

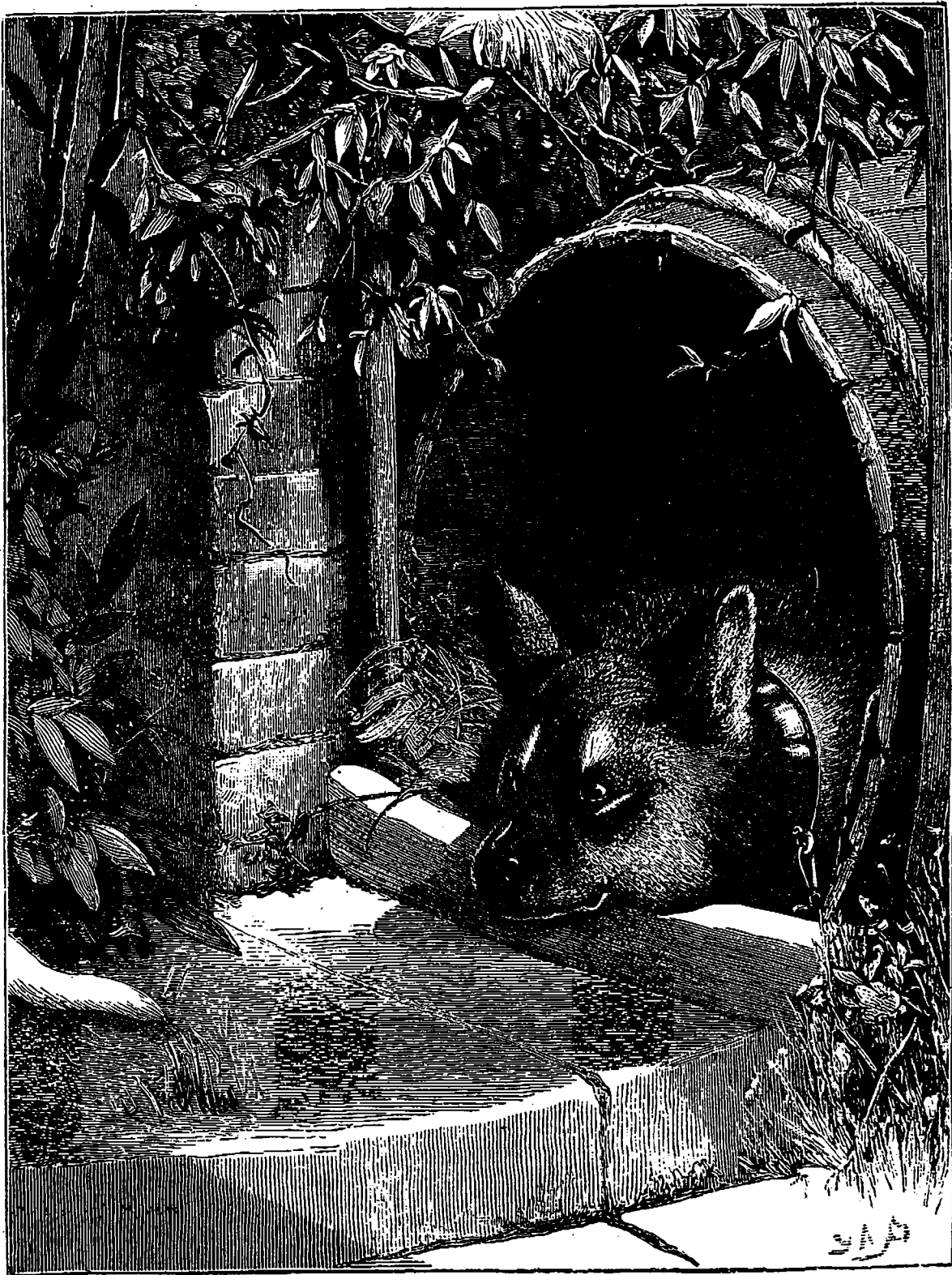
◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

August Number

New Series, Vol. 3, No. 8.]

[Toronto, August, 1891.

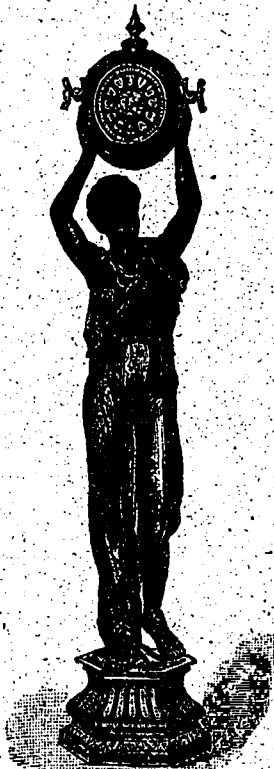


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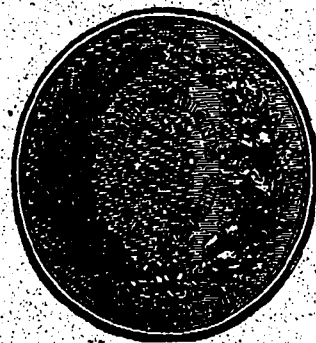
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• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 8.]

Second Prize Story.

With Fennel Wreathed & Crowned.

BY MARZYANNA.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

He who battled and subdued,
The wreath of fennel wore,
Then, in life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored water less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New life and strength they give.

—LONGFELLOW.

AROUND the time-stained walls of the Citadel and City of Quebec, cluster varied associations of war, romance and sorrow, and the lover of old time stories can find many tales of deep interest in the walled city of the Heights. Let any such lover of the romantic in history follow my backward steps to the gates of the ancient city in the year 1838, that I may introduce him to His Lordship, the Earl of Durham, who is holding a reception in his castle this evening, October the second, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight. The last three days have been devoted to the holding of flower shows, ploughing matches and fairs, and before me as I write is the solid silver cup won by my grandfather for the best ploughing, and presented to him on the lawn of the Hedgeley Lodge Farm by the fair hands of Eliza-

beth, Countess of Durham, on that long-gone occasion. To wind up the festivities the Earl opened his castle halls for a grand reception to the citizens and their wives and daughters.

As we approach the Governor's residence we note the illuminations, the gardens lighted with torch and lantern, the strains of the military band; indoors, the brilliant costumes of the ladies and officers of the garrison, the flowers and decorations of the ball-room—making a scene like fairyland.

We are too late for the ceremony of presentation, for the Earl is standing talking earnestly with Bishop Mountain, Hon. John Molson, Dr. Fargues, Hon. D. B. Viger, Hon. Andrew Cochran and other prominent men of the time, his subject evidently being the all-absorbing one of the disaffection of the country under Papineau.

Lady Durham is surrounded by the wives of the officers and citizens, while her daughters, the ladies Frances, Georgina and Mary Louisa are being led

in the mazes of the dance by certain highly elated young gentlemen of fortune or fame, one of them being M. Adolphe Chauvean, the literary lion of the French people of the day.

Numerous groups are formed and fans are waving, eyes glancing and tongues chattering to the enchantment and bewilderment of the masculine element. One particularly gay group is this one just opposite the conservatory, for in its centre arranged in the most attractive costume of the period is Mrs. Col. Rouchette, whose brilliant face and witty speeches are always drawing a crowd about her. The tall young lady in white next to her is her young cousin, Margaret Stuart, "sole daughter of the house and heart" of Rouncewall Stuart, of the firm of Stuart and Blair, well known as one of the most obstinate men in Quebec. Margaret Stuart had just finished her education in England, and made her debut some months before, and her beauty and position have made her much noticed by the



HE LOVED MISS STUART, AND WISHED HER FATHER'S CONSENT TO THEIR UNION.

dile of the city. As she stands under the light of the chandelier, her face is one which the student of physiognomy might well look at twice. Old world folks would tell us that that look of pathetic sadness is never observable in the eyes of the young without a prophecy of a life of trial, "a rainy day life," being before the owner of the melancholy orbs, but how can Margaret Stuart's life even fulfil such a prophecy? Her cheek of creamy roundness is tinged with pale rose, her sweet lips are reluctantly smiling in acceptance of some sugared compliment she is receiving, and her large fawn-like eyes are glowing with soft light, and life is one pathway of thornless roses before her. Her physique might easily be a little more robust, it is so exquisitely wrought that her emotions might sway and influence her to perfect health or declining weakness, but its grace is undeniably winsome in its willowy beauty.

The utmost you and I can say, dear reader, of Margaret's loveliness cannot express the volumes spoken by the dark blue eyes of the young gentleman who stands modestly by, as Mr. Johnstone Blair pays his heavy respects to Miss Stuart, who receives them with sweet indifference, notwithstanding that the same Johnstone Blair is her father's favored suitor for her hand. Mr. Richard Boulton keeps his dark eyes fixed upon the sweet face as if he could not gaze enough, and is delighted to receive a shy glance from the soft brown eyes as Mr. Johnstone Blair seats himself in his solid fashion by Mrs. Col. Rouchette, who taps him with her fan and rallies him until he is in an ecstasy of honeyed compliments for which he is famous. It does not take Mr. Richard Boulton many seconds to advance to the side of his divinity, and soon they glide by Mrs. Rouchette in the dance.

That little lady is a consummate match-maker, and woe to the plans of Messieurs Stuart and Blair, when she decides that "Richard Boulton is just made for Margaret!"

Mr. Rouncewall Stuart is but slightly pleased at the attentions Margaret is receiving from young gentlemen present, for his idea is to keep Margaret to himself for a year or two, and then unite the houses and the fortunes of Stuart and Blair by wedding the heiress of the one to the heir of the other. Everything is very agreeable, but Mr. Stuart is discovering that Margaret does not care to hear Mr. Johnstone Blair's praises sung, nor the changes rung upon the theme of Stuart and Blair.

Of all the throng, Mr. Stuart has fixed upon Richard Boulton as the particular object of his dislike, perhaps recognizing that he is a formidable rival to the portly, pink-faced Johnstone Blair. As Mr. Stuart decides to go home and turns to seek Margaret, his thoughts revert to Mr. Boulton, whom he characterizes as "a poetizing fellow—what can you expect of anyone who wrote a book of poetry on 'Soul-Music'. Stuff and rubbish!" is his mental exclamation, and at the same moment he comes upon Margaret and Richard strolling arm-in-arm among the Earl's famous ferns and orchids, the girl listening in rapt attention to some impassioned lines which Richard is repeating in a low voice. If the nymph in the fountain had spouted a stream of cold water down the elderly gentleman's vertebra he would have experienced much the same sensation as he felt at this sight. He found some difficulty in preserving his calmness, while informing his daughter of his desire to leave, and the young gentleman, who is a government official of good income and high character, does not for a moment suspect the dislike which his attentions to Miss Stuart have aroused in the breast of her

father. He, "stern parent," as the poet has it, makes a resolve to keep Margaret away from the young man's attentions, but *l'homme propose*, and in this case "Mrs. Col. Rouchette disposes," for, ten minutes after the departure of Mr. Stuart and his treasure, that wilful dame extends to Mr. Richard Boulton an invitation to call to-morrow. "I expect my cousin to help me receive a few friends, and I shall expect you, Mr. Boulton," and it does not need the bewildering glance of her ladyship to induce him to accede to her invitation. He is on hand on that and other occasions, and time completes the conquest which the little blind god has begun. You and I dear reader, not having felt the arrows tingling in that portion of our anatomy yecept "the heart," may look on and wonder with her father and Mr. Johnstone Blair, at the blindness, infatuation, obstinacy, etc., so common to the disease termed "love," but truth compels us to state that Miss Margaret Stuart and Mr. Richard Boulton showed very decided symptoms of a very marked case of the above complaint.

Margaret's home-life began to be rather unhappy, and she spent many a lonely hour sorrowfully thinking of her father's alienation and his dislike to Richard. During a ramble near the Falls of Montmorenci, she and Richard became separated from the rest of the party, quite by accident, of course. Margaret stooped to pick a pretty leaf, and as she did so, a snake, concealed under it, struck at her hand. Richard hit it with a stick which he had in his left hand, turning the snake aside, but grazing Margaret's hand in the effort. After the snake was killed Richard turned to find Margaret, pale and faint, leaning against the root of a tree, and for the first time knew he had hurt her hand.

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret," he cried, using her Christian name for the first time aloud, "I have hurt you! Dearest, dearest, how can you forgive me? I would rather have died than hurt your poor little hand," and as he spoke, he knelt down and took the little white fingers tenderly in his hand, and with his handkerchief staunched the drops that oozed from the grazed wrist.

"Richard,"—low and timid were the sweet accents, "I was so frightened you would be hurt by that awful snake. My hand doesn't hurt," and a shudder passed through her sensitive frame.

Her voice was very low, and, of course, Richard had to go closer to hear, and the voice in which he spoke was so very low, that the conversation became inaudible to you and me, gentle reader, but we noticed before we left that he was a firm believer in the efficacy of the old nursery prescription, "kiss the spot to make it well," a prescription which restored a fine color to Margaret's cheeks, and seemingly cured the grazed spot on her wrist, for none of the carriage party noticed it on her return.

The next day a pale, but determined young man lifted the heavy knocker on Mr. Rouncewall Stuart's front door, and received permission to see that august gentleman in his study. Mr. Stuart was busy with the case of Gen. Von Schultz, the American Sympathizer, (whose case Sir John Macdonald so ably sustained) and was in no pleasant humor, which was not ameliorated by the announcement, rather abruptly made by the nervous young Boulton, "he loved Miss Stuart and wished her father's consent to their union".

Margaret was in her dressing room when the sound of high-pitched voices reached her, and she heard her father contemptuously saying, "No, Sir, I want no poetry or painting son-in-law. Margaret

is to marry my partner's son in a year from now. Richard's words were inaudible, but they seemed to aggravate the merchant very much, and the words "dare to," "no such rubbish," "man of worth," "never with my consent," reached her, and in a moment Richard left the house with a firm, angry step.

Next day, Margaret's aunt, who kept house for them, was called to Montreal, and Margaret was asked to go with her to do some shopping. She went, never suspecting any design in the matter, but when the aunt returned to Quebec, Margaret found herself left behind; and found that, under the close espionage of her relatives, she could get no letter sent to any one in Quebec.

