

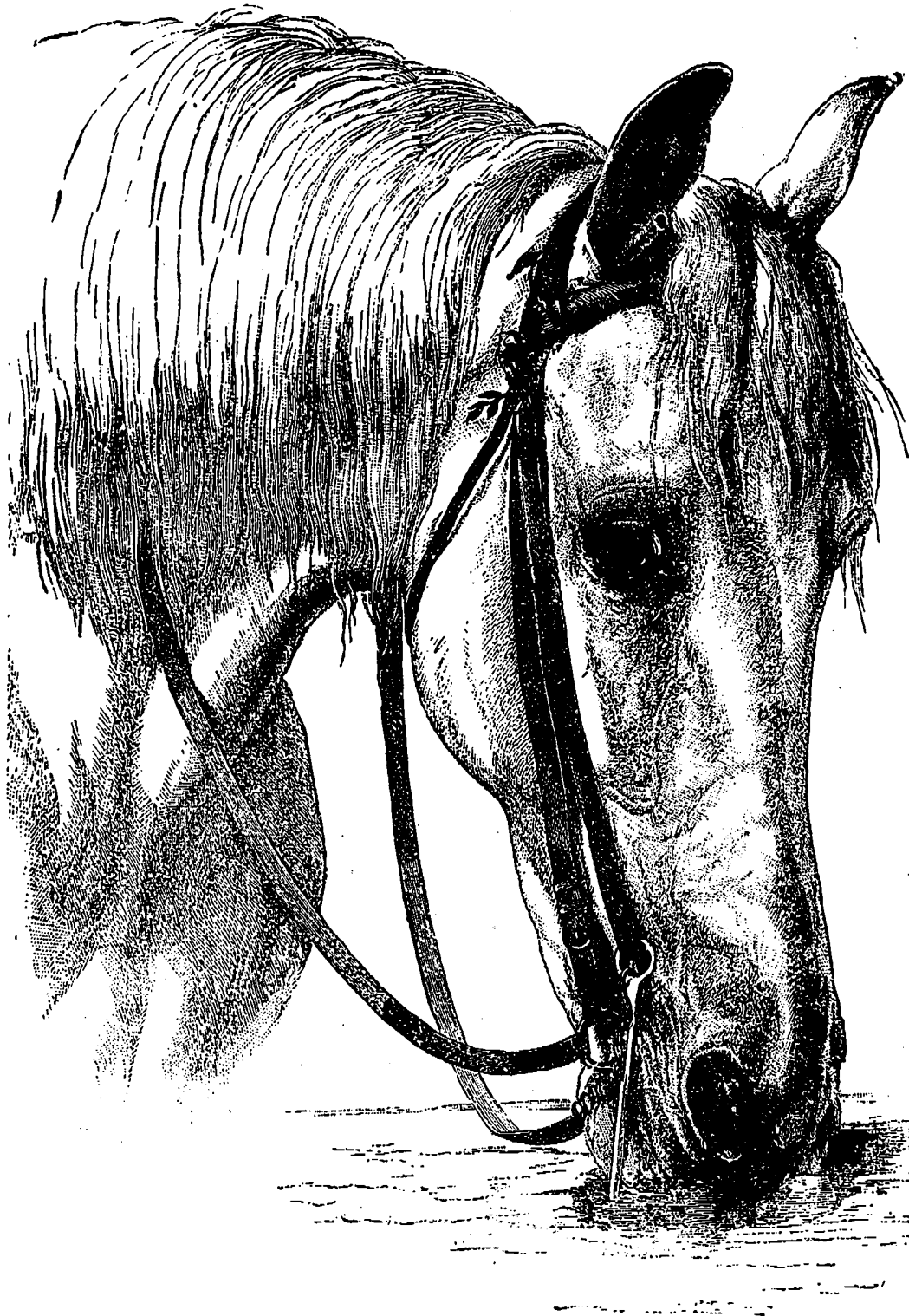
# • Massey's Illustrated •

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."  
(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## April Number

New Series, Vol. 1, No. 5.]

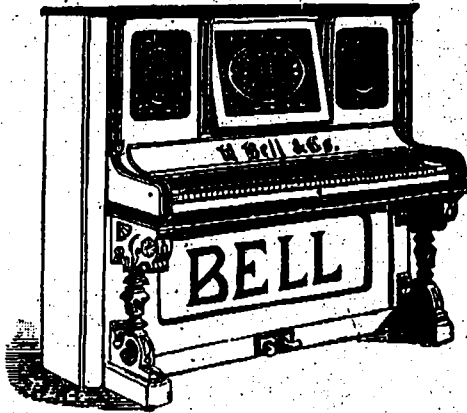
[Toronto, April, 1889.



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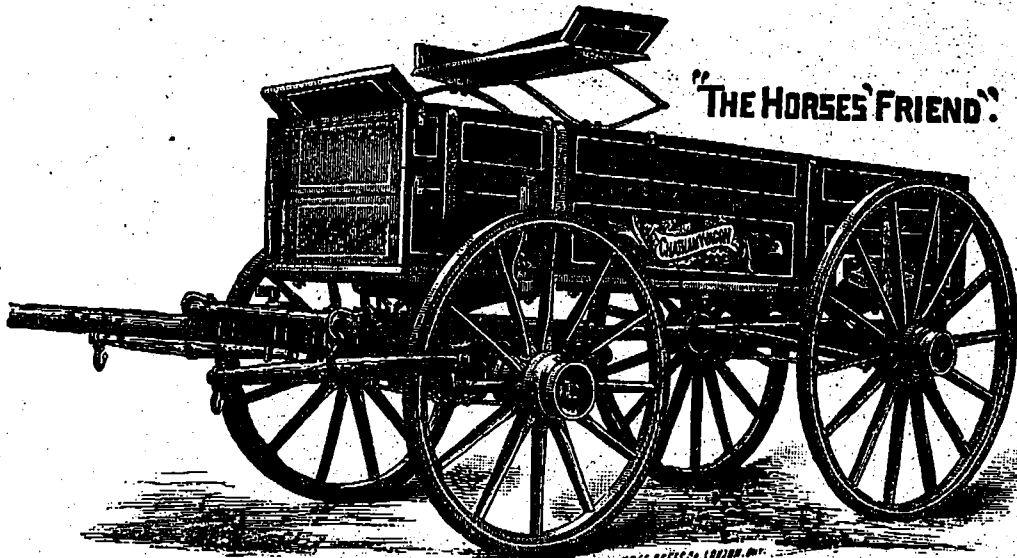
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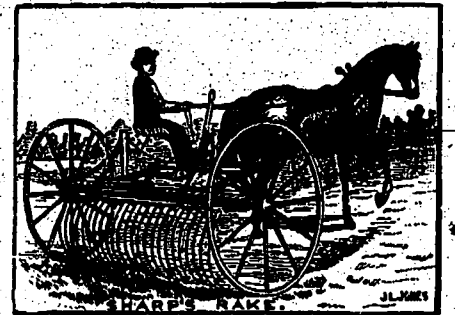


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# MASSEY'S PATENT

A JOURNAL OF NEWS & LITERATURE FOR RURAL HOMES

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

New Series.  
Published Monthly.

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL, 1889

[Vol. I., No. 5.]

## ROUND THE WORLD,

*A Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.*

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employés of the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. MASSEY, Esq.)

### NEW ZEALAND.

*Fourth Letter, dated Hobart, Tasmania, Jan. 19th, 1888.*

Continuing the sketch of my wanderings; after a tour of five weeks from one end of New Zealand to the other, I now undertake to tell you something of this our sister colony, about which the most of us hear and know so little. It consists of two large islands, known as the North and South Islands, and a small island at the southern extremity, in all about 100,000 square miles of territory—just a little less, I believe, than that of the British Isles, of which it may be said to form the anti-podes, for these islands lie on very nearly the opposite side of the globe to Great Britain; and in so many ways have I been reminded of England while travelling through the colony, that it seems to me almost a second Britain, so far as the aspect of the country is concerned.

New Zealand is 1100 miles east and somewhat south of the Continent of Australia, nearly two-thirds of its territory lying south of the 40th parallel of latitude S. The climate closely resembles that of Great Britain, though there is less frost in winter—particularly in the north island. These islands are largely of volcanic formation, volcanic forces being not yet wholly extinct in the north island, where in the famous Hot Lake District are to be seen some of the greatest natural wonders in the world. A range of mountains runs the full

length of both the large islands, forming their backbone, so to speak, and the north island is especially mountainous.

New Zealand is decidedly a new country, her growth having been exceedingly rapid. Captain Cook first landed on these shores only 119 years ago, and the then formidable Maori race, who are said to have been the worst savages and cannibals known, and who for years baffled early settlement, have now dwindled down to "a comparatively insignificant remnant" of 44,000. It was as late as 1814 when the first missionary enterprise was undertaken, and grave fears indeed were entertained for the safety of the first volunteers amongst

but always existed in tribes. Some of these tribes early befriended the colonists, and at times suffered massacre along with the settlers when the more savage tribes defeated them.

Though the regular colonization of New Zealand did not really commence till 1839, the white population now numbers over 600,000, it having doubled between 1870 and 1880. This is a big showing and a remarkable growth. Indeed, the colony has grown too rapidly and has been pushed on too fast, and to this fact is traceable to a large degree her present severe financial depression, due to a great re-action, which, however, time will most surely heal. In 1852, the Imperial Parliament granted

New Zealand a charter of self-government. By this act the sovereign power was vested in a general assembly, consisting of a governor appointed by the Crown, and two houses—a legislative council, the members of which are nominated by the government, and a house of representatives, elected by the people; and to provide for local government the colony was divided into sixty-two counties.

It was a lovely clear morning and the water still as a mill-pond, when the

*Zealandia*, our good ship, steamed into the beautiful harbor of Auckland just at sunrise, on the morning of December 10th.

Auckland presents a very picturesque appearance as approached from the sea, it being situated on a series of hills divided by valleys trending in the direction of the harbor, and the many scattered houses on the slopes, the gardens, green lawns, and clumps of trees along the bays give an agreeable first impression. Our visit to New Zealand was fortunately at the very best season of the year, their December corresponding to our June. After landing, when driving up the main thoroughfare, the fruit and vegetable markets especially arrested



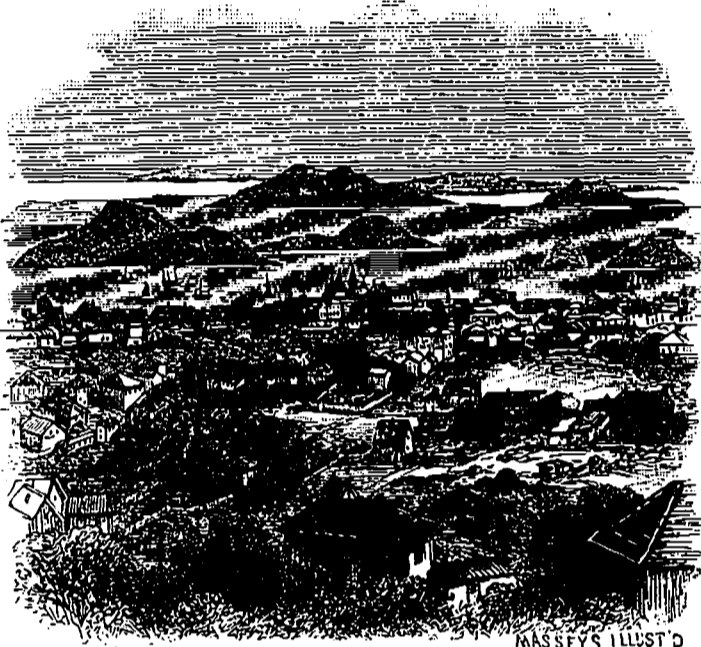
OHINEMUTU (NATIVE PORTION) AND LAKE ROTORUA, HOT LAKE DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND, AS SEEN FROM THE HOTEL PORCH, SHOWING SITE OF SUNKEN VILLAGE.

these desperate cannibals. After the loss of many lives and several battles and fearful massacres by the Maoris, they have, at a somewhat recent date, been brought under complete subjection and become fairly civilized. According to tradition, the Maori race came to New Zealand in canoes many years ago from a distant island called Hawaiki, but where Hawaiki is, is not known; from the similarity of the language and legends of the Maori tribes to those of the Hawaiians it is supposed they may have come from the Hawaiian Islands.

The Maori race is inferior to the Hawaiian in very many particulars. Unlike the Hawaiians, they never were formed into a united kingdom.

our attention, the show windows being full of all sorts of fresh vegetables and luscious strawberries—the finest and largest I ever saw. There were fine displays, too, of garden flowers in great variety—the immense size and excellence of the roses being especially noticeable.

The city of Auckland is decidedly English in its characteristics, as are most New Zealand cities. Its peculiar location, just at a very narrow neck of land connecting a large stretch of the North Island, extending to the northwest, gives the advantages of a double harbor—one on each side of the island. In going up and down its streets one cannot but admire the great variety of its sea views.



VIEW OF PART OF AUCKLAND, N. Z., AND ITS HARBOR.

New Zealand is very largely of volcanic formation, and within a radius of 10 miles of Auckland 63 extinct volcanic craters can be counted—there must have been a lively scene there at one time.

Including suburbs Auckland claims to number some 61,000 inhabitants. The natural attractions of the city are far greater than her public buildings and business blocks, which, with but few exceptions, are quite unpretentious. Her public library building, however, would grace any city. In this building is also a museum of most valuable relics in connection with the history of the colony, the district of Auckland having been the centre of the chief historical events of both the natives and whites. A Sunday in Auckland was "a rest" indeed after the lawless and immoral Sabbaths of the Pacific coast. There were no Sunday papers, no street cars, saloons were closed (*back* doors and front) and a general peacefulness and quiet prevailed.

We took our departure from the leading city of the North Island by the early morning train on the Wednesday after arrival, our aim being to pass through the island overland to Napier and on to Wellington, thus seeing as much of the country as possible and also embracing the opportunity of seeing the famous Hot Lake district.

After a rather tedious ride of eight hours and a half, a continuous jolting on a "mixed accommodation" train, the cars of which were "mongrels" between the American and English styles (and the road narrow gauge), we arrived at Oxford, only a station—the terminus of the road—134 miles. The ride, however, was an interesting one. Occasional fields of new mown hay were passed and others were just being cut. In the way of scenery we were entertained by numerous views of extinct volcanoes, the distant mountain range, lovely bits of bush of elegant and stately trees, and an undergrowth of ferns, ranging in size from the beautiful New Zealand tree fern down—a perfect paradise for fern collectors. The point of view at which the road crosses the charming Waitapo river is the finest on the line. There was but little to see in the way of agricultural land.

We spent the night in Oxford and proceeded early next morning by coach to Ohinemutu, Lake Rotorua (34 miles). The road winds through and about a series of hills (extinct volcanoes), in the first and latter part barren and uninteresting, but

for a long distance through a bush and where the slopes were covered with vegetation. Besides the great variety of magnificent pine trees and other forest giants, of which New Zealanders are wont to boast, there was much that was beautiful in the undergrowth—particularly in the large numbers of different species of ferns and flowering shrubs. A New Zealand bush is a perfect fernery in itself—the great tree fern, which is indigenous to the country, winning the admiration of all tourists. The roadside was lined in places with sweet-briar, daisies, dandelions, sweet clover, and other flowering plants and shrubs with which I was unfamiliar. After leaving the bush the road again traverses

a barren, hilly country for a few miles up to the pretty little lake of Rotorua, beside which is situated the little—very little—town of Ohinemutu, where we arrived in time for lunch, and were very glad of a bath and a good rest, for "coaching" in Maori-land is no better than "tagging" in California, and my remarks on the latter in a previous letter apply equally to the former—the vehicle and the character of the roads being quite similar.

Ohinemutu is the central point of the Hot Lake District, whence excursions are made, and is properly the name of a Maori village (*pah*) situated on a point of land running out into the lake, but is likewise applied to the small village of whites close by. The chief features of it are three or more small hotels for the accommodation of tourists; there is also a government sanatorium for invalids who go for the baths, there being scarcely a

limit to the various mineral, iodine, iron, and combination baths of every consistency from thick mud to the clearest water, and of any degree of heat from the boiling point down; for "in the Hot Lake District are geysers and springs as endless in variety as they are countless in number." No sooner had we finished a good lunch than we began exploring some of these springs near the hotel, our curiosity not allowing us much time to rest. It will be almost impossible, for me at least, to convey to you anything like a correct idea of these marvellous springs, as compared to which the hot springs at Banff, spoken of before, are as nothing. However, I will try to tell you something of them. As one stands in the doorway of the hotel steam may be seen rising in a score or more places, within a radius of half a mile. Naturally we proceeded to the



MAORI TATOING.

nearest point, where the most vapor was rising, and found ourselves facing a pond of boiling sulphur water, some sixty or more feet across, and, as we neared it, we found the ground soft and pliable. Close at hand were other smaller boiling ponds—even the ground surface near to them being hot. All about us were springs and steam holes. Here, a gurgling sulphur spring boiling hot; there, a gurgling mud spring; behind us, a hole from which came a seething noise and sulphurous smell, forcibly reminding one of the infernal. It is decidedly nervous work exploring these springs in places, and dangerous, too, for a mis-step or two might plunge one into a boiling cauldron, or let him through the soft surface into boiling mud. I was informed that many had thus been seriously scalded and some fatally.

From this group of springs we walked over to the *pah* (native village), passing several other springs on the way, the region about the town abounding in them. Near the entrance to the *pah* the natives had made artificial basins for some of the cooler springs, and here, morning and evening, the Maori men, women, and children enjoy the bath of which they are so fond.

