

• Massey's Illustrated •

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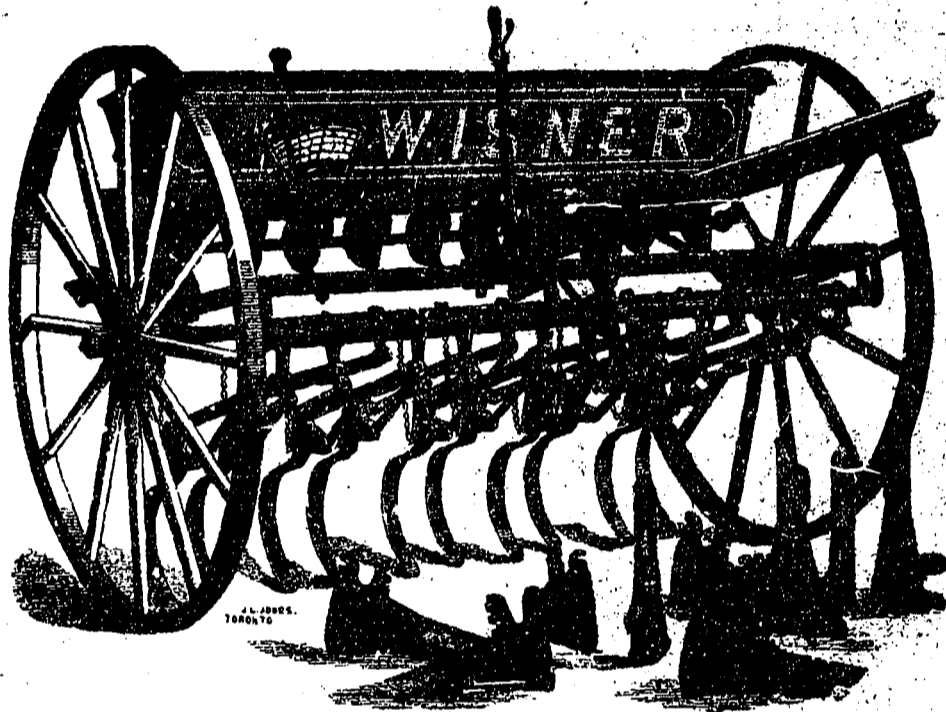


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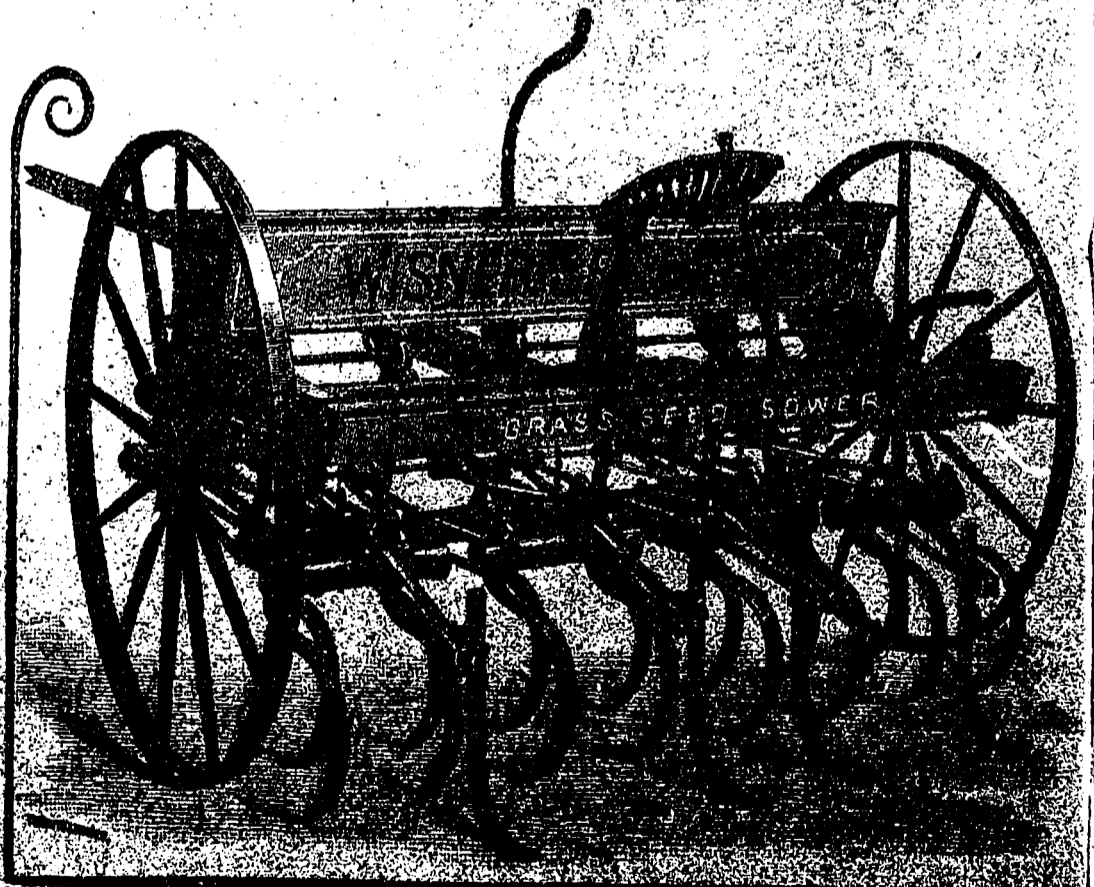
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A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

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Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

An Old Maid's Diary.

CHAPTER III.

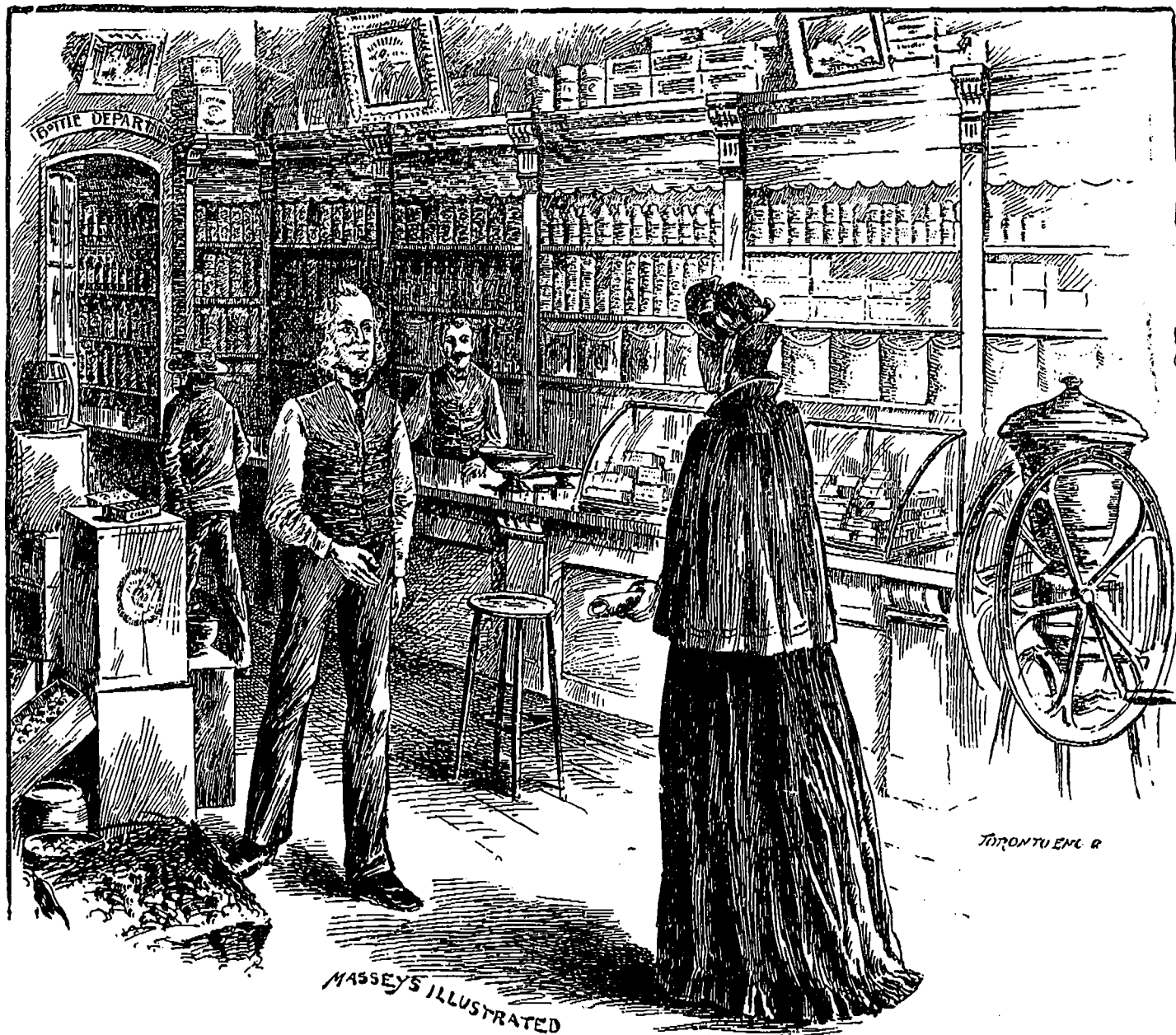
Continued from our last.

WELL, I'm 'listed in the temp'rance work at last, and got the harness on, too. I did say I'd never join 'em and here I am trampin' round and talkin' temp'rance as bad as any o' them, and don't feel like a hypocrite neither. And why should I? A'int I always been temp'rate? A course I have—but then, I hadn't much faith in temp'rance people, and that's just why I wouldn't join 'em. Not that I thought 'em hypocrites, but there, whenever any o' them asked me to join their society and "help on the noble work," there never was any definite bit of work they had for me to do. "Everyone helps," was the sayin' and I took it, 'twas only to swell the number,

and everyone knew I didn't drink, and wasn't that enough? But not to be bigoted and let them think I was against 'em I did go to a public meetin' now and again, and had a pleasant time, and heard a great deal about the noble self-sacrificin' work they were undertakin', but always went away wonderin' that I couldn't see any sacrifices, and no wonderful monuments o' virtue and such like. But then I never did profess any perticler insight, foresight or sense o' vision. So thinking I was too blind to see straight, and bein' kind o' warnin' up like by their talk, I plucked up courage to ask a man here and there, why he didn't join the temperance society. Well, I got different excuses, sincere and insincere. I suppose one man thought he was better'n so-and-so who belonged, and took a glass on the sly, because he took his openly; another thought if a man couldn't resist temptation without a pledge he'd be no good either way. When I heard temperance people sneered at o' course I always stood up for

them and their principles strong, but then I kept my reasons for not givin' a decided answer when asked to join the society. 'Twas generally the same plea when I went among them, "You believe in temp'rance, why don't you join us?" "Well," says I, once or twice, "if I believe in temperance ain't I one of you already? 'Twouldn't be doing any good for me to join,"— r. Joe Bl ck hinted that my purse might help if I couldn't.

"Well," says I, "but I'm not rich nor you poor. You're not poor drunkard's families needin' help." "Well, no," he said, laughing, "but we have expenses, and like encouragement. And so I commenced thinking what was right for me to do. Perhaps they did like encouragin', but what was there to discourage' em, I couldn't see. I began to wonder if getting together once a week to have a pleasant time, and hiring a room and paying for lights and fires, was what they called carrying on the noble work. 'Twas all right enough—far



MR. LEMON, THE PROPRIETOR, CAME SMILIN' DOWN THE STORE.

better'n going to saloons and such places to spend their evenings and if I'd seen they needed help I'd a helped them along. But they were all nice respectable people that never was in the habit of going to such places as I know of, and I didn't see any reformed drunkards there needin' special enticement to enjoy themselves there. But of course I can't tell how many of them young men might have been led off to drinkin' places if they hadn't been there. They occasionally hired a great lecturer, and had the biggest hall to be got, and advertised it well. Of course I went, to get warmed over, like the rest, and heard a great deal of inspirin' talk to an enthusiastic audience, who paid a good price for their tickets, to be talk'd to and enthused, and everybody said 'twas "grand" and seemed satisfied 'twould do a wonderful lot of good. They always called it a great success when the proceeds paid the large fee demanded by the lecturer, and left enough in the treasury to have an oyster supper. I once asked why they couldn't give a lecture free and was told it "wouldn't draw" at all, and some were shocked when I said I thought them as needed it most wasn't likely to pay to go to be talked into denyin' themselves. So you see I was clean tired of talk, talk with no visible effect, and I wouldn't go to see the society give "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." I thought they'd no right to cultivate such company. But when the ladies got woke up and proposed sendin' around Prohibition petitions and got at me, I couldn't refuse. It was soon after my collectin' tour, and then it seemed like doing something for temp'rance.

I set out, not very enthusiastic, and hardly knowin' where to go. Thinks I "it's no good goin' to the temp'rance people, for they'll sign any way. Then there's dozens o' nice respectable folks that are indifferent and see no danger. I might go to them. Their names will count, though we needn't count much for their influence, unless on the wrong side. Then a poor, weak-looking fellow stumbled past me, with head down, trying not to see the liquor-grocery for fear he'd have to go in, and inspiration came to me. I says right off, "That's where I'm goin' first of all. I'd beard the lion in his den, and if I don't conquer 'twon't be for want o' courage."

Mr. Lemon, the proprietor, came smilin' down the store and bowed in his most gracious manner, but I'd noticed a man go into the back room with one of the clerks and that fired me afresh. "Strange they can call this a legitimate business when it always leads men to a dishonest use of their license," thought I. "Let's judge it by its effects."

"Good morning, Miss Benjamin," he was saying, "happy to see you out this beautiful morning."

"I'm glad of that," says I, "very glad you're happy, for perhaps you'll be the more willing to help make others happy."

"Certainly, I always like to do that," he said, rather dignified.

"Now's your chance then to make hundreds happy and win fame and a good conscience for yourself. I don't want a cent of money but just a little move of your fingers that won't take you a minute. Just sign your name to this petition please. I'll give you the honor of heading the list, and your influence will help me wonderful."

He took the paper lookin' flattered, offered me a chair, and sat down to read. When he saw what it was, he held out the paper to me, saying, "I'm sorry, Miss Benjamin, but I'm afraid I can't consistently help you."

"Why not?" says I.

"Well, you see I couldn't conscientiously sign that while I hold a license."

"I don't see that," says I, "no one will expect you to give up your license while it lasts."

"No, perhaps not, but of course I've my family to think of."

"Certainly, and a very interesting family too, with talents that may make them great in the world. Of course you don't want to influence them to lay burdens on the poor, nor to take to drink themselves, and sink their talents and happiness in self-indulgence. Of course every man with a family has to think of his children, and if he doesn't love them well enough to put temptation out of their way—"

"Ay! if he could do that?"

I heard something like a sob behind me. I'd been speaking rather loud, for I saw a fellow come in and hand out his bottle and I knew his boys hadn't boots to wear, and I knew, too, that Mr.

Lemon's family had been indulged in every luxury, and had used wine on the table till the boys scarce more than babies got too fond of it, and then I heard the custom was dropped, but just as soon as liquor-groceries were allowed, Mr. Lemon got a license, and his family lived grander than before.

"That's just what this petition's for," said I, "don't you see it's for prohibition? I wouldn't canvas for anything short of that."

His face brightened a bit, but he said, "We'll never get it."

"Leave that to Providence," says I, "and do your part. Wouldn't you like to see poor, helpless mortals, like that one just gone out, built up respectable, and able to order their meat and groceries like other folks? If they didn't buy liquor they'd feed and clothe their families, and you merchants'd be gainers."

He smiled faintly. "Perhaps so, but what'd become of poor Tom? He'd die without his liquor!"

"Then it's a bad business that makes a man such a slave," says I.

He laughed; then sighed heavily.

One of his boys passed us with rather a shaky step; snatched a cigar and passed out.—But I wasn't through yet. "Suppose 'old Tom' should die to-day. There's his family of five smart children that we had to take old clothes to last winter. They'd be brought out of that bad neighborhood they live in and educated, and would be some use in the world. Tom'll never be much use now. He's only middle aged but he's 'old Tom' to everybody. Come, you're goin' to head this petition for me I know!"

I'd let him hold it out till his arm was tired so he'd had to take it back.

"If we get Prohibition to-morrow, you'll be all the richer for it."

He sighed and said, "That's the point, Miss Benjamin. I have an expensive family, and I can't deny them."

"Yes," says I, "but there's others to think of besides our own. If they'd learn to deny themselves a few luxuries to give others necessities—"

"There!" he said fustily, "there's my signature. The Lord knows, I wish it could come about to-morrow. I believe 'twould be better all round. But I haven't much faith, and while others sell, you know, I might as well."

