

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

Columbian Number.

New Series, Vol. 4, No. 11]

[Toronto, November, 1892.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1892.

[Vol. 4, No. 11.]

Famed Santa Maria.

COLUMBUS' FLAGSHIP COMPARED WITH MODERN SAILING VESSELS.

SPAIN is now in the midst of a series of fêtes in commemoration of the discovery of America which will last till late in the fall. On the 3rd of August, date of the sailing of Columbus from Palos, the jubilation began, and of all the sights the exact reproduction of the flagship of Columbus, the Santa Maria, excited most amazement. Among the sailors in the vast gathering there was a loud chorus of astonishment and unbelief. Almost unanimously they declared that such a ship had not done the thing—it was impossible.

It is indeed hard to believe that the little caravel of 240 tons at the outside could have made such a voyage, and when one compares it with the large sailing vessels of to-day he may well be incredulous. With the achievements of steam and practical science we are tolerably familiar, but the fact then (though sailing vessels antedate written history, the progress therein since 1492 is as great as in anything else) comes to one as a great surprise. Compare the little Santa Maria with, for instance, the magnificent Shenandoah, the American four-masted bark and queen of all sailing vessels, which a few months ago went from San Francisco to Liverpool with 5,002 tons of wheat on board.

Consider first the big sailer. The Shenandoah, commanded by Captain Murphy, was one of the five which left the Bay of San Francisco last year on the famous race around the Horn. They sailed at high tide, of necessity, as they drew twenty-seven feet of water. The weight of wheat aboard, 5,002 tons, was the greatest cargo of the kind ever placed in a vessel and equivalent to 166,733 bushels, or the crop of an average agricultural county. An adequate description of the Shenandoah would fill a column. Sailer as she is, she "makes sail by steam," as sailors say—that is, the sails are pulled into place by a little donkey engine, and of all glorious sights to the seaman's eye there is none more glorious than to see her swell from bare poles to full rig of snowy sails in less than five minutes.

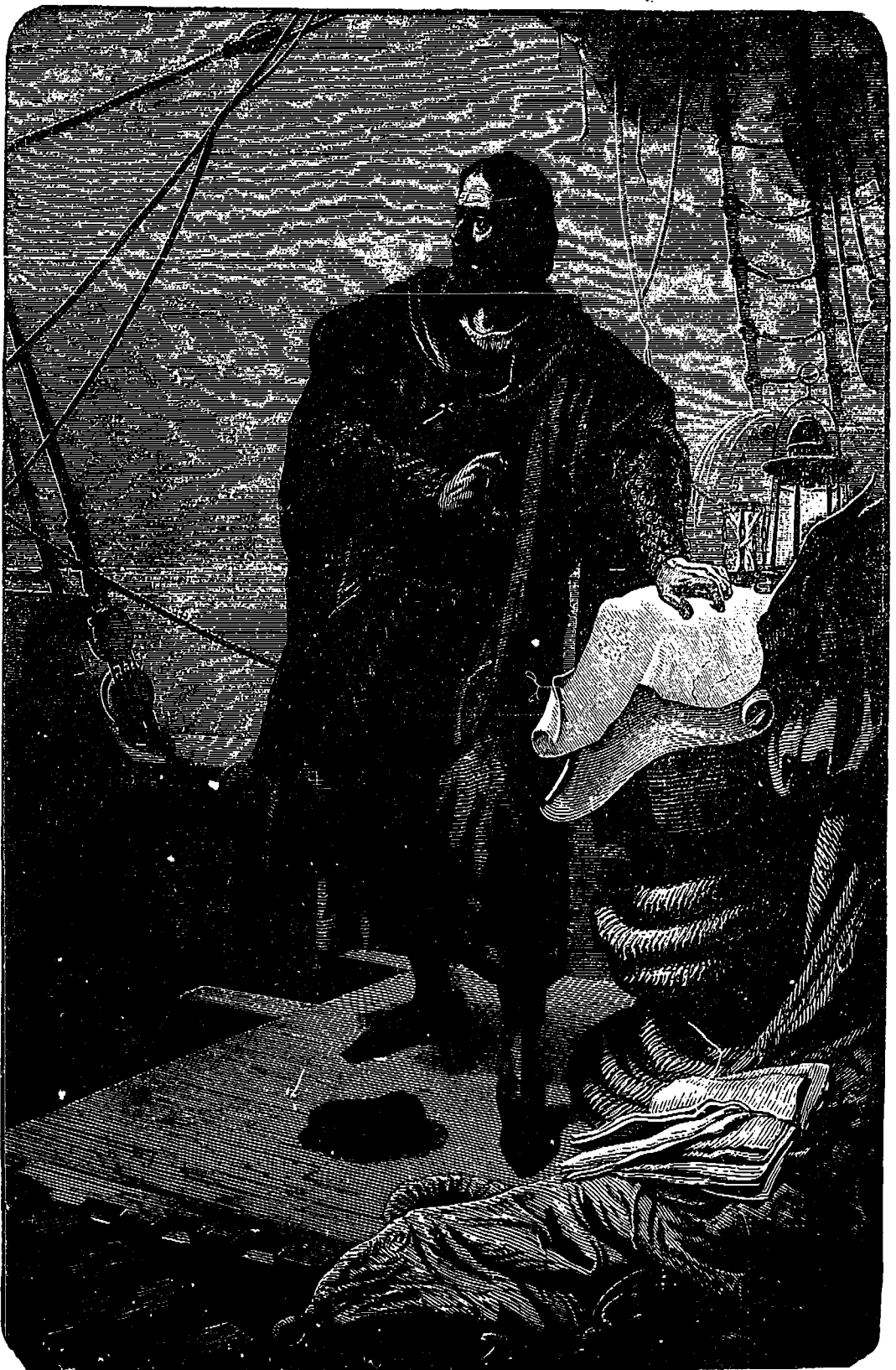
The Santa Maria might have been placed on the deck of the Shenandoah without adding perceptibly to her weight of cargo. She was a decked vessel, and while the Spanish historians do not deal in exact measurements they are so minute in details of her capacity that her size is known. Captain Gustavus W. Fox, after a very careful calculation, declares that her length was "63 feet over all and 57 feet along her keel," with 20 feet beam and 10½ feet in depth. Her crew consisted of fifty seamen, and in the list are found the names of one Englishman and one Irishman. It is really a pity that this list is not certainly authentic; it would be interesting to know the name of the first Irish emigrant to America. This historic vessel was wrecked on Christmas eve, 1492, on the coast of Hispaniola, a

calamity due to the gross carelessness of the sailing master.

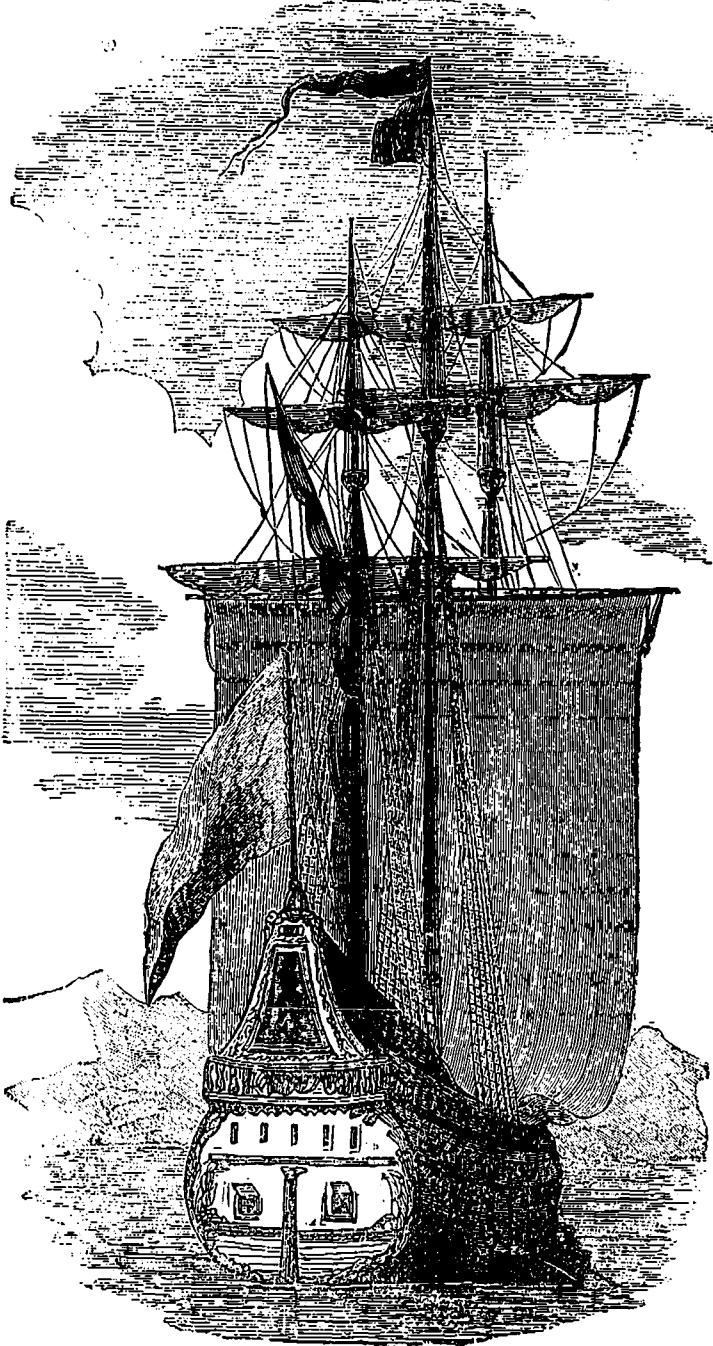
Small as she was, her consorts, the Pinta and the Nina, were considerably smaller, being mere barks, called caravels, without decks, unless the high prow and stern may be so called. In the center such a vessel was absolutely open and in no respect superior to the fishing craft and other light coasting

vessels of to-day. That men should have been willing to dare the passage of the stormy Atlantic in such craft gives us a high idea of their courage, and as a matter of fact only Columbus, Las Casas, the Pinzons and two or three other mad enthusiasts were willing.

Our astonishment is but slightly mitigated when we read that Columbus did not ask for large vessels,



COLUMBUS' FIRST SIGHT OF AMERICA.



THE SANTA MARIA—THE FIRST SHIP TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Castile and Leon, in exact imitation of the flags which Columbus planted in the New World on October 12th, 1492. The vessel is manned by an excellent crew, obtained from among the fishermen and sailors of Cadiz and San Fernando, and placed under the orders of a detachment of officers of the royal navy.

At the opening of the Spanish fêtes, on August 3rd, the war vessels of all nations were at Huelva to salute the new Santa Maria on her first voyage down the river, and her entrance into the Bay of Cadiz was greeted by deafening salvos. As there was almost a dead calm, however, she had to be taken in tow by a gunboat, which marred the representation somewhat. Later, however, she sailed out beautifully on the route taken by Columbus, and returned to receive renewed salutes. At this naval congress of nations the fact was humorously commented on that Columbus took with him for interpreter a scholar who knew Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Coptic and Armenian, in addition to Spanish; that this learned gentleman was a failure in the New World, and that the first to master any of the Indian tongues were the most illiterate sailors. But this is an oft repeated experience.

Columbus married in 1470 the daughter of Palestrello, an old navigator of Lisbon, and it was from his old charts that Columbus got his first ideas about a western passage to the Indies.

for there were many in the Spanish ports larger than these. He firmly believed that the voyage would be comparatively short and the sea where he was going always smooth, and he particularly requested such vessels as would enable him to run close in along the shores and sail up the rivers. On his third voyage, when he actually reached South America, he complained of the size of his vessel, which rendered coast exploration difficult.

The Spanish authorities declare that the Santa Maria of 1892 is an exact reproduction in every detail of that of 1492. It has the same old fashioned shape, the same primitive masts, riggings and sails, and even the same armament of falconets and mortars, halberds and arquebuses. The cabin of the commander is furnished in the style of the Fifteenth century, and its table is littered with maps, documents and nautical instruments of the period. Finally, its mastheads are decorated with the royal standards of



Smoky Days.

IN SIX CHAPTERS

CHAPTER III.—FLAME AND WATER.

WITHIN twenty minutes after Pete Armstrong and Vincent Bracy had sprawled into Lost Creek the draught from the forest fire was almost straight upward. No longer did volumes of smoke, sparks and flame stoop to the floor of the woods, rise again with a shaking motion, and hurry on like dust before a tornado.

But smoke rose so densely from decaying leaf-mold that the boys could see but dimly the red trunks of neighboring trees. Overhead was a sparkling illumination, from which fiery scales flew with incessant crackling and frequent reports loud as pistol shots.

Out of the layer of clear air close to the creek's cool surface the boys could not raise their heads without suffocation. They squatted, staring into one another's fire-reddened faces. Deep edges of leaf-mold on the creek's banks glowered like two thick bands of red-hot iron.

"Boo-oo! It's cold," said Pete, with chattering teeth.

