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Massey-Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series Vol. II., No. 1.] JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1898. [Whole Series, Vol. XVI., No. 1.



DRAWN BY HENRY STALLARD.

HARD TIMES.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

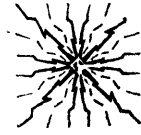
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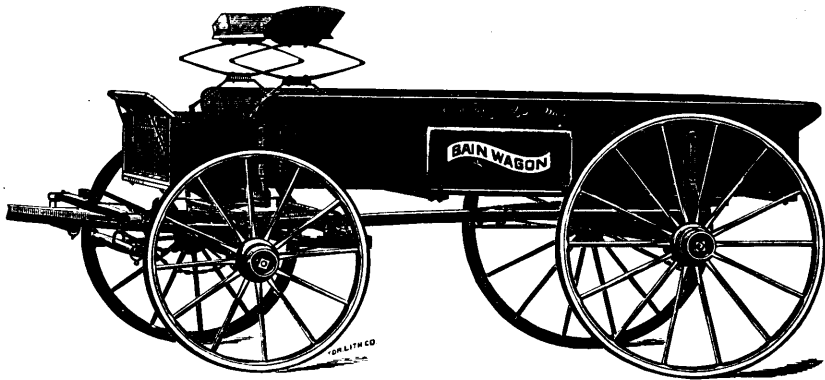
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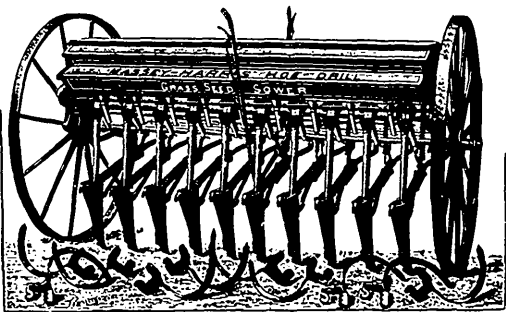
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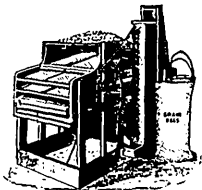
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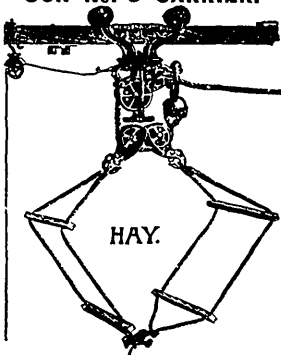
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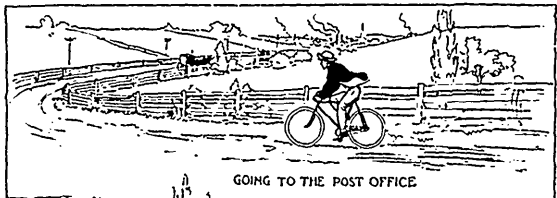
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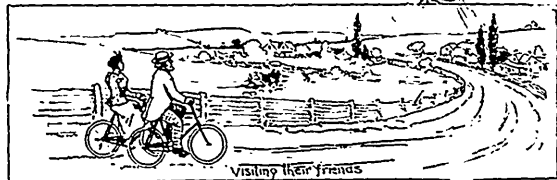
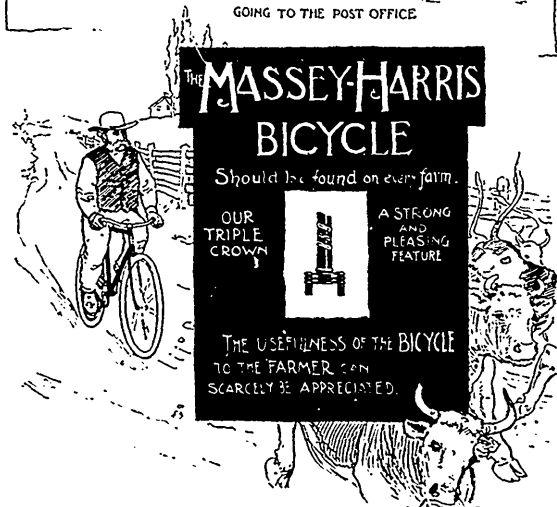
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Visiting their friends

# Massey-Harris Illustrated

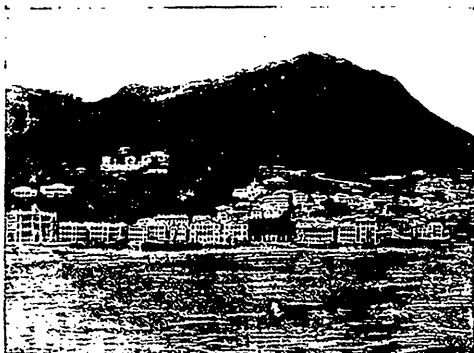
A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series Vol. II., No. 1.] JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1898. [Whole Series, Vol. XVI., No. 1.



**A** YEAR ago we were looking for—many, if not all of us, hoping for—the immediate dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. To-day China is the cynosuro of all eyes, and the division

is indeed a happy hunting ground for the market-seeking nations. China has always resisted the inroads of Western civilization and commerce, but step by step she has been compelled to recede



VICTORIA, CAPITAL OF HONG KONG.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

of that empire to meet the demands of the commerce of Europe is one of the possibilities of the not distant future. China, with its population of 430,000,000,

from the position of her choice, and, mainly on England's initiative, certain parts of the flowery kingdom have, from time to time, been thrown open to the

commerce of the world. It is this opening of markets to the world that marks the difference between England's policy and that of other European nations, who virtually close their freshly acquired markets to all except themselves by means of a tariff. Were it not for this selfish policy, England would not feel so much exercised over the recent attempts of Germany and Russia to acquire points of vantage on the Chinese coast. Germany has seized Kiao-Chan, a port on the coast on the Yellow Sea, directly opposite Corea, with some adjacent territory, including a good coal-field, in the province of Shantung; Russia has occupied Port Arthur, on the promontory of the Manchurian Peninsula, commanding the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili, with the maritime ap-

proach to Tientsin and Peking. The port or naval arsenal of Wei-Hai-Wei, on the southern shore of the entrance to that gulf, is still in the possession of a Japanese garrison. These foreign powers intend to keep what they have got. What the outcome of this game of grab inaugurated by Germany and Russia will be is problematical at present, but that England will not consent to a weakening of her influence in the Celestial Kingdom is assured.

incident—the North-West frontier of India. The different revolting tribes are almost completely subdued now, and several have sued for peace. About the first tribe to do so was that of the Orakzai-Afridis, who were received by the commander of the British forces several weeks ago.

Sir William Lockhart received the Orakzai jirgahs on Nov. 12. He was attended by General Nicholson, Chief of the Staff, Sir R. Udny, Chief Political Adviser, and all the Headquarter Staff, and was escorted by a guard of honor furnished by the Gordon Highlanders. The gray-beards representing the tribes being seated, Sir William Lockhart rose and requested Sir R. Udny to say that as the British forces were now in the heart of the country, the terms offered by the



SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART DICTATING TERMS TO THE ORAKZAI-APRIDIS.

Government would be announced. He also desired Sir R. Udny to explain to the assembled maliks that full compliance would be necessary within fourteen days, and to announce that in any case the British commander would visit every part of their country, either as a friend or as an enemy. Sir Richard Udny, who speaks Pushtu fluently, explained all this. The maliks listened with marked attention while these terms were announced, and afterwards said that they perfectly understood them. They then withdrew, and the proceedings terminated.

Our first illustration presents to us a view of Victoria, the capital of Hong Kong, our most important possession in Chinese waters, which was ceded to England by treaty in 1843, having been occupied as a "preliminary measure" in 1841.

For our two next illustrations we again draw upon that scene of stirring

Five companies of the Northamptonshire Regiment had successfully occupied the Saran Sar heights, and later withdrew. The enemy rallied and swarmed up the deep gorges of the ridge, and the

retiring troops, burdened with their wounded, were exposed to a fierce fire from either side of a deep nullah. The

force incurred further loss in the difficult task of bringing down the wounded, the tribesmen's knowledge of the ground,



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE MEN OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT ATTACKED BY THE ENEMY IN A NULLAH.

86th Sikhs has been despatched in response to the Northamptons' heliographed signals for aid, but even with this reinforcement, the withdrawing

broken by intersecting ravines, giving them the advantage. The Northamptons brought their wounded comrades into camp before dark. It was then discov-



THE GRAPHIC.

## A SOUDANESE BOY LEARNING THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.

ced that an officer and twelve men were missing. While a search party was being organized, one of the missing men arrived with the information that the officer and the privates had been cut off. The officer had sent him for help, refusing to leave those who were wounded. The regiment was immediately turned out to rescue the party. In a few hours they came across the dead bodies of the entire party, several of whom had evidently declined the opportunity to escape and leave their wounded comrades in the hands of their merciless enemy.

We referred in our last issue to the British advance in the Sudan, and the excellent soldiers the Sudanese make when properly trained. How strong the fighting instinct is in these dusky warriors may be grasped from our illustration on this page which depicts a familiar scene outside the walls of Suakim, where one may often see a small boy practising the art of self-defence with his father's shield while his adversary throws large stones at him, the stones taking the

place of the broad-headed spear, the deadly weapon of this famous fighting tribe.

Our next illustration affords us a glimpse of the peaceful side of the development of British colonies in Africa, by the making of railways into the interior. This kind of work, which is found to be productive of the very best results, is being steadily and systematically pursued by the governments of our colonies in the west of Africa, interest in which section of the Empire has grown more and more intense during the last few years; and has now reached fever heat owing to France's attempts to possess herself of portions of British territory which do not happen to be occupied.

This territory on which France has cast longing eyes and unlicensed hands, is the hinterland of, or the land behind, the country lying on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. This country on the coast belongs to England, Germany, France, Eng. and and France;

we repeat the names to show the order of possession, starting from the mouth of the River Niger; from which point to the western limit of the gulf is about 800 miles. Tongoland (German), and Dahomey and Ivory Coast (French) occupy about 250 miles of the coast, British territory accounting for the rest. The French territory of Dahomey and the undisputed part of the British territory, run inland almost for the same distance, about 200 miles, Tongoland reaching inland 150 miles further. It is the country stretching north from this for a distance of about 175 miles, and east to the Niger, that is in dispute, although in reality there is no room for dispute. The southern boundaries of France's possessions on the north were clearly drawn, and were acknowledged by treaty in 1890. The country south of that boundary and west of the Niger is the Borgu territory. Borgu is a dependency of Sokoto, a large stretch of territory east of the Niger. Sokoto and its dependencies are under British direction by treaty. Thus France's only excuse for placing



DEVELOPING OUR COLONIES IN WEST AFRICA. BUILDING RAILWAYS.

her soldiers in different parts of Borgu is that the parts she thus takes in charge are not actually occupied. This excuse is lamentably weak, owing to the fact that at a conference held in Berlin in 1884 it was proposed that in cases of dis-

an excuse for running at will over British territory.

"Christmas Day in a London Children's Hospital," appears some weeks after the incident has become but a pleasant memory for the participants;



CHRISTMAS DAY IN A LONDON HOSPITAL,

pute regarding the sphere of influence of the different European powers, actual occupation should be the test. France it was who protested against such a test; and who now makes this non-occupation

but deeds of kindness, efforts at alleviating the sorrows of others, are reasonable at all times, and we offer no other apology for presenting a Christmas incident at the end of January.



