

THE MACHINES

MADE BY THE

MASSEY MANUFACTURING CO.

Are very light in draft and very durable;
 They are immense in saving Down Grain and Grass;
 They are easily operated and handled;
 They are regulated instantly to suit the grain or grass;
 They are free from weight on the horses neck;
 They are easily taken apart and put together;
 They are very substantially built, and
 They are thoroughly guaranteed.

Good Advice on Borrowing Tools.

Dr. Franklin once said with a good deal of truth, that "he who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing;" but I have found by experience that "he who goes a lending has annoyance unending." All my nearer neighbors who lived in a village once borrowed my square harrow to work their gardens, until one day I found that six teeth were gone. I then told them that I would continue to lend it on condition that every borrower should replace one tooth till all were restored. Some got mad, others went away and said nothing, and only one agreed to the terms. But the worse case of the above mentioned "annoyance," was described at a late meeting of the Elmira Farmers' Club. Mr. Armstrong said he bought a mowing machine many years ago, but before he hitched the horses to it a borrower came. He took it, and it went from place to place until half its value was lost—and in fact, Mr. Armstrong said he sold it for just half its first cost, without having used it a single time—and made a good bargain. In some neighborhoods this evil is much worse than in others, and neighbors think they have the first right to a tool, and the owner the second chance. Some never bring the things home, and often the whole neighborhood is searched to know who has it. The only thanks which the owner sometimes gets is in the shape of a rebuke for lending a tool which has some defect about it, and for which he ought to get it mended and pay for the work—ready to lend again. I could tell a great many more cases. Now, is it not the duty of every good farmer to use all the influence he can to break up this wretched custom. I offer no other suggestions; each one must decide on the best way to do it.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

A Father Who Melted.

The other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his twelve-year-old son to follow him to the woodshed, and when they arrived there he began:

"Now young man, you've been fighting again! How many times have I told you that it is disgraceful to fight?"

"Oh, father, this wasn't about marbles or anything of the kind," replied the boy.

"I can't help it. As a Christian man it is my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat."

"But, father, the boy I was fighting with called me names."

"Can't help it. Calling names don't hurt anyone. Off with that coat?"

"He said I was the son of a wire-puller."

"What! what's that?"

"And he said I was an office-hunter."

"What! what loafer dared make that assertion?"

"It made me awful mad, but I didn't say anything. Then he called me a hireling."

"Called me a hireling! Why, I'd like to get my hands on him!" puffed the old gent.

"Yes, and he said you was a political lick-spittle!"

"Land o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old man, as he hopped around.

"I put up with that," continued the boy, "and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that, father, and so I sailed over the fence and licked him bald-headed in less'n two minutes! Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by one of the malignant opposition."

"My son" said the father as he felt for half a dollar with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go out and buy you two pounds of candy. The Bible says it is wrong to fight, but the Bible must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slanders of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk to you, and now you can put on your coat and run along."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sweet Country Cousins.

BY P. W. KELLY.

How dear to the heart are the sweet country cousins,
 When dog-days of summer begin to draw near;
 When bricks have grown hot, and when sunstrokes by dozens
 Fill body with anguish and bosom with fear!
 The green waving fields, the sweet-smelling breezes,
 The 'scaping from turmoil to quiet and calm,
 The rich creamy milk which the ready hand seizes,
 And e'en the brown cousins who live on the farm;
 The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
 The sweet country cousins who live on the farm.

The sweet country cousins! O, aren't they a treasure?
 How handy to love at the vacation time;
 And paying one's board is too costly pleasure,
 When all can be had without spending a dime.
 How pleasant to live on rich cream and ripe berries,
 Fresh golden-hued butter, and cakes light and warm;
 Free use of horses, the carts and the wherries,
 Of sweet country cousins who live on the farm!
 The plain country cousins, the uncultured cousins,
 The sweet country cousins who live on the farm!

How dear are the sweet country cousins in summer!
 How fragrant the meadow, romantic the down!
 But straightway your faces begin to grow glummer
 At thoughts of their visit next winter in town;
 The theatre, the concert, the lecture, the money
 Expended in tickets!—the thoughts gives a qualm;
 The sequel of summer is not quite so funny—
 Why don't the sweet cousins remain on their farm?
 The brown-visaged cousins, the great awkward cousins,
 The clod-hopper cousins should stay on their farm!

OUR RAKE PYRAMID!

1874	350	1874
1875	1,000	1875
1876	1,200	1876
1877	1,500	1877
1878	2,000	1878
1879	2,150	1879
1880	3,000	1880
1881	3,200	1881
1882	4,000	1882
1883	4,200	1883
TOTAL - 22,600		

See the figures and note the cause.

NOTE.—For several years prior to the year 1875 we also manufactured another style of Horse Rake which we subsequently discarded, finding Sharp's Rake so much superior.

"Does papa kiss the cat mamma?" asked a little five-year-old. "Why do you ask that, my child?" "Because when he was coming down stairs the other day he gave Aunt Mary a smack, and said to her 'that's better than kissing that old cat upstairs, isn't it?'"

