

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

December Number

New Series, Vol. 7, No. 12.

Toronto, December, 1895.



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 50c. PER ANNUM.
5c. PER COPY.

EVERYBODY



WILL READ



10 cents per copy.

\$1 per annum.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

A NEW, popular, illustrated literary Magazine for home reading everywhere. High-class throughout—elegant illustrations—contributors of high standing—fine paper—beautifully printed—standard magazine size (6½ x 9½). Why should not Canadians have a standard, popular monthly magazine of their own? Heretofore, because of the large capital involved, and the risks of such a venture, no publisher cared to undertake it. It was left for the MASSEY PRESS to supply the need, and with considerable courage they have decided upon this enterprise. With the same hearty co-operation of the public which has won so much popular favor for *McClure's*, *Munsey's*, and other monthlies published in England and the United States, we may hope to make MASSEY'S MAGAZINE worthy a place in every reading home. The January number (the first issue) will be full of good things. The illustrations will be the very best. Amongst the contributors are some of Canada's ablest writers.

JANUARY NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTORS.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL (*Illustrated*) - PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L.
 THE SINGER OF TANTRAMAR (*Illustrated*) - E. PAULINE JOHNSON
 A NEW YEAR'S STORY - EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD
 POEM - CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS
 SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDIES—Macbeth (*Illus.*) T. M. MCINTYRE, PH.D.
 OUR OWN "SOO" CANAL (*Illustrated*) - CHAS. GORDON ROGERS
 THE EVOLUTION OF TWO OF MY PICTURES (*Illus.*) G. A. REID, R.C.A.
 POEM (*Illustrated*) - W. H. DRUMMOND

DEPARTMENTS.

DOMINION OF AGRICULTURE.
 OUTING AND RECREATION.
 WOMAN'S REALM.
 THE WORLD OF ART.
 FAMOUS SHORT STORIES.
 WIT AND HUMOR.
 CURRENT COMMENT.
 EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

DEPARTMENT CONTRIBUTORS.

EDWARD FARRER.
 M. M. KILPATRICK.
 F. G. ANDERSON.
 FREDERIC W. FALLS,
and others.

ILLUSTRATIONS

The pictures in MASSEY'S MAGAZINE will be the very best—elegant half-toned engravings and etchings from original drawings and paintings by contributors and our staff artist, also from photographs.

Artists whose work will appear in the January Number—G. A. Reid, R.C.A., J. W. Bengough, Frederick S. Challener, A.R.C.A., F. H. Brigden, J. T. M. Burnside, Frederic W. Falls.

TYPOGRAPHY

All that the printer's art can do to make MASSEY'S MAGAZINE beautiful and attractive will be done. Clear type, the very best paper, and high grade ink and no other will be used. Special attention will be given to the careful reproduction of the engraving.

SEND ONE DOLLAR for a year's subscription, or if you prefer, send 10 cents in stamps for a sample copy. Our Clubbing List may interest you. By ordering your favorite publications through us you can save money. See page 13.

MASSEY PRESS,

927 King Street West, TORONTO.

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1895.

[Vol. 7, No. 12.]

A Landlubber.

YES, he's real queer lookin', Cap'n Zach Crane is. You wouldn't guess to see him that he's the riches' man in town. I don't believe. An' he's the very picter of his father. His father's been dead these 20 years an' more. He was always called "old Cap'n Zach," or "old Zach," an' he was the grumpiest, growliest old cretur I ever come across. He was terrible stingy, too, an' he hated religion an' everything that was good as fur as I know, except his wife an' son. He had a wooden leg an' only one eye, but he was smart, I tell you, an' he made money hand over fist. After he got too old to go reg'lar voyages he begun puttin' his savin's out at interest, an' you might have thought the family was paupers they lived so close. But it was all to save up for the boy. They didn't have but just one, an' they both of 'em set their eyes by him. But for all that Cap'n Zach couldn't hardly wait for him to be old enough to go to sea, an' if it hadn't been for his mother I'll bet that child would have shipped when he was 10 year old. Mis' Crane she had a sort of infloance over the old man, but as quick as she died he took the

boy with him on a whalin' voyage for two years. You see, the cap'n was terrible afraid he'd want to go to school, or in a store or somethin', an' be a beggarly landlubber. That's what the cap'n called every one that wasn't a seafarin' man. He hadn't no opinion of folks that got their livin' ashore, an' he wasn't one to keep his idees to himself, I tell you.

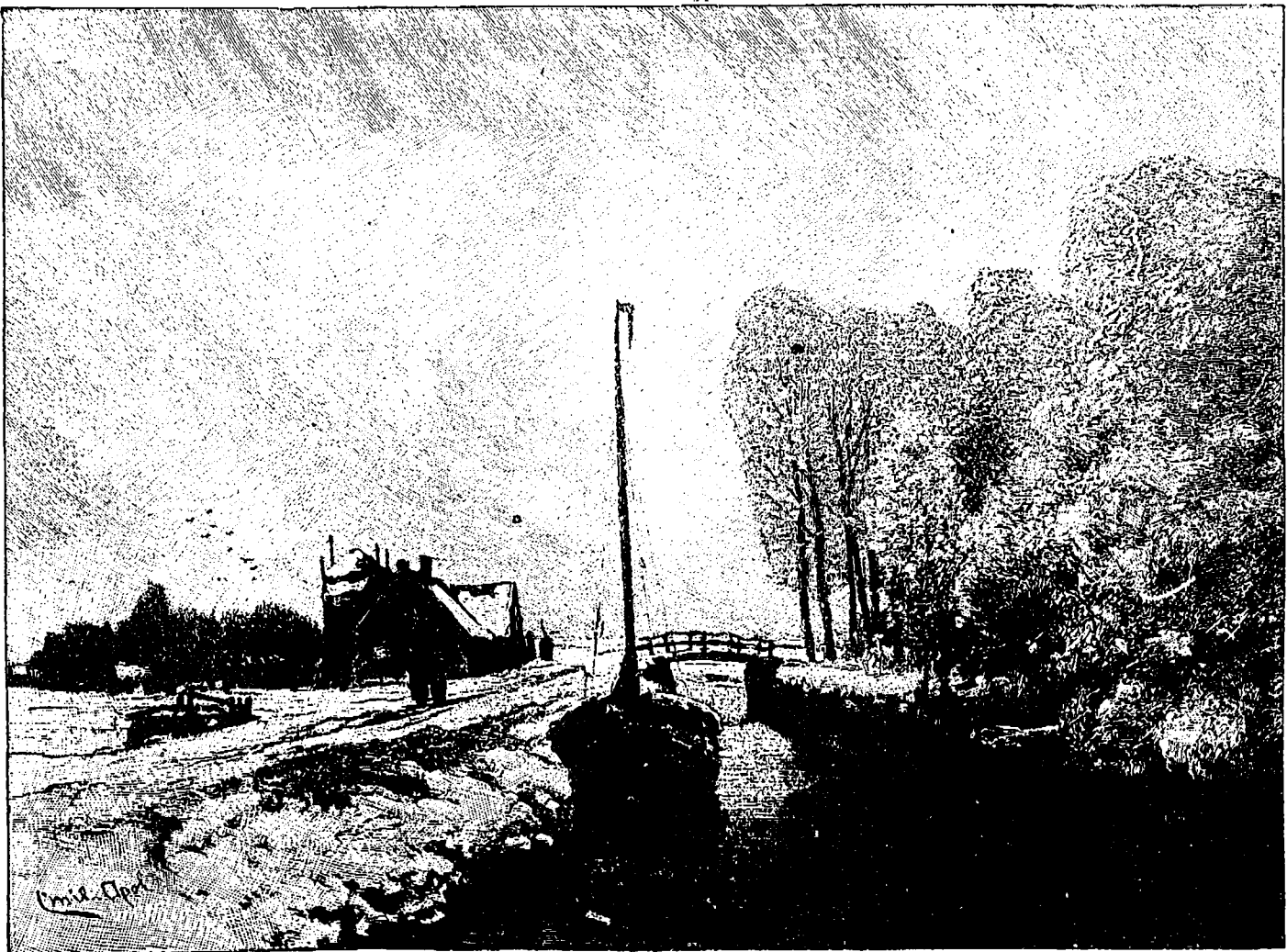
So the boy went with his father as long as he sailed, but the year I was married an' comes here to live was Cap'n Zach's first season home, an' young Zach he went out third mate of a whaler. I remember it well, because father got the rheumatiz that spring an' had to stay ashore for a long while. I expect I didn't feel as bad as I'd ought to, for it kep' him with me, an' as long as he wasn't in real pain I was contented, and we was pretty happy if we did have to manage close to get along.

Well, one mornin' in September father came in lookin' dreadful down in the mouth. He didn't speak, but took out his pipe and set down right where you be this minute an' begun to smoke. I knew somethin' was wrong, but I'd lived with him long enough to find out he wasn't one to be questioned, so I kep' on workin' round, an' pretty soon he says, with-

out lookin' at me, "Dode Avery's failed up, Ad'line."

"For the lan's sake!" says I, sittin' down on the meal chest, struck all of a heap. Failures wasn't so common them days an' sounded scarful to me, an' father wasn't much better.

"Yes, he's failed up for good an' all," says father. "He called a meetin' of us all this mornin' and said if we'd let him go on awhile longer he'd pay us every cent, but they wouldn't let him," says father, shakin' his head. I don't remember exactly how it was, but, at all events, if the creditors didn't wait they wouldn't get but a small part of their money back, and Dode he'd lose everything he had in the world. He was a real well-meanin' man, Dode was. Theodore Avery was his name, but everyone called him Dode, an' it sort of fitted him some way. He was shiftless an' easy-goin', that I will say, an' folks was down on 'im, 'specially old Cap'n Zach. Dode and father went one voyage together when they were youngsters, an' they'd always been real good friends. Father didn't blame him a mite for not going to sea again as long as he liked the shore better, but Cap'n Zach couldn't seem to stomach it noway, an' he used to keep afigin' it an' afigin' it at Christy Avery





(she was some relation of the cap'n's wife) that she'd married a "mis'erable land hubbin' lubber." But she didn't care a grain, bless you. She set everything by Dode an' got along with him first rate.

After Christy's mother died, leavin' her the house, Dode borrowed some money an' set up a "slop shop"—all kinds of clothes and things for sailors, you know. Father lent him what he could, and persuaded the rest of 'em. That was one thing made him feel worse. He knew Dode was honest an' would pay 'em if he had time, but the way they was acting they would lose most all they'd put in. The shop was in the front part of Christy's house, so they hadn't no rent to pay, and they might have done real well, for they was both of 'em pleasant to trade with. But they was queer. Like's not if a man went in to buy a hat he'd find Dode playing the fiddle to Christy and the baby, an' the man would set an' listen, too, an' have a chat an' a little drop of rum maybe, an' ten to one he'd forget what he'd come for an' go off without spending a cent. "I wasn't so at Quinn's, up the street. A body couldn't so much as look in the winder but what they was out trying to sell somethin', and the consequence was Quinn was makin' money, and Dode he failed up. He wasn't nobody's enemy but his own, you understand, an' he was honest, but shif'less—just shif'less.

By littles an' littles father told me that he an' some of the rest—there were five of 'em—said they'd wait, but Cap'n Zach, he said no—Dode Avery had more chance than he ever did, an' he hadn't no opinion of folks' honesty that was too white-livered to earn their bread by the sea as their fathers did afore 'em, an' he

wasn't going to throw good money after bad, keepin' that shop afloat no longer. "I was over-persuaded in the fust place by you, Jonas Stiles," he says to father, "but the end has come. It's goin' to stop." The rest of 'em turned right round then an' said they held with Cap'n Zach. Father told me that all the time he was talkin' he see the calico curtain on the door from the shop into the kitchen wavin' an' blowin' as if the door was held open a crack, an' after Cap'n Zach spoke out so, the door shut to, an' he could hear a woman sobbin somewhere.

Well, I felt awful. To be sure, there was two sides to it. The men had earned their money hard, an' they was poor enough, an' couldn't afford to lose it, but it seemed as if it might have been fixed up so as to benefit them all if Cap'n Zach hadn't been so fierce.

"I suppose they can sell the house," says I, after father got through, and set there drawin' at his pipe that was cold as stone, only he didn't sense it.

"That's the worst of it all, Ad'line," says he, "for the house is mortgaged up to the handle—to old Zach—an' he's going to foreclose."

"Good Lord a' mercy! What'll become of 'em?" says I, an' father sort o' groaned. You see, he would have helped 'em quick as look at 'em, an' been glad to; but what with buying his own house, an' losin' two voyages a'ready with rheumatiz, an' doctors' bills coming in besides, we couldn't have raised \$50, I don't believe, to save us. We could take 'em in an' do for 'em some, but that was about all.

So there they was, three of 'em, and not a thing really belonging to 'em but a tumble-down shed where boats was kep', and their old white horse, Bess. She was about Dode's age, an' half-blind, but they thought as much of her as if she was a human bein', an' I declare for't she could all but talk, she was so knowin'.

But of course she wouldn't fetch nothing, even if they'd had sold her, which they wouldn't, not for no money.

It was a hard look-out for 'em—now wasn't it? We felt so blue we didn't eat no dinner scarcely that day, and after settin' awhile, father said he'd go out and fix up around, for if he was any judge there was bad weather comin, and fast, too; but I knew all the time it was a good deal to get away from hangin' round worryin' over what couldn't be mended, an' I felt the same as he did.

Well, sure enough, after dinner it begun to cloud over, an' by four o'clock you couldn't hardly see your hand before your face without

a lamp, an' such rain an' wind an' lightnin' I never see before. I've lived through many storms, first an' last, since I've been on the cape, an' if father's ashore they all seem pretty much alike to me, but that one was different somehow. It hailed, an' I don't know but it thundered, though I don't remember of hearin' it, an' I don't suppose I could have anyway for the noise of the wind and water. The surf was bad enough on the bay shore, but on the ocean it was like cannons, for all it was near two miles off.

From noontime the vessels kep' a comin' into the bay, an' when father come to supper, he said there was mor'n a hundred, an' we felt glad, hopin' everything along the coast was out of danger. From supper time on it grew worse steady. The house shook and rocked like a bird's nest, an' sometimes bricks would come falling down the chimney. I blessed the rheumatiz, I tell you, lookin' at father safe by the fire, for if he'd been able to walk a deck, I'd have been worryin' my heart out like many a poor woman in town that night.

Well, there we set quiet enough by the kitchen stove. We didn't feel like talkin'. I knitted an' every once in awhile father'd get up an' go to the winder and listen against the pane, and then he'd come back and set down again as mum as a fish. I knew he was oneasy and I knew well enough why. An' what he was fearin come in time. We mostly get to bed by nine o'clock, but that night we never so much as thought of it till the old clock up there behind you struck 11. Then father says, "We might as well get some sleep, Ad'line," an' I was puttin' away my knittin' work when I heard the church bell "clanketty clank, clanketty clank," an' then in a minute Cap'n Zach's coneshell horn, that the boys used to call the "last trump," blowin' like mad.

Father was into his rubber coat an' boots before you could wink. There wasn't no thought of lameness then, an' I didn't try to hender him. "I wouldn't have been no use, an' land! I didn't wanter if he might do a mite of good to the poor shipwrecked cre'tur's that bell was a-ringin' fur.

He says to me when I handed him the lantern an' his flask of spirits: "You needn't worrit, my woman, fur I ain't agoin' to be rash, an' you keep the fire up an' the kettle on. We may have company before mornin'." An' he went off into the dark. I held the door open after him a minute, an' I see someone with another lantern wait for him at the gate, an' heard him say, "North beach," but that was all, an' I went back to the kitchen alone.

