

• Massey's Illustrated •

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

Mid-Summer Number

New Series, Vol. 1, No. 8.]

[Toronto, July, 1889.



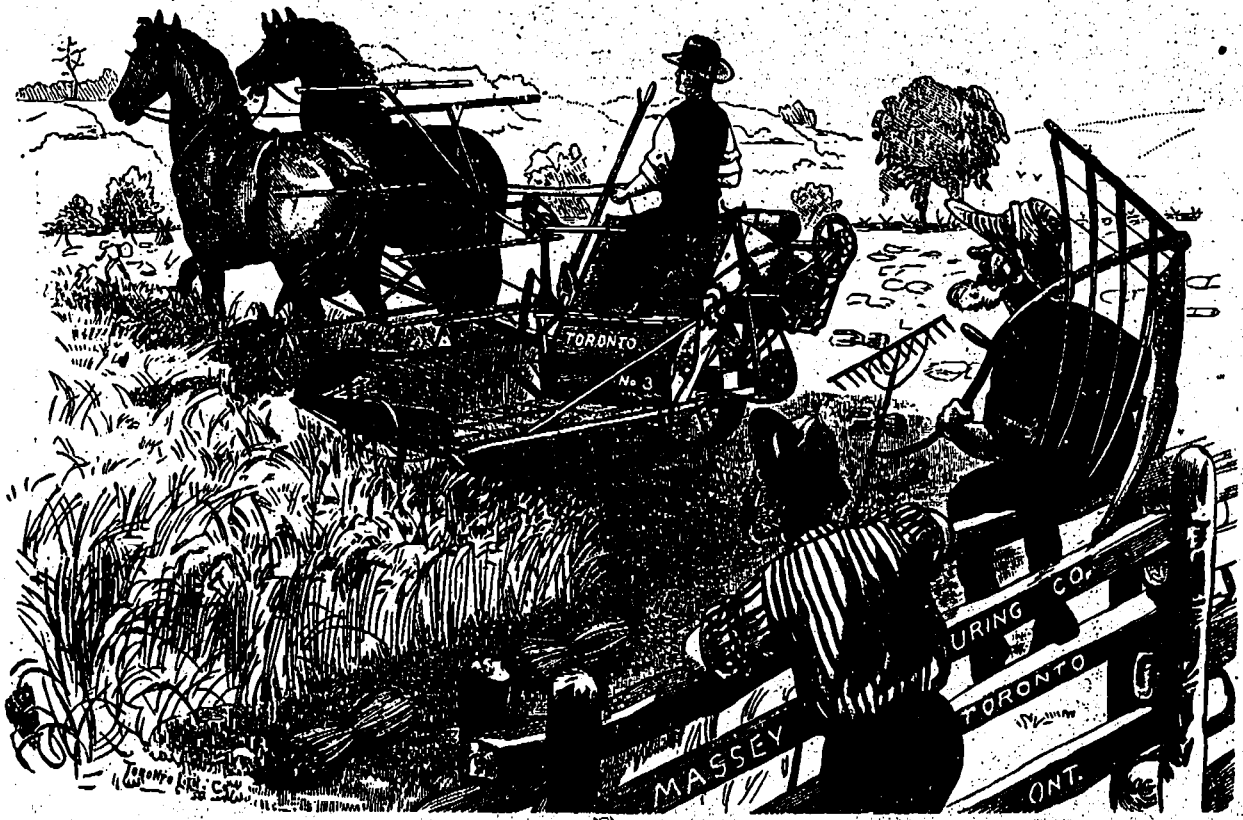
A TASMANIAN MAIDEN AT HOME. (See page 2.)

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UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

New Series.
Published Monthly.

TORONTO, CANADA, JULY, 1889

[Vol. I., No. 8.]

ROUND THE WORLD,

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

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

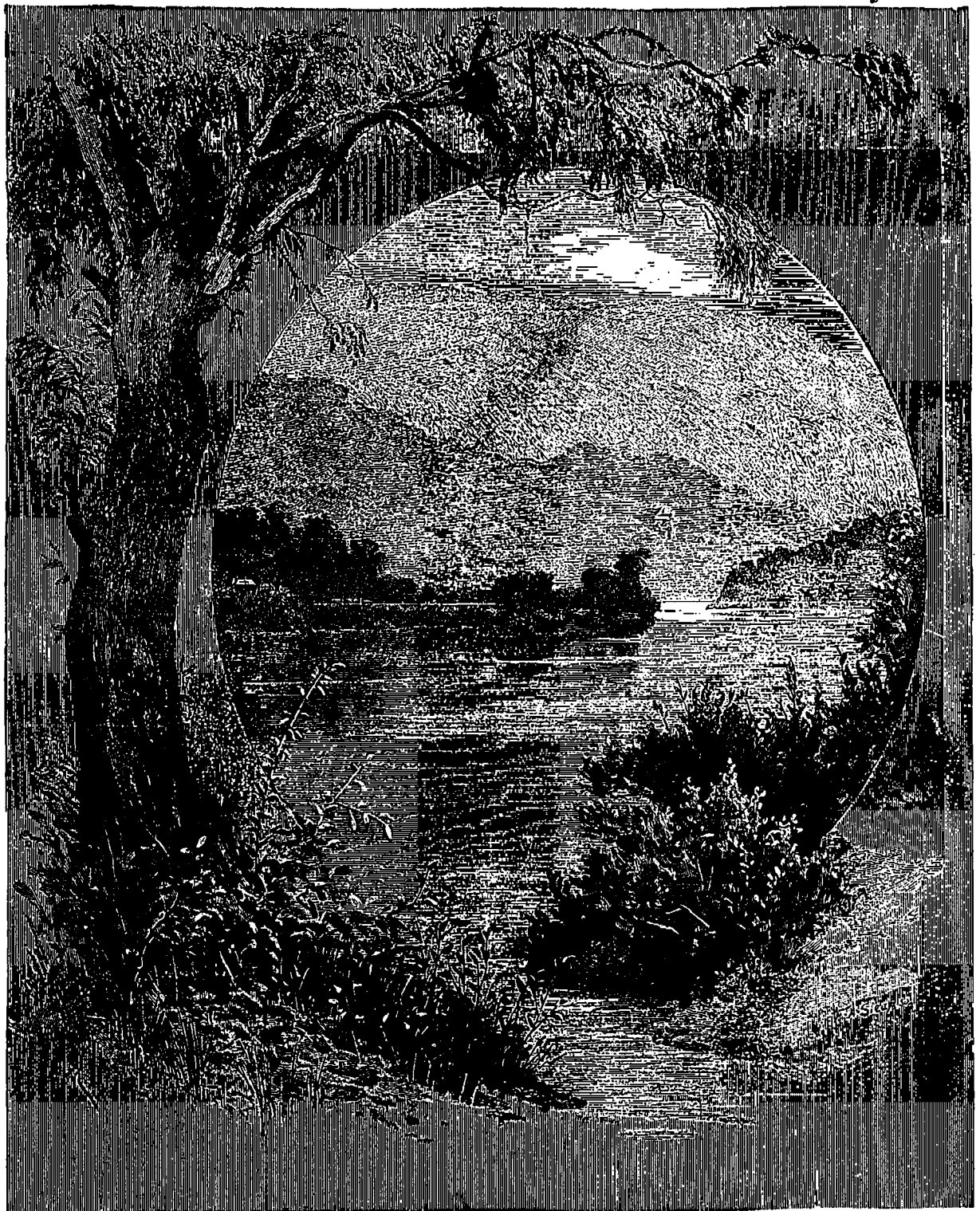
TASMANIA.

Sixth Letter, dated S.S. "Lusitania," Lat. 48 S.; Long. 65.40 E. March 7th, 1888.

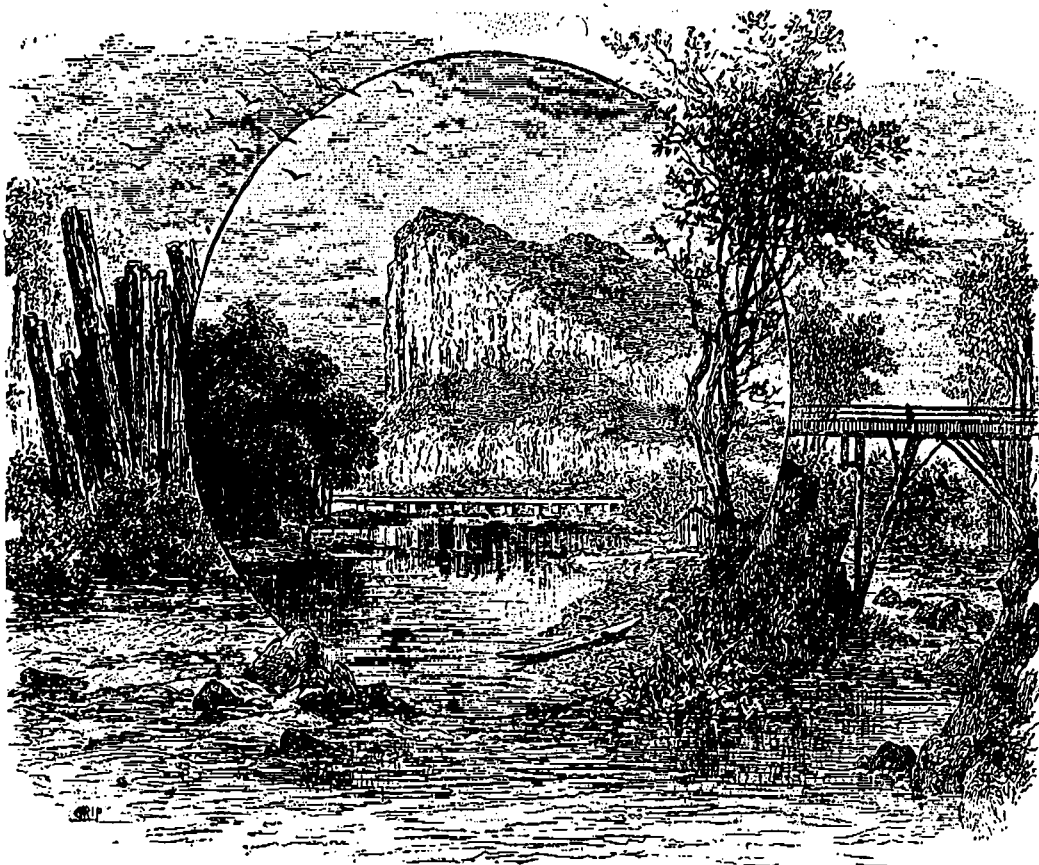
Shortly before sundown on Jan. 13th the S.S. *Te Anau* turned its prow out of the harbor of Bluff, New Zealand, bound for Hobart, Tasmania, your correspondent on board. A heavy wind was blowing, and scarcely had the *Te Anau*, a comparatively small ship, gotten fairly out of the harbor than we began to fully realize the "ups and downs" of life. To say that it was rough would be speaking too mildly. The seas soon broke over the railings on all sides, and the ship proceeded in a manner closely resembling the action of the "walking beam" of a side-wheel steamer. Strange to say, the passengers found it convenient to retire very early—most of them not to leave their berths till the end of the voyage, for the wind increased into almost a gale, being worse the second and third days out. It was a "beastly" passage, as the Englishman would say—the worst I have ever yet experienced. The "screw" (propeller wheel) would fly out of the water, and when thus liberated would shake the whole ship violently with its accelerated motion, causing her to tremble from stem to stern. The glass globes on the chandeliers were thus shaken down and smashed to pieces; dishes and cruet-stands on the saloon tables were, in spite of racks, hurled to the floor and broken. Getting out on deck was not wholly impossible, but one ran the risk of a good wetting, for waves were splashing over continuously, and owing to the violent pitching and rolling, it was even dangerous. Out of a large number of passengers there

were not more than half a dozen who thought of attempting to go on deck—they were otherwise occupied.

Monday night, however, the wind went down and the sea began to calm, and on the morning of the 17th—a glorious morning—the pale-faced, one



COURSE OF THE RIVER DERWENT, TASMANIA.



BITS OF TASMANIAN SCENERY.

by one, made their appearance on deck to catch the first sight of land which was in view. Out of a shipment of eighteen fat cattle on board five had died and three had to be killed from the effects of the voyage following upon bad handling in loading. Every one was happy to see the sunshine again, and especially once more to catch sight of land.

Tasman Peninsula and Tasman Island was the first part of Tasmania we sighted. The coast is all along bold and rocky, and, owing to its peculiar formation, in places very interesting. Entering and crossing Storm Bay we steamed up the estuary of the Derwent to Hobart, which boasts of one of the world's best harbors. The scenery is extremely pretty all the way up—particularly as the town comes into view. One could not conceive of a prettier and better site for a city than that of Hobart, so gracefully laid out on the lower slopes of Mount Wellington. Hobart and its harbor have been the subject of many an artist.

This attractive little city is bound to impress the visitor favorably with its neat streets and its fine public buildings, the latter being even too elegant and too large to suit the present requirements of the colony of which it is the capital.

Tasmania has a most salubrious climate, avoiding the extremes of both heat and cold. Though warm and equable it is less enervating than the hot tropical climes, and better suited to the European. I liked it better than that of any country we had previously visited. Tasmania has become a great resort for Australians, who go there in summer time to avoid the extreme heat of the continent. But climate is not the only great attraction of this Colony, for it is generally styled "the land of fruits and flowers and handsome women"—the latter, of course, the result of the former. The fruit was, indeed, luscious, and as for the "handsome women," it is sufficient to say that Australian bachelors seldom

spend a vacation on the island who do not pay a double return fare. (My stay there was very short).

Hobart bears evidence of a "former glory," which has in a measure departed—indeed, Tasmania (known as Van Diemen's Land till 1881) has never wholly recovered from the effects of the great exodus to Victoria, Australia, at the time of the great gold discoveries. At that time nearly every able-bodied man left the Colony—this, of course, was a most effectual check in its progress which previously had been none too rapid as a penal colony.

Tasmania is now, however, in a shape to progress if new blood could be introduced into its veins. The old settlers seem to have little ambition to "get on in the world," and all considered, I should call it the Sleepy Colony. It is about as an old inhabitant said to me—expressing its characteristics perfectly—"Nobody makes a big fortune; we all have enough to make us comfortable; the climate is good and mild and we take it easy." It is a fact, that though there are large tracts of available agricultural land, they do not raise enough grain for their own use, but import large quantities from Australia. Even live stock is imported to quite an extent in spite of the splendid unutilized grazing districts of the Colony.

It is a beautiful country, though, of course, comparatively small, and has many valuable resources. The Island, which is a little smaller than Ireland, is the shape of a heart, the lower extremity of the heart pointing to the south. Bass' Straits, about 150 miles wide, separate it from the south-eastern portion of Australia, of which it was at one time supposed to have formed a part, so closely do its physical features resemble those of Australia. To its splendid geographical position is traceable its remarkable climate, which is much cooler than that of the continent, the "hot Australian winds" being tempered in their passage across the straits. There are also some fifty small islands belonging to the Colony along its coasts. The country has been well described as "a beautiful, well-watered island, rich in harbors and inlets, traversed by high mountain chains, full of crags, glens, and ravines of commanding appearance, the basaltic cliffs of some being several hundred feet in perpendicular height. Everywhere there are good anchorages and many excellent harbors. Altogether, the coast offers the most manifold changes, and generally charming scenery, being for the most part of a bold and rocky character. The interior especially is delightful,



THE DERWENT RIVER, TASMANIA.

and here are united, so to speak, the climate of Italy, the beauty of the Apennines, and the fertility of England. Mountain and valley, hill and dale, crowned with high forests and rich pasture grounds and plains, afford the most pleasing variety."