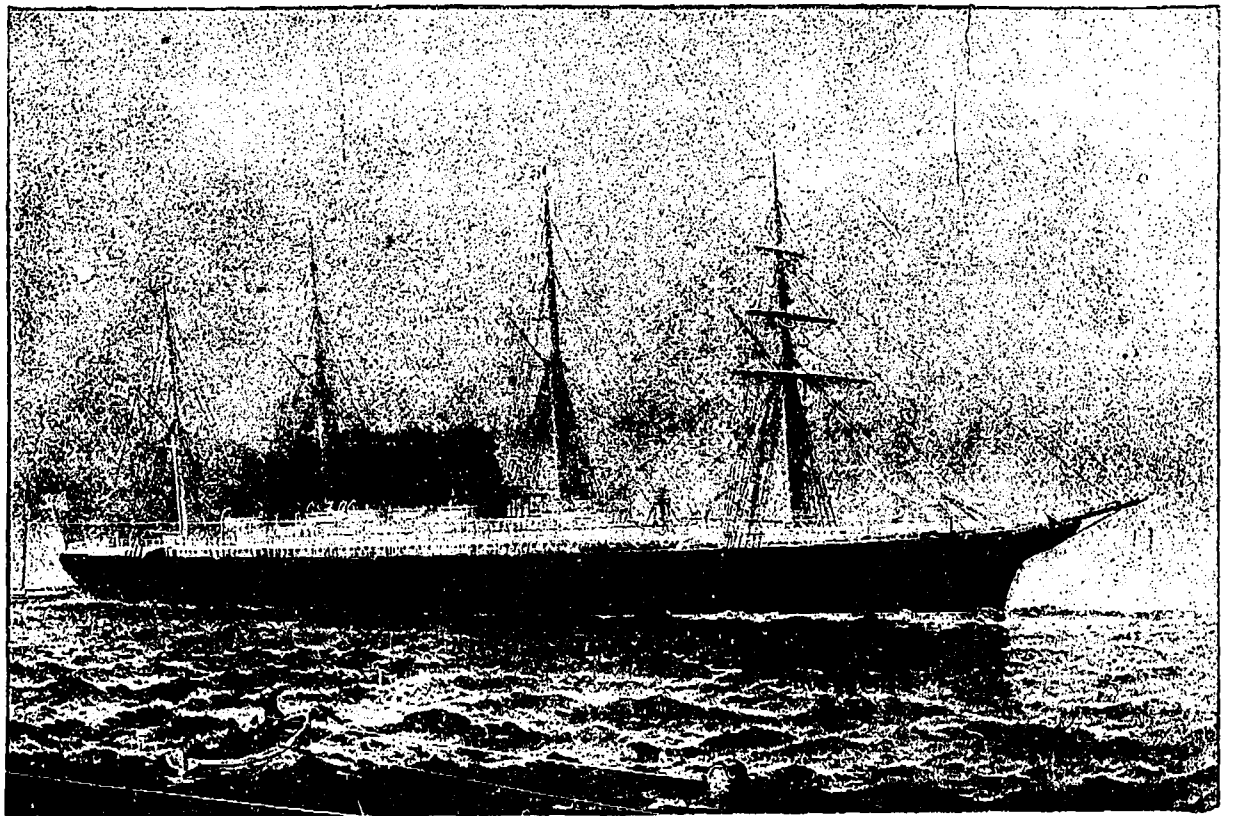
"Yes, I'm shivering, too. Rather awkward scrape," replied Vincent.

"It's freeze in the water, or choke and burn out of it."

Their heads were steaming again, and down they plunged.

"See the rabbits! And just look at the snakes!" cried Pete, rising.

"The creek is alive!" Vincent moved his head out of the course of a mink that swam straight on. Brown hares, now in, now out of the water,



A MODERN OCEAN GREYHOUND—THE STEAMSHIP CITY OF ROME.

moved crazily along the shallow edges; land snakes writhed by; chipmunks, red squirrels, minks, wood rats—all went down stream at intervals between their distracted attempts to find refuge under the fire-crowned shores. The boys dipped and looked again.

"The smoke is lifting," said Vincent.

"If it'd only let us stand up long enough to get warm all over," said Pete.

Down went their heads.

"You *do* think you're goin' to get out of this alive?" inquired Pete, as they looked round again.

"The menagerie has a plan." Vincent pointed to the small creatures moving past.

"Plan! No! no *plan*. They're just movin' on."

"Let's move with them."

"Can't walk squattin', can ye?"

"We can soon stand up."

"Then we'll bile."

"Then we'll dip."

"Well, you're good stuff. We'll push for the Brazeau. But I don't expect we'll get there."

"Why not?"

"Man, it must be thirty mile by this creek! D'ye think you're goin' to stand three days' shiverin' and roastin'? Cracky, it's hot!"

"More'n that," said Pete, rising from his dip, "there aint no knowin' where this creek goes to."

"It goes down hill, and it must reach the Brazeau somewhere. Perhaps within twenty miles."

"S'pose it does? What you goin' to do to sleep and eat? This fire'll burn fierce for three days. No gettin' through the woods for a week."

"But it may rain heavily."

"Yas? Mebby it'll rain pork and bread."

"Or chipmunks and squirrels."

"Jimmy, that's so! We might catch some of 'em. Cracky, my head's burnin' again!"

Down they went.

"We might stand up. The smoke has risen a good deal," said Vincent, after ten minutes more.

"Wadin's better'n standin'," remarked Pete, so they began to march with the procession.

Though the heat was still intense, it did not now fly in blasts. On rising they steamed quickly, and dipped again and again. Occasionally they saw far into the burning region, where the trunks of dry trees glowed fiercely.

The living pines were no longer clothed with columns of flame, for the resinous portions of their outer bark had been consumed. But from their denuded tops sparks blew upward incessantly, while branches swayed, snapped, and sometimes fell.

The up-draught could no longer carry away the heavier brands. Some wavered down into the creek, that soon became covered with a scum of half-burned bark and ashes, through which the swimming creatures made little lanes.

Flame moved continually to and fro on the forest floor, now dwindling, then rising suddenly from new-found pyres, always searching insatiably for fuel. The roar of hurrying fire had ceased, but the sounds of crackling and crushing branches were so great that the boys became hoarse with shouting their remarks.

Then dumbly they pursued their journey of the night through fifteen hundred square miles of fire. Across the glaring brook they saw one another as dream figures, with fire reddened faces against a burning world.

Pete's brain, tired by his days and nights of watching for falling brands in his father's clearing, whirled in the low fever of fatigue. The smoke-

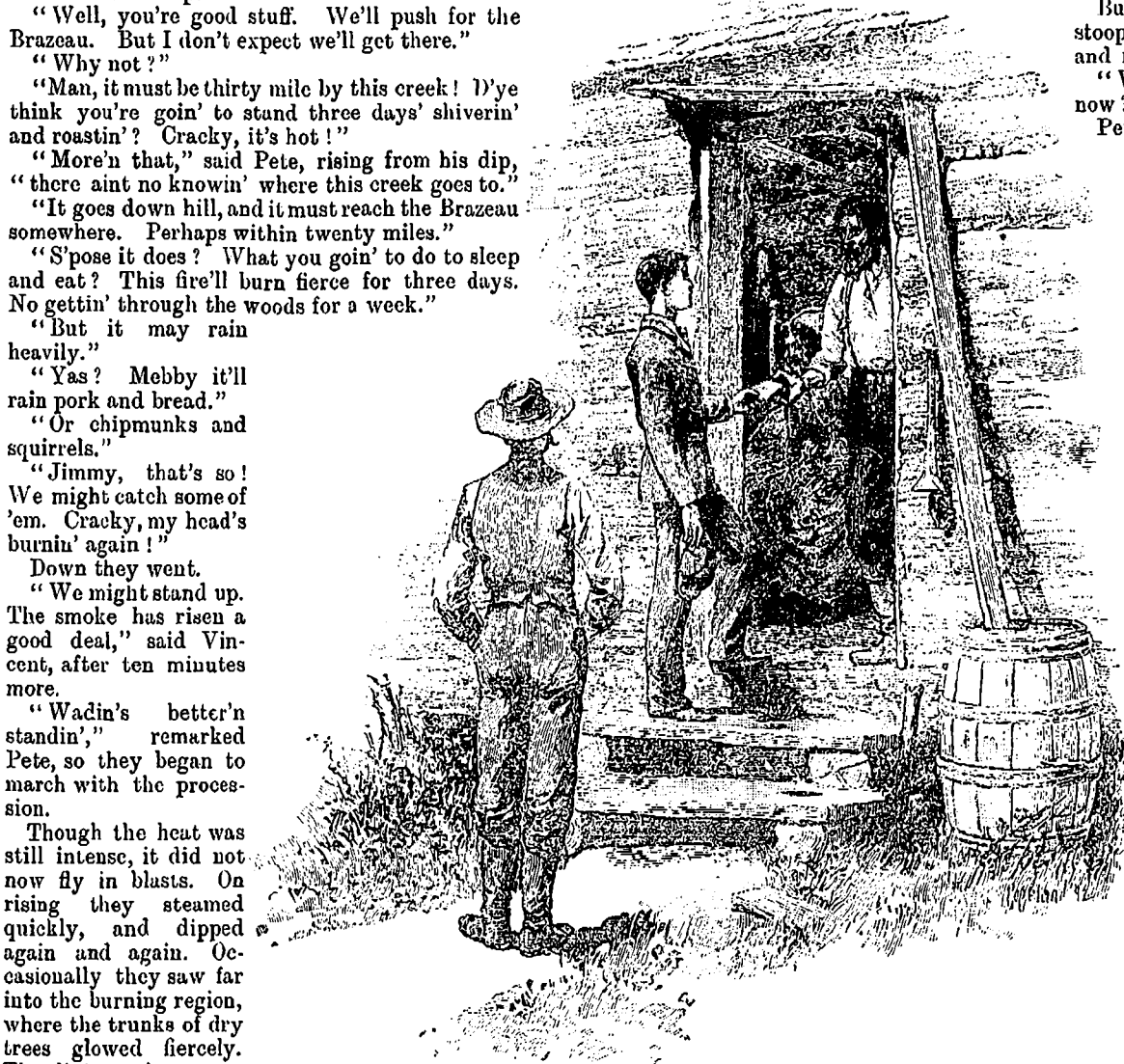
wraiths, as he stared at the encompassing fire, drifted into mocking, moving, beckoning forms. With increasing difficulty he summoned his reason against the delusions that assailed his soul.

Young Bracy, accustomed to long marches and having rested well the previous night, retained his clear mind, and watched his tall companion with the care of a brother.

"He risked his life for mine," Vincent felt deeply, and accepted the comradeship with all his steady heart. Hours had passed, when Pete so longed to look upon something else than flame-lit water that he climbed the bank. Vincent crossed the creek and ascended, too.

Up there the heat was more intense, the smoke more pungent, the ground burning. They kicked up black ashes, saw sparks start as in smoldering straw, and jumped, half-scalded with steam from their clothing, back to the bed of the stream.

"It's dreadful work, Pete!" said Vincent, taking the young pioneer's arm.



"I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU."

"We're done, I guess. But it would be mean to give up. We'll push on's long's we can. Say—when I drop, you push on. Never mind me."

"We shall stick together, Pete," Vincent replied, stoutly. "We shall pull through. See, the banks are getting higher. The water is running faster. We shall reach a gully soon and get rest."

Gradually the creek descended. When they had passed down a long, shallow, brawling rapid, the fire-forest was twenty feet higher than their heads. They no longer needed to dip often. In the hot night their clothing rapidly dried.

"Hello! Where is the procession?" cried Vincent. Not a snake, chipmunk, squirrel, mink, nor any other wild refugee was to be seen.

"They've gone in under the banks. We can stop, too," said Pete.

"No. Too many branches falling, Pete. Let us push on to a lower place."

"I won't! I'm going to sit down right here."

"Well, but look out for the branches. No chance to sleep yet. Trees may be crashing down here before morning. We must go lower."

"The hunger is sore on me. If we'd on'y caught some of them squirrels!"

"I've got a couple of hard-tack in my pocket. They are soaked, but all the better for that."

Vincent brought several handfuls of pulp from the breast pocket of his belted blouse. While Pete devoured his share, Vincent ate a few morsels and put the rest back in his pocket.

"You're not eating," said Pete.

"I shall need it more before morning."

"There won't be no morning for you and me. Is it all gone?"

"No. We'll share the rest when we stop for the night. Come on, Pete; you'll die here."

"I won't! I'll sleep right here, die or no die."

Pete stretched himself, steaming slowly, on the pebbles. The ruddy fire shone on his upturned face and closed eyes. Vincent looked down on him meditatively. He was casting about for words that would rouse the young pioneer.

"What do you suppose your mother is doing now?" cried Vincent, sharply.

But Pete had instantly fallen asleep. Vincent stooped, shook him powerfully by the shoulder, and repeated the question at the top of his voice:

"What do you suppose your mother is doing now?"

Pete sat up.

"Burnt! Burnt out, as sure as we're here!" he cried. "The barn'll be gone. We're ruined! And mother's out in the night. My soul, how could I forget her! I was dazed by the fire. They'll think I'm burned. I'm feared it will kill mother. She'll be lying in the root-house. They'd run there when the house caught."

His distress was such that Vincent almost regretted the artifice he had employed.

"It's likely everything at your home is all right, Pete," he said. "I've seen a hill fire like this flaming for days, and nothing burned below in the valleys. The wind seemed to blow up to the high fires from all sides below."

"Yas--nobody can tell what a bush fire'll do," said Pete. "Mebby mother is all right. Mebby the hay *ain't* gone. But they'll all be worn out with fear for me. Come on. If the creek goes on like this we may reach the Brazeau to-morrow."

"It's eleven o'clock now," said Vincent, looking at his watch. "I'm nearly tired out, myself. We shall go on all the faster for sleeping. Hello—what's that?—a fall?"

The sound of brawling water came faintly. Descending quickly, they soon reached a place where the creek appeared to pour, by a succession of cascades, into a deep chasm. Below, they could see nothing, except the gleam of distant water, as flaming brands swayed down and down from the plateau now fifty feet over their heads.

Here the coping of the banks overhung a little. All around them lay brushwood that had been left by spring floods. Seizing a piece of dry cedar Pete, with his big hunting-knife flung off long splinters. When enough for two torches had been accumulated, the boys searched for a way down. In five minutes they were a hundred feet below the top of the Hump.

"Why, here's a good path," cried Vincent.

"Great place for bears," said Pete, closely examining it. "If we're goin' to stop, we'd better stop right here. The gully below may be full of bears and wolves."

"Let's make a fire," said Vincent.

"No need. No beasts will come nigh."

"But they may be coming down as we did, for safety."

"No! They'd burrow under the bank back there. No fear of them, anyhow. They'd be too scared to bother us. But a fire won't do no *harm*."

Finding no brands handy, they lit shavings from the matches in their little water-tight tin boxes, piled on the heaviest driftwood they could find, and lay down on a flat rock partly under the bank. In a few minutes both fell asleep to the clashing of the cascades.

Brands fell and died out near them; their bivouac fire became gray; dawn struggled with the gloom overhead till the smoke ceased to look red from be-

low, and became murky in the sunless morning. Still the tired boys slept well.

But by eight o'clock they had descended the rocky hill down which the cascades jumped, and were gazing at hundreds of trout congregated in the clear, long pool below.

"There's plenty of breakfast if we could only catch it, Pete," said Vincent.

