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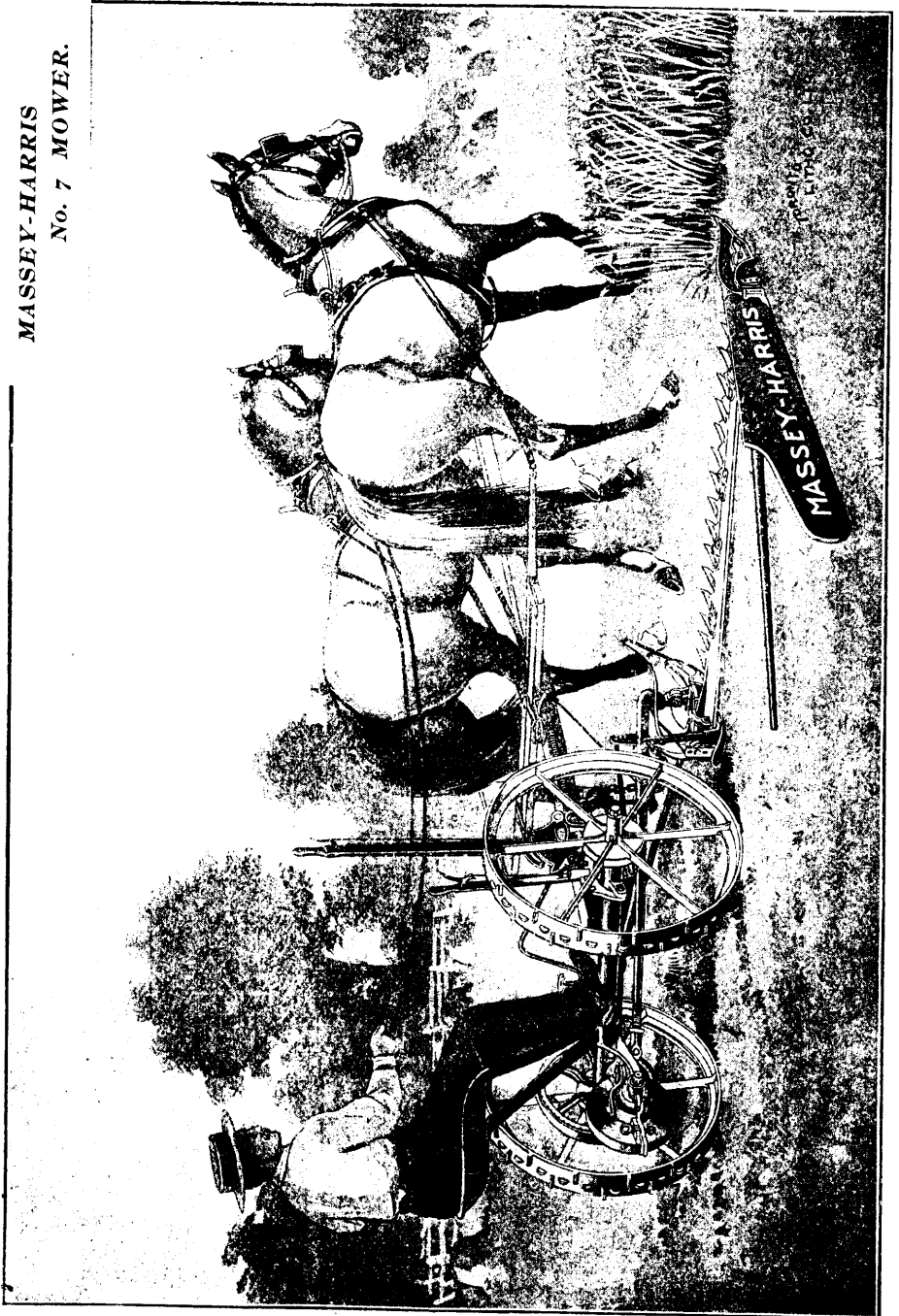
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WITH the attention of well nigh the whole universe focussed on the battle fields of South

days deal with war scenes and matters pertaining thereto.

In our initial illustration is depicted



[*Illus. London News.*

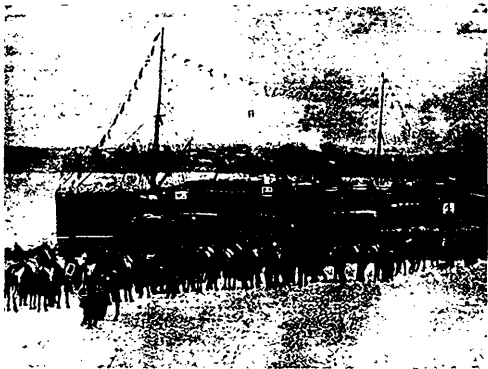
FREEMEN FOR THE FRONT CONFERRING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON ON THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS AT GUILDHALL, LONDON

Africa the major part of the illustrations produced by special artists these

a remarkable scene the freedom of the City which is the capital of the Empire

being conferred on the City of London Imperial Volunteers. This is the highest honor an old country city can bestow upon man or woman. This war has, in all parts of the Empire, given the lie to the old sneer that the Volunteers were merely play soldiers and Saturday afternoon holiday picnickers. We believe we are justified in saying that every volunteer corps of white men within the Empire has contributed its quota of men at the front. Our own countrymen have done well in this regard, and since our last issue a long list of Canadians killed and wounded has

behind the Naval Battery. The middies had brought a sucking-pig in a barrel and placed it behind the battery. A shell burst under the barrel, throwing it high in the air, and the pig was blown out. He came to the ground squealing terribly, and was so badly injured that he had to be killed." Of the fatality following the same gentleman writes: "The shell came through the Royal Hotel when correspondents and officers were at dinner. It entered by the roof and passed out by the front door, where it burst, taking off the legs of Dr Stark, the naturalist, who died two



Harper's Weekly.

EMBARKATION AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, OF THE SECOND CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

filled many a home with sorrow and has told the tale of gallant deeds done on behalf of the Empire.

Our second illustration depicts the departure of the second contingent from Halifax.

Two incidents relating to the long-maintained siege of Ladysmith furnish our two succeeding illustrations, both the product of the pencil of Mr. Geo. Lynch, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*. In his letter descriptive of the first incident, Mr. Lynch says: "A couple of days ago a shell thrown by Long Tom, the Boer 94-pounder on Pepworth's Hill, burst just

hours later. Three others were wounded."

That a war correspondent's life is not the one of comparative safety that many people imagine, is further demonstrated in our illustration on page 54 in which another correspondent of the *London News* is seen in decidedly uncomfortable proximity to a bursting shell.

The maintenance of communication between the forces at the front and the base of operations is the all-important factor in war to-day, and the part played by the field telegraph in this connection will be apparent to the most casual observer.

On page 55 are a series of interesting illustrations, shewing how the field telegraph is "laid."

be the capture of Johannesburg, the mining metropolis of the Transvaal, on fortifying which Kruger's Government

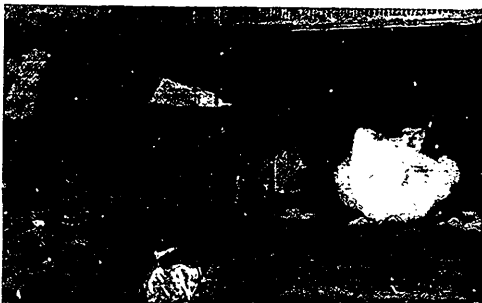


[*Illus. London News.*

AT LADYSMITH - HOW LONG TOM'S SHELL DISTURBED THE MIDDIES' SUCKING-FIG.

While British victories have followed each other of late in quick succession,

have spent fabulous sums. Our illustrations on page 56 are painfully sug-



[*Illus. London News.*

Dr. Stark.

BURSTING OF THE SHELL THAT PASSED THROUGH THE ROYAL HOTEL, LADYSMITH, AND KILLED DR. STARK.

and Bloemfontein is already ours, the hardest task of General Roberts will

gestive of the loss of life that will be entailed before our forces place the

Union Jack over the fort which is thus described by a military correspondent

"The fort is rectangular in shape with two bastions at opposing corners. On each bastion is mounted a 23 centimetre quick firing gun, with two flanking Maxims for enfilade fire. On the side looking toward Barnato Park are four small, quick firing guns. On the side towards Johannesburg is the entrance which traverses the rampart at an angle of 45 degrees. Right and left of this, within the court, are stables. Under the bastion on the right are barracks and a magazine, the corresponding

The scene to which we turn on page 57 is one well calculated to fill every true citizen of the American Republic with shame. The Republicans of Kentucky failed to carry the elections, and some loyal member of that party sought to prevent the installation of the successful Democratic Governor, Senator William Goebel, by the simple means of taking the latter's life. The dastardly act was perpetrated in the State House ground, Frankfort, Kentucky, on Jan. 30th.

In striking contrast were the closing scenes in the life of John Ruskin whose



Correspondents under fire. The enemy's shrapnel bursting over Mr. Nevison ("Daily Chronicle"), Melton Prior ("Illustrated London News"), and servant, when crossing a drift at Ladysmith. *(illus. London News.)*

position beneath the other bastion being occupied by officers' rooms and another magazine. Whether these elaborate preparations for the destruction of Johannesburg have been made in vain is at present a nice speculative point. It may be that when our forces appear before the Gold Reef City, Johannesburg of the 'nineties will be no more."

We close our pictorial references to the Transvaal with an illustration of the method in which the Boer slaughters his cattle for food. He does not use the pole axe, but has them driven in by the herdsman. He then selects the animal he wants and shoots it point blank with his rifle.

portrait furnishes our next illustration and who passed peacefully away in a little English village at the ripe old age of eighty-one.

The fear expressed a few years ago that the Bubonic plague might spread beyond Asia has been verified and it has made its appearance in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. In our illustration an interesting scene is depicted; the fire brigade disinfecting the Chinese and native quarters. *Harper's Weekly* says: The drastic measures taken to stamp out the bubonic plague in Honolulu have furnished some picturesque spectacles. The local fire department has been called out to destroy infected

tenements in the Asiatic and native Hawaiian quarters, and to confine the flames to the condemned buildings. Meanwhile the whole infected quarter

lence that heroic measures are justified. Out of twenty-two cases in Honolulu, up to January 9, there had not been a single recovery. All these victims,



THE WAR: FIELD TELEGRAPHY.

[*Illus. London News.*]

1. Fixing the Wire. 2. Paying Out the Wire. 3. Establishing Communications. 4. Running Out a Wire Wagon Ready to Pay Out.

is surrounded by an armed cordon of troops, and no one is permitted to enter or leave the quarter without a pass. The plague has shown such great viru-

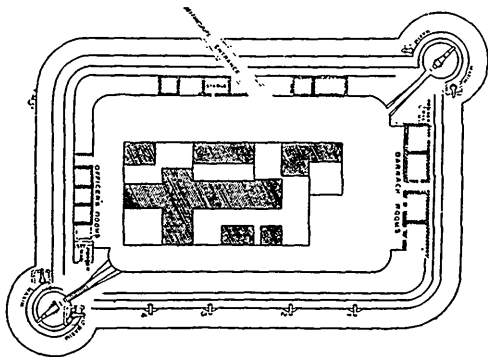
with one exception, were Chinese or natives, and the exception was a half-breed girl who lived on the edge of Chinatown. The Asiatic and Hawaiian

[*Illus. London News.*

THE INTERIOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG FORT, SHOWING THE 23-CENTIMETRE QUICK-FIRING GUN IN BASTION COMMANDING THE PRETORIA ROAD.

quarters have long been notorious for their unsanitary state, and as the bubonic plague is essentially a filth disease, it has found in that densely populated district the very conditions favorable to its spread. The Hawaiians,

with the East-Indians, are extremely suspicious of any foreign inspection of their homes, and they are very cunning in evading the vigilance of health officers. In these examinations of Hawaiian homes several bad cases of

[*Illus. London News.*

PLAN OF FORTRESS ON HOSPITAL HILL, JOHANNESBURG.

leprosy were discovered, the natives having a horror of Molokai Island, to United States, and then only after ten days' systematic quarantine. Thus



BOER METHOD OF KILLING CATTLE FOR FOOD.

[*Illus. London News.*]

which the law provides that all lepers must be sent. The furniture of many of the infected houses was burned, but the personal effects were removed to the two large camps near the town after they had been fumigated. In the observation camps, as they are called, barracks have been built by the government, and the hundreds of people removed will be cared for until all danger of infection is past. The plague has killed business in Honolulu, as no vessel can come up to the wharves, and all freight must be fumigated, and then be transported on lighters. Many tourists are virtual prisoners in Honolulu, as the law prohibits their departure, except to the

far the plague has not made its appearance on any of the big sugar-plantations, and it is hoped that the small army of Chinese and Japanese laborers may be saved from infection. Should the disease reach the island of Maui it would have a serious effect on the output of Hawaiian sugar.