I filled up the stove, an' put the kettle over, an' then set there nervous as a cat, wishin' I had somethin' more to do, an' suddenly the door flew open, an' in come Matt Cook's 'Lizbeth, all drenched with rain. She had a lantern, an' she begged me to go along with her, for she couldn't stand it to home another minute. I was willin' enough, you can believe, as I tied an' old coat of father's round me an' a hood, an' we started. Out by the gate we run against Mis' Nelson an' her sister an' old Granny Ely, so we all clung together an' went on. 'Taint likely we could have gone alone, some of us. It was awful. Quick as we got to the top of the hill we was up to our ankles in loose sand. The witch grass tangled round

our feet, an' the rain an' hail was just like needles in our faces. We headed for the North beach as well as we could by waitin' for the lightning, and then gettin' our bearings, an' pretty soon we see a dull red glow, an' we knew they'd made a fire there, an' we aimed for that. You know what walkin' on the dunes is even on a pleasant sunshiny day, so you can guess some what we had to get over. Howsomedever, we done it after awhile, an' come down on to the beach where the fire was built. It was in the shelter of the big dune where you was paintin' last week—by Scarred Rock, you know—an' it was middlin' quiet there. At first we couldn't see nothin' but the surf, but pretty soon our eyes got used to the firelight, an' then we see the wreck. You ain't never see one? An' I hope you won't have to, for it makes you feel different all the rest of your days—you get to hate the ocean, an' be afraid of it when it's quiet and peaceable even.

The breakers was fearful—as high as a house they looked to me, an' through 'em when they'd kind o' open you could get a sight of Scarred rock. The wreck was there. It was a schooner—French she was—an' her masts was hangin' over her side all tangled up in the riggin', an' clingin' to her was four or five black things that we knew was men. It was horrible to see 'em. Every once in awhile the waves would lift the vessel up an' smash her down on the rock for all the world like I've seen the Portugee children tryin' to smash a cocconut. It made me feel weak an' sick all over.

There was consider'ble many folks on the beach, some of 'em throwin' driftwood on the fire, an' some had axes, an' was choppin' at the timbers of an old boat that had been there for years an' years.

Father an' Cap'n Zach was side by side close to the water's edge, shoutin' an' tryin' to get a word to them poor fellers out on the schooner, an' the rest of the men was standin' with ropes ready to run into the water if any of 'em should be washed ashore.

When father turned round an' see us, he come back to the fire, an' he says to me. "What on earth brought you here? 'Tain't no sight for women," an' just then there was a kind of lull in the storm, an' I could hear them poor wretches shriekin' to us for help that we couldn't give. My! My! My! Many's the night since then that I've waked with that sound in my ears! Our men give a yell in answer, an' us women burst out a-cryin', all but Granny Ely. She grabbed father by the arm an' shook him. "Why don't you do somethin'? Be you men, or be you chickens?" she says. You see, her husband an' two sons was drowned off that same beach, an' she only had her grandchild left, an' she was kind of loony at the sight.

Father knew how she was, an' he answered her kindly. "There ain't a single boat this side of the cape," he says, "an' the beach road's six feet under water an' will be for an hour to come. An' no mortal could get a boat over the dunes. Dumb critters wouldn't head into no such storm even if they was able to haul a cart through that sand. An' if we had 20 boats, granny, he says, "we couldn't launch 'em in that water."

"Where's the lifeboat?" says granny. "Over in Avery's shed," answered father, real patient. "It's no use thinkin' of it—she can't hold out 10 minutes longer, I don't believe."

"God help us then," says granny, pullin' her shawl over her head so's she couldn't see nothin'; an' then we kept on a-cryin'.

"I wouldn't take on so, Ad'line," says father to me then. He hated to see me cry the worst way. "When she goes to pieces, the men'll wade out with ropes—we've got plenty—an' like as not we'll get 'em ashore safe," but he was only sayin' it to quiet me, for I'd often heard him tellin' how the undertow was worse off Scarred Rock than any place along the coast. Then he went away, an' we huddled up

together, an' waited fur what we knew had got to come.

Every time he turned to the fire I could see Cap'n Zach's mouth openin' an' shuttin' reg'lar as clockwork, and knew as well as if I heard him that he was ravin' an' cursin' like a pirate. Father he was quiet, but white as a dead man, an' old Cook, standin' close up to 'em, was shakin' all over like the ague.

By an' by 'Liz'beth an' I couldn't stand it no longer, an' we crept close to where father was, an' just then there come more of them terrible wailin's from the wreck, an' old Cook he says: "She'll go any minute now. It's like watchin' by a death bed," he says. "I wist the minister was here to pray for 'em." He was a Seven Day Baptis', old Cook was, an' dreadful good.

"Drat the minister," says the Cap'n, ugly as sin; "catch him out a night like this! He's under the bed covers same as all the rest of them d—d land lubbers!" He was hittin' out at Dode, you know, an' father he hadn't no word to say. Bein' September, a good share of our men was to sea yet, an' a time like this everyone counted, 'specially a great tall fellow of Dode's build. An' father was dreadful out of patience with him for stayin' in-doors. Why, most times he'd been the first man on the beach, but of course he was feelin' pretty sore over the way Cap'n Zach had spoke about him, an' I didn't blame him so terrible much for stayin' to home, even if father did. The minister didn't count the one way nor the other. He come from inland, an' was sort of bindin' an' timid. But old Cook liked him, an' he spunked up, an' says he, "Minister hollered at me out of his window where was the wreck as I come by."

"Yes, an' then he went back to his bed," says the cap'n. "Oh! I know that breed! Let 'em stay to home, and may the roof fall in on 'em!"

While he says this I heard above the storm a sound that makes my blood creedle up this very minute just telling you about it. It was a woman's voice, singin' out clear an' loud: "Good old Bess! Go 'long, old Bess!" An' round the dune onto the beach come the old lifeboat on a cart drawn by one of Ben Farnham's oxen an' Dode Avery's old Bess, an' behind the cart, pushin' like crazy creturs, was Dode an' the minister. Christy Avery was drivin' the team. She had a lantern in one hand an' the other was hitched into the horse's mane, an' she never let up hollerin' at her a single minute. I ain't never see a horse in a yoke before nor since, an' I don't want to, for it cut her shoulders terrible, an' the blood was streamin' down her white legs, but for once it was a splendid sight to me. Every time Christy'd sing out her name Bess would buckle down till she was most on the ground, an' strain forward as if she was comin' clean through the bow. Don't tell me that she didn't sense

what she was doin'. She was makin' that ox work, now I tell you.

For a half minute every one stood starin as if they see a ghost, an' then they give a shout, an' you couldn't wink your eye hardly before that cart was unloaded an' we had the yoke off'n them creturs. They was so beat they dropped right down where they was, an' no wonder. Why, there ain't been a loaded wagon over them sand hills more'n once or twice in all the years I've lived here, an' always in bright daylight. But that old horse would foller Christy anywhere, an' naturally the ox had to come along, an' he done noble, I won't deny. Christy she set down by Bess on the sand, an' I see it wasn't no time to speak to her, for the first man into that lifeboat was Dode yellin, "Volunteers!" An' the minister on top of him. But father he took him by the arm. "Lord love you, no, sir," he says very respectful. "You ain't a sailor, sir. You'd hender more'n you'd help." An' I always held that it showed just as much spunk in that young man to step back as it done to come forward—he done both.

Well, the boat filled up in no time. When Toby Ely stepped up, Dode says: "No, boy, you're all granny's got. Stay back." But the old woman come up brave as an Indian. "Go, 'long, child," she says, "an' may the Lord bring you back!" an' down she set again, coverin up her head.

Somehow or other them poor souls on the schooner got knowledge of the boat, an' as it pushed off the first time they set up a kind of a cheer, an' we answered it loud an' hopeful, but I tell you we didn't feel that way. There wasn't much chance of their ever gettin back alive, an' our men knew it, too, but they was keen spirited. It cut father up not to go, but he wouldn't have been no more use than the minister, for his legs was stiff as wedges, what with the cold an' wet.

Three times that boat drove back, an' three



times they pushed her off again, an at last she got safe through the breakers.

When they come near the wreck, they daren't go too close. Twice they throwed a line to her, an it fell short. It seemed as if I had to look at 'em, for all I hated to, an while I was strainin my eyes there come a flash of lightnin, an I see everything plain as day. The boat was on top of a great wave, an a man was standin up in her strippin off his clothes—I knew by his height it was Dode—he was considerable over six foot. We all seen him that way for jest a second, and then it was dark again, an we didn't hardly breathe till there come a shout from across the water, an we knew he was on board the wreck an a line with him. We clapped our hands then an laughed like crazy folks. I could'n't see 'em goin along the line, but the boys had piled up the fire higher than ever, and could get a sight of the boat gettin fuller an fuller, an father an Cap'n Zach kept talkin together an lookin more worried, but I didn't know why, till at last there came a second shout, an we knew they was all off the wreck, an started back. We women was such fools we thought they was the same as saved, an never will I forget how I felt when Cap'n Zach turned round an put his hand heavy on the minister's shoulder. "Get down an pray now, man," he shouted, "for if the Lord don't help 'em no man comes ashore in that boat this night."

The minister never stopped for a word, but dropped right down on his knees like a child. His hair was blowin round his face, for he'd lost his hat, an his hands was all bloody where he'd scratched 'em on the cart, an I believe his face was bloody, too, but I tell you I never see any one that looked so good to me. We kneeled round him, an he shut his eyes for a minute before he began: "Our Father, which art in heaven"—we said it after him same as if he was in church—"hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"—I peeked at him then, an he was lookin straight out to sea, shadin his eyes with his hand. but I didn't think no harm of it. "Give us this day our daily bread, an forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us, an lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom an power—Boys! Help! Help! There they are!" An the first I knew he give a leap an was up to his middle in the water haulin at the boat an the rest at his heels, father an all. Old Cook told me afterwards that he hadn't no doubt but what the Lord finished up that prayer himself, an I hadn't neither.

Well, thanks be given, they was got ashore safe and sound, but wet as drowned rats. Nigh on to the first one out of the boat was Dode Avery, luggin a poor, senseless feller, with his leg broke, an when he was laid by the fire an the cap'n bent over him an wiped the hair off'n his wet face he gave an awful screech, for it was his own son! It come out afterwards that young Zach had took a bad fever on the whaler, an when they fell in with the French schooner makin for Boston he'd been transferred an was comin home. He was kind of weakly from the fever, so when the mast went he couldn't help himself, an his leg had got a terrible blow. He was layin on the deck, an hangin on to somethin an half dead, when Dode was hauled aboard the wreck with the line, an the last thing he remembered was bein h'isted up an tied on to Dode's back. How that creature carried him along the line to the boat he couldn't have told, nor Dode neither, I guess, but he done it. They didn't know one another till they got ashore, for the lightnin

sort of blinded them to things close to, an they was under water a good share of the time, I expect.

The schooner was in a dreadful way. She went to pieces pretty soon after they left her, an considerable of her cargo an fittin's came ashore the next day. It was a terrible close shave for them men. I declare I suppose we did act silly over 'em. Folks mostly do such times. Why, every one of them foreigners seemed a'most like my own brother to me. Father says I gave 'em a hug all round, but you know he always will have his joke. You never see so many bottles of spirits at one time! Every soul of us had brought one an some two. But they was needed, I tell you, for the poor men was half starved an froze besides.

Granny Ely set right there on the sand till Toby come and took hold of her, an then she tipped over at his feet an fainted dead as a door-nail. She told me a good while afterward that she never expected to see him again, for all the

for the poor feller, an we took him right home with us. The minister come, too, an I bestirred myself an cooked 'em a good hot meal of vittles, an father he made a rum punch, an they enjoyed-it, if I do say it. The minister wasn't a drinkin man, I would'n't have you understand, but he drank hearty that night, an I was glad to see him do it. He was just as weak as a cat when we got home, an no wonder.

Well, that's all there is about the wreck. I expect you won't care nothin for the rest of the story. I never see anybody so curious about wrecks as you be. Seems to me same as it would to you if I was to tease you to tell the partic'lars of all the buryin's you'd been at. But 'tain't no harm as I know of, so long as you like it. Folks has different tastes.

That trip of Dode's was talked of all along the cape. It wasn't so much the gettin a line to the wreck. There was others could maybe have done that, but it was his gettin the lifeboat across the dunes—the smartness of him, an, the spunk was what took the folks. There wasn't a sailor come ashore hardly but what must go to Dode's to shake hands with him, an many times after a man had gone away they'd find that baby playin, with a silver dollar or maybe a gold piece. That's the way with sea-farin men. You do one of 'em a good turn, an he rung out to know what war doin, an they think you've done it to the whole of 'em an act accordin. But the money didn't tickle Dode an Christy near as much as the hand-shakes. They was queer, you know; some said fools, but I never could make it seem so. Land! how I do get ahead of myself. I never was no great story teller. You go to father next time; he's a dabster at it.

Well, the day after the wreck father an the other two slept till noon, an I didn't call 'em, for they needed it, but after dinner it stopped rainin an the clouds began to look pretty thin, an they started down street, the captain to find his men, an the minister to call on Dode, an father to the store for me. He staid there talkin some time, an when he come out there across the street he see Cap'n Zach an the rest of Dode's creditors all goin along together kind of eager. Father didn't somehow like the looks of 'em, an he sung out to know what war doin, an it turned out they was huntin for him, an the cap'n says, "It's another business meetin at Avery's an you're wanted." Father was mad as a wet hen to have 'em pesterin Dode so quick after what he'd done the night before, but he daren't anger 'em, 'spacially Cap'n Zach on account of the mortgage, fearin 'twould only make things worse for Dode, so he went with 'em peaceable enough. The minister an Dode an Christy was settin in the



back of the store when they went in, an quick as they'd passed the time of day the cap'n speaks up, an says he, "We're here on important business, an so if the parson'll excuse us we'll come to the point." The minister bowed kind of surprised, an the cap'n turns to the others, "I'm speakin for you with your free consent, ain't I?" says he, an they all nodded, but father he was so vexed with 'em when he see Christy's mouth begin to twitch an Dode not darin to look at her that he just pounded on the counter an roared right up to the cap'n's nose, "I don't know whether you be or not till I hear what you say, you old hunk."

If you'll believe me, Cap'n Zach never swore nor so much as acted mad even, but he says sort of dry, "If you don't like our terms, you can speak out, my friend," an he continnered on: "We've come to the conclusion, Mr. Theodore Avery, that it would be a blame shame to

time the minister was prayin she kept sayin, "Don't you dast to take my boy, Lord!" She was afraid she'd tempted Providence too far. Tempt Providence! Just as if a lovin Father would l'estenin to hear what a poor tormented woman was sayin in her agony so as to punish her for it! Some folks does make religion terrible hard for themselves, don't they?

Well, we tore up our petticoats for bandages, an old Cook set Zach's leg, an he was h'isted on to the horse's back, an we all started for home feelin pretty good, though we was near tuckered out, the whole of us. Father's rheumatiz come back when the danger was over, an he had hard work to hobble along behind the res', leanin on the minister an me. When we got on top of the dune, we run across the French captain, tryin to look out to sea an sobbin like a baby. We didn't think small of him for it neither. A man gets mortal fond of a vessel after he's lived along of her year in an cut, an we felt bad

take down the sign from over your door, for 'tis the name of a brave an honest man, an 'tis an ornament to our town, an so we've come to humbly ask you," says he, "to keep on with your business till kingdom come. You can pay your debts when you get ready, an if you don't it ain' no matter for I'm d—d if I won't pay 'em myself. An if Jonas Styles don't agree to that he can settle it with me," an he turned around to father as quick as a wink.