Several weeks passed without Richard seeing or hearing of Margaret. He was passing dejectedly down John street, near the gate, when he heard a flute-like voice, "Mr. Boulton, *mon cher ami*, *arretezvous un peu*, I want you," and looking up, he saw Mrs. Col. Rouchette in her pony-carriage. He flushed and raised his hat, and took the seat by her side, to which she motioned him with her gold-handled whip, listening somewhat absently to her light chatter until the magic word, "Margaret," struck upon his ear.

"Ah," he said, "she has forgotten me. I have not seen her for weeks. She will obey her father, and that odious Johnstone Blair will—" his voice broke, but he continued, "I'll never see her, anyway."

"Nonsense, Mr. Boulton," interrupted the lively little lady, "Margaret is a thorough Stuart; though she looks like her mother, she is just as pig-headed and obstinate as her father, every bit. No, don't look so fierce, she is, and well for you she is. It is no wonder you don't see her; she is in Montreal, at that grim Angeline Pembroke's house, on Dorchester street. The Colonel called on her on Tuesday and he says she looks pale and cried when he left. What's the matter? Are you off? Well, *bon voyage, mon cher*," and the vivacious little lady smiled so sweetly that some susceptible Frenchmen declared her *tres charmants cette petite femme-la*, and wondered at the haste to get away displayed by the tall young man hurrying down the street.

The eager lover and the lonely young girl soon found means to evade the duenna who was set to guard her; and after many arguments on his part, Margaret consented to be married, against her father's will. After the ceremony, she regretted that she had not again pleaded with her father, and sent him a contrite little epistle, signed by herself and Richard. When Mr. Stuart received it he turned very pale, and shook all over, but his proverbial obstinacy again attacked him, and he struck his fist on his desk, and said, "I'll never see her again; she has disobeyed me and treated me shamefully, let her take her poetry and do without me." And he returned her letter, enclosing a cheque for her own private fortune, directing that she make no further advances to him, as he disowned her.

Richard furnished a lovely little house in the suburb of St. Roch's and tried by every means in his power to give Margaret a happy time. In the summer they rented rooms in my grandfather's large farm-house, on the Little River Road. He kept a boat on the St. Charles, and they rowed or drove in and out to the city. In the winter they returned to their home in St. Roch's, and my mother, then a little girl, spent many happy days with them. From her lips I heard this story of their life. The bitter fennel leaves were interwoven around the cup of Margaret's married life.

for her tender, sensitive spirit grieved that her widowed father should be childless through her action. Her life became one of lovely Christian unselfishness, and her husband's love grew more intense as the years passed on. First, the little Hortense gladdened their hearts, then, after two years, the sturdy Oliver (named for her only brother, whose death broke her mother's heart, and saddened her father's life) made his determined onslaught upon their affections. Everything was favorable to a life of perfect happiness, when, in 1844, Margaret was attacked with the disease which sapped her mother's life, and it became a common thing for her to spend days upon the sofa. My grandmother, Mrs. Dash, a little, lively, Highland-Scotch woman, was a fast friend of Mr. and Mrs. Boulton, esteeming her as another daughter, and it became one of the pleasures of Mrs. Boulton's life to have her come in and spend a day or two with her, especially as her skill with the sick was great. In the winter Mrs. Boulton revived and appeared to lose all signs of her disease, and all clouds left the sky of Mr. Boulton's happiness once more.

To be concluded in our next.

OUR FIRST PRIZE STORY. --Concluded.

Two Pictures.

BY RAYSMITH.

CHAPTER II.—A WINTER SUNSET.

HURRAH, boys! Hurrah! Here comes old Jerry, drunk as an owl. Come on! Now for some fun. Yee-ee-e!" And the crowd of boys with mufflers and open overcoats flying, swept down the street. The staggering, old man coming towards them did not at first notice the boys. Then a volley of snow-balls struck him. One crushed down his old cap, another lodged in the faded scrap of handkerchief at his neck. This roused him a little, and he raised his poor, old withered fingers to ward off the flying snow. The boys with gibes and taunts gathered closely about him, pulling at his coat, until he went down heavily on the sidewalk. "Don't boys," he said thickly, as he tried to sit up, and one, more kind than the others, cried: "Oh! let him alone now, boys. Get up, Jerry, get up,"—helping him to his feet. "Here comes a sleigh. Let's catch on and go down to the mill," and away they went without another thought of Jerry. He stood looking after them, and then turned slowly up the street.

There were no people living in the scattered houses on this side, and the house at the end of the row, once used as a shoemaker's shop, had been partly destroyed by fire. On the step of this one he sat down, weakly sighing. Old Jerry was not as drunk as usual to-day. His pockets were empty, and the saloon keeper down street did not sell his grog for nothing; besides, Jerry was no ornament to his place, so he turned the old man out early.

Jerry leaned his head on his hand and thought. A few tears trickled slowly down his wrinkled face, but those restless, knotted fingers wiped them quickly away.

"Once it wasn't this way," he murmured. "Once I wasn't the sport of every one. But who'd respect such a man as I am now."

A sweet, child-voice at his side caused the old man to raise his head.

From the gate across the way a pair of brown eyes had been watching the old man. Then off came a blue-striped mitten to let a chubby hand

undo the catch, and across the road went the little fellow, his sturdy little legs coming to a stand in front of Jerry.

"Hello, Jerry! What you sittin' out here all 'lone for? Pretty cold to-day," he prattled on, "but mamma says I could come out 'cause I'm dressed warm you see, an' I've got on my new overcoat, an' my nice mittens gran'ma give me last Christmas. Say, have you got a nice gran'ma like mine?"

"No, Bobby, she's dead now," Jerry answered. He was always willing to answer Bobby Learter's questions.

"Well, ain't you got any little boy to hang up his stockin's then," Bobby went on.

"Yes, yes, I had, Bobby," burst in a groan from the old man "But there's your ma calling; she don't want you to talk to me, child."

"Oh, she don't mind, she said she didn't. Good-bye, Jerry," Bobby sang out as he skipped away, obedient to his mother's call.

Twilight fell swiftly, and with it great white feathery flakes of snow came floating down, silently, softly, covering the house-roofs, the fields outside the town, the low mounds in the hill cemetery, and down on the bent head of the old man, still sitting on the door step. So softly they fell he heeded them not, but murmured to himself at intervals of things of long ago, of memories and friends put behind him with that past from which he had fallen. Then the wind arose and blew icy-cutting blasts through the street, finding its keen way through old Jerry's thin coat.

He tottered again to his feet, saying: "I can't go home, no fire, nothing to eat. I don't see where all that last payment of Margaret's went; but I'll go back to Johnson's. It is warm there and maybe they'll let me stay awhile."

Merry shoppers hurried to and fro, sleigh bells rang musically up and down the wide white streets of this little Canadian town. Lights shone brightly from rooms where happy children were prattling over the events of the day, so trifling, yet of such importance to them, and lisping evening prayers.

At last the streets cleared, the shops were nearly all closed. The choir of the church, at the end of this long winding street, came out from their Friday evening practice, and two, leaving the merry group, walked down the snowy sidewalk chatting brightly.

Suddenly a door ahead of them, the door of Johnson's saloon, opened and something heavy rolled upon the sidewalk, followed by oaths and coarse laughs.

When they reached the now closed door, poor old Jerry was sitting there, the tears—oh! pitiful sight—flowing freely over his face. The fair girl stooped and put his ragged cap upon his straggling white locks, unconsciously smoothing them as she did so.

"Poor Jerry," she said, "this is too shameful. I'd like to say something to Johnson about this," turning to her companion.

"I didn't use to mind them so much," sobbed the old broken man at their feet, "but to-night it seems—it hurts me so."

"It's a shame that they should throw you out, of course it would hurt you," said the girl, misunderstanding him.

The young man, her escort, seeing her mistake, said kindly: "Let me help you up, Jerry, and see if you can walk home."

"Yes, thank you, thank you," said Jerry, "I can get home all right, Dr. Reynolds. Good night to you," and he turned trembling away.

"I must see after old Jerry, I think" said Dr

Reynolds, as he crossed the street to leave Miss Allison at her door. "I somehow feel uneasy about him, and you know I've always had an interest in the poor old fellow ever since he came here. It is such a pity that drink has so ruined him. I feel sure he has been a fine man in his younger days. Good night, Miss Allison."

The Doctor raised his hat and walked away intending to follow old Jerry's tardy footsteps after a look in at the office, but some patients required attendance and Jerry was forgotten for a time.

Meanwhile the old man tottered away up the street, past the doorstep where he sat in the early evening, past the vacant lot next, and so to his own door, the poor little weather beaten cottage where he lived. Once inside and the door closed, he felt along the wall to reach his hard bed, where he lay down all wet with snow, and shivering as he was, drawing the dirty old coverings over himself. He breathed heavily for a while, then rested quietly. The air grew colder and colder; the old man awoke shivering, and reaching out those poor thin hands, tried to wrap himself more closely in the covers.

An hour more passed and he was in a burning fever, tossing, with parched lips and aching head, from side to side, all the while moaning and talking. Now it was repeating the taunts of boys or the cruel jests of the fellows in Johnson's saloon, then screaming "Amy! Amy! save me, oh, save me. Ah, no, she is so far away—so far away," then moaning low, rising like the shriek of the north wind: "Fred, don't touch it, don't touch it, death—death," sinking into the plaintive cry of "Amy, my Amy, lost, lost," and so the night wore away.

Dr. Reynolds, riding home in the early morning from the bedside of a patient, suddenly remembered Jerry as he passed the cottage, so getting out of his sleigh and tying his horse to the fence, he went to the door. No response came to his knocking, but after listening intently, he heard the mutterings of the sick man within. Hardly knowing what to make of them, he opened the lockless door and walked in. His professional eyes took in the situation at once. Jerry very ill, no fire and the room miserably dirty. The case called for decisive action, so, throwing his warm fur coat over the old man he hastened away, and in half an hour had returned with medicine and food, and with Jemmy, his man of all work, with preparations for a fire.

The warmth caused the old man to fall asleep and about the middle of the afternoon he awoke and looked around wonderingly. Jemmy, sitting in the now orderly room patiently waiting for Dr. Reynolds' return, explained it all as best he could, but the old man was too weak to do more than slightly smile in token of his gratitude.

After the doctor's return he grew restless again, and seemed very anxious to have Jemmy go away, and he repeatedly said: "Don't tell any one that I am ill, will you, doctor? Promise me not to."

The doctor promised, and stayed with the old man as long as he could be spared from his office.

That night the old man seemed stronger and very much better. He had lain for some time watching the doctor's face from under his half closed lids, then reaching out his hand to gain attention, he said: "Doctor, I am going to die, am I not?"

"I hope not, Jerry," he answered.

"I am certain of it," replied Jerry, in a tone which caused the doctor to start in surprise.

"Yes," Jerry went on, answering his look with a slight smile, "and there is something I must say to you now, while I am able to speak."

He paused as if doubtful of his first words, and

then went on calmly: "Years ago, Dr. Reynolds, I was not the despised drunkard, Jerry Thompson. I was—but no matter now who I was. My wife, my angel wife, whose heart I broke, has been in her grave for thirty years. I have one son, a noble young man, but he knows nothing of his wretched father. Drink, accursed drink, dragged me down to this. I thought I was safe in my high sphere of life, but the taste once felt inwove itself with my life and withered my highest hopes and affections. My wife pined away, and after ten years of a wedded life, which had begun so happily, she gave up all care for evermore, and went to meet her father and mother in heaven. I could not give up drink even when friends left me and wealth took to itself wings, and at last they took my boy from me, and sent me away with a certain quarterly allowance. I came here under a new name and have lived a miserable sot, the sport of the rabble, ever since." He paused and rested to gain a little more strength, then he went on: "My boy was under the guardianship of a noble friend of early days. Once, years ago it seems, I saw something about him in a paper at Johnson's. As usual my money was gone, so I sold some—some things I didn't need, and went away to the city for just a glimpse of my son. My Fred spoke to the people in that vast hall, who listened just as they had listened to me years before, and when it was over I came back here to drown the gnawing hunger of my love and my self-loathing in rum. Now I am about to die and I want to see my boy. You'll send for him, won't you? He does not know where I am, or I know he would have been here long ago, but it is better so, I would only have disgraced his noble name. Will you send for him doctor?" he pleaded wistfully.

"Certainly I will" the doctor answered. "Give me his name and address and I'll telegraph."

"Come close, then," said old Jerry, "I must whisper it."

The doctor bent his head, and then raised it with a slight smile upon his lips. Perhaps, after all, the old man had been raving. He might have once been in better circumstances but the man he had named was surely never the son of this miserable, broken, rum-ruined creature. Next morning, half-bewildered, he sent a telegram to the address Jerry had given, secretly thinking that it was of no use, though if he was Jerry's son, he must hurry.

The doctor came to the cottage again at nightfall, Jemmy having stayed with the sick man through the day.

Fainter and fainter grew the light in old Jerry's eyes; his restless fingers pulled at the quilts; his breathing grew shorter. "Will—Fred—come?" he asked at times.

"Oh, I think so" said the doctor, though he had no hope.

The hours passed away. Then came the sound of sleigh bells, a quick stamping of feet, and a man hurried into the room.

"Fred! Fred!" shrieked the old man.

"My father," answered this tall, bearded gentleman, "I have found you at last."

Few and short were the words said at that bedside, the son repeating: "If I had only known of this, my father. Why did they keep me in ignorance? I have searched so long for you," and the old man murmured, "It's all right—Fred. I am—happy now. The past—I did it all—myself. I wasted my life—my talents, but—God's peace—has come to me here—and"—the rattling in his throat stopped utterance; a few struggles, quiet again, a last slow gasp, and he was at peace forever.

The snow that had fallen so softly on the last Friday evening of Jerry's life, was scraped away in one spot in the hill cemetery, where they laid his worn-out body. The villagers did not fail to notice the agitated stranger, who stood by Dr. Reynolds, but they forgot him again as the world moved on.