We hark back to matters military to pay tribute to John Francis Dunne, the proud possessor of the bugle of which we present an illustration sufficiently large to allow the inscription to be read.



[*Harper's Weekly.*]

WILLIAM GOEBEL, MURDERED SENATOR OF KENTUCKY.

at last able to cross the Tugela River in the face of a most deadly fire, one of the

of the British forces at Colenso on Dec. 15th were



[Harper's Weekly.

FIGHTING THE SUBONIC PLAGUE IN THE CHINESE AND NATIVE QUARTERS, HONOLULU, H.I.

first to rush forward, although the soldiers tried to restrain him, was Dunne, a bugler, fifteen years old, in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Three Boers bit the dust as a result of the attention they received at the hands of the boy bugler, who, however, was severely wounded, and, what troubled him more, lost his bugle. He was sent home to England and while in the hospital was visited by the Princess Beatrice and other members of the Royal family who asked him what he would like the Queen to do for him. His reply was that he hoped Her Majesty

would send him back to the front. On March 5th the young hero was taken to

Osborne to the Queen. The *Illustrated London News* thus describes the incident.

"A boy of fifteen, dressed in khaki, he was ushered by Sir John McNeil into a small room, where sat Her Majesty near a table. He stood and bowed a little nervously; then the Queen told him to step forward, asked him about his wound and whether he liked the army—which he said he did—and finally presented him with a bugle to take the place of that which he lost at the



[*Illustrated London News.*

BUGLE PRESENTED TO BUGLER DUNNE BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



[Harper's Weekly.

THE SHOOTING OF STATE SENATOR WILLIAM GORBEL, IN THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS,
TUESDAY, JANUARY 30.

Tugela River. The new instrument is of one of the Irish regiments now at the silver-mounted; it has a green bugle-cord, the green front. It highly amused the lad's dear to a boy whose father was born in County Tipperary; and a silver plate attached to it bears the inscription: "Presented to Bugler John Francis Dunne, 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, by Queen Victoria, to replace the bugle lost by him on the field of battle at Colenso, on the 15th December, 1899, when he was wounded."

It is interesting to note that the soldier spirit is in young Dunne's blood, his father being also a member



JOHN RUSKIN. *[Photo: Barrand.*
Born February 24, 1819; Died January 19, 1900.

royal visitors when referring to the medal he was to receive he said: "You know it is to have three bars; my father has only two." On St. Patrick's day the troops paraded and Dunne was carried through the town on the shoulders of two burly soldiers and received an enthusiastic ovation all along the route.

We have received some interesting photographs from Mr. J. D. Patterson of peaceful scenes in South Africa, which will appear in our next issue.

A HONEYMOON EPISODE.

H. Ralph, all the afternoon?
One whole afternoon all alone
without a soul in this place to
talk to—"

"Can't you read, dear?"

"Yes, and make my eyes and head ache. It's perfectly provoking of your brother to go and get sick just while we're on our honeymoon. He should have more consideration. Ralph, there's the carriage; you'll make the horses hurry, dear, won't you? Oh—" and the poor little bride was alone, with the prospect of a lonely afternoon to herself, which prospect, in a large hotel in a city where one doesn't know a soul, and when one is a bride on one's honeymoon, is not an enviable one, as any unbiased person will admit. The bride of three weeks sat down in a hopeless sort of way on the veranda overlooking the hotel grounds. She wearily turned over the list of guests, which an attentive waiter had put in her hand, without the least sign of interest in its contents. Suddenly an exclamation escaped her.

"Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Dunnels!" she said, half aloud. "Mrs. Dunnels! So that is the reason of his silence, and here I've been tormenting myself about him—picturing his grief at my fickleness, his anger, his despair—only to find him married, in the same hotel in which I am spending my honeymoon. Oh, Cliff, what a goose I've been to spoil my new happiness by worrying over you! I might have known that the affection of light grey eyes and fair hair wouldn't stand the test of a two years' absence from the beloved object, any more than—than a schoolgirl of seventeen knows when she is really in love. What fun it will be to meet him! Some confusion on both sides—mutual congratulations—Allow me to present my wife—" "Mr. Dunnels, my husband—perfectly glorious! Oh, I can see it all!" And leaning back in her chair, Edith shut her eyes as if to enjoy the scene in her mind's eye. When she opened them again, the look of amused enjoyment gave place to one of surprise, for a few paces away from her, leisurely smoking a cigar, stood unmistakably the man of her thoughts. She started

up. Turning at the sound, the object of her gaze beheld the girl whom of all persons on earth he was least anxious to see. Edith stepped towards him with outstretched hands.

"Why, Clifford Dunnels!"

"Miss Noble!"

While on her face was a look of pleasure, and a gleam of mischief too, on his was expressed amazement mingled with embarrassment. Her quick eye and ear took in the situation at once.

"I've one on you, dear old chum!" was her mental ejaculation. "I know your little secret, and mine is safe—until Ralph comes back." Mr. Dunnels, hastily throwing away his cigar, took her proffered hand, while the embarrassment deepened on his face as she gave his hand a soft pressure, and said, with a well-feigned little accent of tenderness, "Oh, Cliff, I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you!"

"Why, Edith, who in the world would have thought of seeing you here!" he managed to exclaim.

"Ditto, sir; I'm overcome with astonishment. But I'm perfectly delighted to see you, too. I'm all alone this afternoon. My guardian angel" ("if he wants to think I mean my chaperon it's not my fault," she whispered to her conscience) "had to go and see a sick brother, and I didn't know what I could do to pass the time. But now that fate has so kindly sent you in my way, you must—you positively must—amuse me. And to think I haven't seen you for three whole years! I've so much to tell you and ask you that it will take hours. And these beautiful grounds have just the loveliest places, where we can be all to ourselves. Do you see that large linden? Let's go there."

Dunnels helplessly followed the pretty tyrant, with a remorseful thought of his bride left alone upstairs with a blinding headache. He turned to his companion with an excuse at the end of his tongue, but now she was tripping ahead with the airy grace of a nymph, and crying gaily, "Hurry, Cliff! Do come and look! Here are some of the dearest little ducks. See, aren't they cunning?"

Her clear silver laugh rang out with the musical ring he remembered so well, when the girl before him was a budding woman of seventeen, and he a slender

youth of twenty, her devoted slave. The excuse died on his lips, and he joined in her laugh, as the mother duck, with angry, startled quacks, led her seminary of downy ducklings away to the pond, gleaming silver blue through the trees.

"Edith, you are as much a child as ever. I thought three years would surely make a young lady of you."

"Never! I shall never be anything but a child, I fear. But come, sit down by me here;" and then, as he sat down on the rustic bench beside her, "Doesn't it seem like old times to be together once more? Now I am prepared to hear all the news. Pray tell me, sir, what have you been doing for the past three years—since I bade you a tearful farewell?"

With genuine interest she followed the recital of his varied experiences—battles hardly won, obstacles overcome with difficulty, and ultimate success; while Dunnels forgot time, place, circumstances, everything in the pleasure of answering her eager questions, and in asking news of old scenes and mutual friends. She told him the history of her life during his three years' absence, carefully omitting all that might lead him to suspect a change in her circumstances. As often as he attempted to lead up to the fact of his marriage, with her quick-woman's intuition of what was coming, she interrupted him with another question. Never had she been so gay, so animated; and it was without effort, too, for she really delighted in living over the past in company with her handsome old playmate.

For some time their talk was merely such as might have passed between any two old friends, and they both enjoyed it thoroughly; but Edith did not intend to let her old sweetheart off without some punishment. Seeing his careful avoidance of tender topics, she interrupted him in a description of life in South Africa and said, with a sudden change of tone:

"Yes, Cliff, you men have much the best of it in a case of this kind." What kind he was left to infer. "When you are compelled to leave the girl you like, though it may be a wrench at first, you have so much to do and to think about; your lives are so full, that you have but little time to grieve; while we poor women have to stay at home with no absorbing work to bury ourselves and

our troubles in, with nothing to do but to count the minutes and wish they would fly faster. Now, while you have been out in a far-off land, like Ulysses, winning wealth and glory (and a coat of tan too, Cliff, which is very becoming!), I, like poor, patient Penelope, have been spinning——"

"Yarns, I'll wager," he interrupted, laughingly, "for they're the only thing I ever heard of your spinning."

She joined in his laugh, but added severely:

"Your levity is unseemly, sir, when it spoils such a fine comparison. But, seriously, I do wonder sometimes. She went on, getting pathetic, "how I have stood the last three years—without you, I mean. But I don't believe you have cared one bit, Cliff!"

And she shot a challenge from her blue eyes into his grey ones.

"Edith!"

He was about to add a hasty remonstrance when the realisation of his position came to him, and he remained silent.

"You say 'Edith' just as you used to say it when I tormented you so when we were—children. I never used to like my name until you told me you thought it pretty. Then, whenever you would say it, I used to think it was the very prettiest name in the world."

She said all this with a little droop of her head, which struck a chill to Clifford Dunnels' heart. The conversation was plainly becoming dangerous. What should he do? Edith evidently believed in the reality of his attachment for her, and meant to resume their relations at the point where they had been broken off when he went to South Africa to seek the fortune which was to win the favour of her guardian. A year's absence had calmed his youthful ardour, and six months' companionship with the pretty daughter of his employer had given rise to another attachment, which he realised was the grand passion of his manhood, and not the impulsive affection of youth. There has been no correspondence between himself and Edith, according to the mandate of her guardian. It would have been an easy matter to write her the news of his marriage, but to tell it to her with her eyes looking into his was a task before which he quailed. If she still loved him how could he bear to see her radiant face overclouded by the story of his faithlessness?

He stole a look at her, and his heart failed him. She was sitting on a limb of the linden, now, her hands at her side lightly touching the tree, and one little arched foot idly drawing figures on the ground, while a smile curved her rosy, wilful mouth. She wore a dark blue skirt, and a blue and white shirt waist, with high white collar and a black satin tie; this, with a blue walking hat and natty leather belt, completed a rather masculine costume, which suited to perfection the trim, slender figure. The sunlight glittered through the branches, and gleamed upon her bronze-coloured hair, which waved in a wealth of ripples about her small, well-shaped head. Clifford felt the old witchery coming over him, when suddenly he seemed to see the picture of a dear form, tall and willowy; one who, womanly in everything, never affected the mannish mode of dressing, but preferred soft, clinging stuffs and dainty laces; one who was the light and happiness of his life. In place of the imperious dark blue eyes he seemed to see a pair of warm brown ones, whose every glance told of a tender, affectionate nature. Then he said with a good deal of emphasis.

"I think it is one of the sweetest names in the world."

"One of the sweetest? You used to say it was the very sweetest. Now, Cliff, I believe some one has wheedled you into saying her name is the sweetest. Villain, speak! with mock tragedy."

He felt that his opportunity had come.

"Well, you see, after the senior partner came out to Johannesburg I used to go to his house a good deal, and he—you see, had a daughter, and——"

"I thought so! What was her name, please?"

"Dorothy."

"So! And you consider that old-fashioned name prettier than Edith? I don't admire your taste, sir! Do you remember the verses you scribbled on my autograph fan?" and she looked archly at him.

His golden opportunity for confession was lost, and he looked down at her in a disheartened sort of way, as he answered with an increasing amount of abstraction:

"No, I fancy I've forgotten them by this time."

Her eyes glanced up at him with a world of reproach in their blue depths,

which had a very disconcerting effect upon him.

"Have you really, Cliff? And they were so pretty."

He felt compunction seize him.

"Oh, yes, I do remember them now!" he interrupted. "Don't they go something like this?—"

"She who comes to me and pleadeth,
In the lovely name of Edith,
Shall not fail of what is wanted
Edith means 'the blessed'—therefore
All that she may wish or care for
Will, when best for her, be granted."

"There, I knew you couldn't have forgotten them. Aren't they pretty? I'm so glad my name means 'the blessed'; and really"—her face lighted up—"it seems to fit my case, now, at any rate, for I have always wished to travel, and here I am in this beautiful place, with the one I care for most on earth!"

Her eyes glowed, and Dunnels, not dreaming that she might refer to any one but himself, was stricken with horror at having allowed her to make such a confession. He nerved himself with an effort, but Edith, pitying his confusion, and feeling that she had gone so far that explanations must inevitably follow unless she made a diversion, rose hurriedly and said:

"Listen, Cliff! Don't you hear the dinner gong?"

Cliff did not, nor did she, but without waiting for his answer she hurried towards the hotel. Dunnels, cursing his evil genius, followed her. She had used this ruse as a means of escape, and felt rather conscience-stricken for the trick; but in a moment all qualms vanished, for in a carriage just entering the courtyard she perceived her husband: At the same moment Dunnels, glancing towards the veranda, saw his wife seated at one end, alone. She looked in calm surprise at him and the girl at his side. Edith, noting the look, smiled to herself; and turning quickly to Dunnels, said, with a meaning glance towards the veranda:

"You'd better hurry, Cliff; your wife is waiting for you!"

He started with amazement.