Christy was shakin like a leaf before he stopped speakin, an the tears were rollin down her cheeks, an I guess the rest of 'em wasn't far behind her, an the minister spoke up an told 'em how he was strugglin along by himself when he heard Christy's voice an come up with 'em as they was stoppin to breathe the team, an upon that the cap'n stepped up to Christy an made her a dreadful polite bow, an he says :

"Iv'e see a macy handsome women in voyagin about the world, Mis' Avery, but I ain't never see flesh and blood, or painted picter, or marble statoo, that looked so handsome to me as you done when I got sight of you comin onto the beach last night—an if I'd knowed that it was my boy you was hurryin to save I guess you'd have looked some better yet." He sort of choked up 'for a minute, an then he went on: "My son he can't come to thank you himself, but he asked me to hand you this little parcel of lamplighers an tell you he made 'em for you himself with best respects. Good day, ma'am, Good day, all on you." An he stuffed a bundle in Christy's hand an actilly run out of the store, an the others after him, as unexpected as they come in. What do you suppose them lamplighers was but the mortgage on Christy's house, all tore up into little narrer strips:—Selected.

Forestry in Northwest Germany.

THAT Germany has the best forestry system is generally conceded by all. Those who have observed their way of working, cannot help but acknowledge that they have planned well. Northwest Germany is not a hilly country, nor do their forests cover land having a poor soil for farming, on the contrary a good part of it grades number one. The forests belong to the Government, which does not lose sight of the wholesome influence the trees have on health and agriculture; the value the forest produce and the unfavorable climate changes which would ensue from their absence. A forester, who must understand tree culture in all its branches, is placed in charge. He receives instruction at Government schools to fit him for this position. His home is in, or right at the edge of the forest, and he has to oversee the work to be done. Under him is a foreman and such help as may be needed, who are employed almost constantly throughout the year. The lands used for forest purposes are provided with needed roadways, ditches are cut through to give the necessary drainage, then the soil is prepared and suitable trees are selected; one kind only being planted in a patch or block of varying size. After the young trees are planted or grown from the seed, the forester sees that the weeds and grasses are removed, so as not to injure the young plants, later when more room is needed, they are thinned out, allowing the best shaped ones to remain. This thinning out process is repeated as often as may be necessary, until the trees have such space as allows them ample room to develop to their growth limit. While they are reducing the number of trees to suit the space, the removed ones do not go to waste, but are carefully sorted from the saw log down through the intermediate grades to the fence rail, hop and bean poles, or fuel pile. These are all sold on a day of public sale to the highest bidder. The foresting of oak trees is done only

in the spring, in order to remove all bark, which is scraped clean and finds a ready market in the tan yard. By keeping the number of trees just sufficient to fill the space, they grow to the best shape. In these forests are found at their outer edges, the short, branchy, stout trees ready to protect from the high winds the taller slender ones to the rear and the lofty ones still further back scarcely having a branch, lie to the very top. When a block or patch of trees have reached a stage where further remaining would not be of any profit, they are sold on the stump to the highest bidder, who has a reasonable limit of time in which to remove them, and the ground is again prepared for a new crop. Forest fires are rare. In such a case all able bodied men are obliged, on call, to fight the enemy, and may collect for their labor from the State.—J. H. Aschenbeck.

Wind as a Motive Power.

PERHAPS there are few of us who give any thought to the power in the wind that is so little utilized. Mr. Frank Waldo has collected a number of reports from various sections of the United States of the work done by wind wheels. We give below a few of these reports.

In Texas a wheel twelve feet in diameter raised 50,000 to 100,000 gallons of water per month to a height of fifty feet. In Wisconsin a wheel ten feet in diameter raised fifty barrels of water per day to a height of fifty feet. In Iowa a ten-foot wheel raised water forty feet in sufficient quantity for 300 cattle. A 16-foot wheel in Missouri has ground twenty bushels of corn in one hour. A ten-foot wheel in Nebraska raises 1,000 gallons of water per day to a height of seventy feet.

A case deserving more notice is one reported by P. H. James, of Cortland, Neb. He used a wheel ten feet in diameter for pumping water a distance of 130 feet through a two-inch pipe. Most of the available wind was used. On one day 100 barrels were pumped in eleven hours. The interesting feature is the record kept of water pumped for over a year, which is as follows: January, 1,500 barrels; February, 1,500; March, 2,000; April, 2,500; May, 2,500; June, 2,500; July, 2,500; August, 2,500; September, 2,500; October, 2,000; November, 2,000; December, 1,500. How much could have been pumped had all the wind been utilized it is impossible to say, but the pumping of 25,000 barrels in a year's time is certainly a practical demonstration of the usefulness of these wheels.

It is to be hoped that this may be taken up and some experimental work done at the Government farms in this line, so that the amount of available wind power, or rather the work that can be accomplished by using wind as a motor, can be estimated, even if roughly. Cheap motive power would be a great boon to our farmers in many different ways.

A Girl's Song.

At the time of the terrible accident a year or two ago at the coal-mines near Scranton, Pennsylvania, several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them were unsuccessful. A spectator wrote:

The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, cause by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men and despair at their own balked efforts.

A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine, on the evening of the third day, in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmer arose that it was folly to dig farther, that the men were dead, and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine-owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident.

A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper, which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle:

"A mighty fortress is our God."

There was a silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn cry:

"With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon are we o'erridden,
But for us fights the godly Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden;
Ask ye His Name?
Christ Jesus is His Name."

A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with great zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive. Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn.

It is reported from Duluth that a test has been made with one of the big elevators to see what could be done with smutty wheat, which is very prevalent there, but the experiment proved a failure. With all the appliances at hand the smut could not be removed short of applying the brush-scouring process. The effect will be to prevent the regular elevators from trying to do anything with smutty wheat. There is nothing surprising in this test, as it is well known to all wheat handlers, that smut cannot be dealt with by the ordinary cleaning process. Even the costly scouring process can hardly free it from the foul odor which permeates smutty wheat. This difficult and expensive cleaning system must of necessity reduce very materially the price of smutty wheat.





OUR CHRISTMAS SONG.

Not only by lips of prophets with the word of the Lord
 adumbr'd,
 Not only by echo from heart to heart of the great Messiah's
 name,
 Not only by vision of sages, bearers of gold and myrrh,
 Was lifted the veil of the ages with the breath of God
 astir:
 But a star went wandering earthward, guiding the pilgrim
 feet
 Where loving God and sinful man in perfect childhood
 meet:
 And there was the shepherd's vision of shining silvery
 wings,
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
 Hear it rise and fall again,
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

There's a glimmer still in the darkness, a shining athwart
 the gloom;
 There's a whisper of God in human souls "Make for the
 Christ-King room."
 There are hearts that faint for tokens of His coming from
 afar,
 And feet astray—For the hiding of Bethlehem's guiding
 star;
 There are souls with gifts to bring him—treasures of love
 unpriced:
 They look for God—But see him not in the tender and
 sweet Child-Christ.
 The guiding star is shrouded in the Ages' sorrow and
 wrong,
 And the heavens have lost the chiming of the shining
 angel's song,
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
 Shall it not be heard again?
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

There's a message out of the star-land. The voices that
 must ring
 Are thine that can echo the angels, and herald our Lord
 and King.
 With never a hush nor a silence should the Christmas
 melody rise,
 Till the hearts of the lowest and saddest uplift to the Beth-
 lehem skies;
 Till the sad world makes it ready—freed from its strife and
 sin,
 Each heart a sacred temple—for the Christ-Child enter-
 ing in;
 Till even the souls in prison are tuned to the angel's
 chord,
 And ye set the whole world singing of the coming of the
 Lord.
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men;"
 Raise the Christmas song again;
 "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
 —Mary Lowe Dickinson.



Massey's Magazine.

IN THE November number of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, the interesting announcement was made that a new candidate for public

favor would appear on the literary horizon of Canada in the form of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, a monthly publication which would be at once a credit to the enterprise of this young country, and a repository for the product of our best minds in the walks of literature and art. Since the announcement referred to, the new enterprise has taken definite shape, and can be discussed in detail. First of all, a word as to its birth and parentage. It is not a literary foundling. It comes into the field well vouched for, and with a clientele the equal of which has never before ushered a journal or magazine into Canada. It will be issued by THE MASSEY PRESS, an establishment of long standing in the general publishing business, and part of its work, as our readers know, has been the publication of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for the last fourteen years. Thus, MASSEY'S MAGAZINE comes well recommended as to its publishers and office of publication. The equipment of THE MASSEY PRESS has undergone a complete overhauling and improvement in order to produce the very best possible results known in the mechanical world. The type, the presses, and the skill will be of the highest order; and the outcome of it all will be a page, which, for artistic beauty and excellence in the printer's art, will challenge the very best efforts of the great metropolitan presses of New York and London. The difficulties to be overcome to attain to such an end are enormous, and will be appreciated by experts, and that they can be overcome has now for the first time been proved in Canada. The enterprise, nay, the public spirit shown by the publishers, places every intelligent Canadian, who is proud of his or her country, who rejoices in its advancement, who has yearned after a native literature, after results hitherto not realized, under a no small obligation, for they have removed a reproach from the Canadian field, under which the more enlightened people have long smarted but from which they saw no clear means of escape, the capital involved in an adequate venture being large and unavailable. The

action of THE MASSEY PRESS ought to be appreciated; and there is just one way above all others by which this can be done—by becoming readers of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE. There are two considerations not lost sight of by the publishers, which tend to make it an easy matter to become a subscriber and a reader. A word about the first of these two considerations—the price. It is placed at the unusually low figure of one dollar per annum, or ten cents per copy. To be sure, this is but adopting the course pursued by some of the brightest and best of American Magazines, such as Munsey's and McClure's, but it is a new departure for Canada, and one which will enable all whose tastes are cultured, and whose sense of refinement is in keeping with modern ideas, to secure a most excellent magazine for a trifling outlay. Turning from the mechanical to the literary and artistic features, we are on the strongest possible ground. The list of names of contributors includes those of such eminent men and women as Professor William Clark, D.C.L., of Trinity University, Toronto, a gentleman whose mental fibre is equal to that of the best on the continent in literature, philosophy and sociology, and whose literary powers are only equalled by his profound thought and kindly dry humor. His contributions will be more than worth the cost of the Magazine, of themselves. But he stands only as one of many distinguished contributors. Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the laureate of Canadian song, will give of his best efforts. Mr. T. M. MacIntyre, Ph. D., the eminent educationist and Shakespearean scholar, will draw from his well-filled storehouse treasures new and old. The facile pen of the prince of Canadian editors, Mr. Edward Farrar, will be recognized in the special departments. Mr. G. A. Reid, a writer of clever critiques, as well as an able artist, will discuss Art. Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, whose lays of the red-man have charmed the west-end circles of literary London, will furnish articles in her own poetic style, which has thrown a glamor over all the productions of her expressive pen. And besides others, Mr. J. W. Bengough, the leading Canadian caricaturist, will appear in its pages. The list will vary from time to time, and the very best men available will bring of their best to the Magazine. As to the department of art, nothing will be left undone to secure admirable work and excellent execution. The editor is peculiarly qualified to place the illustrations on the highest level, and nothing but the finest product of the artist's genius will see the light of day on the pages of the new periodical. What more need be said? Nothing, verily, so far as the Magazine is concerned, but as to the part to be played by the patriotic Canadian public, there is just this: It avails little to bring together a combination of talent of which all must be proud, unless the fact be appreciated by those concerned most, the Canadian readers. The Magazine must be patronized, must be bought and read, and its merit will do the rest. We bespeak it a most kindly welcome from all our old friends. We do so feeling that while we retire to the loving limbo of the past, we shall be succeeded by a Magazine whose claims will approve themselves to every thinking Canadian who loves his country and takes a pride in its intellectual development.

Valedictory.

AND so we say farewell. It is not an easy matter either, for although we hope to hold converse with many of our readers once in a while through another medium, still, it will not be in the same old, chatty, fatherly way. No doubt the kind reader feels to some extent the tie which binds an editor to his constituency, but it would be scarcely natural that the former should cherish the same feeling towards the latter as the latter should to the former. An editor has his readers on his mind as a faithful pastor has his flock on his heart, or a father the cares of his family. He caters for them, and in providing food for the mind, he regards not only what may be palatable, but also what must be wholesome. The pleasure afforded in reading a well turned paragraph must be increased by the addition which it brings to the reader's knowledge in matters of special use to him. That we have succeeded to a degree which should leave no regret behind in this direction has been made clear by the kind words which have often reached us from those whose opinions we value, but which, of course, could not with propriety appear in our columns, and it is this same fact, the sense that our journal has not run its course in vain, that gives a tinge of regret to the tone in which we utter farewell. But as the reader knows the reason why is not one of regret, but for joy. To wider out in a natural growth, to enter into and conquer new fields, is what might be expected from a vigorous, live, up-to-date journal as MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED has ever proved itself to have been. There is a stimulus in the resolve to aim at better things, and in the thought that very many of the faithful friends of many years will share in the new venture. In a valedictory, a few words about the past are appropriate. MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED first saw light in 1882, when it appeared as a medium of more exclusive information than latterly. Seven years rolled by, and so gratifying was the success of the journal that its space was enlarged and its scope widened. In 1888 the new series began, with Mr. Charles Morrison as Associate Editor. It took new root at once, and commended itself, in its various departments, to a large and ever increasing circle of intelligent readers. Mr. Morrison removed his home to California in 1892, and was succeeded by Mr. Alexander Fraser, who now lays down the editorial pen, at the close of the second series and end of the seventh volume since 1888. From beginning to end a high standard of excellence was maintained in every section of the paper, and it was in every sense a clean, honest, and useful journal. This, at the least, can be said, that the proprietors had high aims, and no pains were spared in making the ILLUSTRATED a worthy visitor to the intelligent families on the farm. In another sphere, this history will be a guarantee, if one be needed, that our successor, under the same proprietorship, will worthily embody only the best sentiments of the Canadian people. There can be no doubt that to the fidelity with which the standard set at the beginning of our career has been adhered to, has been due much of the encouragement and help received by us from our readers and correspondents. To them all we take this our

last opportunity of returning our sincere thanks. They have received some benefit from our columns; they may miss us at first, but the progress of events is never without developing change, with its compensations dominating its sacrifices and to those in the active current of life, each change is but a step in advance of the last one taken. In the spirit of Pope's line:

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." Vale.

THE agricultural advices from Great Britain are anything but cheering. An exceptionally dry September has been followed by an October of unusually severe weather rendering the late crops on the remote uplands difficult to harvest and the roots throughout the country liable to the ravages of frost. Complaints are heard on every hand of the miserable plight in which farmers find themselves, and the latent feeling after protection is breaking out in the wail of the extreme press. A landowner in Kent writes a letter to the *Times* in which the doleful tale is told with more truth than poetry. He deems that, "It is useless to talk of railway rates, light railways, or division of rates, etc.—these are only palliatives. The whole question rests upon prices, and unless our rulers see their way to deal with them agriculture is doomed, and that speedily. It is like a man more or less rapidly bleeding to death, and becoming too weak to take advantage of remedies which, if given in time, might have restored him to health. Whether these remedies take the form of bimetallism, regulation of gambling speculation on corn, or protection. I will not suggest. But 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' is an old text, and unless the nation is prepared in some way to lighten those of agriculture it must fall. I do not doubt that the trade at present lost to this country by its present deplorable condition would exceed tenfold any amount paid in duties upon foreign agricultural produce." These are the bitter words of the landowner, and they are supplemented by passages from the recently issued report of the Royal Agricultural Commission, in which it is stated that the farmers are losing heart and are betaking themselves to the large towns to starve or to the colonies. The evidence before the Commission contains opinions in favor of protective duties from farmers who have been all their lives theoretical Free Traders. For instance one of them exclaims: "Though I am a liberal and a Free Trader, I would like to see a tax on foreign corn." Again, at a meeting held recently this resolution was carried: "Whilst holding that the principles of Free Trade have been and still are the best for this country, the position of the agricultural interest at this time is so critical that many farmers cannot possibly go on." At a place named Swaffham, a farmer gave evidence that he had always been a Liberal and Free Trader, but he "would give a bounty on wheat growing so as to secure a return of forty shillings a quarter to the grower." These are examples of the evidence tendered and of the discontent with the condition of things which is admittedly bad. There are reasons other than Free Trade which press against agriculture in Great Britain. Labor is dearer than it was wont to be. The style of living is on an extravagant scale at many of the large farms. The charges for education are increasing year by year, just as the boys and girls are furnished with higher education away from home in increasing numbers. The gentleman farmer is becoming more and more of an institution; rents are in many instances exorbitantly high. These causes among others are responsible for a large share of the poverty of the farmer, who has taken burdens upon his shoulders heavier than the average revenue of the ordinary farm would warrant. The large farmers are the hardest hit. The Kentish landowner above referred to has a farm thrown upon his hands because the tenant loses at the rate of one thousand pounds

sterling a year. Verily not a small margin on his total transactions. It is noticeable that the voice of the small farmer, who usually combines frugality with skill and who is able to overtake the most of the work with the aid of one or two "hands," is not heard in the chorus of despair—despair being taken to mean not utter hopelessness, but in the words of the poet:

"Despair was never yet so deep
In sinking as in seeming;
Despair is hope just dropped asleep,
For better chance of dreaming."

