

◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

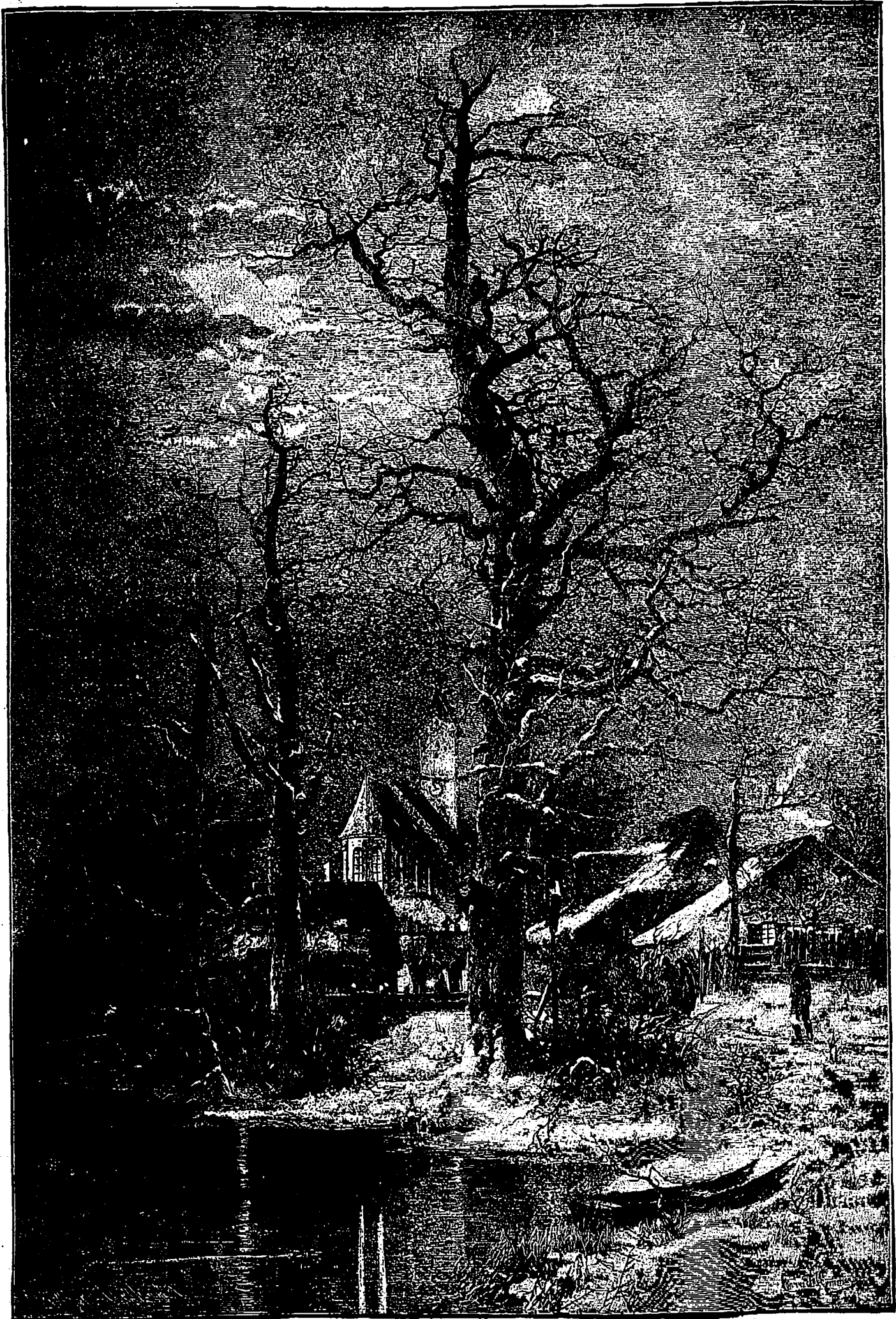
New Series, Vol. 1, No. 13

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

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Toronto,

December, 1889.



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SUPERIOR GRAIN DRILLS.

A New Departure.

THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING Co. have recently completed arrangements with Mr. C. E. Patric, of the Superior Drill Co. of Springfield, Ohio, for the manufacture of their celebrated

"Superior" Grain Drills & Broadcast Seeders

which they will be prepared to supply for the Season of 1890.

The Superior Drills are well and favorably known in all parts of the United States. They embody the best principles, are the simplest, surest, and most easily operated Seeders and Drills known. The newest and latest designs have some entirely original and most valuable features never before introduced, and it was their intrinsic value that induced THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING Co. to add to their regular line these special Seed Drills.

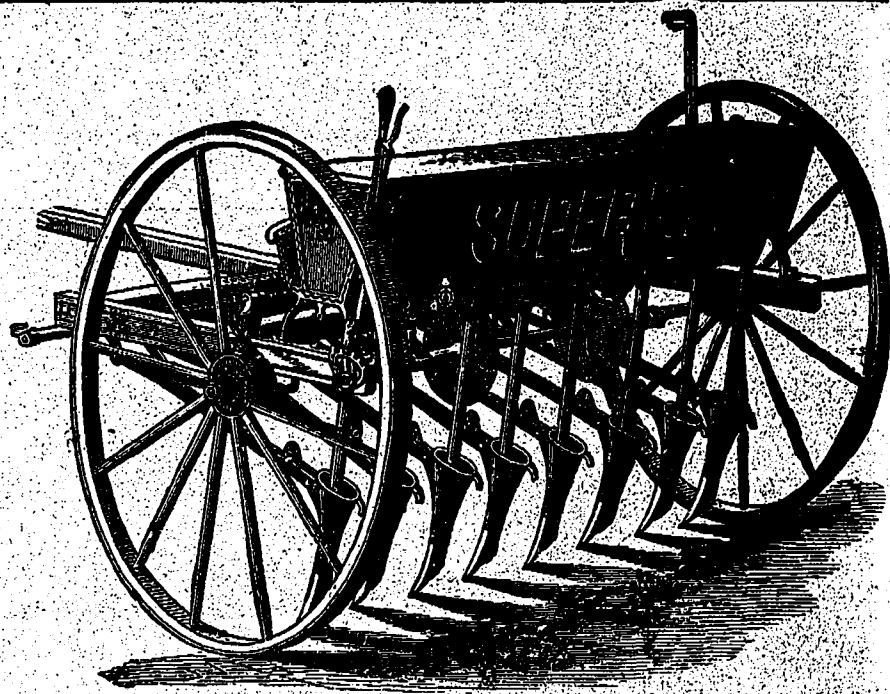
The Combined Grain Drill and Broadcast Seeder is in every sense a "Superior" machine.

The Improved Double Force Feed Grain Distribution used on all the "Superior" Drills greatly excels anything heretofore known.

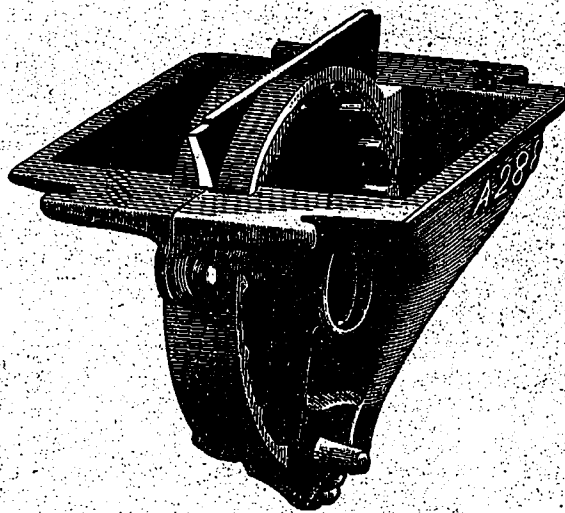
The New Superior Press or Shoe Drill actually plants the grain, evenly, and at a uniform depth, and presses the earth over it, thus doubly insuring the crop from being uncovered by wind or rain storms.

The "Superior" Plain Drill.

This latest improved Drill is furnished with our Patent Double Distributer, which has two channels for sowing grain. The smaller one is intended for sowing wheat, rye, buckwheat, flaxseed, and other small grains. The larger channel is adapted to sowing oats, beans, peas, corn, pumpkin seed, and other coarse, bulky grains. The New Double Distributer is absolutely Force Feed, and delivers the grain in a uniform, unbroken stream, always in the desired quantity, and through all the distributors alike. The axle on this drill revolves, each ground wheel being independent, keeping up the seeding equally well when turning the drill. The Seat is attached only when ordered, and is charged for extra.



Improved Superior Combined Drill.
With Double Force Feed Distributers and Disk Wheels for Driving Grain, Grass Seed and Fertilizer Distributers.



Improved Superior Double Force Feed Distributer.
Used on all Superior Plain and Shoe Grain Drills.

The New Superior Shoe Drill

The only Shoe or Press Drill having Independent Action and Independent Adjustment of Shoes.

No Change of Gear Wheels—A Rear Lift Machine, with every Operation in Full View of the Operator.

Positive Double Force Feed Distributer.

A thorough examination of the New Superior Shoe Press Drill will convince the farmer that the SUPERIOR has points of merit not possessed by any other machine of its class in the market. It is the lightest draft machine in the market, and will not clog or choke up.

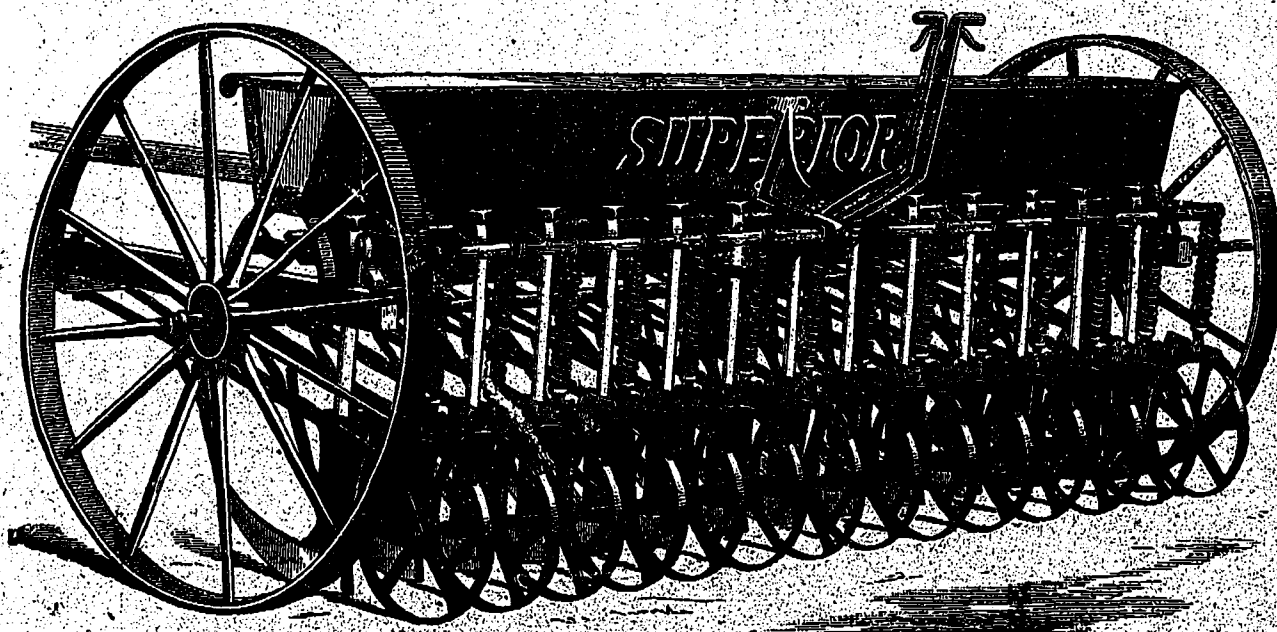
The Runners or Shoes open the ground for the reception of the grain, which is evenly distributed in the bottom of a trench.

The Press Wheel, or Pressure Foot, following in the rear, perfects the planting. This Drill will do good work even in trashy ground. The merits of this New Shoe Drill for spring seeding appear not only in the perfect and regular sowing of the seed, but especially in the protection of the crop from the ravages of early frosts.

A most important advantage of the New Superior Press Wheel Attachment for pressing the soil over the sown grain is that the seed germinates sooner, grows more rapidly, and matures from two to three weeks earlier than by the old method, enabling the grain to get a good start before the weeds come up, and thus more effectually choking down the rank growth of the latter.

Points of Superiority.

- It packs the earth around the seed.
- Sows always at the same depth.
- Not obstructed by trash of any description. The Press Wheels will effectually cover the seed.
- The grain sprouts from six to ten days in advance of other methods.
- Every runner and wheel perfectly independent, accurately balanced, simple and perfect in construction, and easily operated.



The New Superior Shoe Drill.

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

THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY

A JOURNAL OF
NEWS & LITERATURE FOR RURAL HOMES

UNITED WITH THE "TRIP HAMMER."

New Series.
Published Monthly.

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1889

[Vol. I., No. 13.]

ROUND THE WORLD,

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

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

EGYPT.

Tenth Letter, dated Port Said, Egypt, April 27th, 1888.



WATER CARRIER.

While impatiently waiting here in this most undesirable place for the ship in which we go to England, I will improve the time in writing, and resume my correspondence with you.

It was the dead of midnight and a hushed

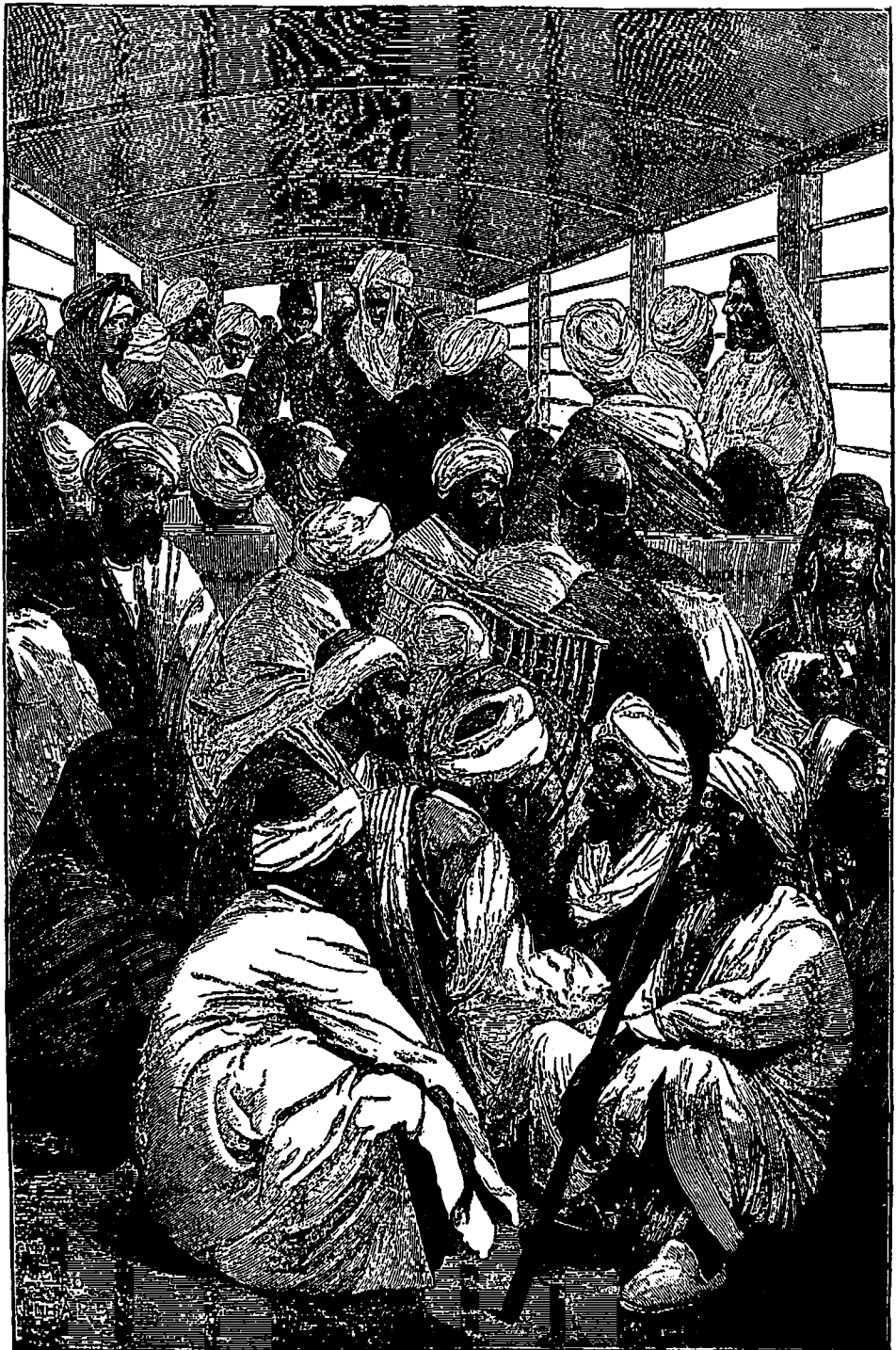
stillness that was almost oppressive reigned over the town of Suez and its harbor, the waters of which were like a mirror, reflecting so prettily the lights along the shore and those from anchored ships, when the tiny steam launch, manned by three Arabs, steamed away from the *Lusitania* to take us ashore, half a mile distant.

We were the only passengers disembarking, and when the launch came up alongside some old barges, we scrambled over these, in the darkness, to the wharf, and at every step had to guard against treading on sleeping humanity! An Arab, you know, will get as much rest curled up on a sidewalk, or most anywhere he happens to be, as you would in your comfortable bed, and in many cases the sidewalk is the only bed he can claim. No sooner had we set foot on land than "sleeping humanity" awakened itself, and shortly we were surrounded by a band of Arabian Night-hawks, each individual, and only one of whom could speak a few words of English, clamoring for our baggage, or rather the privilege of carrying it. Passing the sleepy but well-armed Customs' sentinels was a short matter, and we proceeded at once to the hotel, fortunately but a short distance off, along the dark and lonely water front, followed by the whole band jabbering in Arabic, which is quite as unintelligible as Chinese. It was a weird experience. Arrived at the hotel entrance, a series of bangs on the great doors, which sounded loud enough to wake the dead, finally

roused the hall porter from his mattress on the marble floor, who drew the immense creaking bolts and opened the portals, the latter sufficiently large for the entrance to a mammoth cathedral.

Candle in hand, like a mummy from the tombs, the black Arab led us through a series of strange courts and corridors, and at last opening a door

beckoned for us to enter and left us. Too tired and sleepy to investigate the merits of the apartment shown us, we took to our couches at once, to be awakened early by the Mahomedan call to prayer from a neighboring minaret, and to find ourselves located in a comfortable hotel. A stroll around Suez in the morning made plain the fact that we



SCENE IN A THIRD CLASS EGYPTIAN RAILWAY CAR.



CALL TO PRAYER.

