"I Never Knowed."

(Wm. T. Crossbie in Puck of Jan. 7, 1891.)

Old Billy B was a pious man,
And thieves was his goal;
For, being a very saving man,
Of course, he'd save his soul.
But even in this he used to say,
"One can't too careful be;"
And he sang with a fervor unassumed,
"I'm glad salvation's free."

But the "means of grace" he had to own
Required good, hard-earned gold,
And he had his pew, as well became
The richest of the fold.
"He's a noble man!" the preacher cried,
"Our Christian Brother B."
And Billy smiled as he rubbed nine,
And got his own pew free.

At class meeting next, old Billy told
How Heaven had gracious been,
Yes, even back in the dark days when
He was a man of sin.
"I'v building a barn on my farm—
All I thank God," he said,
"I'd run out o' boards, and was feelin' hands,
On nothin' but corn bread.

"I'll tell ye, brethern, that I felt blue,
Short o' timber and cash,
And thought I'd die when the banks then bust,
And flooded all my mash.
But the Lord was merciful to me,
And sent right through the rift
The tide had made in the river banks
A lumber raft adrift.

"Plenty o' boards was there for the barn,
And on top was a cheese,
And a bar'l o' pork as sound and sweet
As any one ever seen.
Then I had bread and meat for the men,
And they worked with a will,
While I thanked God, who'd been good to me,
And I'm doin' of it still.

A shrill-voiced sister cried "Bless the Lord"
The whole class cried, "Amen,"
But a keen-eyed man looked at Billy B.
In thoughtful way, and then
Asked: "Brother B., did you ever hear
Who lost that raft and load?"
And Billy wiped his eyes and said:
"Brethern, I never knowed."

TWO PAINTED DOORS.

A Similarity Which Brought About Peculiar Comlications.

MR. MILNER boarded at Number Three, Simpson Terrace. (There was no terrace, but the 'Squire thought the name sounded somerous and pleasant, so he had christened his five little cottages "Simpson's Terrace.") He boarded with Mrs. Chipley and her two daughters, Maud and Marian, who felt it a great distinction to be of any service, however slight, to the pastor.

Maud gathered fresh flowers for the study table every day; Marion sat up late nights to iron and mend table linen so that the good man might have a clean napkin every day, and to darn his stockings so that you could not tell mended places from the whole, and the little widow herself exhausted every culinary resource to humor his dyspepsia, and to contrive dainty dishes out of the least possible foundation. To these three simple women Rev. Milo Milner was like an embodied saint.

"And now that Mr. Milner is safely gone for the day," said Mrs. Chipley, "we'll clean the sitting-room and whitewash the walls. Run to Dixie's, Maud, for a lump of unslacked lime, and—oh, by the way, bring some cornmeal, dear. We'll have hasty pudding for dinner, and eat at the kitchen table. Hasty pudding and milk will do for us women."

"Of course it will do, mamma," said Maud.

"I just like pudding and milk!" cries Marian, jumping gleefully up and down, "and although Mr. Milner is such a dear, good man, yet it is a sort of relief to have him gone once in a while, so that we can clean house and eat hasty pudding and milk. Oh, Maud!" she whispered to her aesthetic sister, as Mrs. Chipley went out to hang the big kettle over the fire, "I've such an idea in my head! If you'll only get a little grass-green paint, ready mixed, when you are at Dixey's and a medium-sized brush!"

"Green paint, Marian? What for!"

"Hush! don't let mamma hear! I'm so tired of hearing this called the house with the blue door."

Maud obeyed; although the elder in point of years, she had long been accustomed to be influenced over by pretty, positive Marian.

"But it is the strangest thing, Marian," she said, as, fifteen or twenty minutes later, she handed over a mysterious tin can and an oblong paper parcel to her sister; "Joe Dean is out now painting his door blue."

"Tastes differ," said Marian, shrugging her shoulders, now invested in a preternaturally shabby old calico gown, suitable only to the extremest exigencies of house-cleaning time.

"Blue is a lovely color, but, as applied to a house door, I am heartily sick of it. Joe Dean has no more taste than a Newfoundland dog."

"The Deans are expecting city company to luncheon," said Maud. "They sent to borrow the butterfly china plates this morning."

"It must be nice to have city company," sighed Marian.

"Oh! but to think of the work of it!" said Maud, lifting her hands.

Mrs. Chipley came in at that moment also clad in what Marian called her "scrubbing regimentals," and wearing an old olive silk handkerchief tied around her still bright and glossy hair, and the three set themselves determinedly to work.

Rev. Milo Milner, on reaching the railway station, received a telegram that his friend, Prof. Klingenburg, could not possibly meet him that day.

"Very good," said Mr. Milner, "I'll just step back home and get a mouthful of luncheon, and then I'll go to look over those ancient manuscripts with Dr. Hodges." He has been urging me to do so for some time past, and I may never have a better opportunity than this."