From what I have said above regarding the slowness of Tasmania, I would not have you to infer it is altogether idle, for the following figures will prove the contrary. The total population was estimated last June to be 139,220. The chief products are bark (for tanning), fruits, gold, timber, tin and wool. As high as 2,741,737 lbs. of preserved fruits and 303,708 bushels of green fruit have been exported in a single season. For the year 1886 3,776 tons of tin were exported. There are 446,391 acres under cultivation, and besides other live stock the Colony had 1,608,946 sheep in June, 1887. This will give you an idea of what is being done.

Of all the Australasian Colonies Tasmania is the most notably English in its characteristics, and Hobart, the chief city, of over 28,000 population, and the seat of government, is decidedly English in its appearance and customs.

Our observations were limited to a short stay in Hobart, next taking a trip by rail across the Island (133 miles) to Launceston, the second most important city, located on the river Tamar, 40 miles from its mouth, in the north of the Island, where we also made a brief stay. Besides this line there are several short branch railroads, but this is the "Tasmanian Main Line Railway."

Before the railway, which is a comparatively recent institution, all traffic was by coach over a superb road built and kept in perfect order by convict labor. So admirably was the coaching system carried out that it used to be a journey of only ten to twelve hours—it now takes six hours by rail.

Being used to see such large trains and spacious cars as those used in Canada, a glance at a Tasmanian railway train would rouse your curiosity and cause you to smile. In the first place the gauge is only 3 ft. 6 in., and hence the cars are very small and narrow—certainly no wider than a Toronto Yonge Street Car, but somewhat longer. The seats are placed along the side like those of a street car, and if the car be at all full, such lengthy individuals as myself have to double up considerably to make room, and about six hours riding in such a "carriage" (as they called them) is an "elegant sufficiency." The cars being so small and the track so narrow, it was possible to make more frequent, shorter, and sharper turns than in an ordinary railroad—a fact the engineers did not forget to take advantage of—for the first third of the way through

the mountainous district it was the most serpentine, up and down railway I ever traveled over. There were several horse-shoe bends. This toy railroad, as I am tempted to call it, was a curiosity to us and afforded us considerable amusement. There were some very pretty bits of scenery—especially the views of Mount Wellington.

En route we crossed the river Jordan, called at Jerusalem (a quaint little village) for water, passed the Sea of Tiberius (a marshy hollow about a mile in extent), and also made a short stop at Jericho; the first settlers of the district having evinced a great fondness for Biblical names. There was but little agricultural land to be seen from the train except for the last twelve miles. Harvest was over and the crops had been light. Owing to an unfortunate drought many fields had been partially left

Bay is large, almost an inland sea—from the entrance to Melbourne being a stretch of nearly forty miles. Along its shores are several watering places and resorts. This bay is of immense value to the commerce of Victoria, affording several ports. Melbourne itself is at the head of this bay, on the river Yarra-Yarra. Williamstown, one of the ports, is on the left at the mouth of the river, and is the stopping place for the largest ships, none exceeding 1,600 tons being able to proceed around by the crooked and rather shallow river into the city.

On the 18th of June, 1836, the present site of Melbourne was known as Beargrass, and comprised thirteen buildings, viz., three weather-board, two slate, and eight turf huts; and what are now the principal streets of Melbourne were then pasture lands. To-day a magnificent city is there to be seen with all the latest advantages and attractions modern science has disclosed—a metropolis with splendid suburbs and a population of 365,000 souls! Only think of it! Our first impressions were most pleasing and lasting, and a stay there of a week but increased our admiration of this wonderful city.

Mr. Chas. McLeod, the Australasian representative of our Company, met us at the dock, and it did seem good again to shake the hand of an acquaintance and especially a fellow-countryman. He regaled us with glowing accounts of his success with the Toronto Light Binder and his triumphs at the various field trials.

A further account of our experiences in Australia I leave to another letter.

When Tasmania was first occupied by the English in 1803, there

were four or five thousand natives upon it; there was incessant war between them and the whites until 1832, when the greater number of the blacks had been killed, only a few hundreds remaining. In 1854 there were only sixteen of them alive, and the last died in 1876.

Tasmania contains the most valuable tin mine in the world, its annual yield being worth nearly a million dollars. It was discovered in 1872 by a man who was regarded by his neighbors as more than half a lunatic. For years he sought for tin among the mountains, suffering all sorts of hardships and privations; and when at last he found the desired deposit, his assertion that he had done so was not believed. He was nicknamed "Philosopher Smith" and had great difficulty in securing attention to his discovery and raising the necessary capital for working the mine. Like most discoverers, he did not reap the reward for what he found, as he was compelled to sell his shares in the mine while they were at a very low price. A share originally costing thirty shillings was worth eighty pounds a few years later.—THOS. W. KNOX, in the *Boy Travellers in Australasia*.



ONE OF TASMANIA'S ROASTED MAIDENS.

uncut, the crop being scarcely worth taking off.

Launceston is a clean and neat little place, considerably smaller than Hobart—but wants waking up sadly. We took leave of Launceston for Melbourne on January 23rd—twenty-four hours by steamer. The forty mile ride down the Tamar was particularly enjoyable, the surroundings reminding me of the upper part of Puget Sound.

When we awoke in the morning, the low, sandy and anything but interesting coast line of Victoria was in sight, and before noon we were entering "the heads" of Port Phillip Bay. Just outside the entrance was the wreck of an unfortunate ship which had met its fate on the dangerous rocks of the headlands. It was a sad spectacle, and having come all the way from England to be wrecked so close to the desired haven, seemed doubly hard. Just inside the entrance there were two other wrecks—the work of a terrible gale. Port Phillip



Polly's Biscuit.



OLLY, don't buy your pearls to-day."

Polly Rutherford looked up quickly from the jeweller's case she was bending over, and saw Mr. McIlwaine standing at her side.

"Why shouldn't I buy to-day?" she cried. "I have had this hundred dollars in gold for almost a year, Mr. McIlwaine, trying to make up my mind what I wanted most; now my birthday is almost here again, and I ain afraid grandpa will make this do for two birthdays, if I don't hurry and spend it."

But Polly's gay little laugh was checked by a look of unmistakable compassion in the gentleman's eyes. The color faded a little from her bright young face, but she would not ask any questions here in the crowded store.

"You may put them back to-day, Mr. West," she said to the jeweller. "I'll come again to-morrow."

"Very well, Miss Rutherford," said the vexed salesman, concealing his disappointment, "I shall reserve them for you."

Polly left the tempting store with Mr. McIlwaine, and once on the street turned upon him a pair of frank questioning eyes which he found hard to answer.

Paul McIlwaine was a friend of the Rutherford family; but not especially of little Polly; she was only sixteen, a mere child to the hard-working lawyer of thirty, and one whom he considered altogether frivolous and empty. Polly was an only daughter, living with her widowed mother in her grandfather's elegant house, and if she was not a spoiled girl it was not the fault of a doting old grandfather, whose idol she had been from her babyhood.

"What did you mean, Mr. McIlwaine?" she asked, presently, finding that the questioning look brought no reply. And, then seeing how embarrassed he seemed about answering, she said with a sudden fear. "Have you been at grandpa's since I left? Is anything the matter?"

"They are all well," he said, answering the thought which he knew was in her mind, "but something has happened, Polly, of course, or I would not have interfered with your purchase."

"Oh! tell me, tell me," said the girl in an agitated voice. "Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"What a blunderer I am," thought her companion. "If I tell her out here on the street, there will be a scene; but I am in for it now, and if I don't tell her I suppose there will be a scene; that's the way with these fine young ladies."

"It is a hard thing to say to you, Polly, but your grandfather has failed."

"Failed," repeated Polly, vaguely, "you mean he has lost money? Is that all? Is that what you were afraid to tell me?"

"That 'all' means a good deal more than you seem to understand," said Paul McIlwaine, impatiently; "it means loss and grief and disappointment and poverty to one of the best gentlemen in the world; it means hard work to your mother who has no strength for work; to you—"

He stopped, and Polly said quickly, feeling the tinge of contempt in his tone: "Never mind about me, but I see now how bad it will be; poor Grandpa! Mr. McIlwaine does—must—will anybody else lose by Grandpa's failure?"

"It is too soon to say positively," he replied, "but I think not. I think he has quit business in time to save his creditors any appreciable loss."

Polly's head was up now, and her eyes shining. "Dear old Grandpa," she said, "bless his heart; I am ashamed that I asked this question; I might have known. But, oh! I'm so much obliged to you for keeping me from spending my hundred dollars; it was very kind of you, very; I don't know how you came to find me. How long have you known about Grandpa?"

"It only came out this morning, and took us all entirely by surprise. But here we are at your door; good-bye, my dear; if I can be of any service to you in any way (he had meant to offer her money, but he was suddenly afraid to speak of such a thing to the spirited looking girl before him) remember the long intimacy between our families gives me a right to help you."

"Thank you," she said simply; it was all she had voice for, and using her latch-key she let herself into the house.

"Bless me," said the young lawyer, as he walked off, "but the girl had pluck! It was very pretty, and entirely womanly too, the way she thought of others, her grandfather and the creditors. I didn't think little Polly had it in her."

If he had seen little Polly at this minute, he might not have thought she had so much in her; she had slipped noiselessly into the great handsome front parlor and dropped down on one of the low-cushioned divans, "all in a heap," as the girls say. For two whole hours she kept herself hid in the parlor, nobody knowing she was in the house, and in that long, silent time, when she heard only the tinkling little bronze clock, and her own irregular breathing, something happened to Polly, almost like what happens to the moth when it comes out of the cocoon. It happened to the Polly that was hid away inside of the Polly that everybody knew; and who shall say but that this great startling change of fortune was not sent to keep that inside Polly from being smothered and dwarfed by the outside Polly?

When she went to find her mother and grandfather it was with a bright face and steady voice.

A few days after this Polly brought up a dainty little breakfast to her mother, who was quite overcome by their disaster, as was the poor old grandfather.

"Come mother," Polly said blithely, "I made these biscuits and you've got to eat two. What a good thing it was that you had that hobby about teaching me to do things; don't it fit in nicely now?"

"It was a theory of your father's," answered her mother, in a depressed tone; "I promised him when you were a wee baby in long clothes that I would have you taught to do everything that woman can do, and of course, after his death, I felt the more bound to do it. But I don't know why you should make so much of it now; you can't support yourself by making biscuits."

"I don't know," said Polly, carelessly. "I don't know," she repeated more earnestly, springing up and walking about the room as if her mind were not following her footsteps.

In a few weeks the Rutherfords had moved into a small down-town house, with all the available rooms "let" and poor old Mr. Rutherford was trying feebly to discharge the duties of a small salaried office into which his friends had put him.

Polly's mother seemed quite crushed at first, but the girl herself was buoyant with hope, as every young girl has a right to be, no matter what her style of living is.

Thanks to Mr. McIlwaine, she had her hundred dollars now to invest in an enterprise on which she had set her heart far more than it had ever been set on the pearls. And along with the hundred dollars she had also to invest in it youth, health, good sense, a brave spirit, and a proud independence. What else needed she for a happy and successful life?

Her enterprise began with a visit, basket in hand, to seven or eight of the best city hotels, and as many of the restaurants, to all of them she offered a daily, weekly, or tri-weekly supply of her dainty little beaten biscuit, such as she had learned to make in eastern Virginia, from a famous old cook, who had in slave days belonged to her father's family. She was successful almost up to her own expectations, and far beyond her mother's; and her elation could not but infuse some hope into that lady's weak spirit.

"We must have a new name for your biscuit, miss," said one wise old restaurant keeper; "what shall we call them?"

"Call them," said Polly, hesitating and laughing, "call them the Polly-wolly-winkum biscuit."

The Polly-wolly-winkum biscuit got to be the fashion that winter; after hiring one good cook at what seemed ruinous wages, a second and a third had to be engaged; but Polly put on her great kitchen apron, tied up her abundant hair into a high knot, and spent four hours of every day in her kitchen herself; no plea of other engagements, no pretence that the cooks would do as well without her, no tempting offer of sleigh rides, no flattering invitations of any sort could make the little mistress of the bakery break her rule, or neglect her work. Naturally the biscuit grew in favor.

The last time I visited the Polly-wolly-winkum bakery, it had moved its quarters to a large, well-lighted kitchen, with a class-room attached. Yes, a class-room; for Polly had agreed to teach cooking to a number of rich men's daughters at a good round price per girl, and, not to lose the chance of doing good because she was poor, selected a dozen of poor girls, to whom she gave another hour a week, without pay.

Mr. Paul McIlwaine was my cicerone on the occasion of my visit and when I had admired and praised until the English language was exhausted he said, gravely:

"Nevertheless a suit is pending in court against the Polly-wolly-winkum bakery; it is charged that Miss Rutherford is dishonestly withholding from all the young gentlemen of her acquaintance the time and thought and interest they believe to be their due."

"That is a dreadful charge, Polly-winkum," said I. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll engage Mr. McIlwaine to defend me," replied the little bakeress, running to look in an oven. But somehow her face was red before she opened the oven door!—*Good Cheer.*

A Dumb Hero.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station at Manassas Junction was full. The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch collie belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling. While all this was going on, a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on to the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted towards the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound, and turned away.

When they looked again the babe was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog lay on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago and the West. Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men and frolicking boys had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life and heroic death of a dumb dog.—*Her. F. M. Todd.*

The Promise.

'Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repent this promise o'er—
We believe it more and more—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Soon, like dust, to you and me,
Will our earthly treasures be;
But the loving word and deed
To another in his need,
They will unforgotten be!
They will live eternally—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Fast the moments slip away,
Soon our mortal powers decay,
Low and lower sinks the sun,
What we do must soon be done!
Then what rapture if we hear
Thousands of voices ringing clear—
"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

—*Anon.*

The Key to Others' Hearts.

Dialects of love are many
Though the language be but one;
Study all you can, or any,
While life's precious hours run on.

Closed the heart-door of thy brother,
All its treasure long concealed!
One key fails, then try another,
Soon the rusty lock will yield.

Silence is no certain token
That no secret grief is there;
Sorrow, which is never spoken,
Is the heaviest load to bear!

—*Miss Havergal.*

Worship God by doing good;
Help the suffering in their needs.
He who loves God as he should
Makes his heart's love understood
By his deeds.

VOLUNTARY.

Andante.

