

◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

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

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[Toronto, August, 1889.



A CROSSING ON THE UPPER YARRA, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA. (*See Letter on Australia.*)

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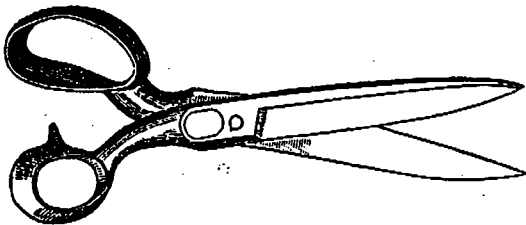
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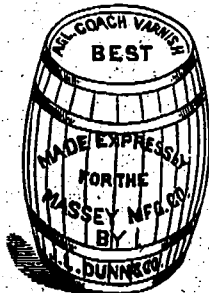
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MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED

A JOURNAL OF
NEWS, LITERATURE, AND RURAL HOMES

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

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TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST, 1889

[Vol. I., No. 9.]

ROUND THE WORLD,

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

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

AUSTRALIA.

Seventh Letter, dated S.S. "Lusitania," Lat. 10.18 N.
Long. 53.47 E. March 10th, 1888.

TRUSTING that my last epistles have not been too
much of the geography lesson style to be interest-
ing to you, I again take up my pen to continue the
record of our wanderings.

When I set out to write this
series of letters it was not my in-
tention to weary you with lengthy
descriptions of the various coun-
tries we visited, further than to
give you some idea of their poli-
tical and social condition, realiz-
ing that we on the one side of the
globe know so comparatively little
about the new and rapidly grow-
ing countries on the opposite side,
and further, that you might better
understand the account of our tour
which it was more especially my
object to relate. But to do even
this much with my present sub-
ject, Australia, is beyond the scope
of a mere letter. It is a broad
topic—enough for a volume. A
few leading points, however, will
enable you to better appreciate its
size, its almost unlimited capabili-
ties, and the great undertakings
of its people.

Take the geography of your
son or daughter attending school,
or of your younger brother or sis-
ter, and turn to the map of this
vast country. The whole of the
territory of this great island con-
tinent is greater than that of the
United States. In the map you
see, it may be on a small and con-
densed scale, and hence not im-
press you as being so large a
country. You will note that the
map is divided into five sections,
each of these being a Colony, each
Colony having a separate, inde-
pendent, and responsible govern-

ment, similar to that of New Zealand, previously
spoken of, except the Colony of Western Australia,
which is still under the direct control of the Crown,
and has only recently petitioned for responsible
government.

As has been the case with other continents, by
strange coincidence the settlement of Australia
also began in the east, proceeding thence westward,
though one would have supposed the part nearest
the mother country would have been opened up
first. The eastern portion is, however, by far the
most valuable territory.

New South Wales, though next the smallest in

size, is the oldest and wealthiest, if not the most
important, colony, and is this year celebrating the
centennial of its first settlement, which was also
the first in Australia.

This "first settlement" consisted of H.M.S.
Sirius, with six transports and three store ships
with a cargo of convicts, under command of Capt.
Arthur Phillip, who landed at Botany Bay* in
January, 1788, and shortly afterwards moved for
better quarters to another point, the magnificent
harbor now known as Port Jackson, hoisting the

* See cut of Botany Bay (Sydney Harbor) in next issue of
the ILLUSTRATED.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE AND GARDENS, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

British ensign on Sydney Cove—the present site of Sydney, the busy metropolis and capital of the Colony—a city “as large as Edinburgh and even more beautiful.” From this “humble and inauspicious root”—a small penal settlement—the Colony of New South Wales and the Australian Empire had their origin, for New South Wales may be said to be the mother of the other Australian colonies.

Victoria, though the smallest, is the most populous and prosperous of the Colonies at the present time. It is about one-seventh smaller than the Province of Ontario, whereas New South Wales is more than three times the size of Ontario.

The Colony of Queensland, the youngest but by no means the least prosperous, is considerably more than twice the size of New South Wales, and



CIVILIZED ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

more than four times larger than France; while the Colony of South Australia—a vast belt of territory extending across the continent from south to north, and which might be better called Central Australia—is nearly *half as large again* as Queensland.

A glance at the map will show you that the territory at present assigned to Western Australia—an immense expanse of country, the bulk of which as yet remains untrodden by the foot of man—comprises about one-third of the entire continent.

Such, then, is the extent and distribution of territory. Of its prominent geographical features the map will give you a clue. A system of mountain chains runs up and down the eastern coast. In the south of South Australia is another mountainous district, and there are also ranges on the west coast. Located as it is, partly in the tropical and partly in the temperate zones, it has the advantages and vegetation of each. It would be folly to attempt to enumerate the resources of this truly great country, for it has all the resources of a great continent. The one great draw-back to a more rapid progress is the insufficiency and uncertainty of its water supply. Rivers there are but few, and much of the time they are dried up. Rain may fall abundantly for a few seasons, and again, in the interior, there may be two years together with little or no rain. These great droughts bring disaster to man and beast, and many a “squatter” has lost almost his entire flock or herd in a single season. Out of 100,000 sheep one farmer I heard of lost 95,000 during one of these droughts.

Such catastrophes, however, are now largely averted by not over-stocking “the run” and by storing the water during a plentiful fall in artificial ponds and wells. Artesian wells have also been

bored in various parts with the greatest success and revealed the fact that “under-ground rivers” exist; these wells will, therefore, go a long way towards getting over the scarcity of water, and are a great boon to the interior country. Plenty of rain falls along the coast, and there the land is most fertile in both east and west, but as the interior is approached the fall lessens; where a piece of land or “run” will sustain three sheep to the acre along the coast, it would not be safe to put more than one sheep to three acres in the interior.

Sheep raising is the great national industry in Australia and Australian wool is famous the world over and makes the finest woollens. At the present time it is said to possess over one hundred million of sheep. The mind cannot grasp such enormous figures, so let us form these sheep into an imaginary

procession; we will place them two and two and allow four feet to each pair—just room for them to travel nicely. This great procession of sheep would then extend over *once and a half times round the globe*, and supposing it were possible for them to travel four miles an hour for ten hours a day, it would take them *three years*, lacking a few days, to pass a given point.

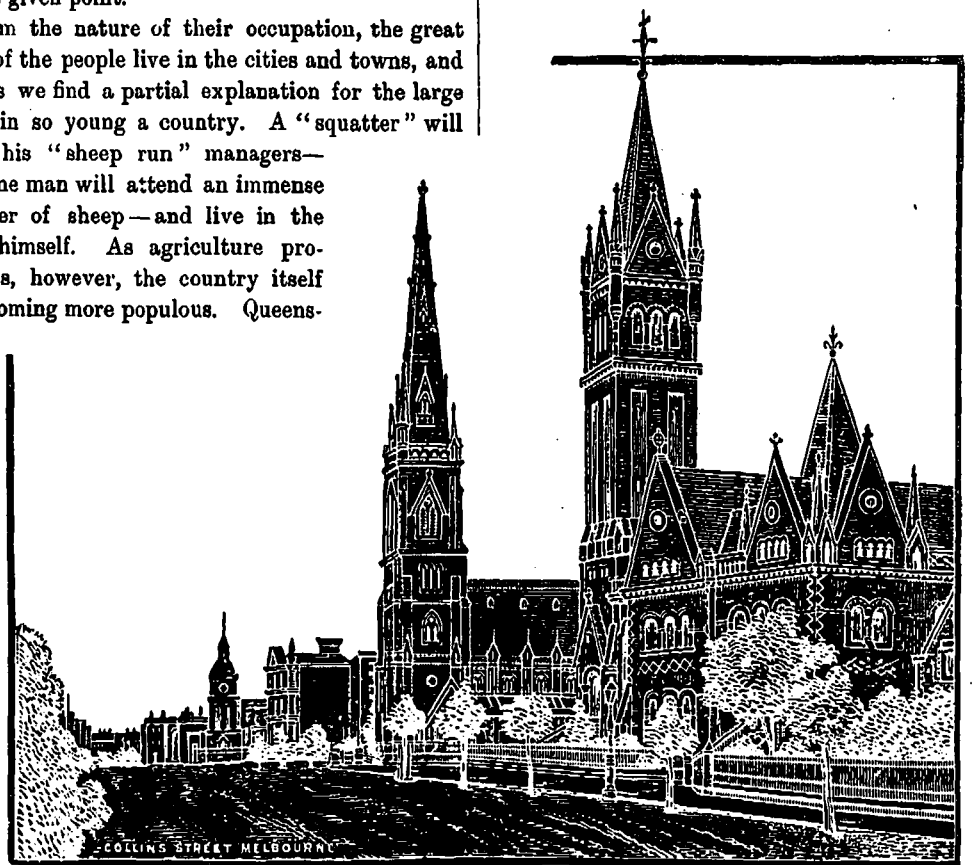
From the nature of their occupation, the great bulk of the people live in the cities and towns, and in this we find a partial explanation for the large cities in so young a country. A “squatter” will have his “sheep run” managers—and one man will attend an immense number of sheep—and live in the city himself. As agriculture progresses, however, the country itself is becoming more populous. Queens-

land and especially New South Wales are essentially sheep-raising colonies; there are in the latter, however, many fine agricultural districts. Victoria is divided, agriculture being a most important industry. The sample of wheat is most excellent and the yield is better.

South Australia is a grain country, though, strange to say, the farmer there is content with a yield of eight or nine bushels to the acre. The “Australian Stripper,” a machine for “stripping” off the heads merely, leaving the straw (some of them equipped also with apparatus for threshing at the same time) has heretofore been almost exclusively used for harvesting. But on account of its wastefulness and the deterioration of the land consequent on its continued use, it is rapidly being superseded by the Binder in all the Colonies except South Australia, and even there the “stripper” is now losing favor.

If the new comer, or “new chum,” as he will be called, arrives in Sydney or Melbourne with a revolver in his pocket—his conception of the country being that of a land of convicts and “bushrangers”—he will find about as much use for his weapon as he would on King St., Toronto. He will probably be amazed to find such a large city, such well-paved streets, such splendid public buildings, and in fact that the general aspect of the city, the habits and customs of the people, differ but little from those of a city at home. He will find there is about as little “roughing it” as there would be in Canada, and for tales of the “bushrangers” he will have to go to men whose heads are white. To see the kangaroos, of which he has heard so much, and to catch a glimpse at the aborigines, he will have to go into the interior—away from the main lines of railway. The former, however, are to be seen in the zoological gardens of the principal cities. Indeed, his ideas of Australia will soon be completely revolutionized.

From inquiries and the little I had read, I was quite prepared to find Melbourne a big city, but not the grand metropolis that it is, with fine wide streets, lined with magnificent buildings of the



COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

most solid character—streets that are admirably paved and kept scrupulously clean, and which would put to shame our Toronto thoroughfares. As one walks about the city everywhere he will see the greatest life and activity, reminding him of the bustle and busy aspect of the large American cities—a resemblance which Melbourne people seem proud to own. Cable cars have entirely supplanted the use of the ordinary street cars and Melbourne has the most nearly perfect and most extensive cable-car system in existence—it is certainly admirable. They have profited by the experience of American cities where the system was designed and perfected. It is a pretty sight at night to look up and down Collins Street well illuminated with electric light, the sidewalks lined with people, the cable-cars gracefully gliding along at close intervals, propelled by an unseen power, their head lights and colored signals adding to the illumination, and the constant ringing of their alarm gongs increasing the life of the scene. The weather being mild the year round, there is, of course, no frost or snow to interfere with the cables at any time. Indeed snow has been known to fall but once in Melbourne “in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.”

We often hear of the intense heat of Australia, and I was frequently told before leaving home, “You will be burned up in Australia.” It is true the weather is sometimes very warm, but heat at 95° in the shade in Melbourne is less felt than 80° in Toronto. The explanation is this,—the heat in Australia comes from the hot, unwatered interior, and when the “hot winds” blow towards the coast, though they chase the mercury suddenly to the top notches, it is a dry heat, and bears with it a large proportion of ozone, and instead of being debilitating as our “moist heat” is, it is really exhilarating and healthful, when not excessive. Once

—and fortunately such instances are very rare—the thermometer reached 111° in the shade, and on the same day at an inland town touched 121° in the shade. Such days, of course, bring great calamity. The present summer has been exceptionally cool, fortunately for us, and the rainfall most abundant. We have experienced a few decidedly warm days, but on the whole could not possibly have seen the country under more favorable circumstances.

The mildness of the climate has admitted of the introduction into the architecture of the cities of some of the features of the more open oriental style, and the Melbourne architects especially have taken up this idea. Considering its youth, the elegance and solidity—and its growth altogether seems on a most solid basis—of the business blocks, bank buildings (which are especially fine), and public edifices of the capital of Victoria are a marvel. Amongst the attractions of the city are the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, both of which are excellent.

The immense Exhibition Building, surrounded by a park, which contains a large hall and organ,

and in a part of which is a very good aquarium, is much frequented by visitors.

Our stay in Melbourne included one Sunday, which, considering the size of the city, seemed fairly well observed. While there we had the pleasure of establishing and opening up the latest and most distant branch office of the Massey Manufacturing Co.,* it being nearly 12,500 miles from the head office and works, on the opposite side of the globe.

We proceeded by rail to Sydney, a trip of about twenty hours (576 miles). The line traverses vast tracts of sparsely-timbered and semi-cleared land—mostly grazing farms—a fine country all the way to Albury (on the New South Wales border), whence we proceeded in the night, arriving at Sydney next day at noon.

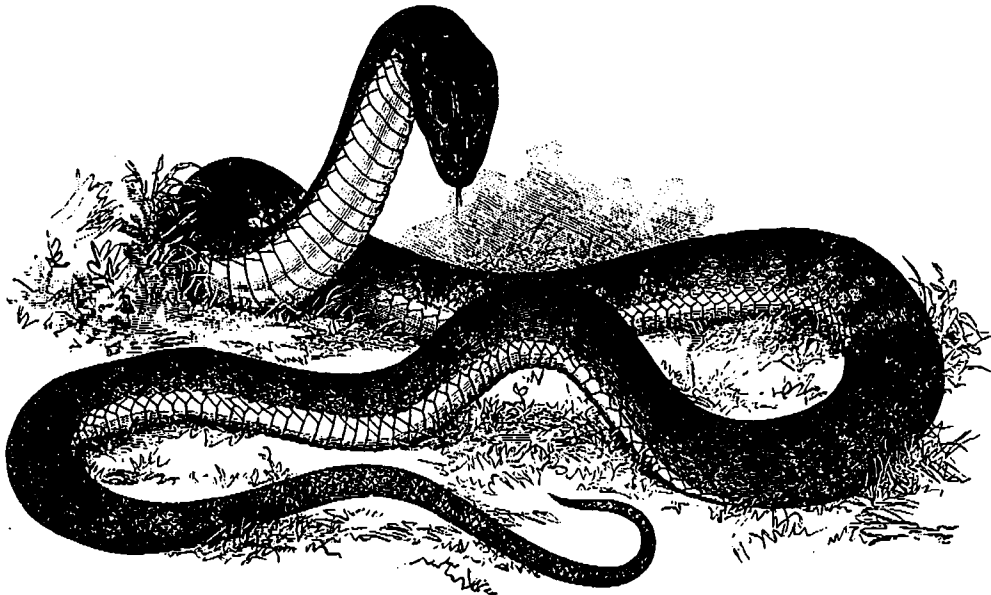
The landscape for the most part is of a rolling character, the scattered trees being almost entirely of the *eucalyptus* family—either the White or Red Gum—and the soil generally of a rich and fertile nature, well adapted for cultivation when a water supply is obtainable, and usually covered with a crop of wild grass, the quality and quantity of which depend upon the rainfall, and which is well

—this lends a pleasing variety to the scene. And strange to say, too, this great country, though it possesses native birds of beautiful plumage, was so wanting in songsters that many of our northern birds of song were introduced and now abound. In native animals, too, the country seemed strangely destitute; excepting the kangaroo family there being but few other varieties, and these comparatively insignificant. This led some of the earlier settlers to bring in some of our northern pets—amongst others, and most unfortunately, the rabbit, which has spread so rapidly that it is now a national pest, there being no end to the means in use to exterminate it. The kangaroo and the emu—the largest bird—are the national emblems of Australia. But I am drifting.