## WILL CHETWYND'S SWEETHEART.

JANET APPLETON sat in the ante-room of Miss Cook's well-known Registry Office, weary and dispirited. Poor little soul! For a fortnight she seemed to have spent the best half of her life waiting in the dingy apartment for ladies to engage her as governess, and up to now no success had crowned her endeavors.

She wanted a situation as governess, and was innocent and unsophisticated enough not to recognize that she was far too pretty and refined for the average middle-class matron to be at all taken with her. Her accomplishments were so ordinary and amateurish for her to even think of obtaining a position as a high-class governess in a gentleman's family. Yet no one could mistake Janet for anything but a well-born lady, and there was something wonderfully attractive in her sweet face. She was tall, her figure was perfect, her eyes were grey, and her complexion pure and colorless, just like alabaster, and then she had a wealth of red golden hair, which was piled on the top of her dainty head, and gave a certain air of dignity to her petite, slender form. She wore only a plain gown of black serge, but it fitted her perfectly, and she had the air of a gentlewoman, and was altogether just the type of girl that any man passing would glance a second time at. But now, the brilliant eyes were filled with unshed tears, and the mouth had a very pathetic droop about it.

It all seemed so hard. Six months ago she was rich, happy, favored and courted; now poor, dependent, and, but for the dear mother and a little sister, quite alone.

With one fell stroke she had lost her fortune and lover. Such a common, every-day story that it hardly bears repetition. Only the tale of a widow and two refined children; of a fraudulent trustee, and then, when the exposure was bound to come, when the disgraceful story of embezzlement would be public property, when the fortunes of the Appleton's, like the fortunes of so many others, had been lost and embezzled, then the miserable man had blown out his brains rather than face the imprisonment that he knew would await him.

Fortunately, Mrs. Appleton had £100 a year of her own so securely tied up that it could not be touched, so they were not left in absolute want; but what is £100 a year to people who have always lived at the rate of a thousand or two?

Simply pauperdom! And then pretty Janet had been engaged, and was on the eve of her marriage to a young barrister—Will Chetwynd by name—a handsome, manly young fellow, who had loved her with all the devotion of his strong nature; but, alas! when the ruin came, his mother—a proud, aristocratic, worldly-wise old dame—called upon Janet, and told her, in cold, insulting tones, that her marriage now with Will would be his ruin.

"He has his way to make in the world," said the old lady, "and for him to be burdened with a pauper wife, with a mother and sister-in-law to keep, would mean ruin in every way. If you love him as you say you do, you will prove it by giving him up, for union with you will be madness and folly. His relations would disown him. You would doom him to live in some wretched middle-class suburb. Fancy my son in a six-roomed house, with a wife to do the cooking, and a wretched, slipshod maid-of-all-work to answer the door! It is too ridiculous. His ruin in every way would be inevitable."

Janet flushed up.

"You need not trouble yourself, madam," she said, coldly, "I will release your son from his promise."

"Thank you, my dear," cried the old lady, pleasantly, now that she had gained her point; "and will you accept this; it may be useful." And she handed some bank-notes to the girl.

"You mistake," said Janet, proudly; "I give your son his liberty; you have not purchased it."

Will, as ill-luck would have it, was away at the time, shooting big game in the Rocky Mountains; so, by the time he received the pitious little note of love and dismissal from his sweetheart, and hastened back to assure her of his lifelong devotion and fidelity, he found the dear old home that he knew so well, shut up, and that Janet and her mother and sister had gone, and were lost in London.

The young fellow was wild with grief and rage, and he taxed his mother with the breaking off of the engagement; and when she said that it was at her instigation, the scene between them was not a happy one. Will forgot that his mother was a widow, and loved and worshipped him, and had acted, according to her narrow worldly lights, in the way she thought best for his well-being; but his heart was sore—his whole being aching for the sweet-eyed girl he loved so well.

"Do not speak to me," he had cried out, in bitter rage, turning with impo-

tent misery at the thought of his little sweetheart's grief. "Do not speak to me; I will never voluntarily enter your house until I bring Janet with me, and you ask her forgiveness, and she promises again to be my wife."

"Will, Will! Do not speak like that to me!" said the poor old lady. "I only did it for the best—only did it because I thought so much of your future. Do not leave me like this!"

He still was mad with rage and wounded love. "When I find Janet," he answered, "I will return to you—not before."

Of this scene little Janet, waiting in the ante-room of the registry office, knew nothing. She was thinking sorrowfully of how impossible it seemed to get employment in this great city of ours. She—young, active, willing, eager for work—could get nothing, and was sadly realizing that the £100 a year was barely sufficient for the wants of her mother and little Mabel, even with the greatest economy. Of course, she often thought of Will, and sometimes wondered whether she was right in releasing him so easily, never telling him of where she was going; and then at other times she tortured herself with the thought that he was perhaps married. But she was a brave-hearted, sunny little creature, and she felt that her love troubles were as nothing compared with the necessity of earning bread and cheese, and being able to help the dear, faded, little mother and the golden-haired sister.

A fussy, stout woman entered the room hurriedly.

"Oh, Miss Cook," cried Janet, jumping up, for she recognized the proprietress of the office; "have you got anything suitable for me at last?"

"No, I haven't," she snapped, testily. "Governesses are a drug in the market; my books are full of them. Now, if you were a cook I could get you a good situation. There is a lady, Mrs. Armitage, worrying my life out for a good cook, and I cannot get her one; and splendid wages she offers, too. She wants a quiet, ladylike girl with no followers, and one that can cook well. I am sure it is a good place, and a kitchen maid to do all the work; and she offers £30 a year!"

Janet flushed. It was a mad scheme, but she thought that she would carry it out.

"Oh, Miss Cook," she said, clasping her little hands, "do you think I would do? I can cook splendidly, I once went through a whole course of cookery lessons at the National Training School, because I liked it so much, and very often when we had a large dinner-party I used to go down and help the cook. I can make the most exquisite *entrées* and cakes, and roast and boil—well, I know I can cook well. I will bring you my certificates along."

Miss Cook looked and grinned. "It is too ridiculous," she said. "You know you are a lady—the idea of your going as a cook!"

"But, dear," said Janet, "I have explained to you how absolutely necessary it is for me to get a situation. You know I have often been to you before when we wanted servants, so you might get me a situation as one."

"You would have to wear a cap and cotton gowns and aprons," said the proprietress.

She was not so grim as usual, for she began to see a way out of her difficulty, and she knew Janet and her family.

"The work would be hard, and, remember, you would only be a servant—altogether it is a most idiotic idea."

"No, it isn't," said Janet, sturdily. "I do not mind wearing a cap and a cotton gown. I think I should look nice in them, and mother need not know—I would tell her I was companion to Mrs. Armitage; and, look here: she offers £30 a year, and as a governess I could not get more than £18 or £20, and, as the cook, I should be a woman of consequence, whereas, as a nursery governess, I should be a nobody. Do let me see her to-morrow, and I will bring my certificates down. I am sure I should not disgrace your office."

"But you would want references," suggested the keeper of the registry. "Fee, feebly, quite carried away by the torrent of eloquence."

"Oh, I can get any amount of references," said Janet. "There is the Vicar, and Sir Edmund Blankington, and Lord Chaloners. They have all known me from a child—they would say I was perfectly respectable."

"But they cannot say anything about your capabilities as a cook," was the sharp rejoinder.

"No," said Janet, "they cannot; but they can say I am respectable. Diplomas will speak of my ability. I will offer to go a month on trial; then, if she does not like me, I will come back; but I know I should suit her admirably. £30 a year! Well, I shall be able to help mother splendidly now," she thought.

So it came to pass that next day a very pretty but demure girl was answering the questions of Mrs. Armitage, who looked at her exceedingly approvingly out of a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses. She was a very handsome, stately old lady.

"Your references, my girl," she said, condescendingly, "seem all right, and your diplomas are excellent, and I must say you seem a very superior, ladylike girl. There is only my husband and myself, and we keep very little company, excepting at the shooting season; but we are most particular as regards the cooking. If you should suit, you would have

an exceedingly good home, and after six months I shall be pleased to raise your wages. A kitchen-maid does all the dirty work, and I think that you will be comfortable with us. Your uniform, which I provide, is a pink cotton gown in the morning, white collar and cuffs, and white drill for when you are dressed."

"Thank you, ma'am," said poor Janet, meekly, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

And thus it came to pass that Janet Appleton, great niece of a peer of the realm, and daughter of a wealthy man, through the scoundrelism of a trustee was going into the world to earn her livelihood as a cook.

The time passed on, and Janet was comfortably settled down at Oldchester Court.

For the first time she wiffully deceived her mother, for the poor lady thought that her beloved Janet, the pride of her heart, had obtained a situation as companion to Mrs. Armitage. I think if she had known her daughter's exact position in the household it would have killed her outright.

And Janet herself was quite happy—at least, grateful for the good home, for everyone was very kind to her, the servants quickly recognizing that she belonged to a sphere above theirs: but, owing to her sweet courtesy and unflinching good humor and amiability, they were rather proud of her than otherwise. She never gave herself any airs, and somehow her refined manner purified the atmosphere of the kitchen. Her nickname was "My Lady the Cook," but of this she knew nothing.

Mrs. Armitage she saw every morning when the *menu* for the day was arranged; Mr. Armitage occasionally. They were a handsome, stately old couple, belonging to one of the best county families, and their home was a magnificent and comfortable old pile of buildings. Her cooking gave every satisfaction, whilst her manner and face attracted Mrs. Armitage strangely, and several times she tried to invite the girl's confidence by saying that she looked far superior to the sphere she was then occupying, but Janet only smiled a little sadly and wistfully, but said nothing.

She was indeed such a brave, cheery, little body, that she would have contented herself anywhere, as long as, by honest labor and patient industry, she was able to earn her own livelihood and help the darling ones at home.

She endeavored never to look back upon her past life, although sometimes I am afraid that the brave resolutions faded away, and she cried herself to sleep when she thought of handsome Will.

"It is so silly of me," the poor child would argue to herself, endeavoring to be brave. "I shall never see him again.

I wonder what he would think if he knew what I was—a cook. Oh, how disgusted he would be!"

The quiet house was at length broken up. The shooting season had commenced, and there was a large party invited, and Janet, in spite of any amount of extra help which was generously provided for her, found that she had plenty to do, for the Armitages had a reputation to keep up for the excellence of their cuisine.

One morning Janet went to her mistress's boudoir, as usual, for her orders for the day. She was quite unconscious of what a pretty picture she made in her spotless gown, which showed off her trim, slender figure to perfection, whilst the snowy cap, perched demurely on her coils of lovely hair, was, perhaps, one of the most attractive head dresses she could have designed. But what occurred, and for the ending of this veracious narrative, I think it would be better told by having a peep in a letter written next day by Mrs. Armitage to her sister, Lady Nugent:

"Oldchester Court.

"My Dear Bella,

"I am so upset and astonished that I really feel that I must write to you at once. You must excuse it if this letter is wild and terribly disjointed; but you will not wonder at it when you have read it through.