C. A. White.

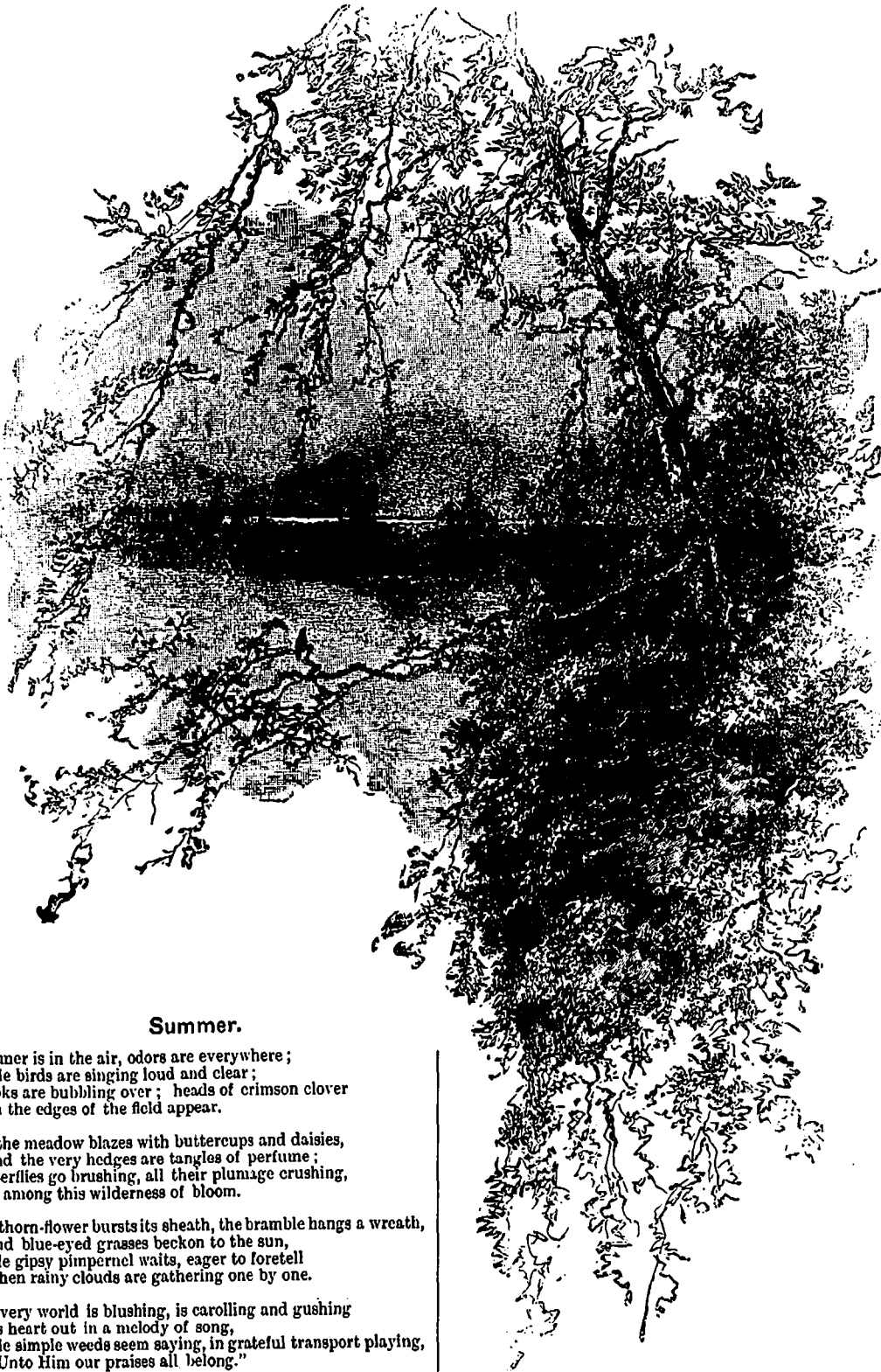
The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic in the bass staff, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by dotted rhythms and eighth-note patterns.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a melody with eighth-note runs and dotted rhythms. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving bass lines. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present in the upper staff.

The third system shows a continuation of the musical themes. The upper staff has a melody with some chromatic movement. The lower staff features a more active bass line with eighth-note patterns. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is visible in the upper staff.

The fourth system includes dynamic markings of *f*, *fz*, and *p*. The tempo marking *Andante.* is repeated at the beginning of this system. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and harmonic textures.

The fifth and final system on the page concludes the piece. It features a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking. The music ends with a final cadence in both staves.



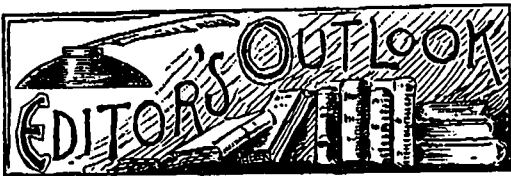
Summer.

Summer is in the air, odors are everywhere;
Idle birds are singing loud and clear;
Brooks are bubbling over; heads of crimson clover
On the edges of the field appear.

All the meadow blazes with buttercups and daisies,
And the very hedges are tangles of perfume;
Butterflies go brushing, all their plumage crushing,
In among this wilderness of bloom.

The thorn-flower bursts its sheath, the bramble hangs a wreath,
And blue-eyed grasses beckon to the sun,
While gipsy pimpernel waits, eager to foretell
When rainy clouds are gathering one by one.

The very world is blushing, is carolling and gushing
Its heart out in a melody of song,
While simple weeds seem saying, in grateful transport playing,
"Unto Him our praises all belong."



In the supplement to our May number reference was made to the remarkable development of the Massey Manufacturing Company, and it was mentioned that this season they will use about 800 tons of malleable iron and 600 to 700 tons of steel. This statement was made in error, as the consumption of steel will reach over 1,500 tons and malleable iron over 1,000 tons.

THE names of the winners of the cash prizes of \$50, \$35, and \$15 for the three largest lists of subscribers received up to July 1st will be published in our next issue. Many of our subscribers seem to be under the impression that we will cease giving Premiums after July 1st. Don't imagine anything of the kind. Premiums will continue to be at the disposal of any of our subscribers who will take the trouble to canvass for us.

It is a matter for congratulation that the damage done to the crops throughout Ontario by the unusually heavy rainfall last month is not so extensive as at first feared. Low lands have suffered most, the probable yield of wheat in some places being reduced by 50 to 25 per cent., but in other places the effect has been only to retard the growth. In high lands there is every prospect of a bountiful yield of wheat. Root crops have suffered most, particularly potatoes. Fair weather between now and harvest will retrieve much of the damage done.

Farmers in Ontario would seem to have found a market for their cattle where they least expected it. The *Prince Albert Times* of June 7th says: "Mr. McGregor, of Galt, Ont., and Brandon, reached Calgary yesterday with fourteen carloads of young steers, mostly two-year-olds, which he purchased in the counties of Waterloo, Wellington, etc., in Ontario. This is the advance guard of 2,000 head which the above gentleman is bringing up to place on the Quorn Rancho, where they will grow and fatten for two or three years, when they will be ready for shipment to England or British Columbia." The uninitiated would imagine that it was rather a risky venture to purchase cattle in

Ontario, pay the cost of transportation to the ranches in the North-West, feed them for two or three years, then bear the cost of transportation to England and expect a profit; but no doubt the ranchers have studied the thing carefully. At any rate, such enterprise is deserving of success.

To celebrate the formal opening of the Canadian Pacific railway (Short Line), St. John, N.B., will hold a summer carnival and electric exhibition on a magnificent scale, commencing July 22nd and lasting for ten days. We have received an illustrated programme of the carnival days and nights, from which it is apparent that everything will be done to make the event varied and attractive. Halifax, N.S., will also celebrate the occasion on the week following the St. John carnival by an entertainment the leading features of which will be grand military and naval demonstrations. Among the main objects that the people of these eastern cities have in view in holding these carnivals is the patriotic and praiseworthy one of cementing our Dominion more firmly together in a national feeling and breaking down the provincial walls by personal intercourse between the people of the different sections. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the people of the western provinces will show their appreciation of this effort of their Maritime brethren by attending their summer carnivals in large numbers.

THERE is every prospect of an abundant harvest in the Province of Manitoba. The first crop report published by the Local Government, which was based on information from 500 correspondents, states that the wheat crop has suffered no injury whatever, and that meadows and pastures are better than last year, although the rainfall has been somewhat light. The total area under crop is 893,492 acres, an increase of over one-third since 1887 and one-quarter since 1888. The acreage is divided as follows: Wheat, 623,245; oats, 218,744; barley, 80,238; flax, 13,333; potatoes, 11,941. Cheese factories have multiplied, and dairying is now a prominent feature of the province. The condition of the live stock on June 1st was better than it has been for many years, owing to the early opening of the season. At that date the number of horses in the province was 45,745; cattle, 148,209; sheep, 31,341; pigs, 15,744. Reports from the North-West Territories as to the crops and condition of live stock are equally favorable. That Manitoba and the North-West Territories are rapidly developing for a glorious future in agricultural industry is beyond question.

It is not a good sign when a person blows his own trumpet. This will apply with equal force to a newspaper. The reverse is the case, however, when other people blow your trumpet for you, unsolicited. The meaning of this latter statement will be found on page thirteen of this issue, to which we respectfully but firmly beg to call the attention of our readers. It is exceedingly gratifying to us to receive such kindly encouragement. The chief object we have in view is to make the ILLUSTRATED a welcome visitor every month in the homes of the agricultural community, and we want all our reader to help us by becoming active agents and prevailing upon their friends to subscribe. We offer them every inducement to do so, and those who have canvassed for us will testify that the premiums we have sent them have well repaid them for the trouble they took. We have every evidence to point to the fact that the ILLUSTRATED has rapidly gained in popularity, and we are determined to keep it up. To this end we have decided to make an offer to subscribers, which will be conceded as one of the most liberal ever made by a paper on this continent. Full particulars will be found on the cover of this issue, and we would ask all our readers to show it to their friends, and they will have no difficulty in getting them to subscribe. For fifty cents we give the ILLUSTRATED for one year, and each subscriber from now to

October 1st has the chance of winning the elegant Toronto Mower, to be exhibited at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, or a Sharp's Rake, or one of two other valuable prizes. We venture to say that the paper itself is well worth fifty cents a year, as the letters we have already referred to abundantly prove, and when to this is added the chance of winning one of the costly prizes we have mentioned, it would be folly for anyone not to become a subscriber. We hope to see our efforts appreciated before October 1st by a largely increased subscription list.

THE appalling disaster at Johnstown, Pa., by which a whole town was almost wiped out of existence and between four and five thousand lives lost, is without parallel on this continent. It was thought at first that the loss of life would reach fifteen thousand, but this has happily turned out to be an exaggeration. The loss to property is estimated at about thirty million dollars. What led to the disaster can be briefly told. Conemaugh Lake, fourteen miles above Johnstown, had been built into a reservoir for fishing purposes by a number of wealthy men who called themselves the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club. It seems that warnings had been given from time to time that unless repairs were made to strengthen the breastwork there would be an outbreak, but these warnings were unheeded. About five o'clock on the evening of Friday, May 31st, the dam of the lake gave way, and the immense volume of water began a mad rush of death and destruction down the Conemaugh valley, sweeping everything before it. The details of the disaster were heartrending. To add to the horror of the scene the dry timber of some of the houses took fire from the overturned stoves, and human beings who had escaped a watery grave were roasted alive. The cry for help to the homeless and destitute survivors was quickly and nobly responded to, not only by sister cities but by cities in the Dominion and United Kingdom, thus evidencing the brotherhood of man. A few days ago we were favored with a visit from Mr. Donald, a representative of the Gautier Steel Department of the Cambria Iron Company of Johnstown, who stated that out of 1,500 men employed in that department only 500 had reported themselves after the flood. The Gautier Steel Department was entirely wiped out of existence, the heavy engines and rolling machinery, even to the foundation of the works, being swept away. Their loss will be over one million dollars. Mr. Donald had the good fortune to be away from Johnstown at the time of the disaster. When he returned, three days afterwards, the scene of desolation that met his gaze, as far as the eye could reach, was indescribable. The Gautier Steel Department furnished the Massey Manufacturing Company with over 480 tons of cold rolled steel, nearly one-third of the enormous quantity of steel that will be used in the manufacture of the Massey-Toronto machines for the season of 1889.

A RECENT despatch to the daily press gave an account of the arrest of three young lads, sons of respectable families in Sackville, N.B., who were charged with committing a series of burglaries and petty larcenies, and it was stated that the minds of these young lads had been poisoned by reading dime novels and other baneful works. Something of a similar kind occurred in Streetsville, Ont., the other day, and in Toronto two brothers, who had received a good education and had been well brought up, were arrested for burglary and shooting with intent to kill. What must be the feelings of the parents and friends of these youthful criminals? By their unlawful acts they have not only heaped degradation and disgrace upon themselves, but have covered their friends with a mantle of sorrow and shame. It has been asserted—and we believe it to be true—that with a large number of criminals the seeds of crime have been planted in the youthful mind by reading trashy and sensational literature. In a majority of this class of books virtue is scoffed at, deceit and lying are

placed before honesty and truth and crime is glorified. But there is another class of books which are most pernicious in their tendency. We refer to the namby-pamby Sunday school books, where an idea of perfection is presented that is unattainable. When the reader contrasts his or her own life with that presented by the idealists it seems base and inferior. Children are discouraged by the infallibility of these unattainable models—they dwarf the aspirations of the average child, repress ambition and demoralize effort at improvement. It is to be wished that this pernicious perfection of character presented by the writers of a large number of Sunday school books should cease. It is creating false hopes and producing the damaging reaction among the young who are striving to climb to the summit of the lofty heights. Perfect in appearance and manners as are many of these good boys, they are weak as examples of imitation—they are spineless and goody-goody to an extent that ought to nauseate the moral appreciation of a healthy, natural boy. We do not wish it to be inferred that we are asserting that all Sunday school books are of this kind; but we have no hesitation in saying that a good many of them are, and it would be a step in the right direction to take them from the church library shelves and burn them. Parents cannot be too careful of the books they allow their children to read. As a writer in *Good Health* says: "It is as natural for children to form bad habits in reading as in anything else; good habits come only by cultivation. While all may not be able to read every book before their children read it, they may be able to judge of its quality. There are many they may know by the sentence already passed upon them by those whose judgment is excellent, and there are certain authors whom they know they can trust. But wishy-washy, distorted Sunday school tales (and there are many church library shelves heaped high with them), stories of girls who are cruelly misunderstood and unappreciated by their parents, and of boys who have sought the wilds of the West rather than endure the restraints and discipline of home—anything of an unnatural, unlikable and overdrawn character—anything leaving wrong impressions and fostering wilful and aggrieved spirits—is harmful, if not vicious, and, as you value the happiness and welfare of your child, should be consigned to the flames as quickly as a dime novel or a bawdy leaflet."

WE have several times drawn attention to frauds practised on farmers by glib-tongued rascals. Mr. Blue, the energetic secretary of the Ontario Bureau of Industries, has also had his eye on these gentry, and recently sent out questions to the regular correspondents of the Bureau on the subject, and has now issued a bulletin giving in an interesting and succinct form the results of the replies. In it he says: "The replies to questions sent out by this Bureau regarding frauds on farmers attest the timeliness of the enquiry. In fact, the answers received would lead to the conclusion that the rural population of the province is still reckoned as good prey by certain glib-tongued and unscrupulous fellows who are thriving on the ignorance, vanity or cupidity of their victims. But, on the other hand, the replies also show that the farmers are becoming well informed regarding the operations of the swindlers who infest the townships, and while this knowledge has sometimes been bought by a costly and painful experience, more frequently it has been gleaned from the warning columns of the press of the province, which has done good service in exposing frauds on agriculturists. With the exception of the notorious seed wheat and oat swindles, there appears to have been a marked falling off in the number of frauds practised on farmers during the past two years. Nevertheless, a system of deception and roguery has been brought to light which it is the purpose of this bulletin briefly to describe." This he proceeds to do, dealing particularly with the local agent racket, the hay-fork swindle, patent roller, fanning mills, lightning rods, patent right agencies, nursery agents, tricks of agents, shoddy peddlers, bogus jewellery, book agents, foul seed, green goods, promissory note trick, a marriage game, conditional sales of chattels and seed grain swindle.

Regarding the extent of the frauds he says: "Owing to the indefinite nature of the reports received on the subject and the extreme reticence of those who have suffered by imposition, it is almost impossible to form anything like a correct estimate of the extent to which frauds have been perpetrated in the province. The reports generally tend to show that of late a heavier loss has been sustained in the eastern than in the western counties. This may be attributed to the fact that the statements called for were to embrace only such frauds as had been committed during the past two years, and it appears that in the majority of cases the western counties were 'worked' prior to that time, while of late the eastern ones have been receiving the larger share of attention. Thus, while in some localities frauds have been extremely rare, in others they have extended to several thousands of dollars. At the same time there is not a township where fraud of some kind has not been perpetrated. Roughly speaking, the province might be divided into three districts, each having its characteristic frauds, although of course these grade into one another in a greater or less degree. Thus the southern district is pre-eminently the field for seed grain frauds; in the midland counties a greater variety prevails, such as implements, seed grain, fruit trees, book agencies, etc., while in the more northern districts of Parry Sound, Muskoka and Algoma the shoddy cloth peddler seems still to hold almost undisputed sway, although now almost obsolete in the south." Among the more feasible of the suggestions for the prevention and cure of the fraudulent agency pest the following may be noted: That in every county agents be required to obtain a permit or license, to be issued at the discretion of the Inspector of Licenses, or some duly authorized individual, after proving that their business is of a *bona fide* character, and that such license shall be shown to any ratepayer on demand; failing to do this that they may be summarily dealt with. A correspondent writes that the municipal council of Amherst Island has already adopted such a measure, and that it appears to work well. Akin to this are the suggestions that every agent be required to pay a heavy license or deposit before proceeding to do business, and that the law provide a very heavy penalty in all cases of conviction for fraud; that all implements subject to a lien be stamped with a metallic stamp, bearing a penalty sufficient to prevent its removal until discharge of said lien, and that fraudulent practices be discussed more unreservedly at the meetings of farmers' institutes, division granges, etc. These with greater publicity by the press appear, perhaps, to be the most convenient means that could be taken at the present time and without special legislation. The advice of some of the correspondents is well worth taking, such as "Deal with none but well-established firms and properly authorized agents;" "Never sign anything for a stranger, and in all cases read carefully what you sign;" "Read the newspapers and pay for them;" "Attend your farmers' institute, if you are a member—if not, pay your dollar like a man and become one."

