

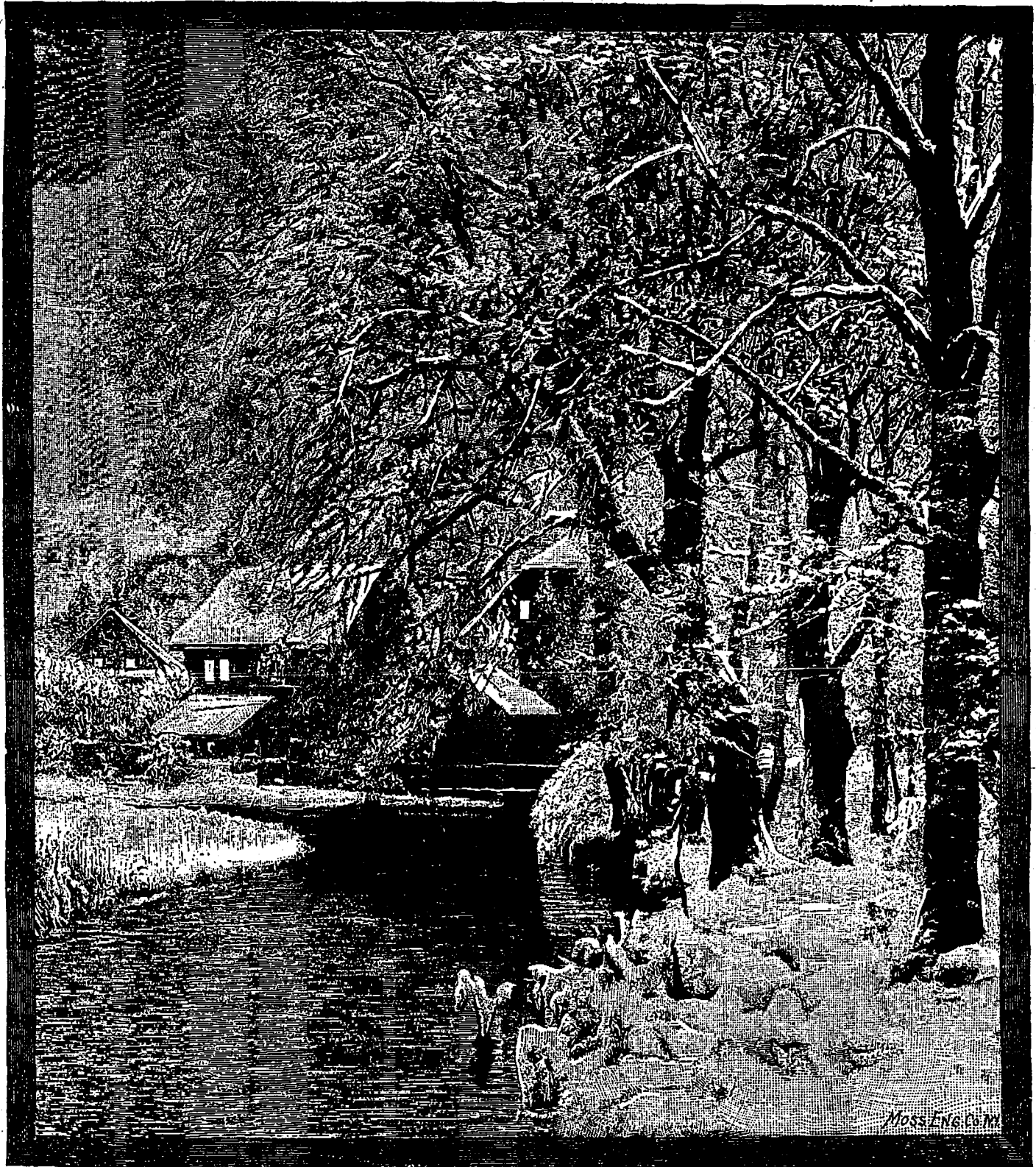
# Massey's Illustration

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## January Number

New Series, Vol. 3, No. 1.]

[Toronto, January, 1891.

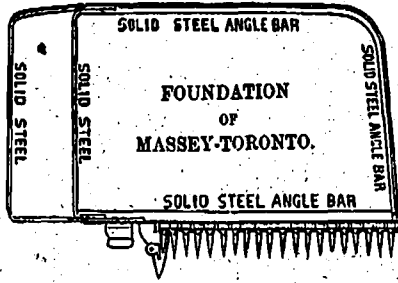


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By G. WASHINGTON TRUTHMAN.

## I. ORIGINALITY AND ENTERPRISE REWARDED.

A GOOD machine with a poor foundation cannot exist, any more than a good building or a good business, without a solid founding. The MASSEY-TORONTO BINDER, with its many peculiar patented features and special intrinsic merits, has always had a solid foundation peculiar to itself. Hence it has stood the storm of opposition and the years of wear, proving its solid worth and winning such a wide reputation at home as soon to attract foreign buyers. As early as 1885 samples were sent on order to Europe, which easily captured the medals at the principal exhibitions.



Not heeding the advise of many friends and business clients, who said it would be utterly impossible to compete against the long-established trade of both English and American makers, MR. MASSEY determined to open a Branch Office and Warerooms in London, England, in 1887, which he did, and a few machines were introduced in the various European countries as samples. So rapidly has the trade grown, that upwards of ONE THOUSAND MACHINES are ordered for Europe alone for 1891. In 1887 MR. W. E. H. MASSEY was sent to investigate the merits of the Australasian trade, and some twenty-four sample machines were introduced. As a result, the Australasian Branch, now with Offices and Warerooms in Little



Collins Street, Melbourne, sold over Two Hundred Machines in Victoria alone in 1888, and in 1889 Five Hundred and Seventy-Two MASSEY-TORONTO BINDERS were sold in the same colony, and Seventy-Two in New Zealand—the largest trade ever done in Australasia by any one maker, though both English and American manufacturers had each enjoyed a good trade there for years past. Likewise a very large trade is done in South America, and is now being developed in South Africa and other parts of the world.

The Machines sent to foreign lands are identically the same as sold in the home trade, except an increase in size to accommodate the phenomenal growth of straw usual in warm and semi-tropical regions. In the great Australasian Field Trials, for the past two seasons—the greatest trials held—the MASSEY-TORONTO has won a total of thirty-three prizes in open competition with every machine of any note on the face of the earth, and reports just received announce continued triumphs at the trials for the present season. If further proof is wanted to establish the MASSEY-TORONTO the "Best in the World," the Great International Trial of the Paris Exposition must be conclusive



OBJECT OF ART.

evidence, where it scored the greatest victory on record, and won the highest honors ever conferred on a manufacturer—the GRAND OBJECT OF ART, and GOLD MEDAL.

Their foreign trade now constitutes nearly one-fifth of the business of the MAS-



SEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and solid train loads are despatched to the seaboard for export.

**MORAL.**—Nothing points more definitely to the great superiority of MASSEY-TORONTO MACHINES over all others known than the rapidity with which the COMPANY has built up such a very extensive foreign trade in the face of heavy odds—the long established trade of all the leading makers of both the United States and England, and the consequent prejudice in favor of American or British machines. The meeting ground, too, was in the heaviest crops grown on the face of the earth. Therefore, if the MASSEY-TORONTO MACHINES have been simply proven to be altogether the lightest in draught, the simplest in existence, and by far the easiest to set up and manage, and the best workers in every and any kind of the heavy and phenomenal crops of foreign lands, are they not the most likely to give satisfaction and last the longest in the lighter crops at home? Are they not the machines to buy, even at a large advance in price?



## II. RECOMPENSE OF THE SECOND FIDDLERS.

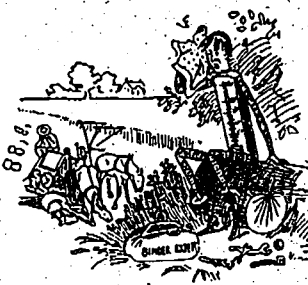
YOU have heard of the disease known as "big head," which is common among cattle in Texas. It occasionally affects individuals, and charity assigns to as the ailment of the compilers of certain catalogues once issued by certain manufacturers, the rivals of (or rather attempted followers of) MASSEY-TORONTO. The broad claims which appeared upon every page, from cover to cover of these particular catalogues, boasted of all that was good for themselves and their machines that was ever heard of on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, and some things never before even heard of. One reads between the lines that in their intense enthusiasm they imagined the earth itself all but their grasp.



By using less expensive materials, and putting them together in a much less scientific manner, which enabled them to sell at a much lower price, some of them managed to build up a fair trade and make some money. They did well. Some of MASSEY-TORONTO's wisest competitors, after years' experimenting, have deavored to copy one good point after another from the famous MASSEY-TORONTO as far as patents, not conscience, allows them, and some even ventured to infringe, and at last produced a machine which would do passable work in light crops at home. Two more of them, inspired with the idea of emulating MAS-

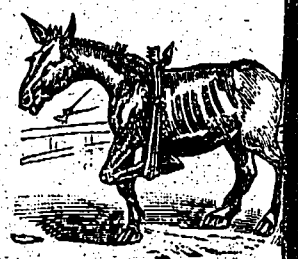


TORONTO, and hearing of its marvellous success in foreign lands, decided they, too, must seek their fortune abroad. Experts (and fortunate they are them!) with machines were sent sailing over the sea, and forthwith a list of foreign agencies of extraordinary indications appeared in their catalogues. A of them, in their enthusiasm, even lay claim to an alleged victory of an American



machine they at one time were supposed to have won. They were supposed to taste, and extensively advertised it. Claims made in their catalogues, however, are not taken for granted by the farmers, and these benighted experts were compelled, to their sorrow, to enter the great trials to substantiate them. How well they substantiated them the official reports of the greatest trials tell in unmistakable words. They simply got badly left. The Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will, no doubt, take the matter up to prohibit the importation of machines which, in the long, tough crops of these intensely hot climates, reduce both expert and horses to the straits illustrated herein. A more pitiable and lamentable predicament cannot well be imagined than that of the poor benighted expert, who, after desperate effort under the hot semi-tropical sun in a two or three days' trial, finds himself ignominiously defeated, his machine broken down and its reputation lost, and worse, from a humane standpoint, the poor brutes whose lot it was to haul the machine, hopelessly overworked. Exhausted, humiliated and dismayed, the poor expert retires and dreams of "Home, Sweet Home."



**MORAL.**—Is it not fair to assume that the machines which are ranked from eighth to tenth in the great world's international trials of Europe and Australia—where all makes and kinds of machines are subjected to the longest, severest and best test—are the least likely to give satisfaction in the long run at home, though (because the crops are so much lighter) they may give fair satisfaction for the first year or two, and can be purchased for less money? Rather, is it not better to buy the machine which is known to be the best in existence for every reason in any and all kinds of crops in every land.



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New Series.]

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[Vol. 3, No. 1.

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## The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

*J. Macdonald Orley.*

Author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Flies," and "The Chore Boy of Camp Kippewa."

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE SETTING FORTH.

**V**OYAGE across the Atlantic Ocean in the year 1799 was an enterprise not to be lightly undertaken. There were no ocean greyhounds then speeding from the old world to the new at so wonderful a rate that you might worship in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the Sunday morning, and in Trinity Church, New York, the following Sunday evening.

The passage was a long and arduous one, and people looked upon it with greater gravity than a tour around the globe is regarded in these days of Cook and Raymond, when the art of journeying to and fro seems to have well nigh reached perfection. In 1799 few people thought of travelling for pleasure. North, South, East and West, the men set out on missions of discovery, of conquest, of commerce. But the women and children abode at home, save when they went forth to make new homes in that new world, which held out such fair promise of being able to redress the balance of the old.

It was therefore not to be wondered at that Eric Copeland's passionate pleading to be permitted to accompany his father on his return to Nova Scotia should form the subject of more than one family council at Oakdene Manor, the beautiful country seat of the Copeland family, where Doctor Copeland, surgeon-in-chief of the Duke of Kent's favorite regiment, the Seventh Fusiliers, had been spending a well-earned furlough. Eric was the surgeon's only son, and with his lithe, athletic, symmetrical form, honest, handsome face, courteous address, and well-developed intellect, represented the best type of British boyhood, as, at the age of sixteen, he looked out upon the world with the feeling that he was no longer a mere school boy, but at least three parts a man, and entitled to be regarded.

When, after three years of foreign service, Dr. Copeland came home on leave, he found his son awaiting him at the Manor, for in view of the father's visit, the holidays had been anticipated, and all summer long the two had seemed inseparable. It was the happiest period of Eric's experience.

Together they rode to hounds, whipped the trout streams, shot over the coverts, and went on delightful excursions in search of the curious and pictu-

resque. Dr. Copeland appreciated his release from the routine of military duties quit as keenly as Eric did his freedom from the restraint of school, and it would not have been easy to decide which of them entered most heartily into the pleasure at hand, whatever it happened to be.

Eric felt more than the ordinary filial affection for his father, because, ever since he was a little fellow in short frocks, he had remained in England, while the surgeon had accompanied his regiment to India, to the continent, and finally to America, when, after passing safely through the war that ended with the birth of a new nation, he had joined the garrison at Halifax. During these long years all that Eric saw of his father was when, at wide intervals, he returned on leave. But he was constantly hearing about him, and from him, also, and every movement of the regiment was followed closely on the map, so that at any moment the boy could tell you exactly where his father was then stationed.

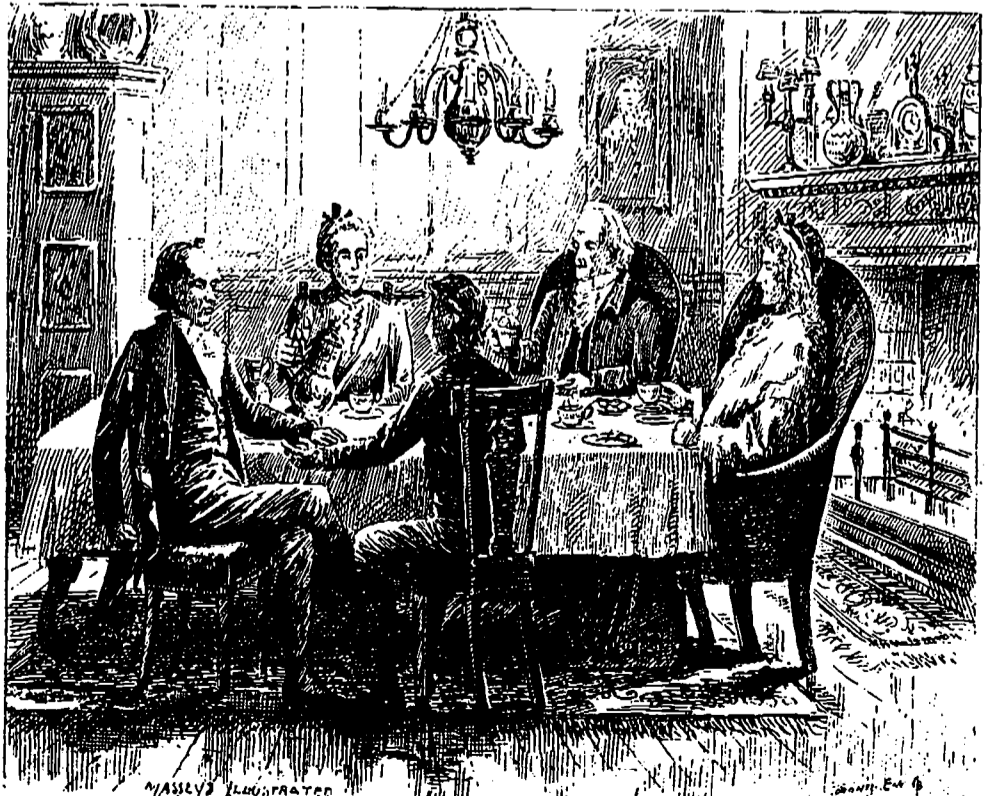
Then there were the home comings, when all studies were laid aside, and nothing allowed to

interfere with his enjoyment of his father's society, as one day of happiness followed another, and quiet old Oakdene fairly palpitated with joyous bustle and excitement.