The despair of the large tenant farmer is often of this nature. But the moderate farm, yes, even the small farm has been found in late years in some sections of Britain to prove a home of comfort and security even when markets gave no greater returns than now. In farming the landlord plus the tenant is an anomaly. A double ownership of the soil, the ownership by title and that by virtue of possession. Both ought to be combined and thus freed from the large drain implied in double revenue the peasant proprietor of Britain would be as able to cope with the vicissitudes of his calling as the yeoman of Canada or the jovial habitant of France. In reading the articles published in the British press commiserating the condition of the farmer one cannot help feeling thankful that the virility of Canadian agriculture has once again manifested itself in a weathering of the storm of depression which has evidently struck the vocation in Britain with results so disastrous as are described in the reports above referred to.

LAST month attention was directed to Mr. Donaldson's praiseworthy efforts to impress upon Canadian farmers the value of flax culture. We are now in a position to follow up the subject by a few figures given by the *Winnipeg Commercial* recently. It is set forth that, at the time of writing no less than 150 car loads of flax were waiting at Fort William for shipment eastwards. The flax was for the works at Berlin, Waterloo county, Ontario, owned by Mr. Livingstone, who, in addition to his large consignment, has secured 100,000 bushels this season from the Mennonites of the Prairie Province. The culture of flax ought to be and is a valuable industry in the Northwest. Half a bushel of flax seed sown to the acre will produce from twenty to twenty-five bushels. Manitoba farmers are receiving 70 cents a bushel for the seed this year. In the counties of Wellington, Waterloo, Perth, and part of Huron, there is a considerable German population, and flax is very largely cultivated by these people. The seed is used for the production of linseed oil and oil cake, which is well known as a food for cattle. The fibre is converted into the finest quality of scutched flax. At the village of Doon, a few miles from Galt, there is a firm carrying on an extensive business in the working of fibre into cables, ropes and threads. Ontario produces the finest scutched flax in the world. Our product brings one hundred pounds sterling per ton in the market, while the finest samples produced in Jutland are worth only about sixty pounds. The conditions for the cultivation of this valuable product are as favorable in Canada as in any other country in the world. There is no reason why a linen factory should not be started in Ontario. There is field here for some of our enterprising capitalists to invest their money and make handsome returns. All the materials necessary for the manufacture are here at our own doors.

To those who desire to keep themselves posted on the latest improvement in dairy utensils and operations, in other words to be alive to the everwidening possibilities of the dairy business, a small hand book on "Pasteurization and Milk Preservation," by J. H. Monrad, Winnetka, Ill., will prove useful and interesting. Within brief compass the process is lucidly explained, and in addition to a chapter on "Selling Milk," containing not a few shrewd hints, there are seventy mechanical illustrations.



Stair Cover.

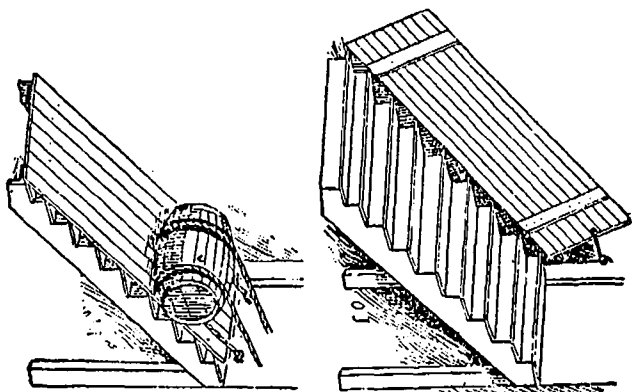
We cull the following from the *Orange Judd Farmer*:—In barns, cellars, &c., where heavy articles are to be moved up or down stairs, the device represented in the illustration will be found very convenient. It consists simply of a door of strong hard-wood so attached to the wall that it will fit down snugly over the steps when in use. When not needed, it is turned up against the cellar wall and held in place by means of a catch. This contrivance makes the lowering of barrels into cellars or the elevating of the same into upper stories comparatively easy. Bags of grain, potatoes, farm machinery, &c., can thus be readily taken into a hay mow or second story of a granary.

A Handy Movable Shed.

A HANDY movable shed for brood sows, or any desired purpose, can be made as follows: For the roof take 4 2x4 pine scantling 12 feet long; for rafters, and nail to each end, a 2x4 pine scantling 8 feet long; place upon these shingling lath or sheathing, and cover with shingles or other material in the ordinary way. For the ends: The lower end will require 2 scantlings 8 feet long and two uprights of same scantlings 2 feet long. Hinge this on lower inside edge of lower end of roof so it will turn inwards. The upper end arrange the same way, only use 3 scantlings 8 feet long and uprights of the same, only 6 feet long. The sides fit in with similar framing and so hinge that each side will turn inwards over the ends, and board upright all around. In tearing it down carefully tip it over on roof, wrong side up, on a sled, fold down ends and sides, then move where desired; put up again and fasten at corners with a spike or two, leaving the heads out so as to draw out easily, and it is complete. Often it need not be let down at all, only tipped on the end of a sled as needed. Such a convenience will many times pay for itself.

A Sugar Barrel Feed Chest

SUGAR barrels are much larger than the ordinary flour barrels and are more substantially made. The accompanying illustration shows one of these barrels converted into a very convenient and useful feed chest for stable use. Where one has room, it is well to arrange several barrels in this way, each for a different kind of feed, which makes it convenient for indulging the horses or cattle with occasional changes in their bill of fare—a change which is always gratefully appreciated by them. These receptacles keep the feed free from dust and dirt, and vermin cannot easily effect an entrance save by gnawing through.



Stair Cover.

Corn or Oats for Horses.

At the Utah experiment station, in a test to determine the comparative feeding value of oats and corn for horses, it was found that the weight of the animals was more easily maintained on corn ration. A summary of these experiments shows that during the summer a ration of corn and timothy was not as good as one consisting of wheat, oats and clover. During the winter corn and timothy did as well as oats, clover and timothy in maintaining the weight. During the spring and summer corn, wheat or bran, and mixed hay produce more gain than oats, wheat or bran, and mixed hay.

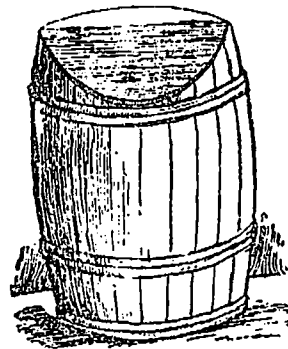
A Handy Farm Truck.

THE low-down truck shown in the illustration, from a sketch by J. H. Brown of Michigan, is cheaply made, costing about four dollars for iron, lumber, and blacksmith work. The frame is made of 4x4 inch and 2x4 inch seasoned white oak. The wheels may be taken from two old mowers, those used on the rear axle being somewhat larger and stronger. The steel shafts from the same mowers may be cut and made into stub axles, bolted on each end of the 4x4 inch oak axles. Collars are to be put on, holes drilled, and cap washers made to hold the wheels in place. The axle, *c*, above, is two feet nine inches long; axle, *b*, four feet three inches long. The reach, *a*, is 4x4 inches by ten and one-half feet long. It rests on top of the front axle, and a hammer strap, *p*, below, runs underneath.

sure for the braces, *s*. These are made of flat iron bars one-half by one-fourth inches. This stiffens the whole frame and makes the platform solid. It also prevents the front end of the platform from twisting. A truss rod may be put under the reach, but long experience finds no need of it. About three-fifths of the load rests on the rear wheels. The outside pieces, *e*, 2x4 inches, are bolted on edgewise. Side boards should rest on top of these pieces and against the stakes, *f*. The stakes may be raised full length when hauling rails, and lowered when not in use. At right is shown one corner of platform; *w* shows the two clamps made of bolts with heads cut off, and curved around to hold the stake. The lower clamp holds the stake in position. The upper clamp is to hold the side board when needed; *x* represents the flooring, one inch thick. The platform of this truck is seven and one-half feet long and four feet two inches wide. As made, one can turn very short in front of platform. The tongue was taken from an old binder, and braces attached, as shown. The seat, *u*, and spring, *o*, come from an old reaper, and is about forty years old. Tool box, *i*, holds wrenches, clevises, nails, pinchers and oil can. In the rear of the truck is a ring, *m*, for attaching drill, disc harrow, or other implements, if needed to save extra trips.

The Care of Farm Implements.

THERE are farmers who leave their tools exposed to the action of the weather for twelve months of the year, but, fortunately, these are



INEXPENSIVE FEED CHEST

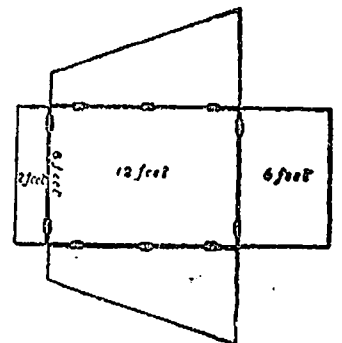
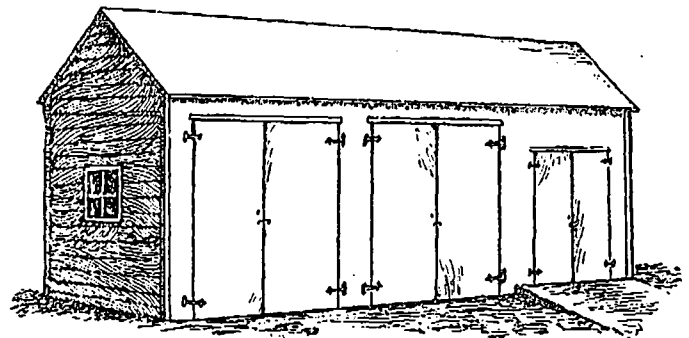
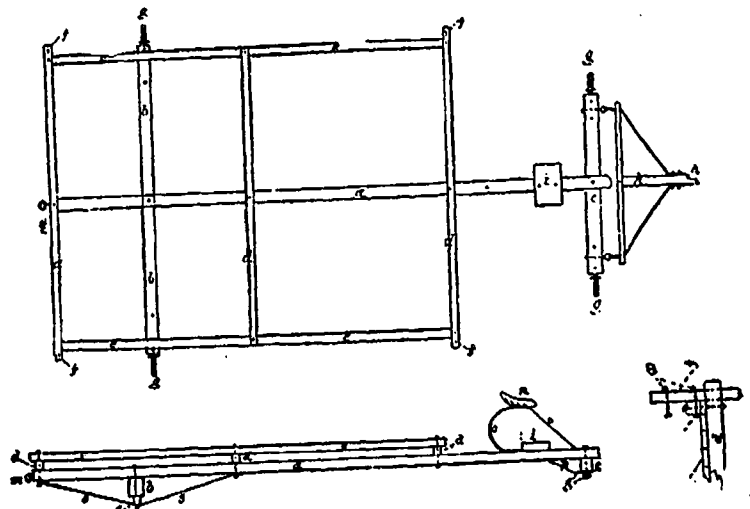


DIAGRAM OF MOVABLE SHED



CONVENIENT TOOL HOUSE.



FRAME FOR FARM TRUCK.

comparatively few. There are, however, a great many farmers who, at the opening of spring, bring forth their tools from safe winter quarters and for six months or more expose them to the action of the sun, air and rain. Tools used one day are left in the field, or out of doors, for expected use on the coming day. These expectations are frequently not realized because of the rain or dull weather, during which these implements of iron, wood and steel, suffer constant depreciation. It is a slipshod method to leave tools lying about out of doors during the season of farm work, and this practice goes a long way in leading to the conviction that "farming doesn't pay." No business man could afford to thus expose his machinery or stock in trade. In fact there are very few business operations in the country that could survive such wasteful practices as are to be seen on many farms. A little effort will soon establish the habit of putting tools in a safe and proper place when not in use. Thus the implements will be preserved; it will always be known where to find them, and much time will be saved that is now spent in hunting for them. It will wonderfully assist to secure all these advantages if a separate tool house is provided, a building that is given wholly up to the housing of all the farm tools. The illustration accompanying this shows a conveniently arranged tool house, where all the implements in use about the farm may be secured when not in use. One end of the building is partitioned off and floored where the small tools can be kept, while the rest of the building has an earth floor covered with gravel and entered by two large doors, permitting mowers, rakes, and other machines to be driven into the building. The building can be made of a size to accommodate the larger or smaller number of tools in use upon the farm. Such a building will pay large returns upon its cost, in the saving of tools and in time now spent in hunting them up from all places.

Seasonable Garden Work.

BECAUSE frost has destroyed most of the flowers and the tender vegetables, it does not follow that all garden work for the season is ended. There is yet much to do; in fact, there are but few days in the year that some work in the garden cannot be profitably done. We do not always work for the present only, and quite as much depends upon our preparations, as upon making of our gardens. To be ready when the time comes, with all our plans and appliances, is to find the garden nearly completed. The first garden requisite is manure, which should be furnished with a liberal hand, and long before wanted, in order that it may become thoroughly composted. In this state too much cannot well be employed, and in this state it must be for root-crops in order to have them smooth as well as delicate in flavor.

ALFALFA or lucern requires and does well on deep rich soil, and with good natural drainage, which is specially important. Sow in spring, alone, or with a light crop of barley or other crop which will not shade it heavily. It lasts several years. The hay, if cut at the right time and well cured, will make a good feed for horses, but it is not valued quite as much as well-cured clover.

If the boards of a bare floor do not fit perfectly, says a writer in the *Christian Union*, have the spaces filled with putty or with a mixture which has been often recommended of late, made of old newspapers soaked in paste made of flour and water. The proportions of this are one pound of flour, three quarts of water, and one tablespoonful of powdered alum. The newspapers should be torn into bits, and the whole thoroughly boiled and mixed until of the consistency of putty. It may be colored with a little of the staining mixture, and should be forced into the cracks with a knife, when it will soon become hard and dry like *papier mache*.

Live Stock.

Feeding Meat to Hogs.

