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Massey-Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. IV., No. 6.]

NOV.-DEC., 1900.

[Whole Series, Vol. XVIII., No. 6.



From a Painting by ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

A DEAD HEAT.

[The Graphic.

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NOV.-DEC., 1900.

[Whole Series, Vol. XVIII., No. 6.



THE home-coming of the boys from South Africa has been about the most cheerful incident of the war, and during the past few weeks

tunity to let go their pent-up patriotism in greetings to returning heroes. Doubtless many of our readers have been able to participate in one or other



SCENES IN TORONTO WHEN THE BOYS CAME HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA:
DECORATIONS AT THE CORNER OF VONGE AND KING STREETS

in numerous towns and villages all through Canada, but particularly in Ontario, the citizens have had oppor-

of these celebrations, whilst others would gladly have done so had circumstances permitted, and for the benefit



SCENES IN TORONTO WHEN THE BOYS CAME HOME FROM SOUTH AFRICA:
LOOKING UP KING STREET EAST FROM CORNER OF YONGE STREET.

of these we submit a couple of views of the return of the Toronto boys which will give some idea of the enthusiasm aroused. And what happened in To-

ronto, a large centre contributing the bulk of "C" Company, was repeated in Hamilton, Belleville, Brantford and other places that contributed a quota.



DENTISTRY ON THE VELDT:
UNOFFICIAL DUTIES OF AN OFFICER IN THE R. A. M. C.

[The Graphic.



THE QUEEN OF SWAZILAND CROSSING A SWOLLEN STREAM. [Illustration, *London News*]

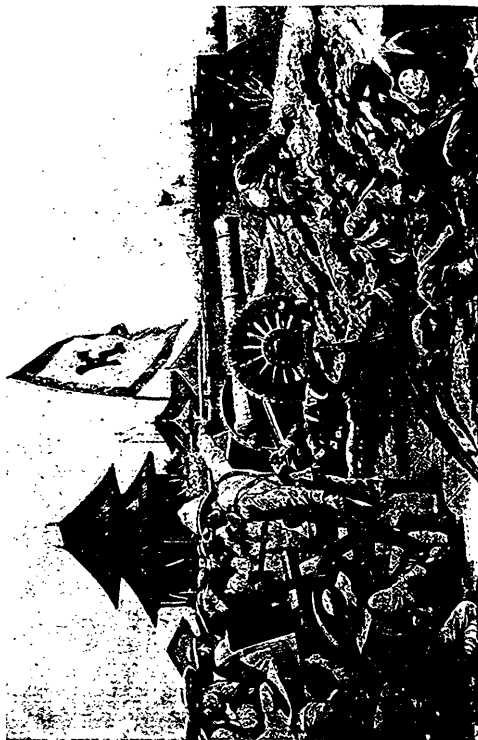
Toronto has never before so gorgeously and spontaneously bedecked herself as on the day she welcomed home her boys, and never before has she had occasion to be so proud. Business went to the winds, and the staid man of the city bought himself a badge and a flag and took his place in the crowd to cheer himself hoarse. In a

route of nearly six miles not a building but what had decoration of some kind, whether it was the palatial store and mansion or the tumbled rickety frame structure that had seen better days. And for nearly six miles a solid bank of humanity on either side of the roadway waited in eager expectancy for the little band of heroes that have so



WITH THE BRITISH FORCE IN ASHANTI: ON THE ROAD TO ENTREPPOO. [Illustration, *Lon. News*]

nobly helped to raise Canada to the schoolboys, or with a Boys' Brigade, pinnacle on which she stands to-day. forgot to look for him, in her anxiety



1911 CRISIS IN CHINA. FIGHTING ON THE BARRIERS.

The procession, as a procession, was a decided success, but the fond mothers, whose young hopeful marched with the

not to miss "the boys," and the man in the crowd who knew every other man or so in the lodges and societies

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WALL FROM WHICH THE BOXERS BOMBARDED THE LEGATIONS IN PEKING. *Ill. Lon. News.*

failed to give the usual greetings as they went by, so that he would not lose valuable wind so soon to be needed. As a rule the different suits of a procession arouse more or less enthusiasm in the spectators, but the plumes of gaily bedecked lodgemen, and civic lights in

their Sunday clothes, did not appeal to them on this day. They had eyes only for the little band of khaki-clad and khaki-faced heroes, and as they went by there was a roar that must have reminded them to some extent of the battlefields they had left behind.



CHINESE REGULARS DRILLING ON THE PARADE-GROUND AT SUNG-KIANG. *Ill. Lon. News.*

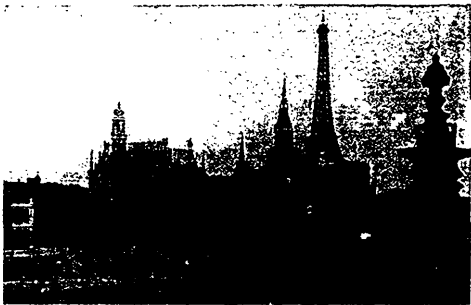
Many of the sorrows of war have been depicted in this and other papers, but war has its humorous side, as the second illustrations on p 232 will bear



A CHINESE BARBER'S SHOP.

(illus. London News.)

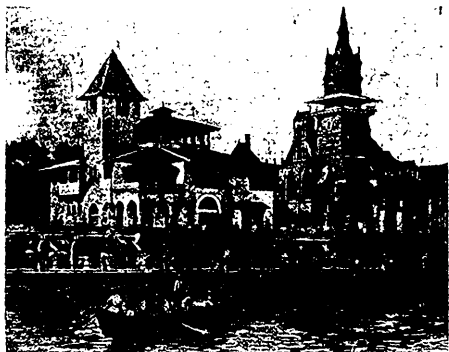
but war has its humorous side, as the second illustrations on p 232 will bear nation. In the present case a Kaffir woman suffering from toothache has

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—PAVILIONS OF FOREIGN POWERS
Great Britain—Germany—Belgium—Spain—Norway.

out We dare say some of us often wonder how the poor untutored Hotten- appealed to one of the surgeons of the R. A. M. C. to give her relief, and he is

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AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—PAVILIONS OF BOSNIA AND HUNGARY.

extracting the guilty molar, much to the amusement or otherwise of Kaffir junior, who has secured a front seat—or rather a back seat—to enjoy the fun

In the early stages of the war the

Queen of Swaziland was anxious to show her allegiance and loyalty to the British by offering her warriors, who are among the bravest of the South African tribes, to battle against the Boers. Her majesty is here depicted as a sort of

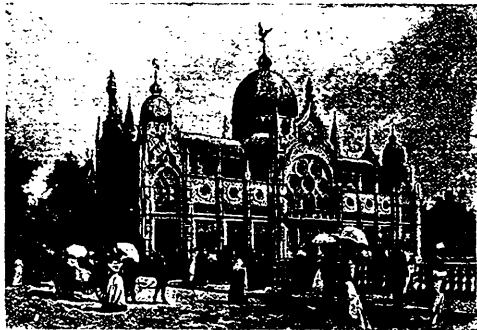


AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—"A BIT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE"—PAVILION OF INDIA.

modern Queen Elizabeth (except as regards her obesity and duskiness), and in all the glory of her leopard skin and monkey tails, the insignia of her royal state, is seen crossing one of the Swazi rivers, swollen by the floods of the rainy season, upon the shields of warriors; and should one of that gentry yield at all under her weight he would doubtless feel the "weight of her tongue," such as the knights of old did from her prototype.

In the more engrossing episodes of the South African war, the campaign against the rebellious Ashantis has to a great extent been lost sight of, yet the same heroism has been displayed

camp was discovered, and on July 30 three severe fights and two minor engagements were fought. In the second of these actions the ground was so rough, and sloped to such an extent that each time the gun was fired it turned a complete somersault. The enemy was invisible in the thick bush and their position could only be told by the dense smoke and rapid flashes from their guns. The engagement lasted two hours, and Lieutenants Phillips and Swabey were severely wounded. The enemy only vacated their position when their right flank was turned by a company under Captain Neal. They lost heavily, and especially towards the end



AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—ITALIAN PAVILION.

and possibly greater hardships endured; and so severe was the strain upon the relieving column of Coomasie that Colonel Willocks, the commander, fell unconscious, overcome by privations and anxiety, just as success was achieved.

On page 233 we portray one of the stirring incidents of this campaign, in connection with which the *Illustrated London News* says:—

"A force of 400 men of the West African Frontier Force, under Major Beddoe, was despatched by Colonel Willocks from Bekwai at the end of July for the purpose of discovering the enemy's war camp to the east of Dampoassi. After a splendid march the

of the fight. Owing to the nature of the ground it was found quite impossible to use the gun. Lieutenant Half penny, therefore, advanced with his West Indian gunners, armed with Lee Metford rifles, up the hill side, and succeeded in cutting the enemy's left wing, which was enveloping our force. This action inflicted great loss upon the rebels, who were totally defeated and fled. Next day the column accomplished the long, tedious march from Entreefo to Dampoassi, where they halted for an hour in a shady bamboo grove."

Some nations, like some people, become famous through their vices instead of through their virtues, and such is

the case with China, so far as the interest that is felt in the people of that

country to-day by the rest of the world. But whether the primary cause of a

nation's or an individual's notoriety be good or evil, once the curiosity of mankind is excited it will not be satisfied until it has learned all that it is possible to learn of the life of the person or people thus looming large in the gaze of the world. John Chinaman's peculiarities are, in consequence, being portrayed by pen and pencil in the journals of every country, and of course we must keep up with the times. While we presented in our last issue a rich assortment of Chinese characteristics, the field is such a wide one that we offer our readers a further glimpse into the home and national life of the almond-eyed Celestial, commencing with nothing more blood-curdling than the interior of a Chinese barber's shop. With the advent of the Manchu Dynasty—the dynasty represented in the present unhappy Emperor—the pigtail became the Chinaman's badge of servitude. The shaving of the head and the plaiting and interweaving with silk braid of the hair is a somewhat elaborate process. The dandies and wealthy classes go through it at least once a week; the less fortunate every two weeks, or once a month. All sorts of gummy substances are applied to produce a gloss, and the operation is concluded with a spray of perfume or oil.

We conclude our somewhat extended pictorial trip with a series of reproductions of scenes at the great Exposition at Paris, France, which cannot fail to be of interest to our readers, so many successes having been scored at the Exposition by Canadian exhibitors.



AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—GENERAL VIEW OF "OLD PARIS."

For Her Son's Sake.

THE stranger to Upton Court must have an iron nerve, or a strong faith in the protecting care of Providence. Half-way down White-chapel Road you turned to the left into a narrow alley, filthy in the extreme, as though beyond the ken of sanitary inspectors. Sitting upon doorsteps are dirty, half-naked children, and women who seem scarcely better acquainted with the cleansing properties of soap and water; ill-fed, ill-clothed, and, if one might judge by frequent facial disfigurements, ill-treated as well. And as one ventures further into the recesses of the alley, the first bad impression deepens, until its extreme end turns at a sharp angle to the left, and the whole soul revolts at the consummation of all that is revolting here discovered.

The reader has now arrived at Upton Court, the scene of more than one mysterious disappearance, and of, at least, one murder, for which the extreme penalty has been paid.

One day in June, 1896, a young girl, scarce twenty years of age, plainly attired, yet bearing upon her the unmistakable stamp of the lady born, passed down West End Alley and into Upton Court. As she passed along, the frequent curtsies of the women and the delighted cries of the children showed that she was no stranger in these parts, and that she was one whom they regarded with friendly eyes. And with good reason. Scarcely one of these women but had been the recipient of her kindness and liberality, and the heart-full gratitude they felt was much deeper and truer than one would have judged possible by their general appearance. If the poor sometimes have qualities which make souls refined shrink from them, ingratitude is not one of them.

Everyone knew what her errand of mercy was that day. At No. 4 Upton Court, an old woman lay sick unto death. No one knew who this old woman was, but that she was not one of themselves they were perfectly certain. She had suddenly appeared amongst them a year before. Hardly half-a-dozen people had seen her, for within a week she took to her bed and had never

left it since. There was a mystery about her. That she was an "aristocrater," who had come to hide herself amongst them, they were perfectly convinced. But what reason could there be for an old woman, gentle and refined, hiding herself? The more West End Alley and Upton Court discussed the matter, the more perplexed and puzzled they felt. So it was with more than usual interest they watched the young girl who was now a constant visitor to the first floor back at No. 4, which none of them had ever been permitted to enter.