"You have frequently heard me mention of late what a treasure of a cook I had picked up. How very pretty, quiet and ladylike she was, and of how astonished George and I both were at the excellence of her menus, and the faultless manner in which she herself wrote them out in French. I assure you she was quite an acquisition to any household, so quiet and respectable, and I never had any complaint about her from the other servants as I used to have about all my former cooks. Indeed, I may confidently say that the tone of the servants' hall improved considerably. She had excellent references, you know, dear, and I always felt that she was above her station, but could never get her to commit herself in any way.

"You know what a lot of men we have here for the shooting. Well, among them is Will Chetwynd. You remember him, dear; you know his mother is a selfish old woman—thinks of nothing but her family and her money, and you may remember he recently came into the enormous fortune left by his great-uncle, Sir Brockfield Chetwynd.

"Well, cook came in, as usual, to the boudoir yesterday, and we were discussing the *menu* for the day, when who should walk into the room but Will.

"Oh, Mrs. Armitage!" he said, "I do beg your pardon, but I just wanted to speak to you for a moment about those

books you wanted from the library, because I am going into town—something has gone wrong with my gun.

"As he spoke, I noticed the cook got awfully white, and kept her head down.

"Will stared at her curiously; and then, in quite a different voice, he said: 'Who is this, Mrs. Armitage?'

"'Oh, it is only the cook!' I replied; 'but a very superior young person.' And then she lifted her eyes up. I was never so astonished in my life, for, my dear, Will just shouted out, 'Oh, Janet, my darling, I have found you at last!'

"And the next thing I saw was my cook—imagine it, Bella!—in Will Chetwynd's arms, and he kissing and kissing her in a most absurd fashion, and keeping on ejaculating something about, 'I have found you at last—my sweetheart! I have been employing detectives! How could you leave me? You have nearly broken my heart.'

"And then, between each exclamation, he was kissing her in a most extraordinary manner, and she was crying, and laughing, and clinging to him, and her cap had fallen off, and, do you know, I never saw such wonderful hair as she had in all my life. When I recovered myself I managed to find breath to inquire what it all meant, and then Will explained to me that my cook was actually his lost sweetheart, the girl they have been spending a fortune to find—Janet Appleton.

"You remember them: The father died an exceedingly wealthy man, but his widow and children were completely ruined through the rascality of their trustee.

"Will's mother, you know, got the poor little girl to break her engagement off when she lost her fortune, and he has never spoken to the old lady since.

"It appears that the poor little creature could not get a situation as a governess, so she came to me as a cook, telling

her mother that I had engaged her as companion. Will is more in love with her than ever, and my dear husband is so delighted with what he calls 'her pluck and courage,' that he vows that she shall be married from here, and really she is such a sweet little girl, and I find that I am so fond of her, that I do not mind it at all. She certainly deserves all the happiness that she gets.

"Will telegraphed the news of his discovery to his mother, who came down last night, and there was a grand reconciliation in the family.

"Janet's mother and sister I am expecting every moment. She and Will have gone down to meet them. She is overflowing with love, and gratitude, and thankfulness, and—would you believe it?—the servants are quite delighted about it, because she had made herself so popular. You must come down for the wedding, dear, which takes place in a fortnight.

"What do you think of this news—is it not a romance of real life? Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. But, oh, Bella! when shall I ever find such a good cook again? Never—I am afraid.

"As George told Will last night, he is bound to be a happy man, for his wife understands the art of how to make him so.

"I assure you it makes me quite young again to see the happiness of these two young people.

"Well, I am sure that they both deserve it. I must tell you one thing before I conclude, and that is, that Will Chetwynd has made an appointment to have Janet photographed in her cook's dress!

"With much love, expecting you down next week, and that you will stay for the wedding festivities.

"Believe me, always, your affectionate sister, Margaret Armitage."

—LILLIE HARRIS, in *Woman's Life*.



1898 JANUARY 1898

| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THU | FRI | SAT |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
|     |     |     |     |     |     | 1   |
| 2   | 3   | 4   | 5   | 6   | 7   | 8   |
| 9   | 10  | 11  | 12  | 13  | 14  | 15  |
| 16  | 17  | 18  | 19  | 20  | 21  | 22  |
| 23  | 24  | 25  | 26  | 27  | 28  | 29  |

1898 FEBRUARY 1898

| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THU | FRI | SAT |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
|     |     | 1   | 2   | 3   | 4   | 5   |
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| 13  | 14  | 15  | 16  | 17  | 18  | 19  |
| 20  | 21  | 22  | 23  | 24  | 25  | 26  |
| 27  | 28  |     |     |     |     |     |

# On & Around the Farm.

## General Notes.

**The Centenary of the Great English Cattle Show.**—Among cattle shows in England that of the Smithfield Club has a foremost place, and a most interesting and honorable record. The exhibition which was held in the early part of last month was the 100th, the Club having been formed in 1798. On the opposite page we reproduce the *Graphic's* illustration of the first exhibition held by the Smithfield Club.

The "happy thought" of a Smithfield Show, in the great cattle sale week of early December, occurred to a Derbyshire man, Mr. J. Wilkes, of Measham. Derbyshire has been a great cattle and dairy county for centuries, and the distance from London by coach did not prevent the clever cattle breeders of the Northern Midlands from seeking the metropolis for custom. The idea met with welcome from the first. The Duke of Bedford took up the proposal with energy, and was the first chairman. It was to consist of fifty members, and we know, says the *Graphic*, that thirty-five founder-members were actually obtained. Sir Joseph Banks was the first ordinary member elected. The first show was held on December 17, 1798, in the courtyard of the "Dolphin," an old inn near the Charterhouse. The inn was built round a "quad," and had overhanging wooden balconies, which afforded shelter from the weather to the animals shown below. There were thirty entries. The prize money is known to have been not less than £52 10s., but it is doubted if the suggested £100 was actually obtained. However, after six years, £126 was realized. At the first show all the breeds were shown together, and competed with each other. There were 800 visitors in the three days during which the show was open, the receipts being £40.

There are now 650 members of the Club. The prizes awarded at the show exceed—with cups, etc.—\$20,000; the receipts average \$25,000, the entries over 700, and the number of visitors has often exceeded 100,000 persons.

The 100th show, which was held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was a fitting climax to a century's steady progress. The array of exhibits in every class was a notable one, both in quantity and quality. The Queen was, as usual, on exhibition, and took prizes for her Devon cattle.

A novel feature of the exhibition was that the cattle and sheep entered for the carcass competition were exhibited alive on the first day. The following day was for them a "day of doom," and twenty-four hours later they were "passed upon" as "beef" or "mutton."

**Siberian Wheat for London.**—The first direct shipments of this character, have been made, consisting of 815 tons (about 30,000 bushels) wheat and 20 tons flour on one vessel, and a smaller amount on a second vessel, with two other steamers en route. This is significant in view of the possible development of southern Siberia as a heavy wheat exporter.

**English Crops of 1897.**—According to a preliminary statement just issued by the English government, the estimated total produce of wheat, barley and oats in Great Britain in 1897 was as follows: Wheat, 51,918,000 bushels, average yield per acre 29.09 bushels, against 57,032,952 bushels in '96, average 33.63 bushels, Barley, 66,801,000 bushels, against 70,775,000 bushels in '96; average rate of yield per acre the last year 32.82 bushels, against 33.63 bushels in '96. Oats, 116,812,000 bushels, against 111,016,600 bushels in '96; average yield 34.19 bushels in '97 and 36.83 bushels in '96. These figures do not include Ireland.

**January Gardening.**—It is not too soon to commence work in the garden; and the first work is to look the garden well over, in order to see how much can be grown, and what can be grown to the greatest possible profit. Go at it deliberately, in order to have the best possible variety of everything, and in the proportion wanted. The latter point is highly important, as more than we require is a waste, and generally at the expense of something we do want. To this end study the catalogues carefully. After going through the list two or three times, which is not too much, select for the space you have and according to taste. Most of the catalogues of the day can be consulted with safety, both as to varieties and for cultural instructions. The main thing is to find out what you want, and without consulting the catalogue something will surely be forgotten, which will cause regret. After noting the varieties and



AT SMITHFIELD CLUB'S FIRST CATTLE SHOW. DICAMBER, 1908.

quantities wanted, lose no time in sending in your order. Wherever you obtain your seeds, get them early; at the same time impress upon the mind of the dealer the fact that you want the best and none other. Of this there is not rarely only a limited supply, it is, therefore, important to order early so as to secure the best.

**The Cost of Producing Milk and Cream** has been carefully ascertained by the Massachusetts experiment station. The total cost of feed consumed is based on local market prices. Deducting from this the commercial value of the nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid in the solid and liquid manure resulting from this feed, we get the net cost of feed. The difference between this net cost and the selling price is the profit, from which must be taken interest on investment, depreciation of cows, and cost of labor involved, before the actual net profit can be ascertained. The six cows were mostly natives or grade Shorthorn, Ayrshire, Jersey and Guernsey, such as the ordinary farm keeps, and were each fed nine pounds daily of grain and all the roughage they would eat. The results are as follows:

|                                                                                            |      |      |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------|------|
| Fat 3.5 to 4.8% av. . . . .                                                                | 43   | 46   | 41   |
| Total solids, 12.3 to 14% av. . . . .                                                      | 136  | 138  | 132  |
| Relation of fat to solids not fat. (140                                                    | 110  | 110  | 110  |
| 1 to 100) . . . . .                                                                        | 1.22 | 1.23 | 1.23 |
| Total cost of feed $\frac{1}{2}$ qt. cream, etc. . . . .                                   | 136  | 136  | 138  |
| Manurial value of feed $\frac{1}{2}$ qt. cream, etc. . . . .                               | 64   | 70   | 76   |
| Net cost of feed $\frac{1}{2}$ qt. cream, etc. . . . .                                     | 72   | 66   | 62   |
| Received $\frac{1}{2}$ space of cream, from 3 1 to 5 lb. with an av. of, etc. . . . .      | 35   | 29   | 30   |
| Net cost of feed $\frac{1}{2}$ qt. of cream, etc. . . . .                                  | 12   | 11   | 11   |
| Qts. of milk to produce one space cream. . . . .                                           | 208  | 188  | 181  |
| Qts. of milk to produce one quart cream. . . . .                                           | 707  | 629  | 616  |
| Profit on cream $\frac{1}{2}$ qt., etc. . . . .                                            | 48   | 44   | 46   |
| Cost of skim milk $\frac{1}{2}$ qt. (whole milk at 8c.) from 23 to 1 1/2% av. etc. . . . . | 153  | 140  | 137  |
| Total cost feed to make 1 qt. milk ranged from 14 to 3c. av. etc. . . . .                  | 1.6  | 21   | 23   |
| Manurial value of feed, etc. . . . .                                                       | .8   | 1.2  | 1.1  |
| Net cost feed $\frac{1}{2}$ qt. whole milk, ranged from 9 to 10c. av. etc. . . . .         | .8   | .9   | .9   |

**New Tariffs of Interest to Farmers.**—A new freight tariff on grain, grain products and corn in carloads has been made effective on the Grand Trunk from stations west of Montreal to St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., via Chaudiere Junction, and to West St. John via Lennoxville. The rates per 100 pounds from the following points are:—Brockville, Kingston, Napanee, Trenton, Oshawa Junction, Toronto, Peterboro', Myrtle, Agincourt, Milton, Guelph, Sarvia, Point Edward, Galt, Port Dover, Niagara Falls, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Windsor, Petrolia, Chatham, Woodstock, St. Thomas, Fort Erie, 22 cents; Cardwell Junction, Elmira, Fergus, 21 cents; Irondale and Bancroft Railway Junction, 25 cents; Allandale, Goderich,

Harriston, Listowel, 25 cents; Walkerton, 26 cents; Midland, Collingwood, Penetanguishene, Southampton, Owen Sound, 26 cents; Scott Junction, Bracebridge, 27 cents.