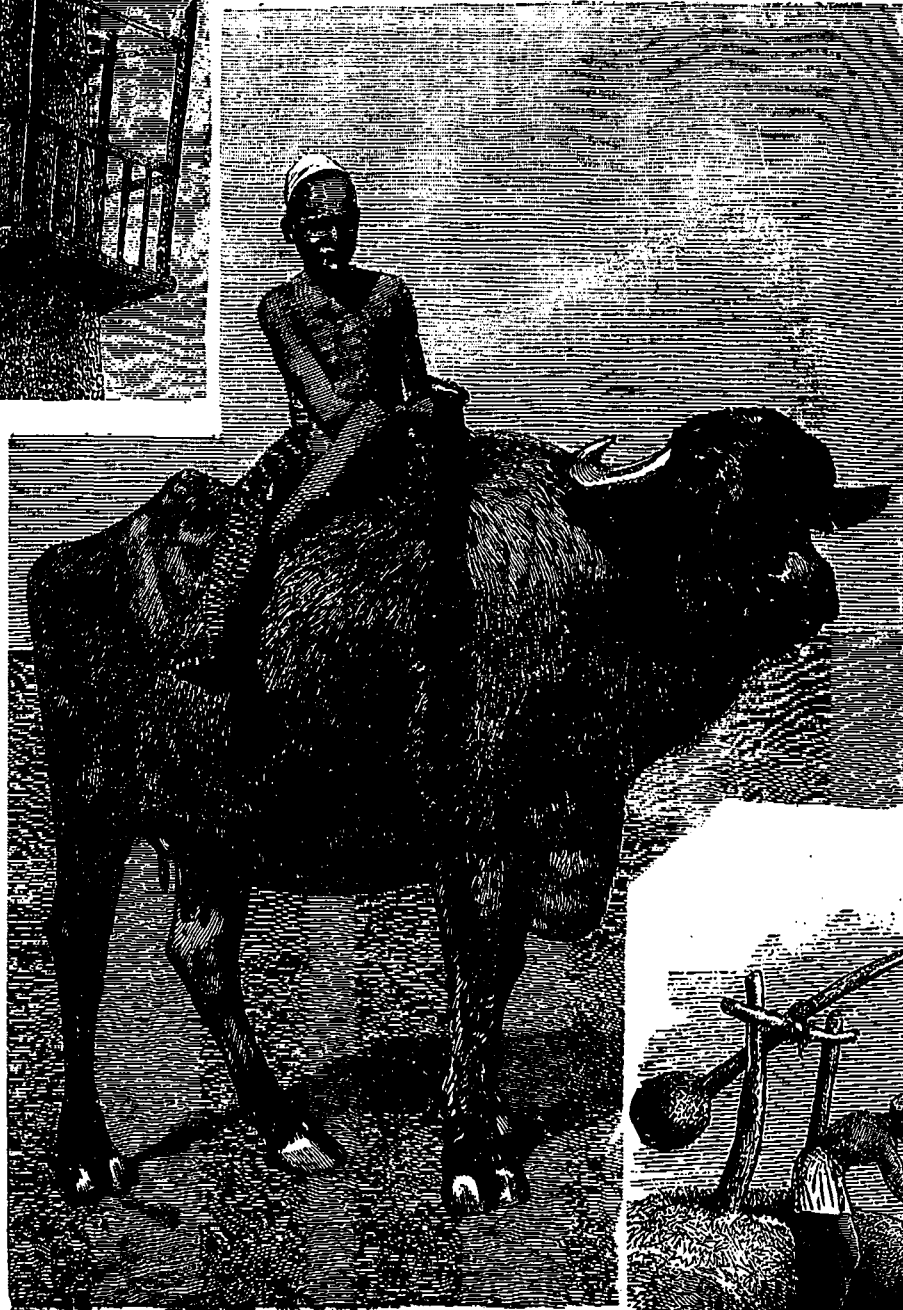
were in the Orient—the old, old world—where now pauperism and primeval ways of living are the most striking characteristics. There is nothing interesting in Suez except as an oriental town. Here we get our first impressions of Arabic life. It is a dirty place, as all Egyptian towns and villages are. The streets, which might better be called alleys, and “back alleys” at that, are narrow and filthy in the extreme. The bazaars or tiny shops are all open and right on the street, and some of the workers in metal, etc., utilize the sidewalk, if there can be said to be one, as a workshop. Their methods of working are much the same as those of Adam and his sons; at least so far as I know how Adam and his sons worked. The buildings are old, tumble-down structures, made chiefly of baked mud. The people are dirty, poorly clad, beggarly, and degraded. There are several Mahomedan mosques and places of worship. We visited the leading one, our first experience in a mosque, though we have been in many since. We removed our shoes, of course, before entering, in accordance with Muslim custom, lest the holy floor should be polluted by the soles of shoes which had trod the ground. On another occasion when in a mosque, a company entered, and we certainly thought that, as far as these particular natives were concerned at least, there would have been less pollution had the feet remained covered, judging from appearances and other distinguishing indications of bare feet. Generally speaking there is nothing worth seeing in a mosque.

The same day we proceeded by rail to Cairo—seven hours' ride—and from the car window were enabled to get a good insight into the life and habits of the people, and also the chief physical features

of the country. Our start was made at 11.30 a.m., and the road, following the canal, at some distance, to Ismailia and thence branching westward, is for miles built on the desert. During the noon hours the heat on the sandy wastes was most intense, and had it not been for a good breeze, which, however, brought plenty of sand with it, we would have suffered. Along the line there were places where the sand had formed drifts like snow. The engineers in constructing the railway over the barren desert found it necessary to use iron ties of peculiar construction with bell or

edibles of various sorts, crying their goods, and a miscellaneous congregation of idle and curious spectators, mostly Egyptian Arabs. The faces and costumes of these groups were very interesting studies. At least half of the journey was through sterile desert land. At first there were occasional patches of vegetation—like little oases in the desert—made by irrigation, the water being taken from the small fresh water canal running to Ismailia.

After passing Tel-el-Kebir, a small village, near which the battle of that name was fought in 1882, these oases increased in size and number; the vegetation becoming more profuse and more beautiful as we proceeded, date palms being numerous. And from Zaz-a-zez, which is quite a large place, onward it was one magnificent fertile plain, increasing in luxuriance as the Nile was approached—the fields greener, the crops heavier, and the date palms scattered over the plains more stately and more beautiful. The rich black soil formed by the alluvial deposits of the Nile, and charmingly green fields of the plain were in strong contrast to the sandy desert we had just traversed. These wonderfully fertile tracts yield three crops each season. In some fields ploughing was going on, but in the majority the present crop was two-thirds grown. In this rainless country, during the season, on those parts not watered by the overflowing of the Nile, a system of irrigation has to be resorted to. One who has not visited the country can form little idea of the vast amount of labor it takes to water such a large tract of



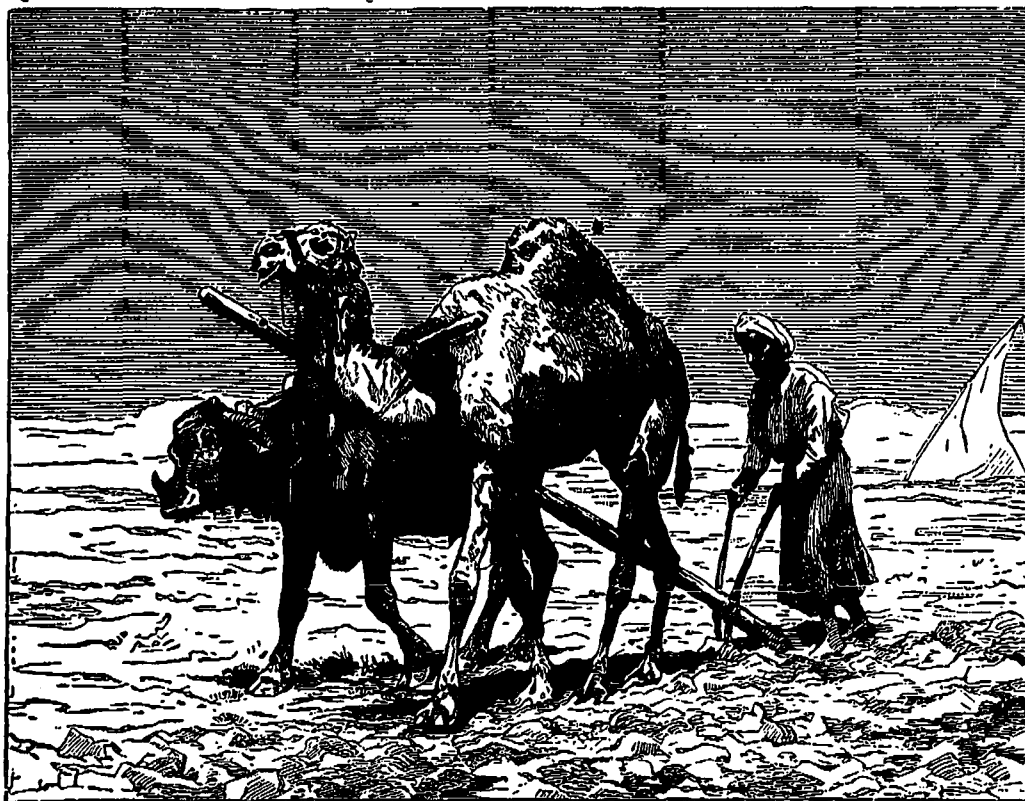
AN EGYPTIAN BUFFALO AND DRIVER.

bowl-shaped pieces at each end to get hold in the sand. Arabs are continually employed, too, to shovel the sand off the tracks as we would snow in Canada.

Ismailia is the mid-way stopping place on the Canal and was intended as a resort, in which capacity it was a failure. Here and at all points on the line a curious collection of people had assembled at the station. Noisy crowds awaited the train at every stop—beggars asking for alms (*baksheesh*)—vendors of water, oranges, dates, mandrakes, and



THE "SHADOOF."



PLOWING—A CAMEL AND BUFFALO YOKED TOGETHER.

him an Egyptian coin, equal to about five cents. He took it, smiled very graciously, and made a very polite bow, and then ran off to some companions in the street. He showed them his earnings and they, too, likewise smiled, and the boy, turning around again, made a humble courtesy. Thus it was evident I had paid him three or four times the amount he expected.

The scenes in the fields and along the road-sides, as seen from the car window that afternoon, were full of great interest to me. It was an ever changing panorama of eastern life. The curious costumes, the people, the caravans of laden camels and donkeys passing across the country, the farming operations, the great variety of cattle employed, and the genuine Oriental aspect that pervaded the whole scene, engaged one's constant attention.

How different was this scene to the one I witnessed from the C.P.R. train last fall, as I came over the prairies, when hundreds of self-binding harvesters were gathering in the golden grain from the scientifically worked farms. How different were these farming operations conducted to those of Australia and New Zealand. I had, indeed, stepped from the newest countries into the oldest country.

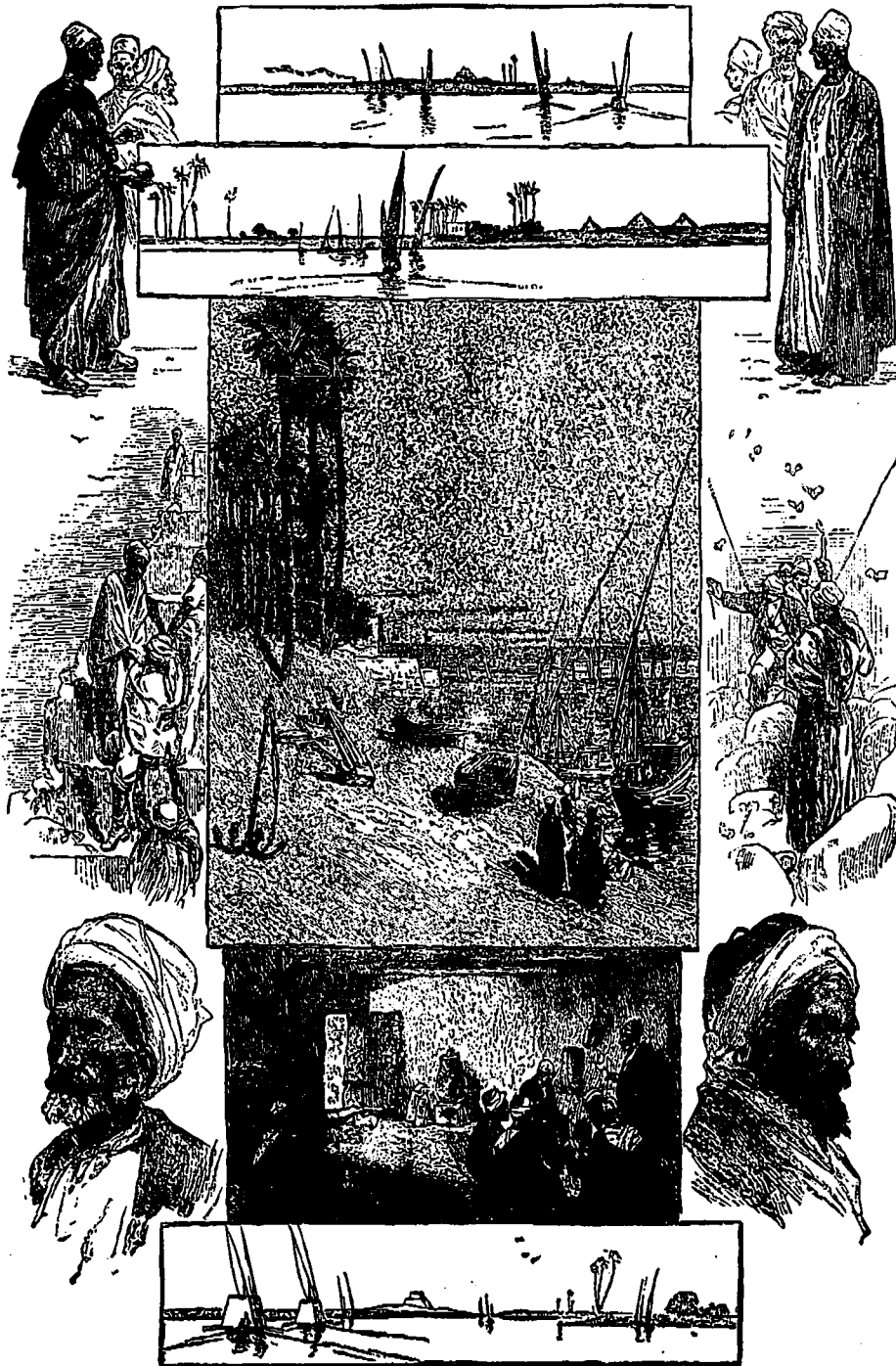
As we neared Cairo the sun was fast going down, and the cloudless sky was gloriously tinted. The lovely plain in the evening twilight, dotted here and there with beautiful palms, and the Arabs—men, women, and children—proceeding towards the city with their camels, donkeys, and cattle, some riding in native fashion and some walking, was a memorable sight. (To be Continued.)

territory by the primitive methods in general use.

Water wheels of the crudest description are in use, with, perhaps, a series of jugs tied on their rims, and driven by a donkey, cow, or old worn-out camel, with a trough so fixed as to catch part of the water as it pours from the jars in their rotation. Thus the water is raised from an irrigating channel to the ditches, through which it flows to the fields. More often it is raised, bucketful at a time, by a poor laborer, toiling all day long with the most primitive appliance—a long beam with a stone tied to one end to balance the weight of the huge bowl suspended from the other end, which the laborer pulls up and down, emptying the water from the channel into the conveying ditch. In some places three such lifts were necessary to get the water up from the deep channels to the fields.

Farming is carried on in the same manner as it was in the days of Moses, if it be not still more primitive. The farm implements are of the earliest and clumsiest possible construction. The ground is more harrowed than ploughed by an instrument called a plough. A bough of a tree is selected with a good crotch, and one arm is cut short, sharpened, and a bit of iron put over it, and the other arm left long to use as a pole; a handle is attached for the purpose of guiding it, and the Egyptian or Syrian plough is complete. I have seen dozens of them in use, drawn by a yoke of oxen, an ox and a donkey, or an Egyptian buffalo hitched with either of the other two. Egyptian and Syrian cattle are all very small as compared to ours. Why the Egyptian buffalo should be called a buffalo at all I don't know. It is about the size of the average cow, which it resembles in every particular except that the horns are a slightly different shape, being turned down and backward. They are lifeless, imbecile, and harmless looking creatures—the most inert animals I ever saw—and take great delight in wading and standing in the water up to their backs. One of these beasts and a donkey hitched to a plough make a comical combination. Harrowing or breaking up the lumps of earth is done with a sort of triangular short-handled hoe, for the most part. The Oriental sower goes forth to sow, as he did of old, and scatters his seed broadcast by hand. The reaping is done with a crudely-made reaping-hook or sickle, while barley is actually plucked up by the roots by hand! The threshing is done by "treading out the corn" with oxen, or by some very, very simple apparatus.

Both men and women work in the fields, and work very hard too, for long hours, and for the slightest compensation. A homely incident will illustrate how little they expect for their services. This morning, when in front of the hotel, an Arab urchin insisted upon blacking my boots, which I finally allowed him to do. When finished I handed



Bedouins Selling Antiquities.
Climbing a Pyramid.
Head of a Bedouin.

Railway from Cairo to Asyout.
View of Pyramids, from the Nile.
The Nile at Boulak, Cairo.
Visiting an Arab Household.
The "False Pyramid."

Guides to the Pyramids.
Interior of the Pyramid of Mycerinus.
Sheik of Village near the Pyramids.



OLD GRUBBLES,

THE streets were crowded with Christmas shoppers, coming and going, all enduring the shoving and pushing with holiday good humor.

Old Simon Grubbles, making his way feebly through the throng, snarled and scowled as his corns were trodden on or a sharp elbow was thrust into his side, anathematizing the Christian fathers who first instituted Christmas as one of the high festivals of the church. He was tall, thin and stooped; the long skirts of his yellowish-green overcoat, which had done service for more than thirty years, flapped about his legs, which were encased in shiny broadcloth trousers. He wore a rusty silk hat, and a pair of sharp eyes as keen as a ferret's, a beak of a nose and a most aggressive chin were overshadowed by its frayed brim. There was no kindness of expression in his thin lips, and his whole countenance warned petitioners for his favor to expect little justice and less mercy from Simon Grubbles. The threadbare garments indicated poverty, which was not corroborated by the sign over the front entrance of an imposing commission house, or by the fat bank account and other cash in hand, known only to himself.

He took no interest in the gayly-decked windows, the festoons of dolls, the array of china and costly bric-a-brac, the webs of silks and velvet and lace, and the heaps of spicy carnations, the roses and lilies which the florist displayed in lavish profusion. He stopped but once, to buy the bluest, skinniest fowl to be had in the market, which, wrapped in a brown paper, he slipped into his overcoat pocket. As he stepped out upon the pavement again, he thought he saw one of his junior clerks entering a saloon, a few doors distant, and as he was very strict in his views upon the question of temperance, he determined to satisfy himself as to whether he was right in his suspicion. Just as he reached the door of the saloon, he saw a coin glittering at his feet, and thinking that it was a piece of gold, he stooped down, picked it up with something that resembled the ordinary human smile, and put it hurriedly into his pocket.

He was in the act of opening the saloon door, when a shrill voice shouted:

"Fork it out, old chap! That's mine!"

He started nervously and perceived standing before him a rare specimen of the Boston news-boy. "Here's the rest, yer see," he said, opening his hand, where four others like it were revealed to sight, by way of substantiating his claim. "Yer see my hands was so cold, I couldn't hold 'em and my pockets leak awful."

Simon regarded him suspiciously from under his bristling eyebrows, and then gave him the piece of copper, more willingly perhaps than he would have done had it been of greater value. "Thanks," said the urchin, touching his cap—a piece of good manners he had learned at the mission, which he patronized occasionally.

Then he said: "Buy this paper Sir, won't ye? It's the only 'un left. Ye see I want to git home with my Christmas dinner" pointing to a big, bulging, basket, which he had set down on the curb-stone, its contents carefully concealed by an old newspaper. "I stand in with the second cook at Young's hotel round the corner, an' he's sent all this grub to Blokey, with his compliments." "Who's Blokey?" growled Simon. "Well, as nigh's I can tell, he's my only blood relation in the direct line. We're pards beside. He's a layin' off now, cause he can't work. I'm a-humpin' fur both on us."

"He's a lazy little scoundrel, more likely, and is only glad of a chance to 'lay off,' as you call it."

"See here, one more word like that there, an' I'll lay yer at my feet a corpse," and the boy doubled up his fists with such a frown as he had seen upon the brow of a heavy tragedian.

"Still," he continued, "I guess maybe I'd better 'scuse yer, for yer don't know what yer talkin' bout. Blokey can't work. He's sick. An' if yer think I'm lyin' to ye, ye'd better 'company me to the sky parlor where we both lives. We'd both be chawmed I'm suah, he sees so few visitahs these days," cleverly mimicking a low comedian.

Night had come; the electric light already glittered and

flared on the corners and before the hotel entrances, and there seemed to be a slight lull in the ceaseless roar of traffic which prevailed since daybreak.

One of those inexplicable impulses to which even the most matter-of-fact individuals yield on occasion, inspired Simon Grubbles to accept the invitation.

"I'll introduce myself first," said the gamin, flippantly. "My 'steemed cotemp'ries calls me Bluffer, but I've heard tell summers that my reel nam's William Sherman Patts-Potts—a fine old pat-ron-y-mic," dividing the syllables carefully, and airing the big word with considerable pride.

The child picked up the basket and they started off together—a strangely assorted pair, the grinning ragamuffin and the sootling, miserly old man in his antiquated garments.

At last they halted before an old rookery, lifting its murky roof far above the net-work of telephone and telegraph wires below. The door hung on one hinge and was propped open with a brick, and they felt their way through the dark hall, up the rickety stairs, fetid with the rank odors of invisible filth.

"Here we air," said Bluffer, cheerfully, pushing the door open with ceremonious hospitality, stopping aside to let Simon enter first. The old man looked about him with some interest and a little curiosity while Bluffer placed the basket on a box in the corner, which served as a table. He had heard of such tenements, possibly numbered several among his own possessions, but his agents collected the rents, so he was not forced to come in contact with the occupants.

It was a long attic extending the entire length of the building. There were two smoko-blackened, cobwebbed windows



"BUY THIS PAPER, SIR, WON'T YE? IT'S THE ONLY 'UN LEFT."

in front and two in the rear. The upper end of the place was crowded with miscellaneous rubbish, while a space had been cleared in the end which Bluffer occupied. Lath and plaster there were none, and Simon could scarcely stand upright under the low rafters. A cheerful fire was burning in a dilapidated stove, a chair was drawn up in front of it, and opposite was a straw pallet, upon which lay the sick boy. His glittering eyes seemed unnaturally bright and large in the extreme pallor and emaciation of his face, and he picked with his clawlike fingers at the old blanket which covered him.