Mr. Milner tucked the umbrella under his arm, tipped his black, wide-rimmed hat over his eyes and set off on a swift swinging stride back to Simpson Terrace. The blue door stood wide open. So he walked in without the least ceremony.

"Fresh paint!" he said to himself, elevating his thin nostrils. "If there's anything on the face of the earth I detest, it is fresh paint. And I've got it all over the skirts of my best coat, too! Where is Mrs. Chipley? What has become of the girls? Nobody ever seems to be in the way when they're wanted. But, fortunately, here's luncheon ready spread. I wonder, now, how it happened. How could they know I was coming back. Cold roast grouse, with currant jelly—chicken salad—pickled oysters—really, now, this is something quite beyond the ordinary run of our bills of fare!"

The pastor sat down and ate with an excellent appetite. He made a big hole in the chicken salad mound; he picked the bones of a crisp, brown grouse with genuine satisfaction; he buttered a flaky biscuit and added to its flavor by several spoonfuls of amber quince preserve.

"All the same," said he to himself, as he wiped his mouth with a damask napkin, and rose from his chair, with another glance at the vegetable-shaped watch, "this sort of thing is quite beyond Mrs. Chipley's means. I thought she had better sense. I must really speak to her about it. In the meantime I must make good speed if I expect to have much time at my friend Hodges' place."

Away he trudged, much comforted and sustained as regarded his inner man.

"Joe! Joe!" shrieked Miss Francesca Dean, coming into the room a few minutes later, "what have you done? Eaten up all the company luncheon? Oh, you greedy"——

"I didn't do no such thing," shouted Joe from an upper room, where he was transforming himself from an amateur journeyman painter to a modern Dante player. "What are you talking about?"

"Some one has eaten his fill!" cried Miss Francesca. "Just look at the table!"

"Then it's some tramp sneaked in through the door that I left open to dry the paint," bawled Joe, exhiting his leg.

And while the Dean family were endeavoring to repair damages, the task of house-cleaning went swimmingly on at the Chipley domicile, only two doors away, the girls and their mother scarcely taking time to sit down and eat their hasty pudding, which, by the way, got scorched through Maud's over-devotion in painting the chintz curtains at the parlor widows.

But hasten as they would, the newly whitewashed walls were uneasily dry, and the furniture not yet rearranged, when dark descended on the scene and Rev. Milo Milner came in.

"Oh, take care, Mr. Milner!" exclaimed Maud, "the door, the paint is fresh."

Mr. Milner solemnly advanced into the area of the dampness, and, twisting himself around to get at the skirts of his coat, eyed them disconsolately.

"More paint," said he. "Blue pants!"

"No," said Marian. "Green."

The two colors were indeed very alike by lamplight. They might be mistaken for a lively blue—the blue for a dull green.

"Now!" said the pastor, firmly. "Do you think I haven't the use of my eyes?"

"Green," persisted Marian. "I know, because I put it on myself."

"It is not well," said Rev. Milner, "for the young to be too positive.

"But truth is truth," said Maud.

"And while I'm about it," said Mr. Milner, now thoroughly exasperated, "I deem it my duty to remonstrate with you concerning the extravagant and unwarranted style of dist in which you indulge during my absence!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Chipley, feebly catching her breath.

"Hasty pudding and milk can't be called extravagance," hazarded Maud.

"Touched at that," murmured Marian.

"Roast grouse and currant jelly," said the pastor. "Chicken salad and sponge cake. And—here again I trust to the evidence of my eyesight—all set out on your old butterfly pattern china. I know, because I ate of it myself."

"You—you got into the wrong house," gasped Maud.

"It was the house with the blue door," serenely uttered Mr. Milner, as if this were an incontrovertible argument.

Marian clapped her hands hysterically.

"Mamma," she cried—"Maud, Mr. Milner was the tramp who ate up Miss Dean's company luncheon. That was just what Francesca Dean told me they had prepared! And on our butterfly china, too!"

"It was the house with the blue door," stubbornly repeated Mr. Milner.

"But Joe Dean painted their door blue to-day!" exclaimed Marian. "And I painted ours green."

The pastor sank limply into a chair. "Then," he said, "I've got green and blue paint both on the skirts of my coat—and I have made a dreadful blunder in the bargain! And I must go at once and apologize to the Dean family; but not until you, my kind friends, have forgiven me for my meddling interference."

"But really," said mischievous Maud, "hasty pudding isn't an extravagance."

Mrs. Chipley and Marian hastened to deprecate the pastor's humility, and he went sadly to make his peace with Miss Francesca Dean.

"It is kind o' queer," said Deacon Philpott, talking the matter over some days afterward. "The dominie, he plumb admits that he's sort o' absent-minded, and needs a wife to keep him straight. And I'll bet even on pretty Miss Maud and Francesca Dean."