"Catchin' them trout aint no trouble," said Pete, taking command. "You go down yonder and whale on the water with a stick. I'll whale up here. We'll drive a lot of 'em into the shaller."

"But how can you catch them?"

"Leave me alone for that. I've got a hook and line in my pocket, but that'd be slow."

As they thrashed the water, approaching one another, many of the crowded and frantic trout ran almost ashore. Rushing among them, Pete kicked vigorously at each step forward.

Two fish flew far up the bank. Three more followed. Several ran ashore. Vincent flung himself on these before they could wriggle back.

They split the fish open, skewered them flat on sticks, and broiled them "Indian fashion," in the smoke and blaze from a fire of dry wood. Having thus breakfasted they considered what to do.

Going back was out of the question. Fire was raging two hundred feet above them, and for unknown leagues in every direction. Their only course was down the deep gully of the creek.

By eleven o'clock, having walked steadily along the Lost Creek's now easy descent, they found the crags overhead so closely approaching that the gorge, now little illuminated from the burning forest, became even more gloomy. At last the sides of the ravine, when more than three hundred feet above them, touched.

The boys stood at the entrance to a narrow cavern. Into this high tunnel, roughly-shaped like a greatly elongated V turned upside down, the creek, now fed to a considerable volume by rivulets that had danced down the precipices, clattered with loud reverberation.

"What we goin' to do now?" said Pete.

"Let's see. This is where the creek is lost. The question is, Where does it come out?"

"We're in a bad fix. There's no goin' back till the bush fire's done."

"Well—we can live here for a few days. Plenty of trout in that last pool."

"But there ain't no Armstrongs in it! I'm wild to get home."

"You must be, Pete. Well, let us explore the cave. We can always find our way back. We will take torches."

"Did you see a creek coming out of a place like this when you came up the river to our clearing?"

"No, but there's one coming out of a cave away down below Kelly's Crossing."

"Yes, I know. But this aint that one."

"No, of course not. It is likely this creek runs out some distance before reaching the Brazeau. Perhaps the cave is not a long one. We're safe to explore, at any rate."

"Do you mind the bears' path up back there? There's room for all the bears on the Brazeau in there ahead of us."

"Our torches will scare them worse than they'll scare us. And I've got my revolver still."

"Say! I forgot to ask you; did you fire two shots just before the fire started in the woods?"

"Yes—at a partridge. Missed him."

"Then you started the fire!"

"No! It came roaring along a minute after that, though."

"Started itself—that's gen'ly the way," said Pete. "Well, s'pose we have dinner, and go in after."

They cooked more trout, supplied themselves with bunches of split cedar, and stood peering into the entrance of the cavern, both a little daunted by the absolute darkness into which the stream brawled. By anticipation, they had the eerie sensation of moving through the bowels of a mountain. So high and dark and awful was the narrow tunnel! So insignificant felt the boys beneath its toppling walls!

"Here goes," said Vincent, and marched ahead.

For some minutes the creek's bed was like what it had been since they left the cascades—gravel bottom alternating with rocks, and little pools that they walked easily around. What was high above could not be seen, for the torches found no reflections up there.

Instead of the reverberation increasing, it lessened as they went on. The brook babbled to them to advance, and now there was a singular trembling of the air in which a swashing and pouring sound could be heard.

"Got plenty of room over there?" cried Pete, from the left or north bank.

"Yes, there's ten feet of shore here. Cross if you're crowded."

"I will. There's no room on this side."

As Pete lowered his torch he saw that the pool broke into a chute a little further on. Vincent stopped to await his comrade.

The pioneer boy entered the water at the rapid's head, where he expected to find the usual shallow. But at the first step the water rushed about his

Pete, righting himself, strove to swim out of the current. With a few strong strokes he reached the rock and strove to grasp it, but it gave no hold, and he slipped against a stray boulder, and was carried further down the current.

The boy put down his feet, but could get no standing place. Swimming to the other side he found the channel but a few yards wide.

There, too, he grasped vainly for a hold. The water quite filled the space between the rock walls. He turned on his back and floated.

And so, through what seemed a long and smooth stone slide, only once interrupted by broken water, Pete, while Vincent lay senseless in the cave, was carried away feet first as corpses go from the world to the grave.

CHAPTER IV.—RAIN ON THE BRAZEAU.

ALL night and all forenoon rain had poured, while the pious folk of the upper Ottawa, and its back country of the Big Brazeau, blessed God that He had saved them from the fires of the forest.

By noon on the second day after Pete Armstrong and Vincent Bracy had started for Kelly's Crossing, the rain had diminished to a drizzle that promised to continue long. Rivulets clattered down the rocky sides of the Hump; a hundred wild tributaries tinged the great Ottawa with turbidity that slowly mingled in its brown central volume.

Dumb creatures rejoiced with men in the moist coolness after so long a period of drought, smoke and flame. Ducks squawked satisfaction with new-filled farm ponds; cattle, horses, even hens forsook shelter as if they could not have too much assurance of the rain's actuality; dragged rats, flooded from their holes, scurried away as girls with petticoats over their heads went to the milking.

Lost Creek brawled enlarged into the cavern, and still the forest on the Hump smouldered and poured blue smoke upward.

David Armstrong's cabin and barn stood intact; all in the clearing were still alive, for the high fire had blown far across the river without dropping many coals into the opening by the Hump's side. But the strain of watching for Pete had brought his mother close to the grave.

"I'm not to say exactly dying. But I'm tired, Davy, tired to be alive. It's oh, for Pete, poor, poor Pete," she wailed without tears, lying motionless on her rustling bed.

Mary was frying a pan of pork on the out-door stove. Ann Susan and Eliza Jane, brisk with the fresh air after rain, played on the cabin floor, and watched the cooking with interest. When Mary brought in the frizzling food, David Armstrong did not rise from beside his wife's bed.

"Give the young ones their bite and their sup, Mary. Mebby I'll feel to set in after a bit."

"Take your dinner, Davy," said Mrs. Armstrong, trying to release her thin, hard hand. "Eat a bite, do. It's not the sorrow that will strengthen you to get out them rails for the burned fences."

"No, Hannah, but I misdoubt I can't eat. Them molasses and bread I eat at breakfast has stayed by me good."

"But you've got to keep alive, Davy."

"Yes, a man's got to live till his time comes—the hunger will come back on me, so it will. But God help us—it's to think we'll see Pete no more."

The woman pressed her forehead down on his hand, while Mary fed the children. Tears ran again down the pioneer's cheeks, thus furrowed often that day and the day before. But the mother could not weep.

The lump of agony rose in Armstrong's throat; he could not trust himself to speak, and turned his back from the children. Mary struggled with her sobs as she listened to them.

"I yant Pete," said Ann Susan.

"Pete is dead! I wisht he'd come back quick," said Eliza Jane.

Mary had vainly tried to make the children understand.

"I yant Pete," persisted the younger.

"Pete's gone away dead. He's burned up. I



SENTRY HUT, BORNEO.

knees. Pete found what he thought would serve for forward footing, threw his weight on it, slipped as from a boulder, and went down. His torch "sizzed" and disappeared.

Vincent darted forward with a cry as Pete, struggling to reach his feet, drifted a little, felt himself suddenly caught as by a strong mill-race, and was carried away into the blackness of darkness. Bracy, swinging his torch, ran on almost blindly and at full speed till he collided with a wall of rock and fell headlong.

wisht he'd come and ride me on his foot," returned Eliza Jane.

"I'll ride you," said Mary.

"No, I wan't Pete!"

"Hush, dear—poor brother Pete won't come back no more."

"Let 'em talk, Mary," said the woeful mother.

"Poor little things—they help me. Oh, I want Pete, too."

She sprang up, sitting, and broke into wild lamentation.

"O Pete, if you'd come back and kiss me good-bye! Why couldn't you wake me when he was going away? I'd 'a' stopped him. Thirty mile! Thirty mile and back—and the bush afire!—only to fetch a cup of tea for his mother! I—I—my son's blood cries out of the woods against me!"

"No, Hannah, no, don't talk on that way again. It was me that let him go. Who'd 'a' thought fire would 'a' started up the Hump?"

"Oh, no, Davy, I—me—crying like mad for tea! Oh, my God!—how you can want me to go on livin'! And Pete up there—burned black in the smoke under the rain! Such a good boy—always—strong and good. There ain't no mother got a helpfuller boy nor my Pete."

"Davy, what you spose I was thinkin' all them days sin't the hay was got in—and the big prices there is? I was layin' out how we could give Pete a winter's schoolin' in the settlements. Yes—he'll learn quick. Oh, if I wasn't always so tired, what'd I do for my Pete!"

She lay still a long time before speaking again.

"You'll miss me sore, Davy," she whispered.

"It won't be long now."

"No, Hannah, don't say it. You'll not leave me."

"Ay—sore you'll miss me, Davy, dear—I know how I'd 'a' missed you. Old and gray we've got, and once we was young together. Davy, don't you understand? Don't talk on. I wan't to be with my Pete." The man clutched, sobbed, and choked for breath.

Mary went to the bed and clasped her arms about her parents' necks.

"Yes—you're good at lovin' your mother," the poor woman went on. "All of them is. God bless them for it! They give me what I wanted more than all. Sore you'll miss me, too, Mary, and you

'fendin for them all alone. I wisht I could stay. You'll tell Pete—no, I was forgetting—but there is a chance, ain't there? There's a chance!"

"Yes, Hannah. S'posin' he was at the creek. Or the fire might 'a' jumped over a wide place!"

"Many's the day and many's the night and many's the year Pete's heart'll be glad thinkin' how he went thirty mile and out for tea for his mother," she said, as if dreaming. They thought she was fainting. But the vision of her son in the burning forest returned to her mind.

Then, with changed voice, rising on her elbow: "Davy, if on'y we could find his bones!"

"I'll start first thing to-morrow, Hannah."

"All night again I'll be thinking of the rain fallin' on him lyin' there in the smoke. Rain and rain and rain and rain—it comes too late to save my boy!"

"Think of the chances, Hannah. Maybe he ain't dead at all."

"He is—I seen him lyin' there too plain. Pete won't never come no more!"

"Pete won't never tum no more," repeated Eliza Jane.

"I vant Pete," said Ann Susan, firmly.

"Give them to me," said the mother. Taking the little girls in her arm she lay still, thinking how soon Mary must mother them.

The children, awed by the silent passion with which she strained them to her breaking heart, lay still, breathing uneasily, with their faces close to her bosom.

After a time, the sense that they were suffering came to the poor mother, and she held them more loosely. Then her brain began to work on the possibilities of Pete's escape. The woman had to hope or die, and her vitality was still active. Absorbed, she had again clutched close the wondering infants, when strange voices outside the door recalled her fully to her senses.

"Hey! Who's these men? Why, here's that surveyin' boy! No, it's another one."

A man, and a youth clad as Vincent Bracy had been, but taller, came up the steps into the cabin. The youth was Vincent's rod man.

"I have a letter for you, Mr. Armstrong," he said. "It's about your son."

(To be continued.)

The Farmer's Seventy Years.

At! there he is lad, at the plow;
He beats the boys for work,
And whatso'er the task might be,
None ever saw him shirk.
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run o'er with mirthful tears,
And sing full many an old-time song,
In spite of seventy years.

"Good morning, friends! 'tis twelve o'clock
Time for half-hour's rest."
And farmer John took out his lunch
And ate it with a zest.
"A harder task it is," said he,
"Than following up the steers,
Or mending fences, far, for me,
To feel my seventy years."

"You ask me why I feel so young;
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault,
Who kept me up so well;
For women such as she, are scarce
In this poor vale of tears;
She's given me love and hope and strength,
For more than forty years."

"And then my boys have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And helps him up and on;
My girls have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears;
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years."

"Why don't my good boys do my work
And let me sit and rest?
Ah, friends, that wouldn't do for me,
I like my own way best.
They have their duty, I have mine;
And till the end appears,
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,"
Said the man of seventy years.

If the people about you are carrying on their business or their benevolence at a pace which drains the life out of you, resolutely take a slower pace; be called a laggard, make less money, accomplish less work than they, but be what you were meant to be and can be. You have your natural limit of power as much as an engine—ten-horse power or twenty or a hundred. You are fit to do certain kinds of work, and you need a certain kind and amount of fuel, and a certain kind of handling.



THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW.



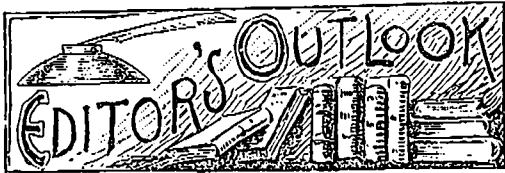
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE song of birds is sad to-day,
A dirgelike sound is echoed back
From hill, and dale, and woodland way,
Along the rushing Merrimac.
Forests and fields are touched with grief,
Rocks, rills, and flowers their tribute send;
The autumn harvest, all, in brief,
Nature hath lost a faithful friend.

Dear sleeping poet,—no, not dead—
When things inanimate and dumb
Weave wreaths all glorious round thy head,
Rescued humanity must come;
For Afric's child—no longer slave—
No longer human sacrifice—
He kneels beside thy new-made grave
With aching heart and tear-wet eyes.

Sleep on in peace, dear poet friend,
Thy task is done, well earned thy rest,
The summit reached, thy goal is gained,
Thou hast thy wish, thy last is best.
Wide open the gates thou enteredst in
Bearing of sheaves a rounded store.
Beyond all pain and earthly din
Rest thee, sweet singer, evermore.

—Emilie Hull Davies,



WITH our Christmas number (Dec.) will be given a large, handsome engraving suitable for framing, and worthy a place in any home. It is entitled "Fast Friends." It is by the photogravure process, and is a copy of a very fine engraving.

OUR Clubbing List is more complete than ever this year. It will be found on page 2 of cover. Note the wonderfully low subscription prices at which all the leading papers and magazines may be obtained by clubbing with MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED. It will pay you and your friends well to send your subscriptions for the periodicals you usually take, through us. In most instances it will save you considerable in the price to begin with, besides saving you the trouble and expense of making two or more different registered remittances to the different publishers. Thousands of subscriptions passed through our hands last year and we have sent as high as \$207.00 by check to a single publisher for subscriptions to his journal sent through our subscription agency. Our readers and the public generally, are beginning to appreciate the great advantages offered by our enterprise, and as a result the volume of subscriptions passing through our hands nearly doubled last year over the year previous, and we anticipate a much larger increase this season. If you have already proved the benefit of our subscription agency tell your neighbors and friends about our clubbing list—it will be a kindness to them and it will help us.