"You knew, then?"

"Yes. Wasn't I clever to mislead you so?" Then, after another glance at Mrs. Dunnels: "Really, Cliff, I must admire your taste. She is as sweet as—candy. I'm awfully glad for your sake, old chum; let me congratulate you."

With a world of relief on his face, Dunnels warmly grasped the hand she held out, but flushed hotly at her next words.

"I'm very pleased and all that, you know, but I think you might have let me know before. How long since?" with another interrogatory glance.

He stammered:

"Not very long—a few weeks—we're on our honeymoon now——"

"Why, how odd!" she exclaimed, in mock surprise. "Two bridegrooms in the same hotel! Do you see that tall, handsome man just getting out of that

carriage? Well, he's on his honeymoon, too."

"Very odd!" Clifford began, when a look at her roguish face stopped him, and he finished by saying: "Why, Edith, you little hypocrite! I really believe you are—you must be——"

A wave of crimson swept over her face, and she hastened towards the man who had just alighted from the carriage; but as Dunnels stood staring after her, with perplexity written on every line of his face, she threw a charming look over her shoulder at him.

"You're right, I am," she said.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL JOTTINGS.

It is said that the skin of an elephant usually takes about five years to tan.

**

IN Tokyo, Japan, the local street railway company has decided to lay down 200 miles of electric railway. The entire system is to be completed, says a New York paper, in six years.

**

ARTIFICIAL incubation of eggs was practised by the ancient Egyptians of the time of the Pharaohs, before that of Aristotle, and even now ovens for the purpose are found in Egypt.

**

COCOANUT netting with meshes $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide is sold in Dresden for snow screens. They are 13 feet by five feet, and when lashed to posts, for example old sleepers, make a good snow-fence for railways.

**

RATS are believed to propagate the plague, and Dr. Apery, of Constantinople, proposes to kill them in ships by carbonic acid gas, which, being heavier than air, would sink to the bottom of the hold and stifle them.

**

A GIGANTIC TUNNEL.—A French engineer, Jean Berlier, has worked out in detail the plan for a railroad tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar. He would have it run from a point in Spain near Gibraltar to Tangier in Morocco, the total length, including approaches, being 25 miles, of which 20 miles would lie under the sea. The estimated cost is about \$25,000,000

It is estimated that 18,000,000 tons of coal are imported into London every year, of which amount 7,288,000 tons come by sea.

**

PROFESSOR ROWLAND, of Baltimore, thinks he has proved by experiment that the magnetism of the earth, and probably other celestial bodies, is developed by their rapid rotation, and the faster they revolve the stronger their magnetism.

**

FLOWERS NEEDED FOR PERFUMERY.—Vast quantities of flowers are gathered for perfumery purposes. It is estimated that each year 1,860 tons of orange flowers are used, besides 930 tons of roses, 150 tons each of violets and jasmine, 75 tons of tuberose, 30 tons of cassie, and 15 tons of jonquils.

**

LAST year 908 locomotives were built at the Baldwin works in Philadelphia. This is a record. In 1898 the number of engines turned out was 752; in 1897, 501; in 1895, 401. It is stated that the dearth of steel, owing to the extremely large demand, lessened the output very materially. 358 engines were exported.

**

CENTENARY OF ELECTRICITY.—"Electricity as we know it" is just 100 years old. In 1799 the Italian scientist Volta gave definite form to the method of producing the current; and it is from his name that we have the term "volt meter" to describe the instrument which measures the force of the current, and "volt" as the unit of that measurement.

On and Around the Farm

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

General Notes.

England's Wheat Yield in 1899 was 32.8 bushels per acre.

Sheaf Oats for Horses.—The favorite food in Scotland, where horses are at only moderate work, is cut sheaf oats.

Grapes can be Pruned any time during winter. If the wood is wanted for propagation, it should be cut just before the severe frosts arrive.

Grinding Oats.—In European countries crushed and ground oats are much used. Where horses are inclined to eat rapidly, grinding assists in the utilization of the food.

Of all the Leguminous Crops red clover is of the greatest value in accumulating nitrogen in the surface soil. Whenever this can be raised it should be depended upon in a rotation as a chief nitrogen gatherer.

Kinds of Feed and Abortion.—Abortion may result from a large number of causes, such as injury, infection and the like. It is contagious and no remedy is known. Feeds lacking in bone-making material seem to have a tendency to produce this disease. Other things being equal, cows fed bran, clover, peas, etc., seem to be less affected than those given carbonaceous foods.

When Lime is Needed.—Lime may prove to be a wonderfully good thing for some soils. If the land is acid, lime is always beneficial. Buy it when it is cheapest. The amount to apply will depend altogether upon the character of the soil. We have seen used all the way from 1,500 to 6,000 lbs to the acre. Stone lime may be used by placing it in piles containing about one-half bushel each and covering this with soil and allowing the lime to slake.

Best Color for Horses.—Brown, bay and black are usually considered the favorite colors for horses.

Milling in South America.—Argentina has 532 flour mills and finds a market for much of the surplus product in Brazil.

Chilean Wheat.—The annual crop is about 30,000,000 bushels, besides 10,000,000 bushels other cereals. Moderate quantities are exported to Europe.

Excellent Yield of Oats.—The Manitoba 1899 crop, according to official estimates, showed an average of nearly thirty-nine bushels per acre. The area, 575,000 acres, yielded 22,318,000 bushels.

Preserving Manures.—The loss of ammonia in the barn or manure pit may be prevented by the application of dry soil, road dust or land plaster. About a pound per day sprinkled about the stall is sufficient.

A thorough knowledge of all the great principles that underlie agricultural success should form the foundation of farm education. The laws of heredity, the results of crossing various breeds of stock, the rules governing plant life, should all be studied and mastered so far as possible by the farmer who would succeed.

Plowing and Cultivating thoroughly will cause a wonderful improvement in almost any orchard. Cow peas sown broadcast and allowed to die down and be plowed under the next spring are valuable. When the peas in the orchard are full grown the hogs may be turned in and allowed to feed them down. They will get an abundance of food which costs almost nothing.

Systematic Feeding is very important. Give the animals their rations at the same time each day.

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Cherry Trees have many advantages over apples and pears in that rabbits seldom bother them and they are not as often affected by borers. The fruit comes at a time when there is but little other on the market and is consequently unusually profitable.

A Colt can be raised nearly as cheaply as a steer, or for from \$30 to \$42. At 4 years old a colt is worth more than a four-year-old steer. This, of course, means good animals.

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Bran in large quantities, and even when mixed with other feed, is not considered a very desirable food for pigs. It is too bulky, and contains too much fibrous material.

Storing Ice.

PERHAPS there is no building the cost of which can be so well adapted to the farmer's means as the ice-house. For a few dollars invested in cheap lumber, says a writer in *Country Gentleman*, and two or three days' work, he can have an ice-house that will answer his purpose nearly as well as a more expensive one, or he can hire a carpenter to build the house, use good material, paint and shingle it at a cost of from \$50 to \$100; but one will keep ice about as well as the other. The first ice-house I built was a cheap one. It was twelve by fourteen feet, I think, but large enough for our purpose. A few old boards I had on hand, some two by four scantling for the frame, and a few nails, were all the material used, and a day's work for myself and hired man built it.

Sawdust was obtained at a sawmill near by, and the ice from the mill-pond, costing nothing except our own work. For several years we were supplied with ice with little or no outlay in cash. The old ice-house was not very ornamental to the place, and we tore it down and erected a more costly building; but the old building kept the ice nearly as well as the new, and I mention it to show the small cost for which ice may be put up, so that no farmer who has the time to attend to it need be without ice. Five to ten loads of ice are generally sufficient for both dairy and family use, and two or three loads of sawdust will pack it.

If anyone wishes to invest about \$50 in an ice-house eight by twelve feet—which holds about twenty tons—it can be built as follows: Use two by six studding and cut them about ten feet long. On the outside use good, planed

siding and paint it. The inside of the studding can be boarded up with rough, cheap lumber. When boarding up fill in the place between the boards with sawdust well tramped down. On a building of this kind I would shingle the roof and put a ventilator in it. I would also put a good wall under the building, and level the bottom by filling in with small stone.

A location should be chosen with good drainage to carry off the water from the melting ice, for the water should not be allowed to settle and stand under the building. When filling the house with ice, flax straw is about the best material to put in the bottom, but only a few farmers will have it, and most must use other straw or sawdust. Sawdust alone on the bottom does not make a complete drainage; so it is a good plan first to put some coarser material on the bottom and spread a few inches of sawdust over it. Large blocks of ice squarely cut, of uniform size, pack and keep the best, and there will be less waste from melting if ice can be obtained from fifteen to twenty inches thick. After putting in a layer, go over it and fill the crevices with broken ice, then level the surface with an adz before putting in the next layer. Leave a space of a foot or more around the outside of the ice to be filled with sawdust; then cover the top with about eighteen inches of sawdust. Close the door and open the ventilator in the roof and there is no reason why the ice should not keep well.

If several farmers in a neighborhood will combine in purchasing an ice plow, the cost to each would be but small, and with it the labor of cutting ice is much less. With suitable ice tongs the ice is quickly loaded from a chute laid from the pond to the loading place. I

like to draw the ice on sleighs, and with a man to help me load and pack the ice, a day's work will put in all that I need, and then half a day's work puts in the sawdust. There are many luxuries and conveniences possible to the farmer with a supply of ice for family use. During the hot weather none can make ice cream as cheaply as the

farmer, for he has all the materials, if he has ice and an inexpensive freezer. A refrigerator placed in the pantry is a great convenience for the housekeeper for preserving meat, fruit, etc., in summer. Passing over many other uses for ice, I will only say that one accustomed to having a supply of ice does not want to do without it.

Why Plenty of Humus is Needed.

HOW can one expect his soil to yield larger crops each year if he does not replace the plant food taken off by the previous year's crop? When a forest, where the leaves, weeds, twigs, etc., have decayed for centuries, is cleared away we say the soil is in its virgin state. Let us see what some of the advantages would be if occasionally we should supply humus by plowing under a heavy crop of field peas, soy beans, red clover, or alfalfa. I mention these leguminous plants, for while they supply the much needed humus they also gather from the atmosphere one of the most costly fertilizers, nitrogen, when bought as a commercial fertilizer.

Humus aids in many ways to increase the yield of farm crops, among them may be mentioned the resting of the soil by returning to it all that was taken from it and sometimes more, producing a better medium for bacteria to live in. Bacteria are useful in aiding to tear down the soil particles and liberate potash and phosphoric acid, two of the elements essential to plant growth. Decaying vegetable matter in the soil tends to loosen it, allowing plenty of air to circulate and prevents sourness. Plant roots need air as well as water, and both of these are supplied more bountifully in loose than in compact or baked soils. The water will percolate down, surrounding soil particles, and what is not used finds its way down through small openings that were made by the decay of roots from previous crops, and is deposited in a subterranean reservoir where it awaits the dry season.

When drouths prevail the water trapped by the loose surface is pumped up by capillary attraction to within reach of the roots, but here stops, the capillary tubes being too large in the surface soil to carry it further and surface evaporation is prevented. Thus the plants may be kept fresh, green and growing throughout a severe drouth. Often the failure of a crop can be traced to the lack of sufficient moisture. Decaying vegetable matter—or humus—aids in the retention of a portion of each shower, allowing less to escape overland by ditch, creek and river.

In the spring crops are backward in starting, and the soil stays cold. Now, if there was an abundance of humus in the soil this would be different. This substance gives to the soil a dark color, and the greater the amount of humus the darker the color. Our muck beds contain more humus than any other soil, and such soils come nearest the virgin state, although they are usually more or less deficient in the mineral elements necessary to plant growth. Dark substances absorb more heat than those of lighter color, so the more humus the more heat absorbed, if properly drained, and the soil will be warmed earlier in the spring. Seeds require warmth in order to germinate, therefore, for early seedbeds provide abundant humus. If we observe nature and follow her plans, we will supply plenty of humus for our soils, not only to furnish plant food, but also to improve the mechanical conditions necessary to the welfare of our crops—M. J. PERSING, in *American Agriculturist*.

Utilizing a Muck Swamp.

MY advice to one owning a muck swamp which he wishes to use for fertilizing purposes would be first to send a fair average sample to his Experiment Station for analysis and advice. If the report is encouraging,

the next step would be to drain off as much water as possible. Muck swamps are generally drowned in water.

It is not advisable to cart green muck very far. If instead of carting from our five-acre muck swamp so many green

loads to the barn to compost with manure, we had spread it on the field where the compost was subsequently applied, and had carted up the manure and sprinkled it on top of the muck, much labor would have been saved and just as much ripening would have been given to all the material by its exposure lying upon the field as it could get in the compost. In another case where we composted green muck drawn from the swamp and manure drawn from the stable on the field midway between the two points and near where it was to be applied later, it is doubtful if the trouble of piling and turning paid. It were better, as in the previous case, to have spread both together on the land as carted, and to have left the decomposition to be carried on by the weather.

