

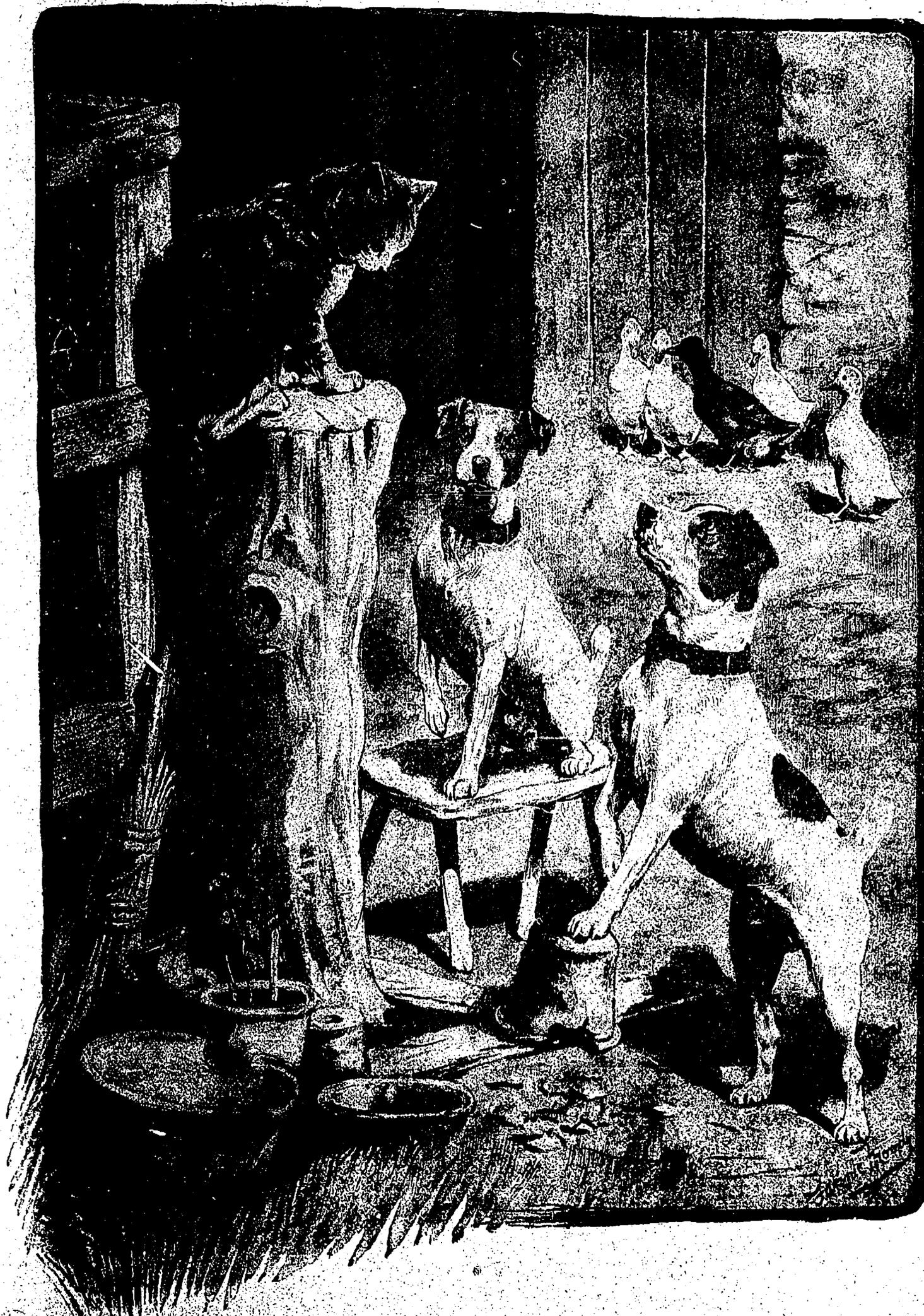
• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

April Number

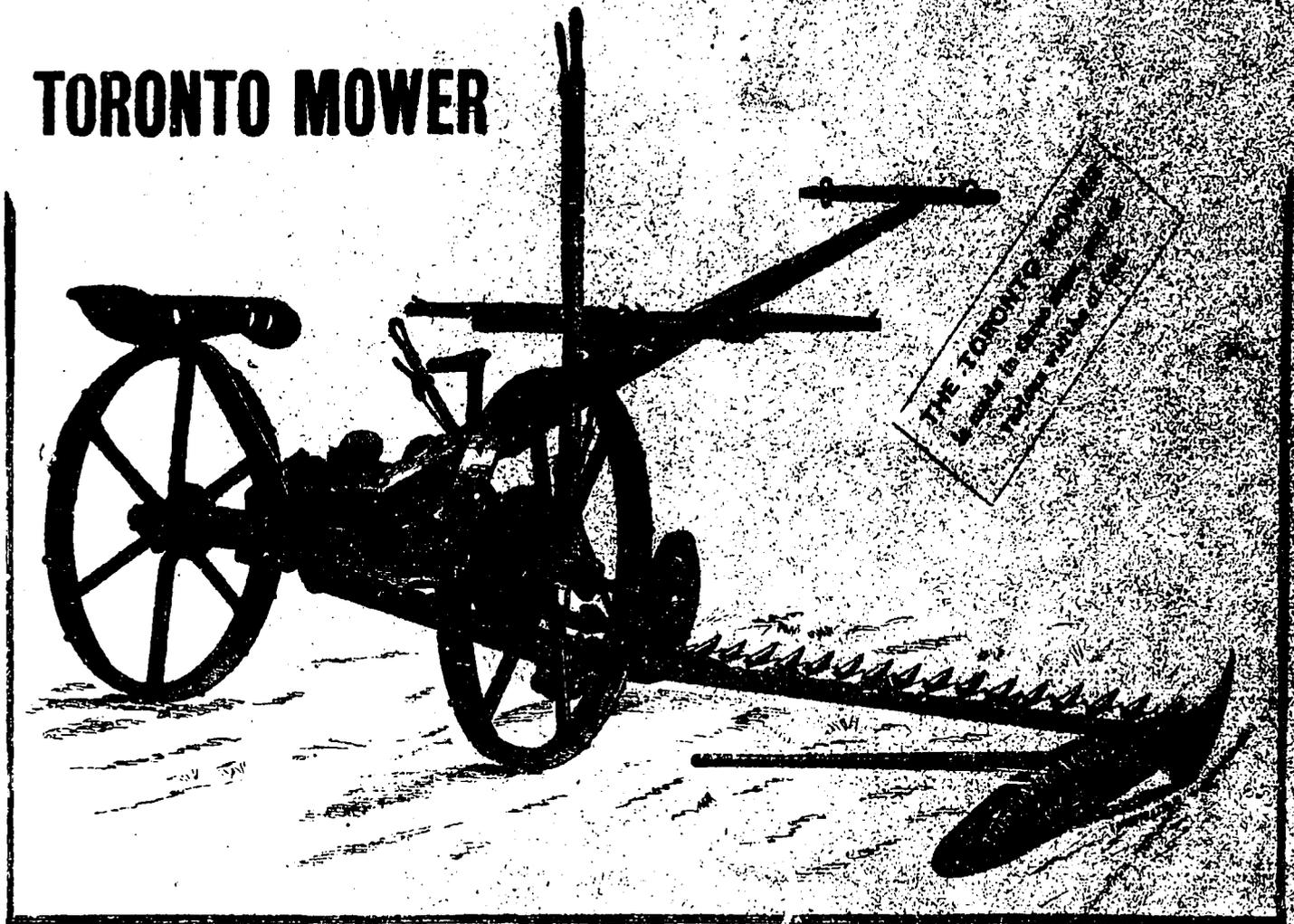
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[Toronto, April, 1892



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TORONTO MOWER

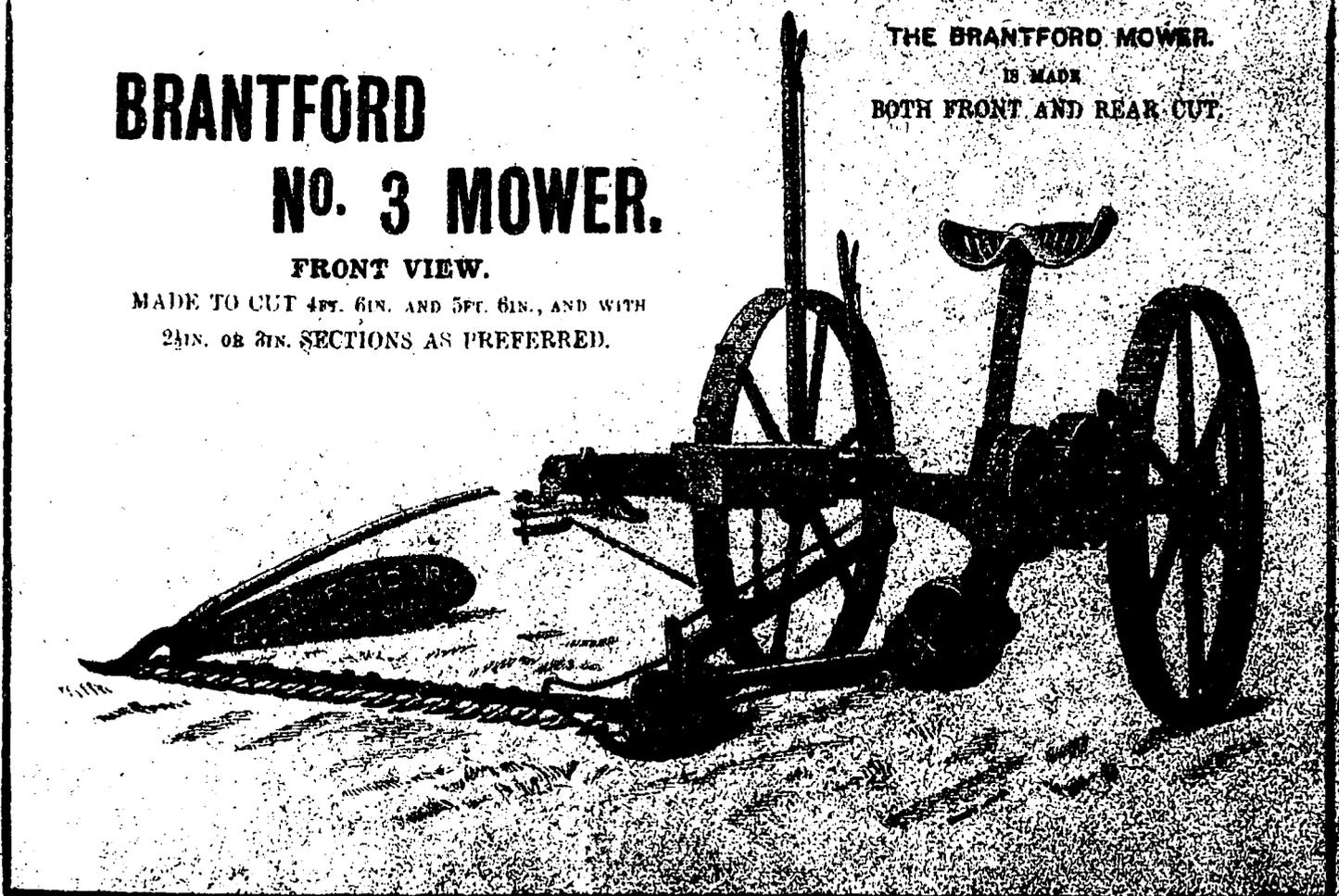


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(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, APRIL, 1892.

[Vol. 4, No. 4.

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

An Old Maid's Diary.

CHAPTER IV.

Concluded.

WELL, when I'd done with canvassin' and collectin' for awhile, the young people asked me to help 'em get up an Old Maid's Social. Just for novelty they said, and I was to be chairman or chairwoman for them. So I was asked to the meetin' to hear all about it. There sat all the pretty young girls of the church, but not a male gender among them, of course.

"Well, Mrs. Younghusband," I says, when I see 'em, "if all these young ladies mean to represent the sociable old maids, what do you want me to represent? I've been an old maid ever since I was a young girl, and—" I couldn't say any more for all them young old maids laughed right out, and I looked pretty dignified at 'em, for I thought they were makin' fur o' me, but half a dozen cried out, "Then are we real old maids, Miss Benjamin?"

"Seems like it!" says I. "If not, you're most

anxious to be," and I looked pretty sharp at several I knew drove around regular with the same beau, and some others that flirted a bit with half a dozen. Mrs. Younghusband was saying, "We can't do without you, Miss Benjamin. You're such a good organizer and manager, and the young ladies are so anxious to have you as chairman"

"Well," says I, "I s'pose they will be timid at their first appearance in that character and would like a real experienced person to bring them out like. When young ladies enter society, I believe they like a chaperone with experience of the world, and I can't deny I've had experience as an old maid, and will gladly introduce you and initiate you into old-maidism, though it appears to me some of you will be wantin' to leave the society before long."

They laughed and thanked me all at once, and talked plans and paraphernalia, till young Mrs. Younghusband, "with her usual grace and tact" (as the papers say), called order and began to lay out our duties, so to speak. It was decided that each should wear a mob cap and large apron to match, and cheese cloth was to be the material, and no ribbons must be put on either. There was to be a programme, of course, and a supper, and 'twas to

be a sort of Old Folks' Concert, too, only everything must be done by the maids, even to the provisions, which were positively to be of their own cooking. No married people should take part, and of course none of the male species could be asked to render any assistance whatsoever. I must needs wear a cap and apron, as it was considered proper, and sit on the platform and open with a speech, which last I refused to do unless someone would tell me what to say pretty much, because I wa'n't goin' to have them say, Kerran-happuch Benjamin spoiled it all. So Mrs. Younghusband, (she's a sprightly young wife instead of husband), she gave me the gist of it, in her conversational way and says she, "Of course you can put it in your own words to be natural."

They do say she's a bit stagy, but what does that matter so's she let me see what I'd sound like up there.

I felt a little nervous thinking about it before it came off, but I soon forgot Mrs. Younghusband's little speech, and knew I'd have to make up as I went along, for I'd be sure to break down, if I tried to say anything that I'd learnt and studied up before hand. I just fixed on two or more ideas I'd



"LADIES AND GENMLEMEN, WE'RE JUST A LOT OF OLD MAIDS."

like to bring out, and left the words to come to me when I got up.

