

en route to their destination. One farmer ordered a Toronto Mower shipped in February last so as to get it to his place in time for haying in June, it being all that time on the way, having been transported by various means, finally reaching its destination after being carried many miles in an Indian canoe. In another instance, a Toronto Binder was sent to a ranch a hundred miles or more north of Kamloops, away back in the Mountains. It was transported the whole distance by "bull team," the freight costing over \$200. And so I might mention other similar cases. The farmers in British Columbia set up their own machines, which they are able to do easily by following the "Instruction Book" accompanying each machine. The experience thus gained helps them to understand the machine and assists them greatly in operating it.

My next letter to you will contain an outline of my trip down the Pacific coast through California and the voyage across the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands, whence this will be posted to you.



Chubby's Christmas Dream.

BY GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

It was the night before Christmas and swarms of people were hurrying up and down the streets, jostling each other right and left, slipping on the icy walks, squeezing into crowded stores, out again with full pockets and empty wallets; hugging their precious holiday bundles, and smiling all over in happy expectation of the morrow. Chubby was fully equal to the occasion, and entered at once into its spirit. He charged upon the good natured crowd, met every man in his own humor, and kept up a constant stream of newsboy lingo and eloquence.

"Evening papers here! Holiday edition! All about where to buy Christmas presents and save half your money! One million dollars' worth of information for five cents! Paper, sir? Have a paper? Thank you, sir. Trade with our advertisers and you're all right. Great Holiday gift of the season for only five cents! Leading paper of the world, selling here for half a dime! The ladies dote on it, and the children cry for it! Paper, Mister? Better take a paper and make your family happy!"

Chubby took especial satisfaction in standing where the brilliant shops drew off little streams here and there from the great crowds, and driving a brisk competition with the shopkeepers for their customers' small change. At the book stores, for instance, he would cry out: "Don't waste your money for expensive books, ladies and gentlemen, when you can buy the best reading in the world for only five cents!" At the toy shops the argument was, "Better buy something useful and instructive, and not be fooling with play things at your time o' life. Paper here! Great curiosity of the age for half a dime!" With the confectioners' customers he expostulated in this fashion: "Don't give your children candy to spoil their teeth, my dear friends, but get 'em something to improve their minds. Papers here! Papers for old and young, at only five cents apiece!"

But while Chubby thus exhorted the multitude, he really cared just as much as they did for all the fine things he warned them against; and, having delivered one of his harangues, and sold a paper or two, he would turn to the show windows as willingly as anybody. Nobody's mouth watered more quickly in contemplation of gum drops and caramels. Nobody's fingers itched and tingled and snapped more eagerly at the sight of patent tops and bright, new skates. Nobody looked with more hungry eyes at the shelves full of handsome books. I am afraid that Chubby spent a good deal of time at the windows that he ought to have devoted to business. At any rate, the clocks were striking eleven, the streets were getting empty, the shopkeepers were putting up their shutters, and Chubby had six papers left unsold when he entered a certain notion-store on the corner and walked up to the counter. The customers had all gone, and the clerks, a little tired and cross, were preparing to leave.

"Clear out!" growled one of them to Chubby. "Off with you!"



"CHUBBY RUFF."

"Don't speak till you're spoken to, young man," said Chubby.

"We don't want your papers, I tell you," growled the clerk again, as Chubby drew the bundle from under his arm.

"Oh, you don't! Then I shall feel easy about 'em," retorted Chubby, laying them down on the counter.

A general laugh followed, during which, Mr. Marsh, the proprietor of the store, came from his office, buttoning up his great coat.

"Well, my lad," said he pleasantly, "what can we do for you?"

"I'm looking for Christmas presents, sir."

"Going to give mother something, eh?"

"No, sir; she's dead."

"Father, perhaps?"

"He's dead, too."

"Brothers or sisters, then?"

"Haven't any in the world, sir."

"Who, then?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Marsh, I haven't anybody to give presents to, and there isn't anybody to give any to me, so I thought I'd give myself one."

"Capital plan," said the merchant, "capital. So you know my name, eh? What's yours?"

"Chubby Ruff, sir."

"Chubby Ruff. Good again. Chubby Ruff gives Chubby Ruff, his sole surviving relative, a Christmas present, as a mark of his esteem! Very good. Come this way, Chubby, and let us look over the stock. You can go," said he to the clerks; "I'll wait on this customer."

And no millionaire driving to the store in his splendid carriage that day, no grand lady in her laces and silks, had been more politely served than Chubby Ruff was by Mr. Marsh. It is safe to say, also, that no one had been happier in his purchase than Chubby was, when he received, in exchange for his pocketful of nickels, the very thing that he most wanted to give himself—a shiny red sled, striped with gilt, and adorned with a picture of a reindeer at full speed.

"You're very kind, sir," said Chubby gratefully, as he turned to go.

"I don't know as I am," said Mr. Marsh, "though it's a time to show kindness now. Do you know what Christmas is, Chubby?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I learned that at the Mission. It's Jesus' birthday."

"Yes, yes. Well, we must be kind for His sake. Where do you live, Chubby?"

"Nowhere."

"But where do you stay? Where do you sleep?"

"Well, sir, generally, I sleep down at the Hall. We pay five cents for a bed there. But when I haven't any five cents, I know where there's a big crockery crate full of straw, and I crawl in there."

"How about to-night?"

"Well, you see I paid all my money for my sled, so I shall sleep in my crate."

"Not by considerable, my brave fellow! Here's half a dime for your lodging. No, stop, you shall sleep here. Mike," he called to the watchman, "put a rug down by the stove for this boy to sleep on, and find something to throw over him. Good night, Chubby."

"Good night, Mr. Marsh."

"Take good care of him, Mike."

"All right, sir."

Chubby Ruff had a dream as he lay asleep on the rug before the stove. If he had not dreamed, my story would have been shorter; or perhaps I should never have told it at all. Chubby dreamed that he was wandering about the streets at night with six papers under his arm, and drawing his new sled. It was very late, the shops were all shut; and there was not a soul in the streets—not even a watchman. Chubby was trying to find the crockery crate, but he could not; and the more he looked for it the further off he got, and the more bewildered and tired he grew. At last he sat down on his sled in despair, feeling a good deal more like crying than anything else he could think of. That, however, he determined not to do, come what would.

Just then he heard sleigh-bells—the tiniest, dreamiest little tinkle that ever he heard in his life—and in a moment up cantered eight reindeers, just like the one on his sled, only no bigger than gray-hounds, drawing a sleigh made of pearl and tortoise shell, with silver thrills and gold runners, in which sat Santa Claus himself, a funny old fellow, dressed from head to foot in shaggy gray fur, and looking fat and stumpy enough to be Chubby's own brother. As he dashed by, Chubby called out:

"Hollo, you! I say, Mister, gimme a hitch!"

"Whish-sh-sh!" said Santa, and the eight reindeers stopped as quick as a wink, and stood stamping and knocking their horns together in the most impatient manner. "Who's that calling?" cried the little man, standing up and looking all about.

"I did," said Chubby a little frightened, stepping out into the moonlight.