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MAY-JUNE, 1900.

[Whole Series, Vol. XVIII., No. 3.



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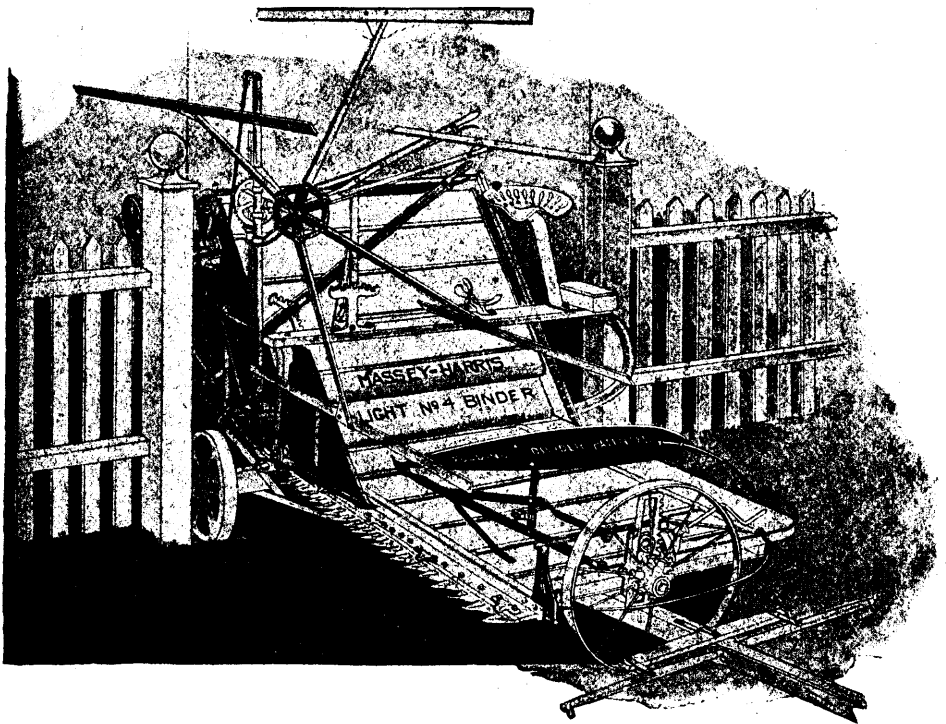
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INSTEAD of the anxieties of the war crushing our aged Sovereign, as might have been expected, they appear to have rejuvenated her, endow-

ing her with a degree of physical endurance truly marvellous in one who has passed by eleven years the allotted span of life. The secret of it all is not hard to find. Sympathy for the suffering has ever been the characteristic of Victoria, and in these days when desolation has entered thousands of homes of her subjects the one desire apparently of her womanly heart is to show her people not only how she cherishes their loving loyalty to herself, but how heartfelt is her sorrow for those who have suffered in the cause of the Empire.

In furtherance of this desire Her Majesty has made repeated visits to the military hospitals where the wounded sufferers have been made happy by the

kindly, motherly word and floral souvenir bestowed on each by the Queen they have served so gallantly. Born in the same desire to make happiness for others, was the Queen's visit to Ireland, where she was received with true Irish enthusiasm and hospitality, despite the futile efforts of one or two political agitators to make the visit the occasion of a Home Rule demonstration. Irish chivalry, however, was not to be thrown out of its tra-

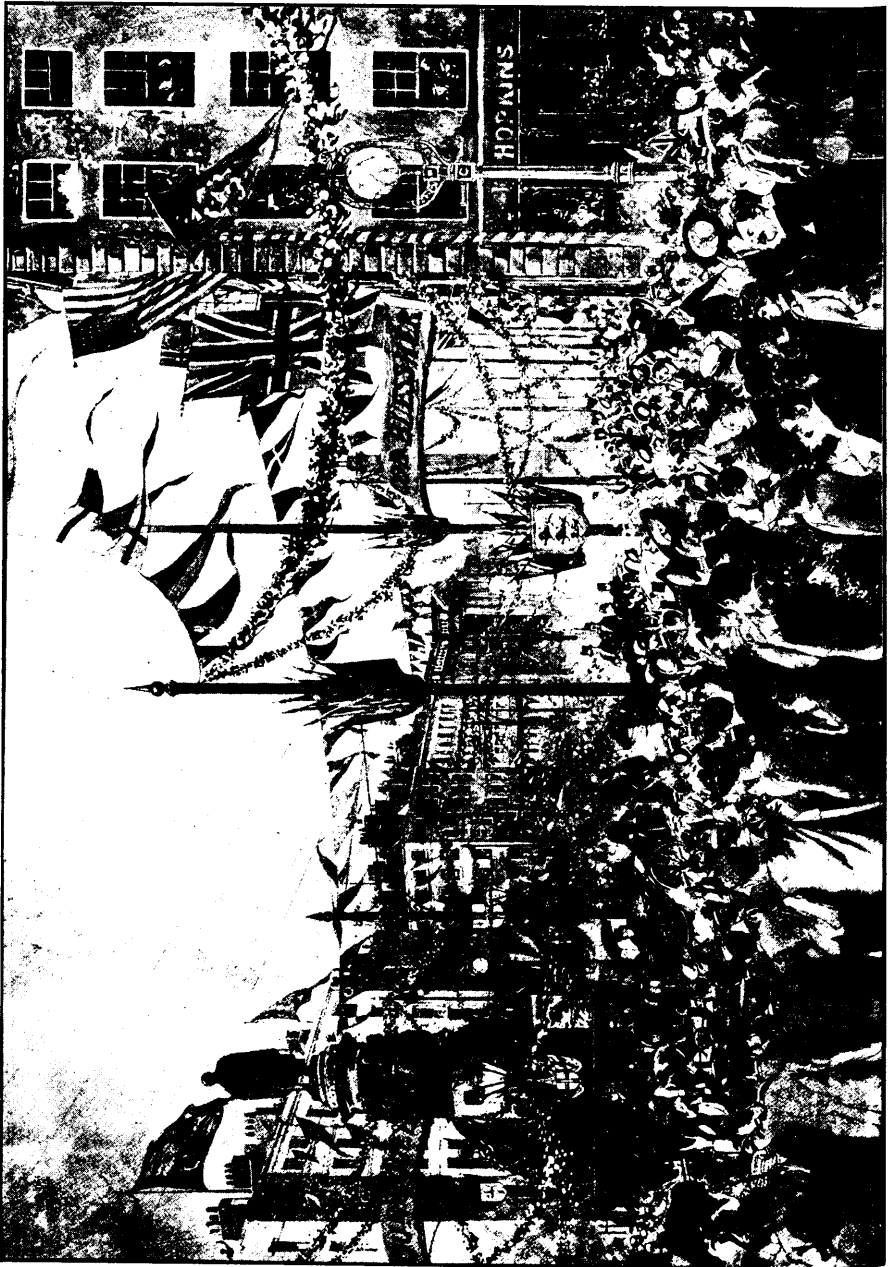


[*Illus. London News*
THE QUEEN PRESENTING FLOWERS TO THE WOUNDED DURING
HER VISIT TO THE HERBERT HOSPITAL AT WOOLWICH.

ditional course by political pressure, even in a cause so dear to the majority of Irishmen as Home Rule, and the

Queen's sojourn in Dublin was marked by manifestations of enthusiasm and loyalty which could not have been exceeded in any part of the Empire.

The relief of Ladysmith, the relief of Kimberly and the capture of Cronje are, up to the present time, the incidents of the war which have provided



THE QUEEN IN DUBLIN: HER MAJESTY PASSING DOWN SACKVILLE STREET IN SEMI-STATE. (Illustration from *London News*.)

Our illustration conveys some idea of the appearance presented by the streets of Dublin at the time of Her Majesty's arrival.

opportunity for remarkable demonstrations of enthusiasm by the people of the Empire. General White, on whom the eyes of his countrymen centred

anxiously for so many days as he kept the British flag flying over Ladysmith, has returned, in broken health, to England, where he received such an ovation as has rarely been accorded the nation's heroes. General Buller, in spite of his hard luck at Spion Kop, and other mistakes, retains the confidence of his soldiers and of the British people, and will be known to history as the conqueror of Natal. Our illustration de-

was made in three weeks at the De Beers works, and the tools to make it had first of all to be manufactured. The shells were also made at De Beers, the gun and ammunition being made by a Frenchman, M. Labram, who was, unfortunately, killed by the first 100 lb shell fired into Kimberley."

"Pedestrians and ladies and children from the adjacent houses, rushed to the shelters when the policemen's whistles



[*Illus. London News.*

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH. MEETING OF GENERALS WHITE AND BULLER AND THEIR STAFFS.

The corrugated iron building in the background is the prison. The Boer prisoners watched the meeting of the Generals through the grating.

piets the meeting of the two Generals at Ladysmith.

The two succeeding illustrations convey some idea of the "fun" experienced in that now historic town during the days of the siege, while a glimpse of the conditions that obtained in Kimberley under similar circumstances is also provided on the following page.

The *Illustrated London News* correspondent says: "The 'Long Cecil' gun

gave notice of the approach of a shell."
—Extract from Mr. Villiers' letter.

In the illustration in which Cronje is seen surrendering to Lord Roberts the contrast between the appearance of the Boer and the British general strikes one as being almost ludicrous.

The volunteers have been fortunate in securing a generous share of the honors of the campaign. At Jacobsdal the City Imperial Volunteers from the



A ROOM WRECKED BY SHELL FIRE.

[*Illus. London News.*]

The cross indicates where the lady of the house was standing when the shell entered, destroying the room and wounding her severely.

Empire's capital first smelt powder in earnest, and had the honor of being the first to enter the town.

A most vitally important feature in conducting a campaign is to maintain an adequate food supply, and when it is



RUINS OF A FURNITURE STORE AT LADYSMITH.

[*Illus. London News.*]



[*Illus London News*

AT KIMBERLEY. MR. CECIL RHODES WATCHING THE EFFECT OF "LONG CECIL" ON THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES.

remembered the British army in South Africa exceeds the combined population of any ten cities in Canada, outside of Montreal and Toronto, and is operating over territory extending hundreds of miles from the base of supplies, it will



[*Illus London News.*

AT KIMBERLEY: "FINE MORNING, BUT IT'S GOING TO SHELL"—SCENE NEAR MR. RHODES' SPLINTER-PROOF TRENCH AROUND THE PUBLIC GARDENS.



THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS OF LONDON, ENG., RECEIVE THEIR BAPTISM OF FIRE AT JACOBSDAL. [Illus. London News.]

easily be seen what a tremendous undertaking the commissariat department has in hand.

We conclude our series with some vivid illustrations of the ruin wrought by the fire fiend at Hull and Ottawa on



{Illus. London News.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL CROUJE TO GENERAL ROBERTS.

On page 104 we present a series of April 26th The photos from which pictures showing the enormous food our illustrations are reproduced were



{Illus. London News.

GENERAL STORE IN PICKSBURG, SOUTH AFRICA.

supplies collected at Cape Town, the great base of the English transport service.

taken by Mr. John Harmer, of the Ottawa Branch of Massey-Harris Co., Ltd. The fire burned for nearly twenty

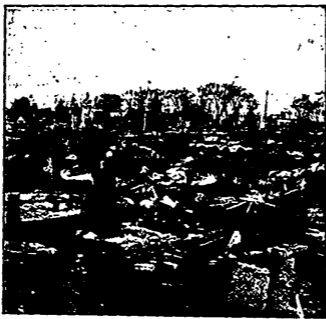


HOW THE BRITISH ARMY IS FED.

[*Illust. London News.*]

1. Mutton Captured from the Boers being driven to the British Commissariat. 2. Roast Beef on the way to the Front for the British Soldiers. 3. Live Stock taken from the Boers and Disloyal Farmers being driven to the British Camp. 4. The only Overland Method of Conveyance for Supplies for the British Army. 5. Captain Denny, of the British Army Service Corps, Buying Cattle from Chief Newadl, near Drakensburg. 6. Enormous Food Supplies Collected at Cape Town, the Great Base of the British Transport Service.

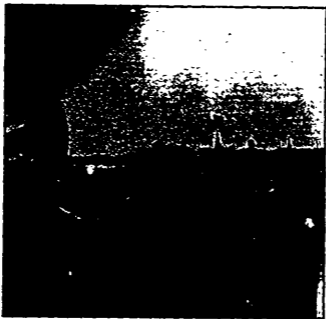
hours, and caused a loss of \$15,000,000 most disastrous fires that was ever
 Nearly 2,500 buildings were destroyed known in Canada. Only three build-



MASSEY-HARRIS CO.'S WAREHOUSE, LOOKING SOUTH.