I noticed folks smile a good deal and they seemed mighty good natured over something, but why shouldn't they at the prospect of a good supper, though I didn't see why they need laugh so much when I was through, and I made up my mind I'd spoiled it all, till 'twas all over and the old maids swarmed round me and almost hugged me with delight, and said that my speech just made things go through, 'twasn't for anything clever I'd said I'm sure, and I'd forgotten what Mrs. Younghusband told me altogether.

But I'm going too fast, for my speech wasn't exactly the first thing after all.

'Twas decided to open with Old Hundred, and the audience joined, in right good earnest. Then the curtain rose on a *tableau vivant*, I think they called it, though it looked to me, like a row of old-fashioned girls on each side of me, for I was the central figure of the semi-circle, and wore the biggest cap and fullest apron of the lot. I wouldn't consent to anything artificial, for everyone most knew Kate Benjamin just as she was. The rest powdered their hair, except 'twas golden, and combed it down plain, and some wore dainty little side-curls, several were gravely knitting or sitting with folded hands, looking as demure as grandmothers. One was feeding a cat, on her lap; another rubbing her glasses and peering over them at a book lying upon her knees, and at each end of the semi-circle a tiny table held a teapot and cups, and two or three old maids were drinking tea together.

I waited a minute or two for folks to get over their surprise a little, and then stepped forward and began. (A short-hand reporter was there somewhere and this is about the way it read in the papers.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen; We're just a lot of old maids. We're not Lords of Creation nor Ladies of Fashion—we're not anxious to be famous nor beautiful—and I suppose we're not of much account anyway, unless it comes to scrubbin' and bakin' and cookin'; and sweeping and mending and sewin'; running round givin' out tracts, gettin' petitions signed, and collectin' for missionaries and poor folks; or knittin', feedin' cats and drinkin' tea. We're not Woman's Rights Advocates, nor men-haters—some of us can prove that,—(and I looked round at the powdered heads.) You'll soon prove it to your heart's content, for you'll get a good supper. We don't need to stand up for rights—(perhaps we might if we were married.) It's man's business to do the fighting, and we're willing to let him do it; we won't trespass on his rights. Sometimes we get our rights best by saying nothing about them.

"But perhaps you'd like to know why we choose to be old maids. The title's not fashionable, but we don't object to that. We've good reasons—very good reasons (laughter). Not that nobody asked us to marry, perhaps they didn't get the chance. And then, you know, we have sometimes seen our friends marry and lose happiness as well as freedom. Would they despise the title of old maid if it were possible to get free again? You see we're free-will agents—free to choose or reject whom we please. (Here I saw a sweet face droop beneath her cap and powdered puffs, and I knew why. Her parents want her to marry a man that's not quite temperate, and she's not a free-will agent in the matter.) Yes! we're free to act for ourselves, and therefore have our rights already. What more can we want? What more can earth give us?"

"Young men, let me advise you! You have the power of choice in your own hands. Take an old maid's advice and don't choose a wife merely for her pretty face or charming manner; no, nor for her power to flirt. How many of you, I wonder, take the trouble to drop 'small talk' long enough to become acquainted with the principles of your lady friends? Perhaps you don't give her credit for being serious enough to possess any. Just test her on the temperance question before you stake your future, and make sure that you will not be in danger of having your tastes depraved by being fed on wine-jellies, brandied peaches, and sauces, whiskey flavored soups, home-made wines, nor any other of the temptin' recipes poured in upon the cooks, from the lower regions." Here the laughter quite interrupted me till I kind o' caught the joke; then I said, "If any cooks of that species are here I hope they won't go out before I've time to apologise. Of course everybody knows I meant the receipts originated below; if the cooks once got there they'd have to stay. They're the innocent dupes of friends who whisper their suggestions of temptin' flavors. Would the angels inspire them to put such traps in the way of the unsuspecting? Certainly not! They don't come from Heaven; then where do they originate? I leave you to settle that point.

"Now as old maids have perfect freedom of speech—I'm afraid most of our married sisters have lost their's—I'd like to say a word to my own sex. First of all—keep your freedom! (There was an audible smile.) Your freedom of conscience, I mean. You need never lose that. Yes, and your freedom of speech, too. Not in order to use your tongue too freely after marriage, but to be able to say, 'No,' decidedly to every one that asks you, if your conscience cannot approve of him, in every respect. Don't be afraid of being called an old maid, rather dread being an unloved wife, or worse still, an unloving one. We set you the example. We show you that we're not afraid to come out boldly and say we're for freedom;—not freedom to flirt, nor to scorn the honest affection of an innocent, well-meaning young man, but freedom to speak against fashionable sins—such as get winked at, and glossed over, but lead downward after all. It may make you unpopular, but I'd rather be unpopular now than at the day of judgment, wouldn't you now? Those who scorn your advice will at heart respect you the more for your honest principles, and if they shun you, it's because oil and water won't mix.

"Now I suppose I've used my freedom of speech long enough to prove that I haven't lost it. I never made a speech in public before, and I find the part I forgot to study is how to bring it to a close."

I paused to think how I was goin' to end, but they all began to laugh and didn't seem to be goin' to stop, so I took a step or two back and began to bow, and the curtain dropped and shut off the audience, so I went back to my big arm chair, and they told me I was through, and that we must get off the platform before the curtain rose again.

The next that appeared on the stage was about a half-dozen Scotch lassies with old-fashioned musical instruments, and dressed as they supposed ancient dames attired themselves in Auld Scotia. They sang a song they called "Auld Scotch Songs," that "brought the house down," so to speak, and I, that am so fond of Scotch music, though without a drop of Scotch blood in my veins so far's I know, was just delighted with the "twirl o' their tongues" as an old Highland lady put it. It seemed so much easier to find old Scotch songs than any other that 'twas hard to prevent them choosin' all from the same nation, so we decided, as we were all pretty much British, we'd have English and Irish songs as well. Then some wanted to personate Mary, Queen o' Scots, and Queen Victoria, in ancient costumes, but neither o' them were old maids, and we weren't givin' a theatre either. We favored Queen Elizabeth, however, in a tableau towards the end, and one of the maids read a Literary Production of that period, and 'twas liked very much; so was the harp behind the screen, supposed to be playing before the Queen. We had Ellen Douglas, too, before 'twas over. Of course we had no out-door scenery, but we had old Allan-bane, almost out of view, playing on the harp while she sang to an imaginary King James. We didn't forget old Ireland either, for one of the girls had learnt an old song from her grandmother, and the brogue was perfect. A num-

ber of sweet old Irish melodies followed. They were ail well-prepared, and seemed to be appreciated too. There was a song in pure Gaelic also, and I believe they made an attempt to get something Welsh, but failed. There were readings and recitations, all historic and interesting, especially one that was a touching account of an ancient emigration. Last of all came a tableau composed of three young girls standing with hands joined. Each wore a small crown and was dressed in one of the National Flags—English, Irish, and Scotch. Each recited a short union selection, and then they sang a trio. 'Twas thought we might close with "Auld Lang Syne," but I objected as I thought 'twas a drinkin' song, so we decided to have a simple chorus together, and close with "God Save the Queen."

This was the programme pretty much. I forgot to tell you when the supper came in, but then old maids are not supposed to remember everything, and always be proper like other folks. Seems to me folks generally fix one standard for themselves, and another for the old maids, as though it's a matter of course that they should be eccentric, and I think they try to make us out so, so's to justify the title they give us, though why we should be more so than other folks of our age, or young people that act without judgment I can't say. But there, I want to claim the eccentricity in this case as an excuse for my blunder.

Well, the supper was no blunder anyway; from beginning to end it was a success. The folks sat as long as they choose, and laughed and chatted and had a real good time. They seemed to enjoy the plain, old-fashioned fare, and also the staid old maids moving about so quietly and bein' always ready with their oatmeal-cookies, flaky potato-cakes and their old-fashioned tarts and pies and turnovers, and scones and fresh rolls with honey.

Everybody praised the cooking and ate their fill, and we got the thankfullest vote of thanks I ever heard. In spite of the way things disappeared, I don't think anybody got an attack of indigestion from anything they ate, for it was real hygienic cooking. You see we had several meetin's about it, and decided just what was to be provided and how it was to be prepared, and without wantin' to boast, I do say, and feel pretty sure, that no young man went out o' there with the beginning of an unhealthy appetite created either by treacherous flavorings or by delicate tidbits that serve to pamper and tantalize the taste rather than to satisfy a healthy appetite.

If more wives and mothers would become old maids instead and give their time to studying plain, healthy cookin', perhaps the world would soon see fewer diseased appetites, and self-indulgent sons, and—fewer dishonored graves.

While the Lord sees fit to delay the Millenium, (if it's really true that such a thing is to come), then I hope and trust he will deign to honor and bless, the prayers of an old maid.

THE END.



Locked In.

IN the summer of some time since, Harry Trenton, who had for a year past been a farm-hand on a great vineyard in Fresno county, California, was beginning to think that advancement for him was slow, and that, as far as he could see, he might remain a farm-hand the rest of his life.

Trenton had worked hard and faithfully, and like many another young man before him, was now making the mistake of thinking that his hard work and faithfulness had not been noticed by his employer.

Before long he found out his error, for one evening Mr. Eller, the owner of the vineyard, sent for him, and when he arrived at the office, greeted him with the blunt but kindly remark:

"Harry, I believe you know enough to run this vineyard for a month. Don't you think you do?" Harry forgot the good opinion of himself which he had been forming for some time past, and stammered out: "I don't know, Mr. Eller."

"Well, if you don't know," continued Mr. Eller, "the only way for you to find out is to try and see. You have got to go East for a month or six weeks, and have decided to leave the vineyard in your charge as superintendent. I'll pay you one hundred dollars a month. Now sit down, and I will show you what you will have to do."

The next day, after calling the men together and telling them that during his absence they were under Trenton's orders, Mr. Eller started on his journey.

After thinking over his conversation of the night before, Harry came to the conclusion that, on the whole, a superintendent's duties were neither arduous nor unpleasant. All he had to do was to drive to town once a day, oversee the men, and keep the books of the vineyard.

But he did not foresee the many little annoyances and jealousies with which he would have to contend, and it was not long before he found his position, in some respects far from pleasant.

He was one of the youngest hands on the vineyard, had been there but a year, and now discovered that several of the other men resented his authority and thought Mr. Eller showed favoritism in choosing him. They would not admit, though it was the fact, that he owed his new position to his own hard work and intelligence.

One of the hands in particular chafed under Harry's authority, and took no pains to conceal his irritation.

He was a man named Ballard, who had worked for Mr. Eller nearly five years, and had been, in many respects, a good hand. But he looked upon Harry as a boy, and took the new arrangement in very bad humor.

He was so surly that Harry more than once had half a mind to discharge him, but did not feel that his authority was quite enough for that.

The man counted on his security from discharge. He was impertinent, and openly tried to lead other hands to join him in insubordination.

One Sunday Ballard and two other men broke into the wine-cellar, which was always kept locked, became intoxicated and started for the town.

The next day a constant stream of complaints poured in on the young superintendent, from people whose property the three men had injured, in various ways, during their spree.

Harry made up his mind that the time for action had come. It was a fixed rule of the vineyard that no employé should enter the wine-cellar without permission, and if these offenders were allowed to go unpunished, the whole vineyard would be in a state of intoxication.

On Monday Ballard was not at his work, so Harry went to the men's quarters, and there he found him, lying in his bunk, idly smoking.

"Get up?" said Harry.

"What for?" demanded Ballard, coolly.

"Get up, and get out?" Harry shouted.

"Not for any whipper-snapper like you," was the reply, and the man was evidently not yet sober.

"Look here, Ballard," said Harry, in a voice that was not to be mistaken, "I'll give you just one hour to pack your belongings and go. If I catch you around here after an hour's time, I'll throw you off the premises."

Ballard leered impudently into the young fellow's face, but he must have seen something there that impressed him, for the leer changed to a scowl and he muttered under his breath.

Harry stood for a moment and looked at him; then, with a sharp "I mean it," turned on his heel and went to find Ballard's two companions. He dismissed them with the same warning, and his mind was more at ease.

During the rest of the day he saw nothing of either of the three discharged men, and came to the conclusion they had gone.

That evening, after supper, he had to drive to town, and did not return until late. All the men had gone to bed in the bunk-house, a quarter of a mile away, and as he drove up to the barn, apparently not a soul was stirring. He had put the horse in the stall and hung the harness on its hook, when,

in turning to leave the building, he caught sight of a dark figure crouching against the wall.

"Who's there?" he cried.

No answer came; but as Harry advanced, the figure quickly straightened up. It was Ballard.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Harry, sternly.

"None of your business!"

"Leave this place instantly."

"Not for you."

The last words were hardly spoken when Harry sprang toward Ballard, who at the same instant caught up a pitchfork. He had no time to use it. No sooner had he laid hold on it, than Harry wrenched it from him, and sent it rattling to the other end of the barn. The next moment he had caught Ballard by the coat-collar and was shaking him well.

The surprised man struggled violently, but it did no good, and when Harry had finished shaking him he threw him heavily. It was a hard throw, and Ballard's head struck the floor with a thwack.

"Now," said Harry, "get up and walk ahead of me out of this barn. No treachery, mind. If I have to take hold of you again you won't get off with a shaking. Now then, forward, march!"

Ballard scowled, and for a moment hesitated, but he thought better of it, and walked peaceably ahead. When the door was almost reached, he suddenly sprang forward, dashed out of the barn, slammed the door and snapped the padlock.

Harry was a prisoner!

He pounded on the door, and angrily demanded to be set free. A derisive laugh was the only answer.

He was wild with anger; not so much at being shut into the barn, as at having been tricked by his antagonist. However, it was useless to be angry, and feeling sure that any appeal to Ballard would simply invite further insult, he said nothing.

For a short time Ballard amused himself by taunting the foe who was unable to reach him; then the sound of his footsteps grew fainter as he moved away, and soon all was silence.

In the barn it was quite dark. No light came in, except what could find its way through the groups of parallel slits that served for windows over the stalls.

This was no ordinary barn. It had been built to resist the encroachments of horse-thieves, of whom the country was full. The door was as solid and as securely fastened by the padlock outside, as if the building were a jail. It is even harder to keep a thief out than to keep him in, so every precaution had been taken.

For a time Harry called and shouted, and rattled the heavy door, in the hope that some one of the men might be about. The horses, unused to such a disturbance, aided him with their neighs and snorts, but the noise was of no avail. All the men were sound asleep in the bunk-house, a quarter of a mile away.



He soon realized that he was only making himself hoarse, so he resigned himself to the inevitable, climbed the short ladder that led to the hay-loft, and nestling down into the sweet hay to pass the night went to sleep.