This time Dr. Copeland had been at home from the days of the early daffodil and crocus until now that the beach nuts were fast ripening in the forest, and in another week he must needs set forth from Oakdene upon his return to distant Halifax, there to spend perchance another three years of exile. Mrs. Copeland was to accompany him. But the plan had been for Eric to remain in England in care of his grandparents until the three years were over, when the surgeon intended to retire from his military position, and settle down to the life of a country gentleman for the remainder of his days.

To this arrangement Eric stoutly objected. He was determined that he as well as his mother should go out to Halifax. To his natural desire not to be separated from his father was joined a vivid curiosity to see that marvellous new world from which the surgeon brought back so many thrilling tales; where Indians plumed and painted stalked in stolid grandeur through the streets, and pitched their wigwams close by the town; where the great shaggy bear, and huge broad-antlered moose were frequent victims to the officers' prowess with rifle and hunting knife; and where the whole method of life would be new and wild and strange to the boy brought up amid the refinements and luxuries of an English country seat.

More than once Eric had preferred his request, and each time had been met with a gentle refusal which his father hoped would be accepted as final. But he was too much in earnest to be easily re-



"NOW, FATHER," HE SAID, "PLEASE LISTEN TO ME."

buffed, and had returned to the attack with undaunted vigor. At last the matter reached a crisis one evening just a week before the Doctor's departure. The family group, consisting of the grey-haired grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Copeland, and Eric were having their coffee in the drawing-room after dinner, and Eric seized the opportunity to renew his request.

"Now, father," he said, his voice at first trembling with deep feeling, but growing firmer as he went on, and he saw they were all listening to him intently, "please listen to me. I am going to plead my case once more, and for the last time. Its just this way, next week you will be leaving here for Halifax, and you will not come back for three long years. When you do come back you mean to stay here, and not go away any more. This is, therefore, my last chance of going with you, and you know how much I want to see America. I am nearly seventeen now, and in three years more I will be twenty, and have to go to college, or start at learning some profession. If I am to see the world there will never be a better chance than now, and then again, just think of it! since you went out to India first we have never been more than six months together at a time, and that with two or three years between, while if I go out to Halifax with you, we will be together for three whole years, and that will make me so happy," and going up to his father, Eric laid a hand on either shoulder, looking straight into his eyes as he added, "Now, father, surely you cannot be so hard-hearted as to refuse me."

Dr. Copeland's face showed plainly the struggle that was going on in his mind. He had thought it best for Eric to remain in England, yet his heart craved to have him by his side, and it was in a very mechanical way that he protested.

"But your studies, Eric. How about them?"

"My studies!" cried Eric. "Why, what's to prevent my going on with them in Halifax as well as here? I can take my books out with me, and you can see that I keep up my work."

"Yes, Eric, but that's not all," interposed old Mr. Copeland, who was very anxious to keep Eric with him. "Just think of the risk. Who can tell what might happen to you away out there."

"But surely, grandfather, its no greater risk for me than it is for mother," answered Eric quickly, "and you're not afraid are you, mother?" he continued, turning to Mrs Copeland.

Poor Mrs. Copeland was verily in a strait betwixt

two. Her heart's desire was that Eric should accompany them, but she had yielded to the judgment of the other that it was best for him to remain behind. Thus suddenly appealed to by her son, a deep flush suffused her countenance, and her voice was very low and tremulous as she answered:

"No, I'm not afraid. I don't think there's any more risk there than here. God's care is always over us."

"There now" cried Eric, triumphantly "mother says there's nothing to be afraid of. Oh! father" and now the two arms were clasped tight around

troubled expression of countenance, he held out his hands in a gesture of appeal, saying in his most winning tone:

"Mother, you don't want to leave me behind, do you? Just tell father that you won't go without me."

Mrs. Copeland's lips moved, and she was evidently about to make some reply, when the Doctor broke in. "Almost thou persuadest me, Eric, but I won't give you a final answer now. We will talk the matter over to-night, and you shall hear our decision in the morning."

The truth of the matter was, he had already made up his mind, but did not wish to announce his change of plan without at least going through the form of consulting the two old people, and, if possible, bringing them around to agree with him.

Eric having left the room, Dr. Copeland stated that he had decided to take his son with him after all, and although the Squire and his wife argued long and earnestly against it, the Doctor held firm, so that they had at last to acquiesce.

When the next morning Eric was told that his desire would be granted, he fairly shouted for joy, and in token of his gratitude gave both his parents a hug worthy of one of the bears he hoped to see ere long.

The remainder of the week was filled with preparations for the voyage, and the long sojourn in the distant colony. Many were the trunks and boxes of clothing, books, pictures, and other things that had to be packed with greatest care, and their number would have been well nigh doubled if the travellers had consented to take all the jams, jellies, herbs, medicines, and other domestic comforts that the loving old couple pressed upon them with lavish hand, assuring them that they would get nothing of

the kind out in that wil l land of Indians and bears.

At length the day came when the Doctor with his wife and son must bid farewell to Oakdene. The parting was very tearful and trying. Old Mrs. Copeland seemed sorely depressed, and full of foreboding that the separation was final, although her son sought to cheer her by repeating that it was only for three years, which would soon slip by.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, with sorrowful shake of her snowy head. "The years will slip by, no doubt. But something tells me that when we meet again it will be up there," and her voice sank to a whisper as she lifted her thin white hand and pointed tremblingly skyward.



PRINCE AT ONCE GRAVELY LIFTED HIS RIGHT PAW, AND PLACED IT ON THE CAPTAIN'S HORN PALM.

the Doctor's neck, and the bright boyish face, burning with eager hopefulness, was pressed hard against his bronzed cheek, "if you love me, take me with you."

Dr. Copeland was deeply moved. As the day of his departure drew nearer he had found it harder to keep firm his resolution to leave his son behind. He was conscious that his defences were weakening, and that they were liable to give way before an attack of especial vigor. Such an attack Eric had just made, and inexperienced as he was, his natural penetration told him that he had gained an advantage which he lost no time in following up. Turning to his mother, who sat near by wearing a very

Eric alone preserved his composure. As he was going with his parents he did not feel so keenly the parting from his grandparents, dearly as he loved them, and he was too eager to begin the novel experiences that awaited him to pay any heed to old Mrs. Copeland's premonitions of evil. He had yet to learn how often wisdom is with the ancients.

At Chatham they found the convoy almost in readiness to sail. Dr. Copeland was offered a passage on the sloop of war that was to be the convoy's guardian, but declined it as he preferred to be on board the *Francis*, a fine fast brig of nearly three hundred tons, the most important portion of whose cargo was under his especial care. The Duke of Kent, the father of the present Queen of England, was then in command of the forces at Halifax, and beside Dr. Copeland's position as surgeon-in-chief, he was attached to the Duke's personal staff in the relation of librarian. He had accordingly been directed to superintend the embarkation of an extensive library, together with a large quantity of costly furniture, intended to soften, so far as possible, the rigor of His Royal Highness' garrison service in the then undeveloped town of Halifax. As these valuable articles were all stowed in the hold of the *Francis*, the Doctor decided to commit himself and his family to her cabin, where indeed they were likely to be more comfortable than on the crowded man-of-war.

During the few days that intervened before the sailing of the convoy, Eric's enjoyment of the novelties surrounding him could not be expressed in words. He knew no more of the sea than might be learned from an occasional summer at a watering place, and the great gathering of ships at Chatham, the unceasing bustle and business, as some came in from long ocean voyages, and others went forth to fulfil their part; the countless sailors swarming like ants hither and thither; the important looking officers strutting about in gold laced coats, and issuing their orders in such hoarse tones that one felt tempted to inquire if they were not all afflicted with colds; the shrill whistling of the boatswains which seemed to have no particular meaning; the martial music of the bands playing apparently for no other reason than because they liked it; he would be a strange boy that would not find unbounded delight in these things when he was seeing and hearing them all for the first time.

Yet Eric's happiness was not unclouded, for he had one matter weighing upon his mind which gave him no little concern. Among all his possessions at Oakdene there was nothing he valued so highly as a splendid mastiff that the Squire had given him on his birthday two years ago. Prince was a superb animal, and was devotedly attached to his young master. No sooner had it been settled that Eric should go out to Halifax than the boy at once began to beg that his dog might be taken also. Dr. Copeland did not favor this notion, and the utmost that Eric's pleadings availed was to get permission to bring Prince with him to Chatham, and then if the captain of the ship consented to allow the dog on board, well and good, if not he must be sent back to Oakdene.

Eric accordingly had no peace of mind until he sought out the captain and preferred his request. The gruff sailor at first bluntly refused, but being kind at heart he was moved by the boy's entreaties to say:

"Well, let me have a look at your dog anyway."

Hoping for the best Eric ran off, and returned with Prince. The Captain scanned the noble animal critically, and stretched out his hand towards him to pat him, whereat Prince at once gravely lifted

his right paw, and placed it on the Captain's horny palm.

"Bless my stars! but the brute's got good manners," cried the Captain, in surprise. "Did you teach him that?" turning to Eric.

"Yes, sir," replied Eric proudly, "and he can do other things too."

"All right, my lad, you may bring your dog on board, but mark you, he comes before the mast. You must never have him in the cabin," said the Captain, moving away.

"Hurrah! Prince, you can come. Isn't that splendid?" exclaimed Eric, hugging the dog's big head to his breast. "I'm so glad," and away he sped to tell the good news to his father. Prince bounding along beside him and barking as joyfully as if he understood all about it.

Owing to some unexpected delays it was the first of November before the convoy got fairly started, and Dr. Copeland warned Eric that he might expect a pretty rough time of it, for they were certain to encounter a storm or two in the passage across at that time of year. But Eric laughed gaily in reply. He was not afraid of a storm, on the contrary he would be disappointed if they did not have one at least such as he had read about.

He changed his tune very markedly however, when the *Francis* began to pitch and toss in the chops of the English Channel, and with pallid face and piteous accent asked his father "if a real storm was much worse than this." Then, later on, when he got his sea-legs all right, and the convoy, looking much like a flock of white swans, was bowling merrily over the broad bosom of the Atlantic before a favorable wind, his courage came back to him, and he protested he was quite eager for a buffet from Boreas.

The storm king did not keep him waiting long. Three days of fine favorable weather were vouchsafed the *Francis*, during which with her companions she made good progress westward, and then the Doctor's anticipations of a rough voyage began to find fulfilment. Storm succeeded storm with but little intermission, the wind blowing from all quarters in turn and with unrelenting vehemence. Driven hither and thither before it like leaves before the autumn gales the vessels forming the convoy soon lost one another, and presently the *Francis* was alone, no other sail by its welcome presence broke the drear monotony of leaden-hued waves rising into angry white caps as they rushed hissing past the tossing brig.

So long as the *Francis* was out in mid-Atlantic Captain Reefwell seemed little disturbed by the boisterous weather. He sympathized with his passengers for the discomforts they were compelled to endure, but otherwise showed no particular concern. He was a daring sailor, and had crossed the ocean a score of times before. As they approached the Western world, however, and there appeared no indication of a cessation of the storm he evidently grew anxious, and his moody manner and troubled countenance showed that he felt ill at ease. The truth was, he had been driven out of his course, and had lost his reckoning owing to sun and stars alike having been invisible for so long. He had no clear idea of his distance from the coast, and unless he soon succeeded in securing satisfactory observations the *Francis* would be in a perilous plight.

The first day of the month of December was marked by a storm of greater violence than any that had preceded it accompanied by a dense fog which swathed the endangered vessel in impenetrable gloom. Clearly the Captain regarded the fog as a very ominous addition to his difficulties. H-

hardly ever left the quarter deck, and his face grew haggard and his eyes bloodshot with constant watching.

Realizing that the crisis of their fate must be near, Dr. Copeland made bold to ask the Captain what was the real state of affairs, entreating him to tell him the very worst. For some moments Captain Reefwell stood speechless. Then taking the Doctor's hand, and looking straight into his eyes with an expression of supreme sympathy, he said:

"Doctor, it's just this. Unless I'm clean lost, we must now be somewhere near Sable Island. I'm expecting to hear the roar of its breakers every hour, and once the *Francis* gets among them—God help us all, Sable Island makes sure work," and he turned away as though he dare not trust himself to say anything further.

(To be continued.)

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

## Robt. Koch and the Cure of Tuberculosis

BY DR. N. A. POWELL, TORONTO.

THE great discoveries of medicine have come almost unheralded, Jenner saving more lives by vaccinations than the wars of a world could destroy; Ephraim McDowell, a Kentucky back-woods doctor, snatching from certain death countless thousands of women, by the operation known as ovariectomy, which he devised and which is now everywhere performed; Lister with the antiseptic principle, which has done more for surgery than all other things combined, since the Christian era began; Simpson and Wells with chloroform and ether; all these men were met with distrust, ridicule and opposition, and their triumphs were won only after long and sturdy fighting. Not so is it here and now, with the alleged new cure for consumption. A profession that for centuries has been contending with and been beaten by the white plague of the north, is watching with deepest anxiety, the experiments in one laboratory, and in a hundred hospitals. "To Berlin" is the cry of physicians and of patients, and already that city's hotel accommodation is taxed to its utmost limit by the influx of those who have been attracted by the reports of a just impending victory over a dread disease.

"What is tuberculosis?" "who is Dr. Koch?" and "what is the nature of his new departure in its treatment?" these are questions which concern not the doctors only, but every intelligent man and woman in the country. Go into the streets of such a city as Boston, and on the authority of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, one person out of every three that you meet there, will be more or less tubercular. In the temperate regions of the earth about one death out of every seven, will be due to tuberculosis in some of its forms. In the year 1882 Dr. Koch who had till then been a country doctor, practising at Posen, and devoting his every spare hour to the following of disease into the confines of the invisible world with the microscope, announced the discovery of the true seed or germ, of this disease or rather group of diseases. He called it the *bacillus tuberculosis*.