The deacon, however, was wrong for once in his life. Pastor Milner did get married, but it was neither to blue-eyed Francesca nor dark-orbed Maud. Like a sensible man he proposed to Widow Chipley herself, and was accepted at once.

"But, if Mrs. Milner does not object," he said with due courtesy, "I should like to have the front door painted blue once more."

—*Home Queen.*

Carlyle and John Bright.

The following account of the first and last meeting of Carlyle and John Bright appears in "The Bookman." "Before and during the evening repast all went harmoniously. After it there was an adjournment to the drawing-room, where were Mr. and Mrs. John Bright. It was the first, and proved to be the last, meeting of the famous orator and the famous author. By some mischance the subject of negro-slavery was broached, and almost forthwith the two celebrities plunged into unpleasant controversy. Carlyle passionately defended the peculiar institution in the strain with which his denunciations of Quashee made his readers afterwards familiar, asserting that negro emancipation had ruined the West Indies. John Bright as strenuously, but not as violently, denounced slavery, and averred that statistics showed the exports of produce from Jamaica to have increased, not diminished, since emancipation. The railway system was another bone of contention, John Bright, of course, expatiating on the benefits which it had conferred on trade and manufactures, while Carlyle contended vehemently that it had dislocated and disorganized much of the quiet industry of the country, clinching his argument by describing the fate of some once prosperous Dumfriesshire watchmaker of his acquaintance, whom he had found adrift in the world, and who ascribed his ruin to a new railway by which his customers were allured to traffic with watchmakers at a distance! An illustration this, by the way, of the "Kleinstadterei" which Emerson said that he had occasionally detected in Carlyle's conversation. Even in regard to the benefits of education the two disputants fell out, Carlyle opposing to his adversary's estimate of them one of the sagacity and applicable knowledge of his uneducated father, although the said father 'could not tell you of the bitter ale consumed in the City of Prophets.' This was a hit at Thackeray, who in his entertaining record of "Eastern Travel" (Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh's journey from Cornhill to Cairo), had chronicled the joy which he felt when a camel-load of Hodson's pale ale arrived from Beyrout at Jerusalem during his visit to that 'City of Prophets!' When we had taken our leave and were wending our way towards Manchester, Carlyle spoke regretfully of his vehemence, and ascribed the painful scene to the introduction, with malice prepense, of controversial topics, seeming to blame for it a certain junior of the party. Which, however, was not among that junior's many sins."

The Latest Agricultural "Kick."

"The farmers are never satisfied anyway?" said the chap from the city as he leaned against a stump at the Grimsby camp ground the other day, with a group of the "horny handed" surrounding him. "They kick like steers when it rains, in fear of getting too much. When the sun comes out hot they kick, for fear the wheat will get rusted. In fact, they are never satisfied. Now just look at this beautiful season. What's the matter with it? Is not the growth something wonderful? Was there ever such hay? Was there ever such a prospect for wheat? Had the farmer ever better roots? All the cereals look well. In fact, all around things never looked more prosperous." The city man eyed the group triumphantly. He thought he had silenced the croakers. But one old fellow drawled, "Yes, you are right about the growth, but have you considered how it exhausts the soil?"

The Summer Tea Table.

The table appointments make the meal, and if you want to have your food appetizing do your best to make the table attractive. If it is highly polished banish cloth and use in its place doylies or napkins, but in any case be sure your napery is fine and white. Employ as much glass as you can—nothing is prettier, and, if possible, have a few flowers or a bit of greenery in a glass bowl at one end of the table. Dainty slices of ham, thin buttered toast, a dish of berries amid a border of green leaves, cake on a thin, oval plate, and tea with lemon is supper that even the most fastidious will admit to be tempting if not very elaborate.

The Derivation of "Gingerly."

To speak of a person acting in "gingerly" fashion would certainly convey a clear enough idea, and we easily connect the word in some vague manner with the word "ginger," perhaps from the association in our minds of the sparing use made of that condiment. The word, however, is innocent of any such round-about derivation, and comes directly from the old word "gang," to go—still preserved in the Scotch phrase, "Gang thee gate"—and thus originally means with cautious, faltering or "gingerly" steps.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Three Temperance Items.

It is computed that no less a sum than £15,000,000 is annually spent on Sunday drinking alone in the United Kingdom.

There are now upwards of 300 churches in Scotland that celebrate the communion with the unfermented fruit of the vine.

The Liverpool Temperance Confederation is issuing a circular letter to all clergymen and ministers in the city, urging them to take up the proposal of Lady Somerset, on Sunday, 19th June.

No Cause For Fear.

Friend—How are you to-day?

Sick Man—Pretty bad. I'm afraid I'm going to die.