Crop Prospects in Europe.

THE following report of the state of the crops up to June 12th are the latest reliable ones we have been able to obtain:—

GREAT BRITAIN.—Every prospect of an abundant harvest.

FRANCE.—Fair prospects of a good harvest.

GERMANY.—Good reports for all crops, except rye.

AUSTRIA.—Prospects satisfactory.

HUNGARY.—Prospects poor. 25 per cent. damage has been done to the wheat crops through drought.

ITALY.—Better crops than last year.

SOUTH RUSSIA.—Winter grain is very poor, but spring satisfactory.

RUSSIA.—Great complaints of damage through drought. (Cablegrams of later date bring word of abundant rains, and the prospects are more favorable.)



Reward.

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

A "Box" House.

AN Idaho correspondent in an exchange says:—In this part of the country buildings for various purposes are made after a fashion called "Box,"

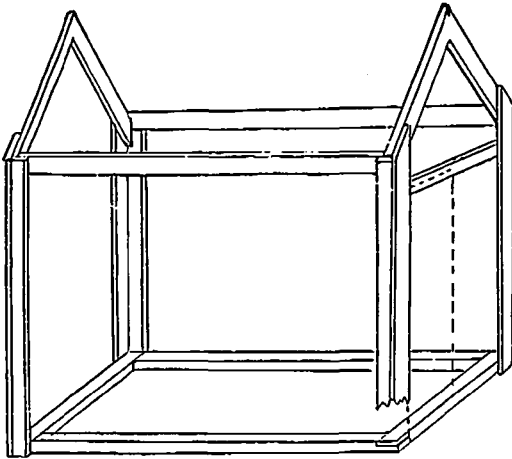


Fig. 1.

the distinctive feature of which is that no studs or girts are used. The expense is therefore reduced, and a smooth surface is secured on the walls for papering or other finish. Some of the best and most comfortable dwellings are built on this plan, and "Box" lumber, or "Boxing," is a regular grade of goods at the saw-mills, worth \$13.50 cash per thousand feet at present. Our family of seven occupy a "Box" house, 22½ feet long by 14 feet height of wall and 14 feet wide. I have a neat poultry-house built same style, 13½ feet long, 8 feet wide, walls 6 feet high, as seen in Fig. 2. The

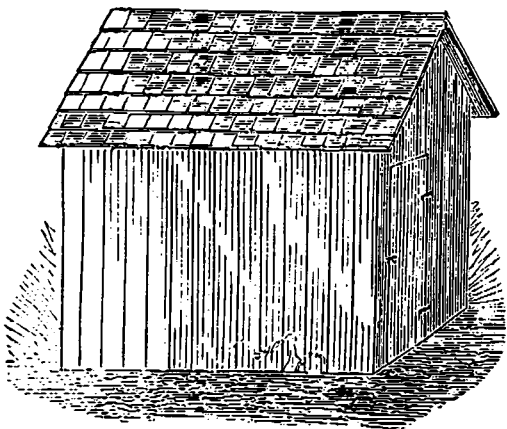


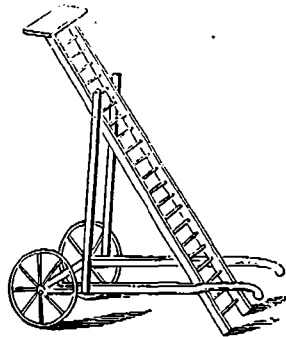
Fig. 2.

foundation is four fir logs, each six inches in diameter, framed together, levelled, and hewed straight on the outside. At each corner is then set up a sort of trough made by nailing the corner boards together. The four troughs are securely nailed to the foundation, and, if necessary, stay-lathed till the plates are fastened to them, when the building appears as in Fig. 1. Spreading of the plates is prevented by tie beams, and across the ends of the building, from one corner board to the

opposite, is nailed a plank, to which the end boards are nailed as the building is boarded up. Rafters and roof are added as in other buildings, but the rafters should be collar-beamed sufficiently to prevent weight of roof spreading the walls of the building. Of course there should be provision made for light and sunshine, but this can be done according to taste.

A Convenient Fruit Ladder.

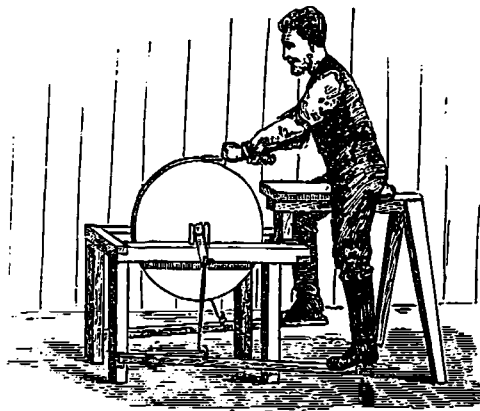
THE cut below shows how to make a wheel-



barrow ladder, by using two hand cart wheels, or any light stout wheels. The dimensions of the device may vary to suit circumstances; as with tall trees, the ladder may be longer and stand straighter, etc. Care must be taken to secure the foot of the ladder by weights to overbalance the weight at top. The board at the top of the ladder is for setting the basket upon—*Ohio Farmer.*

Convenient Arrangement for a Grindstone.

THE *American Agriculturist* gives the following description of an arrangement for a grindstone. The stone is hung with the journals running on friction wheels. The hand-crank is removed and its place supplied by a small crank like that already on the other side. The two cranks are set opposite each other, so that one is up when the other is down. Two treadles are hinged to the legs of the frame, and each one connected with one of the cranks by an iron pitman. A trestle is made of scantling four inches square, and adjusted to one end of the grindstone frame, as shown in the engraving. A piece of white-wood plank, ten inches wide and eighteen inches long, is rounded at one end and its edges beveled to form a seat. The other end is cut down to the width of five and one-



half inches. Cleats are nailed on the under side, four inches apart, to hold it on the trestle, upon which it slides freely back and forth. The forward end may be used as a rest for tools which are being ground. The two treadles, working in combination with the seat, have proved highly satisfactory, as the operator can turn the stone with greater ease, and remain much steadier than when running it with one treadle.

MR. A. PURDY writes us:—By observation and experience as a farmer I have learned that a large proportion of the farmers and tillers of the soil, in their eagerness to lay up money and goods for future use, are actually throwing it away by improper methods of cultivation and the ignoring of scientific principles. For instance, some draw out green manure which is not fermented and properly decomposed, upon the land for the present year's crop. In this condition it is highly charged with poisonous matters that are absorbed partly by the crop, and often produce impure food, and a variety that has a tendency to decay. One particular case

which came under my observation was the planting of potatoes upon ground thickly manured with green barn-yard manure and which was also more or less damp in the growing part of the season—it being a showery summer. When gathered, not above half of these potatoes were fit for consumption, being very scabby on the damper ground, and about half of them of a reddish colour inside, when peeled or cut into—the seed end apparently being the most affected. When cooked a strong smell was emitted and the taste was unpalatable. I also noticed in the year that potatoes rotted so much in different parts of the Province, that this same red appearance showed itself before the potato decayed, and by contact one with another they would all rot. But in the same hill sometimes potatoes were good that had not come in contact with others. In the garden I have particularly noticed that tomatoes manured with fresh manure often decay or begin to decay before they are half grown. But in regard to the potato—in a dry season the ground would absorb more of the poisonous matter and leave the potatoes in a healthier condition. And again with the turnip crop—I have seen in a dry season the crop manured with green manure turn lousy, so that half of them would be covered with lice, and some decay before they were harvested; and the whole lot when piled in the cellar would soon rapidly rot, and cause such a stench as was not fit to breathe—saying nothing of its unfitness for food.

IT is a good deal easier to pull cockle out of the wheat when in bloom than to blow it out with a fanning mill after threshing.

A SILO 13 x 18 and 18 feet high, will hold about 85 tons, or feed equal to 28 tons of hay. This will keep 12 to 15 cows through the winter, and will require from four to seven acres of corn.

IMPLEMENTS should be returned to the tool-house after using, and properly cleaned. If there is no plow-shoe, make one—it will save the roads. Spades, hoes, and similar tools should be kept sharp by acquaintance with the grindstone.

ONE heaping tea-spoonful of pure Paris green to a pailful of water for the potato beetle, or one pound to a barrel of plaster, if intimately mixed, will kill as well as a larger quantity of the poison, which is liable to injure the leaves more or less.

MORE illness comes to farmers' families from cellars badly cared for and badly ventilated than from all other causes combined. Vegetables decay and are not removed, barrels and boxes gather moisture and rot and are allowed to remain, ventilation is cut off, and change of air neglected. If the family are sickly, look to the cellar for the cause.

A PROMINENT farmer says:—In my experience with meadows, good crops of hay can be obtained by applying a good top-dressing of about twenty or thirty two-horse loads of sand, gravel, or road-wash (the latter preferable) with four loads of horse manure in August or September. I do not consider it best to plow meadows, only as a means of smoothing them. Only give the meadows plenty of sand and horse manure, and nice timothy and redtop will grow without seeding.

ONE of the recognized dairy rules that is most frequently broken is that of permitting the milk to stand in the milking pail for a time before straining it into the pans. The necessity of getting the milk into the pans as soon as it can be placed there is not generally understood. Many good dairy folks, from one cause or another, allow the milk to become cold in the pail before straining it. This is entirely wrong, and if any of our readers will take the pains to investigate the matter, the reason will be readily seen.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Good, tender vegetables are desirable the entire season, and they can only be obtained by successive planting. There should be small plantings of nearly all vegetables every two weeks until the end of July. Sweet corn and string beans frequently mature, fit for the table, if planted the first of August. The main crop of cucumbers for pickles should not be planted till the middle of July; let them follow early potatoes. White turnips can be planted as late as September 1st with good results; ruta bagas July 15th. Keep the ground fully occupied with vegetables the entire summer—they are better than weeds.

Live Stock.

A Useful Device.

WE give here a useful device for removing a potato or other obstruction from the throat of a



cow. L. J. P. says in the *Rural New Yorker* that he has used it several times for this purpose and knows that it does the work well. Take about eight feet of common pail bail wire; double it in the centre and make a loop of about one foot by two inches; twist the rest of the wire so as to form a handle. If the obstruction in the animal's throat is loose when this is inserted, it will push it down; if it is not loose, the end of the loop will slip past it and the obstruction can be readily pulled out in the loop.

MEN will spend hours in currying and brushing their horses, while the cows are allowed to stand with an inch of mud on them. This ought not to be.

THERE is a mistaken idea with many feeders that hogs fed on middlings—or middlings, whey, and buttermilk—will not make solid pork. The nature of the food, being strong in albuminoids, is evidence that they will make solid muscular meat.

It will be found profitable to milk the heifer as long as possible the first year of her dairy life, giving her generous feeding to make rich blood. This will lay the foundation for a profitable dairy cow.

SHEEP increase rapidly, mature early, and there is always sale for the wool and surplus lambs and wethers for mutton, besides abundant use on every farm for their rich droppings of manure. The noxious weeds that peep forth in field and forest and threaten to destroy, or at least diminish greatly the rich pasture grasses, need to be nipped by sheep to keep them in subjection. In very many respects sheep are a source of profit.

Good carriage and fine style are appreciated as much by dealers in draft horses as they are by those who handle the lighter types of horses. A heavy, well-proportioned draft horse, with plenty of spirit in him, and style enough about him to show off well, presents a more attractive appearance than any light or small horse could. Everything else being equal, the showy horse will find ten admirers where the slouchy, sleepy horse will find one. The raisers of horses should not lose sight of this fact.

A GOOD cow gives not less than 5,000 pounds of milk annually, from which there are taken out say, 250 pounds of butter, all of the remainder being either skim-milk or buttermilk. Valuing this at 25 cents per 100 pounds, we have about \$12 to represent the value of this by-product, a sum which should stand to the credit of the cow. The dairy farmer should make pig-raising and hog-feeding an adjunct to his business, and will find no small part of his profits come from this line, if it is managed intelligently.—*Breeders' Gazette*.

WHEN a good Shorthorn or Hereford bull is available in the community, his steer-calves may, with but very little care or attention, be retained on the farm to graze on the waste places until they are two years old. Then they should have the run of a first-class pasture, and if it is not the very best, a little corn fodder and corn may be added to advantage, and it is astonishing how easily and cheaply such things may be made to weigh heavily at three to three-and-a-half years old and sell at a high figure. The blood of the sire is a great help, and a little thoughtful management goes a great way.

SPEAKING on the subject of clover hay for horses, Dr. Kilborne, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: No greater mistake is made in the management of stock than the plan too often adopted on the principle that all that is necessary is that the animals shall be well and liberally fed. Horses that are well cared for and always carefully used, will do well on a very ordinary ration; while horses receiving no care and that are carelessly or severely handled will not thrive on the best food. Some horses are very easily kept, and will do a moderate amount of work and, at the same time, keep fat, on a ration that would barely keep the skin and bones of another horse together. No general ration can be given that will suit all cases. Mr. John M. True says:—In my opinion the feeding of less hay and a little wheat bran or whole oats, will not only prove more acceptable to the animals, but also tend to better results in building up the bony structure of the growing young, as well as in promoting its general thrift. In my own case, I consider such a mixture of feed, as also an occasional feed of corn fodder, and even straw, not only economical but healthy.

The Poultry Yard.

Some Very Pertinent Don'ts.

- Don't let your fowls roost on trees.
- Don't let them drink filthy water.
- Don't let them have anything but a grain diet.
- Don't feed any corn in warm weather.
- Don't buy every poultry powder in the country.
- Don't head your fowls with a dunghill rooster.
- Don't keep sick fowls with healthy ones.
- Don't let your children have exclusive charge of your stock.
- Don't expect to grow rich in the business without labor.
- Don't set eggs over three weeks old.
- Don't buy an incubator unless you can afford the best.
- Don't keep turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens in one yard.
- Don't think that you know more about poultry than your neighbor or anybody else.
- Don't become jealous of your neighbor's fowls.
- Don't forget to keep the houses clean.
- Don't think you can judge fowls before you become acquainted with the breeds.

CHARCOAL should be fed to all poultry, young or old. It assists wonderfully in the growth of chicks, and contributes largely to their healthfulness.

FROM this time on until cooler weather in the fall, eggs will be low in price. On the farm, however, there is this advantage—that what is not sold can be used.

WIRE runs for poultry are light, portable, durable, easily made, and show poultry to the best advantage. Animals cannot get in them, and they are not much more expensive than lath runs.

GATHER up the bones and either break or grind them for the poultry. There are few, if any, ma-

terials that will excel this for a poultry food, and very often they are simply allowed to go to waste, when with a little work they can be converted into one of the best poultry foods.

PROVIDE for the comfort of the growing stock, and during the next two months keep them from being exposed to a hot sun during the day. Temporary coverings will do in the absence of shade trees. Fowls suffer much from the hot sun when there is no escape. Such little comforts they need as well as other animals, and an agreeable shade in July and August is refreshing to the birds.