I AM not aware that any experiment station has determined the value of cheap raw or cooked meat for hogs. My test indicates that it will not pay farmers to sell canners for \$5 per head. This has been a very common price for old and worn-out scrub cows, and buyers seldom realize much profit after deducting freight, yardage, commission and feed. My test began Dec. 2d, with 21 thrifty pigs one lot being fed the meat from a canner, or lean cow that cost \$3 and dressed 367 lbs, the other lot of equal weight having no meat, and both got skim milk and middlings, with the following result:

Dec. 2 to 9.	Lot 1.	Lot 2.
Skim milk,.....	284 lbs.	209 lbs.
Middlings,.....	83 "	62 "
Meat,.....	"	92 "
Weight, Dec. 2,.....	365 "	330 "
Weight, Dec. 9,.....	420 "	398 "
Gain in weight,.....	55 "	68 "

The first lot gained 1 lb. in weight for each 4.8 lbs. of skim milk and 1½ lbs. of middlings consumed. The middlings cost 70c per cwt, so that with pork at 4c the skim milk was worth 60c per cwt. On the same basis, the 92 lbs. of meat (including bones and rejected parts) was worth \$1.01, equal to \$1.36 per cwt for the meat (74 lbs.) actually consumed. The meat spoiled after being fed four more days to Lot 1, which gained only 20 lbs, while Lot 2, previously on meat but now on milk and middlings alone, gained 44 lbs. Assuming that such beef is worth one cent per pound dressed weight to feed hogs, as this preliminary experiment indicates, and allowing the viscera worth 75c and the hide \$1.80 (60 lbs. sold at 3c), the carcass netted \$6.22. [This experiment is interesting, but must not be considered at all conclusive. Feeding tests are of value only when most carefully conducted and verified by duplicates or repeated trials, and even then the ordinary feeder may not attain the results noted.]—*J. N. Muncy, Iowa.*

Light for the Stable.

INTELLIGENT dairy farmers know that it is possible to have a stable light and well ventilated, and at the same time so warm that water will not freeze in it during the coldest weather. Plenty of windows are needed, and it is well to whitewash the whole interior at least once a year. To accomplish this at the least expense of time, make a whole barrel of whitewash, and apply it very thick with a broom. Begin by sweeping the sides, partitions and ceiling. Where the surface is uneven, a force pump with a spray muzzie is excellent for applying the whitewash. The whitewash must first be rubbed through a sieve to remove the lumps, or they will clog the valves of the pump. Keep the windows from being splashed by tacking old bags or blankets over them. Lime is purifying and deodorizing, and makes it easier to keep the stable clean and in order. Another reason for providing abundant light is to promote the health and vitality of the animals. A cow in a winter dairy is like a person engaged in a sedentary employment. She cannot receive the stimulus to her vitality that a horse, for instance, gets from labor in the sunshine. A cow cannot do her best unless she is made comfortable in a light and cheerful stable.

A LOCAL paper tells of two farmers who, one year ago, were plowing in adjoining fields. As they turned at the line fence, they engaged in conversation, as farmers sometimes will. One drove a sleek, fat, spirited team; the other a pair of veritable cowbaiters. After a few minutes' talk, the latter proposed to trade horses, which was finally done, the owner of the poor team paying \$50 dollars to boot, and the horses

were exchanged then and there. One year later, the two farmers again met. The former owner of the poor team again had a poor team on his hands, and was willing to pay \$50 to his neighbor to trade again for his former team which were now sleek and fat. If this isn't a good illustration of the reason why some men are rich and others poor, we don't know where to look for one. Of two farmers on adjoining farms, one has a productive, well-cultivated and well fenced farm with good buildings; the other has exactly the reverse. What is the trouble? Is it luck? Is it in the farm or in the man? Who can tell?

The Poultry Yard.

LATE green feed for poultry may be had from early sown rye, followed by clover, and then by a sowing of barley. Fence the chicks into the field of green stuff, with a light movable fence of wire-netting, fine enough so that the chicks won't hang themselves.

The breeds that produce the largest eggs are generally non-sitters—and are not always the largest fowls. There is often great differences between individuals of the same breed and the same flock. It is doubted that the hen laying the larger egg will produce as many as the one laying smaller eggs.

It is an exploded notion that the hen likes to make her nest on the ground on account of dampness. She has sense enough to hunt a cool place in summer and a warm one in cold weather, and the ground is selected only for coolness. Dampness is bad for the work of the hens, and especially bad for the chickens.

Of course it takes more food material for the production of a large egg than a small one, just as it does additional weight of beef or pork. While, then, no regard is had to the size of an egg in fixing the price, there must evidently be more profit in keeping the breeds that lay small eggs rather than large ones, so far as commercial eggs are concerned.

A SPRAYER is better for deluging the interior of the poultry house with a solution for destroying lice, but the use of the watering pot will save labor. Get one with a fine rose and use it frequently. Have it hanging in the poultry house or yard within convenient reach. Whenever there is a lot of soapsuds from the family washing, add a little concentrated lye and apply the soapsuds. If preferred, use the kerosene emulsion, which has been so frequently given in this journal. The point is to do it, and do it often, and not wait until lice have full possession of the premises.

In an article concerning chicken fattening in Sussex, England, the *Agricultural Gazette* has the following: "Three or four weeks only are needed for fattening, the chickens being fed twice a day on ground oats mixed with skim-milk, enriched with melted mutton or beef fat. Australian mutton fat, imported for soap making and costing 30s. to 40s. per cwt., is used by at least one extensive fattener. The fowls are allowed to feed naturally for half the time during which they are in the fattening pens and are crammed during the other half. According to a weekly list of London prices for over a year Heathfields fowls, or 'Surrey fowls,' as they are styled in the markets, sell at 2s. to 3s. 6d. each, according to season, but only a few weeks in the spring at 6s. 6d., as the price for the best fowls. No other fowls, except capons, sell as well as these so-called 'Surreys.'"



THE CLOWN'S BABY.

It was out on the Western frontier,
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters,
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night.

Not a woman's face among them;
Many a face was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermilion,
Was making up his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloons stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on;
But the clown in vain searched wildly.
The "property" baby was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I cannot find;
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not very patient men;
The clown bent over the cradle:
"I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently:
"You'll be very careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"
How tenderly it was said;
While a smile shone through the chalk and paint:
"I love each hair of his head."

The noise rose into an uproar.
Misrule for the time was king;
The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass!"
Said the clown to pantaloons.

The jovial fellow nodded:
"I've a couple myself," he said:
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
With "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby,"
The baby that was alive!

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally,
The fair little baby king.
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk for miles of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then "Boys, hand 'round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you these cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled:
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he's good-looking,
Boys, that was a show that paid!"

—Margaret Vandegrift.

Origin of the Chrysanthemum.

It was Christman-eve. The night was very dark, and the snow was falling fast, as Hermann, charcoal burner, drew his cloak tightly around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near by, and he was now hastening home. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee all alone to face this cruel blast!"

The child answered nothing, but looked pitifully up into the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldst be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak.

When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and knocked at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas-eve supper, leading the little one, who held timidly to his little finger with its tiny hand.

They then sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair; and as they gazed two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awestruck voices, "The Holy Child Jesus."

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves. Hermann picked some, and reverently carried them home to his wife and children, who tended them carefully, in remembrance of that Christmas-eve, calling them "Chrysanthemums;" and every year, as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me."





Planting the Christmas Tree.

CHRISTMAS means so much to the little ones, they think and talk of it so long beforehand, that we older ones must not grudge a little time and pains to give them this taste of fairy-land once a year. Those who live in the country need not lay out a primary expenditure of a dollar in a Christmas tree, but with the woods before them, select one to suit themselves. It is better in a regular cone shape from base to apex, and if not quite symmetrical should be trimmed in a shapely manner. If you have a big purse and can go to a store to purchase decorations, you need not read this article, but if you are obliged to make a penny go as far as possible, you may find here some useful suggestions. In the first place evergreen is brought from the woods, planted in a box and the earth covered about the roots with mosses and lichen. In this soft bed put toy sheep, a bird's nest with red and blue and yellow sugar eggs to brighten it might be placed in the crotch of the tree.

Among the pretty articles for decoration that can be made by children, and that are costless, are little sail-boats from English walnut shells. Halve them carefully with a penknife, scrape out the inside and varnish with shellac dissolved in alcohol. Glue in a slender mast on which paste a paper sail of gilt or silver paper. These sail very nicely, and have a very good effect suspended from the outermost boughs of the tree.

An old-fashioned but delightful trifle for a Christmas tree is the clove-apple. They are very nice to perfume bureau drawers, and a half dozen or more will be quite welcome. Choose small, firm apples, and stick them loosely with cloves. They will keep for years. You can save the expense of stands for candles by heating a bit of wire and inserting one end in the candle, the other in the tree. Rings of cardboard slipped over the candles will catch the drippings. Oranges and bright-red apples can also be suspended with wire, so fine as to give a graceful pendulatory movement to the fruit. Cornucopias to be filled with candies can be made from bright paper, and trimmed with silver or gilt, or with pictures to suit the fancy. Little lace bags made of wash bobinet, run up with gayly colored worsteds and tied with the same are also nice filled with candies. Sometimes a doll dressed in lace with silver wings, is tied to the top-most bough to represent an angel.—*Country Gentleman*.

Home-Made Christmas Gifts.

HERE are a few hints on home-made Christmas gifts, all being inexpensive and easily constructed.

1.—PAPER-WEIGHT.

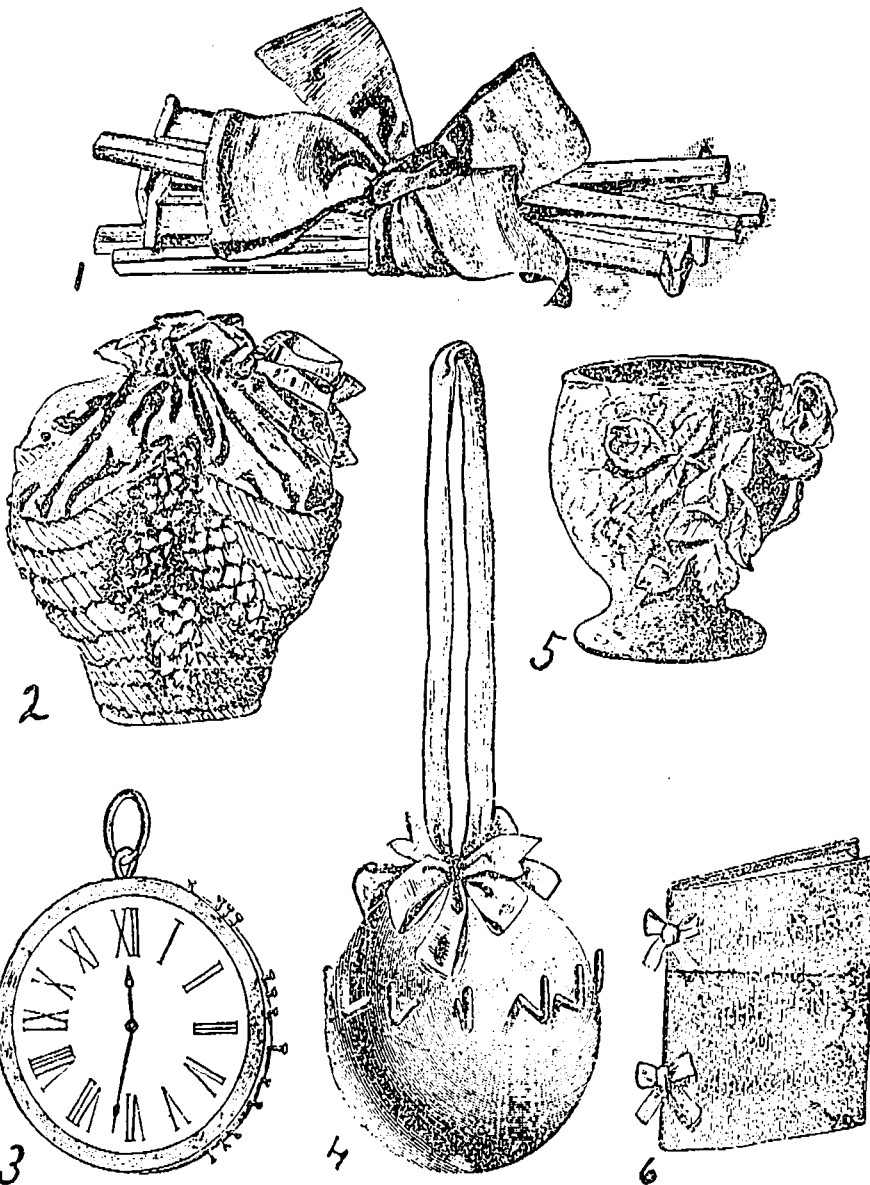
Gild six large-sized nails, and tie them securely together with a bright ribbon.

2.—BASKET FOR FANCY-WORK.

Pour boiling water on an old straw hat, this will render it perfectly pliable, bend it in any desired form, tie it in shape and let it dry, then sew around the top silk or satin, and draw it up with narrow ribbons, line the basket with silesia, matching in color the satin, decorate with pine-cones, and bronze both basket and cones. If preferred, a large bow of ribbon may take the place of the cones.

3.—POCKET PINCUSHION.

Cut two round pieces of card-board. Cover one with yellow satin and the other with white silk on which has first been outlined in black silk the face of a watch with surrounding rim filled in with yellow. On the back or yellow side of the watch an initial may be worked or outlined. Over-hand the pieces together, with a layer of cotton and sachet-powder between. At the top of the watch insert a loop of narrow



yellow ribbon formed by passing the ribbon through a small brass ring, and sewing the ends together. Around the edge place pins of assorted sizes.

4.—KEY AND BUTTON-HOOK RACK.

Is a key-rack. Gild a wooden ball (croquet ball will do), insert brass hooks at regular intervals, and suspend by a bright ribbon and bow, tacked with small tacks on the top of the ball.

5.—DECORATED VASE.

Any old vase, odd shaped bottle or bowl will do nicely. The illustration is made of a glass powder box left from an old broken toilet set. First cover the vase with thick paint, making a rough, uneven surface, fasten a small spray of artificial flowers securely to the vase while the paint is soft by imbedding here and there in the paint different parts of the spray. When the paint is perfectly dry, gild the vase all over

inside and outside, not forgetting the flowers and leaves

6.—A PEN-WIPER.

A bright little fancy for a pen-wiper is this: Make a few thin flannel leaves, book-shaped, and put them in covers of birch bark or morocco, just like a little book. Then have such an inscription as this stamped on the outside, or print it yourself.—*Youth's Companion*.

Hints to Housekeepers.

It is well to remember that rice is a vegetable.

Brass bedsteads may be polished simply with a soft rag.

Lamp-burners may be boiled in some strong borax water, rinsed thoroughly and dried quickly.

Pantry shelves sprinkled with oil of pennyroyal will cause ants to disappear.

A judicious use of the daily bath is a most excellent means of fortifying the baby's body against colds.

A little cold tea added to a sliced apple pie, will, it is said, add to its general relish and delectability. The tea should be poured lightly over the apples just before the upper crust is put on.

CURE EARACHE.—Ground black pepper placed in a tiny piece of cotton wool and put in the ear (so that no pepper can touch the ear) will often cure severe earache.

Palms, India rubber and other foliage plants used in the house need a weekly washing as much as household linen does. Plants breathe through their leaves and abhor dust. Each leaf should receive a light washing in luke-warm water with a fine sponge.

REVIEWS.

The Chautauquan for November is fully up to its high standard of excellence, and furnishes a wide variety of instructive and entertaining reading.

A timely and unusually novel and attractive feature of the November number of *Scribner's* is a series of Thanksgiving Fancies, ten full-page illustrations by well-known artists.

In the November instalment of "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," in *Harper's Magazine*, the story relates the episode of the first assault on the English at Orleans, and the capture of the Tourelles.

The Cosmopolitan is now published at the low price of \$1.00, but still retains its high literary and artistic standard. Two excellent departments are "In the World of Art and Letters," and "The Progress of Science."

McClure's Magazine for November opens a new and profusely illustrated history of President Lincoln, which will run through several numbers. It also contains some other excellent articles and stories by well-known writers.

The Illustrated London News prints a special American edition just as good in every respect as the home edition, and this superbly illustrated paper, always abreast of the times, is a welcome visitor in many a household on this continent.

