

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

Mid-Summer Number

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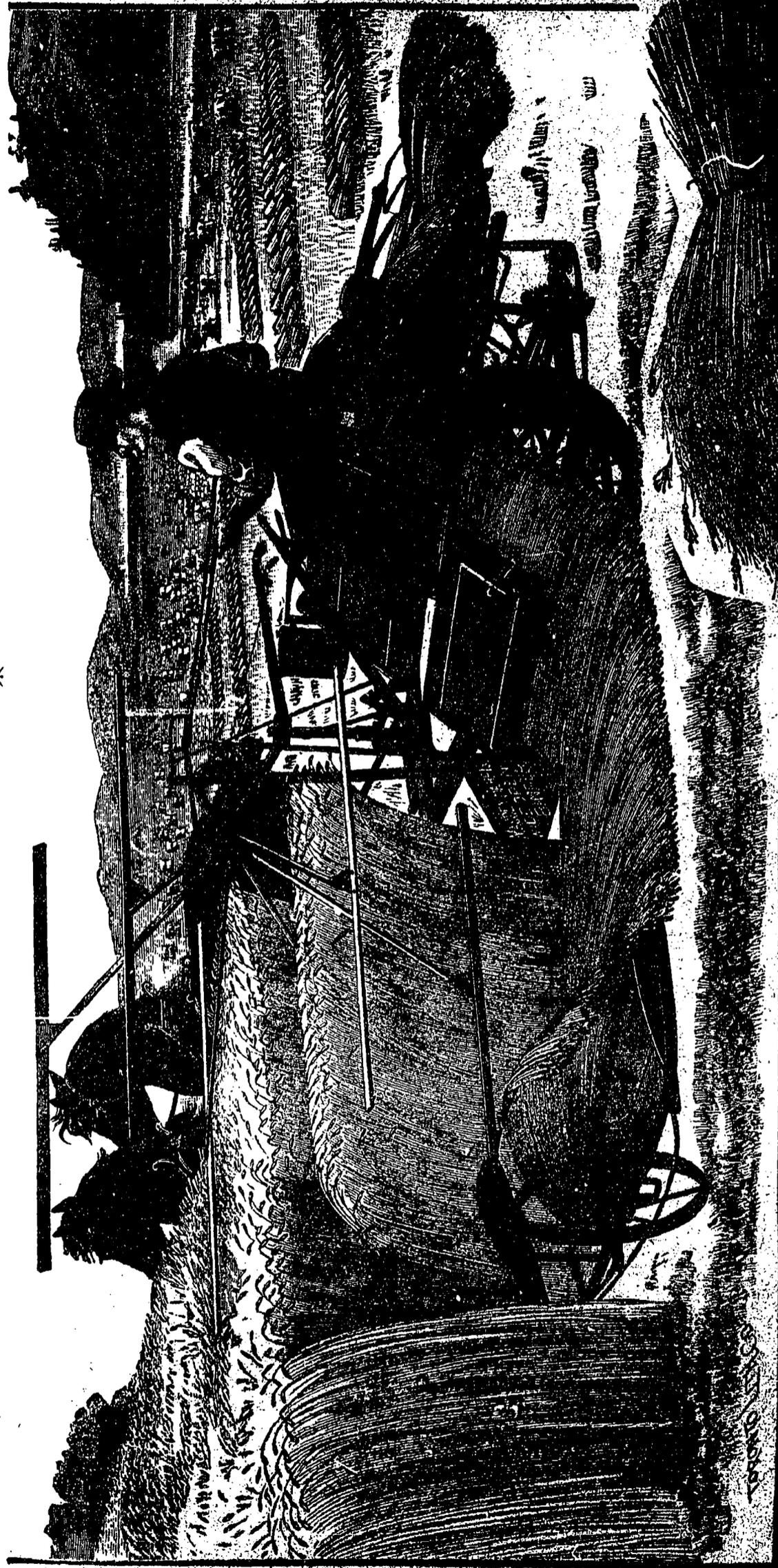


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Massey's Illustrated

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY, 1893.

[Vol. 5, No. 7.]

Original in Massey's Illustrated.

Tibetan Worship.

WE have been favored with the following graphic and interesting description of Tibetan Worship by Mr. P. Rijnhart who is now on the Tibetan frontier learning the language. He hopes, if permitted, to have the privilege of carrying the gospel to the people of that little known country, the only one in all the world now closed to His messengers.

Some four years ago Mr. Rijnhart was strongly impressed with the needs of China, and very desirous of being one of His co-workers in that vast heathen empire. No other way being then open, he left Toronto on foot, and after many months' journeying, reached San Francisco, where kind friends secured him a passage across the ocean to Shanghai. The same energy and perseverance he displayed in his long tramp across the continent, will doubtless secure him a full measure of success in his new fields of labor. He is among the very few who have gone forth to seek to open the dark land of the lama, and is, we believe, the first "foreign devil," as the people there call them, to have been allowed to take up his residence in the lamasery, of which he gives so vivid a description.

The Tibetan characters on the prayer roll is the invocation to Buddha many times repeated. "*Om mani padm houn,*" is as near as English letters will give the sound. It may be freely rendered as equivalent to "Lord, have mercy on me," but more correctly paraphrased, "Oh, that I may obtain perfection and be absorbed in Buddha."

We give here the extract from Mr. Rijnhart's letter:

Kumbum is a small place on the borders of the Kokonor State, and lies about 9,000 ft. above the level of the sea, but notwithstanding its being small it enjoys a very high reputation, even so high as to be a centre to which pilgrims resort from all parts of China, Tartary, Mongolia and Tibet, and from the different tribes of the Kokonor. The cause of this high reputation lies in the fact that it is the birth-place of the great Reformer of Buddhism, named Trong-

ka-pa, who lived in the 14th century. Many marvellous stories are being told concerning this man's birth and wisdom, which many of the lamas here will tell you if requested to do so. This Trong-ka-pa is still being worshipped in the person of the grand lama, who is supposed to be his incarnation, and who is the head of the large lamasery here, containing 3,500 lamas or priests of Buddha, who spend their lives in the idleness of meditation and in the public worship of "The Perfect Buddhist."

Not only pilgrims are coming hither from all parts of China, Tartary, Mongolia and Tibet, but lamas from the south and north-east of China, and from Mongolia, Tartary and Tibet.

The situation of the lamasery is very picturesque. It is built upon the slopes of two mountain divided by a deep ravine. The walls of the house are whitewashed and are, as well as the streets, kept scrupulously clean, which forms a striking contrast with the houses and streets of Chinese communities, which, as a rule, are filthy. Numerous temples arise above the houses of the lamasery, decorated with fine paintwork, but above all is visible the Kin-ua-mais (gold tiled temple) which sparkles in the rays of the sun. Some tell us that before the Mohammedan re-

bellion this temple was covered with tiles of pure gold. In and surrounding the lamasery are a host of small shrines adorned with images of Buddha on paper, painted or sculptured. In the front of these images are generally two, three or more hand prayer wheels. These wheels are large wooden rolls provided with an axle which is placed between two pieces of railing, with which the shrines are surrounded. The roll has a handle on the bottom and turns very lightly by a slight touch. It is painted red, yellow or green and has large Tibetan characters (the invocation of Buddha) written on the sides.

There are prayer wheels on the tops of the houses, wind prayer wheels, prayer wheels on side of streams, moved by the current, and prayer flags also on the housetops, all accumulating merit for the inhabitants. The lamas do these things in the hope in their next existence obtaining of great happiness (the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul.)

While walking through the streets of the lamasery, one may daily see the ceremony of the public worship, which, for the first part, takes place in the open air, afterwards it is continued in the gold-tiled tem-



ple. Inside of this temple is the tree which, as the lamas will tell you, has miraculously sprung up from the hair of Trong-ka-pa, when he, before entering the priest's office, according to the custom, got his head shaved.



PRAYER ROLL FOR USE IN PRAYER CYLINDER.

This tree is said to have Tibetan characters on each leaf, but probably it is only given to the faithful followers of Buddha to see them. I have had several leaves in my possession, but the closest examination could not detect anything like the resemblance of a Tibetan character. Yet this place has its name from the tree, Kum-body-bun-mynads (a myriad of bodies.)

But to return to the public outdoor worship. Next to the gold tiled temple is a building with a long balcony connected with the yard by long stone steps. In the centre of the balcony sits the grand lama (Trong-ka-pa) on a large chair or small couch. His head is covered with a yellow mitre, he wears the yellow order robe, his legs are folded under him, his arms rest on his knees, his hands are folded together. He sits to receive the homage from his followers.

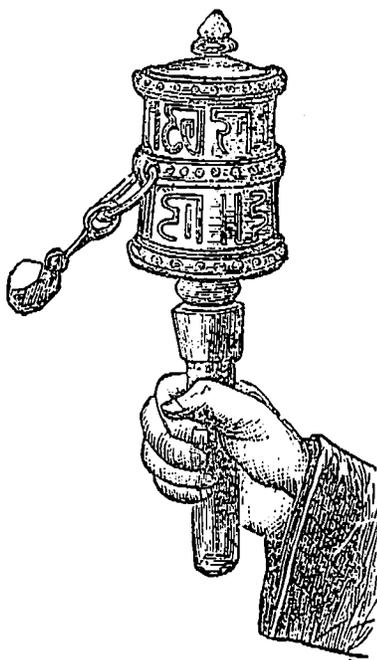
On the floor of the veranda or balcony sit rows upon rows of lamas, even as he, in the position of meditation. The court yard, about 400 or 500 ft., square is nearly filled with rows of lamas all squatted down, wearing their long red sleeveless mantles of ceremony, their prayer caps by their side. In front of the grand lama stands a pot with burning incense, by his right is a table on which is a large vase.

Before the grand lama, but below the balcony in the court, sits a lama who takes an active part in the worship, as well as another lama, who, walking forwards and backwards about him, asks questions with a loud voice, by the walls re-echoed. All are listening.

Now and then rises a lama or pilgrim here and there in the congregation. We are anxious to know what he is about to do, so we follow him with our eyes. He puts on his high prayer cap, shakes the mantle which rests on his shoulders down and with slow step and a face expressing earnestness he walks to the place where he by ascending the steps finds himself before the great living Buddha. On the top of the steps he halts, kneels down, and bowing down his head thrice until it touches the floor,

acknowledges Buddha as the supreme and the living Buddha—as the Enlightened One. After the worshipper has lifted his head the grand lama makes a slight bow and taking from the vase on the table, something, he presents it to the poor man, who, after bowing again in the same manner as he came, returns to his place. Once, while looking here (on the front gate facing the seat of the grand lama) I saw two men—apparently, to judge from their dress, they were Si-fan-tse, one of the Kokonor tribes—come along, who were going to enter, but before daring to enter the gate they bowed down. One of them, more in earnest than the other, bows his head thrice to the ground and I could see his head touching a big stone, then he rose, went a few steps forward, knelt down again and stared at the grand lama with a look of anxious expectation, as if only through him he could obtain help. Then he rose, looked at me as if saying: "get down on your knees, you are in front of the great Trong-ka-pa!" and entered into the court where he repeated the same ceremony. His companion, although doing the same, seemed to put much less value to the whole affair.

Daily from 600 to 1,000 are in this court, not to speak of the innumerable multitude of pilgrims who, from enormous distances, come to bow down before the grand lama, as some go to Rome to kiss the big toe of the Pope. Mr. Huc, a French Roman Catholic missionary in his book, "Travels in Tartary, Tibet and China,"



HAND PRAYER-CYLINDER.

traces the origin of reformed Buddhism back to the 14th century when Catholic missionaries entered Asia, and if this statement be true, it brings out very clearly the fallen and corrupt state of the Roman Catholic Church.

SALT RISING BREAD.—If the bread is to be made in the forenoon, the process must begin over night. Scald a pint of new milk, pour it over two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal, add a teaspoonful of salt and set in a warm place. The first thing in the morning stir into it a pint of warm water and a heaping tablespoonful of flour. When it is "up," make as you would any other bread, with a little more lard, and mold into loaves at once; when they are risen, bake. If the rising or bread should get too hot, or too cold, then indeed will the "cake be dough." It will never get over the shock. But the bread is worth the extra care.



A Night in an Indian Canoe.

READ that again, Andrew Bourge, and read it in French," said one of a group of hardy-looking, excited men, gathered around a large willow-tree in the front yard of a wayside inn, in the dreamy Acadian village of Mines, Nova Scotia, in the year 1744.

This village was on the road that led from Port Royal to Halifax, and about five miles distant from the older French Acadian settlement of Grand Pré. The man addressed, equipped for a journey, stood in the doorway of the inn.

He was the Notary of Mines, and a man of importance in the country. Hitching the bridle of his horse to a post of the low shed-like stoop that fronted the inn, he walked directly up to the old tree and read, in a strong, military tone of voice and in good French, the Royal Proclamation,—for such it was,—and then, without request or a word of comment, re-read in equally good English:

"We do hereby promise, with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council, a reward of One Hundred Pounds for every male Indian above the age of sixteen; for a scalp of such Male Indian, Eighty Pounds; for every Indian woman or child, dead or alive, Fifty Pounds. God save the King."

When he had ceased reading, the men talked earnestly among themselves, but no one noticed the Notary, and he walked back to the inn.

As he stepped upon the stoop, he was met by several young girls, who had been attracted from their homes near by to read the notice on the tree, and one of them immediately addressed him with,—

"Grandsire, will *our* people kill the Indians for the reward?"

"Why not, daughter?" asked the Notary.

"Because it is cruel, and the Indians are our friends," said the maiden.

"Madrine," said the Notary, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you are a child, and do not understand that many things are cruel which must of necessity be done. These red rascals are themselves cruel and not trustworthy. It was not only last Saturday night that they killed several people at Port Royal."

"Grandsire," persisted the maiden, "the people they killed were English. I do not like the English, and they do not like us. They are hard masters; they take cruel ways. They rid themselves of human beings as they would of wolves. Our people had better trust to the friendship of the Indians than the English."

"Prut, daughter! You do not talk wisely," said the Notary. "The English have good reason to revenge themselves on these savages, and we Acadians may as well take a hand in the hunt, especially when so much money can be gained by obeying the King's proclamation. Many a house in Grand Pré and Mines will be furnished with the price of scalps before the snow flies. Your own goodly-built little farmhouse, Madrine, may be furnished for your wedding day much sooner than you expect by a lucky catch or steady shot. Baptiste Doucet is a brave lad, and has the best long-range musket in the country."

The blood came to the cheeks of the maiden and her lips curled, as she said, "It is not brave to kill women and children, and I would not go into my house, nor to him, if one shilling paid for such murders helped to furnish it, or went into his pocket."

Away from in his heart the old Notary evidently liked the spirit evinced by his granddaughter, for he said not a word in reply to this

indignant protest, but stooped and kissed the cheek that had crimsoned at the mention of her lover's name, and mounting his horse, was soon out of sight on the long, dangerous road that led to Port Royal. Few men at this time could have made this journey in safety. But this man was both trusted and feared, and thus sheltered, he rode fearlessly into the dark forest and the coming night.

Madrine Bourge left her companions and walked rapidly and alone to her home. She was mistress of her father's house. Her mother had been dead some years. Her father had not married again and she was the only child.