A through east-bound freight tariff on grain and grain products has also been made effective on the Canadian Pacific to St. John, N.B., West St. John, St. Stephen, N.B., St. Andrews, N.B., Fredericton, N.B., and Halifax, N.S. The rates from the following points are as follows per 100 pounds:—Peterboro', Toronto, Hamilton, Brampton, Guelph, Galt, Woodstock, London, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Chatham, Windsor, Sarnia, Port Stanley, 22 cents; Fergus, Elora, 21 cents; Cardwell Junction, 21 cents; Mount Forest, 25 cents; Wingham, 26 cents; Owen Sound, 26 cents.

A special tariff on live stock has been put into effect by the Canadian Pacific. The rates from the following points to Toronto and Montreal respectively, per 100 pounds, are:—Peterboro', 10 and 20 cents; Hamilton, 8 and 26 cents; Milton, 7 and 25 cents; Galt, 8 and 26 cents; Woodstock, Ingersoll, 10 and 28 cents; St. Thomas, London, 11 and 29 cents; Chatham, 12 and 30 cents; Windsor, 11 and 32 cents. The rate from Toronto will be 22 cents.

#### Careful Cattle Feeding.

In many dairies of, say thirty-five cows, part of them will not pay for their keeping, while others will more than do this, and thus the entire herd will yield a profit. It is not always the cow which produces the most milk or butter that is the most profitable. One which produces 200 lbs. may pay better than a 800-lb. one, for in the first case the yield of butter may not be proportionate to the amount of feed eaten. The herd should be subject to rigid tests. The selection of calves which are to develop into dairy cows is very important, and especially so in dairy breeds. After the calf has been selected, feed it for the special purpose desired. Keep thrifty while growing, and feed as much skim milk, bran, etc., as possible. For cows succulent food is best. Roots are very valuable, and not properly appreciated by farmers in the United States. Oats cut quite green and fed on the straw are of high value. Feed these with roots and ensilage corn. Barley also is good. Most of the dairy feed should be produced on the farm. \$1,000 in butter exhausts the soil but a trifle, while that amount of wheat takes off \$100 worth of soil constituents. Clover hay is a valuable crop, but, if sold, the soil is also depleted. To meet low prices and sharp competition, farmers must select and keep only the best cows.

In feeding for beef, snap corn, leaving



AT SMITHFIELD CLUB'S 100TH CATTLE SHOW. DECEMBER, 1897.



on about one-half the inner husks. Cut the ears into three or four pieces. Feed with hay, blue grass and corn fodder, to which has been added a little bran, or oil, or cottonseed meal. Don't give too much at a time, but see that the stock eat their feed up clean. Give one to five pounds of roots daily, for more grain will be consumed if a little succulent feed is added. It hardly pays to grind corn, although a little corn meal may be of advantage when finishing for market. It requires some little time to get cattle onto full feed, and they must be kept gaining constantly, on toward the end. Corn is the best single feed, but it can be profitably combined with oats and roots. In winter, break the winds by yard fences and open sheds. Give plenty of good water, hay, rock salt and bedding. About one or two shots of 100 lbs. each should follow each two steers.

#### A Cleanly way of Milking.

The thumb and finger pressure on the cow's teat is not the cleanest way by which a cow can be milked, although it is the quickest and easiest. Indeed, a cow can hardly be milked in a dirtier manner, for all the filth on the teat must necessarily be scraped from it, by the rapid, downward pressure. Neither is such a way of drawing the milk nearest that of the calf. When the thumb and all the fingers are closed tightly about the teat, the grasp is nearer that of the calf than any other. Now, if the hand is drawn slightly downward, the milk is pressed from the teat in a steady stream.

Such a method of milking is the cleanest possible one. The least dirt falls, and the motion and grasp of the hand is similar to the action of the calf's mouth while sucking. This method of milking is slow and tedious, if the teat is short, but the cow can be milked dry, and the milk thus obtained is clean.

#### The Horse in Winter.

Horses that have had little to do throughout the winter must be worked in by degrees. Their muscles are soft and need special care to prevent galled shoulders and other disabilities. Heavy shoes with long, sharp calks are worse than useless on soft ground and earth roads. This fact is so self-evident that it is surprising to see how little it is heeded. Shoes with low calks, or none at all, and heavy enough to wear four or five weeks are all that is needed. Some horses will not drink, if water is offered them, before their morning feed. This is generally the result of having been given water icy cold or none at all. But if a horse is allowed to drink his fill soon after eating, the food is washed, undi-

gested, into the intestines. A horse that will not drink before eating should be made to wait at least an hour after. Water frequently while at work. Leave the fetlocks untrimmed. They are put there to protect the heels, and if cut away, scratches, mud fever and cracked heels are likely to ensue. No horse can pull as much or as well when chocked up as he can with his head free.

#### Seasonable Hints for Garden Work.

**THE STRAWBERRY BED IN WINTER.**—Where heavy winds prevail and the ground is not covered with snow, the mulching material on the strawberry bed is very apt to be blown off, or become displaced. It is, therefore, quite important to examine the beds from time to time, and replace the covering on the bare plants. It costs nothing, and is time well spent. Broken and interrupted rows in the strawberry bed are a discouraging sight at picking time.

**WASH-DAY IN THE WINDOW GARDEN.**—Cleanliness is as necessary to the health of plants as it is to our own bodies, and a weekly wash-day is as important in the window garden as in the laundry. On days when the out-door temperature is above 60°, the easiest and best way to wash the plants is to take them outdoors and give them two or three thorough sprinklings with water but little warmer than the air. If the state of the weather does not permit this, the small plants may be treated similarly in a wash or bathtub, and the larger ones should have their leaves brushed or sponged off at least once a week.

**PROTECTING TREES AGAINST RABBITS.**—While there are innumerable remedies recommended and used for the protection of young trees against the depredations of rabbits, mice and other animals, there is nothing better and more reliable than small meshed wire netting wound around the tree and tied together with a wire. It is inexpensive, durable, does not keep out light and air, and is in every way preferable to tarred paper, tin, and any of the close coverings recommended.

**EVERGREENS IN WINTER.**—In the planting of lawns and pleasure grounds in general there is rarely much thought given to their appearance in winter, and yet to those who live in the country the year around this is a matter of no small consideration. The proper disposition of a few handsome evergreen trees will often effect a complete and pleasing change in the character of one's grounds, and give brightness and cheer to otherwise bare and dreary surroundings.

Winter is the proper time to note the places where such trees would be most effective, and to mark the spots with a stake as a guide where to plant next spring.

## Well Spent Labor.

### Home-made Low Wagon.

The accompanying illustrations represent a farmer's wagon, which can be made at home. The wheels are from a binder truck. In Fig. 1, *a* are beams

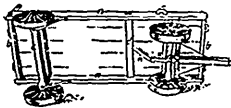


FIG. 1.—UNDER PART OF WAGON.

12 ft. long and  $2 \times \frac{3}{4}$  inches, *bb* 4 ft. long and  $2 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; the axles are 2 ft. from each end. The middle crosspiece *d* is 2 ft. back of the front bolster. The front axle is  $4 \times 4$  inches, and is 23 ft. long measured inside the wheels. The height of the frame resting on the bolsters is 15 inches. The king bolt is  $20\frac{1}{2}$  inches long and goes through the bolster and axle at *e*, and is kept in place by means of a key. The short piece of iron *h* is bolted to the crosspiece *d* and attached to the iron *g*. The side boards can be taken off at will, which leaves the top perfectly flat. These are 10 ft. 7 inches long on the side and 12 inches high. The end boards are 4 ft. 4 inches long, with 2-inch slats nailed on to keep them upright. In Fig.

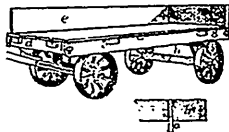
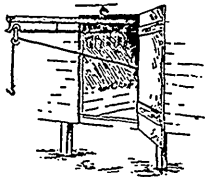


FIG. 2.—SIDE VIEW OF WAGON.

2, *e* is the side board, *f* the end board, *g* the side beam, *d* the cross beam, *h* the back axle and *c* the tongue. This wagon cost me \$3, besides my own work, and I did all of it except the blacksmithing. Every man who has a fair set of tools can build this. It is very useful in hauling corn fodder, manure, stone or almost anything on the farm. The front axle is made short, so that there is less difficulty in turning.

### Unloading into Storehouse or Granary.

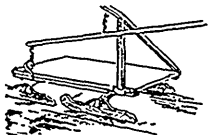
There is ordinarily much lifting to be done when unloading grain, meal or other articles from the farm wagon to a storehouse or granary. The cut shows a handy little contrivance that will save much of this lifting. A strong but light stick of wood has a round iron rod fitted to it in the manner shown. A running wheel with a pulley below is added. The timber can then be extended out from a door, as suggested, or from a window, by removing the sash. The wagon is



driven under the outer end, a bag of grain raised by the pulley and wheeled in through the doorway and along to the bin, if this is not too far away from the door. When one person is on the wagon and one in the building, the one on the wagon attaches the load to the hook, then holds the travelling wheel until the man inside has lifted his load clear of the wagon with the pulley, when he can pull it in on the track.

### For the Ice Harvest.

Farmers are more and more coming around to the plan of putting in a summer's supply of ice during the winter season. The cut shows a very convenient way of loading the ice from the



water directly upon the sled. The lever picks up a cake and swings it around upon the sled platform. Such a rig can be fitted up in half an hour, and will be found a very easy and expeditious method of gathering ice.

...AT THE...

## Editor's Desk

THE electors of Ontario are again to be called upon to select representatives for the local legislature for the next four years, and the atmosphere is charged with the excitement of coming battle. The floodgates are opening wider and wider every day in all parts of the province, and between now and the end of February there will be poured upon the heads of a patient electorate such a deluge of oratory, good, bad and indifferent, that the farmer who has to drive in twenty miles to meet his neighbors will conclude that, however much he may regret it at other times, he is glad at least once in four years that he has pitched his tent far from the "maddening crowd."

But the sturdy yeoman who lives "away back" has a duty to perform at election time no less than the resident of town or city who lives within a hundred yards of the polling booth. The duties of citizenship do not end with merely leading an honest life and paying taxes, and in casting a vote in a perfunctory manner for this man or that man simply because he asked for it, or because you believe him to be a good fellow.

The man in a new country like Canada who says he does not take any interest in politics, "has not time to bother with them"; ought to be held under his own pump for a few minutes in the hope that a vigorous cold water treatment would cleanse his mind of the accumulated debris (generally conceit, selfishness or laziness) which has prevented him seeing what his plain duty is.

It is these self-satisfied individuals who constitute ninety-five per cent. of the chronic "kickers," the grumblers

who are always "pitching into" somebody—they don't just know—whom, because certain laws are in existence, or others are not in existence, and who are so bitter in condemnation of any questionable political deal that comes to light. Of course, they have a right to grumble! They tried so hard to keep politics pure and secure the right kind of legislation!

