

Which is the most popular Mower in Canada?

The echo comes from 10,800 prominent farmers—

THE "TORONTO!"

WHY?

Because it never fails to cut the stoutest and worst lodged grass that grows, and that with perfect ease on man and beast.

Because it is the most simple Mower yet produced.

Because it has only one revolving cog wheel on the entire machine.

Because its operation is silent.

Because it has no rapid machinery to wear out the working parts.

Because there are always eleven cogs in gear at one time.

Because you can elevate the cutter bar to pass a stump, fence or tree without stopping the knives or team.

Because by a conveniently arranged foot lever the knives can be instantly raised without using the hand lever.

Because by use of the tilt lever the guards and knives can be lowered to cut the worst tangled clover or bottom meadow, or elevated to trim a hedge.

Because all the materials used in this machine are of the very finest quality.

Because each and every part is carefully made and fully guaranteed.

Your neighbor has one; enquire of him how he likes it, how long he has had it, and how much it appears to be worn, its liability to get out of order, etc., etc.

When you are satisfied of its superiority, don't delay, but place your order with us or our agents at once, as we shall only build three thousand (3,000) of these Mowers for next harvest. We were a thousand short last year.

A Sample of Sorghum.

The thumpy thump of an overgrown fist,
Was heard at the editor's door,
And the overworked, petulant journalist hissed,
"I will wager my head that's a bore!"
And a farmer approached, in a gingerly style,
The man who instructed the masses,
And placed in his hand, with a satisfied smile,
A vial of sorghum molasses.

"I reckon you newspaper fellers," he said,
"I've never been foundered on sich,
And you think yourselves lucky to even get bread,
And deny yourselves things that is rich.
Well, it hurt me to think of you suffering here
For a change in your regular diet,
And I thought, if you'd send me your paper a year,
I'd give ye that sorghum to try it.

"And of course," he continued, "you'll give me a puff
In that paper that comes out to-day—
A column, I reckon, will be 'bout enough,
And I reckon you know what to say.
I made them molasses myself, you must know,
And my name is Ezekiel Squeers."
Here he leaned from his window and twice shouted "Whoa!"
To a thin yoke of heart-broken steers.

Then the editor, setting the sorghum aside,
Arose from his chair with a sigh,
And he said, "It is true, and it can't be denied,
That we journalists cannot live high;
And your great generosity, equalled by nought
Save your modesty, melts me to tears."
(Here the man took a bite from some cheese he had brought,
And he shouted again to his steers.)

And the writer continued, "The *Times* for a year
And a puff of a column or two
Would be but a feeble exchange, sir, I fear,
For this sorghum, deliciously blue;
So, accept the office, my friend, if you please;
'Tis the work of a number of years"—
(Here the husbandman nibbled again at his cheese
And shouted once more to his steers.)

"The office is yours," said the scribe, "and the press,
They are all I can offer you now;
Your favor looms over them both, I confess,
Like a mountain range over a cow;
And I give up my chair, you shall take it instead,
And instruct and enlighten the masses,
While I vary my regular diet of bread
With this vial of sorghum molasses!"

Two able Confidence Operators.

A rustic-looking man sat in the smoking car of the Omaha train last Tuesday night, when another rustic-looking person came in.

"Is this seat taken?" asked the new comer.

"No, sir; sit right down, sit right down," said the other, making room next him.

Soon the two old farmers were in conversation.

"Where are you from?"

"I live near Buda. Where do you hail from?"

"I'm a pretty near neighbour of yours: I live near Kewanee."

"Farming?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"Yes; farming and stock."

"Been to town with stock?"

"Yes; brought up a hundred head of steers.

"I brought hogs."

And so the conversation ran on until just before the train reached Mendota, and the two old farmers were right well acquainted. Presently another man who looked like a merchant came in, and was surprised to see one of the old farmers.

"Well, well, well," said the new man, "I'm glad to see you; may be you can help me out of a little embarrassing trouble. I want to pay a man a little bill on the train before I get off at Mendota, and I haven't money enough. If you will let me have \$100 on my cheque I'll be very much obliged."

"Certainly, I'm glad to do it," and out came the farmers' pocket book. But alas! he had only \$40 in small bills and a beautiful, crisp \$500 bill.

"You're perfectly welcome to the \$40, if that'll help you out, or to the \$500 if you can get it broke."

