



They thought they would take a ride.

Too Hot.

A writer in the *Portland Transcript* gives the following laughable description of the trouble a toad got himself into by not taking care what he ate. He swallowed a wasp, thinking, no doubt, that it was a large but defenceless fly.

The realization of his mistake came when the wasp began pricking his internal organs, as a guilty conscience pricks a sinner.

The toad stood on his hind legs and reached frantically down his throat after that wasp, failing to dislodge it he turned three summersaults in a manner that would have rivalled the boss tumbler in a circus.

Then he stood up and exclaimed "Woo-ooduc! Woo-ooduc!" which was supposed to be a call for a stomach pump or a quick emetic.

He then made several efforts to stand on his head, but was unsuccessful. Next, he bethought himself of the green-back doctrine of inflation, and puffed out his sides until he looked like a base ball with legs to it. Inflation didn't hit the case and was soon abandoned.

Again he reached down his throat, but his arm was too short to reach the spot where the wasp was operating.

His head began to swim, and he whapped over on his back and clawed the air like a man overboard. The wasp was evidently unable to continue his infliction of punishment, and the toad began to feel better.

He got upon his feet and with a forefoot carefully examined his ribs upon either side. Finding them all in place, he stretched himself to his utmost height two or three times to see if his legs were in working order, and then hopped a hop or two to make assurance sure.

Being satisfied that he was all there, he gave a croak of relief and hopped under the tomato vines.

The guards on the Massey Mower are made of malleable iron, and contain hardened steel plates which may be easily removed and replaced at a small cost when worn out.

Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Oh, the force of education! In after years we learned to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

Every machine we turn out is thoroughly tested and run by power before it leaves the Factory. This makes the starting in the field an easy task.

Hunt's picture of Niagara sold for \$10,000 the other day, the purchaser thinking it cheaper to buy the picture at that price than visit the falls and drive around in a hack.

Is your land rough or stumpy then buy a Massey Harvester, it will adapt itself to any ground and is easily operated.

An old negro cook says—"Sass is powerful good in everything but children. Dey needs some other kind of dressing."

A lady assistant in the glove shop was almost raving mad, when a fellow came in and asked her if she had any little kids.

What about a Horse Rake this season, if you are without one and wish to buy of course you want the best in the market "the genuine Sharp's Rake" made only by the Massey Manufacturing Company.

A New Jersey man "couldn't see any danger in smoking while weighing powder." He can't see anything now.

He was a bachelor, had travelled extensively, and could speak any language, dead or alive; but when he returned home the other day and talked to his sister's baby, and when it cried and was pacified by its mother saying—"Did his naughty wauty uncle wuncle come homey womey and scarey warey my little putsey wutsey?" he just leaned over the back of the chair and wept.

Repairs are kept on hand at all of the agencies of the Massey Manufacturing Company.



They rode down.

ALL SORTS.

April showers bring May flowers.
The early bird catches the worm—the early purchaser catches the Mower.

What is the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp? One you lick with a stick, the other you stick with a lick.

Have you anything fresh around here said a loafer to a storekeeper? That paint you are leaning against is fresh, was the reply.

Beware of \$5000 counterfeit bank notes, several newspaper editors have been deceived by them.

How not to swear—never put up stovepipes.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure—buy a good machine and save a lot of repairing.

I wouldn't give five cents to hear Ingersoll on the mistakes of Moses, but I would give Five Hundred Dollars to hear Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll.—*Josh Billings.*

Do not fail to read our Testimonials—we need no better advertisement—our machines speak for themselves. The true value of agricultural implements can be discovered only in their use.

How to study human nature—go around with a subscription list.

A Miss Bidwell married a Mr. Bodwell of Philadelphia the other day and had her "i" knocked out during the ceremony.

A correspondent in writing to Jno. B. Gough, added, I hope you will not consider me a "boar."

A fly is said to have 16,900 eyes. No wonder he is careless as to where he leaves his specs.



They rode up.

Here's a word from Mr. John Jackson of the Woodside Farm,

Read what he says, it will do you no harm, At first he was prejudiced against a single wheeled machine,

But now wouldn't exchange his Massey Harvester for any two-wheeled he's seen.