If what an elected government does is bad, responsibility therefor lies at the door of every citizen, except those who have striven to prevent its accomplishment. The man who "took no interest," who did not vote, or who voted wrong because some one asked him to do so, is deserving of greater censure than those who, in the belief they were right, voted for that which was bad. It is the positive duty of every citizen to know how he is governed: on what principle, good or bad. Within the limited area of provincial politics, questions of the same magnitude may not arise as in the wider field of Dominion politics, but every legislative or administrative body has entrusted to it matters of importance to each one living in the community for which that body acts, whether that community be a province of two millions or a village of two hundred, and it behooves every citizen to have an intelligent idea of what he is voting for when he casts his ballot. The way to obtain an intelligent idea of the questions at issue between two political parties, is *not* to remain placidly indifferent until a week before election day, and then rush off to half-a-dozen meetings and accept the vehement denunciation of perfervid stump orators as an impartial presentment of the points at issue. We write absolutely without party bias when we unhesitatingly declare that the political life of the province is lower to-day as a result of the lack of recognition of individual responsibility on the part of a majority of the electors.

Men who in the performance of all other duties are scrupulously conscientious, and exercise the keenest intelligence, exhibit an indifference at times almost amounting to criminal stupidity in regard to one of the most important duties of citizenship.

SPEAKING at a public meeting on the 19th inst., Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Imperial Chancellor of the Exchequer, said he was convinced the British navy was strong enough to hold its own, and in any war England would have many friends ready to supply corn. The Government was fully alive to the importance of keeping up the standard of the army and navy, though, he declared, it was not creditable to Canada or fair to the English tax-payers that such a colony should practically contribute nothing to the naval defences of the Empire. He hoped Canada would soon turn her attention to this matter.

We think there are few in Canada who will take exception to the remarks of the English Minister. He simply stated and urged what many public speakers in Canada have stated and urged, not once, but many times; and we believe that if the proposal to contribute proportionately to the maintenance of the navy were laid before the people of Canada to-morrow, together with a statement of the facts relating to what Canada is afforded by the supremacy of the British navy, it would be endorsed by an overwhelming majority. Our very self-respect must cause us to desire a more equitable condition of things than exists at present, and under which Canada contributes about *one cent* out of every *five dollars* of the expense of maintaining the navy to which Canada looks for the protection of her mercantile navy; and the mercantile navy of Canada ranks fourth in the world!

What an immense advantage we should gain, even when paying our full share of the cost of maintaining a navy supreme above any combination of hostile fleets, instead of having to maintain a separate naval defence, must be at once apparent when we remember how Canada's great need is *men* to develop her resources, to gather the wealth of her soil and her

mines with which to meet the demand of the countries beyond her borders.

How favorable our position, as an integral part of the great British Empire, compares with that of the United States is forcibly illustrated by the predicament in which the United States authorities find themselves at present, and which would become a vitally important matter if that country were engaged in war with another power.

The government of the United States is spending on coast fortifications a sum of between \$30,000,000 and \$60,000,000. Nearly \$30,000,000 have already been expended. Naturally, something very effective is expected by the country for this large outlay; and on paper the results will be very striking; including the latest instruments of warfare of all kinds, with guns costing nearly \$100,000 each. But guns without gunners are so many toys, and, as a contemporary points out, the Republic has not one gunner for each gun. Attractive, in its loose discipline and big pay, as the lot of an American soldier is supposed to be in comparison with that, let us say, of Tommy Atkins, the attraction has not yet been made strong enough to produce a force capable of putting to practical use the means of defence for which a trusting populace have provided the funds. Methinks that did the big Republic find itself threatened with attack from a foreign power there would be a feeling from one end of the country to the other that it would not have been a bad thing after all to have remained a part of the "slow old Monarchy."

We recently received a copy of a journal called *Appeal to Reason*, published in Girard, Kansas, U.S. By the same mail we received a post-card from the publisher, informing us that a "friend" had sent him our name with a subscription for one year. We were requested to read two or three copies of *Appeal to Reason* (throughout), when, we were assured, we should find a solution of many of the social and economic questions of the hour.

"Appeal to Reason" sounds well. It suggests moderation and freedom from extravagance of statement, whatever

views may be advocated; we turned to the journal with not a little interest, and, to our surprise, found, in large type at the head of the first page, the maxim: "He who denies Socialism also denies God and humanity."

#### Appeal to Reason!

We do not deny God: we do not deny humanity; we recognize the omnipotence of the One, and the need and possibilities of the other, but we do not identify either God's omnipotence or humanity's need and possibilities with socialism; that is, with what we believe the "socialism" of to-day to be.

Were socialism an effort to lessen, to banish from the world, the heart-rending injustices which abound, and under which multitudes of God's creatures drag out an existence which can only be called "living" in the sense that the soul has not departed from its wretched tenement; and were that effort confined to methods which did no violence to principles of justice, and which were free from all that repels true manliness: then many of us were only too glad to subscribe to the dogma that he who denies socialism denies also God and humanity. While in the name of socialism we have seen acts of kindness done, deeds of self-sacrifice performed, which aroused our deepest admiration, and have heard the most sublime sentiments expressed; we have also known of most outrageous injustice and revolting cruelty advocated and perpetrated in the name of socialism, and have heard utterances given to statements that could do no possible good; had little, if any, foundation in fact; the whole tendency of which was to subvert the moral sense of those who accepted them.

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Within the folds of socialism are, doubtless, some of the noblest minds and truest hearts in the world to-day; a band of men in very deed living for their fellows; but also within its pale find a refuge and a rallying point all those elements which every State is justified in regarding, nay, is compelled to regard, as dangerous to the common good; elements which, if allowed to predominate, would destroy everything that was best and purest in the national life.

It is hard, perhaps, to judge the few

genuine, whole-souled lovers of humanity who hold aloft the banner of socialism, by the bulk of the army which marches under that flag; but with socialists as a cult, our first and all-important point of difference is, that while we recognize no less than they how painfully incongruous is the state of affairs that exists in the world to-day; how vast a work there is to be done for humanity: we also recognize that there is some good in the world, in the established order of things; and we would use what is good for the eradication of what is bad. In the eyes of the socialists, however, the evil apparently looms so large that they cannot see the good that does exist; and, instead of making use of the latter, they would destroy it along with the former. This may appear like so much bald dogma, but we write in perfectly good faith, basing our conclusions upon several years' observation of the methods of those who claim for socialism recognition as the one panacea for the evils which afflict society to-day.

Let us again take, for instance, no less an authoritative exponent of socialistic doctrine than this journal, *Appeal to Reason*. The second paragraph in the issue before us runs thus:

"The Merchants' & Traders' Bank of Brunswick, Ga., failed to open its doors the other day, and then put up the usual lie about paying its dupes in full. I think of all the liars in creation, the bankers are the most brazen. And of all the suckers in the world, bank depositors are the silliest."

#### Appeal to Reason!

Is it possible there are a hundred wage earners on the American continent who would swallow such garbage?

Inasmuch as we have not yet reached that ideal state in which it would be safe for the wage earner to leave his savings in the kitchen cupboard, or even bury them in his barn-yard (as a Kansas farmer did for years, until last week, when some one, perhaps a banker, removed them), our socialistic contemporary might suggest what the "suckers" are to do with the savings they have been hitherto accustomed to deposit with the "most brazen liars in creation"?

We desire, above all things, to be fair. We have read *Appeal to Reason*. We enjoyed again therein the stirring lines of

Whittier, and of Russell Lowell, breathing the Spirit of Desire to help humanity; but the socialism of Whittier and of Lowell was not the socialism of Appeal to—Prejudice!

THE announcement of the death, in London, of General Sir Fred Middleton, will occasion sincere regret in many parts of Canada. In command of the Canadian forces at the time of the rebellion of '85, General Middleton's personality loomed larger in the minds not only of military men, but of the citizens of this country generally, than did that of any of his predecessors since the Red River Rebellion of 1870. He had no easy task to accomplish when on him devolved the duty of stamping out the rebellion which had broken out in the Saskatchewan. As our readers will well remember, not a little political and racial feeling was aroused in parts of the Dominion far removed from the scene of the trouble. While it was required of the general in command that he should crush this rising effectually, it was also required that this should be done with the minimum of "militant militarism," if we may use the expression. The conditions which General Middleton had to face were not altogether conducive to this.

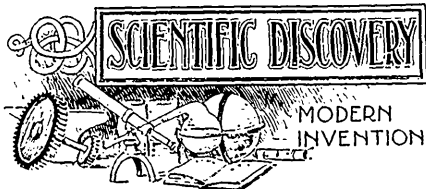
As one who had taken part in many actions, and had fought with distinction in the Indian Mutiny of 1857, he was naturally more soldier than diplomat; he had under his command a body of men who proved themselves worthy defenders of their country's flag, but actual warfare was to them a deadly novelty. Citizen soldiers are not as well prepared for the hardships of a winter campaign as veterans, who regard such as one of ordinary duties of life. And this campaign was one of no little hardship, as the ruined constitutions of some of our brave volunteers testify to-day. The trouble was spread over a wide area, entailing many long marches in snow and rain through a country almost uninhabited. Fair and open battle was not the desideratum of the rebels; had it been so, the work of suppression would have been easier. As it was, General Middleton accomplished the task confided to him in a manner that won him the warm

thanks of the Canadian and Imperial governments. His consideration at all times for his men, and his indifference to his own comfort, earned for him a degree of affection among all who took part in the campaign which will not subside now that the brave old soldier has passed away.

"Huntsville, Jan. 28.—Mr. J. White, of the 'Soo,' alien labor agent of the Crown Lands Department, paid a visit to the lumber camps in this section last week, looking for Yankee workmen, and when any were found the foreman of the camp was instructed to dismiss them. Mr. White is making a thorough search of the lumber camps in the northern part of the province in the interest of Canadian workmen."—*Exchange*.

WE thoroughly abominate the policy of "keep out the alien." In countries like the United States and Canada, in particular, it has always seemed to us the height of absurdity to raise any barrier against the immigration of men of any nationality, provided, of course, they are not anarchists, escaped convicts and others of that ilk. What we want in Canada is *men*, the more the merrier, and the better for the country. But we in Canada also require that the same right be accorded to us that we accord to others. That right the United States, the greatest cosmopolitan aggregation on earth, has persistently denied to Canadians; and in amending its lumber policy on the lines suggested by the Opposition, the Ontario government adopted a good policy, although it endorsed a bad principle. But like cures or kills like, sometimes, and we venture to hope that in this way Ontario's efforts at deporting Americans may kill the deporting energies of our unneighborly neighbors.

Doubtless, when the Great Patriots in the Senate at Washington hear of Mr. White's tour of inspection and resultant repatriation of wandering Yankees, they will breathe heavily, talk loudly, and look meaningfully at those \$100,000 guns. But then, of what use would those be, unless the United States Alien Labor Law were rescinded and Canadians were allowed to enter the country to man the deadly weapons for the unfortunate United States war department?



**THE ONLY CHINESE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE ON THE  
AMERICAN CONTINENT.**

**T**H**ERE** is but one Chinese telephone exchange on the American continent. To the average American, who, at rare intervals, hears a conversation carried on between two citizens of the

Celestial Empire, the idea that similar language might be used over a telephone line must appear to be out of the ordinary. The Chinaman is notorious for his temperance in all things, even to the



**INTERIOR OF CHINESE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO. OPERATORS AND MESSENGER BOY.**

use of language. His personal expenses are also reduced to a minimum, and unless he is a considerable personage among his fellow countrymen, and a man of wealth, he is not expected to do things of any sort in the American way.