The term bacillus means "a rod," and the small rod shaped body, which by a peculiar method of preparation, he found and taught others to find in the expectoration of consumption, is now known to be that, without which tuberculosis cannot develop. A person is said to have tuberculosis when there is going on in some part of his body, an inflammation, accompanied with the growth of tubercle bacilli. Practically, we all breathe in these bacilli. They



PROFESSOR ROBERT KOCH, M.D., BERLIN.

come from the dried expectoration of consumptives. Fortunately their power to invade, and the power of the body to resist invasion are very equally balanced, and only under conditions of debility do they gain the mastery. Let the balance of power be destroyed in any way, and inflammation set up by even the slightest of injuries is followed by grave results. In various parts of the body, these disturbances, receive different names, but the essential factors in all, are *inflammation* and *bacilli*. Should the coverings of the brain be the parts attacked, we hear it spoken of as meningitis, or "water on the brain," in the neck we find "scrofulous glands," in the throat "tubercular laryngitis," in the skin "lupus," in the chest "consumption," in the spine "Potts disease," at the knee "white swelling" and so on through a very long list.

How many of us are there who can justly claim to have lost no friend or relative by some one or other of the diseases developed through the agency of the tubercle bacillus? Admitting the importance of finding, if it be possible, something which will protect the well from the inroads of the bacilli, and destroy or dislodge this particular disease germ when it has gained entrance into the body and has begun to develop, what chance is there of Koch having made for us the long sought discovery. Ever since he found the germ of tubercle, this patient scientist has been working to find also its antidote. The expectorated matters of consumptives, injected under the skins of guinea pigs will rapidly reproduce the disease in these animals. Making use of these creatures for experiment one substance after another was tested, until at last one

was found that would arrest the disease, in an inoculated animal, at any stage, and insure its restoration to health. When by such experiments on animals long continued and often repeated Koch found what he was in search of, he began to test its effects on mankind. He first tried it on healthy people, and it produced no local or general disturbances. Next he chose the simplest and most super-

ficial form of tubercular disease, that is "lupus." Pushing a hollow needle through the skin between the shoulder blades, he injected a few drops of fluid and left it there. In a few hours what is called



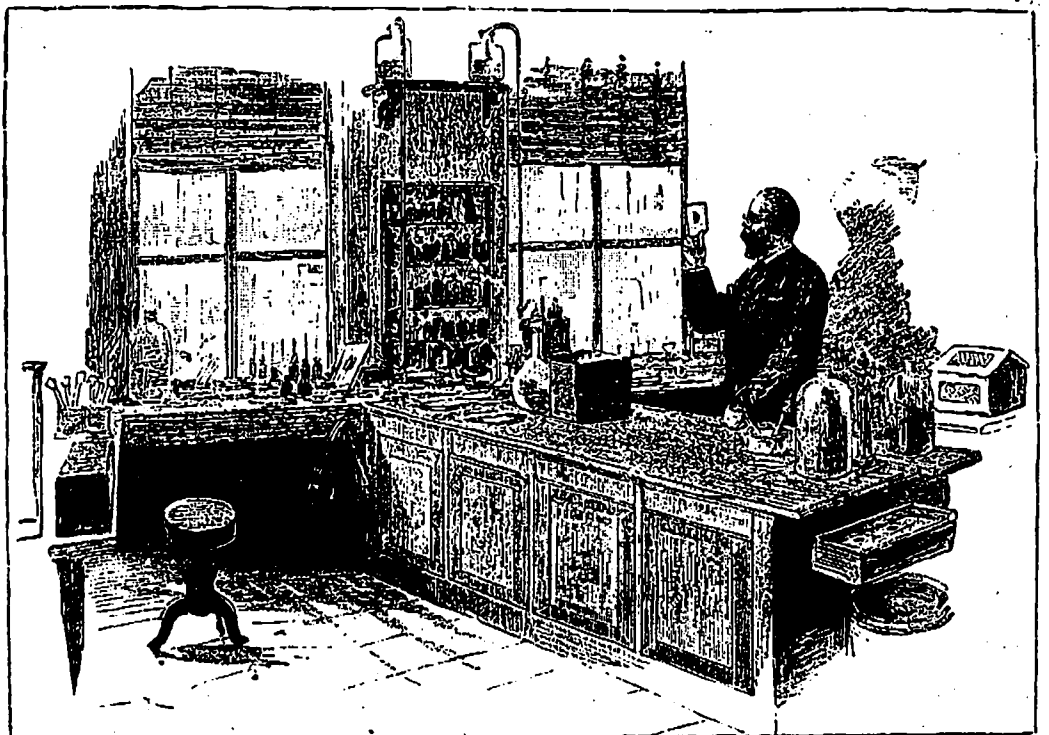
*Bacilli of Tubercular Phthisis seen through Microscope.*

"reaction" came on. The patient had a chill, followed by nausea, fever, cough and other symptoms. After twelve or fifteen hours, these subsided,



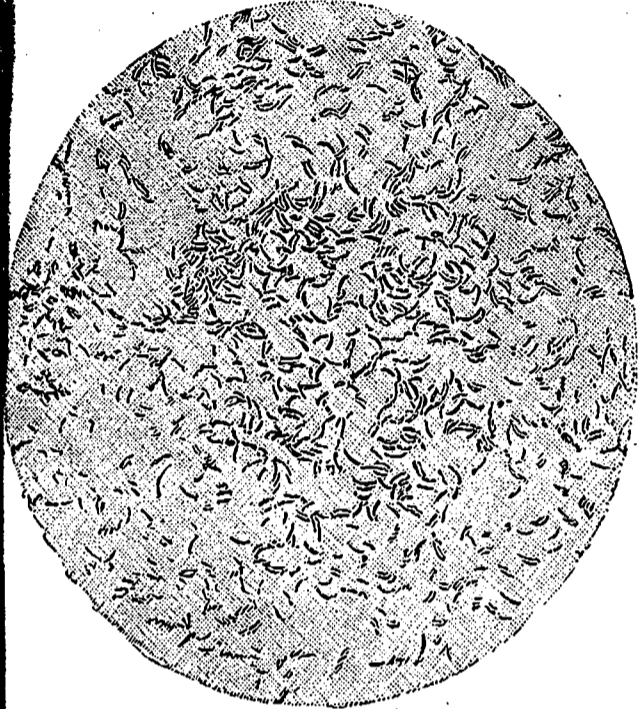
*The same Bacilli after fourteen days' development.*

and the tubercular masses in the skin passed through certain changes, ending in the formation of clean soft scars. When this progress in cases now num-



DR. KOCH AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY.

ering several hundred, had been watched and followed closely, the use of the remedy was extended to other forms of tuberculosis, and Koch felt that he could no longer withhold from his professional brethren, what he had so far been able to prove. It is the glory of the medical profession, that it holds no patents, and conceals no discoveries. But this matter is still one of experiment, and to guard against misuse, and to control results for a time, the composition of the remedy is kept secret. The



Microscopic view of cultivated Bacilli.

thick syrupy fluid is being supplied to hospitals as fast as it can be prepared, and already in New York, New Haven, and Montreal its effects are being studied. Koch, himself, is very modest in the claim which he makes for his plan as applied to the treatment of consumption. The disease must be early recognised, and none of the well known and established aids toward recovery, are to be neglected. He has been right in what he has told us in the past; he is honest and accurate; and so we wait in respectful expectancy, wishing him for the sake of our common humanity, fervently and sincerely, "God speed."

## SELECTED LITERATURE

### "Drop a Kind Word Now and Then."

HE weather had been unusually mild for two or three days before Christmas, therefore the ice of the big pond was rather rotten. Harry, however, was a daring fellow, and he thought he could brave it. Most boys are fond of a little risk, and he was no exception to the general rule. It would, he reasoned, be a pity to spoil the fun now, especially, too, as there were so many admiring eyes fixed upon him. He made a bold dash; his lithe little figure was balanced on the ice; then, alas! there was a crash. The dangerous piece gave way, and, with a loud cry, Harry fell amidst a rush of ice and water. The group at the window were struck dumb with fear. Then there was a rush to the pond. One and all ran screaming towards it. "He's under water, he's under water! Father, father! Harry's going under the ice!" Such was the terrified cry which was raised.

Every particle of color had gone from Farmer May's face. He trembled in each limb, and threw up his hands wildly. He appeared helpless. His strength seemed to have gone clean away from him. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" he cried. "My boy, my boy! And I can't swim."

"But I can," shouted a clear, loud voice; "I will save him!" and dashing past weeping Mrs. May, Joseph Craig plunged headlong into the freezing water, swimming for dear life. How they watched him! Breathless and excited, they eagerly watched him. They saw him grasp once, twice, at a dark object under the water, and then he rose, his face gashed and bleeding from contact with the ugly ice-corners! He was some way out now, and made a third dive. Then there was a faint hurrah, and, bursting the ice, he just, and only just, managed to swim to the bank. But hurrah! he was successful. His bold effort had not been in vain. With one arm he was holding up poor Harry.

"My child! my boy—thank God!" cried the happy father, pressing the son to his bosom. They bore him to the roaring fire in the sitting room, and rubbed him until he opened his eyes and smiled. Very soon he was able to sit up, laughing and talking as naturally as usual. And Joseph, where was he all this time? Sitting on the kitchen floor squeezing his wet clothes, and rubbing the great, painful gashes in his arms and face from which the blood was still flowing.

"Joseph!" He listened. Could he hear rightly? Was he not deceived? No; it was Farmer May's voice, but it was much more tender and gentle than it generally was. The poor apprentice (for that was what Joseph was) shook like a leaf. Before he was aware a strong arm came round behind him, lifting him from the floor. He found himself, as if by magic, sitting by the side of Harry, and Harry's bright cheek resting on his bosom, with great tears rolling down the grateful boy's face.

"Joseph, my lad, attend to what I am about to say," exclaimed the farmer huskily; "if there's anything you'd like to have, just name it. Tell me what it is, and you shall have it. You have spared

us many a year of sorrow, and given us cause to remember this Christmas before all others. Come speak out; there's a good fellow."

Speak out, indeed. It was easy enough to command him to do that, but it was not such an easy thing for him to obey it. Quite the contrary. He felt too happy for words. Twice he had tried to gulp down the sobs rising in his throat—sobs of joy. "Only be kind to me, sir," he gasped out at last; "only drop a kind word now and then, for I hain't any mother like the rest."

What was the meaning of it? How stood matters with Farmer May? He felt at once what a great lack there had been in his heart. It quite broke him down, that appeal to his better nature. He leaned on his wife's shoulder, and could not keep back a few tears. Joseph sat as in a dream. His beautiful Christmas had come at last—no more hungering and thirsting of spirit now. How red the joyous sparks of firelight ran up the white walls—the whole room shining—Harry squeezing him tightly with one arm, and Tiny, her cheeks flushed with crying, thrusting her doll into his lap, whispering, "There, there! keep it, Joseph. I don't want it, indeed and double-deed, I don't!" and running away into the corner, her face turned to the wall, lest by a look she might repent the immense sacrifice.

Well, well, tears cannot, fortunately, last long, and very soon the May family were bright and smiling again. Joseph was the happiest of all. And when the Christmas dinner was set, and all the friends were gathered about it, they made a place for Joseph among the children. Mother May could not put near as much upon his plate as she wished in her heart to do. The poor lad felt as if he could hardly bear the weight of joy laid upon him by their kindness, and by the memory of the rescue which he had just accomplished.

The incident is a pleasant one, and does one good to read. More than one practical lesson is taught by it. But we name the following: how much good may be accomplished by a few affectionate utterances! Mark well what Joe said—*drop a kind word now and then*. To be sure. Why not? There is no earthly reason why we should not. George Herbert said, "Good words are worth much and cost little." Exactly so. No great effort is required in order to say a sympathetic thing or speak the language of affection. All that is necessary is to be on the look-out for those who need it. If we get the habit of observing the unhappy, the suffering, and the poor, we shall soon find scope for our benevolence. Let us make a point of *dropping a kind word now and then*. Heaven only can tell the good done, the evil arrested, the bliss secured if we *drop a kind word now and then*.



WITH ONE ARM HE WAS HOLDING UP POOR HARRY. (Engraved for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED).

# Happy New Year

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

## Another Year.

Now let us all our God adore,  
Who hath us blest with bounteous store,  
And doth permit to see once more  
Another year.

We'll joyful tell how rich his grace  
To doubt, remorse and sorrows chase,  
As each beholds with smiling face,  
Another year.

We give Him praise, for He's our King,  
And of His love delight to sing,  
Who doth to us in kindness bring  
Another year.

O God, forgive what'er is wrong  
In thought or act, in heart or tongue,  
And help us greet with grateful song  
Another year.

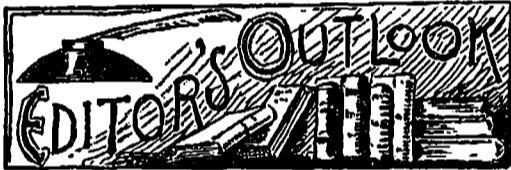
When rebels vile, enslaved to sin,  
Us Jesus sought, our souls to win;  
Now in His service we begin  
Another year.

And some have been afflicted sore,  
E'en those we loved have gone before,  
On earth they'll celebrate no more  
Another year.

And when our time shall come to die  
May all, in that sweet By-and-Bye,  
Together meet, to spend on high  
An endless year.

ASA L. WALLBRIDOR.

NEWCASTLE, DEC. 13, 1890.



## What Shall We Read?

To succeed nowadays we must keep posted, and to keep posted we must read. Never was there such a wealth of literature to be had and at such reasonable prices as now, and it is the duty of every father, especially if he be a farmer and his children are deprived of city or town educational advantages, to provide his family with good reading matter. Give your boys and girls good literature to read, thus making home more attractive, and they will stay around you longer and more contentedly. The weekly newspaper may tell you the news and to this end is necessary, but unfortunately its columns often contain detailed reports of murders, scandals, etc., which are most unwholesome reading, hence this alone should not be depended on. Give your family something better in addition. You can include MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED with the weekly for about the price of the one through our clubbing list, and we challenge the world to produce a better all round magazine for 50c per annum. Our object in establishing this valuable little journal was to put a goodly budget of "news and literature for rural homes," all handsomely illustrated, at a price to come within the reach of all. As to our success, the ILLUSTRATED speaks for itself and no farm household can afford to be without it. Those who can afford and desire to take other periodicals can find an endless variety in our clubbing list.

SPECIAL OFFER GOOD FOR NEXT SIXTY DAYS.

Probably there is no journal in our list which gives more for the subscription price (\$1.75) than the *Youth's Companion*; Boston (weekly), one of the most successful journalistic enterprises in the world. It interests every member in the household from oldest to youngest, and is too well known to need

further mention. We have decided to give our readers who desire to take the *Companion* with the ILLUSTRATED a special opportunity in the following offers which will only be good for the next sixty days. With MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, the *Youth's Companion*, and a good weekly newspaper on the table, no household will want for good reading, general information, news and helpful suggestions. Remember our offer is limited and now is the time to subscribe. In each case the subscription for the *Youth's Companion* must be new and not a renewal (renewals 40c extra.)

1. MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED (50c.) and *Youth's Companion* (1.75) one year for \$1.75.

2. MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED (50c.) and *Youth's Companion* (\$1.75), together with any one of the weekly newspapers (\$1.00) in our Clubbing List (total subscription prices, \$3.25) to one address for one year for \$2.55.

The Christmas number of the *Dominion Illustrated* was alike a credit to the publishers and the country. The artistic photo-engravings which fill the pages of this splendid illustrated weekly—pictures of our finest scenery, our foremost men, together with the scenes of current events, form a treasure box of illustrated historical record that all who can afford it should possess. Publisher's price \$4.00 per annum. We offer the *Dominion Illustrated* together with MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED for one year for \$4.00.

## Sudden Death of Mr. Wm. Weld.

WE stop our press, which had just begun printing this number of the ILLUSTRATED, to insert the notice of the death of Mr. Weld, the well-known editor and publisher of the *Farmers' Advocate*, the news of which has just come to us, and who was suddenly swept from among us by accidental drowning on January 3rd, at the age of 66. Mr. Weld was the pioneer and leader of agricultural journalism in Canada, and his demise is to be deeply regretted; especially by the farming community, to whose interests his life's best efforts and energy have been devoted. His independence, his earnestness, and indefatigable pluck made him a complete success, and through his zealous writings Canadian agriculturists have been greatly aided in the development of more scientific methods of farming and stock raising; for probably more credit is due Mr. Weld for the material help he has rendered our farmers, whose interests he had genuinely at heart, than to any other single individual. His relations and friends may be consoled in the fact that our country is much the better for his having lived in our midst. He was a son of the Rev. Joseph Weld, M.A., rector of Christ Church, Tenderden, Kent, England, and was born December 10, 1824. He came to Canada in 1843, and soon after settled on a farm in Delaware, Middlesex county, on which he resided for twenty-one years, after which he commenced publishing the *Farmers' Advocate*. He leaves a wife and ten children. He was a thorough Englishman, but had great confidence in the future of Canada.

It is announced that in the spring 150 settlers will leave Dakota for our North West Territories. These will in time be followed by others as it is impossible for them to go on living with absolute starvation constantly staring them in the face. There the poor farmer is at the mercy of the seasons and the insects and animals that prey on his crops; he is in constant danger of the passage of cyclones and as his means are generally very small, he can keep but little stock, for which, as a rule, he finds

it difficult to provide protection. But in the fertile lands of our North West he will find a marked difference, and will be able to live in comfort and lay by something for a "rainy day."

IN accordance with our promise, we commence in this number the publication of a serial story, "The Wreckers of Sable Island," by J. Macdonald Oxley, author of "Bert Lloyd's Boyhood," "Up Among the Ice Floes," and other works. The story, which is based on historical facts, is in six chapters, and will be found of unusual and exciting interest to our readers. Mr. Oxley is a well-known and popular author, whose works are in constant demand both here and in the United States. We have procured the sole right for this work in Canada, and it appears for the first time in these columns. It will be followed by other stories of absorbing interest, and we have no doubt this new feature in our popular monthly will tend to popularize it still more with our thousands of readers.

It will not be for the want of energetic and practical measures, if emigration to Manitoba does not get a boom during the coming season. The Local Government has established an agency in Liverpool, England, in charge of Mr. A. J. McMillan, the late popular representative of the Government in Ontario, with the object of disseminating information as to the advantages of Manitoba for settlers, and a scheme projected by Messrs. Hamilton, Eden, and Scarth, of Winnipeg, has been inaugurated with the same object in view. This was the selection of fifty practical, well-to-do farmers from various sections of the country, to be conveyed to Great Britain and European countries. These farmers were to go to their native homes, and spend the winter among their friends. By this means it is hoped the information they will impart will result in great benefit to Manitoba and the North West.

WE direct the attention of school teachers to our offer of \$15, \$10, and \$5 respectively to the three who send in the three best stories before March 1st next. Full particulars will be found on page thirteen. We know that many teachers have literary talents of a high order, and we make this liberal offer with the view of giving them an opportunity of developing such talents and encouraging them in their aspirations for the achievement of literary fame. We want them to take an interest in our journal as they will find it well worthy of their support and influence. They will find its pages full of interesting matter, everything having a prurient or unhealthy tendency being rigidly excluded from its columns. Its mission is to please, amuse and instruct. Contributions from teachers on subjects affecting the welfare, morally and physically, of the young, will always find a place in the ILLUSTRATED. We will be exceedingly glad if our youthful readers would draw their teacher's attention to our Cash Prize story offers.

THIS is the season when men's hearts are inclined to lead them to minister to the wants of the deserving poor. In large cities a system of what is termed "Scientific benevolence" has been established, which appears to consist in giving money and goods to a charity organization to be distributed. Although this system has many commendable features it has some manifest disadvantages. It does not bring the rich and poor, the prosperous and unfortunate, together. It does not inspire the emotion of gratitude in those that are benefited. A poor, dependant woman is grateful to the individual who personally assists her. But she expresses no gratitude to the employee of the organization that after a long investigation sends her half a ton of soft coal, a few loaves of bread or a pair of coarse shoes. The rich man who annually sends his cheque to some organized charity may feel that he has done his duty to the poor, but he is debarred the pleasure a person enjoys who helps a small boy to get some comfortable winter clothing and sees him happy and grateful as he meets him on the street.



ALREADY the Democrats have begun to make war upon the McKinley tariff bill, and to keep alive the issues of the late campaign. A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives to place on the free list the following: agricultural implements and edged tools, tin and tin plates, binder twine, worsted for men and women's clothing, blankets, salt, and cotton ties. It would appear as if the new tariff has not frightened the Canadian poultry dealers, as in the early part of last month a special freight train of seventeen cars, laden with poultry, was despatched from Smith's Falls for the Boston Christmas markets, the duties on which were estimated at \$1500. There was such a material difference between the prices here and on the other side of the line that it was thought a fair profit could be realized after paying the freight and duty. While on the subject of poultry, we may state that Mr. John Saunders, of Kemptville, who was sent to England to enquire into the prospects of building up an export trade in poultry with the mother country, has reported that the actual condition of things in England was most favorable for the establishment of a remunerative trade in eggs and poultry. There is a practically inexhaustible market and all the eggs and poultry we can send will be welcomed. The prices obtainable will also pay shippers well.

MR. ROPER, statistician of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, issued last month two bulletins showing first, the Canadian imports and exports of agricultural produce during the last fiscal year, and second, the average imports of agricultural produce during the years 1887-8-9. The total imports from the United States into Canada amounted to \$5,842,272; the leading items being, pork, \$992,421; lard \$635,859; corn \$1,266,910; flour, \$993,227. The exports from Canada into the United States were \$16,561,447, of which the leading items were: horses, \$1,887,588; sheep, \$1,188,030; eggs, \$2,345,715; barley, \$1,721,475. The second table shows the percentage that the exports of agricultural products from Canada and the United States bear to the total imports of Great Britain of those articles, as follows:

IMPORTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.	Percentage of Imports from Canada.	Percentage of Imports from United States.
Horses	1.97	1.80
Cattle	16.51	38.48
Sheep	5.45	0.74
Mutton	nil	0.18
Pork	0.11	38.09
Bacon and hams	1.75	78.25
Beef, salted	nil	99.51
Beef, fresh	0.01	94.36
Meats, canned	1.24	53.05
Meats, all other	6.11	1.63
Lard	0.10	98.50
Tallow and Stearine	0.05	29.93
Butter	1.45	2.69
Cheese	40.02	36.40
Poultry	0.07	0.59
Eggs	nil	nil
Wheat	2.10	39.04
Barley	0.01	2.37
Oats	1.11	0.03
Peas	49.20	0.69
Flour	2.44	78.20
Potatoes	0.02	0.01
Onions	nil	0.11
Apples	20.35	54.76
Flaxseed	nil	nil
Flax, dressed and undressed	nil	nil
Wool	0.01	nil

THE benefits resulting from the visit of the British farmer delegates to this country last fall will soon be made practically apparent in the shape of a large immigration of a desirable class of settlers to the Dominion. It appears that the delegates will draw up reports which can be used by the agents of our government abroad with good effect. Col. Fane, one of the delegates, has a long interview in an English paper, the *Sleaford Gazette*, in which he speaks in the highest and most complimentary terms of Canada as a home for settlers. He says: "I have no hesitation in saying that the Dominion of Canada is a most favorable country for a certain class of emigrants, but a man must have a certain amount of capital to take a farm. He should have a good house and pay £6 an acre for cleared land in the western townships of Quebec and Ontario. By doing this he will avoid the hardships of Manitoba and the North West, and live in the midst of comparative comfort, and within easy reach of markets, schools, etc. A small farmer or laboring man with

one or two boys from 12 to 16 years of age, and girls of the same stamp, could readily find occupation, and be sure of a competency hereafter wherever he went. He would be better off in Manitoba and the North West. The work would be severe, particularly for the parents, but there is no reason why the children of such parents should not rise to the highest positions in the provinces. In fact this has been the origin of many of the most prominent men in the State. The Government offers special facilities for such people, and millions of acres of prairie land are waiting for good men to occupy them. The above remarks apply equally to young unmarried men." Col. Fane intends to deliver a series of lectures describing his visit and the experiences met with. It is safe to say that the other delegates will do likewise.

**Farmer's Institutes.**

FOLLOWING is a list of Farmers' Institute meetings throughout Ontario on and after January 9th:

*Division No. 1.*

- Listowel, North Perth, 9th, 10.30 a.m.
- Milverton, North Perth, 10th, 10 a.m.
- Brussels, East Huron, 12th and 13th, 1 p.m. on 12th.
- Smith's Hill, West Huron, 14th, and 15th, 1 p.m. on 14th.
- Exeter, South Huron, 16th and 17th, 1 p.m. on 16th.
- Lucan, North Middlesex, 19th, 10 a.m.
- Park Hill, North Middlesex, 20th, 10 a.m.
- Thorndale, East Middlesex, 21st and 22nd, 1 p.m. on 21st.

*Division No. 2.*

- Appin, West Middlesex, 9th and 10th, 1 p.m. on 9th.
- Chatham, West Kent, 12th, 10 a.m.
- Wallaceburg, West Kent, 13th, 10.30 a.m.
- Dawn Mills, East Kent, 14th, 10.30 a.m.
- Belle River and Woodlee, North Essex, 16th and 17th, 10.30 a.m. on 16th at Belle River.
- Kingsville, South Essex, 19th and 20th, 1 p.m. on 19th.
- Highbate, East Kent, 21st, 10 a.m.
- West Lorne, West Elgin, 22nd, 10 a.m.
- Shedden, West Elgin, 23rd, 10 a.m.

*Division No. 3.*

- Aylmer, East Elgin, 9th and 10th, 1 p.m. on 9th.
- Delhi, North Norfolk, 12th, 10 a.m.
- Victoria, South Norfolk, 13th, 10.30 a.m.
- Port Rowan, South Norfolk, 14th, 10.30 a.m.
- Caledonia, H. J. Dimand, 16th and 18th, 1 p.m. on 15th.
- Waterford, North Norfolk, 17th, 11 a.m.
- Welland, Welland, 19th and 20th, 1.30 p.m. on 19th.
- Pelham, Monck, 21st and 22nd, 1.30 p.m. on 21st.

*Division No. 4.*

- Hamilton, South Wentworth, 9th and 10th, 1 p.m. on 9th.
- Jordan, Lincoln, 12th and 13th, 10.30 a.m. on 12th.
- St. George, North Brant, 14th and 15th, 10 a.m. on 14th.
- Burford, South Brant, 16th and 17th, 1 p.m. on 16th.
- Berlin, North Waterloo, 19 h and 20th, 1 p.m. on 19th.
- Guelph, South Wellington, 21st and 22nd, 10 a.m. on 21st.

*Division No. 5.*

- Thorburn, Central Grey, 9th, 11 a.m.
- Owen Sound, North Grey, 12th, 10 a.m.
- Markdale, Central Grey, 13th, 10 a.m.
- Shelburne, Dufferin, 14th and 15th, 10 a.m.
- Erin, Central Wellington, 16th, 10 a.m.
- Glenallan, West Wellington, 19th, 10 a.m.
- Drayton, West Wellington, 20th, 10 a.m.
- Durham, South Grey, 22nd, 10 a.m.

*Division No. 6.*

- Bobcaygeon, East Victoria, 9th, 10 a.m.
- Fenelon Falls, East Victoria, 10th, 10 a.m.
- Peterborough, West Peterborough, 12th and 13th, 1 p.m. on 12th.
- Norwood, East Peterborough, 14th, 10 a.m.
- Keene, East Peterborough, 15th, 10 a.m.
- Warkworth, East Northumberland, 16th and 17th, 1 p.m. on 16th.
- Breslin, North Ontario, 19th, 10 a.m.
- Orillia, East Simcoe, 20th and 21st, 1 p.m. on 20th.
- Alliston, West Simcoe, 22nd and 23rd, 10 a.m. on 22nd.

*Division No. 7.*

- Cold Springs, (West Northumberland) 9th, 10.30 a.m.
- Pictou, Prince Edward, 10th, 10 a.m.
- Napanee, Lennox, 12th and 13th, 1 p.m. on 12th.
- Centreville, Addington, 14th and 15th, 1 p.m. on 14th.
- Sunbury, Frontenac, 16th and 17th, 1 p.m. on 16th.
- Delta, Leeds, 19th, 10.30 a.m.
- Lansdowne, Leeds, 20th, 10 a.m.
- Lyn, Brockville Riding, 21st, 10 a.m.

*Division No. 8.*

- Renfrew, South Renfrew, 9th, 10 a.m.
- Rockland, Russell, 12th and 13th, 10 a.m. on 12th.
- Vankleek Hill, Prescott, 14th and 15th, 10 a.m. on 14th.
- Alexandria, Glengarry, 16th and 17th, 10 a.m. on 16th.
- Corawall, Stormont, 19th and 20th, 1 p.m. on 19th.
- Morrisburg, Dundas, 21st and 22nd, 10 a.m. on 21st.

*Supplementary List.*

- Kenilworth, North Wellington, 3rd February, 10 a.m.
- Bracebridge, Muskoka, 5th February, 10 a.m.
- Utterson, Muskoka, 6th February, 10 a.m.
- Thessalon, Algoma, 9th and 10th February, 1 p.m. on 9th.



1st.—Petitions in the South Oxford and East Elgin local election cases dismissed with costs. Opening of the second session of the United States Congress.

2nd.—Mayor Pearson, Winnipeg, re-elected by acclamation. 6,000 coal miners of Alabama go out on strike.

3rd.—Destructive fire in the village of Lakefield, north of Peterborough, Ont.; loss \$12,000. The cholera officially declared to be extinct throughout Spain.

4th.—Joe Birze, Grand Trunk Engineer, saves his express train near Lachine from rushing into Lake St. Louis, and forfeits his life. Petition in the West York election case dismissed. The Chicago & Alton passenger train for Kansas City wrecked at Jacksonville; two passengers killed and six injured.

5th.—The Quebec Provincial Treasurer delivers his budget speech, showing an excess of expenditure over receipts of \$1,723,087.