Friend—Nonsense. Cheer up, old fellow. Only the good die young.

Went Up Too Steep.

"No, I can't say that I like the play."

"Queer; I think it the pluck and spunkiest feature in it is admirable."

"Yes; I admit that, but it has too many acts—got tiresome last night."

Nothing further of importance has transpired at Homestead, Pa. The strikers bounced two reporters yesterday. Mr. Andrew Carnegie arrived at Braemar in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, last night. He refused to talk on the subject of the trouble at his mills at Homestead.

THE FARMERS' PICNIC.

Farmers and Fruit-Growers at Grimsby Park.

SOME PRACTICAL SPEECHES.

Inspection of the Fruit (for the World's Fair—A Great Exhibit—President Awrey and Prof. Mills Talk in the Afternoon—Mr. J. S. Woodward and Hon. John Dryden Speak in the Evening.

The Ontario Fruit Growers' Association is holding a special session in conjunction with the Farmers' Institute. Many of the leading members of that body are here, and were treated to a drive this morning to Grimsby village and the fruit farms' contiguous. They inspected the magnificent display of fruit in Grimsby which has been got together for the World's Fair. The proceedings will wind up to-morrow evening with a band concert and display of fireworks.

The Central Farmers' Institute of Ontario is one of the largest organizations which exists in the Province to-day. It has a membership of over 20,000, has active and energetic officers, and there is no reason why anything they take in hand should not be eminently successful. However, the demonstration held under the auspices of the Institute at Grimsby Camp grounds Thursday, and which is being continued to-day, was not nearly so largely attended as it should have been. What was the cause? Well, there has been a great deal of rain throughout this section of Ontario for the past few weeks. Farmers have been praying for fine weather in order that they might be enabled to get some work done in the way of haying, etc., and there is little wonder that when such a beautiful dry day as yesterday came that they stayed at home and attended to such important matters in preference to rushing off to a picnic. Of course, by not going to the picnic they missed hearing many things which they could have turned to advantage in the cultivation of their land, but that's their own lookout. Grimsby Park never looked more beautiful than it did on the occasion. Many of the cottages are occupied, and residents on the camp ground were out in full force to welcome friends from a distance, of whom in the crowds that thronged into the gates there seemed to be not a few.

Some Who Were There.

Among the picnickers were Messrs. James Gibson, Ancaster; Thos. Wilkinson, Thos. Macklem, Barton; George Smith, Thos. Crooker, West Flamboro'; George Rilett, Wm. Orr, A. Foran, J. Foran, John A. Carpenter, Saltfleet; William Smith, Hiram Smith, Glanford; Chas. Sealey, Dr. McGregor, J. Higginbotham, J. Malcock, Waterdown; Thos. Connell, A. F. Pirie, R. T. Wilson, Dundas; S. Hunter, Thos. S. Henderson, Wm. Cowie, Beverly; Thos. Mulock, East Flamboro'; J. B. Sheppard, M. Bingham, Waterloo; Michael Dalton, Fonthill; F. Lloyd Jones, Burford; B. Goot, Arkona; H. M. Smith, St. Catharines; Thos. Kells, Vandeleur; W. J. McNaughton, Lancaster; Rolland W. Gregory, Mr. Wilson, Aaron Cole, Louth; George G. Pettit, W. D. Kitcher, L. Woolverton, W. H. Nelles, W. H. Pettit, Dr. Milward, R. J. Woolverton, J. B. Housleagh, J. W. G. Nelles, Henry Smith, George Smith, Grimsby; C. M. Houseberger, Jordan; D. Nichol, Cataraqui; Thos. Kells, Vandeleur; Wm. Kew, Toronto; John Little, Granton; Cannon Pettit, Cornwall; Jno. Carpenter, Winona; John Eustice, Hamilton.

Those who arrived at the camp ground by early train and steamer amused themselves as best they could until the afternoon, when the grand gathering took place in the pavilion. These few hours were pleasantly spent in listening to the beautiful music of Heintzman's band from Toronto, in strolling on the well-kept walks and picnicking beneath the shade of the grand old trees.

The Fruit Growers' Exhibit.