THE dedication of the new building of Victoria College, situated in Queen's Park, Toronto, marked an era significant in its character in the history of Methodist education in Ontario. Old Victoria was a flourishing and most useful institution, fulfilling its high purpose with ability and success and giving to the country educated men who, benefited not more from the intellectual training received in the University class room than from the moral and religious influences which surrounded them and made fragrant the atmosphere they breathed there. Now, the great Christian body under whose fostering care and liberality Victoria grew and prospered has placed their University in federal relationship with the Provincial University, and its home will not henceforth be Cobourg but Toronto. In this wider sphere, the hope of all is that greater success than ever will attend its arduous labors, and that as the scope for good work has widened, the avenues and media of knowledge will be carefully guarded so that the quality of the instruction imparted will not be impaired. The occasion was one of much rejoicing, and the hearts of the warm friends of Victoria and of higher education were made all the more glad when, as it were as a thanksgiving offering for the peace and enthusiasm and earnestness prevailing, a princely donation was announced from Mr. Hart A. Massey in a letter to Rev. Dr. Potts, which was as follows: "My Dear Sir,—The citizens of Toronto and the Methodist Church of Canada will rejoice this day in the completion and opening of the magnificent new Victoria University building in this city. There can be no more suitable time for all her friends to rally round her, 'forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forward unto those things which are before,' rendering her their united support, by giving her that aid which will place her on a proper basis. I herewith enclose my check for \$40,000 to endow a chair in the theological department of Victoria College." It is needless to say that this gift was received with unalloyed feelings of good-will and gratitude throughout the country, and that the hope is strong that many other friends will quickly follow so notable an example. The following reference appeared on the editorial page of the daily *Mail*, Oct. 29th:

"It is all the more pleasant and satisfactory from the fact that this crowning effort marks the ending of disputes which need not now be referred to, but which at one time threatened disruption among the friends of Methodist education. The federationists and anti-federationists have clasped hands in a brotherly way, and Mr. H. A. Massey's magnanimous donation of \$40,000 to found a chair in theology in the University, the federated character of which at one time he was inclined to regard with disfavor, is an event which marks in an emphatic way the soundness and extent of the reconciliation which has taken place.

The daily *Globe* of the same date contains the following report of the effect the announcement had on the meeting:

"Great applause was evoked when Dr. Potts got up and read the letter from Mr. H. A. Massey. 'I should be glad to receive a few more letters like that,' said the doctor, when the great burst of applause had died away. 'Thank you, Mr. Massey,' said Dr. Carman: 'long may you live to see the fruits of your offering. This is making you very popular,' he added, as the applause was renewed, and he called on Mr. Massey to speak a few words. Mr. Massey came forward and he was once more cheered to the echo by the undergraduates. He told in simple, touching language of a time fifty years ago when he attended two sessions at old Victoria and paid for his tuition by chopping and drawing wood seven miles. Those were days, he said, in which poor lad prized education, and the students once more broke into applause."

It is announced, with semi-official authority, that Lord Aberdeen will succeed Lord Stanley as Governor General of Canada. His lordship's interest in the Dominion is genuine and his qualifications for the post, should the appointment really fail to him, are many. To the farming community his advent would be auspicious, for he stands pre-eminent among British noblemen as an authority on farming. A good landlord, he has always manifested deep concern in the welfare of his tenants, having been a sympathetic friend and a shrewd adviser. His herds of thorough-bred cattle are noted as very excellent, even in Aberdeenshire, where pure stock has been long a leading feature of enlightened farming. On the other hand, Lady Aberdeen, notwithstanding an active life of benevolence and exacting home duties, finds time to attend to poultry, for which she has provided one of the finest and most completely equipped houses in Britain. Both of these noble personages may be depended upon, should they occupy the vice-regal throne at Ottawa, to take a personal interest in the farming community as well as in the various institutions and affairs of the Dominion.

SINCE our last issue death has plucked the laurel from the mortal brow of two of the greatest poets the English speaking race has produced—Lord Tennyson in Britain, and Mr. J. G. Whittier in the United States of America—only to burnish in brighter green the immortal wreath which posterity shall entwine around their honored names. The one combined with the honors of an official position which gave him a popular esteem and fame unsurpassed in this century; the other, uncrowned as a King of Poets, by the fiat of a throne, was enthroned in the hearts of millions whose lives were brightened and ennobled by his lofty sentiments and sweet song. Both were great men, and they stand side by side in the galaxy of genius which the world will not forget. Both lived to a good old age and died within a short time of each other. One lies surrounded by the dust and monuments of Britain's illustrious dead; the other found a grave in the lowly cemetery of his choice, but over his grave bends his country's homage; and both have left in the golden thoughts they have penned a monument more lasting than the shrine at Westminster or the grave on the hillside in Massachusetts.

IN response to two enquiries regarding exhibits of Canadian live stock at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago we reproduce the regulations on the subject issued by the Treasury Department of the United States: 1. Entry will be made at the Custom House according to the forms prescribed in Articles 4, 6, 7, and 9 of the Special Regulations issued by this department on November 5th, 1891. 2. Accompanying the prescribed invoice there shall be filed with the collector such a description of each animal, by distinguishing marks and characteristics, as shall serve to identify the same when withdrawn from the Exposition for sale or export. 3. In order to avoid any risks from delay, entry of such animals may be made and completed in advance of the arrival of the vessel of importation, except that the permit will be withheld by the collector for delivery to the importer or his agent on the announcement of such arrival. 4. The Government will not be responsible for the security or safe-keeping of such animals. The transfer to the transportation line will be made under the supervision of the collector at port of arrival. 5. On arrival at the Exposition the animals will be subject to such disposition as may be agreed upon between the authorities of the Exposition and the Collector of Customs. 6. So far as applicable, the regulations of November 5th, 1891, will govern importations of animals, and at the close of the Exposition imported animals on exhibition may be withdrawn for consumption, transportation in bond, or exportation, under Article 20 of said regulations, but animals not so withdrawn will be sold at auction, and the proceeds, after deducting duties and charges, will be held subject to the order of the owner or importer. 7. These regulations will go into immediate effect.

THE first report of the Bureau of Mines has just been issued by Mr. Archibald Blue, the new director. As was to be expected the report bears marks of the compiler's ability and industry. Our great mineral resources in their various classes are dealt with, and information as to their extent, quality and practical development is furnished. What may seem an unnecessary length of space is given to a defence of the policy of the Ontario Government on the royalty question, the merits or demerits of which might well be left to the politicians; yet the material so gathered may not be without interest to miners, and to some extent to the public. Coming to the report proper there are valuable statistics on Artesian Wells, the Laurentian and Huronian systems north of Lake Huron, Structural Materials, Gypsum, Natural Gas, the Minerals of Ontario; Peat, its Use and Value for Fuel; and Technical Instruction. To these are added reports from the Inspector of Mines and a map of the Districts of Nipissing and Algoma, geologically colored. Many sections of the report are of special interest to the farmer, and to these parts we will devote some space in another number of the ILLUSTRATED. Meantime, space will allow of but a few of the more striking figures given: "The wages bill at the silver mines only amounted to \$100,000 last year, the output of gold ore to 2,000 tons, and of iron at the incredibly small quantity of 200 tons. Lime was produced to the value of \$300,000; brick, \$1,000,000; building stone, \$1,000,000; salt productions, \$157,000; drain and sewer tile, \$360,000; petroleum, \$1,250,000; wages paid in nickel mining, \$322,000.

A CABLEGRAM announced the other day that a case of pleuro-pneumonia had been discovered among Canadian cattle landed at Dundee, Scotland, and that the local authorities on this account had ordered the slaughter of a large herd of cattle. The report caused great alarm among dealers of live stock on this side of the Atlantic, which was scarcely allayed by the contradiction of the report which shortly followed. The cattle trade of Canada has been rapidly developing and every encouragement has been given to it as a means for recouping farmers for the low prices and diminished yield of wheat and cereals generally. Mixed farming has been found to pay because of the British market, and stock raising has been extensively gone into in Ontario, pure blood being imported year by year in increasing volume for the purpose of breeding the best animals for exportation. If, therefore, the British market is impaired, there will be very serious loss experienced all over this country. The importance of keeping open that market is clear. No effort should be wanting to guard Canadian herds from contact with cattle from the United States. The through railway privileges ought to be vigilantly guarded, and no precaution should be omitted that may make assurance doubly sure. If once the Department of Agriculture in Britain has reason to suspect that disease prevails among or is accessible to Canadian cattle, the special privileges now existing will undoubtedly be withdrawn and with them a fat slice of our trade. The Dominion and Provincial Governments ought to keep a sharp look out and protect the interests of this important trade.

THE important question of canal tolls and United States retaliation was settled by the Dominion Government at its famous meeting at Montreal very ignominiously. This view is not unanimously held, indeed the preponderance of opinion may be against it, but it is difficult to see how the government's action can be supported. In the House and in the country the Government declared it to be within its rights in granting the rebate which was the bone of contention between us and the United States. We believe Canada was within its rights. It is almost inconceivable that the granting of a rebate of toll dues to vessels unloading at Canadian ports could be an injustice to the United States, seeing that the rebate was granted to United States vessels and Canadian vessels on equal terms and without discrimination. It is nothing more or less than the right of Canada to manage her own ports as she deems right. Yet this is the right

which the United States objected to and which under the pressure of that objection the Canadian government yielded. To yield in the face of a threat is always bad policy. It shows a weakness most undesirable in a government. But it is worse in this case, as even the United States, as has been since shown, regarded their own threat as a piece of tail twisting, ante-election buncombe. Had retaliation been resorted to, the blow would fall with greater weight on the United States themselves than on Canada, and that the United States would never submit to. Retaliation would be an additional nail in Benjamin Harrison's coffin. The Dominion government ought to know this. Sir John Macdonald would have remained firm and the consequences would have been—a victory to Canada. Sir John Macdonald's successors knuckled down, conceded the unreasonable, nay, the impertinent demands of a greedy neighbor, and abdicated a position which gave them trade advantages. How far the Montreal resolutions bind the government and the country ought to be closely studied, and, if possible, they ought to be rescinded. We venture to say if this is done, that by this time next year, the presidential election having taken place, no retaliation threat will hang over Canada.

"SILAGE has never needed friends whose ambition should be to paint its excellencies in vivid colors," says the publishers of the Annual Silo and Ensilage Book, issued by the E. W. Ross Co., Springfield, Ohio, and that the saying is true is illustrated on every page of this year's book just to hand. It is a brief treatise, liberally illustrated, on Ensilage and Silo, and the facts and suggestions presented bear the stamp of genuineness and of practicability. Farmers interested in this important question, and all farmers ought to be interested, cannot do better than procure and carefully read this little work.

WITH the advent of winter political activity has resumed sway in the Old Land. Cabinet councils and party conferences are being held and the programme for the coming season is under way. Yet, whether the triumph of the Gladstonian party at the polls means the triumph of his policy, especially as regards Ireland, is a matter still remaining in doubt. There are many who refuse to believe that the country has pronounced upon Home Rule. They account for Salisbury's defeat by the personal popularity of the aged Gladstone, and not by the popularity of his policy. Then there are the divergent sections of his heterogeneous party—Home Rulers divided into Parnellites and anti-Parnellites antagonistic to each other; Welsh disestablishmentarians demanding government recognition of their claims; the labor party, also, in fragmentary sections, each with its special fad regardless of the fad of the other; the Scotch anti-Kirkers and Home-Rulers, England's Hodge and West Ham's Keir-Hardie—a motley crowd verily, and one which will call forth the magician's strongest spell to subdue and manipulate to his arbitrary will. Whether in view of his varied entourage he will be able to fight a solid, well-disciplined opposition in the Commons, a hostile House of Lords, and organized public feeling in the country, is doubtful, and the likelihood is that the country will have another opportunity of pronouncing upon Home Rule before long. The cabinet appointments are good. Tried men have been placed in the more important offices. Lord Roseberry's acceptance of the Foreign Secretaryship has given great satisfaction, even Conservatives having confidence in his ability, and in the soundness of his avowed opinions. The Colonial office will be presided over by the Marquis of Ripon, a radical of the radicals, but a man of great ability whose experience as Viceroy of India ought to stand him in good stead in dealing with great colonial questions. His opinions on the Behring sea and American Canadian fisheries are said to be different from those of Lord Knutsford, his predecessor, and an expression of them will be anxiously awaited by Canadians. It is to be hoped he will at all hazard be prepared to maintain Canadian rights in their integrity regardless of the importunities and empty threats of our big neighbor.



1st.—The New Chicago University was opened. . . Geo. A. Cox, Toronto, subscribed \$5,000 to the building fund of Wesley College, Manitoba. . . Dr. Ferguson, Welland, and Alphonse Desjardin called to the Canadian Senate.

2nd.—Ernest Renan, the French author died.

3rd.—Rev. Samuel Longfellow, brother of the poet, died at Portland, Me., aged 73. . . The Supreme Court in Providence, R. I., upheld the constitutionality of the eight-hour law on the ground that corporations created by the Legislature were subject to any limitations the Legislature might impose.

4th.—Judge Cross, of the Court of Queen's Bench, Quebec, resigned. . . Annual Convention of the County of York Woman's Christian Temperance League opened at Newmarket. . . Mr. James Mavor, Professor, St. Mungo's College, Glasgow, appointed to the chair of Political Economy and Constitutional History in Toronto University.

5th.—John M. Tinsley, Toronto, died at the advanced age of 109 years. . . John B. Cook, of Galt, Ont., committed suicide in New York owing to financial difficulties.

6th.—France won in the International Boat Race. . . The famous Sharon will case, after having been through the courts for thirteen years was finally disposed of at San Francisco to-day. . . Lord Tennyson, the poet Laureate, died at the age of 83.