An hour, perhaps, afterward, he suddenly awoke. Nostrils, eyes, and throat were smarting. The air was stifling, and he breathed with difficulty. In an instant he sprang to his feet in alarm, and his heart almost ceased beating as he realized that the barn was full of smoke.

In one quick slide down the ladder, hardly touching the rungs as he went, Harry reached the floor.

Here matters were even worse than above. The smoke was blinding. He struck a match, and looked wildly around for some heavy beam; but like every other building on the vineyard, the barn was neatly kept, and nothing was lying about that could be used.

He snatched up a pitchfork and made a mad rush at the door, only to be thrown violently back by the force of his own exertion, while the barrier between him and the open air remained as firm as ever.

For a moment he hesitated, but could hear the crackling of burning wood below. Anything to escape from the smoke! To breathe only a little less of it. The loft was better than this.

Up the ladder again; then deep into the hay he buried his face. The relief was slight, but it was relief. But when the hay should catch fire! Suddenly he remembered that he could reach the roof through the trap door above.

Once more to the ladder, but this time he pulled it up into the loft. By the light of another match he made out the position of the trap. It was the work of but a moment to put the ladder in place, of another to reach and unhook the fastening. Soon he was unsteadily balancing himself on the sloping roof, and trying hard to breathe deep of the pure night air, while overhead the stars shone calmly in the summer sky.

The roof, though sloping gradually, was slippery, Harry drew himself up to the ridge-pole, and sitting astride it, took off his shoes. At the first step a long splinter ran into his foot. He cried out with pain, and nearly lost his balance.

The flames would soon burst forth, for already, from the further end of the barn, great masses of smoke were rolling up. Now and then a gust of wind would sweep a cloud of it over him.

He tried to arouse the men in the bunk-house by shouting, but it was useless. His voice was so hoarse that its loudest tone was little better than a harsh whisper.

He made his way to the front end of the building, and looked to the ground below. It was a desperate leap. The chances were that to take it meant death—certainly broken bones. But no other course remained.

Still hesitating, Harry turned to look once more at the farther end of the barn. Just then, right across the ridge-pole, a dark, shapeless mass caught his eye.

Strange that he had not thought of that at first! The bell! An instant more and he sat astride the ridge-pole, beside the bell, and was ringing it with both hands.

"Will those men never wake?" gasped Harry. Just then lights began to flash in the windows of the bunk-house, and soon he saw a string of dark forms running towards the barn.

The first man that reached the building stood still and gazed in wonder at the figure perched on the ridge pole. But he evidently supposed that Harry had gone upon the roof voluntarily to give the alarm. It did not seem to occur to him that Harry himself was in danger. Accordingly he and the other men who were now arriving on the scene began to force open the door.

Soon the almost suffocated animals were led out of the burning building and turned loose. The crowd then stood in indecision, for it was evident that nothing could be done to check the fire.

All this time Harry had been trying in vain to attract their attention. At last he made them hear.

"Bring a ladder!" he screamed, and now they understood his peril. Every man started at once to get one, but no ladder could be found. A chorus of voices shouted many directions.

"Go to the house and fetch a blanket."

"Throw him a rope."

By this time the other end of the barn was a

mass of flame, and by its light Harry caught sight of a rick, full of new hay, about a hundred feet away. It was the last wagon that had been brought in that evening, and it had not been unloaded.

"Hay!" Harry yelled, pointing to the rick.

"What for?" came the answer from the crowd below.

"Hay, hay, hay!" screamed Harry. "The rick! Quick! Bring up the rick!"

Now they understood him, and in a body rushed to the loaded wagon. Some seized the tongue, some pushed behind, and the others aided feebly at the sides. So they dragged and pushed until the wagon was under the lowest part of the roof.

Harry slowly made his way down to the gutter. The heat was intense, and his strength was failing.

But he had enough left, and enough presence of mind, too, to leap so that he landed squarely in the middle of the load of hay, shaken but unhurt.

The barn was burned to the foundations. Next arose the question, Who set the fire? for no one doubted that it was the work of an incendiary. Naturally Ballard was suspected, and the next day, at Harry's instigation, he was arrested.

Bad as he was, Ballard was incapable of committing deliberate murder. He proved conclusively that he had left the barn immediately after locking Trenton in, and had had no connection with the fire. Later it was discovered that his two companions, unaware that any one was in the barn, had fired it, to be revenged for their dismissal from the vineyard. They were sentenced to a long term in the state-prison.

Harry Trenton's short experience as superintendent rather checked his desire to fill that position, but when Mr. Eller returned, he offered to make it a permanent arrangement, and for several years Harry remained with him. During that time he had no more trouble with the hands, for he found that his dismissal of the three men, though indirectly the cause of the loss of the barn, had cleared the vineyard of its only unruly workers.—*Youth's Companion.*

Massey-Harris Co. Ltd.

Adverse Criticism.

A FEW individuals appear to have done their utmost to prejudice the public mind against Massey-Harris Co., Ltd. Many unreasonable and very misleading statements have been made which seem to emanate from a spirit of malice rather than of fair criticism. Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., have never made the slightest effort to reply to these individuals, knowing that the unfairness and unreasonableness of the statements made by them would very soon become apparent; and preferring to let the magnificent line of machines they are turning out and the prices at which they are sold, together with the splendid and complete facilities they are now able to provide for attending to farmers' needs promptly and expeditiously speak for them. That the agriculturists of our country have been quick to discern the great advantages of the organization of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., is very plainly evident by the popular favor expressed in the most tangible form; i.e. by the thousands of orders pouring in from every part of the Dominion. The number of orders received to date is wholly unprecedented this early in the season, and the company now state they are already entirely sold out of some lines of machines; additional material has, however, been purchased and all four factories are running at full speed, and every effort will be put forth to fill all orders received.

That the organization of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., was a move in the right direction and one calculated to benefit every one concerned is now an established fact and becoming daily more and more apparent.

The following article from the *Winnipeg Commercial* speaks for itself:

THE union last fall of several firms of implement manufacturers in one company, has given rise to quite a little agitation among western farmers in some sections. The matter has been discussed to some extent through the press, mostly in the form of letters from farmers, or parties claiming to be farmers. It has also been discussed at meetings of farmers, and some very senseless things have been said in connection with the subject, both through the press and at these meetings. A few persons seem to have adopted the belief, that the union of the Massey-Harris and other implement firms in one strong company, will in some way result disadvantageously to the buyers of implements. They do not state exactly in what way the farmers are to be injured, but they talk about a "gigantic implement combine," "oppressive implement monopoly," and other equally misleading terms. One writer has even proposed that the farmers should unite to boycott the combine, and other equally unjust and unreasonable assertions have been made.

It appears that it would be only reasonable to wait to see what the new implement concern will do, before working up any agitation against it. It appears later on that as a result of the amalgamation of these implement firms in one company, the interests of the farmers have in any way suffered, then it will be ample time to protest. So far the new company has not been given much time to show what it can or will do. In the meantime, however, we must say that we cannot see that these implement manufacturers have done anything wrong or anything likely to injure the farmers, in merging their interests in one company. The term monopoly is not applicable to them in any sense whatever. They have by no means a monopoly of business in their particular branch. There is still plenty of competition in the manufacture of all kinds of farm implements and machinery in this country. In fact, in some lines, there is over competition, and the business in certain implements is divided among so many manufacturers, that they cannot work to advantage. Neither can the term combine be applied to the new company, in the sense that is intended by those who have used the expression. A trade combine implies an agreement entered into between a number of persons in a certain line of business, for the purpose of exercising an undue influence over that particular branch of trade, such as regulating the output, if it be a manufacturing branch, regulating prices, etc. The manufacturers of starch in this country, for instance, lately had an agreement among themselves to sell only at certain prices, and on certain terms. That was a combine. A combine may exist among a number of separate firms and companies, and is simply an agreement among different concerns to regulate trade to the benefit of those engaged in the branch. When one strong company is formed to secure control by purchase or otherwise of all the concerns in a certain branch of trade, it is sometimes called a combine, though the result of a move of this nature is to secure a monopoly. The new implement firm, as far as we know, has not entered into any agreement with other implement manufacturers to regulate prices, or to regulate any other feature of the trade. There is therefore nothing in the nature of a combine about it. Neither has the new company endeavored to buy up or secure control of all other implement manufacturing establishments, so that there is no monopoly feature about it. It is no more a monopoly or a combine, than would be a partnership agreement between two grocers, who had previously carried on business separately.

This article is not written particularly in defence of the Massey-Harris company, but on account of the unjustness in principle, of some of the statements which have appeared in Manitoba papers, concerning this new company. We have not thought it necessary to enquire particularly into the business of the company, or to the course they intend to follow during the present year, or the more distant future. Time will develop this, and the company may safely be left to be judged from its future actions. We can see many ways, how-

ver, in which the union of these firms in one strong company, should prove an advantage to our farmers and the country at large. In the first place there was over-competition in the implement manufacturing trade. When business is divided among too many concerns, none can work to the best advantage, and as a result inferior work and cheap material is likely to be substituted in order to make a profit. The host of agents maintained by the implement firms, and the cost of keeping offices and warehouses all over the country, is a very important item. Each one of the three concerns which are now united in one company, was obliged to maintain agents, and rent or own premises at points all over the country. Where three agents were formerly maintained at one country point, one man will now answer to represent the amalgamated firms. Instead of three separate offices and warehouses in each town, one will now serve all necessary purposes. This will relieve a large amount of capital and greatly reduce running expenditure, which should enable the new company to work to the best advantage. Another point is, that patents and improvements formerly held by the three concerns, will now be owned by the new company. The new company certainly has many advantages in its power, as compared with the condition of things while the three concerns were working separately. With the amalgamation of capital, plant, patents, etc., with the great saving in working expenses, and other advantages in its possession, the new company should be in a position to conduct its operations to the benefit of the farmers, rather than to their disadvantage.

There is another point worth mentioning. We often hear talk about farmers being pestered with agents, and talked into buying machines which they do not need, a statement which we believe contains some truth. Now, with one agent where there were formerly three, the innocent farmer is less likely to have machines forced upon him which he does not need. It is not probable that the Massey-Harris company will be done any serious injury by the adverse comment passed upon it, if the managers of the new company make use of the great advantages which they now possess to the benefit to any considerable extent of the purchasers of their goods.

Momentary Reflections of an Old Sage.

"THE lines of great men oft remind us" that to their mothers is their greatness due. What glorious women the mothers of New England must be. There are few great industrial enterprises on this continent marked by push and energy, progress and success, in which the motive power is not of New England blood.

THE long talked of blast furnaces for Ontario are still absent. Why, it is hard to say. There is iron ore to smelt, and plenty of it. And so good in quality that an American syndicate have taken hold of the Belmont mine near Peterborough and are now building a railway at their own expense to connect with the Canadian lines, so as to enable them to ship the product to Pennsylvania. There are other mines now unworked, just as good ore, nearer Toronto. Then why are we without blast furnaces?

MR. H. A. Massey, who certainly ought to know, gave it as his opinion that there would be quite sufficient market to warrant the erection of blast furnaces in Toronto. The evidence of experts given before the Mining Commission was very positive that the smelting of iron ores and manufacture of Bessemer pigs would be a very profitable industry. It cannot be lack of energy, surely, when Canadians can buy iron in Scotland and steel in Sheffield, bring them over 3,000 miles across the ocean, pay a high customs' tariff, and send them back again in the shape of mowers and binders, to be worked in free trade Britain itself.

AND as for our harvesting machinery, why it goes everywhere, where man delves and women spins. Perhaps there is not a more familiar sign in the wheat fields of foreign as well as home lands than the legends inscribed on the Self Binders, "Massey Mfg. Co., Toronto, Ont.," or "Harris, Son & Co., Brantford, Ont.," though what "Ont." is has puzzled more than a few.

SAYS Mr. S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, a prom-

inent nickel steel man, speaking to a Canadian on Canada's minerals: The manufacture of nickel steel has become a fixed fact and a great success. Of nickel, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding, Canada holds the monopoly of the world. If you can do this in France, England, and the United States, why cannot you do something in the manufacture of your iron and nickel at your own home? It is pleasing to know we have great mineral wealth, but what is the benefit if it is not used? The manufacture of nickel and steel would not only give employment to thousands of people, but would add vastly to our national prosperity, and form a nucleus round which many trades would spring up and ultimately furnish a large home market for our agricultural products.

SURELY we did not exhaust all our energy and enterprise in building the Canadian Pacific Railway. Now there is an opening for any amount of energy, enterprise, and capital, and an opportunity to develop our natural resources, in the nickel steel industry.

THE winters are not like they used to be, say the veterans of to-day. Their grandfathers said the same. The world is getting more wicked say the grandmothers of to day. Their grandmothers said so too. It may be so, but I like to think that if the winters are different, it is for our good. I cannot believe the world is more wicked now. The history of the past does not tell us so. There is now more benevolence, more kindly feeling one towards another, more aiding of the poor and weak and needy, more shunning of the smaller as well as the greater sins than in times now gone. Do you not think so?

THE saving of labor which machinery effects on the farm means a saving of money values, fewer hours of labor, less exhausting drudgery, more comfortable homes, more wholesome food, better clothing, higher education for the children—in fact, a higher civilization and the accomplishment of that result which has been so happily characterized as "the making of happy homes."



WAITING FOR A CUSTOMER.



Our Letter to our Boy.

I'm going to write a letter to our oldest boy who went Out West last year to practice law and run for President; I'll tell him all the good up I think he'd like to hear, For he hasn't seen the home-folks for going on a year. Most generally it's Martha does the writing, but as she is suffering with a felon, why, the duty falls on me; So, when the supper things are done and put away to-night, I'll draw my boots and shed my coat and settle down to write.

I'll tell him crops are looking up, with prospects big in corn— That, fooling with the barnyard gate, the off ox hurt his horn; That the Templar lodge is doing well—Tim Bennet joined last week,

When the prohibition candidate for congress came to speak; That the old gray woodchuck's living still down in the pasture lot—

A-wondering what's become of little William, like as not; Oh, yes, there's many pleasant things and no bad news to tell Except that old Bill Graves was sick, but now he's up and well.

Cy Cooper says (but I'll not pass my word that it is so, For Cy was always great on spinning whooping yarns, you know)—

He says that, since the freshet, the pickerel are so thick In Baker's pond you just wade in and kill 'em with a stick! The Hubbard girls are teaching school, and widow Cutler's Bill

Has taken Eli Baxter's place in Luther Eastman's mill; Old Deacon Skinner's dog licked Deacon Howard's dog last week,

And now there are two deacons in our crowd that will not speak.