Almost as great a mystery surrounded the girl. Except that she was "Miss Horne," no one knew anything about her, where she came from, nor what her station in life was.

Having thus introduced our principal characters, we will now follow the young girl into No. 4. Through a dark, close-smelling entry, and up two flights of creaking stairs, from which clouds of dust rose at every creak, Miss Horne slowly wended her way. She paused before the second floor back and gently knocked. A faint voice that would scarcely have been audible to other ears bade her "come in," and she entered a small room almost bare of furniture, except a bed, a table, a chair and a stool. A rug that had seen better days covered the floor beside the bed, on which lay an old woman whose snow-white hair made her seem much older than she really was. The features were well formed, the nose aquiline, the eyes steely-grey, and the mouth and chin showed signs of resolution, though the former could at times curve tenderly and smile with ineffable sweetness. A reader of character would have said at once that here was a woman of a proud, indomitable will, yet capable of making a great sacrifice for love, or in the cause of right or wrong.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Parley?" said the girl, smiling brightly. "I really think you look better. You'll soon be up again, I believe."

The old woman smiled faintly.

"I do feel a little stronger, but as for getting up again, child, put that out of your head. My work is done, and the sooner the feeble light of my life expires the better."

"But you are stronger; your voice does not sound nearly so faint as it did yesterday."

"Yes, and the strength has been given me for a purpose, child. I have a confession to make. Before I die I must undo a great wrong."

"A great wrong?"

"Yes, a great wrong. I want you to bring the table over here close to the bed and write what I dictate. You will find pen and ink and paper in the cupboard. I bought them long ago, so as to be ready for the hour, which has come at last when I must make some reparation. Thank God, it is not yet too late!"

The girl rose and did the old woman's bidding, and sat down, pen in hand, waiting for her to speak.

"When I was but seventeen," began the old woman, "I was married to one whom my soul detested. He was much older than I, perhaps by twenty years. It was not his age to which I objected so much as his character—it was mean, grasping and cruel, and he could at times descend to vulgarity that violated all my innate delicacy. Ours was a most unhappy marriage. When my husband found how much I detested him, he began to take delight in doing things I hated. My life was miserable. But after three years all changed, my son was born, and in the joy of his possession I forgot my sorrow. I watched him grow up to boyhood, wilful and selfish. I saw him pass from boyhood to manhood. I never thwarted him in anything; every wish of his was gratified. I acted the fond, foolish mother, and I gained such a mother's sure reward. I loved my son, I doted on him, I would have given my life's blood for him. In return for this he despised me—he seemed to hate me. He broke my heart!"

"When Reginald was four-and-twenty my husband lay upon his death-bed. Even the near approach of death did not soften him. He called me to his bedside the day before he died. I found with him the family lawyer.

"'Harriet,' said my husband, 'I am going to make my will. I want you to listen while I dictate it.'

"He looked at me with a triumphant malice that made me shudder. Then he began to dictate his will. How well I remember every word, for I have read it a hundred times since.

"Saving one hundred pounds to me

for life, and a legacy of fifty pounds to Reginald, all his fortune was left to a daughter by a former marriage. He handed me the will and a miniature portrait.

"All the while I sat stunned and bewildered. I had before known that my husband had married, but had been led to believe him childless when I married him. I was too stunned to reproach him. I could only sit there and pray; pray that in some way or other this cruel wrong—so I deemed it, rightly or wrongly you shall judge—might be overruled. And it seemed to me my blasphemous prayer was answered. As Mr. Jarvis, the lawyer, drove down the street, his horse, frightened by a passing cyclist, bolted; the carriage was overturned—Mr. Jarvis was thrown out and killed.

"Next day my husband died, and five days later was laid in the earth. Then came the greatest trial—the time had come for the reading of the will. Had Mr. Jarvis made two copies? If so, my having secreted the copy which I had received from my husband would be in vain, and my son would be disinherited. No will was produced. My husband was declared to have died intestate. I took a third of the personalty, my son took the remainder, and as the bulk of the estate was entailed it went to him as the eldest and only child.

"How I passed through that time I know not. I went about in constant fear of discovery. Truly, conscience makes cowards of us all. At last all was settled, and then came my punishment. Unknown to me, my son had married a woman whose acquaintance he had made behind the scenes of a music-hall. He brought her home—a low-bred, vulgar, insolent creature, who told me before she had been half-a-dozen hours in the house that my presence was not desired, and that 'the sooner I made myself scarce the better she would be pleased.' And—bitterest of all—my son laughed when she said it.

"I left the house that night, now fifteen years ago, and have never seen my son from that day to this." The old woman pressed her hands to her face; her mother's heart still beat for her son, unworthy though he was. Then she continued:

"Nor do I wish to see him now that, in justice to another, I must rob him of all he has so long enjoyed. That is all. You need not write any more. In the

cupboard you will find the stolen will, as well as a miniature of my husband's first wife. Get them, child, and bring them to me. I must look at them for the last time before I give them over to your keeping."

The girl arose and crossed the room once more to the cupboard. Upon the topmost shelf she found a legal-looking document which she judged must be the will; also a miniature. As she took the latter in her hand she looked at it. Then with a sudden cry she stood still in the middle of the room gazing with wide-open eyes at the portrait in her hand. "What is it, child?" cried the old woman, in a fretful tone.

Pulling from her breast another miniature, the girl ran to the bed and placed them both in the sick woman's hands. The two miniatures were alike.

The same face looked out from both. The two women gazed at each other.

"Where did you get that? Who is she? What is she to you?" cried the old woman.

"My grandmother," replied the girl.

"You are her grandchild, and your mother—"

"Was her daughter."

The old woman bowed her head upon her hands and groaned.

"This is retribution indeed. I robbed her and her child, who has been my best friend."

"Nay, don't speak like that," said the girl, compassionately. "You—you did it for the best."

"Can you ever forgive me, child?" asked the old woman, entreatingly.

"As I hope to be forgiven," returned the girl.

Next day the weary soul departed, but not before Dr. Horne had added his forgiveness to that of his daughter.

A week later Reginald Parley, in the midst of a scene of revelry, received two visitors, who would not be denied. The visitors were Dr. Horne and his solicitor. Reginald saw it would be impossible to withstand the evidence of his misguided mother's confession and the stolen will.

Within a month Dr. Horne took formal possession of the estates which should have been his wife's seventeen years before, while Reginald and his wife hid themselves in a French coast town, there to live at ease, if not in luxury, on the allowance made them by the rightful heiress.—*Woman's Life.*

Items of Interest.

THE UNDERGROUND railways of London are 101 miles long, and cost from \$1,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a mile to build.

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PAPER MADE of seaweed is a growing industry in France. It is so transparent that it has been used in place of glass.

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CHICAGO HAS a bird hospital, the only one of its kind in the world, where sick and wounded birds are received and cared for.

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THE POPE does his private writing with a gold pen, but his Pontifical signature is always given with a white-feathered quill, which is believed to come from the wing of a dove, although persons who have seen it say it must have come from a larger bird. The same quill has been in use for more than forty years. It only serves for important signatures, and is kept in an ivory case.

A CURIOUS FEATURE of Japanese journalism is that every important paper is said to have a "prison editor." Japanese journalists are so constantly being fined and sent to prison that the sole occupation of the individual is to go to gaol when called upon.

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THEATRES ARE free in India. The curtain rolls up at nine o'clock at night, and never comes down until five the next morning. It usually requires seven nights to present a drama. People generally take their beds with them, and go to sleep between the acts. The favorite play in India is the presentation of the exploits of some god.

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EXPERIMENTS IN France have shown that chimney soot is valuable, both as a manure and as an insecticide. Its fertilizing properties are particularly noted in gardens and meadows. M. Dasserre, a winegrower in Southern France, avers that "chimney soot kills

the phylloxera with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning, and at the same time endows the vines with extraordinary energy of growth." Other experimenters, however, have not found it effective in the case of phylloxera, although it kills many kinds of larvæ.

A CURIOUS CEREMONY took place recently in the Hooghly district of India, when a baby eight months old was married to a man twenty-eight years of age. The father of the bride gave the bridegroom a sum of money for marrying his daughter.

THE AMOUNT of powder required to propel a cannon projectile generally equals about half the weight of the missile. A projectile measuring 4 in. in diameter would require 16½ lbs. of powder; 5 in., 25 lbs.; 6 in., 50 lbs.; 8 in., 125 lbs.; 10 in., 250 lbs.; and 12 in., 425 lbs.

OUR TROOPS at Pretoria have recently been trying a new gun. It is a 9.7, and throws a projectile weighing 280 lb. It is the first time we have tried it during the present war, and as far as could be seen the effect was very disastrous to the enemy, whom it dispersed at a range of over 8,000 yds.

A CASE of quintuple birth is reported by Dr. Bernheim, of Philadelphia, in the "Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift." This rare event happened in Mayfield, Kentucky. The children were of the male sex, and were all born alive. Their weight was from four to five English pounds, and they appeared quite healthy, there being no obvious cause of their deaths, which took place

within a fortnight. According to a text-book quoted by the "Lancet," twins occur once in eighty-nine births, triplets once in 7,910 births, and quadruplets once in 371,126 births.

THE CORRECT NUMBER of "Boxers" who are causing such strife in China is not known, but it is estimated to be somewhere between three and four millions. Roughly, the Chinese army consists of about 1,000,000 men, the greater portion of whom, however, are far from being well trained. A Chinese foot soldier is paid about \$1.25 a month and the cavalry soldiers \$3.75. But the latter have to feed their own horses, and, furthermore, have to replace them out of their pay if lost or killed.

WHEN CABINET MINISTERS are first admitted to the Privy Council they have to make a solemn oath not to make known the conversation or proceedings of Cabinet Councils, or any communications they may have with the Queen or with another Minister. They cannot give a hint of such things even to the highest members of the Government who are not Cabinet Ministers. No clerk or secretary is allowed to be present at Cabinet Councils, no written record is kept, and it is even the custom not to take any notes. Hence no one but the Queen and the Ministers ever knows what has really been said and decided at Cabinet meetings. The oath of secrecy lasts to the end of life. An ex-Cabinet Minister is as much bound by it as an actual Cabinet Minister. Any conversation a Minister or a peer may have with the Queen on State matters must also be kept secret. So must letters to and from the Sovereign.

Canada to a Canadian Away.

THE following letter speaks for itself. For obvious reasons we withhold the writer's name:

Pontiac, Mich., Oct. 20, 1900.

EDITOR MASSEY PRESS:

DEAR SIR,—Is the MASSEY MAGAZINE published yet? If so, what is the subscription price per year? It was sent to my father for six months some years ago, and it was certainly high class.

I want something purely Canadian,

for although living here in the United States, the corruption in public life, and also the hatred and utter ignorance of Britain and British institutions, fills me with contempt. I am sorry it is so. It makes me sometimes like a stranger. I want something from home. When I look to Canada and see her in her prosperity and general advancement, I can only say "God speed" to the happiest and finest people on the American continent.

It is indeed "God's country," as hundreds of Canadian-Americans call it.

On and Around the Farm

An Epitome of Expert Opinion and Interesting Facts Gathered from Authoritative Sources.

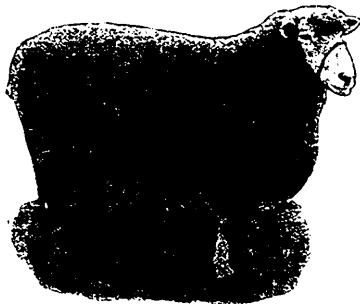
General Notes.

The Busy Hen is the laying hen, and all hens that produce a continued egg supply are kept busy.

Good Drainage is usually recommended for all soils except those underlaid with gypsum.

Sheep on Late Pasture.—A mistake frequently made is to keep the flock too long on grass, with no other food than

In order to avoid this one may make up lettuce and onion beds in fall, just the same as they would in the spring, and when the weather becomes so cool that all danger of the seeds sprouting is past, sow lettuce, put out onions, then mulch with leaves, straw or manure from the barnyard. If leaves or straw are used, they may be held in place by covering lightly with boards. In the spring remove mulching, stick radish seeds along the edge of beds, and you will have vegetables as soon as your neighbors have greens.



THE RUBY, 1,000-GUINEA CHAMPION RAM, OWNED BY MR. HENRY DUDDING.

that the frozen pastures afford. The change from pasture to sheds should be gradual. Allow the flocks the usual range as long as the ground is not covered with snow. And even in the dead of winter, if the ground is dry enough, or frozen and not much snow, the sheep will be benefited by an occasional run over the pasture.

