



A GROUP OF WIDE-CUT MASSEY-HARRIS BINDERS AT WORK ON A PRAIRIE FARM, MANITOBA.

apart. Then we would cruise around and await developments. If we were fortunate one of the barrels would presently begin to bob around at a great rate; sometimes disappearing under the water and reappearing at a distance, the barrel being too buoyant for the shark to keep it under.

Then the chase! Backward and forward, in circles and winding lines, we would pursue the elusive cask until success crowned our efforts and we could drag our fish alongside. Sometimes little, sometimes big, but any shark was always welcome on our deck.

Evenings we fished for them off the government wharf; but then the method was different. An inch line, over 300 feet long, the same kind of hook and chain as we used on the yacht and baited in the same manner; but now we tied one end of the rope around the flagstaff, and throwing the well-baited hook a few yards away into the middle of a patch of moonlit sand in four or five feet of water, we would coil the remainder of the line so that it could run freely, and then make ourselves comfortable. We never waited long. This was a favorite place with the sharks, and we always had good sport.

Soon a dark object would glide silently as a shadow across the moonlit spot of sands; then it would check its noiseless movement, then, after a moment's hesitation, approach the bait. Of course, we all sat still as statues. Slowly the thing would move off, and the rasping of the rope over the string-piece of the wharf would tell us that it had the hook in its maw; then—not till then—we would jump for the rope and run a few steps in the other direction. I say, "a few steps," for generally the rope would be torn out of our hands as the shark felt the hook and threw himself out of the water in an effort to get rid of it.

For a few moments the water would be cut into foam as the taut line would be drawn, whizzing, through it. As soon as we thought the shark was tired we would take hold of the line and try to draw him up to the little beach alongside the wharf. Then the procession commenced. First we would pull the shark up close to the shore and think we had him. But just as often he would haul us to the water's edge and we had to let go in a hurry to avoid a fluking. Sooner or later, however, we would get him to the shallow water. Then he would splash and fight. In a few minutes he would stand up on the sand. Then a shot through the backbone where the head joins the body would mangle him. The largest shark we caught was perfect long—plenty long enough to have on the tail of a line, I assure you.

One day we were sailing among the "out islands," when we noticed a small sponging ship in distress. We ran down to her and found that one of her crew had fallen overboard, and that as he took hold of the gunwale to pull himself aboard, a shark had made a dash at him and bitten one of his legs clean off; the sailor had died in a few minutes. Next day that shark was on exhibition, having been caught by the comrades of the dead sailor; it measured sixteen feet in length.

None of the white people would go in swimming, unless in protected places. But the ne-

groes daily followed their avocations of sponging and gathering sea curiosities—work that required them to be constantly under water—without any apparent fear, although they well knew the danger.

A Prairie Harvesting Scene.

THE tourist whose privilege it is to travel across the north-western prairies during harvest time, cannot fail to be deeply impressed with sights that greet his eyes on every hand.

A prairie harvesting scene is an inspiring one indeed. As one sees the vast fields of ripened grain, he wonders how these enormous areas of wheat can be reaped in time, and it seems almost incredible to watch the rapidity with which the gangs of self-binders gather the golden crops so neatly, so smoothly, leaving the perfectly bound sheaves ready for stooking.

Above is a view of a group of Massey-Harris Wide-Open Binders at work on the Sanderson farm near Brandon, Manitoba.

The Massey-Harris Binders are the most successful for prairie reaping, and on this account are used by the leading farmers of Manitoba and the North-West territories. In fact the sale of these machines stands about 3 to 1 as compared with any other make, they are so much superior in every sense of the word.

Step by Step.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit, round by round.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit, round by round.

How fortunate in these times of low prices that farmers can have such a good paper as MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, for fifty cents a year.

Husbandry of the Ancients.

REAPING.

IN our researches we ran across an ancient book with the above title which however has considerable historic interest. The author was Adam Dickson, A.M., ("late Minister of Whit-

tingham"), and was published in Edinburgh in 1788. Considered merely as an old book it is interesting because of its quaint style and ancient typography. The old "s" is used throughout, that is "f."

But the matter it contains is of special interest as history, and is well worth preservation.

Below we reproduce *verbatim et literatim* the greater part of the chapter on "Reaping" which cannot fail to amuse and interest our readers.

THE proper time of reaping depends upon circumstances, arising chiefly from the weather, climate, and situation of the crop: In a warm and dry climate, corn may be reaped in a situation, in which it would be improper to reap it in a climate that is cold and wet: So likewise corn that is strong in the stalk and clean, may be reaped in a situation in which it is improper to reap corn that is soft in the stalk, and mixed with juicy weeds.

In the northern parts of this island, the climate is rather cold and wet, and the corn in general is far from being free from weeds; on these accounts, it is reckoned bad husbandry to cut corn before it is fully ripe, except when the near approach of winter renders it necessary; hence the proverb, *A green sheaf is a bad shake*.

In Italy, matters are in a different situation: The season, in the time of harvest, is warm and dry; and, from the manner in which the Roman farmers managed their farms, the stalks of their corn were commonly strong, and few weeds were in their fields; hence, the directions given by almost all the writers on husbandry, to reap corn before it is quite ripe. 'When corn is ready,' says Columella, 'it must be quickly reaped, before it is scorched by the heats of summer, which are very great at the rising of the dog-star; for a delay in this is attended with great loss; first, because it becomes a prey to birds, and other animals, and then, because the grain, and even the ears, fall from the parched stalks; and, if there should be storms or whirlwinds, the greater part is driven to the ground. For these reasons, there ought to be no delay, but, as soon as the corn is all equally yellow, before the grain is hardened, and when it acquires a reddish colour, the reaping should be begun, that so the corn may become larger rather in the threshing-floor and the heap, than growing in the field; for it happens, if corn is early cut, that it afterwards becomes larger.' The general direction here given, he applies particularly to barley in another passage: 'Barley,' says he, 'when it is a little ripe, should be cut down more early, than any other corn; for, having a brittle stalk, and the grain having no chaff to defend it, quick-