

THE SHARP'S RAKE OUR RAKE PYRAMID

Is still sold upon our usual warranty of

NO EQUAL OR NO SALE!

Over 22,000 now in use in Canada.

We refer you to our Rake Pyramid on this page which shows the immense number of Sharp's Rakes that we have sold during the past ten years—nearly 23,000—and one-half of which has been accomplished since 1881. So great is its popularity in every township and concession in Canada, that it is unnecessary for us to give a detailed description of it here. Before giving your order for any other, enquire of your neighbors the qualities of the Sharp's Rake.

Dont's for the Girls.

Don't flirt.
Don't talk slang.
Don't put on airs.
Don't learn to be cranky.
Don't try to arrest attention.
Don't think it's pretty to be pert.
Don't make a drudge of your mother.
Don't say "no" when you mean "yes."
Don't meddle with other people's beaux.
Don't devote too much time to novel-reading.
Don't make a fright of yourself to be in fashion.
Don't pick up chance acquaintance on the street.
Don't look on every young man as a good-natured ice-cream freezer.
Don't run down your girl friends in their absence; it is a mighty mean trait.
Don't make up your mind to be sweet to everybody's brother but your own.
Don't marry a man who has no evident way of supporting you. Love on starvation principles was played out long ago.
Don't lose your heart on a Darwinian specimen who parts his hair in the middle. Plenty of men want wives; wait and you'll get one.
Don't boast of your ignorance of household affairs. In the present state of society there is no surer stamp of vulgarity.

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
1884	4,200	1884
26,800		

26,800 Sharp's Horse Rakes made by the Massey Manufacturing Co. since 1874 See the increase each year and consider 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.

Farmer Ben's Theory.

"I tell ye, it's nonsense," said Farmer Ben,
"This farmin' by books and rule,
And sendin' the boys to learn that stuff
At the agricultural school;
Rotation of crops and analysis!
Talk that to a young baboon;
But ye needn't be tellin' yer science to me,
For I believe in the moon!"

"If ye plant yer corn on the goin' moon,
And put up the line of crows,
You'll find it will bear, and yer wheat will, too,
If it's decent land where it grows;
But potatoes, now, are a different thing—
They want to grow down, that is plain;
And don't you see, you must plant for that
When the moon is on the wane."

"So in plantin', and hoein', and hayin' time,
It is well to have an eye
On the hang of the moon—ye know ye can tell
A wet moon from a dry.
And, as to havin' you wise ones know
You're cuttin' your grass too soon;
If you want it to spread, just wait till it's ripe,
And mow on the full of the moon."

"And when all the harvest work is done,
And the butchern' times come 'round—
Though your hogs may be lookin' the very best,
And as fat as hogs are found,
You will find your pork will shrivel and shrink
When it comes on the table at noon—
All fried to rags—if it wasn't killed
At the right time of the moon."

"With the farmers' meetin's and Granges now,
Folks can talk till all is blue;
But don't you be swollerin' all you hear,
For there ain't more'n half o't true.
They are tryin' to make me change my plans,
But I tell 'em I'm no such coon;
I shall keep right on in the safe old way,
And work my farm by the moon."

"How much is your stick candy?" enquired a Toledo boy of a Main street candy dealer. "Six sticks for five cents." "Six sticks for five cents, eh? Now, lem'me see. Six sticks for five cents, five for four cents, three for two cents, two for one cent, and one for nothin'. I'll take one." And he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment.

A black woman was brought before a magistrate for unmercifully beating her son, a saddle-colored imp, and the Judge was delivering a reprimand, when the woman broke out with, "Judge, has you eber been a parent to a wuffless yellor boy like dat ar cub of mine?" "Never!" ejaculated the Judge with great vehemence, getting red in the face. "Den don't talk!"

4,200 TO BE MADE FOR 1884.



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—SHARP'S HORSE RAKE.—