It was near sunset; the weather was raw and chilly, and she built a fire of dry logs on the broad fireplace; and as its mellow blaze curled around the logs and roared up the wide chimney, she stopped her work and gazed intently into it. The ruddy light fell upon her form and face, and the last hot words spoken at the inn repeated themselves in every lineament.

As she stood with her bare, brown arms on the top of a straight-backed kitchen chair, and the mellow light of the fire flushing her sharp-lined expressive face, she was beautiful,—this Acadian maiden of eighteen years—but it is not the beauty of culture. It was the beauty of the shapely, clean-limbed forest tree, and the curving, foaming mountain stream. Here was a wild beauty, and there was reason for it.

When but five years old she had been captured by the Micmac Indians, and had lived with them till she was fifteen. And now her thoughts were of that free life and wild people, and the crackling camp-fire that she had unconsciously built was a medium of communication with the past existence.

But her reverie was short, for her father soon came into the house with Baptiste Doucet, her betrothed husband. Receiving them with her accustomed greeting, she set about her household duties and the supper was soon ready. At the table neither of the men spoke of the proclamation on the tree. Madrine was surprised at this, and during the evening tried to get some opportunity to speak with Baptiste alone, for she wanted to tell him of the talk with her grandfather. But the men seemed more than usually occupied with business affairs, and Baptiste went away much earlier than was his usual custom on such visits, and Madrine and her father separated for the night without a word upon the subject.

Alone in her neat little sleeping-room, she thought long and earnestly of the cruelty to be practised upon the people who had been to her like her own for so many years, and she decided to tell her feelings freely to Baptiste on the morrow.

Early in the morning her father was up and preparing for a journey, telling Madrine he was going to Pisiquid on business that would keep him from home three days. Madrine asked no questions, for her father often had business away from home. Nor was she surprised when he took from its place on the deer-horns over the door the long-barrelled French musket, and drawing out the partridge charge, loaded it with a bullet, and filled the great powder horn with powder and a leathern pouch with bullets; for this was the season for shooting moose and deer, and she knew there were twenty miles of unbroken forest on his proposed journey.

These preparations completed, Jean Bourge bade his daughter be mindful of the house and herself, and kissing her, mounted his strong horse and rode rapidly away, Madrine watching him till he passed out of sight beyond the willow trees that lined the roadway.

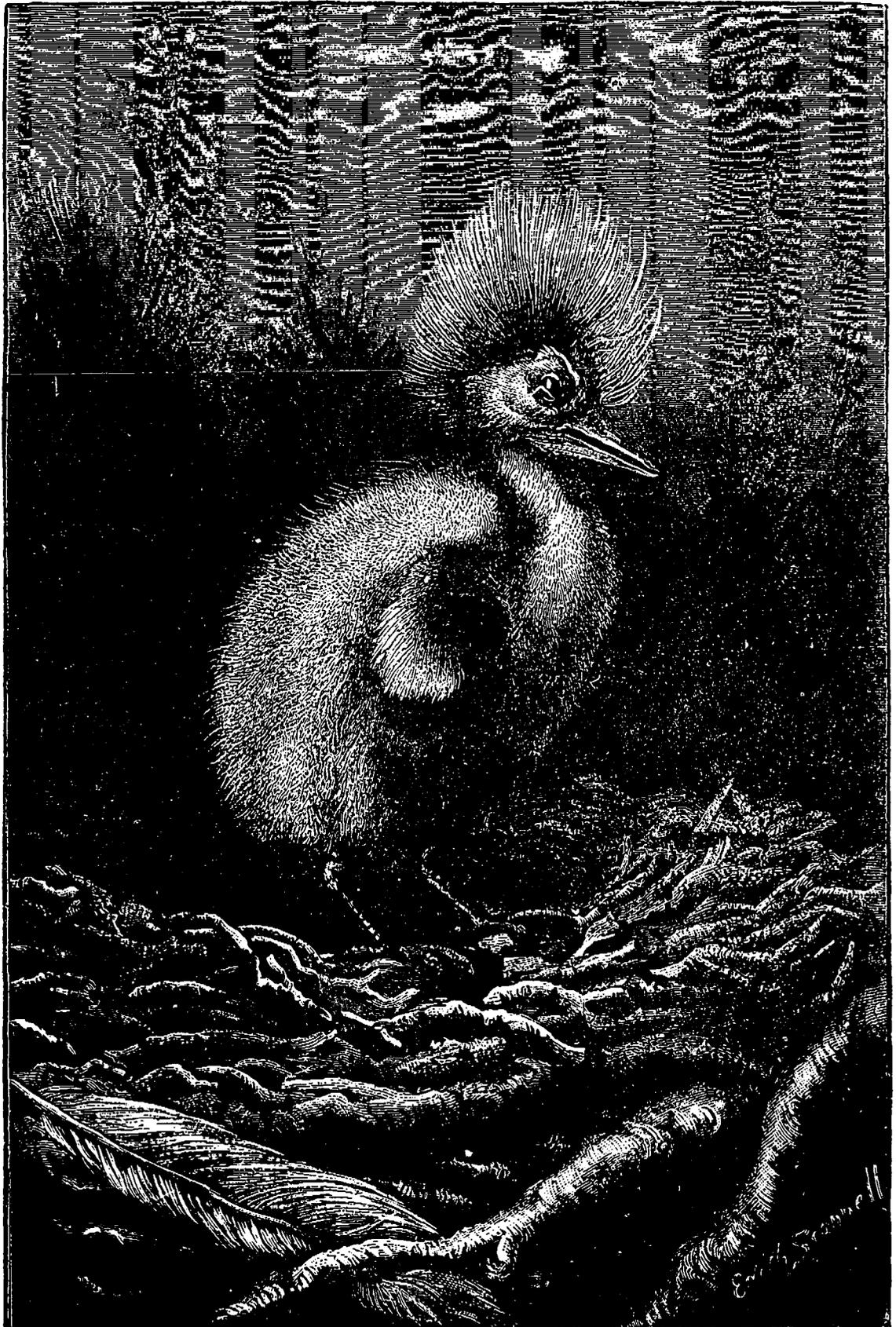
Expecting Baptiste would be in during the forenoon, and thus cheered from her

father's absence, she went about her work. But noon came, and no sign of Baptiste. Alarmed at this she enquired of a neighbor passing, and learned that a party of horsemen from Port Royal had gone through the village early in the morning, on their way to surprise and kill the Indians encamped at Chinictou, and that her father and Baptiste had joined them. It was at this place and with this people that she had lived the last three years of her Indian life, and the thought that they were to be killed like wolves for a reward, and by her own father and betrothed husband, was hard to endure.

With a sad, indignant heart she shut herself in the house, and sat down by the flax-wheel in front of the window that faced the Bason of Minas—a broad bay into which the high tides of the Bay of Fundy flow with great rapidity. The house was near the shore, and directly across to the northward the Indian village of Chinictou stood, twenty miles distant by water, but by land a two days' journey.

She sat long at the window looking out on the blue waters of the Bason, and across it to the Indian village. The tide was flowing majestically in over the broad flats, and creeping noiselessly up the perpendicular banks of its more rugged shores. It was now three o'clock. All day the sun had shone with the brightness of summer, and over the surface of the water there rose an invisible mist, through which, in the clear, dry, autumnal atmosphere, the opposite shore of the Bason and the high Bluff of Blomidon appeared nearer than they really were.

Madrine's practised eye saw the high lands of the Indian village, and the blue smoke curling up from the wigwam fires. How far away it was, she did not know, but she looked long upon it, and thought of what another day would bring upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, she knew that it never had seemed half so near as now. A shadow came over her face, as she rose from the window, and a look of determination in her eyes.



YOUNG BUT NOT BEAUTIFUL.

Had she formed a purpose? If she had, it found no expression in words.

There was a little sheltered cove on the margin of the shore near the house, and under a rough shed lay a small bark canoe that had been bought of the Indians by her father, and Madrine had been allowed to indulge in this occupation and pastime of the wild, free life of her childhood. She was an expert paddler, and was often seen on the waters of the beautiful Gaspereaux, or far out on the blue Bason.

Hastily walking to this cove, and turning over the canoe, she carefully examined the seams on the bottom and sides, rubbed the whole surface of the bottom with a piece of tallow, and leaving it in that position, returned to the house. She was alone and unquestioned, and no one knew why she did this. Nor did any one know why the cows were milked and the farm-stock fed and housed an hour earlier than usual. Nor why she raked the fire, as was the custom for the night, just at sunset, let down the white curtain to the only window in her little bedroom, and walked slowly down to the shore where the canoe lay.

The tide was at the flood and much higher than usual. This Madrine knew to be the sign of an approaching storm, and she knew too, that the ebbing of the tide would be swifter on account of it. Seizing the canoe as if it were a play boat, she launched it at once, and seating herself on the ash crossbar, paddled leisurely out on the placid water, that now lapped the land far above its highest mark, and lay lazily in the bed of the wide, wood-embowered Bason, waiting the mysterious impulse that presently should set it flowing like a broad river out into the ocean beyond.

To observers from the land, the little canoe and its occupant were as listless of purpose as the waiting water. Far out from the shore she floated, regardless of the deepening shadows that fell along the high headlands, and darkened the little bays, and crept slowly out over the broad water. Darker and darker, till the venturesome craft could no longer be seen from the shore, and the mysterious impulse had been communicated to the water, and it was slowly moving, like a glacier, onward to the sea.

Then the paddle turned the bow of the canoe in the direction of the tide, and the paddler looked at the shadowy land behind her, unwound from her head a silk scarf and tied it

tightly about her loins, fixed her face upon the high hills of the opposite shore, laid down the paddle she had been using, and taking a broader bladed one from its rack behind her, plied it with strong, steady strokes.

On over the tide and with the tide the lithe-some bark sped like a thing of life. Two hours of unslacked speed, and the moon rose, large and red, like the morning sun. Laying down the paddle, Madrine looked at the broad highway of rosy, shimmering light it threw along the water, and back upon the dim outline of the land she had left, now dotted with lights from farmhouse windows, listened to the echo of the roar of the distant surf, and felt the pressage of the coming storm. Then taking the paddle she had laid aside for the larger one at the commencement, she propelled the little craft over the dim water till under the shadow of Blomidin she rested again.

The moon had been shadowed by grey belts of mist near the horizon, and now hid itself behind a heavy bank of black clouds. Darkness settled over the water. Beyond the cliff and in the channel the distant roar of the troubled sea was prelude to the coming storm. Over the bow of the canoe appeared white-crested billows and roaring, seething water, caused by the tide from down the Bason and the tide from up the Bason meeting, like the sides of a wedge, and forming into one current that rushed out by the ragged rocks of Blomidin, foaming and eddying like a mighty river escaping from a cataract.

Madrine saw this raging current, and knew from old associations its dangerous character. But to-day she had not thought of it, and as she now looked across its crested waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain seemed in the darkness farther away than when she had gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon, and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This and the darkness and fatigue dispirited her, and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe, and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidin; while the sides of the mountain and the water looked darker in contrast. Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff had towered above her, and beyond her sight; and now, as the silver light bathed it, making it ap-

pear to rise almost to the sky, Madrine sought to explain this mysterious phenomenon. Suddenly to her aid came the recollection that this mountain peak of Blomidin, now so flushed with strange light, was the supposed dwelling-place of the great Good Father of the Micmacs, revered and feared by the Indians.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood united to produce the spirituality of the untaught; and springing to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she loosened her long, black hair, and throwing it in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched out her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, and cried to God to rescue her from peril, and send her safely across the foaming current

(To be continued.)

Madame Loyson.

Quite lately I was privileged to hear an informal address given by Madame Loyson, Pèrè Hyacinth's devoted wife, to an audience of women. Though a New England woman, after a long residence in Paris, she says to her country women, "I must attribute many of the evils existing in America to-day to American cooking. In France, I rarely find a dyspeptic, in America I seldom meet a man or woman free from some form of indigestion. The American bread-maker uses flour from which the nutriment has been refined, then bakes it too fast. Bread should be baked slowly and well.

"Sweets, rich and heavy, are served for dessert. Ripe, health-giving fruit is smothered in sugar. Candy is served at dinner, eaten between meals, and given to children frequently. Salt, pepper and the various spices are freely used daily. The consumers of the heating, thirst-producing food must drink. They do drink. Perhaps the draughts are ice water or supposedly pure water from the cistern or well. Perhaps the son, brother or husband allays his thirst with beer, wine or stronger liquor. Perhaps the highly-seasoned favorite breakfast dish prepared by a careful hand for the man of the house led him directly to the saloon."

That Madame Loyson earnestly believes in her gospel of simple living, she lately proved, while being entertained in this city by appreciative friends who desired to give her a dinner, when she declined courteously the kindly intended compliment, stating a preference for mush and milk with fruit.

We women have read many encomiums regarding French cookery and French economy. Many dishes particularly esteemed by the French people are not suited to the American palate. We are not all vegetarians and do confess to a liking for something good in the culinary line prepared by a good American cook, but when a consecrated woman, a reformer, a Madame Loyson, who is herself a plain, frugal woman, in love admonishes her sister woman that appetizing, thirst-producing food paves the way to drunkenness and morbid appetites, a threadbare subject is invested with a new interest.

The over-salted and peppered breakfast potato balls and broiled ham were relished that we ate one morning last week. A highly seasoned slice of roast, a cup of rich, sweet sauce, and a slice of rich pie were reserved for the lunch pails.

Our highly-seasoned breakfast occasioned repeated visits to the water pail during the morning. A highly-seasoned lunch eaten at noon again resulted in a desire to drink the well dry.

Is it well that we should burn with an unnatural thirst? When mere babies are troubled with indigestion, is it not well that those who love the little sufferers begin a vigorous search for the cause?

Some years since a prominent society woman narrowly escaped dying, the sudden and almost fatal illness being occasioned by eating at a banquet salted almonds.



THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

Sweets, spices, condiments enter largely into our cookery. If a too lavish use of these articles creates morbid cravings and unnatural tastes, is it not our duty to remember we are our "brother's keeper," and that "life is more than meat."

In many humble homes the helpful literature desired by the inmates is not obtainable. The grocery bills leave nothing each month for "luxuries." Madame Loyson states that she has never spent during her busy life one penny for candy. That this famous and gifted woman thoroughly understands the science of true economy, which means the cutting off the hurtful and useless extras in the food prepared for the hungry, the thoughtful woman who is privileged to number one in a Loyson audience will readily believe.—*Housekeeper*.

Churns and Churning.

CHURNING is a process that, almost more than any other in butter making, depends for being well done on the implement used.

Points of merit in a churn are: First, the agitation should be of such a character that the cream is churned by concussion rather than friction. One would suppose that the fat globule, protected for the time being in a liquid, would stand agitation of any sort; but when we remember that one churn will bring the butter in five minutes, which would not come in thirty minutes in another churn, we can conceive of it being possible to over-agitate cream in churning. Whatever may be the effect at the beginning of churning, it is without question that when the cream begins to "break" and "form," the character of agitation may be such as to injure the grain of the butter. It is the experience of butter-makers that some churns destroy the grain and make the butter greasy. Another question is settled. It is not the slow churns which injure the grain of the butter, but the quick churns. The slow churns are the churns without inside fixtures; the quick churns are the churns with dashers.