Extra Early Vegetables.—Sometimes the spring months are wet, and the process of seed planting is much delayed.

Making Artificial Combs.—From time to time there have been rumors that the making of artificial combs had become an accomplished fact, but so far these rumors have proven false. The honey bee still holds the patent royal on comb making. The most that man has been able to do is to furnish the base or pattern for the bees to build on. These are called starters and are made by running thin sheets of wax through embossed rollers, which form the base of the combs and are very useful to the up-to-date beekeeper.

In Ripening Cheese the total solids decrease by the decomposition of the sugar and albuminoids.

Cold is not so much to be guarded against in caring for sheep as dampness. In good weather allow the flock to have the benefit of the open air, with the sheds as a retreat from rain and snow in easy access.

Keep the Breeders.—A male bird may safely be retained in the flock until he is three or four years old. Male birds that meet all the requirements of the breeder are not plentiful and when one is obtained he should be kept as long as he can be made use of.

A Simple Way to Winter Bees is to place a row of hives along a high, tight board fence 6 in. apart and 6 in. from the fence. On top of these place another row of hives. Pack the spaces between and around them with chaff and cover the whole with boards to keep them dry.

Removing Honey.—To have honey in the best shape to sell, it should be removed from the hives as soon as it is well capped over. The cappings are then white and very inviting. If allowed to remain long in the hives after being capped, the cappings become stained by the bees and the appearance is injured.

Tests at the Twenty-Fifth Annual Show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association.

AT the twenty-fifth annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Association held in London, England, in the middle of last month, there was a bigger record than ever of animals that underwent the milking trial. The trial is now compulsory on every cow exhibited in the show. There were 110 entries.

Generally speaking, the animals have, as a whole, scarcely been up to the average of some former years, either in quantity of milk, percentage of butter-fat, or total points gained—a circumstance that is emphasized by the fact that no comments have been given, simply the first, second and third, with reserve. Indeed, many of the prize-winners have gained points below the standard suggested by the judges some years ago, namely, 120 for the Shorthorns and cross-breeds, 100 for Red Polls and Ayrshires, 90 Jerseys and Guernseys, and 80 for Kerries. It would seem that the progression upward of the

various breeds was checked for a time, or else the fine weather experienced during the show was too hot and stifling for the animals in the Hall.

Another feature of the results is the large proportion of milks which yielded less fat in the evening than in the morning, contrary to the usual rule, thus indicating that the animals were somehow more affected by their surroundings during the day than usual.

Another feature is the large proportion having deductions for less than 3 per cent. of fat or less than 8.5 per cent. of other solids; thus, in the pedigree Shorthorns, out of ten animals tried actually five have deductions made for inferiority of milk, and six out of sixteen in the common Shorthorn class.

Canadian dairymen and cattle raisers will be interested in the results of the severe tests to which the animals exhibited were subjected, and we give on the next page the figures showing the milk and butter yield, and various other particulars of the different breeds.



MR. HENRY LUDDING, THE WELL-KNOWN ENGLISH BREEDER OF PRIZE STOCK.

TESTS AT THE BRITISH DAIRY FARMERS ASS'N ANNUAL SHOW.—JERSEYS.

Fwh htr and name of cow.	Date of birth.	Date of last calf.	Number of days in milk.	Milk yield.		Ratio, viz., lb. milk to lb. butter.	No. of points for butter.	No. of points for lactation.	Total number of points.
				lb. oz.	lb. oz.				
			1900						
C. and M. Palmer's Matchmaid, VI.—356	Feb 21, '92	Aug 25	46	35 0	1 6	25.45	22.00	60	22 60
C. and M. Palmer's Matron, X.—291	Mar. 26, '96	Aug. 1	70	33 0	1 10 1/2	20 11	26 25	3 00	29 25
C. and M. Palmer's May, XI.—287	Mar 29, '97	July 21	81	29 13	1 6 1/2	21 20	22 50	4 10	26 60
D. Mutton's Lucy 9th, VI.—356	Aug. 4, '93	Sept. 3	37	37 5	1 5	25.00	24.00	111	20 00
D. Mutton's Goody Two Shoes, VIII.—210	Mar 15, '94	July 10	92	37 12	1 7 1/2	25.97	23 25	5 20	25 45
D. Mutton's Brighton Queen, XI.—209	Feb 17, '97	June 29	103	33 10	2 3	15 37	35 00	6 30	41 30
R. J. Pope's Beresford Darkie, X.—704	1895		48	35 2	2 0 1/2	17 29	32 50	80	33 30
Mrs. McIntosh's Fairy, XI.—241	Mar. 5, '96	April 22	171	34 2	1 9	21 54	25 00	12 00	37 00
Viscout Enfield's Gloaming 9th, VIII.—208	Nov 5, '93	May 6	157	29 10	2 2 1/2	13 83	34 25	11 70	45 95
Viscout Enfield's Spec. XI.—234	May 13, '97	July 21	81	32 13	1 9 1/2	20 54	20 50	4 10	26 60
J. R. Corbett's Camilla 21st, VI.—89	Aug. 20, '90	June 25	107	31 0	1 6 1/2	27 29	22 25	6 20	25 95
J. R. Corbett's Em B. IX.—215	June 29, '95	Sept. 4	36	22 0	1 4 1/2	17 17	20 60	11	20 60
J. R. Corbett's Mab C. XI.—252	Apr. 17, '97	July 29	73	29 3	1 6 1/2	20 23	22 50	3 30	23 55
S. Evans's Oakland's Rosette	3 yrs 6 mos.	Aug. 27	44	33 14	1 10 1/2	20 45	25 75	40	26 90
Dr. H. Watney's Lady Sheila, XI.—271	May 9, '97	April 10	183	19 5	1 5 1/2	14 54	21 25	12 00	33 25
Dr. H. Watney's Queen Bess of Ruthven, VII.—226	Feb 17, '93	May 26	137	40 2	1 11 1/2	25 13	27 75	9 70	37 45
Capt. Smith-Neill's Tuddie's Queen, VI.—595	Apr. 24, '93	July 23	79	35 10	1 7 1/2	24 00	23 75	3 90	27 65
Lord Rothschild's Sultane 14th, VII.—232	May 6, '88	Jan 26	257	40 13	1 12	25 32	26 00	12 00	40 00
Captain Fraser's Countess of March, XI.—222	May 21, '97	May 13	150	25 12	1 4 1/2	20 09	20 50	11 00	31 50
A. P. Perkins's Virginia, IX.—309	Mar 2, '95	Aug. 1	70	26 5	1 5 1/2	19 35	21 75	3 00	24 75
A. P. Perkins's Golden Tosca, X.—255	July 1, '96	Aug. 13	53	31 0	1 6	15 27	22 00	1 80	21 50
Mrs. Barron's Bl. VI.—159	Aug. 12, '97	May 11	151	29 8	1 11 1/2	17 16	27 50	11 10	35 60
Mrs. Barron's Lady Pussy, VI.—315	Feb. 10, '93	Aug. 26	45	42 2	1 15	21 74	31 00	50	31 50
A. Gibb's Buttercup 3rd, VII.—184	Apr. 23, '97	June 6	126	30 2	1 10 1/2	15 36	26 25	8 00	24 85
A. Gibb's Lass of Jersey 2nd, VIII.—220	Apr. 18, '93	April 10	183	25 12	1 8 1/2	16 64	24 75	12 00	36 75
D. Mutton's Ladybird XI.—82	June 12, '98	Aug. 30	41	22 5	1 9	19 29	28 50	10	13 00
Captain Fraser's Diamond Jubilee, XI.—231	Sept 20, '97	Sept. 2	69	24 5	1 0 1/2	23 57	16 75	2 90	16 64
J. S. Evans's Juv of Oaklands	2 yrs 6 mos.	Sept. 20	20	26 0	1 1 1/2	23 43	17 75	11	17 75
J. S. Evans's Hope	Dec 15, '97	May 23	135	21 0	1 6	16 72	22 00	9 50	31 50

SHORTHORNS.

Lady Henry Bentinck's Sowerby Isabella	yrs mo wk			Milk yield.		Ratio, viz., lb. milk to lb. butter.	No. of points for butter.	No. of points for lactation.	Total number of points.
				lb. oz.	lb. oz.				
Lady Henry Bentinck's Heroine 3rd	6 9 1	July 15	87	34 5	1 1 1/2	30 92	17 25	4 70	22 45
Lady Henry Bentinck's Lady Seton	5 11 2	Aug. 10	61	52 2	0 14 1/2	27 80	30 00	7 10	32 10
J. T. Hobb's Musical	7 7 2	Sept. 13	89	47 10	0 18	33 45	12 25	3 00	17 45
Lord Rothschild's Princess 2nd	6 7 1	Sept. 23	47	31 1	1 3 1/2	35 06	30 25	11	19 85
Lord Rothschild's Olivette Ingram	9 8 1	April 11	152	32 3	1 2 1/2	22 21	13 25	12 00	30 25
Lord Rothschild's Lady Rosedale	8 4 3	Aug. 22	49	38 8	1 1	36 23	17 00	nil	17 00
J. Evans's Chance	6 0 0	Sept. 16	24	52 0	1 5 1/2	35 02	21 25	90	22 65
Lady Henry Bentinck's Mercier	6 0 0	Sept. 16	24	52 0	1 14 1/2	30 77	30 25	nil	30 25
Lady Henry Bentinck's Proctor	10 5 3	July 23	79	44 11	1 10 1/2	36 08	26 50	3 00	37 00
G. J. Wumlett's Cowslip	6 0 0	Sept. 20	19	48 8	1 3 1/2	35 81	30 25	nil	31 25
J. P. Spencer's Molly Mine	7 0 0	Sept. 7	33	55 5	2 7 1/2	22 47	30 75	nil	30 75
J. P. Spencer's Model Maid	8 0 0	Sept. 20	20	57 5	1 6 1/2	41 21	22 25	nil	22 25
E. Dawe's Cherry	8 8 0	June 28	104	55 2	2 5 1/2	33 83	37 25	6 40	43 65
G. Long's Merry	8 0 0	Aug. 24	47	61 3	1 7	23 67	23 00	70	23 70
Mrs. Bone's's Granny	9 0 0	Sept. 6	34	72 7	2 10 1/2	47 95	43 75	nil	43 75
Rumbal & Son's Cherry	7 0 0	Sept. 13	35	46 13	1 9	27 11	16 00	8 10	16 00
A. Merry's Jane	7 0 0	Sept. 20	19	47 13	1 13 1/2	35 81	30 25	nil	30 25
C. Birdsey's Flower	6 0 0	Sept 14	26	46 0	1 12 1/2	25 82	28 90	nil	28 90
C. Birdsey's Florence	3 10 0	Sept 10	30	47 13	1 11 1/2	28 07	27 25	nil	27 25
C. Birdsey's Marion	5 0 0	Sept 23	18	45 5	1 10 1/2	27 10	26 75	nil	26 75

Prize Winners.

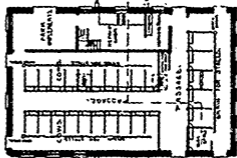
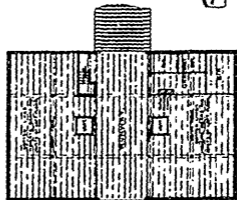
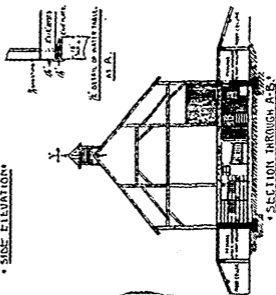
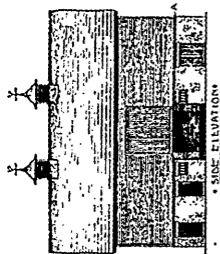
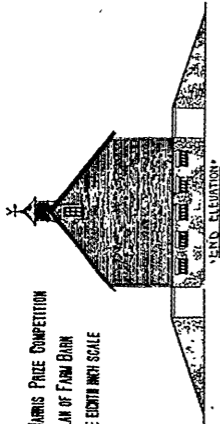
As our readers are aware, the Massey-Harris Co. offered prizes aggregating \$500 at the Toronto and \$250 each at the London and Ottawa Fairs in connection with special competitions cal-

culated to stimulate enthusiasm and produce results profitable and interesting to all. In the following pages we present photographs of some of the prize winners' accomplishments.