In the following spring two strangers came to the village, one a gray-haired, kindly-faced man, the other was old Jerry's son. They had come to see to the placing of a simple monument to his memory. When the work was finished, and the laborers had gone away, the two gentlemen stood thoughtfully looking across the green tinged fields and woods. The younger one spoke slowly: "The bitter regret that I could not attempt to save my father will follow me all the days of my life, but I here solemnly dedicate my power, my talents,

to do all the good I can in the world, to lift up the down-trodden, to use my influence against the curse of intemperance. To you, my guardian, my more than father, I owe my training into high ranges of thought, feeling, and action. I shall visit this ever as the saddest, most sacred spot in the world to me."

They shook hands warmly but silently, and turned back towards the village, which they left next morning for their accustomed walks of life. The names they registered at the little hotel were, Ralph Longley and Frederick Singleton. The name in gold letters on the marble shaft in the cemetery was the same as that of the younger man, "Frederick Singleton," and underneath, "*Requiescat in Pace.*"

THE END.





Artesian Wells.

AN artesian well, properly speaking, is a well like those in the Province of Artois, in France, which are narrow, tubular openings into deep, water-bearing strata, reaching water which is under sufficient pressure to be forced through the tube to or above the surface of the ground. The name is often applied to deep bores in which the water rises to a point more or less below the surface, and from which it has to be pumped.

In any case, where water rises into the bore to a height greater than that at which it is struck, the rise is due either to pressure from a higher fountain-head, or to the expansive power of gas contained in the water. Sometimes it is due to both forces.

The pressure which causes the rise is the pressure of water confined under an impervious stratum of rock or earth having a certain inclination or pitch from the horizontal line. The impervious stratum may pass down the hill at one side of a valley and turn up at the other side, so that a positive head is produced at any point below where the stratum begins to dip.

In other cases, the impervious stratum may pass on down a steep, long incline, the flow of water through it being greatly impeded by friction against the sand, gravel, or other loose material of which the water-bearing stratum is composed.

In this case, without the more positive head that exists in the first instance, water finds a freer exit through the open bore than through the sand and gravel, and rises in the well.

Whatever the conditions may be, the rule applies that water, under a head or pressure, seeks the easiest outlet, and, if confined, will rise as high, or nearly as high, as the head at the higher part of the inclined water-bearing stratum or distant elevated reservoir.

The action of confined air in causing water to flow from a well, is the same as that which is developed when a bottle of soda-water is uncorked, the expansion of the gas blowing the water out of the mouth of the bottle.

The "blowing wells" of the oil and salt regions are wells discharging by the pressure of natural gas—either of gas confined in the water or oil, or of gas confined in chambers, bringing pressure to bear on the surface of the liquid.

The elements of the work of boring the hole to reach the water are illustrated in the use of the post-hole auger and the rock-drill. A hole may be bored through earth or soft, disintegrated rock by the use of a revolving auger-like tool, and it may be continued through the rock by the use of a chisel-drill worked up and down like the "jumper" drill of a stone quarry.

The oldest bores of this character were probably made in China more than two thousand years ago. These wells were probably sunk after rock was reached, by the use of a chisel-drill suspended by a rope of bamboo fibres, and supported by a spring-pole of bamboo strong enough to hold the drill some distance above the point of working.

With ropes connected to the end of the spring-pole, by which it is pulled down, or by the jumping of a man on a platform on the spring-pole, the drill is made to strike its blow, recoiling with the aid of the spring-pole when tension is released.

This is substantially the principle of modern drilling with the chisel drill and its various modifications, and is the one used in the Pennsylvania oil regions, where the churning movement is imparted to the drill by a working beam attached to the shaft of a steam-engine by a crank and pitman.

After the completion of the well, the same appliances are used for pumping the oil. In the artesian wells now bored, it has the great drawback that it becomes necessary at frequent intervals to withdraw the drill, and sink what is called a sand-pump. This is a long, metal bucket, having at its bottom a valve opening inward. This is worked up and down in the bore until it becomes sufficiently filled with the powdered rock and water, when it is drawn to the surface.

An important improvement was made when the combined drill and sand-pump was introduced. The drill in this apparatus is suspended, not by a rope, but by a series of iron pipes screwed together at their ends. The drill itself is screwed fast to the lower end of the pipe, and is hollow. There are, near the lower end of the drill, and at intervals up the pipe, valves opening upward. As the drill is dropped, "sludge"—that is, water and crushed rock—enters the lower valve, and little by little works its way upward. Each valve in turn helps to raise the mass without bringing so much pressure on that at the bottom as to compact it immovably in the tube.

As the drill and tube are much heavier than the sludge, they drop faster in the descending movement, and the sludge, caught by the valves, gradually works toward the top, where it overflows. The well is thus self-cleansing in its construction, and the drill need be removed only so often as is necessary for sharpening, the interval depending on the hardness of the rock.

If the necessary water to form a movable sludge has not been developed in sinking the well, water for that purpose is poured in from the surface.

Another very successful method of drilling with a tool supported by hollow pipes is by the use of the water-jet. In this case, the water is forced down, under more or less pressure, through the rods and through the tool nearly to its point, so as to create a strong upward current in the bore outside of the tool. The flow in this case is necessarily of sufficient velocity to carry up the crushed rock with it, the sludge flowing off at the surface of the ground as in the former case. Here, also, it becomes necessary to withdraw the tools only for sharpening.

Another very important improvement in well-boring lies in the use of the casing as a means for carrying and working the tool. For this process, the lower end of the casing is furnished with cutting teeth, or for work in very hard rock, with cutting diamonds. The casing is revolved by steam-power. Its whole weight is borne on the cutting edge, and the working is rapid and true. The boring of five hundred and eighty feet in ten hours has been effected by this appliance.

The casing, whether used for revolving the tool, or only as a casing, has its bottom length perforated like a sieve, so that when the final water-bearing stratum is penetrated, the water flows freely into the pipe.

In all well-sinking with any form of chisel-drill it is necessary that the tool shall be turned constantly, so that it shall not strike twice in the same place, and so that it shall secure the boring of a round hole. This rotating movement is applied either to the rope suspending the common jumper, or to the pipe used in drilling with a water-jet

One of the most useful forms of the drill is made in two parts, which are hinged within the drill-rod, and which are so formed that when they strike an obstruction they spread out, making a fan-shaped bit of a diameter wider than the outer diameter of the casing, which may thus be lowered without resistance.

When the tool is raised against the lower edge of the casing, its hinged wings are closed together with a sheer movement, and become narrow enough to be drawn out for sharpening.

When, in using the revolving process, a very hard formation is reached, a chisel-drill may be used in connection with the revolving process, both working together, but independently.

The use of artesian wells is increasing enormously as population spreads over the comparatively arid regions of the West. Generally water may be found and brought at least near enough to the surface for economical pumping. It often flows with great force.

In Aberdeen, Nebraska, the flow of an artesian well has so powerful a head that it is used instead of steam for driving the engine by which the sewage of the town is pumped to irrigation fields.

In fact, we are, in our recent work in this country far surpassing all that has been done elsewhere.

Among the most famous wells in Europe is one at Aire, in Artois, which has been flowing steadily for over a century at the rate of fifteen thousand gallons per hour, and the water rises eleven feet above the mouth of the well.

At Lilliers, in the Pas-de-Calais, France, there is a well which has been flowing since the year 1126. The famous Grenelle well of Paris is almost eighteen hundred feet deep, and flows at the rate of twenty thousand gallons an hour, with a maximum temperature of eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit.

A well at St. Augustine, Florida, is fourteen hundred feet deep and twelve inches in diameter. It flows at the rate of over four hundred thousand gallons per hour, at a temperature of eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and with a pressure sufficient to form a jet fountain forty-two feet high above the mouth of the well. A well at Louisville, Kentucky, over three thousand feet deep and only three inches in diameter, flows at the rate of nearly fourteen thousand gallons per hour.—*Youth's Companion*.

Through Nature up to God.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Up through the hush of dim cathedral arches,
In countless temples, rings His praise to-day;
For thee, the drooping boughs of shivering larches
Between thee and the skies, make place to pray.

Far off, the echo of unnumbered voices—
The whole world's prayers—makes murmur like the sea;
Think ye the God, whom mighty praise rejoices,
Hath not a listening ear for thee, for thee?

Bends He to hear the tide of music, swelling
From countless multitude and eager throng,
And answers not the silent love, up swelling
From hearts whose sobs are changing to a song?

Full sweet and still may be the solemn shadow
Of His own house, where faint souls find Him near—
But look! His smile is on this sunlit meadow,
And every green leaf whispers, God is here!

O sore, sad heart,—and eyes so dim with weeping,—
He hears thy call; and sky, and cloud, and sod,
And stream, and leaf, all safe in His dear keeping,
Answer,—Come, hide thyself with us in God.

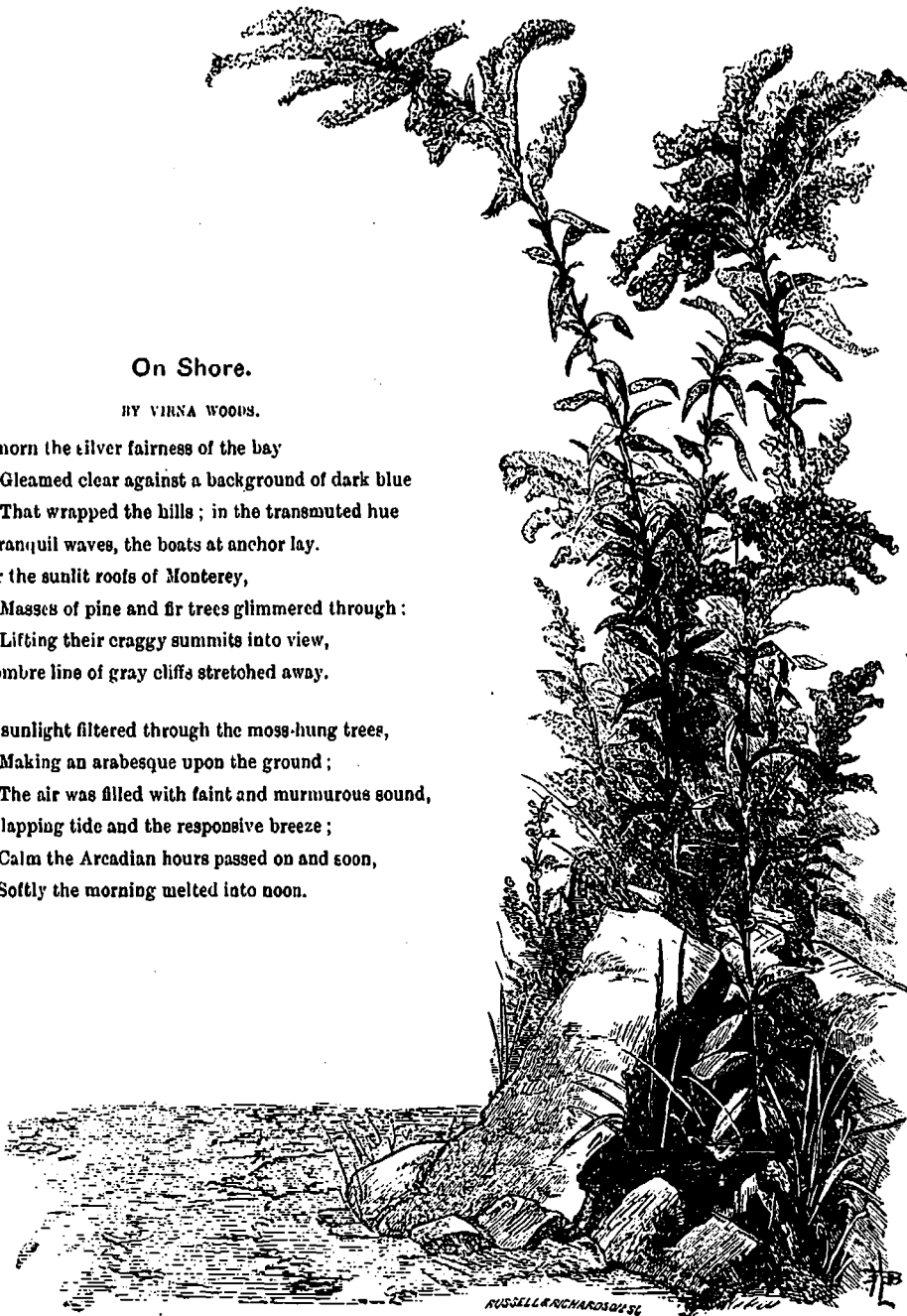
Let the great world go by. In this safe hiding
It shall not jar thee with its strife and noise.
Hide thee in Him,—then He in thee abiding,
Shall make thy soul with nature to rejoice.

On Shore.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

At morn the silver fairness of the bay
 Gleamed clear against a background of dark blue
 That wrapped the hills; in the transmuted hue
 Of tranquil waves, the boats at anchor lay.
 Afar the sunlit roofs of Monterey,
 Masses of pine and fir trees glimmered through:
 Lifting their craggy summits into view,
 A sombre line of gray cliffs stretched away.

The sunlight filtered through the moss-hung trees,
 Making an arabesque upon the ground;
 The air was filled with faint and murmurous sound,
 The lapping tide and the responsive breeze;
 Calm the Arcadian hours passed on and soon,
 Softly the morning melted into noon.



SOME interesting facts are gathered from the last crop bulletin issued by the Manitoba government on July 1st. It appears there are 18,937 farmers in that province, and the average area of land under cultivation by each this year is 78.5 acres, being an increase of 5.5 over the average of last year. The price of improved lands ranges from \$6.11 to \$14.39 per acre, and averages \$10.85. The price of unimproved land ranges from \$3.66 to \$10.37, and averages \$6.96 per acre.

THERE is every likelihood that a bill to prevent frauds in the sale of certain articles to farmers will be passed at the present session of the Dominion Parliament. The bill, which is a transcript of one that has been tested in Ohio as a measure to prevent frauds upon farmers by "seed wheat swindlers," "hay-fork men," and other unscrupulous operators in agricultural districts, has been passed by the special committee into whose charge it was entrusted, and reported to the House.