Showing stone crusher overturned, Mr. Booth's and Mr. Fleck's residences in the background.

in both places, and from 18,000 to ings of large size were left in Hull.
 20,000 persons were made homeless They were the Gilmour saw-mill, the



REMAINS OF OTTAWA ELECTRIC POWER HOUSE.

Showing the Parliament Buildings in the distance.

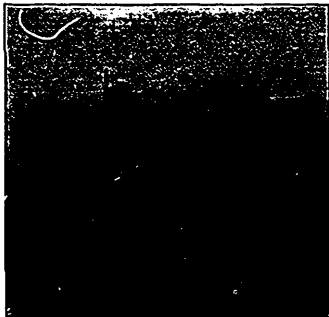
Seven lives, those of five men and two Eddy sulphite mill and the Roman
 women, were lost. It was one of the Catholic Cathedral. The area burned

over in Ottawa was two and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide. and Hull became known, offers of help and help itself began to arrive from



RUINS OF MASSEY-HARRIS CO'S WAREHOUSE, LOOKING EAST.

Fully 7,000 persons were thrown out of employment. After it had got beyond control, separate fires, started undoubtedly by incendiaries, were discovered. Queen Victoria sent a special message of enquiry as to the extent of the loss, and followed this



REMAINS OF A CARLOAD OF SAWYER & MASSEY CO'S GOODS, NEVER UNLOADED, BURNED ON THE TRACK. As soon as the great distress of Ottawa with a donation to the Relief Fund of \$2,500.

A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

SINCE "Lavender Institute for Young Ladies" has been closed for some years, it is not impolitic to relate the following rather singular story. For the sake of perspicuity I have thought it best to allow several persons to contribute their quota to the narrative.

Miss Esther Morgan was one of my pupils—a bright girl of fifteen, and the daughter of General Blake Morgan, who was among the number of distinguished patrons of "Lavender Institute." He was a man much given to hospitality, and his person was almost as plethoric as his purse. Although advanced in years, he was far from being either dull or lacking in acuteness.

His house was a rendezvous for the wits of the day. Around his board gathered noted personages of the press, the stage, and the pulpit, as well as rising artists in music or on canvas.

It was the morning of the 19th of November when I overheard Miss Esther Morgan excitedly relate these facts.

"How did it happen? Well, that is the most curious part of it all. You have no idea how worried papa is to think that he should be so cleverly managed! Of course, it is a great loss—over £15,000—but I believe he hates the way in which it was done as much as the loss of the money. He was so cleverly bamboozled. Why, it was only last week when papa was ridiculing young Mr. Bronson, the author, because his pocket was picked coming out of the theatre."

Here a chorus of her companions impatiently demanded the facts.

"Of course, girls. I forgot you didn't know how it was done. Well, you see, papa went down to a safe deposit concern yesterday morning to get his bonds. The interest was due, and he intended to take them to another bank and draw them. The bonds were put up in a large envelope. Papa, taking the envelope in hand; started to walk to the bank. I can just see his dear, old, benevolent spectacles, beaming beneficently on mankind, just as a man with a big lot of money in his possession ought to beam.

"At a corner he spied an apple-stand, on which were piled the nicest Belleflowers apples he ever saw. He is passionately fond of apples, and Belleflowers especially. Of course, he stopped and asked the buxom old woman the price. He forgot all about the bonds; his mind was intent only upon securing his precious Belleflowers. He doesn't remember where he laid down the envelope containing the bonds, but supposed he unconsciously placed it on the stand while selecting the fruit. A handsome young man, neatly dressed, with a pair of gold spectacles perched on his nose, and a grave face, reached out his hand and becomingly addressed papa.

"Papa says he thought it was one of the new gentlemen he met at his last whist party. He felt rather ashamed of himself for forgetting the man's name. The face seemed familiar, and the greeting was so hearty and gentlemanly that papa set his wits to work to recall the name or profession.

"The stranger spoke of a new picture which papa had recently bought, and praised papa's article which appeared in one of the recent magazines.

"Of course that pleased him, and he insisted upon the stranger calling soon to see a still later addition to his art gallery. The young man was delighted, and promised to come. They shook hands, and the young man turned round the corner. The old woman meantime had put the apples in a paper bag, and papa fumbled in his pocket after the money to pay for them. He reached out his hand for the bonds.

"They were gone!

"Imagine papa's face! Although it was such a serious loss, I could not help laughing outright when papa told me. I just saw the blank expression on his face, the child-like, perplexed look that must have spread over his features. I couldn't help it, girls—indeed I couldn't. It was awful in me, I know, and papa looked black as night, yet—"

Here Miss Esther was again assailed with a question:

"What did your father do?"

"Do? Why, he shouted for a policeman, and they ran around the corner after the thief. Of course, there was nobody in sight that looked like the man; I expect he was miles away!"

Another avalanche of interrogations followed, some relevant and others quite the contrary.

The only other notable fact adduced was that General Morgan had placed the matter in the hands of experienced detectives.

MADAME DALTON'S STATEMENT.

"I was the principal of the Lavender Institute, the most select ladies' college in the city. Its charges were proportionately high.

"Admission to the Lavender institute was almost the equivalent of a patent of nobility. I tolerated nothing common or shabby. The Lavender was the par excellence of educational institutions.

"About three o'clock, on the afternoon of the twentieth of November, Sarah, the maid who answered the door-bell (I allowed no men about Lavender Institute), announced the presence of a gentleman in the parlor to see me on business.

"I went down, and a person introduced himself as Paul Belot.

"Somehow he gave me the impression of one unused to refined society, nor did it appear that he was altogether at home in his shining black suit of broadcloth.

"He proceeded, very abruptly, to ask if there was a vacancy in the Lavender Institute.

"I was not prepared to answer this question until I knew with whom he proposed to fill the vacancy, should one exist.

"Thereupon, M. Belot presented to my attention a letter of instructions from Count Le Maury, dated in Paris, some time previous, ordering M. Belot to select a school of the very highest order in New York city, and to place Estelle Le Maury therein.

"Money was no object, the latter stated; the main consideration being to secure a school where Mademoiselle Le Maury should meet none but ladies of the very highest respectability and family.

"M. Belot was also specially instructed that the young lady should receive no visitors but M. Belot himself, and that for a few weeks her studies should be held in abeyance. In consequence of a recent bereavement it was not likely mademoiselle would care to devote her attention to books, her nervous system being severely wrenched by the blow.

"M. Belot explained that Madame the Countess Le Maury had but recently been taken to heaven, and that the young lady was suffering intense prostration.

"I confess I was considerably elated over the prospect of having a pupil of titled birth. I saw with what excellent effect the name of Count Le Maury would shine in the spring catalogue of the Lavender Institute, but the glow of satisfaction I experienced in that thought was considerably augmented when M. Belot handed me the amount of my charges in gold coin without a murmur.

"I say 'without a murmur,' because had I been dealing with an American or English gentleman (I had English patrons of aristocratic families) they would have demurred, perhaps, at the sum total, which I may frankly own was considerably in advance of the terms as set forth in my catalogue. But I well knew the additional care a nervous pupil must entail, therefore I deemed it but just that my increased anxiety and vigilance should have a representation in the account.

"It was quite early the next morning that a closed carriage drove up with M. Belot and my new pupil. The young lady, unfortunately, was suffering from a severe attack of toothache or neuralgia; the lower part of her face was bound up in several folds of cloth.

"She was tall and slender I could see, and possessed the most piercing black eyes I ever saw. Her clothing was of the richest, but with my preconceived ideas of French elegance, I was rather surprised to observe a lack of neatness and taste in her attire. I attributed this to the pain which Mademoiselle Estelle was enduring, however.

"M. Belot suggested that mademoiselle be shown her chamber at once, an idea she eagerly seconded.

"The count's man of business again urged upon me the necessity of allowing Mademoiselle Estelle the privilege of doing very much as she pleased, assuring me that such a policy would do more to restore her to composure than anything else.

"Mademoiselle may require some extra attention, or long for unusual articles of diet. To provide these, I hope madame will not hesitate to use this,' and he handed me ten golden sovereigns."

DETECTIVE DAN DAWSON'S STATEMENT.

"I never saw an old gent so cut up at 'being done' as General Morgan. When he came to me he was just bilin' over at the audacious rascal for presuming to swindle him. That seemed to affect him more than the loss of the bonds, which was a tidy pile. He must have a good many more of the same sort salted down, sure.

"Most gents, in such cases, are willing to compromise — 'compound the felony,' as the lawyers call it—providing they get back the bulk of the cash. But this old gent he was hot for catching the rascal. He would like to get the money well enough, but the man he must have.

"I explained to him that if he wanted the cash his best plan would be a compromise. I warned him, if he was bent on 'turning up the man and putting him in quod,' he stood a poor chance. You see, the great difficulty in all these confidence games is to prove the actual robbery. There was nobody there to swear they saw the money taken.

"I knew who it was as soon as the general described the person who had spoken to him at the apple-stand. It was 'Patter Brumpton'—his real name, I believe, is William Joyce.

"I did not think the case a difficult one, for I had seen Patter a day or two before, and knew where to look for him. He was an old offender, and one of the smartest thieves in the country.

"It was altogether likely Patter would not make any great efforts to hide, calculating that the case would take the usual course—that is, to get back the bulk of cash the victim would refuse to prosecute.

"Unfortunately for me, the general, who is a great swell and no end of a big gun in the fashionable world, got a-talking. He made known his sentiments in pretty vigorous language. The reporters 'gave it all away' in the newspapers. Patter, of course, got to hear this, and knew he had tackled a tartar, and at once 'sought cover.'

"Next to finding Patter himself, I wanted to know where his 'pals' were.

"Boston Dick had travelled with Patter Brumpton for many a year, and I learned that, on the morning of the

nineteenth, Boston Dick had been seen loitering in the neighborhood. It was certain, then, that the two had planned the job, and that Boston Dick knew where Patter had stowed himself.

"Had the general kept quiet, my course would have been clear. Boston Dick would have acted as go-between for the recovery of the bonds for a certain percentage, and I should have nabbed them both. I would have gone openly to contract for the delivery of the cash. That wouldn't do now, though. Only one thing could be done, and that was to shadow Boston Dick day and night, and thus get down to Patter.

"I found Boston Dick in a couple of days, and kept him under my eye right along.

"On Sunday afternoon he came out of his house dressed up in a shining suit of broadcloth; he took a cab and drove to the Lavender Institute. He entered and remained an hour. That beat me! Yet somehow I felt that there was a deep game a-going on. It was possible that Boston Dick had a daughter attending Lavender Institute; still, that was unlikely.

"I determined to pipe about the place myself, and accordingly put another man to shadow Boston Dick.

"I rigged myself up as a spruce young Irishman, having seen a neat little Irish girl about the Institute, and one upon whom I thought I could exercise my powers of blarney. She was the chambermaid, and I often had heard her singing in the yard back of the house, as well as noticed her standing at the gate which opened out upon the back street. I had several interviews with her, and succeeded in getting into her good graces.

"These interviews had mostly been at dusk, when work for the day was done, and she liked to amuse herself by standing at the half opened gate.

"I found out all about the inmates of the house, and learned that such a thing as a man was an unknown creature about Lavender Institute.

"I strolled by one morning, just in time to see my Irish lass, whose name was Annie McGlincy, emptying some water in the gutter. As the water came down the brick gully I noticed a little bunch of paper gliding along on the stream.

"My tongue was wagging along at high pressure, but my eyes were on the

look-out, too. With my cane I drew the paper to shore, and, turning abruptly to Annie, remarked:

"I thought you said there wasn't a man in the house."

"And neither is there," said she, saucily.

"Do any of the girls shave?" I inquired.

"Go 'long with you," she said, laughingly.

"Well," said I, "if that isn't a shaving paper I'll eat my boots," pointing to the rescued bit of paper.

"We both examined it more closely. There was no doubt about it. There was lather still on it, and little black specks of hair.

"In whose room does that bucket belong?"

"Sure, an' it's from the gurl's that's a dyin' with the neuraligy—The French lady's room."

"It required but a few more questions to give me the key.

