



BABY...

KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT.

Baby's Own ..Soap..

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Skating Stories.

The group were talking about skating. "I don't pretend to be much of a skater," said the man with his feet on the mantelpiece. "The last time I indulged in the pastime, though, I had the good luck to slip into an air-hole."

"You don't call that good luck, do you?" asked the man, who had been trying to break into the conversation and tell a story himself.

"Well, under ordinary circumstances, I wouldn't call it good luck," replied the man with his feet on the mantel; "but, in this instance, it led to my catching the largest fish ever found in this section of the country. It happened this way: I was skating around the air-hole, and at last ran plump into it. The lower part of my body went under the ice, but I was able to hold myself up by the arms."

"At last a man came to help me out, but one of my skates seemed to have become entangled in something below the surface, and he had to call for assistance. Several persons responded, and by their united efforts pulled me and a four-pound rock bass through the air-hole. The jaws of the fish were held apart by one of my skate blades. I suppose," he added, by way of explanation, "that I must have struck my foot in his mouth when I first went down."

There was a short pause, and the man who had been waiting for a chance told of an adventure on Lake Superior. He said that while skating there one evening, far from shore, he was pursued by a monstrous grey wolf. "The wolf chased me about considerably," he said, "but I wasn't afraid, because I always was a good skater, and could beat any wolf that was ever created when it came to getting round on the ice."

"After I had a little fun with the animal, making 'figure eights' and

things like that around him, I thought I would put him to some use. So I made a dash around to his rear and caught hold of his tail with one hand. I had a shinny stick in the other, and beat him across the back with it. Well, gentlemen, that beast was so shocked and surprised that he didn't know what to do.

"He jumped around just like a colt that was being broken in. I held on tight, though, and he finally came to the conclusion that he wanted to go home, and lit out for shore."

"Gentlemen, I know you will believe me when I say that that was the supreme moment of my life. There I was, a-holding to the wolf's tail with one hand, beating him with the shinny stick which I held in the other, and flying over the glassy surface at the rate of about forty miles an hour. As we neared the shore he slowed up, and, on reaching the land, laid down and died from exhaustion."

"I have his hide at 'ome now," concluded the narrator, "and you can see it if you want to."

This seemed satisfactory proof of the truth of the tale. At least, no one questioned it, and the meeting adjourned.—*Washington Star.*

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