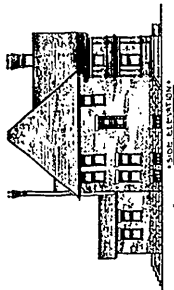
MASSEY-HARRIS PRIZE COMPETITION

PLAN OF FARM BARN

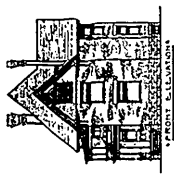
ONE EIGHTH INCH SCALE



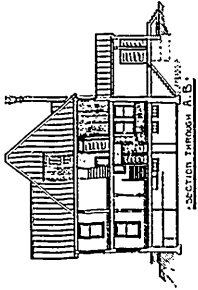
WON PRIZE OF \$7.00 AT LONDON FAIR—BY MR. JOHN M. WATT.



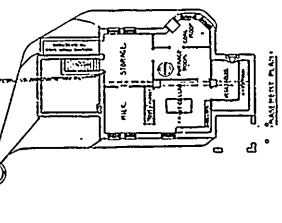
SIDE ELEVATION



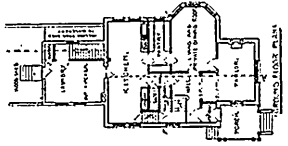
FRONT ELEVATION



SECTION THROUGH A.B.



BASMENT PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

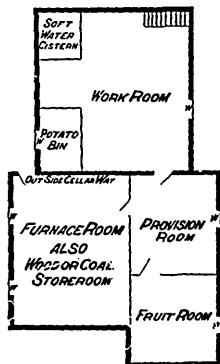
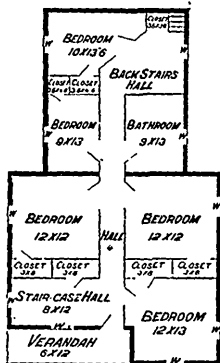
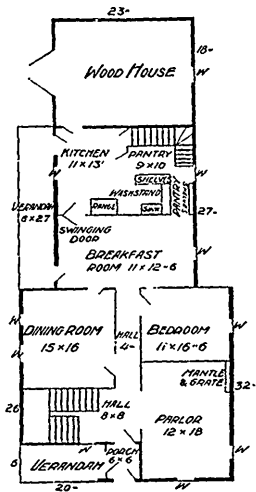


ATTIC AND ROOF PLAN

MASSEY-HARRIS PRIZE COMPETITION
 PLAN OF FARM HOUSE
 ONE EIGHTH INCH SCALE

PLANS OF MR. JOHN M. WATTS—WON PRIZE OF \$7.00 AT LONDON'S FAIR.

MASSEY-HARRIS PRIZE COMPETITION.
PLANS OF INTERIOR OF FARM HOUSE.



BY MR. JOHN SARGENT, WOODVILLE.
WON 3RD PRIZE OF \$500 AT TORONTO FAIR.



PRIZI PHOTO AT TORONTO FAIR—FIRST PRIZE, \$15 00, WON BY GALLBRAITH PHOTO CO

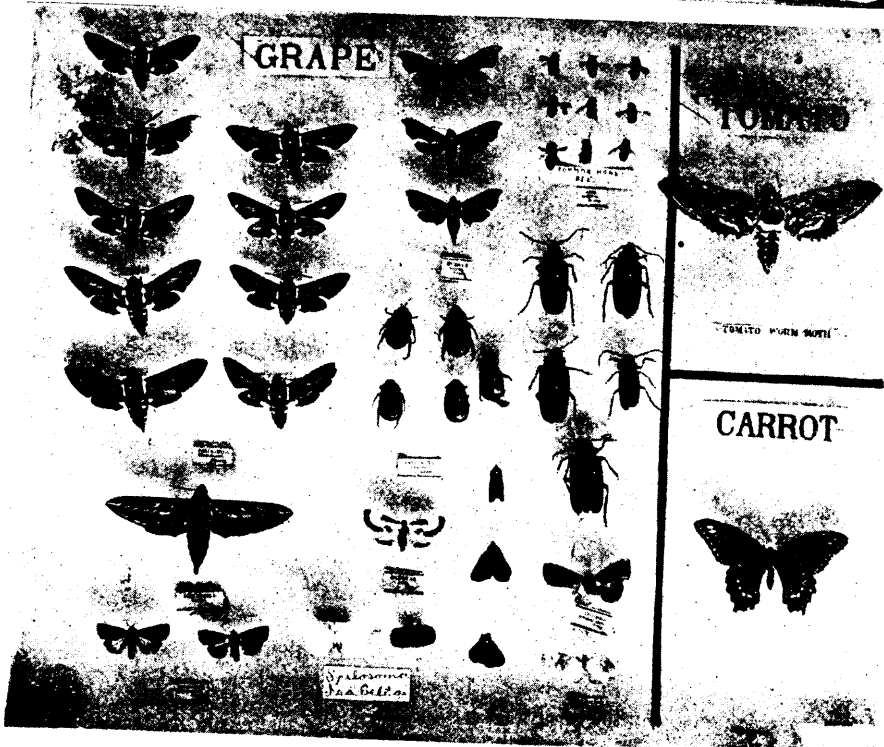
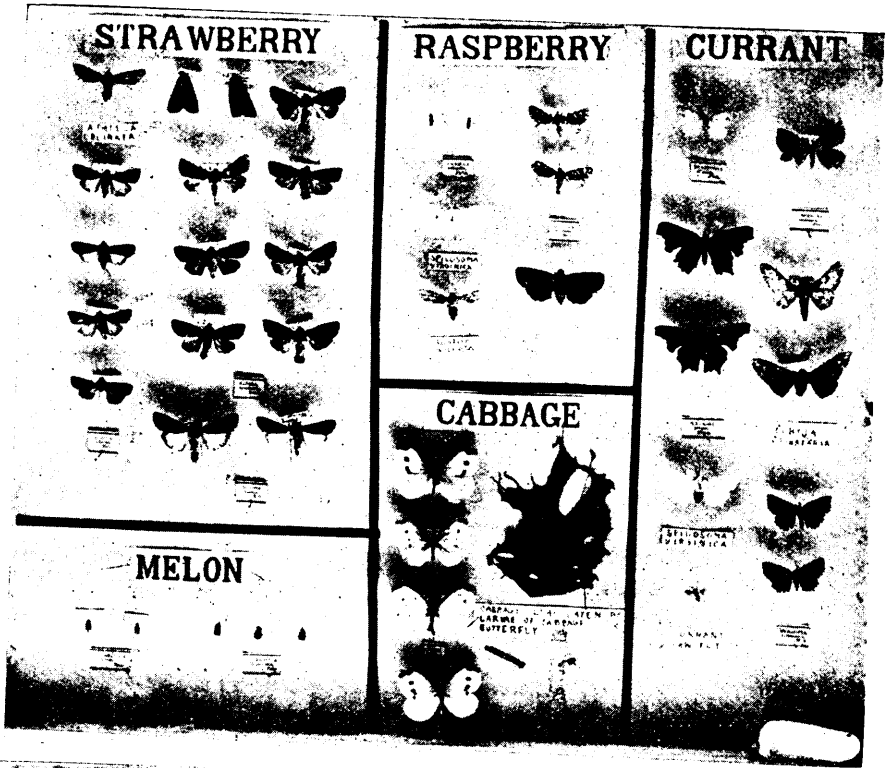


PHOTO OF COLLECTION OF INJURIOUS INSECTS EXHIBITED AT LONDON FAIR BY MR. HARRY E. SAUNDERS.
 WON 1ST PRIZE, \$15.00.

AT THE EDITOR'S
DESK.

THE Anglo-Saxon world has been engaging pretty freely in the election business this fall. In Great Britain the inevitable occurred: the people sustained the Government in its policy of establishing equal rights in South Africa. The election in the old land was practically a straight khaki issue, and many members of the Liberal party who were elected appealed to their constituents as Liberal Imperialists; that is, they supported the Government's policy in accepting the insolent challenge of Kruger and in determining to make the erstwhile republics part of the Empire; at the same time they were opposed to the methods of the Government in conducting the war in certain particulars. Thus so far as the main issue before the electorate was concerned, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain received even a far greater measure of endorsement than is represented by the straight party majority of 150.

* *

In the United States the presidential contest was fought on an issue similar to that in England, with similarly satisfactory results: an announcement by the people of their recognition of the fact that a powerful nation cannot live to itself alone, but must bear its share of the work of civilizing the outer world. The silver question lurked somewhere at the back of the Democratic platform, but, so far as practical politics are concerned, it was killed "dead as a door nail" four years ago. The present election simply afforded an opportunity for the interment of the corpse of Mr. Bryan's pet folly.

A significant feature of the presidential campaign was the Republican party's comparative abstinence from the old-time habit of both parties of making Anglophobia a party cry. We hold firmly to the opinion that common gratitude requires of Mr. McKinley's government a less diluted form of friendship for England than merely ceasing to hold that country up as the bugbear of American aspirations. But while personally Mr. McKinley and his colleagues might like to give expression to their appreciation of the assistance rendered by England, at the time all Europe wished to block the way of the United States to Cuba and the Philippines, we must remember how readily their opponents would have raised the old cry of truckling to England, and how powerful that cry was wont to be. Something has been done for Anglo-Saxon unity, and for the decency of American politics, in that a party has been returned to power without working that once powerful talisman. Just as Bryan's artificial dollar was killed in 1896 and buried in 1900, so also, may we hope, the anti-England factor died in 1900 and will be buried in 1904.

* *

In our own country Sir Wilfrid Laurier goes back to power with a substantial majority, and while the curious constitution of the new House has created a great deal of pessimistic comment, this is but the aftermath of a fiercely-fought contest in which both parties exhibited rather more excitement than discretion. We do not for one moment believe any considerable number of the Canadian people of any race or creed can be blind to the duty incumbent on all of assisting whichever party may be in power to develop the interests of Canada on broad national and imperialistic lines. In the recent elections both parties learned some pretty severe lessons, and we are strongly of the opinion that neither side will forget them.

CANADA, the destined granary of the Empire, has a future of prosperity before it which will surpass that of any country in any age. It will not be a prosperity for the few; a prosperity of the classes and the misery of the masses; but an aggregation of wealth representing the output of half a continent whose soil is tilled and whose workshops are manned by millions of free and happy people of different races and creeds, all enjoying the fullest measure of liberty under the ægis of the Union Jack surmounted with the Maple Leaf.

* *

BUT with the greater prosperity that is assuredly in store for Canada will come greater responsibilities. We shall have our share of those troubles which appear to come the thicker the more powerful and prosperous a country is. While Canada will never have occasion to stand alone in such times, but will have with her the different nations of the Empire, so on the other hand must she be ready to raise her voice and wield her influence when trouble hangs over some other section of the Empire. With the scope of Canadian statesmanship thus extended to Imperial issues, there will come a corresponding increase in the sense of responsibility, both of politicians and people, and many questions which have hitherto been accorded a place in the arena of party politics, to the decided detriment of the country's best interests, will be cast aside as unworthy the serious consideration of a people striving to build up a nation greater than has been.

* *

ONTARIO, or at least that section of the province adjacent to the editorial camp, had its first snow storm of the season on the 12th, and it was of a character sufficiently severe to remind us that Canada has a winter. We had almost forgotten this in the enjoyment

of the spring-like sunshine which had up to that time prevailed.

While the public at large thus did their first shivering of the season before the cold blast of the 12th, a severe frost wrought considerable havoc among budding aspirations in different parts of the country on the 7th, and many who intended to have a hot time in their old town that night had a bad attack of the chills instead.

* *

AS our readers are well aware, we have never lost an opportunity of pleading the cause of Improved Country Life. We are ready to plead guilty to the charge of being a "crank" on the question. The original meaning of crank, according to Webster, is to "twist or turn," and as applied to machinery, it refers to that portion by which motion is imparted to or received from a main shaft. We do not squirm, then, under the thought of being regarded as "a crank," for what we hope to do, what we have striven to do and what we intend to continue doing, is to help to turn and twist the various parts of that cumbersome machine, Public Opinion, until we have imparted to it a motion of such force that it will rapidly grind up and pulverize the destructive ideas which have prevailed hitherto regarding the conditions which should constitute life on the farm.

The most fatal of these ideas is that if a farm-born and farm-bred youth or maiden wishes to indulge in rational social and mental recreation, he or she must abandon the country and lie away to the city. With very few exceptions, it has never dawned upon father farmer that he might check the flight of his offspring citywards by bringing some of the features of city life within their reach on the farm.