About 11 o'clock the directors of the Fruit Growers' Association assembled in the temple, and were received by Mr. A. H. Pettit, President of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association and Secretary of the Central Farmers' Institute, a gentleman who has recently been appointed Superintendent of the Ontario fruit exhibit at the World's Fair. The gentlemen present were: Messrs. T. H. Race (Mitchell), Vice-President; L. Woolverton (Grimsby), Secretary, and N. J. Clinton, Wm. Weir, S. W. S. Turner, Cornwall; A. M. Smith, St. Catharines; J. B. Howell, Brantford; John Craig, Ottawa; D. Nichol, Cataraqui; A. D. McD. Allen, Cobourg; J. D. Stewart, Russelvale, directors, and Hon. Mr. Dryden. These were escorted to carriages in waiting and were driven to Grimsby village to the office of the Superintendent, where the fruit already put up in preserving fluids was examined. A good deal of work has already been accomplished, as evidenced by the number of jars already filled with the smaller varieties of fruit, such as strawberries, currants, cherries, gooseberries, etc. For the smaller fruits there are 1,600 jars, as well as a vast number of larger jars for pears and apples. The jars are of all sizes; some of them hold a half pint, others a half bushel. Some are six inches in length; others are three feet. A few are of such dimensions that the entire limb of a bush can be placed in them, so that not only the fruit will be displayed but the wood and foilage as well. The designs of these jars are most artistic. They are of all shapes, from the common bottle to the magnificent urn, with cut glass stoppers. The jars will be arranged in pyramids at the great fair, and the whole will be surmounted by a tripod. The urn will be filled with fruit and the vase will be decorated with Canadian flowers. There are six of these pyramids, all of different form and design. The effort is being made to have the exhibit of Canadian fruit second to none from any country beneath the sun, and if possible superior to all. Of course the fruit display now being prepared is for the opening of the fair. The later fruits will be sent to Chicago and kept in cold storage, so that when the exhibition opens not only will the earlier qualities be there in jars, but the later will be shown in its natural state. These will be supplemented from week to week by next season's fruit and fresh exhibits will be forwarded during the fair. Mr. Awrey, the commissioner, told the TIMES reporter that the space allotted to the fruit display of Ontario alone was four thousand square feet.

After getting through this interesting inspection the gentlemen partook of lunch, and then drove to the office of Mr. Woolverton, secretary of the association, and there held a business meeting. They then inspected the splendid fruit orchard belonging to Mr. Woolverton, after which they returned to the park in time for the big meeting in the Temple.

Some Speechifying.

It was 3 o'clock when the gathering took place in the temple. The crowd was attracted thither by the excellent music of the band, which was stationed on the platform. Mr. N. Awrey, M. P. P., President of the Central Farmers' Institute, occupied the chair.

Mr. Noah Phelps, President of the Ontario Methodist Camp Ground Company, advanced to the edge of the platform as soon as the audience was seated, and welcomed, on behalf of the company, the members of the Farmers' Institute and their friends to the park. It was only a few days ago, he said, he had the pleasure of welcoming 3,000 of the Patrons of Industry on a similar occasion.

The President's Speech.

The chairman then addressed the meeting. He regretted that Hon. Mr. Carling and Dr. Montague, M. P., would not be present as announced, but exonerated the committee from all blame, as these gentlemen had promised to come. General Board, of Wisconsin, and Mr. Wood ward, of Lockport, N. Y., would be with them later on. Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture of Ontario, he was pleased to say, was on the platform. Professor Mills, of the Ontario Agricultural College, was also present. (Cheers.) The speaker then, after a pleasant reference to Mr. Phelps' remarks, proceeded to deal with the objects of the Central Farmers' Institute. All branches of business, he said, had associations which met from time to time to discuss matters of interest to themselves. The farmers felt the want of some such organization, and some gentlemen took the ox or six years ago and established the institute. They felt that an interest which represented 209,000,000 of capital in the Province should have a society through the medium of which they could reach their fellow men. The result was that the Central Farmers' Institute was established in Toronto, delegates being in attendance from all the electoral districts. At that time there was a membership of only 800; now there were 20,000 members enrolled—all progressive farmers residing in the Province of Ontario, working for the common objects of the society. They were not a combination. They asked for nothing unjust. They wanted just legislation; they demanded a fair field and no favor, and were prepared to work out their destiny on these lines. The institutes in the several electoral districts had been visited and addressed by learned professors from the colleges, on subjects of interest to members. Papers on practical questions had been prepared and read. They were working out their destiny somewhat different from that pursued some forty or fifty years ago. In those days there was something in the soil which responded readily to the labor of the tiller. Thanks to the lessons which the Canadian agriculturist had learned, the farms were being worked so as to make Canadians engaged in this industry the peers of any others on the North American continent. Both the Dominion and Ontario Governments had been vying with each other in attentions to the wants of the farmers since the establishment of the Institute. The Ontario Government had done a good thing in placing the Department of Agriculture in the hands of a practical farmer. The Institute was to be thanked for this. In the Hon. John Dryden they had a man who himself knew what it was to handle the plow and perform the drudgery attendant upon the farmer's occupation. He knew their wants—a plain, practical, approachable, intelligent man. Like himself (Mr. A.) he now earns his bread by the sweat of his hired man's brow—(laughter)—but this did not make him any the less competent to discharge the duties of his position. Mr. Awrey then referred to the benefits conferred by the college at Guelph and the experimental station at Ottawa. All along the line the farmers were being aided and encouraged in their work. Heretofore they generally had a lawyer, or a newspaper man or some other professional at the head of the Agricultural Department. The change was brought about simply because the Central Institute had appealed to the Government for a practical man to be put in charge. Out of all the electoral districts he was pleased to say that only two had held aloof from the Central Institute. The speaker then proceeded to impart some good advice to the farmers. They were not in the habit of doing business like the merchant or manufacturer, who kept strict accounts of expenditure and income. For thirty years they had depended on wheat and barley. The time had passed for that. Man had begun to grow fruit with advantage. Thousands of dollars were realized every year in this way in the Niagara part of the district and elsewhere. The sooner they came to the conclusion they could not compete with other countries in the matter of wheat the better. The cost of production and the value of land were too great. The establishment of cheese factories was commented upon, and commended. Canadian cheese was worth 2c. to 1c. more per lb. than that produced in any other land on God's earth. (Applause.) He then touched on butter making. Canadians had not been able to supply the article demanded by the English market. Little Denmark sent sixty million pounds of butter every year to England. Canada didn't sell a million pounds. Following the example of Denmark, the Canadian butter maker should make butter on the same principle as he manufactured cheese. Scientific methods should be observed in the making of butter. He expressed regret that the audience was not larger. Had it been weeping on the earth of late and the labors of the husbandman had been retarded. Possibly anxiety on the farmers' part to get farm work pushed on accounted for the absence of many. If Barnum's circus was in Hamilton the hay might suffer (laughter), but they could not come here to listen to words of wisdom from learned and eloquent men. The institute had hoped to see seven or eight thousand people there. Every arrangement was made. The fare from Ottawa was only $5 and from other points in proportion.