"Patter Brumpton's slender figure, his clear complexion, but above all his ready wit and boldness enabled him to

plan and carry out the scheme of passing for a French girl. It was an exceedingly clever dodge, and a better hiding-place than Lavender Institute would have been hard to find.

"It is more than likely Patter would have escaped General Morgan's wrath had he been more careful with his shaving paper; for, of course, to keep up his complexion he must shave every day.

"There isn't much more to tell.

"It was plain sailing after this discovery. I swore out my warrant, and having quietly informed Madame Dalton of the character of her pupil, I went upstairs and arrested the young lady.

"I felt very sure I would find the bonds in her trunk, but did not until I broke it up with a hatchet. They were neatly stowed away between the double board which formed the back.

"There were five or six thousand dollars missing.

"The only suspicious articles found in the trunk were a flask of French brandy, a revolver, a bunch of skeleton keys, and Patter's unlucky razor."

The Old Story.

II STAND beside the window here
And gaze at John and May,
As hand in hand, unheeding aught,
They wend their wooing way;
And, oh! it brings me back the days,
Ere age had changed my view,
And every tale I heard or told
I still believed was new.

And as I stand and watch them here
It all comes back to me,
The shady walks, the loving talks,
In days that used to be.
There they go, walking slow, absorbed,
Just as we used to do,
It's an old, old tale he's telling, Kate,
But, ah, they think it new.

But can it be that I am wrong,
Have I grown crabbed with age?
Let me turn back life's closing book,
And view that older page.
I'm partly wrong, I'm partly right,
Love's story's old, 'tis true;
But though 'twas born in earth's first morn,
Love's self is ever new.

Go on, go on, my happy boy,
And read your brief romance;
Youth is the time for love and rhyme,
So do not lose your chance.
The joys that blessed my early days
I would not keep from you;
For soon you'll find the happy tale
Won't always seem so new.

We used to stroll, long years ago,
About the same old way;
You were a blushing maiden then,
And I a lover gay.
I told you how my heart was yours,
And that I'd prove it true,
'Twas an old, old tale I told you, Kate,
But, ah, we thought 'twas new.



On and Around the Farm

An Epitome of Expert Opinion and Interesting Facts Gathered
from Authoritative Sources.

General Notes.

Corn Fodder is excellent feed for horses, especially as a change of diet.

Spraying before the blossoms open is of the utmost importance to the raising of fruit.

The time to Dehorn a calf with any chemical dehorner is before the horns grow through the skin.

Sap should always be Strained before boiling, not only to take out the bark and leaves, but insects which often get in.

To Destroy Lice on hogs, wash the animals all over with crude petroleum and the next day give them a thorough washing with warm water and soap.

Milk Signs In Dairy Cows.—The appearance and form of the udder is an important point in selecting a milch cow. A large udder is not always an indication that the cow is a good milker. The skin of the udder should have the appearance of having been dusted over with bran and have a fatty feeling. It is generally conceded that the escutcheon is of no importance in selecting a dairy cow.

Fruit Buds and Twigs which are well developed and full of reserve material are best prepared to withstand very cold weather. Prof. Waugh finds that the drying out of fruit buds, if excessive, is disastrous. Some years the evaporation from the buds and twigs is greater than others. It is during such seasons that the loss is greatest from freezing. Twigs covered with lampblack seem to be well protected and open earlier than those not treated. Those covered with white-wash open latest.

Always Tie your Team when you go to town. It is cheaper than to buy a new harness and wagon.

Peaches should be Pruned just as the buds begin to swell, as at that time the fruit buds and leaf buds can easily be distinguished one from the other.

Careful Grooming should be looked after when horses are shedding their coats in spring. The friction of the curry comb stimulates the growth of new hair and aids in the quick shedding of the old.

First-Class Butter should not carry any more curd than can possibly be helped. Its presence renders deterioration more rapid. Salt is a good preservative, but the poorer grades must always be avoided, as they are detrimental to the keeping qualities of the butter as well as the flavor and appearance.

Poor Article Costs More.—It is costing the old-style dairyman more per pound to produce an inferior article than it is for others to obtain the highest-priced product. This follows in all kinds of business. In the production of butter and cheese, where all the modern appliances are used, the cost is less than where the old rule methods are employed.

Carbon Bisulphide is a liquid that is so volatile it quickly becomes a gas. This gas is deadly when inhaled. Hence it is great stuff for killing prairie dogs, woodchucks, skunks, etc., in their holes or vermin in buildings that can be tightly closed. Now its use as a fertilizer is suggested. Applications of carbon bisulphide increased to a marked degree the yield of oats, corn, potatoes and beets in European experiments, but why it should do so has not been explained.

Exercise should be given young horses at all times, but overdoing it is worse than no exercise.

**

Prune off all broken ends of roots before planting the trees, always cutting from the under side. When the root is thus smoothly cut it will callous over quickly.

**

When Inoculating Soil with nitrogen it is suggested that the bacteria cultures be mixed with finely cut leguminous hay and sown over the field after the first plants begin to appear. Where tests of this method have been made, the results were quite marked.

**

Care and Feed for Horses.—The stomach of horses and mules should not be overloaded. They should not be fed immediately before starting on a long journey, and mouldy corn should always be avoided. Feed three times a day each from a separate manger. The amount needed by each animal can only be determined by observation. Corn and oats mixed with plenty of good hay and fodder with an occasional bran mash will keep the animals in good condition.

**

Plowing Wet Ground.—When the up-turned furrow presents a slick, newly varnished like appearance it is a good indication that the plowing should be postponed a few days. If plowing land when wet is followed in a day or so by a heavy freeze, the damage is not so great as when it dries out and becomes almost as hard as a brick. This, of course, can only occur in clay or sticky soil. In no case does the gain in two or three days' time compensate for the injury done the land by plowing wet.

**

Working Earth Roads.—In sections where the highway is worked or filled in, either by the use of the grader or old dump scraper, the plowing should be done just as soon as the frost is out of the ground, turning the furrow toward the beaten path. This early plowing allows the sod to partly decay, and if plowed again a few days before placing in the road it will be in fine, mellow condition to handle in the easiest possible manner. Do not on any

account work the road by putting in more earth until settled weather arrives. In most sections this is after the middle of May. The use of a heavy field roller upon the newly filled-in earth is of a great advantage. Passing over two or three times is none too often.

**

In Choosing Hogs for Breeders have the dams rather loose and roomy and the sire as compact as compatible with good bone and constitution. The best way to feed breeding stock not intended for the show-yard is to give bone and muscle-producing foods, such as oats, barley, bran, grass and roots, with some corn. Feed liberally, but do not fatten them as for market. Breeding animals should be kept in good healthy growing condition, but not over fat. Animals for market should not only be kept growing but also fattening all the time to their utmost capacity. Use pure-bred sires by all means, and, if possible, have both sire and dam full bloods.

**

Improving an Exhausted Clay Loam.—Probably the best crop which you could sow for green manure on your exhausted field of a heavy clay loam, underlaid with hardpan, would be buckwheat. Sow this early in June and plow under in September in time to sow the land to winter rye or wheat, seeding with clover the following spring. The buckwheat will not add much of any plant food to the soil, but will be of great help in improving its mechanical condition, which is very important with some lands. The land undoubtedly has enough potash, but is probably lacking in available phosphoric acid and nitrogen. A dressing of fine ground bone would be of benefit.

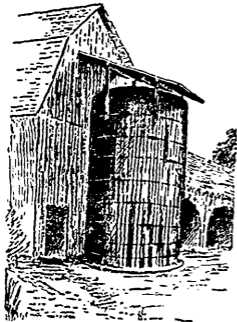
**

We are indebted to the Farm Implement News, of Chicago, for the illustrations showing plows in general use in the early years of the closing century which appear in connection with the article entitled "A Century's Progress in the Manufacture of Farm Implements." The *Farm Implement News* occupies a leading position among the implement journals of the United States and counts among its subscribers the principal implement dealers not only in the United States, but in Canada, Europe, Australia and South America.

Building a Stave Silo.

A ROUND silo 16 feet in diameter and 30 feet high has a nominal capacity of 135 tons. It is customary to deduct about one-fifth for settling. This leaves an actual capacity of 108 tons, assuming that a cubic foot of ensilage weighs 45 pounds. The formula for computing capacity is as follows: 16 by 16 by 0.7854 by 30 equals cubic feet, 6030, which multiplied by 45 equals 271,350 pounds, divided by 2000 equals 135 tons. Deduct

sired. The staves should be two inches thick and six inches wide. They need not be bevelled, but should be planed on the inside and brought to a uniform thickness. If there is no building to which the first staves can be staved, then it may be well to erect four or more posts, and to these attach brackets on which the scaffold boards may be laid. If there are at hand several old barrels, the staves may be used so as to assist materially in keeping the silo in form and together before it is hooped. Sometimes the staves are too crooked and have to be sawed in two. In any case



THE DOCTOR'S SILO.

one-fifth and it leaves an actual capacity of 108 tons.

The bottom of the silo should be about twenty feet in diameter and may be constructed by placing common field stone, ranging from eight to ten pounds down to gravel, the fine material being put on top. It is well to wet the stones pretty thoroughly; then mortar is spread on them and the whole is pounded down. Upon this grout foundation, which should be from eight to ten inches deep, mortar made of about three parts of sand to one of cement should be spread over the surface to a depth of about one inch. Before the mortar hardens, strike a circle as large as de-



THE POOR MAN'S SILO.

two rings of them should be nailed, one near the bottom the other near the top, with six-penny nails, on the inside. When the hoops are on, these are removed. It is not necessary to get staves as long as the height of the silo, as they may be spliced by simply butting the ends together, provided they are sawed off smooth and true.

The openings need not be more than twenty inches wide, but should be between two and three feet long. In building the silo, when that point is reached where the doors are to be placed, saw a stave nearly off and on a slant at the top and bottom of where each door is to be located. This will materially assist in sawing out the doors after the silo is hooped. The bevel of the ends

of the door should be cut so that the door will be placed in position when the silo is being filled from the inside. Before the doors are cut out, suitable battens, two for each door, and of the same shape as the outside of the silo, are secured to the pieces which are to form the door by means of three-eighths carriage bolts.

The hoops most commonly in use are shown in "The Doctor's Silo." The ones that are coming now into somewhat general use are shown in "The Poor Man's Silo." I understand that the manufacturers of wire fence are now making a woven wire hoop especially adapted to hooping siloes. It will be noticed in the picture that the web

of wire used was too wide, and had to be changed in order to bring the doors the right distance apart. After the foundation is laid, such a silo should be built by three men in about two days.

The silo may be built within the barn where it will need no cover, or it may be protected with a nearly flat board roof or with a lean-to roof, as shown in the illustrations. It will require a little ingenuity to scaffold and build these tall structures, if the builders have never previously erected one. But this is not serious, because any undertaking which requires careful study and planning results in mental improvement.—*Country Gentleman.*

Push the Calves Ahead.

THE calf makes the cow. If good cows are desired; or stock is to be improved, it is through the calves that it may be done most effectively and cheaply. The spring calves should not be confined to pasture, and this generally poor, but should be fed with unstinted generosity. The rule should be to feed the calves with the greatest liberality with the best food, and to push them ahead the first year of their life, and never relax the generous treatment until the old cow gives up business. The animal is the machine through which the food is changed from a cheap material to a much more valuable one.

Thus the milk feeding should be continued to the age of five or six months,

some dairymen say all through the cow's life. And doubtless this is true, for why should not the food that makes a good cow be still employed to sustain her? It has been proved by practice in many dairies that the skimmed milk makes fifty per cent. more return when fed to cows than by any other way of disposal. But it is certainly good for the calves, tending to give them a good strong frame, a well-developed digestive function, ability to dispose of much food to advantage and well-developed vital organs, thus building up an animal fully supplied with every faculty for making profit for her owner in her after life. But with the milk a generous allowance of grain food must be given.—HY. STEWART.

Farm Cheese Making.

I OFTEN wonder why farmers' wives do not make their own cheese, especially as this can be done without much trouble or expense. If the following directions are observed, a quality of cheese will be obtained equal to store cheese. If the supply of morning milk does not amount to the quantity needed, which should be about twelve gallons, then choose a cool period, so that the milk obtained the night before can be added without any danger of souring the morning's milk. Add the solution made by soaking a piece of rennet the size of your hand in nearly a pint of water for twenty-four hours previous to the time wanted for use. Stir all well together. Heat gradually in any vessel large enough. I

generally use a tin wash-boiler which holds twelve gallons, as this quantity makes a nice-sized cheese. Heat to 84 degrees Fahrenheit.