6th.—Split occurs in the Parnellite ranks; the anti-Parnellites organize with Mr. Justin McCarthy as leader. By mutual agreement the South Norfolk seat in the Local Legislature declared vacated.

7th.—Death of James A. Henderson, Q.C., of Kingston, a well-known lawyer and churchman.

8th.—By the will of Daniel B. Fayerweather, a millionaire leather dealer of New York, \$2,100,000 is given to different colleges, and \$95,000 to hospitals.

9th.—Mr. Paradis, Conservative, elected M.P. for Napierville, Que. Death of Mr. James Crossen, the well-known car builder, of Cobourg, Ont. The election in North Perth for the Local Legislature voided by consent.

10th.—At a meeting in London, England, presided over by the Lord Mayor, a resolution of sympathy with the suffering Jews in Russia is passed, and a committee appointed to communicate the views of the meeting to the Czar.

11th.—Opening of the new training school for nurses in connection with the Montreal General Hospital. Fat Stook Show held at Guelph, Ont.

12th.—Joseph Edgar Boehm, the famous sculptor, dies suddenly from heart disease while at work in his studio, London, England. William W. Blanchard hanged at Sherbrooke, Que., for the murder of Charles A. Calkins. Opening of the new high school at Bowmanville, Ont.

13th.—Premier Greenway, of Manitoba, sails from England after establishing an emigration office at Liverpool.

14th.—The church and presbytery of Cap St. Ignace, County of Montagny, Que., destroyed by fire; loss, \$125,000.

15th.—McLean defeats Kemp on the Parramatta River, New South Wales, for the world's sculling championship. Sitting Bull, the troublesome old Sioux chief, and his son, killed during an engagement with the Indian police.

16th.—McKeracher, Nichols and Claire, three pupils of the Montreal High School, committed for trial on the charge of having set the building on fire. Fierce fighting between the Parnellites and anti-Parnellites at Castle Corner; Parnell temporarily blinded by lime thrown in his eyes.

17th.—Local option by-law carried at Essex Centre, Ont.

18th.—Chas. Fairbairn, Conservative, elected M.P. for South Victoria by 125 majority. An intercolonial train jumps the track near Levis, Que.; five persons killed, six fatally injured, and others more or less injured. Day, the wife murderer, hanged at Welland, Ont.

19th.—Toronto City Council declares against the running of Sunday street cars. Vicar-General Laurent, Toronto, dies suddenly. Remi Lamontagne hanged at Sherbrooke, Que., for the murder of his brother-in-law.

20th.—Destructive fire in Clarke's fancy goods store, Montreal; loss \$25,000. Prof. Wiggins predicts a cholera epidemic in Canada next year unless the strictest quarantine regulations are enforced.

21st.—Death of Lieut.-Col. Lewis, of the third and fourth military districts, at Brockville, Ont.

22nd.—Sudden death of Rev. Dr. Carry, of Port Perry, Ont. Sir John Pope Hennessy, the Anti-Parnellite candidate, elected for Kilkenny. Employes on the Scotch railways go out on strike, paralyzing all traffic.

24th.—Death of Mr. James Stewart, head of the firm of James Stewart & Co., iron founders, Hamilton, Ont. President Harrison issues a proclamation inviting all nations to participate in the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893.

25th.—Fire in the stables of the St. John Street Railway Company, Quebec; loss \$50,000. Death of the Archbishop of York, England.

26th.—Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P., the well-known English philanthropist, arrives in Montreal with a view to studying the whole question of cattle shipping. Immense amount of damage done in the United States through a heavy snow-storm.

28th.—Sir Joseph Hickson resigns the management of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Mr. L. J. Sargeant, traffic manager, appointed his successor.

29th.—Mr. Gladstone celebrates his 81st birthday. Protest against the election of Mr. Hugh Smith, M.P.P., for Frontenac, dismissed.

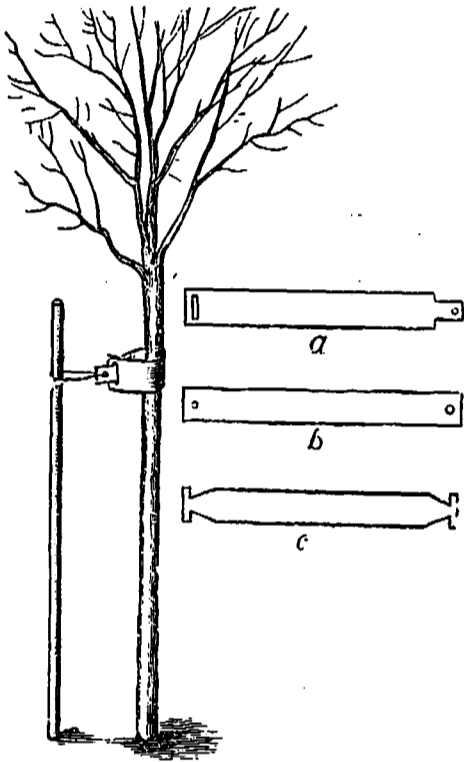
30th.—Great conflagration in Queen Victoria and Thames Streets, London, Eng.; loss, \$2,000,000. Prorogation of the Quebec Legislature.

31st.—Severe fighting between the Indians and United States cavalry; many killed and wounded.



### Staking Young Trees.

Young trees set last spring or in the autumn, if in an exposed situation, should be staked up, and if this matter has been neglected it should now receive prompt attention, as the constant moving to and fro by the wind not only causes the tree to grow out of the perpendicular, but strains and often checks the bark, not infrequently girdling the tree where it continually grates against the frozen ground, all of which should be avoided. The general plan of staking is shown in our illustration, and three forms of bands are also exhibited. They are best made



from old rubber boots or shoes cut in strips seven inches long and from one to two inches wide; but in the absence of rubber thin leather may be used. In either case connection may be made with the stake with No. 12 annealed wire. Of course, the stake should be located upon the windward side of the tree, and when large trees are set, two or three stakes should be used. In all cases the band should be large enough to contain two years' growth of the trees without pressing, and unless in a very exposed situation, in two years from setting, a tree should be so firmly established as to dispense with further support.

### How to lay Plank Walks and Stable Floors.

If the reader will study the grain in the end of the planks in any walk, or as represented in Figs. 1 and 2, it will be seen that in the first the grain forms successive cups or gutters, which catch and

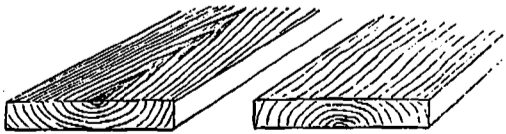


FIG. 1. WRONG WAY.

FIG. 2. RIGHT WAY.

hold the rain water, which causes the plank to decay quickly. It will also be seen that the same grain as it runs along the face of the plank makes long, sharp splinters, which in rain and shine soon warp up and endanger the feet, and tear the dresses and are unsafe in many ways, besides rotting out the planks so much quicker. Now turn this same plank over, as shown in Fig. 2, and it will be seen how each close grain makes a little roof over its fellow, and all liquids percolate through the loose grain and drain away, allowing the plank to dry

quickly, while the splinters are nowhere to be seen. Planks and boards should therefore be laid properly as in Fig. 2, and not as in Fig. 1.—*American Agriculturist.*

### A Sled with Wheels.

ONE of the most useful implements that can be brought upon a farm or market garden is a small sled. The one shown in Fig. 1, is six feet long, three feet wide and fourteen inches deep—that is, the plank of which the runners is made is fourteen inches wide. It differs from ordinary sleds only in having two wheels attached, as shown in the en-

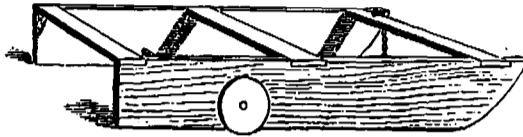


FIG. 1. WHEEL SLED.

graving. These wheels are made of oak and turn upon an iron axle which passes through both runners. An axle made of hard, tough wood would do as well. The wheels "drop" two inches below the runners, and a person who has never used a sled with them on has no idea how much easier they make it run.

One like that shown in Fig 2 runs even easier than the other. The wheels are smaller, but in line

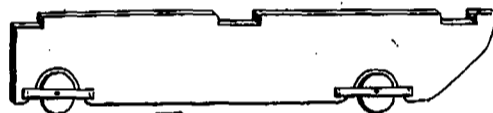


FIG. 2. IMPROVED WHEEL SLED.

with the runners, and travel in the same track, and then there is no axle stretching across between the runners. The wheels are oak, two inches thick, same as the runners, and they may be tied with heavy scrap-iron if desired. The fore ends of the runners are shod with iron or hickory. Such a sled may be used for drawing in corn-fodder, hauling manure on the garden, carrying harrows, plows, etc., about, and other similar work.

NOTHING will purify and keep a stable so clean from odors as the free use of dry earth, and every one keeping horses or cattle will find it pays to keep a heap of it at hand, to be used daily.

WINTER is the time for splitting out fence posts, but they should be seasoned for at least a year before they are used. Only one side need be dressed, and this should be done before the posts are put away to season; fresh wood cuts the easier. The successful farmer looks at least one year ahead, and will prepare this winter the posts he needs a year hence. Posts for post-and-rail fence can be, and should be, mortised this season. Coat the ends of posts with paint, or at least with oil.

THE farmer who raises wheat, or oats, or rye, largely, and has not stables fitted with manure gutters and reservoirs, will do well to use straw liberally for feeding. If enough is used, it will absorb nearly all the liquid manure. The liquid manure will hasten the decomposition of the straw more rapidly, converting it into a valuable fertilizer. Without the straw or some similar substance, the decomposition of the liquid manure is so rapid as to be destructive, and a part of its value is lost. Straw is a very imperfect conductor of heat, hence, when it is used liberally for bedding, much less food is consumed in the production of animal heat, and the animals are healthier and thriftier.

JANUARY is the proper time for the most important of all garden work—the protection of what are supposed hardy plants. It matters not however hardy a plant may be considered, it needs protecting in our climate. It is true, many forms will en-

dure the rigors of our winters; that is, they will live without protection. But they will not thrive luxuriantly, neither will they live long and bloom, if left to care for themselves. For the herbaceous border and tender shrubs, a liberal mulch should be provided. Cover your beds of bulbs, of all kinds, with coarse manure three or four inches deep. In the spring rake away all that has not rotted, and fork the ground over carefully so as to incorporate the manure well with the soil, which will at the same time be made light, without injury to the fine roots. Follow this plan up, and your bulbs, plants, and shrubs will give you flowers far beyond your conception of their possibilities.

THE following receipt for the prevention of rust on farm implements when not in use, will be found invaluable: Melt together a pound of lard and a lump of resin, the size of an English walnut, using only heat enough to melt the resin, which will take place soon if it is broken fine. By wrapping the resin in a piece of brown paper, and striking it gently with a hammer, smooth stone, or other hard substance, the resin may be readily broken, and, by carefully opening the paper, may be added to the lard with ease. When the resin is completely melted, stir the mixture well, and set aside to cool, keep it covered to exclude the dust. Any article of iron or steel, even delicate machinery, covered with this—moving the article slightly, to cause the composition to enter all crevices—no matter how thin the coating, will be completely protected, and the mixture prove itself a complete anti-rust. Boys will also find it capital to apply to their skates, bicycles, sled runners etc., when they are put away for the season.

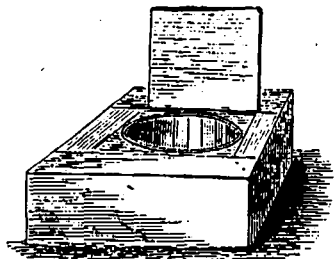
THE value of sulphur as a disinfectant should be well known. By burning it, the sulphur is oxidized and becomes a most acrid and poisonous vapor known as sulphurous acid. This acid quickly destroys all kinds of germs, whether of mould, mildew, and other kinds of minute fungi, or of those organisms which cause disease in plants and animals. The germs of all the contagious diseases of farm animals are destroyed by exposure to the fumes of burning sulphur, and wherever these diseases have appeared, or are expected to appear, they may be avoided by closing the buildings and fumigating them with sulphur wrapped in paper moistened with kerosene oil to make it more inflammable, screwing up the paper and lighting one end. The papers, for safety, should be put in an iron pot or pan. One ounce of the sulphur will be sufficient to fumigate and disinfect a small poultry house, and a pound will serve for a large stable or barn. The building should be tightly closed to retain the fumes, the cattle, of course, being removed meanwhile, and the sulphur should be burned in several places over the floor so that every part of the building may receive a full share of the disinfectant. As the salt known as hyposulphite of soda consists of sulphurous acid united with the base, it is a useful internal disinfectant, and as its action on the internal organs is safe, it is usually given as a preventive to the animals which have been exposed to infection or contagion.

### Libe Stock.

CLOVER hay can be used to good advantage as a food for swine. It is not merely nutritive but goes far towards keeping the animals in a healthful condition during the winter months when green food cannot be obtained or supplied. The very coarsest should not be used, but only the tops or finer ends of the hay, which is run through a cutter, making the pieces about an inch or half an inch long. In feeding, enough of this to make a "mess" is taken, corn-meal, bran, or corn and oats ground together, is put in to enrich it, when the whole mass is well soaked down with water, adding a little salt, and then fed. The pigs eat it with a relish, and thrive on it. Some swine-feeders merely have the hay finely cut and then supply the pigs with it dry or merely moistened with water and then made appetizing with some salt, but while the animals will consume a large quantity prepared in this manner it is a rather wasteful way of feeding it.

### A Winter Swill Barrel.

THE accompanying illustration shows an easy and effective way to prevent the freezing of swill during cold weather. Dig a pit two feet deep and four feet



square, in which place eighteen inches of fresh, hot horse manure. On this place the barrel and pack the heating material around the sides until the top is nearly reached. Then place a frame or box without a bottom over the barrel, with a cover which can be lifted up when the swill is removed. Pack this box full with care, and but little frost can get in. A pail full of hot water poured in the barrel, when half filled, will make the pigs a warm drink at noon, which will be appreciated. The heat will last about six weeks, when the manure should be renewed. If the barrel is placed under a shed, or where it will be protected from wind and snow, the cold will have still less effect on it. There is no advantage in feeding frozen swill; pure water is much better, and the hogs need all they want to drink.—*American Agriculturist.*

It is not necessary or desirable to keep sheep in a very warm barn, but they must be sheltered from rain and storm. So long as they are kept dry and well fed, they will stand the cold better than close, foul air. As the season advances, it is best to separate the ewes from the wethers and give the former extra care.

ANY horse worth wintering, should have some green food in winter to keep its bowels open. It is dry, and concentrated food that causes fevers by constipating the bowels, making the hair rough. The good effect of oil meal consists in the fact, not that it directly makes fat, but that it enables the stomach to digest food more perfectly. Carrots have the same effect. A few given daily enable the owner of a horse to diminish the grain ration and keep the animal in better order at less expense.