It is doubtful if it will pay the dairy farmer to dump muck upon the upland

to be partially dried and pulverized that he may afterward cart it half a mile to compost with manure. It may be a profitable practice for greenhouse work, and, perhaps, for the truck grower, but other methods are better for the dairyman. But when good swamp muck can be so dried on the upland that a forty or fifty-bushel load is not too heavy for the team, any farmer can well afford to haul it two or three miles, and perhaps further, to be used when further dried as an absorbent in the stable to take up liquid manure.

If the farmer wishes to increase the bulk of his manure pile, as he certainly should, let him use plenty of absorbents and keep the manure away from detrimental action of the weather. Add light composting materials that will rot, as much as he wishes, but do not let him cart very much dirt into the barnyard.—E. C. BIRGE.

WINDMILLS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY HENRY VEIGH, BRANTFORD.

IT is not necessary to say much about the ancient wooden windmills which, doubtless, served their purpose in the past, and attract us to-day chiefly by their quaintness and picturesque, and serve to show, by comparison, the progress made by inventive minds in the evolution of the Twentieth Century Galvanized Steel Wind Mill.

American inventors are entitled to most of the credit for the great improvements wrought in the design and construction of windmills, notably in the introduction of steel wheels and vanes and steel derricks or towers to carry the mills at a proper elevation. It is, however, a pleasure for Canadians to know that some of the best models in the market are the product of Canadian thought and enterprise, being new in design, and not copies of American or other mills. One of these Canadian

mills has been granted a patent in the United States.

The up-to-date Steel Wind Mill combines lightness with strength, and the thin steel fans offer slight resistance to the wind, and because of their curved shape have the effect of a number of sails and increase the power produced very materially. In addition, the steel parts, when properly galvanized, will withstand the effects of exposure to the air and elements much longer than wood. In consequence, the wooden wheel is being left behind in the race, and probably over ninety-five per cent. of the mills now sold are steel mills. It is impossible to get enough power from a wooden



OLD STYLE WINDMILL.

geared power mill with its narrow fans to satisfy the user, but the present steel geared or power windmill is growing rapidly in favor and is pronounced by many men as the ideal

farmers' power, for with it he can usually pump the water for house, garden, or lawn, and for his stock, and also cut all his feed, chop all the grain required, pulp his roots, saw his wood or run other light machinery.

The above illustration shows the fine new barn of Mr. H. W. Yorke, Dorchester township, on which is placed a modern 14-ft. steel windmill, which gives Mr. Yorke sufficient power for his purposes.

The geared or power mills run from twelve feet to sixteen feet in diameter, but the thirteen and fourteen foot wheels are the favorites, probably covering seventy five per cent of the total sales in Canada. In Manitoba where the cold is intense, it is almost impossible, or at least, extremely difficult, to use engines in winter, but this difficulty has no effect on a windmill.

This illustration shows one method used in Manitoba and the North-West Territories for a power windmill outfit with a work-room in the base of the derrick, where there is not a suitable barn on which to place the mill.

The other class of windmills in common use are for pumping water only, and range from eight to sixteen feet in diameter. The eight, nine and ten foot mills being used chiefly by farmers and others requiring an ordinary supply of water, while the larger sizes are used by market gardeners and for railroads, or where large quantities of water are to be pumped, or where the wells are very deep or the water must be elevated a considerable height.

Pumping windmills can be, and are, used for many purposes by farmers for supplying water for the house, garden, lawn and for the stock, by market gardeners, residents of villages or towns where there is no other water system, by sojourners at their summer homes by river and lake, and by every class who want water pumped easily and cheaply. The outfit here shown is the

property of the Hon. J. M. Gibson, erected at his summer house at Burlington Beach.

One of the essential features of a good wind mill outfit is that it should be thoroughly galvanized, not only the wheel and vane, but when placed on a steel tower this, too, should be galvanized, so that exposure to the elements will not rust or quickly destroy. It is very poor economy to purchase painted mills or towers, as can be easily seen by inspecting the painted mills purchased a few years



WINDMILL OUTFIT OF MR. W. GOODRIDGE, OAK BANK, MAN.

ago, and which are usually badly rusted.

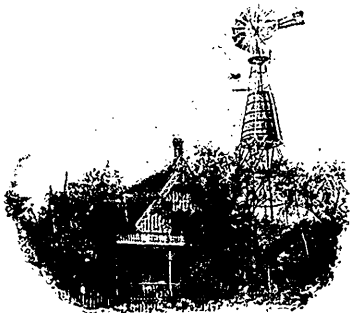
In concluding this article, I desire to call attention to a few special features regarding steel windmills.

First. *Their Cheapness.*—The interest on an average pumping outfit, allowing ten per cent. for interest and deterioration, will not exceed three cents per day, and the average farmer who pays his hired man to pump the water must pay several times that sum. On an outfit for both pumping water and giving

power, the cost is but a trifle more, and in most cases the saving on doing his own grinding and cutting feed will pay for the whole outfit in a few years. Then again, windmills are greater labor savers than any other class of machines on the farm, working as they do often night and day all the year.

Second *Their Simplicity* — They are easily managed, and do not require a man to fire or to watch and drive the horses. With a wind they can be started in a moment and no time be lost in getting ready to work.

Third. *Their Effectiveness.*—In an average wind there is no difficulty in doing the work on even a very large farm and for a heavy stock.



ON THE PROPERTY OF HON J M GIBSON, BURLINGTON BEACH, ONT.



BARN AND WINDMILL OF MR. H. W. YORKE, DORCHESTER, ONT.

Experience shows that there is sufficient wind, but, of course, some common sense is needed in using the good winds and having a reserve supply of water or feed ready for calm days. In a strong wind great power can be obtained. Recent enquiry from a number of reliable men in Ontario who have been using wind power for several years brought a unanimous reply that they were well satisfied, and would not exchange for other power.



1900 ~ MARCH ~ 1900

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	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	31

1900 ~ APRIL ~ 1900

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	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					

Kiss Her Every Day.

[Published in *Woman's Life*]

Tempo di Valze, moderato

rall Friend, say have you
a Tell your wife how

got a wife? Has her ev - 'ry day In the du - ty of your life, to
much you'd miss her, if she went a way Take her in your arms and kiss her.

gracioso

kiss her ev - 'ry day. Tell her that the world is grieved by such as she, the
for - ty times a day. Tell her she's your life and crown, Nev - er leave her

cres. *gracioso* *p tranquillo*

rall *a tempo* *rall.*

true, the chaste, Then put your arms a - round her waist, And kiss her ev - 'ry day.
with a frown, Then keep your ug - ly tem - per down, And kiss her ev - 'ry day.

rall *a tempo* *rall.*

a tempo *gracioso*

Tell her that she's grow - ing pret - tier ev - 'ry dawn - ing day. Dear - er, near - er, wis - er,
Win - ter, Sum - mer, rain or shade, nev - er sulk and blame. Spring, or Au - tumn, day - er

mf *espressivo*

rall. *a tempo.* *cres.*

wit - tier, kiss her ev - 'ry day. . . . Ma - ny lives are grave ward car - ried, wound - ed,
 whine for your own good name. . . . Some - times she'll be cross and cold, . . . nev - er

rall. *a tempo.* *p*

bruised, and hurt, and har - ried, Sleep their spark - ing when they mar - ried, of ten that's the way. Oh!
 mind, she's good as gold, Let her have her lit - tle scold, and kiss her just the same! Oh!

REFRAIN.

When there's some - thing wrong with he - by, kiss her ev - 'ry day, . . . 'Twill help to soothe her

rall.

we - ry may - be, kiss her ev - 'ry day, . . . Kiss her when her soul is sad, Kiss her

a tempo. *f* *rall.*

when her heart is glad, Be your for - tune good or bad, Kiss her ev - 'ry day. . . .

...AT THE...

Editor's Desk

A BI-MONTHLY journal, while it may serve a very useful purpose in some respects, is not generally supposed to be in the van in advocating reforms, but we can justly claim to have been some months ahead of our more frequently appearing contemporaries and of our parliamentary representative in directing attention to the necessity of a certain line of policy being adopted in regard to three questions of considerable importance to the farming community

For over two years we have been endeavoring to rouse our readers to the importance of placing cold-storage in the same category as road-repairing and transportation. Our contention has always been, that the future prosperity of the Canadian farmers depends as much upon having cold-storage facilities close at hand as upon being in proximity to a railroad. And the provision of such facilities should be as incumbent upon the community, be it township, country or province, as the maintenance of proper roads.

It is no use trying to supply the trans-atlantic demand for fruit and dairy produce, if the process of deterioration is allowed to commence before such perishable goods reach the point of export, which is inevitable when they are not placed in the cold chamber within a few hours of being gathered or manufactured.

That the views we have so persistently advocated are not beyond the reach of practical politics is evidenced by the fact that the question has at last been brought up in the Ontario Legislature, the Hon. John Dryden having introduced a bill to "provide for the incorporation of co-operative cold-storage associations." He explained that the bill was intended for the rural portions of

the province to encourage individuals. At present manufacturers of butter and cheese enjoyed the statutory facilities intended by this bill. The Government considered that those who desired to erect cold storage buildings were deserving. Further, the Government intended to grant up to one-fifth of the cost of erecting such buildings, provided the fifth did not exceed the sum of \$600. The building would be inspected by an officer of the department, who would assure himself as to the matter of equipment.

Premier Ross added that the Government intended further aid to cold storage by authorizing the municipalities to issue debentures for the establishment of cold-storage stations. One municipality, or combined municipalities, would be authorized to erect cold storage buildings either within their own boundaries or at some other convenient point. The Government, by this second bill, would also grant out of the consolidated revenue one-fifth of the cost, but not more than the sum of \$500 in any case. Between the two bills he considered that admirable cold storage facilities would be provided, or, at all events, a stimulus would be given to these enterprises among individuals and municipalities.

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It is with intense satisfaction that we view this action of the Provincial Government, fraught, as it will inevitably be, with the most beneficial results for the Ontario farmer.

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ALONGSIDE the cold-storage question we have ranged the necessity of securing for the farmer's family more of the comforts and conveniences accompanying life in the town and city, and the lack of which has been the great cause of the migration from the country of those who possessed all the qualifications physically and mentally for the

development of the agricultural possibilities of Canada, but who could not stand the lack of variety attaching to the social side of farm life. To remove some of the disadvantages of living a considerable distance from town, we have urged at different times the establishment of travelling libraries and of free postal delivery in rural districts.

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THE question of travelling libraries was dealt with and approved of at the last annual meeting of the Librarians' Association, and both this and free postal delivery have found champions in two of the leading Toronto dailies. We are encouraged to believe that here again we have been the pioneer journalistic advocates of reforms which will be embodied in the statute book at a not very distant date.

Considering the identity of interests which obtains between the farmers of Canada and the institution by which the MASSEY-HARRIS ILLUSTRATED is published, it is only right that the columns of the latter should be devoted to advocating the claims of the farmers on every occasion; and that we have not been derelict in our duty is, we think, abundantly evidenced by the fact that for some time we fought single-handed the cause of reforms, the merits of which are now acknowledged by other observers of public necessities in the press and in parliament.

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IN the death of John Ruskin, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, there has passed away another of the few really grand old men of the age. Ruskin has been described as "a painter who dipped his brush in ink; a writer who dipped his pen in a color box; whose prose was poetry; and whose poetry was prose," and, it may be added, that all his work, whether as writer or painter, was characterized by a passionate love of nature. Equally strong was his love of humanity. His benefactions

exhausted an inherited fortune of \$1,000,000, and but for the watchfulness of friends, of the revenue derived from his works, amounting to nearly \$15,000, he would not have had enough for his own comforts. The object of his life was to raise the mass of mankind to a higher level of moral perception by leading them to a keener appreciation of the beauties of nature. Art was his medium, and art which did not tend in this direction was to him a thing to be visited with censure the most scathing. His influence, not only in his own country, but wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken, and in other lands as well, has permeated the lives of thousands to whom he was merely a name, it was an influence of the kind that dies not with the man who wielded it, but re-appears in the works of successive generations who know not the source of the inspiration which operates within them and develops their best efforts.

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OFTEN have we entered our protest against a vigorous nation like ours receiving all from the motherland in the matter of military and naval defence and contributing practically nothing. We in Canada were proud of our heritage of Empire, and while in the realms of peace we had contributed to the strength thereof, we had never struck a blow in its defence on the field of battle except in days of another generation, when Canadian hearths and homes were threatened. While the Empire was at peace or engaged only in local wars which did not unduly tax the resources of the headquarters, Canada kept on the even tenor of its purely colonial way, offering homes and opportunities to the surplus population of the older countries, its people putting forth all their energies to the development of their country's possibilities. But as soon as the cry of danger was heard—danger to British freedom and British supremacy in a far-off portion of the

Empire, and which, if not averted, would shake the Empire to its very foundations—from the farm and the factory, from the workshop and the office, from the Universities and other halls of learning, came forth Canada's sons asking to be allowed to stand shoulder to shoulder with the regulars of Britain and with their brother volunteers of the Australias in upholding the common cause of all on the battle fields of South Africa. And while to-day many Canadian hearts are torn with grief, and sorrow fills many a Canadian home, the nation is richer and stronger; its character is tinged with a deeper hue and its life will be fuller and nobler by the death roll of Paardeberg, for that list of dead is the blood-written charter of Canada's admittance to the ranks of nations who recognize that their responsibility for the maintenance of freedom and justice extends beyond their own immediate borders.