Second, a churn should give its contents uniform agitation. The cream should be churned all alike and the butter come as near as possible

at the same time. This is important for quantity as well as quality of butter. When all the cream is agitated alike, more of the cream is churned without some of it being overchurned. When butter all comes at the same time there is less waste of butter in buttermilk, in draining or washing. The churn which meets this condition, is, in the opinion of many, a churn without dashers.

Ease of working is a very important essential in a churn. It was the hard work of churning that brought into favor the quick churns that have spoiled so much butter. The movable body churns, are doubtless easier to work of the two classes. Among these the revolving churn, if rightly constructed, is easier than the oscillating churn, especially for large quantities.

Ventilation is essential in a churn. When cream is first subjected to agitation, especially if it be at all sour, it evolves gas. This gas should be allowed to escape; both for sake of easy churning and quality of butter. With the old dash churn ventilation was easy—through a loose and open cover. The revolving churn, which bears off the palm in perhaps all other respects, is weakest of all at this point. To prevent loss of cream it must needs be well closed up. It is necessary, when using a revolving churn, when not otherwise provided for, to stop occasionally, pull out the stopple or plug and let the gas escape. This is done frequently in the beginning of the process. Afterward it is not necessary.

Our New Press.

WHILE it was in the year 1814 that the power printing press was first made use of, the last twenty-five to fifty years have seen the greatest advancement in printing and publishing appliances.

It is interesting to note the great number of newspapers, magazines and periodicals which are now published at such moderate subscription prices, and the countless volumes of every description to be found in our book stores, the cost of which has been so greatly reduced as compared with the prices quoted a few years

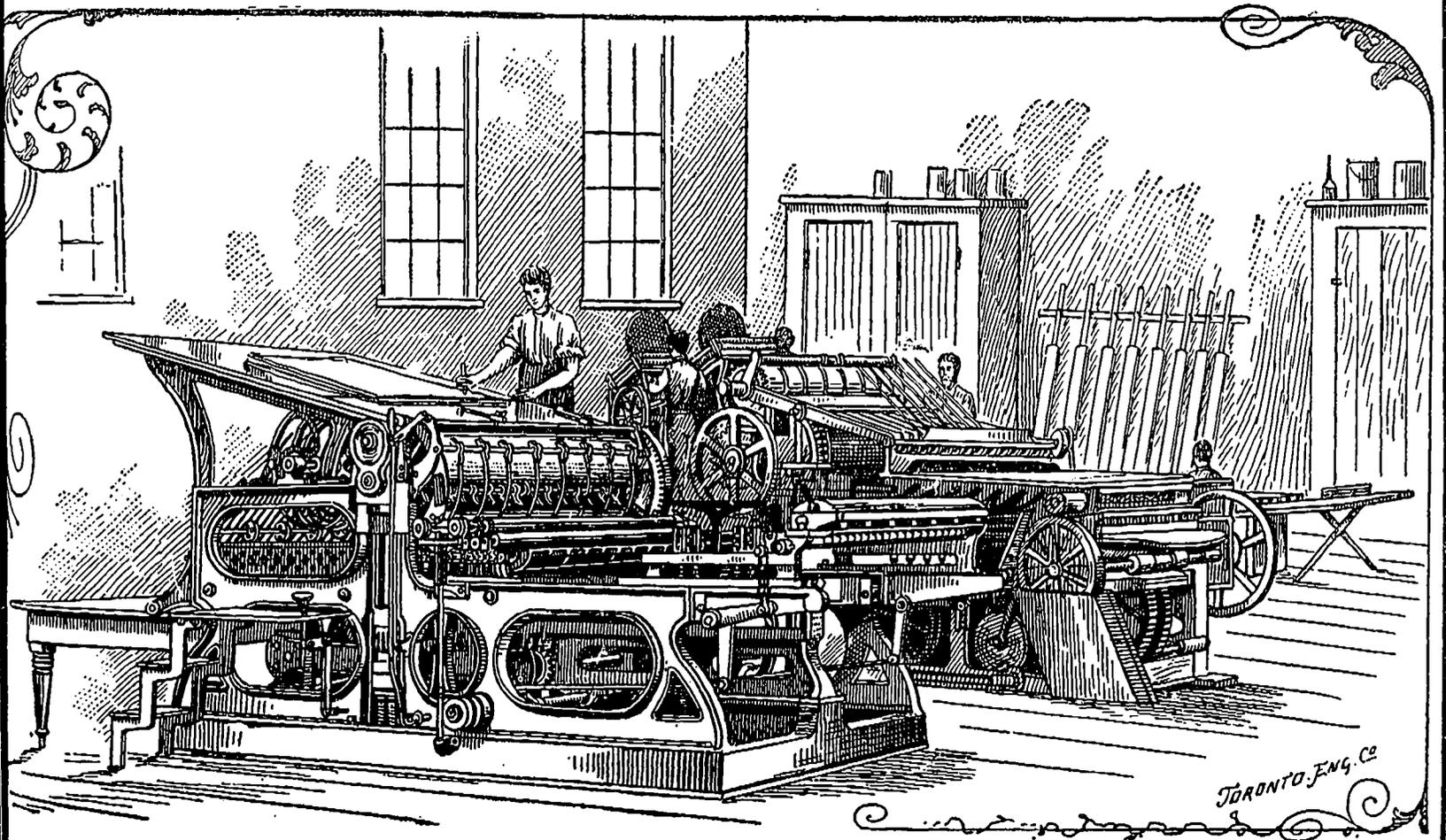
ago. This has only been made possible by a wonderful growth and improvement in printing and publishing facilities.

While the improvement of paper manufacturing processes has had much to do with cheapening publication, the further development of the printing press and the invention of other machinery used in manipulating the printed sheets has also been a great factor in reducing cost of publishing.

We give an illustration of the first printing press as used by Guttenburg and Faust in Germany, and by Caxton in England, and in contrast present a view of the press-room of the printing and publishing department of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd. As will be seen by the view below this well-equipped press-room contains two large cylinder presses, two smaller presses and a folding machine. Here all the Massey-Harris catalogues and other publications are turned out. Owing to the large foreign trade of the company, enormous quantities of advertising matter are essential and pamphlets are here printed in foreign languages as well as in English. Over a quarter of a million catalogues were issued this season, besides an immense variety and quantity of price lists, blank forms, stationery, etc., etc.

The large press in the foreground of the picture has just been put in and will be used for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED. This is one of the largest book presses made. It weighs nine and one-half tons and is 19 feet long by 9 ft. wide. The press is specially designed for doing the finest illustrated work. It is a marvel of inventive genius, and it is quite fascinating to watch the intricate and peculiar movements of all the working parts.

Later on we may have the pleasure of presenting views of the Massey-Harris composing room and also of the bindery.



PRINTING DEPARTMENT OF THE MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD.—PRESS ROOM.



Come, dear children, one and all,
Here the birds are singing,
Here the sound of summer joy
Through the air is ringing!
Butterflies on wings of gold
Kiss the fragrant flowers;
Bees go humming gayly by
All the sunny hours!

MID-SUMMER.

Still all distinct on childhood's happy page,
Stand those bright days of summer's middle age,
When o'er the fields we watched the mower pass,
An Aclarie among the shrinking grass.

The bobolink sat high on bush or stone,
The meadow lark explored the swath new-mown,
And close the night-hawk swooped with sudden note,
Her war-whoop pouring from her feathered throat.

Oh, sweet such cherished recollections are,
Of youth's dear scenes, while care stood yet afar,
And we were simple as the hidden bird
Whose soft, low voice the orchard arches heard.

We thought not then how summer's matron hour
Drinks up the freshness of the sweet spring flower,
Or how beneath the fragrance of the hay,
She finds, surprised, her first faint touch of gray.

—*Youth's Companion.*



THE outcome of the year's wheat crop is a source of lively discussion just now, both here and in Europe. It is regarded as certain that in Europe the wheat crop will be short again. If prospects do not improve in the United States there is also a probability of a shortage there. Though there is good reason to expect that wheat will rule higher, it is the invisible supply in the farmers' hands which renders any predictions little else but a conjecture. But in any case, farmers in these days of rapid transportation must not expect very high prices. The moral is, go in for mixed farming—for dairying, cattle raising, fattening hogs and fruit raising.

ONE of the saddest and most disastrous naval accidents of the modern times falls to be re-recorded and mourned in this issue. The *Victoria*, one of Her Majesty's battle ships attached to the Mediterranean squadron, and flying Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon's flag, was wrecked by the battleship *Camperdown* piercing her side with her powerful ram, while practising dangerous manoeuvres. The *Victoria* went down with Admiral Tryon who stuck to his post to the very last, and over three hundred officers and men. The greatest bravery was displayed by the men who maintained discipline and coolness at the very sight of death. The manner of death was three-fold and full of unspeakable horror, all in less than ten minutes. First there was drowning, then death by knife-like screws which were propelled by the engines, and next by scalding water which was emitted when the boilers burst. About two hundred and ninety were saved from these deaths. The accident was the result of the misapprehension of an order given by the ill-fated Admiral whose life has been lost. The sympathy of the civilized world has been deeply stirred.

THE June Bulletin of the Department of Agriculture of Ontario reports that up to June 1st, the grain prospects were uncertain, the continued rains of the late spring having much delayed the sowing in most countries. The warm weather has been very beneficial, and while a heavy hay crop is assured, the grain prospects are now good. Fall wheat reports a reduced acreage, growth backward, general condition fair to good in most places. Rye good, but acreage small. Spring wheat promises well; acreage about same as last year. Barley small acreage, prospects generally fair. Oats, sown late, but vigorous and very promising; increased acreage. Peas bid fair to be an unusually heavy crop. Fruit somewhat backward—with every prospect of a crop if weather continues favorable. The exodus of young Canadians to the North West has caused a scarcity of skilled farm hands; wages are ruling higher than last season.

REPORTS of a rather serious outbreak of tuberculosis have just been received from the State of New York. It seems a herd of Ayrshire cattle belonging to F. A. Converse had been suspected of being afflicted with tuberculosis. Koch's tuberculin was used as a test with the result that seven of the animals were killed this week. One of the animals was in an advanced state of disease and the others with the exception of one were tainted. Two cows of the same herd had to be killed last spring on account of tuberculosis and it is uncertain whether the destruction of the seven animals the other day will suffice to stamp out the contagion. The Canadian cattle are believed to be fairly free of this disease, but there should be no uncertainty about the condition of our herds. The case detected at Glasgow has helped to keep up the embargo on free entrance at British ports and it is all-important that no effort should be neglected which would give public assurance that our cattle have a clean health bill.

THE Canadian cattle men have to fight against considerable odds these days. First they have had to face the restrictions on live stock to Britain. These proved serious and were severe. Then came the action of the government in increasing the fees for the inspection of cattle at the port of Montreal; this was followed by a stiffening of railway rates and now comes what amounts practically to the doubling of ocean steamer rates by the Allan company. These hard knocks have been agitating the minds of the farmers and they have been taking decided action to protect themselves. The executive committee of the Live Stock Association held a meeting at Toronto at which the leading dealers were present. The resolutions passed were strongly worded. One dealing with inspection fees pointed out that the port of Boston and other American ports were free and a protest was entered against the increase of fees at Montreal. On the question of railway rates, it was shown that rates in Canada were higher than those on the other side. It was stated that the rate from Chicago to New York and Boston, a haul of 1,100 miles was 27½ cents for 100 lbs., or \$55 per car, a car being charged as 20,000 lbs, but allowed to carry 22,500 lbs. The Canadian rates from Forest to Montreal, a distance of 450 miles, with similar allowances, was 99 cents per 100 lbs, or \$38 per car. From points in the North West it was held that Canadian rates were equally in excess, while if shippers desired transportation to

Boston an additional distance of 330 miles the charge would be \$3 or \$4 less per car than the rate to Montreal. A deputation was appointed to urge upon the Minister of Railway the necessity of adjusting the rates so that Canadian shippers be placed on an equal footing with those of the United States, and discriminations discontinued. The following important resolution was also passed.—“That the executive head of the live stock trade, in consideration of the manner in which the exporters are hampered by exorbitant railway and steamship charges and excessive fees by the government, would advise the trade to abandon shipping in the meantime, as they cannot compete with their American neighbors.”

THE inspection of cheese factories received intelligent and popular treatment at the convention of the Public Health officers of Ontario who met at Guelph this week. The question has many interesting features. Among the more prominently before the convention were the necessity of milk being absolutely pure from adulteration; the need of cleanliness in the factory; milk was easily polluted by unclean cans, or being left on the ground saturated with decomposing whey, or being left near piggeries or other out-buildings. It was held by a good many of the doctors that the tuberculosis test ought to be applied to all cows whose milk was to be used for supplying the public and a comparison was drawn between the strict safeguards adopted in Denmark to keep a pure supply and the precautions in vogue in Canada, showing that Denmark was far ahead of the Dominion.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been shown in the efforts which have been made by the ministers of Toronto and others to purify the attractions provided at the Great Industrial Fair of Canada. It is true many of these so-called attractions are of a somewhat questionable character, and that modifications would be cordially welcomed by many of those who attend the fair. But the question which ought to be raised by exhibitors is, whether there should be many special attractions at all. The purposes of the exhibition are of a very definite character. Business men are asked to spend money on a genuine display of our civilization and material progress as a country and it is to see this display, to admire our enterprise, to be inspired with ambition by the sight, to be educated by it, that people are appealed to to pay an entrance fee to the grounds. It is not necessary at this time of day to discuss the value of legitimate fairs, that has been long established and accepted, but it seems to be necessary in Ontario to point out to the farmers, the manufacturers, the merchants, that the legitimate objects of the Toronto fair are being infringed upon and that it is their bounden duty to counteract at once the insidious influences of the side show. The side show is not merely useless in itself, but it is positively injurious to the exhibitor. The exhibits are either altogether neglected or they are hastily scanned and passed from with the impression that nothing new has been added since last minutely inspected five or six years ago. Hence, the value of the fair from the exhibitor's point of view, and it is the only point of view worth considering, is rapidly decreasing until it becomes a serious question whether exhibitors would not do as well by not exhibiting at all. We venture the assertion that the special attraction policy is a great mistake. Will it be denied that should the exhibitors be awakened to the fact, as they will undoubtedly some day awaken, that the exhibition is becoming of less and less value to them, that it is a huge carnival for the gratification of the crowd, they withdraw from it in such numbers as to leave it a white elephant on the city's hands. The exhibitors have been protesting already, and the directors know it. It is to be hoped they will discover their mistake, in holding by their present system, before it becomes too late.