Everything immediately surrounding the miserable bed was as clean and orderly as it could be made, and a wreath that hung above his head, and two or three drooping chrysanthemums in a cracked cup upon the floor where he could see them, gave evidence that Bluffer had not been unmindful of the obligations of the season.

"Well, how do ye find yerself to-night?" he asked, standing by Blokey's bedside, and taking no further notice of Simon who had seated himself in the chair. "Better," said the sick boy huskily.

"That's right. Yer allers better. That's somethin'. Doctor been here?"

Blokey coughed frightfully, and when the paroxysm was over, smiled feebly, and shook his head.

"I'll settle his bill and discharge him in the mornin'. Meanwhile I'll look at yer tongue an' feel yer pulse, jest to keep yer spirits up till I can git the doctor here."

This dialogue was rehearsed regularly every evening, each going soberly through his part. To-night, however, Blokey seemed weaker than usual, and entered into it with little spirit. Bluffer appeared not to notice it, and said gayly:

"Ye jist ort to see the things I've brung ye. Tomkins give 'em to us."

He brought the basket to the boy's bedside, then he spread the paper on the floor and took out the fragments, one by one, with the utmost carefulness.

"I hope you'll 'scuse me for not payin' ye more 'ention," he said, looking up and nodding at Simon, who still sat in silence.

"Ye see I've got to nurse him. Hain't I, Blokey?"

There were bits of pie and cake, broken bread, rolls and slices, in which were the unappetizing scalloped prints of human teeth, remnants of flesh and fowl, the whole topped off by a bunch of Malaga grapes and an orange but slightly damaged. Blokey raised himself on his elbow with a painful effort, looked at the viands a moment, and then lay down again. "Ain't there nothin' that pleases ye!" asked Bluffer disappointedly.

Blokey shut his eyes and shook his head, while Bluffer slowly gathered up the scraps and put the basket in the corner again.

Simon felt a softening in that ossified organ which he commonly called his heart, a sensation that he had not experienced for many a long year.

He thrust his dry, lean hand into his pocket and fumbled cautiously among the loose change—no large sum—which he carried. But he prudently reflected that they did not seem to be in pressing need of money, they had shelter and fuel, so he withdrew his hand. Then he bethought himself of the attenuated fowl, and he felt gingerly of one cold, clammy drumstick that had broken through the paper-wrapping. But, with the supplies on hand, he concluded, they were not in need of food,

either. So, fearing that he might recklessly yield to a weak and foolish impulse of charity, he rose abruptly, and said he must go.

"Sorry ye can't stay longer, but I'm glad ye've seen Blokey, an' me character as an honest citizen is vindicated. Jist wait an' I'll show ye out." He lighted a tallow candle stuck in a bottle, and held it high over his head like a dusky caryatid, while old Grubbles stumbled down the stairs and made his way into the street, Bluffer shouting after him an invitation to call again.

The clock struck seven as Simon unlocked his front door and let himself in—an hour later than he usually reached home. As he stepped into the dimly-lighted hall, blinking his red eyes, a young girl came forward to meet him, with a troubled and anxious countenance.

"Why, unole, what makes you so late?" she asked. "I have been dreadfully frightened about you. I was afraid you had fallen in the street and had been run over. I didn't know what might have happened."

"Save your worry for them that need it," he answered gruffly. "I'm neither a dolt nor an idiot. I'm not superannuated, and shan't be yet for twenty years, however much it might please you, and I'm still able to come home alone without sitting down on a crossing to let a car run over me."

She was accustomed to his surly moods, so she quietly helped him off with his overcoat and made no reply. He took the precious pullet from the pocket, ordered her to take it to the kitchen and tell the servant that he was ready for his dinner. They sat down at the frugally spread table and ate in silence. Simon thawed out a little over his second cup of tea, and, with an unprecedented burst of confidence, he related his evening's strange experience.

"Did you find out what ailed the child, unole?" the young girl asked timidly.

"I didn't have to find out. He had consumption; that was plain enough to be seen."

"Well I hope you left them means to get what they needed," she said boldly.

"No, I didn't. That's just like a woman—spend, spend, spend. What good would money do them? They had a comfortable place, a fire and more to eat than there is in this house this minute," which, so far as quantity went, was undoubtedly true.

He had told her about where the two waifs lived, and as he froze up again behind his newspaper after dinner was over, the same old crustacean that he always was, Emily Rogers pondered over the possible ways and means of helping them.

She carefully noted down in her mind the street and locality her unole had mentioned, and thought from his description that she should have no difficulty finding the children. She would have ample time the next day, after morning service and before dinner.

Simon Grubbles had made an appointment with his head bookkeeper, John Merrill, to meet him at the office on Christmas morning, where they might talk over some important

matters secure from interruption, while the other clerks were taking their holiday.

Accordingly the old man set out immediately after breakfast.

John Merrill was probably the one individual in whom Simon Grubbles imposed implicit confidence, and for whom he had unfeigned respect. In their business relations, which had been maintained uninterruptedly for fifteen years, he had found him intelligent, honest and reliable. He knew him to be a young man of correct morals, careful and economical, without going to his own extreme of penuriousness. He dropped in on him occasionally on Sunday, in his pleasant boarding rooms. Their comfort and comparative luxury, the books, pictures and easy chairs, in which he would not have indulged himself, he regarded, as the property of one of his employes, with something like the pride of ownership. John Merrill had no innumbrances, either in the way of family or relatives, and, for one so genial and companionable, comparatively few friends. He dined with his employer twice a year, on the Fourth of July and New Year's Day, but he knew little of his private life.

He was already waiting for him, and he sat before the grate in the private office, looking over the morning paper. He rose respectfully when the senior member of the firm entered the room. He was tall, broad-shouldered and handsome, with a clear complexion, brown hair and mustache, and a pair of honest, blue eyes. The business was soon dispatched and they sat down, as they did on rare occasions, for a quiet chat. The communicative mood of the previous evening seemed to be still upon Simon, and he told the story of Bluffer to John Merrill, precisely as he had told it to Emily Rogers. The young man asked no irritating questions; he knew his employer too well, but, determined to look the children up; he thought he knew the place, being pretty familiar with the ins and outs of the city.

A few hours later, Emily Rogers was kneeling in her pew at church. The music was divine and the pastor gave an interesting account of the origin and the traditions of Christmas, the customs and observances of the primitive church. She listened thoughtfully, and as the recessional died away she readjusted her wraps and made her way out of the church to set out upon her errand of mercy without delay. She took a down-town car, getting off at what she judged must be about the neighborhood which her uncle described. She had little difficulty in finding the house. A sturdy figure was mounting the stair before her, the doctor, sent by some relief society she concluded. She followed slowly, rapping softly at the door which he had closed behind him. It was opened by Bluffer. He had been crying and the tears had left furrows down his smutty cheeks, through which the white skin showed like cracks in a mask.

Emily had seen John Merrill at her uncle's office and recognized him at once. She had been added to Simon's household since last he dined there, and as he had never observed her among the members who came and went while his back was turned and his head bent over his ledgers, of course he had not the slightest idea who she was.

It was evident at once that Blokey was dying, and it was no time, then, for explanations or questions.

"Yer too late," said Bluffer, weeping afresh.

"I'm afraid we are," said Merrill, approaching the pallet where Blokey lay unconscious, his eyes rolled back and set under the half-closed lids. His breath came in shuddering gasps through his parted, bloodless lips, and the pinched features were already stiffening in the rigidity of death. There was no perceptible pulse in the skeleton wrist, which Merrill touched tenderly, chafing the frozen hands. The child roused himself for an instant, opened his eyes and looked at them earnestly, and then, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, waved his feeble hand at Bluffer, and so died.

Merrill straightened the wasted figure and closed the eyes, while Emily endeavored to comfort Bluffer, who did not give way to any noisy demonstrations of grief, but sobbed piteously in the corner beside the basket of untouched fragments which were to have furnished the Christmas feast.

"If you are not afraid to stay here alone I will take the boy where he can be supplied with clean clothing and be made comfortable for the night, and notify the officers," Merrill said to Emily.

"I am not in the least afraid," she answered.

He had covered the body with the blanket, beneath which its sharpened outlines were plainly discernible. She sat down in the chair as the door closed behind the two, the man leading the wretched boy away from the poverty and misery which he was to know no more.

The afternoon dragged by; the early dusk closed in, darkening the begrimed windows, through which the light could scarcely struggle at noonday. The wind had arisen, and sighed in the chimney and about the ears like a voice of human despair. The firelight died away, bursting forth again, and then again sinking into darkness. Uncanny shadows, the uncanny shapes that seemed to haunt the place, came forth like phantoms, trooping about that central figure of death which lay but half defined at her feet. In all her uneventful life Emily's courage and steadiness of nerve had never been so fearfully tested. It seemed hours before Merrill returned, accompanied by the officers, and, unable to control herself any longer, she burst into hysterical weeping.

He realized how short-sighted he had been and, leaving the men in charge, said that he would escort her home at once. She soon regained her self-composure, and felt heartily ashamed of her weakness. She gave the street and the car line they were to take, explaining that there was some distance to walk.

When they reached Simon Grubbles' house Emily said:

"This is the place."

Merrill uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why," he said, "this is where Mr. Grubbles lives, the senior partner of our firm. I am his bookkeeper, John Merrill."

"Yes, he is my uncle," she replied. "My name is Emily Rogers."

On the way home he had told her that he had seen Bluffer properly cared for, and thought it would not be difficult to find him some employment which would not be too confining and too great a change at first from his former life of lawless and unhampered freedom. The dead boy should be decently buried, but he advised her not to be present at the exercises which would be held at the undertaker's establishment, to which the body would be removed immediately. She acquiesced in this, and as there were no other arrangements to be made he bid

her good night, declining her invitation to come in, but asking permission to call, which she granted.

Simon Grubbles permitted his niece to enjoy the utmost liberty, and had she come home at midnight unattended, he would have asked no questions, because he really cared so little for her. He only glanced up as she came in, and as he said nothing she vouchsafed no information as to where she had been.

She found, after it was all over and she was once more within the retirement of her own room, that the strain had been greater than she supposed, and it was almost 2 o'clock before she sank into an unrefreshing sleep, broken by troubled dreams.

As for John Merrill he slept serenely, and his visions were of a sweet, refined face, a pair of gray eyes and a slender figure closely resembling those of Emily Rogers.

Bluffer, transformed mind and body into the veritable William Sherman Potts, proved himself worthy of his name and took to respectability with a zest which showed there was a good deal of latent virtue and ability in his composition.

When Merrill was invited to dine with Simon Grubbles on New Year's Day, as usual, he blushed and accepted with an alacrity that might have betrayed him to an ordinary observer. His chief thought was that he should see Emily Rogers again, to whose remembrance he had commended himself during the week by sundry modest offerings of flowers. Had they met under ordinary circumstances she probably would have made little impression upon him, as he was rather indifferent to women in general. But she was now inseparably associated with an incident which he could not banish from his mind, and his capitulation was expeditious and complete.

The dinner was satisfactory in every way to old Simon, to Emily and Merrill, the latter making the most of his opportunity endeavoring to strengthen an opinion which he felt, somehow, was already in his favor.

All courtships are alike, with a few unimportant variations, and it is not worth while to chronicle the raptures and ecstasies, the disagreements and misunderstandings and reconciliations which entered into this particular one.

Notwithstanding the usual difficulties, added to that of evading the observation of old Simon, it progressed favorably on the whole, by those ways and means known to young people blindly bent upon matrimony.

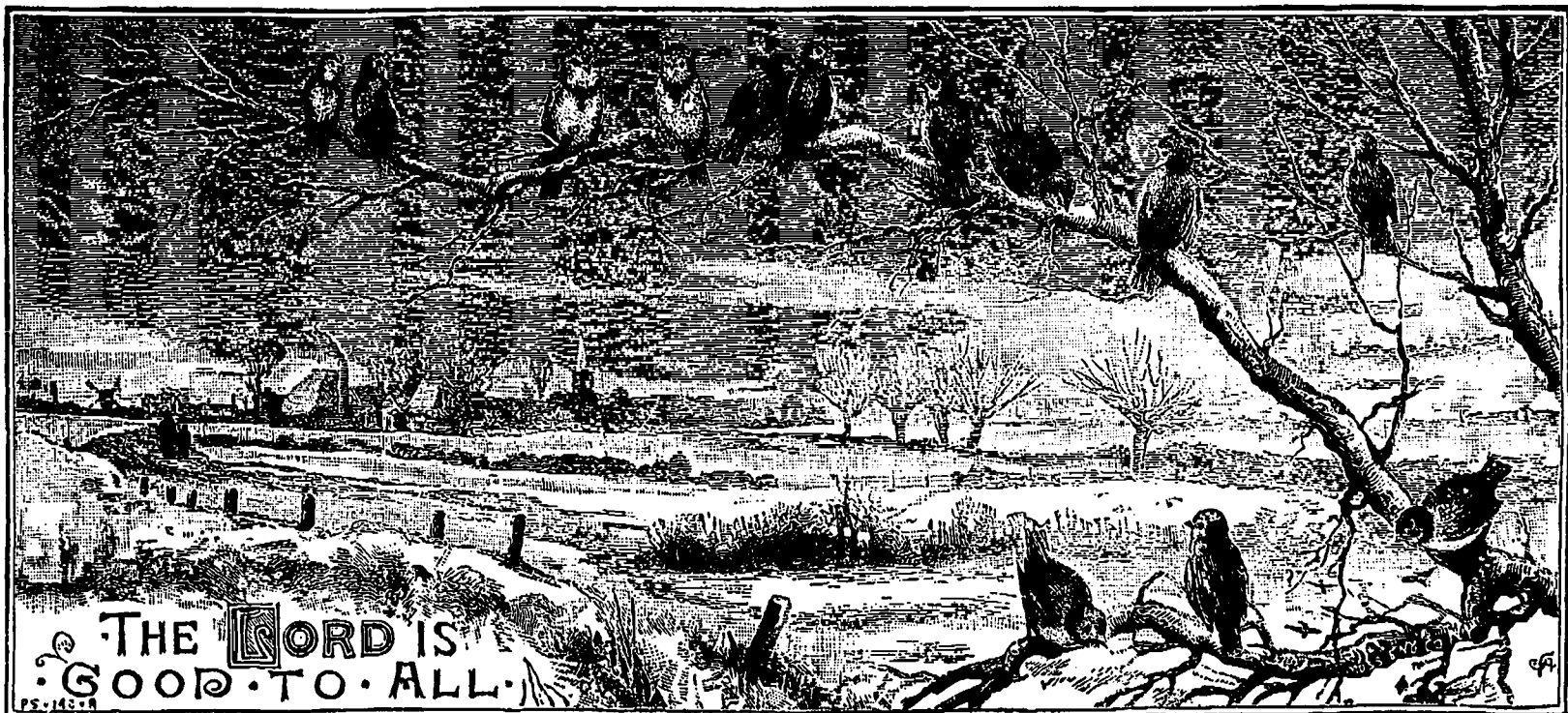
Christmas had rolled round again, and on Christmas Eve John Merrill walked into the office and notified Simon that he wished to leave the first of the year.

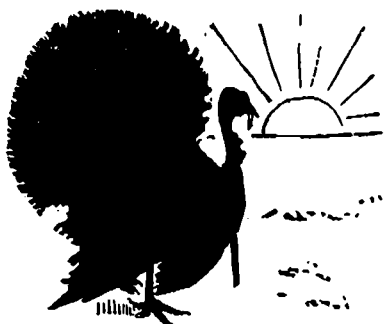
"Why! why! why! how's this?" stammered he. "What's the matter? What's wrong? Ain't you pleased? Out with it? If it's your salary, I'll—I'll raise it," he said, with a twinge.

"The trouble is I want to marry your niece, and I know it's not worth while to ask your consent. She is of age, and she has accepted me."

"Marry my niece! Why, you hardly know her," he echoed in blank amazement.

"I have a more intimate acquaintance with her than you imagine," and he confessed without reservation. During the recital old Grubbles looked down at the floor in silence, and he said nothing for several minutes. Then he looked up and remarked: "Well, marry her, man, if you want to. I've no objection."





Christmas Morning.



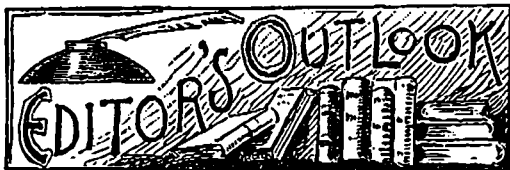
Christmas Night.

Christmas Question.

What mean the glorious tidings
That reach from shore to shore,
At the time of "Merry Christmas,"
Each year as years before?
What mean the joyous voices,
Resounding o'er the earth?
The Christian world rejoices
For Christ the Savior's birth.

The Holy Child of Promise,
The good and perfect man,
The Savior, Guide, and Teacher,
To follow if we can—
The typical humanity
To show us the true way
To rise above earth's vanity
And live in endless day.

With faith in the power of goodness—
The Christ in every soul—
Let us be glad for Christmas
When love assumes control;
When people wake from dreaming,
Wake to life at Christmas time,
Wake to truth that is redeeming—
Christ-power, O truth sublime!



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THIS number of the Massey's Illustrated closes the first volume of the new series. We have endeavored to the best of our ability to make the magazine a welcome visitor to the homes and fire-sides of its thousands of readers and we have time and again received gratifying assurances that we have not labored in vain and that its merits have been fully recognized and appreciated. We have no hesitation in saying that it is the best and cheapest Illustrated monthly of "News and Literature for Rural Homes" published in Canada. It will scarcely be believed, but still it is a fact, that in the first volume about 350 high class engravings have appeared, equal, if not superior, in merit and interest to those appearing in much higher-priced magazines published in Canada and the States. What we will do in the future remains to be seen. One thing is certain; our readers may rest assured that none of the departments will be allowed to deteriorate in interest but that we will strive in every possible way to make each and all more and more creditable, instructive and entertaining. We cordially thank our numerous friends—readers, subscribers, and canvassers—for their kindly help in the past and we know that we can confidently rely upon their generous support in the future. We have given practical and substantial proof of the fact that those who canvass for us are amply compensated for their labor and the same liberal policy will be continued. With us "there is no such word as fail." And now as the old year ends and the

new begins, we heartily extend to our friends in this and every land the compliments of the season.

THE numerous friends of Mr. Fred. V. Massey will regret to hear of his serious illness. He contracted a severe cold while on his way from Toronto to Boston, Mass., in September last, to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He worked very diligently at his studies, and passed his examination most creditably, notwithstanding the fact that he could not shake himself free from the cold and violent cough which followed. On Wednesday, 27th November, he consulted a specialist in throat troubles, who advised him to give up his studies, and seek a more congenial climate. He left Boston for Lowell that day to visit Rev. W. T. Pearin, and while there he had a spell of bleeding from the mouth and nose. One of the best local physicians was summoned, who, after a careful examination stated that there was no immediate danger, but advised him to remain as quiet as possible in bed, for at least two weeks.

THE attention of our readers is drawn to our clubbing list on page sixteen. Any one wanting to subscribe for two or more of the papers therein mentioned, with Massey's Illustrated, will be furnished with the clubbing price on application. We would also draw attention to the fact that we are offering five cash prize competitions, open to all readers of the Illustrated, and also \$100 in cash prizes to canvassers, besides premiums. Intending subscribers have only this month left them to obtain the privilege of guessing on the number of s's on page six of the January issue for the elegant Toronto Mower, Sharp's Rake, etc., full particulars of which will be found on the back page of the cover. Our canvassers should not stop until every farmer in their locality is a subscriber to the Illustrated.

AN independent paper in Toronto, last month announced, semi-officially, that the Ontario elections would be held before Christmas. This was afterwards contradicted by the Government organ. It is the general belief, however, that the elections will take place immediately after the next session of the Legislature. We may also state that the Dominion Parliament will meet for the transaction of business on January 16th. So far as the Dominion is concerned it is thought there will not be an appeal to the electorate for a year or two yet.

WE all owe an apology to the pig, who has been most grossly maligned in regard to his food. It has been proved that instead of being ready to eat anything that comes in his way, he is the most fastidious of animals. Experiments made both in France and Sweden showed that out of 575 plants the goat eats 449 and refuses 126; the sheep out of 528 plants eats 387 and refuses 141; the cow out of 494 plants eats 276 and refuses 218; the horse out of 474 plants eats 262 and refuses 212; while the pig out of 243 plants eats 72 and refuses 171. Who could have thought it?