THE Ontario Minister of Agriculture, at the last session of the Legislature, secured a small grant for the purpose of enlightening farmers and their wives and daughters regarding the production of good butter. After considering the best means of accomplishing that most desirable object, it was decided to fully equip a travelling dairy, under the

superintendence of Prof. Dean, of the Agricultural College, and two competent assistants. The appliances consist of one No. 2 Daisy churn, one 20-bottle Babcock milk tester (for testing samples of milk furnished by anyone who desires to know the quality of their cows' milk), one lever butter worker, cream can, milk cans, thermometers, and other utensils necessary for successful butter-making. During the past month, several meetings have been held at different points throughout the Province, at which tests have been made, lectures delivered, and pertinent questions asked and answered. The result must be highly beneficial to those interested in the dairy industry.

It has been the custom to say that the cities both in Canada and the States are growing at the expense of the rural districts. This has been proved beyond doubt so far as the States are concerned, by the recent census. Of the fifty five counties into which the State of New York except Manhattan, Staten and Long Islands, is divided thirty-four show a decrease in the rural population. These counties lie in the central portions of the State; the counties of Westchester, Rockland and Orange on the south, and five counties in the western part of the state showing an increase. Three counties in New Jersey and a dozen more in Pennsylvania show a declining rural population. Thirty-six of the eighty-eight counties of Ohio, twenty-seven of the ninety-two counties of Indiana, seventeen of the eighty-four counties of Michigan, eight of the sixty-eight counties of Wisconsin, thirty-three of the one hundred and two counties of Illinois, seven counties in Minnesota, and thirty-three in Iowa lost population outside of the cities. South of Pennsylvania and the Ohio river the losses in the district named were confined to nine of the twenty-three counties of

Maryland, thirty-four of the one hundred counties of Virginia, twenty-seven of the one hundred and nineteen counties of Kentucky, and sixteen of the ninety-seven counties of Tennessee.

FROM all accounts, it appears that the rains in the early part of last month were of considerable benefit to the growing crops, so much so that a fair average crop throughout Ontario is confidently expected. In Manitoba and the North-West the crop prospects were never better. It is estimated that the yield of wheat will be about 25,000,000 bushels, or 10,000,000 bushels more than last year. Any local frosts so far have been light, and have done no material injury. The harvest prospects of the world are thus summarized by the *Times* of London, England: In Russia there is a grave deficiency, the peasantry are starving, and there is small hope of relief. In India a serious anxiety prevails over a considerable portion of the country. Madras, Rajupatha and the Punjab are the worst sufferers. There is drought in Bengal, and the need of more rain is urgent. Bombay alone promises a good harvest. The American harvest will be good in quality and amount, but with the failure of the Indian and Russian supplies it is of the utmost importance that the English crop shall not be short. The prospect on the whole is good. In the chief wheat counties, Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk, the crop is above the average, and in other counties up to the average. The harvest will be late and prices will be high. There is, therefore, a good outlook for the English farmer to break the long series of disastrous years.

It seems almost unnecessary to say anything in regard to Canada's Great Fair, except to mention the fact that this year it is to be held from the 7th to the 19th September, its popularity having become so widespread. Every year the attendance of visitors has so materially increased, and the number of exhibits has become so great, that the extension of the grounds and erection of new buildings have become indispensable. It is therefore pleasing to note that such a long-desired consummation has at last been reached, and in future the almost superhuman efforts of the indefatigable secretary and directors to accommodate the large army of exhibitors will not be so hampered as in the past. This year the applications for space in all departments have been so great that hundreds will have to be satisfied with very little or none at all. It has been found necessary to erect a new fruit hall, and to make other extensions and enlargements. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have also erected a building for their own exhibits. Mr. Hill has for three years back been endeavoring to get an exhibit of a number of phonographs, and has at last succeeded. Visitors will therefore have the pleasure of hearing from the phonographs some of the leading orators, vocalists, and orchestras of the day. He has also been negotiating for some of the best special attractions to be obtained in the States, and visitors may rest assured that in this respect they will not be disappointed. One of the greatest attractions will be the spectacular production of "The Siege of Paris." Everything is being done to make this year's exhibition superior to its predecessors, and that is saying a great deal. Entries close on the 15th of this month.

FROM a table prepared by a New York commercial paper it is shown that since 1878 the highest prices of wheat ranged in the same years of the largest exports from the United States, and the years of the largest exports of wheat were also the years of the largest exports of corn. The world's crop of wheat, outside of the United States, has averaged 1,650,000,000 bushels per year since 1883, except in 1889, when it was 1,460,000,000; and attention is called to the fact that the price from 1883 up to 1889 has ruled below one dollar a bushel, the September corner in 1888, excepted. In the following year, 1890, it fell back below one dollar per bushel, undoubtedly on account of the world's crop again being good. Now it is perfectly safe to compute that the world's crop, judging from the tenor of trustworthy advices, is short of the average



at least 275,000,000 bushels, while the United States will not go over their average of 75,000,000 bushels. It is true the crop of 1889, outside of the United States, decreased 190,000,000 bushels below the average of six years previous, and the price would not keep above one dollar in Chicago, but the surplus of the previous six years must have been a factor in keeping the price depressed, as the price did not advance ten cents a bushel at any time in the English market, and just now English wheat is selling very much higher than it was about this time last year. Latest reports are to the effect that a gigantic scheme to "corner" the entire wheat crop of the whole country has been devised by the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance of the United States. If the plan succeeds, the price of wheat will be forced up to an unparalleled figure. The scheme involves five hundred million bushels of wheat, and is simply to hold back the greater part of this until hunger compels the consumers of the world to pay the enormous price demanded. This scheme has already had the effect of drawing the attention of those interested in the markets of Europe to Canada for their wheat supplies, and if it holds out there will likely be a big demand for our breadstuffs.

It would be interesting to know how many men in our cities these hot days, who are tied down to business in close, hot and dusty stores and offices, while the blazing sun makes the streets, the sidewalks, and even the very brick walls radiate an increased heat, wish they were barefooted boys again, and out in the country in the cool shade, where they could dress as they pleased. As a rule, the city man wants to go to the country, and the countryman wants to come to the city. It is the same with boys. But, as Shakespeare puts it, they had better bear the ills they have than fly to those they know not of. Comparatively few country boys succeed in the cities. A few of those with exceptional energy, natural force of character, or special advantages, acquire fortunes and fame, but the large majority find it much harder to live than if they had stayed on the farm, and they sink out of sight and remembrance in a few years. Country boys should avoid the cities, unless they have trades, professions, capital, or some other special calling or advantage. Many a country girl, also, has an idea that the advantages of the city girl are not hers—that she suffers from lack of something, she does not know exactly what. She is convinced that the girl in the city avails herself of every opportunity to look at fine pictures, read choice books and cultivate her mind. When she generalizes in this way, she is simply showing herself to be narrow and ignorant. The girl in the country to-day, can get exactly the same papers and books that come to the girl in the city. Her thinking hours are longer, and very often she sees more of real, sweet home life. She is apt to learn that most beautiful industry, how to be a good housewife, and over the bread-pan or the churn, she can think as great thoughts as she would over the elaborate fancy work, or in the picture gallery. She can study flowers as they grow; she can breathe the good, pure air of heaven, which makes a healthy body—and that usually means a healthy soul—and she can learn whatever she wishes. Intellectually, she can control herself, and she may know in books at least, the best trained and the finest minds of the century. Among these people virtues are respected and vices are condemned, and she is thrown into society which she will never regret and which will always be a credit to her. If there is anybody to envy, it is the boy or girl in the country.

At this season of the year, when the harvest is being gathered in, it will, we think, be interesting to refer to the various processes through which the wheat plant passes before it arrives at maturity. The wheat plant is composed of the principal stem, of the stalks growing from its sides, and of the branches which proceed from these. The stalk begins to form as soon as four green leaves appear. If the little plant is then taken, and the lower leaf carefully separated, a small white point may be seen, which in time becomes a stalk, and the root appears under the first leaf. The white point springs from a knot, opens out into green leaves, and pushes from the side a new point. However,

these different points, and the stalks which grow from them, are not all designed to bear fruit; many of them decay and perish. When the principal stem has gathered some growth, a considerable revolution takes place in the plant, and all the sap is then employed in the formation of flowers and fruit. But before that, and when the plant begins to vegetate, four or six leaves are seen to form and spring from as many knots. These prepare the nutritive juice for the ear, which is seen very diminutive in spring upon opening the stalk through the middle. When the plant begins to bud, the two upper leaves of the stalk join together, embrace the ear of corn, and protect it till it has acquired some degree of consistence. Before that, all the knots, particularly the two last, though soft, are closely connected, leaving very little space between them. But, as soon as the ear has pierced its coverings, these parts lengthen, and the leaves give them all the juices they contain. The knots gradually become harder, and the lower leaves dry up; the juices which nourished them are then only employed in supporting the stem. After all these preparations the blossom appears. It is a little white tube, very delicate, and grows from the seed leaf. Several more small stalks surround this bag. They are at first yellowish, then brown, and just before they fade and fall off, become black. The principal use of these stalks is to nourish a little cluster in the bag of grains. When the corn has ceased to blossom, we see grains which contain the germ, and which arrive at perfection long before the farinaceous matter appears. This matter gradually increases, whilst the sap collects round an extremely fine and delicate part, resembling down. This substance, which exists after the blossoms, serves to support the opening of the great tube passing through the corn. The fruit begins to ripen as soon as it has attained its full size; at that time the stalk and the ear become white, and the green color of the grain changes into yellow or light brown. The grains, however, are still very soft, and their farina contains much moisture; but when the corn has arrived at maturity they become hard and dry. The wisdom manifested in the structure and vegetation of corn cannot be sufficiently admired. Those who are accustomed to reflect will discover it in the least stalk. Even the leaves which surround it before it has attained its full growth have their use. They seem to be placed round the stalk for the same reason that a builder raises a scaffolding round a building he is about to construct, and when it is finished removes it.

List of Fall Fairs.

NAME	PLACE.	DATE.
Great Industrial	Toronto	Sept. 7 to 19
Great Eastern	Sherbrooke, P.Q.	Sept. 1 to 5
Prince Edward County	Pictou	Sept. 8 and 9
Bay of Quinte	Belleville	Sept. 10 to 12
South Lanark	Perth	Sept. 15 to 17
Great North-Western	Goderich	Sept. 16 to 18
Montreal	Montreal, P.Q.	Sept. 17 to 25
Western	London	Sept. 17 to 26
Central	Peterborough	Sept. 21 to 23
Lincoln County	St. Catharines	Sept. 21 to 24
North Lanark	Almonte	Sept. 21 to 24
Southern	Brantford	Sept. 22 and 23
South Renfrew	Renfrew	Sept. 22 and 23
South Grey	Durham	Sept. 22 and 23
Wellesley & North East		
Hope	Wellesley	Sept. 22 and 23
Ontario and Durham	Whitby	Sept. 22 to 24
Centre Bruce	Paisley	Sept. 22 to 24
Central	Guelp	Sept. 22 to 24
Central	Lindsay	Sept. 23 to 25
Central Canada	Ottawa	Sept. 23 to Oct. 2
Canada's International	St. John, N.B.	Sept. 23 to Oct. 3
South Oxford	Tilsburg	Sept. 24 and 25
W. Durham & Darlington	Bowmanville	Sept. 24 and 25
County Peel	Brampton	Sept. 29 and 30
County of Haldimand	Cayuga	Sept. 29 and 30
Central	Walters' Falls	Sept. 29 and 30
South Grimsby	Smithville	Sept. 29 and 30
Peninsular	Chatham	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1
Northern	Walkerton	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1
North Riding of Oxford	Woodstock	Sept. 29 to Oct. 1
Great Northern	Collingwood	Sept. 29 to Oct. 2
North Renfrew	Beachburg	Oct. 1 and 2
North Perth	Stratford	Oct. 1 and 2
South Norwich	Oatville	Oct. 2 and 3
Howard Branch	Ridgetown	Oct. 5 to 7
North Brant	Paris	Oct. 6 and 7
East York	Markham	Oct. 7 to 9
Central Wellington	Elora	Oct. 8 and 9
Norfolk Union	Simcoe	Oct. 13 and 14
West York & Vaughan	Woodbridge	Oct. 20 and 21

There will be no fair this year at either Kingston, Hamilton or St. Thomas.