Inter-farm telephone communication, rural postal delivery and the travelling library: all these are agencies for securing contentment with life on the

farm to which we have directed attention time and again. Great is our faith in the curative power of the travelling library, where discontent rages as the result of enforced mental inactivity. It is exactly two years ago since we devoted considerable space in these columns to an outline of the possibilities that lay before the inauguration of a system whereby our country districts would be kept supplied with a good stock of high-class books of all kinds.

We referred to the success which had attended the introduction of the travelling library in England by Mr. Stead, Editor of the *Review of Reviews*. From a letter just received, we learn that a copy of our article has recently fallen into the hands of Rev. David Oswald, of Janetville, Ontario, who asks if we can give him any further information regarding the "scheme or any similar one that you may have heard of whereby the leisure time of country lads might be turned to better purpose." We suppose that there is hardly a minister in the country who does not experience the same difficulty as the Rev. Mr. Oswald. We are strongly of the opinion that if the clergymen and ministers of the country districts would throw their influence as a body in favour of the establishment of travelling libraries they would create a powerful factor for Peace in the Parish.

It is a question on which representations might be made to the provincial governments, with a reasonable hope that they would not be pigeon-holed as not being within the range of practical politics. The whole question, of which the travelling library is but a part, is of the very essence of practical politics.

We shall be pleased to co-operate and lend all the assistance possible to any well-directed effort towards carrying out the idea we first placed before our readers two years ago, at which time we gave the following brief synopsis of Mr. Stead's method of operation:

He makes up a box of 50, 100, 200 or more volumes of various kinds; for instance, a "100" box of "A" class may contain 50 volumes of standard works of fiction; 10 volumes of a scientific character; 10 historical volumes; 10 volumes devoted to the arts; 10 dealing with politics and economic questions, 10 volumes for the special use of the theological student. A similar sized box of another class will contain a larger proportion of works of fiction; while the contents of that of another class will be almost entirely educational; so that the predominating literary taste in any village can be satisfied. A box is loaned to ministers, Sunday School superintendents, Y.M.C.A. Secretaries, Mechanics Institutes, where these institutions exist, or to reliable country booksellers and other storekeepers, for a period of three, six, or twelve months, the cost being from six dollars upwards according to the size of the box and the period for which it is required. In the case of Sunday Schools and kindred institutions, where it is not customary to make a charge for access to their library shelves, the authorities find themselves in a position to maintain a constantly varying supply of the best kind of literature at a cost within their means, and which could only be purchased by institutions more richly endowed than those in most country districts. To the bookseller and other enterprising business men the opportunity is presented for maintaining a really high-class circulating library without the extensive outlay of capital which would otherwise be necessary.

Whether the medium of distribution be the Sunday School, the Mechanics' Institute or the bookseller, the village or country resident has within his reach the best literary productions, no matter in what direction his taste may lie.

* * *

THIS is not only the last issue of the ILLUSTRATED of the year, but of the century. Christmas and 1900 will have passed into the limbo of things gone by before our next number appears; so even at this early date we offer our readers our season's salutations. This is the first opportunity that we, personally, have ever had of wishing our fellow creatures A Happy New Century, and as it is hardly probable the opportunity will occur again, we desire to make the most of it.

With the exception of Montreal; an occasional trading-post; a military station at one or two points; and a few bush-encompassed hamlets or homesteads, Canada, at the dawn of the century now fast closing in, was practically primeval forest and untilled prairie. Through the glades of the former the red man stealthily glided on his search for game, or the scalp of an enemy; and on the boundless plains he contended with the buffalo the latter's right of sovereignty—and of skin.

Thousands and tens of thousands of acres of those old time forest haunts in which the superstitious Indian heard the cry of the Wendigo, became, by the pioneer's diligent use of axe and plough, life-giving farm lands, to day among the most prosperous homesteads in the country. Where the buffalo swarmed in herds, the lowing of the milky mothers of the well-to-do Western farmer is now heard, and the old-time silence of the prairie is further broken by the shriek of the locomotive carrying its daily load of human beings from coast to coast in less time than at the beginning of the century it took to travel from Montreal to Muddy York—as Toronto was then named. Well-kept farms, happy homes, busy mills and workshops, and other hives of industry trace the course of the steel roads which

wend their way by circuitous routes from Halifax to Vancouver, all proclaiming the marvellous metamorphosis that has taken place during the century. It has not been merely a case of natural expansion as with other nations having centuries of growth and experience on which to apply the advantages of freshly discovered forces in all spheres of life, but it has been the creation of a nation out of the raw material.

While Canada's place among the nations of the world in the realms of peace and commerce had already been acknowledged, it was by curious coincidence reserved for the last year of the century to witness her undergo the trial by combat on the field of battle. While we sympathize deeply with the relatives of the brave fellows who found their soldier's graves on the distant veldt, it was in their blood that Canada signed her name as a nation of the world.

* *

We close the century as a nation, tried, tested and proved in all that makes for national strength. A nation is but an aggregation of units; as the units are, so is the nation. If we would have our nation grow stronger and increase in power and prosperity in the same ratio as in the past, it is for us as units, as individuals, to ever keep before us, and strive to live up to, the highest ideal of manhood. And surely there is no time more opportune for taking such a resolution unto oneself than at the dawn of the new century.

Vi

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

THERE is probably no corner of the world in which the name of the Dowager Empress of China has not been mentioned, and outside of China, with a feeling of revulsion and horror during the last few weeks. She is known even in the most outlying districts and to the most unformed on matters political as the personification of cruelty in high authority.

This notwithstanding, there is not the slightest exaggeration in declaring, says *Til Bits*, that the Dowager Empress of China is quite one of the most extraordinary women alive, as readers of this article will be convinced by the time they have got to the end of it. For a start, her name itself is remarkable enough, and must come very near record for length in female nomenclature, for it runs to no fewer than fourteen syllables. In full it is Tze-hsiyuk'ang-yi-chao-yu-chuang-ch'eng-shonkung-ching-hsien-ch'ung-usi. Such a name is much too unwieldy for practical purposes, and those outside the palace at Peking, and the "foreign devils," as all we Europeans and Canadians are called, refer to Her Imperial Majesty, for the sake of brevity, simply as Tze-hsi.

She really looks, every inch of her, a Chinese Queen, and bears her sixty-five years splendidly. Of medium height, she possesses a commanding and distinctly impressive presence. Her long, almond-shaped eyes gaze upon those who have an audience with her in a very impressive and penetrating manner. Her nose is high, her complexion is dark and sallow, and on the whole she looks a good deal more intelligent than the average Chinese lady. And so she is. It is this Dowager Empress who is suspected of being the chief cause of all the terrible troubles we are having in the East just now—troubles which so seriously concern all the great Powers of the world that they find it necessary to join hands in suppressing them, and which, in the worst contingencies, might cause complications much to be dreaded. A study of Her Imperial Majesty's past record does nothing to remove that suspicion, but only strengthens it.

Her life-story is brimful of romance. It is said that she was born of very poor and humble parents in the suburbs of Canton, and that in her earliest years she gained a great reputation for her beauty. Her poverty-stricken parents were reduced to the direst straits, when she came to the rescue with a proposition that in order to save themselves from starvation they should sell her as a slave-girl. The suggestion was acted upon, and a famous Chinese general became the purchaser of little Tze-hsi. He soon became so charmed with her that he raised her status by the process of adoption, and the next time he went to Peking he did a very good turn for himself by offering to make a present of her to the late Emperor Hsem-fung.

His Majesty in turn became so fascinated with her appearance and remarkable intellectual gifts that he determined to marry her. The fact that he had one wife already was not an insuperable objection for China. Wife Number One was installed in one part of the palace as "Queen of the East," and Tze-hsi became Wife Number Two in another part as "Queen of the West."

The former, Tze-an, had, however, to be regarded as the principal wife and real Empress, and was so till Tze-hsi had a son, whilst Tze-an had none. Motherhood in China exalts a woman socially to an enormous extent. A young mother even takes precedence of her own mother at social gatherings, and so when Tze-hsi bore the Emperor a child she took precedence over Tze-an. Most people still maintain that she had never any right to call herself Empress, but that involves a knowledge of Chinese laws and customs which we do not pretend to possess. The view just put forth is that of one of the Chinese Ministers, and should be reliable.

So little is allowed to leak out concerning the family affairs of the Imperial family that many mistakes and misconceptions arise. In some places it is stated that the Dowager Empress is the widow of the last Emperor Ting-chi when she was nothing of the kind (only Regent for him), but was, as has been stated, widow of his predecessor Hsien-fung.

The most popular error, however, and one which nine people out of ten seem to make, is that the Dowager Empress

is the present Emperor's mother. She is not. When Hsien-fung died in 1861 matters in regard to the succession by-and-by became a good deal mixed, and it is necessary to explain them. They show also the sort of stuff of which the Empress is made, for from that time, through many vicissitudes, she has been more or less the principal factor in the Chinese Government.

At Hsien-fung's death his two wives were first appointed Regents, but, to use a colloquialism, Tze-an had to take a back seat. She was no match for the other. Tze-hsi's son, however, died, and another princelet, Tung-chi, succeeded, with Tze-hsi Regent till he mounted the throne. He had but a brief term of occupation there, and when he died in 1875, by all Chinese traditions the son of one Prince Kung should have been his successor. But just at that time Tze-hsi was not on very good terms with the Kungs. Next after them in line of succession was the son of the Princess Ch'un.

At the moment of the night that the throne became vacant Princess Ch'un was sleeping in the palace, and her baby boy also fast asleep in the nursery. At once, however, Tze-hsi despatched her servants to the chamber, little Kuang-hsu, the present Emperor, was lifted up from his soft, warm bed and hurried through the long, dark corridors of the palace till the throne-room was reached, and here Tze-hsi, his aunt, herself placed him upon it. He was only three years old then, and Tze-hsi assumed again the position of Regent, and is really Regent still, for the Emperor has less to do with the government of China than Lord Salisbury Aunt Tze-hsi does it all for him, keeping her nephew as a precautionary measure under lock and key.

It is quite plain that long ago she made up her mind that, come what might, she would be the ruler of China, and has resolutely, by all sorts of crafty schemes and clever devices, stuck to her resolution. The Princess Ch'un died nearly four years ago; but though the Emperor's mother, and the natural Regent as one would think, she had never a word in the government, and, indeed, very little to do with the bringing up of her own son.

In Peking there a paper called the "King-Pao," or "Peking Gazette," which is really a sort of Court Journal, inasmuch as through its medium the mon-

arch regularly and at length communicates with his, or rather her, subjects, and very amusing are some of these royal proclamations.

As an example, when the previous Emperor died—and there was a strong suspicion that the Dowager Empress had something to do with his death—an official notice was printed which purported to have been written by the new Emperor—the three year old boy! It expressed His Imperial Majesty's extreme and heartrending sorrow at the decease of Tung-chi, and ordered that the Court should go into mourning for a period of three years. Moreover, in regard to the funeral arrangements it proclaimed that if His Imperial Majesty should see fit on the sad occasion he would not attend, but would remain at home in his nursery! Kuang-hsu must have been more than ordinarily precocious at three years of age. Of course the proclamation was really the Dowager's, as they all are.

It is pretty well understood that whilst the Emperor favors the introduction of Western ideas into the Celestial Empire, the Dowager Empress's views are of the opposite character, and here we see how she brings them into operation. In 1887 it was decided to set aside 30,000,000 taels (a tael is equal to a little more than six shillings and sixpence) for the creation of a Chinese navy. Five battleships were ordered, and after providing for payment for them the Empress Dowager appropriated the very big balance for herself, and devoted it to the repair of one of her gardens!

Similarly, thirty more million taels were voted for the construction of railways. A portion of it was spent in that way; but again Tze-hsi took a big share of it for herself, and with it decorated another of the Imperial gardens! Those who come between her and her policy usually remember it. In 1893 it was officially announced by the Chinese Legation that she had caused to be beheaded six mandarins for "urging on the Emperor the adoption of their ill-advised and inopportune measures of reform."

Yet she can be very agreeable when she likes. About eighteen months ago she received at the palace the wives of the Diplomatic Corps at Peking, and it is declared that the ceremony passed off extremely well, and that she made the most favorable impression by her courtesy and affability, displaying both

the tact and softness of a womanly disposition. She spoke to each lady in turn, embraced them, placed a pearl ring on the finger of each, and drank loving-cups of tea with them. Subsequently she also sent to each lady handsome presents of silk and a picture painted by herself.