HEADS OF THE PRINCIPAL NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

GOVERNMENT.	RULER.	DATE ACCESSION
Great Britain and Ireland.....	Victoria I.....	June 20, 1837
United States.....	Chester A. Arthur.....	September 20, 1881.
Germany.....	William I.....	January 18, 1871.
France.....	Jules Grévy.....	
Italy.....	Humert I.....	January 9, 1878.
Russia.....	Alexander III.....	March 13, 1881.
Sweden and Norway.....	Oscar II.....	September 18, 1872.
Denmark.....	Christian IX.....	November 15, 1863.
Belgium.....	Leopold II.....	December 10, 1865.
Switzerland.....	Numa Droz.....	January 1, 1881.
Spain.....	Alfonso XII.....	December 30, 1874.
Portugal.....	Louis I.....	November 11, 1861.
Greece.....	George I.....	June 6, 1862.
Netherlands.....	William III.....	March 17, 1849.
Turkey.....	Abdul Hamid Khau.....	August 31, 1876.
Brazil.....	Pedro II, Alcantara.....	April 7, 1831.
Japan.....	Mutsu Hito.....	February 13, 1867.
China.....	Kwong Shu.....	January 12, 1875.
Egypt.....	Towfik Pacha.....	June 26, 1879.
Mexico.....	Manuel Gonzalez.....	December 1, 1880.

Fruits in Russia.

The Montreal Journal of Agriculture publishes a letter from Charles Gibb, giving an account of his examination of Orchards in Russia, which endure the intense cold of forty or more degrees below zero in winter. Moscow is rather north of the limits of successful fruit culture, most of the trees in the fruit gardens having been killed by an unusually cold period, the thermometer during one whole week having stood between 40° and 44° below zero, Fah. This place is ten degrees farther north than Montreal. On the west bank of the Volga, in the same latitude, there are twelve villages where apples are grown in quantity for the markets of Nijni and Kazan. Sometimes \$50,000 worth have been sold from this coldest orchard region in the world, the fruit being borne on bushes rather than trees, grown in small clumps of two or three together, the clumps twelve feet apart each way. Mr. Gibb found the orchards in heavy bearing. They had on one occasion withstood without injury a temperature of 58° below zero. They are of a type termed the "Annis," hardier than the Alexander and Duchess, and are slow crooked growers, and he thinks they would succeed in Manitoba. A little farther south were many thousand pear trees, the fruit unfit for eating either raw or cooked, but probably affording good stocks for grating. There were some, however, of the Bergamot type which were sweet and free from astringency. A species of the plum grown in that region and southward is plentiful in all the town markets, the bushes being heavy bearers. Their colors are red, blue and white, and Mr. Gibb thinks them nearly as good as the Lombard, but on this point it may be difficult to judge after one has been long deprived of the finer sorts. He thinks the best Russian apples have already been sent to this country.

Several degrees further south on the Volga, and in the regions about Saratoy, an apple orchard of 12,000 trees was seen, which had employed 300 pickers and 85 packers, and had sent an amount equal to a thousand tons of fruit to Moscow. In the country east of Moscow, there are districts where the chief commercial industry is cherry culture. These cherries are rather large in size, and nearly black and almost sweet when ripe. Mr. Gibb pronounces them much better than the Kentish, but on this point it is obviously difficult to decide with none at hand for comparison. Some proprietors have 10,000 trees or rather bushes, and entire carloads of the fruit are often sent to market. This cherry may be valuable in the far north in this country.

INTERESTING TABLE.

Showing the distances traveled by a team in cutting over an acre of ground with a mower.

Width of Cut of Machine	Miles traveled in Cutting an Acre.	Acres Cut in Days Travel of 16 Miles.
3 feet.	2 3/4	5 1/2
3 1/2 "	2 3/8	6 1/2
4 "	2 1/4	7 1/2
4 1/2 "	1 7/8	8 3/4
5 "	1 3/4	9 1/2
5 1/2 "	1 1/2	10 1/2
6 "	1 1/4	11 3/4

It will thus be seen that a mowing Machine travels about 30 miles in an average day's cutting.

TYENDINAGA, January 1st, 1883.

To the Massey Manufacturing Co.

GENTLEMEN,—The Massey Harvester I bought from your agent here has given perfect satisfaction in heavy and light grain, and on all kind of ground, for I used it on some I did not think a Reaper could work on.

Wishing you every success.

I remain, yours,

THOMAS HODGIN.

The Largest Factory in the World.

The largest factory in the world is that of Herr Krupp, of Essen, in Germany, whose workshops and grounds now occupy 1,000 acres, the workshops alone standing on 190 acres. He has now in his employ a staff of thirty-one thousand men.

Mr. Wm. Buckley writes us from Tyendinaga under date of Jan. 2nd, 1883, as follows:—"I am well satisfied with your Massey Harvester, and consider it the most easy to handle and most durable in the market."

THE extension of the Works of the Massey Manufacturing Company in the Fall of 1882, comprise more than their entire premises at Newcastle in 1879, at the time of their removal to Toronto.

Don't be so long making up your mind to buy a machine as to put it off so late that none can be had, as many did last year. The best time to buy is now.

PERCY, Northumberland Co., Jan., 1883.

Massey Manufacturing Co., Toronto:

SIR,—I have used the Sharp's Rake manufactured by you, for two years, with the best satisfaction, and conclude they are superior to any other in the market.

JAMES FLEMING.