THERE are three points that should be kept in mind during a calf's first winter. It should have dry, clean, and warm quarters to sleep in. It should not have to drink large quantities of ice cold water. It should have an abundance of such food as will promote the growth of bone and muscle. Pens are much better for calves during their first winter than stanchions. They can be kept warmer in this way, can have a better bed to sleep upon, and they will grow better if given a chance to move about without the fretting caused by restraint. When calves are watered but once a day, and then with very cold water, the whole system receives such a shock that growth is out of the question. This must be realized by every one who has seen these little things shivering over a trough of ice water, from which their thirst has compelled them to drink greedily. If older stock must drink this, at least let a sufficient quantity for the calves be tempered by a kettle of hot water from the kitchen stove.

It is sometimes said that it does not pay to feed grain to cows. This can be true of only inferior cattle, and it is poor policy to feed these at all after they can be brought to the block. Nothing is more certain than that the highest profit lies in liberal feeding of good cows. The yield must be made above the average, and this is accomplished by the conjunction of good feed and good animal. It is good practice to put every available dollar into a good business, and to get rid of a poor business altogether; and to put all the food that the animal

can digest into a good cow. A poor cow should be got rid of altogether. The man who finds that it does not pay to feed grain to his cows, should change his cows rather than his feeding. He should use, not less grain, but better cows. It may be that he has been feeding unwisely, not in the amount, but in using the kind of grain. Cows giving milk should have a food richer in albuminoids than the food proper for fattening animals. It would be hard to make a good profit by feeding corn altogether, even to good cows.

A SUCCESSFUL dairyman says: From the time when I begin to dry off my cows until a short time before they calve, their principal feed is straw. I would not feed this were it not that the animals are in a warm location where they are protected from cold winds. When drying off I milk the cows a few times once a day and then cease to milk them for a long time, being sure that they are dry when milked the last time. I always try to keep a heifer to her milk very late, thinking that perhaps it may make a difference afterwards. A few years since one of my cows that I supposed was farrow, proved to be with calf, and it was so late when that conclusion was arrived at that she could not be dried off. The calf was so poor and weak that I did not try to raise it. Another time I bought a cow expecting to milk her during the winter and fatten her for beef in the spring. Towards spring I discovered that she was not farrow. The calf was nothing but a mere framework with a hide over it. This cow was fed high for milk and beef. From my experience I conclude that the closer a cow is milked up to the time of calving, or the more she is forced to give a large quantity of milk, the greater will be the injury done to the calf, but I have never noticed any injury to the cow.

THERE is quite a difference of opinion among breeders as to the proper time to commence breeding fillies. We have had considerable experience during the past fifteen years in breeding mares, having bred a large number during that time, both for ourselves and those who patronized the stallions we kept for public service. We have always advocated breeding the fillies at two years old, if it is the intention to breed them at all, as in our opinion they will foal their first colt when three years old with less danger to themselves than when four and five years old, for the following reasons: The mare not being so fully matured as at four or five years old, her bones and muscles are not so firmly knit, hence will give more readily; also the foal of the three-year-old will generally be smaller at birth, thereby lessening the danger of the mare having trouble. We have never known a three-year-old mare to have trouble in foaling, although we have known quite a number of fine mares being lost by not being able to foal their first colt when five to seven years old. Two-year-old fillies should not be bred too early in the season; it would be better to have them foal in July than before grass comes in the spring, as they will do far better if they can have a run on grass a month or more before foaling. We believe that mares that have their colts at three years make better and more regular breeders, and in our opinion the breeder who allows a good two-year-old to run over without being stunted to a well bred, matured stallion is losing valuable time. We say breed the fillies to matured stallions, for in breeding horses, as with all other kinds of stock, if young, immature males, the stock will degenerate into mere scrubs.—*National Horse Breeder.*

### The Poultry Yard.

Now that insects have disappeared it will pay you to add more milk to the bill of fare.

ROUPE is usually caused by dampness, or a draft of wind blowing in on the fowls through a broken window pane, a crack, a knot-hole or some other opening in the poultry house. Keep the fowls from both this winter.

SPRINKLE a layer of coal ashes hot from the stove under the roosts every ten days or two weeks as it is a good preventive of disease.

SALT is a necessity for fowls, and when it is supplied them they keep in better condition and lay a larger number of eggs. Of course an excess of salt is injurious, but the soft food is seasoned with it with benefit. Give your fowls a proportion of salt in the food two or three times a week.

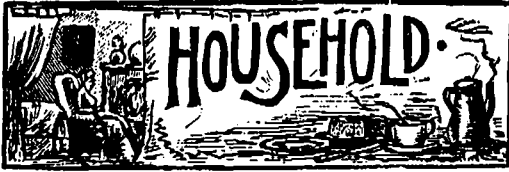
DURING cold weather eggs should be collected twice daily. If they freeze and crack open in the nest, the hens will discover their contents, and acquire the vice of egg-eating. Freezing also destroys the vitality of an egg, and, as soon as the weather turns warm, decomposition will take place. For this reason and for the sake of greater cleanliness, it is better to keep artificial nest eggs.

IN winter it is rather difficult to get the best hens in condition for laying unless they are given extra care and feeding. Extra care is nothing more nor less than keeping them comfortable both day and night, not by massing too many together, but in the construction and arrangement of the fowl house, and by a little extra labor and ingenuity towards securing an even temperature by way of embanking with earth, straw or other material, and by lining with felt or paper.

THERE is a large quantity of water in the composition of the turnip, but the avidity with which cooked turnips will be eaten by poultry when the diet has been mostly of grain, shows that a change of food is beneficial. Those who raise large flocks of ducks and geese consider turnips the best and cheapest food that can be allowed. The cooked turnips are sprinkled with meal and bran, fed warm, and the birds allowed all they can eat. The small and unsalable potatoes may be advantageously used in the same way.

A POULTRY yard should be placed upon sandy soil which drains itself naturally, but if this is not feasible, throw several loads of sand and gravel around the house. Empty the hard coal ashes in the yard, as it will not only form a firm and dry walk, but the cinders will furnish the fowls with grinding material for their crops. Charcoal sifted from wood ashes should also be supplied them, and broken oyster shells, ground bone, or some other shell-forming materials. A long shed closed towards the north and west is a better place for feeding fowls in winter than the house in which they roost, as greater cleanliness can thus be obtained, and the fowls are induced to take more exercise. Even in the very coldest weather they should not be allowed to remain all day upon their perches.

A FARMER who believes in poultry raising says: I have kept poultry all my life—all kinds, under almost every possible condition—but have never had my hens lay as well as they have all along through the fall and now. I have experimented with fowls to a large extent, for the purpose of getting facts, and have proved my present system of feeding and forcing for eggs. I chop together apples, or the peelings, raw or boiled potatoes, and an occasional onion. After chopping quite fine, I mix intimately about two teaspoonfuls of red pepper to ten hens, and fully the same amount of salt. I pour boiling water, only a little, over the whole, and then mix in corn meal until quite stiff and moderately dry. This I feed three times a week. My pullets, young and old hens, lay better, look better, and are better, than I ever before saw them. The combs are red, a sure indication of good thrift, and the plumage is bright and full. This is the result of the salt and pepper. I feed, afternoons, oats, barley, and a little corn.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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

### A Tasteful Housewife.

TAKE two pieces of pasteboard, each seven-and-a-half inches long and four-and-three-quarters inches wide.

Cover them with plush, and overseam together. For the pocket take a piece of satin (contrasting in color) five-and-three-quarters of an inch deep by twelve-and-a-half inches wide. Turn a hem an inch deep for top, and run two shirrings at bottom of hem, between which four-and-a-half inches of narrow, flat elastic is inserted. Gather the lower edge of pocket, and fasten neatly across the bottom of housewife; also fastening the pocket firmly at sides. Cut three graduated flannel leaves, neatly buttonhole the edges with silk, and catch them lightly to the top of housewife. About two yards of satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, is needed of same shade as pocket; also one spool of black, shoe-thread, one spool of number fifty white cotton and a pair of small scissors. Fasten one end of ribbon at upper corner of housewife, carry it across the top and fasten it to the other corner. Allow eleven inches more for a loop to suspend it



A TASTEFUL HOUSEWIFE.

by and catch at first corner. Measure eleven inches more and cut the ribbon. Slip this cut end through the spool of shoe-thread, and make a short loop and end to prevent the spool slipping off. A strip of ribbon seven-and-a-half inches fastened at same corner, and finished in the same way, holds the white spool in place. At the opposite upper corner fasten one end of a half-yard of ribbon, and sew a black hook at other end. Hang the scissors on this

ribbon, and fasten the hook in a silk loop made on side of housewife, near the top. A small bow of ribbon conceals the stitches at the upper corners. The pocket holds thimble, shoe-buttons and buttoner. The leaves are for the needles. This will be found a very useful article when suspended on the wall in the bedroom of a growing girl.

### A Pretty Magazine Cover.

MATERIALS: seven-eighths of a yard of brown canvas, 29½ inches wide, and one yard of moire ribbon with picot edge, a half-inch in width.

For the outside cover cut a strip of the canvas measuring exactly eleven inches, using the entire width for length of cover. Turn down each sel-



PRETTY AND SERVICEABLE MAGAZINE COVER.

vedge end to the depth of an inch-and-a-half, creasing flatly with the finger-nail. Measure a space three inches and a half from crease just made, and crease again. Fold the strip in the middle, and you now have a complete cover for any of the household magazines. With a second strip of linen, fourteen and a half by eleven inches, we line the cover by slipping the ends under the folded ends of outside strip. The upper and lower edges of cover are fastened together by an easy button-hole stitch, made with heavy cotton, first a long and then a short stitch. The yard of ribbon is passed over the centre of the cover and tied in a bow on the outside. When the cover is open slip the magazine under the ribbon, and it and the cover will remain firm friends. The name of the magazine may be written across the cover diagonally or otherwise. If further ornamentation is wanted, any conventional design or flower spray may be painted at top and bottom, on either side of the name of the magazine.

Milk will readily remove ink stains on linen, if used before the ink is dry; otherwise the best thing is oxalic acid, applied as for fruit stains. Another practical method is to spread the stained part over a plate and rub it with some butter and salt till the stains disappear, then wash with soap and water. Sour buttermilk removes mildew, and benzine, followed by a hot iron and blotting paper, with a wash in warm soap and water, causes paint to disappear.

### Shoe Buttoner.

A CLOTHES-PEG may be converted into more uses than one, as is here shown. It makes a novel shoe buttoner. It will be best to let the boys take this in hand, as there is some pounding and filing to be done. First, chop the handle off a common button-hook and sharpen the end of it to a point. Bore a hole in the top of the peg and hammer it in. Give it all several coats of gold paint and tie two colors of narrow ribbon around the head of it. The best way to buy gilding for ornamental purposes is to first buy a bottle of sizing, then a ten-cent bottle of any bronze powder you wish to use. Give the article two coats of sizing, and when the second is nearly dry, dust with the powder. You can get besides gold, silver and copper of almost any shade, and several colors on one article make it very showy, they come out so brilliant.



CLOTHES-PEG SHOE BUTTONER.

### Little Hints, but Useful.

ON nearly every gripsack and satchel there is a ring near the lock. A little wire snap put on this ring will hold small packages by hooking the cross-strings, as shown in Fig. 2. To hold a postage stamp in a letter without sticking it is often desirable. It can be done by cutting in the paper two parallel slits, and running it in. To open a letter at the flap use the back of a knife. A sharp instrument will cut, and anything like a lead pencil will tear the envelope. This is how a man, young or old, can make good use of a hair pin. Bend it to hook on the button over each side pocket of your pantaloons and hang them

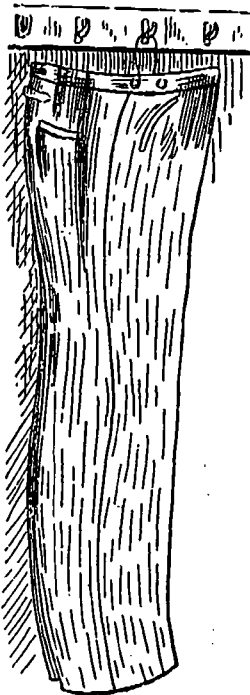


FIG. 1. HAIR-PIN HOOK.

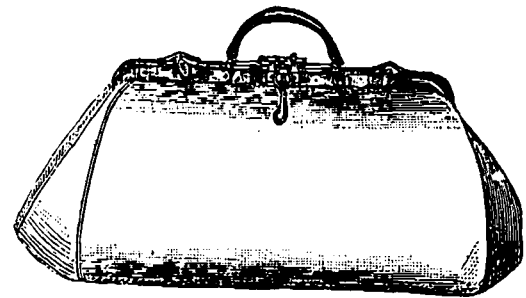


FIG. 2. PACKAGE HOOK.

up by this hook. This will keep them in good shape. The engraving (Figure 1) shows how it is done.

A hint for a pin cushion that is a sachet as well may be new to some. It is made square, with each corner of the inner covering cut off about three inches from the point. The outer covering is left square, the corners tightly tied, and each made into a tiny sachet. The powder selected for the filling must be that preferred by the owner.

## Hints to Housekeepers.

THE muskmelon usually has nine ridges, which are separated by narrow strips of smooth skin, and these strips are green, the melon is a good one to eat alone.

It is convenient to have an iron holder attached by a long string to the band of the apron when cooking; it saves burnt fingers or scorched aprons, and is always at hand.

There is no better diet for children than milk, and cream, which is apt to be a little too rich for the stomach. As a soporific nothing equals a glass of milk taken just before retiring.

To make waterproof writing ink, an ink which will not blur if the writing is exposed to rain: dissolve two ounces shellac in one pint alcohol (ninety-five per cent.), filter through chalk, and mix with best lampblack.

An original use of glass has been devised. Various colored pieces in odd sizes are pierced by three or four holes on the edge, and caught together by wire until they form a mesh or fretwork large enough for a panel in a transom.

To take grease stains from leather apply benzine, and then rub over with whisked white of egg, and to remove them from marble make a paste of fullers earth and benzine, lay it on thickly, leave it for twelve hours, and then wash off with warm water.

Grease may be removed from white marble by applying a mixture of two parts washing soda, one part ground pumice-stone and one part chalk, all first finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble, and finally wash off with soap and water.

Avoid a bare corner in your room. A table with a few selected pieces of bric-a-brac upon it will look well here. In a setting-room, in what was once a dull corner, stands one of the pretty cabinets, now so often seen, hung with dainty curtains of plush, lined with satin. The shelves are lined with books, bits of bric-a-brac, etc., the whole making a most attractive feature of the room.

An English genius has invented a tray containing a night-lamp and a small sauce cup for holding infant's food. This mechanical arrangement can be attached to the bedpost, and is invaluable in a home where there is an invalid or a baby and few or no servants. The night-lamp emits sufficient heat to keep the child's food warm. When not required for service the tray is a convenient place for a book.

In washing clothes, grass stain is particularly obstinate to remove. It will sometimes disappear by dipping the spot with molasses, and letting it lie a few moments. Rinse the molasses out in clear water, and the stain will disappear with it. A more effectual method, however, is to dip the spot in a solution of tin chloride, and immediately wash it out in an abundance of clear water. Many stains which are too firmly set to yield the treatment with boiling water will come out by dipping the spot in warm chlorine water.