The band then played a beautiful selection.

Principal Mills Speaks.

Prof. Mills, M. A., Principal of the Ontario Agricultural College, was then introduced and delivered an excellent address. After some preliminary remarks he said that it seemed to him that the great fault amongst the farmers was lack of thought. They did not sit down and consider what they ought to do and how to do it. He then spoke of the desirability of giving up, in a large measure, the attempt to grow wheat. He pointed out that the climatic change had been such that those who clung to wheat-raising must come to financial difficulty. The growing of wheat had become so uncertain that there was no use to continue it. He thought it much better to go into the growing of corn, oats, peas or barley to be fed on the place. The risk was not nearly so great, and the certainty of success much better. With plenty of grain and roots, he thought the farmer could engage in dairying with a well-grounded hope of success. Attention should be given to cheese in summer and butter in winter. If they do not care for that, they could give their attention to beef-raising and butter-making. These could be successfully pursued in any part of the Province. The raising of sheep was also commended, and the young men advised to raise lambs for the foreign market. It would be found to be profitable. Fruit-raising was recommended. By taking his advice, he thought the mortgages might be removed from his land by many a man in Ontario. The second point which the professor dwelt upon at some length was the necessity of cleaning up the farm and keeping it clean. He referred to the noxious weeds which were allowed to flourish throughout the land. In this respect things were getting worse in the Province. Twelve years ago the land was comparatively clean. Now wild mustard, flax, tares and wild everything-else were pampered instead of exterminated. The farmer should grapple with the weeds, get rid of them and keep rid of them. Nobody could afford to raise two or three crops at a time. Men who allowed the weeds to get so far ahead should sell out and go west or enter the preaching or legal profession. The sooner the better for the country. (Applause.) The professor also dealt with the importance of early after-harvest cultivation of stubble ground, the benefit of red clover to the soil, the benefit of frequent stirring up of the soil among hoed crops, especially in dry weather, the necessity of testing and culling all the cows kept for dairy purposes. In connection with the last point he said that no cow should be retained as a milker that did not produce seven or eight thousand pounds of milk in the year.

Mr. Jonathan A. Carpenter stated that he had a Jersey that produced 10,102 lbs. in the twelve months.

After dealing at length with the subject of pasture, and talking for a while on the education of the boys who are to be the farmers of the future, the speaker closed his most interesting address.

Mr. Awrey complimented Prof. Mills on his excellent speech.

The Evening's Proceedings.

Rev. J. S. Woodward, of Lockport, N.Y., delivered an address on "Sheep as Assistants to the Apple Grower." He said that apple culture was the most important branch in agriculture, but the apple grower was in trouble. The land was nearly exhausted when orchards were planted and every year each succeeding crop had been reducing the fertility still more and little has been returned. He noticed the foliage of Canadian orchards looked yellow instead of dark green and healthy. The apple grower is too avaricious and wants his crops besides fruit. He does not fertilize the ground nor does he destroy insects. No wonder he is in trouble and needs assistance of some kind. Keeping sheep is the best remedy he could suggest. They would keep down every spear of grass and little expense. Between insects and codling moths, leaf-rollers and borers, the fruit was being all destroyed. True, many of these pests could be subdued by the use of insecticides, but spraying won't kill the apple maggot. Pigs are too slow, but no worm or maggot escapes the sheep. Put in a hundred sheep to every ten acres of orchard and hive them to work. Give them nitrogenous food and they will be voracious for the apple insects. It costs $3 a week to pasture a hundred sheep. With that buy 250 pounds of bran and 100 pounds of linseed meal, and give them a hundred quarts a day. They will do better with this than being in any man's pasture.