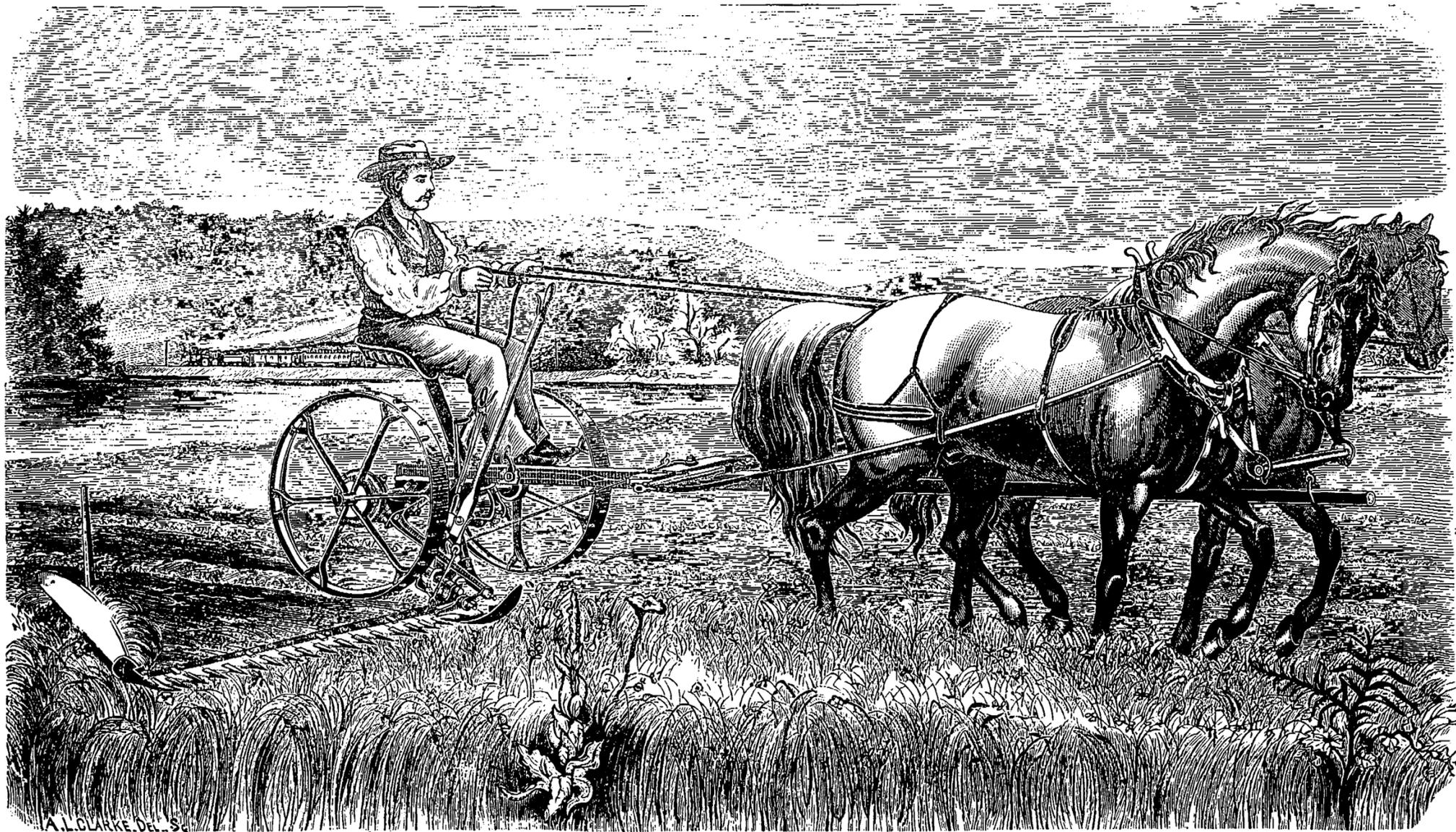
"Perhaps your friend can help us out; the \$40 will hardly answer," said the merchant, and then he apologized for making so much trouble.

"Well," softly said the other farmer, who until now had been silently looking on, "I can't change a \$500 bill but I can give you another one for it, and I think it came out of the same batch, and was printed on the same press."

And turning to the other old farmer he added:—"If your partner hadn't come just as he did mine would have been here in a minute. I've been getting ready to work you on that game ever since we left Chicago."

At Mendota four very much disgusted confidence men stepped off the train, and stood around in the cold waiting for a train returning to Chicago.

The Toronto Binder is the only self-binding harvester fitted with the new sheaf carrier.



THE TORONTO MOWER.

Eleven thousand Reapers, Mowers, Binders and Rakes will be made by the Massey Manufacturing Company for the harvest of 1884.

The Massey Manufacturing Company now have a staff of 400 first-class mechanics and running on full time.

The popularity of the Toronto Mower is national. Over ten thousand made and sold in Canada since 1877. The favorite of the Farmer.