to visit at our place and she strongly advised me to continue using the Pink Pills. She had known Mr. Marshall at that city and knew that his case was bona fide. I thought it useless to continue, but at the urgent solicitations of my friends did so, and by the time I was through with the third box I began to feel a benefit from them. This gave me hope which did not again waver, as I found myself steadily growing better, and continued the use of the Pink Pills until now I am as well as ever I was in my life. I know that it was Pink Pills that saved me when all else had failed, and I have no objections to whatever the story of my case being published, as it may be the means of helping some other sufferer back to health and strength and gladness." Mr. Merritt further said that he had now no fear of a hard day's work, and has not had the slightest return of the pains or the stiffness in the joints.

Returning to Smithville the editor again called upon Mr. Eastman and was informed by that gentleman that his sales of Pink Pill were something enormous, Mr. Merritt's cure having something to do with the increase in sales lately. There are other cases also in this vicinity little less than marvellous, of which we may speak later on.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female sytem, and, in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schnectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, nor in any form except in packages bearing the company's trade mark, and any dealer who offers substitutes in any other form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Kansas woman wishes to open a mending bureau at the World's Fair, for the replacement of buttons torn off in the expected am.

A father, in reproving his son, said sternly to him: "Did you ever see me doing such a thing as that when I was a boy?"

Little Girl—The doctor said mamma must take a constitutional every day. What does that mean? Little Boy—That means walking. "Then why didn't he say so?" "I don't know, but I guess maybe if he called it plain walking he couldn't charge for it.

IT ISN'T IN THE ORDINARY WAY that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the weak and suffering woman who needs it. It's *guaranteed*. Not with words merely; any medicine can make claims and promises. What is done with the "Favorite Prescription" is this: if it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, your money is returned. Can you ask any better proof that a medicine will do what it promises?

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a certain remedy for the ills and ailments that beset a woman. In "female complaints" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and irregularities, it is a positive and complete cure.

To every tired, overworked woman, and to every weak, nervous, and ailing one, it is guaranteed to bring health and strength.

LOOKS LIKE MURDER.

Government Detective Greer to Go to Kemptville.

THE KENNEDY POISONING.

Toronto *World*: Prof. Ellis, of this city, has completed the analysis of the stomach of Alexander Kennedy, one of the victims of the recent poisoning case at Kemptville, Ont., and will forward his report in time for the inquest, which will be resumed on Tuesday next.

Government Detective Greer has been confined to his house since returning from the Wonch case at Collingwood, but will probably leave for Kemptville to-morrow.

The case promises to be one of the most complicated in the criminal history of Ontario. Since the inquest local authorities have been at work and many new developments have been discovered regarding the crime, for a crime it is now universally admitted to be around the district.

Alexander Kennedy, the male victim, was one of the best known figures in and far beyond Greenville county. He was an Edinburgh Scotchman, and had reached the ripe age of 67 years. Forty years previous Palmer Merritt had come to this place and asked him if he could give him anything that would help his brother, Ezra Merritt, who was suffering untold agony with pains in all his joints, his back and his head. Mr. Merritt stated that his brother had tried everything, and could find nothing to help him, and that the doctors could give him no ease. One doctor from the United States had told him positively that there was no help for him, and that death only could set him free from his agony. Mr. Merritt further told Mr. Eastman that his brother wished to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and asked him if he thought it would be any use. Mr. Eastman advised him to try them, as wonderful cures had been worked by their use. Mr. Merritt acted on his advice and continued the use of Pink Pills until he is now a well man and sound as ever.

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