After coagulation takes place, cut the curd with a knife in small squares, to allow the whey to escape. If the whey is of a milky color, the milk was not warm enough when the rennet was added, or else there is a deficiency of rennet. The whey should be of a greenish cast, and nearly transparent, when the curd is thoroughly set. Now dip off all the whey possible before removing the curd. Have ready a square of cheese cloth, previously scalded, spread in a clean basket, which should be placed on a tub or other vessel large enough to hold the whey. A common

wash tub and clothes basket can be used, drying quickly after, since they are only used to strain off the whey. Dip the curd from the boiler, let drain awhile, then with the hands break the curd up fine, salt to taste, gather the ends of the cheese cloth up, shape until settled well in the centre of the cloth, lift carefully and place in a hoop, which should have been placed where it is intended to be put to press. A bench or the sink can be used. Fold the cloth evenly and place the cover or follower on top. Put on a weight sufficient to force the whey from the curd. A pail of water will answer for a few hours, changing to a heavier weight afterward. The cheese should remain in press about two days, being turned once in that time.

After taking from the press, set away to dry for a day or two, then grease well with melted butter rubbed on with a clean cloth. Turn every day and repeat the process for at least one week. Keep in a place secure from flies. I never use annatto or any coloring matter to simulate richness. In five or six weeks the cheese will be cured, and in flavor, at least, if not in color, will compare favorably with those turned from the factories or creameries. Rennet tablets can be procured at most drug stores, and have almost entirely superseded the use of rennet itself. Rennet can be purchased of butchers and should be cleansed, rolled in salt and dried; keep secure from flies.—A. C. McPHERSON.

Pigs Enrich a Dairy Farm.

THE object in keeping swine on the dairy farm is the making of manure. Where the dairy is an average sized one, and especially where there is milk the year around, the keeping of swine can be made fairly profitable. The farmer thus situated should keep one or more breeding sows, at least enough to raise a sufficient number of pigs for his own use. Have them ready for the market at six or eight months.

These are the kind most generally wanted, and to supply the demand it is necessary to keep the animals thrifty and growing from the first, and to secure the most profitable results it will be necessary to feed and care for them in the most approved manner. They must be kept warm and dry in cold weather and comfortable at all times. In winter this means good quarters and plenty of bedding. Where much milk or other liquid food is given, it will be

astonishing to see how soon the bedding will become saturated and require additions or change. This will require a large amount of material for the purpose, and it may seem to some that the manure thus made, containing so much of strawy material, would not be very valuable as a fertilizer, but experience proves that it is. The rations of the pigs should contain a proper amount of grain in addition to the skim milk if suitable growth and maturity are expected. Consequently this adds to the value of the manure made.

A common practice is to allow swine to work over the horse manure. Rightly managed, although it may contain much straw, or coarse material used for bedding, it will become thoroughly worked over and come out the best of fertilizers. But there should be enough of this material to keep the pigs busy and still not become too wet or muddy.—E. R. TOWLE.

1900 MAY 1900

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	THU	SAT
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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	--	--

1900 JUNE 1900

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	THU	SAT
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

...AT THE...

Editor's Desk

WITH the Dominion elections apparently within the area of possibilities of the near future, we venture to express the hope that politicians of both parties will remember that Canada and Canadian affairs are being watched pretty closely these days in all parts of the Empire, and in other lands as well, and that to raise the "loyalty" cry for party purposes will be to afford considerable amusement to our and Britain's rivals, who have by no means relished the exhibition of Imperial unity which recent events have called forth.

* * *

If the degrading habit of hurling wholesale charges of disloyalty is again indulged in, we shall have to accept one of two very humiliating positions, either that of giving the lie to the oft and loudly proclaimed declaration that we are an united people, a perfect unit in the aggregation of nations composing the British Empire, or that of forcing the rest of the world to the conclusion that party politics in Canada are a few degrees lower than in the United States. A man's loyalty affects, and is, in fact, part of, his personal honor, and as such should be sacred from attack, unless evidence of the most unimpeachable kind can be produced to substantiate the charge of disloyalty. While for a traitor to the flag that symbolizes our freedom and our strength there is no room within the arena of Canadian politics, there is ample space for men of different races and different shades of political

thought. Of such is the Parliament of Canada, and of such is Canada itself, and the least loyal of Canada's sons are those who would make the line of party demarcation not the broad principles of legitimate political issues, but the accident of birth, the difference of fatherland.

* * *

Notwithstanding the cosmopolitan complexion of the population, Canada has within her borders less disaffected people, or disloyalists, than any other country, including England herself. But we do seem to have—or, to have had in the past, let us hope—a larger number than any other country of politicians and would-be politicians of the long-eared variety, and their bray would prove a greater discord than ever if heard now in conjunction with the song of Imperial unity which we raise daily in chorus with the rest of the Empire.

* * *

IT has been once again demonstrated that no matter how well equipped an army may be in other respects, it cannot carry out successfully any forward movement unless adequate transport facilities exist. Other things being equal, facility of transportation means victory. This is true, however, not only in matters military, but in the struggle for supremacy in the fields of commerce and agriculture.

* * *

CANADA possesses a system of railway and steamboat transportation that will compare favorably with that of most countries, and to it is largely due the measure of success we have already scored in meeting our competitors in the

Transatlantic market. As we have more than once pointed out, however, the excellence of Canada's transportation system commences too far away from the base of supplies. To reach the freight depot or other point of shipment with a load of grain or other produce, generally entails greater cost than is incurred subsequently up to the time it reaches the foreign consumer, this anomaly being due to the fact that the roads between the farm and the shipping point are such in name only.

ROAD making in all ages has been recognized as a work of the greatest importance; with the Romans it was an art, and so faithfully did they prosecute it that in many parts of Europe old Roman roads are still to be seen.

Even the modern roads in out-of-the-way rural districts in the Old World are models compared with the average "road" over which half a load of produce is hauled by the Ontario farmer in double the time his European brother would haul a full load twice the distance. Not only does our farmer lose in the time wasted, but the wrenching and racking his wagon receives on the rut-ribbed township line reduces it to old iron and lumber before it has yielded a quarter of the return it ought to do. His horses, too, are ready for the tanner's attention at an age when under ordinary conditions they would be good for several years' valuable service.

It is one of the inconsistencies of Canada that while in so many spheres we are in the van in the adaptation of scientific discovery and modern inven-

tion to our daily needs, in others we have displayed a disregard for the requirements of common sense which would arouse the mirth and pity, if not the contempt, of the illiterate rustics of southern France and Italy, who, while they till their land by methods long ago discarded in Canada, send their laboriously-obtained produce to market over roads the duplication of which in Canada would make our farmers happier and richer men.

THE debate in the Dominion House on the 8th inst., arising out of Mr. Fisher's motion to authorize the Governor-in-Council to extend the arrangement for cold storage on the Atlantic service, was characterized by a good deal of party feeling and recrimination. That is not our concern, however. What does interest us, and pleases us immensely, is that the whole question of cold storage, and packing for the English market, was more or less thoroughly threshed out.

Let the politicians make a party question of cold storage if they will; that is, to the extent of belittling each other's interest in the project and carping at each other's methods of making it effective. This is not the highest order of politics, it is true, but it will have the effect of stimulating interest in the matter both within and without the House, and that is what is needed in order to arouse public opinion to the fact that cold storage and Canada's prosperity are well-nigh synonymous.

ONE point raised during the debate is particularly worthy of attention: Mr. Osler, member for Toronto West, stated that in Ontario he knew no attempt had been made to teach the people how to

pack for Atlantic shipment. We recognized the importance of this phase of the question when we took up the cudgels on behalf of municipal or township cold storage over two years ago, and pointed out that in our opinion the safest way to meet the tastes of the Old World consumers and buyers was for the farmers of different districts to co-operate and have the packing or canning, as the case might be, done by men experienced in this line of work. Not only would uniformity be ensured, giving an easily recognized individuality to Canadian packed produce, but this would be accomplished at much less expense to the individual farmer than if each essayed to prepare his own produce for shipment.

* * *

OUR suggestion of co-operation by the farmers for the erection and equipment of local cold storage establishments is, of course, only an alternative to the local governing bodies undertaking the work which, it has always been our contention, it is their duty to do. The Government of Ontario having recognized this, as we pointed out in our last issue, it will follow as a matter of course that the instruction of the farmer in the proper way of packing will engage the attention of the authorities.

* * *

THE Education Department has within the last year or two greatly increased the practical value of the public schools in agricultural interests by extending the curriculum so as to include special branches of study relating to the chemistry and other scientific phases of farming, a comprehensive grasp of which is only possible by a systematic course of instruction extending over two or three years at least.

This excellent policy, the fruits of which will cause a revolution in farming within the next decade, has entailed practically no extra expense on the

Department, but the necessity of instruction for the farmers in packing for the Transatlantic market is an immediate one and can only be met by an immediate outlay of money. The Province should not be afraid to invest this, for it will be amply repaid in the increased volume of exports and in the better prices that will be obtained when we can give the Old Country buyers and consumers our produce in the shape they prefer to have it.

* * *

ANOTHER measure of vital importance to the fruit growers of Canada has also been before the House: Sir Henry Joly's bill to regulate the size of apple barrels. To the English buyer a barrel of apples is a barrel of apples, and nothing more and nothing less, whether its capacity is 103 imperial quarts, which was the size of the Canadian barrel last year, or 96½ quarts, which is the size of the barrel used by apple packers in the United States.

Not to have reduced the barrel standard for Canada to the level of our competitors would simply have been to provide the latter with loaded dice, and our experience is that they are perfectly capable of looking after themselves in this respect without any assistance on our part.

* * *

A TORONTO boy of thirteen has shot his father. We will give the young patricide credit for his statement that he never intended to shoot, *but only to frighten his father*. Of course, one swallow does not make a summer, and this single instance of a parent falling a victim to a son's impatience at restraint does not indicate that Young Canada goes about armed with deadly weapons to enforce obedience upon parents when the latter dare to differ with their offspring. But the fact that is patent to every observer who has travelled outside the limits of Canada, is, that the average city boy of

Ontario is surpassed only by the young citizen of the United States in his assumption of what he imagines to be manliness, and which finds expression in substituting "the old man" and "the old woman" for "father" and "mother"; in indulging on street cars, steamboats and in other public places in loud-tongued discussions, freely sprinkled with blasphemy and profanity, of questions which have no place by right in the mind of the healthy school lad of fourteen or fifteen.

Deference to parental commands is regarded as a sign of namby-pambyism, while "smartness" is demonstrated by giving flippant answers to questions asked by elders; and if the questioner happens to be a stranger and from the country the answer is accompanied by some further evidence of skill in repartee of a decidedly personal character.

This may seem to some like so much bald statement, but evidence that we are not indulging in rabid denunciation is painfully conspicuous to all who care to use their eyes and ears. We do not wish to imply that the well-mannered lad who is not ashamed of his boyishness has no part in the boyhood of our cities, or that other countries have not their quota of cads in knickerbockers; the conclusion forced upon us by many years' observation is, that while in the Eastern Provinces and in the older countries of Europe boys as a rule recognize it is a good thing to be a boy—that they can still be happy and at the same time show respect to their parents and others—the tendency of the bulk of respectably clad boyhood in our cities is in the direction of—independence—save the mark!

THE primary cause does not lie with the lad, of course. He is warped at the outset by continually hearing of the merits of being rich and the advantage of getting the best of a deal. He is a trader, and a shrewd one, before he

knows his multiplication table. The fever of social aggrandizement which, funnily enough, pervades all classes to ten times the extent it does in older countries, fills many homes, the high and the humble, with an atmosphere of artificiality which is poison to boyhood and girlhood; indulging the craving which the fever engenders occupies the time which parents ought to devote to the companionship and training of their children, who are allowed to come and go very much as they please.

The desire for sensationalism, which in the case of adults is freely pandered to by a section of the press and pulpit, finds its solace in the younger generation in all kinds of pernicious literature, conspicuous among which is the dime novel of American authorship. What wonder that, when his boyhood ought to be the most vigorous and his appreciation of boyish pleasures and sports the most keen, in far too many instances the city boy of Ontario is a dyspeptic-looking youth, flippant and worse in speech, impatient of control and regarding respect for others as a symbol of servility?