LAST year we picked out six of our best hens and put them in a small pen with a good rooster. We set 52 eggs from this pen and 48 of them hatched. This year we have tried selecting eggs from several yards where several roosters run with large flocks of hens. The result is very disappointing, as a large proportion of the eggs prove infertile. Hereafter all our eggs for setting will come from a small pen of our best hens mated with a rooster of good form and breed.—*Rural New Yorker*.

THERE are always croakers who can see no profit in anything, and they are found railing against poultry on the farm, and yet, considering the amount of capital invested and the time and work required to take care of their poultry, it pays as large a percentage of profit as any other stock on the farm. But as with all other stock the best and most profitable results can only be secured by giving the three essentials, which are good stock, good feed, and good care, and usually in proportion as we fail to supply these, we will fail to realize the most profit.

Eggs equally fresh vary greatly in quality, which is largely dependent upon the food the fowls have received. Eggs of ducks and geese have usually a rank flavor when they get most of their food from water insects and fishes. Fowls in winter and early spring are mainly grain fed, and their eggs are better than later in the season. After a time the vigor of the laying fowl becomes less, and with this is a noticeable deterioration in her egg product both for eating and hatching. A midsummer brood of chickens is less valuable than one from eggs set early in the spring. The young chicks have less vitality, and are more easily killed off by sickness or insects.

Pithily Put Pickings.

THE cooler you keep your temper the less you will sweat during the coming hot weather . . . With the farmer's insectivorous pests now come those in human form, with new schemes for swindling. You don't want to know how to write your name when these fellows are around, and must not have time to make your mark. . . . The term, "cheap goods," is often misleading; "cheap" stuff is very likely to be cheat stuff.—*Farm, Stock, and Home*.

TAKE time to read and study about your work and you will accomplish more. . . . Lead not your stock into temptation by poor fences.—*American Farmer*.

AN exchange remarks that the hog is not usually considered a draft animal, but he is no slouch in that direction when it comes to pulling a farm out from under a mortgage.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

KNOWLEDGE well applied will bring prosperity to any farmer. . . . Farming is a business whose chief purpose must always be profit. . . . It is the farmers who keep their eyes widest open to learn new facts, who get on in the world. . . . Solid common-sense education of farm life blended with higher grades of learning make our young men and women powerful.—*Agricultural Epitomist*.

THE dearest things a farmer can buy are cheap fertilizers.—*Rural New Yorker*.

GRIT is a good thing, an essential thing, but there must be brains to hold the lines. Holding on to a bad thing is just as disastrous as letting go of a good thing. Be sure you are not fooling with a buzz saw, and then don't worry about a few suspender buttons.—*American Agriculturist*.

WHY every man praises his fellow to his face and condemns him to his back, is more than we can tell.—*Colman's Rural World*.

THE man of sense will approve of the most scientific work at our stations, but he will endeavor to so frame his words and draw his conclusions that they may be intelligible to his audience whether scientific or practical.—*Agricultural Science*.

CORRESPONDENCE

MARVELLOUS MELBOURNE.

REMINISCENCES OF ITS EARLY DAYS—EFFECTS OF THE RECENT
LAND BOOM—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—THE LATE
EXHIBITION.

We feel sure that our numerous readers have been very much interested in reading the letters from our lady correspondent in Melbourne, Australia, and it affords us much pleasure to be able to publish below another of her entertaining epistles.

To the Editor of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

SIR,—In my previous letter to you I spoke of Victoria in general, now I shall try and tell you a little of our immediate surroundings, described in a condensed and imagine-the-rest kind of style by after-dinner orators as "Marvellous Melbourne," "Queen City of the South," "London of the Antipodes," "New York of New England," and various other encomiums too numerous to repeat here. To one who has not yet accepted this place of miracles as the land of her adoption all these eulogies do not strike as forcibly as they perhaps do those who have spent all their days here and have watched the progress of time and the unrolling of events during the last thirty years. And when we hear of the great progress that has been made we then think that all this praise is not undeserved. As short a time back as thirty years this vast city was but a struggling hamlet, and instead of the fashionably paraded block on Collins street of to-day there were only a few straggling one-storied houses, some of the indispensable small shops and an innumerable number of inns, all of which were generally pretty well patronized, where, I am told, the old pioneer would request you to either "liquor or fight," and I expect in those days not many would remember the old adage "of two evils choose the lesser," but would accept the "shout" (as a treat is here called) as the only alternative.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY MELBOURNE.

I have heard some very amusing anecdotes relating to Melbourne's infancy, and judging from some of them all seemed to be on an equality with his neighbor; and the following is but a type of the then prevailing fashion not to do more than his share, or what was absolutely necessary. An Englishman arriving in Melbourne, and wanting some assistance in carrying his baggage from the wharf, asked an onlooker if he desired a job.

"What sort?" was the retort.

"Oh! just to carry a carpet bag."

"Will it want two to take it?"

"No!"

"Then take it yourself," which I suppose he was forced to do.

Another story is told of a lot of bachelors who wanted wives, and as they could not get them here, determined to send to Europe for them, each subscribing £10. The money was sent to England, and young females selected. In due time word was received when they might be expected to land in Melbourne. When they did land, well—I shall leave you to imagine the ludicrous scene that must have taken place; but in the end all the fair ones, with one exception, became engaged. She held back and said, "No, thank ye. If I can get so many offers here on board ship, what will I not have on shore?—and I came to better myself, I did." She resembled some of the young ladies of the present time in that respect.

THE LAND BOOM.

Many of these reminiscences of early Melbourne are comical in the extreme, and as we listen to them we realize the great reformation scene that has taken place—in fact, when we look at the stately buildings that now surround us, the picturesque parks, the splendid pavements and all the other modern improvements it seems like a dream, or the past like a vast piece of canvas upon which has been painted a most brilliant and animated scene. But the question is now asked, how long will this prosperity last? Well, probably until the end of the chapter, and probably not. If we were to have many more land booms such as the one we have just had, I fear all this thriftiness would be considerably nipped in the bud. These land sales *on dit* have considerably injured many of our wealthy and prominent citizens, and to such a degree that many, instead of basking in the smiles of untold wealth, as they were before, are now living in the most humble style imaginable. Indeed, I know of one instance where an old gentleman who owned about the finest furnished house in Victoria, and had every comfort wealth could procure, until

this land boom ended, when he found himself ruined. In fact, I believe he is now in an asylum, his home and all gone from him and his family living, for the time being, on a subscription taken up by his many friends. So much for speculation.

MELBOURNE'S PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Melbourne has many fine public buildings, such as the Parliament Buildings, the Public Library and Museum, Exhibition Building, University and various colleges, the Mint, Law Courts and numerous asylums and hospitals (which show how charitably inclined the Melbourmites are), and last but not least its magnificent Town Hall, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh on his first visit to the colonies. The city organ in this building is, I believe, the largest and finest in the colonies, and organ recitals are given upon it every Saturday afternoon. The music, although of a very high order, is almost too powerful to be enjoyed much. I shall never forget the first time I heard it. It was during a lecture given by a personal friend, Mr. Melton Prior, the special war correspondent for the *Illustrated London News* upon the Soudan, and when he brought before us a picture of his two dead comrades, upon a rude bier, being carried to their lonely and last resting-place, and followed by a sad and very solemn-looking cortege of the bereaved comrades—not a sound was heard but the profound notes, pealing out from this immense organ, of the "Dead March." The whole thing was so intensely sad that it haunted me for days, and has certainly spoiled my taste for any more such music. Most of the public balls and banquets are given in this home of the City Fathers. While attending one of these balls given by our mayor I had the pleasure of being shown over almost the entire building by one of Melbourne's first mayors, who took great pride in pointing out its many beauties and conveniences. The Parliament Houses are not yet completed, but when finished will be a very dignified and stately pile of architecture. The evening I visited this place I had the pleasure of hearing a very animated and laughable debate upon the Chinese question, and when they finished they were about as far away from the heart of the trouble as when they started—as is often the case with a body of men, some of whom talk for the mere sake of talking and of arousing aggravating discussions.

THE LATE EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition Building, which so recently was the centre of all Melbourne attractions, is now not much more than a beauty spot to our streets. Occasionally there is an orchestral concert given in its main hall, but the building is not much good for anything else unless exhibitions. Of course only the main building, which occupies about five acres, remains standing. All the other buildings, which were made of galvanized iron, have been taken down. The Exhibition which was so much talked about was, financially speaking, not as great a success as was anticipated it would be. However, it was a splendid display, and looked like nothing more nor less than a compact little city made up of all the most beautiful things this little world of ours can produce. I was sorry to see Canada so poorly represented. Indeed, it was about the most poorly represented of all the countries. The Massey Manufacturing Company held the largest space of any Canadian firm, and was the only agricultural machinery in the main building. Next to their court was a booth, representing Lyman & Sons, perfumery, Montreal, occupied by a Montrealer dressed in a tobogganing suit, and who had his surroundings literally covered with snowshoes, toboggans and various other articles from Canada which greatly interested and amused the Australians.

I must here draw my remarks to a close, but may resume the subject at some future date.

Yours, etc.,

C. E. M.

Melbourne, May 13, 1880.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, ALMONTE.—Do you know of a receipt for mending broken China?—Mix quickly 25 parts of plaster of paris, 5 parts of quicklime and ten parts of white of egg and use immediately. This cement will stand cold water.

ALLAN JACKSON, LACHUTE.—Do you know of a cure for diphtheria?—Burn equal parts of liquid tar and turpentine (three or four tablespoonfuls each) on a large shovel, over a pan or grate in the room where the patient is. Be sure to have all windows and doors closed so the patient gets the full benefit of it. If it does not prove effectual the first time try it again. It has been used in the last stages, when everything else is unavailing. Another effective cure is to get a lump of un-slacked lime, place it in a tub, wrap the patient's head and face well up leaving the mouth only exposed. Then place the patient's head over the tub, pour cold water on the lime and the patient inhales the steam arising from it which burns out the fungus in the throat and gives the patient instant relief.

"PANSY," WHITEWOOD, N. W. T.—The idea that house plants are injurious to health is pretty well exploded, all of the best authorities considering their presence beneficial. The air and work in a green house are often prescribed for consumptives.

"HECTOR" GRAFTON.—Can you tell me how indelible ink is made?—A writer in the *American Pharmacist* says:—"I cut four or five green persimmons up rather fine and put them in a vial, and in six or eight days I found I had some of the best indelible ink I ever saw. It is put on with a pen, and is perfectly indelible, and will not run as other inks do.

"TOOTSEY," TORONTO.—What will drive lice from Canary birds?—Insect powder dusted on in small quantities is used. A little bag of sulphur put in the cage where the bird can pick at it, and occasionally dusting a little on them is also said to be efficacious. Wash the cage once in a while with weak alum water and keep it clean, as a preventive.

ARTHUR COX, SMITH'S FALLS.—The proper season for dividing ferns generally is early in the spring or just before they start into growth.

"HOUSEWIFE," ORILLIA.—*Good Housekeeping* says:—A house-keeper who was recommended to try cucumber peeling as a remedy for cockroaches, strewed the floor with pieces of the peel, cut not very thin, and watched the sequel. The pests covered the peel within a short time so that it could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. The second night that this was tried, the number of the cockroaches was reduced to a quarter, and none were left alive on the third night.

J. R. L., VIOLA, MAN.—I have a cow that is giving a moderate supply of milk, but she has a lump forming in the upper part of the teat and only with great trouble can any be now got at all. What can I do to put her right?—Use a milking tube. Give the cow a drachm of iodide of potassium in feed three times a day and apply iodine ointment to base of teat once a day.

YOUNG REFORMER, WHITBY.—Who is the present leader of the Reform Party in Canada?—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier.



CONDUCTED BY J. B. HARRIS.

MR. TURTON, who entered the employ of the Company over four years ago, has been promoted to the post of Assistant Manager of the Australasian Branch, at Melbourne, Australia, and will leave for his destination about the middle of July. Mr. Turton's departure will leave more than one vacant place from which he will be very seriously missed. The Collection Department, in the office of the Massey Co., has, since Mr. Stanton's promotion to Montreal, been under Mr. Turton's charge, and has not lost any of the efficiency which has always marked it. The Memorial Hall Sabbath School, which began with a few scattered scholars from here and there in the vicinity of the works, has, under Mr. Turton's zealous and untiring superintendence, developed into a school of over 300 persons, teachers and pupils, and is, we understand continually receiving accessions to its numbers. There is no calculating the amount of good which this school has done. No doubt many a boy and girl will in days to come have cause to bless the labors of those who, in co-operation with its superintendent, have brought it to its present position. In the Queen St. Methodist Church and Sabbath School, also, Mr. Turton has been prominent as a worker, and is leaving regretted by all his associates in the good work to which so many Christian young people of the city are devoting themselves. The young ladies of his Bible Class visited Mr. Turton's residence, shortly after his intended departure became known, and presented him with an elegant gold-headed cane, together with an address expressing their deep regret at parting with their friend and teacher, and of fervent hopes for the prosperity of himself and wife. Mr. Turton, although only among us for some four years, has accomplished much good, none of which has had anything about it of ostentation or self-seeking, but has been done with quiet tenacity of purpose and with humble dependence upon that Power which alone can guide us all to the best possible ends. We join in wishing Mr. Turton and his wife a happy and prosperous voyage, to be followed by continued success and blessing in all they do.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

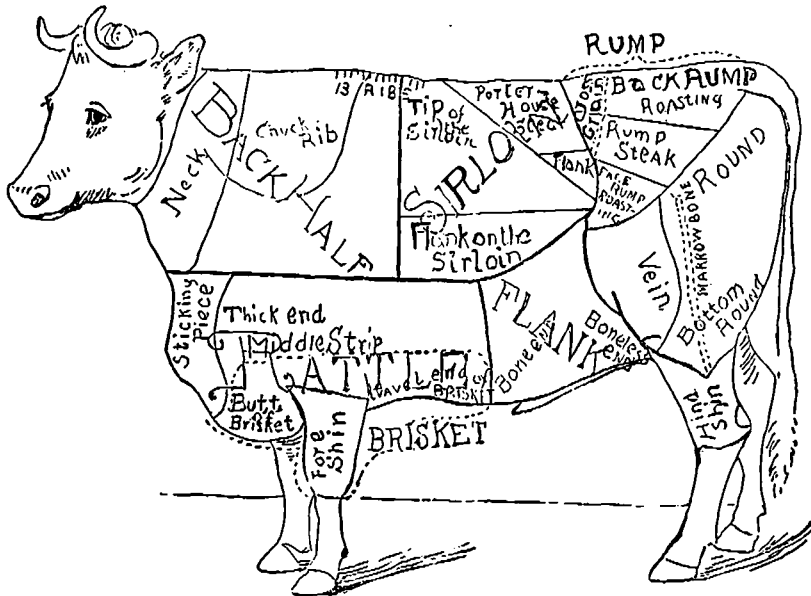
(Communications intended for this Department should be addressed to AUNT TUTU, care MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto.)

Useful Facts for Housekeepers.

To most housekeepers falls the lot of buying the meat for the family. Occasionally you will find that "the man of the house" will attend to this himself, but oftener it is part of woman's work.

steaks. The next five ribs, which come between these and the neck, are called chock ribs; the meat here is of a finer quality than on the prime ribs, although it is used for the same purposes. The neck is used for beef tea, stews, and boiling. Below the rib cuts, running along the side of the animal, is the rattle round. This is used for corning. The under part of the animal's body is called the brisket — this is also used for corning. The shoulder is used for corning, and sometimes for steak, though the tenderness of a shoulder steak is not noted. The shin, both in the front and back, is used for soups and soup-stock.