- 1st.—Celebration of Dominion Day.
- 2nd.—John Bardsley, ex-city treasurer of Philadelphia, sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment for embezzling over a million and a half dollars. . . . Board of Regents of Victoria College decide not to move the institution to Toronto till completion of the new building in 1893.
- 3rd.—Twenty persons killed and many injured in a railway collision near Ravenna, Ohio.
- 4th.—The German Emperor and Empress arrive in England and meet with an enthusiastic reception. . . . Death of W. H. Gladstone, eldest son of Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in his 51st year. . . . An excursion train leaps the track near Charleston, W. Va.; twelve persons killed and about sixty injured.
- 6th.—Marriage of Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, granddaughter of the Queen, to Prince Aribert of Anhalt. . . . Imperial Federation League obtains permission to erect a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, to the late Sir John Macdonald.
- 7th.—Four condemned prisoners executed by electricity at Sing Sing prison, N.Y. . . . Parnellite candidate meets with a crushing defeat in the Carlow election for member of Parliament.
- 8th.—St. Victor convent, St. Hilaire, Que., destroyed by fire; loss about \$40,000. . . . Premier Mercier, of Quebec, succeeds only in raising a four million dollar loan in France.
- 9th.—Toronto citizens decide to erect a pedestal with a statue thereon, with allegorical representations of the provinces, as a memorial of Sir John Macdonald.
- 10th.—The New York Jack-the Ripper sentenced to imprisonment for life. . . . Census of England and Wales shows a population of 29,001,018, an increase of 3,026,572 since the last census.
- News received that a landslide had occurred on the banks of the Skeena river, at the North Pacific Cannery, B.C., causing the death of a white woman and 40 Indians.
- 13th.—Destructive fire at Bismarck, Ont.; loss about \$20,000. . . . A madman unsuccessfully attempts to assassinate the French President Carnot. . . . Great conflagration in the east end of Montreal; loss about \$75,000.
- 14th.—Formal opening in Toronto of the Annual Convention of the National Educational Association; about 20,000 teachers in the city. . . . The Irish Land Bill read a third time in the English House of Lords.
- 15th.—International cricket match, Canada and United States, played at Toronto, won by the latter by 36 runs. . . . Collision between the steamers Athabasca and Pontiac, near Sault Ste. Marie; the latter fills and sinks.
- 16th.—Brilliant banquet given by authors in London, Eng., in honor of the passage of the copyright law. . . . Forty persons killed and many injured by a cyclone in West Superior, Wis. . . . Toronto property owners carry a by-law authorizing payment of \$300,000 to secure an eastern entrance for the C.P.R., a grand central union station, etc.
- 17th.—Death of ex-Warden Redson, of Stoney M., untain penitentiary, Manitoba. . . . Close of the great Educational Convention at Toronto; the gathering acknowledged to be a complete success.
- 18th.—Georgia State Legislature passes an act disqualifying drunken doctors from practising. . . . Capt. McMicking, of the Canadian rifle team, wins the Prince of Wales prize at Bisley.
- 20th.—Toronto City Council passes a by-law prohibiting public speaking and preaching in the parks on Sunday. Steamer Circe, of the Donaldson Line, goes ashore on the coast of Anticosti; the captain, chief engineer and three others drowned.
- 21st.—Lieut. Davidson, 8th Royals, Quebec, secures third place in the shooting for the Queen's prize at Bisley. . . . Kiely-Evrett syndicate's tender for a 30 years' lease of the Toronto street railway accepted by the city council.
- 22nd.—The Coldstream Guards again refuse to parade, owing to excessive drill. . . . Annual meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada at Toronto. . . . N. Clarke Wallace, M.P., elected President of the Imperial Grand Orange Council at the tenth triennial meeting held in Toronto.
- 23rd.—Public reception accorded Premier Mercier in Montreal on his return from France. . . . Prize winnings of the Canadian Rifle team at Bisley amount to £581.
- 24th.—The Education Bill passes its third reading in the English House of Lords. . . . Official census of France shows a total population of 38,095,150, an increase since the last census of 208 634.
- 25th.—The village of Castleton, Ont., almost totally destroyed by fire; loss over \$25,000. . . . Col. Howard Vincent, M.P. for Sheffield, Eng., addresses a large meeting in Montreal in favor of preferential trade relations between England and her colonies.
- 26th.—Disgraceful rioting in the Queen's Park, Toronto; the police stoned and the mayor mobbed. . . . Collision between two excursion trains near Vincennes, France; 49 persons killed and over 100 injured.
- 27th.—Lord Mountstephen takes his seat in the English House of Lords. . . . Death of Senator Odell at Halifax, N.S. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Edward Handcock arrested on the charge of murdering their 22 year old daughter at Fairbank, Toronto.
- 28th.—The exiled Grenadier Guards return from Bermuda to England.
- 29th.—First load of new wheat sold on the London, Ont., market, realizing 93 cents per bushel of 63 pounds.
- 30th.—Several barns destroyed by lightning in Wellington and Picton counties, Ont.



Measuring Fields.

The farmer should know the contents of every field of his farm. He should know the number of acres occupied by each crop, that he may estimate the amount he may have to sell, and the quantity required for his home use. He will thus be enabled to judge the profits of each crop which he raises, and the expense incurred in cultivation. For this purpose, the rigid accuracy required by employing a land surveyor, in buying or selling the farm, will not be necessary; while mere guesswork, or the inaccurate mode of measuring by pacing, will hardly answer for the careful farmer.

Certain simple tools, for measuring both garden and farm crops, or the contents of fields, are sometimes a great convenience. For moderate distances, a light pole (fig. 1) may be used to advantage



Fig. 1.

and with much accuracy. It is eleven feet long, so that three lengths will make 33 feet, or two rods. It is made of light, stiff wood, or of the material used for making fishing-rods. A small handle of round iron to carry it, may be screwed into it near one end, for convenience in measuring by one person. This handle is easily made and the screw cut by a common blacksmith. When used, small slits of tin are placed against the ends to show its exact position as moved onwards.

Fig. 2 represents a measuring machine for the rapid measuring of fields, and which has the advan-

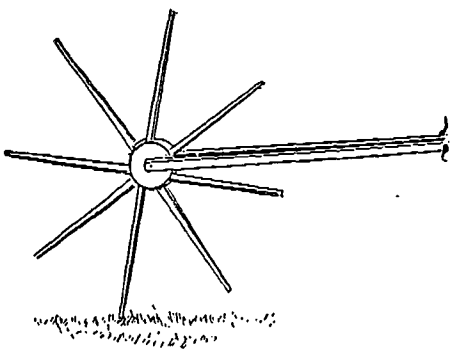


Fig. 2.

tage over the surveyor's chain or tape-line, in that it is always used by one person. The spokes of the wheel are a little larger than common lath. These spokes form a wheel of such size that one revolution measures exactly one rod. This will be effected if each one is $32\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The hub is made of two circular pieces of inch board screwed face to face together, holding the spokes firmly in grooves previously cut. There are eight spaces between the points, and if they are just long enough for each space to be $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the implement will measure accurately one rod. The points should not be so sharp as to sink into soft ground. The axle is an iron rod with a nut on each end, and a sole-leather washer is placed between. A suitable size for the spokes is half an inch thick and one-

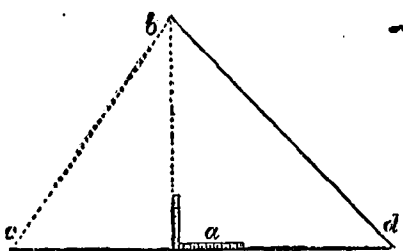


Fig. 3.

and-a-half inches wide at the hub, tapering to an inch or less at the point. Sometimes a wagon wheel has been used, but it is too heavy, and the

jerks which its weight causes, make it inaccurate. On a smooth surface we have found the measuring of our wheel not to vary more than half an inch in a rod. A common carpenter made the machine.

Fig. 3 shows how a triangular field or piece of ground, *b, c, d*, may be easily and accurately measured. As a right-angled triangle contains exactly one-half as much as a square or rectangle, divide the three-sided piece into two right-angled triangles, as represented by fig. 3; the common square, *a*, being used to form the right angles. Multiply the two shorter sides of the two triangles thus formed together, add the products and divide the sum by two, and the quotient will be the area. Use *feet* for small pieces, and *rods* for fields.

Fig. 4 represents the way in which an irregular

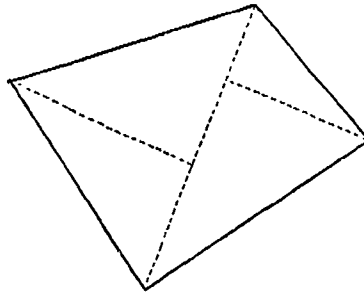


Fig. 4.

four-sided field may be measured, by dividing it into four right-angled triangles, and measuring each in the way just described. A few light stakes inserted into the ground at the right places, will make the division distinct while the measuring is going on. It will be more convenient to set the square used for finding the right angles, in a stake as shown by fig. 5.

It becomes desirable sometimes, to lay out curv-

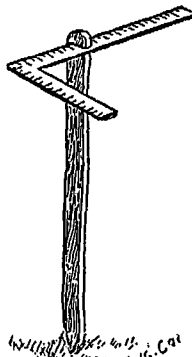


Fig. 5.

ed lines on ornamental grounds, or for walks or carriage drives, where if badly done, with breaks or angles, they will have a very bad or broken appearance. True curves, with any degree of deviation from the right line, may be laid out by using the rod represented by fig. 6. An iron pin at the middle, *A*, holds it from sliding on the ground



Fig. 6.

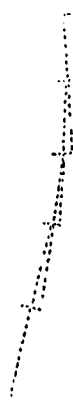


Fig. 7.

while used, where also is an open socket to receive the marking stake. *C* is a graduated cross bar, for varying the curve. Fig. 7 shows how it is used for making the curve, the greater the deviation at each move, the shorter the curve. At each move a peg or stake is inserted, and the curve is thus regularly marked. A short curve may be made to run gradually into a longer one, and vice versa, by a

regular increase or decrease on the short scale, at each measurement with the pole. Such curves as

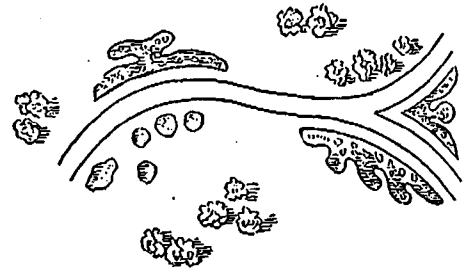


Fig. 8.

are represented by fig. 8 are thus accurately laid out.

A convenient measure, which the farmer or gardener wants to use oftener perhaps than any other, is the one represented by fig. 9, which enables him rapidly to lay off drills or rows of hills

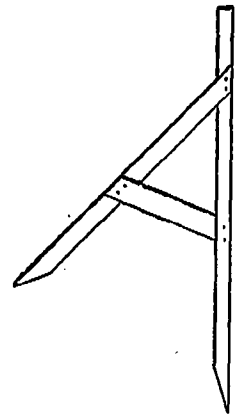


Fig. 9.

three feet apart, or three and a half or four feet. Holding it in his hand, a single placing on the ground gives the desired distance, which is better than the common practice of guessing how far apart are the rows of corn, potatoes, &c., or measuring by spreading the feet.

THIS is the best time in all the year for cutting brush and vines in the pasture lot, cleaning out hedge rows along the roadside, and underbrushing weed lots. Trees cut close to the ground at this season rarely sprout from the stumps.

UPON a potato crop treated with a light dressing of manure, wood ashes will often do marked good, and the same would be true upon a thin sod for corn or beans. In the first case, the manure gives a relative excess of nitrogen, needing the potash and phosphates of the ashes to make it available, while the corn crop, needing but little nitrogen, would make prompt use of the constituents of the ashes.

FLOWERING shrubs that require pruning at all, need it now; and all that is to be done is to cut away the old wood close to the ground, in order to give the young shoots a chance. This throws the whole strength of the plant into the new and flowering branches. Never cut back a flowering shrub in order to make it "shapely"; that just throws it out of shape. Shrubs will not thrive in an impoverished soil; they may struggle for an existence, but that is not growth. A wheelbarrowful of coarse manure spread over the roots of a shrub in autumn or early winter, and then forked in the following spring, is a good investment.

UNDER no circumstances is it advisable to sow small grain in a young orchard. It makes its growth at the same time the trees are making theirs, and as the grain roots quickly fill the soil, they starve the trees, exhausting both available food and moisture. The crops to grow in a young orchard are those which make their chief growth late in the season. Beans are, perhaps, the best of any, but potatoes and dwarf sweet corn, or dwarf peas, are not objectionable, always supposing that a liberal dressing of plant food is given, so that the trees are not made to suffer. Clover, though not making its growth so early as wheat or rye, is also objectionable, as it cannot all be turned under, and there is a good deal of work left for the hoe.

The fitness of hay for baling depends strictly on the degree of dryness rather than on the time after harvesting. In hot and dry weather, hay will dry more in a few days than in a much longer time when the weather is cool and damp. For baling, hay requires more thorough drying than when thrown loosely into the mow. When made solid by baling, the damp vapor cannot escape from the interior, and it is therefore necessary to give sufficient time for the dampness to pass off. This period would vary with seasons, and with the ripeness of the crop, but as a general rule, to be observed in all seasons, five or six weeks should usually be allowed.

The most efficient remedy for all crops of weeds is the summer fallow, provided it is efficiently applied. Imperfectly used, it would be of little or no use. The soil must be kept clean and mellow through the season. Canada thistles and milk-weeds have been thoroughly cleaned from the land in a single season. There are some crops, as, for example, the live-for-ever, so tenacious of life as not always to yield to this treatment, and the remedy would be, turning the whole crop deeply under and allowing it to remain there long enough to entirely destroy its vitality. This may be effected in limited patches with the spade in trenching, or on a larger scale with subsoiling and trench plowing.

Care of Stock.

A cow that has to get her living by gnawing the parched pasture, under an August sun, without other feed, is not likely to make a great show at the fair.

It is highly important at all times, but especially in warm weather, to give swine an ample supply of pure water, for wallowing in and drinking. To drive them to filthy mud holes is to invite disease. It is not safe, however, to give them access to a running stream, for the water may be charged with the germs of hog cholera from infected herds farther up the stream.

CAREFUL experiments in feeding lambs shewed: 1.—That corn, as an exclusive grain ration, does not give the best results, either in amount, quality or economy of production, when fed to growing or fattening animals, 2.—That the amount of water drunk (especially in the case of lambs) is a pretty certain indication of the rate of gain. 3.—That the production of wool is very greatly dependent upon the nitrogen in the ration.

CATTLE and horses of all ages, while at pasture in summer, need some sort of shade to which they can retreat for refuge against the scorching rays of a mid-day sun. A few great spreading elms or maples afford a grateful shade, and, where such are standing in a lot, it is better to leave them standing, even at the cost of a little less luxuriant growth of grass, than to cut them down. Where there are no trees, a cheap shed, covered with boards, or even with brush, may be put up for the purpose.

WITH grain high or low, it is wise to sell off the cows that do not pay for their keep; and about one-fourth of the common cows in the dairy do this. With the herd reduced to those that pay a dividend, it is well to give them good feed, either in an abundant pasture or a small daily grain ration. There is no profit from cows that are allowed to dry off from want of food. Grass alone is the cheapest food, and it is therefore wise to reduce the number of stock to the capacity of the pasture, for there is no profit in overstocking a pasture. Fewer cows, and better cows, better fed, pay better.

A BREEDING sow, to live long, and to do well, should never be confined in a pen, nor a small yard. She should be allowed to run in a pasture, and be fed on light foods—that is, foods which contain but a limited portion of carbon. Grass is a healthful and well-balanced food for swine, and a breeding sow requires nothing else, except when suckling young, and then she should be fed largely on oats, middlings or corn, rye, and barley, with three times as much bran in it as of the other grains. These foods will fit her to breed twice a year, and to be always in a healthy and vigorous condition. Fat is inimical to conception, bearing young or suckling young.