"I'm not so sure of that," says I, "It's a matter of conscience you know. I'm real thankful to have your name first. I'll be sure to induce others."

He smiled rather uneasily but said "Good-morning" pleasantly enough, and I went on to the other groceries and got one or more names in every one. Then the dry-goods men responded readily and I felt that the morning was well spent if I'd done nothing but convert Lemon. I didn't go out to canvas in the afternoon, but I made out a list of hardish cases I'd undertake later. Some of the indifferent ones attended prayer-meeting on fine evenings, so I judged that'd be a good chance to catch 'em and wasn't disappointed either.

Late in the afternoon, I ran out for some little thing I wanted, and as I was returning I saw a man come out of the "Windsor" and walk down the street rather crooked fashion. He soon met a friend and stopp'd to have a talk, and as I came up he was leaning on the fence, and I heard him say: "Beastly stuff they give a fellow! Can't get a decent drink!"

I stopped at once and says I, "Gentlemen, you're goin' to sign the Prohibition Petition, ain't you? I was out gettin' names this mornin' and you can see I've quite a few," and I handed them the paper.

The sober man took it and right off he gasped, "Ah! so you've got Geo. Lemon's name, eh?"

"Let's see! It's a forgery!" said the other.

"Hardly," said the other, "that's his signature all right. I did business with him to-day."

"What does he mean by it?"

"Why," says I, "he knows nothing but Prohibition will save his boys, and he knows the poor wretches who buy his liquor are starving their families to do it. Wouldn't you like to have the makin' of it stopped, and this whiskey-drugging put an end to? It's a bad business that makes a man cheat so."

"That's so! Bad business!" said he.

"Well," said his companion, "I suppose there's not much use in me signing. I'm a single man—a traveller—living nowhere in particular. I sometimes take a glass with a customer, but rarely more than one, and it does no harm."

"You're mistaken I'm sure; your travelling brings you into contact with a great many, and your example counts for something."

"Perhaps so, but as I've no appetite for it myself, I never try to induce others to drink."

"No! but if you refused to drink, others who do get harm from it, and find it hard to resist, might be induced to make an effort to stop. Your one glass is not a necessity?"

"Oh, no!"

"You could easily give it up?"

"Certainly!"

"Then Prohibition would do you no harm, and would be a safe-guard to the weak ones who have lost self-control."

He laughed, "Well, I've just one objection to Prohibition. It's a restriction of liberty. Why should one set of men dictate to others what they should drink?"

"Do you believe in the Ten Commandments?"

"Certainly! Learnt them when a mere baby."

"Then you never thought 'Thou shalt not,' too restrictive there. You don't object to prisons, do you?"

"Oh, no."

"And imprisonment is a total loss of liberty. What right have judge and jury to condemn those poor fellows to years of confinement?"

"But they were criminals."

"Yes and nearly every one of them will tell you that drink was the cause. Doesn't the liquor traffic cause crime and misery the world over? Why not restrict it and banish it, and save poor human beings from becoming criminals and losing their liberty, and finally their souls. What grand pure lives some of them would live but for the love of liquor and its polluting effect." He sighed heavily.

"Yes, I've seen it all, ma'am."

He rested the paper on the fence, produced a pocket ink-stand and signing his name, handed the pen to his friend.

"There! better follow Lemon's lead. He's square."

"Yes! He's square! I'll sign too," repeated the befuddled fellow, and he did.

I got some names before prayer meetin' and after it was over, I was talking to several at the preacher's gate when Deacon Trim came along, just as we were about sayin' good-night, and he walked on a ways with me.

"And so, Deacon Trim," says I, "you're goin' to vote for Millman?"

"Well, I don't know as I mean to tell who I'm votin' for."

"You don't need to, for you've spoke for him, and it's known you're for him."

"Yes, there's no harm in that. I don't force anyone my way."

"No. If you think he's the right man no harm at all, if he's a fit and proper person to govern your sons and daughters."

"Oh, he's a good neighbor and an old acquaintance, I'd hardly like to refuse him my vote, seeing I've always gone that way."

"That ain't the point," says I. "Be neighborly do him good if you can, but remember, if you send him to Parliament, you practically say, 'He's the man to represent my principles and I approve of him as one of our rulers.' Now what have you and him in common, Deacon, 'twixt church and hotel?"

I saw him pricking up his ears, so I went on. "I've heard you deploring drunkenness and praying for widahs and orphans and the overthrow of intemperance. Do you mean to go and encourage Millman to make more drunkards and entice young men to form drinking habits?"

"Why, Keren-happuch, how should I?"

"You sanctioned his nomination, and you know he'll treat all who will drink with him. Plenty of men can't refuse to gratify their stomachs and so are led and governed by appetite, and make us sad too—more's the pity."

"How so?"

"Why, they vote for him because they like his treats, and their votes elect him, and when he's there, he'll vote for the liquor traffic. How'll we temperance women, ever get a petition through the house with such as he there? He don't represent us or our principles."

"Well, you see, our party chose him because he's popular and will run well."

"But what good's the runnin' if he's no good when there? I'm sorry for the party that'll choose

a man who gains friends by appealin' to their stomachs. Is that the noblest part of their organization he can work upon? It's encouragin' self-indulgence of the worst kind. Why not go around yourselves and treat people for votin' for some worthier man, if it's right for him to do it?"

"Our party don't see it in that way."

"Then they're blind! His opponent is an out-and-out Temperance man, and on account of Millman's principles your party is looked upon as the Liquor Party and is often spoken of as such. Is it consistent in a deacon to take that side?"

"You forget that there are other questions at stake besides Temperance."

"None more important! Let the rest go. Have you signed the Prohibition Petition?"

"Well, no. I've nothing against it but I haven't much faith in petitions."

"Then send men to represent us that'll help them. Have you faith in prayer, Deacon?"

"Yes! Of course."

"Well, there's women in scores prayin' for Prohibition and believin' for it too, and it's got to come, sooner or later."

"I'd about reached our gate, so I says: 'Now, Deacon, are you goin' to set the young men a good example, by voting for Temperance?'"

"Oh," said he, "I'll sign the Petition, but I don't know's I'll go back on my party and an old neighbor--'tain't hardly fair you know."

"What about Dr. Black, then? He's a brother deacon in a brother church, and I trust he's a brother Christian too. He's an old acquaintance yours too, and a good, solid, temperance man."

"Well," said he slowly, "perhaps I won't vote at all, I'll see, Kere n-happuch."

He was always pretty solemn and earnest when he called me by my whole name, and so I spoke solemn too, and I says, "Do your whole duty Deacon. Come out for Temperance and stick to it. God-night! Remember I'm prayin' for Temperance Votes."

To be concluded in our next.



The Bingham Name.

YOU can't make a whistle out'n a pig's tail, an' no more can you make anything out'n a Bingham. The sins of the parents is bound to be visited on the children, even down to the fourth generation, and that's Clem and C'listy."

So Mrs. Carter had declared, with all the emphasis she could give her words, when she heard the news that had aroused all Baldville.

"An'," she had continued, "nobody'd think of cryin' it but Seliny Spinner; but a body needn't fetch their eyes at her doin's, for she's a chip o'n the old block. The deacon'd 've done the same."

It was true that "old Jake" Bingham had not been a good citizen, and that his son, 'Ras, was as lazy and thriftless as he. And all of the seven sons of 'Ras had grown up "wild."

Weak, rather than actually vicious, and made contempt by the contempt and suspicion of the people about them, laziness and vagabondage had developed in them an addiction to gambling, drunkenness, petty thieving and kindred vices.

With the exception of Pete, every one had in turn met death in some form outside the pale of respectability; and now Pete alone, with his family, was left to represent a dishonored name.

Deacon Spinner had always declared that "most anybody could be made a heathen if you treated 'em like one," and had himself acted on the benevolent contrary principle of treating like Christian people whom others called "heathen."

He had even persuaded the Bingham boys to join his Sunday-school class, and to hear the lesson upon the prodigal son; but an unfriendly remark behind his back brought about a sudden and violent encounter and the boys' precipitate departure.

The deacon did not cease his efforts, though he was derided, and when, at last, he gave work to Pete, after the man had served a sentence in the county jail, he was openly condemned.

Then Pete fulfilled Baldville expectations and prophecies concerning himself. During the deacon's last illness, unable to obtain employment, he stole a bag of flour for his family, and was sent to the penitentiary. Shortly after the deacon's death he died there.

It was but a few days later that his wife followed him, and the last of the Bingham, a boy and girl of fifteen years, Clement and Calista by name, were left to the care of the town.

It was then that the deacon's daughter, Selina, roused herself, drove straightway to the old cabin, unceremoniously bundled the two children into her chaise, and bore them home with her.

The children had just eaten their first breakfast with her the next morning when Calista announced, decisively, "No, ma'am, we ain't goin' to stay. Clem says so, too."

"Land sakes, what do you mean?" Miss Spinner asked, in astonishment.

"We've talked 'bout it, and we know what folks say, and—" Calista sat up straight—"we don't mean to be charity folks!"

"Nobody's asked you to be!" Miss Spinner answered.

"But we hain't got nothin' to pay you," persisted Calista.

"Haven't you got strong arms an' legs, an' ain't you willin' to work?"

"Yes'm," came promptly from both. "That's why we want to work, C'listy and me," said Clem. "We want to use our han's an' legs to take care of ourselves."

"Bless you, an' that's jest what I want—the use of 'em," said Miss Spinner, with a shrewd, pleased nod.

The two children looked at each other and hesitated a moment.

"I'd work, willin', for you, Miss Spinner," Clem began, slowly, "because your pa was good to ours; but—" he flushed and stammered—"but there's that name. It'll allers stick to us 'round here, an' folks'll never give us no peace, nor you neither, as long as we stay here."

"My peace don't come from without, 'bout such things," she shortly answered; "an' as for the name—"

"I hate it! I want to change it," interrupted Calista, passionately.

"Well, you can change it better right here in Baldville than you can anywhere else, and that's what I brought you here for—to give you a chance," Miss Spinner quietly answered.

"How?" both breathlessly questioned.

"You know how it got to be such a name?" she asked, with a kindly softening of her crisp tones.

"Yes'm," said Calista, without hesitation. "It was cauge the Bingham was lazy, an' bad, an' ugly when folks trod on 'em, an' it got to be mean temper, an' a don't-care feeling 'bout anybody. We've got the temper an' will, too," she ended, with a helpless sigh.

"Well, child, the will won't hurt you if you use it right, an' keep down the temper. That's what will is for; an' you'd enough sight better use it to get rid of the old name, than to try runnin' away from it. I'll help you, if you two'll be in earnest 'bout it."

"O, Miss Spinner!" exclaimed Calista, "deed we are in earnest."

"Well, then, you stay right here in Baldville; give me your youth and strength and I'll help you an' pay you wages in the bargain."

Even Clem's dreamy blue eyes glowed, and Calista's black ones flashed, with a new light not unnoticed by the keen ones watching them. Then Calista broke out impetuously:

"Miss Seliny, we'd work our fingers to the bone for you, just because you've been the only one that 've treated us like humans, and—wouldn't we work the more to be somebody! We don't want pay."

"I know what I'm doin'," said Miss Spinner, sharply. "Don't you know you've got to be self-supportin' to be self-respectin'? An' that's the very first thing I'm aimin' at."

As Clem had prophesied, people gave her no peace; but the old deacon's daughter was as unflinchingly immovable as a piece of granite. She started to put her views into a six months' practice that tried the two children.

"She don't give us a chance to fall back," Clem confided to his sister, when he came in tired after a good day's work.

"I'm glad she don't. Why, there's folks that'd just glory to see us take a tumble!" returned Calista, with a new pride. "And we aint going to please them." She stamped her foot. "'Twixt her boostin' and their proddin' we're just going to climb right on up."

"Well, I own I would be right down ashamed to go, or to do any less decent than she expects," Clem confessed.

"So would I. My! I can hear her say now, 'Well, if you're goin' to stop changin' your name, jest be a Bingham an' done with it.' She haint had to say it but once, and I don't want to hear it again."

"C'listy,"—Clem's voice sank to an anxious whisper,— "do you really suppose we're changin' it any?"

There was a pause, and Calista knit her brows. "I guess so," she finally answered. "Anyway I feel it's so inside. Perhaps folks don't see it outside, though, just yet, and we can wait."

But "folks say something," and they were puzzled. The pathetic yearning and the hope that animated the two children were beyond their vision; but they did see that their prophecies had not been fulfilled.

Mrs. Carter at last hinted this perplexity to Selina Spinner, and received the following reply:

"They aint angels, and if they was I shouldn't know how to manage 'em; but 'tain't all Bingham that's in 'em, an' what is aint all bad."

"But there's no disputin' it, to my mind," said Mrs. Carter to a friend, after repeating the unsatisfactory answer; "it's just a grateful streak in 'em—nobody ever said the Bingham was ungrateful—that's makin' 'em look up so; an' Seliny's got 'em right under her thumb. They'll play Simple Simon 's long as she'll wiggle; but jest let the time come where she can't, an' you'll see what's in 'em's in 'em."

The time came sooner than people expected.

Two years had passed since that morning when the twins came into the sitting-room for their breakfast, and stated their resolve. Since then both had learned many lessons: but they questioned secretly whether the coveted respectable place in the world would ever be freely accorded to them in Baldville.

Then came another day, when a lawyer arrived from the city and held a long conversation with Miss Spinner. When Calista went to call her to tea, sometime after the lawyer's departure, she found her still sitting in her chair, but helpless and unconscious from a stroke of paralysis.

Two calamities had fallen upon her. The title under which her father had obtained the farm which he had left her had proved defective, and the greater part of the property had been adjudged to be the property of another. At the same time the bank in which all Miss Spinner's accumulations had been deposited had failed.

Miss Spinner had always been of a nervous temperament. These two pieces of information proved to much for her strength.

The actual state of affairs was not long in being ascertained. Miss Spinner, it was found, would possess nothing but the seven acres of the homestead plot, and would be helpless in all probability during the rest of her life. It was doubtful if she even regained the faculty of speech.

Something must be done. The lawyer again came up; the doctor was present, and so were several neighbors.

"She will have enough to keep her comfortably in some Old Ladies' home, if this place is sold," Lawyer Kent suggested.

"Of course you nor Clem'll never expect to be helped any more," said Mrs. Carter, who was present. "She's done remarkably well by you, so far."

Clem scowled, and Calista gave the speaker an indignant glance.

"Does the place *have* to be sold?" Calista exclaimed, with repressed excitement. "Aint there any way she can be let to stay here?"

"She must have constant care and that means money," said the doctor. "She may live a long time. She may regain speech and a partial use of her limbs,—that is, if she suffers no second shock, but she will never be well again."

"That's it," eagerly returned Calista. "She would have another shock if she was to leave here."

"But, my girl," politely interrupted the Lawyer, "you do not understand. It must be sold to give her a support."

"I do understand, Mr. Kent." Calista rose and continued with a trembling voice. "All that Clem and I are to-day Miss Spinner made us; and we'll take care of her now, if you'll leave her here, and say the place sha'n't be sold."

"But can you do it?" he asked. "You have yourselves to look out for—and seven acres is a small place."

"We will," emphatically returned Clem. "I've seen where a whole family's been supported off'n seven acres, and we can do it."

"But what have you to begin with?" asked the Lawyer.

"C'listy and I've got saved up pretty near the whole of the money she give us in wages. She paid it to us, and she ought to have the benefit of it."

"Spoken like a man, Clem!" The old doctor reached out his hand as he continued, "And you, too, Calista. I believe you are doing the only thing that will ever help Miss Spinner back toward recovery. The Lord bless you! You have my sympathy and you shall have my help, too."

So Lawyer Kent arranged it, and the doctor whispered a cheery "All's well!" into the numbed ear of the patient, trusting that it might reach the poor mind that was struggling to comprehend the change.

"Now, C'listy," said Clem, earnestly, as they were left alone, "I suppose you know we haven't any more time to be thinking about the Bingham name. We've got to give ourselves up to planning pretty close, to do what we've set out to."

"You're right, Clem. The name must look out for itself. It's Miss Seliny first, and she's going to want a good many things."

"She's going to *have* 'em," said he, emphatically.

So the name looked out for itself.

Clem began market-gardening by the doctor's advice. The weeks, months, and at last the year rolled away, with profit to the two.

Miss Spinner was gradually improving under the constant and tender care they gave her, and was able at last to be moved out into the sunny yard.

The keenest critic could not say that her least want was unsatisfied. On the contrary, when a luxurious wheeled chair was sent down from the city, there were some who said they didn't think Clem was called upon to go as far as that.

"I can make it, though," he had stoutly answered all his advisers; but to the doctor he said, "You know there's the cow. I can sell all her milk but what Miss Spinner needs, and C'listy and I've given up butter."

The doctor was unable to keep this confidence.