The territory through which the line is laid in New South Wales is more hilly—the latter part being mountainous. Now and then we passed a bush, and could see here and there a strange Australian White Ant hill—some of them being at least five to seven feet high. The term “bush” in Australia, by the way, does not mean a very thickly wooded land with underbrush, the term usually applied to that being “scrub” land. Upon entering

Sydney the railway passes several manufacturing institutions, of which there are many of various kinds, and are being most successfully conducted. I may here remark that iron and coal of an excellent quality are found in New South Wales in great abundance. In fact nearly all minerals are found in Australia and most of them in large quantities.

(To be continued.)



THE TIGER SNAKE OF AUSTRALIA.

In parts of Australia snakes are quite numerous, and some of them very venomous. Strange to say, though, some of the smaller snakes are the most poisonous. I inquired of a farmer in one district where they were common, if he did not fear these snakes. “Oh, not much,” he said; “one might work a whole week without seeing one.” I thought to myself, once a week was just once in seven days oftener than I cared to see one.—W. E. H. M.

suited for grazing purposes. The *eucalyptus* trees, which are of a tropical nature, are exceedingly “green,” and cannot be cleared by burning. The usual process is to “ring” the tree, or to cut a ring about the trunk a few feet from the ground, thus destroying it, and then allowing it to dry up, when it may be burned. These trees remain green the year through, shedding their bark instead of their leaves.

So closely do the general physical features of one part of Australia resemble those of another part, that this one description will suffice for the greater part of the country we saw in our sweeping tour over the continent. To the tourist the general landscape, which is at first attractive, becomes exceedingly monotonous, the ever present gum trees ceasing to be beautiful in his eye.

In the city parks and around the country houses, however, the best shade and fruit trees of the north temperate zone have been most successfully introduced, and flourish in their greatest perfection

To construct these huts, the bark had been stripped from several trees in the vicinity. Fires were burning in front of most of the huts.

There was an odor of singed wool and burning meat, but no food was in sight. The blacks are supposed to live upon kangaroo meat as their principal viand, but a good many cattle and sheep disappear whenever a tribe of natives is in the neighborhood of the flocks and herds. In addition to the kangaroo, they eat the meat of the wallaby, opossum, wombat, native bear and other animals, and are fond of eels and any kind of fish that come to their hands, or rather to their nets and spears. Emus, ducks, turkeys—in fact, pretty nearly everything that lives and moves, including ants and their eggs, grubs, earth-worms, moths, beetles, and other insects—are welcome additions to the aboriginal larder. All the fruits of trees and bushes, together with many roots and edible grasses and other plants, are included in their bill of fare.

There were twenty or more dirty and repulsive men and women in the village, some squatted or seated around the fires, and others standing carelessly in the immediate vicinity.—THOS. W. KNOX, in *the Boy Travellers in Australasia*.

* The Massey Manufacturing Co., Chas. McLeod, Manager, 52 Little Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

A Native Encampment.

The village was merely a collection of huts of bark open at one side, and forming a shelter against the wind, though they would have been hardly equal to keeping out a severe storm.



"The Last Straw."

BY SYLVIA SILVERTHORNE.

MID-AFTERNOON of a long, warm summer day, and weary little Mrs. Ronald had dropped down among the cushions on the sitting-room couch, to catch, if she might, just a little "cat-nap," or, failing of that, to bring by quiet repose, tranquillity to her throbbing, fevered pulses.

Looking back across the stretch of day, since she had begun her tasks, at scarce more than dawn, it seemed like a dream almost, I might say, a troubled dream, all the things she had managed to accomplish and crowd into the hours; and yet, as she retrospected, not one of those things could have been left undone.

It was Monday and wash-day, and there had been the thousand-and-one duties, besides, that crowd themselves into each day alike. The little army of must-be-dones, that speak out their behests, as if they would say, "In your house we rule, not thou."

"Throb! throb! throb!" How could she hope to sleep, with that unceasing voice of over-worked nature crying out against her? But that would soon quiet, perhaps, and then—but just then she called to mind that baby and four-year-old Neddie hadn't bothered her for some minutes; that must forbode either mischief or mishap, and she must go in search of them. Finding them wornout with play and wrapped in restful sleep on the tempting grass-plot in the cooling shade of a spreading maple, she again sought her resting place, after having drawn lower the shade to shut out the straggling beams that, now as the sun was gliding horizon-ward, slanted across her pillow.

Down again. Now if she could only just forget herself for a moment and fall asleep. But what is she thinking about? There's the supper not yet planned. She had been so busy with a multitude of cares she had failed to plan her supper, and oh! model housekeeper! false to your household trusts, which you ought to hold sacred, how dare you lose yourself in the unconsciousness of slumber, till you have given due thought to this matter? For, how do you know but you may, in sleep's forgetfulness, let the supper hour arrive and take you unaware, ere you have predestinated your supper "bill of fare." And so, to appease the wrath of her housekeeper—conscience which was schooled to cry out for method—she planned her supper, and then sleep fell on her lids. Not sweet restful sleep, but sleep in which she did over again the tasks of the day; sleep in which she struggled vainly to carry burdens too grievous to be borne; sleep in which she found herself attempting to do several things at a time, thereby failing in all, and breaking into sobs because she seemed to accomplish no good; but it was, nevertheless, sleep that might have subsided into restful slumber, but that through it came to her the sound of her husband's voice.

"Annie, Annie, where are you?"

"Here, George; what is it?"

"We would like to have supper at five this evening. At that time we will be ready to go back to the field for another load of hay, and as it will be night before we get through, we'd best have supper before we go."

"Yes, supper will be ready."

And while George Ronald returned to his work (for it was hay-making time), without having seen his fatigued wife or heard a word of complaint, she arose wearily and went to the dining room to ascertain the hour.

"Half-past four," is what the little clock grinningly responded, and it seemed to her, it chuckled an "aside" to itself, like this:

"Don't I make her hop to keep up with me?"

But usually she and the little clock were best of friends, and it had a good natured smile for her, so she forgave it now and went to the kitchen.

"Throb, throb, throb," cried her pulses and her temples and her whole body. But she thought, "That will be all over when I have stirred round a while, I know, for I've been just so before." And then why didn't those temples and pulses and tormented body cry out as with one voice, "Haven't you heard us more frequently, of late." But even then would she have heard? Sometimes it can be said of us that we would not hear "even if one came to us from the dead."

But soon the tea kettle was singing (can you, in tea kettle music, distinguish between a dirge and an anthem?), and the

table was being loaded with the things she had planned to have for supper, and nobody knew that weary feet were treading the ways that lie between stove and pantry and dining room, for she didn't mention it, and no one could be expected to inquire.

In from school fled the children. There was seven-year-old Bess, with cheeks of roses and tangles of sunny curls. There was Bert, the black-eyed rogue of nine, and there was Jimmie, twelve years old, and becoming, in the eyes of the family, a boy of considerable promise, and last, but not least in person or prominence, was Dora, a sweet girl of seventeen summers, and one whose ambition, already awakened, had set her teaching the district school, some three-fourths of a mile from home. Thereby she was not only enabled to earn something for herself, but, it being so near her home, she could still be one of the family circle.

What did you say, you little tired body, mother of this group, mother of this girl, who, being thoroughly American, is following the lead of her ambition? Did you say the money which comes in through her efforts is being paid for out of your vitality, on account of the added burden of doing her work in addition to your own? No? You didn't say that? I beg your pardon. Loving little mother, that was my mistake. I am sure I must have only heard my own thoughts voicing themselves, and seeing your lips move, perhaps with a quiver of weariness, I fancied the sound proceeded from thence.

Supper is ready. Haymakers are busy tickling their palates with the "planned" feast of edibles. (Doesn't that offset all the discomfort resulting to the tired woman, on account of having to break in on her rest in order to have all things in readiness?)

Two-year-old baby and four-year-old Neddie, waked from their glass-plot sleep when the children came from school, and Dora had washed them and kissed them, and they are ready for supper. So now she pours the tea, while Mrs. Ronald pretends to eat, but there's no appetite; so she sips her tea, and smiles, while the others chat, and she pats baby's fat cheek, and takes his preferred kiss, even though in so doing she gets a feast of crumbs from his infant lips.

After supper, Dora gets ready to wash the dishes, as is usual for her when nothing happens to prevent, but too often it is usual for something to happen to prevent, as it is about to do now, more usual methinks than Dora imagines, for, like the boy in school of whom the teacher asked his age, "Don't know; never kep' count," he responded. So of these times when something interfered with her routine of work, I fear she "never kep' count," and more times than she knew she dropped her burden on her mother's shoulders, and hied her away to the land of "good time."

From some errand out of doors she came rushing in with:

"Oh, mamma! Jennie Bradley is driving out in her new phaeton, and has stopped for me to go with her. We will return before dark. Say quick, that's a good mamma. May I go?" and her dimpled arms were about her mamma's neck, and her fair cheek pressed to the throbbing temples; I wonder she didn't feel or hear them.

Mrs. Ronald was just about to say, "But the supper work, dear, I am so tired, I do not see how I can get through with it." But she paused to await the result of a little struggle that was going on in her heart, and in the melee, down went self, and up to the top came mother-love, and she said:

"Go on, dear, and I hope you may have a pleasant drive. Don't stay long."

And as she saw her trip away, she said in her heart (for she held her lips lest they make moan), "I want to make her young life as happy as I can."

"Throb, throb, throb." Why didn't she listen and translate that. In plain English it meant to say to her, "Make her young life happy, at what cost?"

Jimmie, in work garb is doing chores at the barn, or helping father. Bess and Bert are feeding the fowls and gathering the eggs, and Neddie is following after with Baby in charge, to keep him out of mamma's way, while she finishes her work.

The clothes are brought from the line and folded, ready for Tuesday's ironing. Then, and not till then, Mrs. Ronald sat down to try to rest, while in through the open doorway came sounds of childish sport, that sent a thrill of pleasure through her heart, for the voices were the voices of her children and she was glad they were happy.

Papa and Jimmie are just coming from the barn. Papa Ronald was so tired he did not go with the hired men for the load of hay.

"Mamma," said Jimmie, "I broke my suspender to-day. Will you fix it for me?"

"Yes." And she went in search of needle, thimble, and thread, while he brought the broken suspender. Did you ever mend a broken suspender? They are not so very hard to sew if you are not very tired. At least one thing in its favor, it doesn't take much time.

Just as she finished it, in came Bert, the dear little rogue

with the black eyes, with: "Mamma, while you have your needle threaded won't you sew the cover on my ball? It's ripped."

"Yes." And while she sewed she heard, or felt, or realized "throb, throb, throb." None of the others heard or realized anything of the kind. How could they know—and she fainted.

Quickly the strong arms of George Ronald lifted tenderly that little, supple form, and laid it on the couch. Quickly restoratives were used, and she regained, after a time, consciousness; but as she lay there, looking so wan and weak, they wondered what could have come over her, that she was stricken down so suddenly in the midst of health. They did not know that the cords of her strength, stretched to their utmost tension, had suddenly given way, almost snapped asunder.

Ah, how often a woman's foes are "they of her own household." Those who love her best, not that they intend it so, but they are so accustomed to seeing her go on, day after day, following the dreary round, uncomplainingly, that they never stop to consider, and whose is the fault?

Oh, ambitious mothers! because you err in your judgment, because your love makes you blind, and because you bow in blind idolatry at the feet of your household gods, and serve them with works meet for a holier cause, you are filling new-raised mounds in the cemeteries of the world, mounds kept moist with tears from eyes too young to know aught of grief's overflow.

Promptly as he could be summoned came the physician from the little village lying two miles in the shadowy distance—shadowy now, as the sun had passed the horizon-hills, and a soft summer twilight fell in dusky folds about the quiet earth.

Dr. Roberts entered the room in which the sad-faced family were gathered, with a cherry "Good-evening" and one or two playfully-pleasant remarks, which, in spite of their over-wrought apprehensions, caused the long-drawn visages to relax into smiles. Even the white face on the pillow also smiled in response. How quickly our candles of hope are lighted at the torch of our family physician's promise-beaming countenance.

"Now, my little woman," he said as he took a seat at Mrs. Ronald's bedside, "your family, I apprehend, think you have been very suddenly stricken down, but you and I know some things they are not aware of; consequently, we know there has been no suddenness about it. To tell the truth, I had diagnosed your case before I saw you, and find I had not erred in my supposition. I could have foretold this for you long ago, for I saw what you were bringing upon yourself by your over-work and under-rest."

"Oh, doctor," said Mrs. Ronald, "why didn't you tell me, then? 'forewarned is forearmed,' you know."

"Oh, if I had told you," laughed the doctor, "you would have called me a 'prophet of evil,' and as for 'forewarned, forearmed,' that is true only in case you heed the warning. But, though I would have you know you are in no danger, yet a voice has spoken now which you will heed as you would not have heeded mine, and a hand is laid upon you which will hold you where you are till you heed the mandate—'rest.' But you have had warnings of this," and adroitly he drew from her the confession of how oft-times her frame had well nigh rebelled against the burdens required of it, but she held out, hoping to wear off the feeling, and, led on by his "drawing-out process," she related all, even to the events of the day as already recorded, finishing her story with the account of the fainting spell while she sewed the cover on Bert's ball.

"Yes," said, or rather mused, the doctor. "There is an old familiar phrase, which has it, 'It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back.'"

"Oh," bursts out Bert, to whom the ball incident came home with sorrowful force, and who, together with being loving and sensitive, was also quick at an application. "Did I put on the last straw?" and he wept as if his little heart would break.

"Come here, Bertie dear," said Mrs. Ronald, whose mother heart still surged against her fifth rib, and her arms were put out to receive him.

"Did I put on de las' 'taw?" chimed in baby, who was quick to repeat what he heard, as well as ever ready to "weep with those who wept," for he, too, ran to mamma's couch, with uncontrolled wails, at which there were smiles on all countenances, and then, though the older ones spoke no word, their hearts were whispered echoes, "Didn't I help put on the straw?"

Only the doctor spoke. "Come here, Bertie," he said, "I want to whisper something aloud to you. Don't worry about who put on the last straw. I think camels would learn to groan when their burden is sufficient for their strength, and not make a virtue of endurance when it has passed the allotted line. And now I am going to tell you, and I hope the other will all play eaves-droppers and listen. Your mamma mu-

have absolute rest. Not only rest from work—no danger of her doing much of that for a few weeks; she ought not for months—but also rest from care. She must not even plan for or manage household affairs, or I shall not be responsible for consequences. Now, who in all the world do you think can take her place while she rests?"

"Sister Dora," was the prompt response.

"Yes," said Dora, coming forward, and laying her hand lovingly on Mrs. Ronald's brow, "Mamma, I am going to send my resignation to the school director to-morrow morning, in time for him to engage Mollie Vincent. She needs and will be glad to get the school, and can do better than at her day sewing."

"But, daughter, I can't let you make such a sacrifice. It will spoil all your plans, and—"

But Dora playfully put her hand on her mother's lips, saying: "I have no plans; they've all dissolved, only one, and that's to keep and care for my mother."

"Then, George," said Mrs. Ronald, as she pressed her daughter's hand, "I'll at last yield to your advice, so often urged upon me, and you may go in quest of a girl to help with the work. Dora must not be allowed to follow in my footsteps."

At this the jolly doctor jumped up, and rubbing his hands together briskly, after a way of his own, said: "I see I'll not be needed around here much. But I will leave you this tonic, and will call around occasionally, to see that you do not aggravate nature into another open rebellion." And away went the jolly soul who carried healing in his words, as well as in his medicine bags.

Mrs. Ronald, even with her tonic, and a careful following of her "absolute rest" prescription found that her strength came slowly, slowly. But nature's disturbed forces by degrees regained their equilibrium, and ever after, if one would have thoughtlessly added so much as a feather's weight to her burden, which it was deemed expedient, as well as merciful, to keep as light as possible, just a reference to the "last straw," would put the thoughtless one on loving guard again.

Life.

Out in the sunshine, bright and free,
A laddie with flaunting hair
Darted and chased with noisy glee
The painted flowers of the air.
"What do you think of life, my lad?"
I gazed in his eager eyes.
"Life!" and he shook his curly head,
"Why, it's chasing the butterflies!"

Down by the river's shady side
A maiden stood and dreamed;
Through tangled leaves on her silken head
The sifted sunlight streamed.
"Life?" and she breathed a little sigh—
But the sigh was all of bliss—
"Tis the dream of every maiden's heart
Of the first betrothal kiss."