WOODSIDE FARM,

ABINGDON, P. O., ONT., March 6th, 1882.

Massey Manufacturing Co.:

Having purchased from your agent, J. D. Park, last season, a pair of your single machines, I deem it merely a simple act of justice to you to say that the Reaper works in every way satisfactory. I was somewhat prejudiced against a single wheeled machine, having always used a two wheeled one before, but I would not exchange the Massey Reaper for any two-wheeled machine I ever saw. The peculiar manner in which the rakes tilt both when the sheaf comes on and off the table, and the advantage of being able to raise and lower either end of the table without leaving the seat gives it a great advantage over other machines. And as for the Mower it far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Having used the rear cut machine for 16 years, I am now satisfied that the front cut is the most desirable, as they get over furrows and deep ditches very much better than a rear cut, and I find no difficulty in getting a full width of swath in lodged or leaning grass as the knife cuts ahead of the machine.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN JACKSON

The Massey Manufacturing Company,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

- The Toronto Mower, The Massey Harvester,
- The Toronto Reaper, The Massey Mower,
- The Toronto Binder, Sharp's Horse Rake.

OFFICE AND FACTORY:

King St. West, Toronto, Ontario.

PRINCIPAL BRANCH OFFICES:

T. J. McBRIDE, Manager - Winnipeg, Man.

A. & C. J. HOPE & Co.
Montreal, Que.

A. P. TIPPETT & Co.
St. John, N.B.



They took a ride.

INFORMATION.

If you want to know a good place for a boil, we would suggest your neighbor's back.

If you want to know how far it is to the next town, walk over and see.

If you want to know where to buy a first-class Machine write to the Massey Manufacturing Company.

If you want to know the age of a horse, find out when he was born.

If you want to get the news, go to a ladies' sewing society.

If you want to know how the Massey Machines take, read what those say who have used them.

If you want to know where Mr. So-and-so spends his evenings, call on his wife a few times.

If you want to drive a hog anywhere, try and head him in the opposite direction.

If you want a good Machine to cut your grain, buy a Massey Harvester, it has no superior.

If you want to be a benefactor, when eggs are high and scarce, get the hens to attend to business better.

If you want to waste your earnings and lead the boys astray, hang around the bar-room all you can. The man at the bar will greet you with a smile, and afterwards laugh at your misfortunes.

If you want a good Cord Binder, come to our Factory and examine the "Toronto" before deciding. You can't afford to run any risk on a machine of such importance.

If you want to be a successful farmer, buy good labor-saving machinery, run it well and take good care of it.

"Wouldn't do to Bile."

As breakfast was going on at one of our hotels the other morning, a Boston drummer came down and took his seat at the table, attended by old Moses. The servant pranced around to take his order, which the B. D. gave thus:

"Coffee, rare broiled steak, and soft-boiled eggs." As he said "soft-boiled eggs," a cloud passed over the darkey's face. However, without saying anything, he went after the guest's order. He soon returned with everything except the eggs. The B. D. waited a few moments, and then turning to Moses, said, shortly:

"You forgot the eggs: go bring them."

Moses advanced slowly toward the kitchen shaking his head as he went. When he had got about half way across the dining-room, he turned and came back, saying to the guest:

"Boss, did you say you wanted yo' aigs scrambled?"

"No, sir; I said soft-boiled," angrily replied B. D.

"Boss, you bettah say scrambled," protested Moses.

"No, sir; if you don't obey my order I will report you to the proprietor," snapped the B. D., now as mad as a hornet.

Moses started off, but again came back. The B. D. looked up, and opened his mouth to speak, but Moses held up his hand and said:

"Boss, hold on a minit; lemme tell you something. Now youse a white gemman and I'se a nigger; but, boss, I'se been here longer dan you is, and oughter know somethin'. Now, boss, you take a nigger's 'vise, and take them aigs scrambled, case at dis season of de yeah, and knowin' dem aigs as I do, I'd clah foah Hebben, boss, dat dey won't do to bile, so you will have to take dem scrambled."

The B. D. weakened, and said he believed he didn't want any "aigs."



They walked.