"That beats me, I own," Mrs. Carter said to a neighbor, with whom, standing at her gate, she was discussing Miss Spinner's condition. "I don't b'lieve I could go 'thout butter, whatever happened. They do say," she continued, "that he has a master knack at growin' things. The men folks are praisin' him all sorts."

"I must confess C'listy keeps things as shinin' as Seliny ever did," reluctantly returned the other. "I went a-purpose to see, an' I reelly didn't expect more'n a lick an' a promise in her housekeepin'."

"There must've ben somethin' in 'em that folks didn't see," mused Mrs. Carter. "Why, if here aint the doctor! How's Miss Spinner?"

"Of course there was something in them you didn't see," he growled, unheeding her question.

"And of course you mean the Bingham children,—everybody does who talks so,—and it's high time everybody saw something! How's Miss Spinner? Why, better; she couldn't help but be, with the care she gets. She'll surprise you yet by walkin'—she's talking already." The doctor strode away.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Carter.

"When we thought her good as dead! I dunno but he's 'bout right. I'm goin' to see for myself."

She went, to be met by Calista, who, with eyes sparkling with joy, repeated the good news.

"You seem tickled to death over it," bluntly remarked Mrs. Carter.

"Oh, 'deed we are!" Calista stopped, her eyes filling. Then she tremulously went on, "We owe everything to her."

For a moment Mrs. Carter was undecided. It was an effort to cast aside the accumulated prejudices of years. Then she went on, hastily:

"Well, C'listy Bingham, I guess there aint nobody else, less'n it's yourselves, 't you owe it to, for a fact. An' I've got one thing to say—if ever a body's redeemed a name, you and Clem have. There, now, I've said it."

"It was best to stay here and change it," Calista told Clem, a few minutes later. "But it seems qucer that it should all come about after we had stopped working just for it."

"Perhaps it came all the quicker," said Clem, thoughtfully.

"I expect Miss Spinner would say it was because we did try to do right and do our duty," returned Calista; "but, O Clem, it's somethin' worth livin', now't we've got a place in the world!"

Clem smiled a happy assent.

Mrs. Carter had one thing more to say. It had been the doctrine of a lifetime, and it was well that she said it as she did to Miss Spinner. It may have helped to free her from old opinions.

"After all, it's most like a merikle," she remarked, at the close of that same call; "but I allers did say, Seliny, if you took a notion to move a mountin' you'd find some way to stir it's stumps. It did seem like flyin' in the Lord's face, though, when the Bible does say up an' down that the sins of the parents are visited on the children."

It was Miss Spinner's opportunity, and a touch of the old tartness crept into her speech, as she replied:

"But you never 've found that the Bible says that folks is to be omnipotent, an' do the visitin' themselves, have you?"—*Youth's Companion*.

The Golden Time.

When is the golden time? you ask,—

The golden time of love,
The time when earth is green beneath,
And skies are blue above;
The time for sturdy health and strength,
The time for happy play.

When is the golden hour? you ask;
I answer you, "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand
Slips on the great world-sea,
As staunch as ever ship that launched
To sail eternally.

To-day, that waits to you and me
A breath of Eden's prime,
That greets us, glad and large and free,—
It is our golden time.

For Yesterday hath veiled her face,
And gone as far away
As sands that swept the pyramids
In Egypt's ancient day.
No man shall look on Yesterday,
Or tryet with her again;
Forever gone her toils, her prayers,
Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold,
May never come to bless
Or blight our lives with weal or ill,
With gladness or distress,
No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand,
Nor catch her on the way;
For when we reach tomorrow's land,
She'll be, by then, To day.

You ask me for the golden time.
I bid you "seize the hour,"
And fill it full of earnest work,
While yet you have the power.
To day, the golden time for joy,
Beneath the household eaves;
To-day, the royal time for work,
For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day, the golden time for peace,
For righting olden feuds;
For sending forth from every heart
Whatever sin intrudes.
To-day, the time to consecrate
Your life to God above;
To-day, the time to banish hate,
The golden time for love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Cullings.

STRANGE sometimes how the unexpected happens. In a letter received a few days ago from Inha China,—dated Chang Shu, a city in the southern part of Kiang-si province—the writer says:

"Last mail brought me a letter from a Lady Missionary Society in Listowel, Ont., asking if I would write them about the work here. The writer said they had seen some letters of mine MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED some months ago. Strange how one thing leads to another, and how a farmer paper led to interest in China."

Our correspondent who has been itinerating in the Kiang-si Valley for nearly twelve months, is enthusiastic in his admiration of Chinese farming. For days and weeks one can travel through the fertile valley, surrounded by fields of wheat looking like a carpet, and hardly see a weed; the wheat country as clean as a well-kept garden. A systematic rotation of crops is strictly adhered to. The market gardens around the cities six crops a year are raised.

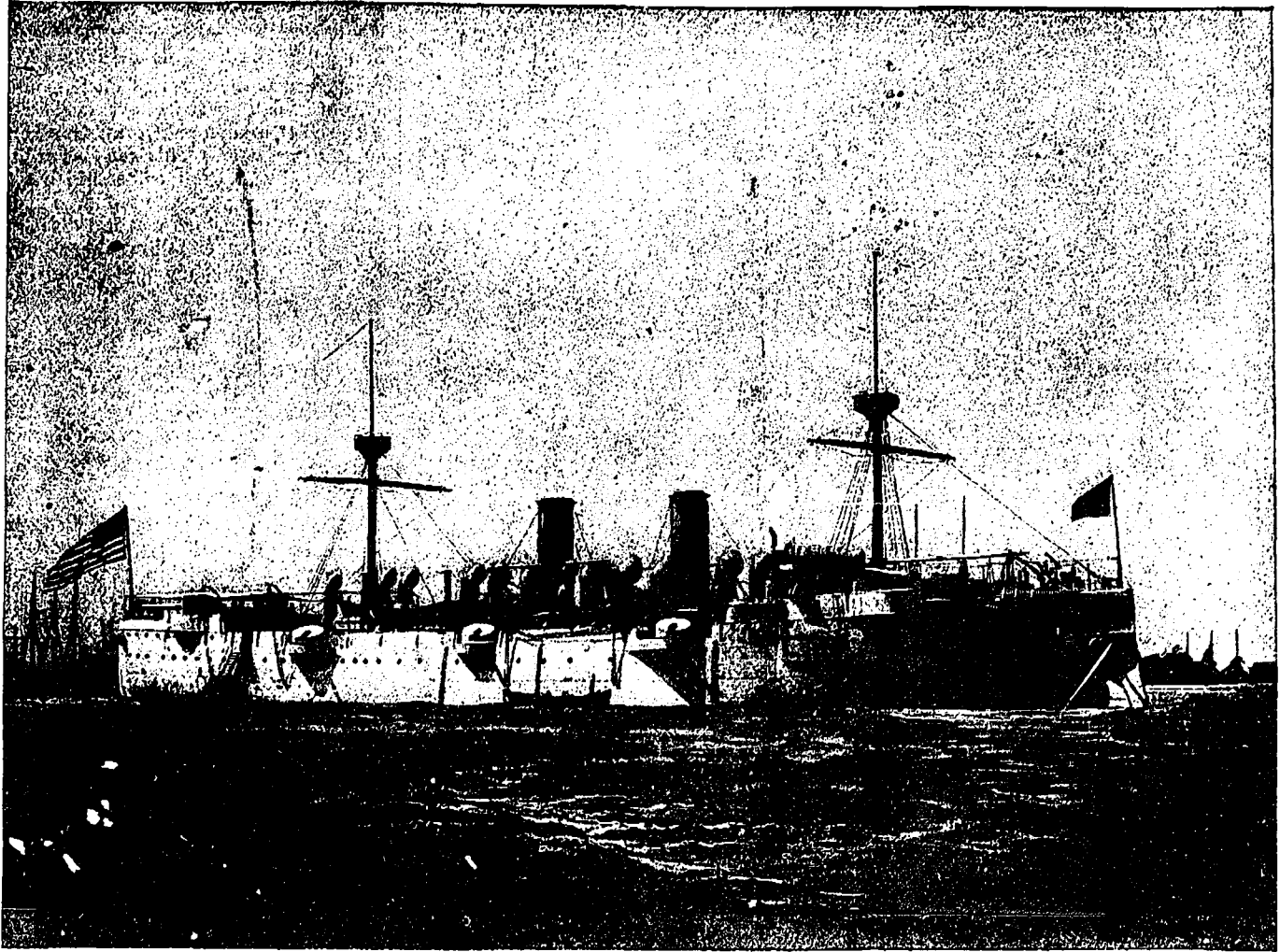
DID you ever know a farmer go to the store for a pane of glass and 5 cents worth of putty to fix a hen house, and stay there gossiping so long that when he comes back he has no time to fix it, and later on blame his luck because his fowls don't do as well as his neighbor's.

FREIGHT transportation has been so cheapened that it costs no more to carry a bushel of wheat three hundred miles than it does for a farmer to haul it five miles over the average road to a station.

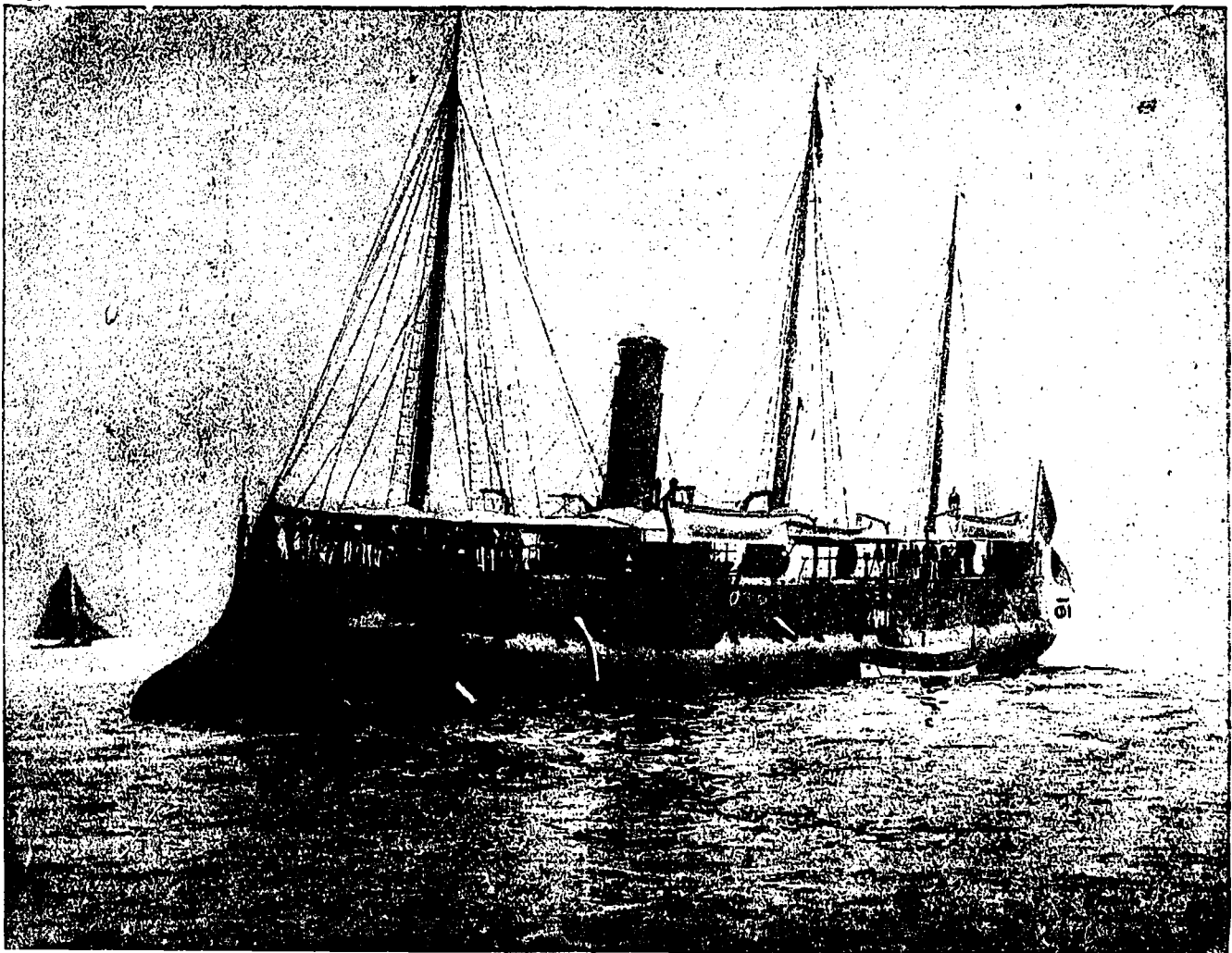
Let us see if this is anywhere near the truth. It costs a railroad about one half cent to carry a ton of wheat a mile. A farmer living five miles from a railroad station can haul per day two loads of wheat a ton each over the average country road. Of course he can easily haul twice as much over a first-class road, but we are speaking now of the average common road, which the majority of farmers have to use. Estimating the pay for man and team at the rate of a dollar per day, would give the cost of hauling a ton five miles one dollar and fifty cents, or thirty cents per mile, just sixty times as much as by railroad.

WE have now on this continent the seeming paradox—the richer the soil, the poorer the crop. The poor lands of New England raise heavier root crops, than the virgin soil of the West prairies. The explanation is simple—evil cultivation overpowers good. So with careless cultivation the richer the soil the stronger the growth of the unprofitable weeds, and the poorer the growth of the beneficent grains and roots.

THE Trade and Navigation Returns for 1891 show us that the value of the butter imported into Great Britain was \$56,410,414. Of that quantity the mark furnished \$23,680,421, at an average price of 24 cents per pound. France supplied \$14,785,000, at an average price of 23.6 cents per pound, while Canada sent only \$912,307, at an average price of 18.2 cents per pound. The freight charges are high barriers. The rates from Ont., to Liverpool are about 1/2 cent per lb. Why is it that Canadian butter is rated so low—6 cents per lb. below that of Denmark. It should not be so. There is no reason why Canadian butter should not stand at top in the world's market. It is simply want of care—and want of experience. But one gratifying fact is, that we are improving every year in butter making.



A MODERN MAN-OF-WAR.—UNITED STATES CRUISER "BALTIMORE."



A CHILIAN WAR VESSEL.



Little by Little.

How does the Spring come? With many mischances,
Now the fro-t pricketh sore, then the sun glances;
Now the rain beateth down, then the snow falleth;
Nothing the cheery, brave Springtime aop alleth,
Bravely she smiles through the somber chill weather,
Smiles on the blight and the promise together;
And at the end of the long-suffering
All the world over is ruled by the Spring.

How does the tide come? Not all in one rising,
Daunting the land and the heavens surprising;
Here a wave, there a wave, rising and falling,
Billow to billow still beckoning and calling,
Heaving, receding, now lower, now higher,
Now it is lower, and now it is higher;
Now it seems spent and tired; then, with insistence,
Gaily and strongly it comes from the distance;
Till, at the end of the plunge and the roar,
It is full tide, and the sea rules the shore.

How does the soul grow? Not all in a minute;
Now it may lose ground, and now it may win it;
Now it resolves, and again the will faileth;
Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth;
Now its hopes fructify, then they are blighted;
Now it walks sunnily, now gropes benighted;
Fed by discouragements, taught by disaster,
So goes it forward, now slow, now faster,
Till, all the pain past, and failures made whole,
It is full grown, and the Lord rules the soul.

Susan Coolidge, Newport, R. I.



FROM all accounts it would appear that immigration prospects this season are excellent. The English tenant farmer delegates' reports of the bountiful harvest in the North West have caused the agents in England to receive more demands for passage rates and literature than for years past. All that is apparently needed to set the ball rolling is for the Dominion Government to devise without delay a thorough scheme for the encouragement of

the immigration of the right classes by co-operation with the North-West municipalities or otherwise. We have recently heard a good deal about an energetic immigration policy and it is about time it assumed some definite shape if it is to be of any practical use this season.

In a recent article contributed by that eminent authority, Mr. William E. Bear, to the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, he states that in Russia, Austria and Germany the area employed for the production of wheat has practically remained unaltered during the ten years ending with 1890. In the United States there was a falling off from 37,986,717 acres in 1880 to 36,087,184 in 1890 while in Great Britain and Ireland the figures were 3,065,895 acres in 1880 and 2,483,595 in 1890. In Canada there was a slight increase, and in France and Hungary there were respectively about two million more acres devoted to wheat-growing within the ten years. Mr. Bear is of opinion that such severe competition in wheat-growing as has recently so greatly reduced the wheat-growing area in England, will not be experienced, as a rule, in the future. He thinks that an increase of several millions of acres in the wheat area of the world, is necessary at once, in order to allow of production overtaking consumption. After that has been accomplished a yearly increase of some millions of acres will be needed, unless the yield per acre is greatly increased, to keep pace with the consumption; and this will not happen unless prices are fairly high. A moderate rise may stimulate too rapid an increase of wheat-growing for a year or two, so that prices may fall; but a reaction would soon set in under such circumstances. In coming to this conclusion he takes into account the fact that while the wheat-producing area has, if anything, contracted, the population of the countries in question has been rising by tens of millions.