Harper's Weekly during November contained interesting articles on the opening of the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh; the Horse Show; the coming musical season in New York; the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding; and many others—all handsomely illustrated.

The Century Magazine celebrates its quarter-centennial in its November issue with an "Anniversary Number." In honor of the occasion it dons a new dress of type, &c., and appears in a new and artistic cover. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel, "Sir George Tressady," commences in this number.

All the above first-class magazines are on our Clubbing List. See List on another page.



AUCTIONEER.—Ladies and gentlemen, the last chance on this beautiful antique mirror—Going—

TWO VERSIONS.

A young farmer, who had great conceit, little discretion, and scarcely any education, presented himself at a Presbyterian conference, and said he wished to be ordained as a preacher. "I ain't had any great learnin'," he said frankly, "but I reckon I'm called to preach. I've had a vision three nights runnin'; that's why I'm here."

"What was your vision?" inquired one of the elders. "Well," said the young man, "I dreamt I see a big, round ring in the sky, an' in the middle of it was two great letters—P. C. knew that meant Presbyterian Conference, an' here I am." There was an uncomfortable pause which was broken by an elder who knew the young man, and was well acquainted with the poverty of his family and the neglected condition of the farm in which his father had taken such pride. "I haven't any gift at reading visions," said the old man, gravely, as he rose from his seat. "but I'd like to put it to my young friend whether he doesn't think it's possible these two letters may have stood for 'Plant Corn'?" Fortunately this version was accepted by the applicant.

There is a difference between a cold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.

All our Arctic explorers have enjoyed one important advantage; in their deadliest perils, they always keep cool.

Brown—"Our candidate says the salary of the office is no object to him." Jones—"I suppose he has eye on the perquisites."

"This is a hard world," murmured the young man. "Yes," replied she, "one doesn't realize how hard it is till one falls off a bicycle once or twice a week."

The black-headed pirate, with a knife between his teeth, boarded the passenger ship. "Throw up your hands!" he shouted. The passenger hanging over the rail smiled feebly. "I think I did, not less than an hour ago," he said gaspingly.

"Are all these young men anxious to become surgeons?" asked the visitor. "They are," replied the lecturer upon surgery. "But how can so many expect to make a living?" "Easily, sir; easily," answered the lecturer, "Think of the effect of the present bicycle craze."

In reply to the cry for assistance, the professor said: "If I could help you, I couldn't help helping you. It is because I cannot help you that I cannot help refusing to help you." And the mendicant darted around the corner, with terror in his eye and cries of "Help!" in his mouth.

A grouty old gentleman, after making his will, called his serving-man, and remarked, "Michael, I've left you in my will all the impudence I possess." Michael—"Faith, I'm glad to see that by your generosity I inherit the greater part of your estate." "Well, well, Michael, you've come into your inheritance remarkably soon."

Mr. Snazelle has some good stories to tell of his southern experience. Whilst in Tasmania he came across an old "sundowner" sitting in front of his cabin, over the door of which was legibly painted, "Iel on parle Francais." A tattered, dejected-looking Frenchman came up the road, paused in front of the sundowner's hut, read the inscription, rushed up to the Australian, and enthusiastically kissed him on the cheek. "Ere, what'r you up to?" said the sundowner gruffly. "Don't you do that again." "But you was a countryman of mine," exclaimed the Frenchman, with a smile of pleasure on his face. "Certainly not," retorted the Australian. "But you put 'Iel on parle Francais,' over ze door," said the Frenchman, pointing to the inscription. "Well, what do you call it?" asked the sundowner. "Means?" cried the Frenchman; "it means 'French is spoken here.'" "Well, I'm blowed," said the sundowner. "A painter chap came along here the other day and put that up for me. He said it was Latin for 'God bless my happy home.'"

"Going to live in the country, eh?" "Yes." "I suppose the city air doesn't agree with your family?" "Well, city airs don't agree with my pocketbook."

"I have decided to withdraw from the race," said the politician decidedly. "You can't do it," returned the voter promptly. "Why not?" "You were never in it."

Doctor—"Now, Tommy, will you promise me to take your medicine like a man?" Tommy—"No, sir; when a man takes medicine he makes a bad face and swears."

"No, Willie, dear," said mamma, "No more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?" "Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

Mrs. Wigwag—"I'm afraid I made enemies of all the callers I had today. I felt too miserable to entertain them." Wigwag—"I always thought misery loved company."

The Author—"I think I have a good idea for a detective story." His Wife—"What is the idea?" The Author—"I will have the detective trace an umbrella to its original owner."

"How's your son, the lawyer, getting on?" "Badly poor fellow, he's in prison." "Indeed?" "Yes; he was retained by a burglar to defend him, and he made so good a plea in the burglar's behalf that the judge held him as an accessory."

Half Back—"Scared a dozen people into fits yesterday." Centre Rush—"How?" Half Back—"Rode my wheel home dressed in my football suit."

Mabel—"Yes, he's a nice young man, but hasn't his nose met with an accident? I can't get over it." Amy—"No wonder! It has no bridge."

"Oh, boy, I'll give you a dollar to catch my canary bird." "He's just caught, ma'am." "Where—where is the precious pet?" "Black cat up the road's got 'im."

"You say he contributes to the magazines?" said the literary girl. "Yes," replied his rival. "Anything worth using?" "Yes." "What?" "Postage stamps."

On chilly days the maiden grieves
Though dressed in garments new;
She can't display her silk waist sleeves
And heavy jackets, too.

"I reckon," said Mrs. Cornstassel, "That these politicians say a good many things they're sorry fur." "Yes," replied her husband, "an' a good many more thet they order be."

"I want an additional clause put on the anti-smoke ordinance," said Gaswell. "Go on," replied Dukane. "I want every cigarette smoker to be compelled to consume his own smoke."

Oh, legislators, while you strive
To remedy our ills,
If you would keep us all alive,
Pass some ten dollar bills.

Snaggs—"Do you know, Bilkins, I think I'm a gifted orator." Bilkins—"What makes you think so?" "I've spoken twice, now, and when I sat down on both occasions the audiences were much pleased and applauded loudly."

Dr. Pillem—"Did you administer the opiate at 9 o'clock as I directed?" Mrs. Gamp (with a sniff)—"That I did, but it seemed a pity to have to wake the poor man out of the first sound sleep he's had in four days to give it to him!"

"How vain you are, Effie! Looking at yourself in the glass!" "Vain, Aunt Emma! Me vain! Why, I don't think myself half as good-looking as I really am!"

Little Mary was crying because she had lost her purse. "And your lovely bright penny, dear," said her mother "that is lost, too." "Oh, no, it isn't," cried Mary quickly, "it's shut up tight in the purse."

"As you have good references, I'll offer to you the post of cashier in our house, provided you can deposit 1,200 marks as security." "And what security can you give me that my 1,200 marks will be secure?"

"I hear a good deal about double taxation," said the stranger. "May I ask what it is?" "Certainly," replied the promoter. "We call it double taxation when we had to pay both the city and the aldermen for a franchise."

"Years ago," said Mr. Barnes Torner, the eminent tragedian, "I started out to be the architect of my own fortunes, but in the school of experience I learned that a successful architect ought to be able to draw good houses."

"You can trust the man who sings at his work," said the cheery citizen. "Yes," responded Simulker; "I wish some one would persuade the man who works around my wood pile two or three nights a week to sing loud enough for me to hear him."

"What we need to do," said the new director, "is to establish a sinking fund." "Humph!" said the old director. "When you've been in here a little while longer you'll have more sense. What we need is a fund that can keep its head above water."

Mr. Fozzleton—"You make a mess of everything." Mrs. Fozzleton—"You are mistaken; there is one thing I have never been able to make a mess of yet." Mr. Fozzleton—"What is that?" Mrs. Fozzleton—"The fish you catch when you go fishing."



—Going!—

"My rich uncle is dead." "He left you something, did he not?" "Yes." "Good! What did he leave you?" "Penniless."

Hamlet Hardupton (meditating)—"Things are all out of place with me. I wish I could only get the shine off my coat and put it on my shoes!"

Teacher—"Can anyone explain how the world is divided?" Willie (with very important air)—"Between them that's got it and them that would like to have it."

"I suppose that you have forgotten that you owe me \$10," said Phillips severely. "No, I haven't," retorted Wilbur. "I meant to have done so. Give me time, old man, and I will."

Smith—"I see that Jones was at that dinner the other night. What did he think of the speeches?" Brown—"When I saw him he was just going to read them in a morning paper."

Miss Ingenue (on a yacht)—"Is there really a cable in the ocean?" Sailor—"Yes, mum," Miss Ingenue, (with conviction, after studying the man at the wheel)—"Then that must be the gripman."

"Did you trade any when you was fer town?" asked Silas Oatbin. "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstassel, "some." "How did you come out?" "Twas what you'd call a stand-off. I give a fellar a counterfeit \$5 bill fur a gold brick."



—GONE!!!

EVERYBODY WILL READ

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.
TEN CENTS PER COPY.

This will be the first Popular, Standard Size, Literary and Illustrated Magazine published in Canada.

It will be Popular because it will contain Articles by Leading Literary People on Popular Themes written in a Popular Style, illustrated in a Striking and Popular Way, and because it is published at a Popular Price, bringing it within the reach of every home. For further announcement see page 2 of cover.

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE CLUBBING LIST

How to Obtain your Favorite Publications Cheaply.



HERE is no excuse for any home, be it ever so humble, not being provided with good literature now-a-days. Good reading matter is essential to good living. Nothing indicates more markedly the progress of this age than the great quantities of magazines and periodicals which are delivered through the Post Offices of every city, town, village and hamlet. What would your grandfather have thought of a monthly periodical like

MASSEY'S MAGAZINE at \$1.00 per annum? If you want to keep the boys and girls at home, give them plenty of good reading matter. Here is your opportunity. You can save money by ordering your publications through us in combination with MASSEY'S MAGAZINE. In many cases, as you will see by comparing the prices in the two columns, we are able to supply BOTH periodicals for the price of ONE.

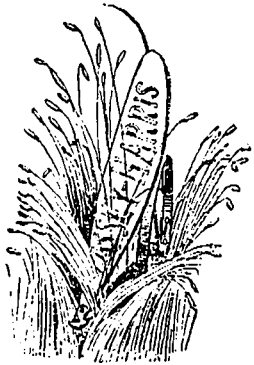
Please note that the first column gives the publisher's regular price for the publication whose name is opposite; the second column is the low price at which we furnish the publication named with MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, both for one year.

WEEKLY PERIODICALS.	Pub-lisher's Price.	Our Com-bined Price.	WEEKLY PERIODICALS.	Pub-lisher's Price.	Our Com-bined Price.	MONTHLY PERIODICALS.	Pub-lisher's Price.	Our Com-bined Price.
WEEKLIES.			RELIGIOUS.			FAMILY LITERATURE.		
Weekly Globe, Torol to	\$1 00	\$1 00	Northern Messenger, Montreal	\$0 30	\$1 00	Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia	\$1 00	\$1 50
Weekly Mail and Empire, Toronto	50	1 00	Canada Presbyterian, Toronto	2 00	2 00	Leisure Hour, London (Eng.) and Toronto	1 75	1 50
Weekly Witness, Montreal	1 00	1 00	Christian Guardian, Toronto	1 00	1 00	Sunday at Home	1 75	1 50
Family Herald and Star, Montreal (premium)	1 00	1 25	Christian Herald, N.Y. (Talmage's)	1 50	1 50	Cassell's Family Magazine, London and N.Y.	1 50	1 70
Detroit Free Press, Detroit	1 00	1 25	Rain's Horn, Chicago (new subs.)	1 50	1 50	FARM, STOCK, &C.		
Illustrated Express, Buffalo (Canadian Ed.)	2 00	2 00	SCIENTIFIC.			Farming, Toronto	1 00	1 30
New York Herald, N.Y.	1 00	1 35	American Machinist, N.Y.	3 00	3 25	Rural Canadian, Toronto	1 00	1 50
New York World, N.Y. (thrice-a-week)	1 00	1 30	Scientific American, N.Y.	3 00	3 25	Farmer's Advocate, London (semi-monthly)	1 00	1 40
Saturday Night, Toronto (city subs. extra)	2 00	2 10	" " Supplement, N.Y.	5 00	5 00	(renewals)	1 00	1 40
Weekly Spectator, Hamilton	1 00	1 25	MONTHLY PERIODICALS.			Farmer's Advocate, London (semi-monthly)	1 00	1 25
Western Advertiser, London	1 00	1 00	MAGAZINE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.			(new subs.)	1 00	1 25
Weekly Free Press, London	1 00	1 25	Century Magazine, N.Y.	4 00	4 10	American Swineherd, Chicago	50	1 00
Weekly Expositor, Brantford	1 00	1 25	Harper's Magazine, N.Y.	4 00	4 00	Canadian Bee Journal, Brantford (new subs.)	1 00	1 20
British Whig, Kingston	1 00	1 25	Scribner's Magazine, N.Y.	3 00	3 10	Dairy World, Chicago	1 00	1 10
FOR THE FARM, &C.			Atlantic Monthly, Boston	4 00	4 00	Nor-West Farmer and Miller, Winnipeg	1 00	1 30
Rural New Yorker, N.Y.	1 00	1 25	Cosmopolitan Magazine, N.Y.	1 20	1 60	Canadian Poultry Review, Toronto	1 00	1 15
Cultiv'rand Country Gentleman, Albany, N.Y.	2 50	2 50	North American Review, N.Y.	5 00	5 00	American Poultry Journal, Chicago	50	1 00
Farm and Fireside, Toronto	50	1 00	Review of Reviews, N.Y.	2 50	2 60	Poultry Monthly, Albany, N.Y.	1 25	1 30
American Agriculturist, N.Y.	1 00	1 50	Current Literature, N.Y.	3 00	3 00	FOR JUVENILES.		
American Cultivator, Boston, Mass. (new subs.)	2 00	2 00	McClure's Magazine, N.Y.	1 00	1 50	Boy's Own Paper, London (Eng.) & Toronto	1 75	1 90
American Dairyman, N.Y.	1 50	1 50	Munsey's Magazine, N.Y.	1 00	1 50	Girl's Own Paper	1 75	1 90
ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.			Canadian Magazine, Toronto	2 50	2 75	St. Nicholas, N.Y.	3 00	3 10
Illus. London News (with extra Summer and Xmas numbers)	7 00	7 00	Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia	3 00	3 00	Babyland, Boston	50	1 00
Illus. London News (without extra numbers)	6 00	6 00	English Illus. Magazine, N.Y. and London	1 50	1 75	Our Little Men and Women, Boston	1 00	1 25
Harper's Weekly, N.Y.	4 00	4 00	Outing, N.Y.	3 00	3 00	MISCELLANEOUS.		
Harper's Bazar, N.Y.	4 00	4 00	Chautauquan, Meadville, Pa.	2 00	2 50	The Delineator, N.Y. and Toronto (fashions)	1 00	1 50
Leslie's Weekly, N.Y.	4 00	4 00	Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, N.Y.	3 00	3 00	Carpentry and Building, N.Y.	1 00	1 30
New York Ledger, N.Y.	2 00	2 25	Methodist Magazine, Toronto	2 30	2 20	Canadian Wheelman, Simcoe (organ C.W.A.)	1 00	1 25
FOR JUVENILES.						(semi-monthly)	1 00	1 25
Youth's Companion, Boston (renewals)	1 75	2 25				Cycling, Toronto (semi-monthly)	1 00	1 25
Harper's Round Table, N.Y. (new subs.)	1 75	2 00						
Harper's Round Table, N.Y.	2 00	2 10						

If you want more than one of the periodicals named in the above list, by dropping a post card we will quote you reduced prices on same,

Always remit by Registered Letter or Post Office Order, addressing,

THE MASSEY PRESS, 927 King St. West, TORONTO, ONT.