## The Prince Imperial Napoleon Eugenie Louis Bonaparte.

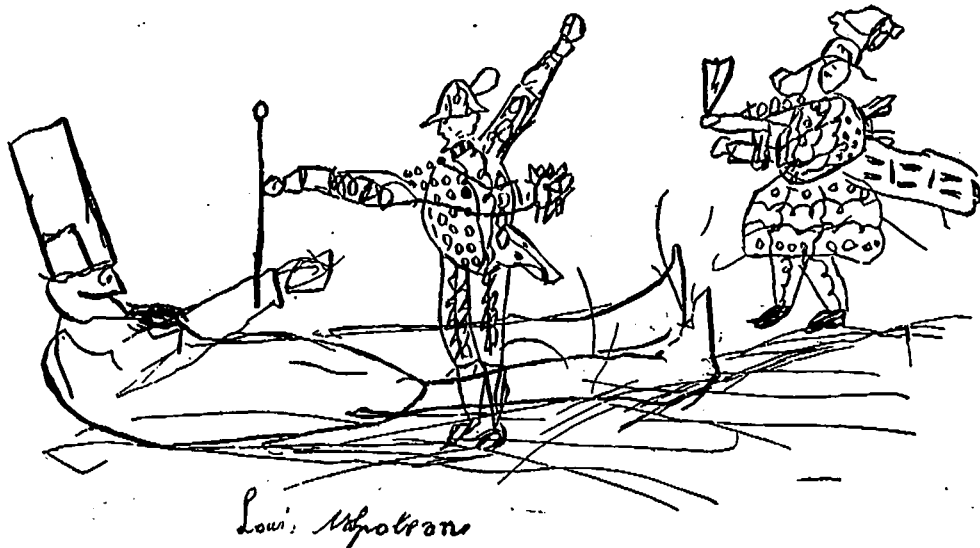
THE Prince Imperial Louis Napoleon, on whom the hopes of the Bonapartists were centred, and whose tragic end at the hands of the Zulus not many years ago, all will remember, was the son of Napoleon III. and Eugenie. He had pursued his military education in England, and when the war broke out received permission to join the army of the nation of which he and his mother had for eight years been the guests. Brave, bright and gifted, his death was a sad blow to many; upon his mother it fell with crushing force.

The young prince, in his early childhood, was very popular at Compiègne, Fontainebleau and Bearritz, and at that time it is stated he showed remarkable promise as an artist. The sketch accompanying this article is said to be the *fac simile* of an original one, a childish sketch, drawn at Palais de Tuilleries in 1863, done partly in pencil and partly in ink by the young prince, when he was but six years old.

It is told of him that a couple of years later, in 1865, when there was a model being made of him by Carpeaux, this little fellow procured some of the clay and did a head of his father which, though rough, was considered wonderfully like the original. Not satisfied with the attempt, and showing by his perseverance that his artistic proclivities were something more than a passing whim, he took two soldiers engaged in warfare for his subject, the result being successful. The work was excellent and full of spirit, and the bust of his tutor, which he afterwards modelled, was said to be such a striking likeness that few sculptors could have done better.

The young prince was devotedly attached to his father, and the following story recorded of him would seem to show that pride of his name also was inherent with him. On one of the Empress's adventurous sea excursions in 1867 at Bearritz, the night was very dark and the boat striking upon a rock, the party was in great danger. A sailor was carrying the little Louis through the surf to the rock when the empress called, "Don't be afraid, Louis." The little fellow turned and said, "My name is Napoleon."

About two years later, while at camp, he carried himself so well, and his general bearing was so cool and dignified, that his resemblance to his father, as he was when a boy, was remarked upon. The young prince's boyhood was soon gone. He and his father spent much time together, the son sharing in the father's tastes to a great extent. A fresh invention was said to be a toy to both. The prince was also associated with his father's more arduous tasks and severer studies, and watched



DRAWING BY THE "PRINCE IMPERIAL" LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AT SIX YEARS OF AGE.

(Reduced Fac-simile. Size of Original, 12 by 16 inches.)

him surrounded by savants working at his "Life of Cæsar."

It is stated that the *Washington Post* of July 25, 1888, contained the following: "It is said that the wedding gifts to be presented by the Empress Eugenie to Princess Letitia will include the very celebrated fan which the Prince Imperial, killed by the Zulus, gave to his mother on her birthday in 1876. On this fan is the first drawing which the Prince Imperial made, surrounded with precious stones, costing over \$100,000."

It is stated that probably the sketch here offered is almost as early as the one just mentioned.

In many of our homes there are, no doubt, treasured childish drawings that money could not buy, though the juvenile artists' names are not of royal lineage, and may never be known to fame. That the early effort of the beautiful Eugenie's son should be placed before the eyes of our interested young folks to compare with their own productions of the pencil is due to the peculiar taste and zeal which inspires collectors.

## Just Turned Eleven.

PERHAPS your eyes are not like mine  
At three-score years and seven,  
To see what depths of richness shine  
In eyes just turned eleven.

We have a diamond left by a twain  
We loved, few know how dearly;  
Bearing their love, it seems to gain  
In liquid luster yearly;

Yet naught, howe'er embalmed, of earth,  
Can smack so sweet of heaven,  
As eyes, so sad or brimmed with mirth,  
Of boy just turned eleven.

Our sample's awkward at the board,  
Like most boys tall and lanky;  
But no lithe squire nor proud young lord  
Could show more grace on "Spankey."

He's rough with dogs; and—"mother cat"—  
E'en yet he likes to tease her;  
But you'd enjoy his manly chat  
While reading "Julius Cæsar."

His gun—(it is a marvelous thing,  
All boys so love the tragic)—  
Quails, doves and rice birds on the wing,  
"Come down to that," like magic.

When he accents a stubborn cow,  
You'd feel disposed to pity her;  
But mark his gentle accents now,  
While reading gems from "Whittier."

His thund'ring tread and boist'rous words  
Sometimes suggest a bummer;  
But list his "horse-hair" woo the chords  
In "The Last Rose of Summer."

To school? Well, souls are rare, indeed,  
Like Ascham's, long since sainted,  
Born the rich potencies to read  
On youth's green tablets painted.

And so, for fear of shallow maid,  
From Pixie's land or Yankee,  
We've called, till now, no other aid  
But music's Queen and "Spankey."

It may be well to have a change,  
God, there above, knows better;  
We value freedom, grasp and range;  
There's spirit, while there's letter.

Some hours apart with Colburn's train,  
With Harkness, Prescott, Guyot;  
And some to trace each planet's gain  
Through "Gemini," "Cancer," "Leo."

To scan the bones of "Jyp," who died  
And note the corn seed swelling;—  
We'll risk his chance on these beside  
"False syntax" and apt spelling.

Each implement upon the farm,  
From sulky-plow to reaper,  
He knows each bearing like a charm,  
And just the way to "keep her."

He drives horses to drag and mow,  
Makes all folk proud to serve him;  
Thus learns relations, force and flow,  
Gains confidence to nerve him.

Sure that from mastery culture grows,  
We'll take this twain together,  
And step by step, as learning goes,  
Her feet to use we'll tether.

Freedom will reign thro' all the land,  
Suit 'mergency and season,  
When knowledge guides the active hand,  
And lust weds law and reason.

Mayhap your eyes are not like mine  
At three score years and seven,  
To see each human interest shine  
In eyes just turned eleven.

To me, there's naught that's named on earth  
That smacks so much of heaven,  
As eyes, so sad or brimmed with mirth,  
Of boy just turned eleven.

## Good Housekeeping.

By MRS. J. LEVI MASSEY, WALLBRIDGE, HASTINGS Co., ONT.

[THIS Essay, which commends itself, was sent in for our Prize Competition on "Good Housekeeping" last March. It failed to get either of the Prizes, the judges ruling that it did not deal sufficiently with the details of the subject, but its merits won for it "Highly Commended."]

LIVING as we do, in an age in which "of making many books there is no end," is it not surprising that so little is written bearing directly on good housekeeping? However, we are pleased to know that the enterprising manager of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED is not indifferent to this all-important subject. We say all-important, from the fact that upon household management depends very largely the happiness or misery, the weal or woe, of mankind. Good housekeeping implies a great deal more than simply keeping things clean, and having plenty to eat. Although in our fair Dominion we have no schools devoted to making our daughters proficient in the various branches of household economy, it is nevertheless a science of national importance which is second to no other branch of education.

However accomplished and talented a woman may be, or how useful in society, if she is negligent in her domestic duties, there is very little weight in her influence, and she wins little respect in the social circle. The home may be humble, entirely destitute of the adornments of wealth, but neatness, order and taste make it a picture upon which both sexes look with admiration, and one that attracts and welcomes the toil-worn husband at the close of the day. No matter what the architectural design of a dwelling may be, how satisfactory the location, however well-equipped with modern improvements, or how luxuriously furnished, without order and cleanliness it lacks that indescribable charm which it would otherwise possess.

By order, we mean that systematic arrangement of daily duties which provide a time and a place for everything, and has everything in its time and place. Order saves both time and temper; nothing is more annoying than the hurry and worry of searching for things that have been mislaid. Why not just as well put a thing in its place at once, instead of laying it down, intending at some future date to put it where it belongs, and thus avoid the confusion and disorder which must inevitably follow. Especial attention should be given to order, cleanliness, and also to ventilation, not alone because it produces convenience, and is gratifying to the senses, but it is essential to the full enjoyment of health. A lamentable amount of disease is engendered by filth, consequently every good housekeeper will see that no decayed fruit or vegetables are allowed to remain in the cellar, or anywhere about the premises. No offensive odor, whether from soiled clothing, tobacco, slops, or refuse of any kind should be allowed to taint the atmosphere. Why should not the mistress of every house follow the example of Her Majesty, our beloved Queen, and prohibit tobacco smoking within her dwelling. Too much attention cannot be given to ventilation. Doors and windows should be opened each day (according to the temperature outside), that the house may be thoroughly aired. Beds and bedrooms require particular attention; before leaving in the morning the bed clothes should be turned down, in order that the exhalations of the body during the night may be dissipated. To breathe the impure air of unventilated rooms is a violation of Nature's

laws, and sooner or later the penalty must be paid in sickness and suffering.

Thoroughness is another qualification which ought to be practised in the every day work of life. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." It is a praiseworthy ambition for a woman to strive to excel as a housekeeper; to be the best cook; to make the best butter; and to have the whitest and smoothest linen. She should also aim to have the cleanest door yard, the nicest flower beds, and the most attractive surroundings, for the duties of the mistress of a house are not confined to the inside alone. It is her duty to see that the window blinds, door knobs, the steps and walks are alike kept clean. To accomplish so much, she will not only have ample scope for her mental and physical powers, but to bring everything into complete and harmonious action, a wife must have the co-operation of her husband. He is equally responsible with her for the management of household affairs. Although woman was designed by the Creator to be a "help meet" for man, he is often an indispensable "help meet" to her. That she may have leisure time for reading, writing, etc., he should not only see that she has sufficient help, but he should aid her in securing the benefit of modern labor-saving inventions and improvements, by which the most tedious and laborious departments of woman's work may be greatly lessened.

It has not been our aim to enter into the minutiae of household economy, nor to lay down a code of laws, with rules and directions concerning all kinds of housework, for no set of rules would apply alike to every household, but we have endeavored to condense the most important points, viz., order, cleanliness and thoroughness, which, with care, economy and taste, are qualities always to be admired, and may be shown in the management of a small household and the management of little furniture, as well as upon a larger scale.

While it is of vital importance that every house should have certain rules and regulations, they need not necessarily be like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable, as by too rigid observance of law a house may be robbed of that home-like feeling which makes it the happiest place on earth to those who dwell within its walls. Let it be brightened with the sunshine of good nature and intelligence, blended with purity and love, and from its door will go forth men and women who will be nobler and better for having lived in such a home.



### Yes, Plague Take Him.

Plague take the man who "knows it all,"  
How pleased we'd be at his downfall;  
His nose so keen,  
Scents all things mean,  
And that's the way he nose it all.

### A Bovine Soliloquy.

The cow which all the summer through  
Has feasted on the clover,  
Beneath the sunlit skies of blue  
That arched the beauty over,  
Now sad and melancholy strays  
Across the chilly lea;  
But ever and anon she says:  
There are no flies on me!

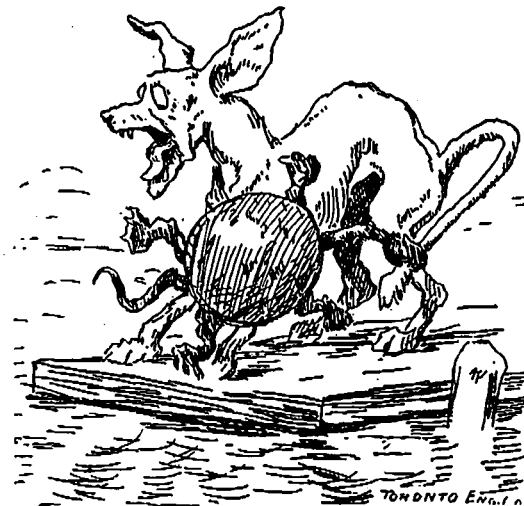
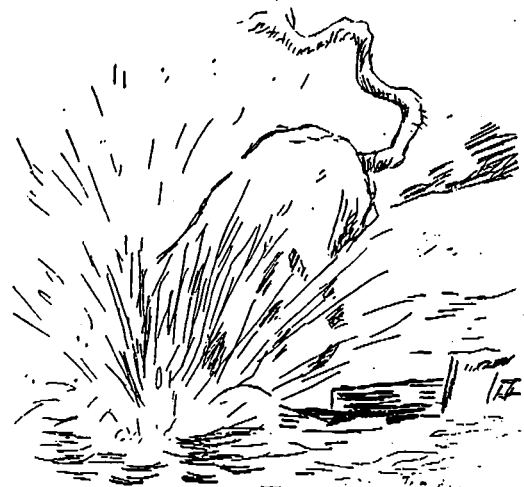
BAGLEY: "All of Mrs. Howe's children call her 'the mater.' Isn't it nice to see such affection?"  
BAGLEY: "That isn't affection. She succeeded in marrying off six daughters in six years, and they call her 'the mater,' because they think she has fairly earned the title."

Every miss hasn't a mission. Neither has every man a mansion.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.

### Æsop Improved; or, Vanity Rewarded.

(Continued from last month.)



To be concluded in our next.

## CORRESPONDENCE

SUCH letters and queries as may be sent to us that will be of general interest, will be inserted here. Care will be taken to answer all questions of interest to our readers in an intelligent and satisfactory manner. Needless discussion and controversy will be excluded. Full name and address must accompany each communication as a pledge of good faith, though same will not be published.