THE fifth annual meeting of the Central Farmers' Institute of Ontario, which was held in Toronto

last month, was notable for the unusually large attendance of delegates and for the keen interest manifested in the discussions on the subjects brought forward. This annual gathering is fully recognized as the Farmers' Parliament, and the results of its deliberations have considerable influence with the Dominion and Local Governments, particularly the latter. This can be readily seen when it is stated that the membership has sprung from 1,000 a short time ago to the large figure of 15,000. Among the important matters discussed was that of free trade, which followed an admirable address by Prof. Robertson, on the English market. A resolution "that in the opinion of this meeting a policy of free trade, such as prevails in Great Britain, would be in the interests of this country," was carried by a vote of 84 to 26. A resolution was also passed to the effect that it would be very advantageous to the land owners of the province if the Torrens system was extended so as to embrace the whole of Ontario, and that the subordinate institutes be urged to discuss the question and instruct their delegates how to vote at the next meeting of the institute. A resolution favoring the compulsory teaching of agriculture in rural schools was lost. This we regret. We have persistently advocated the adoption of such a course, honestly believing that it would be in the best interests of agriculture, and it is a mystery to us why a majority of the Institute should oppose it. There is evidently a "nigger on the fence" somewhere. We are not in the prophetic line, but we will go so far as to prophesy that this subject will in the near future meet with that consideration and thought which it is pre-eminently entitled to and that those who are now opposing it will yet prove its warmest supporters. If we are to check the growing tendency of country boys to crowd into cities to eke out a miserable existence, we must adopt some such system. Give the boys all the opportunities possible for knowing and learning about their surroundings so that they will take a wider and deeper interest in the things of the country, and we will hear less of the cry, "Why do boys leave the farm?"

A PAMPHLET appeared recently by Mr. Edward Harris, on the subject, "Is game of value to the farmer?" He claimed that the matter was of vital importance to the farmers throughout the Dominion, as the enormous increase of value which game preserves command, and would always command as long as existing conditions of land tenure held good, were too well known and understood to require any demonstration. That the preservation of game was of the highest importance to the community at large, as a food supply was equally evident; and if the farmer could derive profit from its supply the whole population would be benefited, and a source of increased wealth assured. He suggested that the preservation of game should become a business branch of the farming industry, and that the self-interest of the farmer should be evoked; that game should under certain legal restrictions be a saleable commodity, capable of export, and that the laws should be so amended as to afford to the land-owner or farmer the same protection for game, so long as it was to be found on his property, as for sheep or poultry which he might be engaged in raising. Owing to the wasteful and ruthless slaughter of game, the price has risen to such a point as to place it beyond the reach of all but the wealthy. At anything like the prices now ruling, it is claimed, that a farm of two hundred acres would, by careful preservation of quail, partridge and rabbit, maintain a stock which would yield at the lowest computation a return of not less than a dollar an acre; and if preservation became general this estimate would be largely exceeded. Should the protection needed by law be granted to the farmer it would require but a short time to raise a fair head of game throughout the country, and once established the farmer might be trusted to look after his own interests in regard to its preservation. Shooting clubs might be established by the farmers of a district, and the shootings leased if they did not wish to carry on the business themselves. The objections which may be urged against game protection in Great Britain may be said to be non-existent in this country. In the former the landlord raises game upon the lands of his tenants, but in this country, on the contrary, the land is held by the farmers

themselves, and the profits to be derived from the protection of game would flow into their own pockets. Among the other arguments brought forward are the following: game is more valuable than poultry; game is necessary to destroy insects, which otherwise destroy crops and orchards; game requires no care but protection from vermin and the pot-hunters. Mr. Harris says that with the farmer this question must rest, and if he will combine with his neighbors there can be little doubt that he will be able to obtain the legislation necessary to protect his game from the gun of the unauthorized sportsman and pot-hunter. The day of the sportsman unaided by the farmer is past. It is true that deer and partridge may still be killed in the more inaccessible portions of Ontario, but even these will soon become wastes without a head of game to reward the sportsman for his long journeys.

THE question of dehorning cattle is at present forming a live subject for discussion, more particularly throughout Ontario, and it will likely engage the attention of the Legislature before the close of the present session. It arose out of a decision given by Justices of the Peace last month in a case tried in London, the defendants being Wm. York, owner of the cattle dehorned, and W. A. Elliott and Edward York, who performed the operation. A large number of witnesses were examined, both for the prosecution and defence, and the magistrates gave the following judgment, which is interesting: "First—We find the horns referred to in the information were cut off by W. A. Elliott, assisted by Edward York, ordered and permitted by Wm. York, the owner. Second—Horns were cut off close to the head, thus cruelly torturing the cows of Wm. York; and no precautions were taken to lessen the pain of the operation, or to protect the cows afterwards from the consequences of said cruelty. Third—It does not appear to us from the evidence there was any necessity to cut off the horns of these cows. Fourth—Neither does it appear that doing so was an advantage to them, but the whole evidence leads to the conclusion that it was a decided disadvantage to each individual cow to have the horns cut off. Fifth—There being no advantage to the cows to compensate for the torture and suffering endured by them, there should be adequate advantage to the public generally, and here, in our opinion the defence has equally failed to make it appear that such is the case. Sixth—But on the contrary, cutting off the horns of milch cows and other cattle, instead of being an advantage, may be the means whereby fraud may be perpetrated upon the general public. It is shown in the evidence that after a cow is about five years old the horn is the surest means of telling its age, consequently a fraudulent dealer may more easily deceive and palm off upon the purchaser an old animal with its horns cut off; also in judging their breed and milking qualities. The decision is that each of the defendants be fined \$50 and costs." The defendants gave notice of appeal and gave their joint bail for their appearance at the next court of General Sessions. The London magistrates are entirely at variance with the four Justices of the Peace, who, in April last year, tried the case of J. L. Shepard, of Abercorn, Que., who was summoned to appear before them at Sweetsburg, Que., at the instance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Montreal, for dehorning his herd of 25 cattle. After hearing the evidence, the Sweetsburg magistrates dismissed the action with costs against the prosecutors. Prof. W. A. Henry, director of the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Wisconsin, who is looked upon as an authority on the subject, said in a recent letter: "I am surprised to learn that a people on the American continent think of prosecuting a man for cruelty that is humane enough to cut the horns from his cattle. We have repeatedly dehorned steers, cows and calves at this station, and to-day there are only four cows upon the place that have horns, all of which are recent purchases, and their horns will come off within a few days, at which time we will have our agricultural students present to witness the operation, so that they may be better able to practice it when they return to their farms. After four years of experience, I am confident that the act of dehorning is humane and beneficial, and can prove it by the actions of our herd to any reasonable person. Horns have been cut off in this

one State of Wisconsin by tens of thousands until in some sections very few cattle now remain with their horns. The only people opposed to it are those who know nothing about it, and whose lively imaginations picture the act as one of cruelty. At the stock yards in Chicago no small part of the cattle there received have had their horns removed. The best way to convince a jury would be to take them out and let them witness the operation, and watch the herd. If they could see how the cattle act before and after dehorning, they would send the prosecutor to prison rather than the dehorner. In case of bulls, I consider a man criminally careless who allows an animal to retain his powerful, fatal weapons when in five minutes time they could be removed, and a large part of the danger destroyed. The bull is bad enough at any time, but he is much safer with horns off than on." We understand Attorney General Mowat will appoint a Commission to enquire into the whole question.

A REPRESENTATIVE meeting of the Electoral District Agricultural Societies of Ontario, was held in Toronto on January 26th, at which it was resolved to ask the government to increase the annual grant to district societies from \$700 to \$1,000. The following day a deputation waited upon the government in support of the resolution. Mr. Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, informed the deputation that the government was considering the advisability of making a change in the distribution of the money granted to agricultural societies. The idea of abolishing township fairs was growing in the country, and in his opinion one good country show was better than a dozen township exhibitions. The government would like to see less "outside attractions," and more agricultural exhibits. The public seemed to be losing interest in the real work of the society, and paying attention only to the horse ring, the acrobats and other alien features. If the petition was granted the government's expenses would be increased \$30,000, but he promised the matter due consideration.

THE Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange issued a circular to the farmers of Manitoba last month, which set forth the unpleasant fact that smut had done the crop of last year as much, if not more, damage than frost. This should be a lesson to farmers to see that their wheat is clean. A little care in this direction will be amply repaid.

Far and Wide. Here and There and Everywhere.

TRULY the readers of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED are scattered far and wide—here and there and everywhere.

Not only in Canada from coast to coast is the ILLUSTRATED welcomed to the rural homes of every Province, but it also goes to Europe, to South Africa, to South America, and Australasia. So popular has it become in Australia, that an Australian edition is published in Melbourne, Victoria, the electrotypes of the pages being sent forward from Toronto every month for the purpose.

The circulation of this Australian edition is fast approaching the large figures of the home edition, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the Australasian farmer pays a subscription of five shillings (\$1.20) per annum, as against the rate of 50c. per annum to the Canadian farmer.

The ILLUSTRATED has also found favor in the United States, where there are quite a large number of subscribers. We have been much interested in perusing the list of United States subscribers to note how these also are scattered from one end of that great country to the other. For instance, there are five subscribers in the State of Oregon, some ten or twelve in Florida, etc., etc.; and none of our readers show more appreciation of our efforts than our friends across the border, as the following letter, being one of many such we have received, testifies:—

I consider the MASSEY ILLUSTRATED a very interesting paper. I anticipate with pleasure its coming from month to month.

Have received many valuable hints from the paper.
MRS. WILLIAM B. LOCKE,
Newton, Mass.



- 1st.—JAMES McShane, re-elected Mayor of Montreal. . . . Business portion of Bond Head, Ont., destroyed by fire.
- 2nd.—Death of Rev. Dr. Samuel Antliffe, formerly President of the Conference of the Primitive Methodists, at London, England. . . . Annual meeting of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada, at Toronto.
- 3rd.—Death of Sir Morell Mackenzie, the eminent physician at London, England. . . . Death of Mr. Thomas Goldie, mayor of Guelph, Ont. . . . Mr. Bain, Conservative, elected M. P. for Soulanges, Que. . . . Annual meeting of the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association at Toronto.
- 4th.—Mr. Miller, Conservative, elected M. P. for Prince Edward, Ont., and Mr. Wilson, Conservative, elected for Lennox, Ont. . . . Annual meeting of the Dominion Sheep Breeders' and Ayrshire Breeders' Associations at Toronto.
- 5th.—President Harrison issues a proclamation promulgating a reciprocity treaty with the British West India colonies. . . . Destructive fire in Regina, N. W. T.
- 6th.—Mr. Baine, U. S. Secretary of State announces that he is not a candidate for the Presidency. . . . Death of Mr. Methot, domestic chaplain to the Pope, and a former rector of Laval University, at Quebec.
- 7th.—Many persons burned to death in the Hotel Royal, New York.
- 8th.—Joseph Chamberlain, M. P. for Birmingham, elected successor to Lord Hartington, now Duke of Devonshire, as Liberal Unionist leader in the House of Commons. . . . Sir John Thomson, Hon. MacKenzie Bowell, and Hon. Geo. E. Foster, leave for Washington on another reciprocity mission.
- 9th.—Opening of the Imperial Parliament. . . . Mr. Forbes, Liberal, elected M. P. for Queen's, N. S.
- 10th.—Eight thousand coal porters of London, England, go out on strike. . . . A motion in the English House of Commons favoring the establishment of preferential trade relations with the colonies, negatived.
- 11th.—Mr. Featherstone, Liberal, elected M. P. for Peel, Mr. Fairbairn, Conservative, for South Victoria, Mr. Hughes, Conservative, for North Victoria, Mr. Marshall, Conservative, for East Middlesex, Mr. Carrill, Conservative, for East Bruce, Ont., and Messrs Kenny and Stairs, Conservative, for Halifax, N. S. . . . Opening of the Ontario Legislature.
- 12th.—Reported there are 70,000 unemployed persons in Vienna, Austria, and that great destitution prevails. . . . Mr. Ingram, Conservative, elected M. P. for East Elgin, Ont.
- 13th.—Mr. Bowers Liberal, elected M. P. for Digby, N. S., and Mr. Borden, Liberal, for King's, N. S. . . . Death of Sir Provo Wallis, senior Admiral of the British Navy, at London, England, in his 101st year.
- 15th.—Death of Miss Amy Harris, missionary to Central India, formerly of Toronto, in London, England, while on her way to Canada. . . . Close of the Canadian Reciprocity Conference, at Washington, D. C.
- 16th.—The foot and mouth disease breaks out among the animals in a dairy in South London, England. . . . Heavy snowstorms throughout England and Scotland resembling blizzards, greatly impede traffic. . . . The State lunatic asylum at Jackson, Miss., destroyed by fire, loss \$200,000; all the inmates saved.
- 17th.—Death of Col. Rhodes, Minister of Agriculture in the Mercier Government, at Quebec, P. Q. . . . Mrs. Anna Margaret Montagu, daughter of Lord Robert Montagu, of Coleraine, Ireland, committed for trial for manslaughter, for causing the death of her three-year-old daughter. . . . Death of Mrs. R. J. Doyle at Owen Sound, Ont., who founded the first Canadian branch of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.
- 18th.—The Irish Local Government Bill introduced into the Imperial House of Commons.
- 19th.—James Griffin, seed merchant, London, Ont., commits suicide, owing to business troubles.
- 20th.—A robber shoots the express messenger on a Central Hudson train between New York and Rochester, rifles the car and escapes, but is afterwards captured.
- 21st.—Death of Bishop Oxenden, late Primate and Metropolitan of Eastern Canada, at Biarritz.
- 22nd.—Serious marine disasters reported on the English coast and loss of life by continued gales.
- 23rd.—Motion for the disestablishment of the church in Wales rejected in the Imperial House of Commons.
- 24th.—Twelve female operators killed and many injured by the falling of a large chimney on a factory at Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, England.
- 25th.—Opening of the Dominion Parliament.
- 26th.—Hon. John Carling, elected M. P. for London, Ont., and John Hearn, Conservative, for Quebec West.
- 27th.—Mr. Giroaud, Conservative, elected M. P. for Two Mountains, Que.
- 29th.—A definite agreement for the establishment of a commercial treaty between France and the United States has been arrived at. . . . Montreal is to have new union stockyards.



Milking Yard Conveniences.

It requires but a little time to make a shelter like that shown in the accompanying sketch, furnished by Mr. L. D. Snook, and it certainly provides a very neat and desirable place in which to set the milk until all the cows are milked. The lower shelf makes a good receptacle for the milking-stools, and, by the way, milking-stools ought to be made for the purpose intended, and

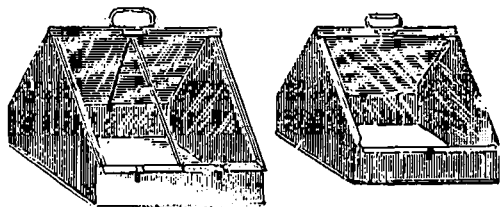


SHELTER FOR MILKING TOOLS.

not by the utilization of some old box, keg, or pail, as many do, for milking is not such a pleasant task that the milker should have a torturous seat while performing the operation. This shelter keeps the rain from the milk, and out of danger from being upset by the cows. The stools are kept dry, and neatness of the entire surroundings, convenience, and comfort to the milker are the results. —*American Agriculturist.*

Devices for Protecting Plants.

GARDENERS in Europe, especially in England and France, use many devices for protecting and forwarding early plants, which are seldom seen in this country. Among such devices are the ones shown in accompanying illustration. The use of these miniature cold frames, which are like toy houses with glass roof and open bottom, makes it practicable to start a few lettuce plants, flowers, or melon hills, etc., in open ground, a week or two before their regular season. Our last year's experience with



similar home-made devices for starting melon hills was highly satisfactory. The seeds were planted in hills, in open ground, and over each hill was placed a little frame, top slanting towards the south, like an ordinary cold frame. Some small barn windows that we happened to have on hand were made use of in place of sash. The frames were removed after the plants, which grew thrifty and free from insect attacks, began to send out runners. —*Popular Gardening.*

It pays to undertake only so much work on the farm as can be thoroughly attended to. The most successful professional men are specialists, and, as a rule, one or two branches of farming conducted in the best way will pay better, both in money and satisfaction, than half-completed work on six or eight. There is no profit in undertaking impossibilities.

The following is recommended by some gardeners as a substitute for glass for hot beds: Stretch

strong manila paper on the frames, and then give two coats of raw linseed oil. It will be strong and waterproof. Boiled oil is much inferior, and will not impart to the paper the tough and durable character desired. In the absence of suitable paper, cotton sheeting may be used.