SHEEP are at their best when from one to six years old. Some will be as hardy at eight years as at six, while others will fail. To have a flock in its best state, no old sheep should be allowed in it; all inferior animals should be fattened and sold—whether their inferiority be due to age or any other cause—as soon as their poorer qualities are discovered. A sheep that is lacking in vigor from any cause, shows age sooner than those in perfect health. If the best are selected for breeders, and the inferior ones are sold for lambs or mutton, as the case may be, there is no reason why a flock of sheep may not be kept and improved on a farm, so long as it is desired to keep them there.

ALL that is necessary for the comfort of a horse during hot weather is kind care, cleanliness, cool, well-ventilated stables (darkened during fly time), full and regular feeding and watering, and reasonable work. A horse is often ruined in a few minutes when a man lets his ambition get the better of his judgment. It is hardly necessary to mention the frequent raising of the collars from the neck when stopping, allowing them to become cool and dry, and removing the harness at noon. Doing this, not only adds to the comfort of the animal, but is the best remedy for collar-galls. A very good rule is, for the driver to now and then imagine himself in the harness, and his sense of humanity and justice will teach him how to treat his faithful servant.

ONE of the great drawbacks to sheep breeding is the ravages of worthless curs. Two or three dogs in a single night will destroy good sheep and lambs enough to offset the greatest prospective profit for an entire season. If there is any one evil that requires more stringent legislation than another it is the dog nuisance. There is hardly any family so poor as not to be rich enough to own a dog, and the pleasure and comfort of that useless cur they will protect by every means possible, always ready to deny the possibility of their dog doing any injury. One of the best means for protecting a flock against the attacks of dogs is, by using a liberal number of sheep bells. If the flock numbers forty or fifty, at least a quarter of them should have each a small bell, and as noisy a one as possible, attached to her neck. If the flock is small, a greater portion should possess bells. The reason why bells are a good protection is because sheep-killing dogs are naturally sneaks. They are afraid of detection, and the noise created by a flock of sheep wearing bells will cause them to desist. We need more stringent laws for the protection of sheep.

The Poultry Yard.

WHERE grass is not plentiful, feed bran, oats, and corn to growing chickens.

A TABLESPOONFUL of castor oil will frequently relieve severe cases of "crop-bound" in adult fowls.

LAY in a good supply of clean clover hay for the poultry next winter. It will be relished almost as much by the fowls as green food is in the summer.

THERE is nothing better for your turkeys than curds squeezed dry and crumbled. Twice a week mix them with chopped dandelion leaves or young onion tops.

BROODERS, in which hen-hatched chickens are raised, should be sprayed with kerosene oil once a week. A good plan is also to soak the fringe cloth with the oil.

GRAPEVINES planted in the chicken runs, and trained to the fence, afford shade to poultry; and also fruit to the farmer, in abundance. The vines should be trained high up.

FOR ordinary diarrhoea put a teaspoonful of chalk mixture in a tablespoonful of boiled milk, with a pinch of cayenne pepper, and give this mixture in the morning and at night to the affected bird. Do not allow other drink while ailing.

BROKEN crockery, pounded fine enough, so that the fowl can swallow it readily, furnishes the best and cheapest grinding material extant. Fowls require not only hard grinding material, but that having sharp, ragged corners and edges.

BESIDES providing the fowls with shade through the hot days, it will be well to erect some kind of a temporary shade over each vessel of drinking water. If exposed to the sun it soon becomes unhealthy, and cool, sweet water is one of the most important factors in the health of the flock.

AUGUST is usually the moulting season of old fowls, and a hen that does not moult during this month is not likely to be worth much as a winter layer. The moulting season is a severe drain upon fowls, and they should be well fed, upon good, nourishing food. This not only hastens the moulting, but keeps the fowl in good condition, so that they will be ready to lay sooner, if it be desired to keep them, or may be more easily fattened if they are to be disposed of in that way.

No breed is more valuable for the housekeeper than the Black Hamburg. Indeed, it is a matter of choice between them and the Leghorns. They are an ornament to the lawn or yard, and much admired in shows. Their green and glossy black color, neat head, surmounted with a rich, red, rose comb, the points being handsomely and evenly carried out, poised somewhat jauntily on the head, though fitting squarely; round and pure white earlobes closely fitting the head, smooth, like a piece of white kid glove, and a trifle lower than on other Hamburgs; well rounded wattles, face brilliant crimson; tail long, full and sound feathered, carried well up but not squirrel-like. The handsome and becoming points make the black Hamburg a conspicuous and much admired fowl.

As each brood grows and develops, it is a little thing to look at each of the chicks day by day and note how two or three will outstrip the rest in growth, symmetry and beauty, but it is just such carefulness as this that will enable you to cull your flocks judiciously and keep them constantly improving, both in utility and beauty. Thus, when you find them both comely to look at and profitable to keep, the irksome labor of caring for them disappears, for after all it is not the labor you dread so much, as it is uninteresting toil and doubtful results. And though less is said on the subject, yet in reality the necessity for poultry on the farm is much more imperative than the city consumption; the farmer has no daily market to supply him with fresh meat, so when the poultry crop fails, his only resource is bacon and salt pork, two articles of diet which only the most robust who are actively engaged in outdoor exercise, should ever touch during warm weather.



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

Flower Lamp-Shade.

COLLECT small flowers, not larger than buttercups, small gentians, the little "lady's delight," and sweet elysium, and many small ferns, pretty grasses and running vines, like the running blackberry vine, tinted with the autumn colors, the little mouse-ear, the small maiden-hair fern, the lycopodium from the greenhouse, and all the pretty grasses of which our country has a great variety; nothing large, but much which is light and feathery.

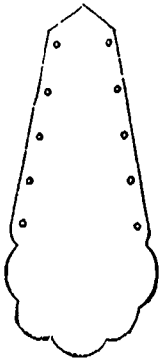


FIG. 1.

Press each carefully. Sheets of Japanese paper are best for pressing, as the flowers keep their tint much better than when pressed between the leaves of a book.

Take sixteen sheets of typewriter's paper, also called "rice paper," which you can buy at a stationer's, being careful to select the most transparent. Cut this like the illustration Fig. 1, in shape, measuring ten and one-half inches at the longest part, and five and one-half inches at the widest part.

Fasten the flowers, ferns and grasses to right of these sheets, being careful that the whole lampshade is harmonious, not having too great a variety of flowers, and all harmoniously arranged. A simple design of feathery grasses, ferns and vines, with from four to seven flowers at most on a sheet, is prettiest.

Place the remaining eight sheets above the flowers, one by one, fastening each flower or vine or fern with mucilage, and fastening each upper sheet to the edge of the under rice-paper. Fastening the flowers to the second sheet of paper gives a more desirable transparency.

In these eight pieces of paper filled with flowers and vines you will punch or cut holes, five inches either side, as shown by the illustration Fig. 1.

Weave each to its neighbor with a narrow rib-

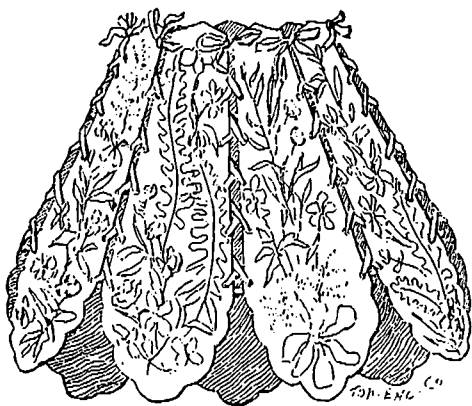


Fig. 2.

bon, as you would lace a shoe, and tie at the top (illustration Fig. 2).

This is very beautiful when placed over the ordinary porcelain shade, and the light given is much softened by its use.

Parlor Novelties.

FASHION'S latest dictate commands a conspicuous pincushion in the parlor. It is made to hang, and

should represent a perfect dream of ethereal daintiness. The illustration (Fig. 1) is a suggestion in

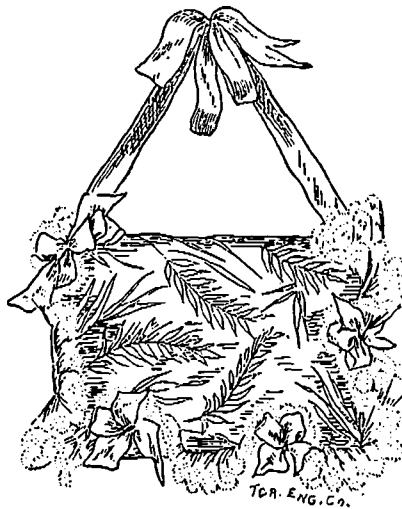


FIG. 1. HANGING PINCUSHION.

pale blue brocaded satin, with a fluffy garniture of lace and ribbons. This may be made of the now so popular combination of white with gold, but of course soils more readily.

An artistic decoration for a mirror having an old or defaced frame is accomplished with the grace of a couple of fans in neutral tints, peacock feathers, and a drapery flowered China silk. Fine green tarletan is less expensive, and fully as pretty. Should the glass be cracked or broken near the frame the defect may be entirely concealed by the drapery. (Fig. 2.) It is a pardonable supposition that all imaginable designs in sachel-bags have already been devised. However, here is an entirely new style, of "French Pompadour"



FIG. 2. MIRROR ORNAMENT.

origin: Take a yard of soft silk, sew it up lengthwise, and fill it with scented cotton. At a distance of twelve inches it is fastened to a large white bone ring, for hanging. The shorter end is rounded with cotton into a ball, and is finished with loops of ribbon. The longer end of twenty-four inches is left in the form of a flat bag, and is finished with bangles.

A unique receptacle for invitations and the like



FIG. 3. CARD RECEPTACLE.

is constructed of two palm-leaf fans (fig. 3). The inner faces are gilded; the sides facing out are

covered with plush, decorated, and draped with gauze and ribbons. The fans are fastened three inches apart to a foot or support of reeds. In case reeds cannot be obtained, extra fan handles answer the purpose.

A dainty bag for holding fine needlework proves a convenience at social gatherings where fancy work fills a part of the programme. The outer case

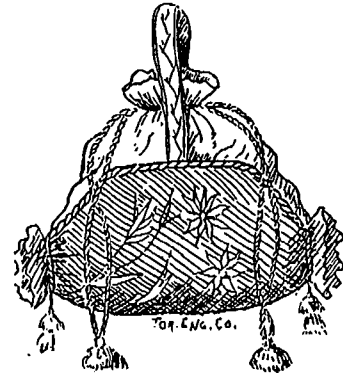


FIG. 4. BAG FOR NEEDLEWORK.

of plush is stiffened with a lining of linen canvas and decorated with linen embroidery or simply the monogram. The lining is of moiré silk, with a deep frill of the same at the top. Finish with cord and tassels as draw-strings. (Fig. 4).

Hints to Housekeepers.

It is said that sciatica may be cured by applying a coating of flowers of sulphur to the afflicted limb.

Pictures are now frequently hung with ribbons of a color harmonizing with the decorative motive of the room.

Glass jars of a small size, or large tumblers, are better for preserves than china, for should they not keep well it can be detected immediately.

All jellies and preserves should be put in the jars while lukewarm, as the jelly or syrup, if it be thick, breaks after it has become cold; the jars should be left open till the next day.

Don't forget, if you are a tall woman, to have your work-table and ironing-board a few inches higher than they are usually made. This little precaution will prevent many a backache.

Gold rope is much used for picture frames. It should not be more than half an inch in diameter, except for large pictures. Hemp and manilla are also used; but hemp is better, for it is smooth.

Salt mackerel should be well washed in tepid water, the thin, black skin on the inside scraped out, the head and tail cut off, and the fish soaked skin side up over night in a large pan full of cold water.

Rattan and willow chairs should be cleaned, like straw matting, with salt and water, rubbing chair or mattress dry with the other hand as you go on, or, at any rate, as quickly as you can, so that it may retain none of the moisture.

A good plan for keeping butter cool and sweet in summer is to fill a box with sand to within an inch or two of the top; sink the butter jars in the sand, then thoroughly wet the sand with cold water. Cover the box air-tight. The box may be kept in the kitchen.

For tender feet, take two quarts of cold water and add one tablespoonful of bay rum and two tablespoonfuls of ammonia. The feet should be soaked in this for ten minutes, throwing the water upward to the knees. Rub dry with a crash towel, and the tired feeling will be gone.

The eyes should always be wiped toward the nose, as it presses out the fine lines from the corners. Every woman has heard of the virtues of rainwater for the complexion, but it is hard to procure this in its purity in cities or towns. A good substitute is to keep a pitcher of water for toilet use in which lemon, orange or cucumber peel is allowed to soak. Water so impregnated, it is said, imparts a healthy glow, and really freshens the complexion, while it softens the skin.



Don't Play Rude Jokes.

Don't like sermons, eh? I know it. Young folks never do. They think of sermons as being prosy and fault-finding. And who wants to be always hearing of their faults? Not fun loving, mischievous boys and girls, surely. One may praise them, tell them how bright and pleasant they are, without the least danger of giving offence. But touch their faults, and see if it is not a little like throwing gunpowder into fire. But for all that, we older heads have to risk the danger of the explosion, or rather, of giving offence, for the sake of saving our bright boys and girls from falling into rude, harmful ways.

A few years ago, when the writer was attending school, one day at recess a bright healthy girl of thirteen was walking in the aisle of the school-room, when a mischievous boy, to have a little fun, thrust his foot into the aisle in front of her. The girl did not see it, tripped over it, fell headlong, striking her back on the sharp edge of a desk. Oh! what a change from that instant in that bright, young life! Gone health, gone pleasure, gone all the brightness from life! Her spine received a fatal injury which made her an invalid as long as she lived. A suffering body and darkened sick-chamber were her portion in life thereafter. Ah! but at what a cost that boy secured his fun!

About four years ago, a young nephew of the writer was playing with some boys, when one of the number, in reckless sport, threw a stone with great vim into the midst of his companions. It struck my little relative's knee, and fractured the bone. From that day to this he has never walked. A helpless cripple, four years of suffering, and hundreds of dollars spent in treatment, has been the result of that one rude act.

Not long since, two boys placed some gunpowder under an old pan. Close to the powder was an apparatus (with a string attached which extended out from under the pan) for striking a match, which caused the powder to explode. The joke lay in having an innocent boy pull the string. The first boy who did so was made blind by the explosion. All through life he will grope in darkness and suffering, a victim of his playmates' rude joking.