As before stated, the Maori race is inferior to the Hawaiian in almost every particular, though, at the same time, there is a striking resemblance between the races. The Maori face, however, seems rather fiercer to me. The Maoris have not made the same progress, though they have had equal opportunity. As a class they do not dress as well—especially the men, the shawl-like costume sometimes worn being less civilized. The Maori, too, still clings to his grass hut (*whare*) which at best is inferior to the grass house of the Hawaiians. At



A BOILING MUD CRATER.

least such have been the opinions I have formed after my limited observation of both races.

The Maoris are a very licentious race, and formerly female virtue was but little known previous to marriage and to a limited extent thereafter.

The curious, hideous, and frequently most obscene idols and carved decorations of the native meeting-house (*runaga*) are evidences of their sensuality. They are said to have abandoned idolatry, but they still cling to their *runagas* and many of their superstitious notions. When a thing or place is pronounced by them *tabu*, that is to say, sacred, it is sacred indeed, and one of the tribe so pronouncing the *tabu* would not touch it nor go near it (as the case may be) for love or money. The race, however, has very many good characteristics as well as bad ones, and there is no reason why it should not progress. The men have very fine physiques and are said to be very shrewd fellows—intelligent and capable.

The chief source of sustenance of the Maori is the potato, both sweet and white, which they cultivate largely, and in some places *taro* is also cultivated and used, though to the Hawaiian alone is due the credit of having perfected the cultivation and use of the latter root.

There was much that was curious and interesting in the *pah*, but I have time to mention but one most striking feature, viz., the method of cooking. Stones are arranged about some of the smaller hot springs, and become so heated that it is possible to employ them for baking purposes, while similar arrangements are made for boiling kettles. There are actually places on the lake shore, at the very water's edge, where by merely sinking a kettle into the sand the natives are enabled to cook their vegetables, strange as it may seem.

Never will I forget the scene from the upper hotel porch at twilight, my first night at Ohinemutu—it was a picture of wonder and beauty. Stretched before me was the lovely milk-green lake of Rotorua, the reflected tints on the surface blending with those of the sun-set shades of the sky; some four miles away, about its middle, was the pretty island of Mokoia, and on every hand were



"KATE"—A WELL-KNOWN MAORI GUIDE.

extinct volcanic hills extending into the distance as far as the eye could reach. Away to my right, just peering above the hills, was the top of the terrible Tarawera, which suddenly belched forth with such awful fury on June 10th, 1886, and wrought such dreadful havoc. Nearer at hand in the same direction, prettily situated on a narrow point of land running out into the lake, was the Maori *pah* just mentioned, with its queer little grass *whares* and *runaga*, while at the extreme point a few delapidated and ancient carved "door posts," still sticking out of the water, are all that remain of a native village, which tradition has it, suddenly sunk into the lake one night some eighty or ninety years ago. To complete this picture, and it was one of extraordinary beauty, there was the vapor ascending from a hundred springs and steam holes, both small and large, along the shore of the lake before me—the whole lighted by the twilight

rays of a sinking sun. The strange fascination of that weird but beautiful scene I shall ever hold in remembrance.

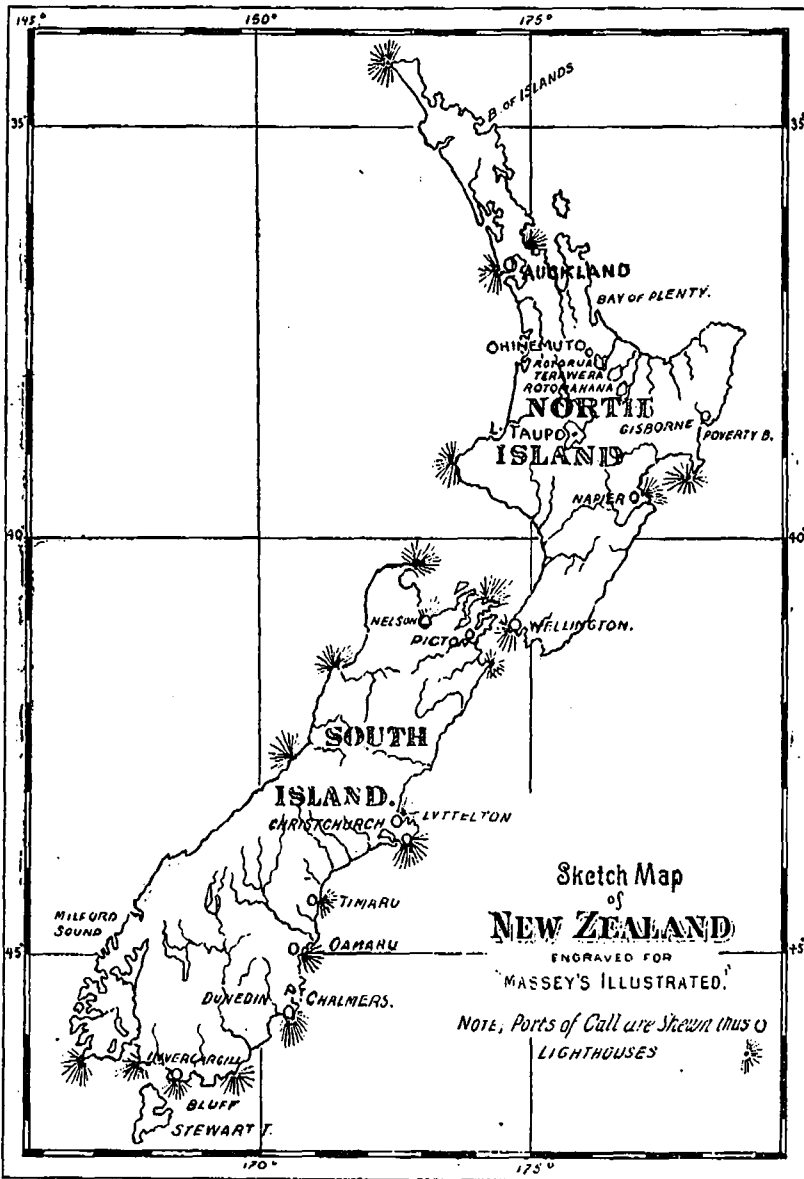
Friday we made the excursion to Tikitere—a congregation of great and terrible-looking mud and sulphur springs. Our conveyance, a so-called "buggy," was a light, strong wagon, and the road—well, the latter part of it was really no road at all, nor scarcely a trail. The roads about Rotorua were once good, but the great quantities of mud and ashes thrown up at the eruption at Rotomahana in 1886 destroyed roads, vegetation, and almost everything within a radius of some fifteen to twenty miles.

Lake Rotorua, though some twenty miles distant from the volcano, is said to have risen twelve inches as a result of the eruption, and the hills between it and Rotomahana were covered with deposits, the beautiful vegetation on their sides being almost completely destroyed. The natural water courses being thus filled up, this loose deposit was washed down in enormous quantities, forming new water-courses and made frightful washouts and fearful havoc with the roads. In several instances we had to ford streams, the bridges standing over former channels some fifty to one hundred feet to one side on dry ground. In due time by careful management our driver succeeded in getting us there without accident, though we went up and down and through some very scary places.

Tikitere itself is the big hollow of an old and very large crater, the great hot mud springs and boiling ponds being the only remaining life of the volcano—it is quite life enough! For it is an awful place, and when one gets in the midst of these marvellous seething and boiling springs and mud cauldrons, he is reminded of the infernal on every hand, and the communication with the interior is altogether too close to allow one to be quite comfortable.

Without an experienced guide it is a most dangerous place to visit, the crust being thin and in places very soft and treacherous. Sulphur deposit was conspicuous on the ground surface, and sulphurous fumes and vapors from *well-kept* fires beneath filled the air—in places so thick as almost to stifle one, and our guide informed us tourists occasionally fainted there. The largest pond was boiling as hard as it is possible to conceive anything boiling, great mounds of water, as it were, bounding up in its middle some three feet or more, and clouds of steam constantly ascending. The mud geysers or cauldrons, or, as I would call them, the little volcanoes, for such they seemed, were the most interesting. The largest of them had built up little craters from ten to twenty-five feet across, resembling those of large volcanoes, and one runs the risk of being splashed and burnt with the slate-colored mud which is being thrown up by the hard-boiling process going on inside, if his curiosity to look down leads him too close to their edges. This mud is of various degrees of consistency in different springs or geysers—in one I noticed it being so thick as to be bounced up in chunks like thick clay, in its desperate efforts to boil. Another peculiar phenomenon which attracted my attention was a low, flat place in which the little water there was, was fairly dancing and hissing as though poured on a hot frying pan.

Tikitere is a frightful place altogether, and when



in the midst of these marvels of nature, I could but contemplate my uncomfortable position in case of still greater activity from beneath—there being quite enough as it was. In front of me was a great bubbling, steaming pond sending up "pillars of cloud;" on my right, thumping and groaning mud geysers; at my left and behind, other gurgling and seething springs and tiny deceptive openings emitting sulphurous odors—all about me was superficial evidence of the great powers beneath the surface and of the fiery interior. The crust of the earth, which on the average is only "as the shell to the egg," seemed here decidedly thin, and I felt far safer when a few miles again lay between Tikitere and me.

From Tikitere we drove on a little further to an eminence commanding a fine view of the little lake of Rotoiti—a very pretty sheet of water, now of a white-green color, dotted with numerous islets—and there lunched. This lake, like all the others in the district, had changed in color since the great eruption, due to the quantities of mud thrown and washed into them.

(To be continued.)



## His Sister.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

ROBERT, I found the barn unfastened again to-night, and the rails in the corner pasture down. I declare, you deserve to be flogged for your carelessness!"

"You won't flog me, sir!" said the boy, in a low voice. His face flushed hotly. He had been reading, his hands on either side of his chin; now he pushed his book away and sat looking doggedly before him.

"Meroy on me!" murmured Grandmother Macy, who sat

near the table knitting. "I do wish Jabez wouldn't speak that way!"

Aunt Mary, a visitor from the West, pushed her chair with an impatient movement further from the fire, frowning a little; but Bertha, Farmer Macy's only daughter, a girl of sixteen, looked from her father to Robert, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes full of tears.

"I didn't say I would flog you!" said the farmer harshly. "I said you deserved to be flogged for your carelessness, and so you do. Ever since that money was left to you, you've seemed to want to go your own way."

"I will go my own way, too!" muttered the boy between his teeth. Bertha's quick ear caught the words, and she ventured to speak.

"Father, Robert didn't lock the barn, because John told him not to, till he came home."

"Oh, John told him not to, did he? How long since John took it upon himself to issue his orders? I think I am the one to be obeyed on these premises," was the quick rejoinder, and then the girl was silenced. "I suppose John told him not to put up the rails, also?" the farmer added, as if unwilling to end the controversy.

"John said nothing to me about that; I simply forgot it," said Robert, sullenly.

"Of course you forgot it! You're always forgetting! If rubber could be tied on to your memory to stretch it a little, it would be better for you. I don't forget; if I did, I wonder where you would be?"

Aunt Mary looked at her brother over her spectacles. Her usually mild face quivered with excitement.

"Brother!" she said, in a tone of dismay.

"Of course you'd take sides against me! The boy has always been excused. His mother made a fool of him, and his sister ditto. By and by, I shan't be allowed to speak in my own house."

Robert threw down the book which he had taken up again with an angry gesture, and stalked out of the room. He was a tall, good-looking boy of eighteen, large of his age, and clumsy in his movements. The farmer made as if he would call him back, but settled himself in his chair again, and frowned.

"The fact is, since his uncle left him that five thousand dollars," said Farmer Macy, "the boy hasn't been worth his salt to me!"

"Oh father, you—"

"Silence!" said the old man, testily. "I tell you he is doing nothing but longing for the time when he is twenty-one, and can put his hands on that money. Castle-building and reading, that's what he gives his time to, and me slaving like a dog!"

"It's a great pity," said Aunt Mary, and she spoke in her slow, sweet way, so that one could hardly imagine there was the least touch of sarcasm in what she said, "that George didn't leave the money to you!"

"Eh, you think so, do you?" said the farmer, his heavy features lighting up. "Look what I could ha' done with five thousand dollars—and the place needing improvement so much! Yes, even one thousand would set me up! And to think of all that money lying idle, for Robert to come into, and spend as he pleases. He'll go off as soon as he gets it."

"That depends upon how you treat him, my son," said Grandma Macy, looking up and resting her needles.

"Treat him!" said the farmer looking forward, glaring at them all. "Don't I give him a roof and clothes and food? Would you have me knuckle to the boy, to my own son, because he is coming into possession of a little paltry money? A pretty father I should be!"

Grandma Macy's needles clicked on, and Aunt Mary looked thoughtfully at the fire. The old-fashioned clock that had ticked in its ancient corner for over seventy years struck nine.

Bertha had slipped out of the room, gone through the kitchen, and up the back stairs. The wind was rising, and the rain, which had just begun to fall, drove heavily against the window-panes on the upper landing. The girl moved swiftly down the narrow passage in the dark, toward a door at the further end, through the keyhole of which there came a faint light. Here she stopped and tried the latch of the door. It did not let her in.

"Robert!" she cried. "Robert!"

"What is it, Bertha? I can't come down again, and—I'd rather be alone."

"But I want to speak to you. O Robert, won't you let me in?"

"It's no use; I won't come down."

"No, you needn't; nobody has sent for you. I—I just wanted to see you!"

"Well, here I am," and the door opened, suddenly, so that the girl who was leaning against it almost fell into the room. She recovered herself, however, and stood there looking at her brother with pitiful eyes.

"I wish I knew what to do," she said, and ended with a long-drawn sigh.

"I know what to do!" was the boy's rejoinder, and he set his mouth sternly, so that there was in his face a curious resemblance to the old man down stairs.

"You won't do anything wrong, Robert, I know you won't!" she said, clasping her hands. "I'm sure father means to do everything for the best. Try not to mind!"

"I do try, I have tried, but it's no use. Think I can't see? Father is mad because that money is coming to me, instead of him. I wish Uncle George had never left it to me; I could have got along without it. It only makes me wretched all the time, the way father treats me, and I'm tired of it."

"But, dear Robert, every one sees—I mean," she added, checking herself—"you have grandma and me, who love you dearly! Don't that make up to you for these little crosses? Father, though he is so rough, loves you very dearly; he is proud of you, but something has made him irritable of late, and—"

"Yes, ever since Uncle George died and left me that money," said Robert.

"And you know he has been making improvements on the farm. Perhaps he has got into debt."

"Well, that's not my fault," said Robert. "I believe in my soul you wish that money had gone to him or you."

"O Robert!"

"Forgive me, Bertha! I know how girls feel about such things, and it's only natural that you should want to help father; but I tell you candidly, if I had the money to-morrow, I wouldn't lay out a cent on this miserable old place. I hate it, and I'm tired of being treated like a child of five years' old! All my faults and errors talked over, no matter who is by! I'm not going to stand it any longer. If he can't be reasonable, he must get some one else besides me to vent his spite on."

"O Robert, what are you saying?"

"Just what I mean. I won't stand it! It's bad enough to be cooped up in this old country place, and then to be tyrannized over from morning till night! What good does it do? I can't touch the money till I'm of age, even if I felt like giving it all to him."

"If you won't mind it, dear, I'll do everything I can to make you happy."

"You're awfully kind, Bertha, and you do all you can now, but don't you suppose I see how uncomfortable he makes you all feel on my account? Come, you're shivering with the cold. Take my candle and go to bed; I've got another, and we'll talk it all over some other time."

Reluctantly Bertha obeyed, waiting only to kiss her brother good-night. When she reached her room she blew out the candle, folded a wrapper about her, and sat down in the little splint rocker, to think.

She felt as keenly as Robert did, her father's injustice, but what could she do? She had no mother to go to, and her grandmother was too loyal to her son to blame him in words. She could not talk to her father; he would have turned upon her as he had before, with the bitter taunt that she encouraged her brother in his idleness, and excused all his shortcomings.

The clock struck eleven and found her still sitting up, trying to solve this problem, how to keep her brother from any rash act that he would regret in after life. Straining her ears to listen, she thought she heard the creaking of a door.

It rained hard now. She could see the tops of the trees moving in the wind, dark as it was.

A sudden terror seized her. That certainly was not the rain nor the wind, but the familiar clank of the heavy chain against the front door. She ran to her brother's room, her heart beating heavily, called him, but no answer came. Hearing her way to the bed, she felt over it, Robert was not there—the bed had not been touched.

She could have screamed from terror, but she had learned, long before this, to master her impulses, and she crept down stairs, to find the front door unfastened. Unheeding rain and wind, she ran out in the darkness to the gate, which was also unfastened. Watch, the dog, was gone—he must have followed his young master.

As loudly as she dared, she called her brother's name, and then, sure that he was by this time out of hearing, she ran back to the house, found a shawl in the hall-closet, and left the house, shutting the door behind her, softly.

The next train was due at half-past eleven o'clock.

Robert must be waiting at the little station in the woods, half a mile away. The rain beat heavily, the wind blew so fiercely that she caught her breath with difficulty. . . . The path was hard to keep. Occasionally she staggered in among the thick bushes on either side the narrow foot-way, and once something bounded across the road, but before she could give way to fright, she felt the cold nose of Watch against her hand.

"O Watch, where is Robert? Carry me to him!" she cried, somewhat reassured now that she had a protector. Presently she stumbled against the platform of the little station, that rose like a huge, black shadow before her.

"Robert! Robert! It is I, Bertha; are you here? O Robert, don't leave me!"

"Are you crazy, Bertha? and such a thing as this! You will get your death—how dared you come through these woods?"