7th.—Ernest Renan buried. . . A special train of twenty-five box cars fell into a ravine on the Glenboro branch of the C. P. R., Manitoba.

8th.—Report of tin, coal, and iron discoveries in Australia received. . . Editor Wilson, Iron City, Tenn., detected stealing, and was deposed.

10th.—U. S. Consul at Three Rivers report that town to be in a dangerously insanitary condition.

11th.—Government detective takes possession of Standard Bank, Chatham, Ont., where a large amount of money has been stolen.

12th.—Heavy snowstorm at Denver. . . Memory of Columbus celebrated generally in Europe and America. . . Remains of Lord Tennyson interred.

13th.—Death announced of Lothaire Blucher, the German publicist. . . Portrait of Rev. Dr. Castle unveiled at the opening exercises of McMaster Hall, Toronto.

14th.—Violent earthquake shocks felt in Balkan mountains. . . Detroit Board of Education adopted a resolution practically excluding Roman Catholics from teaching in the Detroit public schools.

15th.—Nominations for New Brunswick Local Legislature. . . Detailed account arrived of wholesale capture of Gilbert Islanders and their sale as slaves to American planters.

17th.—A retired farmer at Port Hope, nearly 80 years of age committed suicide. . . Trial of Thomas Neill, alleged murderer, commenced at London.

18th.—Telephone communications established between New York and Chicago. . . Steamer Britannic breaks the record between Halifax and Boston.

19th.—The strike on the Denver and Rio Grande R.R. declared off. . . Town of Beeton, Ont., swept by a disastrous fire. . . Fourth annual convention Y.P.C.E., opened in London, Ont.

20th.—Camille Roussett, the French historian died to-day. . . Difficulty over the inspection of grain at New York settled.

21st.—Ten car loads of hay shipped from Kingston to England. . . Thomas Neill sentenced to be hanged. . . Dedication of World's Fair Buildings in Chicago.

22nd.—Four men charged with hunting deer out of season tried at Bracebridge, and fined twenty dollars each. . . Reported by cable that British troops and naval defensive force to be withdrawn from Canada.

24th.—Five cases of small-pox detected in New York. . . Annual report of Grand Trunk Railway shows a deficit. . . James Sutherland, J. P., Mount Brydges, died of injuries received on the railway.

25th.—Fifteenth Annual Convention of Women's Christian Temperance Union opened at Bellville, Ont. . . Bank of Montreal declared a half-yearly dividend of 5%.

26th.—Political Caucus attended by the Liberal leaders held at Montreal.

27th.—Finally decided that liquor will be sold at the World's Fair, Chicago. . . Terrific storm in the English Channel and wreck of several vessels.

28th.—Close of the Caron Enquiry, Quebec. . . Midland Railway system, Ontario, fused with the Grand Trunk.

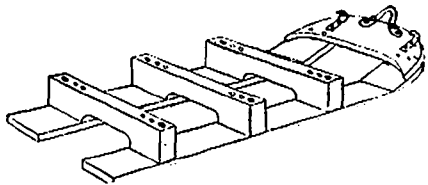
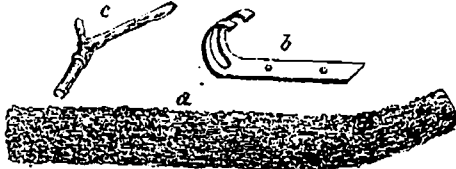
29th.—Accurate account published showing that by the great fire at Milwaukee 368 families have been left homeless. . . Rev. John Gray, Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund of the Methodist Church, died suddenly.

31st.—Hollowe'en celebrated generally over Canada. . . Departure of Hon. C. H. Tupper for London, England, in connection with the Behring Sea question. . . Heavy casualties at sea reported.



Sled With Broad Runners,

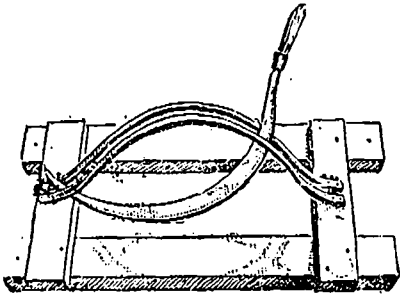
The advantages of a sled with broad runners over one with narrow runners are considerable. The broad runners pass over mudholes and slushy places without cutting down. They are better adapted for travel when there is a small quantity of snow. The following illustration of an Ohio "mud boat" as the broad runner is called, will be of interest:—



The runners are sawed from a log, *a*, bent at one end. Saw to the angle from one end, reverse, and saw from the other end. The part of the runner which rests on the ground should be ten feet long, the other part, about two feet long with a rise of eight inches. The bunks are pinned or bolted. The nose piece is about eight inches wide and securely bolted. At each end fasten the grabs, *b*, for holding the brace chains, by which the tongue can be made rigid, or flexible at will. Each chain should be fastened well forward on the tongue, and be about five links longer than is needed for rigid bracing. With unhooked chains, the hinged tongue allows the sled to be placed parallel with the log while the team is nearly at right angles. Slack chains permit the sled to wind between stumps and through very crooked roads. With this sled two horses can haul enough logs to make 1,000 feet of square timber. Straw or hay can be hauled by inserting at the end of the bunks standard, *c*, on which side boards are placed.

A Home-Made Feed Cutter.

The feed cutter here illustrated is made the shape of the old-fashioned grain sickle but with wider blade. Two pieces of one-fourth by one inch iron are bent in the same shape, and bolted to

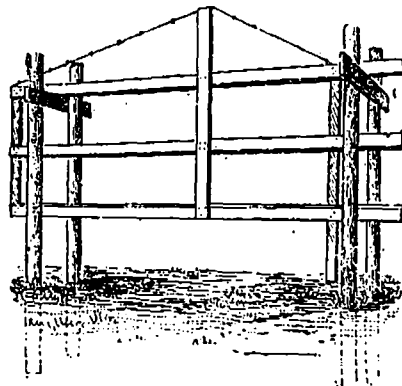


pieces fastened to feed room wall. The irons should be just far enough apart, to allow the knife to pass down between them. The knife is raised, the sheaf placed under, and the cut made. The sickle must be kept very sharp to do good work. Care must be taken that the fingers are not caught and wounded while slicing the feed. Turnips and sugar beets may be sliced with this contrivance. The chief advantage in cutting hay is that grain may be mixed with the food. Sliced roots are much easier eaten by cows and sheep than the compact large roots. It is well to moisten chopped hay before feeding.

A Simple Gate.

This illustration shows a gate that any farmer, who can use a coarse saw and drive a nail, can

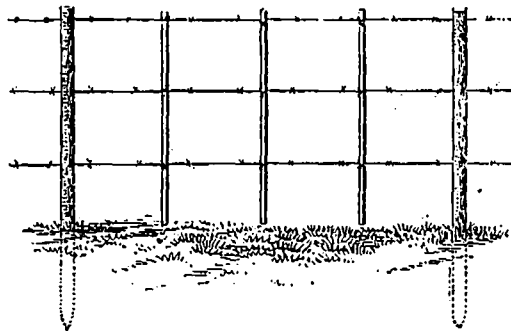
readily make. It is designed for a place where small stock are restrained. For a full gate cut the cross pieces of the same length as the front, and



add two more boards. There are two posts for each end of the gate, and they may be just the ordinary post, with no extra bracing, as the gate slides on the cleat nailed to the back posts.

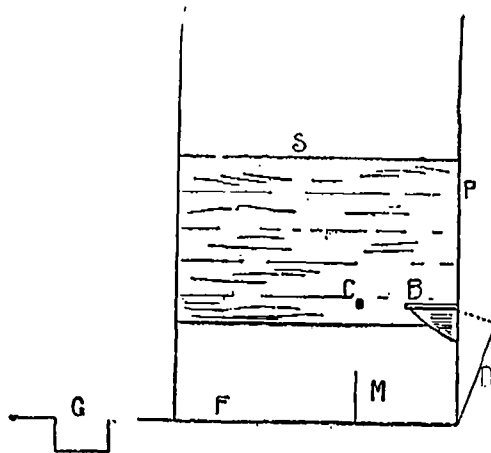
Wire Fence Stays.

WHERE fence posts are expensive, it is an object to use as few as possible. The illustration shows how economy can be practised. The posts are four rods apart, and stays and laths are wired to the barbed wire at every rod. Number nine plain



annealed wire is cut in six inch lengths and bent to the proper shape, over one side of a lath by hand. A boy holds the lath in place, the bent wire is quickly slipped around lath and wire, and grasped with a pair of pinchers, and with two or three turns they were solidly secured.

MUCH interest is necessarily taken at this season of the year in the conveniences for managing dairy cattle in the byres. Sometimes very simple expedients give more comfort and serve the purpose better than more elaborate apparatus. The following cut illustrates a simple but effective arrangement:



S, side of stall, 5½ feet long, 4½ feet high; P, partition in front of stall, 4½ feet high, with 21-inch space at bottom left without boarding; F, floor of stall, 7½ feet; width of stall, 3½ feet; G, water-tight gutter 10x16 inches; M, manger nine inches high next to the cows' feet; D, door two feet wide, held in position by three-eighths-inch iron hook in place

shown by dotted line; B, water basin supplied by 1½-inch iron pipe with constant stream of spring water; C, point where the neck chain is fastened two feet from the floor and two feet from the front of the stall. Mr. C. S. Rice, thus describes it in the *Rural New Yorker*: Each cow has a perfect stall, but one basin supplies two stalls. The stall shown in the illustration is for cows that weigh 1,200 pounds each. For one weighing 900, a stall nine inches shorter has been found right in length. Each cow has her feed and water so supplied that she can eat and drink without molestation. There is a board three inches wide fastened in the center of the manger in front and nailed to the partition above, that prevents the cows from getting hay under their feet. They are not unfastened during the winter. The same stalls are used for milking in summer, and the cows soon learn so that they can be quickly fastened. For summer a false bottom is laid in the gutter, so that it is but four inches deep, and the cows can readily pass in and out. A wire placed directly over the manger board at a height of 20 inches from the floor, prevents the cows from lying down while milking in summer. They are well supplied with sawdust or straw for bedding, and no difficulty is found in keeping them clean. The stable is 36 feet wide, with two rows of stalls and a feeding floor between, and a platform behind the cows is wide enough so that a sled or wagon with team is used for removing manure directly to the field. The arrangement of pipes and basin is the patent of John Allis, and will soon be brought more fully to public notice.

Do not forget the importance of providing a good supply of pure water for the barn for winter use.

THE straw in grain growing has much food value and great attention ought to be paid to its proper cure.

MANY farmers in New South Wales are giving up growing grain, and are turning their attention to mixed farming.

ITALY'S wheat crop is placed at 140,000,000 bushels, as compared with 127,000,000 bushels in 1891, and 133,335,000 bushels in 1890.

THE area sown to wheat in South Australia will not be so large this year as last, the season having been late and the ground hard for plowing.

IN Palestine the early rains fall in October and November when the seed is sown, but crops will not mature unless the later rains also fall in April.

GOOD butter cannot be produced from inferior feed. On the good quality of the feed depends the quality of the milk and of the butter derived from it. Yet do not neglect improved dairy apparatus.

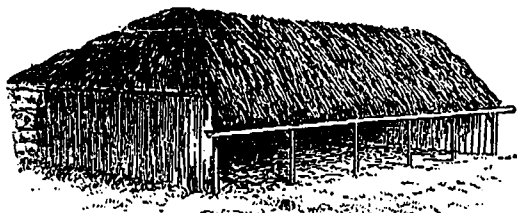
ACCEPTING the figures of the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture as accurate, the wheat yield of the world for 1892, is seen to be 2,363,860,000 bushels, as against 2,412,650,000 bushels in 1891. This is an apparent reduction of 48,000,000 bushels, due mainly to the adverse conditions in Russia and India.

THE recent reports of the Department of Agriculture show that by far the heaviest percentage of loss among hogs occurs in the South. Georgia leads with a loss of almost 10 per cent, while Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas are not far behind. The fact is attributed not so much to the neglect with which hogs are treated in the South, as to the greater prevalence of disease among them in hot weather and hot climates. The life in the fields and woods, together with grass feed, should tend to make Southern hogs healthier than Northern corn-fed animals.

The Stock.

THE following illustration shows a simple and convenient shelter for sheep, worthy of the attention of breeders:—

The frame is made of posts and poles, hewed only near the mortises and tenons, and sloping gently back to a low and tight stone wall. The forward pitch is steeper and shorter, reaching to within four and a half feet of the ground. The roof is made of slabs and poles covered with long swail grass, two feet deep at the eaves and eight feet at the ridge, and built like a stack to shed rain. The posts stand on flat stones to prevent decay. Broad



save troughs carry the water to the sides to prevent a mudhole in front, and the ground slopes away from the shelter. The shed opens to the south, allowing the sun to shine in, but excluding the prevailing winds. During lambing time, one part of the shed is boarded up close and warm for the ewes and young lambs. Movable feed racks extend from the front to within three feet of the back wall. The manure is not cleaned out until spring. Abundant bedding is used, and the dry compost thus made is a rich fertilizer. This shed is twenty-five by sixty feet, and will easily hold 100 sheep.

TREAT the cow kindly.

LITTLE pigs are quickly fattened.

IN-breeding long continued gives weak animals.

CATTLE should not be allowed to eat frosted clover.

FAT cattle marketed direct from pasture shrink in shipping.

A PERFECT animal need not be expected from imperfect parents.

To make sheep profitable a steady growth of wool must be received during the winter as well as in summer.

"GUID gear in little bulk" often applies to stock. Big horses and big cows are not always the most profitable.

IN planning the shelter for the stock during the winter, make sure that they are given plenty of room.

To get full value for feed given to cattle that are being fattened, they must be kept clean, dry, and comfortable.

To remove warts from cows udders or teats, apply a solution of sal ammonia and camphor dissolved in water.

PRINCE Edward Island is improving the quality of its live stock, especially horses, and sheep grown for mutton.

GOOD stables, to make stock comfortable, are better investments than machinery to increase the feeding value of goods.

SELL fattened stock as soon as they are fully ready. There is no profit in feeding longer than this even for a higher price.

WITH all classes of stock the best profit can be realized by feeding so as to maintain a steady growth from birth to maturity.