Let the city authorities who keep a watchful eye for posters whose decency is of questionable quality, declare war on the importation and sale of that class of literature which never engendered a noble thought, but has helped many a lad to jail and worse.

Let parents realize that if they hope to see their sons manly men they must teach them to be boyish boys; that deference to proper authority is not degrading but ennobling. then may we hope to see the standard of city boyhood in Ontario raised above its present painfully low level.

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SOME DISTINGUISHED PATRONS OF
MASSEY-HARRIS

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT,

The late Duke of Argyll
Duke of Buccleugh and Queens-
berry
Duke of Devonshire
Duke of Grafton
Duke of Portland
Duke of Richmond and Gordon
Duke of Roxburgh
Duke of Westminster
Marquis of Conyngham
Marquis of Drougheda
Marquis of Lansdowne
Marquis of Londonderry
Marquis of Northampton
Marquis of Salisbury
Marquis of Waterford
Marquis of Winchester
Earl of Ancester
Earl Bathurst
Earl of Caledon
Earl of Camperdown
Earl of Carlisle

Earl of Cawdor
Earl of Courtown
Earl of Crawford and Balcarries
Earl of Dalhousie
Earl Derby
Earl of Ellesmere
Earl of Errol
Earl Fitzwilliam
Earl Grey
Earl of Kintore
Earl of Londesborough
Earl of Loudoun
Earl of Mansfield
Earl of Mar and Kellie
Earl of Morton
Earl Nelson
Earl of Northesk
Earl of St. Germans
Earl of Southesk
Earl of Stratheden
Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne
Earl of Tankerville



THE UNITED KINGDOM.
 IMPLEMENTS IN



WINDSOR HOME FARM.
 MUNDFORD (NORFOLK).
 BALMORAL.
 SUFFOLK.
 CROWN FARMS, BEDFORD.

Earl of Wemyss	Lord de Freyne
Viscount Halifax	Lord Grimthorpe
Viscount Hampden (Ex-Speaker of House of Commons)	Lord Lawrence
Viscountess Hood	Lord Louth
Viscount Middleton	Lord Middleton
Viscount Templeton	Lord Montague
Lord Amhurst of Hackney	Lord North
Lord Blantyre	Lord Palworth
Lord Carbery	Lord Peel of Sandy (Ex-Speaker of House of Commons)
Lord Carew	Lord de Ramsey
Lord Clonbrock	Lord Rayleigh
Lord Derwent	Lord Rookwood
Lord Egerton of Tatton	Lord Sherbourne
Lord Maurice Fitzgerald	Lord Wenlock
Lord Fitzhardinge	Lord Wantage, V.C.
Lord Forbes of Castle Forbes	Lady Gordon Cathcart

Rt. Hon. J. B. Balfour (Lord President of the Court of Sessions)

Rt. Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P.

Sir Matthew White-Ridley (Secretary of State for Home Affairs)

Sir Walter Gilbey, and very many others.

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AT DENTONIA PARK FARM.

The Milk Laboratory.

WE have already explained the properties of modified milk—that is, cow's milk which has been so treated as to endow it practically with its constituent elements of fat, milk sugar, and albumenoids changed to suit the digestion of infants and invalids. The milk laboratory at Den-



DENTONIA MILK LABORATORY,

Showing apparatus for modifying milk. This room is practically antiseptic, having tile side-walls, asphalt floor, glass table and shelves, and solid porcelain sink.

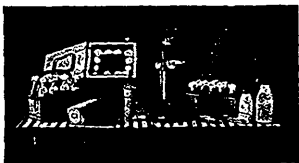
with the same properties as human milk. Herein lies the great and vital difference between modified milk and the various manufactured proprietary foods in which milk, chemically treated to preserve it, forms a constituent part. Modified milk is fresh milk

tonia is in charge of a graduate of the Dairy Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, who will be glad to answer questions and give information to visitors or by correspondence relative to the laboratory and its work.

Infant feeding in all its scientific forms absolutely demands a perfect milk for its basis, so that the same care should be exercised in the choice of milk for modifying as ought to be employed in the selection of a raw, whole milk for the table and the nursery. This caution is necessary because certain informed or mercenary persons in the Eastern States are advocating the use of "any milk so long as it is freshly milked" or any milk at all so long as it is "pasteurized" or "sterilized." No more dangerous advice can be given to mothers.

It is for these reasons that the physicians who know the most about infant feeding are so strongly of the opinion that the selection of a perfect milk is quite as important as the form of its modification.

But this is also certain, that the form of modification is equally important. It is as foolish to say that a perfect milk can be successful if wrongly or imperfectly modified, as to say that perfect modification will be successful with an unsafe milk, even if it be "fresh." The experience of the Walker-Gordon Laboratories, in feeding



MODIFYING MATERIALS.

No milk is suitable for modifying, or the nursery, that is not *quite* pure and safe. "Sterilizing" and "pasteurizing," so called, cannot make an old, impure milk valuable, but instead, it remains dangerous for infant feeding. It is now ascertained beyond question that the chemical poisons generated by certain bacteria are as potent after sterilizing them as before. Heat kills some bacteria, but it does not destroy the poisons generated by them. If milk is sterilized after the poisons have been generated, it is as dangerous as unsterilized milk may be.

many thousands of infants, absolutely proves that *a good milk and a good method must go together.*

In Laboratory modification—Modified Milk—it is believed that as great a degree of accuracy should exist as is found in the production of drugs or in the filling of prescriptions for medicines, and the method is based upon two things, namely, an accurate basis in milk and cream, and a mathematical and mechanical method that admits of no mistakes in the formula plans.

Orders for modified milk, however, require the prescription of a physician,

as the laboratory does not prescribe or advise in matters relating to infant-feeding.

Prescription-feeding, from the Walker-Gordon Laboratories, has been successful as a medicine diet of sick infants and children, but the chief uses of the Laboratories have been in the regular feeding of healthy infants from birth. The process is necessarily an expensive one, the cost of feeding an infant being considerably more than by any of the patent artificial foods, but the results

prove this method incomparably safer and better.

Modified milk will be delivered daily from the Dentonia Laboratory to any address within the city of Toronto, and may be safely shipped by express to distant places, and used for voyages and journeys. Of course all that has been previously said about the production of a safe and sanitary milk for table and nursery use applies with double force to the subject of the feeding of infants by prescription.

Rev. T. R. Hull.

THE link connecting the original of this photograph with the MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited, is a particularly interesting one. Fifty-three years ago, and eight years previous to his entrance to the Methodist ministry, Rev. T. R. Hull was employed in the foundry of the late Mr. Daniel Massey, father of the late Mr. Hart A. Massey, and grandfather of the present President of the MASSEY-HARRIS CO.

It was in the establishment of workshops by Mr. Daniel Massey at Newcastle in 1847 that the institution now supplying every continent with farm implements had its origin. The first "heat" of molten metal used in Mr. Massey's foundry was taken off by Mr. Hull. This in itself proclaims that Mr. Hull has arrived at a good old age. His life since the far-off days when he left the workshop to take up his chosen

work has been one of active effort on behalf of others, and we trust that there



REV. T. R. HULL.

are many years of usefulness yet in store for him.



SELECTED AND

EDITED

BY

MRS. JOHN HOLMES.

IN THE HOME

Correspondence is invited on all matters relating to the Home. Questions pertaining to any feature of domestic life, or of interest to women generally, will be readily answered, when possible, in this department.

Summing Up.

THESE are days when all goes smoothly,
Not a ripple on life's stream,
And 'tis easy to be noble—
Life is but a grand, sweet dream.

Then there comes a day of sadness,
Bitter darkness every where,
When the heart is worn and aching
With the burden it must bear.

Then a day of petty troubles,
Trifles here and there annoy;
Vexing words in anger spoken,
Rob my day of rightful joy.

Heart of mine, when at the sunset
You sum up your good and ill,
With a courage calm and truthful,
Say, "It is the Father's will."

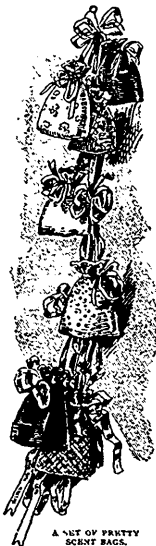
WINIFRED CARNEY.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR CLEVER NEEDLE-WORKERS.

THOSE who can wield the needle deftly and have some originality and taste need never be at a loss when they desire to offer a gift to a lady or gentleman, and nothing is so highly prized as the token of affection which the donor has herself manufactured.

A PRETTY SET OF TOILET MATS

suitable for a duchesse dressing-table is particularly acceptable, as the ready-made sets are rarely adapted to suit special requirements. If your friend's table has side shelves and a ledge above the jewel drawers, it will be wise to make one long mat reaching the entire length of the table, one shorter one to lay on the ledge, and square or round mats to the number of niches which require covering. In a bedroom where pink is the prevailing note of color, nothing could be prettier than a set in soft green linen patterned with trails of pale pink may. The art linen can be bought by the yard, and transfer designs pressed down with



A SET OF PRETTY SCENT BAGS.

a warm iron. Work the flowers in washing silks or flourishing thread, and edge each mat with snowy Mauresque or Valenciennes lace, laid on rather fully. In cutting the two long mats, rounded corners will give a smarter effect than the ordinary oblong shape.

AN OPERA-GLASS BAG

is a welcome gift for a young lady, and can often be manufactured from scraps of light materials left over from evening gowns. A small piece of heliotrope velvet would serve for the outer part of the bag, which might be lined with lily-of-the-valley leaf-green silk. Draw up the mouth of the bag with a twisted cord in heliotrope and green, and the work is completed. If elaboration is desired, the initials of the recipient might be embroidered in untarnishable gold thread on the front, or a spray of flowers painted on the velvet surface.

A CLOTHES-BRUSH HOLDER,

will be appreciated by most men for office use. Dainty materials and light hues would be out of place

in this utilitarian article, so let us choose some dull crimson art serge for a background, to be stiffened with a piece of mill board. Cut out two or three pockets to affix to the flat piece, making one baggy enough to hold a large clothes-brush, another the size for a soft hat brush, and a third big enough for a velvet pad. Work a



A SIMPLE NIGHT DRESS BAG.

small conventional design in silks of a bright hue on each pocket; the upper part of the holder might bear the words "Use me." the letters outlined in gold silk. Two broad ribbon loops will serve to fix this handy article against the office wall.

A SIDEBOARD CLOTH

may be suitably made from a strip of linen extracted from a sheet that is no longer strong enough throughout to be used on the bed. The strip of linen should be from fifty-four to sixty inches long; feather-stitch the hem on the right side with white flourishing thread, and edge all round with a strong thread-lace. Any one accomplished in drawn linen work should draw threads about half an inch above the hem and divide the strands into an effective pattern.

DIMINUTIVE SCENT BAGS,

to lay in the linen drawers, can be presented to ladies of all ages, and even to gentlemen who effect a rather exquisite toilette. These tiny satchets can be made for next to nothing, as in every household there are always scraps of silk, broche and satin, from various sources. Run up half a dozen tiny bags, each one different in color, and stuff

them tightly with a little cotton wool or wadding. Dust the wool thoroughly with any sweet-smelling sachet powder, the more lasting the odour the better, and tie the mouth of each little sach very tightly with bebe ribbon, a double of two colors looks charming. A pale pink brocade bag, for instance, might be tied with two strips of softest yellow and green; a mauve silk sach could have a bow of white and pink. Put a stitch in each bow to keep it in place, and take the ends—which should vary from a quarter to half a yard in length—and join them all together with a loop at the end; by this means the bags will dangle at different lengths from the strand on many colored ribbons.

A SIMPLE NIGHTDRESS BAG,

where there is no time to work an elaborate confection, can be prettily made with Madras muslin and sateen. Form the bag of pale blue sateen, and cover with a fine muslin of which the pattern is not too thick. Border the flap and the three sides of the nightdress bag with creamy lace, from one to two inches wide, put on rather full, and adorn the flap with a gay outspread bow of blue



A PRETTY SET OF TOILET MATS.

satin ribbon, whilst additional effect can be obtained by fastening four tiny clusters of forget-me-nots in the corners, each secured with a diminutive bow of blue and white satin ribbon.

Did space permit I could tell of endless variety of tasteful articles clever fingers can produce from the simplest and in many cases discarded materials, but I have given my readers plenty to do for the next few weeks.

SIMPLE RECIPES FOR TASTY DISHES.