OUR exportations of cattle and sheep are assuming large proportions. During the season just closed the number of cattle exported from the port of Montreal was 85,537 and sheep 58,877. For the season of 1888 the numbers were cattle 61,003, sheep 46,223. This shows an increase for 1889 of 24,534 cattle and 12,654 sheep. Another gratifying feature is the fact that better prices than formerly have been realized by the exporters. A revolution in the export cattle trade is likely to take place soon. A company has been formed in London, England, with a Canadian Board of management, with the object of developing the trade in Canadian dead meat. Three Rivers, Que., will be the Canadian headquarters. The live export trade is attended with so much loss, risk and expense that those engaged in the industry of cattle raising will hail with satisfaction the introduction of this new system which

will be found safer and more economical, and will materially help in developing and increasing that industry, besides making it more profitable.

MR. McMILLAN, representative of the Manitoba Government, will attend the Farmers' Institute meetings throughout Ontario during the winter and give information about the Province. He is in receipt of numerous enquiries from the States and the old country and the indications are that there will be as big a rush of settlers next spring as last. A colony from Virginia will settle in the Province next spring. Settlers there have had bad crops for the past two years and recently the State Board of Agriculture sent a deputation to the Western States and Manitoba with a view to settlement and they decided in favor of Manitoba. This is not to be wondered at. In Dakota and Minnesota thousands of families, through failure in crops, are destitute and appeals for aid have been made to assist in meeting the wants and alleviating the sufferings of the unfortunate people. Compare their condition with that of the settlers in Manitoba and the North West where an entirely different state of affairs exists. Settlers there, are as a rule, prosperous, contented and happy, and free from the privations and sufferings experienced by settlers in many States of the Union.

THE fact that many boys attending school are addicted to smoking is notorious. Recently an investigation into the matter was held in one of the large cities in the States and it was shown that almost fifty per cent. of the boys in the schools smoked tobacco. It was also demonstrated that the boys who smoked were the worst students. This was to be expected as no boy can use tobacco and be anything but dull and stupid. The growing person cannot use tobacco without paying the penalty in arrested physical and mental development. To many adults tobacco in any form is a poison. To the person who has not attained his growth the effect of tobacco is always injurious, and all the more dangerous because of its insidious effects. There are two ways of breaking up this dangerous habit among boys, and both remedies should be used at the same time. The dealers who are found selling or giving, or any person who sells, gives or in any way procures tobacco for boys should be severely punished, for the offence against society is as great as that of the persons who sell tainted and adulterated foods. As for the boys, every one caught smoking or using tobacco, or who has tobacco upon his person, should be arrested and punished. It should be an offence to send a boy into a tobacco store, or to allow one to enter such a place. The boys of to-day are the timber of which future citizens must be made and the health of that timber should be protected and preserved at all hazards and from all sources of danger.

OUTBREAKS of diphtheria, typhoid fever, and other infectious diseases are occurring repeatedly in our country districts and people are often at a loss to account for them. There is nothing very mysterious about the matter. Fraenkel, the eminent scientist, found by experiment that the top layers of the soil are especially rich in disease germs, but that below three or four feet the number becomes much smaller. The most interesting fact is, however, that the more injurious germs, as those of typhoid fever, lockjaw and cholera, rarely get to a depth of more than thirty inches. Some of these germs, Fraenkel found, can live at a depth of from eight to twenty inches for more than five months, while the spores (germ-eggs) can live in the soil for a much longer time. Under favorable conditions these spores can develop in the ground into germs which are ready to attack men or animals at the first opportunity. For all practical purposes, however, one may as well get germs as spores into his system. Fortunately, the soil that harbors and nourishes these germs also destroys them, the chief causes of their destruction being the drying of the soil and the action of light. The more intense the light the greater its destructive action on germs. Regular cultivation of the soil, thereby exposing it to the light and causing drying

of it, is one of the best means of ridding it of germs. But the upturning of land that has lain undisturbed for a long time is generally followed by a sudden and enormous development of germs. In this way may be explained the epidemics of dysentery, diphtheria, typhoid fever and other diseases that occur apparently without cause when the soil is upturned for agricultural and industrial purposes.

THE annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers Association will be held in Windsor on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of this month. A large number of prominent Canadian and American specialists will attend and take part in the discussions. Some of the leading questions to be discussed will be grape, peach, plum, pear and apple culture; the utilization of second grade fruit, and the running of fruit trains to meet the increased demands of the fruit trade of the province.

No better evidence of the material progress of a country could be asked for than the condition of her exports and imports. It is extremely gratifying to find that Canada in this respect can put forward a very strong case. For the first four months of the current fiscal year her exports were \$46,816,464; corresponding period last year, \$38,620,696; increase, \$8,195,768. Imports, \$41,643,174; same period last year, \$39,055,785; increase, \$2,587,389. The very large increase in the exports is, to say the least of it, remarkable.

ONE of the most remarkable and startling events of the present century occurred last month. In a few hours Brazil was changed from an empire to a republic without bloodshed. Brazil has an immense territory extending from the Atlantic to the confines of Peru and Bolivia, and from Uruguay to Venezuela, nearly equal to the whole area of Europe. It was always regarded as the model state of South America, enjoying free constitutional government, administered by a most enlightened and benevolent monarch, Emperor Pedro II. The revolution broke out so suddenly and effectively that the whole world wondered. What led to the revolution is yet a mere matter of conjecture. The emperor and his family were treated with the deference due to their exalted rank, and left the country for Europe quietly and unostentatiously. The new government is constituted as the Republic of the United States of Brazil. The emperor received \$2,500,000 in cash and a provision for the rest of his life in the form of an annual pension of \$450,000, which is to be provided for in the civil list of the new republic.

THE other day a deputation from the Canada Mutual Fire Underwriters Association waited upon Hon. Mr. Drury, Minister of Agriculture, and discussed with him the dangers arising from steam threshing and the most desirable remedy. The deputation urged that the only true remedy for fire resulting from steam threshers would be to remove the engine as far from the barns as possible and in order to accomplish this it was stated that the practicability of running a thresher by wire cables had been demonstrated, which would allow the engine to be placed not only opposite the barn doors but at any angle therefrom, thereby always taking advantage of the wind. Another important matter to which the attention of the Minister was drawn was the necessity for Government inspection of all losses throughout the country where the origin of the loss was involved in mystery. They represented strongly the fact that incendiary fires were on the increase in our rural districts, the effect of which was to increase the cost of insurance to the honest farmer. They were firmly convinced that if officials clothed with special powers by the Government were appointed, it would have the effect of checking this class of crime to a considerable extent. Mr. Drury took a deep interest in the discussions and promised to give the subjects his earnest consideration.

THERE are people to be met with everywhere who think too much about themselves, who have an exaggerated conception of their own importance, and who imagine that they are separated from the rest of the world by greater fineness of fibre and a superiority of organization which unfits them for the struggle in which ordinary mortals are engaged. These people are pessimists. What is now known as pessimism is a mental and sentimental disease which is more likely to affect those who have been surfeited with the good things of life and who have been trained too fine, so far as their sensibilities go, rather than those who are actually in the battle for existence with muscles hardened by the conflict and spirits made the more courageous by its dangers and difficulties. The man who has to work to live, who must be always in the thickest of the competitive fight, may exhaust his physical energy, but he cannot afford to lose his determination. He is in the traces, and he must go ahead or be crushed. It is cowardice for him to repine, and it is folly to let the wish for freedom divert him from his work, for only through work can he have any hope of ultimate emancipation from his slavery. As he persists in the labor, too, he conquers the natural indisposition of man to steady and methodical effort, and almost before he knows it the joy of life comes rather from work than from pleasure. Life is undoubtedly not worth the living, so far as society is concerned, if it is selfish, and employed for self-indulgence only; it must be made useful. It is also squandered if it is spent in self-pity. Of course there is a pessimism which is as much a mental and moral disease as melancholia, to which it bears a close resemblance; and like melancholia, it affects its victims without regard to their reasonable grounds for happiness and hopefulness. Then, again, there are vain and silly young men who pretend to pessimism simply to attract attention. But the genuine pessimist is usually a man of a sentimental temperament, with a more or less morbid physical organization, who has plenty of leisure and has tried in vain to get satisfaction from the material abundance of which he is possessed. The sovereign cure for it, is to set the invalid to work so that he shall forget himself and to induce him to spend his sympathies on others rather than himself. This pessimism in all except its insane manifestations is a mere fancy, a manufactured state of mind. It is a whim, or it may be nothing more than a symptom of transitory bodily ailment depressing to the spirits.

5 CASH PRIZE COMPETITIONS

Of Interest to every Farm Household.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED has been steadily winning fast friends during the past twelve months, and no wonder, for neither time nor money have been spared by its publishers to fill its pages with interesting and instructive matter and with the handsomest illustrations obtainable.

None of our past zeal shall be wanting in the future to make the ILLUSTRATED a journal of still greater merit.

As this journal is published in the interest of rural homes, and with a view to greatly increasing its usefulness, we have decided to offer the following prizes for five competitions:—

FIVE CASH PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

No. 1.—For the Best Story, based on some Canadian theme.—Open to every reader of the ILLUSTRATED.

First Prize, \$5.00 in cash.

Second Prize, goods to the value of \$3.00 selected from our Premium List.

No. 2.—For the Best Essay on "Can our present Methods of Farming be improved upon, and if so, How?"—Open to Farmers only.

First Prize, \$5.00 in cash.

Second Prize, goods to the value of \$3.00 selected from our Premium List.

No. 3.—For the Best Essay on "Good House-keeping."—Open to Farmers' wives and daughters.

First Prize, \$5.00 in cash.

Second Prize, goods to the value of \$3.00 selected from our Premium List.

No. 4.—For the Best Plan for a General Purpose Farm Barn.—Open to any reader of the ILLUSTRATED.

First Prize, \$5.00 in cash.

Second Prize, goods to the value of \$3.00 selected from our Premium List.

No. 5.—For the Best Plan for a General Purpose Poultry House.—Open to any reader of the ILLUSTRATED.

First Prize, \$5.00 in cash.

Second Prize, goods to the value of \$3.00 selected from our Premium List.

GENERAL CONDITIONS.

The work on each competition must be wholly original and executed by the author's or designer's own hand, and evidence furnished to this effect if asked for.

The manuscript or plans entered for competition shall all become the property of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, but will be returned if they do not care to publish them.

First and Second Prize Stories, Essays, and Plans, and others, if of sufficient merit, will be published in the ILLUSTRATED, and if found desirable will be fully illustrated. Author's and Designer's names will be published unless we are specially requested not to do so.

Work on each competition must be in promptly at time specified below, and must be accompanied by author's or designer's full name and P.O. address.

All communications must be addressed to—Massey Press, Massey Street, Toronto. Any enquiries requiring an answer must be accompanied by a 3c. stamp.

Special Conditions.—Competitions No. 1, 2, & 3.

There will be three judges, one of whom will be Mr. Chas. Morrison, one of the editors of the ILLUSTRATED (ex-Editor Toronto Daily Mail), and two others, who have no connection with MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, and who will be duly appointed and announced. Their decision will be final.

Stories and Essays will be judged on the following basis:—

General Appearance, handwriting, etc., maximum,	10	points.
Grammatical Construction and Spelling,	20	"
Knowledge of Subject,	20	"
Originality of Theme and Argument,	20	"
Treatment,	30	"

No manuscript must contain less than 800, or more than 2000 words.

Special Conditions.—Competitions No. 4 & 5.

There will be three judges, one of whom will be Mr. W. E. H. Massey, who has from youth had much to do with building and the drawing of plans. Another will be a professional architect or draughtsman, and the third a competent and practical judge of the requirements and utility of farm barns and poultry houses.

Plans will be judged on the following basis:—

Neatness and Accuracy of Drawings,	maximum,	20	points.
Exterior Design	20	"	
Interior Arrangements,	20	"	
Adaptability to General Purposes	20	"	
Cost of Construction, compared with merits of Design	20	"	

All Plans should be carefully done up before being posted, to prevent their being lost in transmission.

When Manuscripts and Plans must be sent in.

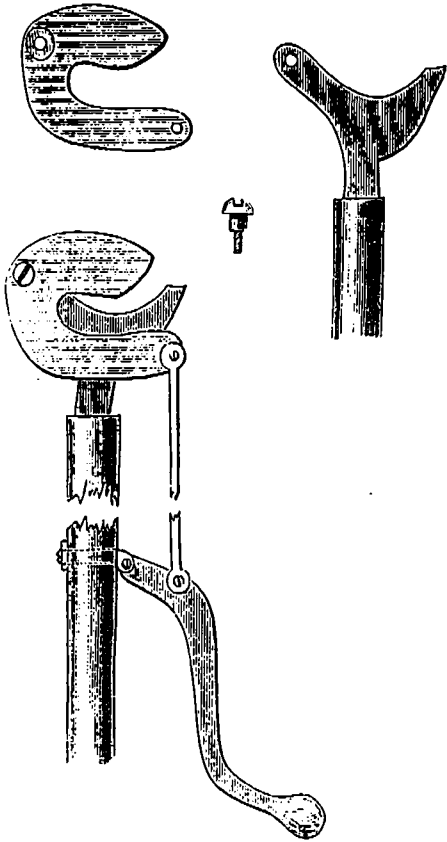
The sooner work on each competition is handed in the better, but the following are the latest dates upon which manuscripts and plans will be received—

Competition No. 1—	up to 6 p.m. on Jan. 14th,	next.
" No. 2—	" " Feb. 11th,	next.
" No. 3—	" " March 11th,	next.
" No. 4—	" " Jan. 14th,	next.
" No. 5—	" " Feb. 11th,	next.



Home-Made Pruners.

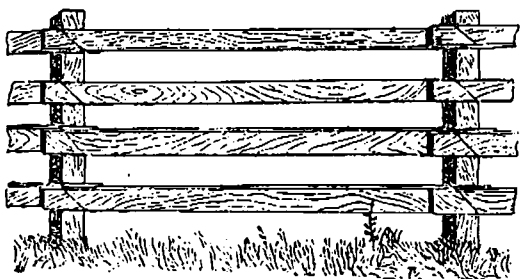
THE accompanying engraving shows some home-made pruning shears, which any one can make for his own use. No explanations are needed, perhaps, as the engravings are so plain. The movable shear, to which the pitman rod is attached, does most of the cutting. Both shears are made of thin, hardened steel. From the bolt-hole in the movable



shear a rod longer or shorter (the pitman), to correspond with the length of the pole used, runs to the lever shown at the bottom of the cut. In pruning trees and vines the handle of this lever is raised, which forces up the bar and opens the jaws of the shears. Then, on lowering the lever, the twig, if it be placed in the shears, is clipped off. The jaws of the shears must be ground to an angle somewhat more acute than that commonly employed for tailors' shears. The highest part of each bevel must come against the bevel upon which it acts. The screw shown connects the shears.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Good Fence-Fastener.

A GOOD, yet cheap fence, one that will "stay" and still be of easy construction, is shown in the illustration. The special advantage of this fence is that it may be made either of boards or rails,

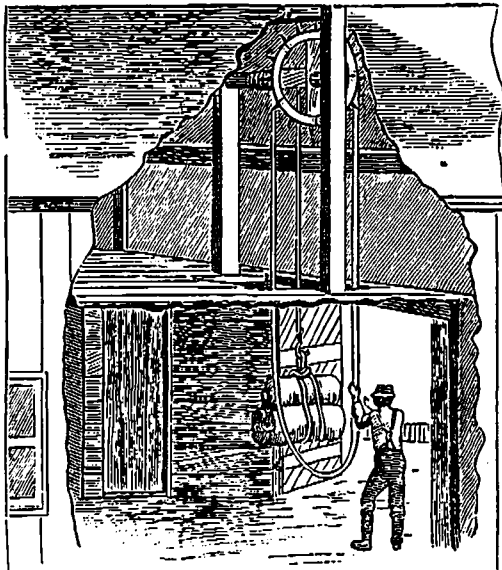


which need no nailing to the posts, but are wired on. The posts are set so that the ends of the boards or rails are lapped across them. A No. 9 wire is cut long enough to wrap four times around each post. The wire is first stapled to the side of the post near the top, is crossed in front of the boards, then back of, and again around the post, a staple being driven in at each point where the

wire crosses the point under the first staple. The boards are then drawn snugly against the posts, by driving in a ten-penny wire nail close to the wire, and just above the upper edge of the board. About three-fourths of an inch is left protruding: this is turned down by two blows of the hammer, which hooks the nail over the wire and draws it close to the posts, holding the boards or rails solid. There is no danger of splitting the ends of the boards by nailing, and they cannot warp off. In building fence with rails, the posts are set ten feet apart; the rails can be "spotted" and lapped the same way as boards, or they may be put on opposite sides of the post. Or fence wired together in this style may be made of ordinary fence-boards, sixteen feet long. In this case, the posts are set fifteen feet apart from centers, to allow for the lap of the boards at their ends. They should be put on the posts so as to "break joints" with each other.

Hoist for a Barn.

THE illustration herewith shows the manner of construction and use of a very convenient hoist for a barn or warehouse. Two upright posts six inches square are firmly fastened in the upper part of the building, one on either side of the hatchway. Strong iron or wooden boxes attached to these posts support the journal of a round shaft one foot in diameter, upon which is a wooden wheel four to six feet in diameter. The larger size gives increased power, but for ordinary lifting four feet is large enough. The wheel is made of eight segments cut from two-inch plank, each one being a



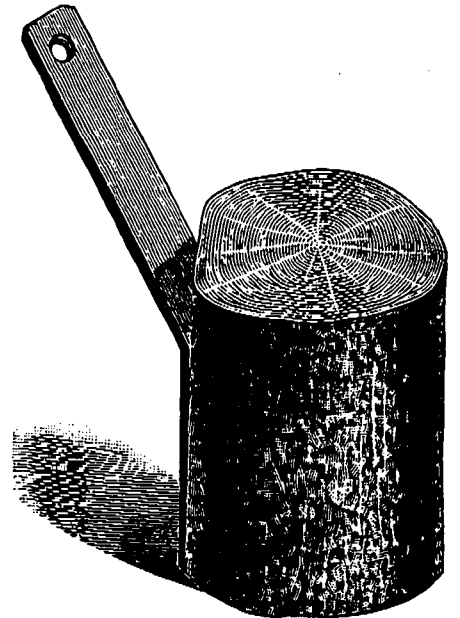
quarter of a circle. They are put together with spikes or bolts in a manner to "break joints." Before being fastened together, the segments are notched to receive the ends of the four arms, which are also made of two-inch plank, halved together at the centre of the wheel. The short end of the shaft, as far as the wheel goes on, is shaped to fit the square hole in the centre of the wheel. Long iron spikes are driven and a groove turned in the outer periphery of the wheel to keep the rope from slipping off. The hoist rope is firmly attached to the shaft upon which it is coiled by the revolution of the wheel. A portion of the side and roof of the barn are represented as removed in the engraving in order to show the hoist.—*American Agriculturist.*

FARMERS who live in a region where fruit can be grown, should not fail to make ample provision for a regular and abundant supply through the entire year, or as near the yearly circle as practicable. There is comparatively little difficulty in providing a regular succession through summer and autumn, by planting various small fruits and the early-ripening apples, pears, peaches, plums, and other kinds which will give an uninterrupted succession from early summer to winter; but more care is required to preserve without decay the winter varieties, which are to be retained from the first of December to the following June. Two principal requirements are necessary: a good fruit room, which may be a portion of the house cellar, separated from the rest of the cellar by a partition, so

as to be kept perfectly sweet and pure by ample ventilation. The other requirements consist of boxes, cases, trays, shelves, or other receptacles in which the fruit may be stored and be always readily accessible for daily use.

A Cheap Milking-Stool.

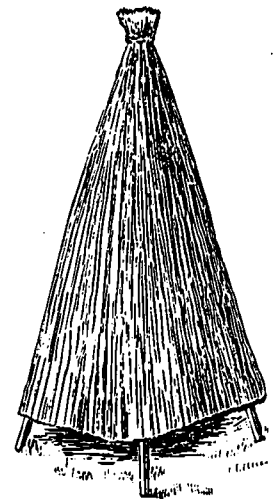
SAW off a log of some light dry wood as long as the stool is to be high and six or eight inches in



diameter. Flatten one side and nail a strip on and let it stick up behind for a handle, hang it up when not in use. Nail on it a piece of sheep-skin for a seat.

The Winter Coverings of Straw.

As far as possible, everything about a garden should partake of a neat and orderly appearance. The French gardeners appreciate this point very



well. From a sketch made in a garden in France we have prepared our illustration of a tripod of sticks, supporting on its upper side a sheltering cap of straw, over the plant below.