Desolate silence filled the place
Where the widow sat alone
And dreamed through her swiftly falling tears
Of memories dead and gone;
Dreamed of the home that passed away
With her darlings to Paradise.
Lingering, I heard her say,
"Ah, life is a world of sighs!"

I turned and questioned my throbbing heart:
The answer I fain would know.
A still voice whispered to me apart,
In accents tender and low,
"Take up thy cross and go the way
That the suffering saints have trod,
And lo! thy question is answered thee—
Life is in serving God!"

—Florence Evelyn Pratt.

"What wouldst thou be?
A blessing to each one surrounding thee;
A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
A sunbeam of joy, bidding sorrow depart;
To the storm-tossed vessel, a beacon light,
A nightingale's song in the darkest night,
A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,
An angel of love to each friendless soul.—Anon.

EDUCATION is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them.—Ruskin.

"We Just Made a Farmer of Jim."

BY MRS. W. H. AUSTIN.

Four brave, brawny boys—and our fond, foolish hearts
Beat high in their joy and their pride;
Four treasures immortal intrusted to us
To rear and to guard and to guide.
It was ours to fathom the gifts of each mind,
To study the depths of each heart,
And discern, if we might, just the labor of life
That Dame Nature designed for their part.

We had pondered it long, but 'twas settled at last,
That our Henry a preacher should be,
And our John, you should see, for a lawyer was born,
And our Joseph should make an M.D.;
But the fourth was so quiet and queer in his way
That 'twas hard to decide about him,
And we needed his help, so we said with a sigh,
"We'll just make a farmer of Jim."

So the three went forth from the farm-yard gate
In the kingdom of books to toil,
To delve scholastic lore—while Jim
He delved in the farm's rich soil.

'Twas a goodly sum we had garnered by
For use in this hour of need;
'Twas the savings slow of the frugal years,
But 'twas spent with a reckless speed.

'Twas a goodly sum—like the wind it went,
And the three never knew how we planned,
How we worked and scrimped and struggled and saved
To furnish their large demand.
And Jim—how he toiled through the ceaseless round
Till each wearisome day was done;
Undaunted he by the scathing storm
Or the noontide's scorching sun.

With plow and sickle, through crowded days,
He wrought till the fields were sown,
And girded in sheaves was the harvest's grain,
And garnered the golden corn.
It was hard—so hard—through the weary months,
Yet not a complaint from Jim,
Though all went out to the three abroad,
And nothing remained for him.

Deeds grand and brave has the soldier done
In the midst of the battle's strife.
Yet naught that is nobler will e'er be known
Than this patient, unselfish life.
But 'twas over at last, and from college halls
Came forth the children three,
Full of unknown words, and of high ideas,
And of hopes for the days to be.

And they went abroad on the world's highway
To learn that a language dead,
And that classic lore was a worthless stock
To exchange for their daily bread.
And what of Jim? He had read in books
Of the great and the good of yore,
Of the glories of empire passed away
And of nations to rise no more.

But it was from the pages of Nature's book,
From the blossom and bird and bee,
From the soft, green earth and the tender skies,
From the mountain and surging sea,
That he learned of the deeper meaning of life,
Learned its scheme and scope sublime,
And in calms, that brood in the solitude,
Learned the needs of the soul divine.

Untethered by rule of measure or school,
His mind looked up from the sod,
And his thoughts grew broad as the universe,
And deep as the things of God.
And the people came and besought our Jim
Of his knowledge to impart,
And he taught with the simple eloquence
That thrills through the human heart.

And they bowed them down to this son of toil,
And they cried that the nation's need
Was his steady brain and his noble heart
And his honor in word and deed.
And they came from the near and they came from the far,
And they wouldn't take "no" from him,
But they crowned him with title and wealth and fame,
And they made a statesman of Jim.

* * * * *
The years they are by, and I sit and sigh
O'er the fate of the children three,
For the world's been unkind to the lawyer born
And the M.D. and L.L.D.;
I think of their starving, struggling lives,
And then I think of Jim—
And I thank the Lord that we had the sense
To make a farmer of him.

A Touch of Nature.

A CAR on the Washington Avenue line was jogging along up town. There were only five passengers in the car—three men, a lady, and a little girl of probably six or seven years.

The lady was an austere looking passenger, who seemed to take little notice of what was occurring or being said in the car. The little girl, a sweet, rosy-faced child, with a slight cloud of sadness over the natural sunshiness of her countenance, sat at the lady's right and frequently looked up wistfully at the immovable face of the woman. The man who sat at the right of the child, and evidently her father, spoke to the little one several times as if to dissuade her from gazing at the lady. But still the little eyes would return to the woman's face and scan it searchingly.

The woman became uneasy under the baby's scrutiny, and shifted a little as if to turn her face from the line of vision of the bright-eyed child. Then the little hand was laid softly on the lady's. She drew her's away and, turning rather abruptly, asked:—

"What are you looking at me for all the time? You annoy me greatly." This was said more to the father than the child.

The baby was abashed for a moment, but that little hand went out again and the sweet voice, with a little tremor in it, piped out:

"'Cause you look just like my mamma did. I would like to kiss you."

"Where is your mamma, child?" the lady asked. The voice had softened a little, and through the sternness of the visage gleamed a ray of tenderness.

"My mamma is dead," said the plaintive voice of the child.

Those four words seemed to break down the barrier that stood between the woman's heart and the pleading little child. Impulsively the lady's arms were clasped about the slight form, and they drew it close to her breast. The two men on the opposite side of the car could not see the woman's face, but the sound of a baby's sob was hushed with a kind, motherly kiss.

The car jogged on, and soon the child was sleeping sweetly, with its little yellow head pillowed on the satined bosom of the woman, while the face of the latter was bent lovingly over the locks of gold.

Here was a picture that even the two hardened men of the world could not look upon without a touch of tears, and as the car moved on there was only the rumble of the vehicle to break the silence.

Who the old lady or the child was is unknown to the writer, but the little episode left a pleasant recollection and a kindlier feeling toward humanity.

—New York Star.

Babies of the World.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 of babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is, therefore, about seventy a minute, or rather more than one for every beat of the clock. It will probably startle a good many persons to hear, on the authority of a writer in the hospital, that could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles seven deep they would go round the globe.

The same writer looks at the matter in a still more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mothers' charge one by one, and the procession being kept up continuously night and day until the last comer in the twelvemonth has passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate of speed is allowed, but even with these babies-in-arms going past twenty a minute, the reviewing officer would only have seen a sixth part of the infantile host file onward by the time he had been a year at his post. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the work began would be able to waddle onward itself when a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the saluting post; and when the year's supply of babies was tapering to a close, there would be a rear guard not of infants, but of romping boys and girls. Every moment of nearly seven years would be required to complete this grand parade of those little ones that, in the course of a twelvemonth, begin to play their part in the first age of man.—Leeds Mercury.

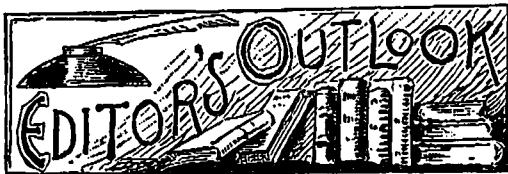


A Cheerful Creed.

The world it is good; if only we knew
How to reach to the heart of our neighbor,
We'd find him both friendly and willing to do
For love the hardest of labor.
We must meet him half way and then we will see,
With an impulse of nature divine,
He will cheer us in trouble, whatever it be,
And make us ashamed to whine.

As often we ponder the problem so deep,
Why some things forever go wrong,
And sorrow for joy so many must reap,
Tho' they struggle on bravely so long.
Yet faith in humanity still doth remain,
For we cannot be gloomy to-day.
When surely the sunshine follows the rain,
And the dark clouds have all passed away.

The world it is good—no use to deny
That trials are coming to all;
The wisest plan now is to let them pass by,
And feel that God's goodness can fall
On each of us here, if rightly we live
And cherish the blessing we own;
'Twill help us, if any there be to forgive
And lighten our hearts when alone.



A Word to Advertisers.

WE have always claimed that the ILLUSTRATED as an advertising medium stands unrivalled. It is the best circulated and best read farm journal in Canada. It has over 20,000 readers, scattered throughout the Dominion from British Columbia to the Maritime Provinces. A journal such as MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, which is sought for and read with interest by every member of the household, is the best medium to advertise in, because it always pays the advertiser. As a proof of the correctness of what we say we publish the following letter:—

To the Publishers of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

GENTLEMEN,—We are forced to withdraw our advertisement from your journal for the reason that we have received so many answers to our advertisement, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that we must take time to attend to them before advertising any further at present. We consider your journal the best advertising medium we have yet tried.

Yours, etc.,

D. FORBES,

Toronto, July 31st. Felt and Gravel Roofer.

Our readers, when ordering any goods from our advertisers, would confer a favor upon us by always stating that they saw the advertisement in the ILLUSTRATED.

THE latest aspirant for agricultural honors is the *Maritime Agriculturist*, published fortnightly in Sackville, N.B., by Messrs. Patterson & Gilbert. It is to be devoted to the agricultural interests, in all its various branches, of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, and if the first number is a criterion of what it will continue to be, its success is assured. It is ably edited and is full of most interesting and practical information to the agricultural community.

WE solicit communications from our readers upon all subjects of interest to the farming community. If a farmer knows of anything in his experience that might be beneficial to his brother farmers he should give it publicity. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send us the facts, make plain what you want to say, and we will properly arrange

the matter for publication. We are striving to turn out as good a paper as possible, but we would be all the better for a little help from our readers. If you do not wish your name mentioned just say so and we will obey your wishes. There are many items of interest to farmers and poultrymen which could be sent us and for which we would be duly grateful. Anything accompanied by a rough sketch would be most acceptable. Let us hear from you.

THE days of harvest are the most important of any of the year. For weeks past reports as to the condition of the crops all over the world, which have appeared in the newspapers, have been eagerly scanned, and commented upon. In another column will be found the latest reports. It is gratifying to know that in Ontario, notwithstanding the damage by frost and rain the yield of wheat will be above the average, and the yield of barley and oats will be very large. Prospects for an abundant harvest are of the brightest. Contradictory reports have been circulated as to the wheat crop in Manitoba, but it is now certain that, owing to the fact that there is a much larger acreage than last year, the crop, taking it altogether, will be a fair average one. People throughout the Dominion have good cause to offer up thanks to a beneficent Creator for such a bountiful harvest.

TWO of the most prominent men in their respective Provinces, have, during the past month, passed away. We refer to Hon. John Norquay, ex-Premier of Manitoba, and Hon. T. B. Pardee, ex-Commissioner of Crown Lands of Ontario. Mr. Norquay was a native of the Province and had a strain of Indian blood in his veins. His political success was remarkable. He entered the first parliament of the Province after its admission to Confederation in 1870, and rapidly rose to the position of Premier, which he held from 1878 to 1887. He was without doubt the foremost figure in the public affairs of his native province and was universally respected for his many sterling qualities. Mr. Pardee was also a native of the province he so long and ably served. He was first elected to the Ontario Assembly, for West Lambton, in 1867, and sat for that constituency until his death. He became Provincial Secretary in 1872, and Commissioner of Crown Lands the following year. Owing to continued illness he was forced to resign his portfolio in December last. It can be truthfully said of him that he was popular with both sides of the House. He possessed admirable tact and judgment, and rare administrative ability, and was of a genial and courteous disposition. His loss will be seriously felt by the Reform party.

WE have much pleasure in again calling the attention of our readers to our Guess offer, full particulars of which will be found on the cover. Every subscriber from now to October 1st has the chance of winning the elegant Toronto Mower, to be exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition, or a Sharp's Rake, or one of two other valuable prizes, practically for nothing. No one will surely deny that this is one of the most liberal offers ever made by a journal on this continent. We are actually giving away these articles for nothing, as it is admitted on all hands that the ILLUSTRATED itself is worth far more than fifty cents. We want to build up our subscription list, and all our subscribers can help us materially in doing so. Show your friends the paper with our guess offer and send along fifty cents with a guess. If you are already a subscriber that need not prevent you from sending the names of some of your friends, with fifty cents and a guess for each. Our canvassers should be able to get up large lists in a very short time. Remember it is the number of S's on the first editorial page of the October issue (page 6). By counting the S's on that page of any previous issue you can arrive at a fair estimate of what the number will be. We have received several guesses already, and we shall expect to get a large number during this month. The correct guess received first wins the first prize, so bear in mind the old saying, "delays are dangerous."

WE have to tender our sincere thanks to those of our subscribers who have canvassed for us, especially to the three who won the cash prizes of \$50, \$35, and \$15, for the largest lists of subscriptions received up to July 1st, last. The prize-winners are:—

- 1st. \$50. Willie Breckon (11 years of age), White-wood, N.W.T., 148 subscriptions.
- 2nd. \$35. Wm. Harnden, Toronto, 95 subscriptions.
- 3rd. \$15. John Boegel, St. Clement's, Ont., 73 subscriptions.

They have not only won the prizes in cash, but they have also received valuable premiums. For instance, Willie Breckon, who had the misfortune when three years of age to lose both his legs at the knee, got a tricycle, which was specially made for him, besides a valuable silver watch, counter scale, alarm clock, jack knife, and rubber stamp—the retail price of the whole being about \$55. For obtaining 148 subscriptions he thus earned altogether \$105, not a bad record for seven months for an eleven-year-old boy. We have no hesitation in saying that no other paper on the continent has shown such a liberal spirit towards its canvassers, and it is pleasing to us to know that it is fully appreciated. We are still prepared to give valuable premiums to any of our subscribers who will take the trouble to canvass for us. We wish as many new subscribers as possible during the next three months, and our liberal offer, referred to in another paragraph, should enable subscribers to make up large lists among their friends and neighbors. The ILLUSTRATED has come to stay and we are determined to spare no expense to make it as attractive as possible to our readers.

WHATEVER may be the cause it is a fact that many women fail to get husbands. We have heard a cynic say that if a man was not so extensively an ass many of the women who now live in single blessedness would be married, while as many of those who contrived to get husbands would themselves have been left single. He means, we suppose, that man is more readily taken with the light and evanescent forms of beauty than by the solid and permanent virtues. However it comes, it appears that there are either too many women or too few men. In itself that would, after all, be no great harm, if it had no attendant trouble. That trouble is, however, only too well-known. Either there are too many women or there is too little employment. Take it which way we like, the result is the same—starvation wages, which breed some of our worst social evils. Another view is that there are neither too many men nor women in the world, only they happen sometimes to be in the wrong places. This latter view is evidently held by an association in the old country called the United Women's Emigration Association. The aim of this Association is not only to select suitable women for suitable colonies, but to look after them on the voyage out, and to provide for them on their arrival at the place of debarkation until they are properly fixed. The scheme is said to have worked well, large numbers of young women having been in this way happily married in the colonies, more particularly in Queensland, Australia. Canada is not so much in want of young women as she is of young men. Let us first of all get all our own young women married before we seek the aid of the United Women's Emigration Association.

IN another month the various local and county fairs will be in full swing. Managers of the larger fairs, who believe in outside attractions, have been busily engaged in hustling around to provide the very best obtainable. Mr. Hill, the energetic manager of the Industrial, Toronto, has been very successful in his quest, as he states that he has secured more and better attractions than ever before. The demands for space this year have been unprecedented, and he has been unable to satisfy all who have applied to him. Many improvements have been made this year, including new stables, which will be fully appreciated by exhibitors of live stock. There is not the slightest doubt that,

weather permitting, this year's Toronto Fair will outstrip its predecessors both financially and otherwise. The Provincial Exhibition will be held at London, on the first week of the Industrial, viz:—from Sept. 9th to 14th. The prize list shows that the Agricultural and Arts Association had made up their minds to make this, the last Provincial Exhibition, one of the grandest ever held under their auspices. Entries will close on August 24th. All information can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. Henry Wade, Toronto. While on the subject of fairs we may mention that the Sussex County, N.J., Agricultural Society has offered four special prizes, to be competed for at its annual fair in September, for "the best and fastest walking team to be exhibited and driven in farm-harness to farm-waggon." This is a step worthy of all commendation, and directors of our Agricultural Societies would do well to imitate it. Prizes are given for trotting at our local fairs but we are not aware that prizes have been offered for the best and fastest walking team of farm horses. It is important to encourage the breeding of this class of horses, and no better means could be adopted than by offering prizes in the way indicated.