However, when it is borne in mind that there are over 25,000 Chinese in San Francisco, it does not seem at all wonderful that among them should be a considerable number of business men who are obliged to patronize the telephone service. The Chinaman is, first of all, a merchant, and any aid to business which he can secure is recognized at its full value by him. In our first illus-

subscribers to this Chinese telephone exchange, and the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company expects to have several hundred more before the end of 1898.

The telephone is peculiarly serviceable to the Chinese, and they are great patrons of the territorial lines throughout California. The reason for this is that they can talk directly to their fellow countrymen, and there is no necessity to translate the words into English for transmission as with a telegram. The Telephone service of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company extends from San Diego on the south, which is in the same altitude as Savannah, Ga., to Redding

Mr.

It

requests communication with you by Telephone,  
and wishes you to call at our office at

CHING H. C. AGENT.

送 信 人 送 信  
  
 MESSENGER WILL LEAVE THIS NOTICE.

Form 117 (12-7-90 M.)

MESSAGE BLANK SENT TO CHINESE "WANTED AT THE PHONE."

tration is shown an interior view of the Chinese telephone exchange in San Francisco, with the operators and messenger boy in full view. This is a separate exchange of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, and is run entirely distinct from the company's main exchange. The switching between the Chinese subscribers is free, but if they wish to connect with the subscribers in the city proper, they are charged five cents per call. In our second illustration is shown a portion of the message blank which is sent to Chinese with whom some one desires to talk. The characters shown mean, "Come to the telephone office, quick." There are now fifty-four

on the north, which is in the latitude of Boston, passing through almost every hamlet and town between these points

It is thus apparent that the Chinese in California are well served telephonically.

There are no Chinese subscribers to the service of the New York Telephone Company in New York city, although there are pay offices located in the territory in which the Chinese live. In New York city there are about 2,100 Chinese, and about 600 in Brooklyn. While many of these are possessed of considerable wealth and influence, yet their business connections do not demand the telephone service that is required in San Francisco, where their numbers are so much greater,



# Recent Improvements In Farm Implements



IT is our intention to give the readers of MASSEY-HARRIS ILLUSTRATED a trip through the Toronto Works of Massey-Harris Company, Limited, as best we can by way of description and illustration. We are having prepared a fine series of photographic views of the various departments, which will convey some idea of the great works in which the famous Massey-Harris Implements are manufactured.

By way of introduction to this article, we present in this issue views from two points of the Toronto Works, also a view of the Brantford Works of the Massey-Harris Company.

Farm implements bearing the name "Massey-Harris," have become a standard of excellence, both at home and abroad. This fact is a great source of gratification to the makers themselves, and it will, undoubtedly, be pleasing for Canadians generally to know that the

largest makers of farm implements under the British flag are Canadians, and that the machines which have won the world's highest honors, and which are used in grain-growing countries in every part of the globe, are Canadian. Last season the Massey-Harris banner was pushed forward into new territories, and its sales record was greater than ever before.

The Massey-Harris Perfected Roller and Ball Bearings proved all that they were claimed to be, and have already won a wonderful reputation. 1898 bids fair to be a propitious year; never was the outlook brighter for Canadian farmers. Orders are coming in from every part of the globe, and the mammoth works of the Company at Toronto and Brantford are running at full capacity, turning out better goods than ever for the coming season, and in still larger quantities. Extensions have been necessary to the works of the Company, both at Toronto and Brantford, in order to meet the increased demand. In the neighborhood of 1,500 men are now employed in these two great factories. Many and great are the advantages which accrue to our country from such a thriving industry. One who has never visited the works of the Company can little appreciate the amount of detail and the great variety of trades and employment that is required in producing implements and machines of the class turned out by Massey-Harris Company, and we are sure our readers will greatly enjoy the series of pictures it is our intention to present to them.



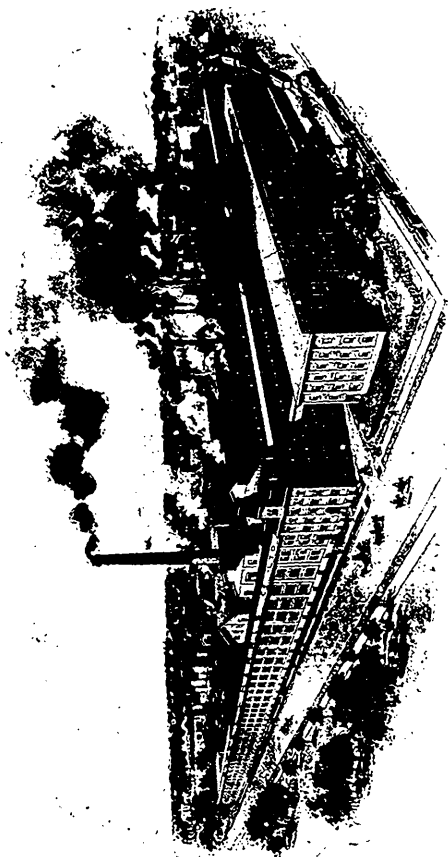
**Massey-Harris Co's. (Limited) Toronto Works.**

View of the Works on King St. West, devoted to the building of a General  
Line of Implements and the Making of Steel Pipes. 1700 to  
1,300 men Employed when Works in full operation.



*Massey-Harris Co's, Limited, Toronto Works* -\*-

CENTRAL IRONWORKS FACTORY AND STEEL PLANT. THE VIEW IS OF THE REAR OF THE  
COMPANY'S PILING, SCRAPING AND SHEARING FACILITIES  
AND THEIR STORAGE YARDS.



**Massey-Harris Co's. (Limited) Brantford Works**

Exclusively devoted to the manufacture of SILK, BLENDED, HEMSTITCHES, AND MONING  
MACHINES. It takes 500 workers to man these works.



EDITED AND SELECTED BY MRS. JOHN HOLMES.  
Correspondence is invited on all matters pertaining  
to the Home.

### The Sound of Little Feet.

I LISTENED in the morning  
For the sound of the little feet,  
That pattered along in the sunshine  
Over the quiet street;  
For the tone of the sweet voice singing  
Some quaint loved strain of old,  
As I saw the wee hands full of flowers  
And the sunny head crowned with gold.

I watched when the noon was over,  
And the clock in the tower struck four,  
And the children came slowly homeward,  
The hours of schooltime o'er;  
And I heard, 'mid the ripple of voices,  
The one that my heart loved best,  
And I saw a smile like a sunbeam  
Strayed out of the glowing west.

And now, in the hush of gloaming,  
I watch and list again;  
But the little feet come no longer,  
No more do I hear that strain;  
For the flowers and the tired little child-heart  
Are hushed into slumber sweet,  
Though I know that in Heaven the angels  
Hear the sound of the little feet.

### Pleasant and Profitable Work.

THROW NOTHING AWAY.

IN every household there are found empty boxes which have contained soap, fruit, etc., etc., and which are often thrown away or broken up for firewood by those who do not know into what useful and pretty articles they can be made by those who have taste and skilful fingers.

A MEDICINE CUPBOARD.

In Fig. 1 you see how an old fruit box, divested of its cover, has been turned in-

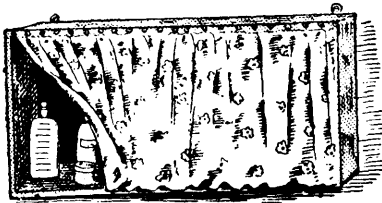


FIG. 1.

to a capital little receptacle for medicine bottles and the various pots, etc., which accumulate in so many bedrooms, especially in times of illness.

The box is covered with Japanese

leather paper outside and any smooth colored paper inside. Laid on its side, two "eyes," as they are called at the ironmongers, are nailed at the back. You see the loops appearing just above the upper edge. By these the little cupboard can be nailed in its place. Nail along the top a frill of some pretty stuff, and put a little shot in the hem to keep it down. This, partly drawn aside, shows the contents kept by the frill well out of the dust.

A FOOTSTOOL.

Fig. 2 shows you a footstool made out of a small square box.

Nail a cushion, well stuffed, on the top of the box; then sew on it a square of art serge embroidered strongly with tapestry wool in some pretty fashion. Take a strip of the same material as that

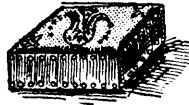


FIG. 2.

with which you covered the top, and strap it tightly all round, keeping it in its place with fancy nails, and making the join with strong tiny stitches done in silk or cotton to match the material.

A BOOK-CASE.

Out of two or more long empties you can construct an admirable book-case, which you can stand on a strong shelf in



FIG. 3.

an alcove or on some table. Nail the boxes securely together, and, having planed away all roughnesses, cover them with leather-paper, art serge, or anything you like. The scallops seen in Fig. 3 are of leather, which you can buy for this purpose ready pinked out.

On the book-case you can place flowers, etc. The same plan can be pursued for a large étagère made of larger boxes, and, when prettily lined, either draped with liberty muslin or embroidery, and used for knick-knacks of all kinds.



UNCLE SAM:  
Take my goods  
and give me  
your gold. But  
keep your produce,  
Manufactures, and  
Workmen at home.  
I've no use for them.

CANADIAN HOME INDUSTRY

ELECTRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY

NO CANADIAN WORKMEN NEED APPLY

DINGLEY BILL

PROHIBITION TAX CANADIAN FARM PRODUCE NOT WANTED U.S.

CHEESE

WHEAT

CULTIVATORS

PLOW

EGGS

CORN

HAY

MEAT

EGGS

AFRICA

KLONDYKE

CROW NEST PASS

CANADIAN MECHANIC

CANADIAN WORKMAN

CANADIAN AUCIUS

AUSTRALIA

ENGLAND

CANADIAN MANUFACTURER

## A TALK WITH MOTHERS.

**A** BOTTLE of lime-water should be kept in every household, especially where there are children. It is made by dissolving four ounces of lime in a gallon of water. Allow the solution to stand—after the lime is dissolved—in a covered vessel until clear, when pour off the clear liquid for use. The uses it may be put to are innumerable, and it is valuable in all complaints attended with acidity of the stomach.

If good milk disagrees with a child, from one to three tablespoonfuls of lime-water added to a pint of it will aid digestion and prevent flatulence; it also counteracts pain from wind in the stomach caused by eating acid fruits.

Over-eating of sweetmeats, that bane to childhood, will sometimes cause acidity, for which this is a sovereign remedy.

A tablespoonful for a child of two years, increasing with age to a gill for adults, is an ordinary dose. If a child should accidentally drink scalding water or any hot liquid, administer immediately—a teaspoonful at a time—equal parts of lime-water and cod-liver oil. Give it slowly, so that the healing mixture trickles down almost of itself. This not only heals the injured parts, but supports the strength of the child, as food would, until nourishment can be taken.

**TEACH** your children that true riches do not consist in possessions, but in character, and that the poorest of all paupers and the idle, dissolute, proud, arrogant, good-for-nothing creatures to be found everywhere, some of them rolling in wealth.

If you wish to get a child to do its best, encourage rather than discourage it. Encouragement stimulates it; discouragement acts like a wet blanket, and puts out the fires of ambition most effectually in the childish nature.