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EUROPEANS have been wont to sneer at the folly of the British Government in not adopting conscription or enforced service in the army. That is the system in vogue in other European countries, and to its existence the United States and Canada owe tens of thousands of their sturdy farmers of different nationalities who left their native lands to avoid the risk of being called upon to serve.

So much for conscription.

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When things looked ugly for England in the Transvaal, and foreign intervention seemed possible, a call went up for volunteers. Over two thousand Canadians were at the scene of hostilities as soon as they could be transported there. Thousands were ready to follow if only given the opportunity. The same thing occurred in Australia and New Zealand, in Cape Colony and Natal; whole regiments of volunteers and militia offered themselves in England; and there are

included in the British forces in South Africa to-day over thirty thousand men who thus sought permission and were proud to be accepted to fight for their Sovereign, and of the whole army of over 140,000 under Lord Roberts, not a single man need have served Her Majesty to the day of his death if he had not wished and volunteered to do so in the first place.

This is under the system that foreign critics describe as a dismal failure.

* * *

AT the request of President Kruger, President McKinley offered his services as mediator to the English Government with a view to bringing about peace. Kruger made a similar request to the governments of all the leading nations, who politely but firmly declined to interfere in a matter in which England had stated she would not tolerate interference.

Of such is the statesmanship of United States Presidents.

* * *

Two years ago all Europe was ready to interfere between United States and Spain, with a view to saving the latter from the full effects of her inevitable defeat. A hint that England's navy would be at the disposal of the United States in the event of the latter being menaced by other powers, kept the rest of Europe quiet, and the Republic was allowed to crush Spain and reap the fruits of her victories.

Of such is the gratitude of the United States.

* * *

WE like individuality and character in a climate no less than in a human being. Insipidity in either is an offence against nature, but Canada's climate as we know it in these days of March, possesses an individuality that is a crime against nature, humanity, and everything that lives and tries to live, except the coal dealer.

TOLL GATES are to be a thing of the past in Ontario, and the heart of the ever watchful gate-keeper is heavy, but he sorrows alone, for to the farmer and the rest of the community, the government action is adopting a provincial policy for the maintenance of good roads means more money and more comfort.

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WE are not jealous and we wear the Shamrock to-day (17th) for the first time and with a sense of satisfaction, but we hope Her Majesty will not stop short at Ould Ireland. Canada's boys did their best and Lord Roberts says they avenged Majuba Hill. If the venerable sovereign whose birthday Canada always keeps as its high feast day, would only announce that she was going to wear the maple leaf on May 24th next, in honor of the poor fellows who did what they could for her at Paardeberg, she would sound a chord that would vibrate and vibrate again from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

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IT appears that Canada's action in sending troops to South Africa is causing much displeasure to certain United States' politicians and others who see in it a violation of the Monroe doctrine. It is rather comical to hear our friends talk about laying down a law for a whole continent when they cannot enforce such fundamental laws as "thou shalt not kill" in a number of their own states. Kentucky is to the fore this time in this regard. A very bitter election for governor culminated in the assassination of the successful candidate and the continuance in office of his opponent by the very simple expedient of putting under arrest those officers and representatives who opposed his will. If McKinley instead of making himself the laughing stock of Europe, by offering to act as peace-maker between England and the Transvaal Republic, had turned his

attention a little nearer home and quelled the anarchy in Kentucky, he would have stood a better chance of going down to posterity as a statesman, whereas, he looms large as a humbug of almost as pronounced a type as Paul Kruger.

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THE *Westminster*, one of the leading weeklies of Canada, pours some hot shot into Kipling in a recent issue and bewails the prostitution of genius in one so highly dowered, evidenced in "The Absent Minded Beggar," and other poems dealing with the characteristics of the British soldier. Our esteemed contemporary appears to forget that the Poet of Things as They Are may perhaps serve as useful a purpose as the Poet of Things as They Should Be. Surely no unbiased critic will deny the deep love of his fellow creatures which underlies Kipling's most "meaningless jingle," and not even Tennyson or Wordsworth, the *Westminster's* standards of genius exalted, ever displayed a more sublimely spiritual touch than did Kipling when, in the hour of its glorying in imperial power evidenced at the Jubilee, he gave to the Empire that hymn of national heartsearching, "Lest We Forget." There are some instances where the flavor of Kipling verse cannot by any means be termed delicate, but that he is merely a passing star in the constellation of poetic genius whom a future generation will not hear of, we do not for one moment believe. Robert Burns is more widely read and is a far more popular idol to-day than he was a hundred years ago, and yet the most glaring vulgarity that Kipling has perpetrated is refinement itself compared with some of the verses of the great Scotch poet.

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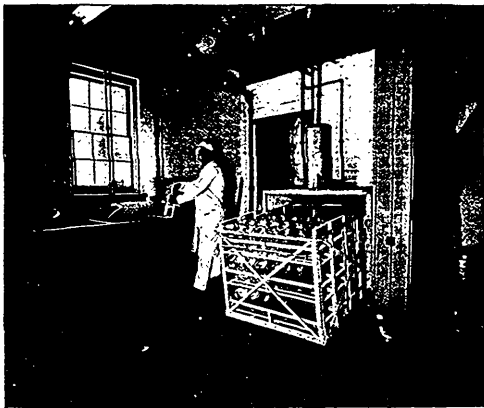
AT DENTONIA PARK FARM.

In the Dairy.

IN our November-December issue we referred to the arrangements Mr. W. E. H. Massey, the proprietor of Dentonia Park Farm, was making for the installation of the necessary plant for modifying milk, or, in other words, in treating cow's milk so that it be

absolutely pure milk, and the use, in case of infants and invalids, of modified milk, there will be a great saving of human life and a decrease in contagious diseases.

During the past ten years sanitary science has made progress in regulating



BOTTLE-CLEANSING ROOM.

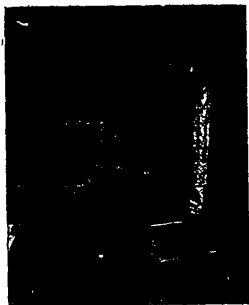
This illustration shows the Bottle-Cleansing Room, which is fitted with all the requisite Steam Apparatus, Slat Wash Trays, and so forth. A car of sterilized bottles, partially removed from the sterilizer, will be observed in the engraving. The floor is of asphalt.

comes identical with human milk. With this most interesting phase of modern dairying as practised at Dentonia Park we shall deal at length in a future issue.

The object of Mr. Massey's dairying operations is to demonstrate to his countrymen that by the general use of

some of the more important supplies for human life. But it is noticeable that very little improvement has been made in the production of milk. Milk, as usually sold to-day, is about as suitable a vehicle for the transmission of disease as it was before science revealed the dangers that may lurk in it. Science

in the dairy has stopped at cheapening and improving the manufacture of butter and cheese. It has not been, with rare exceptions, extended to improving the milk production either of the farm or for the cities. But the general sanitary



MILK FILTER THROUGH WHICH THE MILK PASSES INTO THE LABORATORY.

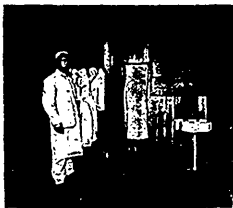
condition of barns, milk-houses, and the transportation of milk are still practically unregulated.

Wholesome milk is produced only under certain known conditions. It must be obtained from healthy cows, which are kept in healthy barns, fed upon healthy foods, and given pure water. It must be drawn from clean cows, by clean men, with clean hands, into clean pails, in a clean atmosphere. It must be handled in a scientific manner, filled into sterile vessels, transported quickly, and used while fresh. These are some of the conditions which must surround the production of good and safe milk. It is therefore certain that the ordinary milk of commerce is not a safe milk to use, as few of these requirements are employed; and it is quite certain that a cheap milk cannot be a perfect one.

The infectiousness of milk is well known. Typhoid fever and other diseases are frequently carried from milk to man, and it is now alleged tuberculosis also is thought to be frequently carried from milk to man. An unhealthy cow, an unclean barn, a careless attendant, an affected well, and other causes too many to enumerate, are the means by which some of the most dangerous diseases are communicated. Every known practical means of eliminating these dangers is made available in the Dentonia methods.

We have in previous articles referred to the natural advantages possessed by Dentonia Park Farm, situated, as it is, on the highlands just north-east of Toronto—one of the healthiest spots in Ontario, and where there is an abundant supply of pure spring water on every hand, and the rolling and shady pasture lands are ideal.

The prize-winning herds of Jerseys and Ayrshires, already described in these pages, are scientifically fed and cared for by expert herdsmen. No animal is received until tuberculin tested, and the whole herd is inspected



MEN'S CLOTHES STERILIZER—BATHROOMS ADJOIN THIS WASHROOM.

and certified to twice every month by William Mole, M.R.C.V.S. These certificates are available for the inspection of visiting physicians. Sick animals are removed to an isolation barn provided for the purpose.

The barns and buildings are thoroughly ventilated by an improved system. Manure is removed twice daily 300 feet from the barns by an overhead

intelligent, thoroughly instructed, and are clean in person and habits, are under the constant supervision of Dr. C. H. Britton, of East Toronto, who certifies



DENTONIA MILK-LABORATORY.

Showing the Solid Porcelain Receiving Vats, Cooler and Aerator, Turbine Cream Separator Bottle Filler, Bottle Car, etc.

trolley system. Liquid manures are conveyed from the stables by iron pipes with leaded joints.

The milkers and dairymen, who are

to their health periodically. (These certificates also are open to the inspection of visiting physicians.) Sanitary milk pails, which are of a special design,

are sterilized, as well as all other dairy apparatus, before being used. The milkers have clean hands and wear special sterilized clothing while milking, and the cows are groomed and cleaned twice daily before this operation.

The milk-room, separated by ante-rooms and airy passages from the main building, is practically clean in a bacteriological sense of the word. Side walls are covered with tile and the floor with asphalt. The air entering the milk-room is filtered through gauze, and in summer time is washed with spray, an electrical-driven exhaust fan changing the air every few minutes. The milkers are not allowed to enter the milk-room, but pour the milk into a filter, whence it passes through the wall to the solid white porcelain receiving vats inside the milk room.

As the milk falls from the porcelain receiving vat over the large tinned-copper tubular cooler it is aerated. This cooler is supplied with water forced to it by a duplex steam pump through an iced coil and reduces the temperature to any desired point within 4° of freezing.

The Dentonia Spring Water Trout Ponds give an abundant supply of clean ice for summer use in cooling, packing, etc. There are three ice houses on the farm.

The bottles, as received back from the customers, are sterilized just inside the

receiving door. They then pass to the bottle room, are thoroughly washed in three changes of water, and again sterilized, the bottle room being specially equipped with slate tubs, steam apparatus, etc., for this work. They then pass to the milk-room, where they are filled and sealed, whence they go to the shipping room to be packed in ice boxes when shipped by express, or direct to the wagons for delivery to city customers.

The aim at Dentonia is not to make dirty milk palatable, or to kill the germs in it by pasteurization or sterilization, but *the whole effort is devoted to keeping the dirt out.* The Dentonia Dairy is not a commercial enterprise in the ordinary sense, although Mr. Massey intends to demonstrate that scientific dairying is not only a blessing to the community but profitable to the owner, and Dentonia does not seek to compete against existing dairies. It is only possible to supply a somewhat limited custom for table milk and cream in the eastern half of Toronto. Mr. Massey will be gratified if his enterprise serves as an illustration of the fact that the people of Ontario's capital really want and are willing to pay for good, clean milk.

The business of the Dentonia Dairy will chiefly be to care for the babies and invalids.

The Dairy Cow.

HER head is long and slender, with her face stamped with the tenderness of motherhood.

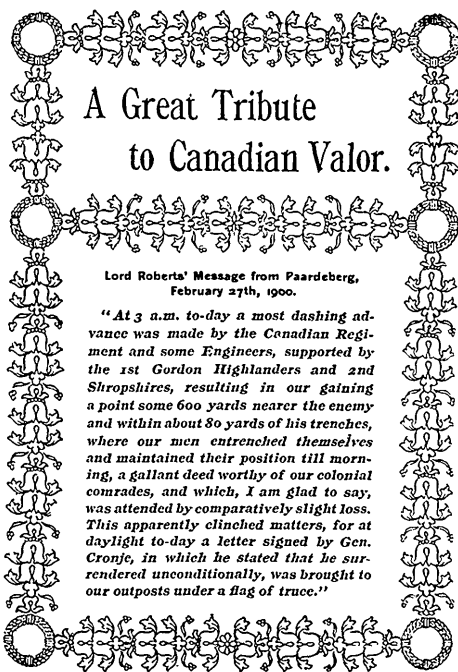
The eye is kind and gentle with wide space
Above, for honest brains—the wide mouth should
Be set with firm, strong teeth, and powerful jaw
To run her millstones, and her ear should be
Lined with soft, golden velvet without flaw.