It is often said, and doubtless it is true, that the majority of people know so little that it can almost be said they know nothing. It is really pitiful how little any of us know when it comes to a crucial examination. Half knowledge is common enough but how seldom it is that on some subject, upon which everybody ought to be tolerably well informed, any person in a given company can express himself freely and intelligently. In every profession and art men and women forget the things they once knew or half knew, and it is only after years of tentative effort and expense that it can be said they really know anything. There is no more uncomfortable position for any man than to be placed in a company of intelligent persons, and to half know a certain subject of conversation, and not be able to express himself upon it. He knows what he would like to say, and yet he cannot give an intelligible utterance in respect to it. This simply comes of the smattering way the most of us have in gathering knowledge. We take a sip at this fount of knowledge or at that; we read a few plays of Shakespeare, a few essays here and there on English literature, a few scientific instructions of one kind or another, a few lessons in art, and in these we rest content, until the opportunity comes to show our knowledge, and then we have it not. And the more we talk the more manifest our ignorance is. The want of knowledge, of course, is always relative. Deep and varied as was the learning of Sir Walter Scott, he often said he never met a man of any degree, high or low, from whom he could not learn something. And so it is that every person, no matter where his lines are cast, knows some particular thing better than anybody else. Therefore, when we speak of ignorance it is to be considered relatively. Men and women can, if they choose, know much more than they do, and daily life shows that the world is improving. But the millennium is not yet to be expected; consequently ignorance must abide. Nevertheless the people of every station are at a higher grade of knowledge than ever before.

HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT has been appointed Canadian Commissioner to Australia, with the object of promoting commercial relations. He is now in England to consult with the British Government and the representatives in London of the Australasian Colonies, previous to his departure for Melbourne, where he will arrive in time to attend an inter-colonial conference on the subject of trade relations between these Colonies and other parts of the Empire. Our trade at present with Australia is very small compared with the bulk done. The French and the German compete strongly with the English for a share, and the United States, owing to its mail steamer connection, comes in for no inconsiderable portion—their exports last year amounting to \$12,608,701, an increase of \$3,166,551 over the previous year. It will be remembered that at the last session of the Dominion Parliament

the sum of £25,000 was authorized as an annual subsidy for a line of steamships between British Columbia and Australia, and although the mail contract by the San Francisco route has been renewed for another year, it is confidently expected that when the year expires an arrangement will have been made for the new Canadian route. New Zealand has already voted an annual subsidy of £18,000 to a steamship line from Canada, and the New South Wales and Victoria Governments will no doubt fall into line when a feasible scheme has been evolved. This will be Mr. Abbot's duty. He can convince these governments that the service between British Columbia and Australia will be as speedy, economical, and convenient as the present service, and that the facilities for trade will be in nowise diminished but rather increased. If we had steamship communication established, trade would be fostered and encouraged, and an alternative route to England through British territory would be secured. The Australians are a rich and progressive people, proud of the Empire of which they are no inconsiderable part, and they are not likely, therefore, to allow the question of pounds, shillings, and pence to dominate their minds to the detriment of a sister colony. Mr. Abbott is thoroughly versed in the resources, capabilities, and transportation facilities of the Dominion, and such an important mission could not have been entrusted to better hands. That his mission may be crowned with success will be the wish of every Canadian who has the interests of this great Dominion at heart.

WHILE the United States is searching on all sides for outlets for its products, the English are searching everywhere for promising openings for investments of their overflowing capital. Recently it has been announced that an English syndicate had purchased a number of large breweries in the States, and that a dry goods syndicate had been formed to ultimately control the dry goods trade of the States. Then came the announcement that English capitalists had secured a controlling interest in several of the great Minneapolis flour mills and in several iron and steel manufactories, and that they also proposed to organize companies in the chief American cities to supply cheap gas. It is said that the Americans are not in any way paralyzed by this invasion of English money and are regarding it with complacency, but that if the English syndicates attempt to secure large tracts of land in the west for farming and ranching purposes they will promptly enter a most vigorous protest. They insist upon parceling the land in small farms, available for actual settlers, and see in the monopolizing of large areas an evil which will be severely felt in time to come. Why can't these English capitalists turn their attention to Canada? There are numerous ways in which they could profitably invest their money. Ontario and British Columbia have vast wealth in their mineral deposits, which only await the introduction of capital for their proper development.

IN this age of new discoveries and inventions one is not easily startled when he hears that some scientist has demonstrated that something or other which has been hitherto looked upon as improbable, if not impossible, is the reverse. At present the scientific world is excited over the alleged discovery, by Dr. Brown-Sequard of Paris, France, whereby he claims to be able to restore youth to old age. Dr. Brown-Sequard is one of the leading medical scientists of France, and is at an advanced age. Some years ago he began experimenting upon himself with what he calls his "elixir of life," and he has found that it has made him feel like a young man again. He uses selected portions of the rabbit or guinea pig, which he pounds into a pulp in a mortar; with this he mixes a teaspoonful or two of water and filters it through fine Swiss filtering paper. The fluid, slightly thicker than water, comes through perfectly pure and limpid. The fluid is injected into the body, the most convenient place being under the skin of the forearm, where the skin is comparatively slack. The doctor calculates that an injection once a month will suffice to keep a man twenty or thirty years younger than he really is. The discovery has been received with

much skepticism and doubt by the medical profession on this continent, the conclusion arrived at being either that it is a joke of the doctor's, or that he is in his dotage. But at least partial confirmation of the efficacy of the doctor's "elixir of life" is given by Dr. William A. Hammond, of Washington, who has been experimenting on several old gentlemen during the past few days. He says:—"One man, about sixty years of age, had had his arm so nearly paralyzed with rheumatism that for nearly a year he could not raise his hand to his head. Soon after the elixir was injected into the arm he was able to wield it in any direction, and almost as vigorously as he had ever done. Up to the present my experiments have been made without the patients' knowledge, but I am about to begin treating a man in this way at his own request. Of course it is too early yet to draw any sweeping conclusions from the result obtained, but as far as I have gone the results are certainly remarkable. When I have continued my experiments longer I shall be able to draw conclusions with more confidence." Dr. Hammond prefers to use selected portions of the lamb, which he thinks better than the rabbit or guinea pig. He is a prominent medical man in the States and was one of the physicians who attended the late President Garfield. There may be nothing in this discovery, but nevertheless people will watch with keen interest for further developments.

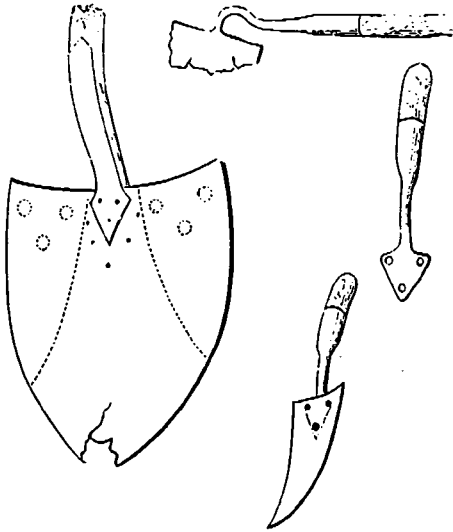
WE have received a copy of the annual report of the Bureau of Industries for the Province of Ontario, 1888, parts 1, 2, and 3. It gives interesting statistics of the weather and crops; live stock, the dairy, and apiary; values, rents, and farm wages. The average area in crops for the seven years from 1882 to 1888 was:—Fall wheat 948,041 acres, spring wheat 589,210 acres, barley 757,525 acres, oats 1,569,371 acres, rye 110,761 acres, pease 635,414 acres, corn 186,677 acres, buckwheat 62,559 acres, beans 22,753 acres, potatoes 155,766 acres, mangel-wurzels 17,906 acres, carrots 10,162 acres, turnips 100,171 acres, hay and clover 2,215,250 acres, total 7,381,566 acres. Corresponding to the increase in cleared land in the Province there was for 1888 an excess in acres under these staple crops over 1887, of 187,266 acres, or more than two and a half per cent. Only four crops—fall wheat, spring wheat, pease, and buckwheat—show a diminished area compared with 1887, and the areas in fall wheat, spring wheat, rye, buckwheat, beans, and potatoes are below the annual averages devoted to these crops. Fall wheat and spring wheat have reached the lowest acreages recorded for these crops since the establishment of the Bureau, while the acreages in barley, oats, corn, mangels, carrots, and turnips have reached the highest point. Taking the year 1888 a comparison of the average yield per acre of cereals in Ontario and the principal grain-growing States of the American Union is given as follows:—Fall wheat, Ontario 16.7, New York 14.1, Pennsylvania 13.5, Ohio 10.8, Michigan 14.6, Indiana 10.4, Illinois 13.7, Missouri 12.0, California 12.1, Kansas 15.2; Spring wheat, Ontario 17.5, Wisconsin 11.5, Minnesota 9.0, Iowa 9.8, Nebraska 9.3, Dakota 9.7; Barley, Ontario 26.1, New York 21.8, Wisconsin 22.5, Minnesota 18.5, Iowa 21.0, Nebraska 22.5, California 20.0; Oats, Ontario 35.4, New York 28.1, Pennsylvania 26.5, Ohio 31.8, Michigan 33.2, Indiana 26.5, Illinois 35.8, Wisconsin 29.4, Minnesota 28.7, Iowa 26.2, Missouri 25.2, Kansas 25.3, Nebraska 25.8. It will be seen that Ontario heads the list, with the exception of oats, in which Illinois leads her by a fraction of a bushel. We regret that we are unable for want of space to go more fully into this valuable report.

WE have given our readers in previous issues some interesting letters from our lady correspondent in Melbourne, Australia, and in this issue we publish a letter from our correspondent in New Zealand, which is also full of interesting and instructive matter. New Zealand has experienced hard times for a few years back but she is now recovering lost ground slowly but surely, and there are bright prospects in the near future for the settlers in that lovely land.



Utilizing Broken Shovels and Hoes.

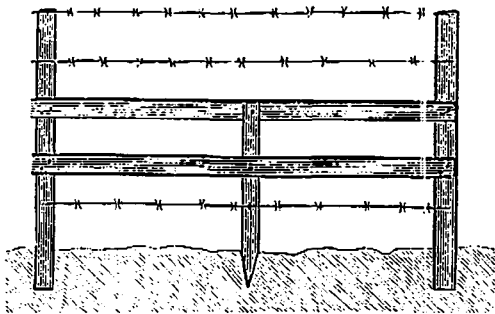
OUR illustrations will show how to make useful implements from broken shovels and hoes. When the point of the shovel is broken, the temper of the blade is first drawn, and then one or more trowels are cut from it, by means of a cold chisel. Holes



are punched in each of these trowel blades, as shown in the engraving. For a handle the shank of a broken hoe is cut from the fragment of the blade, straightened, and riveted to the trowel blade. The latter is then re-tempered, and is a serviceable tool. Any blacksmith can do the job.

A Combination Fence.

BARBED wire for fences has many advocates on account of its cheapness and the ease of putting it up, but it has also many opponents who claim that it has several drawbacks, chiefly in not being a complete fence for all kinds of stock, and being liable to injure animals, particularly horses. To those who want a fence that will turn any kind of stock, be sightly, and still have the restraining influence of the barbs, we believe a combination to be the thing. Such a fence is shown in the cut. It



is made of boards and wire. The bottom board is eight inches above the ground with wire midway; second board eight inches above the first, both of six-inch hemlock. The second wire is twelve inches above the top board. Any old, rotted-off post will do for a centre post. This fence will cost, per length of sixteen feet, not counting the centre post, as old posts can be used, about fifty cents. It will turn any kind of stock, is cheap, and an old board fence can furnish the material for it. A modification is to use three old rails at the bottom and three wires above, where old rails can be had. A half stone wall with cedar stakes, or old gaspipe set in, and two or three wires strung across, makes an almost imperishable fence.

Threshing Day.

"OLD FARMER" in the *American Agriculturist*, says that the essential points to look after on threshing day are:—1st. The granary. It may need a few strips of tin to make it rat and mouse proof. Recollect, also, that you have not only to get the grain into it, but also to get it out again—and it sometimes happens that it is necessary to get it out sooner than you expect. Should it get warm it will be necessary immediately to turn it or spread it out on the barn floor, or run it through a fanning mill. 2nd. See that the machine threshes clean. If not, lower the concave. See that no grain is carried over with the chaff. Occasionally the threshers have a visitor who wants to feed the machine, and he crowds in the sheaves, and the sieves cannot properly clean the grain, and more or less of it passes over on to the straw carrier. 3rd. Look to the straw stack. This is an important matter to those of us who feed out the straw. The great secret of making a stack rain-proof is to keep the middle full and well trodden down from the start, so that when it settles, the outside will sink down lower than the inside. When you begin to build the roof, the part that needs the most care is immediately under the straw carrier. The chaff is apt to accumulate there, and when the machine is removed there will be a depression in the stack at this point that will let in the rain. Take special pains to put some layers of long straw under the straw carrier. Many of our straw carriers are not long enough, and if it is necessary for a man to throw the straw up on to the roof of the stack, drive some long poles into the stack and place an old door on them for the man to stand on. If this is not done, the place where he stands will be a hole difficult to fill up so that it will shed the water. The farmer, if he is wise, will frequently be on the straw stack during the day and help to tread it down in the middle, but for his own safety and for the good of the stack he will not venture too near the outside. 4th. Look out for fire from the engine, but in point of fact there is more danger from tobacco smokers than from the engine.

Do each kind of work in season; putting off necessary work is often the cause of failures.

WATCH the markets and sell everything when most profitable, but do not hold off too long for fancy prices and miss a fair, sure market.

A PROMINENT farmer tells us he is satisfied that fall ploughing (even on sod land) results in a notable loss of fertility. He says he has proved this to be true, therefore never practises it. Have any of our readers had a similar experience?

It is to be hoped that our farmer readers will not forget the many benefits resulting from a good display of farm products at their local or county fairs. Men have been known to settle in a county after visiting one of its fairs, who otherwise could not have been induced to do so.

To get the best prices for your produce is always desirable. To do this you must have a reputation for selling just what you profess to sell. To get this reputation, sell, as often as possible, to the same parties, and never let your produce run below your representations. In a very short time your offerings will command a premium.

MUCH can be done in the way of adding to the capacity of your farm by increasing the fertility. Large yields are, as a rule, much more profitable than small light yields, while the cost is correspondingly increased, and in this way a small farm can often be made more profitable than a larger acreage. A few acres carefully cultivated will give better results than a larger field poorly cultivated.

SEED to be used next season should be saved early, and to be of any advantage to the sower it should be saved carefully. In the first place, attention should be paid to the growth of several plants, that the best may be selected for perpetuation. As soon as the seeds are gathered, no matter how pressing the needs of the hour may be, they should be put into packages that shall contain the names of the seeds, and any memoranda that it may be essential or desirable to know when the sowing time comes.

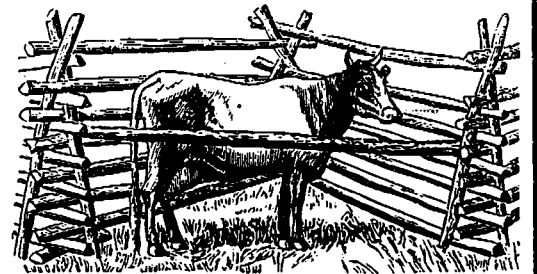
ANYTHING that will tend to the comfort of farmers and others should be gladly welcomed and commended. During our long winters many suffer from cold feet and hands, more particularly when out driving. An invention has recently been introduced into Canada which will put an end to such discomforts. It is called "Cline's Patent Portable Foot Heater," and can be used in the house or in the cutter, sleigh, buggy, or other vehicle. The fuel in one of the heaters will burn for ten hours, without re-filling or any attention, at a cost of only two cents. Those of our readers who intend visiting the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, will see these heaters in the annex of the main building, and can satisfy themselves as to their great usefulness.

If corn is scarce and high, and wheat is plenty and cheap, wheat can often be used to good advantage. All things considered, hogs and sheep are the kind of stock that wheat can be fed to, to good advantage, unless we include poultry, and to receive a good supply of eggs it is one of the best materials that can be used for that purpose. The objection to using it in feeding to horses is that it swells considerably after it is thoroughly moistened and, unless great care is exercised, there is some risk of colic. It is true that it can be soaked, but to this there is the objection of it getting somewhat soured, and it is a poor plan to feed a horse sour food of any kind. If fed to horses they should be allowed plenty of time so as to masticate thoroughly. If fed to sheep, troughs should be provided, and only a small quantity given at a time. By keeping a good supply thoroughly soaked, and feeding with it, there will be much less waste and better results than by feeding dry. Hogs will fatten readily on this feed and make a good quality of pork.