Do not dress a child so nicely that it cannot romp and play in the dirt without spoiling its clothes. Plain strong clothing for use, not for show, is most appropriate for a child.

WHEN children are irritable, do not make them morose by scolding and fault-finding, but correct their irritability by good nature and mirthfulness. Irritability comes from errors in food, bad air, too little sleep, a necessity for change of scene and surroundings, from confinement in close rooms and lack of sunshine.

CHILDREN ought to be trained to be self-helpful, to know how to do for themselves, how to amuse themselves. It is a mistake to think they must be watched every moment, and have a nurse stand over them from morning till night. A healthy child, like a human being, is the better for being left alone a portion of each day.

It is far better to give a child a good constitution, strong arms, a deep chest,

a clear eye, perfect teeth, a pure skin, dexterity with the hand, a love for truth, a desire for purity, courage, hope, trust, love, and the ability to take care of himself, than, without these things, to leave him all the wealth of a Cræsus.

CHILDREN should not too frequently be "ordered" to do thus and so. When necessary, they may, however, be "commanded." Ordering children about hurts their self-respect; commanding them, as a dignified officer does his army, cultivates it.

CHILDREN are by nature generous. They have a sense of belonging to a race. But they are by nature self-asserting also; and the latter instinct is liable to degenerate into selfishness when they are treated ungenerously. They become selfish by education, and should be taught that their happiness does not so much consist in gratifying every impulse as in rendering service to others.

## His Mother's His Sweetheart.

"His mother's his sweetheart—the sweetest, the best."

SAW the white roses he brings to my breast;  
The roses that bloom when life's summers depart;  
But his love is the sweetest rose over my heart!

The lore that hath crowned me—  
A neck-reef around me  
That clings to God and to Heaven hath bound me!

—FRANK L. STANTON,  
in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.



EVERY MORNING—EVERY NIGHT.



"I love God and little children."—JEAN PALL.

"Don't"

I might have just the moosest fun  
If youasn't for a word,  
I think the very wisest one  
'At ever I have heard,  
I wish 'at it had go away,  
But I'm afraid it won't;  
I shooe 'at I'll always stay—  
That awful word of "don't"

It's "don't you make a bit of noise;"  
And "don't go out-of-door;"  
And "don't you spend your stock of toys  
About the parlor floor;"  
And "don't you dare play in the dust;"  
And "don't you tease the cat;"  
And "don't you get your clothing mussed;"  
And "don't" do this and that.

It seems to me I've never found  
A thing I'd like to do  
But that there's some one else around  
'At's got a "don't" or two,  
And Sunday—'at's the day 'at "don't"  
Is worst of all the seven,  
Oh, goodness! but I hope there won't  
Be any don'ts in heaven!

Nixon Waterman.

A Royal Cradle and its Adventures.

THE oak cradle in which Mary Queen of Scots was rocked is very handsome and well preserved, although it has passed, says the *Quiver*, through many vicissitudes. She was born on the 7th of December, 1542, at Linlithgow Palace, which was the favorite residence of James V. of Scotland and his young wife, Mary of Guise. The royal father never saw his child, for he was on his deathbed at Falkland Palace when she came into the world.

The palace at Linlithgow was burnt by General Hawley's dragoons after they had been defeated by the Highland army under "Bonnie Prince Charlie," in 1746, and the oak cradle was most likely "looted" and got into the hands of a woman who used it for her own babies and passed it on to her children and children's children.

From her grand-daughter it was obtained about sixty years ago by Mr.

Joseph V. Paton, a well-known Scottish antiquary of Dumfrieshire, who made a fine collection of antique furniture. His daughter, Mrs. D. O. Hill, gives the following account of it: "A man, whom my father employed to look out for any old carved oak furniture in the neighborhood of palaces, went into a house near Linlithgow Palace, where a woman was rocking a child in an old oak cradle, without one of the rockers. The man said: 'What are you doing, jumble your bairn's judgment in a thing like that?' She answered him: 'Eh, mon! do you no ken that was the Queen's cradle?' He said: 'You'll be asking a lot for it?' She replied: 'I wouldna tak' a pound note for it!'

"This man, on his return, told my father about this, but thought the woman was asking too much for it. My father went off at once to Linlithgow, and gave the woman a good price for it, and it has been in the possession of the family ever since."

••

An Inch from Death.

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* relates a peculiar experience which happened to a friend of his during a stay in Burma:

"We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow one evening enjoying our after-dinner cheroot. Finally, my friend arose and sauntered into his bedroom.

"Usually, lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening, for some reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties. I could hear my friend fumbling about on his dressing-table, and then suddenly he gave a cry of horror and rushed out to the light.

"I had been struck by a snake," he gasped, and his face was deadly pale.

"Where is it? Quick! Show me!" I exclaimed, as I whipped out a knife.

"He held out his right arm. There was no mark on the hand, which I examined critically, but on the cuff of the shirt were two tiny, scratch-like punctures, and two little globules of poison sinking into the starched linen and leaving a sickly, greenish-yellow mark.

"You've had a close call, old man," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief; "and now let us settle the snake."

"We found him coiled up on a small mirror, which lay on the table, and an ugly-looking reptile he was, too, ready to strike again.

"He was a very poisonous snake, known as the 'Debon Russell,' but after my friend had done with him it would have been difficult for any naturalist to have placed him in his proper genus.



### Every-day Heroism.

BEFORE the fast steamship, *City of Paris*, had changed her name to *The Paris*, she met, on one of her eastward trips, with an accident which imperilled the thousand lives aboard her, and kept many more people on two continents in a state of anxious suspense for several days.

The steamer was making what promised to be a record-breaking run. It was half-past five in the evening of the day before that on which she was expected to steam into Queenstown harbor.

That moment, with a smooth sea and a clear sky, there was a sudden crash of machinery and timber, an outpour of

had stopped the machinery, and, as investigation showed, probably saved the ship.

The engine-room was a water-tight compartment—virtually, in fact, two water-tight compartments in one; for a steel bulkhead separated the starboard from the port engine, and it was supposed that with this arrangement, whatever might happen to one engine, the other would remain intact. But the accident to *The Paris* was one that wrought havoc with all the calculations of human ingenuity. The starboard engine had broken. Its wreck continued revolving. Part of this was a broken rod, which acted like a giant flail, beating down everything in its way, among other things



THE STUMP GRATOR.

THE GRAPHIC.

steam from the engine room hatches, a trembling of the ship from stem to stern, an almost immediate list to starboard, and on deck the sharp command, "Clear the lifeboats."

Seven men, engineers and "greasemen," had rushed up from the engine-room to escape the scalding steam and flying machinery. What had happened none of them could tell. But what was happening? For down there was still a crashing and thrashing, as if everything was being smashed to pieces. Into that roaring, steaming hell there plunged a man. A few moments later the uproar had ceased, and he emerged again. He

battering and breaking through the stern bulkhead between the two engines.

It was the destructive work of this flail that John Gill, one of the second assistant engineers, checked when he shut off the steam. Some of the broken pieces of machinery had already dropped below. Had they been followed by other and more massive portions, which, doubtless, would have smashed through the bottom of the ship, she would probably have sunk like an iron pot. When, at the imminent risk of his own life, Gill stopped the machinery, he saved the ship and the souls it bore. He is now one of the chief engineers of the American line.

## HER MAJESTY'S REPRESENTATIVE ADDRESSES THE MEN OF MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY.

CANADA has been particularly fortunate in those who, at different times, have been selected to represent Her Majesty in the Dominion of Canada, and no Governor-General has striven harder to advance the internal or domestic interests of the people of Canada, or shown a deeper sympathy with their aims and aspirations, than has the present incumbent of that exalted position. A pleasing instance of His Excellency's desire to come in contact, and express his sympathy with, all classes, was afforded on the occasion of a recent visit of Lord Aberdeen to the Massey-Harris Co's works at Toronto. His Excellency was so pleased with his visit that he wrote to Mr. Massey asking for the privilege of paying another visit, so that, if possible, he might have the pleasure of speaking a few words to the employees. The second visit was made on Dec. 29, and the Governor-General and Mr. Matthew White Ridley, son of the Imperial Home Secretary, having been received in the Main Office by Mr. W. E. H. Massey, the President, Mr. Chester Massey, Hon. Lyman M. Jones, Mr. Joseph N. Shenstone and Mr. J. H. Housser, were conducted to the building in which the men and office staff, many hundreds in number, had gathered.

Mr. W. E. H. Massey, president of the company, introduced His Excellency in a short but most appropriate speech. He said that it was with much gratification that the citizens of Toronto had received so many kind attentions from the Queen's representative. His Excellency had such pleasant memories of his previous visit that he had been constrained to come again, not this time to see how the best farm implements in the world were made, but for the purpose of meeting and speaking with the men who made them.

He then introduced His Excellency, who was received with a perfect roar of applause. The quarter-of-an-hour address which the Governor-General then delivered apparently went right home to the hearts of his hearers for he was frequently applauded, and when he sat down the men were not content with cheering, but all joined in singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Cheers were also given for the Countess of Aberdeen.

His Excellency said—Mr. Massey and gentlemen: It is certainly a very real pleasure to be amongst you again,

and I thank Mr. Massey and the gentlemen who act with him in the management of these works for giving me this opportunity of meeting you. (Applause.) I am the more pleased to be here, because on the occasion of my recent visit last Tuesday I of course noticed during our tour of the buildings and the workshops, among other interesting things, the tokens of loyal welcome and good-will which were displayed, many of which I see suspended around us at the present time in this portion of the edifice. Well, I confess I was particularly struck by that indication, not of course from any personal point of view (though one can never be indifferent to marks of kindly personal good feeling), but from what may be called the official point of view, because, of course, it is as an official, occupying the position to which Mr. Massey has so kindly alluded—the high and responsible position of being permitted to represent our gracious Queen—it is in that sense that the Governor-General more particularly should desire to take every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various departments of the national life of the country, and particularly, of course, with such aspects of the life of the country as have to do with its development and prosperity. (Applause.)

One reason why this is important is that whenever the Governor-General leaves this fair country he may be the better able to continue to do his duty by Canada, by being ready at all suitable opportunities to spread an intelligent knowledge of the country and of its resources. (Applause.)

You must allow me to mention, gentlemen, another reason why I observed these tokens of loyal good-will to-day and the other day with peculiar satisfaction. It was this: I assumed that among a body of men such as I have the pleasure of seeing here to-day there is a full recognition of the importance and value of what may be called, for convenience sake, democratic institutions. Now, it occurred to me that these flags and decorations indicated that kind of intelligent loyalty which recognizes that the constitutional form of monarchy under which we live is altogether consistent with and favorable to the maintenance, development and expansion of true democratic freedom and liberty. (Applause.)

"We have all been joining in some way or another in the celebration of the great diamond jubilee which took place this

year, and among the many notable features of this glorious reign I think none is more marked than that steady increase of government by the people and for the people which has prevailed more and more, and that has been going on under this British system, with its constitutional Sovereign—the monarchy being part and parcel of the constitution, the Queen, indeed, being the head and emblem of the British constitution, under which we claim and enjoy our rights and privileges. Therefore, I say this kind of loyalty is entirely appropriate and harmonious with those principles of freedom and liberty of which we are proud in all portions of the British Empire, and nowhere more than in Canada. (Applause.)