MEADOWS should not be pastured until the herbage has made a good start. It is a great waste to feed off the grass before it furnishes a full bite. The roots are nourished through the leaves. It is in the leaves that the food of plants is prepared for assimilation and change into cellular tissue; and until the leaves are well grown the roots cannot grow. But when the leaves are well started the roots increase, and the foliage then grows more rapidly, and as this grows the roots become stronger. It is plain, then, that early pasturing stunts the growth all through the year, and is of little benefit to the animals themselves.

IN pruning grapes the following laws and principles should be understood: 1. The fruit-bearing canes of this season are produced only from buds on last year's canes, hence the wood must be removed annually. 2. The tendency of the sap is to flow to the buds at the extremity of the vine, if upright; a horizontal position tends to check the flow of sap, and to the maturing of the wood and the perfecting of the fruit buds. Therefore the laterals are found with shorter joints and better developed fruit buds. 3. The foliage requires the heat and light of the sun, and a free circulation of air around and through it, and it should cover and protect the fruit.

NOTHING beautifies a country residence more than ornamental trees. One of the first points to be considered in order to obtain the best results, is the suitability of the tree to the climate and soil of the grounds to be planted. The question of a climate is sometimes considered, but the character of the soil, as adapted to the growth of a particular variety of tree, is much less often regarded. And yet this point may make all the difference between success and failure. Another common error is to miscalculate the effects of growth. The size and form of a tree change so much with age that a specimen which may be very desirable for a chosen situation at one period of its growth, may subsequently develop into a nuisance, which can only be remedied by the axe and spade. Again, it is always a mistake to plant trees before a house, and in close proximity to it, in such situations as to completely obstruct the view of the front entrance from the approach. This view may be partial, or opened through glades or vistas of planting, but no trees should be placed or massed immediately in front of a house. Perhaps the most important point of all with regard to a tree to be introduced upon the grounds, is its liability to throw up sprouts or suckers. Trees, which have this habit, are most objectionable, notwithstanding the great beauty they may possess, and will for years, if not forever, be a source of perpetual annoyance to the owner.

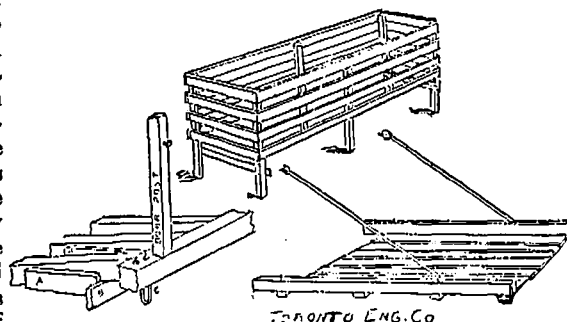
TOOLS and implements are damaged more by rust and exposure to alternate rain and sunshine than by actual usage. Rain and dew will rust the bright journal bearings of farm implements on one side, perhaps, rendering that side rough. Then that side of the bearing will begin to "cut" or wear away; and as soon as one side of a journal begins to wear it will wear faster and faster until the bearing is damaged beyond repair, requiring the substitution of a new journal. Rain and dew will expand the woodwork of implements, and soften the grain of the surface, after which the heat of the sun will dry and crack the wood, making numerous small fissures for water to enter. Plow-handles and many other parts of implements that have been bent after they have been exposed to the influences of rain and sunshine lose their desired form and shape. Shovel-handles, scythe-snaths, cradle-fingers, and some other bent portions of hand tools, and horse implements are often ruined by exposure to storms and sunshine. Let it be an inflexible rule of the farm that tools and implements must not be left outdoors, exposed to the damaging influences of wet and dry

weather. Let every helper understand that he must clean hoes, shovels, and spades, wipe the blades dry, and put them under shelter as soon as they are not in actual use. A man will accomplish just as much per day if he is required to clean his tools and put them in a dry place as he will to throw them down where they were used last, covered with dirt, and exposed to the weather.

Libe Stock.

Feeding Fodder.

THROWING the bundles upon the ground for the cattle to trample under foot while the feeder is descending the steps or coming around the back way is the ordinary method of feeding fodder from the two-story or "bank" barn. Those who have been pursuing this plan will greatly appreciate the improvement represented in the illustration, and as its cost is comparatively small, it comes within reach of all. A platform 12 to 14 feet long and as wide as the small double doors, seven feet or more, is hung to the rear of the barn. Out upon this the fodder is carried and dropped into a feeding rack placed on the ground just below. The side beams of this hanging platform are made of light wood, pine or poplar, three inches by eight inches, connected below by four cross-pieces of stouter material, three inches by four inches, all firmly bolted together. Boards nailed down upon these cross-pieces form the floor. A bolt having a hook above is inserted near the outer end of each side beam of the platform; and in each door post, about four feet from the floor, a similar hooked bolt is placed, upon which are hung the brace rods, made of five-eighths-inch round iron furnished with a ring at each end. Through the sill, just back of each door post, two half-inch holes are bored and an iron loop (C) inserted, having an inside measure slightly greater than three inches in width, and extending half a foot or more below the surface. These receive and hold the beams at the back end of the platform. To prevent straining these loops by any horizontal thrust, a board (B) is placed just behind



FOR FEEDING CORN FODDER.

them, against which the ends of the beams may rest. This board is supported by others (A A) nailed against the sleepers in the position shown in the drawing. When the season's feeding is done, the platform is taken down and stowed away until again needed. The feed rack is placed just below the outer end of the platform, and parallel with the barn. In this position it may be 16 feet long and yet easily reached from the platform. Ordinary fencing boards and scantling are used in its construction. The bottom of the rack is formed of boards lying upon the three strips nailed from post to post across it below. It is set upon the ground without sinking the posts into the soil, and when the feeding season is past, may be lifted out of the manure which has accumulated around it, and carried aside. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Cows, before calving, should be given only cooling grain foods, such as wheat, bran, or malt sprouts, with hay. Bran is perhaps the best food for a cow near calving, strengthening the vital system and furnishing the bone material to develop strong healthy calves.

It is not always practicable to enclose large pastures for swine, so the next best thing is to adopt a system of soiling, which will supply the stock with

green food in summer, and roots and clover hay or silage in winter. Hogs can subsist for months under a haystack, with a very little grain. Clover seed should be sown very early in spring, as the seed needs to be well covered up before it will germinate. The spring rains wash the seed into the soil, and a "good catch" is reasonably certain, while if the sowing is delayed till late, the crop is not half as sure.

PREVENTION of disease is the only method by which successful swine herds can be ensured. There will occasionally be epidemics which will destroy large numbers of the best managed herds, but, there can be no doubt that good sanitary conditions and judicious management will do more to save swine than all the remedies ever used. Give them good big pastures, pure running water, plenty of vegetable food, and only finish off with corn meal late in the fall such as are desired for pork. An ear of corn daily to each pig will keep them healthy and growing. Breed only from mature sows; in this there is more wisdom than might at first seem apparent. Hogs must not be crowded, or kept in mud and filth. No domestic animals need more exercise, and cleaner and drier places to sleep.

STRENGTH is not the sole requisite in farm horses, as the average farmer cannot afford to keep road horses and draft horses also in his stable. The two must be combined, and combined in such a way that the ride for business or pleasure shall not be made irksome because of dullness in the motive power, or the plow be stranded in the furrow because of lack of strength to move it. It is well worth noting that ability to do good service in drawing loads or in doing general field work, is not wholly dependent on size of body. Courage and a resolute way of taking hold of work, will often make an eleven-hundred-pound horse worth more in a team than an easily discouraged one having a bulk several hundred pounds heavier. A farm horse should also be a quick walker, and should have good lung power, and good feet and legs. It is folly to think that unsound feet are not a serious disadvantage since their work is largely on soft and yielding footing. To do his work quickly and well, and to last as he should last on the farm, a horse must be sound in every point. Where mares are used it is especially important that there is perfect soundness so that there be no inherited weakness in the progeny.

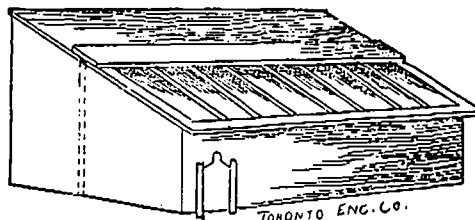
A GREAT part of the beef, pork, mutton, and poultry that reaches the markets is produced with little or no thought of adding to the flavor of the article by care in feeding. In fact it seems generally to be held that no matter what is fed, if the animal can convert it into flesh the result will be the same as though the choicest food was given. We have yet much to learn in regard to correct methods of feeding, but this is true, that the flesh of an animal in the matter of flavor and consistency—whether firm or flabby—depends to a large extent on how it was fed previous to slaughter. This degree of quality is also the case with milk and butter, and with eggs. A really choice article in any of these lines owes very much to the character of the food from which it was formed. Choice clover hay, sweet silage, sound corn and oats, with a good quality of bran and oil meal, will produce butter that is totally unlike the article that is evolved from musty, overripe hay, fed with a ration of damaged grain. Many of the successful dairymen have learned that gilt-edged butter, with its most delightful flavor, can only be had by giving great care to the matter of feeding. Hens fed upon putrid meat may lay well, but the eggs will be "off" in taste. The finest beef is from the stall fed ox which has turned golden meal, bright hay, sweet silage, and sound roots into future steaks and roasts. The most toothsome pork does not come from filthy pens where dirty swine dig their food out of their own filth and refuse matter, oftentimes unsound at that. It cannot be expected either that firm flesh can be formed from a diet of slops exclusively, although these may be of good material and fed in a cleanly way. To make good pork the tissues must be made plump with fattening and flesh-forming food, but not a diet wholly of one or the other. Clover, bran, oats, and milk for growth—then an addition of

corn meal for a short time before killing, will give such a flavor as the average pork eater knows nothing of. It should not be forgotten that in the production of a really fine article, it is frequently possible to make a profit out of what might otherwise be a loss.

The Poultry Yard.

Model Chicken Coop.

THE coop referred to and illustrated is made after the order of what gardeners call a "cold-frame." One-half of it has a plank roof, in which part the hen is kept confined, and the other part has a sliding glazed sash made like a pit sash. In glass room: I keep a continual supply of food and water, this latter in sardine boxes, with the lid cut on three sides and slightly tilted back, so the little chicks can get their heads in to drink, but cannot step in. The food consists of bread crumbs, little bits of meat, some corn meal, and any kinds of vegetables there may be left from dinner, wheat screenings, etc. After the first four or five days I pull back the narrow sliding door at the bottom part in front, and let the little chicks run in and out to suit themselves, unless it is very cold. This seems necessary for the first thing they always do is to rush to a pile of wood ashes near by and pick up bits of charcoal or bits of brick. When the



chicks are about three or four weeks old the hens are let out on sunny days, and they all have a happy time. The dimensions of the coops are about five feet long, two and a half feet wide, two feet high at the back, sloping to one foot in front. Between the division for the glass sash and the plank roof there is a space left wide enough for a slatted door which slides in and out, and keeps the hen from the feeding or glass room, but lets the chicks go back and forth freely. Shallow wooden troughs are nailed around the sides, in which is put the feed so that it need not be trampled on. Over this open space a plank is laid to keep out the rain or sun. Nails driven in at the lower side of the roof hold the plank from sliding off. A plank floor is made a little smaller than the inside of the coop, so that when the rain runs down the sides of the coop it will run on the ground, and not on the floor. When dry leaves are at hand, I change the bedding in the sleeping room whenever it needs it. This bedding of leaves keeps the chickens warm and clean. Before putting the little chicks with the mother hen I grease each little head slightly with kerosene oil, to destroy any lice that may be on them, or prevent any from coming. Since I have adopted this plan I never have gapes among the chickens. If it is quite cold, I put the hen and chicks in a box, and set this in a room where there is fire until the little things are strong enough to run well, which is generally in one or two days.—*American Agriculturist.*

TAKE the first sunny days of this month to rout the vermin.

SHELTER the chicks from the chilling winds and rain of this month.

A LITTLE spirits of turpentine mixed with the food is a good preventive of gapes, as are also clean white-washed premises and clean wholesome food.

WHEN fowls are kept confined to runs, it is an excellent plan to dig up part of the runs, thus giving them a place to scratch in, and it will also keep the runs clean by turning under the top.

HENS should not be fed while on the nest as they need all the exercise they are likely to get. Too constant sitting makes them of bad disposition, and difficult to manage when they come off with the brood. Eggs will stand a wide range of temperature without injury.

EARLY hatched chicks must not be suffered to become chilled this month, or bowel disease will be the result. Cold on the bowels is often mistaken for diarrhoea. Plenty of warmth and a little castor oil in the soft food is the best remedy should any difficulty of the kind arise.

REMOVE the first hen caught in the act of feather eating, as she will teach the vice to others. If the whole flock is engaged in picking each other, sell them and begin anew with other birds, as it will require a long time to cure them, the remedy being complete separation of the flock.

EGGS laid by an active, healthy hen, supplied with good, fresh food, are much superior to those laid by hens that are the common scavengers of alleys, back-yards and pig pens. The difference in color, smell and taste, is very evident to one who has given the matter a little attention.

SELECT a comfortable place for the hens in your hatching room, if you have one; if not, in some place where they will not be disturbed. It is better to set two, three, or more hens at the same time, if possible, and examine the eggs after ten days; the good ones may be put under less hens, and fresh eggs given to one or more of the sitters. If this be neglected, the broods may readily be put with one or two hens; those without broods ought to be cooped and well fed for a week or so, and they will soon begin to lay.

CROSSES with any standard breed of fowl produce good results. But these grade fowls, though often valuable for egg-producing, are utterly unreliable for breeding. Their progeny are not grades but mongrels. Changing the males in a flock is often advised; but if the new stock are mongrels there will be little advantage from this. The farm poultry of this country are largely mongrels, and this is why so many fail with poultry. Thirty or forty years ago the common dunghill fowl in this country, though originally intermixed, had become almost an established breed. Few, if any, of these old-fashioned fowls are now left anywhere. As a consequence the introduction of new blood in every flock not absolutely pure-bred is a necessity every two or three years, and in every case males of pure blood, and so far as possible of the predominant strain of the flock, should be introduced for crossing.

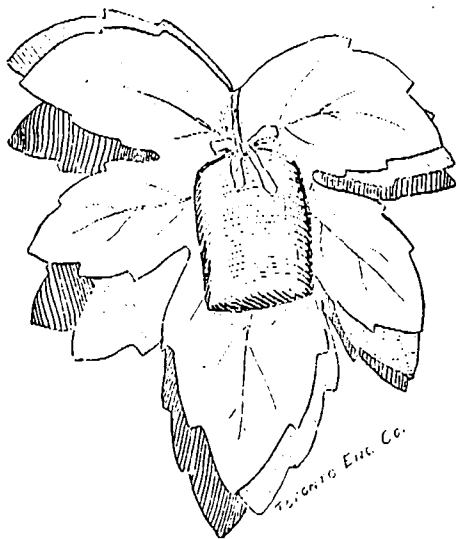
A NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER.—The Announcements of *The Youth's Companion* for 1892, which we have received, seem to touch about all healthy tastes. Its fiction embraces folklore, serial, sea, adventure and holiday stories. Frank Stockton, Clark Russell, Will Allen Dromgoole, Mary Catherine Lee are a few of the distinguished story-writers. Its general articles cover a wide range. Self-Education, Business Success, College Success, Girls Who Think They Can Write, Natural History, Railway Life, Boys and Girls at the World's Fair, Glimpses of Royalty, How to See Great Cities, Practical Advice, are some of the lines to be written on by eminent specialists. Gladstone, De Lesseps, Vasili Verestchagin, Cyrus W. Field, Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, are among the contributors. *The Companion* readers thus come into personal touch with the people whose greatness makes our age famous. Its 500,000 subscribers show how it is appreciated. \$1.75 a year. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.; or you can order through us by taking advantage of special combination price of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED and *The Companion* on our Clubbing List.



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

A Sachet Pincushion.

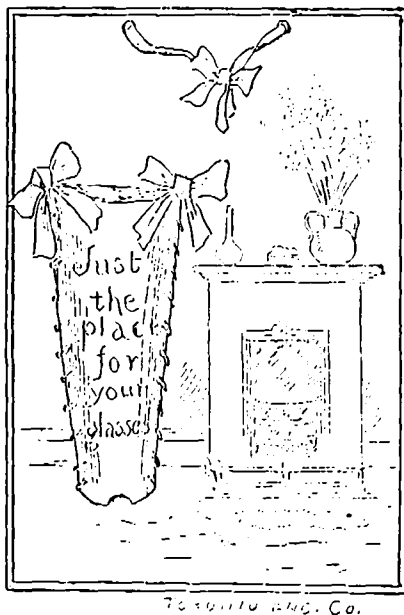
THREE leaves are cut from celluloid or Whatman's paper, and tinted at the edges to resemble autumn leaves. A little silk sachet bag is made



up, tied and glued to the centre, the leaves being placed so that their edges do not exactly overlap each other. This may be laid on the bureau or hung beside it. If chamois is used for the leaves, button-hole them with embroidery silk, vein with the same, and use for a pen-wiper on the library table.