IT has been proved again and again that sheep are serviceable in destroying noxious plants and weeds, but system must be adopted.

CULL out the stock. Sell all that will not return a good profit either in the way of growth or for breeding. Unprofitable animals should be sold as soon as possible.

Do not mix your breeds of sheep. Endeavor to provide a ram of the same strain for your ewe each year, and at the end of five years your sheep will be a goodly sight.

IN feeding lambs, the change from green to dry food must be made very gradually. Teach your lambs to eat hay before the grass gets too short in the pasture, otherwise they will fail a little. Keep them confined during the night.

THIS is the season for arranging a well-ventilated box stall in which to winter the colts. The conditions under which plant life and animal life flourish do not vary greatly; both require light, otherwise they will be delicate.

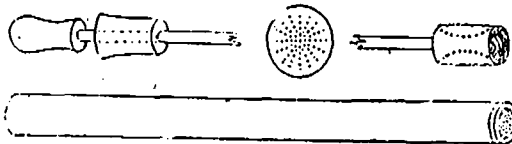
FARMERS and horse breeders should pay attention to the breeds that pay best. Taste changes and certain classes of horses are fashionable only for short periods. Others are more or less in demand always, and these ought to be regarded as the best paying animals.

Sows often suffer from paralysis after littering, especially if the litter is numerous. To prevent, or at least to allay the pain, apply turpentine freely to her back and loins, administer a mild physic of salts and sulphur, and give her a warm, dry bed. Do not retain her as a breeder.

THE following directions may be followed by some farmers with advantage to themselves and their cattle. Take a section of about two inches of a shed snake skin, cut in fine pieces and put in a warm bran mash. This mixture given to a cow twelve hours after calving will remove the placenta, or after-birth, which often causes serious injury to cow, and loss to the dairyman or farmer.

The Poultry Yard.

FOR destroying lice, mites, and all other insect pests that infest poultry houses, long experience has shown that kerosene is the best article that can be used. It is abundant, cheap, and sure death to every insect it touches. A good spraying apparatus with cyclone nozzle is best for doing the work, but it can also be very effectively done with a common garden syringe fitted with a fine rose. The illustration shows a very serviceable one. The bar-



rel is made of heavy tin or zinc, and is twenty inches long and one and a half inches in diameter. On one end is soldered a very fine rose. The perforated portion of this rose should cover only about one inch of space in the center of the end. A plug of wood is made to fit tightly into the open end of the barrel, and a hole is made through the center of it for the piston rod to pass through. The piston is a wad of soft rags or cotton batting, securely

bound to the end of the rod. This wad should fit the barrel very tightly, and should be well oiled, so that it will work easily. When in use the piston rod should never be drawn out more than one-fourth of its length. Draw slowly when drawing in the liquid, but force it out as hard as you can. This will make a fine spray, which will penetrate every crack and crevice, however small it may be.

Scatter plenty of clean sand under the roosts.

GEESE of this year's batch fetched good prices in the American markets last month.

A GOOD mixture for laying hens is one third corn meal and two thirds wheat bran with skim milk.

BETTER be a successful poultry keeper on a small scale than an unsuccessful keeper on a large scale.

EGGS can be kept perfectly sound by packing them in common salt and keeping them in a cool place.

THE best birds to caponize are the Plymouth Rocks. They are also the best layers and make capital mothers.

IT is much better to divide the flock at night, permitting a small number to roost together. Crowding results very frequently in diseases.

POTATOES and turnip peelings boiled, and while hot mashed thoroughly and mixed with corn meal and middlings, make capital food for chickens.

GREAT care should be taken to feed chicks properly, otherwise the farmer need not expect good fowls. Do not feed weevily wheat and rotten corn and then expect first-class poultry.

GRIND up the bones from the meat you use for the table, leaving some of the meat on the bones, both being essential at intervals. Hens lay better if thus fed twice or three times a week.

THE earthen drinking fountain is the cleanest and most convenient when water must be carried to a flock of fowls. The water remains cool longer in earthenware than in tin. A running stream is best of all.

WOULD it not be a good idea if our fanciers would devote a few hours daily to the study of the Standard, as well as to the perusal of good poultry literature? Why not adopt such a daily course of study?

THE Silky fowl is a toy, yet many admire it for its odd appearance. The hens lay well, but their eggs are not large. Their feathers are like hair, standing up straight. Their wattles and combs are a bluish red color.

THE habits of caponized birds are attracting the notice of observers as being very curious. They have the imitative faculty very strongly and a writer of a practical turn of mind advises that this should be turned to account for the purpose of training them to brood chickens.

Brine destroys mites and prevents their multiplication in the poultry-house. It should be sprinkled or sprayed with a force-pump over all parts of the interior of the house, including the nests and perches. The usual attempts to exterminate these little pests by "boiling" sulphur, burning tar or making other smudges are futile.

Massey-Harris Co. Ltd.

— — —
ANOTHER CUT IN PRICES.

THE tendency to concentrate and consolidate manufacturing industries is a modern development and a factor in the political economy of our day, that has no small significance. The great question is "is it an advantage or disadvantage to the public generally?"

That there have been unjust and extortionate "combines" and "trusts," we all know, but sooner or later they have "out-done themselves" and buried themselves in graves dug by their own short-sightedness, in pursuing a course of extortion, and bidding defiance to principles of honor and fairness.

There are, however, such numerous illustrations of the general advantages of the consolidation of manufactories, that the fact is now proven conclusively, that the concentration of industrial enterprises is by far the most economical method of both producing and distributing; and the fact is further proven, that the shareholders of these gigantic organizations do not reap the most benefit of the great savings effected through consolidation, but the consumers receive the greatest material advantages, — a better article at a less price being the result.

When a little over a year ago, MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Limited, was organized, and the Directors of this Company announced to the public that it was their expectation that large savings would accrue through the consolidation of this national Canadian industry, and that the farmer could anticipate a share in this saving—some people and even some newspapers belittled the announcement. Note, however, the actual results, which speak with no uncertain sound. Prices on implements made by this Company were immediately, upon organization, reduced from 5 per cent. to 7½ per cent., and now a further and more substantial cut in prices is announced for 1893.

That the latest machines produced by this Company, which embody the best patented features of the several machines made by the old companies, are in advance of anything that has hitherto been brought out, is amply proven by their unparalleled success in actual field work at home, as well as in foreign lands where they come in keenest competition with the best known makers of the world. And further, the export trade of this Company has grown so rapidly, and has been so widely extended, that they may now boast of having a larger foreign trade than any other company in the world—a fact of which all loyal Canadians may well be proud.

That the splendid and complete system of Branch Houses and Agencies operated by the new Company have provided the public with better service and more prompt attention than formerly, cannot be doubted.

What with lower prices, better machines and better service, it must be admitted that the organization of MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Limited, has been of immense benefit to the country at large.



A Prayer.

A LITTLE sorrow came to me to-day,
A little blow, not meant perhaps, but given;
And after it was o'er I could but kneel to pray.
The friendship of long years was riven.
"Bend over me, dear God."

Kneeling it seemed so long before the words would come
The heart was hot, the thoughts were restless too,
I tried to find some soft forgiving words, some
Words which I might speak and never rue;
They would not come.

I knelt on still, I wanted so to pray;
But I could not forgive, it hurt me so,
"Lord, I forgive!" I could not, could not say.
"Brood over me in Love."
But still the attitude of prayer I kept;
I felt that God would know I meant to pray.
I think I may have gently wept,
But "I forgive," I could not say.
"Dear God, give me the strength."

A soft sweet peace came over all,
My heart was full, I could not see,
"Dear Father, do you hear me call?
Forgive, forgive Thou me!
I thank Thee, thank Thee, God."
And sweet peace came.

Miniature Sun-Dials.

SUN-DIALS have been in use as measurers of time from the earliest ages, and many curious forms have been invented, adapted to various situations, and which require very complicated mathematical calculations to accurately determine the lines on which the shadow should fall at fixed hours of the

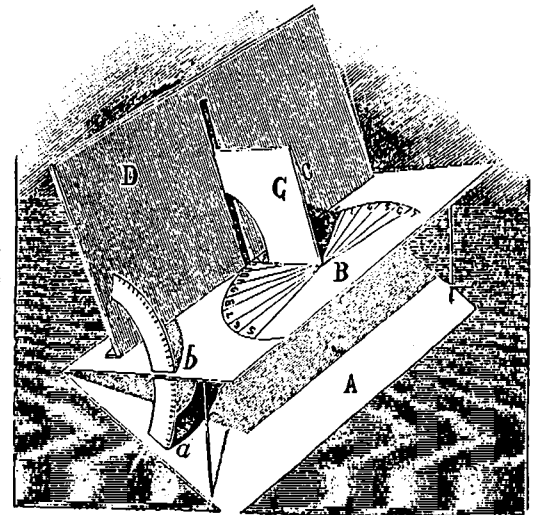


Fig. 1.

day. But those of our younger readers who may desire to construct a miniature dial for themselves, will find the following directions and illustrations



ALPINE SHEPHERDS.



from *La Nature* quite sufficient for their purposes. A pair of dividers and a protractor—such as are found in every case of drawing instruments—are the only tools required.

Take a piece of cardboard (as shown in A, Fig. 1) and partially cut it in two with a sharp-pointed knife, so that it will bend as on a hinge. At *a* draw on the card an arc of a circle and divide it into degrees. Cut it out from the card and bend it up as shown in the engraving, so that it will pass tightly through a slit (*b*) in the upper part of the card. Starting from B as a center, draw an arc of a circle and divide it into equal parts of fifteen degrees each by straight lines drawn from the center to the circumference. Each of these will represent the distance traversed by the shadow of C in one hour, the central line upon which C rests representing the meridian, or noon-mark. After all the figures are drawn, the card is bent backward till it is at an angle corresponding to the latitude of the place where it is to be set up, as shown on the arc *a b*. At Boston this equals $42^{\circ} 21'$. Two pins at the corners of the card serve to hold it in place and retain it at the proper angle. The card C, which casts the shadow, and D, which holds it firm, are then glued in their proper places, and the dial is complete.

In order that the dial may indicate time correctly, the card C must be in the plane of the meridian. The easiest way to adjust this is to wait till the hour of noon, and then place the dial so that the upper edge of the card C is exactly under the sun, and therefore casts no shadow. If this method is used, the almanac must be consulted, and an allowance made for the difference between astronomical time and mean time, as shown in the column marked "sun slow" or "sun fast." But a much more interesting and scientific way is to lay out a true meridian line as follows: Into the board upon which one proposes to place his dial, drive a stout pin as perpendicularly as possible. The point may be represented as C. Mark on the board from hour to hour during the day the point where

the shadow of the pin's head falls. Connect these points by a curved line, and then, having removed the pin, draw a circle around the point C. Then draw two radii from C to the points of intersection A B, bisect the angle A C B, and the line S C N thus obtained will be the true meridian. It is then only necessary to place the edge of the card dial against this line to give it the correct position.

The dial above described is evidently not suited for out-of-door localities; but a modified form entirely weather-proof, can be quite as easily constructed from a common glass tumbler. (Fig. 2.)

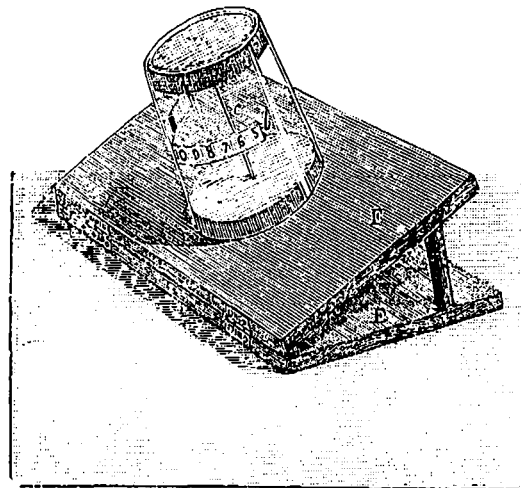


Fig. 2.

The tumbler is provided with two pieces of cork or thick pasteboard, fitted into the top and bottom, which serve to hold the style *c* in place, and also to keep the tumbler in its proper position on the hinged boards E F. A band of paper (*b*) is glued to the interior. This band, in the first place, is to be made exactly equal in length to the interior circumference of the glass, and divided into twenty-four equal parts, corresponding to the hours of the day; but as only the hours of sunshine are required, the remainder of the paper band can be dispensed with. The boards E F are inclined at an angle equal to the latitude of the locality, and the dial

can be placed in the meridian by the same method as the one previously described.

In Fig. 3 a curious form of pocket dial is illustrated, which is used by the peasants of the French Pyrenees. This instrument has a movable head holding a piece of metal, which moves on a joint like the blade of a knife. For convenience in carrying, it is turned down as in 2 and placed in the

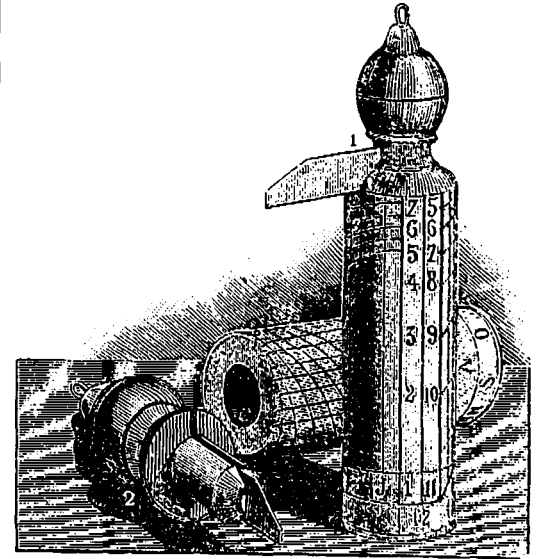


Fig. 3.

cylinder. When in use the metal style is turned outwardly, as shown in 1, and the instrument suspended by the ring at the top so that the shadow of the style is thrown vertically upon the cylinder. The extremity of the shadow falls upon the curved line denoting the hour. The instrument must be adjusted for every month in the year, which is accomplished by turning the movable head till the style corresponds with the vertical line denoting the month. Such a dial is not very accurate at the best, but it doubtless serves the purpose of the French mountaineers, to whom the loss or gain of a few minutes is of no importance. The necessary curves can easily be calculated by any one familiar with the higher mathematics; but if any of our readers should attempt to construct such a dial for themselves, we should advise them to determine the hour-points empirically by comparison with a good clock or watch.