VERMICELLI SOUP.—Method. Put two ounces of vermicelli, broken into short lengths, into a quart of gravy soup. Boil for twenty minutes, and stir now and again.

FRIED FISH.—Method: Cut any cold fish into slices with a fish knife, steep in a mixture of lemon juice, oil, pepper and salt for an hour or so. Dip in batter, and fry in deep, hot fat. Garnish with fried parsley.

WHITING WITH GENOESE SAUCE.—Method. Skin some small whiting, and fasten the tails in the jaws with a wooden skewer. Lay them on a buttered tin, cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

POTATO FRITTERS.—Method: Mash six large, mealy potatoes, add an ounce of butter, two well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and an ounce of flour. Form into balls, and fry in deep, hot fat. Serve with sifted sugar or sweet sauce.

CHEESE RAMEQUINS.—Method: Mix a teaspoonful of flour with two ounces of butter, two ounces of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two well-beaten eggs, and season with salt and cayenne. Fill ramequin cases with the mixture, and bake for about ten minutes.

FRENCH TART.—Method: Line a plate with short paste. Pound four ounces of ratafias in a basin with two ounces of sugar and two well-beaten eggs. Half fill the plate with the mixture, then put in a layer of apricot jam, then more of the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven.

CALF'S HEAD A LA MADEIRE.—Method. Boil half a calf's head in the usual way with a little celery, shallot, lemon-juice, herbs, pepper and salt. When tender remove the meat from the bones, cut it into two-inch pieces, and trim neatly. Make a pint of brown sauce; add to it a little glaze and a glass of Madeira. Drain the pieces of calf's head, and put them in a stew-pan with the sauce, a dozen cooked mushrooms, a dozen olives, and the tongue cut into slices. The brains should be boiled separately, tied in a muslin bag. Place a piece of fried bread in the centre of a dish, put the brains in the centre and the pieces of bread round, pour the sauce over all, and serve.

FISH AND POTATO BALLS.—Method. Shred some cooked fish, and to each teacupful of fish add two teacupfuls of mashed potatoes, an ounce of butter, pepper, salt, a grating of nutmeg and two eggs; work all together. Form into balls, flour well, and fry in deep, hot fat till a golden brown color. Serve on a d'oyley with a garnish of fried parsley. Hand round anchovy sauce with this dish.

RICE AND RHUBARB PUDDING.—Method. Wipe some rhubarb and cut it into pieces about an inch and a half long; stew till tender, with sugar. Wash an ounce and a half of Carolina rice, put it in an enamelled saucepan with three-quarters of a pint of milk, the rind of half a lemon, a dessertspoonful of castor sugar, and simmer till soft, add a well-beaten egg. Half fill a pie-dish with the stewed rhubarb, cover with the rice, and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

BRAISED LEG OF MUTTON.—Method. "Mutton braised is mutton praised," says the old proverb. To prepare it, slice different vegetables in suitable proportions, such as carrot, turnip, onion, celery, lettuce, etc., also a sprig each of marjoram, thyme, parsley, and a bay-leaf; put these in a braising-pan under the mutton, and pour in enough stock to come half-way up the meat. Cover very closely and stew till the meat is quite tender; then place it on a baking-tin and put it in the oven to brown, while the stock is reduced to a glaze to pour over it.

STEWED SWEETBREADS.—Method: Stew the sweetbreads in luke-warm water for two hours, changing the water frequently. Throw them into boiling water, and boil for three minutes; this makes them firm. Cool in cold water, dry and trim them, and put them on a plate under weights for an hour. Lard them with fat bacon. Put them in a stew-pan with a piece each of carrot, onion and turnip cut small; add veal stock to come half way up, cover with buttered paper and simmer for about an hour till the sweetbreads are tender. Then put them on a baking-tin in the oven to brown for a few minutes. Strain the stock and boil it to a glaze. Coat the sweetbreads with it, and serve on a border of mashed potatoes. Pour tomato sauce over them.

CHIT-CHAT.

A WOMAN TALKS TO WOMEN—A MOTHER SPEAKS TO MOTHERS.

Life's Mirror.

THESE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
 There are souls that are pure and true;
 Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
 And strength in your utmost needs.
 Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
 Their faith in your work and deeds.

Give truth and your gifts will be paid in kind,
 And song, a song will meet;
 And the smile which is sweet will surely find
 A smile which is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
 You will gather in flowers again
 The scattered seeds from your thought outborne
 Though the sowing seemed so vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
 'Tis just what we are, and do;
 Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best will come back to you.

THE Queen, like the rest of her subjects, has borrowed an umbrella in her time. On one occasion, the story goes, she and the Prince Consort wandered for some distance beyond the woods of Claremont, and were overtaken by a thunderstorm. They took shelter in the nearest cottage, and, seeing there was no likelihood of the storm abating, the Prince asked the old woman at the cottage if she would kindly lend them an umbrella. The old dame was quite unaware of the rank of her visitors, and had a rooted objection to trusting her precious gingham to the hands of strangers. She at first declined altogether to lend it. Finally, however, her objections were overcome. The old woman followed her visitors down to the garden gate, reiterating many times over that they were to be sure and let her have it back in an hour's time, or she would let them know the consequences. Well within the hour a footman arrived from Claremont bearing the precious gingham, with a message of thanks and a handsome gratuity from the Queen.

MAMMA: "Johnnie, you have been fighting. I can tell it by the look in your eye."

JOHNNIE: "Yes; but Ma, you should see the look in the other boy's eye!"

IF you would like to convert a plain deal table or any other similar article into a thing of beauty, try what ebonying it will do. First of all you

must clean the wood, and rub it down with sandpaper. Then sponge it with a pint of water to which you have added a teaspoonful of vitriol. When dry rub it down with sandpaper once more. It is then ready for the ebonying solution, which is made as follows: Boil half a pound of logwood in three quarters of water (using any old iron saucepan) until the liquid has been reduced by one-third. Then throw in a handful of walnut peelings. Continue to boil gently until the liquid is about half its original bulk, and lastly, add one pint of vinegar. Now take a brush or sponge, and apply good even coat of the mixture while still hot. When the surface is nearly, but not quite dry, apply another coat, and then a third. When the third coat is nearly dry, lay on a decoction of one green copperas dissolved in a pint of boiling water. A beautiful black will be the result.

JOHNNY (sobbing). "Does it really h-h-hurt you to whip me, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, my son, very much more than it hurts you."

JOHNNY (drying his eyes): "I'm so glad."

NEVER criticise the conduct of your children before strangers, either to praise or blame, for by doing you will injure their tender susceptibilities. Insist on unhesitating and strict obedience, but never let your rule become irksome by giving unnecessary and exasperating commands. Be firm but gentle, and when you have to punish

let the punishment fit the crime, and do not treat childish naughtiness as if it were a grave moral offence. Undue severity tends to make children secretive and untruthful, and to alienate their natural affection. A little love and a tender remonstrance will have a far better effect than harsh punishment. But while taking care not to be unduly exacting and severe, do not go to the other extreme and treat your children with weak indulgence. They are not mere playthings, and it is wicked to treat them as such. Therefore, when there is real cause for blame in them do not pass it over, but when necessary punish them for their faults, and in such a way that the punishment will be remembered, and the fault will not be repeated. Punishments should be few, but severe enough to be effective. Though our little ones claim all our attention, they must learn that we, not they, are rulers. Their turn will come in due time, and if ever they are to rule well they must first learn to obey.

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THERE are some unhappy persons who seem fated to go through life with a constitutional tendency to despondency. We all know and meet them daily, and they can always see a cloud where none exists. With most of these persons it is simply a matter of exercising the will. Anxiety about present trouble or prospective difficulties never brought any good to those who indulged in it. The successful ones in life are those who have been buoyant in spirit, and who resolutely refuse to allow the cares of life to unduly depress them. Instead of allowing the mind to brood over things that cannot be helped, it should be set to work upon the duties that lie nearest to it. Worrying about matters does not improve them in the slightest degree; on the contrary, it weakens the purpose,

robs the physical nature of its vitality, and leaves it totally unfit to cope with the obstacles that lie in our path. The most shocking mistake, and one that is unfortunately only too frequently made, is to meet troubles half-way. These will come soon enough; they do not want any encouragement, and very often when they do come they are not half so formidable as we imagined they would be. Anticipation in some cases is worse than the reality.

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THE table is the place to teach children self-control, thoughtfulness for others, the petty sacrifices that Emerson says makes good manners. The little three-year-old who is required to wait patiently her, turn on pain of being lifted down, is learning a valuable lesson, and the comfort of the whole family is enhanced incidentally while it is taught. To make this still more effective, each child—particularly the boys—should have some part in the serving to do, helping the butter, pouring the water, or similar tasks. Why should the boys, who need it so much more, be exempt from this discipline?

Children may and should be trained both in the repression of fault-finding about their food and the expression of appreciation. Nothing is more trying to a mother, hot and wearied with the preparation of a meal, than to have her one failure singled out as the object of comment. The rule should be Pleasant comments or none. And yet this negative teaching is not quite enough. It adds to the pleasure of life to know that our efforts are appreciated. The father who takes thought to say, "My dear, this is a very nicely cooked roast," is adding to his wife's happiness and is educating his children as well. A fault-finding husband will not be likely to go forth from that home.

Don't Worry.

DON'T worry, though above your head
The threatening storm clouds meet.
The rainbow, as of yore, shall spread
Its sign of promise sweet.
The flowers' bed when winter grey
Proclaimed again his cruel sway,
Yet early blossoms smile and say,
"Don't worry."

Don't worry, though the noontide find
Your footsteps faltering.
The morn's glad hopes left far behind—
The day its joy shall bring.
When sunset's radiant curtains fall,
Sleep's angel, ready at the call
Of night, shall whisper low to all,
"Don't worry."



SKELETON BREAKING PLOW.



WHEEL PLOW.

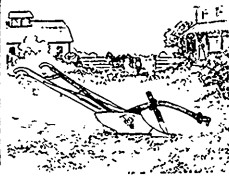
A CENTURY'S PROGRESS

IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FARM
IMPLEMENTS.

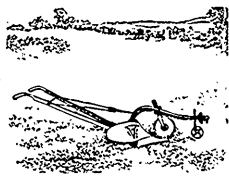
IT is our purpose in this and several subsequent issues of the MASSEY-HARRIS ILLUSTRATED to give a faithful representation of the progress of the century in the manufacture of Farm Implements.

To many agriculturists who have been blessed with great length of days some of the drawings will doubtless recall to mind types of implements which were very familiar to them in the days of childhood, and most, if not all, will recognize in other of the engravings the machines which have contributed so much to the success of their own pursuits.

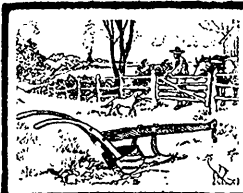
The illustrations have been especially prepared for this purpose, and we shall feel repaid for the expense and trouble



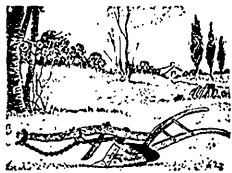
VERITY NO. 4 A. PLOW.



VERITY NEW 14 V. PLOW.



BULL PLOW, WOOD MOULDBOARD.

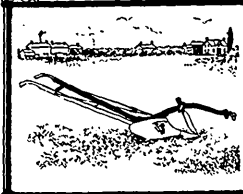


SMALL'S CHAIN DRAFT PLOW.

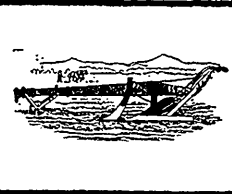
which have been incurred if the material does nothing else than provide interesting matter for our readers.

One of the most important features of successful farming in this generation is the wise selection of the implements that are used. Constant attention and observation have made the practical farmer of to-day familiar with the details of construction of the leading types of agricultural implements on the market, and he is largely guided by his own knowledge in the selection he makes of the machines to be used on his farm. Plows in use to-day can no longer be termed "experiments." It is not a question of "Can I procure a plow that will do thorough work?" but "Where can I procure the best plow that is manufactured in the world?"

The plow in most common use at the beginning of the century was known as the "Bull" Plow, with wooden mouldboard reinforced by iron straps and having an iron point, a cut of which appears at the top of the page. Newbold's Cast Iron Plow was a United States invention and was used



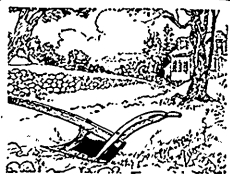
VERITY NO. 10 PLOW.