This was one of the very rare occasions on which outsiders are admitted to Her Majesty's presence. A little while ago, when Prince Henry of Germany was out there, she gave him an audience, and he entered upon it with the particular idea of "pumping" Her Majesty. But instead of that, if all accounts are true, she "pumped" him, because for every question he put she put another which required a longer answer, and, from the Prince's point of view, the audience was not the success he had hoped it would be.

At other times she seldom allows herself to be seen, and in affording an audience she sits on one side of a screen while the other parties to it kneel on the other. The palace is, indeed, called the "Prohibited City." Her Ministers have access to her once a day, which is at four o'clock in the morning, when they hand in their reports from all foreign quarters and from the provinces, and discuss affairs of State.

Such is the lady who is at the head of affairs in China in this crisis, for the Emperor counts for naught. Not long ago she asked if the "Boxers," who have started the trouble, could be depended upon to join the troops in fighting the "foreign devils" when the time for action came, and being answered in the affirmative, she declared that they were a "grand society."

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS PERTAINING TO PROMINENT PEOPLE.

LORD SALISBURY is possessed of a pretty wit, but it rarely finds its way into his public utterances. At a dinner party, it is said, he was speaking of Hiram Maxim, the gunmaker, and created considerable merriment by referring to the American as "the man who has prevented more men from dying of old age than any other person who ever lived."

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HERE is a very amusing story regarding the young King of Spain, which is characteristic of his spirit of fun and mischief. His youthful Majesty, after reading out to his tutor a sentence in the words, "She possessed in the highest degree the distinguished manners and grace of speech inherent in princesses," astonished that worthy gentleman by remarking, "That writer did not know much about courts." "Why did you say that, sir?" asked the tutor. "Well," replied the young King, "look at that pair of Princesses." One of his royal sisters, evidently dreadfully hot and sleepy, was sprawling over the desk in a very unladylike attitude, whilst the other, apparently unable to solve a difficult problem, was absently rubbing her eyes, and looked somewhat dazed. His Majesty tugged

the hair of one and pinched the arm of the other Princess, evoking some very strong and familiar terms of sisterly reprobation "There are distinguished manners and grace of speech for you!" the young King exclaimed in a triumphant tone to his tutor.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES is very fond of animals. Amongst the large collection of pets at Sandringham is a little green parrot which talks splendidly; he is located in the hall, and to every visitor calls out.—

"Now then, hip, hip, hurrah for the Queen."

His Royal Highness became possessed of the bird in a peculiar way, having personally bought it of a small boy in Trafalgar Square, whilst crossing it with his equerry one day.

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THE KAISER'S children are noted for their courteous manners, and are most considerate of everyone with whom they come in contact. The little Princess Victoria of Germany is said to have a decided will of her own, and will sometimes take a fancy to stand up in the Royal carriage when she is driving in Berlin with one of her ladies-in-wait-

ing. The decorous lady-in-waiting will implore her to sit down, but the little Princess will get up again like a jack-in-the-box if the fancy takes her to do so. She is a very warm-hearted little girl, however, and can easily be ruled through her affections. One can hardly be surprised if she is a little spoilt, considering that she is the only girl in a family of seven.

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IT is not generally known that the Prince of Wales once played cricket. When fresh from Oxford he was staying at the Viceregal Lodge at Dublin, and played in a match. H.R.H. began by missing two easy catches, and when he went in to bat had his middle stump removed by the first ball—a slow lob. That quite finished H.R.H. off as a cricketer.

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IT seems that the young King of Italy, economically inclined though he be in all other respects, intends to indulge in good music and plenty of it. Both the King and Queen are passionately fond of music, and Victor Emmanuel III. has already engaged the composer Sgambati, who was the official director of Queen Margherita's private concerts, to continue his position as Court director of music. The present King of Italy is probably the first Prince of the House of Savoy who has taken an interest in musical matters. His grandfather, Victor Emmanuel II., frankly detested music, and said, when the cannon were roaring at the Battle of Solferino, "That is the only music I have ever been able to appreciate." And his son, King Humbert, was of exactly the same opinion.

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MR SCHALK BURGER, who has been appointed Acting President in the place of Mr. Kruger, is a self-made man. He began the campaign of 1881 as assistant field-cornet, but became full field-cornet before its close, and afterwards rose rapidly to the rank of commandant. He has been a candidate at the Presidential election, and also President of the Volksraad. Mr. Burger is said in appearance to resemble

rather an American Methodist preacher than a fighter, his whole demeanour being that of an earnest, deep-thinking man. He is a Lydenburger, and is said to know every hill and ravine in the difficult country on which his people are now making their last stand.

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BEFORE his appointment as Minister at Peking, Sir Claude Macdonald served for over twenty years in the 74th Highlanders. He was for some years attached on special services to the Agency at Cairo, and it fell to his lot to try many of the prisoners who had taken part in the Arabi rebellion. On one occasion, in the military court over which he was presiding, man after man was brought up to be interrogated, and each of them told the same tale of having only joined Arabi under compulsion. At last one man stood proudly forward and said, "I fought with Arabi because I hate the English; and I would fight them again if I got the chance." The major rose from his seat and shook the man by the hand, and, telling him he was the only man who had had the courage to speak the truth, ordered him to be at once discharged.

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THERE is a pretty story about Lady Roberts and her trunks, and the men returning from South Africa vouch for its truth. At the height of the transport difficulties, in the teeth of the officials, she carried eight large trunks from Cape Town to Bloemfontein. Everyone wondered, everyone murmured. No one but Lady Roberts could have got the things through. The transport of stores had been stopped for the time, the sick lacked every comfort, and those who were not sick were half-starved and half-clad. Therefore, when a fatigue party was told off to fetch those eight trunks from Bloemfontein Station things were said, probably, about the "plague of women." But next day seven of the trunks were unpacked and their contents distributed among the Tonmies. The clever lady had snapped her fingers at red-tape and smuggled comforts through to the men in this way. One small trunk contained her kit.

SELECTED AND
EDITED
BY
MRS JOHN HOLMES

IN THE HOME



Correspondents are invited on all matters relating to the home. Questions pertaining to any feature of domestic life, or of interest to women generally, will be readily answered, when possible, in this department.

CHIT-CHAT.

A WOMAN TALKS TO WOMEN—A MOTHER SPEAKS TO MOTHERS.

Life's Pathway.

A MAIDEN 'neath the linden stood
One fragrant summer day;
The breezes rippled through the wood
Like sportive elves at play.
They touched her cheek, her braided hair,
They kissed her lips and brow.
The maiden smiled. "Life is so fair,
Could love but bless it now!"

A woman to the linden came,
With children at her knee,
They plucked the lily's ruddy flame,
And laughed in careless glee;
For her the robin's clearest lay,
The sweets of bush and bine
"Life is so bright," she said, "to-day,
If only wealth were mine!"

Beneath the bending linden tree
An aged woman passed,
When shadows deepened o'er the lea,
Uncertain, vague, and vast.
"O love may fail," she said, "and gold
Grow dark as humid sod;
Life's path is fair, when all is told,
Because it leads to God."

EVERY high strung sensitive child is at times more or less the victim of a sort of auto-suggestion that weaves fantastic fancies about the little brain, says an American writer. The dream world and the real world are so intermingled to these small Munchausens that many a one will suffer martyrdom for his *bizarre* convictions rather than retract a syllable of the impossible tale he insists is true.

An effective way of dealing with such cases is to accept each infantile yarn as a pretty fairy tale, which you proceed to match with one of your own, explaining that the two stories are analogous in that neither really happened, and that both were made up in the mind simply to amuse people.

The child may not comprehend at first, but gradually the method will succeed. An imaginative wee youngster, under the observation of the writer, thus handled, soon ceased his protestations as to the actuality of his tales, winding up each original and hair-lifting recital with the complacent information—quite gratuitous—"My mind made that lovely story an' told it to

me." Thus a bad habit was destroyed without the deleterious process of shaking the child's confidence in his own integrity.

MOTHER. "Johnnie, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?"

JOHNNIE. "Washin' me face."

THE mistake of mothers in the educational line is to think that they must insist that their children, one and all, however different in taste or quality, shall be ground out through the mighty machine. Mothers do not need to make their children victims of this system. The system can be made to bend, in many cases, if mothers will only go about it in the right way. A mother complained, not long ago, that there is, in this day and generation, little reverence for parents. This is probably true. But why? Are the parents of to-day compelling reverence by living their lives so firm, and fine, and far, and strong that the children needs must reverence them? Reverence cannot be forced out of a child on demand, or by

saying it ought to be; but any mother can command it by being the kind of person a child can reverence. Better far, however, than the old idea of awe which our forefathers inspired in their children, if that is what this mother meant, are the close, beautiful friendships we are learning to-day to establish with our children; the comradeship which jogs along with them in work and play, in all their experiences, great and small—friendships with the love and sympathy that never fail, no matter how trying these experiences may be.

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MOTHER: "Didn't I tell you not to touch the preserves without my permission?" Son: "Yes, mother." "Then why didn't you come to me and ask me?" "Because I wanted some."

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VISION that is dim now and then, if not continuously, eyelids that swell and look red, and a general feeling of weariness, all call for special treatment. Happily, when there is no very marked development of any of these symptoms, it is easily met by constant applications of boracic acid diluted with water. The decoction is best made with boiling water, and a jorum of it may easily be prepared every now and then, using one teaspoonful of the powder to about ten table-spoonfuls of boiling water. It is recommended, by those who have tried it, to steep an old piece of handkerchief in the boracic acid lotion, and go to sleep with it lying on the lids.

A restless sleeper could not carry out this plan, for the handkerchief must not be fastened on the head. She would be benefited if she constantly bathed her eyes with the lotion, and let a little get right into them each time she used the mixture.

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MAMMA: "Oh, Nettie, you never saw me behave like that."

NETTIE (aged 6): "Well, I haven't knowed you so very long."

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THE manufacture of lemonade, lemon extracts, and lemon drops, does not by any means exhaust the uses to which this excellent fruit may be put, though a great many people, who do not sufficiently understand the value of

the fruit, seem to think so. To begin with, lemon-juice and sugar is an invaluable remedy for a cold. Then it is a potent enemy to disease germs. A well-known medical man declares that if, after coming in from a dusty street, or after mingling with the unwashed, unkempt crowds in which we sometimes find ourselves, we would cut off a slice of lemon, rub the face with it, and rinse the mouth and throat with the clear juice, many diseases that now afflict us would be kept at a distance. The skin of the hand may be softened and whitened with lemon-juice, and the finger-nails are also greatly improved by it. The people liable to pimples and blackheads would do well to make a liberal use of lemon-juice for cleansing the face.

For tired and swollen feet, the application of lemon-juice and alcohol in equal parts, after a good bathing, will work wonders. In fact the virtues of the lemon as a disinfecting, soothing, and purifying agent are unlimited.

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MOTHER: "What can I do to induce you to go to bed at once like a good boy?"

HARRY (three): "You can let me sit up a little longer."

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AMONGST the curiosities of wedding-rings, it is on record that in the early days in this country rings were made of rushes. Perhaps the most curious material used for rings required on an emergency is the case of one being hurriedly made by cutting it out of the finger of a glove, and another cut out of a visiting card. Many cases are on record of rings made of brass and iron being used, as also curtain-rings and door keys being pressed into service at weddings. The Quakers and Swiss Protestants do not use rings at their marriage ceremonies. The Irish people have a strong objection to any but gold rings. In St. Kilda wedding-rings are made of worsted. The women of the upper Bayanzi, on the Congo, wear their wedding-rings around their necks. These rings are made of thick brass rods, which are made into great rings and strongly welded together. The more wealthy the husband the heavier the ring; in some cases they weigh 30 pounds.

A Woman's Work.

WHEN breakfast things are cleared away
The same old problems rising,
For she again sits down to think
Of something appetizing,
The dinner she must soon prepare
Or give the cook directions,
And great is the relief she feels
When she has made selections.

When dinner things are cleared away
The problem that is upper
Is just the same with one word changed—
"What can I get for supper?"
She wants to give them something new,
And long is meditation,
Till choice is made, and then begins
The work of preparation.

When supper things are cleared away
Again her mind is worried,
For then she thinks of breakfast time
When meals are often hurried.
She ponder o'er it long until
The question is decided,
Then bustles 'round till she makes sure
That everything's provided.