THE annual bank statements which were submitted during the month have been of exceptional value as showing that trade and commerce in Canada is on a thoroughly sound footing, and that in almost every walk of life and branch of industry more money has been made than is generally supposed. There is a singular agreement in the reports of the various banking institutions in this respect, but that of the Bank of Commerce dealing exhaustively with the whole range of business strikes us as especially suitable for quotation. The president's address to the stockholders combats the cry of depression and disappointment in set terms. Apart from those engaged in business who have done moderately well, he said he was in a position to know that in many of the most important business industries profits have been made which are not only large, but are as large as the most sanguine could desire, and he thought it doubtful if ever before in Canada so many different classes of the manufacturing industry were at the same time so prosperous. This has been largely brought about by consolidation, and the economies in capital, cost of manufacture and distribution, which arise therefrom. Mr. Cox is full of faith in Canada, in Ontario's agriculture, and in Toronto. Following on this inspiring address by the president was the statement of General Manager Walker, whose annual statements have become to be looked for as valuable deliverances on the trade of Canada. It should be read by every man in the country. It is because of its hopeful tone, of its satisfactory facts that we publish so fully its contents here. What we want is more of such re-assuring statements. Mr. Walker shows that the country is not in a bad condition, and his facts are conclusive. But if such facts are not known, people will be apt to think that Canada is in a worse plight than she is, and just from that feeling of uncertainty, which is so paralysing in its effects, business will suffer and as a matter of fact is suffering. We shall quote that which chiefly concerns the farmers, and as we have said, we hope they will use the facts with care:—"Every year is a banner year in cheese, because thus far the trade has steadily increased. The figures we quote are for Canada as a whole, but as yet most of the cheese is made in Ontario. The great growth in the industry may be best shown by quoting the money value of the yearly exports at intervals of ten years, adding the year just past. 'The cheese year is made to close 31st March:—

1870.....	\$ 13,675
1870.....	674,486
1880.....	3,893,566
1890.....	9,372,212
1893.....	13,687,851

The past year has been favorable to manufacturers and middle men alike. The average price was slightly less than in the previous year, but the yield was larger, and this more than made up for any loss in price. The foreign market for cheese is, as far as we know, almost unlimited, and, with the low price of wheat and the growing uncertainty as to the average price of wheat, even over a series of years, we are glad to notice that every year new districts are beginning to produce cheese. The coming year, owing to these facts and the favorable weather for grass, promises a large increase. The cattle trade grows, and, while it has not yet become for the exporter a business free from abnormal risks, the grazier obtains pretty fair results, and the volume of business steadily increases. For the moment the drovers and shippers hold back until the difficulties attending the scheduling of Canadian cattle in Great Britain are removed. Fortunately, our cattle are free from disease, but it is well to remember with reference to cattle, cheese, apples, or any of our products, manufactured or unmanu-

factured, that we create our foreign trade with difficulty because we are a small body of people, and therefore we cannot afford to send anything abroad but our best. Wherever Canadian products are known, especially in United States and Great Britain, they stand for excellence. Let us at all hazards maintain our standard. As an instance of the growth of the cattle trade, at one of our branches in the finest part of Ontario our business with drovers has increased seven-fold in six years, by a steady annual growth. We have lost a large part of our trade in low grade horses through the McKinley tariff and the conversion to electricity of horse car lines. But our high-grade horses sell as well or better than ever, and certain classes of draught horses are in demand for Great Britain. It is our own fault if we do not, by elevating the standard, maintain and increase this important branch of business. Each year lately farmers have fattened more hogs, but this year has demonstrated more clearly than ever that we quite undervalue our capacity in this direction. The supply in the farmers' hands was eagerly purchased at high prices, and the business was profitable to our few packers, yet the whole trade is a bagatelle as compared with what it might be. The egg trade is in a peculiar condition. The exports of 1887 to 1890, inclusive, averaged thirteen to fourteen million dozen each year. The seasons of 1891 and 1892 fell to eight million dozen for each year. A small profit was made during the past season, but the price to the farmer was two cents less per dozen than before the McKinley tariff. Our eggs go to Great Britain in perfect condition. There is no difficulty in that direction. On the other hand, extraordinary prices have been paid in New York—high enough to enable us to pay the duty and still reap large profits if our eggs had not already gone to another destination. The situation may please the Western farmer in the United States, but it is certainly hard on the Eastern consumer. When the McKinley Bill was imposed, we feared the results to the Quebec farmer, in the matter of hay perhaps more than anything else, but we miscalculated. The export business to Great Britain is already important, and, at the moment, although we have had a spring unusually favorable to hay, the demand from Great Britain is very great, prices being as high as £5 per ton, with many enquiries for Ontario hay. Fruit continues to be an important element in the product of the Ontario farmer. The apple crop last year was large, and the farmer was well paid for them, but the shippers again lost money through overshipping to Great Britain. It is to be regretted that, notwithstanding the fact that only apples of the best quality can be exported profitably, many farmers neglect their orchards and allow the fruit to deteriorate in size and quality. I refer to the grain crops last. The price of wheat was, of course, quite unsatisfactory. The Ontario farmer cannot raise wheat at these prices, but it is quite clear that he does not need to raise much wheat. From every part of Ontario our managers make pretty much the same report. The farmers have more than offset the low price for grain by the high prices for cheese and hogs. Or, we are told that the farmers, owing to the low prices of wheat, are turning their attention more to dairying, cattle grazing, fattening hogs or fruit-growing. Again, we are told that in many counties farmers are still holding last year's wheat, and in some localities two or three years' crops of wheat. This may be a very foolish thing for a farmer to do, but let us bear in mind that he is financially able to do it. From the same counties we have the information—in fact, there are very few exceptions throughout Ontario—that the deposits in banks are increasing, that farmers' notes for implements are promptly paid, that he does not want to borrow from the banks, and is meeting the interest and to some extent reducing the principal on his mortgages. Also, that there is no demand for mortgage loans, and that upon mortgages subject to repayment many good farmers are demanding a reduction in the rate of interest.

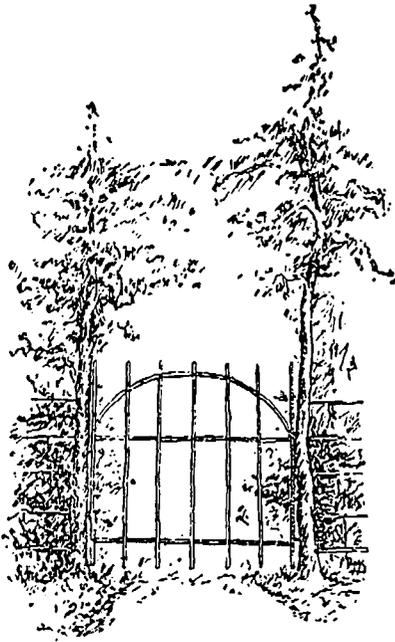


- 1st.—Rev. Dr. Briggs suspended from the Presbyterian ministry. . . . Peace restored in Nicaragua and the new government in operation. . . . Francois Gauthier died in Quebec at the age of 114 years.
- 2nd.—The cruiser *Blake* arrived at Halifax. . . . Chief Justice Strong received honor of knighthood. . . . Severe earthquake shock in Ecuador.
- 3rd.—Duke of Edinburgh promoted to the rank of admiral of the fleet. . . . Navigation resumed on the Cornwall canal. . . . Rev. A. Truax suspended on charges of heresy.
- 5th.—Borden murder trial opened at New Bedford, Mass. Bank of Spokane suspended payment. . . . Financial crisis in Chicago. . . . Edwin Booth died.
- 6th.—Grave of Sir John Macdonald decorated. . . . Failure of the Grant locomotive works, Chicago. . . . People's Bank, of Bentonville, robbed of all its gold currency by armed daylight robbers.
- 7th.—Earl and Countess Derby paid their farewell visit to Toronto. . . . Toronto Methodist Conference opened. . . . Governor McKinley's re-nomination endorsed by Senator John Sherman.
- 8th.—Infanta Eulalia visited the World's Fair for first time. . . . Mr. George Allison, aged 83, dropped dead in his garden at Halifax. . . . In Chicago wheat dropped to 63 cents a bushel, the lowest figure ever reached on the Board of Trade.
- 9th.—Cholera of malignant type prevalent in Mecca. . . . Funeral of Edwin Booth. . . . John McDougall elected president of the Manitoba and North-west Methodist Conference.
- 10th.—Sir Wm. Dawson resigned the principality of McGill University, Montreal. . . . Michael A. Redmond, the first white man born in London township, Canada, died at the place of his birth, aged 73 years.
- 12th.—Joseph Bridgton was killed in the C.P.R. yard at Carleton Place. . . . The State dam at Troy, N. Y., gave way, causing a suspension on the Champlain canal.
- 13th.—Courtland Bridgeman found guilty at Montreal of shooting with intent to kill his wife. . . . General Montgomery Moore, the new commander of Imperial forces in Canada, arrived in Halifax to-day and assumed command.
- 14th.—Charles Harrison crushed to death at Ingersoll, Ont. . . . New Orleans flooded. . . . Deaths from cholera reported in France.
- 15th.—Bishop Bond, of Montreal, pronounced out of danger. . . . German elections on first ballot to-day show increase of strength of the Social Democrats.
- 16th.—Alexander Hamilton died at Hamilton to-day, 78 years old. . . . Patrons of Industry held great demonstration at Ingersoll. . . . The famous Blarney Stone arrived from Ireland at World's Fair.
- 17th.—Sir John Abbot's health reported as greatly improved. . . . Brome county, Quebec, upheld Scott Act by popular vote. . . . Sheriff Glass, Middlesex, died.
- 19th.—Cassel Publishing Co., New York, has gone into liquidation. . . . Gen. A. Bolton Caldwell, first attorney-general of West Virginia, and one of the founders of the new State, died.
- 20th.—Lizzie Borden acquitted. . . . Fifty-sixth anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria. . . . Thos. S. Elliot, one of the oldest residents of Belleville, Ont. died.
- 21st.—James Scroggie, of R. G. Dunn & Co's. office at Toronto, appointed manager of the Winnipeg branch. . . . Ontario Medical Association's annual meeting held. . . . Anglican consolidation scheme adopted by the Synod of Huron.
- 22nd.—Rev. Samuel Hart, D.D., elected Bishop of Vermont. . . . New revolutionary plot discovered at San Domingo.
- 23rd.—Sir Adolphe Caron sailed for Canada. . . . H. M.S. *Victoria* run into and sunk off Tripoli; over 300 lives lost. . . . Hay harvesting began in Ontario. Eugene A. Marvin, a New York printer, convicted of printing green goods circulars, fined \$1,000.
- 24th.—Steamer *Campania* arrived in New York, having made the run from Queenstown in 5 days, 15 hours and 37 minutes. . . . Maud McKibbin arrested at St. Louis on a charge of having killed her father and sister.
- 26th.—W. H. Quayle, the well-known shipbuilder of Cleveland is dead. . . . St. Jean Baptist celebration held in Montreal. . . . Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, M.P., appointed Lieut.-Governor of the North-west Territories.
- 27th.—The rumor of Edward Blake's resignation of South Longford denied. . . . Mr. T. Trudeau, late deputy minister of railways, died. . . . Fortieth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I.O.G.T., opened at Hamilton. . . . Spanish Caravels arrived in Toronto.
- 28th.—Monument of Lount and Matthews unveiled in Necropolis, Toronto. . . . Duncan McIntyre denied the statement that he and George Gould are trying to purchase a controlling interest in Grand Trunk Railway stock.
- 29th.—First International Epworth League Conference began at Cleveland. . . . Annual Session of the I.O.G.T. Grand Lodge closed at Hamilton.
- 30th.—Militia camp at London breaks up. . . . A monument to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Eng., in memory of the officers and men who perished on the battleship *Victoria*.



Pretty Gateways.

THE farmer who can add to the beauty of his homestead adds to its value, while he derives much more pleasure from it than he otherwise would. At how small a sum of money and with what little labor could the approaches to a farm house be beautified. Take the matter of gateways. You go along the concession road and pass gate after gate in a thrown-down and dilapidated condition and you think the farmer up there either possesses little or no taste, or that he is an unsuccessful, disappointed man. You pass on. You come to a pretty entrance, simple and inexpensive, but neat and inviting. You look at the farm and ten to one it is a better kept



farm than the one with the slovenly gate; at least you think so and the farmer gets the benefit of your good opinion, which may or may not be much, but which cannot mean ill. If you want to buy a farm you are drawn by the amenities of a place, if you want to buy milk, eggs, poultry, or products, you turn your horse's head up the nice roadway with more satisfaction than up the neglected, unkempt, ragged road that leads to the cold, bare-looking farmhouse. Here is a very cheap gate illustration. A month's tobacco would pay for it all. You can contrive it all while taking your dinner rest and can carry it into effect yourself the first spare afternoon you can afford for a little extra job. Try it.

Improved Fence.

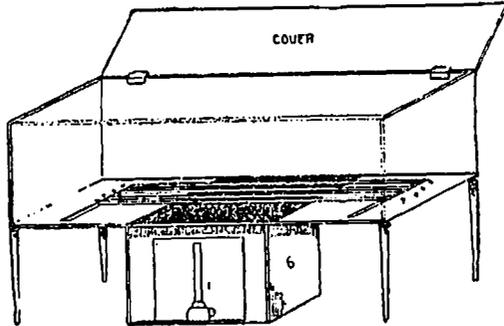
A TOP board on a wire fence makes its location apparent, but young animals running toward it are led to think that they can pass under so high a barrier. Moreover, a straight line



of board does not give them such a feeling of being fenced in as accompanies the fence herewith figured, nor does the top-board plan strengthen the posts, as does this use of the boards. There is almost an optical delusion in such a fence, for it gives the impression of being almost a complete fence, even without the wires—the advantage being in safety from laceration by the wires.—*Country Gentleman.*

Cream Brooder.

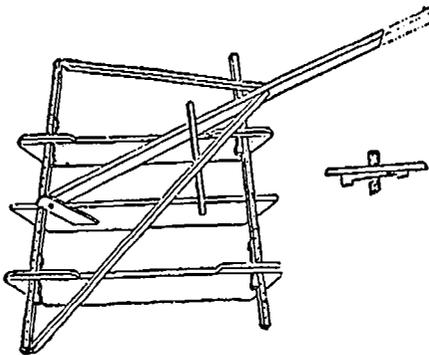
THE dairyman knows how difficult it is to keep cream at a proper temperature in winter. The cost of fuel to heat the whole milkroom would be a heavy drain on the dairy. If the cream is kept near the stove it is not only inconvenient, but may absorb the odors and gases from the cooking vegetables. To solve the problem, A. G. Chapman set a thinking, and he has constructed what he calls "A Cream Brooder." Here is an illustration of it.



He explains it as follows:—Make a box wide and high enough to hold a cream pail and long enough to hold all the cream pails you have. Make a cover that can be laid on and will be tight. Cut a hole a foot square in the bottom and line the edges with tin. Stop this up by nailing a piece of sheet-iron over it on the outside. Nail on some legs so as to raise it up from the floor high enough to put a lamp under it. If in a room where wind will blow, get a box without a cover and put a door in the side and set the big box on it. Put your lamp inside and shut the door. Make a slat rack and place inside to set the pails on to keep them up from the bottom of the box so that the air can pass under them. Any ordinary lamp can be used, but a tin one with a good-sized burner and a sheet-iron chimney is best. By regulating the flame, one can get just the degree of heat needed. A little practice and a thermometer are all that are needed to get excellent results.

A Sled Marker.