"Well, gentlemen, of course, there are many topics which I could allude to on this occasion did time permit. There is one to which I may refer—the prospects for the development and revival of trade. I remember when I first visited this country as a visitor about seven years ago, little thinking I should be sent back again in another capacity at a later period, I was much impressed by the resources of the country. I can recollect there was some uneasiness at that time because of legislation among our friends to the south—the McKinley tariff—but I can also remember the spirit of hopefulness and trust in Canada which, nevertheless, was sustained at the time. I can call to mind one of the bright sayings of Sir John Macdonald at that period. He said: 'Canada is not going to have all her eggs in one basket.' (Applause.) What he alluded to was, of course, the opening up of trade in various directions, and especially with Great Britain, the mother country, more fully, and which has gone on and has, especially during this year of jubilee, received much marked attention. Of course, you know the Governor-General has no politics, but happily on this branch of trade questions we can all agree and shake hands. It is cheering to observe the increase of trade with Great Britain. We hope that it will go on and increase, and, above all, we may look to that spirit of self-reliance and hopefulness which is so characteristic of Canada and so important for a young country.

"I may say 'we farmers'—(laughter)—because I may claim in a very real sense to be a member of that profession, having a ranch for general produce in British Columbia, and I know how hard it is to make a farm pay, and how one has to use energy, skill and care; for a farm may be a regular suction pump on the pocket—(laughter)—we farmers, I say, know how important skill and accuracy are. For example, I refer to that conscientious care requisite to secure a uniform standard of excellence, such as is so notably exemplified in these works.

I am convinced more and more that this is a most important matter in agricultural business, as well as in other departments of enterprise. (Applause.)

"We have been reminded of it again and again. I saw the other day some of the methods of testing to which the implements sent out from this establishment are subjected. For instance, in one of the drills for sowing, I observed, the feed runs were tested in order to insure that each opening permitted the easy flow of the seed, and not only so, but the quantity of seed passing through the drill is weighed so as to insure exact accuracy. Notice the impression which such action as this must give to a buyer. That is the firm for us, we can rely on that firm. They are thorough in their work—their work is done thoroughly throughout. It is so with farmers also. We have to observe that the quality of apples is good throughout the barrel, and also that the packing from top to bottom is properly done. (Loud applause.)

"I presume you have a timekeeper here, and I hope he will do his duty. (Cries of 'Go on!')

"I see that you would give me the advice given to a minister in a very extraordinary manner. There was a special service in his church, and, of course, the organist was very much to the fore on that occasion. To his great annoyance, however, at one particular point the blower of the bellows let the wind out. There is nothing so annoying to an organist as that. He seized a bit of paper and a pencil and wrote some lines hurriedly and gave them to the sexton, with a whispered word or two. The man didn't quite hear what he said, but he had often had occasion to take notes to the pulpit, so he went to the steps and handed it to the minister, who opened it and was surprised to read the following: 'When once you begin to blow, keep on blowing till I tell you to stop.' (Much laughter.)

"Well, gentlemen, I have not much more to say, but I wish to allude to one of the kindly remarks which fell from Mr. Walter Massey's introduction. He alluded to the fact that Lady Aberdeen and I have been for some time in Toronto, and have been endeavoring to come in contact with the various institutions of the city and with all classes of the community. Now, you can easily understand it is a satisfaction and an advantage to be able to meet a representative body of that great portion of the community which is here before me to-day. You may be quite sure, gentlemen, I am not here to indulge what we in Scotland call 'soft soldier.' The Irish have another name for it which is just as good, or better, 'blarney.' (Laughter.) It is a well understood thing, and the matter is alluded to with just satisfaction, that

in these works there is a body of men representative in a very true sense, representative because they are skilled and also because of the tone, style and character that prevails amongst them, and, therefore, I recognize that I am addressing a representative body of men in a very special sense. And I allude to this because I should like to feel in addressing you that I am permitted to offer my good wishes, and figuratively to shake hands with the community which you represent as a whole. It is impossible for us to come personally into contact with a large number of the individuals throughout the community, and we have

to act upon the representative principle. That is the reason we have been going to schools, hospitals and charitable institutions, for the sake of meeting in that manner the individuals through whom these various works are being carried on, and, in addition, to see something of the institutions themselves. And certainly Toronto is nobly supplied with organizations of the kind."

After wishing, on behalf of the Countess and himself, one and all a very happy New Year, His Excellency departed, amidst the rousing cheers of those present, and with no less hearty rendering of "He's a jolly, good fellow."



"I DON'T like a friend to domineer over me," said the young man with the patient disposition.  
 "Who has been doing that?"  
 "My room-mate. He borrowed my evening clothes."  
 "That's a good deal of liberty."  
 "I didn't mind it. But when he asked for my umbrella, I told him I might want to use it myself. But he got it just the same."  
 "How?"  
 "He simply stood on his dignity, and said 'All right. Have your own way about it. They're your clothes that I'm trying to keep from getting spoilt, not mine.'"

"I," SAID the pompous orator, "was once where the shells fell so thick and fast that to escape them was impossible."  
 "And you are alive to tell it?"  
 "Oh, yes. The shells were loaded with eggs."

"ALL our observations go to show that the present is a period of abnormal activity in the sun's lower limb, producing immense holes, rents, and fissures in the outer envelope."  
 Simple Mother: "Well, I never! Does it say that? How ever they can know such things by staring through a spy-glass is more than I can fancy, but I have noticed the same thing every mending day since that boy came from school."

A YOUNG man wants to know how to bring out a moustache.  
 Tie a cord round it tightly; hitch the cord to a post, and then run backward.

"WHERE will Mrs. Dobson go now that both her daughters are married? To her son-in-law's house in Toronto, or to that of her son-in-law in Hamilton?"  
 "One wants her in Toronto, and the other wishes she would go to Hamilton."  
 "What dutiful sons-in-law!"  
 "I beg your pardon. The one in Toronto wants her in Hamilton; the one in Hamilton wants her in Toronto."

CUSTOMER: "Can you take the name Maud off this ring and substitute Annabel?"  
 JEWELLER: "Yes; but it will cost something, the name is cut so deep."  
 "All right; but don't cut it so deep next time."

"I DON'T know," cried the excited feminine voice in the darkness, "whether you are my husband or a burglar, but I'm going to be on the safe side and shoot."

"CHARLES," exclaimed the head clerk, severely, "how long does it take to go across the street and buy a dollar's worth of stamps? You have been gone an hour."  
 "Why," answered the office-boy, looking hurt, "it was more than a dollar's worth I had to get. It was five dollar's worth."

HOUSEKEEPER: "You don't look as if you had washed yourself for a month."  
 TRAMP: "Please, mum, th' doctors say th' proper time to bathe is two hours after a meal, and I haven't had anything you call a meal in six weeks."

SHE: "Have you many poor relations?"  
 HE: "None that I know."  
 SHE: "Many rich ones?"  
 HE: "None that know me."

HUSBAND (contemplating a purchase): "I like these Gladstone bags."  
 WIFE: "So do I. Isn't he a wonderful man to find time to invent anything like that?"

MRS. TURNBULL: "It's too bad your husband cut off his flowing beard!"  
 MRS. CRIMPLE: "Yes; he had to do it. I gave him a diamond scarf-pin for a birthday present."

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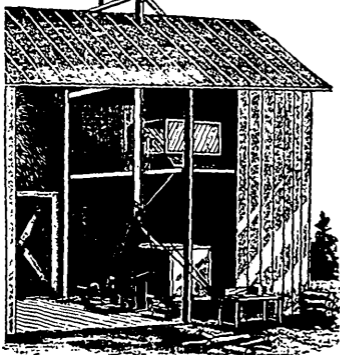
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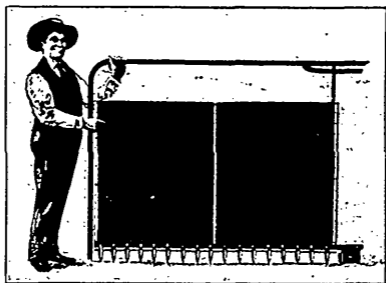
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We have them in sets of  
\$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00.

\$1.00 SAVED IS \$1.00 GAINED.

Agents wanted to handle these and our other first-class selling articles. Address,

THE SAFETY LANTERN CO., 34 Adelaide Street W., TORONTO.

# SM Business . . .

is going on again as usual in spite of the disastrous fire that visited our works on October 26th, last.

Newly secured premises, which we have just equipped with the latest Machines and Tools (in addition to our former valuable Steel Plant and Foundry, which were saved), enable us to turn out VERITY PLOWS AND SCUFFLERS as expeditiously as ever.

New stocks of High Grade Raw Materials have been received, and with increased and better facilities for manufacture and inspection, our customers may look for a very high class of goods.

We make all styles and kinds of Plows, from a One-Horse Holding Plow to a Four-Furrow Australasian Gang Plow.

SOLD BY MASSEY-HARRIS AGENTS EVERYWHERE.



Verity No. 15,  
One-Horse Plow.



Verity Australasian  
No. 4 Gang Plow.

VERITY PLOW CO., LIMITED  
BRANTFORD.



**MASSEY-HARRIS SHOE DRILLS AT WORK ON A PRAIRIE FARM.**

N. B.—This illustration shows the different sizes of machines, viz., 15, 19 and 23 Shoes, requiring two, three and four horses respectively.

## MASSEY-HARRIS SHOE DRILL. . .

There no longer exists a doubt but that in many sections of country the Shoe Drill is the most profitable to use. The Shoes work and clean nicely in soil, the nature of which forbids the use of a Hoe Drill. The Massey-Harris improvements in Shoe Drills have brought this method of seed sowing to a high state of perfection. The Shoes and Draw Bars are so shaped and connected as to pass over obstructions readily.



THE LARGEST  
MAKERS  
OF FARM IMPLEMENTS  
UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

**MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited,**  
HEAD OFFICES: TORONTO, CANADA.

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CHIEF MANUFACTORIES at Toronto and Brantford, Ontario.  
AFFILIATED INDUSTRIES at Brantford, Woodstock and Hamilton, Ontario.  
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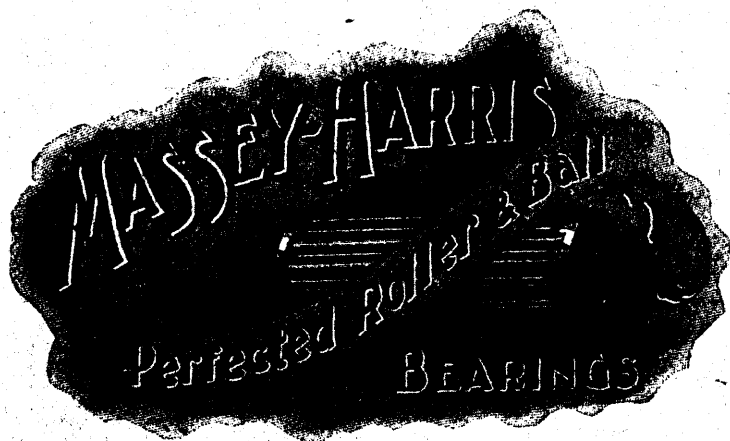


Cultivate their Fields with **MASSEY-HARRIS** Cultivators and Harrows.

Sow their Seed with **MASSEY-HARRIS** Seeders and Drills.

Gather Hay and Clover with **MASSEY-HARRIS** Mowers, Rakes & Tedders

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