That "woman's work is never done"
Has often been disputed,
But that she's worried is a fact,
And cannot be refuted.
The worry over what to eat
Is greatest of these questions,
And glad she'd be if someone else
Would make the meal suggestions.

Household Hints.

ENAMELLED ware can be nicely
cleaned by using powdered pumicestone.

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TOUGH meat will be much improved
if rubbed with half a lemon before
cooking.

* *

A TEASPOONFUL of vinegar put into
the water in which eggs are poached
sets the white and helps to keep the
eggs a good shape.

* *

IF a strip of linen is soaked in vine-
gar and wrapped round a corn it will
be found to ease it greatly, and make
walking much more pleasant.

* *

POWDERED chalk added to glue
strengthens it. Boil one pound of glue
and two quarts of skimmed milk, and
it will resist the action of water.

Apples Cooked all Kinds of Ways.

APPLE FRITTERS—Peel, core, and
cut the apples in rings, sprinkle with
lemon juice, dip in batter, and fry a
golden brown in deep, hot fat. Drain
well, sprinkle with castor sugar, and
serve very hot.

APPLE TART—Grate four apples, and
mix with half a pound of castor sugar.
Melt a quarter of a pound of butter in a
gill of milk, add the rind of a lemon,
six blanched and chopped almonds, half
a glass of brandy, and the whites of four
eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and stir in
the apples. Line a dish with puff paste,
put in the mixture, and bake in a quick
oven till the pastry is done.

To set delicate colors in embroidered
handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes
before washing in a pail of water in
which a dessert-spoonful of turpentine
has been stirred.

* *

A NEW way to clean patty-tins, cake-
pans, etc.: Place the above in boiling
water with Hudson's extract of soap
boil for one hour, and the tins will be
found as clean and bright as new.

* *

WHEN you are ironing any dark ma-
terial do not put a linen cloth under-
neath, as the lint will come off on to
the stuff, and you will have great diffi-
culty in brushing it off again. I learnt
this some years ago from an unfortunate
experience, as I very nearly ruined a
dress which at that time I could ill
afford. Use a dark cloth, or even a
folded newspaper, and you will be spared
the annoyance of which I speak.

SNOWBALLS.—Wash some rice; boil
it for ten minutes in fast boiling water;
drain, spread on small floured pudding
cloths. Peel and core some apples, fill
the centre with sugar, place on the rice
in the cloths, tie up and boil for about
half an hour. Serve with castor sugar.

APPLE AND RICE PUDDING—Boil two
ounces of rice in milk with three lumps
of sugar. Line a small tin with short
crust, put a layer of apple (stewed
sweetened, and rubbed through a sieve)
then a layer of the boiled rice, and so
on till the shape is full. Bake in a
moderate oven, and serve with custard
sauce.

BAKED APPLES.—Wipe the apples carefully, put them on a baking-sheet, and cook in a moderate oven till soft. They may then be served hot or cold. Skinned when done and rolled in sugar they are very good.

APPLES STEWED WHOLE.—Core the apples without peeling them; a little instrument is sold for this purpose. Put the apples in a brown earthenware jar, put on the lid, and set the jar in a saucepan of water. Bring this to the boil, and then leave at the side of the range till the apples are quite soft. Take the jar up, and leave it aside till cold. Open, take out the apples, and serve with sugar or cream.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Required: Four apples, two ounces of butter, five ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, and a tablespoonful of apricot jam.

Method.—Peel, core, and quarter the apples; stew till soft with the butter and half the sugar. When the mixture is cooked and cool, add the apricot jam, and pile on glass dish. Whip the whites of egg with the rest of the sugar, and spread over the apples. Put in the oven for a few minutes till slightly browned.

BATTER FOR FRYING APPLES.—Required: Four ounces of flour, a tablespoonful of oiled butter, a gill of tepid water, the white of an egg.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin; make a hole in the middle, pour in the oil, and stir smoothly, adding the water by degrees; lastly, add the stiffly beaten white of egg and stir in lightly. The batter should be of the consistency of thick cream. Dip the apple rings into this batter, and then drop them into the deep hot fat to fry.

APPLE SHAPE.—Peel and grate six apples, put them in a saucepan with the grated rind and the juice of a lemon, and a tablespoonful of water. Cook for five or six minutes, then add four ounces of sugar, and continue stirring over the fire till the apples are done. Melt three-quarters of an ounce of leaf gelatine in water, and stir it to the apples, take the mixture off the fire, pour in the beaten and strained yolks of five eggs, beat all for two minutes over a gentle heat, turn into a mould and leave till set.

APPLE HEDGEHOG.—Peel and core six apples, and stew them whole in syrup, cover the bottom of the dish with some apple puree, sweetened and flavoured to taste, put a layer of the cooked apples on this, and fill the interstices with more of the puree. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth.

APPLE FOOL.—Required. Two lbs. of apples, four ounces of sugar, the rind of a lemon, a gill of water, half a pint of cream or milk.

Method.—Stew the apples with the thinly-cut rind of a lemon, the sugar and water. Rub through a hair-sieve. Heat the cream. Add to the apple puree. Mix well and serve cold in a glass dish.

APPLES IN RINGS.—Peel, core, and cut a pound of apples in rings. Put a pound of sugar in an enamelled saucepan with a gill of water. Boil for fifteen minutes. Skin, and lay the apple rings carefully in the syrup with a little lemon juice and peel. Bring to a boil, and then leave at the side of the range to cook very slowly for four hours. Put the rings in a dish, strain the syrup over and serve cold.

APPLE MOULD.—Required: Two lbs. of apples, four ounces of sugar, a lemon, half a pint of water, half an ounce of gelatine, cochineal.

Method.—Stew the apples with the sugar, lemon rind, lemon juice and half the water. Rub through a hair-sieve. Melt the gelatine in the rest of the water, mix with the apples, color with a few drops of cochineal, and pour the whole into a mould rinsed out with cold water. Serve with whipped cream.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Required: About two pounds of apples, an ounce of butter, the juice and rind of a lemon, sugar to taste, a grating of nutmeg, and six eggs.

Method.—Peel, core and stew the apples, rub through a hair sieve, mix the butter to the apples, also sugar and spice to taste. Beat the eggs well, strain them into the mixture, and stir over the fire till the eggs thicken, just as in making ordinary custard. Pour into custard glasses when cool, and sprinkle with sugar.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO ONE AND ALL



"I love God and little children"—JESUS PAUL.

Rich Men.

SEVERAL anecdotes of the careers of some of the holders of huge fortunes in the world have recently been published. From them poorer folk may get a view of some of the peculiarities of these men, and gather hints as to the effects of enormous wealth upon their lives.

The founder of the Vanderbilt property made this rule, "Never buy anything you don't want, nor sell anything you haven't got," which at once barred out all stock gambling.

Another inflexible rule was never to share his secrets with any other person. "I know nothing about him," once said his son. "I never knew from him a single one of his business methods. If he thought his overcoat had found them out, he would burn it."

His plan with regard to young men was, "Stick a boy down anywhere. If he is worth anything he'll earn his living and save money. If he can't do that he isn't worth saving!"

He was therefore pleased if his sons or grandsons entered into business to learn it as ordinary boys learn, and

thus commenced to make their own way upward.

A woman who is one of the richest in America, refused to send her son to school after he had learned to read, write and cipher, "because more learning than that hinders a man from making money."

Poorer folk are apt, when thinking of the success and advantages the millions seem to possess over ordinary people, to forget that a man can find personal use and enjoyment in a very limited income. His accumulations over that which will give acceptable food and raiment are simply a weight of capital, to be handled with anxiety. The care of it becomes a trade, a business, an occupation, seldom an enjoyment.

The man who is popularly supposed to be one of the richest in the world, in speaking of a neighbor, said, "He is not worth a thousandth part of my fortune, but his house is as comfortable, he can eat as good food, his health is better, and he can trust his friends. I am not sure that I have any disinterested friends."

Mind Over Matter.

DURING the war in South Africa, says a London exchange, a volunteer regiment got under a fire so heavy that, after spreading out in skirmish line, the order was given to lie down.

One unfortunate soldier flopped right into an ant-hill. Hundreds of the little pests swarmed angrily over him, biting him fiercely. The man jumped up, wild with pain.

"Lie down there, you fool!" shouted the captain.

"I can't!" protested the poor fellow. "I'd rather be shot than—"

Just then a shower of bullets flew past him at all heights, from his shins to his head. It was marvellous that he was not hit in a dozen places. He changed his mind swiftly about lying down, and dropped at once, shouting to his commander, "Yes, I can, captain! I'm very comfortable now, sir!"

A Dangerous Kite.

A BOY thirteen-year-old, at Cateau, France, while flying a kite, had a startling and really perilous adventure.

The kite, twenty-seven inches long, had reached a great height when a thunder storm was seen approaching.

The boy at once began to haul in his cord. The kite, however, was still one hundred yards or so above the earth when there came a brilliant flash of lightning. Young Janti was thrown into the air, made two or three somersaults, and fell ten or twelve feet away.

The kite had attracted the electric fluid, which followed the cord, as in Franklin's famous experiment, and descended into the earth through the boy's

nails of his left hand, which had held the string, were turned blue, as if by a terrible bruise, while the fingers were burned and covered with blisters. Be-



"EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY."

body Wonderful to relate, the lad was not killed.

After a little he arose and made his way home, trembling and crying. The

side this, his face was bruised considerably by his fall. The kite string was burned in two by the discharge, and the kite flew away to parts unknown.

A Thrilling Adventure.

WHILE following the trail of a bear in the Rocky Mountains, Colonel S. suddenly caught sight of three bears, a mother and two cubs, at the foot of a steep, snow-filled gully. It was a tempting shot and a safe position, since the snowslide was steep, and before the bears could reach him there would be plenty of time to reload, so the hunter thought. The adventure is related in "Life and Adventures of J. G. Jebb."

The man fired, and killed one of the cubs and wounded the mother bear. Crouching for a second shot, his foot slipped and he fell on his back. The next moment he was sliding down the slope of frozen snow toward the bears, who were climbing up to take revenge on their foe.

Down, down he went, almost falling over the old bear, who made a vicious grab at him with her paw as he passed.

She turned quickly, and half-sliding, half-rolling, followed him down.

A minute later Colonel S. reached the foot of the slide, shaken and confused, minus his cartridge pouch. Fortunately he had held on to his rifle; but his hand was so unsteady that he dared not risk a shot, although the bear was close upon him. At his right was a boulder, and he sprang behind it and waited.

On came the bear; she passed the end of the snowslide, scrambled over the rocks, and reared not five paces from where the hunter awaited her. His hand was steady enough now. The express rang out, and she fell dead, literally at her slayer's feet. Another shot, and the other cub toppled over and rolled down the slide.

It was a narrow escape for the Colonel, but he maintained that three bears made a pretty good "bag" and were worth all the risk.



INDIAN WRESTLERS.

Sport in India.

IN the course of an article in *Harper's Weekly*, under the above heading, Casper Whitney says:

There was another bloodless combat the same afternoon that was quite as novel, and, I must say, just about as uninteresting. It was wrestling between several pairs of men from Baroda, which, together with Cutch, is the home of a class of professional gladiators of this type. The men were, with a few exceptions, great beefy creatures, with pendant stomachs, and, except for physiognomy and color of skin, the counterpart of the wrestlers I had seen in Japan, only their work was less

interesting and not so workmanlike. They entered the ring clothed only in a very tightly drawn loin cloth, and their bodies glistened with the generous coating of oil that had been given them. They did the usual walk-around and gesture-making which the native of the Orient appears to regard as an essential preliminary to all physical effort, and following it by a few passes with the arms, they suddenly closed and dropped to the ground. There was a suggestion of the catch-as-catch-can style in this and in their subsequent work, if it may be called work, for the greater part of the time it looked as though, locked in each other's arms, they were discussing

the prospects of the coming rice crop. Now and again the pair would disentangle, and with a blowing and grunting that must of itself have required much physical effort, proceed in turn to pull each other's head through his own legs. There was a great deal of grabbing at the groin, and hugging and pulling at the stomach. Finally, out of a cloud of dust, one man arose, and everybody shouted.

These men are really famed throughout native India, great feats of strength

being attributed to them; and I was told in Calcutta that in a match, several years ago, between one of them and an ex-champion of England, the Indian was victorious. They are a professional class, kept and bred by the wealthy up-country Rajahs for their especial amusement, and rarely seen except at royal entertainments. They are big and stout, and undoubtedly powerful; but the skill of their wrestling seems insignificant to one who has seen really good work in England and America.