In a female boarding-school was a girl, who was very unprepossessing in person; was frail, and of a highly nervous temperament. She was so eccentric as to be disliked by the students. Her room was connected with one occupied by two thoughtless, mischievous girls. The door between the rooms was kept locked, and the key removed. But one night the two girls procured a key which unfastened the door, dressed themselves in sheets, and covered their faces with ghastly looking masks. When the lone girl was asleep, they went to her bedside and awoke her. In the dim light she saw two spectral forms standing by her bed. She gave one scream, which echoed throughout the building, then fainted away. When the preceptress and others reached her room they found only the unconscious girl, and it was only after a thorough investigation that the guilty ones were discovered. They were speedi-

ly expelled. But their victim went into a nervous fever, which lasted for many long weeks, and caused her to lose a term of school.

Now, young friends, how do you like these pictures? Do you think you would enjoy having such jokes perpetrated on you? Does there not seem something almost fiendish in a spirit that can find pleasure in what gives pain or fright to another? Would you like the thought weighing on your conscience that you had blighted the life of a playmate? Don't you know that the planning and perpetrating of such jokes stimulates a coarse, cruel spirit, which should be checked instead of encouraged? Have you ever thought that the only difference in your being liked or disliked, in having friends or being friendless, lies wholly in your actions toward others?

It is no palliation to your act to say: "I didn't mean any harm," when evil comes of your rude jokes. It doesn't lessen your victim's pain in the least. And an injury produced by the foolish sport of a friend is harder to bear than though it was inflicted by the most bitter enemy.

Freddie's Star Thoughts.

We sat and watched the stars come out
In the dark blue evening skies,
And Fred gazed at them earnestly,
With wonder in his eyes.

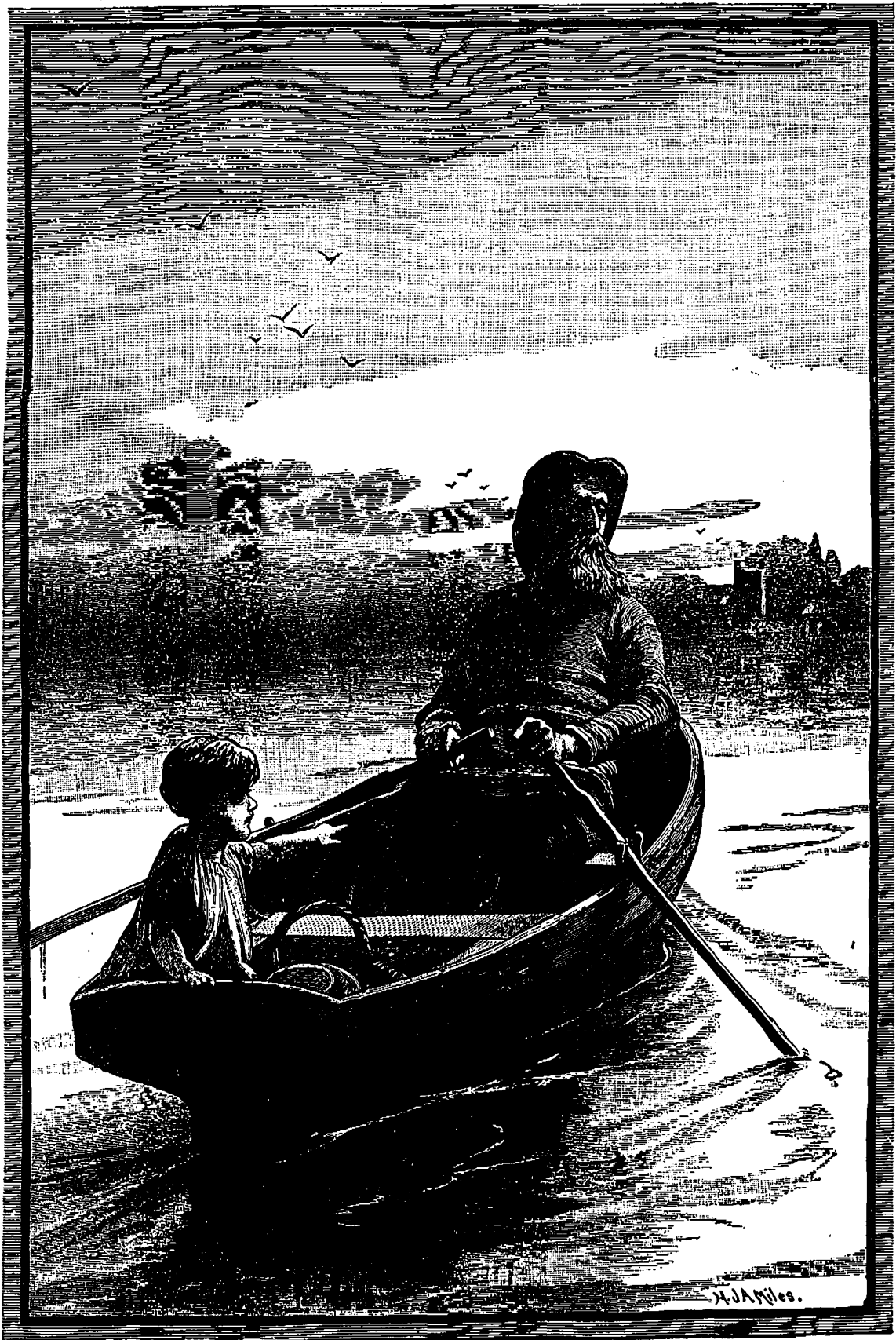
"Mamma, what are the stars?" he asked,
His brow, beneath the crown
Of shining hair that wreathed his head,
Bent in a puzzled frown.

She could not tell this questioner,
Whose years were only three,
That they were other suns that light
Worlds wrapped in mystery.

And while she paused, "I think I know,"
Said Fred, "and I'll tell you:
There's some holes in the clouds, and so
The gold of Heaven shines through."

Then as we smiled, though Freddie's face
Showed not a sign of mirth,
A brilliant, flashing falling star
Shot quickly down to earth.

And, with a light in his brown eyes,
Most lovely to behold,
The laddie shouted, "Oh! mamma,
There fell a bit of gold."



M. J. Miles.



BETTING ON A SURE THING.

DISBE.—“(Hic!) I wonder who left that umbrella there? I’ll bet sum blamed fool of a drunkard ain’t fur from it.”

The Fable of the Hen with Fake Instincts.

A CERTAIN hen of advancing years had been accustomed all her life to hatch out geese eggs. From watching brood after brood take to the water with a skill born of heredity, she grew to plume herself on her talent as a teacher of the art natorial, and standing on the edge of the pool would cackle instructions to the goslings, and cluck with a becoming sense of her superiority when her sister hens scuttled around in horror at such actions on the part of young fowls.

It so happened that one spring she hatched out a brood of chickens. Down to the pool she marched with the flock and said: “Now, my dears, I will teach you to swim.” But the youngsters hugged the dry land, and seemed to fear the water. Then said the hen: “Do you doubt my wisdom? Swim as did your brothers before you. Law sakes, what geese you are!”

Then she pushed them into the water, where they sank like plummets, nor did they come to the surface again. “Madam,” said an old rooster, “I hope you have tumbled to the fact that the youngsters were not such geese as you thought them.”

MORAL.—This fable, kind reader, teaches us that a hen’s instincts are apt to be misplaced.

Polly and the Preacher.

A NEW BRUNSWICK lady owns a parrot. A new pastor had recently been established over the lady’s church, and a few days ago he went to make his first pastoral visit. The front door was open, but the Venetian blind door was closed, and Polly was in the cage just behind it. As the pastor reached for the electric but on Polly said in a remonstrant tone:—

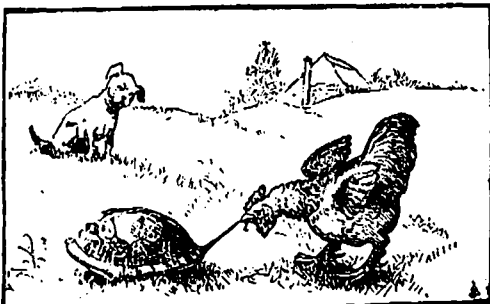
“Go away, please.”
 “But I wish to see the lady of the house.”
 “Go away, please. We haven’t a cold bit in the house.”
 “You are mistaken. I am not a tramp. I wish to see the lady of the house on business.”

“Go away!” screamed Polly, wrathfully. “Go away, you dirty tramp! I’ll call the police. Polices! police!”
 This was too much for the modest minister, and in considerable wonderment he abandoned his call.

Here at Last.

HUSHED is the howl of the blazer,
 Stilled is the song of the sash;
 The dudelet has seized his razor
 And scraped off his sweet mustache.
 For verily summer is ended,
 And eke is the harvest passed;
 And the dudelet’s intended
 Has shook him for good at last.

Mr. Crossly: “I tell you before I go that I want beef for dinner, and when I get home what do I find?” Mrs. Crossly: “Fault, every time.”



Chicago Planning a Real Treat.

AMONG the animals which will, it is said, be shown in the zoological department of the great World’s Fair in 1893, are:
 A white neck hare.
 The lion of the occasion.
 The tigers the boys fight.
 The elephant it’s hoped the Fair won’t prove.
 The famous “horse on him.”
 A street-car hog.
 A gnu it all.
 A requies cat.
 A green seal.

Under the Mistletoe Bough.

SHE (cooly)—Now, you must only take one, George.”
 HE (gallantly)—But one from one leaves nothing, Mabel. Let’s make it one each and tie.
 SHE (blushing)—It’s very sudden, George, but you may ask papa.

“Do, you know, my darling,” he said,
 “Way up beneath the Pole
 The Esquimaux live, and I envy them,
 With all the strength of my soul.

“Their night is six months long,”
 And here he pressed her tight,
 “So, of course, lovers there have all that time
 In which to say, ‘Good night.’”

For a spin on the road give us a top-buggy.
 A bird in the hand is worth two on a bonnet.
 To tell the age of a horse rake, examine its teeth.
 Even the funny man sometimes gets out of humor.
 The man that “gets out on a foul” isn’t necessarily a chicken.

Dogs and men both have summer pants; but a dog has a fit sometimes.

A married couple, surprised in a fight, declared it was only the “lashing of the tied.”

Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes waiting for other people.

A milkman’s bills should be made out on quarto-size cream-laid paper, not blue-tinted or water-marked.

Professor: “Name the bones of the skull.” Student (unprepared and nervous): “I’ve got them all in my head, but I can’t just think of the names, sir.”

The man from the country goes to town to see the sights; and the man from town, on invitation of the real estate dealer, goes to the country to see the sites.

A farmer of Portland, Mich., owns a chicken with the comb, crow and spurs of a rooster, yet able to lay eggs every day in the week. He calls her “Woman’s Rights.”

If a woman would believe less of what a man tells her before marriage, and more of what he tells her afterwards, the wedded state would be much more harmonious.

The country boy cried to the boy from town,
 Don’t you envy my health and my skin so brown?
 I get tanned by the sun as through meadow I roam,
 And also by mother when I get home.”

The hour was late. For ten minutes neither said a word. Then she spoke: “We made molasses candy to-day.” “Y-yes,” he faltered, “I’m sitting on some and can’t get up.”

THE FALL OF MAN.—Miss Parsons: “And so Adam was very happy. Now, Willie, can you tell me what great misfortune befell him?” Willie: “Please, Miss Parsons, he got a wife.”

Bride (just after the wedding): “Alfred, you promised to give me a grand surprise after we were married; say, what is it?” Bridegroom (a widower): “I’ve got six children, my pet!”

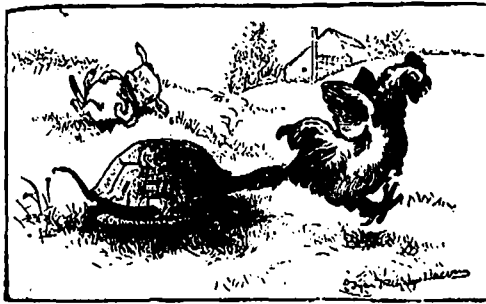
Snooper, “Mrs. Griggs must be a very talkative lady.”
 Simeral, “Have you ever heard her talk?”
 Snooper, “No; but I infer so from the fact that she has a double chin.”

Husband: “I save \$4 by buying that cigar by the box.”
 Wife: “Do you, Jack? How nice it would be if you would only buy five boxes rightaway and give me the \$20 you save for a new dress.”

Husband: “You have done splendidly. This month’s bill is only half the amount we usually spend. How in the world have you managed to cut down expenses so?” Wife: “Why, I bargained on sixty days’ time for lots of things.”

Fair maiden (a summer boarder): “How savagely that cow looks at me?” Farmer: “It’s your red parasol, mum.”
 Fair maiden: “Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn’t suppose a country cow would notice it.”

“That’s a pretty old alligator, I guess,” remarked one tourist to another, as a huge cayman opened his cavernous jaws and took in a young darkey that had recklessly ventured into the river. “He may be old,” returned the other, “but he’s evidently got a good deal of the boy in him yet.”



FARMER, Millbrook, writes: Hawks and owls are commonly regarded as useless birds, and the general practice is to destroy them wherever found. It is well known, however, that the sparrow-hawk kills field-mice and gophers. The chicken-hawk catches a few chickens, but he kills enough snakes to pay for them a hundred-fold. The screech-owl is a night hunter. He kills more field mice than all other birds and animals combined, and consequently does great service to farmers; for field mice are very destructive to meadows. The horned-owl destroys rabbits, ground mice and gophers, and is invaluable where there are apple orchards.

SUBSCRIBER, Dundalk, Ont., writes: When woody plants, such as trees and shrubs, have become very dry in transit from the nursery they may often be revived by burying them entire in moist soil. This is far better than planting and then giving water, for it is almost impossible to keep the stems moist when exposed to the air and drying wind, but if the bundles are opened and the plants laid in trenches, or in any way, so that all parts can be covered up with moist soil, they are almost certain to revive if there is a spark of life left in them when so buried. They should be examined from time to time but not lifted out until the buds begin to swell, then gently raise the tops exposing only a few branches the first day, then a day or two later a little more or all of the plant except the root. Select a cloudy or rainy day for taking out and planting, always pruning away as much of the top as can be spared. Many a shrub and tree which would be pronounced dead by a casual observer may be revived as described.