A Spectacle Case.

GET a beveled-edged card about seven inches long by five wide. The one before me now is cream, but you may make it any color desired. At the left side punch two rows of holes, which will narrow towards the bottom, then with lute-string ribbon of the same color as the case, lace on a long,



narrow panel-like piece of celluloid, into which the glasses are to be slipped. Let the ribbons come together at the top and tie in two tiny bows. On the pouch, paint in gold lettering, "Just the place for your glasses." At the right side of the card, paint an open fireplace in water color. Try to get as nearly as possible, with your yellows and reds,

the glow and warmth of the blazing coals. A bright red or orange rug in front of the fender will add another bit of brilliant color, and use greens or blues for the vases on the mantel. Punch two holes at the top and tie in a loop of narrow ribbon to hang it by.

Food Conveniences and Suggestions.

It will be remembered that Aunt Chloe, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, used to cut her freshly-baked cake with an old but very thin knife, when the young heir of the Shelburne mansion took supper in her cabin, declaring otherwise that the lightness of the

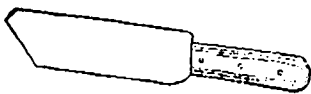


FIG. 1.—FOR CUTTING CAKE.

slices was entirely ruined. A thin knife is surely a great convenience, whether the loaf be cake or bread, freshly baked or firm and cold. The knife shown in the illustration (Fig 1) is made of steel, hammered out to extreme thinness and then ground down smooth upon its sides and quite sharp upon the edge. The thinner the whole blade, consistent with proper firmness, the more convenient will be the knife. The chief merit of the bread board (Fig. 2) is that the side used for cutting is always sweet and clean, being kept always from dust and

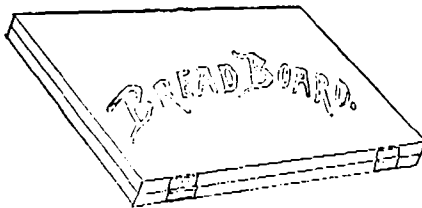


FIG. 2.—FOLDING BREAD BOARD.

flies by simply folding the two leaves together. It is also so compact, when so folded, that it can be put away in a small space. It may well be made of two pieces of white wood that have been kiln-dried, thus rendering them not liable to warp.

Another suggestion, relating to the table, is in regard to sharpening the carving knife, the edge of which is frequently destroyed by an improper manner of drawing it across the steel. The knife should

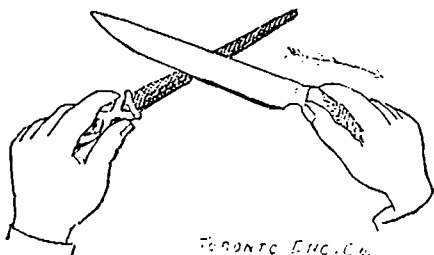


FIG. 3.—KNIFE SHARPENING.

be drawn across in the direction shown by the arrow in the illustration (Fig. 3), then placed on the other side of the steel and drawn in the same direction as before. If drawn in one direction and then in the opposite, the microscopic saw teeth upon the edge will be torn off and the cutting qualities injured, instead of being bettered. The same is true in honing a razor, or in whetting a knife.

If canned goods have not fermented before this time they will not. But if you have not drawn a paper bag over each jar or wrapped it in paper to exclude the light do so now—or the quality will surely be inferior if it does not ferment. Sufficient cooking and the exclusion of light are the main secrets of canning vegetables, and the latter precaution is fully as essential with fruit.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Paraffin from off the top of jellies, marmalade and the like, should be washed in cold water and kept in a closely covered can or jar for use another year.

Before beginning to seed raisins cover them with hot water and let them stand fifteen minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily without a particle of waste.

Anyone can add strength and weight to his body by rubbing well with pure olive oil after a warm bath. Oil baths are particularly beneficial to delicate children.

To keep a broom in good shape never let it rest on the broom part, but always hang it up by the handle. Scald it when new in boiling water, and it will last much longer.

To take oil out of carpets, place thick blotting paper on the spot and cover with a hot iron which will draw the grease out, repeating as often as necessary, using clean paper each time.

Those who suffer from a sensitive skin, subject to frequent irritation and roughness, should never wash in hard water. Boiled water will often prove of benefit to delicate complexions.

To mend cracks in stove and stove-pipes, make a paste of ashes and salt, with water, and apply. A harder and more durable cement is made of iron filings, sal ammoniac and water.

An old recommendation often given young housekeepers is to use tea leaves in sweeping carpets; but their use on delicate colors should be avoided, as they will surely stain light carpets.

Two tablespoonfuls of alcohol added to the water in which windows or mirrors are washed will impart even a better lustre than ammonia. Especially if they are polished with bits of newspaper at the last.

Equal parts of cream tartar and saltpetre make an excellent remedy for rheumatism. Take one-half teaspoonful of the mixture and divide it into three doses. Take one of these doses three times a day.

An excellent use for oyster shells is to clean the fire-brick of the stove. Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals, and when the fire burns down it will be found that all the clinkers have scaled off the bricks.

Most vegetables are better cooked fast, excepting potatoes, beans, peas, cauliflower and others which contain starch. Cabbage should be boiled rapidly in plenty of water, so should onions, young beets and turnips.

It brightens a carpet wonderfully to wipe it off with a sponge wet in water to which a tablespoonful of turpentine has been added. This should be done once a month after the carpet has been thoroughly swept.

A very good shampoo is made of salts of tartar, white castile soap, bay rum, and lukewarm water. The salts will remove the dandruff, the soap will soften and clean the hair thoroughly, while the bay rum will prevent taking cold.

Geraniums are well known good winter blooming plants when they get plenty of sunlight. Unless the plants are of a stalky nature now, cut them back to make them so, as nothing looks worse in a window than lank spindling plants.

For a piece of dried beef weighing two pounds allow two hours steady boiling. Remove from the fire and allow the beef to stand in the water until cold. This beef cut in thin slices, will be found very nice for luncheon or light suppers.

Doughs that stick to rolling pin, board and hands in a hot kitchen should be set away till thoroughly chilled, but all trouble might have been saved by using cold fat, flour and liquid at first, and the texture of the dough would have been better.

If mixed or other sour pickles are inclined to mould drain off the vinegar, take off the upper layer and rinse off all particles of mould, and reheat the vinegar if it seems strong, or if not, add new, and lay a few pieces of horse-radish root on the top.



Fun for the Boys.

Since the days of the early Latins, perhaps from an earlier time, boys have had their sports, and none of the athletics have been enjoyed more than the leaping of posts. But many a harsh fall and torn garment has resulted. Nevertheless, we cannot

forego any of the innocent games in use, particularly those of a stirring character. Boys confined to study must have exercise; their bubbling enthusiasm must have vent, or something serious will happen, perhaps, like what a neighbor's son expressed: "Why, pa," said he, "If I don't run and holler and jump, pretending I'm on horseback following a pack of foxhounds, I can't keep quiet all day." And he was as near right as the average man. But falls, and sprained wrists and torn clothes are not necessary accompaniments to leap-frog, and should not be to post-jumping. Every playground should have one or more heavy posts, set deeply to prevent being

loosened, and with twelve to eighteen inches of the top sawed off and hinged in place with a heavy strap hinge (see Fig. 1). Long strong screws will be necessary. Getting on the opposite side from the hinge the highest jumper in school can pull as hard as he likes and clear it with one grand bound. If the next best fellow cannot quite do it, the post as he brushes it will simply break apart, and as the head-block snaps against the side (see Fig. 2) will proclaim his defeat before he reaches the ground. Its spiteful clack will incite to increased effort, and now in a two-inch augur hole bored in the top of the post, wooden pins may be placed, first a short one, and then longer ones as the ability of the horses in the steeple-chase improves. The difficulty of flying clear of the pins will be greater than to leap the post, as only the top of the post can be grasped, however tall the pins may be.

FIG. 1.
HINGED
POST.

FIG. 2.
HEAD-BLOCK
REVERSED.

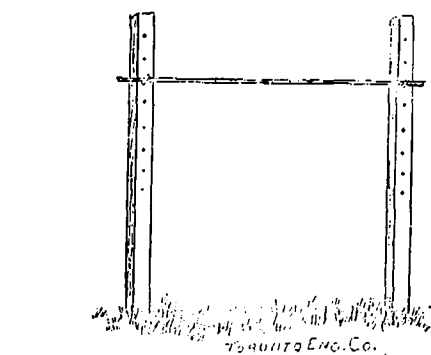


FIG. 3.—LEAPING BAR.

Another excellent sport is the light pole or cane held up on two posts by small pins, which may be raised or lowered by pulling out and replacing them in other holes bored for the purpose (see Fig. 3). The athlete jumps over the reed from the side opposite the one shown in the cut. If not agile enough to clear it he knocks it off the pins, and comes down with it amid the laughter of all who look on. Nothing adds to a well-developed physique so much as all-round suppleness. The boy who excels in sports usually makes a competent and successful business man.

Training a Girl's Hands.

WHEN Fred says that Nell can't drive a nail with- out hitting every finger on her hand that holds the nail, while the chances are that she will do mortal

injury to the woodwork that receives it he expresses, rather ungallantly, what unfortunately has a good deal of truth in it. Nell herself would probably admit the force of the statement, while rubbing arnica on her swelled fingers and gazing ruefully at the splintered wood. But if she should be given the floor on a question of "personal privilege," she could readily explain why a girl has such poor success when attempting to work with tools.

A girl is naturally as expert in the use of her hands as a boy, if, indeed, she be not more so; but long continued disuse of certain muscles of the arms and hands makes them weak and stiff. When children arrive at a certain stage of development, the girl has her dolls and dishes and begins forthwith to "make believe." The boy has a jackknife placed in his hand and straightway begins to construct, strengthening his hand and his inventive faculty at the same time. The girl begins to live in an artificial atmosphere, while the boy's life is packed full of realities. He makes everything, from a water-wheel to a flying machine, though his only tools may be an old saw, a hammer, and the ever present jackknife. Meanwhile his sister is having tea parties, and taking first lessons in gossip while comparing notes with her small friends concerning

the behavior and characteristics of her dolls. Without disclaiming against the little housekeeper's cares and joys, it may be said that there should at least be some healthy realities brought into her life that will serve the triple purpose of strengthening the body, making skillful the hand, and giving a healthy tone to the mind. It is not so much that she should be able to do any specific work with tools, as that her fingers should become so well trained in skillful ways that she may be able to do "what her hands find to do" without finding it necessary to rely too implicitly upon the soothing effects of arnica. Let the girl's taste be consulted, but let her surely receive some kind of training in the broad field of handicraft. It will not fail to be a constant source of gratification and help through life.

If one awakes in the night, as hopelessly wide-awake as if galvanized or electrified with vital activity, an invariable remedy is a glass of hot—not warm—water. It can be heated over the gas, or over a spirit lamp, and sipped almost while at boiling heat and one who tries it will find himself going to sleep like an infant, and getting, too, the most restful and peaceful sleep imaginable.



W.H. Croomer



Bewildered Traveller.

A LAKE steamer was on its way from Marquette to Saginaw. Among the passengers was an enquiring English tourist, who came on board at Marquette at dark, and immediately turned in. After breakfast he came on deck with a very ill-defined notion where he was, and at the first opportunity he accosted the captain, who was anything but the affable personage of whom we hear so frequently.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but can you tell me the name of the lake I'm on?"

"The Lake Huron," replied the captain shortly, and passed on about his duties.

The passenger looked puzzled for a moment and then, supposing he had been misunderstood, followed the official.

"I beg pardon: did you say—"

"It's the Lake Huron," said the captain brusquely, wondering if the passenger was hard of hearing.

"Yes, I know," persisted the anxious enquirer, "but what's the name of the lake I'm on?"

"The lake you are on is the Lake Huron," roared the captain, thoroughly exasperated at such stupidity, and not at all conscious of the double meaning conveyed in his speech.

The passenger looked after the retreating official in angry astonishment.

"The lake I'm on is the lake I'm on," he soliloquised.

"What beastly impertinence! Of course it is. The lake I'm—"

Then he paused, the solution of the mystery flashed across his mind, and he laughed so heartily that it put him in a good humor, and presently he hunted up the irate captain, and straightened out matters to their mutual satisfaction.

A parallel incident refers to the adventures of a man who went to a certain railway station in New Jersey to buy a ticket for a small village named Morrow, where a station had been opened only a few days previously.

"Does this train go to Morrow?" asked the man coming up to the office in a great hurry, and pointing to a train on the track, with steam up, and every indication of speedy departure.

"No, it goes to-day," replied the ticket-agent curtly. He thought the man was "trying to be funny," as the saying goes.

"But," rejoined the man, who was in a great hurry, "does it go to Morrow to-day?"

"No, it goes yesterday, the week after next," said the agent sarcastically, now sure that the enquirer was trying to make game of him.

"You don't understand me," cried the man, getting very much excited, as the engine gave a warning toot; "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, then," said the agent sternly, "why don't you go to-morrow, and not come fooling round here to-day? Step aside, please, and let that lady approach the window."

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the bewildered enquirer, "it is important that I should be in Morrow to-day, and if the train stops there, or if there is no train to Morrow to-day—"

At this critical juncture, when there was some danger that the mutual misunderstanding would drive both men frantic, an old official appeared on the scene and straightened out matters in less than a minute.

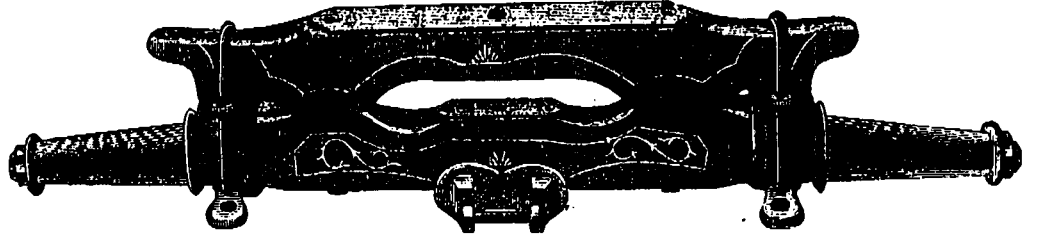
The agent apologized, the man got his ticket, and the train started off for Morrow to-day.

Customer (to baker's boy): "Is your bread nice and light?"

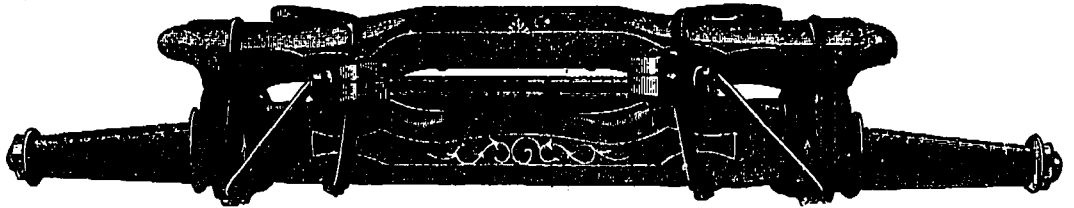
Baker's Boy (confidentially): "Yes, ma'am: it only weighs ten ounces to the pound."

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my sowl, if the river was a little higher, the ship would go to the bottom."

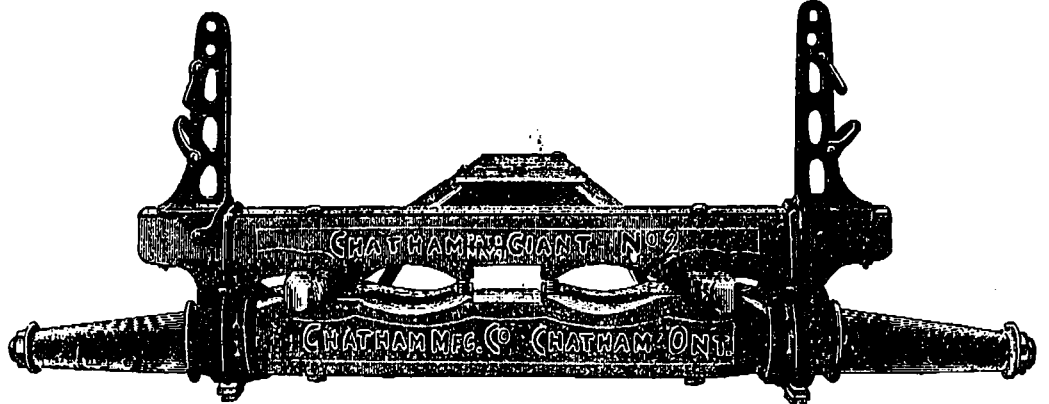
VAN ALLEN'S PATENT UNBREAKABLE AXLE.