"I came after you. Robert, you must go back—you must! It's awfully selfish in you to run off, and father will be broken-hearted if you do. Can't you bear as much as I can? and I only a girl! See, I am wet through and through, and cold and frightened, but I won't mind it if you'll only come home. If you go, I'll stay out in the storm all night. How can I go back and tell them you stole out of the house like a thief, at midnight? If you must go, Robert, go in the face of the day and of everybody. It would kill me to hear people say you had run away. O Robert, think, it will be disgrace for all of us—shame, misery and disgrace."

"I tell you I can't bear it!" he said, and stamped on the loose boards of the platform. "I might as well go now as any time."

"No, not now, for my sake—wait at least till—till I talk to father. What would mother say, Robert? If she sees us now—"

—she broke down utterly, sobbing as her heart would break. "Come on—I'll go back," said Robert, sullenly. "Here, Watch!" the dog came bounding to his side. "Stop crying, Bertha—poor little thing, how you shiver! There! there!" he said, softening, as he put his arm about her, "we'll go on the run, to keep you from getting cold—but, mind, I don't promise I'll stay—only I won't go this time."

It was a week after Robert's attempt to leave home, and Bertha was very sick. The fright and exposure of that terrible night had brought on a fever.

"I can't think how the child took such a cold," said Aunt Mary, as she came into the living-room one morning. "From the day she had that miserable chill she has been growing steadily worse. I'm worried about her, and so is the doctor. The poor child in her delirium imagines Robert is going away."

Grandma Macy let her knitting fall into her lap, folded her hands and looked sorrowfully into the fire.

"It's two years this month since her mother died," she said softly. "Where's Robert?"

"Up stairs, with her—you can hardly get him out of the room. The boy is very fond of her. It is for her sake, I fancy, that he didn't leave home months ago." Aunt Mary little knew how nearly she had hit the truth.

Day after day dragged on and the fever did its work. Robert hardly gave himself time to eat, so anxious was he to be by his sister's bedside. He grew haggard, watching night and day—reproaching himself constantly.

"You'll stay now, won't you, Robert?" she said, feebly, one day. "You won't leave the old home—you won't leave father alone? Father will be different when I—am gone."

"When you are gone—O Bertha!" said the boy, brokenly. "Do as I did, when you begged me down there in the old depot, stay for my sake."

"If I could, dear—but it isn't as I say—and—I want you to promise me never to leave poor father—and when the money comes—help him all you can, will you?"

"I'll do everything you ask me," sobbed the boy. "I'll give him all the money. I don't want it—without you."

"Don't you think," said Grandma Macy, very softly, to Aunt Mary, one day, "that there's a great change come over Jabez? He hasn't spoken a cross word to Robert since our little girl came down stairs. And the boy seems like another person—as willing and chipper about his work as can be."

And Robert was saying to Bertha, who sat, white as a lily, in her little splint rocker, by the window:

"I don't care how hard I work now, and I've told father he shall have enough of my money to make all the improvements he wants to. I shall never make a farmer, he sees that now, but I'll find something more to my liking. I have been idle and careless, and probably the money did have something to do with it, but I've changed all that."

"I made up my mind to it when I thought we were going to lose you. O Bertha, if you had died I should never have forgiven myself!"—*Youth's Companion*.

### Music.

As promised our readers at the beginning of the year, we herewith publish a piece of music—a beautiful little organ voluntary, and will in a future issue print still another, provided our readers manifest a sufficient interest in the present selection to warrant us in going to the expense of publishing a second one. The Voluntary has a charming melody, very sweet and pretty, for a parlor organ; or a piano either, for that matter.

If the melody be taken up by a violin as a solo with the organ or piano as an accompaniment, it will be especially pleasing.

If you enjoy this musical selection, you will confer a favor by writing us and telling us so, and will also encourage us to further effort in this line.

# VOLUNTARY.

*Andante.*

*Arr. from J. Raff.*

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music begins with a series of chords and single notes, followed by a more melodic line in the upper staff.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It features a prominent melodic line in the upper staff with several slurs, and a supporting bass line in the lower staff with some chordal accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the melody in the upper staff, with some chromatic movement. The bass line continues to provide harmonic support.

The fourth system of musical notation features a more active melodic line in the upper staff, including some sixteenth-note passages. The bass line remains steady.

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The upper staff ends with a final chord, and the bass line has a long, sweeping slur under the final few notes.

## THE FLIGHT OF WINTER.

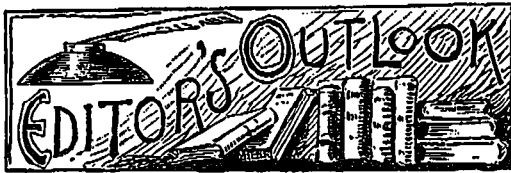


## Sunshine and Smiles.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you—  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,  
It has troubles enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer,  
Sigh, it is lost on the air,  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not want your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many,  
Be sad, and you lose them all;  
There are none who decline your nectar'd wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,  
Fast, and the world goes by,  
Succeed and give and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a long and lordly train;  
But one by one we must all file on,  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.



WE are pleased to be in a position to state that, from representations made to him, the Postmaster-General has decided to withdraw the clause from the Postal Amendment Bill imposing a charge of one cent per pound upon monthly and semi-monthly publications. We were the only paper interested, with one exception, to strenuously object in its columns to this clause being adopted, and it is gratifying to find that our efforts have not been unsuccessful. It might not be out of place just here to say that if original matter in our columns is worth republishing, it is surely worth crediting. We always do so.

THERE seems to be every reason to believe that the cultivation of the sugar cane can be carried on in Ontario with profitable results. It appears that a farmer near Grimsby last year cultivated a quarter of an acre of early amber cane and from it 46 gallons of good syrup were made which readily sold at 75 cents per gallon. The syrup was excellent in quality and far superior to the imported American article. This would represent a yield of \$138 per acre, and it is said that the yield on this quarter of an acre was not an average one. It is essential to the farmer that every acre of the farm should be made productive, and if he should have some land that he does not know exactly what to do with let him try the cultivation of sugar cane.

MR. DYKE, the Government agent at Liverpool, England, suggests that Canadians should turn their attention to the exportation of dairy cows. About two thousand were sent to Liverpool last year and the average price realized was \$90, although one cow brought as much as \$117. He says that a Canadian cow in good condition is worth \$25 more than a Yorkshire cow sent to the milkman's stables.

The class of cows saleable should be fairly well-bred; possibly they should be with their second calf and their udders should be perfect. Calves sent to England have brought \$10 to \$12 each. A ready sale could also be found for condensed milk, as it is very much in request in England.

MR. PLATT, M. P., moved a resolution in the House of Commons last month to the effect that it is expedient to remove the duty on, and place upon the free list, all grains and seeds which do not ripen in Canada, but which are now largely imported and sown for the production of food for cattle under the system of feeding called soiling and ensilage now largely adopted by the farmers of Canada. It was urged that these grains and seeds, which are grown in the Southern States, are the farmers' raw material, and as such should be admitted free. It would also aid in furthering the dairy interests and would enable farmers to feed cattle more cheaply than at present. Several of the speakers who represent rural constituencies bore strong testimony to the value of ensilage as food. The motion was ultimately withdrawn upon the understanding that during the session seed corn fodder would be placed on the free list.

It will always give us pleasure to circulate words of praise for those who are striving to forward the interests of the farming community. Prof. J. W. Robertson, of the Ontario Agricultural College, who has always taken a keen interest in the work of Farmers Institutes not only in Ontario but in various States of the Union, is thus spoken of by Mr. C. L. Gabrilson in the March number of *Farm, Stock and Home*, Minneapolis, Minn.:—"Among the present institute workers of Wisconsin is Prof. J. W. Robertson, of the Agricultural College at Guelph, Province of Ontario. This gentleman is among the brightest minds whose practical work along the line of agricultural investigation is making such men as Henry, Babcock, Sanborn and others noted. His two weeks' stay in the State will make him hosts of friends and inspire his hearers by his earnest and practical way of presenting plain farm facts. It is gratifying to note how the young men are getting to the front. Experimenters in most lines of science have more to their credit at thirty-five than a past generation could show at seventy-five. But, then, this is a fast age."

THE Budget speech of Hon. Mr. Foster, Finance Minister, is universally acknowledged to have been an exceedingly able and effective effort, particularly so as it came from a new and untried man. His statement of the condition of accounts showed that our receipts last year were \$35,908,463 and our expenditures \$36,718,494, leaving a deficit of \$810,031. For the present fiscal year he estimated the receipts at \$38,500,000 and the expenditure at \$36,600,000, showing a surplus of \$1,900,000, and for the year 1889-90 the receipts at \$39,175,000 and the expenditure at \$36,500,000, showing a surplus of \$2,675,000. The net debt of the country had increased from \$75,723,641 in 1868 to \$108,324,964 in 1874 when we acquired our last province, and to \$234,531,358 on July 1st last. This showed an increase from 1868 of \$158,802,717. The cost per capita had increased from \$1.29 per annum in 1868 to \$1.78 in 1888 or an increased burden of 49 cents per head per annum. Of this increased debt, the sum of \$106,472,032 was incurred in assuming at different times the debts of the provinces who formed part of the Confederation, so that the net increase in the public debt on account of strictly Federal expenditure was only \$128,059,325. This amount was offset by the consideration that during the period since Confederation there had been a total capital expenditure of \$179,709,974, so that our capital expenditure, which was almost entirely for public works, had exceeded our net increase in strictly Federal debt by \$51,650,649.

THE movement to Manitoba this year is unprecedented. Every Tuesday last month special colonist trains were run through from Ontario to Winnipeg. As many as 13 and 14 special trains left Toronto during the afternoon and evening of each Tuesday, every train being accompanied by a

special agent of the Manitoba Government to look after the comfort of the passengers. These colonist trains will also be run every Tuesday during April. The arrivals in Manitoba to date of settlers' effects are much in excess of the arrivals for the first six months of last year. A large proportion of the new settlers are sturdy young fellows, sons of Ontario farmers, just the sort of men to build up and develop a new country. About the middle of March about 450 French-Canadians arrived in Winnipeg, and the majority settled on the Red and Assiniboine rivers near Winnipeg, and at Oak Lake. It is estimated that some 2000 French-Canadians will settle there this year. The emigration from the Old Country is just beginning and promises also to be heavy. Upon the whole prospects were never brighter in Manitoba than at present. Real estate men report large sales at improved prices, implement men report larger sales, and the farmers are jubilant over good paying prices for their grain. Last year the Manitoba Government opened an office at 30 York street, Toronto, for the dissemination of information relating to that province, and placed it in charge of Mr. A. J. McMillan. Their selection was a wise one, as Mr. McMillan has shown himself to be in every way eminently qualified for the position.

WHAT'S the matter with Michigan? The *Muskegon News* says:—"The farmers cry for help. It having been demonstrated that the foreign market for our wheat, corn, and provisions, is steadily slipping away from us, and that the farmers in all parts of the country are struggling with debt and discouragement, the protectionist writers and orators are fain to acknowledge the fact. When called upon to devise a remedy they are at a loss. They tell the farmers they must stop rushing wheat and corn and 'diversify their industry.' This is equivalent to a recommendation that hereafter they shall plant carrots and cabbage." And this with a market of sixty millions, Kansas appears also to be in a bad way. Mr. John Totten left his farm near Belleville about a year ago and settled in Kansas. He wasn't there long when he pulled up stakes, returning to Canada and settling on a farm in the township of Eramosa. The Guelph *Mercury*, speaking of Mr. Totten's case, says:—"He was bitterly disappointed and came back a sadder and a wiser man, convinced that the Province of Ontario is far ahead of the State of Kansas. He reports the corn crop a failure, while the price was low. The small grains were devoured by the chinch bug. Great poverty and distress exist among the settlers in the region where he located, the northwest of the state. There is a general wish to sell out and get away. Mr. Totten did not buy land, so he was free to leave and has left." As a confirmation of our remarks in a previous issue regarding the distress among the settlers in Dakota the *Prairie Farmer* says "The Territorial Statistician of Dakota says there is not enough wheat in Dakota for seed and bread for the population, the estimate of wheat remaining in the farmers' hands and in elevators being placed at only 8,000,000 bushels. The storage is placed at 3,000,000 bushels." The farmers in New Jersey, Iowa and other States are in as deplorable condition as those in Michigan and Dakota. Is it not therefore suicidal policy on the part of Canadian farmers to leave this fair Dominion for a country where the farmers are not only in absolute distress, but are laboring under far greater disadvantages and discouragements.

THE *Rural New Yorker* in its issue of March 23rd has a most interesting and instructive article to stockbreeders. It gives the results of a three years' beef-making experiment made by Prof. Johnson at the Michigan Agricultural College. Bull calves of Shorthorn, Hereford, Devon, Jersey, Galloway and Holstein breeds were secured, which were considered average specimens, and with these calves the trial was conducted. They were fed side by side, the same kinds of food being used for each, though of course different quantities were fed to the different animals. They were kept in a thriving condition and were never forced as show cattle usually are. The steers were exhibited at a number of fairs and were slaughtered at the Chicago Fat Stock Show last November. A committee composed of some of the most experienced feeders in America, and another committee composed of



Chicago butchers carefully examined the steers and the quality of the meat was judged by the cook and the guests at the Sherman House, Chicago. It may be justly said that this is one of the most important tests of cattle that has ever been made. The report of the judges from a feeder's standpoint placed the Shorthorn first in the lot so far as profit to the feeder is concerned and also first in value for the market as well as the block. The Galloway was ranked second as a profitable beast for the breeder on account of his rapid growth, but as a butcher's bullock he was ranked fourth, his finish not being equal to the Devon. The Devon was placed third as a butcher's bullock and a seller in the market but he did not make growth enough to be profitable to the feeder. The Hereford as a butcher's bullock was ranked equal to the Shorthorn, but he did not make growth enough for age to make a profitable beast for the breeder, and on account of the lack of weight he would not bring quite so much as the Shorthorn in the market. The Holstein was classed with the Galloway from the standpoint of giving good returns to the feeder, but he lacked the quality which makes the best type of a butcher's bullock. He was too coarse in the opinion of the judges to make a profitable bullock for the reason that, when finished and placed on the present markets he would have to sell at a reduced price, from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per hundred less than the Shorthorn or Hereford. The Jersey, while admittedly an excellent specimen of the breed, was ranked lowest as a feeder. The judges thought he would sell in the present markets for the same price as the Holstein, while, as a butcher's beast, on account of his finer bone and ripeness, he would be superior. The judges reported from a butcher's standpoint that as to quality and percentage of edible meat combined, making a profitable carcass for the butcher and consumer as well, they would place first, the Hereford; second, the Devon; third, the Galloway; fourth, the Jersey; fifth, the Shorthorn; sixth, the Holstein. Mr. Pearce, of the Sherman House, from a cook's standpoint, placed the Jersey first as it gave him a larger proportion of edible meat than any of the other carcasses; in fact, there was no waste to it. He was astonished at the amount of favorable comment it excited in regard to its tenderness and flavor. The poorest parts were better than ordinary choice cuts, and the fats were good and profitable for use in cooking. Next in order came the Galloway in quality and flavor and amount of edible meat; then the Hereford, the Holstein and the Devon in the order named; the Devon, in amount and flavor of the edible meat and quality of the fats, being equal to either of the other bullocks, except the Jersey, but lacking that tenderness found in the others. The Shorthorn was fine in flavor and as tender as any one could desire, but would be very unprofitable to the consumer. There was a very large waste in fats; much of what is called the corning pieces being so spongy and fat that they could not be corned or otherwise used except to render them for fat which could not be used in cooking, and that is a product of little value to the consumer. As a result of the trial Prof. Johnson concluded that there is but little difference in the cost per pound of raising steers of the different breeds under the same conditions. The superiority of the beef breeds rather lies in their early maturing qualities, which enable the feeder to turn them off, well ripened, at two instead of three years. Calves brought up on the pail, when properly fed, will make as much growth and be as valuable for feeding as if they were allowed to suckle their dams. The most interesting feature of the experiment is given in the following tables:

	WEIGHT.				COST PER POUND.					
	Pounds hay Consumed.	Pounds of Grain.	First Year.	Second Year.	To Nov. 1st, 1888.	Gain per day.	First Year.	Second Year.	To Nov. 1st, 1888.	Average for whole period.
Devon.....	5380	5318	521	1009	1270	1.33	.025	.068	.08	.053
Hereford...	6588	5847	705	1105	1424	1.30	.01	.072	.117	.053
Galloway...	5703	6711	738	1212	1620	1.64	.02	.072	.076	.040
Jersey.....	7118	6703	571	1007	1383	1.26	.02	.076	.11	.062
Holstein....	6687	7300	731	1316	1060	1.70	.022	.069	.093	.053
Shorthorn..	7798	8142	801	1367	1870	1.74	.015	.072	.105	.055

A RETROSPECT AND THE PROSPECT.

Since we began publishing the ILLUSTRATED we have spared neither time nor money to make it the best general Illustrated

PUBLISHED IN CANADA.

We have labored hard to make each successive number better than the last, and fully believe everyone will credit us with having done so. Our illustrations have been of the finest character, and we have paid as high as \$40 for the engravings accompanying a single article in a single issue. Our efforts have been appreciated, and we wish to heartily thank our kind friends everywhere for their hearty support, and particularly the hundred or more persons who have taken pains to write us and give expressions to their high appreciation of the ILLUSTRATED. Such kindly communications greatly encourage us.

One of the best evidences of the success of the ILLUSTRATED, and one which especially points to its intrinsic value, is the fact that about 75 per cent. of our already very large subscription list, are subscriptions sent in to us voluntarily by individuals and not solicited or collected by canvassers. Each mail brings us in a quota of additional subscribers, and our list is steadily mounting up into the thousands.

To give you an idea of the range of country the ILLUSTRATED traverses, in a single afternoon mail, a few days since, we received five subscriptions from various parts of British Columbia, four from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and many others from the intervening Provinces and Territories.