How to Make a Man Kite.

Cross two straight sticks four feet long at an angle of about sixty degrees as the framework for the legs and body. Fasten to the ends of the shorter arms of the cross another stick three and a half feet long for the arms, and add still another piece two and a half feet long for the spine. For the head bend a piece of split rattan into a circle, and attach to the top of the spine. This makes a kite about four feet high. Cover with paper as you would any other kite and decorate to suit your taste.

ANY boy who can get into the woods, can make a pretty and unique flower stand for his mother at very little expense. He must hunt until he finds three crooked sticks, each about four feet in length. These sticks must be passed through an iron or wooden ring which fastens them in the center, something as the legs of a gypsy table are fastened. Spread the legs apart at the bottom and fasten them with strong twigs, as the legs of a chair are fastened by the "rounds." Procure a large coconut or some hanging baskets which must be suspended from the tops of these sticks by chains. You might also fasten a coconut basket to the end of each one of them and thus secure places for more plants.

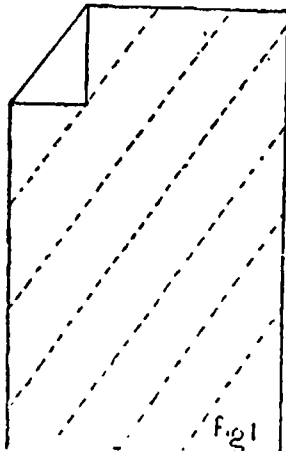


(Communications intended for this Department should be addressed to AUNT TOTTU, care MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto.)

How to Cut Dress Goods Quickly, Easily and Correctly.

EVERY woman knows that ruffles, folds, facings, lie, stand, sit much better when cut on the cross, notwithstanding it is her habit to cut them straight—a habit born of the belief that "cutting bias" is something outside the compassing of unprofessional shears.

Therein she is all wrong. There are twenty quick and easy ways to do it. The main thing is to set about it right. A perfect bias runs diagonally across the squares made by warp and wool. Here is the way to cut it from soft or thin stuff—silk, crepe, cashmere, challie and their like.



Lay an end of stuff, cut squarely across, flat on table or lap-board and begin folding as in Fig. 1.

Be sure the folded selvedge lies straight with the woof thread. Keep folding over and over along the dotted lines, taking care not to wrinkle the inner folds and always keeping selvedge straight with woof. Continue till all your trimming stuff is in a long flat fold as in Fig. 2.

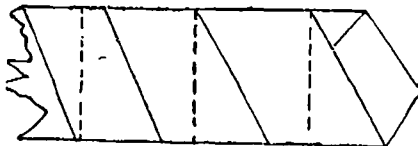


Fig 2

And now double over the point and at an exact right angle to the sides, and cut it off, along the folds, to have a perfectly square end. Then lay upon the long fold a cardboard measure, the width your trimming must be. Mark its depth in the cloth with a crayon, as shown by dotted lines in Fig. 2. Slip it up and mark again—repeating till there is a mark for each bias breadth required. Then, with the sharpest of shears, cut through the folded cloth along each mark. If you have done your work properly, each section will unfold a straight and seemly bias. If the marks have not been made at a perfect right angle to the edges the result will be as shown in Figure 3.

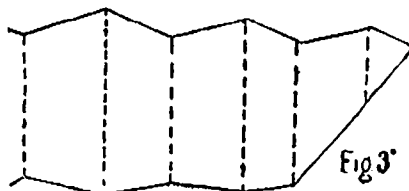


Fig 3

To prevent such a mischance, unfold the end piece first cut. If it shows the zigzag profile, trim the end perfectly square before laying on the paste-board measure.

While folding let the stuff lie flat on the table. This method is especially to be recommended for soft givey cloth—as once properly folded it cannot pull or stretch as it does when cut single. The fold may be any width preferred—the wider the fewer thicknesses you will have to cut through.

But unless your hand is very steady it is best to make it just wide enough to cut through at one stroke of the shears, thus avoiding the chance of a rough place in the cut edges.

For heavy stuffs—cloth, velvet and so on—your motto must be: "Divide and conquer." To explain: Cut the length required by fours or some multiple thereof. Say, for example, you need eight breadths; first cut an end of your stuff to a true bias, which is a start of 45 degrees, or half a right angle, then measure the whole eight breadths down the longest selvedge, and make a notch there. Then measure the same depth along the other selvedge, notch at the end, fold bias across to the first notch and cut off. The result is shown in Fig. 4—a, a, which you will fold along the dotted line, Fig. 4—b, and cut in halves.

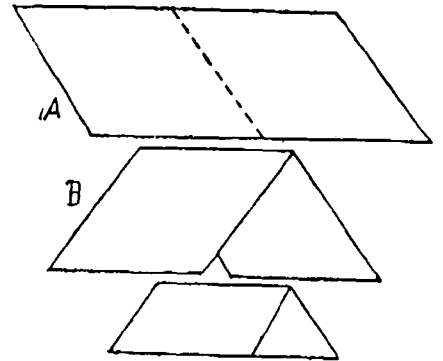


Fig. 4

Fold and divide each half the same way, Fig. 4—c, taking pains to have the bias edges lay exactly one with the other. Divide each resultant fourth the same way and you have eight breadths of ruffle, fold or facing. This method saves no cutting, but much trouble in measuring besides making certain that each breadth shall be exactly as wide as the other.

If you have a head for figures it is easy to estimate the amount of stuff a given trimming will require. The proportion of straight length to the bias depth is as five to four. That is, a ruffle 4 inches deep will measure 5 inches along the selvedge edge or the woof; a 2-inch fold will measure 2½ inches.

Lastly, take heed when cutting bias from odd bits or different lengths that your warp and woof threads run the same way in each, or you will vainly strive to make them set the same way when your work is finished.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Sickness is nature's way of saying: "I told you so."

If you have a bad bruise, thoroughly soak it in water as hot as you can bear it.

Bacon and ham for broiling should be cut thin—as near tissue paper as possible.

The tone of the piano improves when the instrument is moved from the wall of the room.

APPLE ICE.—One pound of sugar to one quart of water; to this add grated apples and freeze.

Keep a small box filled with lime in your pantry and cellar; it will keep the air dry and pure.

Soda is the best thing for cleaning tinware; apply with a damp cloth and rub well, then wipe dry.

If you wish a soft, glossy crust on rolls, brush them over with milk before putting them in the oven.

Prick potatoes before baking so that the air can escape; this will prevent their bursting in the oven.

Grease on clothing can be removed by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and rubbing vigorously.

For sore throat beat the white of an egg stiff with all the sugar it will hold and the juice of one lemon.

When pin feathers come out with difficulty, wrap a piece of muslin around your finger to pull against.

To purify the air in a newly painted room, put several tubs of water in it, and it will absorb much of the odor.



A HORRIBLE DUEL;
OR,
THE TRAMP'S AFFAIR OF HONOR.



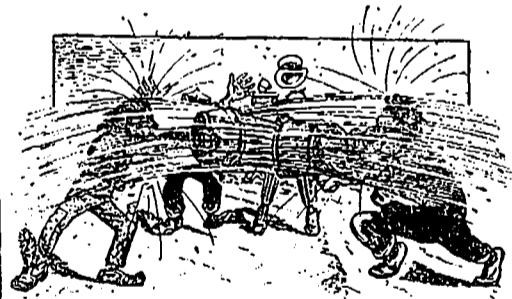
Two tramps, one time, of temper hot
Into a frightful quarrel got.
The challenged party, by the code,
Could name the weapons, and he showed



His deadly venom, when he told
His choice was *water*, pure and cold!
And bade the seconds on the jump
Go fetch it from the nearest pump.



Soon each his adversary faces,
With bucket filled, at seven paces.



The word is given; each aim is true:
The flying torrents hide from view,



For one brief moment, both. It clear—
Shed reader, now, your ready tears!—
The unwonted shock has laid both low,
And from our sight they slowly go.

First Artist—"I received a magnificent tribute to my skill the other day at the exhibition." Second Artist—"Indeed, what was it?" First Artist—"You know my picture, 'A Storm at Sea' well, a man and his wife were viewing it and I overheard the fellow say: 'Come away, my dear, that picture makes me sick.'"

WHAT'S THE USE?

The daily press is striving hard—
But what's the use?
That folks their follies may discard,
But what's the use?
For people still blow out the gas,
And trains at crossings try to pass,
While ladies still chew gum, alas!
So what's the use?

The farmers still are signing notes—
So what's the use?
And buying wild Bohemian oats,
So what's the use?
For though we warn them day by day,
Yet suckers still will dearly pay
For every "snap" that comes their way,
So what's the use?

HOW SHE MANAGED IT.

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting several years. The young man one day said to the young woman, "Sal, I canna marry thee."

"How's that?" said she.
"I've changed my mind," said he.
"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folk know that it's thee as has given me up I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think I have given thee up, then I can easy get another chap. So we'll have the banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and thou must say 'I will;' and when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say 'I winna.'"
The day came, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the man answered "I will."
"Then the parson said to the woman, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' and she said, 'I will.'"
"Why," said the young man, furiously, "you said you would say, 'I winna.'"
"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

The maxim here contained is wise,
And from the heart doth come:
A foolish man is he who tries
To drown a grief in rum.

THE NAUGHTY FISH.

A little girl, after being out for some time trying to ensnare the little fishes in a neighboring stream with a crooked pin and a thread line, came running into the house out of breath with excitement and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I got it!" "Got what, my child?" "Why, I got the fish." "But I do not see any fish." "Why, mother," answered the little angler, her voice suddenly changing to mournfulness, "I got it, but it unbit and div."

A horse car driver informed a passenger that he could not allow him to stand on the platform; at which the passenger remarked that he did not see any accommodation for sitting down.

Only a hothouse depends on sun beams.

It takes a pretty sharp remark to cut a slow man to the quick.

Speaking of spirits, the barkeep ranks among the most successful mediums.

Teacher—"Name some of the most important things existing to-day that were unknown a hundred years ago."
Tommy—"You and me."

A Sensible Paradox—"Did you make any New Year's resolutions, old man?" "Yes, I did."
"What are they?" "I resolved not to make any New Year's resolutions."

"Oh, mamma," said Four-year-old, seeing for the first time the snow fall. "Oh, mamma, come see the funny rain. It's all popped out white."

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.

A Forced Suspension—"No paper will be issued during the next two weeks," writes a weekly editor. "Our street tax was \$1, and, failing to pay it, we were sentenced to work the road fifteen days, but, as the county is boarding us, we expect to come out \$6 ahead."

Nothing can be more sacred than a home; no altar purer than the hearth.

The great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes.

The secret of being loved is in being lovely; and the secret of being lovely is in being unselfish.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew.

A Parisian wit once defined experience as a comb that one became possessed of after having lost one's hair.

"That's a very musical bird," said the groceryman, pointing to an ant that was running up and down the scales.

Knowledge is good, and light is good, yet man perishes in seeking knowledge, and moths perish in seeking light.

A Parisian has been called to England to claim an estate valued at £500,000. He will probably have to borrow money to get home.

Inquisitive party (to hod-carrier)—"And do you go up that ladder all day long?" Pat—"No, sur; half of the toime Oi come down."

From an election speech:—"A genuine patriot should at all times be ready to die for his country, even though it should cost him his life!"

The only time when a man is generous in drawing the line between his own and his neighbor's property, is when he shovels the snow off the pavement.

INCORRUPTIBLE.—Mother—"Johnny, I'm shocked to hear you talk so. Do you learn that at school?" Johnny—"Learn it at school! Why, it's me that teaches the other boys."

Husband—"Wife, I wish you had been born with as good judgment as I, but I fear you were not." Wife—"You are right. Our choice of partners for life convinces me that your judgment is better than mine."

"I know a man," said Eli Perkins, "who was meaner than a dog. This man and dog went into a saloon together, but the man got beastly drunk while the dog kept sober and went home like a gentleman."

Watts—"I was at a spiritualistic seance." Potts—"Were any spirits exhibited?" Watts—"There were. I exhibited a spirit of investigation; the faithful exhibited a spirit of resentment, and that's what is the matter with my eye."

"You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning." "Oh! yes, I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock, Thursday morning; and oh! ma, can I go!"

A little five-year-old girl of Rochester, N. Y., drew the picture of a dog and cat on her slate, and calling her mother's attention to it, said, "A cat oughtn't to have but four legs, but I drew it with six legs so she could get away from the dog."

"Mr. Newcome," inquired the city editor, "did you write this article, in which the statement is made that 'K. K. Perkinson suicided yesterday afternoon?'" "Yes, sir," answered the new man on the local staff. "H'm!" rejoined the city editor, blandly; "Mr. Newcome, you will please consider yourself 'resignationed.'"

A Boomerang—"Oh, misery," cried the editor. "What's the matter now?" "I just thrw a poet out of the window; and his wife, who was waiting for him below, has presented one of our insurance coupons at the cashier's desk. He had it on him! Another five hundred dollars gone, when two dollars would have bought not only his poem, but his everlasting gratitude."



POOR, DEAR MAN!

MRS. Grogan—"An' is 't th' roomatics thot's ailln' Hogan?"
MR. HOGAN—"No. He shpraint his back lasht avonin' tryin' t' 'row me out th' windy; poor, dear man!"