FRONT AXLE AND SANDBOARD OF THE CHAUTAUQUA GIANT



FRONT AXLE AND SANDBOARD OF THE CHATHAM GIANT.



HIND AXLE AND BOLSTER OF BOTH THE CHAUTAUQUA AND CHATHAM GIANT.

The above cuts represent the latest and most important improvement ever made in the building of farm wagons, farm and log trucks and other wagons for heavy teaming.

This improvement was made by the undersigned, and patented in Canada in May, and in the United States in September of last year, and he is now open to treat with parties for the sale of the United States patent.

Being deeply interested in the Chatham Manufacturing Company, no consideration will induce him to give any competitor of that Company in the manufacture of wagons in Canada the privilege of using this improvement; certain as he is that wagons built in this way will have the monopoly wherever introduced. This fact must be self-evident to any beholder.

Referring to above cuts, it will be seen that the arms or thimble skeins are cast with a flat-topped stool on the upper side of shoulder that the ends of sandboard and bolster are formed to rest upon and are firmly clipped to, by which the front axle and sandboard and rear axle and bolster form each a complete and solid truss, thus entirely transferring the pressure of the load from the axle to the very shoulder of the wheel, completely abolishing the old time breaking point of an axle, which all sorts of truss rods and hard running and costly steel skeins have been devised to reinforce, rendering these unnecessary and securing to farmers and teamsters the great boon of a marvellously strong and much lighter wagon and the great ease of running of the properly set cast thimble skeins, without much additional cost.

The unparalleled strength of this improved wagon was demonstrated in the presence of thousands on the 29th August last on the market place in this town, as the following certificate shows:

(COPY.)

TOWN WEIGH MASTER'S OFFICE,
CHATHAM, ONT., August 29th, 1891.

I certify that I, this morning, weighed a wagon made by The Chatham Manufacturing Company (Limited), called a No. 3 or 3-inch cast iron Chautauqua Giant, loaded with pig iron, and found by the market scales the weight of wagon and load to be 5 tons, 1400 lbs.

(Signed), THOMAS HOLMES, Weigh Master.

The wagon referred to in above certificate has 3 inch cast thimble skeins and 2x½ inch tire, and weighs 700 lbs. Please note that The Chatham Manufacturing Company call these wagons "Giants," and that no great wagon concern rates the capacity of a 3-inch cast or steel skein wagon at more than 3000 lbs.

And the following clipped from "The Essex Free Press" relates another successful trial of the great strength of the Chatham Giant:

A TREMENDOUS LOAD.

"A GIANT WAGON."

"Farmers will no longer wonder why our townsman, Mr. J. E. Stone, can scarcely supply the demand for the Chatham wagon and farm trucks after reading the following:

WATERWORKS BOILER AND ENGINE.

ESSEX, Nov. 4th, 1891.

"This is to certify that the boiler weighing six tons for the waterworks was conveyed from the M. C. R. freight sheds to the boiler house on an ordinary farm wagon manufactured by The Chatham Wagon Works. The same wagon also carried the pump, which weighs 5½ tons.

H. J. PUNRR, Waterworks Contractor.

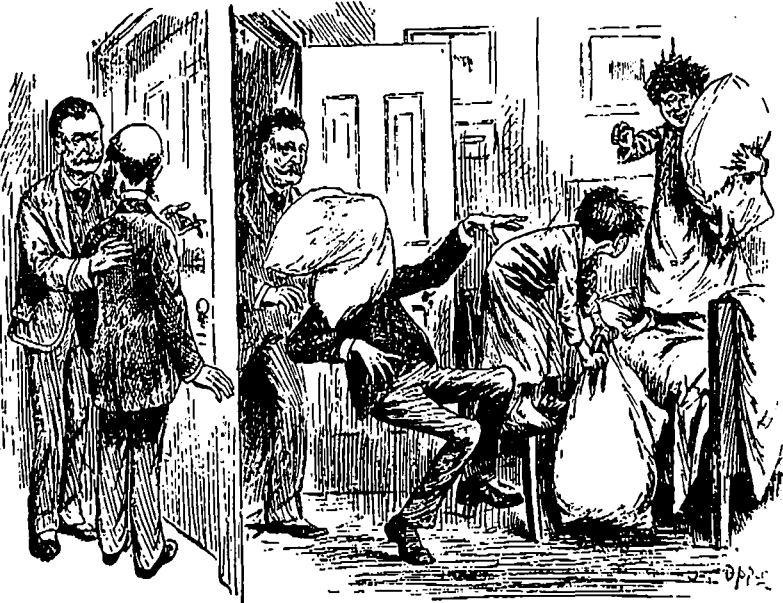
"The wagon was an ordinary farm wagon (not a truck), with 3½ inch Giant arm. The marvellous strength and carrying capacity of this make of wagon is due to an invention of the manager of the works, Mr. D. R. Van Allen."

D. R. VAN ALLEN

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

CHATHAM, ONTARIO, CANADA.

A LITTLE TOO SOON.



FOND FATHER (to friend)—I want you to see my twin-boys, old fellow. They're asleep now; they look like a couple of angels when they're asleep; step right into the bedroom!

The boys were not exactly asleep, however; in fact, they were right in the middle of their usual nine o'clock pillow fight.

Rubber Belting!

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL

Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.

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

RUBBER

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

BELTING

SAWYER & MASSEY CO., LTD.

HAMILTON, CANADA.

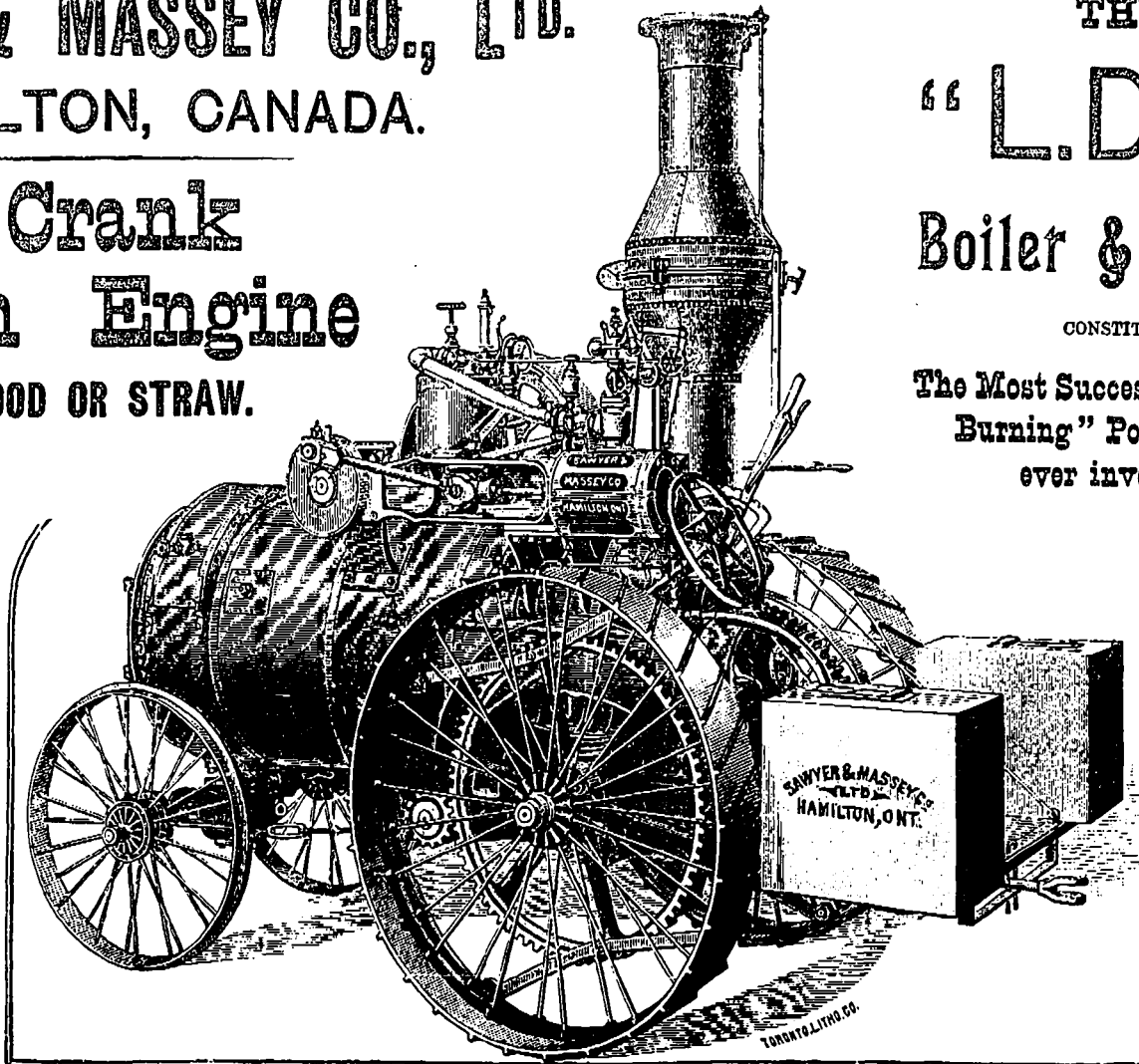
Side Crank Traction Engine

FOR COAL, WOOD OR STRAW.

THE "L.D.S." Boiler & Engine

CONSTITUTE

The Most Successful "Straw-Burning" Power Outfit ever invented.



USES
LESS
FUEL.

GIVES
MORE
POWER.

Handsome Catalogue of our
Celebrated
THRESHING MACHINE OUTFITS
sent to prospective purchasers
on application.

TORONTO LIGHT BINDER.



The Toronto Light Binder, the Winner of the World's Highest Awards, in Down and Tangled Grain.

As shown above, the machine is tilted down and saving fallen grain, which it does in an admirable manner, since it can be adjusted to cut very low. The single lever by which the driver controls the height of cut at pleasure (while the machine is in full motion) may be seen in the illustration; also the single lever by which the reel is adjusted forward or back, up or down, to meet the various conditions of the crop. The REEL is very light, strong, and elastic, and handles lodged grain most successfully. The tough hickory reel arms will twist and bend when striking an obstruction, but will readily spring back into shape again.

THE A. G. PEUGHEN CO., LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PAINTS, VARNISHES,

Pure Paris Green

Now making for next Season 200 tons.

Farmers' Paint for Outhouses sold by all Hardware Men
at 60 cents per gallon, in five-gallon Buckets.

MAKERS OF PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD.

FACTORY AND OFFICE:

Leslie Street, TORONTO.

Farmers, save your Teams and Wagons by using
The Best Bolster Spring on Earth



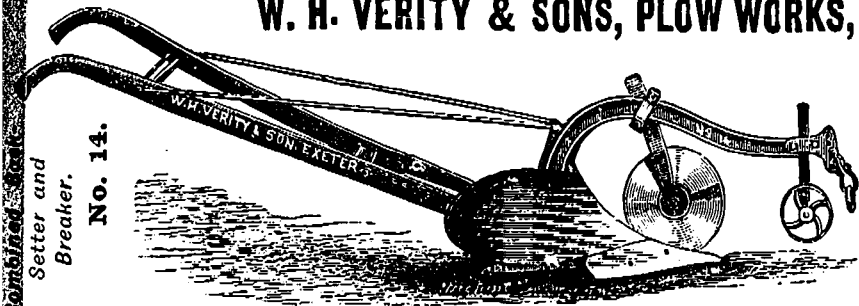
Also Responsible pushing Agents wanted. Address
VEHICLE SPRING & M'FG CO.
BRIGHTON, ONT.

Have you seen the
H Massey-Harris **R?**
Wide-Open Binder

BOYS FOR FARM HELP.

The managers of Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES are desirous of obtaining good farm situations for a large party of boys, varying in age from 10 to 17, who are expected to arrive from England about the end of March. They will have been selected with the utmost care, from the large number (now over four thousand) under training in the English Homes, with the view to their moral and physical suitability for Canadian farm life. Full particulars as to the conditions upon which the boys are placed, may be obtained on application to MR. ALFRED OWEN, Agent Dr. Barnardo's Homes,
214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

W. H. VERITY & SONS, PLOW WORKS, EXETER, ONT.



Established
1857.

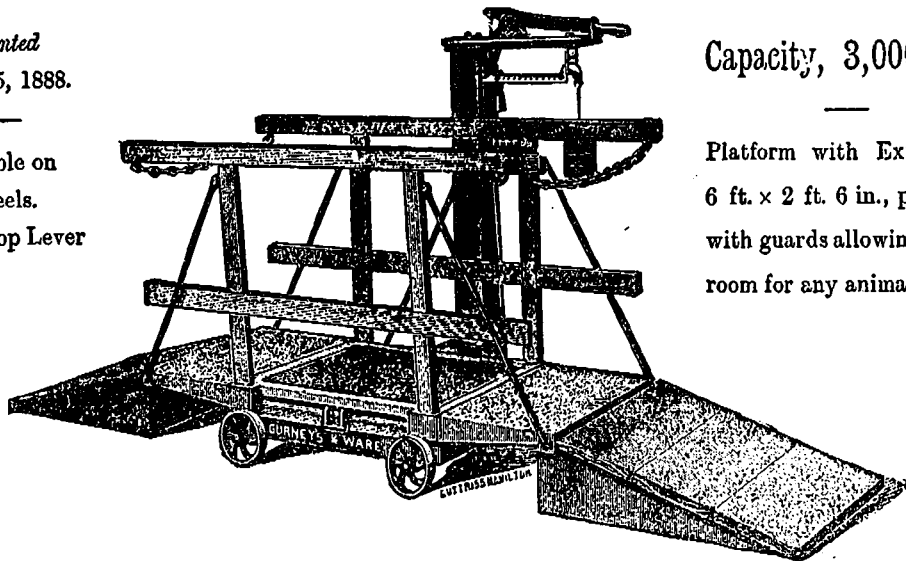
This is without doubt the most popular Plow in the West to-day. Over ten thousand now in use. We also manufacture a full line of Sulky and Walking Plows. All made from the best American Soft Centred Steels.

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Ltd., Sole Agents from Manitoba to Pacific Coast.
Full Line of Repairs kept constantly on hand. **W. H. VERITY & SONS.**

GURNEYS' FARM & STOCK SCALE.

Patented
April 25, 1888.

Portable on
Wheels.
With Drop Lever



Capacity, 3,000 lbs.

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

So constructed that Extensions and Guards can be uncoupled when desired, and Scale used without them. This Scale was first introduced in 1888. We sold more Scales of this description in 1891 than we did in the three former years put together, showing its increasing popularity.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY:

THE GURNEY SCALE CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

NOTE.—We manufacture all kinds of Scales

THE LEADING INSTRUMENTS.

BELL PIANOS

See them—

—Hear them—

—Buy no other

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

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DONALD C. RIDOUT & CO.,

Patent Experts.

SOLICITORS OF HOME AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

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THE SHARP'S RAKE.

Over 40,000 have already been manufactured of this famous Rake, which speaks for its immense popularity.

Toronto Lithographing Co. GLOBE BUILDING.

Show Cards, Labels, Calendars,
Advertising Cards, etc
also, **FINE WOOD ENGRAVING.**



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29 WELLINGTON STREET WEST,
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Wholesale Stationers.

Envelope and Blank Book Manufacturers.

PAPER MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

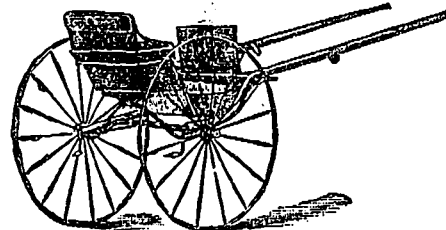
Mills at Valleyfield, on the River St. Lawrence.



Every Stable should have
Peerless Hoof Ointment.

ROGERS' PEERLESS MACHINE OIL is specially manufactured for Farmers' Machinery, and excels in all the qualities necessary for Farmers' use.

FOUND AT LAST.



WRITE FOR PRICES.

A buggy with only two wheels to keep in repair, with all the convenience of a phaeton, at one-quarter the cost.

Manufactured Wholesale and Retail by

J. W. BROWNELL, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

Should always be used for Children while Teething. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic and is the Best Remedy for Diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

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ADVERTISING RATES on application.

THE CHATHAM FANNING MILL

More than have been sold by any ten Factories in Canada put together.