And now, kind reader, we wish to say that we are aiming to build up a subscription list of

100,000.

Will you help us?

WE CAN DO IT,

but only with your hearty co-operation. Any publisher, who knows his business, will tell you we cannot publish a paper of the high character of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED at 50c. per annum without losing money, unless we can build up a subscription list of not less than 50,000, and even then we would have great difficulty to make both ends meet.

But considering the value given for only 50c., 100,000 subscribers should easily be obtained, and we are determined, with your help, to accomplish it. It becomes the duty of every farmer in the land to support and encourage an enterprise which gives him such a valuable monthly publication at such a paltry price. We believe we are making the most liberal offers ever made canvassers. Kindly look over our Handsome Illustrated Premium List, which we will post you free upon application if you haven't one. Also see the special additional offers made in the advertising columns of this issue. If you do not wish to canvass, may we not at least ask you to speak a good word for the ILLUSTRATED to your friends, or would it be asking too much to request you to send the addresses of a few of your neighbors (on a post card) who will likely subscribe, that we may send them a specimen copy? We would be greatly obliged to you. Remember, dear friend, we are counting on you to help us reach the 100,000.

THE MASSEY PRESS,  
MASSEY ST.,  
TORONTO, ONT.



A Summary of News for the Past Month.

- 1st.—Richard Pigott, forger of the famous Parnell letters, suicides in Madrid. . . . Sir Julian Pauncefote appointed British Minister to the United States.
- 3d.—Manitoba Legislature repeal the former guarantee to the Hudson Bay Railway of \$4,500,000, and grant instead a \$2,000 per mile cash bonus for 300 miles.
- 4th.—Inauguration of Gen. Harrison as President of the United States. . . . Wheat seeding commenced in several parts of Manitoba.
- 5th.—Hon. Mr. Foster, Dominion Finance Minister, delivers his budget speech in the House of Commons. . . . Prorogation of the Manitoba Legislature. . . . Action for \$50,000 damages instituted in the Montreal Superior Court by the Jesuits against the Toronto Mail. . . . Resolutions condemnatory of the Jesuits' Estates Bill passed at a public meeting in Toronto under the auspices of the Orange Lodges.
- 6th.—The Ministry of New South Wales defeated on the question of protection and resigned. . . . King Milan of Servia abdicates in favor of his thirteen-year-old son. . . . Sash factory attached to the Roman Catholic Deaf and Dumb institution at Mile End, Montreal, burnt; loss \$70,000.
- 7th.—The British man-of-war Sultan wrecked in the Mediterranean, the captain and crew saved. . . . England's navy to be supplemented by ten first-class men-of-war, forty-two cruisers and eighteen torpedo vessels.
- 8th.—Advices received of disastrous fires in Japan on February 1st, 1,000 buildings being destroyed in Shidsucka and 500 in Yorkosuka.
- 9th.—Crowds reported to be pouring into the Santa Clara gold fields. . . . Destructive fire in Wallaceburg, Ont., loss \$21,000.
- 10th.—A passenger train on the Trans-Caspian railway thrown from the track in a tunnel owing to the removal of the rails by train wreckers and fifty people killed and injured. . . . Sarah Marshall, a young lady of Watford, Ont., shot dead while coming out of church by Albert Wilson, because she rejected his addresses.
- 11th.—About 6,000 weavers of Fall River, Mass., strike for an advance of wages.
- 12th.—The Protestant Alliance at a meeting in London, Eng., pass a resolution of sympathy with the Protestants of Canada and express the desire that Jesuit aggression may be defeated.
- 13th.—Mr. Parnell brings an action in London against the proprietor and printer of the Times for £100,000 damages and Mr. Campbell, his secretary, another for £5,000.
- 14th.—Australia promises to give £35,000 annually for ten years towards the building of the new ships of war.
- 15th.—Gladstonian candidate elected for Kennington division of Lambeth, London, by 630 majority, the seat being vacated by a Conservative. . . . Lieut.-Col. Bacon, secretary Dominion Rifle Association, appointed commandant of the Wimbledon team and Capt. Hood, Montreal, adjutant.
- 16th.—Benson, the Montreal wife murderer, acquitted, the jury holding that the conduct of the woman justified the act.
- 18th.—The American Pilgrims to the Holy Land received by the Pope at the Vatican. . . . Great floods reported in Southern California, many houses being washed away and railroad tracks destroyed.
- 19th.—Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution in favor of Commercial Union with the United States defeated by a vote of 121 to 77. . . . President Harrison nominates Mr. White-law Reid, of New York, to be minister to France, and Mr. Julius Goldschmidt, of Wisconsin, to be Consul-General at Vienna.
- 20th.—Hess & Co's chair factory, Toronto, destroyed by fire, loss \$70,000. . . . Collision between two trains on the Intercolonial railway at Riviere du Loup, four persons killed and several injured.
- 21st.—Postmaster-General Raikes announces in the Imperial House of Commons that the Government intend to lay a submarine cable between Bermuda and Halifax. . . . Prorogation of the Quebec Legislature. . . . Destructive fire at Bowmanville, Ont., loss \$80,000. . . . The new Third Party at a meeting in Toronto pass strongly worded resolutions on the Jesuit and Prohibition questions.
- 22nd.—Bill passed by the Connecticut Senate prohibiting youths under sixteen from smoking.
- 23rd.—Prorogation of the Ontario Legislature. . . . Royal Artillery Barracks, inside the Halifax citadel fort, destroyed by fire.
- 25th.—Resolutions condemning the Jesuits' Estates Act passed at a public meeting of Toronto citizens.
- 26th.—W. H. Harvey, accountant, Guelph, murders his wife and two daughters.
- 27th.—Death of John Bright, M.P., one of England's foremost statesmen. . . . Robt. T. Lincoln, son of the late Pres. Lincoln, appointed United States Minister to England.
- 28th.—Col. O'Brien's amendment to disallow the Jesuits' Estate Act defeated in the House of Commons by 175 votes, only 13 voting for it. . . . Death of Dr. Robert P. Howard, Montreal, dean of the medical faculty of McGill University.
- 29th.—News received from Samoa that three American and three German men-of-war vessels driven on a reef during a violent storm and wrecked; 13 officers and 133 men drowned.
- 30th.—Parsonage of Rev. R. Stilwell, Sydenham, Ont., badly wrecked by dynamite, which had been placed on the verandah. . . . Sir Hector Langevin presented with a service of plate and an address on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his career as a Crown Minister.



### Reward.

If farmers, who have discovered ingenious methods in connection with their work which would be of use to their fellow farmers, will write us and describe the same, furnishing a sketch when practicable, we will reward them by publishing them over their names, with an illustration when possible; and further, when we consider the plans or ideas advanced have special merit we will remit them amounts varying from 75c to \$5.00, in proportion to our estimate of their value to our readers.

HAVE your path macadamized from the gate to the front door. It saves a great deal of labor within the house to have clean, good walks about it.

ONE of the most foolish things done in connection with a vegetable garden is to work the ground when it is too wet. Many farmers of good judgment in other matters will persist in doing this, and then wonder why it is that they have such a poor return for the money and labor expended.

You will need something by and by to dust over your cabbages, cucumbers and other vegetables against the depredations of insects. So that you may be prepared for these insects save up all the soot from the cleaning of stoves and stovepipes in a barrel under shelter. When needed for use mix with dry ashes, quicklime, plaster and enough of kerosene to make very savoury.

THE conviction is more and more growing in the minds of good farmers, that if all the manurial resources of the farm are saved and utilized, commercial fertilizers will be unnecessary. The liquid portion of manure, which commonly soaks into the ground and is lost, is said to be worth as much as all the rest put together. If the efforts of nature to keep the soil fertile, which it makes through the atmospheric influences, are intelligently supplemented by human effort, every farm will be sufficient unto itself in fertilizing properties.

### The Sparrow Nuisance.

MR. E. W. VERMILYEA, Belleville, sends us the following:—I noticed in your last issue of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED a reward offered to any person who would write you some new idea, in connection with farming, that would benefit the farmer. I take interest in relating to you the fact that unless some immediate plan is devised to kill the sparrow birds, that have become such a nuisance of late, the farmers will suffer greatly from loss of grain, for they increase terribly fast and are very destructive in a field of grain. I saw last summer about fifty or sixty on one shock of wheat, and I can safely say that one-half the wheat in that shock was destroyed; not only in what they consumed, but the grain lay on the ground under the shock in quantities. And still worse, the little pests resort to our barns in the winter and remain there until late in spring, feeding entirely upon our grain that is scattered through the barn, and occasionally making a big haul in the granaries, when perchance the doors are left open a short time. On bright sunny days they come outside the barn to sun themselves, and as they sit in large and rather close flocks, my idea of killing them is to fire shot among them, and by so doing, kill perhaps one-half dozen at a time.

### A Superior Fence.

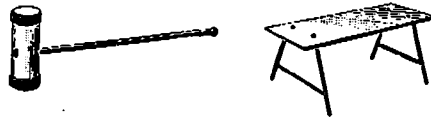
MR. A. M. FRASER, Loch Broom, Pictou, N. S., writes us as follows:—I send you a description of a fence which I have built that proves to be a good one, and has the following advantages over all others that I have seen: It takes less material; it

can be built in less time; frost will not heave it nearly as much as other post fences, because the frost cannot get a leverage on account of the ditch and dyke. It is the expansion of the surface of the earth that forces the posts up on a level surface, no matter how deep they are, if the land is wet.

Take posts about 6 in. thick, 5ft. 6 in. long; point the small end; make a hole with a crowbar; drive them down about 2 ft.; put on one rail at the top and one wire 10 in. under it. Plough several cuts on each side of the fence; build a dyke of the soil 18 in. high under the wire, and you have a neat fence four feet high.



The posts can be driven just when the frost comes out (they will drive easy then) and the fence finished later. I drive by hand, using a hammer made from a piece of hardwood 6 in. thick and 16 in. long, with a handle 3 ft. 6 in. And stand on a stool 18 in. high, with cross pieces on the legs to keep it from sinking in the soft ground.



### Growing Corn Fodder.

BY D. P. L. CAMPBELL, VANKLEEK HILL, ONT.

The three numbers of the ILLUSTRATED published, and which we read with pleasure and profit, bid fair to the success of the enterprise. As you invite correspondence from farmers on topics relating to agriculture, I herewith send you a short description of our method of growing corn fodder, and leave it for you to make use of anything useful it may contain.

Plough the land early the previous fall. During winter manure is hauled from the stables and thrown into large heaps on the field and allowed to ferment, that from the horse and cow stable being mixed together; but I think horse manure preferable to that of cattle. In the spring a liberal quantity is spread on the land and harrowed thoroughly as soon as the soil becomes dry enough to pulverize. It is then allowed to remain in this condition until planting, which is done as soon as danger from frost is thought to be past. The planting is accomplished by ploughing shallow, and scattering the seed in every third furrow. Formerly forty kernels of corn per foot were given as the proper thickness, but experience has proven that the stalks will not mature properly if sown so thickly. On the other hand, some writers say that the kernels should be about eight inches apart. This again in our experience is going to the other extreme, as the stalks would grow from twelve to sixteen feet high and as stout as small fork handles. We sow the ordinary "western" or "horse tooth" variety, and consider ten to twenty grains per foot about right. When through planting, the ground is thoroughly harrowed and rolled, in order to crush any lumps that may remain on the surface. In eight or ten days the corn will have made its appearance and the soil gets another harrowing. There is no danger of uprooting the corn, as we have used an iron harrow the two past seasons. Should the weather prove favorable, the corn will now make rapid growth, and is benefited by having the cultivator or horse hoe passed between the drills once in ten days or two weeks, until it grows so high as to become liable to be broken by the whiffletree. There does not seem to be much nourishment in the stalks before tasseling, so that a mixture of peas and oats sown early would make a more profitable soiling crop for feeding first when the pasture becomes short. In this section (Eastern Ontario) we allow the crop to grow as long as there is no danger of frost, so that the stalks may mature and form

nubbins. Last season, however, though exceptional, we had heavy frosts on the nights of the 6th and 7th of September, which damaged the crop so that it had to be cut at once, for if left uncut after heavy frost the stalks soon become almost worthless. Cutting is done with a sickle, passing the left arm around the end of the drill and cutting backwards. When enough for a bundle is cut it is laid evenly on the ground, and, if the weather is fine, allowed to remain until the following day, when it is bound and shocked up: two bands being placed around each stook. After remaining a couple of weeks or so in the stook they are hauled to the barns and placed standing on top of mows or other available space. If laid down in any quantity they will mould.

### Hints About Lawns.

HOW TO SECURE A GOOD EVEN LAWN—A CHEAP AND SERVICEABLE HAND ROLLER.

To secure a good even lawn which will remain green in seasons of severe drouth, a deep and rich soil must be prepared. Most land requires underdraining and reducing to a fine mellow condition, to a depth of a foot and a half if practicable. If all this work can be done early in spring, as soon as the frost disappears and the soil is dry enough, the grass seed may be sown at once; otherwise it would be better to prepare the ground well and wait till autumn. If the spring is moist, it will do to sow later than in a dry season. It is very important to have the soil equally well prepared over the whole surface to give a uniformly green growth, and to prevent dry and brown patches. On large grounds this is done by subsoiling and harrowing with horse labor; on an eighth of an acre it must be done by hand. To make it sufficiently rich, finely broken manure must be worked in through the soil; this will aid in giving a green lawn in times of drouth. The application of pulverized lime, at the rate of a peck to a square rod, will be useful if well harrowed



FIG. 1.

or raked in. The grass seed should be sown on a finely pulverized smooth mellow surface, and brushed or rolled in, so as not to bury the seed over half an inch, and warm and moist weather will soon give the new green carpet. The best grass is Kentucky blue-grass or June grass, which is fine and continues green a long time, and will grow in the shade of trees. Red-top and white clover may be added. Sow at least five or six times as much as



FIG. 2.

farmers give to their grass lands. It should not be mowed closely the first year, or before well established. A more speedy way of securing a lawn, where the surface is limited, is by turfing. The

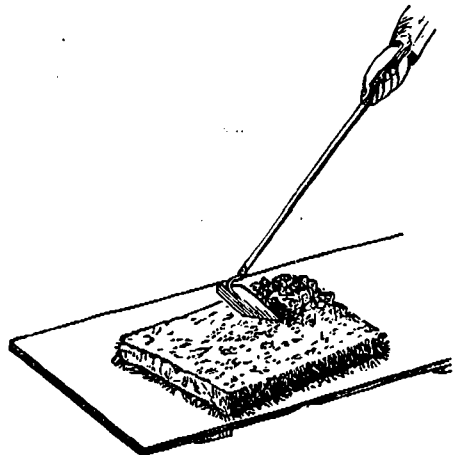


FIG. 3.

work, however, must be well done, or it will be rough and lumpy, like Fig. 1, which represents a

section of a badly laid turf. If properly performed it will be smooth and even, as shown in Fig. 2. To secure this smoothness the turf must be cut from a compact pasture, in squares, with accurate sides, and made uniformly thick before laying, by inverting up side down on a board, and shaving with a sharp hoe, as shown in Fig. 3. Lay these accurately on the well-prepared deep soil already described, early in spring.

A cheap and very serviceable hand roller for lawn and garden use can be made of a piece of stove pipe, say three feet long and from five to eight inches in diameter; circular pieces of wood, the heavier the better, are fitted in both ends, and the pipe is filled with sand or old pieces of lead and dirt well rammed down to keep it solid. The

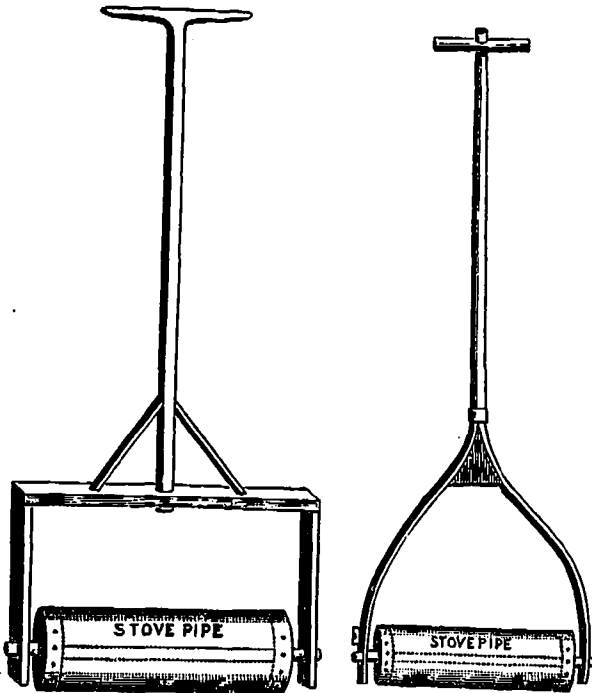


FIG. B.

FIG. A.

handle is a heavy oak or hickory sapling, say eight feet long, split up far enough to make the bow, as shown in cut A.

An axle may be made of an iron rod running through the blocks in the ends of the pipes and completely through the cylinder, or they may be screw-bolts running into the blocks. The block should be put in one end of the pipe and securely nailed; then the pipe should be filled with sand or other heavy matter, and then the block should be put in the other end, which should also be well nailed. An hour's work is all that is required to make as good a hand-roller as can be purchased from a hardware store for five dollars. The roller may also be put in a frame-work of old boards, and an old lawn roller handle used instead of a sapling as shown in cut B.