A long, thin neck—for you will never see
A steer's neck steer the way to butter fat;
Don't mind if hip and shoulder bones stand out
On which you may with safety hang your hat.

A wide, deep chest shows that the heart is stout;

You want a sloping back, a rib well sprung,
A stomach, like a barrel, deep and wide,
With great capacity for food and lung,
An udder squaring low on every side,
A zig-zag milk vein larger than your wrist
Runs far up to her heart and then turns in,
A well-shaped teat quite filling out your fist,
Her hind legs well apart—a soft loose skin,
Yellow as gold, with soft and oily touch,
Fine, silky hair, a long and slender tail,
Active and full of nervous life—now such
Is Mrs. Dairy Cow, queen of the pail.

—Selected.



A Great Tribute to Canadian Valor.

Lord Roberts' Message from Paardeberg,
February 27th, 1900.

"At 3 a.m. to-day a most dashing advance was made by the Canadian Regiment and some Engineers, supported by the 1st Gordon Highlanders and 2nd Shropshires, resulting in our gaining a point some 600 yards nearer the enemy and within about 80 yards of his trenches, where our men entrenched themselves and maintained their position till morning, a gallant deed worthy of our colonial comrades, and which, I am glad to say, was attended by comparatively slight loss. This apparently clinched matters, for at daylight to-day a letter signed by Gen. Cronje, in which he stated that he surrendered unconditionally, was brought to our outposts under a flag of truce."

Massey-Harris Works the Scene of Remarkable Manifestations of Enthusiasm.

THE receipt of the news that Lady-smith was relieved created no greater enthusiasm anywhere than at the works of the Massey Harris Co., Toronto. It may be that the imperialism of the Massey Harris employees takes a deeper personal tinge than that of the average loyal British subject owing to the fact that the institution they are associated with is the Empire's arsenal for the great weapons of peace.

"Hearty congratulations on relief of Ladysmith from two thousand loyal Massey-Harris employees.

(Signed), YOUR OLD FRIENDS."

In the afternoon the following reply was received:

"Thanks for congratulations. Glad you still remember me.

(Signed), LANSDOWNE."

"They remember with great pleasure Lord and Lady Lansdowne's visit to the works in May, 1887, and the deep interest he and his noble lady took in inspecting every department, and his kind words on that occasion. So urgent was the request for the balance of the day,

in which to celebrate Buller's great victory, that Supt. Love granted them leave of absence for the afternoon for the purpose.

"One of the men went home and returned with his bagpipes, and, headed by him, and to the martial strains of the instrument, several hundred men marched in the street, near the factory. They then enlisted the co-operation of the president of the company, Mr. W. E. H. Massey, who led the enthusiastic celebrants in cheers. The scene was one of the utmost patriotism and enthusiasm."

Corporal Frederick W. Coombs, G Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, who was wounded in the gallant attack by the Canadians in the early morning hours of February 27th upon the Boer position, the immediate result of which was the surrender of Cronje's army with seven or eight guns and 5,000 small arms, was a valued member of the Massey-Harris staff at St. John, N.B., and as soon as Mr. J. D. Patterson, the manager of the Maritime Branch, heard of Corporal Coombs being wounded, he cabled him: "Sympathy. Congratulations."



CORPORAL FREDERICK W. COOMBS.

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.

The Baby.

WHEN morning broke and baby came,
The house did scarcely seem the same
As just before—The very air
Grew fragrant with the essence rare
Of a celestial garden, where
The angels, breathless, leaned to hear
The youthful mother's fervid prayer
To God, to guard her first-born care.
And with what diligence each ear
Did listen, as her lips did frame
The helpless little stranger's name—
When baby came!

When darkness came and baby died,
The misty grief that fell belied
The transient joy that filled the room
But just before, where brooding gloom
Now dumbly spoke, the baby's doom.
We hid away the little things
Woven by Nature's matchless loom—
A woman's hands! The amber bloom
Waxed dimmer on the finch's wings
The flowers, too, in sorrow vied,
As if kind Nature drooped and cried—
When baby died.

THINGS WHICH CAN BE MADE OUT OF OLD GLOVES.

EVERYONE has lots of old gloves, and as a general rule when they are soiled or worn they throw them away as useless. The most careful amongst us may send them to clean once or twice, but when they show signs of wear and the kid rubs, then they are cast aside as of no further use. This is quite a mistake; there are many little things which can be made of old gloves if only a little pains and trouble be expended upon them.

First of all there is the midget photo frame. Cut a piece of stout cardboard the desired shape, the form of a heart

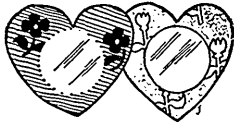
with benzine, then lay the cardboard on it, and cut the required shape. Gum or glue it with liquid glue firmly round the edges and press. When dry decor-

ate the rim where the photo fits with an application of gold paint. If the worker is artistic she may paint a small spray of flowers in the left-hand corner, or, if the frame be a heart-shaped one, decorate it with arrows outlined in gold paint.

A back and support must be cut out of cardboard and firmly glued on. If glass is desired it will be found the best to purchase a small sheet at any glazier's and get him to cut it into the required sizes. The glass should be glued in before the back and support are fixed in place.

A double heart-shaped frame to hold a couple looks exceedingly pretty and novel.

Card cases may be made by doubling a large thick postcard and covering it with suede in some delicate color, and then lining the inside with silk and stitching on pockets of the suede. The outside of this dainty case may be ornamented by a monogram in gold.



A PRETTY PHOTO FRAME.

is quaint and pretty, but a square, an oval, or a round would look equally well. Cut out with a sharp penknife the space for the photograph. Take a pair of gloves—grey, tan, or stone color—and cut off the unworn portions at the back of the hand. The part which extends from below the fancy stitching to the wrist will be found in excellent condition. Clean it with rubbing over



A NEAT LITTLE NEEDLE BOOK.

An exceedingly novel pin-cushion for the dressing-table may be made by cutting off a glove at the wrist, sewing up the vent, and stuffing it with bran or cotton wool until it looks as if a hand were inside it. When stuffed, this quaint pin-cushion may be gilded or coated with pale pink enamel and finished with a bow of ribbon, or a loop to hang it up by.

Out of evening gloves dainty belts may be made with very little trouble. Get a length of stout Petersham the required width, and cover it with suede in any of the delicate shades sold for evening gloves. One pair of gloves will make a belt, and the tops, when rubbed with benzine and ironed on the wrong side, make a charming belt, which is ornamental and new.

The join down the centre of the back should be concealed by a row of silver sequins sewn on thickly, and the effect is even more pleasing if a row of the sequins be sewn round the upper and lower edge of the belt. It may be fastened with hooks or eyes, or an ornamental clasp may be bought for a few cents at any fancy shop and attached.



A NOVEL GLOVE
PIN-CUSHION

Dainty little needle-books may be made in the same way as the card case, only the inside should be filled with graduated leaves of flannel, pinked out round the edge and arranged in two colors. The leaves should be held in place by a strap of baby ribbon in a contrasting color. A very pretty little needle-book would be grey suede or doeskin, lined with white satin, and filled with alternate leaves of white and pink flannel, held in place by a strap, and closed by strings of pink or green baby ribbon.

Small pocket pin-cushions, so beloved of all ladies who indulge in country walks or bicycling trips, can be made by cutting out of cardboard two little rounds the size of a two-cent piece, covering them with flannel and suede, then seaming the two halves neatly together, and sticking pins closely round the edge.

Both pin-cushions and needle-books are improved by a monogram painted on in gold, or a single flower, such as a pansy, depicted in natural colors.

A useful stamp box can be made by covering any ordinary cardboard box with leather and then decorating it.

A Home-Made Flower Stand

THE flower stand seen in our illustration can easily be made at home. The upper part is composed of a box, which should first of all be planed and then smoothed.

The supports are broom-handles, and these are forced through the box, holes being first of all bored in the wood by a red-hot poker.

The small pieces that go across and the triangular ledge underneath are glued on.

Round the box you can nail some Japanese leather paper, or you can aspinall the wood itself.

In our illustration an embroidered band is nailed on all round. The lower edge is nailed with tiny furniture tacks to the inside of the work



on to the edge of the box. Then the embroidered band is turned up and over the inner edge of the box, fancy gilt nails being placed all around or not just as you prefer.

Of course, the embroidery must be suited to the purpose. Anything very dainty and liable to be spoilt by a little damp from the flowers will not do at all. Serge, embroidered in tapestry wool, is as good as anything, and lasts long.

When this is done, line the box neatly with American cloth, unless you have a tin to fit it. In any case you should stand the pots in saucers, and not allow water to be spilt inside the box.

The supports and bars across must all be enamelled.

CHIT-CHAT.

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

'Tis Useless to Regret.

THERE'S many a plan that comes to naught,
 There's many a light gone out;
 And disappointments, griefs and cares,
 Have hedged us round about;
 And many a sad mistake we've made
 Throughout our lives, and yet,
 We've done the very best we could;
 'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come,
 And out of darkness light;
 And all wrong-donings in this world,
 Some day will be set right;
 And though we have not reached the height
 Attained by others, yet
 We've done the best we could, my dear,
 'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks,
 To do our duty well,
 'Gainst evil things to take our stand,
 In goodness to excel.
 So judge yourself not harshly, dear,
 Nor at misfortune fret;
 We've done the best we could, and so
 'Tis useless to regret.

WHEN is a child ill? The answer to this question is not always easy, when the infant cannot speak as yet, nor utter his complaints. The crying of children is not always an utterance of pain, nor does it always show hunger. When a child cries loudly, continuously and vigorously, we may, at least, be sure that there is no disease of the respiratory passages. It might, however, indicate a disturbance in the digestive canal. If an inflammation of the internal ear is the cause of the crying—and this is by no means a rare occurrence—or some other deep-seated suppuration or inflammation of the periosteum, then the child will cry louder when the suspected place is touched or pressed upon. Single shrill cries, occurring also in sleep, should direct our attention to cerebral troubles; a soft, dull, discontinued crying, more sighing and moaning, points to pulmonary disease. If the cry is hoarse and toneless, we should think of laryngeal troubles. A soft, long-continued whimpering should cause us to suspect an inflammation of the abdominal organs; a weakened, but rather continuous crying is a concomitant of the setting in of fever.

"I know why little black boys is so happy," said five-year-old Willie.

"Why?" asked his mother.

"'Cause their mothers can't tell when their hands are dirty."

IN the days when fortune-telling was more in vogue than at present, the shape and appearance of the finger nails were looked on as having reference to one's destiny. The nails were first rubbed over with a mixture of wax and soot, and, after being thus prepared, were held so that the sunlight fell fully upon them. On the horny, transparent substance were supposed to appear signs and characters from which the future could be interpreted. Persons, too, with certain descriptions of nails were supposed to possess certain characteristics. Thus, a man with red and spotted nails was of a fiery, hot-tempered disposition, whilst pale, lead-colored nails denoted a melancholy temperament. Ambitious and quarrelsome people were distinguished by narrow nails. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment had round-shaped nails. Conceited, obstinate and narrow-minded persons were possessed of *sma'i'i* nails; lazy, indolent individuals of fleshy nails; and those of a gentle, timid nature of broad nails.

FATHER: "How is it that you're such a dunce at your lessons, Tommy?"

TOMMY: "I expect it's hereditary."

THEY manage wife-beaters very well in Germany. When a man is convicted of beating his wife, he is allowed to continue his work, is looked after by the police, and arrested every Saturday and locked up until Monday morning.

when he is again delivered over to his employer. His wages are given to his wife. If he won't work he is taken to gaol, where he has to work harder than outside. The more one studies this plan the more sensible it seems.

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MAMMA: "What are you and Freddy quarreling about?"

"We were playing keep house, and Freddy came home and found dinner wasn't ready."

**

A WOMAN'S prospect of marriage is distinctly affected by age. The statistics of all centuries show that the great majority of women marry between the ages of twenty and thirty. Before reaching twenty a woman has, of course, a chance of matrimony, but the objections raised by parents or friends to marriage at a tender age frequently outweigh the desire of the young woman to acquire a husband, and lead her to defer the wedding day.