SOME farmers allow waggons to stand out of doors during the winter, so as to provide more shelter for animals, being under the impression that winter weather does not injure a waggon. But the fact is, a waggon will spoil more in winter than in summer, as in winter the moisture gets in and stays in; in the summer it dries out, and while the parts, drying, become loose, the cause of the evil is really the moisture getting into the wood. In winter the water gets into crevices and freezes, and the expansion forces the pieces apart or makes a large crack of a small one. It pays to paint a waggon frequently, and this the farmer can do for himself. Stripes and scrolls do not add to the utility of the waggon. The painting can be done in the barn when the weather is too disagreeable for outside work.

◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

TORONTO.]

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

[DECEMBER, 1889.]

VICTORY FOR CANADA

THE HIGHEST AWARD

given by THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION at Paris is bestowed upon

Massey's Toronto Light Binder at the great Noisiel Field Trials.

OFTEN have crowds stood around the bulletin boards of our city papers almost breathlessly awaiting the news from great foreign rowing, shooting, or other contests in which some of our sons have gone forth to compete, and not infrequently have we been overjoyed to learn that victory was ours. But greater than a rowing or a shooting contest were the great World's Self-Binder Field Trials at Noisiel, near Paris, France, held in connection with the great Paris World's Exposition; for here not the skill of one individual man as against others was being put to test, but the brain-work and handiwork of many men were represented in each competing machine. And here were assembled in one great trial, extending over four days, the most noted machines extant—Canadian, American, and European. Not only were the machines there, but the presidents and managers of the companies making them were on hand, anxiously watching and waiting. So elaborate were the preparations of some of the large manufacturing institutions of the United States that they all but boasted of the award ere the trial began, but to their astonishment

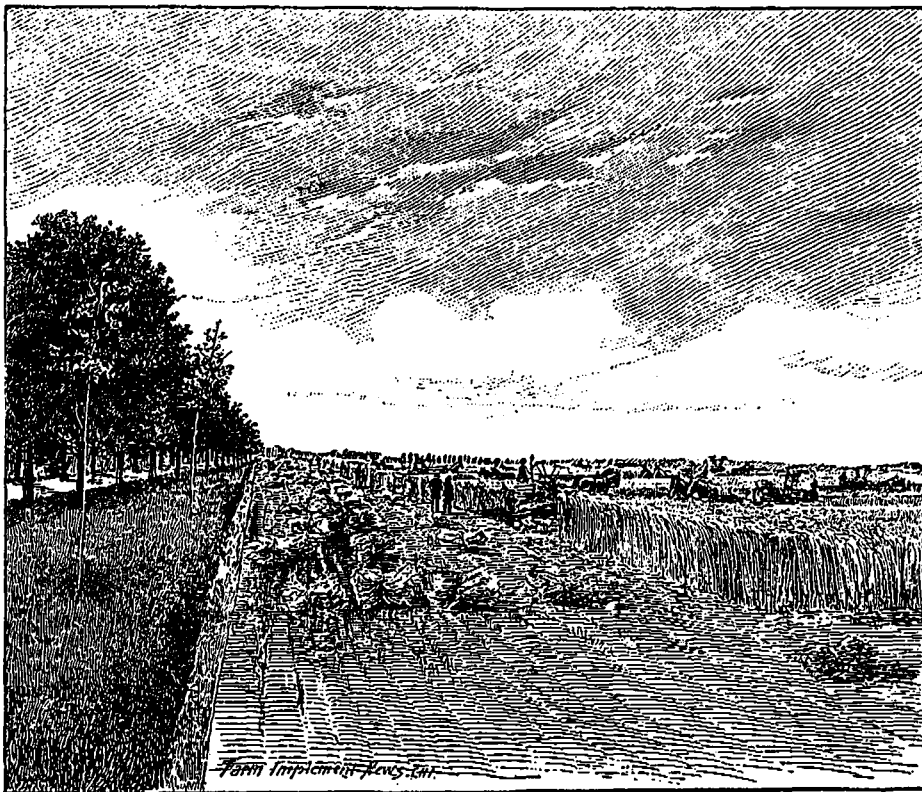
a letter dated Paris, France, July 27th, 1889, writes the following description of the scene of the trial, which we cannot do better than reproduce:—

A number of different twine binder manufacturers have their eyes on the grand prize, which will be awarded some maker in this line. If appearances and rumors are to be credited, two or three of the American houses have put forth extraordinary efforts to capture this prize, which they evidently think is worth striving for.

Trials of binders and hay presses were held on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd, on the extensive estate of M. Menier, a member of the great chocolate manufacturing firm. The Meniers run by far the largest chocolate factory in the world, and it is

the American standard. The landscape as viewed from the wheat field, where the binders first operated, was of itself quite a sight. Along the west side of the field runs a road, flanked on either side by long rows of stately trees; a short distance to the south lay a heavy forest; to the east are the solidly constructed farm buildings and offices of the estate; while a few miles to the north-east can be seen the beautiful valley of the Marne, and beyond the river are steep and almost rugged hills; to the north is a beautiful wooded tract in which, but concealed from view, is the great mansion of the Menier family.

The trial being considered of great importance, the conduct of the battle was not left to inferior officers, but in many cases the heads of the establishments were on hand to personally



NOISIEL TRIALS—GENERAL VIEW OF BINDERS AT WORK IN THE WHEAT FIELD.



A CORNER OF THE BARN, MENIER ESTATE.

understood that their yearly profits count up into several millions. They have a farm of 6,000 or 7,000 acres for amusement and pleasure. They have a private railway line, with their own cars and locomotives, to connect their factory and farm with the main railway line. The estate is indeed an ideal place for holding field trials. There is an almost unlimited quantity of grain, which, on account of high and scientific cultivation, is a remarkably heavy crop. The grounds and barns furnish abundant room and accommodations of every kind. It may be remarked that the barns of the Menier estate are a small wonder in themselves. They are very extensive, and are built entirely of stone, brick, cement, iron, and slate. They are absolutely fire proof, there being no wood whatever used in their construction. Even the floors are cement or tile.

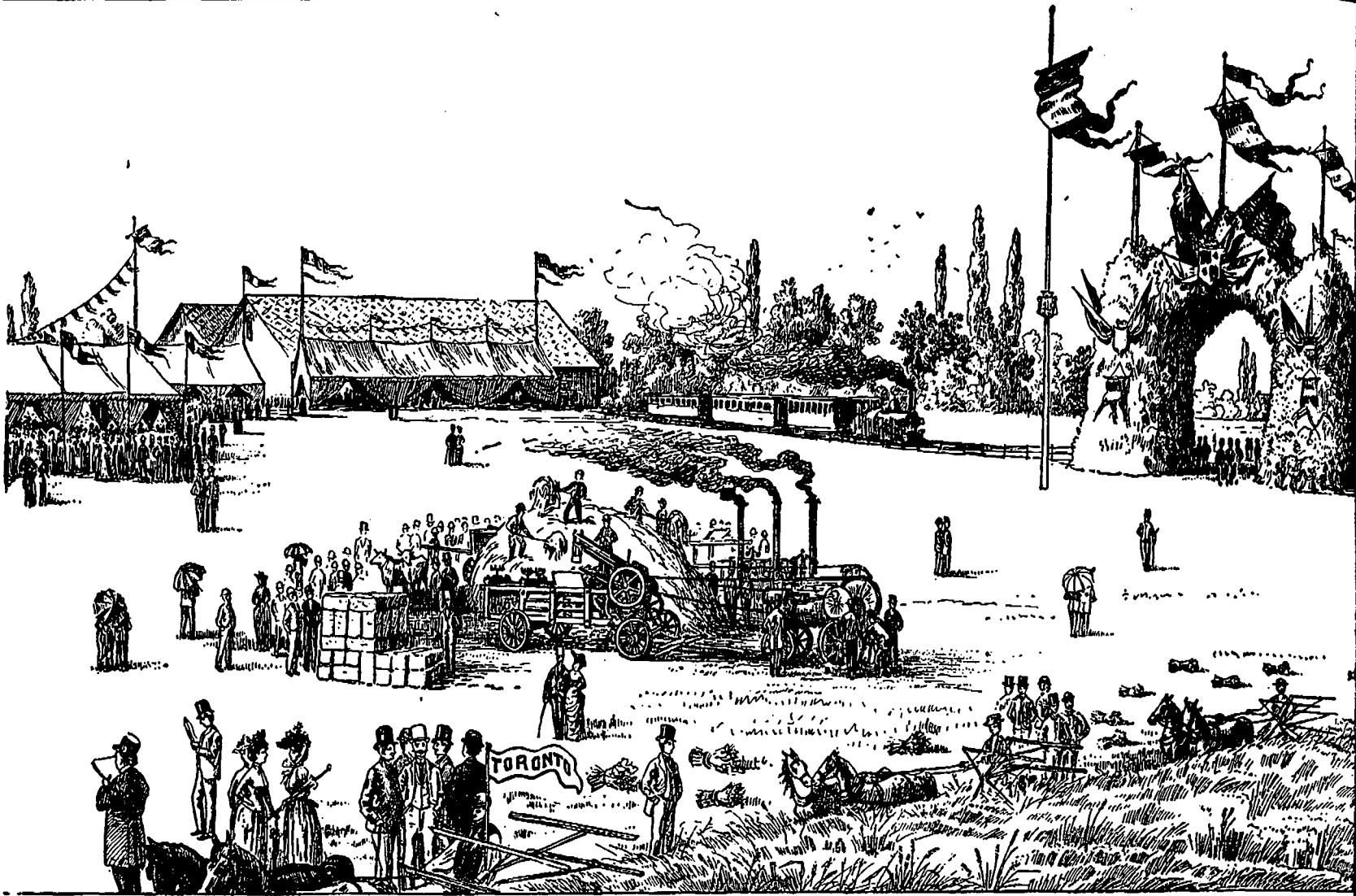
Everything about the premises is finished up in style, and kept in perfect order. One of the novelties of the establishment is a large grain thresher, the motive power of which is electricity.

The trials commenced on Friday, July 19th, and the binders were put through their paces first. This trial was the most important of all, and the manufacturers left nothing undone in order to have everything in the best condition for successful competition. All the components of a really great field trial were here brought together. The location was superb. The field of wheat was very heavy and tall, and much of it was very badly down. This of itself gave the important condition of difficulty of operation in the trial. Then it was one of those glorious summer days that is itself an inspiration. It was abundantly warm, but by no means hot; at least, judging by

direct affairs, and with them came managers, general agents, experts, machinists, drivers, and general utility men. Some of the American manufacturers had enough force on the ground to equip a small factory at a moment's notice. Among those present were Hon. Walter A. Wood, of the Walter A. Wood Mowing & Reaping Machine Company, Col. B. F. Baker, and Mr. Hinsdell Parsons, of the same company; Mr. B. H. Warder, of the Warder, Bushnell, & Glessner Company, who is making an extensive European tour; Mr. C. H. McCormick, president of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, who was accompanied by his wife; Mr. B. E. Huntley, vice-president of the Johnston Harvester Company, and manager of their European business; also Mr. Becker, of the London house of the Johnston Harvester Company; Mr. Fred. I. Massey, manager of the London house of the Massey Manufacturing Company, Toronto, Ont., and Mr. James S. Duncan, Paris manager for the same company; Mr. Sam'l Johnston, of Sam'l Johnston & Co., Brookport, N. Y.; Mr. H. T. Mot, head of the extensive French implement house of H. T. Mot & Co., Paris and Bordeaux; Mr. Griffin, manager of the London house of Walter A. Wood; Mr. Cranston, formerly connected with the European business of the Walter A. Wood Company; Mr. A. V. Perrin, general agent of Bradley & Company and the Whitman Agricultural Company; Mr. W. R. Harris, representing A. Harris, Son & Co., Brantford, Canada; M. Houllier Blanchard, who is engaged in the European implement trade; Mr. Th. Pilter, who handles the Walter A. Wood machines for France; also a host of representatives of the English and French houses. Each company operated its own machines, with its own men, and the numerous experts were allowed to assist the machines whenever their services were needed. As the matter turned out, this was a very fortunate affair for the manufacturers, for some of the binders would never have been able to get through this heavy and badly tangled field had it not been for assistance rendered by the bland and smiling experts.

Canada has been able to lead them a race they are not likely soon to forget. Indeed, the event is one of Canada's greatest achievements, and the fact that Canada's great self-binder, the "Toronto," which has done more towards developing and extending her agricultural pursuits than anything else, should have captured the highest award at the greatest international field trial ever held, is a matter of which all Canadians may well be proud.

A correspondent of the *Farm Implement News*, Chicago (which is the largest and best conducted farm implement paper published in the world), in



SCENE AT NOISIEL TRIALS, JULY 21.—THE GREAT ARCH, BUILT OF GRAIN, ERECTED IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.—EXHIBITION OF GRAIN CUTTING MACHINES AND THE PRESIDENT.—ALSO SCENE OF HAY PRESS TRIALS.

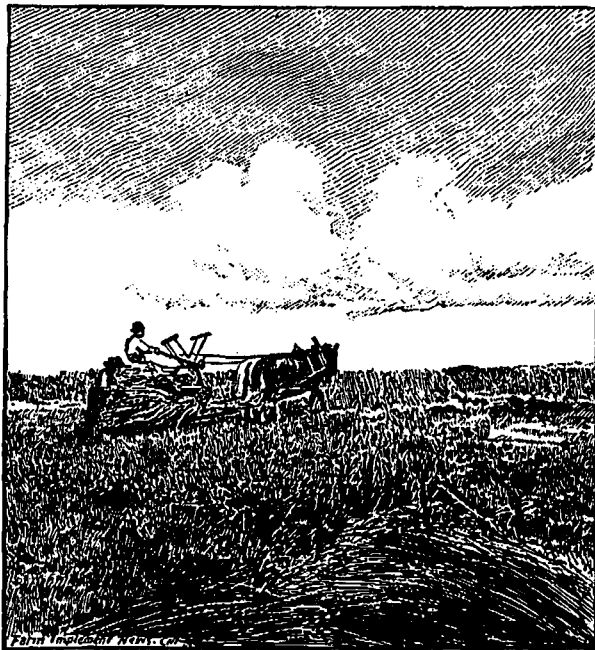
In one of our small engravings the reader will see a view of the only other Canadian Binder at the trial, struggling in the heavy tangled grain. This particular binder did anything but reflect credit on its country, and our illustration, made from a sketch taken at the trial, represents one of the experts endeavoring to help a big roll of grain through the binder elevator. Another small illustration shows the sad fate of another machine which, though gaily decorated, had to succumb to the heavy crop. Some machines had as many as five experts to assist them through the heavy crop, whereas the "Toronto" had no one with it save the driver; and the ease and speed with which he cut and bound the crop, so difficult for the others, won from the crowds of spectators many rounds of cheers. Other makers, too, had quantities of extra parts for repairs on hand, in case of necessity, and several of the machines found occasion to use them, while the "Toronto" had not a single extra piece of anything, nor did it have need of any, since it went through the whole four days' trial without a hitch or a break—the machine making a complete triumph.

There were fifteen self-binders at the trial, though only eleven ventured to enter when the state of the crop was seen.

On Monday, the last day of the trial, Prof. Maximilien Ringelmann conducted the dynamometer tests. Prof. Ringelmann is considered the best scientific authority in France on questions relating to agricultural machinery. The dynamometer used was a self-recording machine, and the only really scientific and accurate instrument for measuring draught ever invented.

Out of the whole number of machines entered at the trial, there were only six binders entered which the jury considered worthy of this further test, namely:—Massey's Toronto Light Binder; McCormick, of Chicago; Walter A. Wood, of Hoosick Falls, N.Y.; Osborne, of Auburn, N.Y.; Johnston, Batavia, N.Y.; and a French machine.

The official report of the dynamometrical test has not yet been made public, but it is reported that the "Toronto" was found to be the only machine at the trial which could practically be drawn by two horses. The full report will be published by the authorities in due time, together with the number of points obtained by each machine. Meantime the



"EXPERT" HELPING "THE OTHER" CANADIAN BINDER THROUGH THE HEAVY GRAIN.

jurors announce to the world that the highest award—an Object of Art—is given the Massey M'fg Co., Toronto.

Mr. E. J. Baker, publisher of the *Farm Implement News*, who was present at the great Noisiel trials, makes the following comment on the award to the "Toronto," in the November number of his valuable journal:—

THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY EXPOSITION AND TRIALS

The largest manufacturers of harvesters in Canada are the Massey Manufacturing Co., Toronto, Ont. The members of the company succeeded in building up a very large business in Canada, but they have during recent years reached out for the trade of Europe and other countries, a thing scarcely thought of by other manufacturers. They maintain a branch office from which all the European business is done, and they have in Paris a general agency for their profitable trade.

In going into the July trials the Massey binder was accompanied by any experts or manipulators. I. Massey, the European manager, was accompanied by Mr. James A. Duncan, the Paris representative, but the binder itself was cared for by Mr. W. F. Johnston, from the company of Toronto. The quality of the work done will no doubt be set forth by the report when it is made public. What this report will infer from the fact that the jury awarded the highest grade of prize, an Object of Art, their exposition award is a gold medal, the company comes out with the highest grade of prize at the trials, and with scarcely less prize at the exposition.

No one who was present at the trials of the Massey binder will for a moment doubt the correctness of the judgment of the jury in awarding the highest grade of prize in the Object of Art.

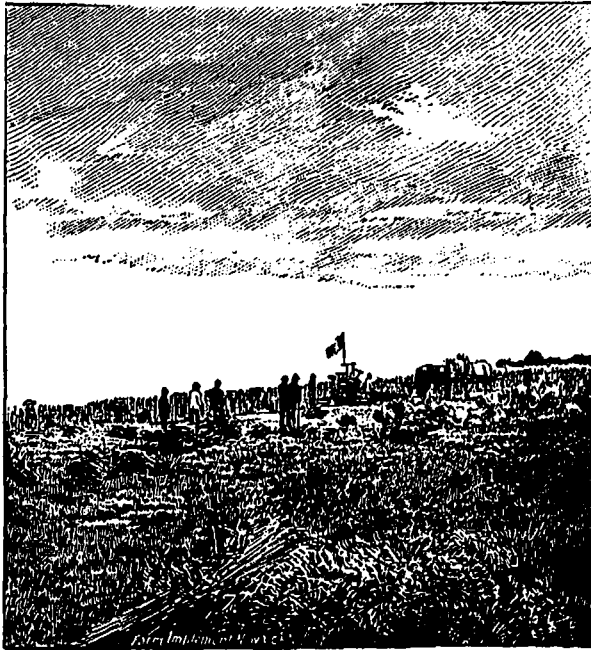
In the *Toronto Daily Globe* we find an interview with Mr. W. F. Johnston, Massey binder. Mr. Johnston speaks of the trials:—

"The first day's test was held in a wheat field, fifteen binders competing in the presence of a jury of twenty-eight experts. The crop was magnificent, though lodged and badly down at one end of the field. The field was measured out in pieces of about 1½ acres, so that each machine would be tried in the standing as well as the lodged wheat, lots being cast for positions. A representative of the jury went with each machine, taking notes on the following points: (1) The evenness of the cutting; (2) the binding; (3) the number of horses used; (4) the number of men with the machine; (5) the time required to cut the piece. The fifteen started at a given signal, in the presence of a large number of interested spectators. The result? Well, I started alone; that is, without any person to assist me, as the other drivers had. I cut my piece in 66 minutes, while the next machine to finish took 84 minutes and had two men in addition to the driver to assist the machine in getting through. Some of the machines had not finished in three hours! Some broke down and left the field without completing their portion, while one was allowed to leave the worst of its piece as unfit to cut with a machine. I had only one stoppage to buckle the canvas a little tighter, the machine and canvas being entirely new. The binder did not miss a sheaf, nor did I stop once, excepting in the case mentioned above. * * *

"The most perfectly formed sheaf, chosen for presentation to the President, was bound by the Massey machine—no small honor in itself."

The officers of the company may well feel satisfied with the result of their efforts. They were

comparatively new people in Europe and had their reputation to make in France and before the jury. It is not often that a new machine can come forward and in almost its first prominent effort take so high a position. That the Massey binder did this is a strong proof of its superior working qualities.



A COMPETITOR'S MACHINE GAILY DECORATED, BUT NEVERTHELESS BROKEN DOWN IN THE HEAVY GRAIN.

List of Awards

at the great Paris Exposition Field Trial, held at Noisiel, France, July 19, 20, 21, and 22:—

- THE MASSEY M'F'G CO.,
- TORONTO . . . GRAND OBJECT OF ART.
- Walter A. Wood Co. . . . Object of Art.

- McCormick Har. Machinery Co. . . . Gold Medal.
 - Hurtu (French Manufacturer) . . . Gold Medal.
 - Pecard (French Manufacturer) . . . Silver Medal.
 - A. Harris, Sen & Co. (Brantford) . . . Silver Medal.
- Other competing machines unmentioned.

OUR AUTHORITY.