Live Stock.

Training a Heifer.

A MAN who is fit to have charge of dairy cows never "breaks" an untaught heifer to milk—he trains her. The former word implies the exercise of brute force, which should never be used with dairy cows, and least of all with the timid young things which are just having their first experience in maternity and lactation. The writer of this had two young heifers, which had their first calves



within about a week of each other. The engraving shows how they were taught to stand still and be milked. The yard was inclosed by an old-fashioned rail fence, and when the first heifer came in she was enticed by a pail of feed into one of the angles. A light rail was then slipped into place just high enough to hold her there. She had always been accustomed to kind treatment and handling; so,

after a little patting on the head, neck, side, and below, the work of milking began by reaching under the rail. Of course she was frightened and indignant at first, but she was held where she could do no harm, and soon learned that she was not to be hurt. After two or three such lessons she stood perfectly quiet behind the rail to be milked, and in less than a week she would stand unrestrained in any part of the yard while the milker sat down on a stool by her side and performed the milking. When the second heifer came in, she was given the same treatment, and soon no two cows in the herd gave less trouble than the two youngsters.—*American Agriculturist*.

Points on Horse Breeding.

A WRITER in the *New York Independent* gives the following points on horse breeding, which are worth careful consideration:—

Extreme fleetness and strength never co-exist in the same horse.

Size, form, bone, and constitution must always be first regarded in breeding.

More progress has been made in horse breeding in the last fifty years, than in all previous history of the world.

If both parties are bad in one and the same point, it is 1,000 to 1 that the progeny will be worse than either.

If an animal of great excellence is defective in one point, it is desirable to select for its mate an animal particularly strong in the other's defective point.

What is called "blood" in a horse only fits him in a higher degree for purposes. As a rule improvement in breed cannot be obtained by mating animals entirely dissimilar, as a dray horse with a race horse, large sized males to under sized females.

DON'T forget that the horse is a nervously organized animal, and can be ruined by ignoring that fact.

THERE are more of the "all purpose" qualities in a sheep than in any other single animal. Good mutton, good wool, good breeding qualities, including ample milk for the young, can all be found under one pelt.

WHEN feeding for market, the younger the stock can be sold, the more profit; quick growth and early maturity are desirable, and they should be kept growing till marketed. Feeding after growth is obtained is not economy.

ONE of the uses of giving cows salt, especially in hot weather, is that it acts as a preservative in the system. Everyone accustomed to test milk can tell by its flavor whether the cows have been getting their salt. There is no doubt whatever that the neglect of salting the cows spoils the butter and injures the milk for the cheese factory.

AN experienced hog raiser says:—"If you want an easy keeper and ready fatterer, look at the jaw. The animal may be ever so poor, but if the jaw is good there are possibilities in it. If you want an animal that gets out of its nest, goes to the trough, and eats a square meal with a grunt of satisfaction, get a short, broad-nosed hog, with round, heavy, under jaw."

A FARMER of large experience says that cows must be differently bred for different purposes. If the owner's farm is cultivated for grass, hay, grain, and roots, the general-purpose cow will be the most suitable for him; if devoted to the sale of milk to towns and cities, or making cheese, then the

greatest milkers are the best; if for the production of butter, those which give the richest milk should be preferred.

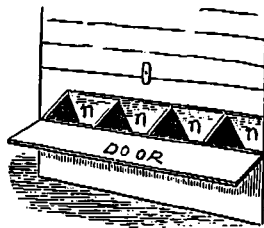
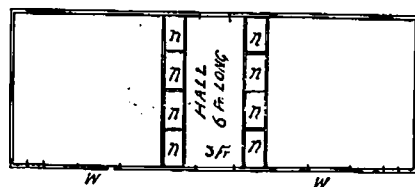
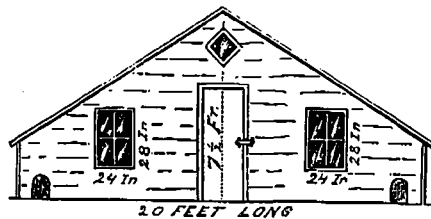
THIS is the way a philosophical farmer puts it: "Jones and Brown were neighbors, each having twenty cows. Jones read half a dozen farm papers; Brown 'could not afford it.' Jones paid \$100 for a good dairy bull; Brown used a scrub worth \$15. Six years afterward, with the same number of cows, Jones sells 120 pounds of butter per week for \$36; Brown sells 50 pounds for \$12. Brown says it is luck; Jones says it is common sense."

Cows six months gone in calf should never be run or frightened, nor excited in any manner. If these cows are too highly fed before calving there is danger of milk fever. After calving they should be fed moderately only for two or three weeks, and then increase the ration gradually. Just before calving, bran is a splendid food to use in the ration as it keeps the bowels open. Too much dry food at this time, in the form of hay, aggravates inflammatory action. The bowels must be kept in a laxative condition.

The Poultry Yard.

Plan for Poultry House.

THE following description of a poultry house, arranged for two breeds, appeared in the *Rural New Yorker*:—It is 20 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 7½ feet high. The lower end of the roof is 2½ feet from the ground. The house faces the south, and the interior is lined throughout with tar paper to make it warm and keep it free from insects. It contains a hall with a room on each side. Each room is lighted by a window, 28 x 24 inches, three feet from the ground. The roosts are even with the



windows, and the drop-boards are eight inches below. The roosts are below the drop-boards, and can be easily reached from the hall by simply turning a wooden button and letting down a door which extends the whole length of the partition, as seen in the illustration. The hall is three feet wide and six feet long, and contains two small ventilators, one above the door and the other at the opposite end of the hall. The partitions that inclose the hall extend almost as high as the door, and are so constructed that they can be readily removed. This plan is very simple, and the house is easily constructed, and combines all of the conveniences possible in so small a space.

READY cash is convenient on every farm, and may be secured by a well-arranged poultry yard.

EMPTY all the water cans and troughs used for chickens at night, and do not re-fill until after the fowls have been fed in the morning.

THERE is a charm in the rearing of fancy poultry which one having engaged in it, upon a correct basis, will never willingly give up. Men who have but limited space, and who, accordingly, cannot successfully breed any other kind of improved stock, engage in this delightful occupation.

No farmer or poultry-raiser can count on results or expect anything but failure, if he leaves a lot of fowls to take care of themselves. If he wants a good supply of eggs he must feed carefully for that purpose; if he seeks to have them put on flesh they must be fed for that particular purpose. A little carelessness and neglect in these matters will certainly result in great loss, if not absolute failure.

By cutting the second growth of clover, letting it wilt in the sun, and taking it to the barn to finish curing on the hay loft, or on the barn floor, to secure all the leaves, you obtain green food for winter. Don't forget that this is the only thing that you can find in winter to produce eggs that will make a golden color. Steamed and fed to winter chicks, as a substitute for grass, it is the very best of all green food and almost a necessity to grow these chicks in a healthy condition.

CHICKENS, like mortals, appreciate the shrubs and trees for the protection they afford on hot and sunny days. If you have not planted any trees, take a day off some time this month and plant at least a few evergreens. Water is another necessity. Fowls and chicks will drink enormous quantities of it. Clean water they must have, although they themselves will just as soon drink the nastiest water they can find. That's where they and the man that tolerates it, make a mistake. Disease is insidious, and comes on slowly—hence, prevention is better than cure. Keep them well supplied, also with grass or green stuff.

Pithily Put Pickings.

THE farmer can't expect to gather a crop unless he sows; and he has got to put down a pretty thick scattering of seed to get a field that's worth the trouble of mowing.—*American Garden*.

FARMING is by far the surest business in any country; but it is rendered doubly certain by connecting with it a dairy and a small poultry yard. They are, in fact, a branch of farming.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

A GOOD bright farm hand will not stay where he is kept like an animal. . . . It is poor economy to use dull or worn-out instruments. . . . It is better to buy your wife a good creamery than to have her worn out by handling heavy milk crocks.—*American Farmer*.

Success depends largely upon doing the right thing at the right time. . . . If a man calls you a fool don't ask him to prove it; he may do it. . . . Did you ever know a horse or a cow to be afraid of a man who sings or whistles at his work instead of swearing?—*Western Plowman*.

MANY persons are miserly in the expenditure of money who are the veriest spendthrifts in the expenditure of time. . . . The laborer, whether farmer or mechanic, woman or man, who is most behind with his or her work, is most tired when night comes. . . . Farming is business, requiring the presence of business method, form, and practice in all departments.—*Farm, Stock, and Home*.

IGNORANCE is the greatest enemy of agriculture. . . . It is the employer who looks after the health and comfort of his help that gets the best service and makes the most money out of it. . . . Any institution that teaches a farmer to cultivate a farm spirit, to believe in each other, should be attended and patronized by the farmers and their families.—*Agricultural Epitomist*.

WHEN a man doesn't know how to run an engine, he is not called an engineer; when he can't repeat the multiplication table, he is not called a mathematician; but any man who tries to farm, though he doesn't know how it should be done, doesn't know even the multiplication table of it, is called a farmer. He is mis-named, and that's why so many called farmers are also called failures.—*American Agriculturist*.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEW ZEALAND.

LETTER FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT—INTERESTING PARTICULARS ABOUT THE CLIMATE—CROPS—WAGES—FOOD AND CLOTHING—FARM MACHINERY.

The following interesting letter is from our own correspondent in Ashburton, New Zealand, dated June 14th, last:—

To the Editor of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

SIR,—It is one of the proudest boasts of the British subject that "upon the Empire of Victoria the Good the sun never sets." In every quarter of the known globe, in every climate under the sun, from the frozen poles to the hot equator, and dotted down in every sea, a foothold is found for the British flag. Great Britain has colonized more country than any other nation under the heavens, and the language of her people is spoken by more tongues. You people in Canada own the sway of our beloved monarch, and speak her language just as we do who have found homes on this sweet spot of earth away out in the great Pacific.

The distance between you and us is great, to be sure, and we do not know as much of each other as perhaps we would both like to; but, as civilization keeps its onward march, and science and commerce keep pace with it, we are drawn nearer and nearer, and the day is not far distant when we will be very well in touch with each other. The fact that I am writing this letter in my far away distant country, to you in a country I have never seen, and perhaps never will see, is a proof that the enterprise of Canada has found us out, and that we are willing to—figuratively speaking—shake hands with you across the sea.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

When your editor, through his agent here, asked me to write an occasional letter from New Zealand to your excellent little monthly, I was pleased indeed, for I had much enjoyment in a perusal of its columns. A copy of the magazine was presented to me one day, by one of the Massey Reaper and Binder experts recently sent out here with a consignment of Massey Harvesters. He was very modest about the paper, all he said was, "There it is; read it for yourself." This is not his usual style, I can tell you, because for a man to gush about an article I want to introduce I desire no better talker than your own McClain. He is a wonderful fellow when his subject is the Massey Reaper, and not a little to his power and palaver is owing the fact that the machines are now well-known throughout the South Island, at least, of this Colony. We have met your McLeod, too, and your Kilfoyle—both grand fellows—and if the three gentlemen whose names I have mentioned are fair samples of the men Canada can send out to push her manufactures in the southern seas, then I have no fear of the time being very distant when Canadian wares will be found throughout the length and breadth of the

COLONY OF NEW ZEALAND.

When the emissaries of the Massey Manufacturing Co. came over here first, the first thing that struck them was the genialness of our climate. The Colony comprises three Islands; the North Island extends from parallel 34 S. latitude, to parallel 41 S.; the South Island (officially called the Middle Island) extends from about 40 S., to 46 S.; and Stewart's Island (the official South Island) has the 47th parallel of South latitude running through it. Stewart's Island is a little cake of land of no great extent.

You will see that with such a range of latitude, and the very highest 47 S., all possibility like a Canadian, or even an English or Scotch, winter vanishes. This is now the 14th of June, less than a fortnight off the shortest day, and I am writing this letter in a room without a fire, and in my shirtsleeves. If all I have heard and read about Canada is true, you could scarcely do that in a fortnight off mid-winter.

CROPS.

We can grow green crop, if we wish, all the year round. We do not house our sheep or store cattle, because, thanks to our mild climate, we do not require to do so. The little frost we get helps to pulverize our land after cultivation, but it never interferes with out-door work. In consequence of this mildness of climate and length of growing season, we are in no way compelled to select the fastest maturing cereals to crop with, but can afford to give our wheat the full time the latest of it may require to mature.

Then we have some grandly fertile soil in this South or Middle Island of ours, and I could take you to farms from

which as high as eighty (and over) bushels per acre of wheat have been reaped; but against these farms I have to set large tracts of country the farmers on which are pleased when they get eighteen or twenty bushels to the acre. I am now more particularly referring to Canterbury, the province from which I am writing and the largest wheat-growing province in the whole Colony.

The sole agents for the Massey machines in New Zealand are the Messrs. Friedlander Bros., and Ashburton is their headquarters. Perhaps in a future letter I may write you what I know will be to your readers an interesting description of their immense granaries and grain grading stores, but I mention them just now to hang upon that statement the fact that notwithstanding large shipments of wheat to England and to the Australasian Colonies—for, let me remind your readers, the nearest port of Australia is as far distant from us, or, at least, practically so, as Quebec is from London—notwithstanding these large shipments there are still from 80,000 to 90,000 sacks of wheat in these stores, and our sack contains an average of 240 lbs. of wheat.

We have as fertile a soil and as nice a climate as any country in the world, and I would not hesitate one moment in saying to some of the many young Canadian farmers who leave the Dominion to seek their fortune on other soils, that for a pushing man with a little capital New Zealand offers grand opportunities. We want population, but population that is prepared to go on the land, and can carry to the working and purchase of land some money, to make the waggon wheels take their first start.

WAGES.

For the agricultural laborer—that is one who can plough, and take a hand at any work on the farm—the wages are £1 a week and "found." Roughly, \$5 a week with food and housing. Of course in harvest time more is paid, but the above is about the average run. In the towns an ordinary laborer gets from 6s. 6d. to 8s. a day—\$1.50 to \$2.00. But then he has to "find" himself. The average wages of the tradesman (skilled workman) run from £2 10s. to £3—\$12.00 to \$15.00.

FOOD AND CLOTHING.

You can buy the best butcher meat under the sun here for six cents a pound, and the 4lb. loaf is twelve cents. I am reckoning your cent as equivalent to our half-penny—our 4lb. loaf of finest wheaten flour bread is sixpence per loaf. Butter is not dear, and really good mild cured butter can be bought now—in the winter—for eightpence and tenpence per pound; and of course it is cheaper in summer. In fact there is nothing here that we can grow ourselves that is not moderate in price, especially staple food, and clothing is cheaper than with you. Our tailors are advertising good, serviceable suits for £3 10s., and £4 is a price that should buy a really good article. We have some of the finest woollen factories that any man need wish to see, and although only tweeds and flannel goods are made they are of a quality that would astonish you. Nothing can really beat the New Zealand blanket. And well it may take that position for its makers have at their command the best wool that sheep can grow.

I had intended to tell you about our frozen mutton trade, but I must defer that, along with some other remarks on farm life, station life, town life, railways, and so forth, for future letters.

AMERICAN MACHINERY.

Still I cannot close this letter without a word or two about American machinery. Our implement makers here have carried everything before them in the matter of ploughs, harrows, drills, drays, and so forth, but in the item of harvesters they are not in the front rank. Neither are the English makers. Somehow or other the English makers have not been equal to the special wants of this Colony in the matter of harvesters; but have allowed the Canadians and the Yankees to toe the mark before them every time. As a result we find the Massey, the McCormick, and other United States and Canadian harvesters, ruling the roost at every field trial, and working their way into the confidence of the farmers, while the English and Colonial makers take a decidedly back seat.

They go for it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, writing from one of the Crofter settlements, says:—"The season, being so free from rain, has allowed the gophers to increase so rapidly that they have overrun the country and destroyed what little did grow. We know some who have lost 90 acres of crop, which has been mown as clean by the gophers as a *Toronto Mower* could do it, and what they could not eat they pulled out by the roots; yet, while they are so numerous this year it is almost certain there will be very few or none next year."

List of Fall Fairs.