All statistics that have been gathered bear out the statement that a woman's best chance to marry is at the age of twenty-five, that over six-tenths of the marriages take place between twenty and thirty, and consequently that a woman's chance increases up to twenty-five, and steadily decreases after that age until it reaches the vanishing point somewhere about sixty. Out of 1,000 married women 149 marry before the age of twenty, 680 between twenty and thirty, 111 between thirty and forty, the woman in the thirties having not so good a chance as the girl in her teens; between the ages of forty and fifty the

falling-off is enormous, only 41 in 1,000 contracting an alliance in that decade; while past fifty the chances still further diminish, for the woman who has celebrated the semi-centennial of her birth has only 19 chances in 1,000.

**

THE farmer is "a country Jake,"
When snow lies deep on wintry hills,
When flowers their vacation take,
And hushed the song of murmuring rills;
And many a quip behind his back,
The city relative doth crack.
But when the warm sun starts the grass,
A mighty change doth come to pass;
The "country Jake" becomes a king,
The relative his praise doth sing,
And out upon the farm ere long
He comes a hundred thousand strong.

**

I CONSIDER the following specimen of a little English girl's powers of composition worthy of a place in Chit-Chat. The young essayist had been given the task of writing about 100 words on "Boys."

"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and bye.

"Men was made before women. When God looked at Adam he said to himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and then he made Eve.

"God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since.

"Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."

Little Sweetheart.

LITTLE Sweetheart, how I miss you
When each hard day's work is done—
How I miss your fond caresses,
At the setting of the sun!
For your sweet red lips will linger
Never more upon my brow—
Little Sweetheart! Little Sweetheart!
I am very lonely now!

Little Sweetheart, how I loved you
In the days that have gone by!
Oh, my child—my little daughter—
It was hard for you to die!
It is hard for me at evening,
Never more to see you wait,
Little Sweetheart! Little Sweetheart!
With your kisses at the gate!

Little Sweetheart, I am weary
Of the fret and toil of life,
Only Death will bring the dark'ness,
And the solemn rest from strife.
Will you meet me at God's gate way,
When my last day's work is o'er—
Little Sweetheart! Little Sweetheart! —
At the setting of the sun?

MRS. KRUGER AT HOME.

HOW SHE WAS WOOLED AND WON BY PAUL KRUGER—A GLIMPSE OF HER HOME LIFE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE wife of "Oom" Paul Kruger is a treasure'—and this by the testimony of a man who, however much he may differ from us in other things, may be allowed this utterance.

When, with his goat-like beard tinged with hairs of gold, and his sunken eyes lit with the light of love, young Kruger came a-wooing, he came not a bit in the fashion of the modern youth who offers hand and heart, goods and chattels. According to Boerish custom, his pleasure had been made known. Mrs. "Oom" Paul, who was then only gentle, blue-eyed Miss du Plessis, came forth timidly to greet him, in a gown so simple that she could surely never have expected to win a suitor through it.

And these are the words she uttered with downcast eyes and cheeks of rosy red. "I can bake, stew, sew, clean, scrub." And behold, it was enough! Her suitor was at her feet. He, who was then only Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, took her from that moment to his heart—to him she was the most rarely accomplished of all women.

Oom Paul's wife has that virtue we call housewifeliness to a remarkable degree. Some women have it in addition to other excellent qualities. The Boer woman has it to the exclusion of all else. Mrs. Kruger is, first, a wife; secondly, a housewife; and thirdly, nothing. Through this woman a fortune of substantial proportions has been saved. It will be her epitaph. Future generations of wives may ask: "How did she do it?" and the answer will be the same as on the memorable day of her wooing: "I can bake, stew, scrub, sew."

Mrs. Kruger, with her husband's fortune, might live in positive luxury and, indeed, one might say, with almost unequalled splendor. She might have driven in an equipage, and lived in a palace to match our Queen's own residence. She would have none of them.

She looked at the black that shone upon her stove, and was happy. She counted the irons that stood in a row,

and rejoiced. She thanked God that there was plenty of clothes-line. She was grateful for the nimbler fingers that enabled her to sew.

She and her husband live on the amount allowed them from the government for "coffee money." We have all heard of this allowance, yet few are aware that on this coffee money, which has supported them for years, the Krugers have entertained diplomats and travellers from near and far, and no one has come out from that hospitable mansion hungry. No one could, who has a palate for good cooking, for Tanta Kruger's is one of the best. She is her own chef, and furthermore she is her own butler.

On the occasions when she has guests, she wears her very best Sunday-go-to-meeting black gown. She dons this garment just before she announces "Dinner is served."

She does this at the last moment, because, before that, she has been adding pinches of salt to the stew, last dustings of pepper to the soup. Then one of her daughters remains in the kitchen while the first lady of the Transvaal—just as the scorching African sun is going to rest—takes a second to wash, and dons her single holiday gown.

At five o'clock every morning the little Boer household is astir. It is a little household now, for out of the sixteen children who called her mother only seven are alive.

What serves as their Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle is a little two-storey cottage. It has in the parlor a nice, neat set of black horse-hair furniture that Mrs. Kruger had on her wedding day. It has two marble-topped tables that came with it. The halls and walls of this little home are as clean as a new pin.

Over her little kitchen stove at five o'clock any morning Tanta Kruger may be seen bending industriously. She has risen half an hour earlier in order to light the fire, and when the President arrives, the aroma of coffee fills his nostrils. It has been said that Mrs. Kruger prides herself upon her coffee. It is one of her boasts, and she is a modest woman. Another is that she

accomplishes her end with less coffee than any other housewife in Pretoria.

After Mrs. Kruger has listened to a Bible reading from the lips of her husband, she has the dishes to wash, the little house to keep clean, the beds to make, the pots to burnish, the stockings and socks to darn.

And Oom Paul must be very hard on the heels of his socks, for no writer has ever come out of the heart of the Transvaal who has not described Tanta Kruger with a basket of stockings and socks in her lap, spectacles on her nose and a darning needle in her hand.

If the wife of President Kruger is not darning stockings she is sure to be absorbed in a pastime equally important. Every stitch in every dress she has ever worn, and every stitch in the dresses of her daughters for many, many years, this good lady sewed.

She believes in one black dress for best, one for every day and one for mornings. She has two bonnets; one she wears to church, and one she wears to market. Her church bonnet is a piece of her own handiwork, and it ranks second only in notoriety to that famous "topper" of her husband.

Tanta Kruger loves animals, and here is a story bearing out that affection for dumb creatures. The people went to her when they were erecting a statue to their beloved chief to ask her opinion of the sketches, and to beg her to add any suggestions. The drawings represented him in his black coat, old-fashioned top-hat and best black suit. His wife looked at them with delight. She thought them beautiful. The tears were in her big, brown eyes in the excess of her gratitude and pride. Then, modestly, she made a request. She begged that the crown of the top-hat might be left hollow so that the birds could always be able to drink from it. And so the hollowed crown of the hat catches the rain when it falls, and the birds flutter around it to drink and bathe.

This is only one of the pretty stories, full of tender pathos, which are told of this unique woman. There are others that tell how her people love her, how kind she is to everyone, and how she worships her Oom Paul. When he dies, the people say she will die, too. He is her lord and master—her idol, her strength.—*Ex.*

The Tallest Woman.

THE tallest woman, probably, in the world, is Miss Ella Ewing, of Gorin, a little town not far east of Kansas. She is twenty-six years old, according to the family Bible, and measures eight feet four inches. Miss Ewing was born at Gorin, and when twelve years old measured nearly seven feet, but kept on growing, to the amazement of her family and the neighbors.

In her girlish years she was quite sensitive about her height, because the other children used to tease her, but when she discovered that it was worth fifty dollars a week from circus and museum managers she took another view of the case. She earned enough money to lift the mortgage from her father's farm and retired to private life. Miss Ewing has had several offers of marriage, but is still-unwed.

The Table Set for Two.

THE sunshine falls on the window-sill,
And the day looks in at the open door,
The kettle sings, and the dear old wife
Goes back and forth o'er the kitchen floor
With plate and platter, and fork and spoon,
As every day she is wont to do,
And she lays them with a quiet grace
On the homely table set for two.

Oh! the bread is like the sea's white spray,
And the cloth is clean as mountain snows,
From the pantry shelf to the kitchen stove
The dear old wife on her errand goes.
The morning-glories over the porch
All in a riotous tangle run,
The cat lies curled asleep on a chair,
The old dog blinks at the noonday sun.

But the dear old wife is sad to-day,
And the morning hours have seemed so long,
For her thoughts are of the long ago,
When the old house rang with mirth and song;
When the red-checked boys and merry girls
Came trooping in through the open door,
Some wander now 'neath an alien sky,
And some will come back no more—no more.

There are empty chairs against the wall,
And the wide old rooms are strangely still,
The day is sad, though the sunshine falls
Like the sifted gold on the window-sill,
And the dear old lady in her quiet way
Does the homely tasks she is wont to do;
But the tears fall fast as she sadly thinks
Of the lonesome table set for two.



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

Mine Vamilly.

DIMBLED s cheeks, mit eyes off plur,
Mout like it vas moised mit dew,
Und lettle teeth shust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly headed, and full of glee,
Drowers all wadt at dat keck—
He vas been blay ing horse, you see—
Dot's little Otto.

Von hundord seerty in der shade,
Der odor day ven she vas weighed—
She beats me soon, I vas as raid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed, and pooty stoudt,
Mit grooked legs dat vill bend oudt,
Fond of his pier and sourkrout—
Dot's me himself

Von small young baby, full off fun,
Von lettle prite-eyed roguish son,
Von frau to greet when vork vas done,
Dot's mine vamilly.



A SCENE OF THREE MONTHS AGO.
PAPA MADE SUCH A SPLENDID SANTA CLAUS THAT EVEN THE DOGS DIDN'T KNOW HIM."

"Brave Bill"—and his Enemy.

WHEN the report of the loss of the *Maine* reached the United States, says *Youth's Companion*, the account was given also of the dauntless courage with which the officers and sailors met the disaster. One man, while the thunder of the explosion was still sounding in his ears, appeared at the door of Captain Sigs-

bee's cabin, and touching his cap, said calmly:

"Excuse me, sir—I have to report that the ship has biewn up, and is sinking."

He had faced an almost certain death in order to save the captain's life.

When the story was told, the heart of the nation responded with a proud throb. Every American felt honored

by the courage and coolness of his countryman, and rejoiced that by some happy chance he was among the few who were saved.

His after story is brief, and as it has been told in all the daily journals there can be no indelicacy in reciting it here.

He was a marine orderly on the *Maine*, a gallant, generous, friendly young fellow, who had but one enemy—himself. He drank to excess. After

the destruction of the *Maine* he came to this country, and was received with praise and affection as a hero. His friends gathered around him; he married, and soon had another position. He loved his work, his friends and his wife, but not work nor friends nor home could drag him away from the fatal habit.

Not two years after that day when, a hero among heroes, he trod the deck of the sinking ship he sat alone in a public park in New York, a miserable outcast, who for liquor had given up all that made life dear. Mad with want and despair, he kissed the picture of his child, and put an end to his life—a life which God had fitted him to make happy and noble.

We tell this true story to American young men, as we would point out a beast of prey hidden by the path along which they must walk.



THE YOUNGEST OFFICER IN THE TRANSVAAL ARMY—PRESIDENT KRUGER'S GRANDSON, FRITZ ELOFF, AGE 4.

A Klondike Dog.

DEEDS of heroism have been enacted in Alaska which history will never chronicle. *Truth* prints a story of one party of prospectors who owe their lives to a dog.

Upon the desolate waste of that inhospitable glacier, the Valdes, which has proved a sepulchre to so many

bright hopes and earnest aspirations, last winter a party of prospectors were camped. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp, and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered until nature succumbed and they lay down weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the

bitter ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to camp. This was a forlorn hope, but their only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast round the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts

TOM: "You say the bride and bridegroom looked nice, what about the guests?"

WILL: "Oh, they took the cake."

they persuaded him to start and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which the men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were becoming resigned to their fate, out of the blinding and drifting snow bounded the faithful dog and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.

The remainder of the story is simple. The whole party returned, having abandoned their useless quest, and on the last *Topeka* going south were two grateful men and a very ordinary-looking dog. "That dog will never want as long as we two live," said a grizzled and sunburnt man.

**

The Children of Dreyfus.

A PATHETIC incident connected with the Dreyfus trial is given by the Paris correspondent of *London Truth*.

Among the anxieties of the wife of the persecuted man, not the least was her fear that her children should learn the terrible fate of their father. To prevent this, during all the years of his imprisonment she kept them under her own eyes, not allowing them to go to school or play with other children, teaching them herself and going with them in their walks. The oldest boy, who was nine years of age, never saw a newspaper.

But while they were at the seaside, the boy found on the beach a torn kite made of old newspapers. He read them and went to his nurse.

"Ah, now I know why my papa is so long gone!" he said, showing her an article headed, "Facts of the Dreyfus affair."

"There are many Dreyfuses in Paris," the woman stammered.

"But not many Captain Alfred Dreyfuses whose wives are name Lucie. I know now why she cries at night!" cried the boy, sobbing. "She should have told me so that I could go to help my father."