THE following illustration will be found interesting to the orchard gardener. It needs but a trial, says S. H. Tyrer in *American Gardening*, to show the superiority of a sled form of marker over the peg style. The manner of adjusting the runners by means of wedges is shown at the right. The handle may also be

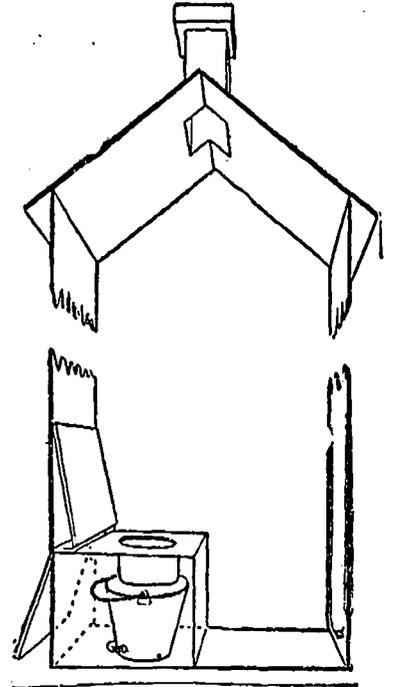


adjusted by means of a peg. A handle about fifteen feet long will be found to be the best. The marker is particularly useful when planting onion sets. By weighting slightly and drawing it backward quite a deep mark is made in which the onions are placed. To cover the onions a seed drill, so adjusted that only the covering attachment touches the ground, may be used.

A Farm Necessity.

ONE of the most dangerous and probably most neglected thing about the average farm home is the common privy pit. It taints the waters procolating through the soil, which, fin-

ally reaching the well in seasons of low water, cause diarrhoea, cholera, typhoid fever and other diseases of the alimentary canal. The foul gases arising from the vault, carry the germs of disease to the household. The great danger



from these places is, however, that they contaminate the drinking water and render it unfit for human use. So great is the evil, that privy vaults should be abolished by law. In building a privy, a vault should never be dug under it. An earth closet should be used. One method is to replace the vault by a box with a chain attached by which the deposit may be readily removed when the box becomes full. Another method is to have large galvanized pails placed under each seat. If some dry earth be placed in the box or in the pails, before each is put into position, it will collect all the watery matter. The excreta may be deposited in the barn yard, in a hole made in the compost or manure pile, or buried in a hole in the garden.

A Bushel of Corn.

WHAT can be done with a "bushel of corn?"

When one bushel of corn is distilled it will produce four gallons of whiskey, upon which the Government tax is ninety cents per gallon, or \$3.60. This whiskey when mature and old sells at \$4 per gallon, producing \$16.

For this bushel of corn the farmer receives twenty five to forty cents, the government gets \$3.60 duty, the manufacturer gets \$4 for distilling, the retailer gets \$6 to \$8 as his share, and the drinker gets the devil into him and often gets into court and finally into prison, or sometimes by crime pays the penalty with his life, and this is the result of changing corn from bread food into whiskey, thus from the staff of life to the weapons of death.—*Exchange.*

SEED time is about over. Weed time is here.

WHEN whitewashing trees don't forget to add a little lye to the mixture.

DON'T allow the threshers' engine in your yard unless there is a good screen over the smoke stack.

MANY men wear out a dime's worth of shoe leather to obtain from a neighbor the gift of five cents' of grindstone.

MANY a boy has been driven from the farm by being compelled to do chores while the men were nooning under the trees.

Livestock.

A Dairyman's Creed.

It is better to have a cow that will give you 300 lbs. of butter a year for five years and then die on your hands than to have one that will give you 200 lbs. a year for ten years and then make you 1,500 lbs. of old cow beef.

It is better to have a heifer calf grow lank and pot-bellied, but thrifty, than one that keeps "fat as a seal."

It is better to have a cow that knows how to attend to one branch of her business thoroughly than to have one ambitious to excel in everything.

It is better to feed a cow every ounce of food she has the ability to take care of than to try to gain profit by saving feed.

It is better to fill up the water trough before it is quite empty than to let the cows get very thirsty and drink so much they won't care to eat for two hours.

It is better to teach the cows gentleness than to saw off their horns.

It is better to think twice before you strike a cow than to think twice to find out why you struck her.

It is better to pay \$50 for a registered bull calf than to have a grade bull given you.

It is better to buy your wife a good creamery than to have her worn out handling heavy milk crocks.

It is better to make granular butter and salt it with brine than to gather it in the churn and dry salt it.

It is better to consult the tastes of your butter customers than try to make them eat what they don't like.

It is better to make box-stalls for your cows than to dehorn them so that you can pack them closer in a shed.

It is better to give the cows plenty of bedding than to abuse them because they lie in the manure.

It is better to feed extra grain a little before the pasture begins to fail than to wait till the milk shrinks.

It is a great deal better to give dairying special attention than to make it a side issue of general farming.

Picking a Good Jersey.

A. R., West Middletown, Pa., wants "rules to pick a good butter and milk cow of the Jersey breed." I know no infallible rule for selecting cows; but in a general way it may be said that a good Jersey cow is about the opposite in appearance of a beef animal. The neck should be thin, the face dished, the eyes large, gentle looking and wide apart, the horns small and if yellow at the base all the better, the thighs sloping in, not straight down like the short-horn, the udder square, soft, with not much "meat" in it, the teats of medium length and well placed, the barrel large, holding a big lot of feed, the skin soft and flexible, the hair soft and silky, disposition very gentle, size medium, and a general look of "motherhood" and "business" about her. The escutcheon of milk mirror that I prefer is about two inches wide, running from the udder straight up to the udder without break or deviation and very distinctly marked. Now a Jersey cow carrying all the above marks should be a good one, yet all signs fail sometimes. I have cows taking in many of these points, and still they are excellent butter cows. There is only one infallible test of a good cow, and that is the churn and scales. If they show the right quantity of butter and milk then the cow is all right; if not, and all other indications are present, they count for nothing except, perhaps, that the cow may have good calves, as sometimes the good qualities may slip one generation and descend in full force on the next.—*National Stockman.*

How to Tell a Good Horse.

"I can't explain what a good horse is," said a well-known dealer. "They are as different as men. In buying a horse you must look first to his head and eyes, for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains you can't teach him anything any more than a half-witted child. See that tall bay there, a fine-looking animal, fifteen hands high. You can't teach that horse anything. Why? Well, I'll show you a difference in heads, but have a care of his heels. Look at that brute's head, that rounding nose, that tapering forehead, that broad full face below the eyes. You can't trust him.

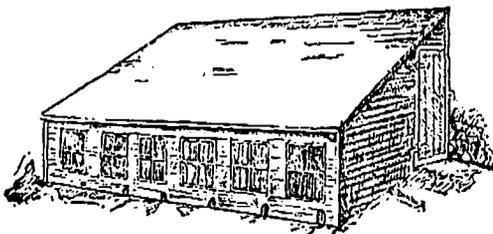
"That's an awful good mare," he added. "She's as true as the sun. You can see breadth and fullness between the eyes. You couldn't hire that mare to act mean or hurt anybody. The eye should be full, and hazel is a good color. I like a small, thin ear, and want a horse to throw his ears well forward. Look out for the brute that wants to listen to all the conversation going on behind him. The horse that turns back his ears till they almost meet at the points, take my word for it, is sure to do something wrong. See that straight, elegant face. A horse with a dishing face is cowardly, and a cowardly brute is usually vicious. Then I like a square muzzle, with large nostrils, to let in plenty of air to the lungs. For the under side of the head, a good horse should be well cut under the jaw, with jaw bones wide apart under the throttle.

"So much for the head," he continued. "The next thing to consider the build of the animal. Never buy a long-legged stilty horse. Let him have a short, straight back and a straight rump and you've got a gentleman's horse. The withers should be high and the shoulders well set back and broad; but don't get them too deep in the chest. The foreleg should be short. Give me a pretty, straight hind leg, with the hock low down, short pastern joint and a round mulish foot. There are all kinds of horses, but the animal that has these points is almost sure to be slightly, graceful, good-natured and serviceable.—*Medical Classics.*

The Poultry Yard.

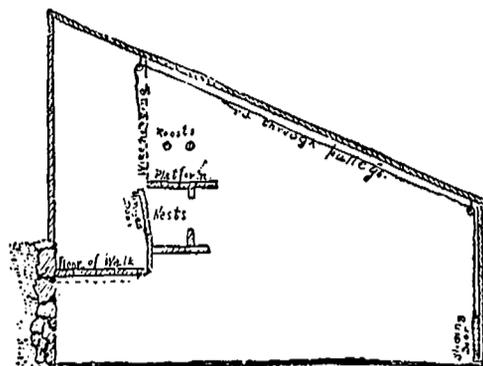
Bank Poultry House.

In the colder regions of the North it is necessary to take extra precautions to secure warm quarters for live stock in winter. Bank barns are very common in these regions; bank poultry houses much less so. The one here described is now housing some of the writer's fowls, and has proved itself most convenient and satisfactory. Its construction is shown in the cut and the cross-section. The outside door enters upon a walk raised a few feet from the floor, which may be of earth if the situation is dry, but would be better if of cement. Doors open from the walk to each pen, the pens being as numerous as one may choose to give his house length. Access is had to the nests by a hinged door, the platform above the nests being made wider than the floor of the nests. The small doors for the entrance and exit of the fowls are controlled by a cord and pulley operated from the walk, the floor of which is supported by



occasional posts. If it is desired, the wire partition between the walk and that portion of the pens above the roosting platform can be of close

boarding, which will secure greater warmth. Such an arrangement as is here figured gives the greatest space for the fowls, and at the same time provides for a walk outside the pens, in which a large part of the work of attending to the fowls may conveniently be done, since the



roosting platform may be kept clean from this passage way, by having the lower part of the wire partition hinged so that it can be opened for a distance of two feet up from the platform.—*Country Gentleman.*

MAKE hens lay when eggs are highest in price.

THOROUGHLY whitewash the inside of your poultry house now.

SORT your eggs as to color if you want them to look well and sell well.

THE swan is the longest lived bird, sometimes reaching the age of 300 years.

It seldom pays to doctor sick poultry. Keep them healthy if you can, if not, kill them.

THE refuse bones should all be saved from the table and broke up into small pieces for the fowls.

GRIND hen manure by breaking it in small pieces and passing it through one of the mills made for grinding bone.

DON'T think you are too nice to have lice on your poultry. Plenty of chickens die from lice and the disease is pronounced cholera.

GIVE your poultry shade in warm weather. Currant bushes, plum or cherries are excellent for this purpose if planted in the yard.

GRIT, grit, grit, is what the hens need to make them healthy. Gravel, lime, broken dishes or oyster shells is what they want, as they have no teeth.

BREEDERS of white birds should not fail to have plenty of shade to prevent their birds from getting too brassy from the sun, and making them almost useless for the show pen.

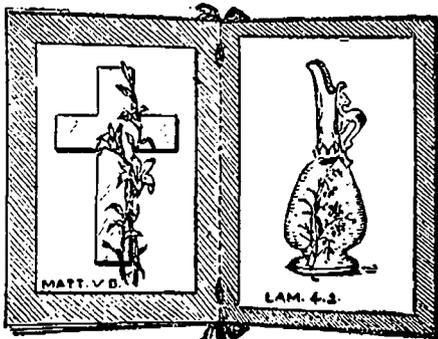
A COMPLETE guide for caponizing by Geo. P. Pilling, Philadelphia, manufacturer for more than forty years of caponizing instruments, has just been issued. It is a small but exceedingly useful treatise on the subject.

A WARM bran mash with scraps of meat, a little corn meal, crushed dry egg shells, cut clover or green wheat, not sloppy but rather dry, is relished by the poultry and it warms them up and makes them ready for business.



Scriptural Scrap-Book.

MOTHERS who wish to interest and instruct their children during the quiet hours of a Sun-



SCRIPTURAL SCRAP-BOOK.

day afternoon, will find a scrap book, such as our engraving suggests, a very great help. The body of the book is to be made of colored paper or of brown manilla wrapping paper folded through the centre like a sheet of note paper and stitched together firmly. A cover of stiff paste board will make it more durable. Let the Sunday afternoon work consist in filling it with suitable pictures from old Sunday school papers or magazines; where the picture suggests a text, print the book and verse under it and on some other Sunday the children will be interested in looking up these verses and committing them to memory. Certain pages might be lettered with the name of each child, and these pages dedicated to indexing the verses which each shall, from time to time, learn. The pages may be tied to the cover with bows of ribbon.—*American Agriculturist.*

"I Will Find Troy."

THE Turks have a proverb: "Behind the clouds the sun is shining; and over the hills lies Arabia."

Soon the sun's determinate rays pierce the clouds while effort climbs the hills into the promised land.

Years ago there was an unknown German lad, slaving day after day in a lot the hardest and lowliest. He was poor; he was delicate, and nearly every hour was taken up with toil. But, with all this, he was an earnest student. Sacrifices the keenest were made to get books to store his mind with knowledge.

He had long read of Troy, the undiscoverable. For thousands of years its location had remained a mystery, indeed, if it had ever existed at all. But this young German student believed that it had. Surely all those shapely and outlined points on the part of the old Greek bards were not merely myths. He said to himself: "There has been a Troy; there are still the ruins of this Troy; I will find them."

An astounding resolve, truly, on the part of a poor and unknown lad, without a dollar to call really his own. But mightier purposes have been born in lowlier hearts; grand resolves formulated and carried unto glorious achievement, even amid less promising surroundings. For years he toiled on at his tasks. One by one he bought books and studied them, until finally, the poor and lowly German lad was a master of seven or eight different languages.

Then he began business for himself. Step by step he pushed onward, prospering at every one. Soon, as a merchant, he had made a fortune. Now, indeed, he could begin to put into execution the first plans toward the realization of the dream of his boyhood. He organized a band of explorers and started eastward on his search.

Every item of expense came out of his own pocket, for there were none that could be found to join him in what was looked upon as a rash and senseless undertaking.

For long years the search went on, until indefatigable perseverance had its just reward. One day all Europe and America were electrified to learn that one Dr. Schlieman, a German explorer, had found the ruins of the ancient city of Troy. The news was almost too astounding to believe, but it proved true, nevertheless.

Not long ago I saw in an English paper where this same Dr. Schlieman had exhibited at the South Kensington Museum the wonderful treasures of gold, silver and bronze which he had unearthed from the palace of an old Trojan King.

In the depth of his earnest and determinate heart a poor unknown lad had taken to himself a wonderful and a mighty resolve. He had said, "I will find Troy?" and find Troy he did.

No purpose so purely and so resolutely formed was ever overcome. No upward springing flame of consecrated resolve ever yet went out in the ashes of defeat.

A Peanut Chinaman.

THE comical little Chinaman shown in the accompanying illustration is composed of peanuts, turkey red calico or yellow silesia—a little piece of black silk and a small quantity of thread.

Select five peanuts, one of which should be much larger than the others and used for the head; mark the eyes, nose and mouth on it with ink, then take a piece of calico, fold it together and cut it so it will measure four and one-fourth inches in length and two and one-half in width; sew these pieces together through the middle to form the trousers. Sew a peanut in the bottom of the legs for the feet, and fasten the other end of the cloth to the head.