### Live Stock.

THE third spring stallion show of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada, held in the Drill Shed, Toronto, on March 14th, was a great success in every respect. The attendance was good, and the entries were numerous. It was a great treat to see such a fine collection of this noble and magnificent breed of horses. The judge was Mr. A. B. McLaren, Oakgrove Farm, Blandinsville, Ill., and he had a very delicate and onerous duty to perform. He stated to the editor of the ILLUSTRATED that the three-year-olds were a grand lot, some of them being among the best he had ever seen, while the aged were very fair. It was the opinion of most of the spectators that in the three-year-olds there was very little difference between the first and second prize winners. A pleasing incident took place during the afternoon when the president, William Smith, M.P., of Columbus, presented the ex-president, Mr. McCrae, of Guelph, with an engrossed resolution of thanks from the association for the warm interest he had taken in its affairs. Mr. McCrae briefly replied. The

officers are to be congratulated upon the great success of their third spring show. Following is the prize list:

**Class I.—Clydesdale Stallions, foaled previous to 1st January, 1886; 1st prize, Marble Clock, worth \$60, by John Wanless, jeweller, Toronto; 2nd, \$30, by Clydesdale Association; 3rd, \$20, by Clydesdale Association; 4th, Very Highly Commended; 5th, Highly Commended; 6th, Commended. 13 competitors.**

1st, R. Beith & Co., Bowmanville, Ont., St. Gatien (imp.)  
2nd, R. Beith & Co., Bounding Willow (imp.)  
3rd, Beattie & Middleton, Atha, Ont., Lord Lieutenant (imp.)  
4th, Tyrwhitt & Innes, Bradford, Ont., Grand Times (imp.)  
5th, Thos. Meagher, Doncaster, Ont., Dumbarton Jock (imp.)  
6th, R. Beith & Co., Gay Prince (imp.)

**Class I., Sec. 2.—Clydesdale Stallions, foaled in 1886; 1st prize, \$40, by Clydesdale Association; 2nd, \$30, by Clydesdale Association; 3rd, \$20, by Clydesdale Association; 4th, Very Highly Commended; 5th, Highly Commended; 6th, Commended. 9 competitors.**

1st, Graham Bros., Claremont, Ont., Macbean (imp.)  
2nd, R. Beith & Co., Invader (imp.)  
3rd, Alex. Cameron, Ashburn, Ont., Macindoe (imp.)  
4th, Graham Bros., Fitzjames (imp.)  
5th, R. Beith & Co., McKaw (imp.)  
6th, Jas. Torrance, Markham, Ont., Mayor of Carlisle (imp.)

**Class I., Sec. 3.—Clydesdale Stallions, foaled subsequent to January 1st, 1887; 1st prize, \$30, by Clydesdale Association; 2nd, \$20, by Clydesdale Association; 3rd, Very Highly Commended; 4th, Highly Commended; 5th, Commended. 5 competitors.**

1st, Graham Bros., Macclaskie (imp.)  
2nd, R. Beith & Co., Pride of Eastfield (imp.)  
3rd, John Davidson, Ashburn, Ont., Prince of Gourrock  
4th, Graham Bros., Maclairin (imp.)  
5th, John Roach, North Toronto, Ont., Belford.

**Class II., Sec. 2.—Canadian Bred Clydesdale Stallions, foaled in 1886. 1 competitor.**

1st prize, \$30, by Clydesdale Association, and Sweepstake. Wm. J. Gregg, Claremont, Ont., Glenlee.

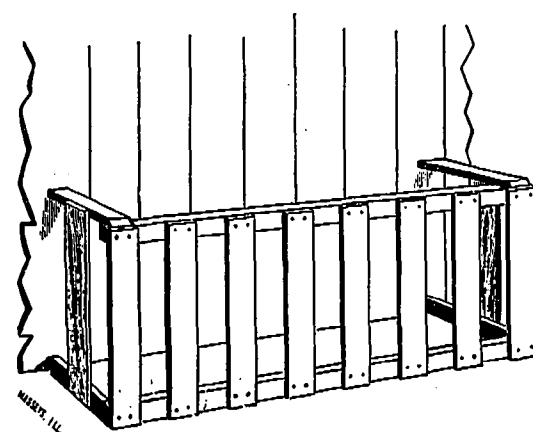
**Class II., Sec. 3.—Canadian Bred Stallions, foaled subsequent to January 1st, 1887; 1st prize, \$20, by Clydesdale Association; 2nd, Gang Plough, worth \$17, by Wilkinson Plough Co., Aurora. 2 competitors.**

1st, John Bell, L'Amaroux, Ont., O'Connor.  
2nd, Alex. Doherty, Ellesmere, Ont., Merry Boy.

The Sweepstake "Best of any age" was won by Graham Bros.' three-year-old Macbean.

### Sheep's Rack.

MR. E. FISHER, Ashburn, Ont., sends us the following:—I am using a sheep rack made as follows: Take lumber three and a half feet long, six inches wide, inch stuff, placed seven inches apart and nailed on to horizontal pieces 2 x 4 inches, placed



three feet and a half apart outside this rack and set perpendicular about a foot and a half from outside of stable. This is the best and most economical rack I ever saw for sheep.

REPRESENTATIVE Sheep Breeders of the Dominion met in Toronto on March 13th and organized the Dominion Sheep Breeders' Association. We will refer to it more fully in another issue.

### The Poultry Yard.

*Poultry Chum* says the way to encourage the pure breed industry is to encourage the market fowl. The object would be to encourage the farmer to keep "chickens." Then teach him to improve his stock. This opens up a market for the fancy. It would be a poor reliance for fancy breeders to depend on business by selling only to each other.

The public is familiar with the advantages derived from the employment of thorough-bred and pure-bred males in the breeding of all other kinds of domestic animals. We all know how that, with sheep and swine especially, grades and cross-breeds of the first generation are much more profitable to rear for their useful qualities than full bloods are, for the reason that in such a first cross those high qualities which have become fixed by a long course of breeding and selection assert themselves with peculiar force. It seems as if poultry raisers had been peculiarly negligent of or blind to this natural law, and had neglected to practice that which in the rearing of other kinds of farm stock they consider of vital importance.

"W" in the *Poultry Monthly* says the best time to place hens on their nests is at night, for then they are more likely to sit quietly and become accustomed to their new places. If they show an air of contentment for a day or two over a few nest eggs, bear being handled or raised up with a few querulous notes of remonstrance, and then settle back to quietude, and the eyes show a dreamy look as they open and shut, you are safe in trusting them with eggs. The sitters should have a place to themselves, where they could eat, drink, exercise, and dust themselves without being molested by laying hens. An absence of fifteen or twenty minutes from the nest is long enough in cold weather, but this may be prolonged after the impulse of life circulates in the egg to half an hour or longer, dependent on the temperature of the place.

"A fortnight ago we gave an account of the manner in which a French poultry-keeper, by following an American "invention," produced cockerels and pullets as he desired. The reporter elicited a letter from another Continental breeder, who states that he has tried a simpler method with success. He selected twelve eggs with pointed ends, and twelve with rounded ends; they were placed under different hens, and from the former were hatched out eleven cockerels, and from the latter ten pullets, the other eggs having been broken during the process of incubation. There is, however, nothing new in this selection of the large-ended or round-ended eggs, as many poultry readers in England make a practice of doing so, in the belief that they are more fertile—more certain to produce chickens—than the sharper pointed eggs. A lady of forty years' experience tells us that she always "sets" round-ended eggs, and that she invariably has the good luck to have more pullets than cockerels.—*Ex.*

### Pithily Put Pickings.

A CROSS wife is better than a furnace for keeping the family in hot water. . . . There is one kind of fruit that always comes to maturity—the promissory note.—*The Western Plowman.*

DON'T fool away your time with poor teams or poor implements. It is economy of time to have only the best. . . . Good seed is a most important matter in the economy of farming, as without that it is unreasonable to expect a good stand.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman.*

If you want good dinners and a smiling wife next harvest spend your spare hours at the woodpile instead of the corner grocery. . . . If your business has been unprofitable and you feel too poor to subscribe for a farm paper, you, of all others, are the man who needs it most.—*Farm, Stock and Home.*

FARMER'S homes should be the abode of comfort, good cheer, luxury and happiness. With reasonable management they can become this. Make this an object of your life.—*Maryland Farmer.*

ONE reason why there is so much truth in the oft-reiterated remark—"Farming don't pay,"—is, that there is not another business on the face of the earth that, in proportion to the number engaged in it, supports so many incompetents.—*Hoard's Dairyman.*

THERE is no freedom on earth equal to that of a man in this country who owns his farm and is out of debt.—*Colman's Rural World.*

THE monotony of work tires about as much as the exercise. For a real restful diversion commend us to the turning up of a bumblebees' nest unexpectedly.—*The Dairy World.*

### Milking Properties of Shorthorns.

WE regret that we are only able to give a condensation of the admirable paper on "The Milking Properties of Shorthorns, and how to improve them," read by Mr. J. C. Snell, Edmonton, Ont., at the annual meeting of the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association. After claiming that Shorthorns have grandly held their own against all rivals, he said:—

Personally I have no hesitation in saying I have the most unbounded faith in the capability of the Shorthorn, if properly selected, bred, fed and trained, to make the most successful dairy cow in the world. Then how can it be done? I answer, just in the same way that such wonderful results have been obtained in the case of the phenomenal cows of other breeds, of which we read. Given as a basis a good Shorthorn cow, known to be a good milker, with the proper conformation for milking tendencies, a well-formed udder and prominent milking-veins, soft skin and hair, and a good constitution, breed her to a pure Shorthorn bull known to be the son of a deep milker, the grandson of a deep milker, and the great, great grandson of a deep milker. If you cannot get all this, get as near to it as you can. The produce, if a heifer, should not be allowed to suck its dam, or any other calf's dam; should be raised upon skim-milk, and an abundance of such food as will have a tendency to furnish bone and muscle, with abundant exercise and fresh air. Let her produce her first calf at thirty months' old, and with kind treatment, regular milking and liberal feeding, you will have laid the foundation, broad and deep, of a good milking family upon which you may safely and successfully build. Then by milking for a long time after the first calf, before she is allowed to have her second, you will have established a habit of persistent milking which is of immense value in a dairy cow, for it is not the cow which gives a large flow for a few weeks in the flush season that makes the astonishing yearly records we read of, but the one that with good treatment keeps at it for 365 days, if required, and does it well to the last day.

By perseverance in this line, careful selection of sires, and a faithful application of the principle of the "survival of the fittest," weeding out such as fail to reach a fair standard of merit, there is a reasonable certainty that deep milking families can soon be established and confirmed. And I am firmly of the opinion that in a system of mixed farming, such as is generally adopted in Canada, there is no class of cattle which can be made so profitable as the Shorthorns and their grades. The "general purpose" farmer is overwhelmingly in the majority, and he demands a "general purpose" cow, and for the supply of his demands he instinctively and reasonably looks to the Shorthorn and its grades; but the wise general farmer properly enough insists upon having a cow that is a generous milker, as well as one that will feed rapidly into beef after she has served his purpose as a milker, and the wise breeder knows he cannot afford to disregard the preferences of so large a constituency of customers.

The cow which will raise a good calf on her skimmed milk to be profitably fed on the farm into a high class beef animal at two years old, and at the same time produce a good quantity of butter to pay for her keep and enough over to provide groceries for the family and help to keep up the bank account, and when she fails to breed, can be rapidly fed into a beef animal that will bring a high price, is surely a profitable animal, and she is one which the average farmer can afford to have.

These are the cows the large dairymen are looking for—large cows which they can feed off to advantage at the end of their milking term. These are the cows which bring the highest prices at public sales, and these are the cows which produce the fine steers which have built up our great export trade in prime butcher's beasts which has added so immensely to our agricultural sources of wealth.

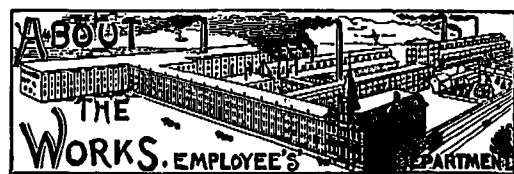
Then what is the duty and the interest of breeders of Shorthorn cattle, and of this association, in view of the present aspects and future prospects of business? It seems to be to encourage farmers and breeders to earnest efforts to improve and develop the milking properties of their cattle. And how can this be done? It can be done (1) by individual breeders making tests of the capabilities of their best milking cows and publishing them; (2) by the association offering prizes for the best authenticated records of milk and butter production of Shorthorn cows; (3) by supplementing, as the American Shorthorn Breeders' Association has so wisely and liberally done, such premiums as the leading fair associations can be induced to offer for dairy Shorthorns and for grade Shorthorns, and allow them to compete for sweepstakes with other breeds; and if such action is taken, then breeders must prepare for the fray. It will not do to trust to the chances of a "corporal's guard" going up to the battle of the breeds, but concerted action should be insured, and the friends of the Shorthorns need have no fears about the results so far as their cows are concerned in public tests, if they go about it earnestly, intelligently and unitedly.



### Do Binders Pay?

BY A FARMER, MILLBANK, ONT.

The great argument many agents have to meet in canvassing a farmer who owns a farm of say 100 acres is, will a binder pay? Farmers, as a rule, are very apt to consider the question from a one-sided point. They first take into consideration the first cost of the machine, (that is to the farmer); what the interest would amount to yearly on the amount invested in the machine at the current rate of interest; the cost of twine; the wear and tear, etc. When self-rake reapers were first introduced in the country the same arguments were advanced. Now what would any sensible farmer think of his neighbor who would still keep plodding away in the old style of cutting his harvest with the scythe and cradle where he had his land in proper shape for the reaping machine? There are still some rare specimens of those old fossils to be found; they are rare indeed, and I think it a blessing for the country that they are yearly becoming scarcer. Show me a farmer who still works away on the old principle of twenty-five and thirty years ago, and I will show you a man who never read an article in an agricultural paper in his life, or probably any other newspaper for that part of it, and whose wealth has increased in about the same proportion as his knowledge of scientific farming. The reaper has, no doubt, been a very useful article in its day; it has saved many a backache, many a hard day's work, but it will soon, very soon, have to go the way of its predecessor (the cradle). While we may not be able to hang it on a peg in the driving house, yet it can be safely stowed away in a very small corner of some out-building, to be remembered in after years as one of the greatest of labor-saving machines of its day. The binder has come to stay, and stay it will. Where is the farmer who bought a binder six or seven years ago, and paid nearly double the price they are to-day, who has any thought of going back to the self-rake reaper? Some people say, "Oh, they were the wealthy farmers and could afford it." Very true, but how did they acquire their wealth? Simply because they were progressive, go-ahead farmers; they read two or three agricultural papers, made themselves familiar with all the latest improvements in agricultural machinery, and they were not afraid to dip their hands deep down into their pants' pocket for the wherewithal to provide themselves with the same, if necessary. Mr. Ferdinand Walter, Reeve of the Township of Wellesley and Warden of Waterloo County, says he would about as soon think of parting with his farm as he would his binder. Mr. Walter has used a binder for three seasons, and is considered one of the most progressive and successful farmers in the county. While his views may seem to be rather extreme, yet there are hundreds of farmers throughout the country who, after years of experience with a binder, are of the same opinion. The fact that one man with a team of horses and a binder can do as much work as five can do with an ordinary reaper, is, in my humble opinion, very little to be compared with the advantage that is to be derived from having the crop harvested at the proper time. Barley, for instance, loses considerable of its market value if allowed to stand for only 48 hours after the proper time to cut it. The same may be said of other grains; while they may not lose in market value, yet they will in yield. Many farmers are apt to overlook this when they come to thresh their crop, and the yield not being up to their expectations, they overlook the fact that a large percentage is left in the field. I believe the great majority of farmers will agree with me when I say that in a great many cases where the harvesting is being done with the aid of the self-rake reaper, now when the harvesting season is so dry and short, that enough is left on the field to pay for the twine used and a fair interest on the money invested in buying a binder.

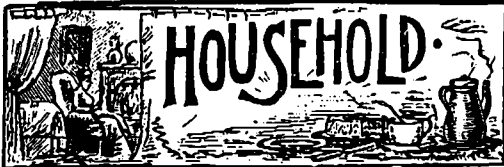


CONDUCTED BY J. B. HARRIS.

It is almost a pity that persons who purchase tickets for entertainments in the Massey Memorial Hall should, if not able to attend themselves, hand their tickets to young boys of a certain class who are apt to behave in an unseemly manner. Strangers sometimes mistake the boys for the employes of the Company and an injustice is thus done. Sometimes a whole entertainment is marred, if not altogether spoiled, by the rowdiness of hoodlums who should be rigidly excluded from all decent assemblies until they mend their manners.

PROF. RICHARDSON'S lectures on Chemistry were not so largely attended as their importance and merits deserved. His first discourse was given on Friday Evening, March 22nd, in Massey Memorial Hall, at which not more than a hundred people were present. It is something to know, however, that at least thirty of these were employes of the Company. The second lecture, on the 29th, was even more sparsely attended and no doubt the Professor was somewhat discouraged. There should be a desire to know more of chemical laws, and to become familiar, if only to a small extent, with the discoveries which have already been made in the apparently exhaustless field of chemistry. But, except in the case of a very few such a desire seems wanting. We shall not attempt to explain why this is so—that it is so there unfortunately seems to be no doubt. Those who were present were instructed and entertained. Prof. Clark, of Trinity College, occupied the chair on the first evening and Mr. Samuel McNab on the second.