Hon. John Dryden.

Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, alluded to the benefits that farmers derive from such meetings as the present, the solution and comparative defluence of their lives giving place to a more cheerful disposition. As other classes found it a benefit to be organized, so they met for mutual support and help. If it was found necessary for other classes to organize, it was ten times more necessary that farmers should organize, because the farmers were so dependent one on another that one could not succeed without the other. Apart from material consideration, farmers' gatherings led to the cultivation of a spirit of sympathy and good feeling among all who took part. The new and improved methods adopted by farmers showed the good work the institutes were doing. Then, pass

ANOTHER HAMILTON MIRACLE.

THE TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF ISAAC W. CHURCH FROM PARALYSIS.

Crushed By a Fall of Forty Feet—He Spends Months in a Hospital and is Discharged Only to Suffer Great Agony—Months Without Sleep and Months of Nervous Prostration—An Account of His Miraculous Cure as Investigated by a "Times" Reporter.

(Hamilton Times, June 20th, 1892.)

"In the spring of 1887, while working on a building in Liverpool," said Mr. Church, "a scaffold on which I was standing collapsed and fell to the pavement, a distance of forty feet. Bruised and bleeding, I was picked up and conveyed to the Northern Hospital, and not one of the doctors who attended me held out any hope for my ultimate recovery. The base of my spine seemed to be smashed into a pulp, and the efforts of the medical men were directed altogether towards relieving the terrible agony I suffered rather than towards curing my injuries. I had the constitution of an ox though, and the speaker threw out his chest and squared a pair of shoulders that would have done credit to a prince among athletes, "and as I seemed to have a tremendous grip on life the doctors took heart and after remaining in that hospital forty weeks I was discharged as being as far recovered as I would ever be. For twenty-six weeks I had to lie in one position, and any attempt to place me on my back made me scream with pain. Through eighteen months after my discharge I was unable to do a stroke of work, and could with difficulty make my way about the house, and then only with the aid of crutches. Twice during that time I underwent operations at the hands of eminent surgeons, who were amazed at the fact of my being alive at all after they had been informed of the extent of my injuries. On the last occasion my back was cut open and it was discovered that the bones which had been shattered by my fall had, by process of time, completely overlapped each other, forming a knuckle that you see here," and Mr. Church showed the reporter a curious lump near the base of his spine. "All efforts to straighten those bones continued unavailing, and finally the doctors told me that in the course of a few months paralysis would set in and my troubles would be increased tenfold. Their predictions proved only too true and before long I was almost in as bad a condition as ever. No tongue can tell the pain I suffered as the disease progressed, and eventually I decided to come to America. So in 1890 I closed my affairs in England and on arriving in Halifax, so done up was I with the journey across the ocean, that I had to take to my bed and was kept a close prisoner for several weeks. Having a brother living in Moorfield, near Guelph, I with difficulty accomplished the journey there and tried to do some work. My utmost exertions could accomplish but little, however, and as the result of my trouble, nervous prostration in its worst form assailed me. I remember once being overtaken by a thunderstorm while about a mile away from the house, and while I was making my way there I fell no less than eight times, completely prostrated by particularly vivid flashes of lightning or heavy jars of thunder. About a year and a half ago I came to this city and secured work at the Hamilton Forge Works, but before long had to quit, because I could not attend to my duties. I used to think that if I could only get a little sleep once in a while I would feel better, but even that boon was denied me. Night after night I tossed from side to side, and every time my back pressed the bed the pain that shot through every limb was almost unbearable. The doctors prescribed chloral and bromide of potash, and for weeks I never thought of going to bed at night without having first taken powerful doses of either of these drugs. Towards the last these doses failed to have the desired effect, and I increased the size of them until I was finally taking thirty grains of potash and ten grains of chloral every night, enough to kill a horse. I became so weak that I could hardly get around, and my lower limbs shook like those of a palsied old man. When everything seemingly had failed me and I was about to give up what seemed a vain battle for life and health, my wife here read an account in one of the newspapers of John Marshall's wonderful cure by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had lost all faith in any medicine I resolved to try once more and accordingly procured a box of those little Pink Pills from Mr. Harrison, the druggist, and commenced to use them according to the directions. This was in October of last year. I had not taken them a week till I began to feel an improvement in my general health. In a month I could sleep night like a baby. The pains left my back entirely, and by the beginning of the new year I could lie on my back for hours and never feel the slightest pain therefrom. Prior to taking the pills I suffered terribly with fits, many of them so severe that three or four men were required to hold me. The pills knocked those all out, though, and all the time I used them I did not have even the suspicion of a fit, and as for my weight, well, you will hardly believe it, but honestly, in that time I gained forty pounds. Well, to make a long story short, I went to work again a few months ago, this time in the Hamilton Nail Works, where I went as shipper, and I have worked there steadily since the first day I went in. Last fall I was too weak to walk a mile, now I work from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., and my work is no child's play either, I can assure you. I handle about 500 kegs of nails every day, and each keg weighs 100 pounds and has to be lifted a distance of from five to six feet. All my renewed strength I ascribe to the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills, which I consider have worked wonders in my own case. For anyone troubled with nervousness, sleeplessness, or loss of strength in any way, in my opinion there is nothing in existence like those pills for restoring people who are thus afflicted. Yielding to the advice of friends, who claimed that my renewed health was not due to the Pink Pills. I quit using them for about a month, but the recurrence of those terrible fits warned me of my folly and I commenced using the pills again, and I will certainly never be without them in the house."