FOLLOWING is a list of the dates of fall fairs, so far as at present obtainable:—

NAME.	PLAOR.	DATE.
Provincial	London	Sept. 9 to 14.
Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 9 to 21.
Midland Central	Kingston	Aug. 28 to Sept. 7.
Eastern Townships A.	Sherbrooke, P.Q.	Sept. 3 to 5.
Port Hope Ex.	Port Hope	Sept. 8 to 5.
Central Canada	Ottawa	Sept. 9 to 14.
Southern	Brantford	Sept. 10 to 12.
South Renfrew	Renfrew	Sept. 17 and 18.
North-Western	Goderich	Sept. 17 to 19.
Peninsular	Chatham	Sept. 17 to 20.
N. & W. Oxford	Ingersoll	Sept. 17 and 18.
Lincoln County	St. Catharines	Sept. 23 to 25.
Great Central	Hamilton	Sept. 23 to 27.
Wellesley and Easthope	Wellesley	Sept. 24 and 25.
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 24 and 25.
Woodstock	Woodstock	Sept. 24 and 25.
North Lanark	Almonte	Sept. 24 to 26.
Lindsay Central	Lindsay	Sept. 24 to 26.
Ontario and Durham	Whitby	Sept. 24 to 26.
Centre Bruce	Paisley	Sept. 24 to 26.
Southern Counties	St. Thomas	Sept. 24 to 27.
Central	Peterboro'	Sept. 24 to 27.
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 25 to 27.
Central Agricultural	Walter's Falls	Sept. 26 and 27.
Central Exhibition	Cannington	Sept. 27 and 28.
North Brant	Paris	Oct. 1 and 2.
County of Haldimand	Cayuga	Oct. 1 and 2.
Arthur Union	Arthur	Oct. 1 and 2.
Great South-Western	Essex Centre	Oct. 1 to 3.
Brampton	Brampton	Oct. 1 to 3.
The Northern	Walkerton	Oct. 1 to 4.
C. Saskatchewan	Saskatoon	Oct. 2.
East York	Markham	Oct. 2 to 4.
Ontario Central	Port Perry	Oct. 2 to 4.
North Perth	Stratford	Oct. 3 and 4.
North Renfrew	Beachburg	Oct. 3 and 4.
South Oxford	Otterville	Oct. 4 and 5.
Howard Branch	Ridgetown	Oct. 8 to 10.
West York and Vaughan, Woodbridge		Oct. 9 and 10.
C. Wellington	Fergus	Oct. 10 and 11.
Scarboro'	Danforth	Oct. 10.
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	Oct. 15 and 16.

Ontario Crops.

THE report of Mr. A. Blue, Secretary of the Ontario Bureau of Industries, on crops and live stock in Ontario, issued last month, states that there is much uniformity in the reports from the various districts regarding fall wheat. The injury from spring frosts was comparatively small, while damage from water on low-lying fields has been great. The cold weather in the latter part of May, however, gave the fall wheat a set back of a week or two, and harvesting will consequently be late. The crop gives a magnificent promise on uplands.

The only injury worth mentioning to spring wheat has been done by water on low, flat lands. The rain and accompanying cold weather was too much for it in such places, and there it is a poor crop. On high and rolling lands, however, spring wheat promises to turn out well.

Barley appears to have suffered more than any other cereal from frost, although the injury from this cause is not serious. It has been badly "drowned out" on low, wet lands. Generally the reports are favorable and a fair crop is expected.

The oat crop promises a large yield, and there has been a great growth of straw.

Corn has suffered greatly from the almost continuous rain—in fact the whole season has been against a good crop.

A good yield of potatoes is looked for on high lands, but on low-lying fields the reverse is expected.

Carrots, turnips, and mangels are in a backward condition.

The May frosts greatly injured the orchards.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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

Home-Made Table.

THE materials needed for this table (Fig. A) are: three broomsticks, a moulding board, a few screws, some strong glue, and enough cherry-stain to give the table two coats all over.

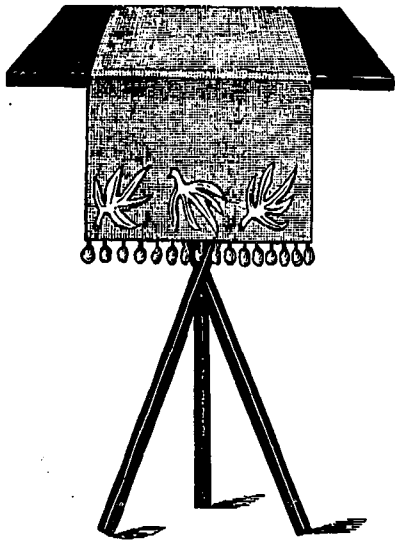
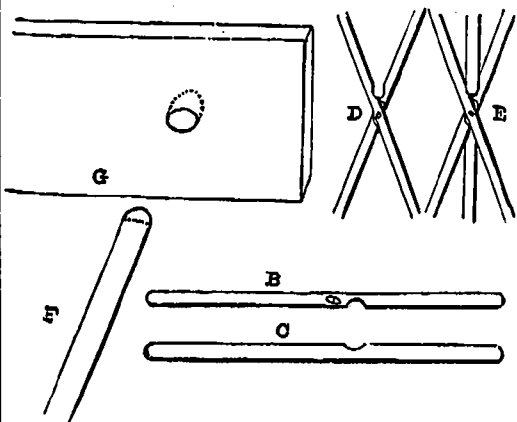


FIG. A.

Cut the broomsticks exactly the same length—about two feet nine inches long.

Make two notches on one of the sticks (see Fig. B), one in the centre, and the other just below at one side. Cut one notch in the second stick, to match the upper one on the first stick (see Fig. C). It is not necessary to notch the third stick.

Fasten them together by laying Fig. C across Fig. B as in Fig. D. Screw them firmly together with strong screws, then lay the last stick across the others, by fitting it in the two upper notches (see Fig. E). Screw this on with two screws, one passing through each of the other sticks.



Now level off the top of each stick, according to dotted line in Fig. F, and place the tripod on top of the centre of the moulding board, and carefully mark the exact spot where each stick rests.

Remove the tripod, and at each mark, either cut, or with a red-hot poker burn, a slanting hole half way through the board (see Fig. G). See that the tripod fits well into the three holes in the board.

Have ready some strong glue, and glue the board on the tripod, by placing the ends of the

three sticks covered with glue, into the three holes on the board, into which some soft, hot glue has also been placed.

Set the table away where it will not be disturbed, and let it remain until perfectly dry. Then stain the table cherry, or paint it black, according to fancy.

An inexpensive, and at the same time a durable, and pretty scarf table-cover, can be made of two yards of dark blue denim, hemmed all around the edges, and outlined in some decorative design in coarse white cotton—the coarser the better—with white cotton balls to finish off the edge.—*Youth's Companion*.

Raise the Kitchen Stove.

WE have made a discovery lately, which it seems now we ought to have made sooner. It is that the top of the average kitchen stove is too little elevated above the floor, and that there is in consequence a good deal of backache and other discomfort inflicted upon the cook, because so much of her work has to be done in a stooping posture. Rather we should say, perhaps, that we have discovered a remedy for the trouble which we have borne for many years, and which we hasten to make known to others, in the hope of lessening their troubles. Our remedy is simply lifting the stove upon a platform, which will raise it to such a height as to bring the cooking utensils, when on the stove, within easy reach of one standing in an erect or nearly erect posture. In our case this required a platform about nine inches in depth, and to save the trouble and expense of procuring a carpenter to build it, we secured an empty packing box of the requisite size from the grocer, at a cost of only ten cents. Brushed over with some staining material corresponding with the color of the floor, our platform looked neat, and as though an established part of the room. The only additional expense involved was that of adjusting the stove-pipe to the new conditions. The top of the stove is now as high as the kitchen table, or a little higher, and the cook and every one who has occasion to use the stove are delighted with the change and the greatly-lightened labor.—*Ev.*

Care of Umbrellas.

AFTER coming in out of the rain let the umbrella down and stand it on the handle, that it may dry in this position. The water will thus drip from the edges of the frame and the cover dry uniformly. When placed with the handle upwards, as is frequently done, the water runs to the top of the umbrella and the moisture is there retained in the lining underneath the ring for some length of time, causing the silk or fabric with which the frame is covered to become tender and soon rot. Ordinarily the top of an umbrella wears out sooner than any other part of it, and in the majority of cases may be thus accounted for. A silk umbrella is much injured by being left open to dry; the silk becomes stretched and stiff and will sooner split when treated so. When not in use let the folds hang loose, not fastened down. The creases are less apt to split from such usage. When carried in the hand in anticipation of falling weather, the folds may be strapped down, as it adds to the neatness of its appearance. Dispense with an umbrella case except in traveling as a protection from dust and cinders. To the friction from the case is partially due the minute perforations that appear in the silk despite all care and expense in purchasing.

Helpful Household Hints.

TO SEW ON BUTTONS.

"When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along," said a lady, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons ever come off, Lena?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off, until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, and see if they make any difference: When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through, so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem, to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the button-hole. It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't, if you use my method."

A PRETTY LAMP SHADE.

TAKE fifteen strips of orange satin ribbon seven inches long and two-and-a-half inches wide. Turn under, at one end of each piece, the corners at each side, so as to form a point. Place these strips side by side and sew them neatly together with sewing-silk, using the over and over stitch. Turn under the straight end, and gather it a short way from the top, so it will fit neatly over the globe or shade for which it is intended. Sew on each of the lower points tiny silk tassels of orange, and place a fully-gathered edge of lace, about three inches deep, under the points for a finish. If liked better, the top may have a silk cord for a running string, the ends finished with small tassels, so that the shade may be removed when liked. This is for a hanging lamp, but may be made any size desired by increasing or diminishing the number of strips.

SALT is eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

If you want poached eggs to look particularly nice, cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water.

If a bedstead creaks at each movement of the sleeper, remove the slats and wrap the ends of each in old newspapers. This will prove a complete silencer.

A GOOD way to cook or heat hash is to pack it in a buttered baking dish and let it bake brown in the oven, or brown it in a hot buttered skillet or spider, and then fold over like an omelet.

DON'T neglect your finger-nails just because you have to do so much rough work that cleaning and polishing seem to make little impression on them. That's an additional reason for taking care of them.

A SMALL dish of charcoal placed in your meat larder will keep the articles sweet and wholesome, almost as well as ice. Charcoal is a great disinfectant. Occasionally used for cleaning the teeth, it will sweeten the breath when nothing else will do so.



Fun for the Little Folks.

THE first time you have a party of friends come in to spend the evening with you, ask them if they would like to be magnetized.

Some one will say, yes, of course, and you go and prepare the two dishes of water. After carefully smoking the bottom of one (saucers are as convenient as anything) fill both with water.

Then return to the room and making a few preliminary remarks about mesmerism, hand the smoked saucer to the subject, requesting him to keep his eyes fixed on yours, and to follow your motions exactly.

You both stand in full view of the rest of the company, and then you dip your finger in the water, making a cross on your forehead. He does the same, then you pass your finger around under the side of your saucer and make a cross on your chin. And so on until the company begin to laugh and your subject's face is well marked with smut.

Then dismiss him, saying, "you are mesmerized."

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men,"

and fathers and mothers will laugh as heartily at this as you will. Or request the loan of two silver pieces from some one present, quarters are best, and they should be of different dates. Place them in a hat and pass to one of those present.

Let each one take the piece and note its date then put it in the hat, and you will at once tell them by touching the pieces which one they had, because it will be warm.

But it will mystify a company of people quite a while, and you will be able to tell the date correctly every time.

The silver spoon puzzle is something like this, and quite as puzzling to your small audience.

Have a confederate who will give you the sign by carelessly touching the forehead if they touched the upper spoon, the cheek if the middle spoon, the chin if the lower spoon.

Each time you will tell at once, as soon as you come in, which one the company touched.

"Elephant" is another laughable game. Tell them you will name each one for some animal, and at a given signal each shall shout his or her name aloud. You whisper in each one's ear (after telling the first to shout "elephant") to keep perfectly still.

Then the signal is given; and, amid profound silence, the unlucky "elephant" shouts his name aloud.

When you tire of playing "Donkey," try a "Mouse-in-the-Wall." It will be a change.

Cut a round hole in a bit of paper and pin it to the wall. Ask if every one sees it. Of course they do. Ask if they could point to it blind-folded. Yes, surely.

Tell them, if they will the little mouse will come out.

They are blind-folded and march boldly up and point to the hole-in-the-wall. A boy stands in its place and nips the extended finger with his teeth, gently. The surprise is great, and sometimes very amusing—to all but the boy or girl that gets bit. Life-like, isn't it?

"Emergency" is a new and amusing game, also "Alphabetical Rations."

The former is played like "Questions and Answers." Let one go around and give each a question, as, "What would I do if the house was on fire?" Another goes around the group and tells each one what he would do.

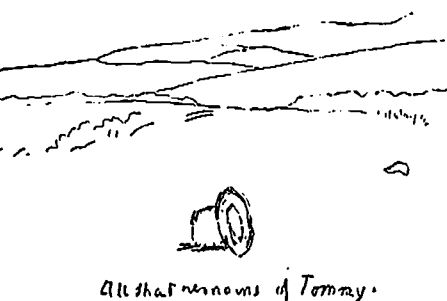
Then each one tells of his emergency and what he would do, and the result is usually ludicrous, as for instance, when one says, "If the house was on fire I would invest all my spare change in matches."

"Alphabetical Rations" is eating only by the letters of the alphabet.

Tommy can only eat what begins with A—and he says, "apples, alewives, aigs, apricots." Tommy pays a fine for aigs. Jennie has E. She can only live on eggs and eels. X, Y, and Z have a hard time and pay innumerable fines for bad spelling.

Some queer articles of food are thought of, and each child learns something about edibles that they probably never thought of before, if some older person is umpire in the game. Tommy won't forget that aigs are eggs.—*Transcript Monthly.*

Tommy and the Lion.—Concluded.



CONDUCTED BY R. HARMER.

FROM reports from our correspondents we get the following summary of the world's probable grain crop:

England and France promise harvests considerably better than last year. The yield of these two countries is expected to be forty million bushels in excess of last year. Spain also will be above the average, and Italy only a trifle under. The two great wheat exporting countries, Russia and Austro-Hungary, will this year find it difficult to feed themselves. Russia, which had big harvests the last two years, now confronts a rather serious situation. Her large granaries, like those at Odessa, have never before been so empty of wheat, and the present crop in many large districts is a complete failure. The long drought and then the severe storms, which so injured the wheat and oat prospects in Russia, have done the same for wheat, rye, and barley in Austro-Hungary, Roumania, and Eastern Germany. The shortage in Europe will be so great that the market will be more at the mercy of the United States than ever before.

By cable from Bombay we learn that the Indian wheat crop is going to be no factor at all in the question of the world's food supply this year.

The wheat crop of Dakota is 30,000,000 bushels short. Along the main line of the Northern Pacific, the once bonanza farm district, the elevators are closing up, and the country tributary to Bismarck is as a barren sand hill. Nowhere in Dakota will there be any wheat for export save along the main line of Manitoba.

The past season has been a magnificent one for New Zealand. The harvest is the finest ever known. A hundred bushels of oats to the acre have been grown in more than one district, and men who expected thirty-five bushels have threshed out seventy. Then the drought in Australia has shortened the food supply in that country, and ships laden to the gunwale with cereals and potatoes, pass every week from New Zealand to Australian ports. There is a great demand for the wild flax which grows in the New Zealand swamps at a most profitable price.

OUR correspondent at Paris, France, writes us: "We have just finished harvesting in the 'Camargue' (a small grain section in the Department of Bouches-du-Rhone). Our twenty-four Massey Binders did the work, working in all kinds of crops with two mules, and giving the highest satisfaction."

WRITING of the Exhibition at Dunedin, New Zealand, a local paper says:—There was a good display of agricultural implements on the ground. Mr. R. McClain, the expert in charge of the Massey Reaper and Binder and the Massey Mower, had a very busy time. He had a new advertising device, and during the day large numbers of people were seen coming away from the Massey exhibit wearing a white ribbon badge, bearing a neatly printed motto, "The Massey Binder."



The Deck Hand and the Mule.

The mule stood on the steamboat deck,
The land he would not tread;
They pulled the halter round his neck,
And whacked him 'er the head.



But obstinate and braced he stood,
As born the scene to rule,
A creature of the hold-back brood,
A stubborn, steadfast mule.

They cursed and swore—he would not go
Until he felt inclined,
And though they thundered blow on blow,
He altered not his mind.