At a meeting held in one of our city churches, a few evenings since, one of the speakers remarked that there seemed to be, perhaps not so much in Canada as in some other countries, a feeling gaining ground that the workingman was gradually receding from the church and its influences. In our own country we had not yet arrived at such an undesirable state of things, but are we drifting there? Is there at this moment a rift, so to speak, which scarcely perceptible to-day, is yet surely widening, growing deeper, until before long it shall become a chasm over which the church cannot, and the workingman will not pass? Is there a feeling among poor men that, with some noble exceptions, the ministers of our churches are always to be found on the side of the well-to-do? The speaker thought that in Canada this could scarcely be said, for he felt quite sure that here in the City of Toronto the congregations of the numerous churches were largely made up of workingmen and their families. If it was becoming otherwise, even to a small extent, let us see to it. If Christ's poor were drifting outside the harbor of Christ's church, let us see to it. Let us be earnest in seeing to it. And if there must be a break, if the church must take sides, there should be no hesitation in the mind of any Christian man as to her choice. If it be true that the men who work with their hands as He did, who build and run the world's machinery, who stand in places of danger from morning till night, are drifting away from the organization which professes to have Him for its loving head, it is time to consider seriously the situation.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTT.

(Communications intended for this Department should be addressed to AUNT TUTT, care MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto.)

### Home-Made Bedroom Slippers.

FROM two pieces of flannel cut a slipper after the pattern given, which can readily be enlarged to the required size, as will presently be shown.

Sew the two ends of each piece together at the

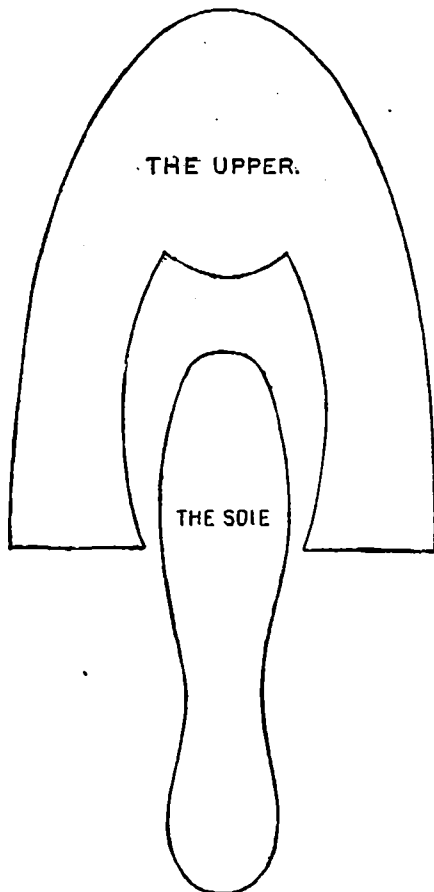


Fig. 1.

heel, and fit them to each other so that the slipper will be of double thickness, and will have no raw seams. Baste the pieces together along the edges, then bind them neatly with braid, matching the color of the flannel.

In the same manner make another upper for the other slipper.

Cut the soles of heavy felt; sometimes an old hat will furnish the felt, in which case the soles should be dampened and pressed, so they will lie smooth and flat. If the felt is too thin, make the soles double.

A good way to get a correct pattern of the sole of the bedroom slipper is the following:

Put a smooth piece of brown paper on the table or some even, hard surface. Take a slipper that fits the person for whom the bedroom slippers are

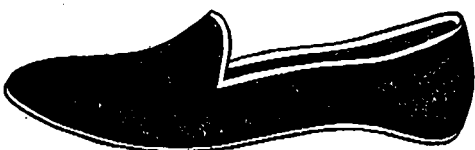


Fig. 2.

being made, and holding it steadily on the piece of brown paper so it will not slip, mark with a lead-

pencil all around the outline of the sole. Then cut the felt out by this pattern.

Bind them neatly with the same braid that was used for the uppers, and press both uppers and soles on the wrong side with a moderately hot flat-iron to make them even and flat.

Sew the soles on the uppers, taking the over and over stitch, and sew them wrong side outwards, in order that the stitches may show very little if any, when the slipper is turned right side out, for they may readily be turned, as both the soles and uppers are so pliable.

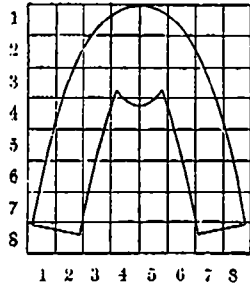


Fig. 3.

Brown or dark red are good colors for the slippers, but any flannel that happens to be in the house, can, with very little trouble, be converted into a nice, comfortable pair of bedroom slippers.

### HOW TO ENLARGE PATTERN OF SLIPPERS.

Enclose the printed pattern in squares as Fig. 3, then make corresponding squares of a larger size, and using each separate square of printed pattern

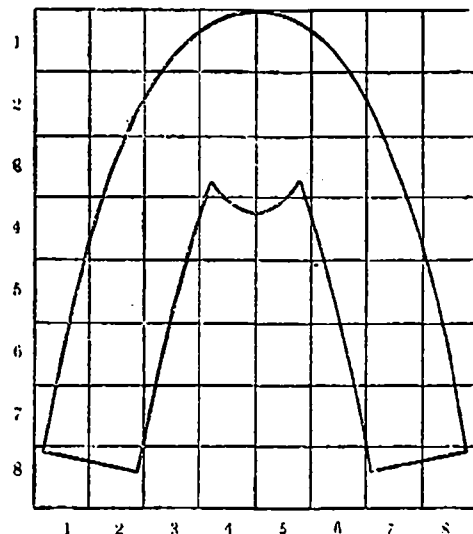


Fig. 4.

as a guide, draw the pattern on the large squares. See Fig. 4.

To do this, notice the exact spot where the line of the pattern crosses the squares, and carefully draw the lines as you see them. If the pattern be enlarged in this manner, the shape and exact proportions will be retained, and the slipper can be made of any desired size by changing the size of the squares. But there must always be exactly the same number of squares in both the large and small pattern.

Any kind of a design may be successfully enlarged or reduced in size by the system of squares. Make the squares smaller than those drawn to enclose the original design, if the size is to be reduced. The work is merely mechanical and requires no artistic skill, only precision and careful measurement. Any one can readily use this method.—*Youth's Companion*.

### Some Suggestions on the Care of Our Hands.

PAPER bags, in which articles are sent from the grocery store, should not be thrown away, but be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these and handle the brush just as well, and the hand will not be

soiled, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove.

TRY a small brush, not too stiff, for cleaning potatoes and other roots, and save your hands.

BORAX water will instantly remove all soils and stains from the hands, and heal scratches and chafes. To make it, put crude borax into a large bottle and fill with water. When the borax is dissolved, add more to the water until at last the water can absorb no more, and a residuum remains at the bottom of the bottle. To the water in which the hands are to be washed, pour from this bottle enough to make it very soft. It is very cleansing and healthy. By its use the hands will be kept in excellent condition.

THIS is the time of year when the house-keepers are thinking of changes and renovating their rooms—busy days are these—and a few hints may not come amiss. In papering a wall for the first time, it is very important that, after being dusted, the walls be well wiped down with damp cloths, frequently renewed previous to papering. If this precaution be neglected, the almost imperceptibly fine dust will be collected by the damp paste, giving the paper a streaked and dirty appearance, which no after-treatment can efface. We are indebted to *Good Health* for the following excellent rule to prepare your own calcimine:

Soak one pound of white glue over night; then dissolve it in boiling water, and add twenty pounds of Paris white, diluting with water until the mixture is of the consistency of rich milk. To this any tint can be given that is desired.

*Lilac*.—Add to the calcimine two parts of Prussian blue and one of vermilion, stirring thoroughly, and taking care to avoid too high a color.

*Gray*.—Raw umber, with a trifling amount of lamp-black.

*Rose*.—Three parts of vermilion and one of red lead, added in very small quantities, until a delicate shade is produced.

*Lavender*.—Mix a light blue, and tint it slightly with vermilion.

*Straw*.—Chrome yellow, with a touch of Spanish brown.

*Buff*.—Two parts spruce or Indian yellow, and one part burnt sienna.

A Dainty Toilet Set.—A very pretty thing in this line is made from white Java canvas. Cut the mats either oval or oblong as your taste or the shape of the toilet set may direct. Cut also a cover for the pincushion to match. In each corner work a parti-colored design of simple crazy patchwork stitches in fine worsteds or crewels of old gold, dark blue, cardinal, sea green, and pale blue and pink, and work around the edge a shell stitch of blue worsted with an outer chain of pink silk. The effect is very oriental, and the time spent should not exceed two hours. A cover for washstand and bureau and a splasher may be made to match.—*American Agriculturist*.

Do not throw away the old ribbons because they are soiled. Wash them in a solution of fine toilet soap and cold water, squeezing them lightly through the suds, but rubbing no soap on them. Iron with a moderately hot flat-iron, placing them between two cloths. If they are not now fresh enough for your own wear they will make hair and hat ribbons for the children, and will do for fancy work still later.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

We have been greatly encouraged in our efforts to produce a first-class monthly by the kindly and flattering notices of the press and public. We could easily fill two or three pages with such notices, but as our space is very limited we are only able in this issue to publish a few of the press references to our Mid-Winter number (February). They speak for themselves:

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for February is undoubtedly the neatest and most valuable publication of its kind printed in Canada. The illustrations are original and excellent, the reading varied and all of interest and value, and the print handsome. It is truly a journal of news and literature for rural homes. Address MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, Toronto.—*Wendland Tribune*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED is a monthly magazine gotten up in a very neat, attractive style, full of illustrations and interesting practical information. It is published at Toronto, only 50 cents per year. Send for a free copy.—*The Maple Leaf, Port Dover*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED is the name of a bright and entertaining publication, issued monthly at Toronto, at 50 cents a year.—*Glencoe Transcript*.

We have just received the February number of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, published by the Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto, and devoted to the interests of farmers. It contains a large amount of news and literature for rural homes and is well worth the subscription price—50 cents per annum.—*The Erin Advocate*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for February is an exceedingly interesting number. The contents are instructive and the illustrations particularly fine. Altogether it is a very creditable publication indeed. Printed monthly by the Massey Press, Toronto, Ont., at 50 cents per year.—*Pictou Gazette*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED magazine for February came to hand and is well filled with choice literature, and contains a large number of handsome illustrations. Altogether it is well gotten up and is worthy of the patronage of the public. The subscription price is 50 cents per annum.—*Orono News*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, mid-winter number, comes to hand replete with interesting matter. It aims to be a welcome guest in the homes of Canadian farmers, and it fills the bill very successfully.—*The Canadian Manufacturer*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for February is a most entertaining and readable publication. It is full of choice reading matter and is worth double the small subscription price asked—fifty cents per year.—*Petrolia Advertiser*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, a monthly, published at Toronto, comes to hand decked in mid-winter dress. Its pages are bright with many illustrations to catch the eye, and replete with many spicy stories and news from all quarters, enough to satisfy the most ravenous reader. Send for sample copy and it will speak for itself.—*Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal*.

THE MASSEY ILLUSTRATED, published by the Massey Manufacturing Co., of Toronto, is one of the breeziest little sheets that comes to our table. It is a spicy paper for farmers, containing a great deal of very readable matter.—*The Independent, Grimsby*.

The Mid-Winter number of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED is specially good. It contains a number of excellent illustrations and a variety of choice reading, consisting of travel, story, anecdote, poetry and useful information for the household, garden, poultry-yard and farm. The subscription price is fifty cents per year, or five cents per copy. Send for one. Address, The Massey Press, Massey Street, Toronto.—*The Conservator, Brampton*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for February has arrived and is full of useful and interesting reading. It is neatly printed on fine paper and cannot fail to please all who peruse its pleasant pages. Send five cents to Massey at Toronto and receive a sample copy.—*The Herald, Onneme*.

THE MID-WINTER number of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED contains a number of interesting articles, short stories, poems and miscellaneous items. It is finely illustrated and printed on toned paper which gives it an attractive appearance. The wonder is how this enterprising firm can furnish such a monthly budget of good things at the small sum of 50 cents a year. It is superior in appearance and contents to many of the higher priced magazines.—*Winnipeg Siftings*.

We have just received a specimen number of the Massey Illustrated, a splendid monthly magazine devoted to the farm, fireside, etc., and should be in the household of every farmer, mechanic and gentleman. The young people's department alone is worth more than the price of the magazine, which is only 50 cents a year. Address MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, Toronto, Ont.—*The Cowansville Observer*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.—The mid-winter number of this excellent magazine has come to hand, and is replete with useful and interesting matter for both the household and the farm. We can confidently recommend it as being one of the best monthlies of its kind published. The subscription is only 50 cents per year. Send to the Massey Manufacturing Company for a specimen copy.—*Pembroke Standard*.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, published by the "Massey Press," Toronto, at 50 cents per year, is a neat little 16-page magazine filled with entertaining and useful matter. The February number, now before us, is equal to many of the high-priced magazines.—*The Times, Bedford, Que.*

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for February is deserving of favorable comment and the farmers should get a copy from Toronto so as to judge of its merits.—*The Maple Leaf, Albert, N.B.*



### The Prize Essays.

We are very much pleased and gratified that the offer made in the February number of the ILLUSTRATED of two prizes for an essay on "Why I Like Life in the Country" has caused such widespread interest among boys and girls living in the country. Up to 6 p.m., on March 15th we had received sixty essays. They came from all parts of the Dominion, and one little girl sent an essay all the way from Yorkshire, England.

It will be conceded by every boy and girl that our task was a very delicate and difficult one, and if any should feel disappointed at our decision, all we can say is that we have done our best without fear, favor or affection to give honor to whom honor is due. We carefully perused each of the essays and selected ten for final consideration. Up to this time our work had been easy but now came the tug-of-war. Our choice for first prize fell upon Nelly Wasly, Newmarket, Ont., 14 years of age, who received full points, and for second prize Harley D. Maxwell, Moore's Mills, Charlotte Co., N. B., who received 99 points. The two entitled to honorable mention are Malcolm Outwater, Adolphustown, Ont., 98 points, and Sarah Patterson, Oakville, Ont., 96 points. Close upon these came Maggie Annan (under ten years of age) Dunbarton, Ont., and Euphemia C. Currie, Acton, Ont., both 95 points. The remaining four of the ten gained respectively 89, 87, 85 and 84 points. One of these, Dora Watts, Settle, Yorkshire, England, is only ten years of age. In this issue we publish the first and second prize essays; next month we will publish the two that received "honorable mention," and in our June number we will show what can be done by two ten-year-old girls, Maggie Annan and Dora Watts. Maggie's essay is one of the most ingenious and charming productions of a little girl that we have ever had the pleasure of reading. Now, boys and girls, we feel proud of you. Many of you showed great originality and thought in your effusions and proved that there was good stuff in you which will enable you, if properly developed, to rise to eminence in whatever phase of life your natural inclinations may prompt you to select. There was only one humorist in the whole lot, Archie Anderson, Apsley, Ont., 11 years old. We would advise Archie to cultivate his power of humorous description and he will soon be able to fill a long-felt want in Toronto journalism. A large number of the essayists took occasion to refer to the wonderful achievements of the Massey machines in the harvest field. This is very satisfactory and no doubt true, but what we were puzzled about was whether such kindly reference to the machines was an ingenious attempt to tamper with the judges. Maud Riggs, Bronte, Ont., sings the praises of the Massey Binder as follows:

The Massey Binder cannot be beat,  
Because its parts are all complete;  
It does its work so neat and clean,  
I know it is the best machine.

One wanted us to deduct 50 cents from his prize, if he got one, for a year's subscription to the ILLUSTRATED. Others spoke highly of the ILLUSTRATED and wished us every success. To all these we return our warmest thanks. We feel so satisfied with the results of our offer that we have decided to send each essayist a copy of our handsome lithograph, "Ruth the Moabitess." We would urge upon every boy and girl to canvass for subscriptions to the ILLUSTRATED, and thereby earn some of the valuable presents offered in our illustrated Premium List. One boy, in the North-west, has already procured over 100 subscriptions, and he is not nearly finished yet. Look what he will be entitled to in the shape of presents, and he will also, most likely, win one of the cash prizes of \$50, \$35 and \$15. All boys and girls have the same chance. Set to work in earnest; you will find that very few people will object to give 50 cents for such an excellent paper as MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED. They are only waiting to be asked to subscribe.

The names and addresses of the essayists are as follows:—

Nellie Wasly, Newmarket, Ont.  
Harley D. Maxwell, Moore's Mills, Charlotte Co., N.B.  
Malcolm Outwater, Adolphustown, Ont.  
Sara Patterson, Oakville, Ont.  
Maggie B. Annan, Dunbarton, Ont.  
Euphemia C. Currie, Acton, Ont.  
Jennie Sullivan, Lockton, Ont.  
Rosanna Hussey, Anten Mills, Ont.  
Dora Watts, Settle, Yorkshire, Eng.  
Ruth Curtis, Mongolia, Ont.  
Archie Anderson, Apsley, Ont.  
Mary E. Virtue, Darlington Tp., Ont.  
Hattie E. Nobel, Salmon Point, Ont.  
Maud Riggs, Bronte, Ont.  
Bella McBrien, Shamrock Lodge, Kinsale, Ont.  
Johnnie Johnston, Wardsville, Middlesex Co., Ont.  
Norman Carwell, Cypress River, Man.  
Ada Leathers, Markham, Ont.  
Jas. H. Brownrigg, Alfred P.O., Ont.  
Addie Morden, Pincher Creek, Alberta, N.W.T.  
Maggie Adams, Westport, Ont.  
Lilly Oatway, Greenridge P.O., Man.  
Clara Bodine, Fingal, Ont.  
Christina Carstairs, Bomanton P.O., Ont.  
John W. Brown, Chard, Ont.  
Bessie Love, Stanton P.O., Ont.  
Bessie May Towriss, Riverbank, Ont.  
Karl L. Maxwell, Moore's Mills, Charlotte Co., N.B.  
Maude Bailey, New Glasgow P.O., N.S.  
Willie Higgins, Melgund, Ont.  
Archy McGregor, jr., Kippen P.O., Ont.  
Eddie L. Greenwood, N. E. Harbor, N.S.  
W. F. Burditt, jr., Crouchville, St. John Co., N.B.  
Jessie Azalea Patullo, Alton, Ont.  
Edmund B. Hope, Whitewood, N.W.T.  
Mary Elizabeth Mullen, Cypress River, Man.  
Carrie Robinson, Shawville P.O., Clareudon, Que.