THE

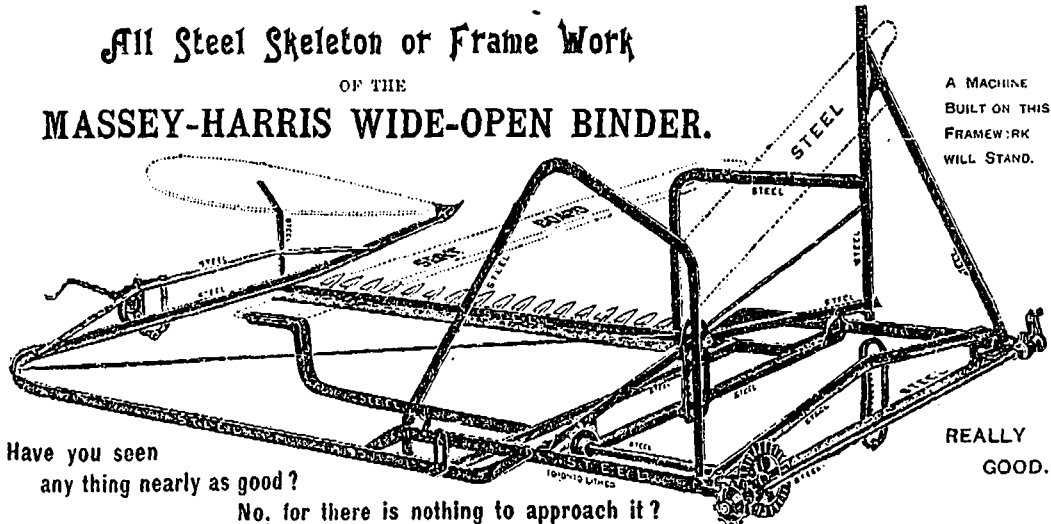
FOUNDATION

OF THE MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER

IS OF SOLID STEEL ANGLE BARS.

THE
MACHINE
IS
RIGHT.

All Steel Skeleton or Frame Work
OF THE
MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER.



A MACHINE
BUILT ON THIS
FRAMEWORK
WILL STAND.

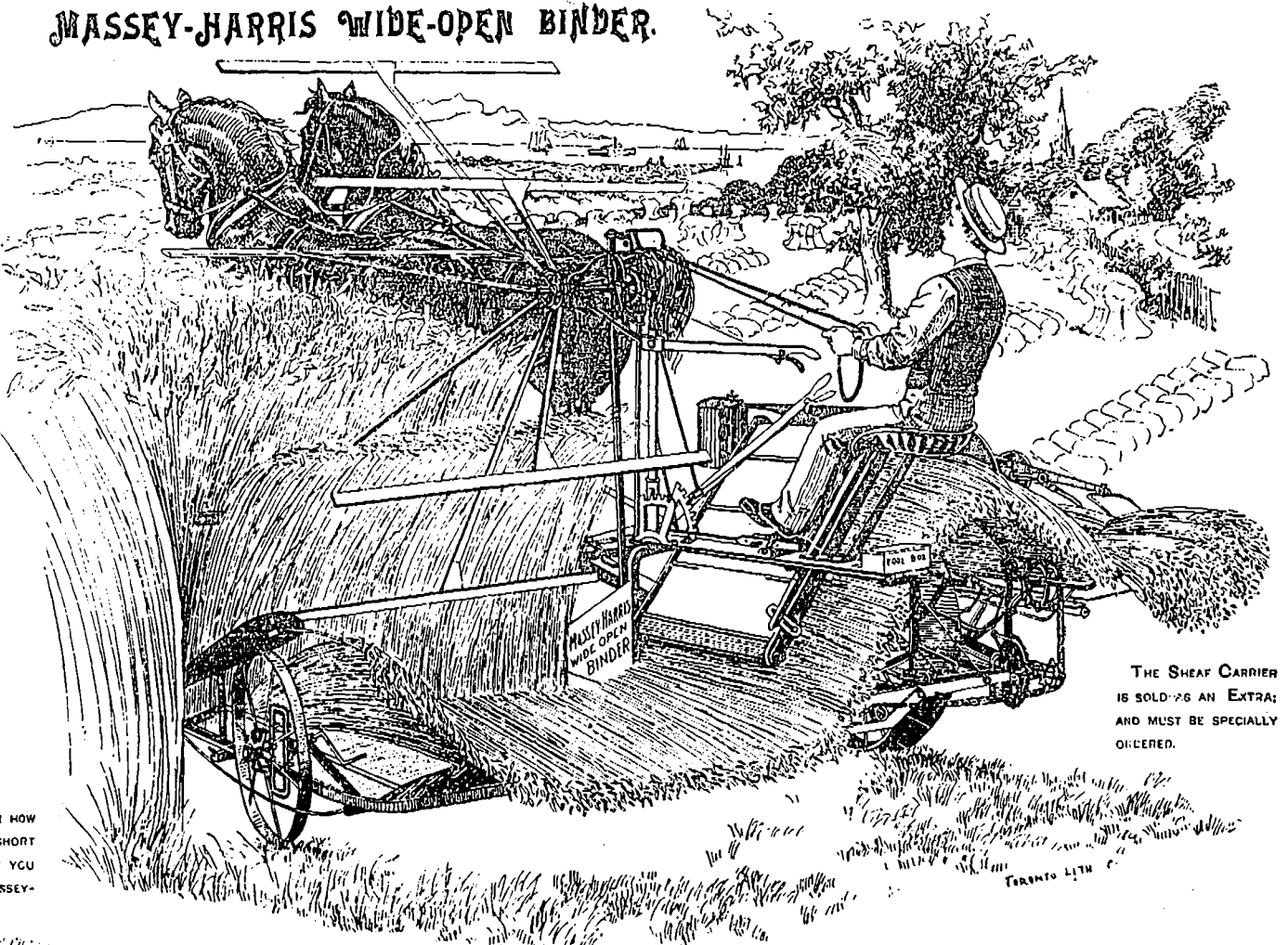
THE
PRICE
IS
RIGHT.

Have you seen
any thing nearly as good?

No, for there is nothing to approach it?

REALLY
GOOD.

MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER.



THE SHEAF CARRIER
IS SOLD AS AN EXTRA
AND MUST BE SPECIALLY
ORDERED.

NO MATTER HOW
LONG OR HOW SHORT
THE CROP IF YOU
HAVE A "MASSEY-
HARRIS."

THE "MASSEY-HARRIS" has broken every previous record. It has the greatest capacity. It will perform the widest range of work. It works with equal facility in the very shortest or the very longest crops grown. It is the lightest running and the easiest on the team. It is the easiest to operate, simplest to understand, and requires least attention. The Automatic Floating Canvas enables the machine to elevate crops of any length without shelling the grain, because the elevator is made WIDE-OPEN. The "Massey-Harris" is the only Canadian Self-Binder on which is used

COLD ROLLED STEEL SHAFTING

Rubber Belting!

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL

Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.

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

RUBBER **WESTERN BRANCH:** **BELTING**
 Cor. Front & Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

BICYCLES



- Wait till you see the new Massey-Harris Wheel before you make a purchase. Our grand new Factory is rapidly nearing completion.
-
-

BICYCLE DEPARTMENT, MASSEY-HARRIS Co. Ltd.
 921 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE CO.

ASSETS, \$51,200,752.

LOSSES PAID, \$152,224,789.

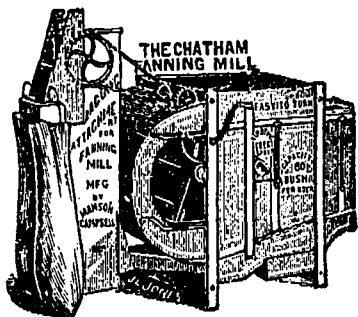
THE LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD. Insures Commercial, Farm and Dwelling House Buildings and Contents at current rates, on Ontario Government conditions. All losses in CHICAGO, BOSTON AND ST. JOHN CONFLAGRATIONS, as well as ordinary losses, paid promptly in cash without discount or delay. YOUR INSURANCE SOLICITED.

G. F. C. SMITH,
Resident Secretary, Montreal.

OFFICE:
 20 WELLINGTON STREET EAST.

JOS. B. REED,
Agent, Toronto District.

THE CHATHAM FANNING MILL.



1300 sold 1885
 2000 sold 1886
 2300 sold 1887
 2500 sold 1888
 3600 sold 1889
 4000 sold 1890
 4500 sold 1891
 5000 sold 1892
 6000 sold 1893

More than have been sold by all the factories in Canada put together & doubled.

I manufacture and solicit orders for Perforated Zinc, all sizes of holes, for Threshing Machine and Clover Mill Riddles. Also Wire Cloth for all purposes.

40,000 Chatham Mills now in use.
 Over 14,000 Bagging Attachments now in use.

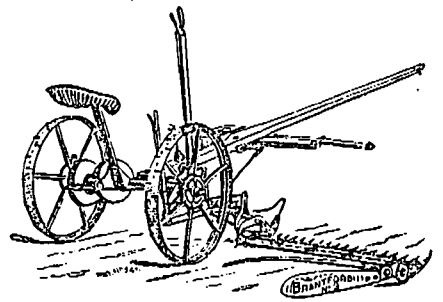
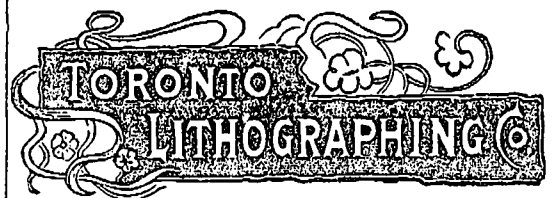
Bagging Attachment is run with a chain belt that cannot slip. The Elevator Clips are also attached to endless chain belt that cannot slip, nor clog.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE CLEANING OF ALSAC CLOVER SEED, MARROWFAT AND BLACK EYE PEAS. The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger, though it is not wise to be without a Bagger.

For prices and full information apply to

MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.

For Sale by all Agents of MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., in Manitoba and North-West Territories.



BRANTFORD MOWER No. 3,

MANUFACTURED BY

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited,
 TORONTO, CANADA.



TO BEE KEEPERS

Send for our Circular and Price List of Bee Keepers' Supplies; also sample copy *Canadian Bee Journal* free. Four awards received at Chicago World's Fair.

TO HORTICULTURISTS

Send for our Circular and Price List of "Ideal" Spraying Pumps.

TO DAIRYMEN

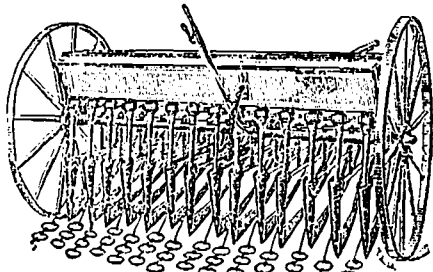
And all interested in the cheapest method of pumping water, send for description and prices of Steel Wind Mills.

Goold, Shapley & Muir Co. Ltd.
 BRANTFORD, CANADA.

The Intrinsic Worth

and value of E. B. Eddy's Matches, experienced by thousands, and which your father and grandfather used, has culminated in their being known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the

Only Reliable Matches.



MASSEY-HARRIS SHOE DRILL.

ENERGETIC SALESMEN can find very profitable work selling my hardy Canadian Grown Nursery Stock, which is taking the front place wherever introduced. One hundred and fifty agents made it pay well selling my stock in 1891. I want 100 more in 1895. For particulars, address **E. D. SMITH,** Helderleigh Nurseries, Winona, Ont.

USE SOMETHING GOOD

PEERLESS

MACHINE CYLINDER ENGINE & DYNAMO

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO.
TORONTO.

SPECIALTIES—
FINE ART, LIVE STOCK, MECHANICAL

WOOD ENGRAVING

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.
BRIGDEN MANGER
REMOVED TO
53 KING ST W
COR. BAY
TORONTO

BOYS FOR FARM HELP.

The managers of DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES desire to obtain good situations with farmers throughout the country for the boys they are sending out from time to time from their London Homes. There are at present nearly 5,000 children in these homes, receiving an industrial training and education to fit them for positions of usefulness in life; and those who are sent to Canada will be selected with the utmost care, with a view to their moral and physical suitability for Canadian farm life. Farmers requiring such help are invited to apply to

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN, Agent Dr. Barnardo's Homes
214 Parley avenue, Toronto.

Windsor Salt

For Dairy use is the best.

Perfectly dry and white, and no lime in it.

Better Cheese & Butter can be made with it than with any other salt.

It pays to use it.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED

An Independent Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS.

PROF. SCRIB, Editor.
ALEX. FRASER, Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
To all parts of Canada and United States, only 50 cents per annum, postage prepaid. Stamps taken.

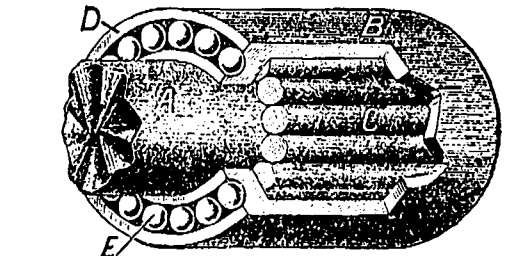
Always address, MASSEY PRESS, Massey St., Toronto, Can.

BRANTFORD STEEL

Wind Mills

GALVANIZED.

Patent Roller and Ball Bearings.



Galvanized Steel Towers and Wheels, the Best in America.

Ideal Spray Pumps, Iron Pumps Water Tanks, Piling, etc.
The Ideal Solid Power Mill, with Roller and Ball Bearings, is a Wonder.

Send for Circulars and mention this paper.



SPECIAL OFFER,

Every farmer must feel the need of a real helpful agricultural paper like *The Rural New Yorker*.

Get a sample copy by all means. It will be sent free.

Agents wanted. Address:

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, NEW YORK.

We can send it and MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED both one year for \$1.10.

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

When placing your order for a Wagon this Spring see that you get one of the **LIGHT RUNNING BAIN WAGONS.**

NONE BETTER.

THOUSANDS IN USE.

ALL SIZES OF ARMS.

ALL WIDTHS OF TIRE.



NONE MORE POPULAR.

DEMAND STEADILY INCREASING.

LOW, MEDIUM, OR REGULAR HEIGHT WHEELS.

We have TWO LARGE FACTORIES—one in Woodstock, the other in Brantford—consequently a large assortment of wagons on hand. Orders filled promptly.

ONLY HIGHEST GRADE MATERIAL used, thoroughly seasoned. BEST IRON, well finished. PRICES RIGHT. TERMS LIBERAL. Agencies established everywhere. Give us a call. For further particulars address

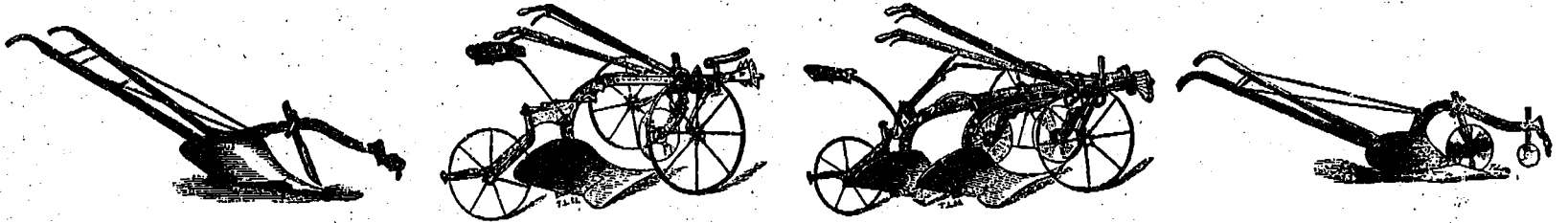
BAIN BROS. MFG. Co., Ltd. (HEAD OFFICE) BRANTFORD, ONT.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED—ADVERTISEMENTS.