VERITY
NORTHWEST BRUSH-BREAKER.



OLD-TIME GANG PLOW.



NEWBOLD'S CAST-IRON PLOW.

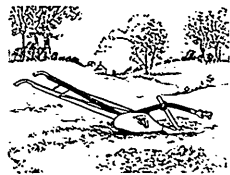
to a limited extent. The old-time gang plow was known as "Somerville's Double-Furrow Plow," on account of having been improved by Lord Somerville, along in the twenties. Such plows of various makes were used in Great Britain in the first quarter of the century or earlier, and also, undoubtedly, in this country and the United States, the British makers then supplying most of the machinery used by English-speaking peoples. The "Skeleton Breaker" was an English make, and Small's plows (Small was a Scotch plow-maker) of different styles had been distributed quite widely before the century opened.

Daniel Massey, who founded the business which grew into that of the Massey Company, began making some of the more crude and earlier styles of plows at Bondhead (Newcastle), Ontario, in 1847.

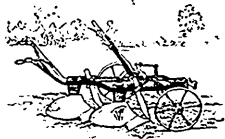
The Verity Plow Company's factory—cut of which appears on the next page—is certainly the most thoroughly equipped plow factory on this continent, if not in the world. The



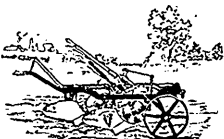
VERITY NO. 4
AUSTRALASIAN GANG PLOW.



VERITY NO. 21 PLOW.



VERITY IMPERIAL GANG PLOW
FITTED WITH KNIFE COULTERS.



VERITY IMPERIAL GANG PLOW
FITTED WITH ROLLING COULTERS.

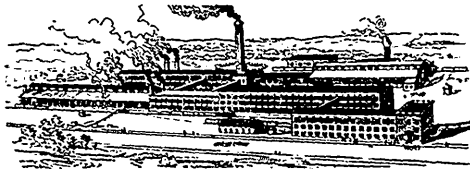
buildings aggregate 1,850 feet—over a third of a mile—in length, and possess every possible convenience and appliance for turning out the highest class of plows and scufflers. The factory has its own electric light plant and an elaborate system of fire protection. The steel plant is full of ingenious devices for the production of perfect mouldboards, points, plow beams, etc., by the fuel-oil process.

Massey-Harris Co., Limited, are the sole distributing and sales agents of Verity Plow Co., Limited, the world over.

Verity Plows and Scufflers are in great demand in Australia and New Zealand especially, as well as in Canada, and have won many trophies and prizes in field trials in the Antipodes.

Comparison of the accompanying cuts of ancient plows of varied manufacture with the product of Verity Plow Co., Limited, conveys but a faint idea of the strides of progress.

There is no greater manifestation of improvement in the manufacture of plows than the work of the Verity Plow Co., Limited, of Brantford, Canada.



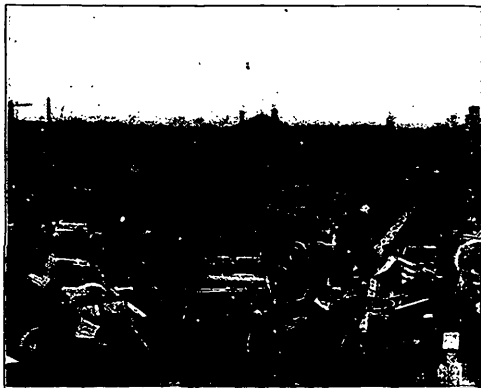
WORKS OF VERITY PLOW CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD,
WHERE THE CELEBRATED "VERITY" PLOWS ARE MADE.

GREAT DELIVERY OF FARM IMPLEMENTS TO THE
FARMERS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF YORK,
YORK COUNTY, ONTARIO.

THE farmers who shared in the proceedings of the delivery held on the 17th of April last, in East York, will not soon forget it. The accompanying illustration gives a slight idea of the number of wagons and other vehicles which lined up at the Massey-Harris works, King St. west, Toronto, and received their loads of machines. The procession left the works headed

certainly a novel one to the citizens of Toronto who saw the procession *en route*. Streamers on the wagons announced the occasion to be "Beldam's Delivery," and the large number of implements delivered spoke volumes for the energy and zeal of the genial Scarborough agents, Mr. D. Beldam and his son Charles.

Mr. Alexander Baird presided over the



by the Malvern Brass Band and proceeded to the Norway House, where the farmers, to the number of 200, sat down to a liberal repast. Teams creditable to any horse show were characteristic of the turnouts, and flags of all countries where Massey-Harris machines are sold decked the several rigs. It is reported that there were eighty-two wagons in line altogether, and the spectacle was

gathered at dinner, and with him at the table were R. Harmer, Manager of the Ontario Branch of the Company; W. S. Wisner, of Brantford; W. F. Maclean, M.P.; W. Greig, General Agent of the Company for that district; D. Beldam & Son, Local Agents, Scarborough; R. J. Bull, of Weston; T. A. Greig, of Pickering; C. Smith, of York; also Reeve Kennedy, of Scarborough; S. Hood, D. Brown, S. Little.

The Horse in War.

THIRTY months ago we were told that as a factor in war the horse had passed into history. The long-range machine guns and the repeating rifles of tremendous powers of penetration would mow down the flower of any cavalry service, while for courier work the bicycle had taken his place. Detachments of United States soldiers were sent scurrying on bicycles through the West over mountain and plain in incredible short spaces of time, and when they arrived fit and well at their destinations the most vivid pen pictures were drawn of the poor dead horses that would then have been lining the roads had the trip been attempted on them. Some ingenious military students mounted a machine-gun on a small autocar and whirled it here and there on a level field with such bewildering rapidity that there was nothing left to do but to assign the poor old horse a corner in the lumber room of oblivion so far as war was concerned, and let him stay there—a glorious memory.

War between the United States and Spain broke out. There was no use taking horses to Cuba—the place for the horse in war was no more. The "Rough-riders" were dismounted and took their medicine afoot. The Philippine Islands passed into the possession of the United States, and in taking up the white man's burden our Government saw no reason why horses in any numbers should be sent either to Gen. Merritt or to Gen. Otis—there was no place for the horse in modern war. Then came the war between the British and the Boers. Britain moved across the sea the greatest army of invasion ever placed on transports, but only a very few horses were sent—of what use was the horse in war? How has the question been answered?

For weeks the lion grim and determined lay tangled in the meshes of the net the horses of the Boers wove around him. Not all the glorious valor of the Highlanders could avail against the foe who fought, and moved as quickly as his horses could carry his men over a country so broken and under a sun so hot that the very natural difficulties overcame hosts without a shot being fired. Then came the change. Britain mounted her troops—put on horseback thousands of men who had been serving on foot—got a move on its forces, so to speak, and we all know what followed. Without the mounting of the troops the war in South Africa would still be in its tentative stages. Time was when cavalry was used to break the infantry squares, but that time has passed. Now the horse is used in war for transporting men from place to place, and so great has become the necessity for immense numbers of horses that every military Government in the world sees that to place its army on the proper footing for service in the field it must have thousands more horses than were ever before thought necessary. Not one word has been heard of the bicycle—not one of the automobile, since Briton and Boer clashed arms in South Africa, but every day the cry is for more horses for the conquering troops, and if additional testimony is required by any one as to the foremost place the horse takes in war he can find it in the cablegram sent by Lord Roberts to his Government in which he congratulates himself that "the forage train was promptly on the scene and one hour afterwards the sustenance stores were available." It is safe to say that whenever a war cloud no bigger than the proverbial man's hand appears on the world's horizon we who have horses always to sell will feel that the lessons taught have been well learned.—*U. S. Exchange.*

Still Waters.

HERE, dreamily, with soft deceits,
The pool repeats
A summer sky; bright clouds that pass
On this brown glass;
Here imaged is the phantom moon
Of afternoon,
And a swift bird that dips its wing,
Home hastening.

Soon, yonder, where the path is laid
In hush of shade,
A glimmering gown, a dusky tress,
My sight will bless,
I'll lean above an olive cheek,
So cool and sleek,
And eyes where veiled reflections shine
Of love in mine.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS PERTAINING TO PROMINENT PEOPLE.

LORD ROBERTS has just completed his sixty-seventh year. Lord Roberts, or "Bobs," as he is spoken of by the "man in the street"—and a nickname of this kind is the surest proof of popularity—has had a distinguished career. He gained the Victoria Cross soon after he was twenty-five for distinguished gallantry during the Indian Mutiny, and has since proved himself to be not only a brave but an able soldier. His greatest feat was his splendid march from Cabul to Kandahar, which enabled him to defeat Ayoub Khan, and practically close the Afghan War. Few despatches relating to engagements in which he has been concerned have been complete without the mention of his name, and the manner in which he has acted up to his family motto, "By virtue and valour," has made him one of the heroes of the British people.

* *

IT is not widely known that M. Zola's early manhood witnessed a bitter struggle against poverty and deprivation. Until twenty he was a spoiled child; but on his father's death he and his mother began the battle of life in Paris. Of this dark time Zola himself says, "Often I went hungry for so long a time that it seemed as though I must die. I scarcely tasted meat from one month's end to another, and for two days I lived on three apples. Fire, even on the coldest night, was an undreamed-of luxury, and I was the happiest man in Paris when I could get a candle, by the light of which I might study at night."

* *

EDISON simply lives for his work. He spends most of his time at it—sometimes all night. He prefers the factory to his beautiful house and grounds. He eats simply to keep himself going—he does not care what it is, so long as it gives sustenance. Of all his inventions the phonograph gives him most pleasure. He cares little for personal appearance, and visitors almost invariably see him in his work-

ing suit of faded blue serge spotted with chemicals, his hands and nails stained with acids. He has a slouching gait. His eyes are sweet and tender, but every now and then throw out flashes singularly bright and expressive.

* *

NOT all the world knows that Mr Cecil Rhodes is a considerable landowner in the north of London. Lamb's Farm, in the parish of St. John, Hackney, comprising 142 acres, was acquired by Mr. Samuel Rhodes, the great-grandfather of the celebrated Colonial statesman, many years ago. Samuel Rhodes was a dairyman upon an extensive scale, and gained the sobriquet of "the Cowkeeper of Islington." But there came a change at the beginning of the century, for in 1820 the major portion of Lamb's Farm became an immense brickfield. Later on, under Mr. Cecil Rhodes' uncle, the land was laid out for building purposes, and Lamb's Farm about 1850 assumed pretty nearly its present shape as the Rhodes estate.

* *

THE wife of President Kruger is a magnificent cook. It is a well-known fact that she prepares many of the dishes which are placed upon the table, but it is not so well known that her services are much sought after by ladies living in Pretoria, with a view to gaining instruction in culinary art. Recently Mrs. Kruger, notwithstanding all the trials and troubles associated with the war, organized a series of cookery classes, and a lady who has just returned from South Africa states that the manner in which the wife of the President of the Transvaal conducts her classes is truly remarkable.

* *

THE Queen of Italy has probably the finest collection of the shoes of celebrities in the world. If any body has a pair of shoes or boots worn by any notable personage, and can correctly prove their "pedigree," they are sure to find a purchaser in Her Majesty.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL JOTTINGS.

A NEW YORK firm are making a pump for acids and chemicals of hard rubber in all its parts, mounted with iron, and worked by steam.

* *

THE PROPOSED Pan-American railroad from New York to Buenos Ayres, would be about 10,000 miles long, but nearly half is in existence. The cost of the rest would be about 30 millions sterling. The line would run from New York to Mexico, through Columbia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia to Buenos Ayres, but a branch would go to Brazil.

* *

"CERULLINE" is a new pigment discovered by Signor Ceruli, an Italian workman, which gives beautiful tints without oil or varnish, and is, perhaps, a long-lost secret of the ancient masters. The manufacture of it is kept a secret as yet. It was recently brought before the French artists by M. Girard, Preparator to the Faculty of Sciences, Paris.

* *

A CASE of hysterical hemiplegia in a married woman of 28, which arose from a quarrel with her husband, was recently cured by hypnotic suggestion, and studied by the chronophotograph. The movements of her arms, hands, and legs were crippled. A full account of the case, with illustrations of the halting walk of the patient, while the cure was in progress, are given in the *Comptes Rendus*.