The yellow rooster froze his feet a-wading in the snow And now he leans against the fence when he starts in to crow; The chestnut colt that was so skittish when he went away—I've broke him to the sulky and I drive him every day; We've got pink window-curtains for the front spare-room upstairs,

And Lizzie's made new covers for the parlor lounge an' chairs, We've roofed the barn, and braced the elm that has the hang-bird's nest—

Oh, there's been lots of changes since our William went out West!

Old uncle Enoch Packard is getting mighty gay— He gave Miss Susan Birchard a peach the other day! His late lamented Sarah hasn't been buried quite a year, And so this episode creates a great sensation here; At the last downy party, the minister opined That, if he'd half suspected what was coming he'd resigned, For, though they brought him slippers like he was a centipede, His pantry was depleted by the consequential feed.

These are the things I'll write him, our boy that's in the West.

And I'll tell him how we miss him—his mother and the rest;

Why, we never have an apple pie that mother doesn't say:

"He liked it so I wish that he could have a piece to-day!"

I'll tell him we are prospering and hope he is the same—

That we hope he'll have no trouble getting on to wealth and fame;

And just before I write "good-by" from father and the rest,

I'll say that "mother sends her love," and that will please him best.

For, when I went away from home, the weekly news I heard

Was nothing to the tenderness I saw in that one word—

The sacred name of mother—why, even now, and then.

The thought brings back the saintly face, the gracious love again;

And in my bosom seems to come a peace that is divine,

As if an angel spirit communed awhile with mine, And one man's heart is strengthened by the message from above.

And earth seems nearer heaven when mother sends her love.

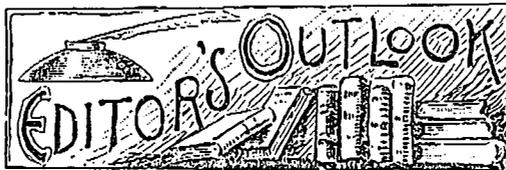
Spring brings her sunshine and her showers, Her wealth of fragrance rare,

* * * *

Well for us if, 'mid storm and stress,

Of daily care and care, We steal from out the great world's press

Some hours for thought and prayer.



THE war of extermination against the English sparrow goes merrily on in the United States. Up to the end of February the State of Illinois had paid out \$9,600 for the heads of 45,000 sparrows, and the cry is still for more. So far the sparrows seem as plentiful as ever and it is computed that it will cost the State ninety times nine thousand dollars before they can call a halt and that after a brief breathing space the sparrow will recommence the struggle with enlarged battalions. The sparrow came from the country that gave birth to nations, has grown with the nations, and with the nations he will stay.

ACCORDING to the British census report the rural population of the counties of Devon, Wilts, Dorset, Hereford, Salop, Hants, Oxford, Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and Lincoln, has declined from 2,376,968, in 1851 to 2,284,184 last year. In commenting on this fact the report states that the growth of towns at the expense of the country has been the subject of comment for two thousand years.

FROM the remarks of Hon. Mr. Foster, during the delivery of his budget speech last month, there will be no reciprocity between Canada and the United States so long as the Conservative party is in power. The United States insist upon reciprocity in manufactured as well as natural products; also that Canada must impose upon British products the same duties as are imposed by the Americans upon like products, and that the Dominion

excise duties must be assimilated to those of the United States. These conditions were submitted to the Canadian delegates at the recent adjourned conference in Washington with Secretary Blaine and the negotiations were accordingly abandoned as useless. Mr. Foster also hinted at the near possibility of a tariff discriminating in favor of Great Britain.

THE policy of allowing speculators to acquire large areas of land has resulted in the best districts of Ontario being very thinly settled, and has consequently aroused a strong feeling against continuing such a policy. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Government and a bill has accordingly been introduced into the Local Legislature which proposes to prevent land from falling into the hands of speculators. Hereafter the largest amount of land anyone can pre-empt will be 160 acres, and the pre-emptor must personally occupy the land.

ONE of the evils which burden the farming community is the cumbersome County Council. But its day will soon be numbered with the things of the past. A bill has been passed by the Ontario Legislature that upon a majority vote of the rate-payers of any county in favor of the provisions of the bill the council shall not number more than eleven, and where the population is less than 40,000, seven legislators will transact the business of the municipality. The vote on the adoption of the bill will be taken at the municipal elections of 1893.

THE annual Provincial Spring Stallion Show, which was held in the drill shed, Toronto, on March 9th, and 10th, was notable for the large number of entries and the superior excellence of the animals in all classes, particularly the Clydesdales. There was also a marked increase in the attendance as compared with former shows. The total amount awarded in prizes was \$1,230, Graham Bros., of Claremont, Ont., taking by far the largest individual amount, viz., \$235, the next being Thorncliffe Stock Farm, \$95. Graham Bros., and P. Kelly, Jr., Brechin, Ont., also secured a gold medal each. The utter inadequacy of the drill shed for such an exhibition has been each year pointed out by us, and it was never more clearly demonstrated than at the past show. This has led the Agriculture and Arts Association to offer to contribute from \$5,000 to \$10,000 towards the construction of a building suitable for exhibition purposes in any city or town in the province and it is to be hoped that before next spring comes round the necessary accommodation will have been provided.

WINDS, heat, cold, rain, snow, fogs, drought, and many other changes in the temperature of the air, do not always depend on certain and regular causes. There are, however, some signs in nature which often indicate the kind of weather about to take place. The position of our globe with respect to the sun, which is known to us by the four seasons of the year; the changes of the moon, the period of which can be exactly determined; the influences which these heavenly bodies and the different planets in our system have upon the temperature, the agitation, and the serenity of the air, are immutable, and on them prognostics respecting the weather may be reasonably founded. The consequences drawn from these are less to be despised, because they are established upon truth and confirmed by experience. From analogy we have a right from the past, under similar circumstances, to judge of the future. It is true, a thousand contingencies may affect the temperature of the air with changes as great as they were unexpected. But we must remember that these accidental circumstances seldom exist for a length of time, and though they may occasion considerable alteration in the ordinary course of the weather, they only remain for a short space, and their operation is very limited; whilst, on the contrary, the changes of weather generally follow a certain order, governed by certain rules, and the attentive observer of nature, by comparing the experience of several years, will often be able to foresee them. We seldom err when we suppose that the north and east

winds will bring cold, the south wind heat, and the west rain; and during the north-west wind it rains in summer and snows in winter. We may also conjecture with probability, that when the morning sky is red, there will be wind or rain during the course of the day; and that a sky tinged with streaks of red in the evening promises fair weather the following day. From the weather of spring we anticipate that of summer. If in the former we experience much fog, we may expect a wet summer; if in the spring there are great floods, we may be apprehensive in the summer of violent heats and multitudes of insects. When storms have been frequent in spring, we have no reason to fear the return of hoar frosts.

MEN abuse animals in so many different ways that it is very difficult to enumerate all of them, and for the sake of being easily understood, we shall at present comprehend them in two classes. They are generally too much or too little valued; and in either case we act with impropriety. On the one hand, we have too little regard for the brute creation, when, presuming upon the authority given us over them, we exercise that power with arrogance and caprice. But allowing that we possessed this absolute dominion over them, is it just that we should exert our right with cruelty and tyranny? All who are not the slaves of passion, and are not corrupted by vicious habits, are naturally inclined to have compassion for every being that has life and feeling. This disposition does honor to human nature, and is so deeply implanted in our hearts, that he who has unfortunately stifled it is regarded with aversion, and shows how much he has fallen beneath the dignity of man. He will then have to make but one more step to become a monster; which is, to deny to men the compassion he refuses to brutes. History furnishes us with many examples of this species of ferocity. We there find that the people, who delighted in the combats of animals, were remarkable for their cruelty towards their fellow-creatures, so true is it that our treatment of animals has an influence upon our moral character, as well as upon the mildness of our manners. Animals have been given to us to serve our necessities, to conduce to our comforts and pleasures, and to relieve our toil by their labor, but it does not thence follow that we are to fatigue them unnecessarily, or to make them labor beyond their strength, refuse them that subsistence which is their due, or increase their sufferings by hard treatment. This is sufficient to show the nature of the first species of abuse; but some people fall into the opposite extreme. Those animals of a domestic nature, which amuse and contribute to our diversion or utility, sometimes inspire us with a ridiculous and extravagant affection. There are both men and women so absurd as to love their domestic animals to such an extravagant degree, as to sacrifice to them those essential duties which they owe to their fellow creatures. War may send its plagues through nations, and whole armies destroy each other, without making any impression upon the lady who, some days after, is inconsolable for the loss of her lap-dog. Parents, and those who are entrusted with the care and education of children, in their presence cannot too scrupulously avoid every abuse of animals. It is the more necessary to insist upon this, because the practice of it is very often neglected, and the children influenced by such pernicious examples, often imbibe the worst of passions. Let them always be accustomed to treat animals as beings which have life and feeling, and towards which they have certain duties to observe, and whilst we thus prevent their feelings from becoming brutalized, let us at the same time guard against their being too much attached to animals, to which they are often very much inclined.

THERE is some comfort to be derived from the fact that the necessity of farmers' sons receiving a better education in regard to matters pertaining to the farm is thoroughly appreciated by at least some members of the Ontario Legislature. Mr. McLennan again brought the question up at this Session of the Legislature in the shape of a resolution to the following effect: "That in the opinion of this House the time has arrived in the history of

this Province when greater local facilities should be given whereby farmers' sons may receive a better education in their own profession." The debate was adjourned from day to day, and from the remarks of the Ministers of Agriculture and Education, it was evident the resolution would meet the same fate as last session. It is to be regretted that party politics should have been introduced into the debate as it prevented a fair and honest discussion on the merits of the question. It is nonsense for the Minister of Agriculture to talk of the "enormous expense" of establishing agricultural schools in every municipality in the Province. That is simply done to burke the main question. If for other occupations some special and technical training is necessary, so, too, is it imperative for those who are going to devote their lives in agricultural pursuits to really grasp at least the rudiments of the reason why in farming. And its importance is fully recognized in every country in Europe. If the following information as to agricultural education in France, taken from a recently published pamphlet by Professor Teegan, of Dublin, Ireland, should meet the eye of the Ministers of Agriculture and Education, it will perhaps make them change their opinion. Since 1850 agriculture has been included as an optional subject in the primary schools of France. In 1879 it was made obligatory. The encouragement of agricultural instruction in primary schools is not confined to the State. Numerous agricultural societies encourage practical instruction by offering prizes and medals. There are gardens attached to a large number of French primary schools in the rural districts, and in these practical experience is gained. Of superior primary schools for agricultural teaching and *Cours Complémentaire* there were, in 1890, altogether 748. Of these 280—namely, 77 for girls, and 203 for boys—were superior primary schools. These schools were attended by 70,144 boys and 7,068 girls. In the primary normal colleges, agricultural education is imparted by the Departmental Professors of Agriculture. The course of training is a three years' one, during only the last two years of which is agricultural instruction given. There is a garden, and not unfrequently a *champ d'expérience*, attached to these normal colleges, and a general plan of the course of instruction to be followed has been drawn up by the Superior Council. Turning to the special agricultural institutions controlled and to a large extent maintained by the State, the most elementary of these are the *Stations Agronomiques*. Of these there are at present 53 in France. They were at first principally institutions for research, but latterly a number of plots of land called *champs de démonstration* have been attached to them. The *Fermes Ecoles*, or Farm Schools, are a sort of agricultural apprenticeship schools. The *Fermes Ecoles* are ordinary farms, selected because of the excellence of their management. The Director is nominated by the Minister of Agriculture, but he carries on his farm at his own risk, receiving no subvention for the working of the farm, but a certain sum per annum for each apprentice, the number of whom is never below 24 on any one *Ferme Ecole*. The instruction in these schools is essentially practical, and the term of apprenticeship is two years. The practical schools of agriculture—*Ecoles Pratiques d'Agriculture*—are institutions for imparting agricultural education of a secondary degree. They were founded in 1875. These schools are founded and maintained by the departments or private individuals, and aided by subsidies from the State. There are at the present time thirty of these "practical" schools of agriculture in France, and the average cost to the State comes between \$3,750 and \$5,000 each, or a total annually of \$125,000 to \$150,000. Besides the institutions already referred to, there are the National Schools of Agriculture—*Ecoles Nationales d'Agriculture*—which receive intern students, demi-intern students, externs, and *auditeurs libres*. These latter may be present at any of the lectures, but cannot take part in the laboratory work or the studies. Such, in brief, is a summary of what is being done abroad in the direction of technical agricultural education. Contrast with this the facilities we have in this country for the imparting of an agricultural training, and the education of our next generation of farmers and it will surely be acknowledged by any fair-minded man that we are very much behind the times and urgently require a reform of a drastic nature.



1st.—NOMINATIONS for the Quebec Legislature. . . . The Queensland Government decides, in consequence of the large number of unemployed workmen in the colony, to prohibit immigration for the present.

2nd.—Ottawa defeats Orgerie Hall at Toronto for the hockey championship of the Dominion. . . . The Orange Grand Lodge of the North-West Territories pass resolutions favoring Separate Schools.

3rd.—Louis Dugas, Conservative, elected M.P. for Montreal, Que. . . . Opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature. The Treasury Department at Washington substitutes the "Dominion Short-horn Herd Book" for the "American Short-horn Herd Book" on the list of recognized authorities to govern the importation of animals for breeding purposes.

4th.—Lord Salisbury's refusal to renew the *modus vivendi* as to seal fishing in Behring sea causes considerable excitement in political circles in Washington. . . . A thief, while being pursued in the streets of Paris, France, shoots three of his pursuers dead before being captured.

5th.—Elections for the County Council of London, England, result in the disastrous defeat of the Tories. . . . Death of James Beay, one of the oldest and most prominent residents of Toronto, in his 94th year.

6th.—The Salvation Army in Eastbourne, England, fiercely attacked by a mob and many persons seriously injured. . . . Six persons killed and many injured during a hurricane in Lisbon, Portugal. . . . Thomas McCann, a young farmer of Garden Hill, Ont., shot and killed by Thomas Forsythe, a neighbor, while assaulting the latter.

7th.—Announced that the census of New South Wales places the population at 1,182,284 and the population of the city of Sydney at 383,886.

8th.—Elections for the Quebec Legislature result in the utter defeat of the Mercierites, the majority for the DeBoucherville Government being 38. . . . Death of Judge Wetmore, of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick. . . . Royal Commission appointed by the Dominion Government to enquire into the question of prohibition of the liquor traffic.