Clara Quinton, Blantyre P.O., Ont.  
Maggie Holmes, Wellington, Man.  
John Flaherty, Thorndale P.O., Ont.  
William Ackland, Forfar, Ont.  
Minnie Connors, Wyoming, Lambton Co., Ont.  
Sarah M. K. Carr, Newcastle P.O., Ont.  
Cash H. Remick, Barnston, Stanstead Co., Que.  
Burpee Bishop, Pt. Williams Sta., Kings Co., N.S.  
Fletcher Sparling, Goring P.O., Ont.  
Fred Batten, Collingwood P.O., Ont.  
Daniel H. Hollingsworth, Escott P.O., Ont.  
Georgina Walton, care of Mrs. G. Hutchison, Albion P.O., Ont.  
Jennie Ramsay, Ramsay's Corners, Ont.  
James Edgar Betler, Winslow P.O., Ont.  
Annie Maher, Macville P.O., Peel Co., Ont.  
Bella M. Porter, Porters, St. John, N.B.  
Caroline E. Brown, Chard, Ont.  
Ann Catherine McLennan, care of A. B. McLennan, Lancaster P.O., Ont.  
C. K. Palmer, Fredericton, N.B.  
Victoria Willard, Emerald, Amherst Island, Ont.  
George A. Chown, Stella, Ont.  
Katie Leader, Burnside, Man.  
One Essay had neither name nor address.

### FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

It is very pleasant, living in the country, away from the noise and bustle of the city. In the spring, if it is a good year for maple syrup and sugar, we go over to the camp getting all we can eat and carry home. Later on, when sugar making is all over and the warm days of summer have come, we go to the woods and listen to the sweet singing of birds, pluck the pretty wild flowers, paddle in the stream in bare feet or catch the little fish. Another pleasure is to watch the men in the harvest field cutting, binding and shocking the grain. In the autumn we have a good time picking fruit, but we have still better times eating it. We have apples, currants, plums and berries. When the cold days of winter come we put on our warm clothes, and in the evenings we sit around the blazing fires and read nice story books. In the morning, as we have over a mile to go to school, pa always takes us in the cutter and comes for us when school is out. Evenings, when it is not too cold, we go sleigh riding or skating. When Christmas eve comes we hang up our stockings and go to bed early but do not sleep much wondering what Santa Claus will bring us. We generally get lots of candies, nuts, and some nice present. When we get our work done we go away to a Christmas dinner, or have one at home. Then comes New Year's eve. We do not expect many presents then as it is so soon after Christmas. We usually sit up till after midnight to see the old year out and the new year in. New Year's day is about like Christmas. Is there any reason why I should not like living in the country?  
NELLIE WASLY,  
Newmarket.

### SECOND PRIZE ESSAY.

In discussing this question I shall arrange my reasons under four heads. First, I like life in the country from a healthful point of view. Secondly, from the natural advantages which it affords one of observing the beauties of nature. Thirdly, from the real enjoyment which is to be derived from such a life; and lastly from the moral advantages which it possesses.

I place health above all other reasons, because without possessing that we can have no genuine enjoyment in life no matter where we may reside. I think it is needless for me to argue before impartial judges, that the country affords superior opportunities to obtain and preserve one's health. With its pure and unpolluted atmosphere, with its freedom of motion and exercise, and with its almost unbounded expanse, affording the greatest diversity of vigorous, healthful and life-sustaining action, who is there that for a moment would contend that there is any place which surpasses the country as a region calculated to preserve a healthy condition of the body?

I now arrive at my second reason—the natural advantages which it affords of viewing the beauties and wonders of nature. What can be grander than upon some still evening in summer, just as the sun is slowly setting, to stand upon a country hill-top and view the scenery in a quiet village nestled at its base? In the west the horizon is all aglow with the splendor of the sinking sun, the true magnificence of which only poets can describe.

There may be many in the more densely populated portions of our country who would take exception to my third reason, and who imagine that we in the rural districts are in a great degree destitute of means of enjoying ourselves socially. Those who are of this opinion never made a grander mistake. Why, it is in the country where the young boy or girl can have those entertainments and sports which will not only be most beneficial to them, but which will enable them to spend the happiest time of their life in the happiest manner possible. Among the brilliant balls which the rich and influential give in your boasted pleasure-giving cities, I challenge anyone to prove that more pleasurable or happier evenings are spent than at the quiet, unassuming parties which are held in country villages.

And now I come to the last and one of the most important of my reasons, and on account of space I will have to make the discussion under this head shorter than I would like. It is the great moral reason, which, upon throwing all others aside, will turn the balance in favor of the country. It is the country which is the birth-place and the home of good morals. The very constituents of which it is composed could suggest nothing to one's mind but purity and high moral life.

And now in summing up these points I appeal to an unbiased public, to determine if the country is not the home of all that is refining and elevating in nature, and the place best suited to pass a life of happiness and peace.

HARLEY D. MAXWELL,  
Moore's Mills, Charlotte Co., N. B.



"He gave me some pointers," said the tramp of the farmer, "he jabbed me with a pitchfork."

Queer, but true: The tinder-box hotel is admittedly insecure, while in the fire-proof hotel we also feel inn-secure.

There is at least one thing in which a ship and a woman resemble each other. Each slips off her stays when she goes into the water.

"Our house just now," remarked Miss Amy, whose papa had fallen and hurt his knee-cap, "is like an Indian hospital."

"Why so?" asked Mildred.  
"Because it contains an injured pa knee."

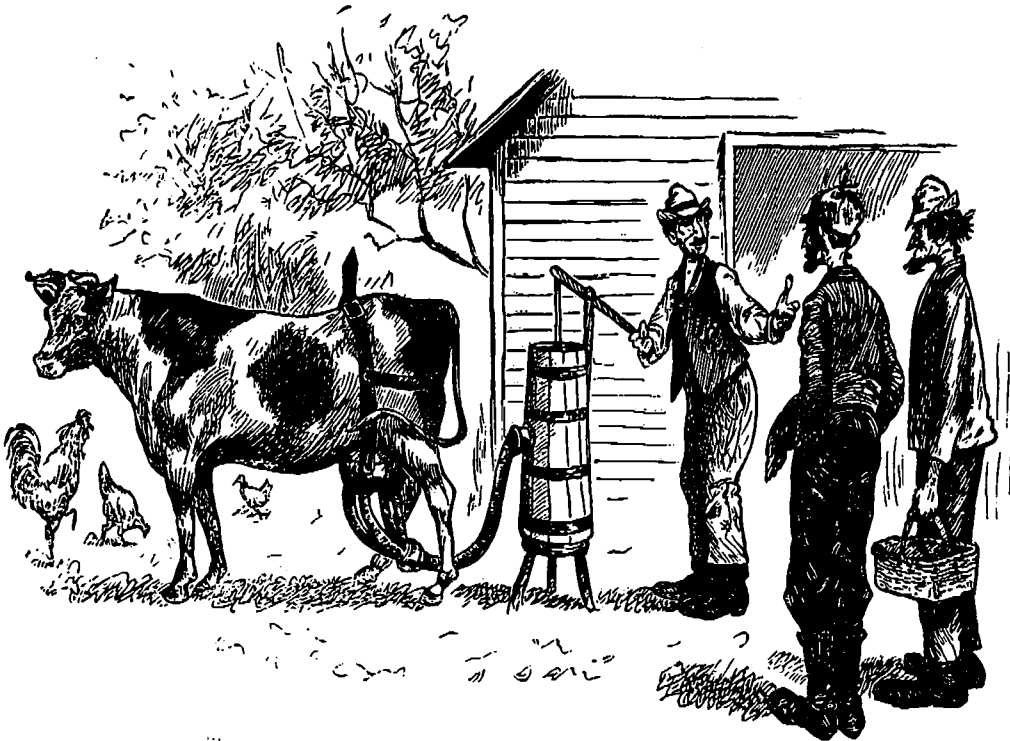
At the breakfast table.—"Alfred, I see that a French cook in New York has devised a new dish—perfumed eggs."

Alfred.—"Perfumed eggs! That's nothing new. We've had 'em ourselves. How are these? Not perfumed, I hope."

A drunken father can make a home run, when they see him coming.

The man who bows by simply elevating his chin, is the kind of a one we like to see strike a slippery spot and fall hard.

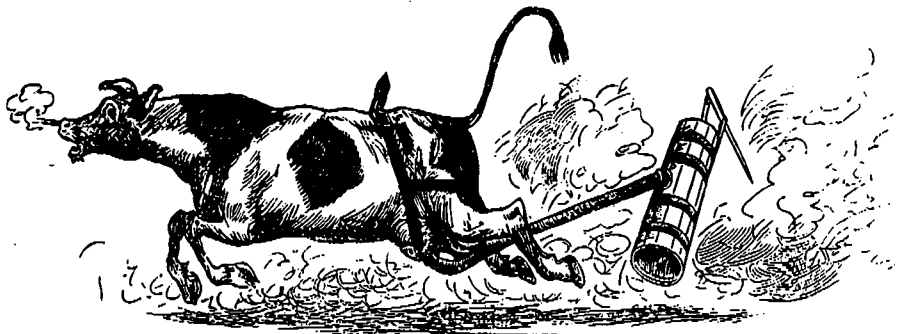
Before marriage it is trimming a matching and afterward it is matching a trimming, and that's what dislocates a man's immortal soul.



PETERSON'S INVENTIVE HIRED MAN.—Now, gentlemen, this is my great Hydraulic Milker, patent applied fer. I've be'n workin' on her fer over two months, an' now I'm a-goin' to try her; jes' stan' back a little!



"So-o-o, hoss!"



From a Local Paper.—Strayed from Home—A Brindle Cow attached to a milking machine. If the finder will return the cow, he may keep the machine for his trouble.—J. PETERSON. (Puck.)



CONDUCTED BY R. HARMER.

PARIS, March 16th, 1889.—The steamship agents report that a large number of Canadians are expected to avail themselves of the special facilities offered to visit the Exposition, to be opened on May 1st next.

THE returns of the agricultural census of the province of Corrientes, Argentine Republic, show the agricultural wealth of the province to have quadrupled in the last three years.

**Australia's Wheat Crop.**

ADVICES from Sydney announce that the Australian wheat crop has fallen short of the estimated product for the season, and that stocks are being firmly held, owing to the probability of the imposition of a protective tariff by the Colonial Government at Melbourne. The total yield amounts to 6,200,000 bushels, from an area of 2,000,000 acres, more than one-fifth of which was not worth reaping. The total surplus for exporting will be less than 2,000,000 bushels, compared with 10,000,000 bushels last season. The wheat shipments from the Pacific coast ports alone this season to the Australian colonies promise to exceed those of any previous year.

**Australia's Future.**

In a recent account of his Australian impressions the Rev. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, provides many facts and figures of much commercial significance. Among these there are some of special application to the implement industry of this country. One question, for instance, is as to the probable lines upon which Australian agriculture will in the future develop. In New South Wales the acreage under crops of all kinds, which was only 451,139 in 1875, was 868,093 in 1885; Victoria in the same ten years had extended its arable lands from 1,126,831 acres to 2,405,157; and South Australia from 1,444,586 acres in 1875 to 2,785,490 in 1884. There are indications now becoming more strongly perceptible that the agriculture of Australia will progress even more rapidly in the future. Dr. Dale believes that within the next quarter of a century the Australians will send into our markets a great variety of new vegetable products. Tea, it will interest our pump makers to know, might, with the aid of irrigation, be largely grown in the southern parts of the colony; and in the northern territory there might be coffee plantations and groves of cinnamon. There have been some satisfactory experiments in raising tobacco, and the wine-producing industry has been fairly established in Victoria. It is certain that the continuance of the newly commenced agricultural developments will result in trade of great importance to the Australian market, and make its imports of implements in the future considerably larger.

**Breeders' Directory.**

Curds of not less than two line space and not more than six line space inserted for one year at \$2.00 per line, less 25 per cent. discount, if paid quarterly in advance.

**MOULTONDALE STOCK FARM.**—Address F. J. RAMSEY, DUNNVILLE, ONT., Breeder and Importer of thoroughbred Suffolk and Berkshire Pigs, Shropshire and Leicester Sheep, Clydes and Shorthorns. Stock for Sale.

**CHOICE YOUNG HOLSTEIN BULLS AND HEIFERS AT OAKDALE STOCK FARM.**

The bull calves from Oakdale Farm took first, second and third prizes at Toronto Industrial Exhibition, and again first at London. The young bull, Banker, taking also a silver medal for best bull of any age. The Oakdale herd of Holsteins won in 1887 and 1888, more money prizes, medals and diplomas than were ever won at the same number of exhibitions by any herd in the Dominion. Address JOHN DUNN, Foreman; Oakdale Farm, Pickering P.O., Ont., or John Leys, Toronto.

**ANDREW GILMORE, OAK DALE FARM, HUNTINGDON, QUE.**, Importer and Breeder of Polled Angus Cattle, Oxford Down Sheep, and Yorkshire Pigs. Young Stock of the above for sale.

**GRAND'S REPOSITORY.**



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OUR

**GREAT ANNUAL  
SPRING  
SALE**

WILL TAKE PLACE  
*April 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20.*

**W. D. GRAND,**  
Manager and Auctioneer.



LET HER RIP THIS HARNESS  
CAME FROM

THE  
**FARMERS' HARNESS SUPPLY CO.**  
178 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO,

Can save you from \$5 to \$10 a set on Buggy Harness. Our prices are \$11, \$15, \$18, \$20 and \$25. We would like to send you for inspection our full Nickel \$18 Harness—retails for \$25. If not satisfactory, don't take it, we will pay return charges. You run no risk. Our Harness is all Hand Stitched. We cut nothing but the Best of Stock. Every set is Guaranteed. You can sell 500 bushels of wheat cheaper than 25—it is the same with us. It is in the quantity that enables us to sell at the prices we do. It will pay you to send to us for quotations for any class of goods you may need.

*Let us hear from you. Send for Catalogue.*  
Mention this paper.

**SHEET SHINGLES AND  
STEEL SIDINGS**

**FIRE AND STORM PROOF.**

**DURABLE AND CHEAP.**

Can be put on by any carpenter or tinsmith. Farmers about to build or who require to re-roof present buildings should send post card for our circular.

Our Shingles are the heaviest and cheapest in Canada.

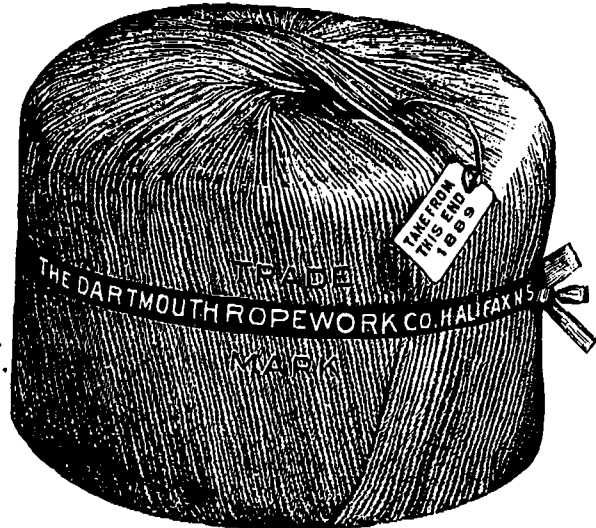
**METALLIC ROOFING CO. Ld.**

**82½ YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.**

Mention this paper.

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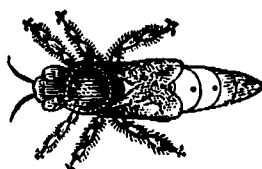
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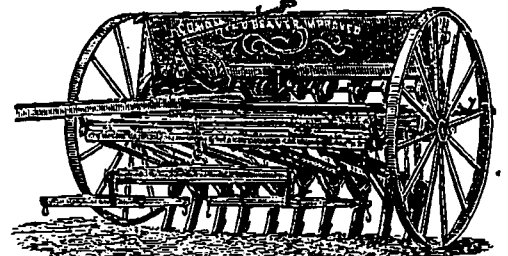


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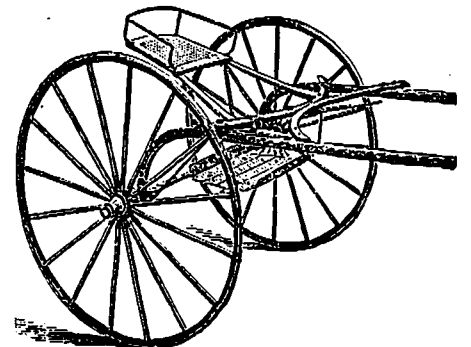


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Catalogue Free. A. G. HULL, St. Catharines, Ont.

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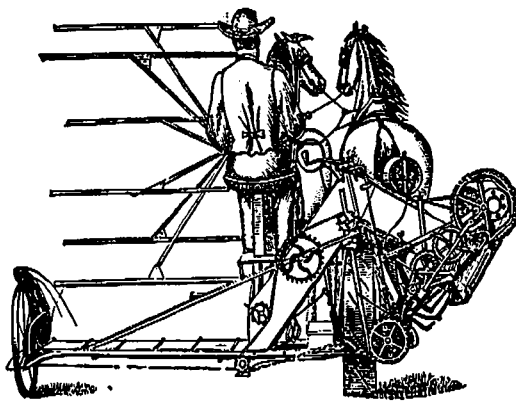
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**HO! FOR NEW ZEALAND.**

Victory succeeds Victory.