The deck hand to the shore complained,
"The varmint's bound to stay!"
And still upon the critter's hide
The sounding lash made play.

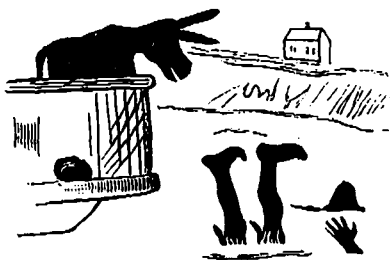
His master from the shore replied:
"The boat's about to sail;
As other means in vain you've tried,
Suppose you twist his tail!"

"It's likely that will make him land."
The deck hand, brave though pale,
The nearer drew, with outstretched hand,
To make the twist avail.



Then came a kick of thunder sound!
The deck hand—where was he?
Ask of the waves that far around
Beheld him in the sea!

A moment, not a voice was heard;
But winked the mule his eye,
As though to ask to him occurred—
"Now, how was that for high?"



"Just cut his throat!" the captain roared,
"And end the awful brute."
But the noblest soul who perished there
Was he who tried to do't!

Strange Sights.

I saw a cow-slip through the fence
A house-fly in a store;
I saw a woodchuck up the road
And a stone-pick on the floor.
I saw some flour-bolt in a mill,
A saw-buck up a tramp;
I saw a horse-shoe a high hill,
And some tan-bark red and damp.
I saw a monkey-wrench and die,
A cork-serow "courage" up,
I heard a gas-pipe clear and high,
And sweet music-box a pup.
I saw a dog-cart dices in scores,
A broom-stick in a log;
I saw a collar-button doors,
And a cart-wheel off a hog.

AN essay on marriage:—Popping the question.

LOVE in a cottage is not nearly so suite as love in a flat.

THERE is one crop that never fails. It belongs to the chicken.

How to get even with some men—Pay them what you owe them.

THE barbed wire fence is the greatest drawback on a farm nowadays.

"THIS should be looked into," as the optician remarked of the microscope.

"I NEVER saw such a thing before," as the man said when he was admiring a cow's tail.

THE young man who is too fresh, generally finds himself in a pickle, sooner or later.

WHEN is a verdict like a saddle-horse? Why, when a rider is attached to it, of course.

"THE iron has entered into my soul," as the man said when he trod on the sharp end of a tack.

A Milwaukee judge has decided that a hen is not a domestic animal. He must be trying to make game of her.

AFTER a man has a two-storey brick house picked up and thrown after him by a cyclone, he never again speaks of "trifles light as air."

TEACHER—"Correct the sentence, 'The liquor which the man bought was drunk.'"

Smart boy—"The man which bought the liquor was drunk."

"How is it your Tommy is so small for his age, Mrs. Briggs?"

"Oh, the little dear always was a shrinking child," explained his mother.

YOUNG WIFE—"I took great pains with the salad we had for dinner, Robert."

Robert (rubbing his "embonpoint" ruefully)—"And so did I, my dear."

OVER a bridge at Athens, Ga., is the following—"Any person driving over this bridge at a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and, if a negro, receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

DINNER OUT—"Waiter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar-button in my soup."

Waiter—"Yes, sah, you's de lucky man. We has prize soup on Mondays an' Wednesdays. A harnsome gift in every twentieth plate, sah."

"Doctor, I have come to see you about my little boy."

"What ails him?"

"One leg is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in such a case?"

"I think I should limp, too."

Mrs. DUMPSEY—"See here, Johnny Dumpsey, you have been in swimming. Now don't deny it."

Johnny Dumpsey—"Cross my heart, I hain't, ma."

Mrs. Dumpsey—"Careful, sir. How does your shirt happen to be on wrong side out?"

Johnny Dumpsey—"Me and Bill Brown have been turnin' somersaults all the morning."

REV. CHARLES POUNDTEXT (who has been writing his sermon) looking up suddenly—"Maria, will you take the children out of the room for a few minutes?"

Mrs. Poundtext (in surprise)—"Certainly, my dear. But are they annoying you?"

Rev. Poundtext—"Not at all; but I have just dipped the mucilage brush in the inkwell, and I would like to be at liberty to make a few remarks."

"He is seriously injured," said a physician, who was bending over the prostrate form of a ball player, "and must be taken home at once."

"Nonsense!" replied a kingly looking personage, who stood hard by. "He can go on with the game."

"Are you a medical practitioner?" humbly asked the doctor.

"Naw, sir. I'm the umpire."

A RICH MAN had a piece of land upon which a poor mule was grazing. "I shall harness you," said the man to the mule, "and make you plow this land to grow melons on, of which I am very fond, while the stalks will supply you with food."

To which the mule replied: "If I consent to toil on your plan you will have all the melons and I will be worse off than I am now, inasmuch as I will have to eat dry stalks instead of fresh green grass. I'll not do it, sir."

"How unreasonable you are," remonstrated the land-owner; "your father never had any food but thistles, and yet worked sixteen hours a day without grumbling."

"Alas, that is true," retorted the mule, "but, you know, my father was an ass."

T. Eaton & Co

190 Yonge Street.

"CASH AND ONE PRICE ONLY."

Some Store Talk concerning Matters of Interest to you.

"Shopping by Mail" is an important feature of our business. Through this medium you can order anything wanted by mail. We have an experienced person who attends exclusively to this branch of our business, and with able assistants strives to accomplish for our patrons what they by business or distance are prevented from doing for themselves.

Our goods are all marked in plain figures, and one price strictly adhered to, so that parties ordering by mail are protected the same as when shopping in person.

We publish a large catalogue giving in detail description and prices of the goods in our many Departments, and which also contains a chapter on "Shopping by Mail," in which is given complete directions as to how to order, etc., so that no probable mistake can be made. Order Blanks specially prepared, and Printed Envelopes for use in writing us—Catalogues, Blanks, Envelopes, all furnished free on application.

"Bargain Day" is Friday of each week. On this day leading lines in every Department are marked down; next day you pay regular prices. It will pay you to make Friday your visiting day to the city.

DRESS GOODS can be bought at extremely close figures just now.

We are in the midst of extensive building operations—making an addition to our present store, that when complete will give over two and three-quarters acres of Floor Space. A fine big store to visit, is it not? In the meantime we want money for its completion, and to get it we offer you special attractions.

All-wool De Beige, 10c. a yard; a picked line in plain or colors, 12½c. a yard. Fancy striped and checked Dress Goods at 11c. Combination Suitings that are so pretty, original price 50c., now 25c. a yard. Goods marked at 80c. and \$1.00, now 50c. and 65c.

Millinery has dropped to ridiculously low prices. White "Fero!" Sun Hats, new fresh goods this season, simply have too many of them, first marked 65c., now 25c. The "Tweedledee" Straw Hats, that stood at 75c., we are now letting go at 10c. Wherever you move on the Millinery Flat low prices meet you.

Boots and Shoes occupy the west side of the Store on entering from Queen Street. Ladies' Polished Calf Button Boots, narrow and medium widths, \$1.50. Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Boots, \$2.00. Wigwam Shoes, seamless, all one piece, in great demand for summer wear, Children's size, 50c.; Misses, 75c.; Ladies, 85c.

CARPETS.—One entire flat given up to Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, and House Furnishings.

One straight, square price is our way of doing business with all.

T. EATON & Co.,

190 to 196 YONGE ST., through to

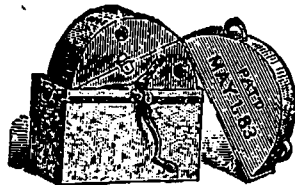
10 to 12½ QUEEN STREET,

TORONTO.



A Summary of News for the Past Month.

- 1st.—Arrival of the Shah of Persia in England. . . . Celebration of Dominion Day.
- 2nd.—Opening of the World's Sunday School Convention in London, England. . . . Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance, married in Chicago to Mrs. Addie C. Chisholm.
- 3rd.—The Scott Act defeated in Elgin County. . . . Engagement between a force of Egyptian troops, under command of Col. Wodehouse, and a body of Derwishes, in which the latter were defeated with a loss of 500 men.
- 4th.—Celebration of Independence Day in the United States.
- 5th.—Death of Hon. John Norquay, ex-premier of Manitoba. . . . The government of Tripoli issue a decree abolishing the slave trade.
- 6th.—Destructive fire in Simcoe, Ont.; loss over \$20,000. . . . Dominion Cabinet disallows the Quebec bill amending the law respecting district magistrates. . . . Resignation of Mr. Grant Powell, Canadian Under-Secretary of State.
- 9th.—Betrothal of Prince Murat and Miss Gwendoline Caldwell, one of the two sisters who founded the Catholic University in Washington, U.S. . . . The Ontario Millers' Association meet in Toronto.
- 10th.—W. W. Lynch, Q.C., Montreal, appointed to the Superior Court Bench for Quebec Province. . . . Baptist Convention at Winnipeg recommend the erection of a college at Brandon, Man.
- 11th.—Hon. J. J. C. Abbott appointed Canadian Commissioner to Australia to promote commercial relations between the Dominion and the Australian Colonies. . . . The French Senate adopt the Panama Canal Relief Bill.
- 12th.—British troops sent to reinforce Col. Wodehouse and his Egyptian force. . . . Earl of Fife declines a wedding gift from his tenants. . . . The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne celebrated with enthusiasm in Ontario and other places.
- 13th.—Senator Carvell appointed lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward Island.
- 15th.—The French Chamber of Deputies vote 58,000,000 francs for building war ships.
- 16th.—"Jack the Ripper" murders another woman in Whitechapel, London, England. . . . Violent storms throughout Austria-Hungary result in heavy losses of life and property.
- 17th.—First sod of the Vaudreuil and Prescott Railway turned at Rigaud. . . . Shock of earthquake felt on the Island of Arran and the mainland of Scotland. . . . Opening of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada at Owen Sound, Ont. . . . The Canadian rifle team win the Kolapore Cup at Wimbledon.
- 18th.—Heavy floods in Texas cause loss of life and great destruction of property. . . . The Irish team at Wimbledon win the Eloho Challenge Shield.
- 19th.—Movement started in Winnipeg to erect a public monument to ex-Premier Norquay.
- 20th.—Freedom of the City of Edinburgh conferred on Mr. Parnell. . . . In the suit of Wm. O'Brien, M.P., against Lord Salisbury for damages for slander, the jury bring in a verdict for the defendant.
- 21st.—Death of Hon. T. B. Pardee, ex-Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario.
- 22nd.—Opening of the summer carnival at St. John, N.B.
- 23rd.—Belgium votes £10,000 towards the construction of the Congo Railway.
- 24th.—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone celebrate their golden wedding.
- 25th.—The taking of evidence before the Parnell commission concluded. . . . Sensation caused in Kingston, Ont., by the arrest of the son of Mr. Twitchell, U.S. consul, for burglary and his admission of the crime. . . . Cablegram received from Rome that Bishop Walsh, of London, Ont., is appointed Archbishop of Toronto.
- 26th.—Report of the Committee on Royal Grants recommending that £36,000 be added to the annual grant of the Princess of Wales adopted by the House of Commons by a vote of 398 to 116.
- 27th.—Marriage of the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, to the Earl of Fife. . . . Thomas T. World, commercial traveller, and his sixteen-year-old daughter, drowned in Toronto Bay. . . . Great damage caused by storms and floods in different States of the Union, the loss in Chicago alone being estimated at \$1,000,000.
- 29th.—The Cantonal elections in France result in the unqualified defeat of the Boulangist party. . . . Warehouses of Mr. Kirkley, grain buyer, Springfield, Ont., destroyed by fire, loss \$11,000.
- 30th.—Arrival of the Shah of Persia in Paris, France. . . . The British sealer, Black Diamond, captured by a United States revenue cutter for alleged illegal seal fishing in Behring's Sea. . . . Floods in New Jersey cause immense destruction of property. . . . Appeal of Martin Burke, one of the alleged murderers of Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, against his extradition, dismissed by the full court at Winnipeg.
- 31st.—Roman Catholic diocese of Kingston, Ont., created a new province, and to be divided into three dioceses. . . . Rev. J. B. Proulx, curé of St. Tite, Que., appointed rector of Laval University.



EAGLE STEAM WASHER.

Best in the World. No other genuine but the EAGLE.

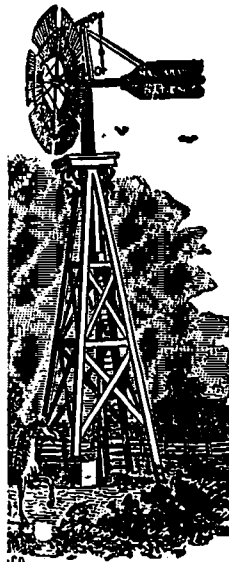
Over 400,000 in use in Canada. Satisfaction guaranteed or no sale. Sample sent to Agents on trial free. Good agents wanted in every county in the Dominion. Mangles, Wringers, Tub Benches always in stock. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

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For supplying constantly pure and fresh water for the following purposes, viz:—

Pumping Water for Stock,	Hotels, Colleges,
Farm Buildings,	Pumping for
Mansions,	Railway Stations,
Villa Residences,	Fire Protection,
Public Institutions,	Irrigation,
Gardens,	Tanneries,
Green Houses,	Breweries,
Town & Village Waterworks.	Sewage, Mines,
	Draining
	Low Lands.



These celebrated Windmills are made from one man to forty horse-power. They are perfectly controllable in gales and uniform in speed.

Also Manufacturers of FEED GRINDERS, HAYING TOOLS, IRON and WOOD PUMPS, and a full line of Railway, Town, Farm, and Ornamental Water Supply Materials.

Catalogue and Price Lists, with references, mailed free on application to

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TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

Mention this Paper.

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J. A. CONVERSE M'FG CO.
A. W. MORRIS & BRO., Proprietors

Manufacture the Celebrated
"RED CAP" Brand of
Manila BINDER TWINE.

The only Twine that invariably gives satisfaction.

FACTORIES,
MONTREAL, QUE., &
PORT HOPE, ONT.

Head Office—**MONTREAL, QUE.**

Also Manufacture
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Cordage,
Calcined and Land Plaster.

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AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

Will re-open Monday, Sept. 2, '89.

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Public Library Buildings, Toronto,

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1160 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.

Full Ranges of Suitings, Trouserings, and Overcoatings.

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Manufacturer of Ladies' and Gents' Fine Furs.
Ladies' Astrachan Jackets, from \$18.00.
Men's fine Fur Coats, from \$15.00.
All kinds of Fur Boas.

Cheapest place in the City for Furs.

R. REILLY, HATTER AND FURRIER,
672 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.
Sign of Bruin at Door.

BINDER TWINE.

We are in the midst of harvest and every farmer should at once see that his full season's requirement of Binder Twine is ordered, and not delay it till the last moment, running the risk of not being able to get it.

The Massey Manufacturing Co. wish to inform their customers and farmers generally that they will be prepared to accept within a reasonable time a limited number of orders for their celebrated brands, made specially for them.

Those who intend favoring them with their orders will kindly make their wants known to their Agents with as little delay as possible, so as to give ample opportunity for its shipment.



The marvellous record of the MASSEY-TORONTO MACHINES in the Canadian harvest that is just past, is without precedent. They have spoken for themselves and proven themselves to be far in advance of any harvesting machines previously introduced. Beautifully ornamented samples of each machine may be seen at the various Fall Fairs. We promise the public something specially attractive at our Exhibits this year. Be sure to call and see us.



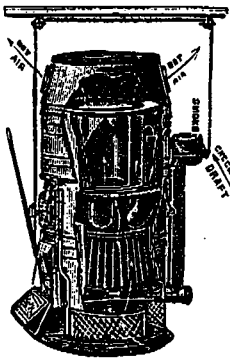
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COAL:

BOYNTON . . . all cast . . . 7 styles.
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 COPP'S PATENT WOOD FURNACE,
 Best and most perfect line made, 6 styles.

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COPP BROS. Hamilton, Lombard St. Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver.



Ontario Veterinary College, Temperance St., Toronto, Canada.

Patrons, Governor-General of Canada and Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The most successful Veterinary Institution in America. All experienced teachers. Classes begin October 23rd. Fees, \$50 per session. Apply to the Principal, Professor SMITH, V.S. Edin., Toronto, Canada.