9th.—Death of James F. Smith, ex-Mayor of Toronto. . . . Judge Elliot gives his decision admitting the appealed votes in the London election case, thereby sustaining the return of Hon. John Carling.

10th.—Wm Pridham, Conservative, elected M. P. for South Perth, Ont., defeating Mr. Trow, the Liberal whip. . . . Announced that the University of Edinburgh will confer the degree of "L.L.D." on Sir Charles Tupper. . . . The United Kingdom visited by a severe storm causing great destruction to property and some loss of life. . . . Mr. Urquhart and Mr. Dyer, Conservatives, elected M.P.'s by acclamation respectively for Montmorency and Brome, Que.

11th.—About 200 men killed by an explosion at the Anderuix colliery, Belgium.

12th.—Inauguration of the great coal miners' strike in England, 400,000 men being out.

13th.—Death of Grand Duke, Ludwig IV, of Hesse-Darmstadt, who married the Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria.

14th.—Local option by-law defeated in Campbellford, Ont.

15th.—G. Guillet, Conservative, elected M.P. for West Northumberland, Ont.

16th.—General strike inaugurated on the Western Division of the C.P.R.

17th.—The coal miners' strike in England collapses.

18th.—Serious crisis in the German Cabinet reported.

19th.—A large bark in Paris, France, suspends; one director commits suicide, two abscond, and one is arrested.

20th.—Death announced of Lewis Cardigan, aged 101, at Hveres, France, the last French survivor of the battle in Trafalgar's Bay in 1805.

21st.—Lord Dufferin, the new British Ambassador to France, presents his credentials to President Carnot, and is received with military honors.

22nd.—Hon. Mr. Foster delivers his budget speech in the Dominion House of Commons.

23rd.—The strike of employees on the C.P.R. announced is settled.

24th.—The British Board of Agriculture issues an order stopping the importation of live stock from all European countries.

25th.—H. E. Clarke, M.P.P. for Toronto, drops dead in the Legislature, while in the act of speaking.

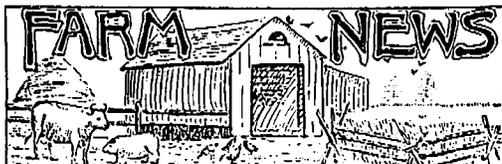
26th.—Death of Walt Whitman, the American poet, at Camden, N.J., in his 73rd year.

27th.—The house of the Public Prosecutor, Paris, France, destroyed by dynamite and seven of the inmates injured; several anarchists arrested.

28th.—W. C. McDonald, of Montreal, gives \$85,000 to McGill University as an endowment for the maintenance of the Experimental and Engineering buildings founded by him.

29th.—Behring Sea arbitration treaty ratified by the United States Senate.

30th.—Mr. Proulx, Liberal, re-elected M.P. for Prescott, Ont.



A Gate Fastener.

FIG. 1. represents the gate shut. FIG. 2. is the fastener ready to attach to the gate. The dotted lines show the position of the lever when shoved back ready for opening. FIG. 3. is the wire which

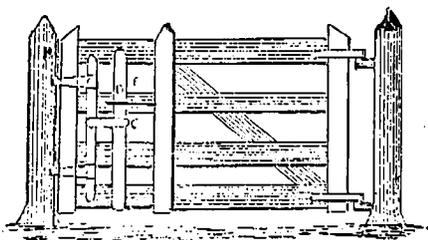


FIG. 1.

holds the top of the lever to the gate. *E*, figs. 1 and 2, is the wire in position, *A, A*, are the pieces or bolts that go into the mortices in the posts; they are fastened to the upright *B*, and this is attached to the lever *D*, by the connecting piece *C*. It should be fastened by a bolt at each end, loose

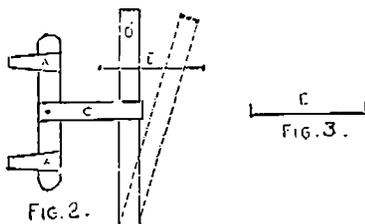


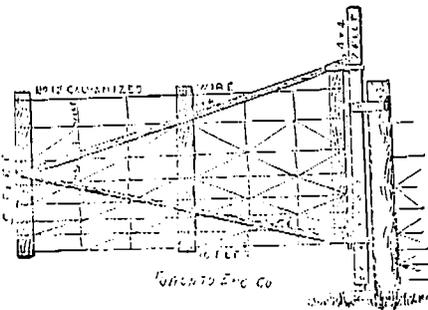
FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

enough to turn easily as the lever is moved. The pieces *A, A*, work in mortices through the end of the gate (not represented properly by the engraver). This, with the bolt through the lower end of lever, and the wire, *E*, holds the device firmly in position.—*Ohio Farmer*.

A Wire Gate.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Breeder's Gazette sends this design, which he says explains itself, of a gate he has in successful operation. "The special fea-



WIRE GATE

ture is the hinge, which any one can make of light strap iron. The gate is so hung that it can easily be lifted and fastened up to be swung over snow-drifts or to allow hogs to walk under."

THE *N. Y. Herald* received the following question:

I am a country boy. I came from a farm in New Hampshire to New York, with the hope of making a name and a fortune. Either the fame or the fortune would satisfy me, but I prefer both if they are within reach. Will you kindly tell me how I can carve out for myself a successful career?

In the course of its instructive reply the *Herald* asks: Is a surplus of cash the prime factor in the problem of happiness, and is a citizen's usefulness to be measured by his bank account solely? You may also get the fame you wish. It depends on your education, on the quantity and quality of your brains and on your native genius. With these, everything is possible; without them, you will everlastingly hunger for the unattainable, and in the end draw the coverlid of a wasted life over your head and die a disappointed man. Don't make any

mistakes in this matter. If you wish to get out of life all there is in it—for you—there is a way to do it. Real happiness consists of health, self-respect, the good will of the community and a sufficient income to gratify your reasonable wants. Everything else is trivial and not worth bothering about. The man who has steady work, fair wages, a cosy home, enough to eat, a thick overcoat, and the consciousness of personal integrity, is a mightily favored fellow, in possession of more than three-quarters of the best things which this world affords. If you are mechanic, or artisan, or farmer, be proud of yourself, and the rest of the world will soon come to be proud of you. Nothing is needed so much in this generation as a man with skilled fingers. You may have a long pull, but the clock will strike an unexpected hour and the opportunity—which comes to everybody in turn, but which most people miss—will present itself. Study the bull-dog, and when you get your teeth into a big thing, let them stay there. Save money. The coward runs in debt, the brave man has a \$5 surplus in his pocket. The world may laugh at you because you can't have a four-in-hand necktie. All right, let it laugh. You are your own world, and the people who sneer are simply outside barbarians. When they see that \$5 bill growing bigger they will all want to shake hands with you and send you to Congress. Keep well within your income and you will save yourself from skulking round the corner like a kicked dog when the dun is on your track. The handiest thing on the planet is the penny laid up for a rainy day. Now, young sir, get rid of the nonsense that you are a genius, settle down to the conclusion that you are just an average North American boy, and then start in. Keep yourself alert, look after your digestive apparatus, don't smoke cigarettes, get to bed early, be square-toed in all your dealings, and we will wager a cookie that at 60 you will have to look backward for those who began the race when you did. Are you ready? Then, Go!

STRAWY stable or barnyard manure should not be put on light soils for corn. The manure will increase droughty conditions to such an extent that it will do more harm than good unless the season is unusually wet.

THE common and indispensable disinfectant, fertilizer, and sweetener of pen, stable and henhouse, is lime. After cleaning any of these places, sprinkle a little lime over the floors. The application of lime as whitewash is indispensable. An addition of sulphate of iron and carbolic acid to lime as a disinfectant either as a whitewash, or for sprinkling over cleansed henneries, stalls, or stables, cellars of house or barn, is made advantageously.

It is best to prevent as far as possible the removal of washings from the barnyard. During the heavy rains in spring when the ground is thawing, there will be, most likely, an overflow. The problem is to direct this from its course to the neighboring stream and run it upon a field near by. A very little labor will probably suffice for this, as a few shallow channels can be hollowed out with the shovel or one-horse plow, and these will collect the surplus liquid and conduct it to a point where the slope of the ground will allow it to be discharged under the fence into the field or truck patch.

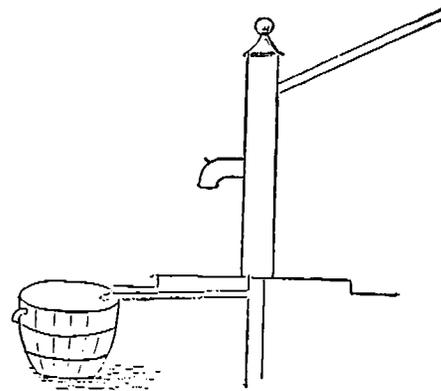
THE plum needs a moist rich soil, and is benefited by liberal manuring with strong manures like poultry and hog manure. Poultry and pigs allowed to run in plum orchards are beneficial to the trees and keep the insects in check. The plum orchard should always be planted near the poultry house so as to be included in the poultry yard. To bring the trees to early bearing, the growth of wood for the year should be cut back about the last of September so as to promote the development of the fruit buds. If the tree makes slow growth, it is advisable to cut back shoots a little in spring and thin out superfluous shoots. Plum trees generally come into bearing early and are not very long-lived, therefore the grower should expect to set new trees in season to have them ready to take the place of the old trees.

ON light soils never wet trees while transplanting, except possibly when there is such a mass of small roots, that it is necessary to bring the soil into intimate contact with them. When planting in heavy or lumpy soil, bring finely pulverized earth from a distance, if needful, to put the earth into intimate contact with the roots. Water after transplanting, in case of continued drought; but in such case, make a slight trench to receive the water, and return the earth after the latter has been absorbed. Prepare the entire ground to the full depth of planting. Then dig holes broad enough to receive the roots of the trees in their natural or proper position. Never dig a hole in a retentive subsoil to hold stagnant water beneath the tree after planting. Plant trees, in average soils, about as deep as they naturally grow; and on heavy soils, not quite so deep, but bring them to the original depth by raising the earth about them. On quite light soils, they may be planted from two to three inches deeper than they originally grew. The soil should be well tramped about the roots, when the hole is half filled, and again when well filled, except when soaked down with water, in which case the surface should be covered with dry earth, and left to settle naturally.

Live Stock.

A Cattle Pump.

A PLAN by which the water-trough for cattle or poultry can be kept supplied without having them come to the well (which should never be permitted), is to tap the pump cylinder just below the pump and insert a small pipe, which runs to the tank.



Whenever any one draws water for house or barn, a liberal percentage of it is forced through the little pipe. Another advantage is, that as soon as the pumping ceases, the water in the pump runs off and does not go back into the well or freeze in the pumps. In summer, the immediate draining of the pump does not allow it to soak, sour or decay, and its life is thus lengthened. The connection between pipe and cylinder must be tight, and a little higher than the top of the tub. At the tub an overflow pipe must be fixed to carry off surplus water under ground, if a muddy place about it is not desired. A combination force and lifting pump would force water to the tub up almost any grade.—*Country Gentleman*.

A NICE root brush and a little kerosene oil, says an exchange, will take the dirt and rolls out of the horse's mane and tail, promote growth of hair and add to the appearance of the animal.

SHEEP must have plenty of room and fresh air; if crowded on a field, the ground soon becomes foul with droppings, and this tends to cause disease. There is no tendency in sheep to develop disease, naturally. It is the fault of the shepherd when a flock becomes diseased, and crowding is the worst of all faults.

SHEEP and cattle should not be kept in the same pasture. Every careful observer will acknowledge that all other animals, without exception, avoid the pasture where sheep have grazed, unless starved. Another reason for doing so is that sheep bite much closer than cattle, thereby having an advantage over the latter in gaining a living.

A PROMINENT dairyman says that a very important feature to the dairyman is the comfort of his cows in the stable, for upon this to a great degree, depends the measure of profits from the business. Their comfort should be considered first, freedom of movement of head and neck, ample standing room, and plenty of spare room to lie down, a clean, dry bed, and the animals themselves kept free from dirt and filth, which will surely accumulate under careless stable management. A daily brushing is a good investment of labor, and never fails to pay, the cows like it and it produces a healthy action of the skin, which in turn benefits the entire system. Comfortable quarters for the cows and proper modes of fastening them in the stables are subjects which demand the serious study of the dairyman. Too little thought is given in that direction, and in many cases because of improper methods and practices, the yield of the cows is lessened, without the cause being discovered. Ease, comfort, and contentment are prime factors in inducing a generous flow of milk in the stable of the man who feeds well, but if these requisites are wanting, part of the value of good feeding is lost by reason of the worry and nervousness of the cows.

FULLY matured stock can endure violent changes of food with much less disturbance of the system than can young animals still growing. Therefore, specially good management is necessary in changing the young things from the dry feed of winter to the unripe grasses of spring. If the change is made suddenly, an attack of scours will check their growth for a month perhaps. If ensilage and roots have been fed during the winter, the change to grass will not cause such disturbance as would occur in a change from dry hay, which is the usual ration of young stock on most farms. Such changes are best made gradually, and some dry feed should be given each day at the stable, or from troughs or racks at the pasture gate, until the grasses gain substance. Many farmers turn their spring calves out to pasture during their first season. Though a few may occasionally thrive under the treatment, most of them come to the barn in the fall about one-half as large as they should be at that age. Stable care and feed, with a yard to run in during pleasant weather, but with free access to cover during the heat of the day, has been found by many progressive farmers to give much the best results. Skim milk, with a little oatmeal, bran, crushed oats, and clover hay, will give growth to delight the farmer's eyes, while the development thus secured, is of the kind needed to make good dairy cows of the heifer calves, provided they are of good dairy blood. Lambs are not usually weaned until some time after they come to grass. With them, therefore, the change from winter to spring rations is not likely to cause serious trouble. But a small feed of bran or oats each day for a while, after they go to pasture, will be well returned in extra growth. Keep the young stock growing thriftily.