The coat requires a piece of black silesia, measuring seven by five inches; fold this so it will be three and one-half by five inches, cut a little opening in the middle where it is folded to slip the head through; then begin-



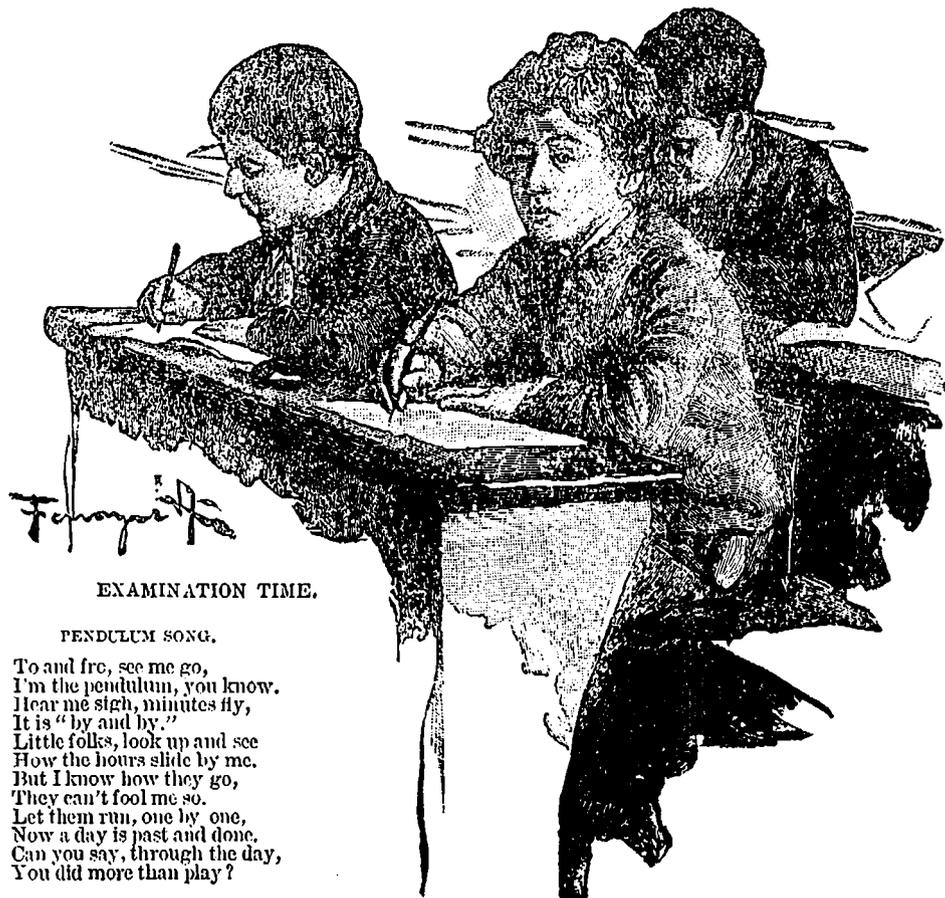
ning at the bottom, cut a place at each side two inches long and one inch wide; this forms the coat. Sew it up, hem it, fasten the hands in, slip it over the head and tie a piece of narrow ribbon around the neck to conceal the stitches. The cue is made of black waxed thread braided tight and glued to the head. The hat consists of a circular piece of black silk. It should be suspended by a black silk from a hanging lamp.—*American Agriculturist.*

TO AMUSE THE BOYS.—Take any pretty picture, figure or flower, with a clear outline. Cut it out, lay it face down in a dish, fill with water and soak 20 minutes. The back of a plate with a rim is good, so is a scalloped saucer-plate or any pretty plate. Pour off the water, wipe off the drops, leaving the surface damp; see that the picture is in exact place; then pour on carefully and quickly plaster of Paris stirred with water, so that it will just run easily, and let it stand until hard. In an hour or so it sounds hollow when tapped; loosen the edges with a knife and out drops a pretty placque. If the plaster overruns the edges of the picture, scrape it gently with a pen-knife to make the outline clear. The thinner the paper of the picture, the nicer the placque. A bit of ribbon, doubled and laid in the plaster while soft, being sure to get it at the top, makes a good loop for hanging.

SOME way the few days the boys went fishing are found at the end of the year not to have lessened the amount of work done.

N. E. Farmer :—"We know of farmers who have the horses shod only in winter when sharp calks are needed. They save a considerable sum in a year besides keeping the feet of the horses in better condition than if shod according to the prevailing fashion."

At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, Ernest E. Thompson, of Canada, said that some birds, especially sparrows have ventriloquial powers. Birds, when surprised in the act of singing, will be silent for a moment, and then give forth a faint song that seems to come from a distance, though the singer be not more than ten feet away. Thrushes and robins, the lecturer said, also have this power.



EXAMINATION TIME.

PENDULUM SONG.

To and fro, see me go,
I'm the pendulum, you know.
Hear me sigh, minutes fly,
It is "by and by."
Little folks, look up and see
How the hours slide by me.
But I know how they go,
They can't fool me so.
Let them run, one by one,
Now a day is past and done.
Can you say, through the day,
You did more than play?



Comfortable Slippers.

FIGS. 1 and 2 show the different parts of a comfortable bedroom or fireside slipper, and fig. 3 the effect of the slipper when completed. The upper is made from cloth, and it could be cut from the better parts of a worn out overcoat or cloak. The pattern given is one-quarter the size of a slipper worn by an ordinary sized man, and is half of the front and of the heel. It would be well to cut from paper until a perfect pat-

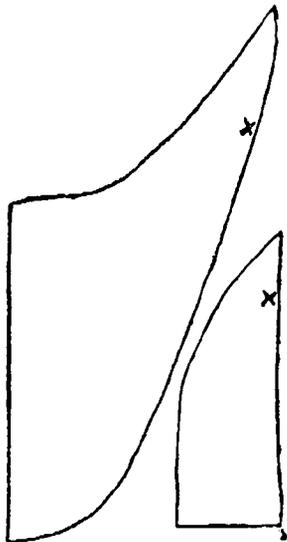


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

tern is obtained. Three pieces each, of the shapes of figs. 1 and 2, must be cut, one of cloth for the outside, one of some stiff material like canvas, for an inter-lining and one of thin flannel, half an inch larger than the pattern round the top, for the lining. Turn this extra length over on the canvas, and baste into place. Put this on the cloth, which will not fray, and does not require to be turned in, so all the edges exactly fit, and stitch together round the top on the machine; stitch two rows to make it firm.



Fig. 3.

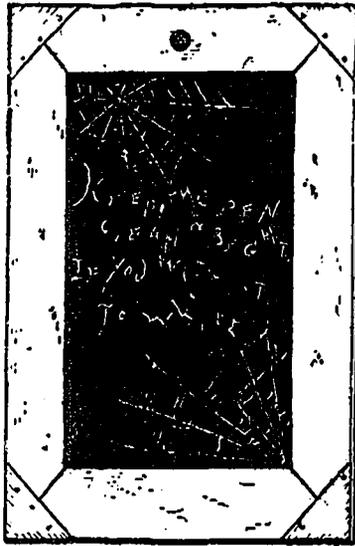
The same directions apply exactly to the making of both the front and heel. Bind each piece around the bottom with the best quality of dress braid. Place the heel over the front so the parts marked X will come over each other; sew on a cork sole, which can be bought at any shoe store for 15 cents; they have leather on the outside and are bound. If something warmer is desired they may be had with a lining of lamb's wool. The upper can be made to fit a long or short sole by letting it lap more or less at X.

If more convenient, a very strong, firm sole can be made from old felt hats. Cut a pattern by marking round a shoe or boot; using this, cut four pieces of felt; place two of them together and bind it with dress braid, to correspond with the upper; make another sole in the same way. The soles are sowed to the uppers, over and over stitch, with a strong thread well waxed. Such slippers are very easy on the feet, warm and comfortable.

Potatoes, any time of the year, may be made mealy if boiled in salt and water and drained, and then covered with a thick towel and left on the back of stove five minutes.

A Slate Penwiper.

THE penwiper shown in the accompanying illustration will make a nice little gift. To make the cover take a piece of cardboard two and one-half by three and one-half inches, and rule a half-inch frame around it, after which paint the middle black, the frame light yellow, and the corners silver. The lettering must be



done with white paint. Having completed this, paste it on a piece of cloth, then cut several layers of the cloth the same size and fasten through the hole seen in the top of the frame.—*American Agriculturist.*

Needless Waste.

A FEW hints in regard to careless wastefulness are well worth considering. Waste in the kitchen is often very great from apparently trivial sources.

In cooking meats the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away.

Cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil.

Dried fruits are not looked after and become wormy.

Vinegar and sauce are left standing in tin.

Apples are left to decay for want of "sorting over."

The tea cannister is left open.

Victuals are left exposed to be eaten by mice.

Bones of meat and the carcass of turkey are thrown away when they could be used in making good soups.

Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are carelessly spilled in the handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in the water.

Dish towels are used for dish cloths.

Napkins are used for dish towels.

Towels are used for holders.

Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than necessary by not arranging dampers when not using the fire.

Lights are left burning when not used.

Tin dishes are not properly cleansed and dried. Good, new brooms are used in scrubbing kitchen floors.

Silver spoons are used in scraping kettles.

Cream is left to mold and spoil.

Mustard is left to spoil in the cruse, etc.

Pickles become spoiled by the leaking out or evaporation of the vinegar.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Hams become tainted or filled with vermin for want of care.

Cheese molds and is eaten by mice and vermin.

Tea and coffee pots are injured on the stove.

Woodenware is unscalded and left to warp and crack.

And so on and on indefinitely, and it is important that the eye of the mistress be ever vigilant, no matter how competent the "help" may be considered, or how thorough the housekeeper.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Hints for the Cook.

HAM should be broiled very quickly and just enough to cook through.

To retain the color of any vegetable plunge it into cold water after boiling.

Orange peel dried and grated makes yellow powder that is delicious for flavoring cakes and puddings.

Dark brown sugar slowly dissolved in a little water on the stove furnishes a syrup scarcely inferior to the product of the maple.

I want to give a hint to housewives who find it difficult to raise their bread during cold weather. Set sponge in deep pan, then wrap tightly the sides and bottom of pan in a thick cloth, to keep cold air from it. Cover up tightly. It has been a success with me.

Before cooking onions soak a little while in salt water, and while they are cooking in the pot a piece of bread the size of an egg or larger, tied in a linen bag. This will remove the odor. Cabbage and other vegetables with penetrating odors can be treated in the same way.—*Northwestern Agriculturist.*

To Cook Vegetables.

VEGETABLES to be thoroughly cooked should be kept on the stove as follows:

Potatoes, boiled, thirty minutes.

Potatoes, baked, forty-five minutes.

Sweet potatoes, boiled, sixty minutes.

Sweet potatoes, baked, twenty to forty minutes.

Green peas, boiled, sixty minutes.

Shelled beans, boiled, one or two hours.

Green corn, twenty-five to sixty minutes.

Asparagus, fifteen to thirty minutes.

Spinach, sixty minutes.

Tomatoes, fresh, sixty minutes.

Tomatoes, canned, thirty minutes.

Cabbage, three quarters to two hours.

Cauliflowers, one hour.

Dandelions, two to three hours.

Beet greens, one hour.

Onions, one to two hours.

Beets, one to five hours.

Yellow turnips, one and one-half to two hours.

Parsnips, one to two hours.

White turnips, forty-five to sixty minutes.

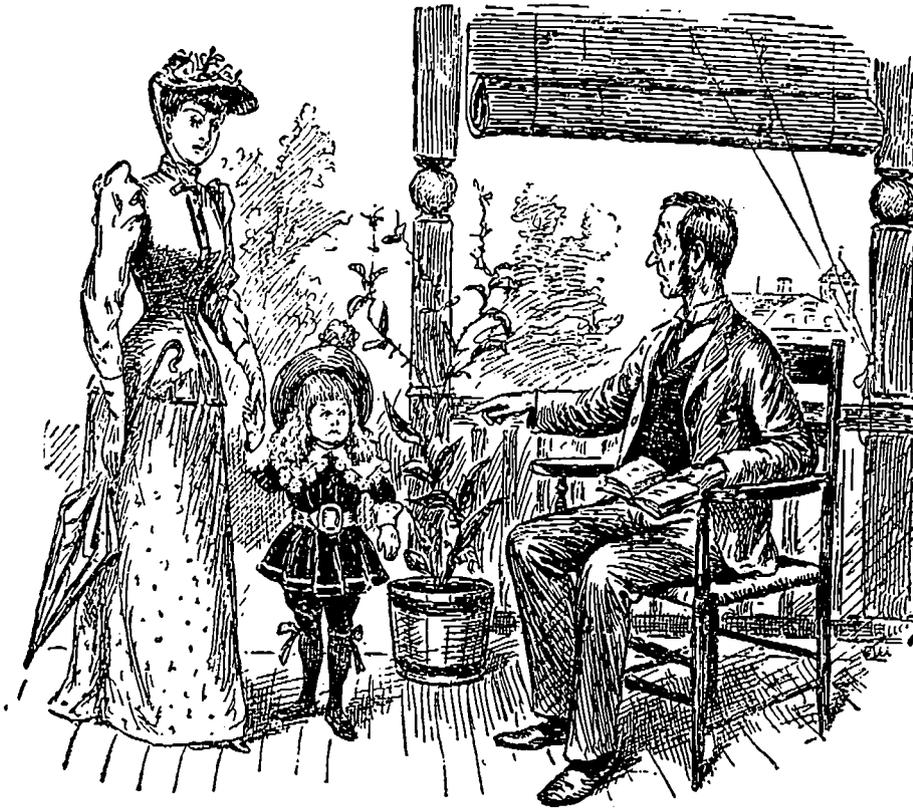
Carrots, one to two hours.

Saturate the edges of carpets with a strong solution of alum water to destroy moths; if an unpainted floor, wash the floor with it before putting down the carpet. Do the same to shelves where black ants appear.

IMPERIAL APPLES.—Wipe sound, rather tart apples, and core them without peeling or quartering. Set them in an inch deep pan, and fill the hollow with the following mixture: One half cupful of raisins, stoned, one fourth cupful washed currants, dice of lemon peel, brown sugar to sweeten, and spices, if liked. Place a lump of butter on top; pour into the pan a cupful of warm water and one-half cupful of sugar. Bake till done, but not broken.

IMPERIAL APPLES, 2.—Prepare either of the above and fill with one cupful of cold boiled rice (it should be cooked to a cream), seeded raisins, lemon peel, butter and sugar. Bake or steam.

BEATEN BISCUITS.—One pint of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one heaping tablespoonful of lard. Make a stiff dough with sweet milk; beat on a heavy, smooth table until the dough pops and cracks like a Lilliputian Fourth. Roll out not quite half an inch thick. Cut small, round biscuits, prick with a fork and bake in a slow, steady oven. If they bake quickly they are spoiled, and "sobbing" is equally ruinous in another way. They keep a long time, and are nice cold.



A MERE QUESTION OF TASTE.

Mr. Howson Lott—I wish, my dear, that you wouldn't dress that child up so absurdly—he looks like a perfect monkey!



HOW DRAMAS ARE WRITTEN.

The troubles of a dramatic author who dictates to a girl typewriter are thus set forth:
 "If you speak during that period," the author began, "I will—"
 "A period after 'that'?" the typewriter interrupted.
 "No, no—the word 'period.' I will kill you."
 "I always get so interested. Is this a comedy?"
 "Yes. Maud—Spare me—spare me—"
 "You must not call me Maud."
 "No, no; the character speaks. Maud is the girl in the play, you know. Where was I?"
 "You were at 'spare me—'
 "Goes down on his knees in brackets."
 "On his knees?"
 "I am writing this comedy, miss. Kneezes, in brackets."
 "Yes. What's he got his knees in brackets for? Broken, I suppose."
 "What are you doing? Let me see. No, no, no. Put that sentence in brackets. Enter Servant. 'Servant—Never have I seen nothing like that he—'
 "Anything, of course."
 "I am writing this piece."
 "That's bad grammar, you know."
 "Yes, I know—I know. Put down just what I say."
 Maud—Look at—"
 "Sir! Oh, I forgot. Yes. Look at—"
 "In brackets, George looks at servant and shakes—"
 "Period?"
 "No. And shakes his head—"
 "Who shakes his head—George or the servant?"
 "George—I said George."
 "Oh! He shakes the servant's head, doesn't he?"
 Author dies.