Now we will examine the hind-quarter. In the hind-quarter are the first roasts and steaks, as well as the juiciest meats for making beef tea, meat pies, etc. Sirloin, of course, gives the very choicest

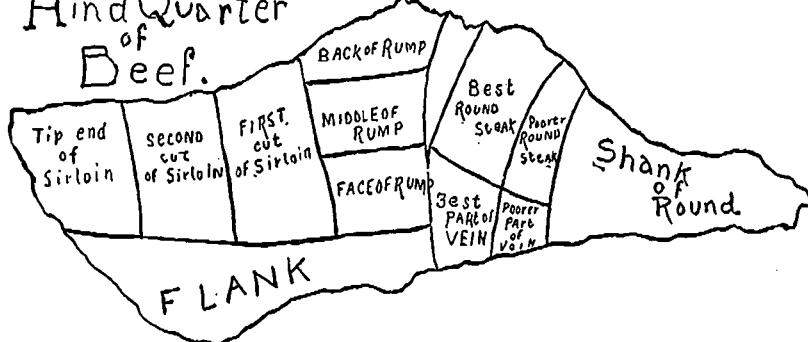


It is quite as important to know how to buy meat as how to cook it. In some cases it may be very well to trust one's provision man and order haphazard, but how much more satisfactory to know whether we get what we order and what we ought to pay for it? First, a good housekeeper must learn to do her marketing according to the needs of her family. If she is providing for persons who do a great deal of out-of-door work she will want the heavier kinds of food. If, for persons who are in-doors a great deal and whose work is sedentary she will want to provide lighter food. In knowing how to buy meat a lesson in economy can be learned. Economy does not imply meanness. It means doing the very best you possibly can with the money at your command. It is caretaking in its best and highest sense. The first part of our talk is about beef. Our diagram will assist us in

roasts and steaks. Next comes the rump, which is cut in three parts. The back, middle, and face are good roasting pieces. The middle cut is free from bone and has not a scrap of waste on it. Some people say that the flavor of a round steak is superior to any other; and excellent steak is often cut from the top of the round. The tenderloin is the most tender meat, but not so juicy or well-flavored as other portions not so tender. The sirloin comes next in tenderness and delicacy. These cost more than any other cuts; of course this is so because of the much smaller proportion of the so-called choice cuts. The heart and liver of beef are both used for food.

Mutton, like beef, is good all the year round, and the younger it is the more delicate. For buying lamb or mutton you may have the saddle, whole hind-quarter, leg, loin, and the shoulder.

Hind Quarter of Beef.



understanding as we talk. Good beef should be bright red when it is first cut, and this red flesh should be well marbled with yellowish fat, and there should be a thick layer of fat on the outside. All these things one can see for herself. By them she will know when the beef is good. Also the flesh should be firm, and no mark should be left when it is pressed with the finger. The suet should be dry and crumble easily. First, we will divide the beef into the hind and forequarters. The hindquarter contains the finest and most expensive cuts of the meat. Here are found the sirloin, tenderloin, rump and round. The shin and flank are the cheapest portions of the hindquarter. In the forequarter are the ribs, shoulder, shin, rattle round and brisket. The ribs are the top of the back nearest to the loin, join it, in fact, when the animal is whole. The first five ribs are called the "prime" ribs; these are used for roasts or

The saddle is roasted, the leg roasted or boiled, the loin roasted or cut into chops, and the shoulder is roasted. The hind-quarter is more expensive than the fore-quarter; but the shoulder piece, boned and stuffed, makes a very nice and inexpensive roast. Chops are cut two ways; the long chop and the short chop. The long chop has the flank-end left on, while in the short chop it is cut off and only the loin part left. The long chop costs less by the pound, but really it is no cheaper, as the flank piece adds to the weight, and has but very little meat on it.

Only by experience can one learn to tell exactly the cuts when she sees them. Almost every family has its own market-man, and when he sees you are interested to learn, he will no doubt gladly give valuable information. We trust this little talk will awaken new interest with a desire to learn still more about our daily marketing.

Home-Made Mosquito Canopy.

MATERIALS required are thirteen yards of sixty-inch wide netting, and a child's rolling hoop. The hoop used should be about fifty-eight inches in circumference for the dimensions given below, but the size may be larger or smaller according to fancy.

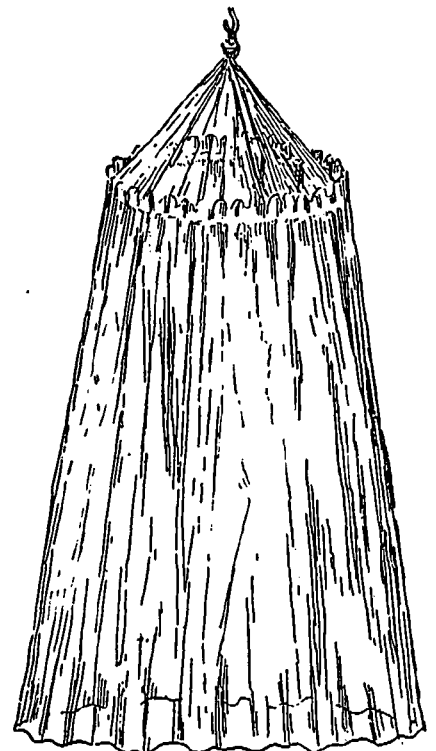
Cut two pieces across the width of the netting, making each piece twenty-seven inches deep. If the hoop is larger than the size given above, this strip of netting must be increased in length according to the size of the hoop.

Next hem the strip on each edge, and sew one of the edges around the hoop, which should first be covered with muslin, by winding strips about two inches wide around it, to prevent the wood showing through the netting.

Gather the other edge of the netting up tight, and fasten securely. In the centre of the gathers sew a loop of tape with a strong double thread, so there will be no danger of the loop coming off.

Now divide the remaining netting into five breadths of equal length. Sew all the breadths together as in making a skirt. Then make a hem three inches wide at the top, and one an inch wide at the bottom.

To sew this netting on the hoop, divide it at the wide hem into halves, then into quarters, in order to make the fulness even all around the hoop; mark the four places, and next mark on the hoop the four equal divisions of its circumference.



These are readily found by first measuring the circumference of the hoop with a tape or string, and marking the distance, so that the tape will be exactly as many inches long as the hoop is in circumference. Divide the tape into four equal parts by folding it, and again place it around the hoop, and mark off the quarters on the hoop.

It is easy now to attach the points of measurement of netting and hoop together, and to pleat up the fulness from point to point, sewing it on neatly with a strong coarse thread.

Fasten a strong hook in the ceiling at the point from which the canopy is to hang; slip the loop of tape on the hook, and the canopy will hang down ready for use as in the illustration.

By following these directions a good, serviceable canopy can be had at much less expense than if purchased at a store.

If, in time, the netting becomes soiled, rip it off the hoop, and also rip out the gathers at the top, then the two pieces can be easily laundered, and again fastened on the hoop.

The dimensions here given will make a canopy for an ordinary-sized bed. If the bed be of extra size, add another breadth to the fulness of the length of the netting, so that it may fall easily down around the outside of the bedstead. — *Youth's Companion*.



Boys will be Boys.

"Boys will be boys." We resent the old saying,
Current with men;
Let it be heard, in excuse for our straying,
Never again!
Ours is a hope that is higher and clearer,
Ours is a purpose far brighter and dearer,
Ours is a name that should silence the jeerer;
We will be men!

"Boys will be boys" is an unworthy slander;
Boys will be men!
The spirit of Philip in young Alexander,
Kindled again!
As the years of our youth fly swiftly away,
As brightens about us the light of life's day,
As the glory of manhood dawns on us, we say:
We will be men!

"Boys will be boys." Yes! if boys may be pure,
Models for men;
If their thoughts may be modest, their truthfulness sure,
Say it again!
If boys will be boys such as boys ought to be—
Boys full of sweet-minded, light-hearted glee—
Let boys be boys, brave, loving and free,
Till they are men

—Christian Union.

Deep Breathing.

NOBODY teaches our boys how to breathe. City boys, and many from the country, too, have finer chests before they go to school than they ever do afterwards. Sitting in a school-room, or shop, or factory, or any other room, five or six hours a day, and then sitting most of the rest of the day besides, does much to weaken the chest; for when you sit still, you do not breathe your lungs half full. Take one large, full breath now, and see how your chest rises and expands, and how differently from a minute ago, when breathing only as you generally do. Many boys actually do not breathe their lungs full once in a whole week. Is it any wonder they have weak chests, and that they easily catch cold? How are you to have strong lungs if you do not use them? Which has the stronger arms—the invalid leaving a sick bed or the blacksmith, he who uses his arms or he who does not? When walking at the rate of four miles an hour, you breathe nearly five times as much air as when you are sitting still. Now the fuller breaths you take, and the more of them you take in a day, the stronger and fuller chest you are going to have.

Deep breathing not only enlarges the chest itself, and makes it shapely and strong, but it gives power and vigor to the lungs and heart—makes them do their work far better. And it does the same for the stomach and bowels, the liver and kidneys; indeed, to all the vital organs. It makes the blood richer. It adds directly to the vigor of the brain as well, and so enables it to do more work. In short, it is about the best known way of getting and keeping health. And who would care to hire a sick man to work for him? Or who can do much hard work when he is sick? Not that we can always avoid sickness, but it is less likely to come, and has harder work to enter, when we are robust and in good training, than when we are weak and run down.

Generous Bessie.

BESSIE was a dear little girl of five years, with blue eyes and yellow hair, that looked as if the sunbeams had mistaken it for their home and decided to stay in it. She had playthings and pets without number, but the dearest and most wonderful of all was a baby brother three months old.

Bessie was very proud of him, but one thing troubled her—he had no hair. She could not understand it, and she was almost ashamed to have the little girls in the neighborhood come to see him, especially after one of them said, "My brother's only two weeks old, and he's got lots of hair."

Bessie's mamma had talked to her a great deal about being generous, and had told her that she ought to be willing to share what she had with others, and go without things herself sometimes, that others might have them. One day, when nurse was busy in the kitchen, mamma was called down stairs to see a lady. Baby was fast asleep in his cradle, and Bessie was sitting on the floor cutting out pictures and pasting them in an old blank book.

As mamma went out of the door she said, "If baby stirs, just touch the cradle, dear. Nurse will be up in a minute." Baby did stir, and Bessie jumped up and swung the cradle to and fro, as she had seen nurse do so many times. As she did so she caught sight of the little bald head. "Oh, dear!" thought Bessie, "if he only had some hair he'd be the cunningest baby in the world." Then the thought came to her: Why couldn't she give him some of hers? She took one of her curls in her hands and looked at it. Yes, she would give baby half of her hair. "I must do it right away before mamma or nurse comes back. How pleased they will be!"

So the little girl took the scissors from the floor where she had left them, climbed up in a chair before the bureau, and commenced her work. Snip, snip, snip, went the scissors, and three shining curls fell to the floor. "He shall have them all," said generous little Bessie; and soon all the curls but one, which was directly behind, and which Bessie could not reach, lay on the floor. Then she jumped down, gathered the hair in her hands, and tiptoed across the room to the cradle. There was the mucilage bottle on the floor, and, quick as thought, Bessie seized the brush and covered the little head with mucilage. Of course it felt very cold to poor baby, and he awoke with a cry; but Bessie rocked him, and he soon fell asleep again. Then she took up the curls, and stuck them one by one on the baby's head. To be sure they did not look very much as if they had grown there; but that did not trouble Bessie.

Just then she heard the front door close and mamma's step on the stairs. She ran quickly into the closet and shut the door—all but a little crack out of which she could peep. Mamma came into the room, humming softly to herself, but suddenly she stopped and gave a little scream as she caught sight of baby's head. Bessie could wait no longer, but burst out of the closet and jumped up and down before mamma, saying: "I did it, mamma! I wanted to be generous!" She could not understand why mamma sat down on the floor and laughed until she cried, nor why papa did very nearly the same when he came home to dinner and was shown first the baby's head and then Bessie's. After all the aunts and cousins had been in to see the baby's wonderful growth of hair, mamma told Bessie she thought they would give baby a chance to have some hair of his own; and she washed the little head with hot water, putting the curls very carefully into a box, which she keeps in her bureau drawer to this day.—Christian Union.

Boys who Succeed.

It often happens that two boys with the same advantage and equally good training make entirely different kind of men. The one will succeed in life, while the other, without being bad, never amounts to anything. *Golden Days* thinks that perhaps this anecdote will explain something of the disparity in results:

A nurseryman left home for a few days. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales, but a customer did arrive from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen, where two boys were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. Barnes at home?" he asked.

"No," said Joe, the eldest, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno. Mebbe not for a week."

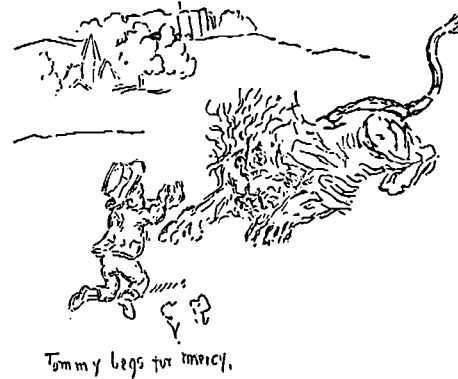
The youngest boy, Jim, promptly jumped up and followed the irritated stranger out of doors. "The men are not here," he said, in a bright and courteous manner, "but I can show you the stock." The stranger was conciliated, and followed Jim through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order. "You have sold the largest bill of the season, Jim," said his father, greatly pleased, on his return.

A few years afterward, these two boys were left by their father's death with but \$300 apiece. Joe bought an acre or two near home, and, although he worked hard, he is still a poor, discontented man. Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired out as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at \$1.25 an acre, built himself a house, and married. To-day his herds are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up in town lots, and he is one of the wealthy men of the Centennial State.

"I might have done like Jim," said Joe, resentfully, "if I'd only thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as him."

Joe was right. He had the same stuff in him, but it was not developed. The quick, wide awake energy which causes a boy to act promptly and boldly in an emergency is partly natural, but it can be inculcated by parents, and it is worth more than any gift of nature.

Tommy and the Lion.—Continued.





Conundrums.

WHAT is the longest word in the English language? Smiles, because there's a mile between the first and last letters.

How is it that trees put on their dresses without opening their trunks? They leave them out.

What is that which does not exist, and yet we often say we saw? Nothing.

Why is a gooseberry pie like counterfeit money? It is not current.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather bed? One is hard up and the other is soft down.

Why is a baby and an alarm clock alike? They can both wake us up in the morning.

If a two-wheeled waggon is a bicycle, and a three-wheeled waggon is a tricycle, what would you call a five-wheeled one? A V-hicle, of course.

A right smart thing—horse radish.

MANY an old book has to be bound over to keep the piece.

WHEN money is used to influence the result of a ball game it is put to base uses.

THE cornet player who cannot attend the band meetings should send a sub-to-toot.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large business done at the Post Office there are only four letters in town.

THE reason Mohammed refused to go to the mountains was because the hotel rates were so high.

DARWIN said: "Every species of fruit contains a living principle." A man is apt to discover it when he bites into an apple in the dark.

AN IRISHMAN was planting shade trees when a passing lady said:

"You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr. Haggerty?"

"No, mum. O'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."

"You should be a base-ball player," said the beetle to the spider.

"Why so?" inquired the latter.

"You're so good at catching flies."

"True, but I'd fall a victim to the fowls." And he went behind the bat.

BROWN—"The hen always cackles after laying an egg. I wonder if when she is cackling she is counting the number she has laid."

JONES—"Certainly not. A hen always lays her egg early in the morning. She doesn't cackle late."

AUNT PRISCILLA—"Was not your father angry when he found young Cashless calling on you last evening?"

MADGE—"Angry, did you say? Why, he got red-headed in a minute."

AUNT PRISCILLA—"Are you indulging in the reprehensible habit of slang, Margaret, or do you desire me to give credence to a physical impossibility?"

MADGE—"Neither. It's the truth. Papa is bald, you know."

GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL—"Good gracious, Miss Harriet," exclaimed a young man, slipping hurriedly from the hall into the parlor in a Worthington Street residence, "what sort of a man is your father?"

"About like the average, I guess," she replied coolly, "why do you ask?"