MANY pigs are annually lost during April and May from the lack of a little preparation for farrowing time. The sows are allowed to run at large until one day when the owner discovers a fine litter of pigs in the mud or wet straw; if not all dead, so near it that they soon die from the effects of such exposure. The better plan is to provide comfortable dry quarters, a month in advance, allowing the stock plenty of time to become accustomed to their sleeping places, giving them full freedom in the pasture or lots during the day, but at night shutting them up in their pens. From twenty-four to forty-eight hours before farrowing, the sow will gather together the straw in the pen, and make her bed. She will need plenty of water to drink at this time, and oats, shorts, or bran may comprise the greater portion of her feed. If the sow is feverish from constipation, she will be very uneasy, cross,

and possibly eat her litter as soon as farrowed. If any such disposition is shown, her cravings will be satisfied if given a good-sized piece of salt pork, when she will become quiet and probably do well. The little pigs will be inclined to lie together in a nest if not disturbed, and will not take the exercise they need. While the old one is eating her morning meal, the little fellows should be stirred out of their heated nest, and made to scamper about the pen for a few minutes, until the bed has become cooled off. At two weeks old they begin to eat and drink if a little place is made for them to creep into. At four weeks old they need plenty of milk in a little trough, so they will not depend altogether on the dam for their support. Allow the sow to run in a pasture by herself a portion of each day, while the pigs remain in the pen. As the pigs become larger they may go out with the old one, and will enjoy a run in the grass and sun. Feed for lean meat for five months, then fatten in four months, and get them up to two hundred and twenty-five pounds anyway, and as much heavier as possible.

SOME of the big fleeces reported do not grow on the sheep's back, but in the reporter's fertility of imagination. Some of the big fleeces, too, are not quite as much wool as dirt. But there are, of course, large fleeces. Are they profitable? That depends. Some of them are like the great butter records, they cost more than they come to. Very often the great fleece of some celebrated ram has cost its owner more than he can ever get for the wool in extra care and feed. In all our farming operations we want to produce the best results that ordinary care will produce. A farmer cannot afford to keep his cows as the cows that make astonishing records are kept, and he cannot afford to keep his sheep as some of the sheep that produce very large fleeces are kept. He gives his sheep good ordinary care, and he wants an animal that will respond profitably to such care. We cannot make a whole flock of sheep produce the large fleeces that are sometimes reported, if we tried, and it is not profitable to try it. If we get a good ordinary average, we should be satisfied.—*Western Rural*.

The Poultry Yard.

THERE is no "best month" for cleaning out your poultry house; it should be cleaned out every week in the year.

If there is any one thing that the hen louse despises, it is kerosene oil. The smell of it makes them walk lively.

ALL the small potatoes should be boiled, from time to time, and mixed with a quantity of the mush and given to the young chickens.

GIVE the chickens a good grass run and on clover, if possible. Clover is a splendid feed for fowls of all ages, and the chicken that lives in clover will be the fowl that develops finely.

CHARCOAL and lime are the two great poultry remedies, or at least, preventives of disease amongst them. The lime corrects acidity of the stomach and the charcoal is an absorbent of gases.

WHEN the chicks seem to be continually crying, it means more warmth needed. The warmth is more important than the food. If the chicks are stupid, drowsy, continually cry, or have fits, look on the heads and necks and under the wings for the large lice. Also examine for the little red mites.

JUDICIOUS mating coupled with good care is the road to success in poultry breeding, and now is the time, when chicks are developing, to begin to study their good qualities and defects. Rapid fattening,

early maturity, their vigor and hardihood, should all be understood; then if they develop good standard points, there is but little danger of their not proving good breeders.

A BROODY hen feels utterly dependent, and if during the first week she feels a little nervous and quarrelsome, or gives an aimless peck now and then, it is not from any desire to do harm, but simply arises from her instinct of self-preservation. Handle her gently and quietly, but be firm and decided in all your movements, and she will soon find that while resistance is useless submission will do her no hurt.

POULTRY can digest bones as readily as a dog, and they will return more profit. First heat them in the stove oven when they can be more easily broken up. If you have a small hand mill, little difficulty will be experienced, but bones must also be coarsely broken for the mill. Fresh bones from the butchers cannot easily be ground. They are usually beaten with the butt of a hammer and broken into splinters. The hens will eat every piece, preferring them even to meat or any other food that can be given.

It is surprising to many how very strong and vigorous geese are. Other fowls contract an endless amount of sickness and scores of good birds die from time to time. The goose remains vigorous and healthy, living well on food that other fowls reject, and standing intense cold damp weather that other fowls could not possibly endure. On the farm the goose could be made a profitable as well as valuable addition to the flock and make up any deficiency in profit that the hens would from any cause fail to yield. It will be well to start a flock of a dozen this spring, giving them at least a fair trial.

MANY beginners in poultry keeping fall into the error of overfeeding their fowls. Even a little overfeeding continued for some length of time is far more injurious than underfeeding. It causes indigestion, resulting in a drooping, morbid condition of the whole system and finally enlargement of the liver and sudden death. Fowls thus overfed will give but few, if any, eggs, are subject to the attack of any malignant disease floating in the air, and are a decided loss generally. Fowls should be fed but moderately, and it is always an excellent plan to scatter their dry feed in the hay or straw litter in the yard or on gravelly places, where they will be compelled to scratch for it. This will ensure a reasonable amount of muscular exercise for their legs and body, and help as much as anything else to keep them in a healthy condition, and profitable development.

ONE of the great secrets in handling any kind of stock or poultry, is to take care of the young things. If they are neglected, failure is inevitable. In taking care of chicks the instinct of the hen is a great help. She knows how to mother them, and without mothering no class of young things will thrive. But there are some things the hen cannot do. Confined and limited as she is by domestication, she must be protected from vermin of various kinds and from storms, and the little chicks from cold rains and heavy dews. The hen must be aided in feeding her brood. For them there is nothing better than corn meal, ground fine and scalded, mixed with bread crumbs. Plenty of pure water is essential. Where wheat growing is practiced the screenings can't be put to better use than to be fed to young chickens when they are old enough to eat it. There will after this be no lack of food on a prairie farm. There is more danger from vermin and being chilled in the wet grass than from starvation.

Cooking utensils should be put where they will be at once convenient and open to the air and light. The whole kitchen and all its accessory apartments, pantries, closets, etc., should be flooded with light, and so arranged that they can be thoroughly ventilated.



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

Pocket Pinballs.

THESE are handy to have when travelling, and yet are pretty enough for the daintiest work-basket. You can make these any size. I have seen some only one and a half inches square; but a good,

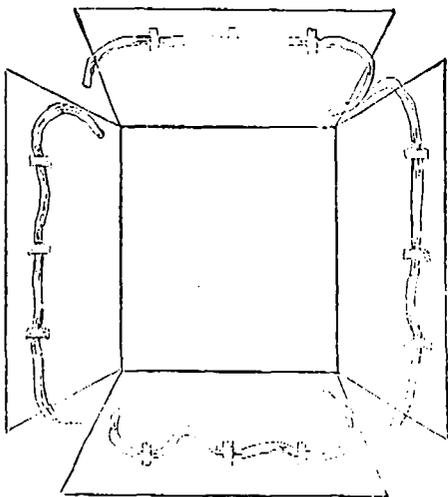


A DAINTY PINBALL.

useful pinball is about as big as an ordinary butter-plate. Cut out two pieces of pasteboard this size; on each baste a bit of light colored silk or satin, stretched tight. Stitch them neatly together. Now take a tiny square of bolting cloth just large enough to cover the pinball, and paint on it a fancy portrait in oil or watercolor. When dry, tack it neatly on the ball, sew a loop of ribbon on the back, stick pins in round the edge, and it is finished.

Folding Basket.

THOSE who have lived much of the time with their possessions in trunks, know how the pretty basket will break, and how unhandy is the box, bag or other substitute. Such are fully able to appreciate the very durable and convenient folding basket illustrated. It can be laid perfectly flat in the



trunk, and when unpacked, the tying of a few bows will turn it into a trim-shaped basket, ready to set on the table and hold securely the sewing utensils and the numerous little "traps," so troublesome but necessary. The basket which served as a pattern was of gray linen with crimson ribbon in the loops. The bottom was four inches square and the sides three inches deep. Two pieces of card board were cut for the bottom and eight for the sides; these were covered with the linen. On four of the side pieces three loops of the linen were strongly stitched; all of the pieces were then overhanded together, two and two, a plain piece and

one with loops. On the plain side of two, pockets of the linen were sewed; on one of the others a few leaves of flannel for holding needles, on the remaining one a pincushion. The four sides were then sewed to the bottom, and an inch-wide ribbon drawn through the loops. When in shape, the bows at the four corners make this basket quite ornamental. For a friend who is to travel during the summer, such a basket would be a pretty gift. Cretonne or India silk could be used instead of the linen.

Removable Window Shelves.

THE following article is contributed by J. Marion Shull to the Rural New Yorker:

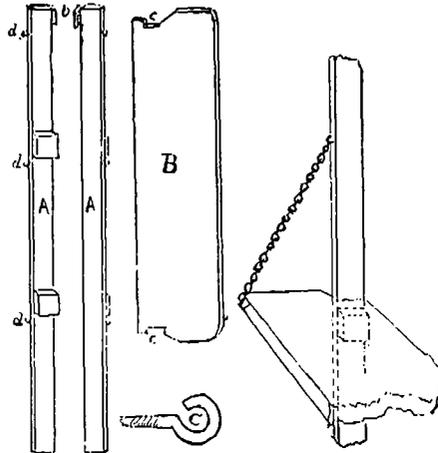
House plants if in good condition add greatly to the beauty and cheerfulness of the living-room, and every good housewife endeavors to have a place for at least a few specimens, but in rooms where there is no bay window, it is always more or less inconvenient to arrange a pot stand or table before the window, while permanent shelves are a nuisance during the summer when the plants are all enjoying the out-of-door air and sunshine.

From the accompanying designs may be constructed a convenient set of shelves which are put up or taken down at will, and without the aid of any tool whatever.

For material, use common white pine, one inch in thickness.

The construction of the uprights, AA, is easily seen. They consist of two strips, each two inches wide and as high as the window in which they are to be placed. At suitable distances are small square blocks, aaa, upon which the shelves rest. At the top is fastened a cleat, b, which, when in place, rests in the sash way, and holds the entire set of shelves securely in the window.

With a hack-saw or file cut three screw-eyes like that shown at C, and screw them into the front edge of the upright at ddd.



The shelves, B, are eight inches wide, with notches, cc, cut at each end to accommodate the uprights. The distances between these notches should be just two inches less than the width of the window, so that the whole may fit closely when in place. The form is that of an upper shelf, the dotted lines representing those which rest against the lower sash. At each end of the shelf is a screw-eye, ff, with a chain one foot long attached.

To arrange the shelves, place the two uprights in their respective sides of the window with the cleats in the sash-way; the shelves are then set in position, with the chains hooked up to the screw-eye above, and all is snug and secure.

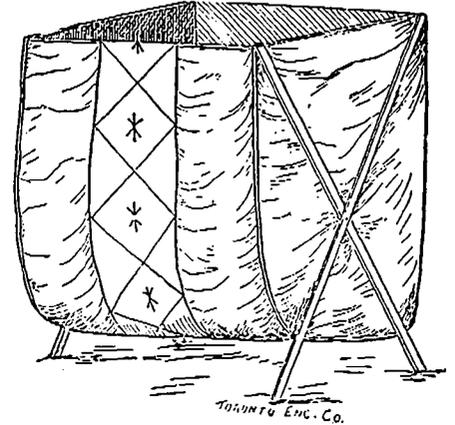
The lower shelf of course rests upon the window-sill.

The shelves are a home invention, well tried, and inexpensive.

An experienced housekeeper once well said: "I never throw away a single potato which is left over; there is always some use for it. If even one or two only are left, I grate them and use them to thicken soup. If more, they can be sauteed the next morning for breakfast, or cut into dice and heated up with hot milk, into which some salt and a piece of butter has been added. By putting them in a hot oven and allowing the milk to be partly absorbed by the potatoes, this makes a very good plain dish."

Standard Work-Bag.

THE foundation of this motherly-looking work bag, is a discarded toy saw horse, the owner of which had out-grown such childish things. A stout wire was passed around the top, the middle bar removed and a strong screw inserted where the frame



crossed. Two coats of cream-colored paint were given the wood. A bag was made of blue denim that just fitted the space around the top. The centre of the bag was cut straight and long enough to reach from side to side; the ends were rounded at the bottom. On this lining was fitted a puffed cover of light brown sateen. A straight piece of the denim crossed the centre. This piece was ornamented with brown braid, sewed on to make diamonds, in the centre of which a simple fancy stitch was worked with a linen rope floss. The edges of the bag were bound with blue braid. This bag has an almost unlimited capacity for holding work, and occupies a place of honor by the sewing machine.

How to Cook a Husband.

MORE than a decade ago, in the Baltimore Cooking-School, the following recipe for "Cooking a husband so as to make him tender and good," was contributed by a lady, presumably of experience. We commend it to our lady readers:

A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin it will do, with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious; some husbands do this till they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instruments into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and you set him in too cold a place.



Marbles.

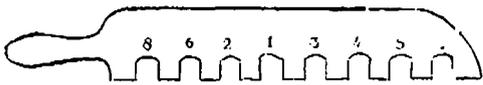
"Just one game, Uncle. It won't take long to tell how to play one game."

These were the words that were spoken by my nephew, just as I had taken a book and settled myself for an hour of reading. I knew it was of no use for me to say no, for this little fellow was so persistent there was no getting rid of him until he had gained his point; but I tried.

"You know more games of marbles than I ever did, without my telling you any more," I said.

"I don't know about that. Even if I do, those you tell me about are always better."

This settled it; so I put away my book and went out into the woodshed, and got a piece of pine board and cut it out like the illustration:



THE MARBLE BOARD.

"What are you going to do with that?" he asked. "Did you ever see a marble board? Well, I am going to make you a marble board, and show you how to play that game."

"O, that will be splendid. Did you have one?"

"Yes, I had one made just like this."

"Why don't you have the figures run right along in order?"

"Because that would make the large numbers all come together. You see now the large ones are on the ends of the board, and the chances are in favor of rolling the marble outside of the board entirely if they try to get big numbers, while if they try to keep safely within range of the board the chances are that they will get the smaller number if they get any. They will risk getting a small number rather than risk rolling by the end of the board."

"Yes, but how do you play?"

"The owner of the board—"

"That's me!"

"Yes; you measure off ten or twelve feet, just as the players agree, and hold the board. Of course any number of boys can play. You agree to give the player who is so lucky as to put a marble through one of the holes as many marbles as the figure above the hole calls for. Thus, if he goes through eight you give him eight marbles and the one he rolls; if he rolls through one, one marble and the one he rolls, and the same for any hole, always returning the one he rolls with as many as the hole calls for. Every marble that hits the board or goes by the end belong to you."