"Not if I know is, anyhow," remarked Mrs. Church. "I know only too well the good they have done you, and you would not have been anything like the man you are to-day if it had not been for those pills, and no one on earth know better than I how greatly you have been helped, not not only you but others in the family who were thought to be going into a decline before they were restored by taking them pills."

Some of the particulars of the marvelous rescue of Mr. Church from a life of suffering having reached the public, a reporter of the *Times* thought it worth his while to investigate the matter for the benefit of other sufferers, and it was in response to his enquiries that the above remarkable story was narrated by Mr. Church. Taken in connection with the reports of other equally remarkable cures—the particulars of which have been published from time to time—it offers unquestioned proof that Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People stand as the head of modern medical discoveries.

The neighbors generally were very outspoken in their astonishment at Mr. Church's miraculous cure, all who knew anything of his case having given him up months ago as rapidly approaching the portals of the great unknown. He looks far from that now though. His eye is as clear, his cheek as ruddy, and his step as elastic as a youth in his teens. He was for seven years a member of the Life Guards, and for some time conducted a gymnasium in Liverpool. He expects to get back to his beloved athletic exercises this season, and is much elated at the success of his treatment.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Harrison Bros., James street north, from whom Mr. Church had purchased the remedy, who further verified his statements. In reply to the enquiry by the reporter, "Do you sell many of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" Mr. James Harrison, of the firm replied:

"Well, yes, rather. A thousand boxes don't last long. You see our business is largely with men, women and girls employed in the big factories and mills in this locality, and the recommendations we hear from them people day after day, month after month, would indeed make the manufacturer of these wonderful little pellets think he was a benefactor of humanity. Several cases have come under my own notice of women, pale, tired-out, overworked creatures, being made "like unto new" by the use of these pills, and I see them passing to and from work daily and looking as though life was worth living, and well worth it too. In all my experience in the drug business I never saw anything like these pills," and Mr. Harrison related a number of cures that had come under his observation in addition to that of Mr. Church.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this form) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and 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 at makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

Only the Very Common Ones are Produced in This Country.

How many boys do you suppose know where marbles are made and how they are manufactured? You have all heard of Germany, where Bismarck and Kaiser William live. Well, nearly all the marbles that rattle around and wear holes in the pockets of all little boys on earth are made in the State of Thuringia, Germany. On winter days the poor people who live in villages gather together small square stones, place them in mills somewhat like big coffee mills, and grind them until they are as round as so many bullets. The marbles made in this way are the common china, painted china, glazed china, imitation agates and black and white ballots. These are very cheap, ranging in price according to size, from ten to sixty for five cents. Imitation agates are made from white stone and are painted to represent the pride of the marble player's heart—the real agate. The painted china marbles are of plain white stone with lines crossing each other at right angles painted upon them. The ballots are little black and white marbles that look as though they would never stop rolling if once set in motion by a boy's thumb and forefinger.

You will probably be greatly surprised to learn that glass alleys are blown by glass-blowers, at the town of Lauscha in Thuringia, Germany. The expert workmen take a piece of plain glass and another bit of red glass, heat them red hot, blow them together, give them a twist and presto! there is a pretty alley with the red and white threads of glass twisted inside into the form of a letter S. Large twisted glass alleys with the figure of a dog or sheep inside are made for very small boys and girls to play with. The marbles most prized by the young American of to-day are the real agates. These marbles are seal brown or black in color and many of them have large round circles on them that look like eyes. They sell for five, ten and fifteen cents each. Any the boy who has a real agate with a lucky eye peeping out at him from its glossy surface, is the envied one among the marble players. It is said that the only marbles made in America are