In the sufferings of this man, so great that the world stood aghast before them as at a new horror in history, God gave him the steady, faithful love of his brothers, his wife and his children.

For Using His Brains.

A YOUNG brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who lives near Cumberland, Maryland, recently received from the railroad company a check for fifty dollars. It was a gift, and accompanying it was this memorandum: "For using his brains."

The story which explains this gift is a very simple one, and yet is well worth telling. It illustrates a fact which business men and employers are well aware of, that the man of brains is ready to act in an emergency on his own initiative, while the less intelligent person waits to be instructed, and loses the one opportunity for successful action.

This young man was a brakeman on a long freight train which one day was coming down the grade between Cranberry summit and Rowlesburg, West Virginia. He was on the front of the train, a long distance from the conductor—in the caboose in the rear—from whom he received his orders.

The train stopped with great suddenness. The brakeman did not know why it had stopped; he only knew that the cars were bumping together with noise and violence, and that something was wrong.

He also knew that the west-bound Chicago express passed at about that time. He had not stopped to think this out; he was simply instantly aware of it, and was also aware that if he went back for orders, which would have been the natural and possibly, in a technical way, the proper thing for him to do, it might be too late to stop the express. Therefore, he rushed forward without orders and flagged the express—which, sure enough, was booming along upon them.

He arrived in the nick of time. A few seconds later would have been late. As a matter of fact four or five cars on the freight-train were derailed, and they would have thrown the express into the river.

The acknowledgement from the railroad company of his good judgment not only took the form of the check for fifty dollars, but the announcement of it was posted on a bulletin in the stations and shops.

Mother Seal and Baby.

NEAR Anacapa, California, one day recently, the skipper of a sloop captured a young seal, and succeeded in getting it on board unharmed. When the sloop made for Santa Barbara, the mother seal appeared.

She swam about the vessel uttering piteous cries, while the captive barked and whined in response.

At Santa Barbara the youngster, enclosed in a bag, was carelessly left on

deck, when the mother, who had followed the vessel some eighty miles, revealed herself in person and voice, and her offspring, as if in answer to appealing promptings, wormed himself to the side of the vessel and tumbled overboard.

The mother's sharp teeth made quick work with the imprisoning bag, and in a trice her baby was free.

We are not told the sequel of the story, but it is to be hoped that the mother's love and devotion were appropriately rewarded.

ALL KINDS OF LITTLE PEOPLE.



"PAPA, will you buy me a drum?" said a little lad to his father.

"Ah—but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do!" returned papa.

"Oh, no, papa; I won't play it except when you're asleep!" promised the little fellow.

"I SAY, dad," little Johnny began.

"Now, what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now."

"Will my hair fall off when it is ripe, like yours?"

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GERTIE (to her sister's fiance): "Are you hurt much?"

AUGUSTUS: "Hurt much? I don't understand you, Gertie."

"Well, sister said she was fishing for you for a long time, and that she only hooked you after lots of trouble. Did she hurt you when she hooked you?"

BOY: "Pa, what is a hero?"

"A hero is a man who tries to read a newspaper in the same room with a boy about your size," replied the papa.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER: "Who loves everybody, Johnnie?"

JOHNNIE: "My pa does, cos he's trying to get into the Town Council."

"I THINK it would be a good plan to send Willie up into the country for a month," suggested Willie's father. "He's never been on a ranch, and it would be rather a novel experience for him." "No you don't," interrupted

Willie. "I've read all about the country, and I'm not going anywhere where they have thrashing machines. It's bad enough when it's done by hand."

DURING a dictation lesson a school-master read out the following sentence: "His collar rose to such a height that passion well-nigh choked him."

On correcting the exercises he found to his amusement that one little fellow had rendered the above as follows: "His collar rose to such a height that fashion well-nigh choked him."

"WHAT are you crying about, my little man?"

"Jin. Jy Dodds licked me first, an' then father licked me for letting Jimmy lick me, and then Jimmy licked me again for telling father, and now I suppose I shall catch it again from father."

"I'M not pleased with your school report, Bobby," said his father, with a solemn look.

"I told the teacher you wouldn't be; but she was too stubborn to change it, the old pelican!"

"JACK," asked the father, "are you going in for any of the school-sports this year?"

"Yes, daddy," replied the unsuspecting boy. "I'm going to try for the mile race."

"Good," returned his father. "I have a letter to be posted, and it's about a mile to the post-office and back. Let me see what time you can do it in."

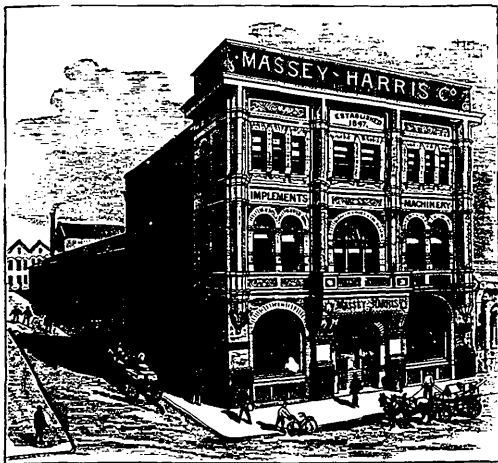


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As most of our readers are aware, the business of MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY, Limited—which Company is the largest concern in the British Empire making Farm Implements—was begun in this country fifty-three years ago, the Australasian business having been opened thirteen years ago.

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[CUT THIS OUT]

CURIOUS WOUNDS.

INJURIES MEN HAVE SUFFERED WITHOUT DYING.

A VERY eminent medical authority has been assuring us recently that the term "wounded" will soon cease to have the fearful significance which it once possessed. To be shot through the lungs, it appears, involves but little risk with proper surgical handling, and other wounds of the limbs count for almost nothing so long as expanding bullets are not employed; while wounds of the abdomen, the liver, and even the head, are far from being necessarily fatal. The present war has been prolific in curious wounds which have failed either to kill or to permanently disable the wounded.

It is interesting to note instances in which bullets have in the past remained in vital parts of the body for a long time.

A soldier lived for two years and a half after receiving a shot in the chest. On his death it was found that the ball had actually traversed his body, wound-

ing the lungs, kidneys, and other important organs, and had finally perforated the spine and lodged there. Almost as extraordinary was the course of another bullet which, moving with full velocity, entered a man's side, came in contact with a rib, was thereby deflected in its course, and ran round under the skin to the opposite side of the body.

This last instance of narrow escape occurred on a battlefield; and, indeed, the annals of war contain some very remarkable occurrences of much the same nature. During the Indian Mutiny a man was struck by a bullet on the outer edge of the left orbit, or bony cavity of the eye. The bone was broken, and there was only a small wound about a quarter of an inch long on the skin,—so small that it was not thought possible that a bullet could have entered it. The wound healed, and for eight years afterwards the man did his duty. About this time, however, an abscess formed at the spot where he had been wounded, and on

opening it a small dark object was seen appearing just above the orbit. It proved to be half of the bullet, which, when the wound was inflicted, must have been split on the bone, one half flying off, and the other half lodging within the orbit. The man lost the sight of his eye from the moment he was wounded, though there was no apparent injury to the organ; but, strange to say, the half bullet lying under the eyeball never gave him the least inconvenience.

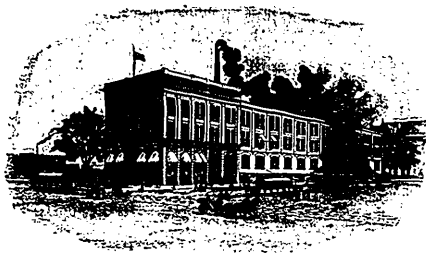
In the Soudan War a private had a bullet pass through the frontal bone of his head and lodge in the brain. He was quite sensible, and felt no pain, he said, the only inconvenience was an occasional giddiness. He was sent home, and is still alive.

Dr. O'Callaghan speaks also of an officer who got the breach of a fowling-piece, three ounces in weight, lodged in his forehead. It actually supported the right hemisphere of the brain for at least seven years.

Many a man is going about now with a bullet in his chest or leg, received in some action. As a rule, however, this kind of thing tells sooner or later. A

native servant of an officer in India lived for nearly two years with a bullet in his forehead. It was wedged into the bone, the skin healed over it, and the man went about his duty, feeling no inconvenience whatever. He fell down suddenly and died one day, and the bullet was found to be pressing right on the brain.

Another very curious thing, arising out of the excitement of the mind at the time, is that men are often wounded without knowing it, or for the moment without feeling any pain. We have in proof of this the case of the soldier whose limbs were carried off by a cannon ball, and who was not aware of the injury he had received until he tried to rise. In another case a soldier advancing at a run, received a bullet in his mouth, which was open. The ball passed between the skin and the muscle which is attached to the angle of the jaw-bone, but the man was quite ignorant of the wound, and was astonished to find himself spitting blood, and to feel his jaw becoming stiff. The bullet was subsequently removed from beneath the skin at the back of the neck.



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GUELPH, ONTARIO.

Wise and Otherwise

PROFESSOR "Wait, wait. You are playing that part too loud. Don't bang so."
MADAM'S "Oh, don't worry about that, professor. The piano is a hired one."

"Look here, old chappie, just introduce me to your pretty cousin."
"All right, I'll do so, but mark, if ever you marry her, don't lay the blame on me."

SAVAGE PARTY (annoyed by yelping dog) "If I kick that dog in the ribs perhaps he'll stop barking at me."

VELVET DOG'S OWNER "Perhaps he will. He never wants to bark when he's got his mouth full."

MISTRESS (to servant who has just had a wordy conflict with the dustman) "And did he use violent language?"

SLAVANT "Violent language? I should just think 'e did. Why master ain't got no chance against 'im."

SIR ROBERT "Look here, John, my lady complains that when you meet her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it?"

JOHN "Beggin' your pardon, Sir Robert, but in a book on etyketty which I possess it is set down that the lady ought to bow first."

FATHER "You are very backward in your arithmetic. When I was your age I was in cuber root."
Boy: "What's that?"

FATHER "What? You don't even know what it is? That's terrible! Here, I gave me your pencil. Now we'll take 53, 1, 2, 4, and find the cube root. First you divide—No, you—Let me see—3—yes—no—Well, never mind. After all, perhaps you're too young to understand it."

JUST heard something scandalous about you, Louise."
"I thought so, you look so awfully pleased."

NEWSPAPER MAN "I should like to telegraph home that the commanding general is an idiot."
CESAR "I regret to inform you that we can permit the transmission of no military secrets."

"I CAN tell you, said he, how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked she.
"Two pints."

He was watching his neighbor's troublesome boy climb a tree, and he had a look of painful anxiety on his countenance.

"Are you afraid the lad will fall?" he was asked.
"No," he replied; "I'm afraid he won't."

"MARIE didn't you feel very bad when your engagement was broken off?"

"Yes, and I had another dreadful blow the same day—my new dress came home and didn't fit."

MR. H. "Congratulations, old fellow. Boy or girl?"
MR. B. (sorrowfully): "Both."

CALLER "Is Miss Sweetie in?"
SERVANT "No, sir."
"But I just saw her come in."
"Yes, sir; but she saw you as well."

TERRIFIED CITY MILKMAN "Good gracious! What's that? Mary bring the gun quick. There's a wild beast in the yard."

MARY (who was once in the country, why you old silly, that's a cow)
T. C. MILKMAN "You don't say so?"

SHE (passionately) "Will you ever love another, dearest?"

HE (wearily) "No, never, if I get out of this affair."

Do not neglect to keep your boots polished. You can always shine at one end if you cannot at the other.

"I HATE never met," he said, "more than two really lovely women."

AL "said she, looking up innocently into his face, "who was the other?"

TOMMY "We have got a new baby at our house."
NALLY (with upturned nose) "We don't want one, we've got a piano!"

MOSES, JUNIOR "Fader, a shentleman in de shop wants to know if dat all-wool, nonshrinkable shirt will shrink?"

MOSES, SENIOR "Does it fid him?"

"No, id is too big."

"Yah, id will shrink!"

JOHNSON "How did Hobson manage to become engaged to the wealthy Miss Antique? I thought she was a man-hater."

BOBSON "So she was, but when he advised her not to get a bell for her bicycle, for when she rode it there was already one on it, she immediately succumbed."

CHARLES "Miss Spindle has pretty teeth, hasn't she?"

MAUDE (spitefully) "Yes, and quite inexpensive ones, too."

BROWN "I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me."
JOHNS "I wish you'd met her sooner."

"WHAT is there for breakfast this morning? Not ham and eggs again, I hope?"

No, sir—not ham and eggs to-day."

"Thank goodness! What is it, then?"

"Only ham."

BIBBY "So you asked the old gent for Ethel's hand, eh? Well, how did you come out?"

LOTHARIO "I don't distinctly remember. I think it was through the window, however."

Massey-Harris Illustrated

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS.

PROF. SCRUB - - - Editor-in-Chief
FRANK VIFOND - - - Acting Editor.

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