"But won't I get out of marbles quick? Every one will roll through."

"I think you will find that in the end you will have the most marbles. The roller has more chances of missing than he does of hitting. You see there are nine pieces of wood to make the eight holes, besides the chances of rolling by either end. This makes eleven chances in your favor to eight in favor of the rollers. This should be so, too, for at each roll he only risks one marble, while you risk at most eight, or at least one."

"That is splendid! I think we will all like that. I'm going right off to play now. I'm ever so much obliged."

And the boy went off happy, while I went back to my book with the consciousness that I had lost half of my reading hour, but with a feeling that it had been much better for me than if I had been selfish and refused the request of the boy.

A pleasant drink for invalids: Pick off and wash some grapes, place them on the fire with very little water. Boil till soft, strain without squeezing; boil the juice two or three minutes, then add half as much sugar as you have juice, and boil for five minutes. Then seal it in bottles.

Hiram Homespun's Ideas About Raisin' Children.

A GOOD many folks have somehow gotten the notion that the youngsters of this here age is just about as bad as they was before the Flood. I am only a plain farmer fellow, but I have observed a few things, and I don't agree with those people. The boys of to-day ain't no wuss than they ought to be considerin' the trainin' some of 'em gets. I was only t'other day tellin' naybor Skinner that he was makin' a big mistake with his boys. Skinner's a good farmer—none better. He farms scientific. But he don't know the science of bringin' up a youngster. Children thrive best in the light, sandy loam of kind words, where it is allus warm and cheery like. After a while, when they gets middlin' strong, they ought to be transplanted to the heavier clay of common sense and self-reliance. This will give 'em a will of their own—strength of purpose, you know. I like to see a boy with a will of his own. Some parents is allus a feelin' bad when they see younguns acting stubborn like. Then they go to work to break that stubbornness with a barrel hoop or hickory switch. They thrash and pound until they beat out everything that's good, and there's nothing left but a lot of worthless

chaff that you can blow anywheres. It's fearful foolish, that. If the parents had only got the child's will under control instead of knockin' all the spirit outen 'em, their boys would have been some use to the kentry. The boys who makes successful men is, those who have got lots of push and go-ahead, which is nothin' more nor a good strong will that has to be trained to go straight. Another mistake—and naybor Skinner's makin' it—is to want all your boys to learn a profession. You might just as well try to make a wagon-pole outen a toothpick, or a barn door outen a shingle. They would be dead failures. If you have had to work hard, the boys can work hard. Some of the boys won't make good farmers, and them's the ones to make storekeepers, book agents, or lawyers of. But whatever you do don't choose their profession. Turn a sheep out in the bush and it'll find the best grass and purest water. Give your boys a chance, and when they go into the thick woods of life they'll in nine cases outen ten come out to the clearin' right side up.

THE GIRL FOR THE FIRESIDE.—The girl best fitted to make the fireside happy is she whose mind is well stored with practical and useful knowledge, is accomplished without affectation, retiring and modest without prudery, frank, free, and gay without frivolity, and thinks her husband the greatest man the world ever saw or is ever likely to see.





THE FARMER'S PLEASANT LIFE.—Boston Girl (to Uncle James): "Do you like living on a farm?" Uncle James: "Yes, I like it very much." Boston Girl: "I suppose you like it well enough in the grand summer time, but to go out in the cold and snow to gather winter apples and harvest winter wheat, I imagine might be anything but pleasant."

SOLVING THE PROBLEM.



To the Editor of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

SIR, Finding that the great trouble in aerial navigation has been the inability of the aeronaut to guide his craft, I turned my attention to the subject, and have produced an air-ship that can be guided in any direction by a slight use of reins and whip. I send you an instantaneous photograph of my affair, as it appeared going through the streets of my native village.

Yours,
JABEZ WATTLES,
East Windyville, Man.

A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to a Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:—

I've lost the little that I had
My heart is sad and sore;
So now I should be very glad
To have a little Moore.

To which the lady sent the following answer:—

I pity much the loss you've had—
The grief you must endure;
A heart by little made so sad
A little Moore won't cure.

IRATE CUSTOMER (in a restaurant): "I've been waiting here half an hour." Hibernian Waiter: "Half an hour! Begor, I've been waiting here two years."

"Baby growing right along?"
"Oh, yes. I think he will catch up with his voice in a year or so."

DOCTOR: "Well, how do you feel to-day?" Patient: "I feel as if I had been dead a week." Doctor: "Hot, eh?"

DOCTOR: "My dear madame, there is nothing the matter with you—you only need rest." "But, doctor, just look at my tongue." "Needs rest, too, madame."

Mrs. WATTS: "Mrs. Fieg is so entertaining, don't you think?" Mrs. Potts: "Isn't she, though? Why, I have to send the children out of the room every time she calls."

THE wife of a village butcher having been asked what kind of a person the "Squire's" new wife was, answered: "A per-fic lady; she don't know one out of meat from another."

SPATT (to Miss Munn): "Mabel, love, I dote upon you wildly." Miss Munn: "That's all right, but don't let papa know it." "Why?" "He's violently opposed to young men's wild dotes."

THE ART OF MATRIMONY.—"Do you expect your marriage to be a happy one, dear?" "Oh yes; I guess so. But if it isn't, Jack has promised either a divorce or suicide, so you see I'm really not running much risk."

Fred (looking up from his lessons): "Father, do you think it's fair when a fellow gets flogged for a thing he didn't do?" Father: "Certainly not, my boy." Fred: "Well, to-day I got flogged for not doing my lessons."

This notice is to be found posted up in a Virginia blacksmith's shop:—"Notice—De copartnership heretofore existing betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem wat owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem wat de firm owe will settle wid Mose."

New Customer:—"Is that your dog?" Barber: "Yes, sir." New C.: "He seems very fond of watching you cut hair." Barber: "It's not that, sir. Sometimes I make a mistake and take leetle piece off ze gentleman's ear."

IRATE FATHER: "Get out of my sight, you lazy, good-for-nothing idiot." Son: "Aw—yes—it's well for you to talk that—aw—vulgar way to me whom you have disgraced in fashionable society all me life." Father (indignantly): "Disgraced you, you fool—how?" Son (sobbing): "By—by—c-o-m-pelling me to be supported by—aw—man—who has had to—aw—work for his money."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in my life. Why don't you act like grown people, and be still and stupid for awhile."

RECOMMENDATIONS THAT WENT TOO FAR.—"Don't like the bed?" said the hotel clerk, astonished at the presumption of the complaining guest; "why, some of the best people, some of the hightonedest folks in the United States have slept in it." "Yes, that's just the trouble," responded the guest; "I found last night there were altogether too many big bugs in it for the comfort of common people like me."

"You must stay away from my house," said Susie's papa to John Henry Augustus, whose attention to Susie displeased him. "I'm going to borrow a bulldog," he continued, "and put him in my yard. I'll bet you'll stay away from here then." John Henry Augustus meandered slowly away in a homeward direction. Arrived there he penned a letter to Susie, telling her what had occurred, and despatched it to her by the house boy. That individual soon replied: "Will you let such a trifle separate two loving hearts? Just come round by the back way." J.H.A. pranced wildly round the room, exclaiming, "What do I care for this bulldog—for fifty—ay, for a thousand bulldogs? I'll see her this night if I have to wade through bulldogs, climb over bulldogs—yea, if I have to ride on a bulldog to get there!" But, when J.H.A. went around that night, mounted the back fence, peered the gloom, and saw the cow standing under the porch, he slid hastily back to terra firma on the street side of the fence, and walked away, exclaiming, "Gee whilkkins, what a bulldog! Why, he's as big as our cow!" And Susie sits and wonders why her lover comes not.

The man with an only son; "What kind of scholars do you turn out at this institution?" Principal; "Those who won't study."

Mistress: "Mary, I don't approve of you entertaining your young man in the kitchen." Servant: "Well, ma'am, you see, he comes from the country, and he's rather shy and awkward; I didn't think you would like him in the drawing-room with you."

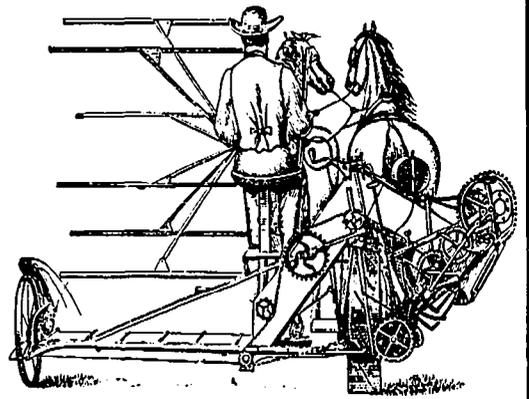
UNKESNEY ABOUT "BIZ."—"Who is that benevolent-looking man giving away marbles to boys?" "He is a tailor." "I suppose he gives them to the lads because he is fond of young folks?" "O, no; he does it because he knows they will wear out their knickerbockers playing with them."

"What did Noah live on when the flood had subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday school teacher of her class one Sunday. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after all the others had given it up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land," said the child wisely, and the answer passed.

AN ARTISTIC DRAWING.—Young Artist (displaying a picture): "This painting is entitled 'Jonah and the Whale.'" Possible Purchaser: "Where is Jonah?" Young Artist: "You notice the rather distended appearance of the whale midway between the tail and the neck?" Possible Purchaser: "Yes." Young Artist: "That's Jonah."

WATER JOKE.—An old farmer who had never seen the sea thought he would like to go to Blackpool for a day. As he sat watching the outgoing tide, an old gentleman remarked to him that it was a very hot day. "Yes," replied the farmer, "I reckoned yesterday was hot, but it didn't dry my pond up more than an inch, but to-day must be a scorcher, for this 'ere water's dried up twenty yards in ten minutes."

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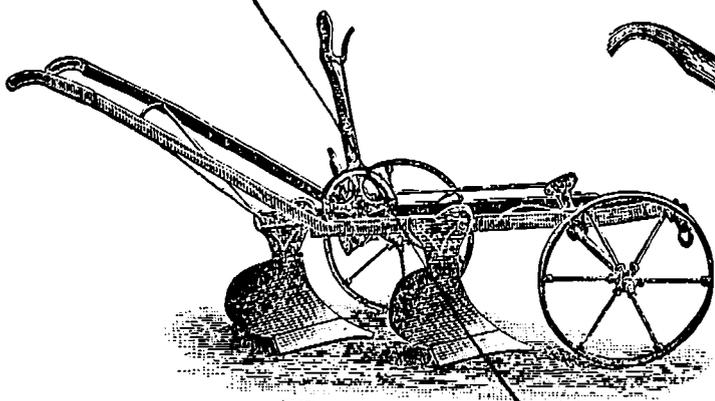
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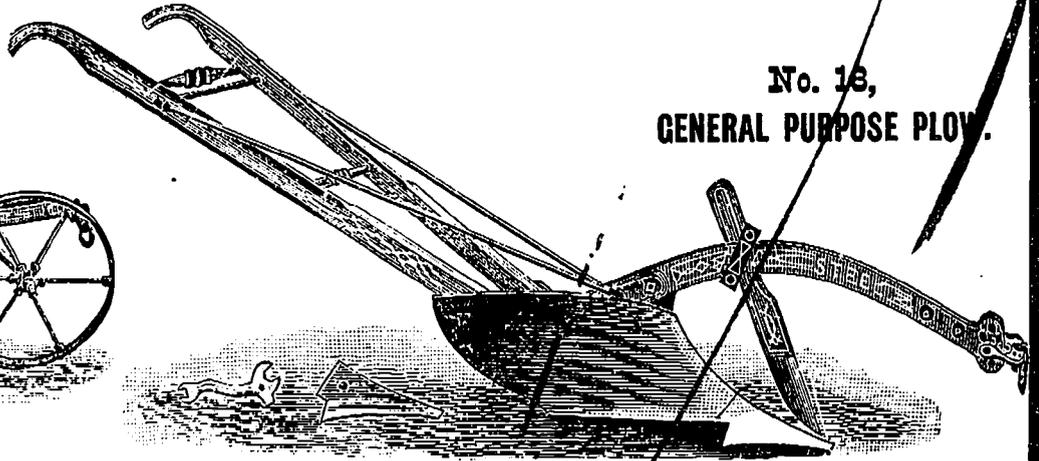
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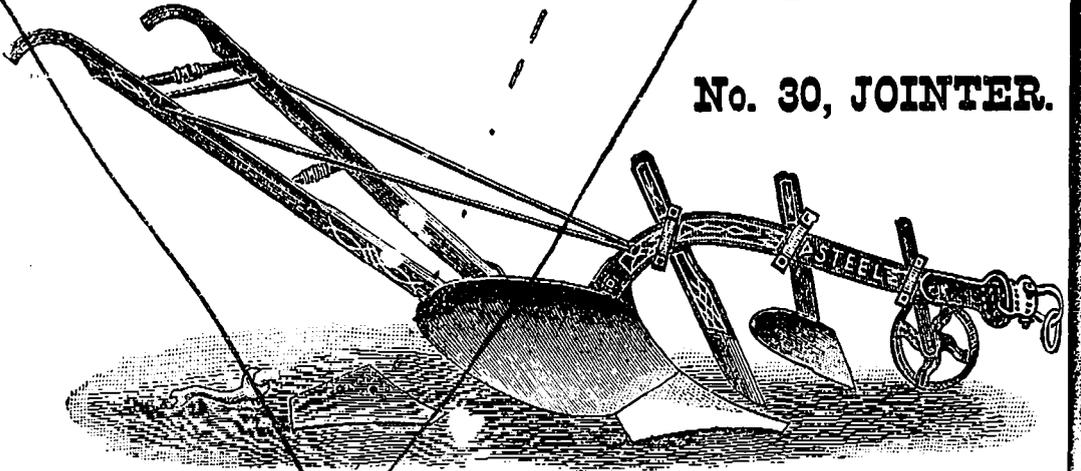
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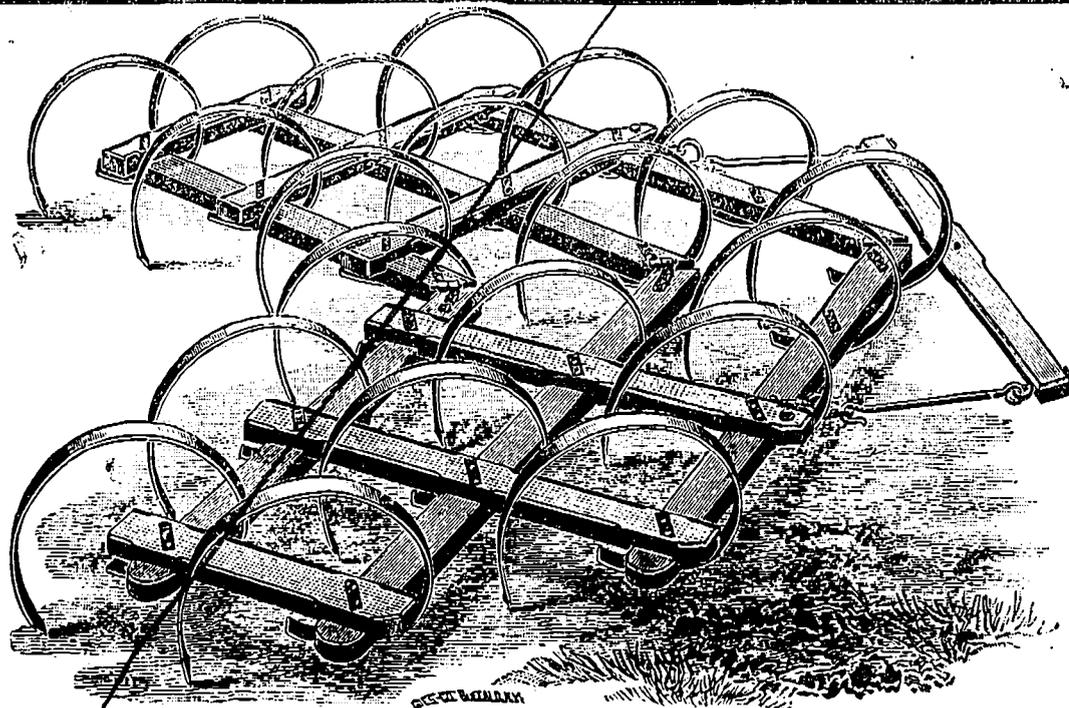
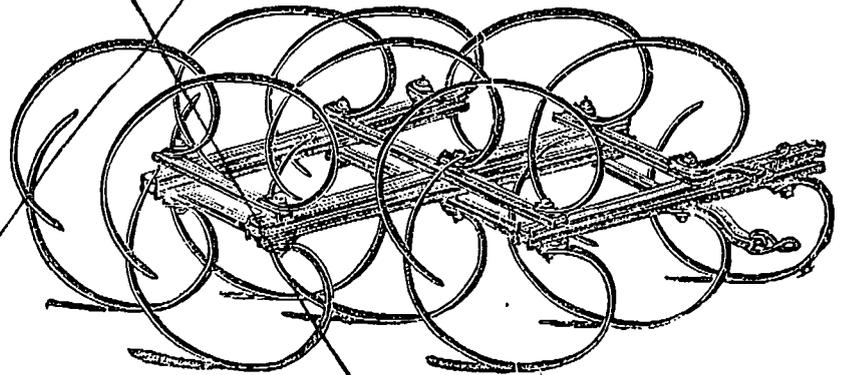