Sir,—Since becoming a subscriber to your admirable journal, a few months ago, I have wondered why you did not have a column for correspondence. I am sure your readers would be only too glad to send a contribution, though it be ever so short, when they felt that by doing so they were making known to others something they had found of great help to themselves. This should prove one of the most interesting departments of your bright, little paper. Now I will show a good example. It often worries mothers how best to deal with croupy children. I have a "home remedy" which I have used with great benefit to my own children and those of my neighbors. I always keep on hand a bottle of equal parts camphorated oil and turpentine. When the child is croupy I apply the mixture to the throat and chest with my hand, then hold the same hand near the stove until it gets as hot as I can bear and press it lightly on the greased parts, repeating the heating until the patient is thoroughly heated. The effect is almost instantaneous and I fully believe it impossible for a case of pneumonia to develop when these directions are followed. Perhaps some of your readers may know of other "home remedies." Now after giving you this information, I would, woman-like, finish by asking you, if you could tell me how to make a polish for furniture?

Yours, etc.,

A LADY SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER:—A housekeeper who uses this polish on the finest varnished furniture says it has no equal: Make a mixture of olive oil one part, and vinegar two parts; apply it to the furniture with a cotton flannel cloth and rub dry with another cloth of the same material.

HARRY D., Hamilton, Ont., (15 years of age) writes us:—The best way to keep plants in living-rooms during the winter is in boxes made to fit into the window casings. The box must be as long as the width inside the window frame, eighteen to twenty inches wide, and six inches deep. An inch of clay is packed hard in the bottom of the box, which is then filled to within an inch of the top with rich potting soil—leaf mold from the woods is best. The plants are set in this and half an inch of clean sand spread over the surface. Among plants for window culture geraniums come first, to be followed by selections from a large number of varieties, which can be selected from any greenhouse or florist's catalogue. It is important to avoid setting in the same box plants of widely varying wants as to temperature and moisture. For example, heaths and dracenas cannot flourish together, for the latter requires at least twenty degrees more of heat than the former.

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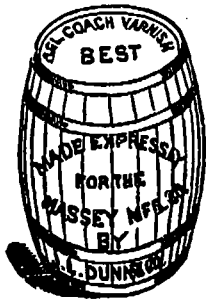
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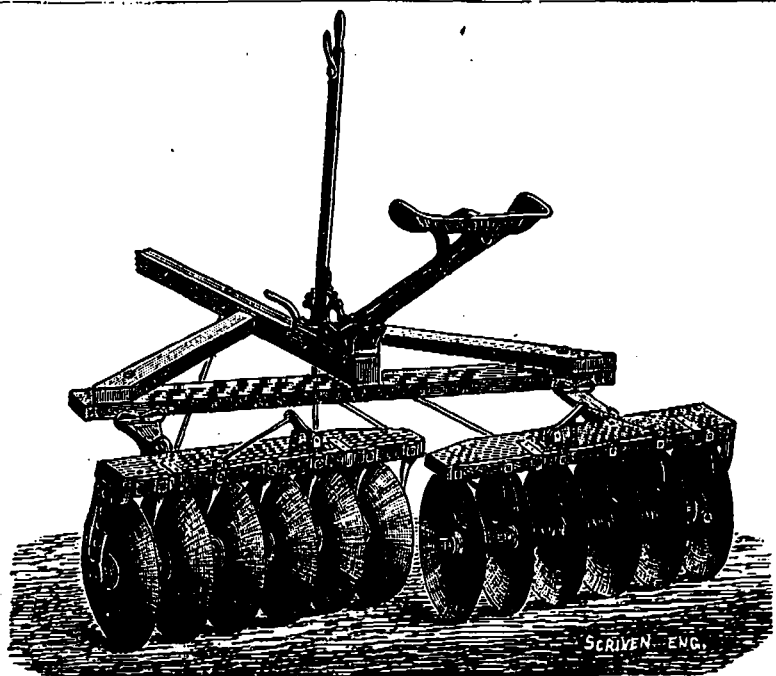
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Reports from the Australasian Harvest Fields, just to hand by Mail, from which it will be seen that

## THE MASSEY-TORONTO LEADS

**DOOKIE**  
**MASSEY FIRST**  
 AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE  
 October 28th, 1890.  
 Hornsby 2nd, Deering 3rd, Wood (Single Apron) 4th,  
 McCormick 5th, Buckeye 6th, Mercer 7th.

**COBRAM,**  
 November 19th, 1890.  
**MASSEY FIRST**  
 FARMERS' TRIAL.  
 McCormick 2nd, Massey 3rd and 4th, McCormick 5th.

**NATHALIA,**  
 VICTORIA,  
 November 7th, 1890.  
**MASSEY FIRST**  
 Deering & Wood, 2nd, Brantford 3rd, McCormick (second machine) 6th,  
 McCormick 4th, Hornsby 5th.

**PORT PIRIE,**  
 SOUTH AUSTRALIA.  
 September 27th, 1890.  
**THE MASSEY**  
 Defeated the following Machines:  
 McCormick, Deering, Wood (single apron), Howard (elevated), Brantford, Buckeye (lowdown).

**KANIVA,**  
 VICTORIA,  
 November 11th, 1890.  
**MASSEY FIRST**  
 Brantford 2nd, Wood (Single Apron) 3rd, Deering 4th, McCormick 5th, Buckeye 6th.  
**MASSEY FIRST**  
 Hornsby 2nd, McCormick 3rd, Hornsby 4th, Wood (single Apron) 5th, Mercer 6th, Brantford 7th, Hornsby 8th.

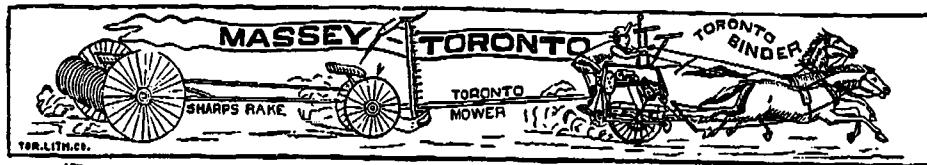
**WAGGA WAGGA,**  
 NEW SOUTH WALES,  
 October 29th, 1890.  
**THE MASSEY**  
 Defeated the  
 Howard, Hornsby, McCormick, Wood (single apron), and Buckeye.

**TUNGAMAH,**  
 VICTORIA,  
 November 19th, 1890.  
**MASSEY FIRST**  
 GOLD MEDAL.  
 McCormick 2nd and 3rd, Brantford 5th,  
 Deering 4th, Mercer 6th.

**BROADMEADOWS,**  
 VICTORIA,  
 November 5th, 1890.  
**THE MASSEY**  
 Defeated the Deering, Brantford, Buckeye, Mercer, Wood (single apron).

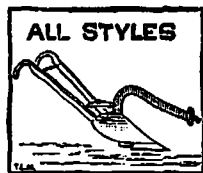
**RUPANYUP,**  
 VICTORIA,  
 November 21st, 1890.  
**MASSEY FIRST**

**SHEPPARTON,**  
 VICTORIA,  
 November 21st, 1890.  
**THE MASSEY**  
 Defeated the Hornsby, Woods, Brantford, Mercer, and Deering.

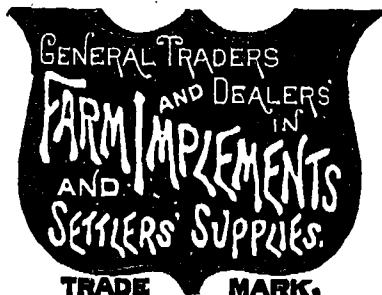


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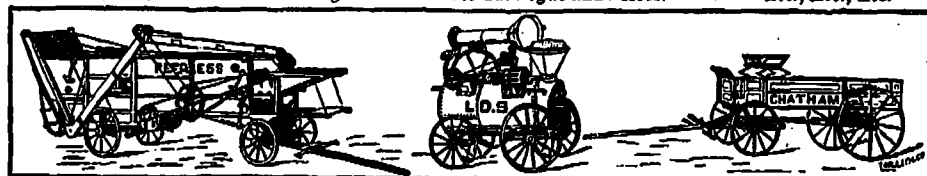
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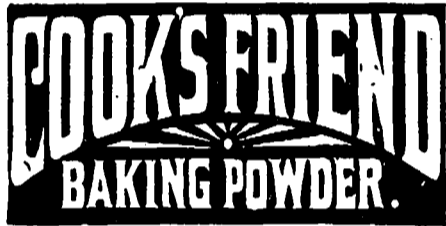
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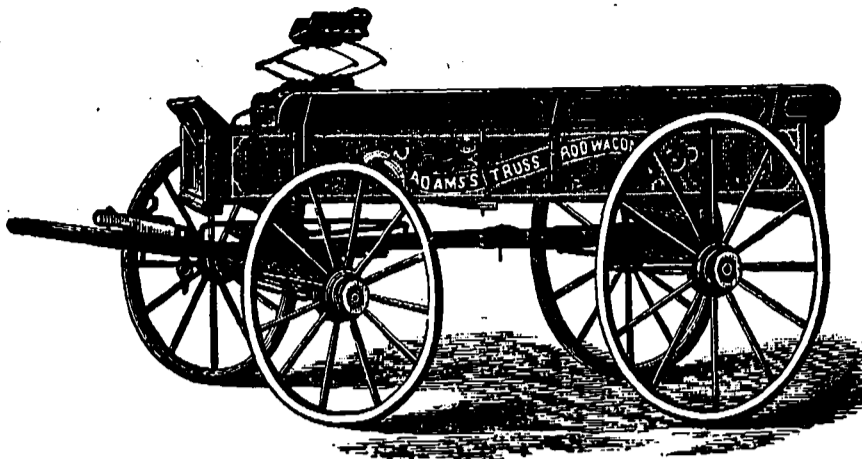
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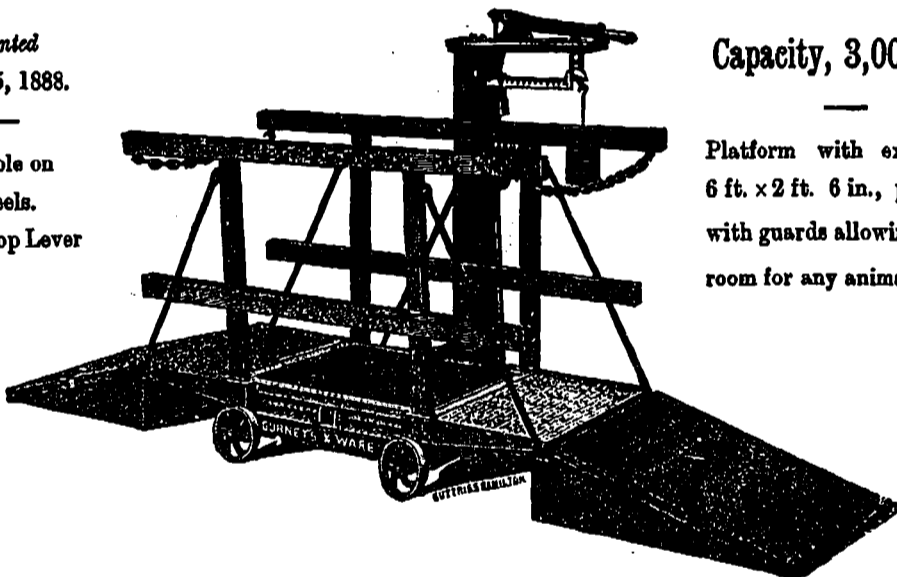
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DEAR SIR,—I am well pleased with the Mill; it gives me every satisfaction.  
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MR. M. CAMPBELL, CHATHAM.  
DEAR SIR,—Your Mill and Bagger works first rate.  
Yours truly, RICH. WARD, Cairngorm P.O.

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Lippincott's Magazine, Phila.	3 00	2 50	†Grip " "	2 00	1 50
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†Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass.	2 40	1 90	†Turf, Field, and Farm, N.Y.	5 00	4 50
†Poultry Monthly, Albany, N.Y.	1 25	75	†Forest and Stream, N.Y.	4 00	3 50
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†Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich.	1 25	1 00	*Weekly News, Toronto (with album)	1 00	60
*Household Companion, Boston	1 00	50	Illustrated London News, with extra		
*Poultry Bulletin, N.Y.	1 00	60	Midsummer and Xmas Nos.	5 00	4 50
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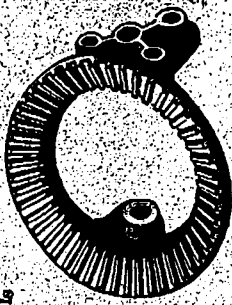
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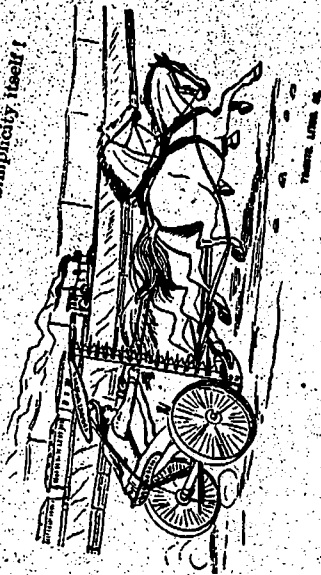
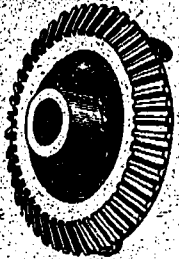


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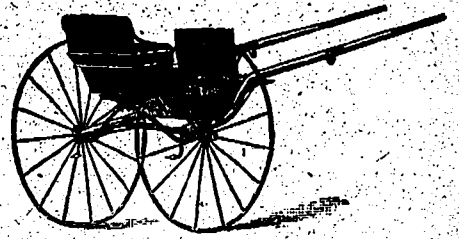
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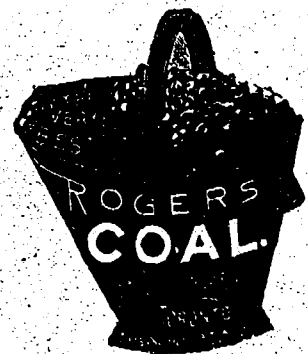
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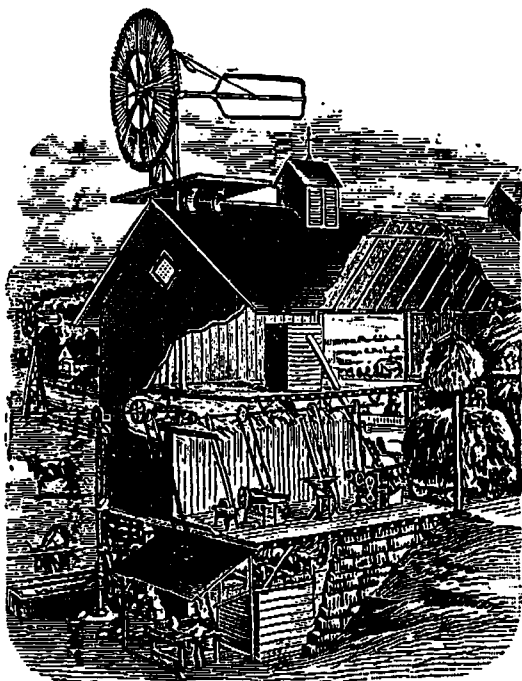
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