MAKING A RAISE.

There's a certain business man in Chicago who is as cranky as he can well be, and is at the same time very careless in his business affairs. But he is very rich and has a big establishment, and not an employee likes him. About a year ago one of his clerks, getting \$1,000 a year, approached him on the subject of an increase of salary. The old man got hot in a minute.
 "How much are you getting now?" he asked.
 This clerk was about to tell him when a happy thought struck him.
 "Two thousand a year," he replied firmly.
 "Um-um," he said, "you are a good clerk and I'll see what can be done for you."
 Then he dismissed the clerk and called in the manager.
 "Make Jones' salary \$1,800 a year," he said.
 The manager was about to offer an explanation.
 "Do as I tell you," said the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to come in here dictating to me how much money to pay my people."
 By this time the manager had comprehended the situation, and he therefore put Jones on the \$1,800 list, and six months later, when the old man found how he had been worked, he called Jones in and told him he would restore him to the \$2,000 list, and Jones was shrewd enough to take the twinkle in the old man's eye in good faith and say nothing.

CIRCUMSTANCES WERE DIFFERENT.

"You are the plaintiff in this case, I believe," said the attorney for the defence to Mr. Ferry.
 "I am."
 "And you are suing Mr. Train for ten feet of ground more than you own?"
 "But I do own it. That's why I am suing for possession."
 "You think your lot extends ten feet east, on what Mr. Train claims as his?"
 "Yes."
 "How long have you claimed this ten feet?"
 "Ever since I had it surveyed two years ago."
 "Why did you not bring suit for it sooner?"
 "I was trying to obtain it amicably without going to law."
 "Mr. Ferry, so recently as last January, you laid no claim to this ten feet now in dispute!"
 "What's that?"
 "Did you not, one day last January, tell Mr. Train that your lot came only to the point which he claims as his. Now refresh your memory, and remember you are under oath. The occasion I refer to was on Tuesday afternoon, and Mr. Maddox was present."
 "W-c-h-h," replied Mr. Ferry, after a thoughtful pause; "that was when we were shovelling snow off our pavements."

MAN'S CURIOSITY.

A decidedly comical side is disclosed in a rebuke once given by a lady of a great house to a Canadian politician visiting England. The story of the discomfiture is told by the amused victim. There was a curious old-fashioned Swiss clock in the room occupied by the guest, and the beneath was a printed notice, "Please do not touch." This puzzled the stranger, and at the last he inquired the reason for the injunction. "You are the twentieth gentleman who has put the same question," his hostess answered; "Women are said to be proverbially inquisitive. That label was put there to test the extent of the same weakness in men. I keep a list of all the gentlemen who have asked me the same question you have just put, and I find there is only one exception. He was Mr. Fawcett, the late Postmaster General, and he was blind."

Truth travels straight ahead, but a lie will stop at every corner and beat it.

A business left to run itself, as a rule, doesn't run very long. The man who stops it is the sheriff.

The woman who paints her cheeks and the man who dyes his whiskers never fool but one person.

The cheeky man generally gets there, but it is often at the expense of his neighbor's good opinion.

Some men are honest by way of self-interest, just as a matter of policy, and generous as a part of a strategic plan for obtaining success.

Judge: "Miss, will you please give your age?" Witness: "I am twenty-seven years old." "Your correct age, please." "And 120 months."

Arctic explorations, like sensational facts, bring notoriety to their undertakers at the risk of life, with no addition to the useful knowledge of humanity.

Son (who is studying bookkeeping)—"What is double entry?" Absent-minded father (who has had experience)—"Putting half the money in the drawer and half in your own pocket."



Mr. Howson Lott (the following evening).—There, my dear, how do you like the uniform of the "Harrison Guards" of Lonelyville?

Rubber Belting!

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL

Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.

ASK THE MERCHANT YOU DEAL WITH FOR THEM, AND TAKE NO OTHER.

RUBBER

WESTERN BRANCH:
Cor. Front & Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

BELTING

HOUSE TO LET,

"If you can't pay your rent more promptly, out you go," the hard, unfeeling landlord said, and to verify these words he tacked up a card in front of the house, a card he always kept with him for emergencies, and which he had brought with him:

TO LET.

"We've lived here five years and you haven't lost a dollar by us. When George comes he'll have the money," said the little woman, who, with her small family, occupied the house.

"I want my money when it's due, not two weeks afterwards," reiterated the landlord; "I'm losing flesh and turning grey trying to collect my rents," and he shuffled off.

"It's dead man," said the little woman; "he's a shark, that's what he is. I'd like to see him get me out when I pay rent regularly—if it ain't just to the minute."

Then she sat down and formulated a little woman's plan of action, which is always victorious.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling at the doorbell.

"This house to let?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Can I go through it?"

"Certainly; walk right in."

Then the little woman opened a door.

"This is the parlor. It's new papered. We did it ourselves on account of the dampness."

"Oh, is the house damp? Is that why you are moving?"

"Here's a bedroom off—very convenient. When the children had scarlet fever I used this room for them—"

"You don't mean to say you've had scarlet fever—"

"It was very light. They were much worse off with the measles. Come upstairs, ma'am. Are you afraid of typhoid—"

"Good gracious, let me out! I wouldn't have the house as a gift!"

"Oh, there's no danger. It's a very convenient house if it isn't healthy. There's an undertaker in the next block, and the doctor lives next door. His bell keeps us awake all night."

She repeated this formula 100 times a day, until renters shunned the house as a plague spot, and the puzzled landlord tore down the card and renewed the lease.

It is painful to see a man trying to think with a head that nature intended for use as a pin cushion.

"I guess that must be a watchdog," remarked Tommy, "for his tail begins to tick whenever you speak to him."

They say women are timid creatures; and yet, considering what kind of men they oftentimes take for husbands one might suspect them of being brave even to rashness.

She was a handsome blonde leading a pet dog up Woodward avenue. An exquisite masher smiled a chimpanzee smile as she passed, and said: "Madam, I envy your dog." "So do all the rest of the puppies in the city," was her quick response, and he pulled up his coat collar as he took the nearest side street.

Every Business Man

who has dealings with newspapers should own a copy of the latest Edition of the

American Newspaper Directory

(Now in its Twenty-fifth Year).

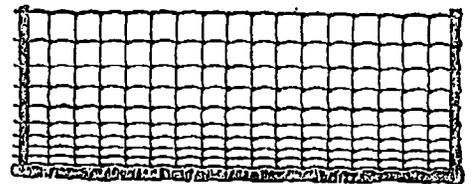
This work names every newspaper published in the United States and Canada; gives the publisher's name, the office of publication, its circulation, and a brief description of the paper.

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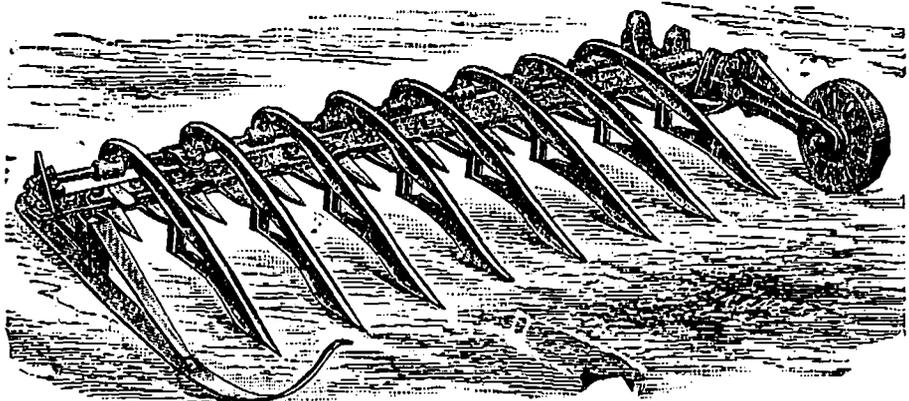
is the motto of the COILED SPRING FENCE. It gives to contraction what it takes from expansion. It gives unruly stock as good as it gets. It gives barb wire notice to quit, and takes the lead of the opposition. It gives odds to all competitors, and takes sweepstakes every time.

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Thousands of them now in use in Ontario, in the hands of the



Leading Farmers, who endorse it as being highly satisfactory.

GREATLY IMPROVED FOR THE SEASON OF 1893.

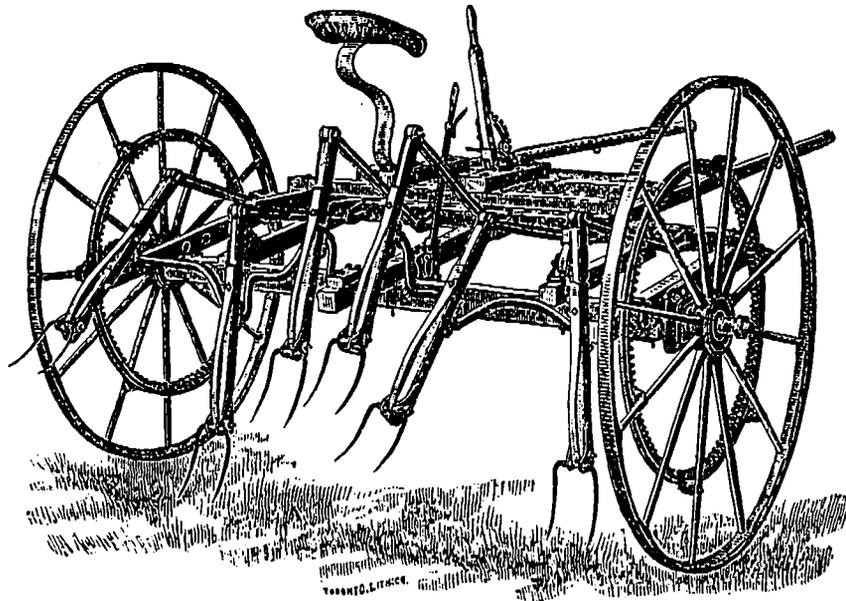
This Pea Harvester pays, and is one of the greatest labor-saving machines in use—harvesting from eight to ten acres per day in the most complete manner. It is endorsed by all first-class farmers who have this Harvester to be as useful in the pea field as the mower is in the hay field. It can be attached to any mower bar, and has the only Vertically Acting Lifter, having a practically successful movement to suit the unevenness of the land, of which we are the sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for circular with prices and instructions. Order early and secure one.

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rain, and will shake out the wet and leave the hay in position to be cured quickly by the wind. To see it work is to be convinced of its merits. It is very strongly made, and simple, and can be used by any boy capable of driving a horse. It is easily and quickly adjusted to inequalities of the ground. We guarantee the forks and springs used to give satisfaction. If you raise hay for market, you cannot afford to be without one of these Tedders. Its work will surprise you. Inquire into its workings—investigate its merits, and you will soon be convinced our claims have not been any too strong.

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More than have been sold by all the factories in Canada put together & doubled.

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Yours truly,
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Over 10,600 Bagging Attachments now in use.
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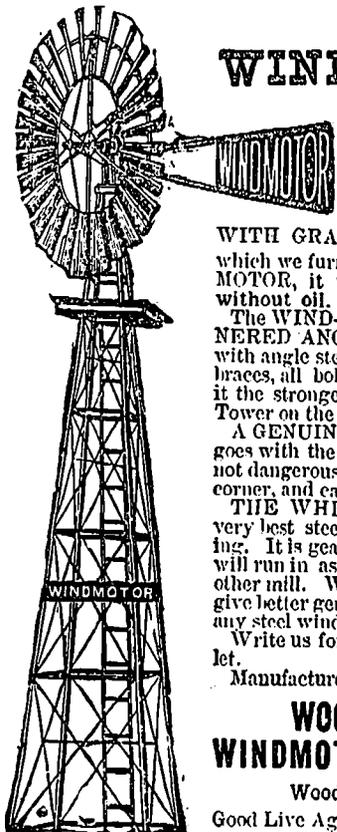
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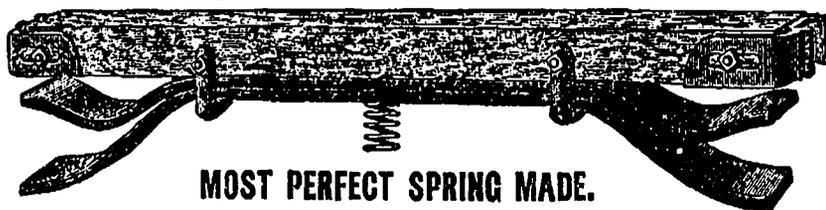
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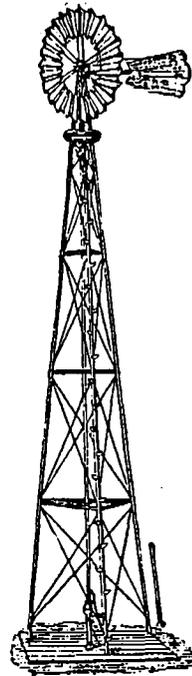
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that will pump enough water for THE LARGEST FARM