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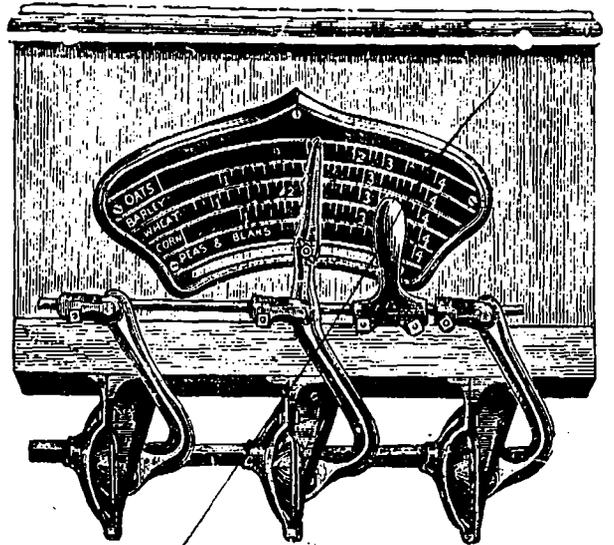
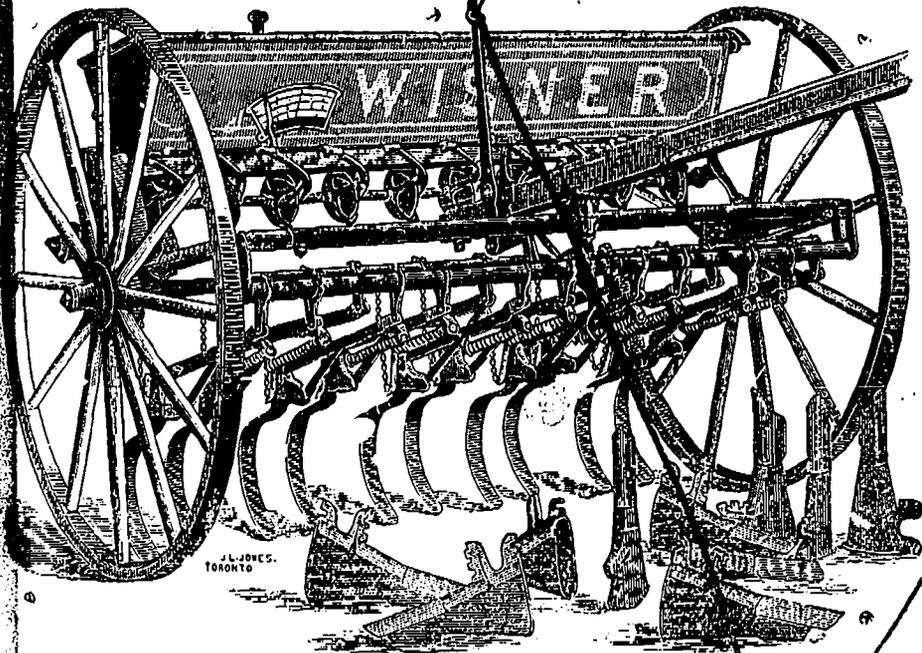
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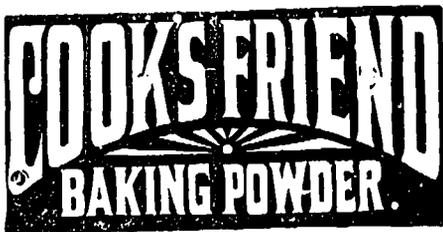
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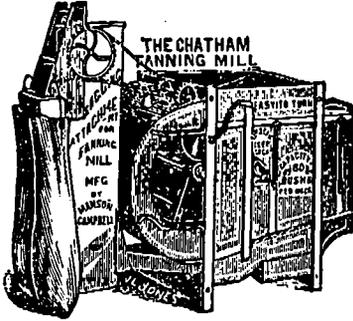
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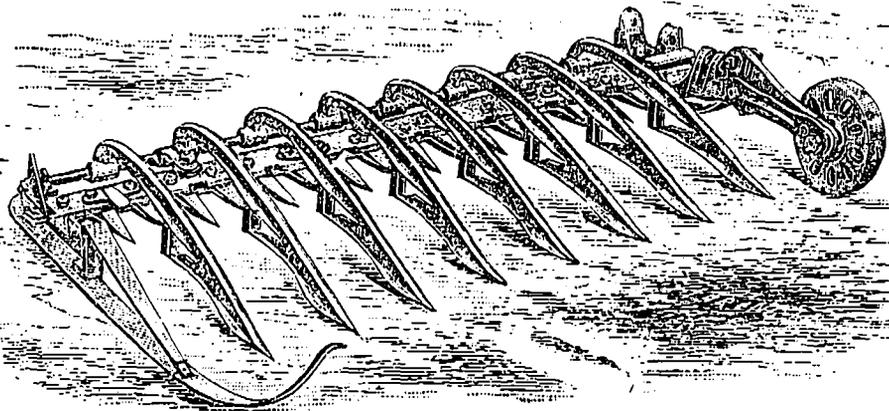
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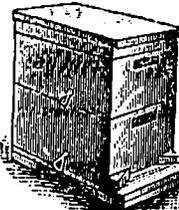
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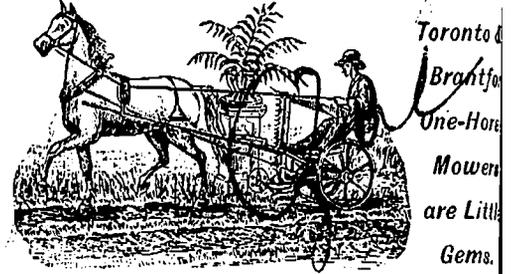
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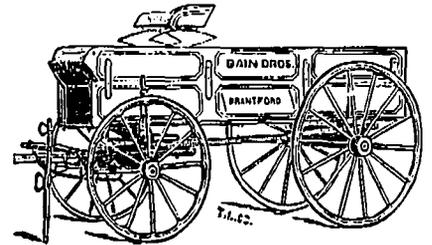
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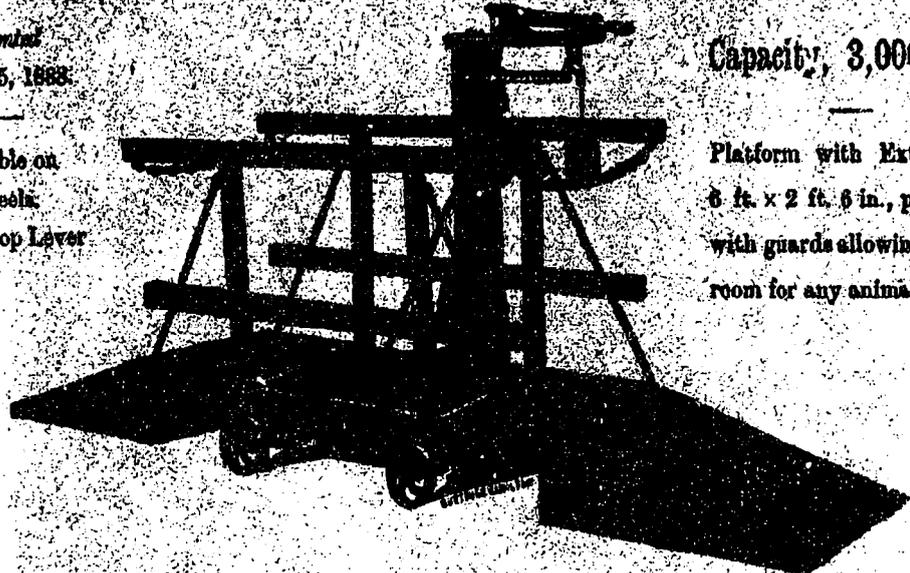
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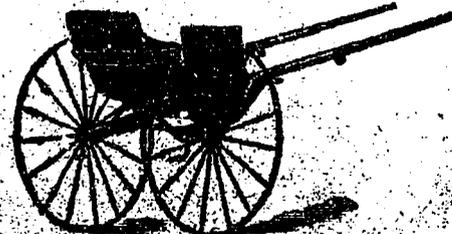
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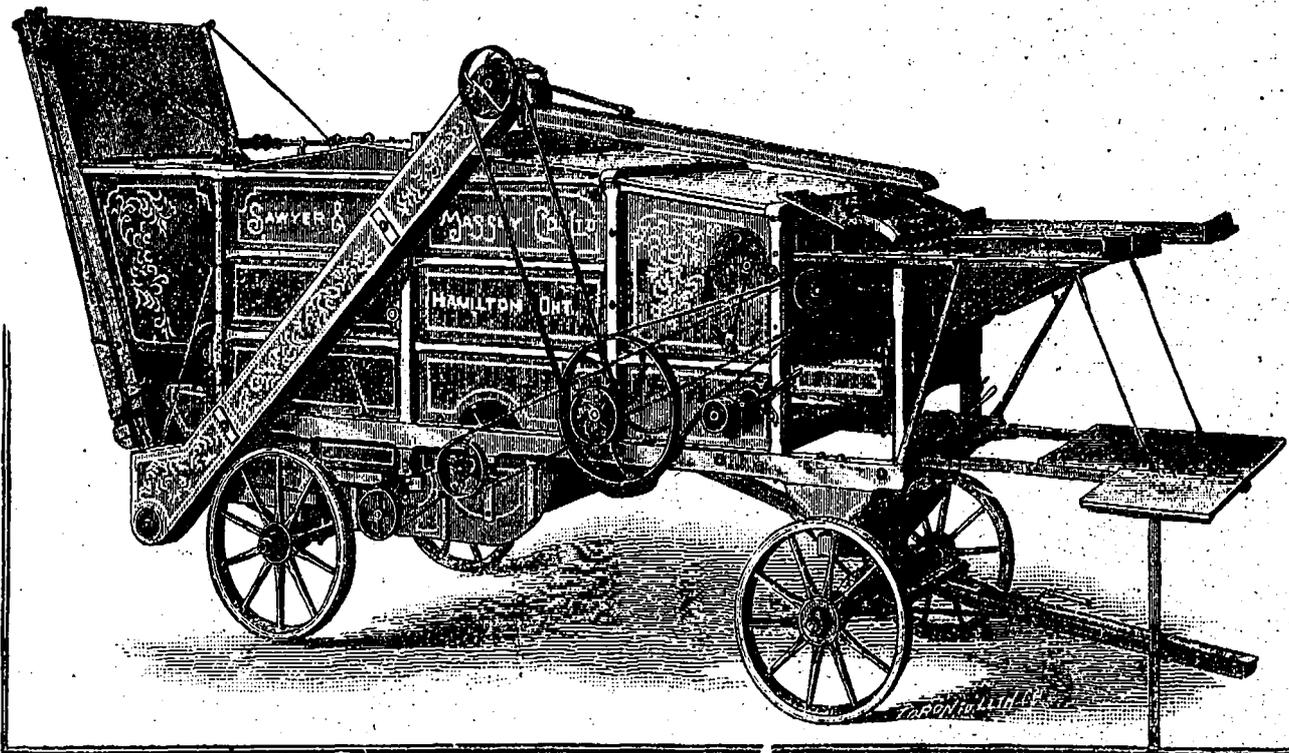
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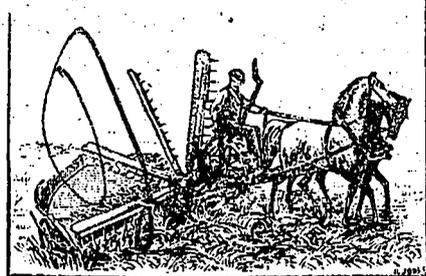
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