THE MASSEY M'F'G CO. received on Nov. 19th last the following letter from Mon. J. X. Perrault, member of the International Jury of the Paris Exposition:—

"PARIS, FRANCE, 8th Nov., 1889.

"H. A. MASSEY, ESQ., Pres't.,

"MY DEAR MR. MASSEY,

"In answer to your inquiry of this day, I beg to state that the result of the International Trial of Reapers and Binders at Noisiel has obtained for your Binder the highest award, which consists of an Object of Art of considerable value. I may further state that your Binder, under most severe dynamometrical tests, proved the lightest actual draft of any in the field, and, moreover, was the only machine which went through the whole of its work without missing a single sheaf. As one of the judges of the trial I am glad to be in a position to give you this information. You have also obtained the Gold Medal for the whole collection of your implements. I may further state that, in recognition of the valuable services which you have thus rendered to agriculture, by the production of such superior implements, the President

of the French Republic has honored you with the decoration of Officer of Public Instruction, for which please accept my sincere congratulations, and believe me,

"Yours truly,

"J. X. PERRAULT,

"Member of the International Jury of the Paris Exposition."



The Toronto Light Binder, the [Winner of the World's Highest Award, in down and tangled Grain.



Heber's Christmas Hymn.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings Divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Written for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

"Peace, Good-will to Men."

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOUNDED UPON FACT.

HE grand old maxim kept recurring to the mind of Henry Morton as he walked briskly down Yonge Street, Toronto, wrapped in his rich, fur-lined coat. He was a handsome man, admired for his elegance and accomplishments, and as popular among his own sex as he was lionized by the ladies of his acquaintance. He was a barrister and had worked himself into a good practice. One thing that puzzled his friends was the fact that he was singularly reticent concerning his past. He was an Englishman by birth, and had taken up his residence in Toronto when about twenty-eight years of age. A few maintained that he was impregnable to the influence of love, while others believed that there had been a love-passion in his life which had determined him to remain a bachelor. Whatever had happened in his life was over and done now; he had buried his dead and returned to the world, a courteous, cold, and cynical man.

It was Christmas Eve, and a fancy had taken possession of Henry Morton, as he sat before the fire in his sumptuous bachelor quarters, to go down town and purchase some elegant trifle for a lady at whose house he was always a welcome and honored guest. As he hastened onward through the keen brilliancy of the early evening, he decided upon a lace hand-

kerchief as an acceptable and appropriate gift, and, therefore directed his steps toward a certain store where such luxuries were a specialty.

The streets were crowded with happy people, most of whom were carrying parcels of various sizes, to gladden the hearts of the recipients next morning. Every one seemed happier than the other—the very air seemed to murmur: "Peace, good-will to men." And the holy charge found echo in Henry Morton's heart; his eyes brightened and glowed with unwonted fervor, and upon his lips trembled the words:

"Peace, good-will to men!"

Upon arriving at the store he found the entrance blocked by an excited crowd, in which the uniforms of two or three policemen mingled with thrilling effect. A theft had been committed. A little girl, a mere child in years, had stolen a web of almost priceless lace from the counter where it had been exhibited, they said.

Henry Morton pressed forward until he obtained a view of the little culprit, drooping in the clutch of two stalwart policemen. He could not see her face, but her piteous, wailing voice reached him and strangely touched his heart.

"Oh, let me go, let me go!" she cried, "indeed I did not steal the lace! It caught on this sprig of holly! Oh, what will poor mamma say!"

"Caught on that sprig of holly, indeed!" sneered the proprietor of the establishment. "Away with her! Let her tell her story before the inspector. Officers, do your duty!"

Henry Morton was most unaccountably moved by the episode. Forgetful of his errand he made his way to the proprietor and questioned him about the occurrence.

"Oh, yes, I know the girl," replied the proprietor, "she is the daughter of a woman who does embroidery for us. They are very poor, and for that very reason I suspect the child of intentional theft."

This reasoning was far from convincing Henry Morton. Turning abruptly he buttoned his coat about him, and strode off in the direction of the police station. Arriving there he was unspeakably relieved to hear that the child had been discharged.

"I took it upon myself," said the inspector, "to let the poor little thing go free. My heart told me that she was the victim of circumstances, and I couldn't keep her from her mother on Christmas Eve."

"Thank you, and God bless you, sir!" exclaimed Henry Morton, offering his hand.

The inspector stared in astonishment, but shook the proffered hand warmly.

"You took her name and address, I suppose?" Morton asked.

"Oh, yes. The name is Seymour, and they rent a room at —" naming the street and number.

"Seymour!" cried Morton, and, to the inspector's amazement, he rushed out of the police station. Hailing the first cab he came across he jumped in, telling the cabman to drive as quickly as he could to the address given by the police-inspector.

In a few minutes the cab pulled up before a two-storey, rough-cast, and ill-lighted house. Jumping out Morton knocked at the front door, which was opened by a frowsy-looking woman.

"Does Mrs. Seymour live here?" enquired Morton.

"Next floor, back room," replied the woman, who stared, as well she might, at the gentleman with the eager, handsome face, as he brushed rapidly past her and disappeared up the rickety staircase.

In the darkness of the second floor, and standing close to the door of Mrs. Seymour's room, Henry Morton heard the sound of continued sobbing, and the broken voice of the child, narrating her unfortunate adventure. Without waiting to knock, he thrust open the door and crossed the threshold. A neat but pitifully comfortable room, fireless and lighted by the flickering rays of a tallow candle.

A woman, pallid but still sweetly fair, sat by the table. She had laid aside her sewing and was clasping the little culprit to her breast, and was trying to soothe the troubled spirit with low, murmured words and caresses. At the sound of the opening door she glanced up, and gently pushing the child from her, staggered to her feet, supporting herself by the corner of the table.

"Henry!" she gasped.

"God be praised! Nelly, my wife!"

He had her in his arms and held her unresisting form to his breast, for she had fainted.

And here in that miserable hovel, for it was little better, the secret of handsome Henry Morton's life came out. Years before, in England, they had been happily wedded, and a child had been born to them. But the green-eyed monster, jealousy, had crept into their little Eden, and, in a fit of unreasoning and unjust suspicion, the husband had gone away—to teach, as he thought, the young wife a wholesome lesson. When he returned, repentant, Nelly had gone, too, with her child. Wounded sorely, she had proudly gone out into the world to seek her fortune, to Canada, taking her maiden name, the better to conceal her identity.

And thus, after long years, as by a miracle, he found her struggling with fate, with the grim wolf, starvation, scratching at the very door.

Ah, how his heart smote him as he held her wasted form in his arms, and pressed kiss after kiss upon those senseless lips! Had he found her only to lose her? Had his sudden appearance killed her? No, there were signs of returning life fluttering upon her pallid lips. God be praised, she would live to pardon him!

And as he held her there she looked up and smiled, and he humbly asked and received the forgiveness which he had for so many years craved, while the cathedral chimes, hallowed by the distance, rang out:

"Peace, Good-will to Men."



"OH, LET ME GO, LET ME GO!" SHE CRIED.

THAT the well for family use may not become a cess-pool, do not allow the drainage from the stable, piggery, and outhouses in general, nor from the sink, to flow into it, since it is well known that there are not many of the wells about the farm—aside from care—the water of which is really pure and fit for family use. It is always safe, also, to look after the cellar, and all places where milk and moist foods are kept, to prevent the absorption of foul gases, since water, in all of its forms, is a good purifier of the air, absorbing filth with great promptness. Ventilate such cellars, clean them in part by allowing the air and sunlight free access wherever possible, the gases passing out through open windows and doors. These are wonderful purifiers and are cheap.

How many farmers keep farm accounts? This question was asked at a Farmers' Institute meeting last winter, and not a hand was raised in response. A year ago we urged upon farmers the necessity of keeping a careful account of their expenditure and income, and hope that some, at least, have followed our advice. There is nothing that leads to system more than the strict keeping of accounts. When the farmer begins to keep accounts, the profit and loss is not only plainly shown, but he learns where to correct mistakes and to avoid errors. This will call for careful and judicious management, which means system in every department. If the usual business methods demand system for successful operation, it is much more necessary on a farm where the labor is diversified and spread over a large area.

The Stock.

Hogs will relish clover hay during the winter when it is impossible to secure plenty of grass.

SHEAF OATS, cut short, and made into a "cut feed" with one quart of rye meal and two quarts of bran, will, it is said, make a splendid feed for the average farm horse.

WINTERING a flock of ewes so as to grow early lambs for market is profitable, if rightly managed; but it requires extra warm quarters and plenty of roots or other succulent feed.

It may sometimes pay better to purchase feeding stuff rather than to be obliged to dispose of desirable animals for the farm, and which it would be possible to keep after being wintered through.

THE proper way to salt horses is to place a big lump of rock salt, within their reach, and this need not be done oftener than once every month or two. Rock salt is the cheapest as well as the best for horses and all kinds of stock.

A SHEEP farmer says:—I have seen a field which had been used as a pasture for colts and calves till about one-third of it was covered with golden-rod and blackberry vines, changed to a fine grassy sward in three years, by putting in a few more sheep than it would keep in good condition, giving them extra food to make up the deficiency.

FARMERS are apt to use too little care in selecting cows for the dairy. Some seem to think a cow is a cow whether she will make one hundred or two hundred pounds of butter in a year. But it costs just as much to keep a cow that will make only one hundred pounds as one that will make twice as much. Invest in good cows, give them plenty to eat, with good care, and they will doubly repay for the labor of selecting and keeping.

To have healthy swine carefully abstain from giving any medicine whatever. Keep large and small separate, and not more than ten in a lot. Feed regularly and liberally a variety of wholesome food, always some bulky food, and let each feed be taken up clean before more is given. Provide ventilated shelters from wind, rain, and snow, but no litter; hogs with litter get too warm. If you wish disease among your hogs, put them to the straw pile.

HORSES should have exercise during the winter. A mistaken kindness often keeps them close in their stables. They shiver yet they are not turned out because it is thought they would get colder. A lot three or four acres in extent with an open shed in one corner, is what is wanted for an exercise ground. A hearty play, running and kicking up their heels, will quicken the circulation and warm them up; and if permitted, they will take this exercise gladly. Not only their comfort, but also their health, demands this frolic. Accustomed to steady work for months, they are suddenly deprived of exercise. Being shut up until they are enervated, their muscles made soft and flabby, they are unfitted for spring work. When unemployed, a horse should be given its liberty at least two hours every day that is not very stormy.

CHEMISTRY as applied to agriculture is showing many curious facts which have a bearing on the farmer's work. For instance, experiments have shown that more than half the solid portions of food of cattle is taken into the general circulation and is converted into flesh or milk, but there is a great variation in the capacity of animals to digest food, and a variation also in the tendency to appropriate it to flesh or deliver it in milk. One cow may digest much less of her food than another, or if digesting it, may convert it into flesh instead of milk. Careful experiment with any herd will show the capacity of individuals, and will enable the owner to select those which make out of the food the kind of material he is after. He will soon learn the capacity of each to digest food, and can cull out and dispose of those which make the poorest return for food and care.

PROF. ROBERTS states in the *Breeder's Gazette* that water should be hot—not less than 90 degrees—in order that it may be palatable to animals. His sheep took it without injury and with apparent relish at 105 degrees. In order to induce animals to drink water enough in cold weather to furnish a solvent or disintegrant for the large amount of dry matter consumed, especially by dairy cows, the animal should be kept warm. Some experiments with pigs last winter at the Cornell Experiment Station, seemed to show that those kept in cold quarters were unable to consume as much food as those kept in warm quarters, simply because they could not be induced to drink a sufficient amount of cold water to make assimilable their food. Prof. Roberts heats the water for all the domestic animals, the station horses included, and he is quite certain that it gives a saving either in food or in increased production of not less than ten per cent.

The Poultry Yard.

FOR winter use as litter, cut straw is excellent, being clean, and if food is thrown in the hens will scratch vigorously for it.

DIARRHEA and cholera in fowls will be prevented by giving occasionally—once or twice a week—carbolic acid in their drinking water.

No fowl, large or small, can long escape vermin if they roost in an unclean place, for there the vermin are to be found. They increase and find congenial places where filth abounds.

SAVE all the bones from the table, put them in an old sheet-iron pan kept for the purpose, and brown them slightly. Then pound them on a rock with a hand axe; or, if you can afford it, buy a bone crusher or mill.

CROSS-BRED fowls are often the best for market when raised for this special purpose, but it is rarely the case that it will be found profitable to use them for breeding and if they are raised they should all be fattened and marketed before spring.

During winter, bestow comfort, proper care and food on your stock. Many a poultryman has quit the business in disgust because he did not realize expectations after a pampered course of feeding or from not properly attending to the wants of his fowls. Comfortable shelter, variety of food, cleanliness, pure air, light, agreeable exercise, and regularity of feeding and watering go a great way towards inducing fowls to lay, even in winter, while they are the main essentials which beautify, develop and perfect the organism of all animal life.

A PROMINENT poultryman says that the cheapest egg food in winter, and the most complete in the proportions of nitrogen, carbon, and mineral matter, is a mixture of clover (chopped into half-inch lengths and scalded), corn-meal and bran. This ration supplies bulky food (or an equivalent of green food), promotes digestion, and costs less than any other food. It affords a variety, and corn may be given also. Experiments show that as long as the hens are kept in exercise, corn may be fed liberally; but though one may attribute all the beneficial effects to corn, yet the amount of food of a various kind picked up by the hens in winter, is greater than may be supposed, especially if they have access to the barnyard, as they will pick up clover heads, leaves, the blades of corn-fodder, and other food required.

Pithily Put Pickings.

MANY a man may double his physical capacity by strengthening his mind somewhat. . . . Generally, he who sells hay from his farm pays a high rate of interest for the money he gets.—*American Agriculturist*.

FARMING needs the whole man.—*Vermont Watchman*.

A FARMERS' club is the proper weapon with which to stir up agricultural interests.—*Philadelphia Press*.

CHARGES of plagiarism still continue. It is now hinted that successful and hitherto unsuccessful farmers crib the stores of their corn magazines from Nature's cereals.—*Baltimore American*.

A HEN that will not scratch and a cow that is not greedy for her food are the animals that are better dead than alive.—*Rural New Yorker*.

A POOR farmer cannot conceal the fact that he is a poor farmer. . . . No thoroughgoing business man in any department of industry can be successful unless he has plans made in advance.—*Agricultural Epitomist*.

Nobody should know all that takes place in your home; nonsense is often a rich source of pleasure there, but whether serious or jolly it is nobody's business but your own. Evenings on the farm should be made the happiest part of your life.—*Maryland Farmer*.

WE never thoroughly know a man until we hear him laugh.—*American Farmer*.

PROSPERITY unwisely used often results in adversity. . . . When we hear a man say, "I have no time to read," we wonder how he finds time to live.—*Farm, Stock and Home*.

It's all humbug to attempt to glorify farming because some great men have been farmers; farming like any other business, is ennobling only as the qualities that make nobility are in the man. Whatever may be the work "the man's the gowd for a' that."—*Western Plowman*.

THE winter evening fireside of our rural homes may be made a place of pleasure and instruction if only the habit of reading aloud is introduced.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

PIN up two facts to be considered when you are discouraged. There are fewer business failures among farmers than among any other class, more men begin without capital and become owners of good business in farming than in any other vocation.—*American Agriculturist*.

CORRESPONDENCE

Cranberry Culture.

SUBSCRIBER, PARRY SOUND.—I would like very much to have you give us an article on Cranberry culture, in one of your issues, as I am desirous of going into that branch of farming. I have a place which I think is just suited to it.

THE cranberry shrub grows best in lowlands, where the decay of organic matter furnishes the different organic acids. The three principal varieties recognized in the markets are the cherry, bugle, and bell cranberries. The best of the cherry variety are very dark-colored. The requisites for successful cranberry culture are: a soil of muck or peat that can be drained for 12 or 18 inches below the surface; a supply of water sufficient to allow the meadow to be flooded at will; and an abundance of pure sand. The attempts to cultivate the cranberry upon ordinary soil in a large way have not been profitable. Localities suitable for cranberry meadows are to be found in the most northern States of the Union, especially at Cape Cod, Mass., and in Ocean, Atlantic and Burlington counties N.J. These counties are estimated to supply more than one half of all the berries sold. The surface of the meadow is pared, the sods and all stumps and roots being removed, and then covered with sand to the depth of two to six inches, according as the muck is deep or shallow. Cultivators attach much importance to the quality of the sand used to cover the meadow; it should be as free as possible from clay or vegetable matter, and from the seeds of weeds. Sand serves a twofold purpose; it affords a genial medium in which the newly set plants can strike root, and it keeps down the growth of such plants as would otherwise spring from the muck. The sanding being completed, the vines are then planted. These should be chosen with great care, some of them being unfruitful; the best may be distinguished by the wiry texture of the wood and the greenish brown color of the leaves. The poorer plants are more vigorous, brighter, greener, and have a more bushy foliage than the best. The vines should be planted in the spring, or in the autumn if the "patch" can be well flooded in winter. The transferring of the sods, which bear the vines, is not a good practice. A better method is to use cuttings from four to six inches long, the middle of which is covered in the soil, and the ends left projecting; or two or three cuttings may be planted together with a dibble. Vines have been cut into pieces two or three inches long by a common hay cutter, sown broadcast, and harrowed in. Propagation from seed is not to be depended on, the seed not germinating readily except in favorable localities; the seedlings are easily injured; there is much loss of time; and even in the third year little fruit is borne. The vines should be planted in rows two feet apart. The weeds should be kept down for two seasons, after which the vines will begin to take full possession of the soil. Cranberry vines are sometimes burned (but not when the ground is very dry) to destroy the worm. Flooding is also a remedy for this. The fruit ripens in the vicinity of New York about the middle of October. The persons who pick the berries are usually paid by the bushel. The vines should be picked clean. When gathered before they are ripe (as is sometimes done to save them from frost), or if the dew be on them, they do not keep well. The cranberry rake may sometimes be used to advantage; it is made of bent sheet iron, whose lower edge is a row of teeth shaped like the letter V; when drawn over the ground the plants escape, but the fruit is gathered. The berries may be rolled over an inclined plane to separate the good from the bad. Leaves, straws, and prematurely ripe or diseased fruit should be removed. Cranberries for Europe are packed in water in small kegs, and sometimes in sealed bottles filled with water.

Chess.

BY PROF. J. HOTES PANTON, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH.

QUESTIONS are repeatedly sent to the College asking for information concerning chess. The answers to these sometimes entail a good deal of work. Consequently I have thought it expedient to prepare a bulletin upon the subject and thus put the information in a form that will be of service to those interested. It may appear strange that it is worth while to say so much about this plant, but when it is remembered that there are persons in various parts of the province who maintain that it is a modification of the wheat plant, brought about by winter-killing of the wheat, it will not be such a matter of surprise that I should deem it expedient to write something about this apparently doubtful member of the grass family, endeavoring to show that it is a species (*Bromus secalinus*) just as much as any other plant is, and that it does not depend for its existence upon a modification of wheat plants growing in adverse conditions.

The following are some reasons why a person should be ready to conclude that this plant is no exception to others and depends for its perpetuation upon the seeds which it matures.

1. The plant is widely different from wheat in appearance; so much so that botanists place it in the genus *Bromus*, while wheat belongs to the genus *Triticum*. Couch grass (*Triticum repens*) being in the same genus as wheat, comes much nearer in its characters than chess does, and yet no one ever hints that it is derived from wheat. If chess is a degenerated condition of wheat we might reasonably expect some resemblance to the plant from which it was derived.

2. If chess be sown it yields chess. If it were degenerated wheat, and sown under favorable surroundings, it should soon return to wheat; for we observe both in animal and plant life that a deteriorated form will return to its proper nature when conditions are suitable for growth. Some have gone so far as to say chess will not grow from seed, but this is a mistake that can easily be seen by sowing some of the seed.

3. Chess will mature seed under adverse conditions, though the plant be only two or three inches high; while if surroundings are favorable it grows three or four feet high before seed is matured. This may account for its never being seen in good crops, while it may be seeding the ground for a more suitable time, when the crop in which it is seeded is injured by frost: then this hardy annual (the seeds of which possess great vitality) is ready to take the vacant soil and yield a crop no longer hid from the farmer's eye.

4. The conclusions arrived at by all men who make plant life a special study are, (a) that chess is a typical plant, producing seed yearly, which gives rise to plants of the same character; (b) that a seed of wheat cannot be sown so as to produce chess, and (c) that chess cannot produce wheat under the most favorable conditions for growth.

5. In instances where parts of a plant, apparently a combination of chess and wheat, were so mixed as to seem but one plant, close examination proved them to be parts of separate plants, and that the apparent union was not real. In some cases microscopic examination has been required to prove it.