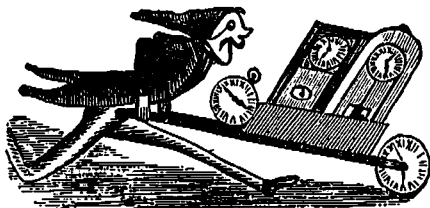
Breeders' Directory.

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

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

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

Running on Time to



J. I. S ANDERSON,
the well-known WEST-END WATCHMAKER,
314 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO.

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spectacles, etc., properly and punctually Cleaned, Repaired, and for Sale. Great care taken to select Spectacles to suit all sights.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Call when you visit our Fair and you'll go home rejoicing.

Mention this paper.

Agricultural and Arts Association.

44th Provincial Exhibition

will be held in the

CITY OF LONDON

from SEPTEMBER 9th to 14th, 1889

ENTRIES WILL BE CLOSED AUGUST 24TH.

Prize Lists, containing blank forms for entries, can be obtained of the secretaries of all agricultural societies, or by applying by post-card to HENRY WADE, Secretary, Toronto.

ST. CATHARINES BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Fall Term opens September 2nd.

Young Men and young Women who contemplate a Commercial or Shorthand Course this Fall, should not fail to obtain the new Catalogue before choosing their college. This is guaranteed to be the best organized school of business training in the Dominion. The system of Shorthand is one-half shorter and fully as rapid as any of the old systems taught in the other Canadian schools. Ample proof furnished on application.

The new Illustrated Catalogue sent free to any address.
W. H. ANGER, B.A., Principal.

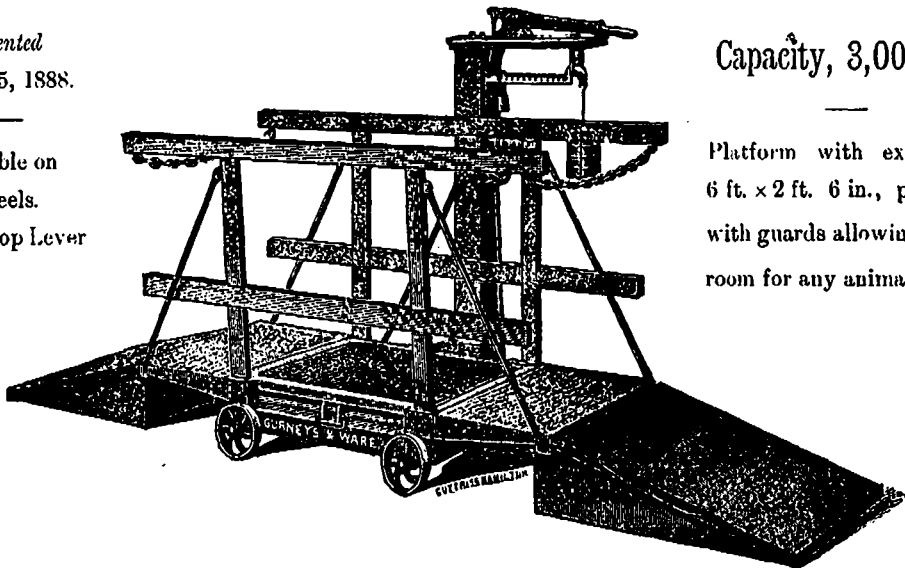
The Dressmakers' MAGIC SCALE. The most perfect tailor system of cutting. Entire in one piece, with book of instructions.—Will C. Rood, Inventor. Taught by Miss CHUBB, general agent for Ontario; also for the Universal Perfect Fitting Patterns. Send stamp for catalogue. Agents wanted. 426 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto.

For results of advertising in these columns, see letter on editorial page.

GURNEYS' FARM & STOCK SCALE.

Patented
April 25, 1888.

Portable on
Wheels.
With Drop Lever



Capacity, 3,000 lbs.

Platform with extensions
6 ft. x 2 ft. 6 in., provided
with guards allowing ample
room for any animal.

Designed especially to meet the wants of Farmers and Stock Raisers.

Made very strong, of the best material and finish. So constructed that Extensions and Guards can be uncoupled when desired, and Scale used without them.

PRICE

MODERATE.

See this Scale at your nearest Hardware Merchant, or write direct to Makers.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

GURNEYS' & WARE SCALE CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

An Independent Journal of News and Literature
for Rural Homes.



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

PROF. SORUB Editor.
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It is guaranteed that no issue will be less than 20,000. Beyond any question it is the surest and best means of reaching Rural Homes open to advertisers.

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are 20c. per nonpareil line. Space on back page 10 per cent extra. Terms strictly cash.

There are 12 lines to the inch. There are 122 lines to the column. The columns are 2 1/2 inches wide, i.e., space for type matter. Electrotypes must not be over 2 1/2 inches wide, unless more than a column in width is taken.

None but advertisements of first-class establishments will be accepted.

Liberal discounts on large contracts. Write for prices.

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

Weekly Globe (\$1.00) with Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only	\$1.00
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Truth (\$3.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, together with any four one-subscription Premiums the subscriber may select from our handsome Illustrated Premium List issued with the December number of the Illustrated, given for only	\$3.00
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CAME FROM

THE

Farmers' Harness Supply Co.

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

Let us hear from you. Send for Catalogue.

THE BRANTFORD FANNING MILL

WITH BAGGER.

WILL CLEAN AND PUT IN BAGS
120 BUSHELS AN HOUR



Saves Time, Saves Grain, Saves Labor.

E. L. GOULD & CO., Manufacturers,
BRANTFORD, CANADA.

Sold in all parts of the Dominion.

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KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS
STAMPED
1847 ROGERS BROS.

ARE
GENUINE AND GUARANTEED
BY

Meriden Britannia Co.

THE

LARGEST SILVER PLATE
MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

FARMERS.

THRESHERS.



Every Stable should have
Peerless Hoof Ointment.

Peerless Axle Grease for Wagons and Gearing.

ONCE AGAIN!

S S S S S

A Toronto Mower & Massey's
Illustrated for 50 cents.

A Sharp's Rake & Massey's
Illustrated for 50 cents.

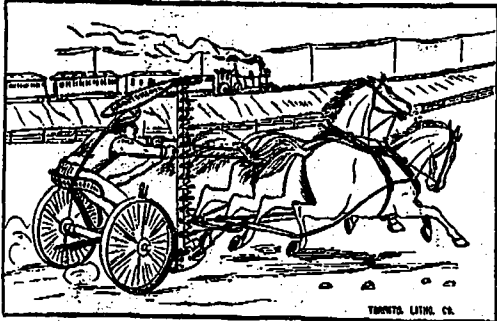
30 Subscription Premiums &
Massey's Illustrated for 50 cents.

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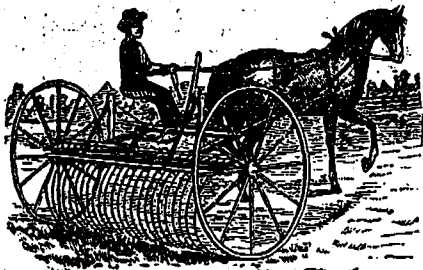
MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

shall have the privilege of guessing upon the number of letter
S's which will appear on the sixth page (the first editorial
page) of the October issue of the ILLUSTRATED, and the one
guessing the correct number, or nearest to the right number,
of S's will be presented with the elegantly finished TORONTO
MOWER which will be shown at this year's Toronto Indus-
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The TORONTO MOWER, the best in the world, is too well
known to need description. The retail price is \$75.

The one making the second nearest guess will receive a cele-
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is also too well known to need description. The retail price
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The one making the third nearest guess will be given any
Premium or Premiums offered in our illustrated Premium
List for thirty new subscriptions.

The one making the fourth nearest guess will be given any
Premium or Premiums offered in our illustrated Premium
List for fifteen new subscriptions.

In case two or more persons guess the correct number, the
one whose guess was received first will be entitled to the
MOWER; the one whose guess was received second will be
entitled to the RAKE, and so on for the third and fourth
prizes.

Persons working to secure subscriptions and earn Premiums,
as per our Premium List, may give to each subscriber they
obtain henceforth the privilege of guessing the number of S's.
NOW is the opportunity for our canvassers to get up large
lists of subscribers in short metre.

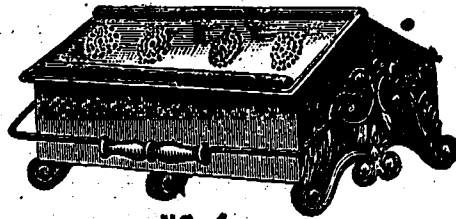
No guess received except for a subscription. If you are a
subscriber, send 50c. and your guess, together with the name
of some friend to whom you wish the paper sent for a year.
Everyone can count the number of S's and see for himself that
our award is fair and square. Guesses will be received up to
and including October 1st next.
Address, MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto, Ont.

Cut this out and send with 50c. in stamps.

Guess No.
Name.....
Post Office.....
County.....
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See our Exhibit in the Annex, - - Toronto Exhibition.

TEN HOURS SOLID COMFORT FOR TWO CENTS.



No. 4

Specially adapted for Waggon and all outside
Purposes.

WARDS. The Foot Warmer should be filled about three-quarters full with the
Fuel, and will burn steadily without re-filling or any attention for
TEN HOURS. The entire cost of Fuel will not exceed TWO CENTS per day in
the small heaters. Fuel sold in kegs or barrels.

Agents Wanted throughout the Dominion.

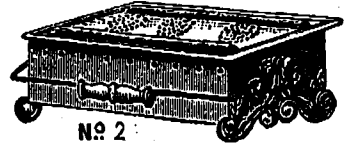
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The Cline Manufacturing Co., Limited,
Esplanade West, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

FARMERS and others who have long suffered the disadvantage of
COLD FEET while driving or sitting at home, will hail with delight
this great and wonderful invention for Carriages, Buggies, Sleighs,
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500,000 IN USE. The Fuel is a black compound, **OVER**
perfectly harmless, burns without
smoke, odorless, and entirely safe in handling. Guaranteed healthy
and can be lighted by a child. It differs largely from all other
sources of heating, viz: **IT BURNS DOWNWARDS**

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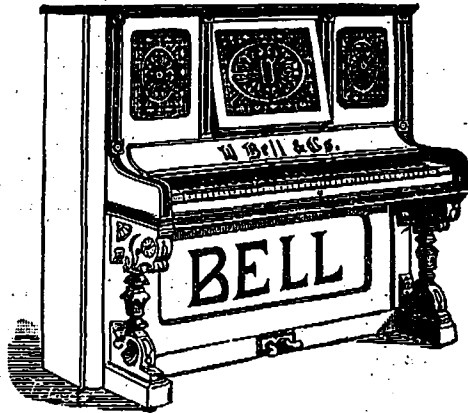


No. 2

Specially adapted for Household Use.

"BELL"
PIANOS,

With Improved Plate and
Scale, are in Tone and
Durability superior to all
other makes.



"BELL"
ORGANS,

Pure and Sweet in Tone,
and made of best material,
are known throughout the
world as strictly first-class.

Every Instrument Guaranteed.

High Class Goods a Specialty.

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W. BELL & CO. OFFICE AND FACTORIES, GUELPH, ONT.

Warerooms at TORONTO, HAMILTON, ST. THOMAS, & WINNIPEG.

METALLIC SHINGLES.

The Farmers of the Dominion will please note
that the Hon. Commissioner of Public Works of
Ontario and Mr. Kivas Tully, the architect of the
Department, have awarded the contract for

*Roofing the Extensive Agricultural
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TO THE

METALLIC ROOFING CO.

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The Shingles selected are their No. 26 EAST-
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Prices and Circulars on application to the Sole
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THE METALLIC ROOFING CO.

OF CANADA (Ltd.)

82 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

BEST YET. YOUR NAME on 25 cards, 20 Scrap Pictures and
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CANADA'S GREAT

INDUSTRIAL—
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Agricultural Exposition,
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Sept. 9th to 21st.

Increased Prizes, Greater Attractions, and Lower Railway
Fares than ever before.

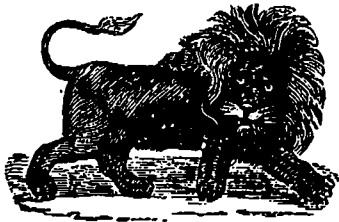
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Over 250,000 visitors attended this exhibition last year.

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For Prize Lists and Forms drop a post card to

H. J. HILL,
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Men & Boys' Clothing

An Experience of over Fifty Years in the Clothing and General Dry Goods' Trade has armed us at all points. We understand how to manufacture **FIRST CLASS CLOTHING**, and we understand how to sell it. Our work is never slighted. Our prices are always low.

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- Men's Early Fall Over Coats. Light Weights, from \$5.00,

Boys' Department.

- Boys' Serge Suits. From 90 cents the suit.
- Boys' Tweed Suits. From \$1.50 the Suit.
- Boys' Worsted Suits. From \$3.00 the Suit.
- Boys' Light Over Coats. From \$2.50.

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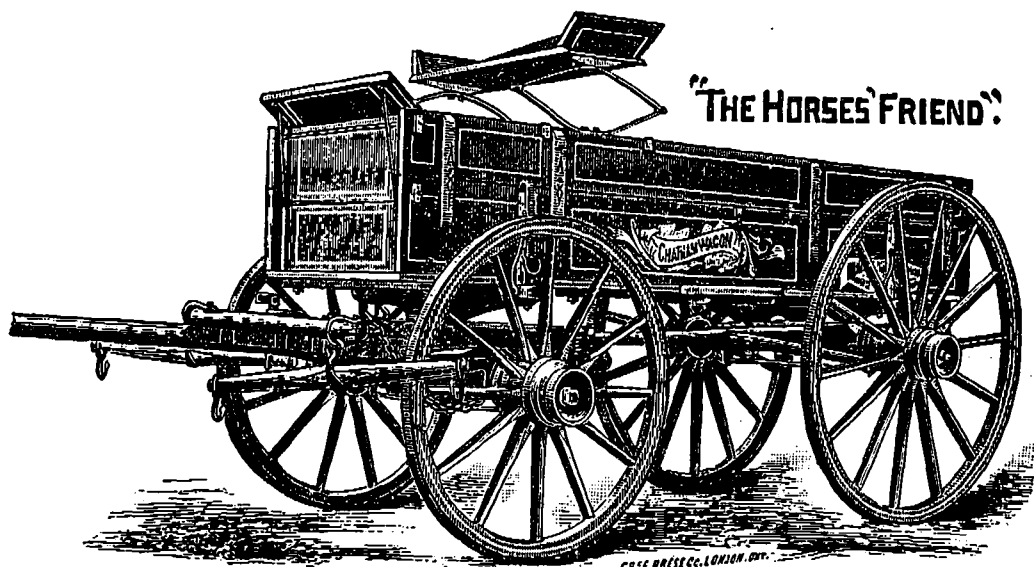
R. WALKER & SONS, KING STREET EAST.



THE CHATHAM M'FG CO. (L^{TD}.)

MANUFACTURERS OF

HARDWOOD LUMBER, SHIP PLANK &



THE CHATHAM WAGON, of which wagon the above is a faithful cut, and which the Government of the Dominion of Canada has adopted as the **STANDARD WAGON**. We simply ask intending purchasers, in their own interests, to send to us for particulars of the Chatham Wagon, or if there is one convenient closely examine it before purchasing any other.

We also make Railway Platform Baggage Trucks, Farm and other Dump Carts, the Celebrated Main Bob Sleigh, the Patent Champion Hay Rack, etc., etc.

CHATHAM MANUFACTURING CO., Limited.

CHATHAM, ONT.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.



The world-renowned

CHATHAM FANNING MILL

with Bagging Attachment, made by

MANSON CAMPBELL, CHATHAM, ONT.

1000 sold in 1884
1330 sold in 1885
2000 sold in 1886
2300 sold in 1887
2500 sold in 1888

More than double the number turned out by any other Factory in Canada.

17,000 Mills now in Use.

Attention is directed to the improved plan of attaching the Bagger to the Mill, so that the Grain runs directly into the Mill, in place of being carried to the side by spouts.

Mills furnished with or without the Bagging Attachment; also the Knock-Down Shape for shipment and packing for export.

Correspondence solicited

VAN ALLEN & AGUR, Sole Agents for Manitoba and N.W.T.
E. G. PRIOR & Co., Agents for British Columbia.

For Sale by all Agents of THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING CO. in the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Manitoba, and N.W.T.

It will pay farmers and others to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, and in writing to advertisers would esteem it a favor if they would kindly mention MASSEY ILLUSTRATED.