Trick of a St. Bernard.

AMONG some interesting dog stories told recently in the *Spectator* is one concerning a remarkable sagacious St. Bernard, which lived at a house where the writer of the story once boarded.

The dog used to come into my sitting-room and give me his company at dinner, sitting on the floor beside my chair with his head on a level with the plates. His master, however, fearing that he was being overfed, gave strict injunctions that this practice should no longer be permitted.

On the first day of the prohibition, the dog lay and sulked in the kitchen, but on the second day, when the landlady brought in the dishes, he stole in noiselessly close behind her, and while for the moment she bent over the table, he slipped quickly beneath it and waited.

No sooner had she retired than he emerged from his hiding place, sat

down in his usual position, and winked in my face, with a look which seemed to say: "Haven't I done her?"

In due course the good woman came to change the plates, and as soon as the dog heard her step, he slunk once more under the table; but in an instant, ere she had time to open the door, he came out again, as if he had suddenly taken another thought, and threw himself down on the rug before the fire, to all appearance fast asleep.

"Ah, Keeper! You there, you rascal?" exclaimed his mistress in indignant surprise, as she caught sight of him.

The dog opened his eyes, half-raised his body, stretched himself out lazily at full length, gave a great yawn, as if awakened from a good sleep, and then, with a wag of his tail, went forward and tried to lick her hand.

It was a capital piece of acting, and the air of perfect guilelessness was very amusing.

A Good Little Girl.

CHILDISH sympathy for the unfortunate and childish trust in man were charmingly illustrated in a recent incident, which happened in New York.

A little four-year-old, with a sadly maimed cat in her arms, approached the policeman guarding the entrance to Bellevue Hospital, and asked to see a doctor. The amused, but sympathizing officer led her to the receiving ward.

The surgeon was at first disposed to reprove the policeman, when the nature of his "case" was revealed to him, but the imploring tears in the little one's eyes softening him, he did his professional best in relieving the sufferings of the mangled animal.

"Now," he said, when he had finished, "you can take your little kitty home."

"It aint mine," replied the child; and then with engaging frankness, "I des found it all hurted! Tate care of it. Dood-by!"

And then smilingly grateful, she departed.

Policeman and surgeon looked at each other.

"It strikes me," said the surgeon, "that I am the victim of an innocent confidence game. Have the cat sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It will 'tate care of it.'"

And this was done.



OLD SCYTHIE.



CHECK-ROW PLANTING.

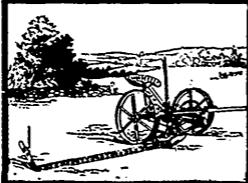
A CENTURY'S PROGRESS

IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FARM
IMPLEMENTS.

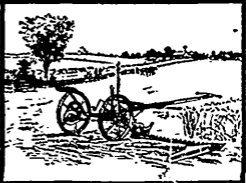
IT is not so very long ago when mowing was done by the scythe in many parts of Canada. The scythe blades came from England and the snaths were made by the farmer or by some neighboring mechanic. The crook in the snath was natural, the agriculturist seeking out a sapling with the desired twist, or a log was selected having the proper crook and split into snath timber.

Hay was raked and pitched by hand, the same as it is now by some farmers who have but small patches to cut.

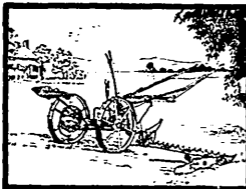
Grain was cut by the sickle and the scythe a century ago; but it is difficult to determine when the cradle came



MASSEY-HARRIS
NO. 10 MOWER.



MASSEY-HARRIS
NO. 7 MOWER.



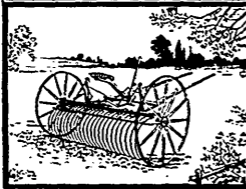
MASSEY-HARRIS
NO. 8 ONE-HORSE MOWER.



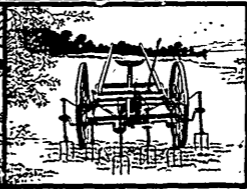
OLD SINGLE-TOOTH
CRADLE.

into common use. The first step in the development of the cradle was the placing of a gathering peg or finger in the lower end of the scythe snath. In cutting with this implement the operator struck toward the field, as shown in the illustration, the scythe swinging around rearward, the finger gathering the cut stalks and leaving them (as the scythe was withdrawn for the next stroke) somewhat bunched, leaning against, and supported by, the standing grain. The mower or cradler was followed by a boy or woman who with a hook, shaped like a land sickle, in one hand, gathered the swath and laid it upon the ground in gavels for the binders.

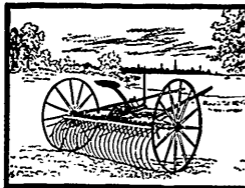
Such scythes or one-finger cradles still do considerable grain cutting in some parts of Europe and in the way described, though the famous Massey-Harris Implements



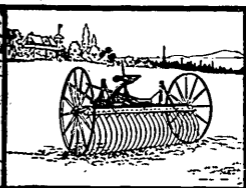
SHARP'S RAKE.



MASSEY-HARRIS
HAY TEDDER.



ITHACA RAKE.



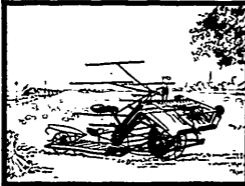
TIGER RAKE.

are gradually supplanting them even in the most remote districts.

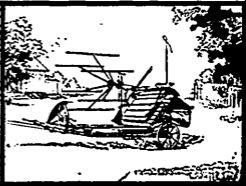
A cradle called the Brabant, having three or four gathering fingers attached to a straight snath, was largely used on the continent early in the century, and a little later a better one, known as the Hainault, was generally introduced.

"Husking bees" were frequently held when the crop was good and there was a great deal of corn to husk. The young people of the neighborhood were invited in and arranged in harmonious pairs convenient to the heaps of corn provided; then began a race for the completion of the job—only interrupted by the finding of red ears, which authorized finders to kiss partners.

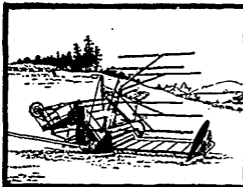
What wonderful advances we see in the present-day



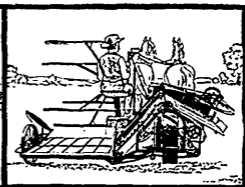
MASSEY-HARRIS
WIDE-OPEN BINDER.



MASSEY-HARRIS BINDER ON
TRANSPORT TRUCK.



MASSEY-HARRIS
LIGHT NO. 4 BINDER.



MASSEY-HARRIS
LIGHT NO. 4 BINDER.

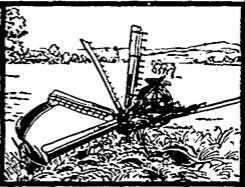
methods of farming when compared with those of our ancestors.

The Massey-Harris new line of Mowers cuts swaths from 3 ft 6 in. to 7 ft. wide sweetly and smoothly. The splendid Rakes manufactured by the Massey-Harris Company, known as the Sharp's, Tiger and Ithaca, and the Massey-Harris Hay Tedder, and illustrated in the accompanying etching, greatly increase the value of the crop, to say naught of the immense saving in labor.

Massey-Harris Binders and Harvesters are too well known to Canadian farmers to require much description. The New Massey-Harris No. 4 Binder is an exceedingly light and strong machine, and its excellent work in diversified crops the world over has evoked innumerable unsolicited testimonials from the leading farmers of the world.



OLD-TIME HUSKING BEE.



MASSEY-HARRIS HARVESTER.

Wise and Otherwise

BEGGAR (insinuatingly) : " I say, mister, have yer got any suggestions to make a feller wot ain't able to raise a dime to get shaved with ? "

OLD GENTLEMAN (passing on) : " Yes ; grow a beard. "

YOUNG STONE : " I spoke to the chemist and he advised me that I should— "

DOCTOR (interrupting) : " Oh, he gave you some idiotic advice, I suppose. "

STONE : " He advised me to see you ! "

" YOUR husband is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rhymor. "

" He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it. "

" No ? Has he been overworking himself ? "

" It isn't that so much ; it's his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises. "

" I AM here, gentlemen, " explained the pick-pocket to his fellow-prisoners, " as a result of a moment of abstraction. "

" And I, " said the incendiary, " because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things. "

" And I, " chimed in the forger, " on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself. "

" And I, " added the burglar, " through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment in town. "

LOVER (ardently) : " I love the very ground you tread on. "

HEIRSS : " Ah ! I thought it was my estates you were after. "

" WAITER, look here ! Isn't that a hair in the butter ? "

Yes, sir ; a cow's hair, sir. We always serve one with the butter to show that it isn't margarine, sir. "

YOUNG MOTHER : " Baby is somewhat cross today. He is teething. "

BACHELOR (in great awe of the mite of humanity) : " And when do you expect him to commence—er—hairing ? "

LITTLE WILLIE : " This paper says that Mr. Hamlet Withers received an ovation. What does that mean ? "

FATHER : " The word ovation, my son, is derived from the Latin *ova*, which means an egg. Ovation means a shower of eggs. "

" OUR last month's gas bill was just frightful, "

Said Mary to her beau,

The young man rose, with smile delightful,
And turned the gas down low.

" HAWKINS is very fond of his horse, isn't he ? "

" Why, no ; he hates him. "

" That's queer. I saw him riding in the park the other day, and he had his arms about the animal's neck. "

" WHAT makes you so late ? " asked his mother.

" The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe, " replied Johnnie.

MOTHER : " And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow. It was burned down in 1812. It's an outrage to treat a child that way. "

MOTHER : " Was your aunt glad to see you and Tommy and Frankie and Fred ? "

JOHNNIE : " Yes, mamma. "

MOTHER : " Did she invite you to call again ? "

JOHNNIE : " Yes, and she told us to bring you and papa and Susie and the dog next time. "

REPORTER : " Can I see Mrs. B— ? "

SERVANT : " She's out, sir. "

REPORTER : " One of the family, then ? "

SERVANT : " All out, sir. "

REPORTER : " Well, wasn't there a fire here last night ? "

SERVANT : " Yes ; but that's out, too. "

GENT : " What is the reason you charge twice as much for my cuffs as you did formerly ? "

WASHERWOMAN : " Because you have begun making pencil notes on them. "

GENT : " What difference does that make ? "

WASHERWOMAN : " The girls waste so much time in trying to make them out. "

BINKS : " Is your wife ever out of temper ? "

WINKS : " Never ; she has an inexhaustible supply. "

MRS PALISADE : " I'm surprised you don't like him. Why, if he had money he would make an ideal husband ! "

MISS SCUMMIT : " That's nothing. So would any man. "

LADY friend (to Mrs. Newlywed) : " Well, how do you like your flat ? "

MRS. NEWLYWED : " Which one do you mean—the one I married or the one I live in ? "

POET : " Poets, sir, are born, not made. "

PUBLISHER : " That's right—lay the blame on your poor father and mother. "

PHOTOGRAPHER : " That expression is too business-like. Try and look as if you were about to be married. "

SHREWD JONES : " Why, so I am. "

WAITER (seeing dissatisfaction on guest's face) : " Wasn't the dinner cooked to suit you, sir ? "

GUEST : " Yes, all but the bill. Just take that back and tell them to boil it down a little. "

IRASCIBLE OFFICER (down engine-room tube) : " Is there an idiot at the end of this tube ? "

VOICE from engine-room : " Not at this end, sir ! "

FIRST MAN : " Do you think that you can tell a man's character by the bumps on his head ? "

SECOND DITTO : " Well, I think you can tell more of his wife's character by them ! "

" It is very kind of you, madam, " said the tramp, " to give me such a fine dinner. "

" Don't mention it, you poor man, " said the kind-hearted woman.

" But I will repay you, " said the tramp, gratefully. " I'll tell all my pals that you are a flinty-hearted termagant that ain't never known how to cook nothin' decent, so's they'll give your house the go-by and won't never bother you. "

OLD GENTLEMAN : " So you'd like to become my son-in-law ? "

MR. HARDCUP : " Yes, sir, if you can afford it. "

JONES : " What a lucky fellow you are, Brown ! You always seem to catch your train with such ease. You never rush up at the last moment like most of us. "

BROWN : " You're making a mistake, my dear fellow. My misfortune is really worse. I never catch my proper train. You always see me waiting patiently for the next. "

HE : " What a wretchedly bad play. I wonder the people don't hiss it. "

SHE : " Well, they can't very well yawn and hiss at the same time. "

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