"Well, he just yelled down-stairs to me to bring up that poultice for his sore neck or he would knock off a piece of my jaw. What do I know about it?"

"Did he see you?" she asked in surprise.

"Not that I know of."

"That accounts for it, then," she said in a tone of relief. "He heard you moving around and thought it was mother. I thought pa wouldn't be impolite to guests in the house."

AN elderly sheep chancing to meet a certain two-year-old heifer of his acquaintance, who was gamboling lightly through the fields and indulging in many manifestations of unwonted hilarity, asked: "What has happened to make you rejoice in this unusual manner?"

"I am to be taken to the slaughter house to-morrow," replied the heifer smilingly.

"Why! Great Scott!" exclaimed the sheep, "what do you find in that to make you joyous?"

"You do not grasp the situation in its entirety," said the heifer, executing an elaborate *pas seul*, "the summer boarders are coming on the day after to-morrow, and they are to bring an eight-year-old boy with them. I shall get away just in time. See?"

Moral: Circumstances alter cases.

"MEET with an accident?" asked a policeman of a farmer in the market yesterday with one of his eyes in deep mourning.

"Yea, sorter."

"Fall out of a tree?"

"Not exactly."

"Stick of wood fly up?"

"Hardly. A couple of days ago two chaps came along in a buggy and wanted to sell me 100 feet of wire clothes line for 75 cents. I bought it, and then they wanted me to sign a paper recommending its use. When I got ready to sign it I found it was a note for \$100."

"And then?"

"Didn't feel the ground tremble in town that day, did you?"

"I don't remember."

"It was probably too fur. I waded into 'em. They waded back. In the scrimmage I got this."

"And they got off scott free, I suppose."

"Do you? Well there's a town doctor riding out to see 'em every day, and my neighbor has drawn up a will for 'em. Mebbe an old farmer with a sledstake hain't of any account in a spring riot, and mebbe people nine miles away heard him whoop as he went in fur blood. Want a bag 'o taters this morning?"

A True Story.



The Deacon and his wife sorrowfully decide that their favorite cat, having taken to killing chickens, must die.



He attaches a dynamite cartridge, and lights the fuse.



She is alarmed by the hissing fuse, breaks away and starts for home, rapidly overtaking the Deacon, who now runs for his life.



But the deadly hand of science intervenes.

A FEW OF MANY KINDLY LETTERS.

WORTH BELL, Winnipeg.—The paper is looked for with pleasure.

JAMES BENDER, Long Lake P.O., Ont.—Please find 50 cents for your excellent illustrated paper for one year.

J. CHAMPION, Waskada, Man.—Will you kindly send me the MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, 50 cents enclosed. I have got Nos. 2 and 3 and should like very much to have No. 1, as I expect it contains Mr. Massey's first letter. I should not like to miss any of his letters, as I think them very interesting, and when I have enough numbers to make a book I intend having them bound. I think they will make up a nice and useful book.

W. FRY, Seguin Falls, Ont.—We are very much interested in the paper, and would thank you very much if you send the March No., as we want to get them bound.

JOHN FRY, Marden, Ont.—I think it a very useful little paper and I hope you will have good success with it.

WALTER HICK, Goderich, Ont.—I am very well pleased with it; it is better than I expected. I find it very interesting, especially Mr. Massey's travels. Subscription enclosed.

JAMES MURRAY, L'Orignal, Ont.—I have received three copies of the ILLUSTRATED and am very much pleased with it, and in a short time I will send you a list of subscribers. Subscription enclosed.

E. MANEER, Michie, Man.—Received a sample copy of your ILLUSTRATED and like it so well that I enclose the small sum of 50 cents, subscription for one year, for it is a very small amount of money for such a paper.

HENRY NEUERT, Linwood, Ont.—I find it a useful paper in many respects. I will try it for one year and if suitable will keep it right along.

DR. N. W. POWELL, Cobourg, Ont.—Permit me to say I like the ILLUSTRATED immensely, read it with great gusto, and I wish that its life may be long extended.

W. T. PATTULLO, Alton, Ont.—Your illustrated little paper has been a welcome one among the members of our household and I hope your enterprise will be amply rewarded and that it may live and continue on in the years to come, useful and worthy to be in every household of this fair Canada.

LUIS RUSSELL, Walkerton, Ont.—I received a specimen copy of your MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED and it took me at the first glance. It is the best paper printed in Canada. I send you my subscription for the paper for one year.

E. J. YORKE, Wardsville, Ont.—The ILLUSTRATED is destined to become a power for good in Canada. Your selections are first-class.

H. BULMER, Whitewood, N. W. T.—The ILLUSTRATED is the favorite of old and young throughout our town and vicinity and a' heartily welcome its monthly visit, and I can assure you I do not see how I could have invested 50 cents to better advantage than subscribing for it.

RUTH CURTIS, Mongolia, Ont.—The piece of music in your last paper I have tried and think it is a very pretty piece and is easy to play. I am very much pleased with your paper. It gives much information on various things.

BELLA MCBRIEN, Kinsale, Ont.—I like the paper very well; the story in it is very nice and the music is also very pretty.

JOHN ROBINSON, Sandfield, Manitoulin District, Ont.—Having received two copies of your ILLUSTRATED, and feeling satisfied that it is worthy of the hearty support of the farmers of this fair Dominion, I have decided to have it in our home.

FRED. W. HALES, Charlottetown, P.E.I.—By kindness of Mr. La'rd, of the *Patriot*, I have received a copy of your magazine for February. If carried out in that way I think it will have a large circulation. I enclose 50 cents, and please send numbers commencing January. Hope you will be able to keep it up.

JOHN LEEBOX, Elmwood, Ont.—I like your ILLUSTRATED.

ROBT. ELSLEY, Braddeck, C.B.—I like your paper very much.

JEFF PERRY HARNDEN, Raglan, Ont.—I only asked two to subscribe, and they did so willingly on my recommendation, without seeing the paper. Think I can get more.

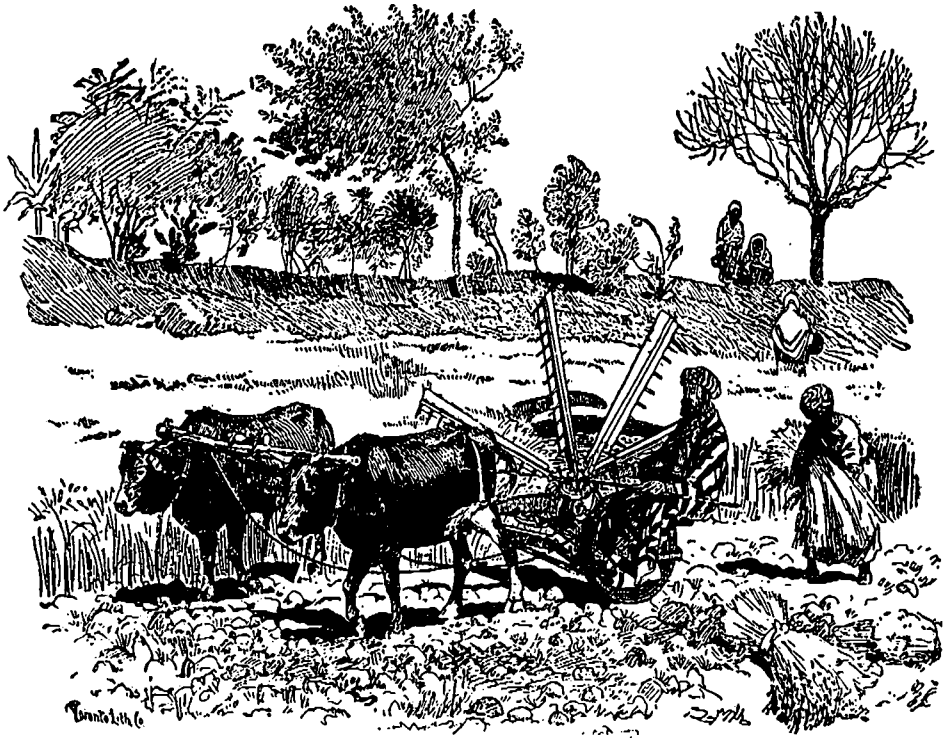
WM. BROWN, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—Enclosed please find 50 cents for one year's subscription for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED to Andrew Hannar, Sault Ste. Marie. He is very much pleased with the specimen copy.



A Summary of News for the Past Month.

- 1st.—Destructive fire at Boissvain, Man.; loss about \$40,000.
- 2nd.—C.P.R. short line to St. John, N.B., opened.
- 3rd.—Heavy storms of rain and lightning in the Midlands of England causing numerous accidents. . . . In the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland at Belfast the Moderator denounces Home Rule. . . . Death of Mr. F. Broughton, late general manager of the Great Western Railway, at his residence, near Woodstock, Ont.
- 4th.—The mutilated body of another victim of "Jack the Ripper" found in the River Thames, London, Eng. News received of a hurricane at Hong Kong, China, causing the loss of 10,000 lives and great damage to property.
- 5th.—Sir Charles Tupper presented to the Prince of Wales by the Marquis of Salisbury on his creation as a baronet. . . . Fire at Morden, Man., loss about \$10,000.
- 6th.—Sir George Stephen, ex-President of the C.P.R., purchases an estate in Buckinghamshire, England.
- 7th.—Business portion of Seattle, Washington Territory, destroyed by fire, loss about \$15,000,000. . . . Bishop Usher, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Montreal, accepts a call to Kansas city. . . . Toronto University confers the degree of L.L.D. upon Sir John Macdonald; Hon. Oliver Mowat; Chancellor Boyd; W. R. Meredith, M.P.P.; Dr. W. T. Aikens; John Hoskin, Q.C.; and Rev. John Campbell, M.A.
- 9th.—The statue of Bruno unveiled at Rome with imposing ceremonies; the Pope reported to be much depressed in consequence.
- 10th.—Death of Lieut.-Col. Lamontagne, D.A.G., at Montreal. . . . Petition filed at Ottawa asking for a reference of the Jesuit Estate Act to the Supreme Court.
- 11th.—Opening of the great Anti-Jesuit Convention at Toronto, Ont. . . . Marriage of the Duke of Portland to Miss Dallas Yorke, only daughter of T. Y. D. Yorke, of Walmgate Hall, South Lincolnshire. . . . Lord Dufferin reported dangerously ill.
- 12th.—An Equal Rights Association formed at the Toronto Anti-Jesuit Convention and a Provincial Council chosen. . . . A train containing a Methodist Sunday School excursion party wrecked near Armagh, Ireland, and seventy-two passengers killed. . . . Opening of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, at St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.
- 13th.—Lord Cecil, the well-known evangelist, drowned at Adolphustown, Ont.
- 14th.—Rough draft of the Samoan treaty signed by all the powers at Berlin. . . . The Grand Trunk Railway commence a service between Montreal and Halifax, lessening the time by nine hours.
- 16th.—The new St. James Methodist Church, Montreal, one of the finest ecclesiastical structures on the continent, opened for divine service. . . . Marriage of Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, to Princess Alexandra, of Greece. . . . Great damage in Kansas by wind and rain storms, the village of Uniontown being swept away and several people drowned and other places inundated.
- 17th.—Martin Burke, supposed to be one of the murderers of Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, arrested in Winnipeg, Man.
- 18th.—A man afflicted with leprosy discovered in the Great Central Meat Market, London, Eng. . . . Heavy rains throughout Germany causing much loss of life and damage to crops.
- 19th.—August Muth, the Austrian composer, suicides by drowning. . . . American and Canadian delegates to the World's Sunday School Convention to be held in London, Eng., sail from New York.
- 20th.—Prohibition amendment in Pennsylvania defeated by a majority of over 180,000 votes. . . . An English Syndicate subscribes \$10,000,000 to establish extensive iron and steel works at Vallejo, Cal.
- 21st.—News received that one-half of the city of Lachan, China, destroyed by fire and twelve hundred persons killed.
- 23rd.—A plot among the convicts in Kingston Penitentiary to revolt and gain their liberty frustrated.
- 24th.—Imposing demonstration at Quebec on the occasion of the dedication and blessing of the Cartier-Brodeur monument.
- 25th.—Death of Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, wife of the nineteenth President of the United States, at Fremont, Ohio.
- 26th.—Great excitement created in England by the Portuguese Government cancelling the concession it had granted for the building of a railroad at Delagoa Bay. . . . President Harrison appoints William Walter Phelps, as Minister to Germany.
- 27th.—Princess Louise of Wales, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, betrothed to Earl Fife.
- 28th.—The Scott Act sustained in Drummond County, Que. . . . Cruelty to Children bill, which prohibits the employment of juvenile labor after ten o'clock at night, passed by the Imperial House of Commons.
- 29th.—Reform Demonstration at the Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, Ont.

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



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

The Massey Harvester at work on the Plains of Sharon, Palestine.
The first reaper of the modern style ever introduced into Palestine.

One of the accomplishments of Mr. W. E. H. Massey on his recent tour around the world to open up Branch Houses of the Massey M'fg Co. in the various grain growing countries, was the establishment of an agency in Jerusalem, Palestine. For ages the old sickle has reaped the crops of the Holy Land, even up to the present time, and now the hum of the Massey Harvester may be heard on the fertile plains, while astonished native Syrians look on in utter amazement. The rough and very stony land of Palestine is a fearful test on a machine, but the undaunted Massey-Toronto machines prove themselves fully equal to the task.

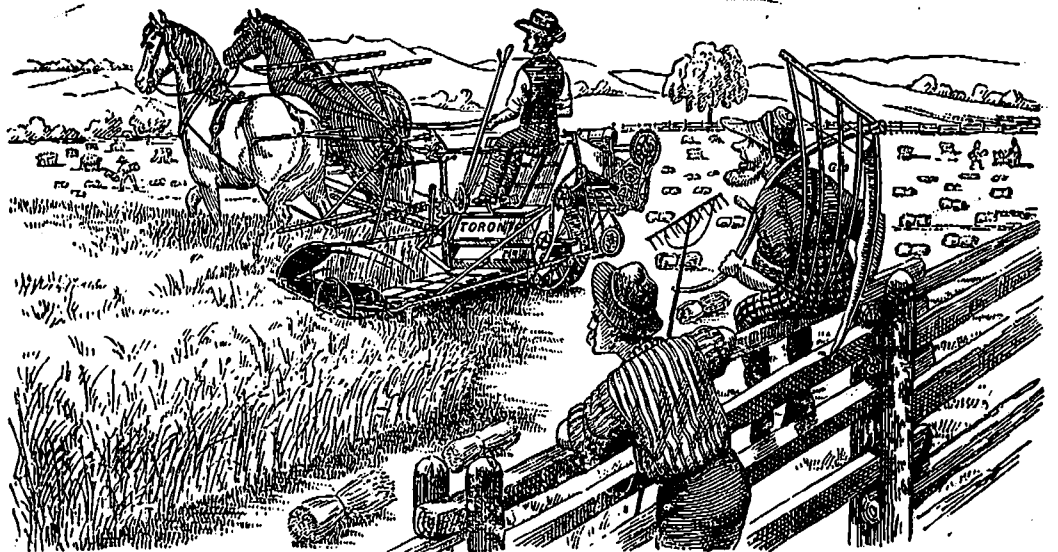
The great triumph of the Massey Co., however, is the unprecedented success of the Toronto Light

Binder at home and abroad. No machine ever won such a high reputation in such a short space of time. Of the unparalleled success of this admirable self-binder at home, we need make no mention, it being so well known. In foreign countries it has entirely defeated every machine of any note on the face of the globe. In the heavy crops of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in the tangled crops of France, Germany, Austria, and Russia, in the wet harvest in South America, amongst the big ant hills of South Africa, on the hard ground and green crops in Australia, on the steep hillsides of New Zealand, where the heaviest crops in the world are grown, everywhere

The World's Toronto Light Binder

has made a record never before heard of.

We challenge the World to show an equal record.



The Massey M'fg Co., Toronto, Ont.