**THE Toronto Light Binder**



*The Mighty Monarch of the Harvest Field,* is **AWARDED FIRST PRIZE,** at the **GREAT FIELD TRIAL,** held at Invercargill, New Zealand, Feb. 13, 1889.

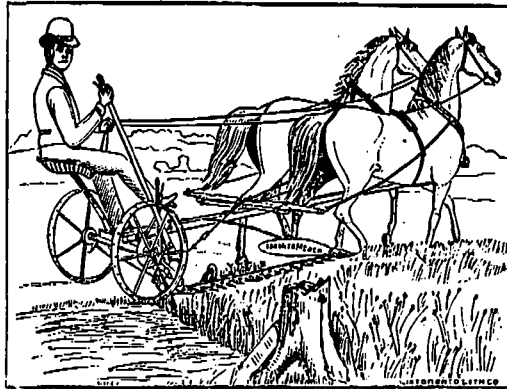
THE FOLLOWING IS THE REPORT.

NAME OF MACHINE.	Closeness and Lowness of Cut.	Security of Knot Tied.	General Appearance of Workdone	Total Number of Points.
Toronto . . .	25	24	22	71
Hornsby . . .	23	25	18	66
Howard (new steel frame) . . .	20	24	18	62
Woods (single apron) . . .	21	22	16	59
McCormick . . .	23	20	16	59
Deering . . .	15	24	20	59
Buckeye . . .	20	22	14	56
Reid and Gray . . .	20	20	14	54
Johnston . . .	18	22	12	52

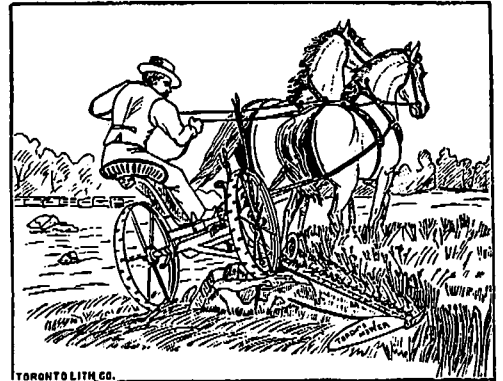
N.B.—The "Toronto" also won 1st prize at another large field trial in New Zealand, the detailed report of which has not arrived in time to send to the **MASSEY PRESS** for insertion in our advertisement in this issue of the **ILLUSTRATED.**

**THE MASSEY M'FG CO., TORONTO, ONT.**

**THE TORONTO MOWER.**



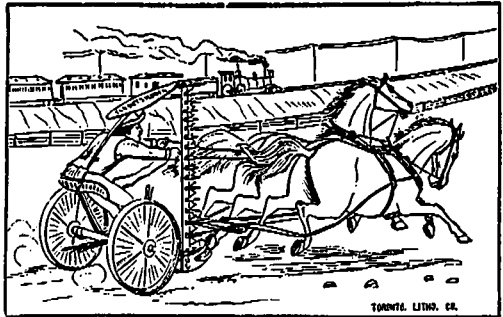
OVER A STUMP—KNIFE IN FULL MOTION.



OVER A STONE—KNIFE IN FULL MOTION.



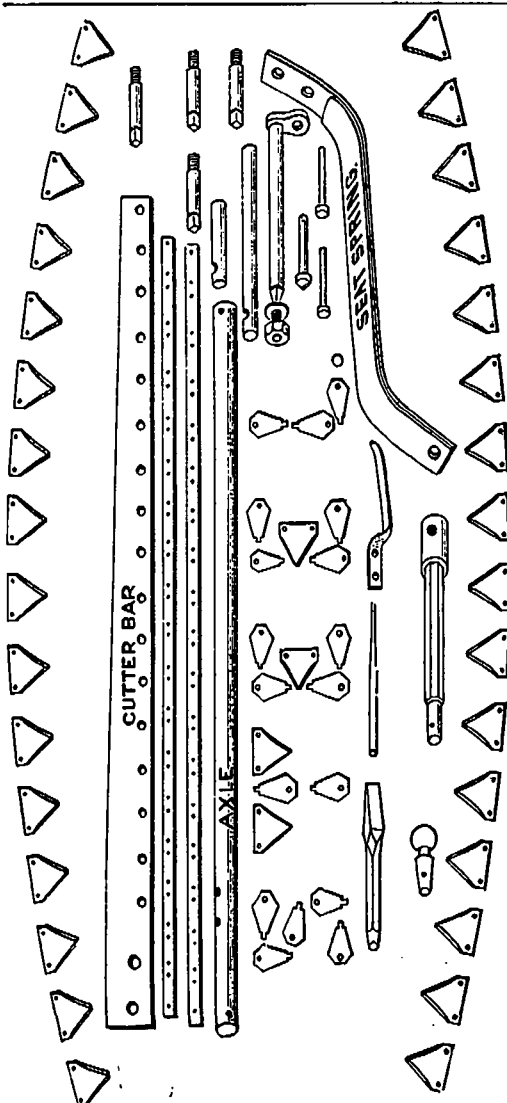
PASSING A TREE—KNIFE IN FULL MOTION.



LET HER GO! NO HARM CAN COME.

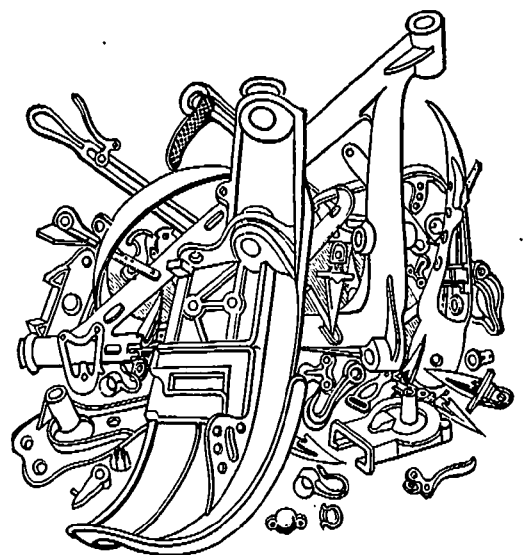
When out of gear it rides like a sulky.

**THE MATERIALS OF WHICH WE MAKE THEM.**



STEEL PARTS OF THE TORONTO MOWER.

The above parts are almost all cold rolled steel. It is rolled specially to our gauges, and all shafting is thrown out for a variation of one one-thousandth part of an inch! Owing to the great cost of this steel and the high customs duty which has to be paid for importing it, there is not a single manufacturing concern in Canada who will use it but ourselves. The knife sections and ledger plates are of best English plate steel. Ag in we ask you to compare the materials and fittings of our machines with those of other makers.



MALLEABLE CASTINGS ON THE TORONTO MOWER.

Nearly all the castings on the "Toronto" are of malleable iron. The Massey Co. use from two to three times the quantities of this material used by other makers. Their finely equipped Malleable Foundry, the best in Canada, is now in full operation and turning out the finest quality of iron.



**ALL** Massey-Toronto Machines are painted with the Massey Olive Drab Color, which is over 90 per cent. dry White Lead; and are well coated over with the best Ag'l. Coach Varnish.

**GREY IRON.** The very few pieces of grey iron castings in the "Toronto" are of a most excellent grade of iron.

**LUMBER.** The lumber used in Massey-Toronto Machines is Canada's best. Mostly white ash, hickory and oak.

**The Massey M'f'g Co., Toronto, Ont.**

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Cash Funds, TEN MILLIONS.

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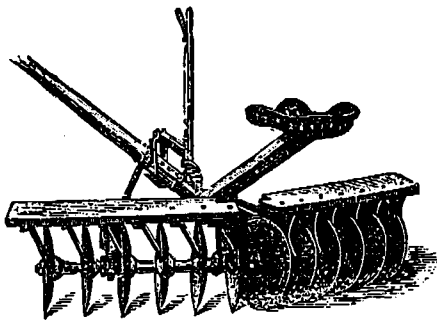
Geo. A. & E. W. Cox, Toronto.

Every Stable should have Peerless Hoof Ointment.



For 30c. in stamps we will send 1lb. box of the Hoof Ointment as sample to any address.

Peerless Axle Grease for Waggon and Gearing.



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With or without Seeder Attachment.

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To the one sending in second largest number of subscriptions on same conditions - - - - **\$35**

To the one sending in third largest number of subscriptions on same conditions - - - - **\$15**

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for besides these cash prizes we will give every person (who has subscribed) from 25c. to 40c. in value for every additional subscriber he or she may send us, as per our handsome Illustrated Premium List. Our Premium List comprises the greatest variety of first-class goods and the most liberal offers ever made by a Canadian journal. From this List (which will be posted free to any address on application) our canvassers have the option of selecting any particular article they may fancy, according to the number of subscriptions (additional to their own) they send us, from one subscription upwards.

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Suppose the largest list of new subscribers that may be sent us by anyone, before July 1st next, should be forty-eight. In that case the fortunate canvasser, having sent in the list, would receive fifty dollars in cash and forty-eight one-subscription premiums.

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See our big "guessing offer" (inside page of cover, this issue).

MASSEY PRESS,  
MASSEY ST.,  
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An Independent Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.



Printed and published by THE MASSEY PRESS (a separate and independent branch of the business enterprise conducted by THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto, Ont., Canada.)

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The following is the present list, though we hope to extend it, due notice of which will be given

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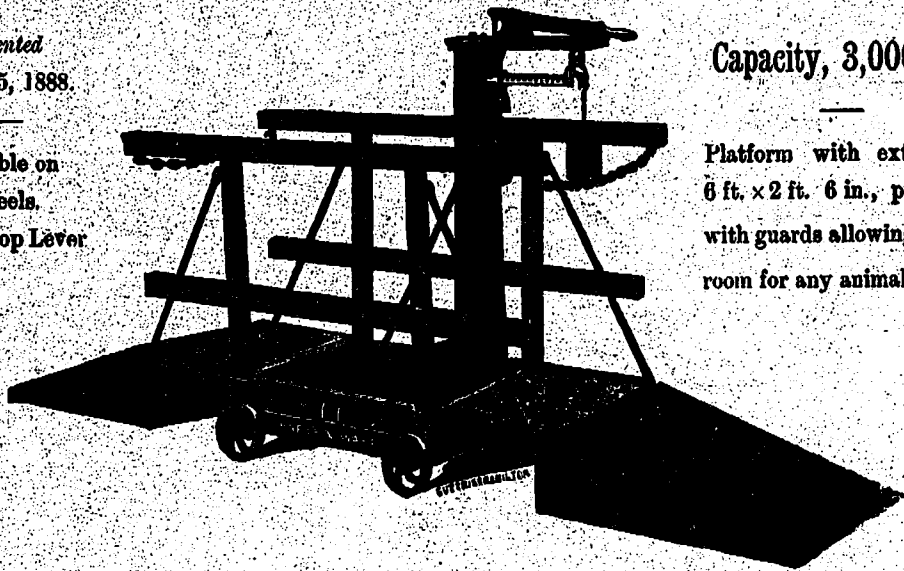
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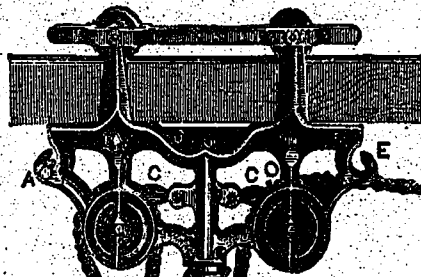
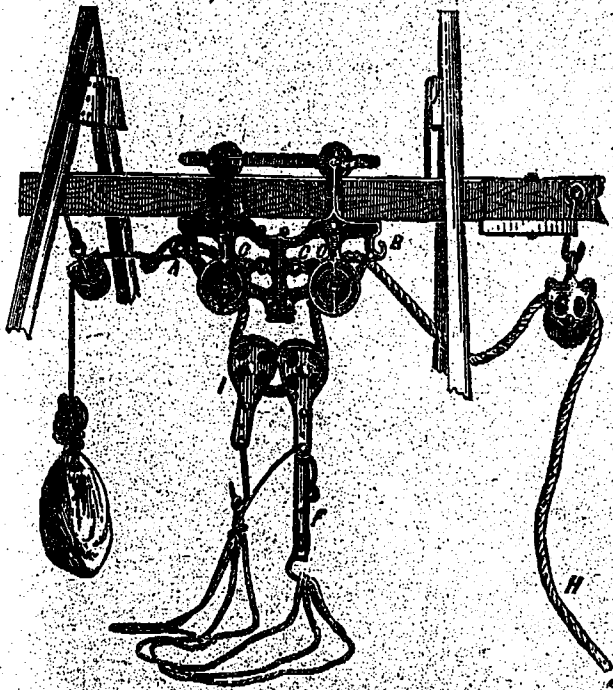
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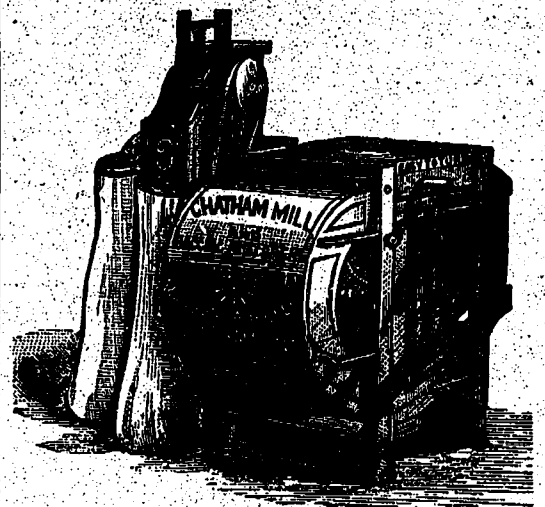
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**MANSON CAMPBELL, CHATHAM, ONT.**

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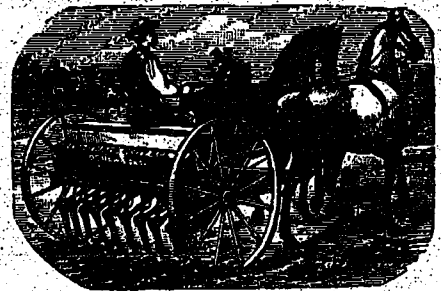
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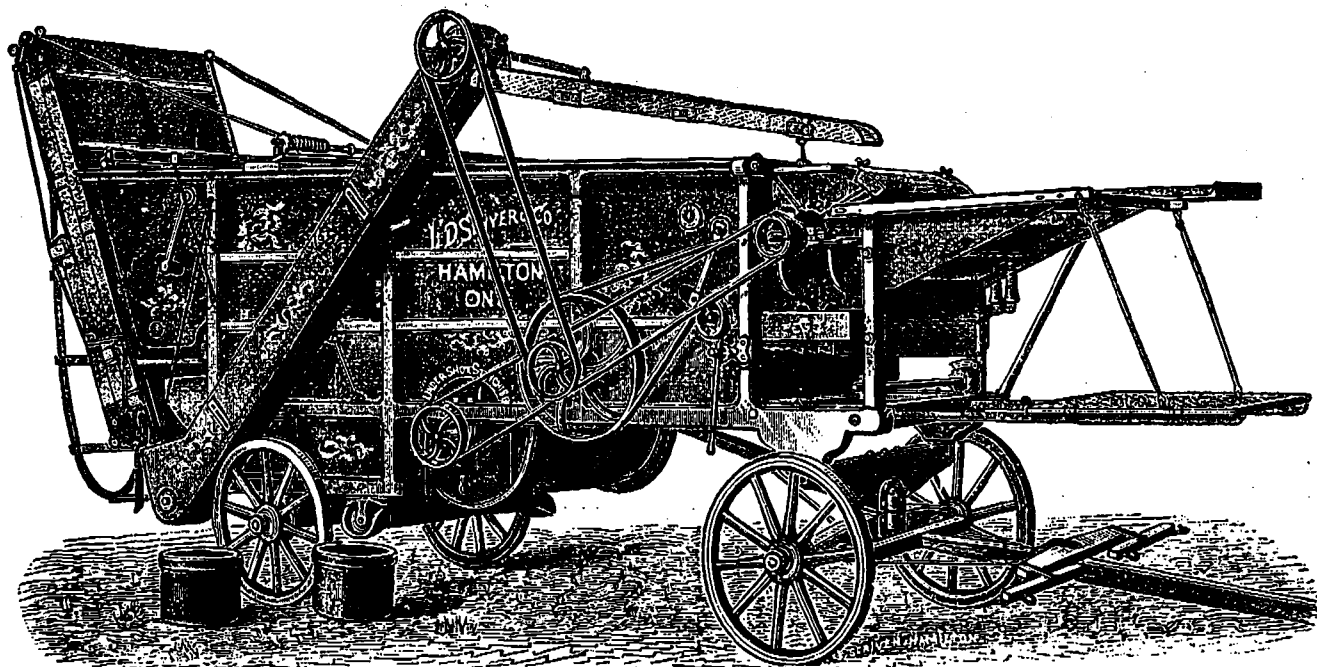
Mr. Massey abandoned the manufacture of Threshing Machinery and other implements in 1879 to devote his energy exclusively to the building of Harvesting Machinery, which has always been his specialty, he having made the first mowing machine built in Canada (1852); also the first reaper.

Mr. Massey had, however, become well and favorably known as a maker of Threshing Machines, and abandoned that branch of his business with considerable reluctance; and now he adds his good will, energy, and all the advantages accruing from his life-long experience in the manufacturing business, to the already well-established and celebrated enterprise conducted by L. D. Sawyer & Co.; and the new corporation—the Sawyer & Massey Co. (Limited)—now being organized, bids fair to eclipse anything that has yet been accomplished in the Thresher and Engine business in Canada.

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(We make several kinds and styles of Engines.)



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THE BEST  
THRESHING  
MACHINERY  
TO BE HAD.

L. D. SAWYER & CO., to be succeeded by

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