* *

MR R. W. WOOD, of the University of Wisconsin, thinks that the action of an intense light, such as a flash of lighting on a photographic plate for a very brief space of time, decreases its sensitiveness to light. On the other hand, exposure of a plate to a dim light for a moment or two appears to increase the sensibility by doing the small amount of work necessary before any change can be effected that will respond to the developer.

* *

EFFECTS OF ANTARCTIC NIGHT.—Dr. F. A. Cook, describing the effects of the long Antarctic night on the human body and mind, says that on the exploring ship *Belgica*, as the cold night lengthened, all became pale "with a kind of greenish hue." The heart grew

feeble in its action. The men were incapable of concentrated attention, or of prolonged thought. One sailor was driven to the verge of insanity, but when the returning sun began to appear above the horizon he recovered.

* *

IT IS WORTHY OF remark that China, Japan, Russia, and Siberia are supplying the material for building the bridges required on the Eastern Railway of China; 200,000 Chinese are engaged in the work, which is being carried out at four different points. Two tunnels have still to be built. At this moment 460 miles of the line have been laid, and 60 locomotives and 1,200 ballast wagons are at work on the completed portion. It is announced that the railway will be thrown open for traffic throughout its entire length during the summer of 1902.

* *

ANTI-TYPHOID INOCULATIONS.—Professor A. E. Wright describes in the "*Lancet*" the statistical results of the anti-typhoid inoculations made by him among British troops at a series of military stations in India. It appears that altogether 11,295 men were under observation, of whom 2,835 had been inoculated and 8,460 had not. The percentage of cases of typhoid fever amongst the uninoculated was 2.5, and amongst the inoculated 0.95, a difference sufficiently great to warrant further extensive trials taking place. With regard to the mortality the results are not so marked. Amongst the uninoculated the percentage of deaths was 0.34, and amongst the inoculated 0.2. A certain measure of protection seems thus to have been conferred by the inoculation of the quantities of dead typhoid culture, and when Prof. Wright's remarks on the conditions under which the inoculations were carried out are considered this conviction becomes intensified. For instance, the inoculated men were, taken as a whole, men who were much more liable to contract typhoid fever than the uninoculated men, for the inoculated consisted to a large extent of young men who had only recently arrived in India, while the uninoculated consisted mainly of older and more seasoned—in other words, of less susceptible—individuals.



"I love God and little children."—JEAN PAUL

Birds Warn a Vessel.

CAPTAIN HENRIKSEN, of the Norwegian steamer *Panan*, on reaching Philadelphia after a recent voyage, told a reporter of a Philadelphia exchange the following remarkable story

We loaded coal at Cape Breton, one of the wildest and most inhospitable spots in North America, and on January 24th weighed anchor and steamed slowly out to sea in the face of weather conditions which, to say the least, were alarming. That night the gale increased in fury until it blew at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Its direction changed also, to make matters worse, and blew on shore. This part of the Atlantic coast has been but imperfectly surveyed, and almost as soon as night closed in we were in doubt as to our exact location. The lead was cast for several hours and varying depths were recorded. Toward eight bells we were in seventy fathoms, with ample room under the keel, and as we seemed to be off the shoals, the speed was increased.

"While moving along at an eight-knot speed on a course west by southwest, and with the assurance that the land was no more to oppose us, the man on the lookout forward suddenly heard a confusion of sounds resembling

the humming of millions of bees. The headway of the vessel was at once checked, and then the noise resolved itself into the voices of birds.

"It was an immense volume of chirping and rustling of wings, which could be heard distinctly above the roar of the storm. In the succeeding moments of fear and doubt, the *Panan* was allowed to drift, while we sought anxiously to pierce the intense gloom of the night. Then the motion became easier and the anchor was dropped.

"When morning broke, an astonishing spectacle greeted us. Scarcely a quarter of a mile away was an immense towering rock, which, had the vessel struck it, would have dashed her to fragments in an instant. Stranger than all, the vast granite pile was inhabited by myriads of white birds, which reposed on its barren pinnacles and fluttered about the lonely apex. It was their warning cries, resounding through the night, which had saved the steamer."

One of the sailors would have tried a shot at them, but the captain would not permit it, simply as a matter of sentiment. He recognized the birds as of a species which frequent the rocky Newfoundland headlands in great numbers during the winter season.

Grandpa Learns the Bike.

I DON'T see the cause of all this awkwardness," said Grandpa Dubbins, who had lived in the country in earlier years; "the rising generation seems to require more time and practice to learn to ride a bicycle than a Chinaman would want to learn to dance a hornpipe."

Johnny. "But it's hard work, grandpa."

"Hard fiddlesticks! Did you ever see anybody break in colts?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I used to go into the field where the colts were playing, catch 'em, bridle and ride 'em!"

"Was it difficult?"

"Well, I should say it was. They would plunge, kick, bite, rear, and roll yet you had to stick on. It was the only thing to do!"

"P'r'aps it wasn't as hard as learnin to ride a bike."

"Don't talk to me, you young jack anapes! Why, boy, a colt is a living, thinking, reasoning animal; while your bicycle is an inanimate thing at best!"

"Did you ever try to ride one, grandpa?"

"No, indeed. Why should I waste time on such nonsense? But it's just

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like riding a colt, I s'pose—you jump right on and stay there, no matter what happens."

"Here, grandpa, try my bike"

"Oh, well, if it'll please you. As I observe, you just put your foot in the stirrup, same as mounting a colt—so! Then you l-leap on its b-back—s-so, and I'm off—I mean—I-I-I'm on—see?"

"Pretty good start, grandpa; go on."

"Knew I could do it. Now you (wow) just k-k-keep your b-b-balance (pshaw!) and go on with the (wow!) came pretty near going that time) motion of the w-wheel, see? Ah-ah-o-o-h! Thought I couldn't (pshaw!) do it after —aft—af—eh-eh—(Look out there!) this is, this—this is fun (pshaw!) for a

man who has broken colts—colts—col — Ha, ha! thought your grandpa was a novice, a tyro, an old noodle, did you? Show you young fellows s-s-someth-th-thing after awhile 'bout riding—(Ah! Oh! Eh-ch-eh! Hold on! Hold on! Hold on—help! Hel—agh! Owoo! Oh-o-o! Oh-o-o! ??! * * * *")

"Grandpa, are you killed?"

"Wh-what? Wh-where am I?"

"You were riding my bike, and you're badly hurt, grandpa."

"Hurt, you young scoundrel! Why, I haven't a whole bone in my body. Don't grin in that insane fashion, boy. You'd better keep out of my way if you don't want a thorough good caning."

Then Johnny carried his machine into the coach-house, and laughed.

"Why are they called pyramids, pa?" asked George, who was looking at a picture of one of those wonders of Egypt.

"They are called pyramids, my son," replied the father, without hesitation, "because, you see, they appear amid the general desolation of the desert."

FEATHERSTONE: "What keeps your sister so long, Willie?"

Her Awful Little Brother: "She's putting on the finest clothes she has."

Featherstone: "What's that for?"

Her Awful Little Brother: "She said she was going to land you to-night if it could be done."

Good Fortune.

THE following story is classed under "True Animal Stories," but is really a fish story:

Not long ago a hawk caught a fish in Long Island Sound, but while flying with it to the woods to devour it at leisure, the fish floundered from the hawk's hold and dropped into a farmer's yard, where a big mastiff was sitting.

The dog caught the fish as it came down, and the hawk swooped after it, but the dog turned and ran into the house, placing his trophy, yet alive, at the feet of his mistress.

It proved to be a large bluefish, and it was served up that night to an appreciative family. The dog ever since has been seen to sit in the same place at the same time, evidently impressed with the belief that his good fortune may be repeated.

Queer Names for Children.

THOUSANDS of people go through life cherishing a "grudge" against their parents for giving them absurd or incongruous names. The *London Chronicle* has collected several instances where there seems to be ground for a legitimate grievance.

It is little wonder that a demure and pretty girl in a north London suburb feels resentful when she has to answer to the name of Busybody, given to her in honor of the winner of a race, fifteen years ago, and among the names registered at Somerset House in 1898 are Airs and Graces and Nun Nicer, which are innocently borne by two little girls who may find them embarrassing fifteen years hence.

The appalling name of Wellington Wolseley Roberts is borne by a young

man who, in disposition and appearance, is anything but militant, and as little likely to win fame on the battle field as his predecessors, Arthur Wellesley Wellington Waterloo Cox and Napoleon the Great Eagar.

Even these names, inappropriate as they may be, are to be preferred to Roger the Ass, Anna Domini Davies and Boadicea Basher.

To parents of large families the advent of another child is not always welcome, but it is scarcely kind to make the unexpected child bear a token of disapproval. It must be rather terrible to go through life, for example, as Not Wanted James, What Another, Only Fancy William Brown, or even as Still Another Hewitt. And yet these are all names which the foolish caprice of parents has imposed on innocent children.



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GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Wise and Otherwise

SHE: "Which figure in the quadrille did you like best?"

HE: "Yours, dear."

"WHAT time of night was it you saw the prisoner in your room?" asked the defendant's solicitor in a recent suit.

"About three o'clock."

"Was there any light in the room at the time?"

"No, sir, it was quite dark."

"Could you see your husband at your side?"

"No, sir."

"Then, madam," said the attorney, triumphantly, "please explain how you could see the prisoner and could not see your husband."

"My husband was at the club, sir."

FOND FATHER: "If that boy of mine has any particular bent, I can't find it."

PHILOSOPHER: "What experiments have you made to find out?"

"Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things, carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial, or what, and I know no more than I did before."

"What did he do with them?"

"Smashed them all up."

"Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture-remover."

CUSTOMER: "That was a splendid insect powder you sold me the other day, Mr. Oilman."

MR. OILMAN (with justifiable pride): "Yes, I think it pretty good—the best in the trade."

CUSTOMER: "I'll take another couple of pounds of it, please."

MR. OILMAN: "Two pounds?"

CUSTOMER: "Yes, please. I gave the quarter of a pound that I bought before to a black beetle, and it made him so ill that I think if I keep up the treatment for about a week I may manage to kill him."

"You are the light of my life," she said to him as she whispered "Good night" at the front door.

"Put out the light," growled the father at the head of the stairs, and the front door slammed.

JUDGE (to prisoner): "You say you took the ham because you are out of work and your family is starving, and yet I understand that you have four dogs about the house?"

PRISONER: "Yes, your honor, but I wouldn't ask my family to eat dogs, your honor."

SCENE—Editor's sanctum. Printer frisking in excitedly: "Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the Government has telegraphed a pardon! We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the form is on the press."

Editor (coolly): "Don't get excited, man. Just put over the account in large capitals. Johnson pardoned. Full account of what he escaped!"

MRS. KNACKLY: "What are you looking so pleased about, dear?"

MRS. FRYLEIGH: "Oh, I've had a bad shock. Such a dreadful scandal about our neighbors. Isn't it distressing?"

COLLECTOR: "This is the fifth time, sir, I've brought you this bill."

CUSTOMER: "Well, haven't I always received you affably?"

COLLECTOR: "I don't want affability, sir, I want cash."

"HAVE you something to 'elp a poor man on his way, muni?" asked Hungry Henry.

"Certainly," replied the woman, as she whistled for the dog.

"My proudest boast," declared the lecturer, who expected his statement to be greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns!"

"How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.

BRIGGS: "I didn't know that you were near-sighted."

GRIFFS: "Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday!"

In a case of slander that was heard not long ago, a lady had gone into the witness box on behalf of the plaintiff whose counsel was examining her.

"Now, madam," the lawyer began, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them."

"Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic answer.

Then, said the examiner, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."

The Broken Heart of Edwin.

A BALLAD THAT TAKES A WEEK TO TELL.

It is, in truth, a simple tale,
How Edwin was undone,
He loved Selma, and he said
Of life she was his Sun.

O fickle maid! that could the heart
Of youth beguile and gammon;
You pledged your fealty unto him,
The while you worshipped Mam— Mon

When Edwin heard that you were false
He cried shame on the news;
He scorned the gossip of the town
Oh, lovers are ob— Tue

Until the fatal day came, when
Selma's self was led
Adown the aisle to altar, and
To some old rich man Wed

Then all too late he knew his fate;
His sisters and his brothers
They tried to comfort him, but, no,
He cried, "She is ano— Thurs."

He wanders to the river's brink
"Come back, come back!" they cry:
"Come, eat, drink, dance, forget!" Alas,
He'd other fish to Fri

All in the wet and watery stream
True love dropped like a rat,
Two days and twelve good men and true
Upon his corpus Sat.

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