Now's the Time to Earn Premiums! See our Grand Guess Offer!

On Page 3 of Cover.

OUR PREMIUMS.

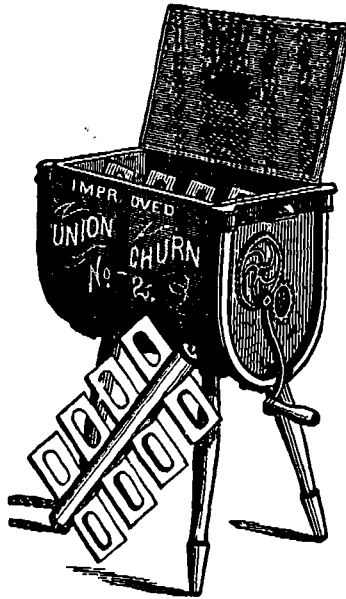
Our complete Premium List—beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated—containing 122 of the most liberal and most attractive presents ever presented by a journal, comprising all sorts of useful, ornamental articles, also games, etc., will be sent free to any address on application.

All Our Goods come from manufacturers of the highest standing. They are wholly unlike the articles usually offered as Premiums, being of an altogether different character—better goods and better quality—and worth every cent they are valued at. We guarantee every article to be exactly what we say it is.

Our Offer of Premiums is made for the purpose of liberally paying our subscribers for the time and trouble they may take in securing *bona fide* new subscribers; and are given wholly as payment for work done. *By work done*, we mean this: If a subscriber asks his friends or neighbors to take the ILLUSTRATED, recommends it, and by his solicitations succeeds in inducing one or more of them to take it, we call that *work done*, and are willing to pay for it.

Any person subscribing for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED and paying the full subscription price, can then receive Premiums for all the new subscribers he may obtain and send us.

Premium No. 67.—Churn No. 3, Union.

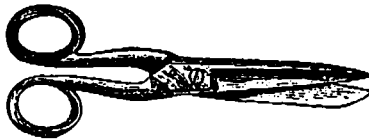


The Churn we offer, which is manufactured by the Brandon Manufacturing Co., Toronto, unites the durability of the barrel with the convenient appliances of the most approved open top box churns. The superiority of the Union Churns over all others is a fact too well known in Canada to require special mention of its admirable construction or other good points. One thermometer goes with each churn.

Price, \$8, or given for 20 new sub-

scriptions. Must be sent by express or freight and charges paid by receiver.

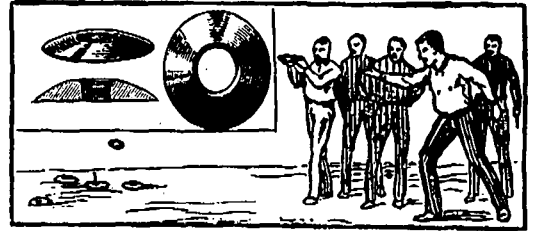
Premium No. 77.—Scissors.



One pair, good, plain cutting scissors, 6 inches long (German made.) This is a bargain.

Price, 25 cents, or given for 1 new subscription. Postage prepaid in either case.

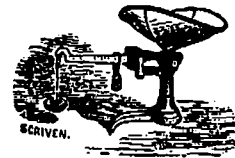
Premium No. 27.—Quoits.



"That's a ringer." To those who indulge in the fine old game of quoiting, we offer a pair of Quoits, weighing 3 lbs. 14 oz. each.

Price, per pair, 50 cents, or given for 1 new subscription. Must be sent by express and charges paid by receiver.

Premium No. 66.—Counter Scale with Tin Scoop.



No farmer should be without one of these Counter Scales. It has a capacity of 1/2 oz. to 36 lbs., and is a first-class scale for farm use. They are made by Gurney & Wares Scale Co., Hamilton.

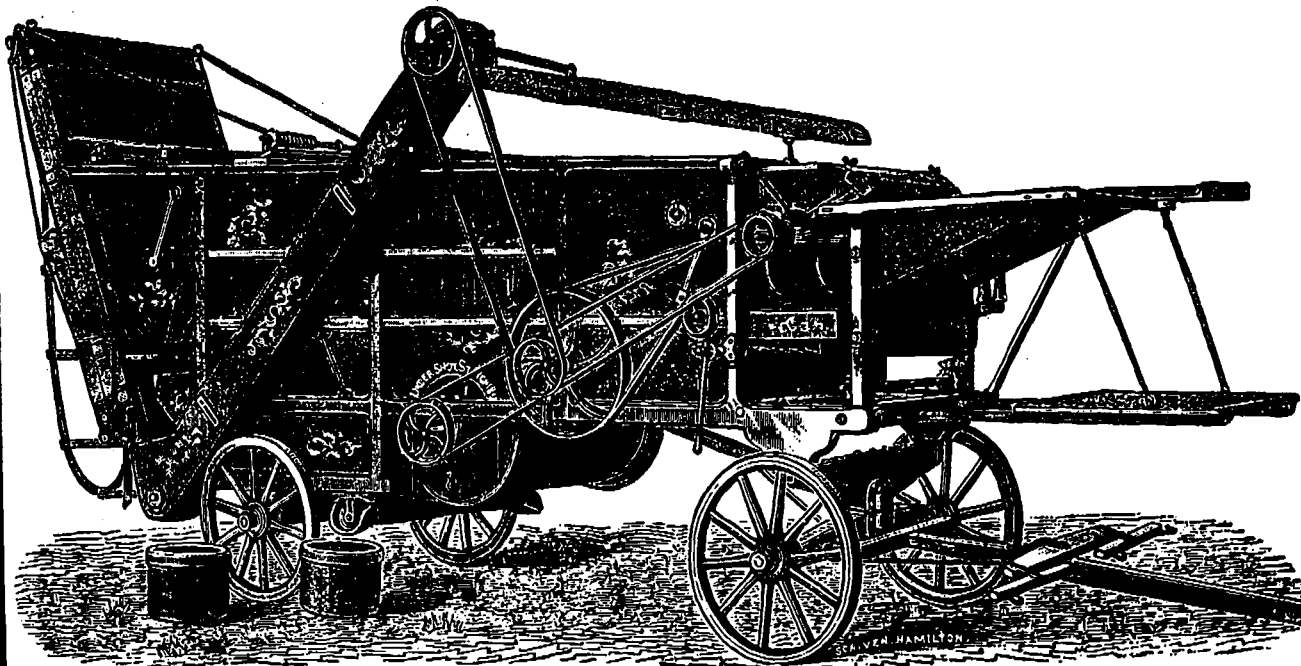
Price, with tin scoop and including stamping, \$8.50, or given for 20 new subscriptions. Must be sent by express or freight and charges paid by receiver.

Baseball, Cricket, and Lawn Tennis Sets, Lacrosse Sticks, Footballs, Dumb Bells, Bicycles for men and boys, Tricycles for girls, Musical Instruments, Books, Purses, Albums, Satchels, Electroplated Ware, Watches, Clocks, Organs, Sewing Machines, Rifles, Breechloaders, etc., etc. Send for a Premium List.

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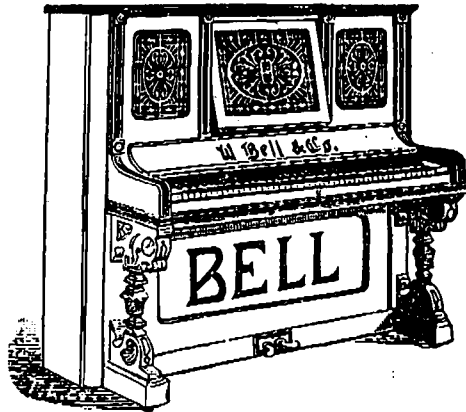
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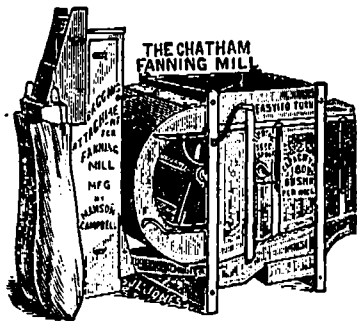
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MANSON CAMPBELL, CHATHAM, ONT.

1000 sold in 1881
1330 sold in 1885
2000 sold in 1886
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More than double the number turned out by any other Factory in Canada.

17,000 Mills now in Use.

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

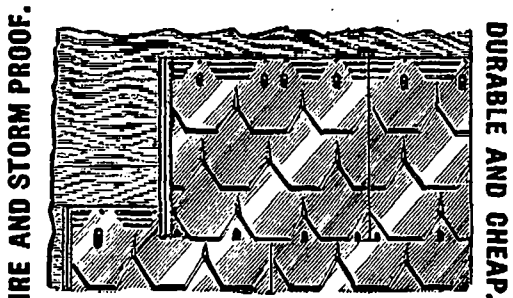
Mills furnished with or without the Bagging Attachment; also the Knock-Down Shape for shipment and packing for export.

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ALL SOLID EMERY,
with Steel Rods inside.

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Take no other.

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Peerless Axle Grease for Wagons and Gearing.

BEST YET. YOUR NAME on 25 cards, 20 Scrap Pictures and Prairie Whistle for 15c. TOM WRAY, Rodney, Ont.

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MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

An Independent Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.



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

PROF. SORUB Editor.
CHAS. MORRISON Associate Editor and Business Manager.

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

Liberal discounts on large contracts. Write for prices.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED CLUBBING LIST.

Arrangements with the publishers enable us to offer Massey's Illustrated in connection with other publications at the rates named in the list below, which will give all an opportunity to procure their yearly publications at reduced rates.

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

- Weekly Globe (\$1.00) with Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only \$1.00
- Weekly Mail (\$1.00) with Farm and Fireside (75c.) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only \$1.10
- Weekly Empire (\$1.00) with Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, and bust of Sir John Macdonald packed and delivered at Express Office, given for only \$1.10
- Canadian Live Stock and Farm Journal (\$1.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only \$1.00
- Grip (\$2.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only \$2.00
- The Presbyterian Review (\$1.50) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only \$1.60
- The Canadian Advance (\$1.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, given for only \$1.00
- Truth (\$3.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.), one year, together with any four one-subscription Premiums the subscriber may select from our handsome Illustrated Premium List issued with the December number of the Illustrated, given for only \$3.00
- YOUTH'S COMPANION (Boston, Mass.), (new subscriptions only, not renewals), \$1.75, and Massey's Illustrated, 50c., one year, together with any one-subscription Premium the subscriber may select from our Handsome Illustrated Premium List issued with the December number of "Massey's Illustrated," given for only \$1.90
- The Dominion Illustrated (\$4.00) and Massey's Illustrated (50c.) one year, together with a copy of Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" (Premium No. 50, Price \$1.00), given for only \$4.00

N.B.—Clubbing List Subscriptions cannot under any circumstances count in competitions for Premiums or Prizes, but we will allow persons so subscribing to canvass and earn Premiums.

Printed and Published at the Office of the MASSEY PRESS, Massey St., Toronto, Ont.

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

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

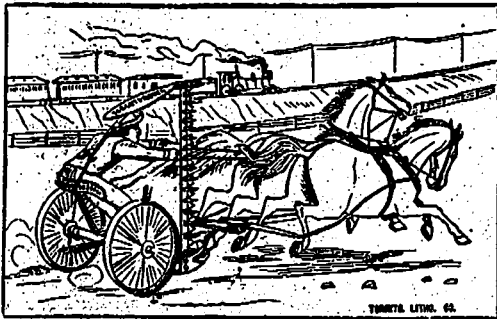
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FROM THIS DATE everyone sending 50c. for a year's subscription to

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

Shall have the privilege of guessing upon the number of letter S's which will appear on the sixth page (the first editorial page) of the October issue of THE ILLUSTRATED, and the one guessing the correct number, or nearest to the right number, of S's will be presented with the elegantly finished TORONTO MOWER which will be shown at this year's Toronto Industrial Exhibition.



The TORONTO MOWER, the best in the world, is too well known to need description. The retail price is \$75.

The one making the second nearest guess will receive a celebrated SHARP'S HORSE RAKE free. The SHARP'S RAKE is also so well known to need description. The retail price is \$30.



The one making the third nearest guess will be given any Premium or Premiums offered in our Illustrated Premium List for thirty new subscriptions.

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

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

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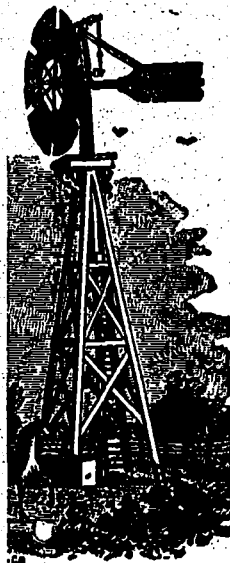
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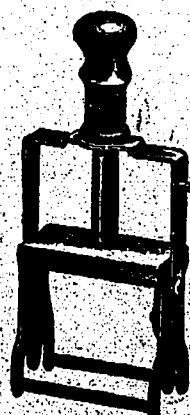
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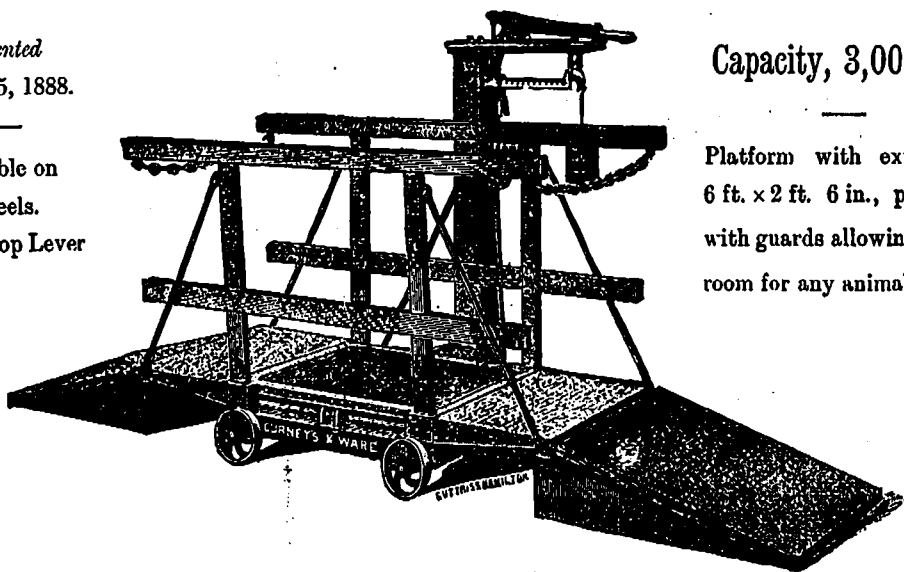
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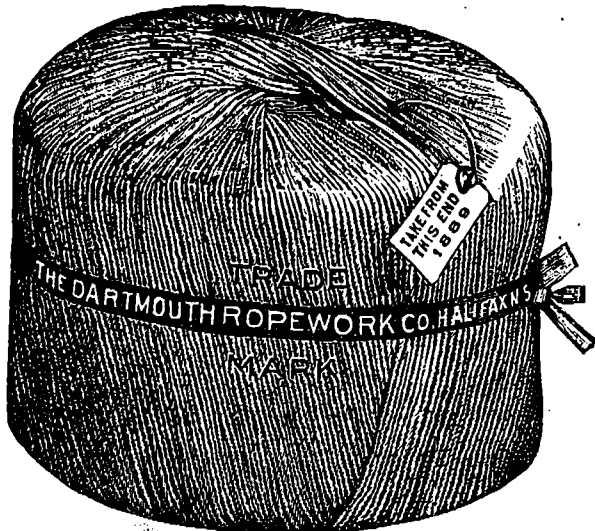
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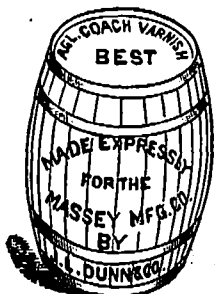
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