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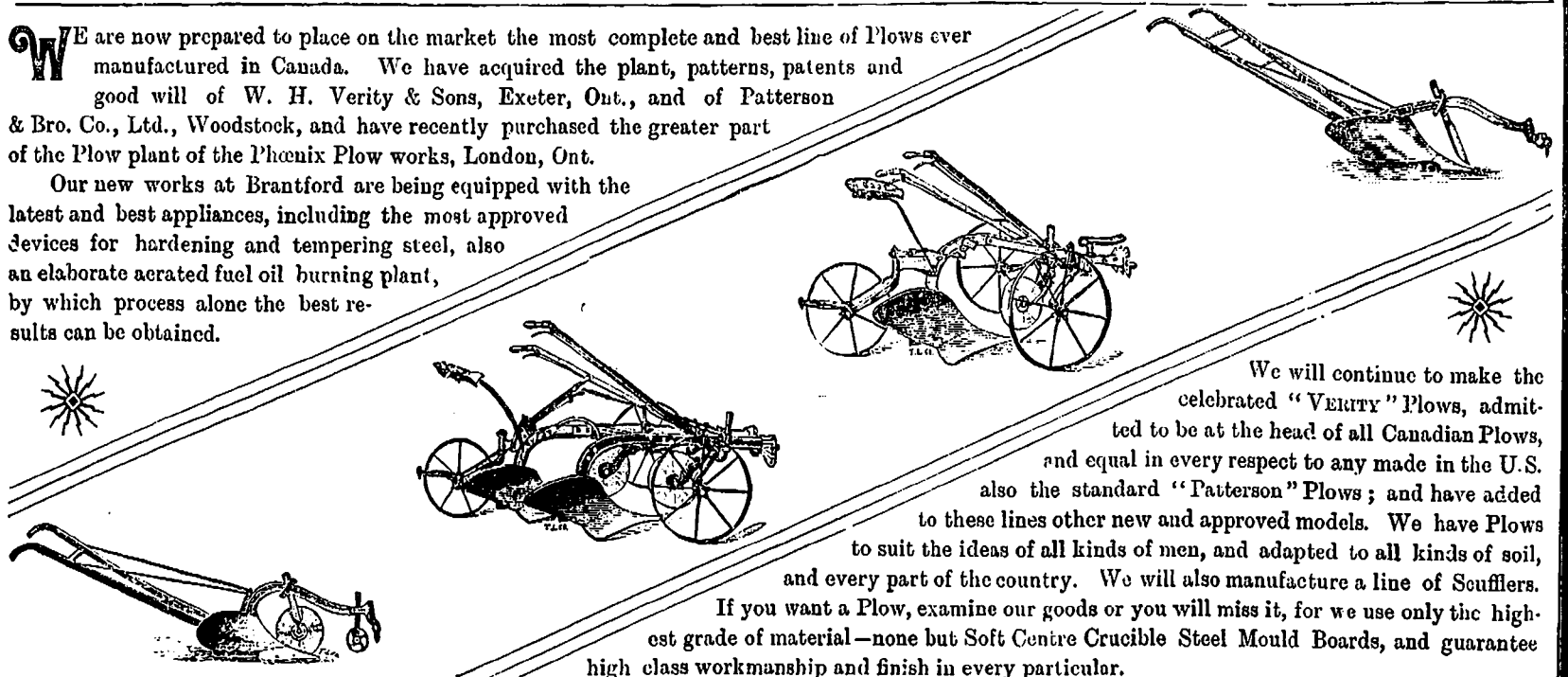
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Successors of W. H. VERITY & SONS, Exeter, Ont., and PATTERSON & BRO. CO. (Plow Business), Woodstock.

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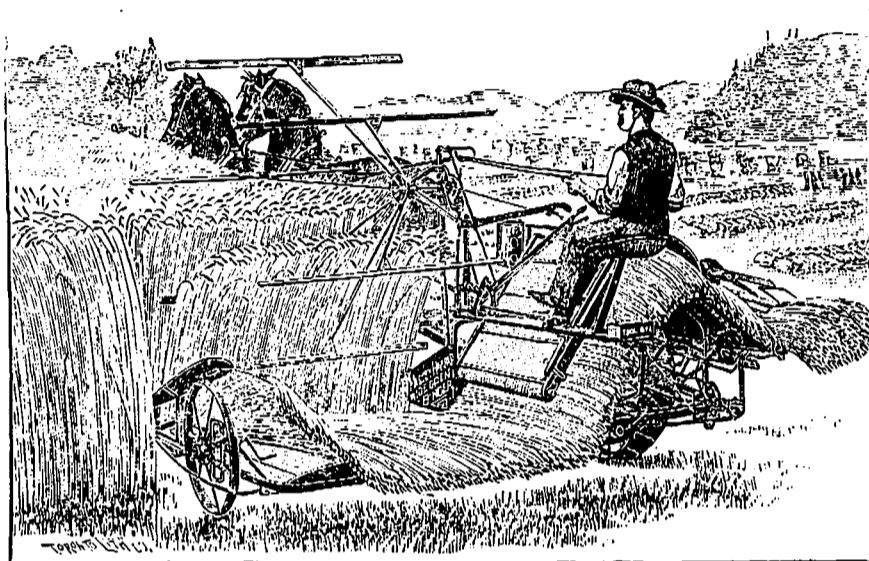
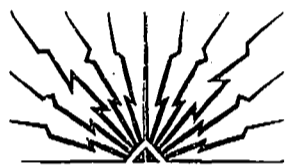
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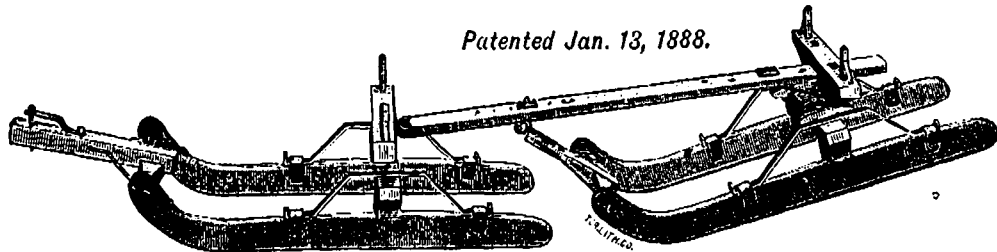
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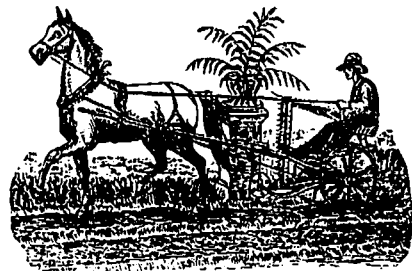
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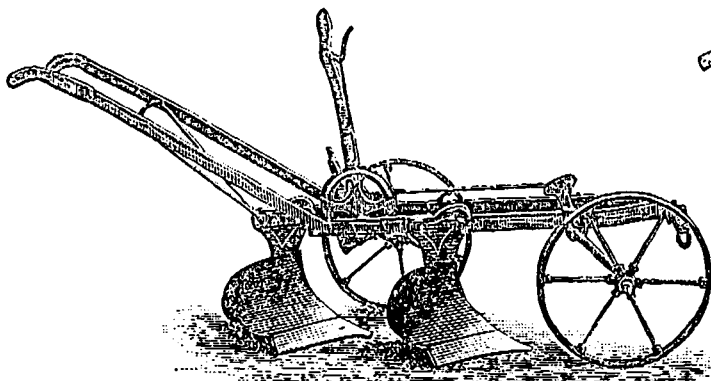
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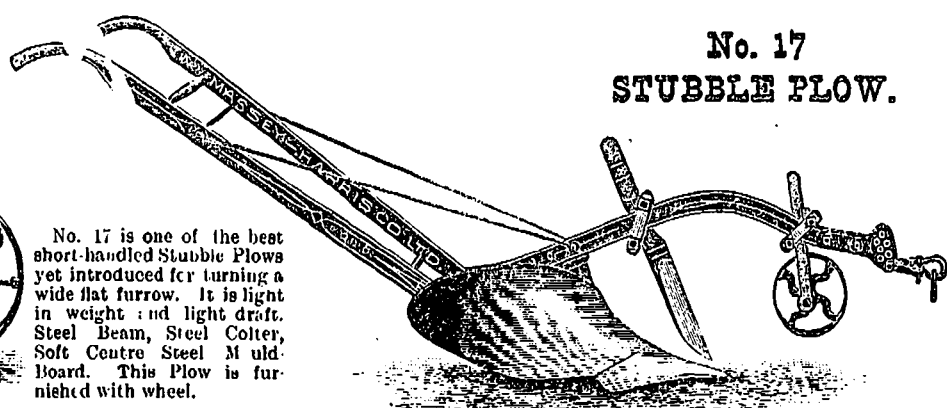
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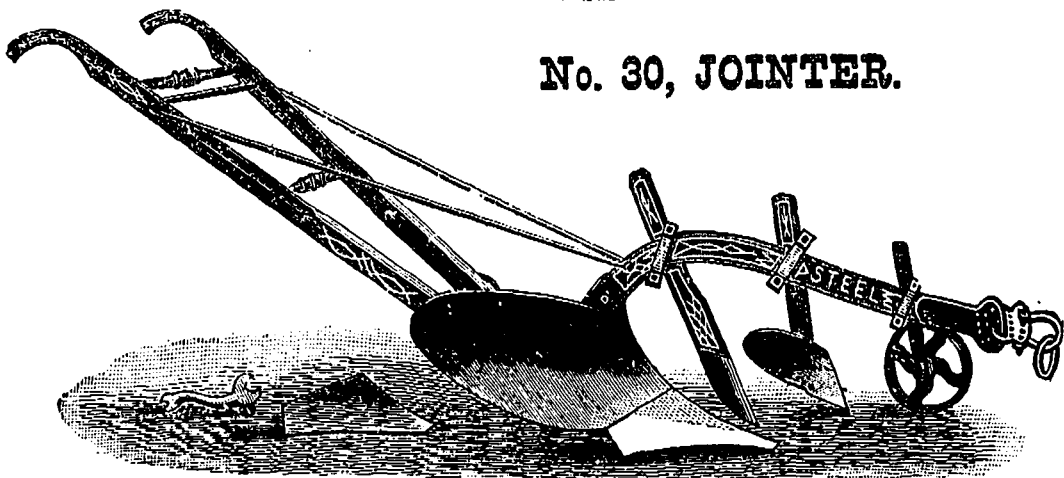


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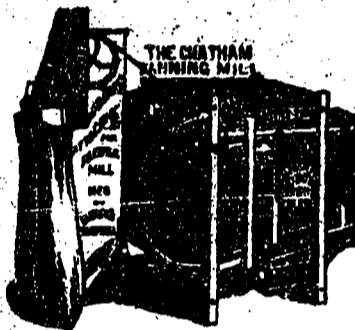
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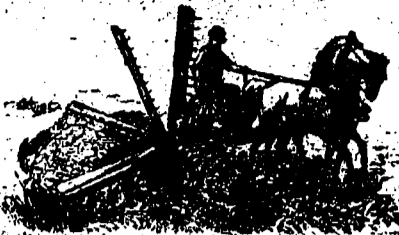
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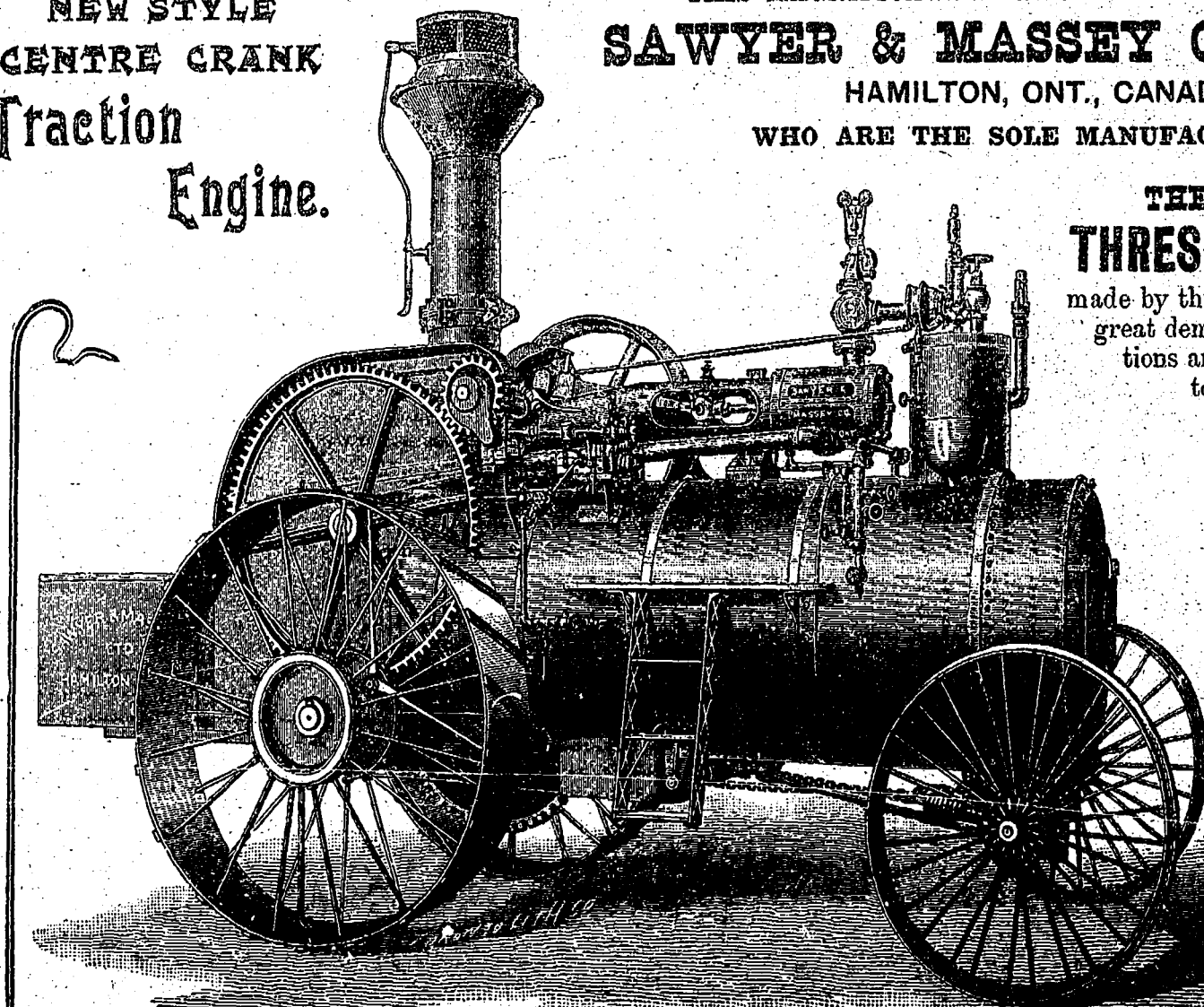
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