“ALICE,” Dunnville, Ont., again writes us as follows: Thanks for inserting my letter. As I am very fond of flowers, perhaps you will not object if I say a few words more about them. The chrysanthemum, in my opinion, is one of the handsomest and showiest of autumn flowers, blooming when nearly all others are dead, and brightening the garden or window with their beauty in the dreary November days. They are easy of cultivation and quite hardy, but they are best cultivated in pots. There are different ways of training them: bush, fan, or tree form—standards, the florist calls the latter; but whatever shape is wanted, they have to be trained from the beginning. If you want them in bush form, pinch off the tops as soon as one shoot outgrows the other; it will benefit the plant, anyway, to pinch them back as new shoots will continually start up. If wanted in fan shape, make a frame of sticks, tie the finest shoots, one to each stick; after they have reached the desired height, say 12 to 15 inches, pinch off the tops. Every joint will then send forth new flowering shoots. If large flowers are desired, then leave only one, or at the utmost, two buds on each shoot; the flower will then be extra large and fine, but if quantity is desired it will be at the expense of quality. To grow them tree shape or standards, leave the longest and strongest shoot, pinch off all the rest, also all the side shoots of this main stem until it is eighteen inches high, then pinch off the top, only leaving several shoots to branch out like the ribs of an umbrella. Those should, after reaching a certain length—say eight inches all round—be again nibbled off at the ends and if properly done they will form a fine head. The main stalk has to be tied securely to a stake. To my idea the plant is finest when grown natural; the tree shape is only admired for the novelty, or to show the florist’s skill. The main things the chrysanthemum needs are: To be well looked after, to keep it from getting pot-bounds; to be watered twice a day thoroughly, and twice a week with thin manure water, and to have all deformed shoots and flower-buds removed. By following these directions, which are practised by our best florists, you will have a “thing of beauty” and a joy during the winter months.

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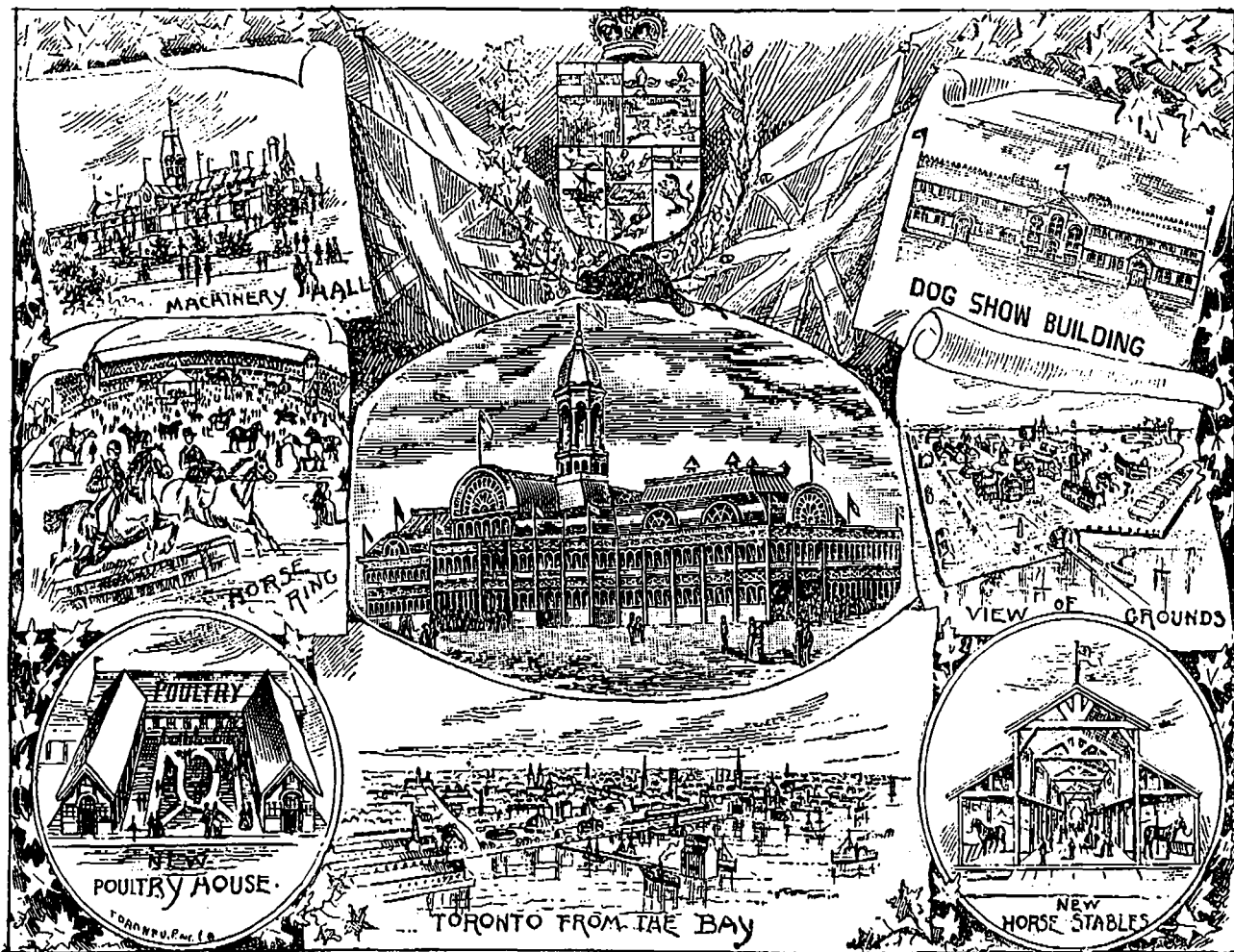
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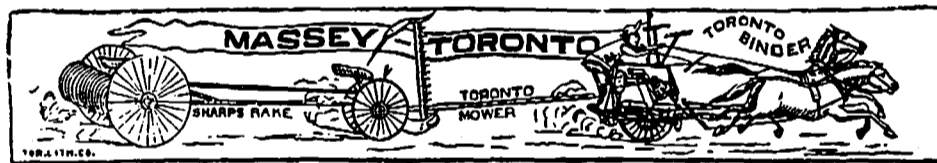
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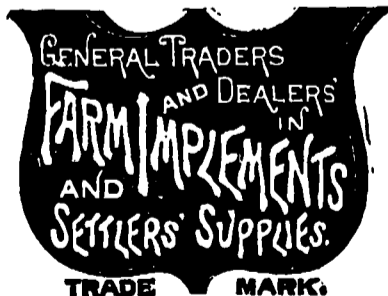
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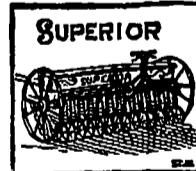
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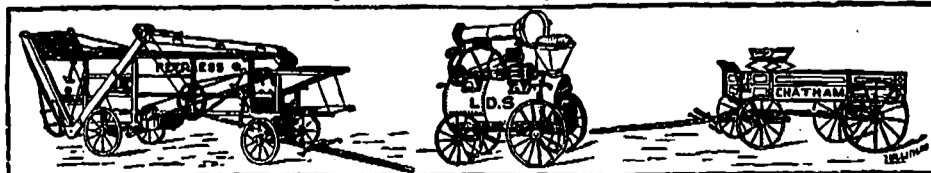
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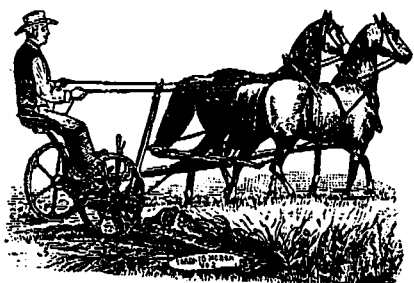
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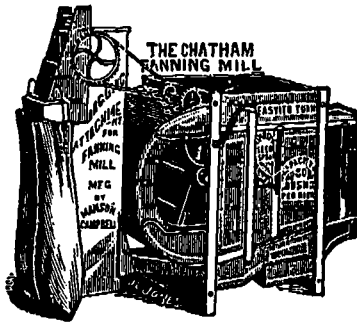
Under this settlement the policy-holder would draw the Surplus (\$4,154.30) in cash, and continue the policy (10,000), paying premiums, as heretofore, less annual dividends.

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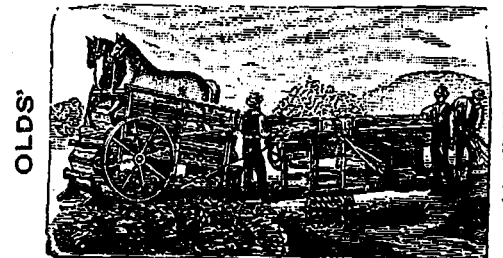
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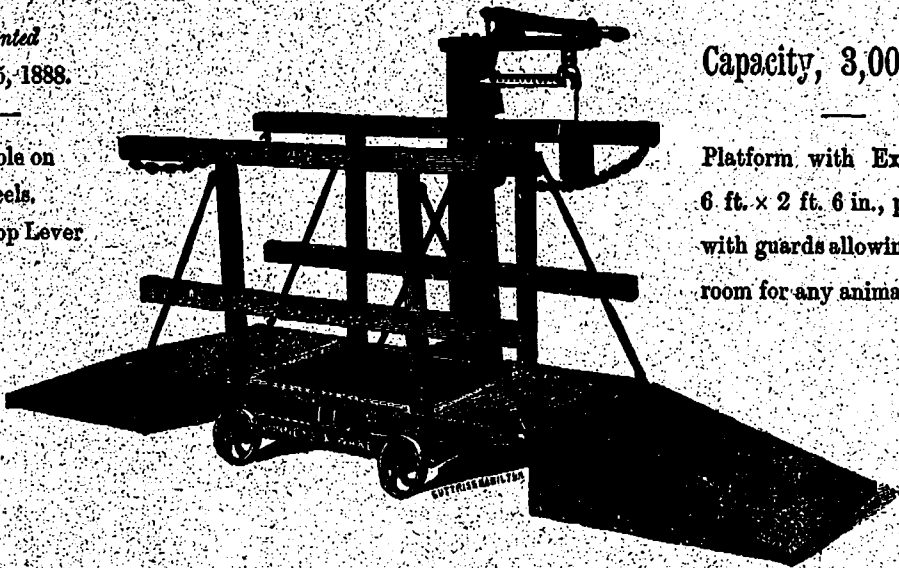
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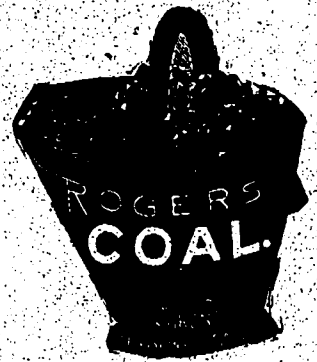
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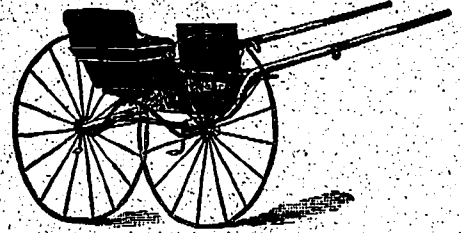
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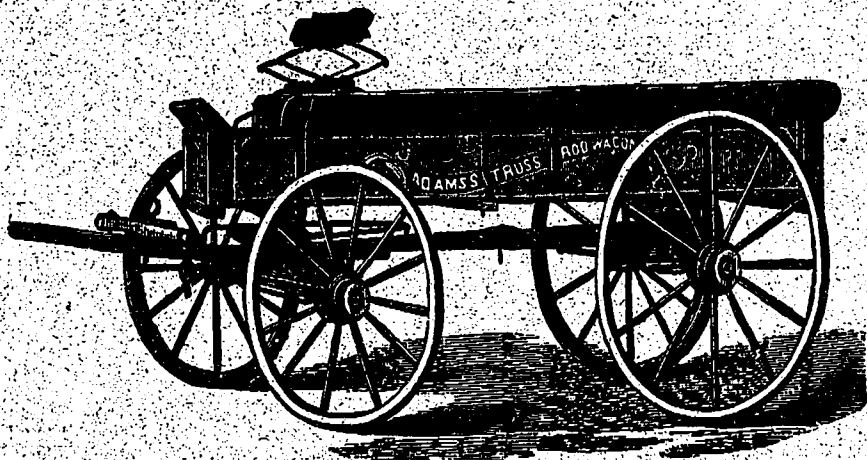
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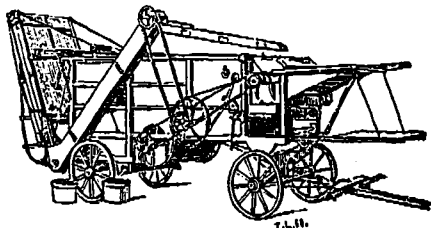
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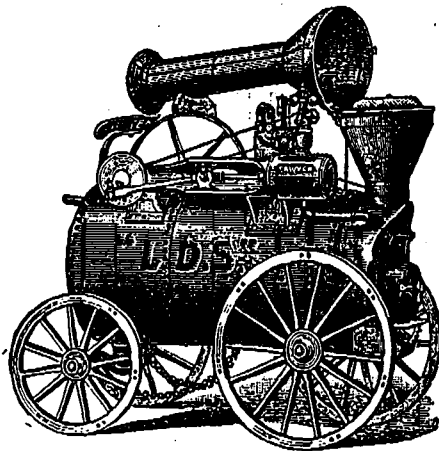
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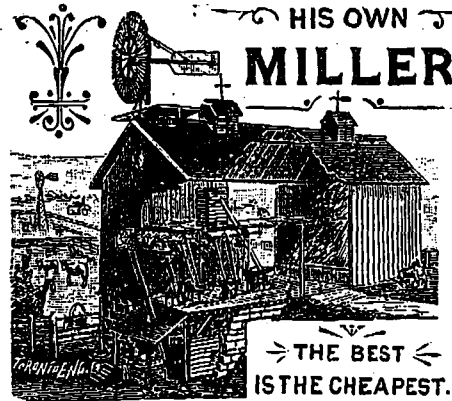
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