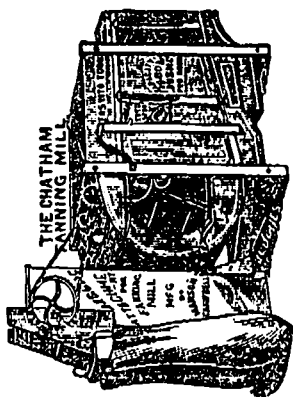
1000 sold in 1884
1330 sold in 1885
2000 sold in 1886
2300 sold in 1887
2500 sold in 1888
2600 sold in 1889
4000 sold in 1890
4500 sold in 1891
and 3000 Bagging Attachments.

Over 7,000 Bagging Attachments now in use.

Bagging Attachment is run with a Chain Belt that cannot slip. The Elevator Cups are also attached to Endless Chain Belt that cannot slip nor clog.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE CLEANING OF ALSAC CLOVER SEED.

The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of Grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger.

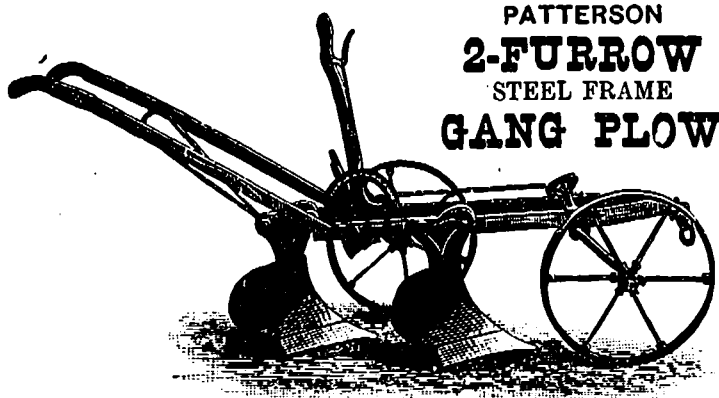


MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.

For price and full information apply to

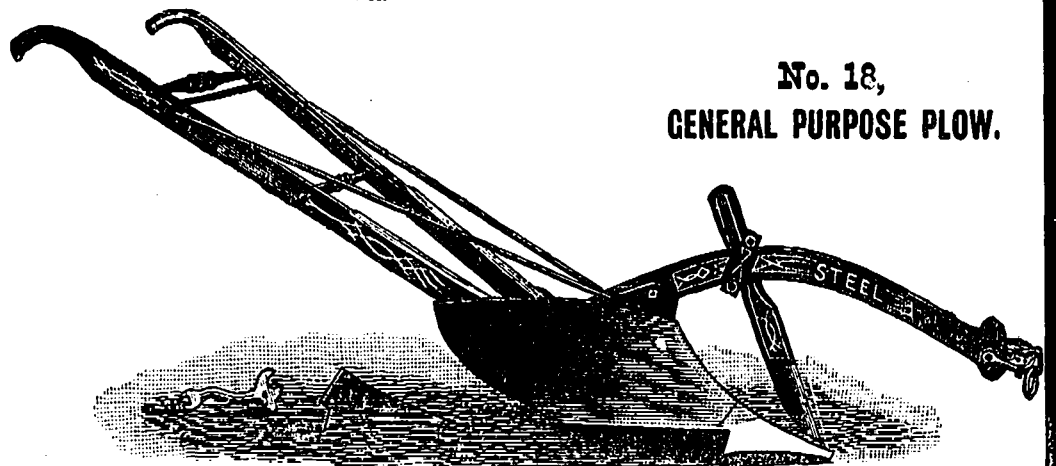
For Sale by all Agents of MASSEY-HARRIS Co. Ltd. in Manitoba, N.W.T., and Province of Quebec.

All Ye who would Reap Abundant Crops must Plough Harrow and Cultivate Thoroughly and Well.
TO DO THIS, GOOD TOOLS ARE ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL, AND HERE THEY ARE

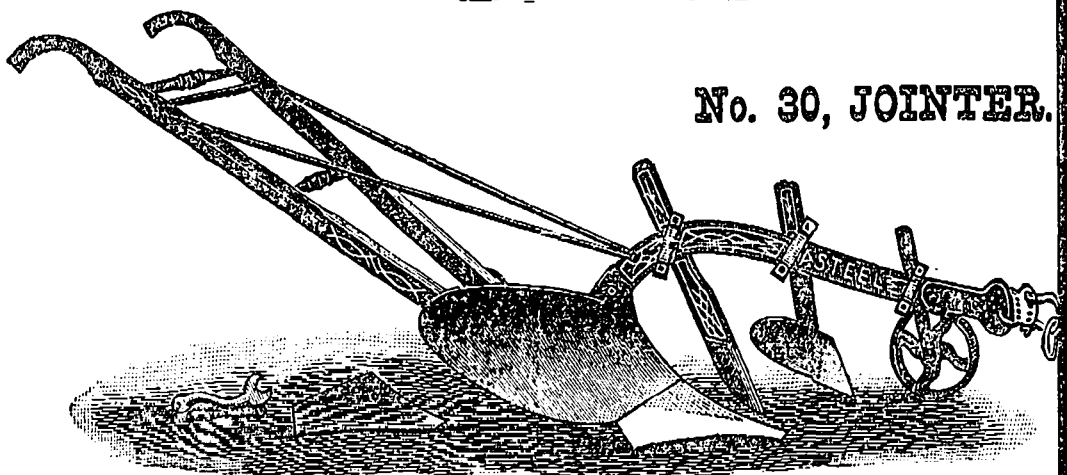


**PATTERSON
2-FURROW
STEEL FRAME
GANG PLOW**

**SPECIAL
PLOW
CIRCULAR
NOW READY.**
Mailed to any address on application.



**No. 18,
GENERAL PURPOSE PLOW.**



No. 30, JOINTER.

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**ACCIDENT,
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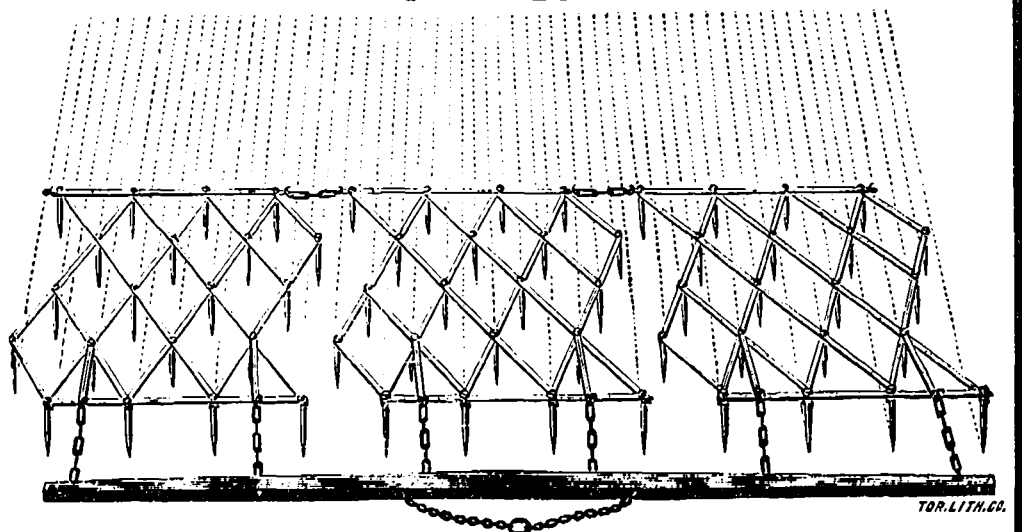
Capital { BRITISH and CANADIAN } over \$3,500,000

**EASTMURE & LIGHTBOURN,
TORONTO.**

THE MASSEY HARVESTER.

13,000 SOLD.

In use in nearly every grain-growing country in the world.



BRANTFORD STEEL TOOTH DIAMOND HARROW.

(THIS HARROW MANUFACTURED FOR MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST ONLY).

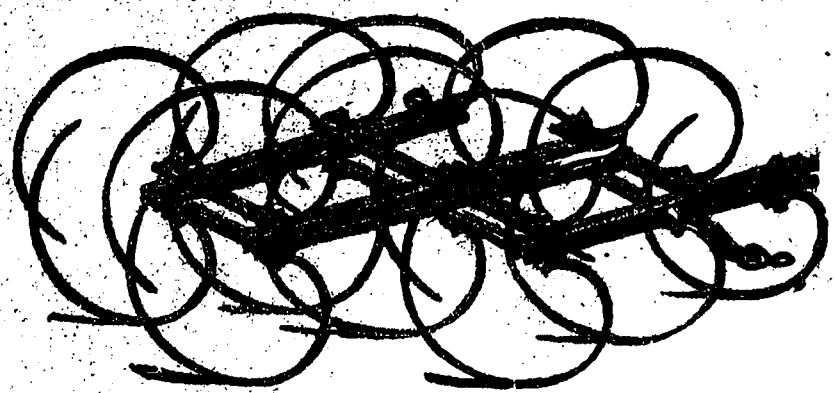
Three-Section, 60 teeth, cutting 10 feet wide. Four-Section, 80 teeth, cutting 13 ft. 6 in. wide. Five-Section, 100 teeth, cutting 17 feet wide.

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD., TORONTO

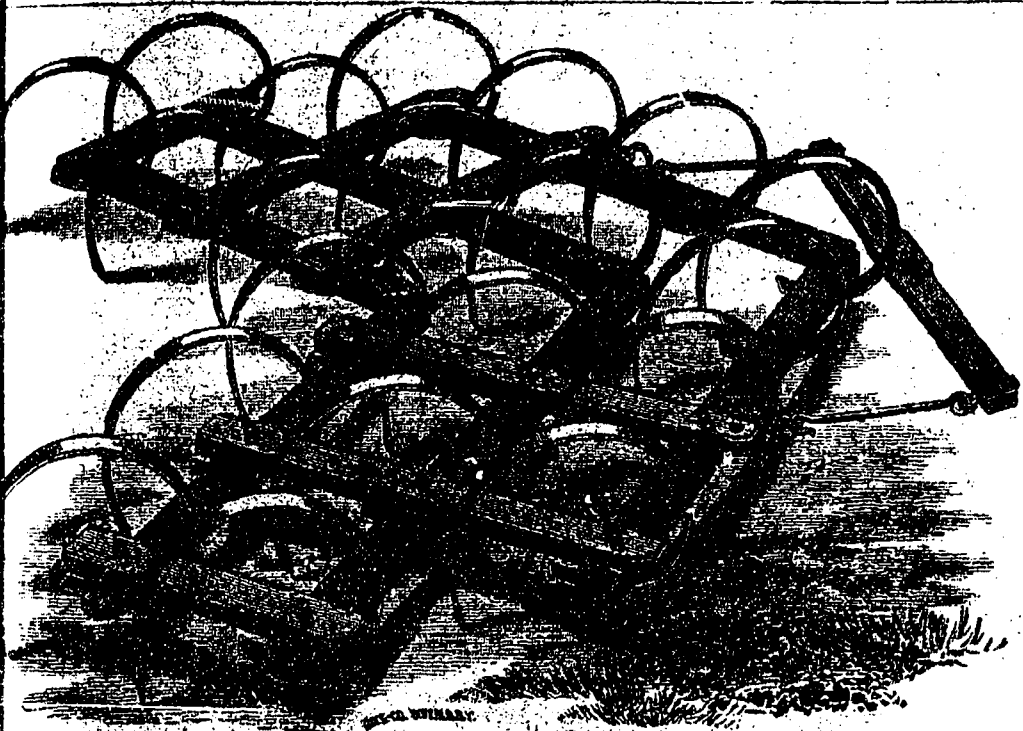
Magnificent Line of SPRING GOODS.

THE PLOWS, HARROWS AND CULTIVATORS WE NOW OFFER HAVE NEVER BEEN EXCELLED.

THE "WISNER" IMPROVED STEEL FRAME SPRING TOOTH HARROW.



This view shows the Harrow folded ready for shipment or storage.



The "Patterson" Spring Tooth Harrow.

It thoroughly loosens and pulverizes the soil.

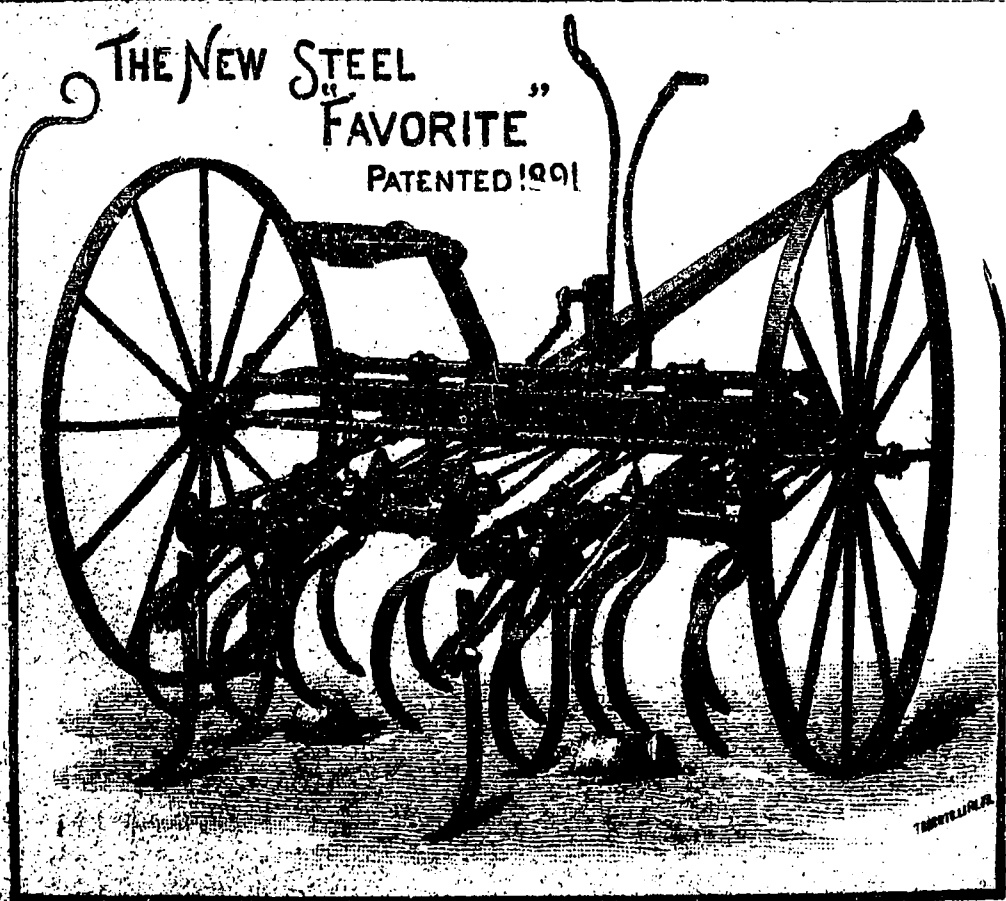
1000'S OF CANADA'S BEST FARMERS USE THIS HARROW.

THE "WISNER" Favorite Spring Tooth CULTIVATOR.

- ular Iron Frame.
- Oil Tempered Spring Steel Teeth.
- Has Patented Steel Runners.
- Has Patent Pressure Bars.
- work heavy clay land.
- Lighter Draught than any other.
- Boy can handle it easily.
- Performs all and more than claimed.

Can be supplied with either four Steel Sections or three Wood Sections.

•roadcast Seeder, with "Wisner" Feet Run, is sup- with this Cultivator when desired.



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FINEST THRESHING BELTS

MADE, ASK YOUR DEALER TO GET FOR YOU THE

'MONARCH' BRAND

It will cost more at first, but will be economy in the end

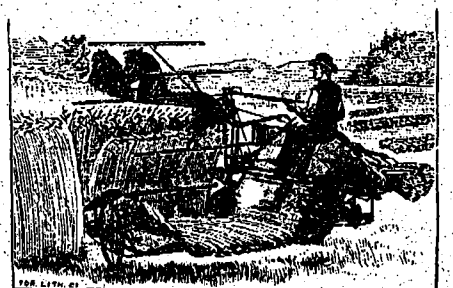
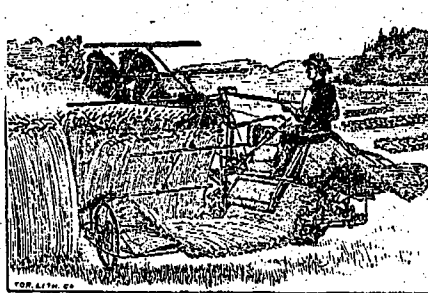
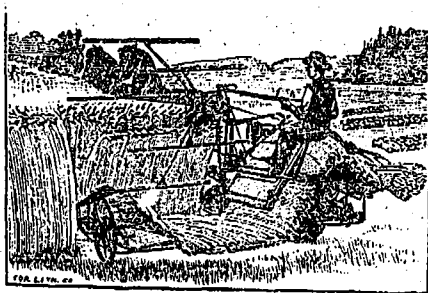
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THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO

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