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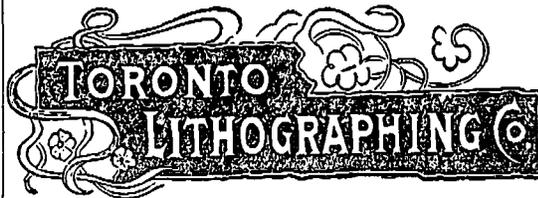
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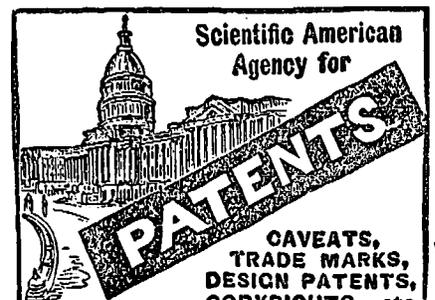
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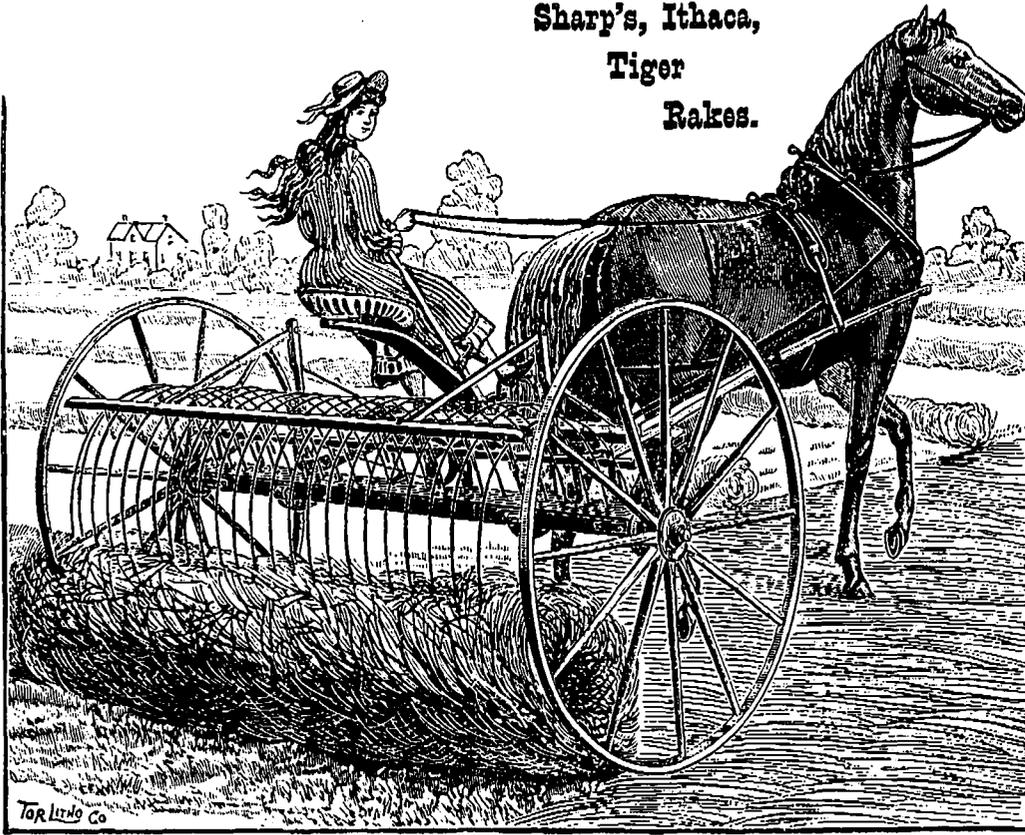
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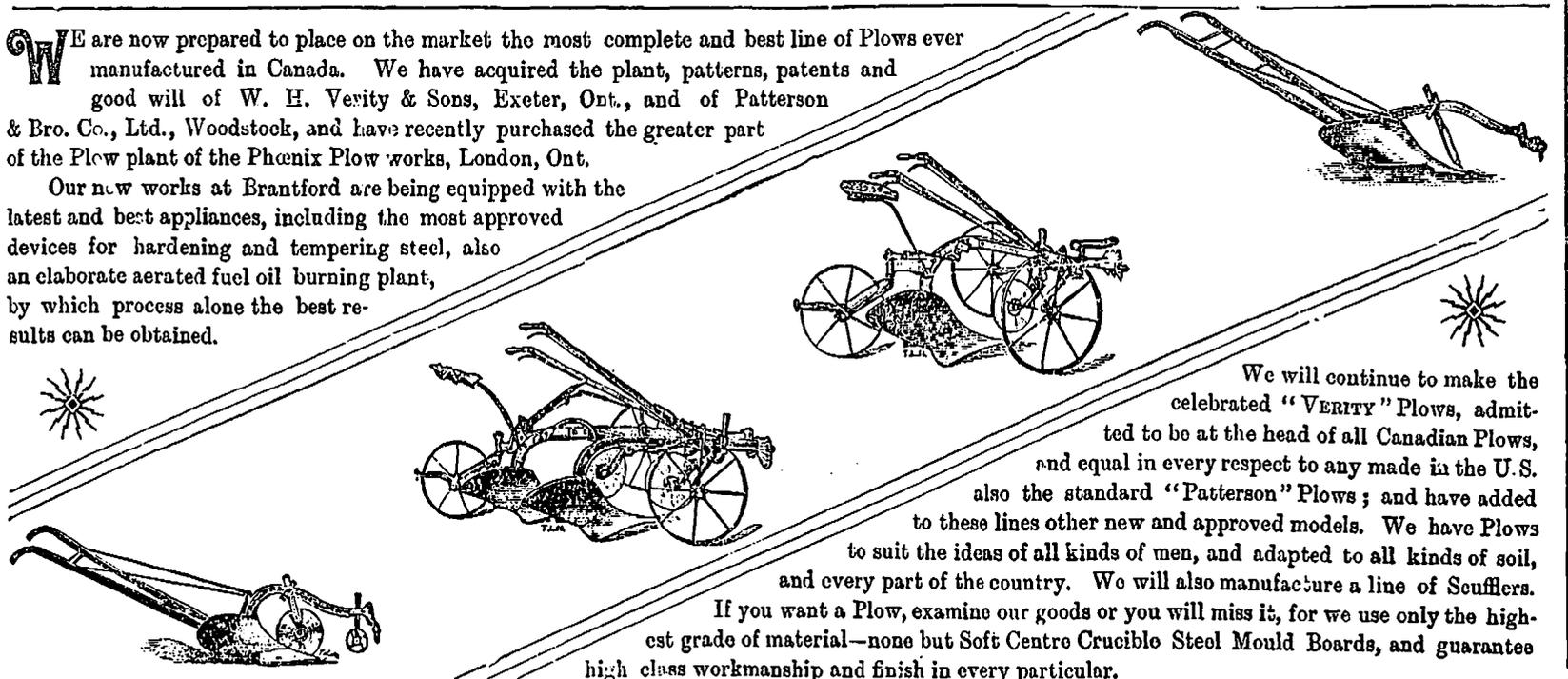
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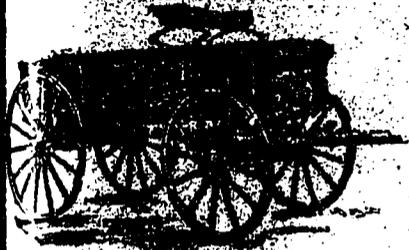


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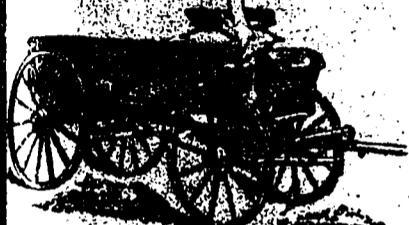
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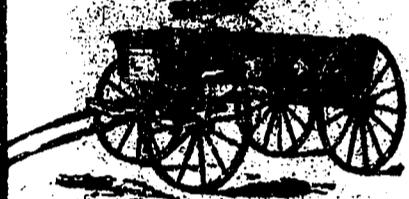
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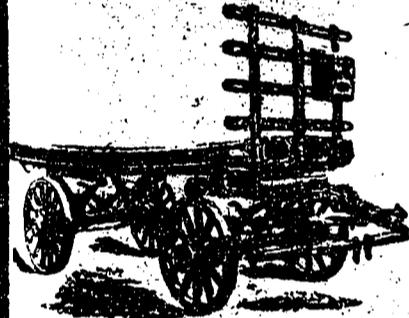
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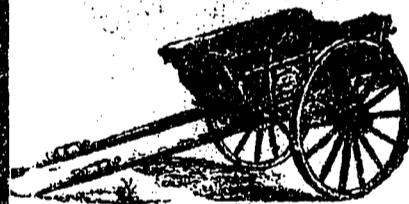
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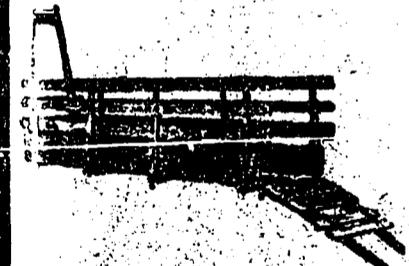
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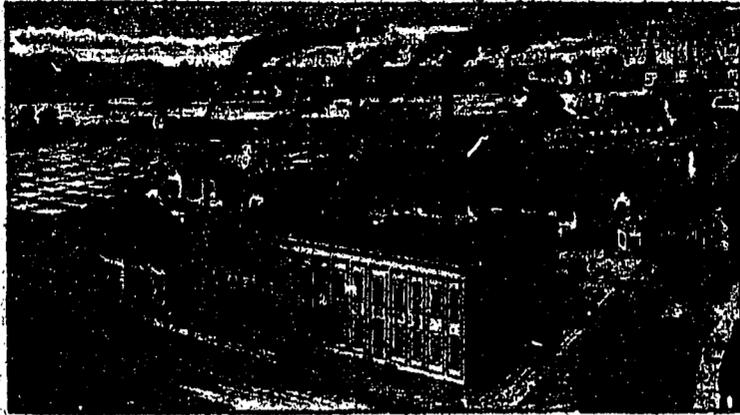
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WHERE YOU SEE IT AS A HAY RACK.



WHERE YOU SEE IT AS A HAY RACK.



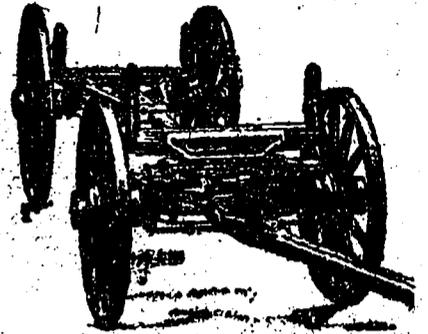
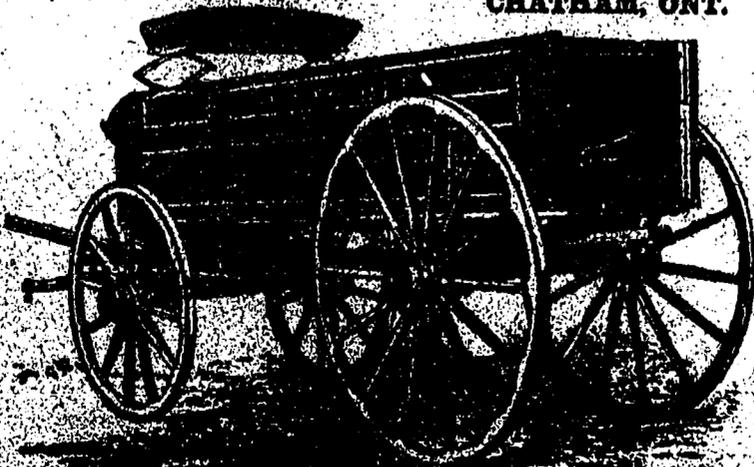
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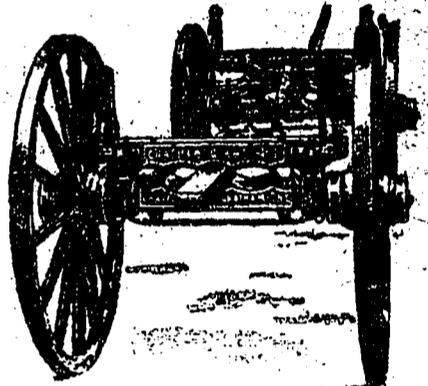
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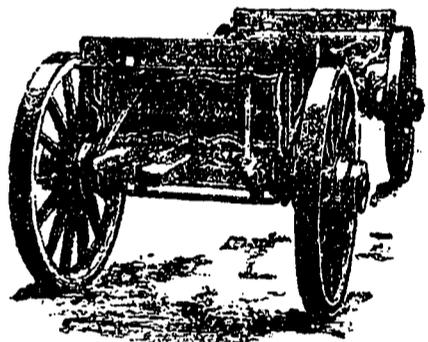
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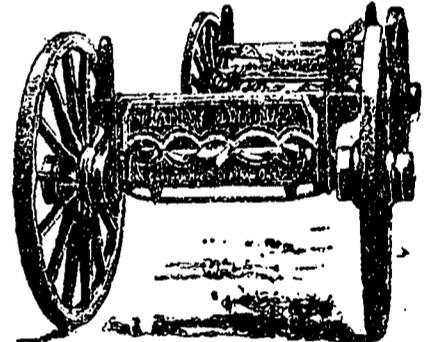
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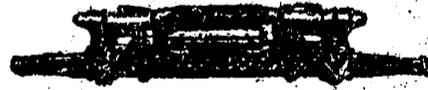
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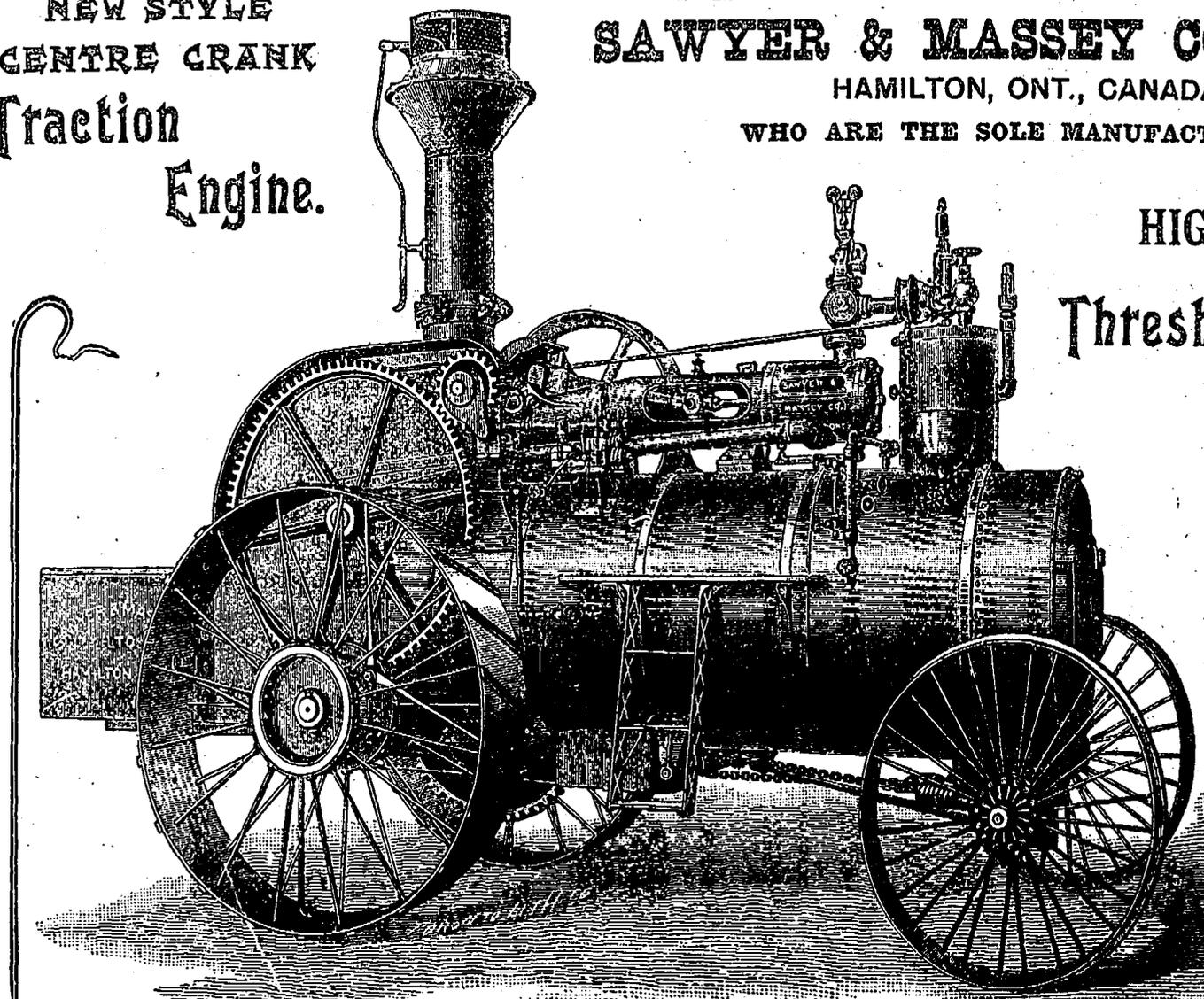
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