6. Wheat has been grown in some places and often winter-killed and no chess has appeared. There are places where chess is unknown, and wheat in these passes through all the vicissitudes which seem favorable to the development of this weed in other parts where the plant is common. Farmers careful in using clean seed often have winter-killed wheat unaccompanied by chess.

7. Liberal rewards have been offered by agricultural papers to any one who could prove conclusively that chess is derived from wheat, and as yet no successful competitor has appeared, though as high as \$500 was the prize.

Remedy.

The great remedy for chess is to be exceedingly particular about the seed you sow. A few seeds scattered among wheat do not seem to amount to much in the heap, but if they were taken out we would be surprised at the quantity mixed among the grain.



A Summary of News for the Past Month.

1st.—Thirty girls crushed to death by the wall of an unfinished building falling and crashing into Templeton's carpet factory, Glasgow, Scotland. . . . Heavy snowstorm in Nebraska.

2nd.—The Swiss Government prohibit the holding of the meetings of the Salvation Army. . . . Harvey, the Guelph murderer, sentenced to be hanged on the 20th. inst. . . . Heavy snowstorm in Colorado destroys hundreds of cattle and horses on the ranches.

4th.—Despatch received from Henry M. Stanley, the intrepid explorer. . . . Death of Col. E.O. Martin, M.P.P. for Rimouski County, Que.

5th.—Premier Mercier hands over the cheques representing the Jesuit Estates grant to Father Turgeon.

6th.—Information received of the massacre of Dr. Peters, organizer of the German African Colonization Society, and the entire expedition, by the native tribes. . . . Great distress reported in Labrador through failure of the fisheries. . . . Large number of cattle killed and several lives lost in New Mexico by a heavy snowstorm.

7th.—Thanksgiving day celebrated throughout the Dominion. . . . Reported that the Thorburn Government, Newfoundland, was badly defeated in to-day's elections by the Opposition.

8th.—Total number of paying visitors to the Paris Exposition reported as 25,000,000. . . . The great trial of the town of Cobourg to prevent the removal of Victoria University commenced.

9th.—Two million people witness the Lord Mayor's show in London, England. . . . Opening of the Roman Catholic Triple anniversary in Baltimore, Md.

10th.—Large numbers of cattle killed and many lives lost by heavy snowstorms in Kansas and Texas.

11th.—Sensation created in England by abominable charges made against aristocratic members of a London West End Club. . . . Great distress reported in the Transvaal from drouth and famine.

12th.—Immense loss of life reported by floods in China, which have also ruined the tea crops.

13th.—Great destruction of property and loss of two lives caused by the bursting of a mill dam in Alton, Ont.

15th.—Revolution in Brazil, the Emperor Dom Pedro dethroned, and a republic formed without bloodshed.

16th.—Thomas Kano, a plasterer in Toronto, while drunk, murders his wife in a brutal manner. . . . Dr. Wilson, law clerk of the Dominion House of Commons, drops dead in New York.

18th.—Anti-slavery congress opened in Belgium. . . . Mr. MacKenzie, the Government candidate, elected to represent West Lambton in the Ontario Legislature by over 600 majority.

19th.—Lord Stanley, and party return to Ottawa from their trip to the Pacific coast.

20th.—Great damage caused by floods in various parts of New York and Pennsylvania.

21st.—Celebration of the Jubilee of the Anglican Diocese of Toronto. . . . News received that Henry M. Stanley is expected to arrive at Bagamayo on Dec 5th.

22nd.—Close of the Parnell Commission. . . . News received from Samoa that Malietoa had been reinstated as king amid great rejoicing.

23rd.—The season of navigation closed in Montreal. . . . Dominion Parliament summoned to meet on January 10th. . . . Montreal Herald office badly wrecked by fire, loss \$15,000.

25th.—Nine lives reported lost in the Anaconda mine, Butte, Montana.

26th.—Mr. Colby, M.P. for Stanstead, Que., gazetted as President of the Privy Council. . . . The town of Lynn, Mass., almost completely destroyed by fire, loss \$10,000,000.

27th.—Installation of Archbishop Walsh, of the Toronto archdiocese. . . . Hon. C. C. Colby sworn into the Dominion Cabinet as President of the Council. . . . Erection of a large inland dock at Hochelaga, near Montreal, projected, to cost six million dollars.

28th.—Destructive conflagration in Boston, Mass.; twenty acres of the business portion of the city destroyed; loss estimated at over \$5,000,000. . . . Mr. England, the opposition candidate, elected to represent Brome in the Quebec Legislature. . . . Sir John Macdonald sworn in as Minister of Railways and Canals. . . . Snow storm throughout Ontario; two schooners wrecked near Toronto.

29th.—Harvey, who murdered his wife and two children last March, hanged at Guelph, Ont. . . . Destructive fire in the buildings occupied by Truth and the Orange Sentinel Publishing Companies, Toronto; loss about \$50,000.

30th.—Fire in the Tribune office, Minneapolis, Minn.; nine lives lost and several people injured. . . . Threatened revolution in Portugal for the establishment of a republic reported. . . . Five tons of glycerine explode in Oil City, Pa.; three lives lost and great damage done to property.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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

A Variety of Christmas Gifts.

HERE are a number of attractive gifts which can be made at home, and will be found exceedingly pretty and useful for the holidays.

HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Any combination of colors may be chosen for this. The one seen here (No. 1) calls for terra cotta and shrimp pink fronts. First, cut two pieces of pasteboard six inches square; divide one piece into four parts diagonally; cover each piece on the outside with the two shades of plush, which should be previously stitched together, and the under side with satin, the same shade of the pink. Cover

one and a half inches in width. Overhand these together within half an inch of each end, and divide in three compartments by two rows of stitching; also stitch it across one end. Fill it with fine shot, and tie the other end together with narrow ribbon. "Merry Christmas" or "Books, like friends, should be well chosen," can be painted on if desired. One will have to use a book weight to realize the value of it. It is to be laid across the top of a book when it is open.

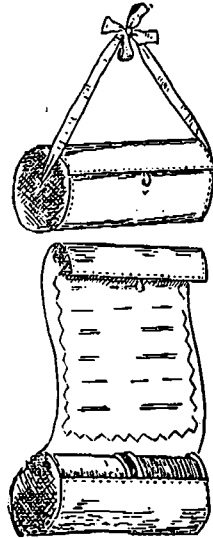
BLOTTER.

What can be more suggestive of Christmas than a bell? This not only forms a Christmas card, but also something very useful in the shape of a blotter (No. 4). Four large bells measuring seven by nine inches are cut out of grey blotting paper and suspended on a ribbon. When one cannot paint a little scene on the top, a pretty Christmas card can be used quite as effectively, and if pasted on neatly will deceive many who can paint.

SHAVING PAPER.

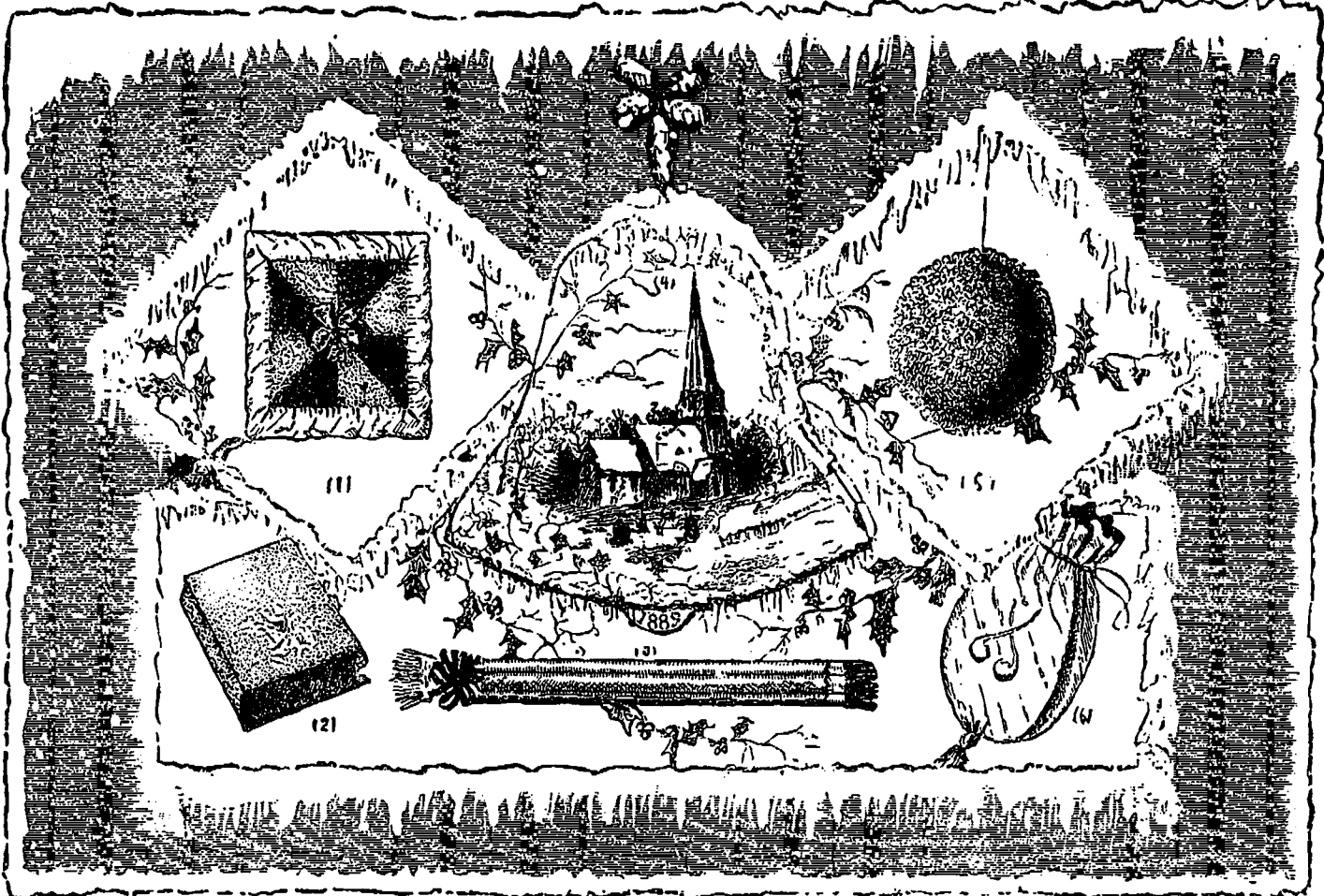
This (No. 5) will be found very decorative for Christmas trees, as the balls can be of any color. They are made of tissue paper; the prettiest are of a light shade of green combined with white. To form the ball, cut the paper in round pieces and

this is for mamma or any one, in fact. Your big brother would find it useful when away at school or on a trip from home. To make one take a pretty piece of ribbon six inches long and three wide. Hem it across the ends. Cut a couple of pieces of cardboard for each end a little larger than the spool you are going to use in it. Cover these with a piece of ribbon. Baste them together and overhand them at the ends. Sew a little piece of pinked out flannel for the needles and a loop and button to keep it together. A ribbon fastened in as you see on the top, makes it handy to hang it up when not in use.



PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

For the foundation of these photograph frames cut two circular pieces of heavy pasteboard, and an opening in one large enough to admit the face you intend using in it. Cover this with tan-colored



the square piece on one side with the terra cotta plush and the other with the satin. The top and bottom are to be joined with a puff of the satin four inches in width. This should be double, so that the satin face may be inside as well as out. A bow of satin ribbon of the two shades is fastened on the top to open it by. A glove case may be made in the same manner to accompany it, if desired.

VELVET COVER FOR A BOOK.

One can see at a glance how much more valuable a book would appear as a gift with the addition of a velvet cover; it also preserves the covering of a handsomely bound book. The cover seen here (No. 2) is made of a deep shade of red velvet and lined with tan-colored satin which has been quilted over a layer of scented cotton; the edge of each are turned in and the velvet and satin overcast together. The parts are then joined by overhanding them on the outside. A cord of the same shade is sewed over the seams to conceal all stitches. The cover is held together with ribbons, which are tied in a bow.

BOOK WEIGHT.

For this unique little affair (No. 3) you will need a quarter of a yard of two shades of satin ribbon,

the edge in scallops, and fold each piece many times in pie shape. Unfold it and refold to give it a loose fluffy appearance. Tack these pieces together in the center at the extreme point of each one with a stout thread; use enough to make it full and so as not to show any space between. To make the round pieces, eight inches in diameter is a good size to use. Smaller ones for decorative purposes can be made four inches in diameter. A cluster of green, pink and white for a tree will be effective.

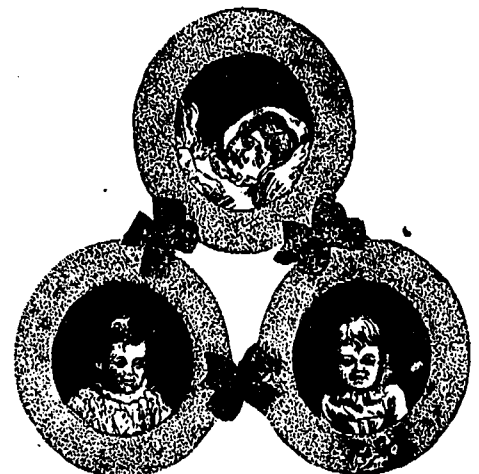
TOBACCO POUCH.

This is formed of four pieces of chamois, and the same of some dark shade of silk. (See No. 6.) Each is joined in a seam and fastened together on the top so as to conceal the seams. A double row of stitching forms a casing to run a silk cord through to shir it up. The pipes are painted on and the initials of the owner on the other side.—*American Agriculturist.*

Little Girls' Christmas Work.

We do not forget the little girls at this time, when the big girls are spending all their energy and taste in the beautiful work they are preparing for the holidays. You can see what a useful little article

plush by drawing it smoothly over the front and gluing it down on the back. Cover the solid piece with silesia of the same shade, and overhand the two together, leaving enough space at the top for the photograph to slip in. Sew ribbon on the frames at equal distances and tie them together with a bow as seen in the picture.





Written for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

How Daisy brought her Father home. A Christmas Story.

BY ANNIE TAYLOR, TORONTO.

MOLLIE, where's Daisy?" "Eh, marm?" said Mollie, suspending her scrubbing and looking up at her questioner with a face in which good nature largely overbalanced intelligence.

"Don't you know where Daisy is?" repeated Mrs. Trovey, as she wiped the flour from her hands. "She was talking with you not half an hour ago, and now you look as surprised as if you didn't know what I asked you. Oh, Mollie, Mollie, I really shall have to get you some memory powder."

"Yes, marm," said Mollie, looking at her scrubbing brush with a deeply studious expression. Then her face brightened. "Yes, marm; Daisy is gone out. She came to me for some bread and butter, and to have her hood tied. Then she went down to the shore, marm. Britain was with her."

"She must have gone to grandpapa's," said Mrs. Trovey, as assuring herself that the Christmas pudding was boiling in a highly satisfactory manner, she turned her attention to the turkey. "I wonder what the child wanted bread and butter for?"

"Eh, marm?" said Mollie.

Then the scrubbing was resumed, and Mrs. Trovey's brisk movements told that the hundred and fifty indispensables for Christmas were making fair progress.

For it was Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve in Cornwall. Within, the fire roared and crackled in a joyous way, as it always does or should do at Christmas tide, turning the dainty pink in Mrs. Trovey's cheeks to a deep red as she bent over her cooking. Without, the sun shone joyously, the wind blew—it



always blows on that coast—joyously—the long Atlantic waves rolled on the shore in a joyous way, tumbling about in a state of joyous confusion—all seemed to join in joyous tribute to Christmas tide.

Mrs. Trovey gave some finishing touches to her little parlor, a veritable bower of evergreen, where the bright

too excited at the thought of her father's return, to sleep any longer. She resolved to be very good and not hinder her mother, so she ate her bread and milk without asking for more sugar, looked at the Christmas dainties on the pantry shelves with her hands behind her, saying softly, "Daisy must not touch," then wisely took herself out of the way of tempt-

ation. A bright idea. She would go and meet him. She knew just where he would be. Had she not stood by mamma and seen him sail away into the sunset. Yet there was something that sent her to Mollie instead of mamma, to be made ready, and get provisions for her voyage. Then she trotted down to the beach with Britain.

"Britain," she said, as they got into the boat, that was moored at the little wharf, "we are going a long voyage. I am the captain and you must do just what I tell you. Do you hear?"

Britain in response wagged his tail.

"There is no place so lovely as the Spice Islands," said Daisy, as she strove to undo the fastenings of the boat. "That is where cocoanuts grow and monkeys live. Oh, Britain, we must get a monkey. I have wanted one for ever so long. I asked papa to bring me one, but he said one monkey in the house was enough, if there were two he should have to run away. Britain, do you think he meant me?" Britain looked meditatively at the rudder.

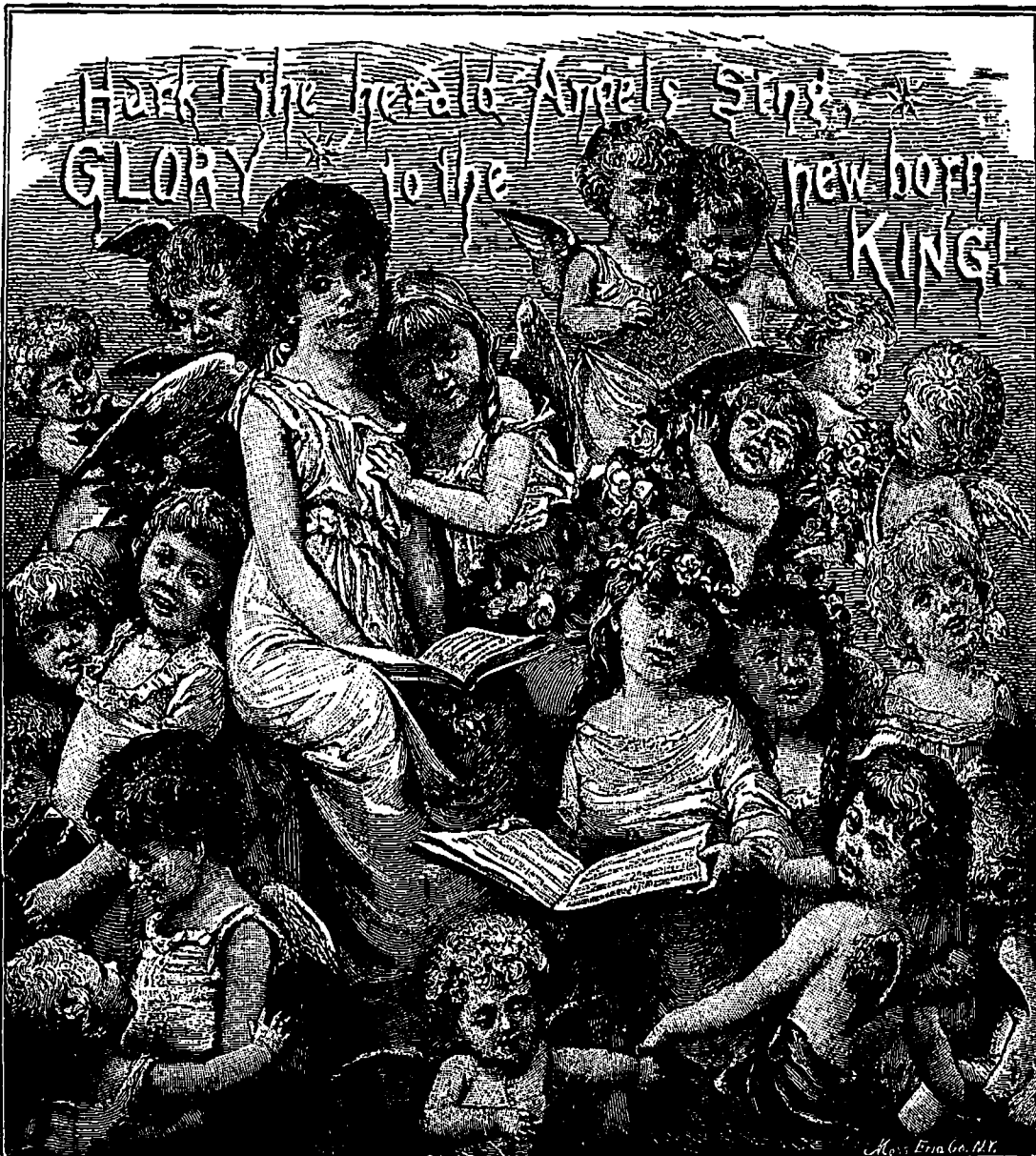
There was a little jerk, and they were off. Daisy clapped her hands with glee. Britain looked at her, and then at the fast increasing stretch of water between them and the shore, for the tide was going out, and the boat was carried swiftly out to sea. To the left a ledge of rocks ran out some distance and at the extreme end the boat jarred against them and stopped. The dog turned to spring on the rocks, then caught Daisy's cloak firmly with his teeth, and, regardless of a succession of slaps from her fat little hands, strove to drag her off the boat, but in vain.