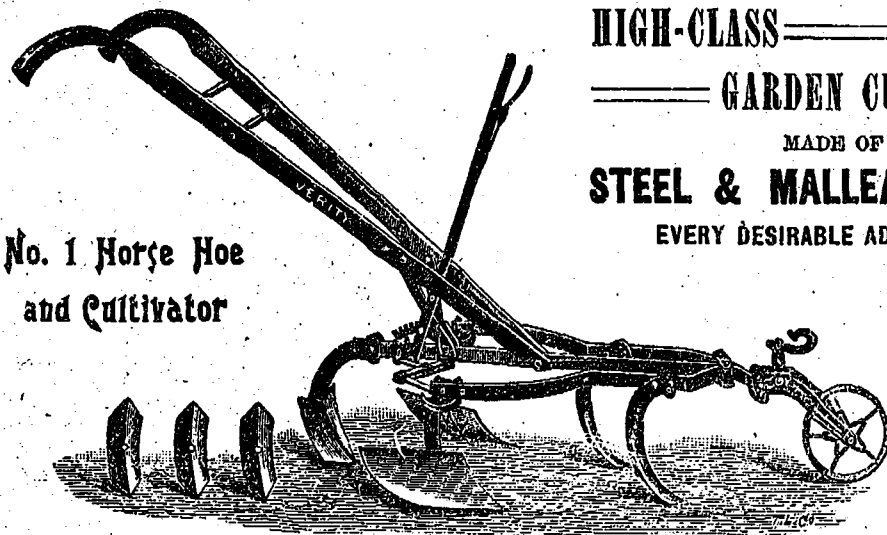
TY PLOW CO., LTD., BRANTFORD, CAN.

MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Ltd., Sole Selling Agents.

Moulding Plows. Riding Plows. Garden Cultivators.



AMERICAN SOFT-CENTRE STEEL MOULDBOARDS.

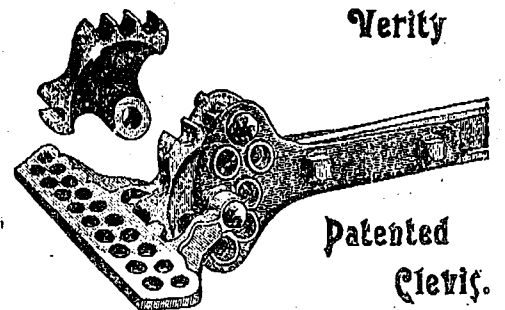


No. 1 Horse Hoe and Cultivator

HIGH-CLASS
GARDEN CULTIVATORS
MADE OF
STEEL & MALLEABLE IRON.
EVERY DESIRABLE ADJUSTMENT.

ALL THE
LATEST
ATTACHMENTS.

LOOK AT THIS.

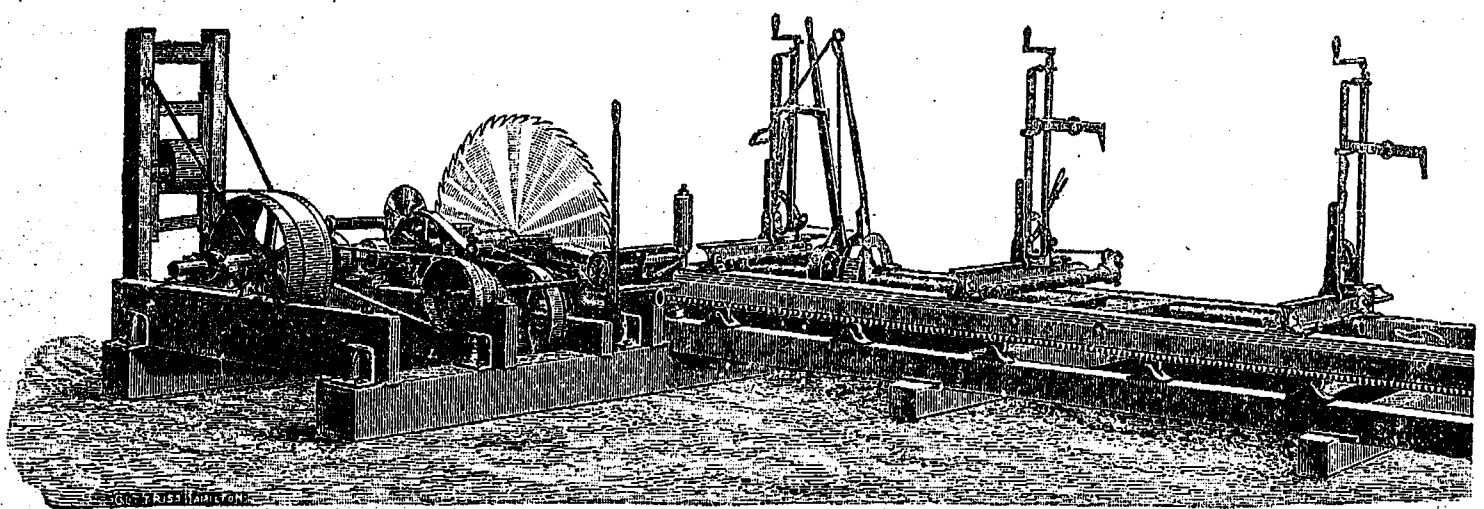


Verity

Patented
Clevis.

Used on all Verity Plows.

NEW PORTABLE SAW MILL



This Mill is designed to meet the wants of those requiring a Mill adapted to a wide range of work, using either light or heavy power. It is simpler and has fewer parts than other mills. It is easier to set up and keep in order—in fact it can be set up in a few hours. Is a Perfect Portable Saw Mill in practice as well as in name. The Frame will take saws up to fifty-six inches diameter. There are three heavy boxes for the Saw Mandril, one box on each side of Main Drive Pulley. All shafts are steel and larger in diameter than are generally found in other mills. Pulleys are large, with wide faces, so as to ensure no

slipping of belts. The Lever for controlling the Friction Feed and Giging Back are one, by simply throwing the Lever back or forwards. it throws the Giging Back in or out of gear.

The track ways are made of well-seasoned lumber, coupled together with cast iron couplings so as to bring the track in perfect line when brought together.

We recommend for Threshing Engines a 50-inch saw and that it should run 400 revolutions per minute, and pulleys will be made for all our mills to give this speed.

SAWYER & MASSEY CO. Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

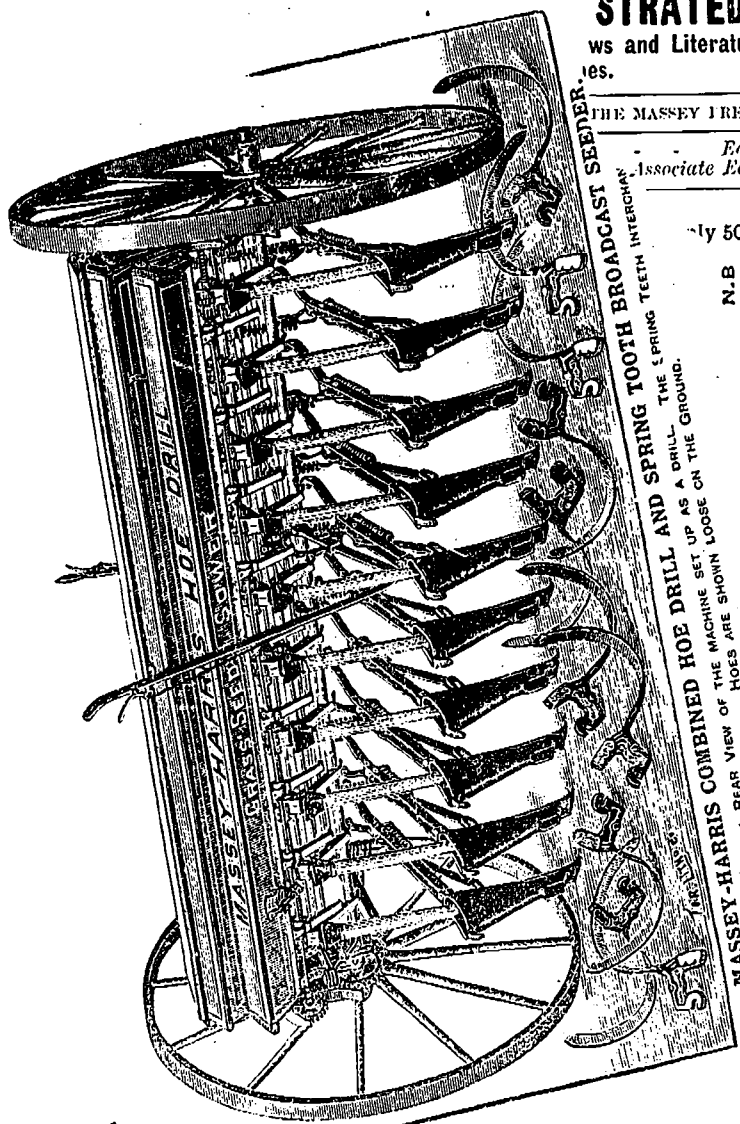
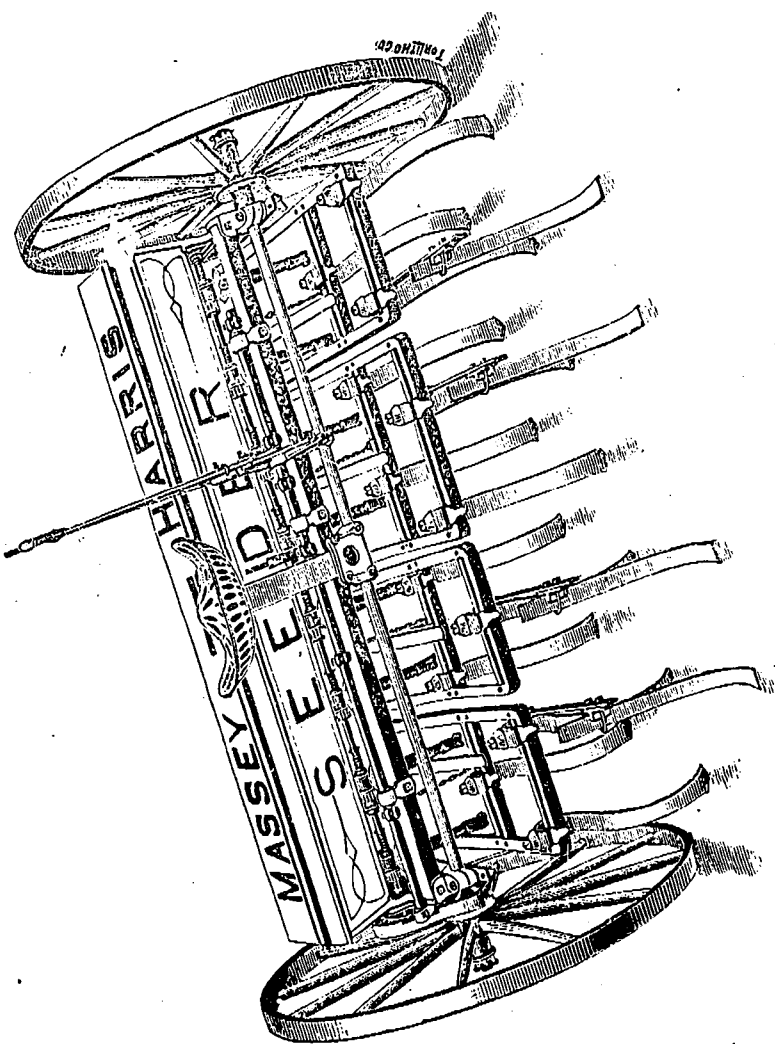
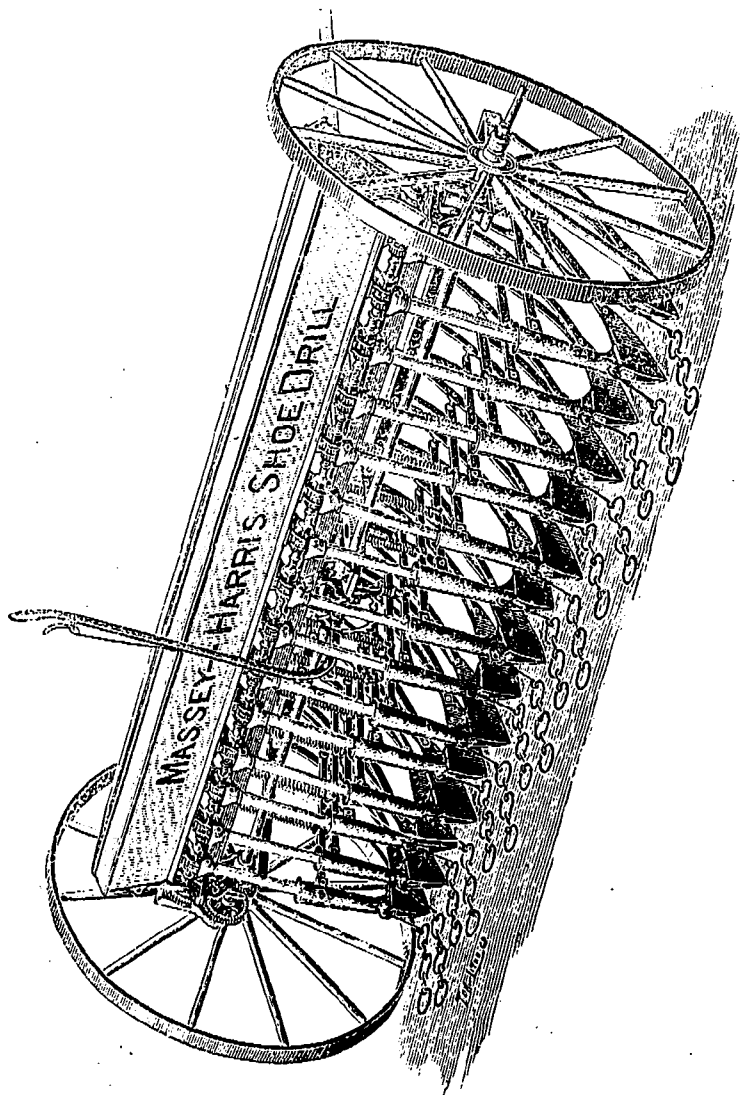
THE LOGIC OF SEED SOWING

This fundamental operation of the agriculturist is performed in anticipation. In no land are good crops always certain. On the contrary, between seed time and harvest many contingencies are likely to arise. The weather may be too hot, too cool, too wet, too dry, etc. Now, whatever will increase the chances for a large and profitable crop is of the utmost importance to the farmer.

It is sufficiently evident that indifferent cultivation of the soil, or careless sowing of the seed, will lead to failure under the most favorable conditions of rain and sunshine.

On the other hand, it is now fully proven that if both the cultivation of the soil and the putting in of the seed be scientifically done, there may be well-founded hope of a fair crop under very adverse circumstances. The seed being well planted in a thoroughly prepared soil, gets a good start, and by a healthy growth is enabled to overcome future climatic difficulties.

The scientific Seeding and Cultivating machines made by MASSEY-HARRIS CO. (Limited), have done much to bring about this result, and with the latest improvements they are attracting attention of the leading agriculturists in all parts of the world.



STRATED
 ws and Literature for
 es.

THE MASSEY PRESS.

Editor.

Associate Editor.

ly 50 cents

N.B

Can.

MASSEY-HARRIS COMBINED HOE DRILL AND SPRING TOOTH INTERCHANGING HOES SET UP AS A DRILL. THE SPRING TEETH INTERCHANGING HOES ARE SHOWN LOOSE ON THE GROUND.

THE ILLUSTRATION GIVES A REAR VIEW OF THE MACHINE