"Bad dog! Naughty Britain!" said Daisy, struggling desperately.

Again the tide carried them on. Britain let go his hold and remained in the boat, barking loudly: but the wind carried the sound out to sea.

Slowly the sharp outlines of the cliffs grew misty. With a low howl the dog had laid down in the boat.

"You wicked, wicked dog," said Daisy, who was munching her bread and butter with great satisfaction. "I'm sure you have gone mad—barking like that and trying to bite me. I'm never going to speak to you again, and," she added, severely, "I will not give you one bit of bread and butter. I wonder," she continued, after a short pause, "how many monkeys this boat will hold. Britain, you must catch them for



me. I want a boatful. One each for all the little girls I know, and one, no, two, for the minister. I like him, though he looks rather serious. Perhaps two monkeys might make him laugh."

Slowly they drifted on. Slowly the grey clouds spread over the sky, shutting out the sunshine, and piling themselves in dark masses high up on the horizon. Colder and stronger grew the wind.

"I think those islands are a very long way off," said Daisy, shivering. "I've nothing to do. Britain is cross."

They were out of sight of land now. She could see nothing but sea and sky. Her bread and butter were all gone, and it was a cold, hungry, and homesick little maiden who sat there, looking wearily across the waters for the western isles. Then she roused herself. "This will never do," she said, bravely, "I'm going to sing that song I learnt at Sunday school," and over the dark waters the clear childish voice rang out—

"No room for Thee, Lord Jesus,
On all Thine own wide earth.
No friendly roof to shelter
Thy gentle, lowly birth.
Was this the world's reception
Of her Redeemer-King,
Who left His throne in heaven
Eternal life to bring?"

The child paused in her song and looked wistfully up at the sky, rapidly darkening with the coming storm. "Britain," she said, coaxingly, "won't you be friends? I am a great deal naughtier than you, for mamma does not know where I am."

The big tears gathered in the bright eyes, "Oh, Britain, I do want her so," and with a burst of tears, she hid her face in his shaggy coat, but in a few moments she sat up, and dried her eyes.

"I am going to turn the boat right round," she said, "then we shall go home."

Britain watched the little hands at the rudder uneasily. The only result of Daisy's efforts was to send a wave washing over the boat. Daisy gave up.

"We shall have to go on, Britain," she said, "this boat won't turn round, and it must be nearly night, so I shall go to sleep. You may, too, if you like. Britain, I expect the boat will go on all right. Then next morning we shall be at the Spice Islands, and we will get someone to turn the boat round, and come home directly. We won't stay for the monkeys, Britain, because mamma does not want them. And you must not be afraid, though the sky is dark, for I am going to ask the Lord Jesus to forgive me (you have not done anything bad), and take us home."

So Daisy said her simple prayer, and with a "good night," to Britain, lay down in the stern, wrapped in a piece of old sail, and slept, while Britain kept anxious watch over the waste of waters.

Shrilly the wind whistled through the rigging and filled the sails of the *Cornish Lass*, as she sped through the waters, homeward bound.

Far behind her lay the Coral Reef Islands, with their perpetual summer, and fragrance-laden breezes. While before, almost in sight, rose the wintry shores of England, where the keen wind played among the leafless boughs.

Below in his cabin the captain sat writing, now and then glancing lovingly at a portrait beside him, a fair baby girl, with an angelic expression in her eyes. "Daisy at Churton," her father laughingly called it.

The door opened, admitting a gust of wind and the mate.

"Captain Trove, I'm almost certain there's a dog barking somewhere near, but we can't see anything, though for the matter of that the air is too thick to see at all."

There was nothing to be seen when they reached the deck, though the wind brought distinctly the sound of a dog, who was barking with the energy of despair.

The ship's course was changed. Quickly a boat was lowered and sped on its errand of mercy. "Keep on, old fellow," shouted the mate, with a shrill whistle, as the dog's bark sank to a low howl, and ceased in weariness.

The dog did keep on, with short, joyous barks, as he saw the rescue boat approaching.

It seemed a long time to those waiting on the ship, before a glad shout told them the castaways were found, and then, as the boat neared the ship, the captain heard the words—

"Captain, it's your own little Daisy. She was bound for the Spice Islands, she says, to look for you and some monkey."

A few moments and she was in his arms.

"Papa, I was not going to get any monkeys," said Daisy, "I had been going to, but I remembered Mamma did not want me to have one, so I changed my mind."

"Thank God," said her father, fervently, as he put her down gently, chinking of his darling's danger, now happily past, while Daisy, quieted by his look, resolved never to ask for a monkey again.

On through the heaving waters, while louder grows the murmur of the coming storm. On till the harbor lights gleamed across the waves. Now the storm may come, little the *Cornish Lass* will care, rooking securely at her anchorage.

Unheeded the storm swept round the cottage that night, as the mother heard the story of Daisy's adventures, to which the culprit listened quietly.

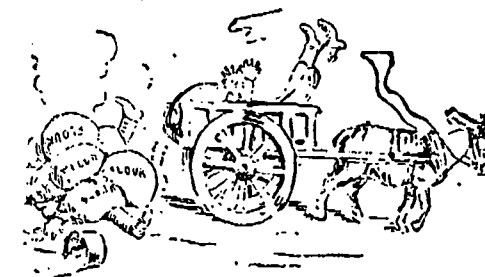
"But, mamma, I went to fetch papa home. I thought of the monkeys afterwards, and, mamma, I am very sorry. I will not go away again when you don't know," she said pleadingly.

Her mother kissed her, and bending low to stroke Britain's head, a bright tear fell among his curls. He looked up in canine bewilderment, his brain puzzled over the amount of attention he was receiving.

And this is how Daisy brought her father home.



The Naughty Boy and—



His Fate.

—Rural New Yorker.

Hatching a Brood.

THREE weeks ago I undertook the difficult task of putting an old hen to rest on thirteen choice eggs. If you have never tried to calm a flurried and experienced hen into submission on the nest, you don't want to lose this golden opportunity, of finding out how weak and uncertain a creature you are.

I was prevailed upon to add a few choice fowls to my barn-yard equipment, and I purchased a setting of eggs from a fancier, who came highly recommended. I made a good substantial nest in a soap-box, placed it in the most secluded part of the barn, and, after arranging the eggs in a nice circle, attempted to induce the hen to believe that she was born for a purpose. I was told always to start a hen at night, as at that time she is stupid and takes to the task unconsciously.

Profiting by this advice, I wended my way to the barn, with a candle in one hand and a hen in the other, and, as already stated, I undertook to press her into the service. She first eyed the eggs with great interest, then gazed at me long and seriously, and began pecking at the eggs. I tried to coax her into closing down upon them, and pressed her back gently until she began to succumb to the caress.

Some evil thought must have taken possession of her very suddenly, for she rose up, and, with a wild shriek, began flapping her wings until the candle was put out and I was left in total darkness. I took fifteen minutes or more and used it up in reflection. Then I attempted to find the door. But I couldn't. I hadn't a stray match in my vest, and I groped around until I felt upon my brow the soft, warm breath of our brindled cow.

I was about preparing to be bucked into a quick eternity, when I heard a welcome voice float out upon the silent landscape.

"Say, John, what on earth are you doing out there? Why don't you come in? I'm afraid to stay here all alone."

"So am I," I replied; "bring me a match; the confounded biddy flapped her wings and put out the candle; I'm chock-a-block in the cow-stall, and can't find my way out!"

That match didn't come a moment too soon; in fact, it was a minute late, as the cow, in her efforts to scratch her back with her horns, threw her nose against me, just under my chin, and I stood there disconsolate and careworn.

When that candle once more shed its welcome flood of light about me, my only thought was for the hen. She, doubtless, was not half so interested in me, because her gentle spirit was lost in slumber as she sat on the edge of the nest with her head hidden beneath her wing.

At the meeting which was held on the spot, it was decided to allow her to remain untouched that night, in the hope that a daylight reflection would calm her prejudice. I was glad that I overruled my personal objections on this point, and allowed Nature to prevail; for, surely enough, she took to the nest, and for three long weeks guarded it with jealous care, and I was pleased to be informed one night on reaching home, that the hatch was a success.

It did not take me more than two days to advise my neighbors of the result of my new departure in fancy chickens; but I am sorry to say now that some people can't pass me by unless they invent some excuse to ask how my Houdin fowls are getting on. This is because the chicken-fancier sold me Guinea-fowls' eggs for Houdin chickens, and I didn't know the difference until I was told of it by a man whom I had invited in, out of pure cussedness, to see a strain of fowls which was to eclipse anything in the town.—Puck.

WHEN the tailor gets rich it is by shear industry.

STRANGE to say, a cross road is often very pleasant.

It is when a boot is new that there is music in the sole.

A KITCHEN proverb—things rubbed against a grater become less.

You cannot always tell the amount of gas in a poem by its meter.

Eggs and carpets are alike in two respects; they are laid and beaten.

"MEET me on the corner to-night, and dew not fail," he wrote. And she answered him: "There's no such word as fail."

"You came off with flying colors," as the foreman observed to the painter when he tumbled off the scaffold with all his pots of paint.

MERCHANT: "You couldn't get here any earlier, eh? Breakfast at stake, I suppose." Clerk: "No, sir; it was the steak at breakfast."

"You fellows charge a very high price for pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer to a dentist. "Oh, I don't know about that," was the confident reply, "we only charge a dollar an acher."

DAUGHTER—Papa, why do the politicians call it putting a "plank" in the platform?

PATER—So that they can get along without getting stuck in the mud thrown by their opponents.

"CONDUCTOR, what was that!" asked a nervous old lady as the wheels of the coach made a little more jar than usual. "We went over a few frogs just then," he replied. "Most likely squashed the poor things too," she said, with a tremor in her voice.

"I think," said the young man, as she refused him for the third time, "I will go into the business of photography."

"But," she said, "you haven't the experience."

"I don't know about that. I have developed several negatives recently."

THE PROPER PERSON—"Bub, how far is it to the daypo?" he asked of a lad on Jefferson avenue yesterday.

"Daypo is French, isn't it?" queried the boy in reply.

"Yes."

"Then you'd better ask some Frenchman. You couldn't find it in English."

ROBINSON CRUSOE, to his servant—"What makes you so down-in-the-mouth, Friday?"

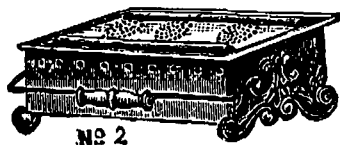
Friday—"Just discovered a mole on my shoulder. That is very unlucky."

"Why is that unlucky?"

"Because it was born on Friday."

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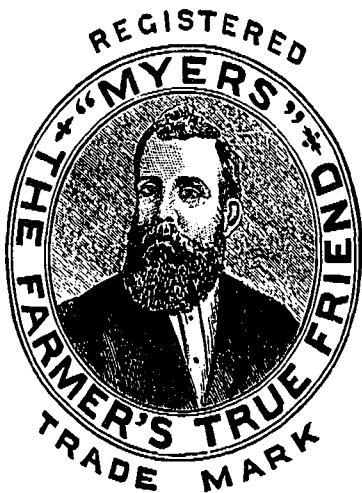


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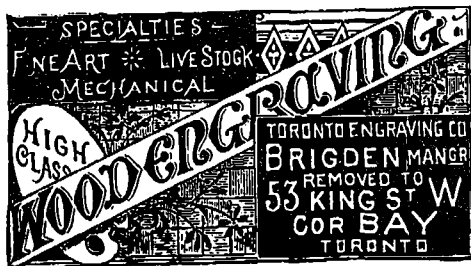
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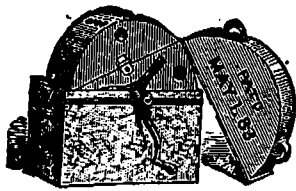
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I have just received the Official List of Jury Awards to Exhibitors of Musical Instruments, at the Paris International Exposition, which has just closed, and am happy to inform you that Messrs. Couesnon & Co., "AINÉ & CO.," obtained a Gold Medal and the HIGHEST AWARD FOR BRASS BAND INSTRUMENTS over all Brass Band Instrument Manufacturers of the world, who exhibited there—Millereau—Cervený (of Austria)—F. Besson—and Mille, "Antoine Courtois,"—following in the order named.

Evetté and Schaeffer took first place for woodwind instruments—Couesnon & Co., "AINÉ & CO.," second. Millereau, Albert Bros. (of Belgium), and Loree following in the order named.

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- To the one sending in Second largest number of new subscriptions on same conditions \$30
- To the one sending in Third largest number of new subscriptions on same conditions \$15
- To the one sending in Fourth largest number of new subscriptions on same conditions \$5

EXPLANATION. — Suppose the largest list of new subscribers that may be sent us by anyone, before July 1st next, should be forty-eight. In that case the fortunate subscriber, having sent in the list, would receive Fifty Dollars in Cash and Forty-eight One-Subscription Premiums.

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| Walter A. Wood Co. | Object of Art. |
| McCormick Har. Machinery Co. | Gold Medal. |
| Hurtu (French Manufacturer) | Gold Medal. |
| Pecard (French Manufacturer) | Silver Medal. |
| A. Harris, Son, & Co., Brantford | Silver Medal. |

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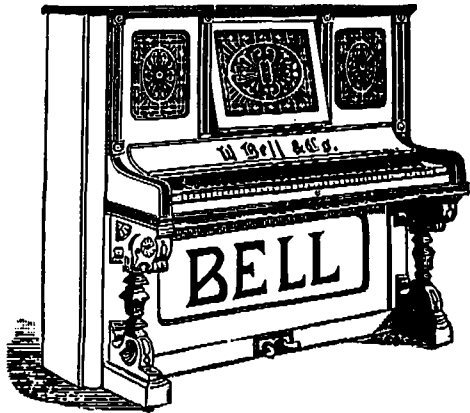
The Value of the Award.

An idea of the value of the award may be gained from the following:—There were only five "Objects of Art" given by the Exposition authorities, whereas there were 903 Grand Prizes, 5158 Gold Medals, 8690 Silver Medals, 9323 Bronze Medals, and 8970 Honorable Mentions; a total of 33,144 awards to 61,000 exhibitors. It will, therefore, be seen that the "Object of Art" is the highest award obtainable.



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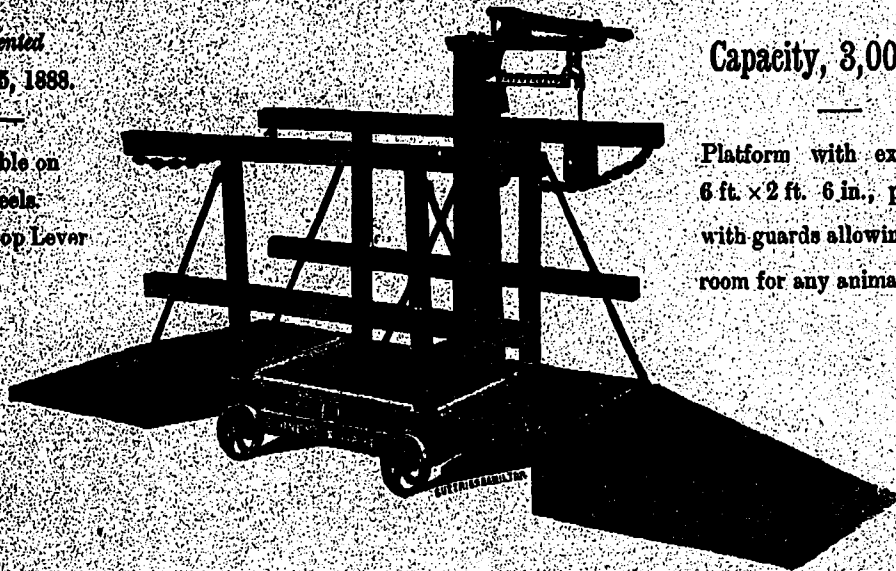
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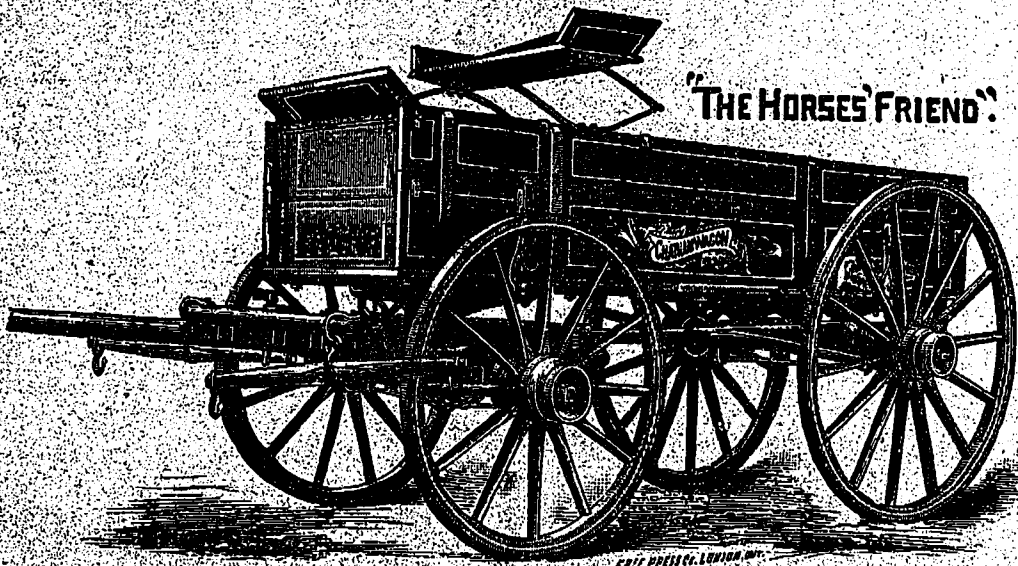
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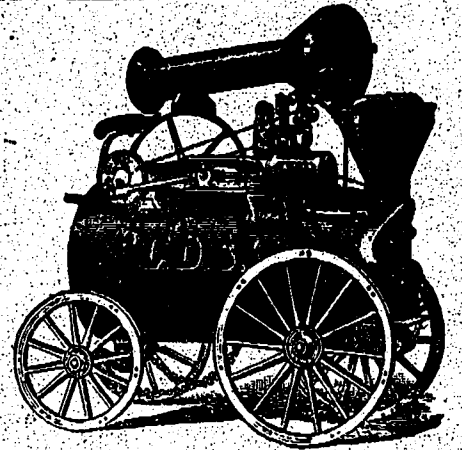
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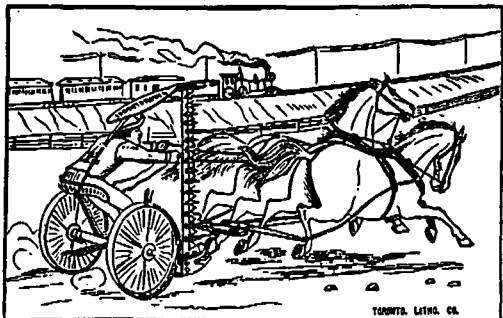
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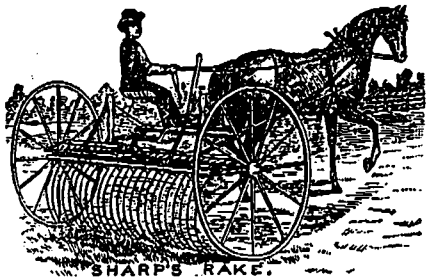
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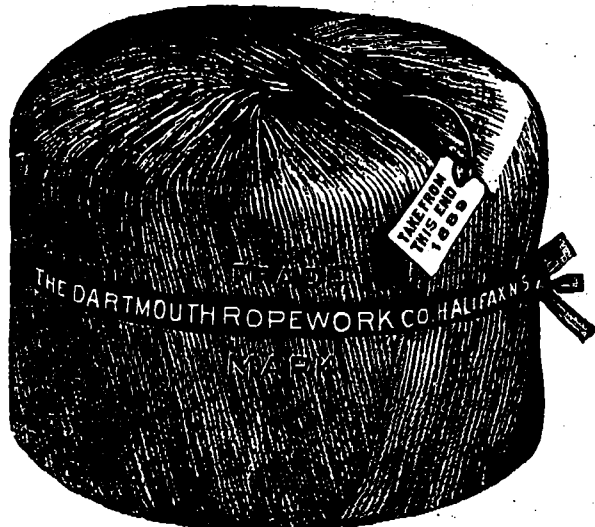
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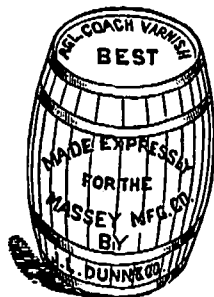
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