

# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

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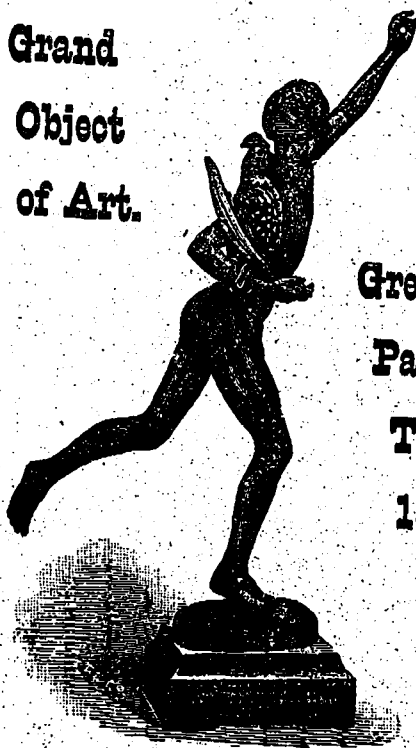


Grand  
Champion  
Trophy.



Great  
Australian  
Trial,  
1890.

Grand  
Object  
of Art.



Great  
Paris  
Trial,  
1889.



**THE MASSEY-TORONTO**

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THE MASSEY M'FG' CO. TORONTO, CANADA.



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(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 6.]

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## The Wreckers of Sable Island,

BY

*J. Macdonald Orley.*

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

IN SIX CHAPTERS. —CHAPTER VI.

RELEASE AND RETRIBUTION.

**G**REAT was the bustle and excitement at the wreckers' quarters on Sable Island. The day was peculiarly favorable to embarking, such a day as might not happen once in a month.

The ocean slept in a glassy calm, the tireless billows rolled tamely up the beach instead of bursting upon it with their wonted fury, the still air felt soft and warm. But the very beauty of the day was a portent of approaching change, for it was what the sea-faring folk call a "weather-breeder," because such halcyon days are always followed by gloom and storm.

None knew this better than the wreckers, learned as they were in the lore of wind and cloud and sea, and they made all haste to transfer themselves, and the booty they had accumulated during their winter's sojourn, to the schooner ere evening should come, and with it the inevitable storm.

In a state bordering close upon frenzy, Eric watched the work going on. No one seemed to notice him, save that several times he caught Evil-Eye regarding him with a look of exultant triumph that was simply fiendish, and made the poor boy shiver as though smitten with ague.

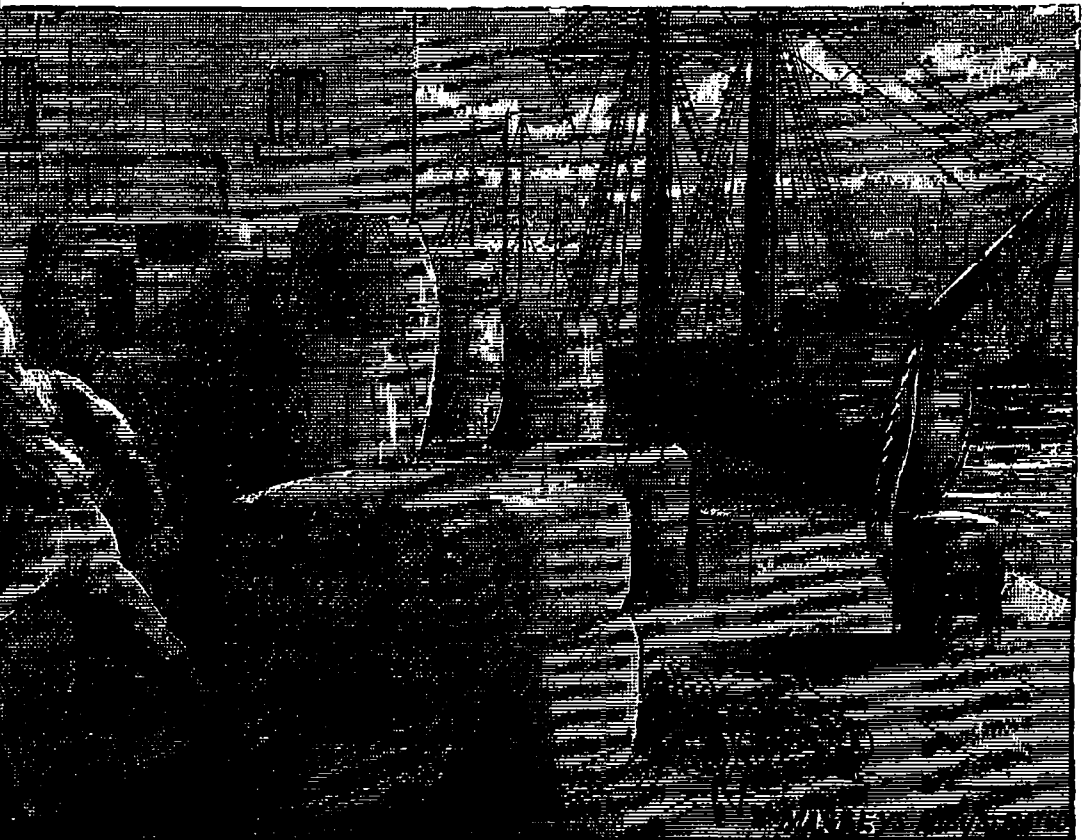
Ben, who had his own interests to care for, cheered him a bit by laying his hand kindly upon his shoulder as he passed, and saying, in an encouraging tone:

"Don't be down-hearted, lad. I'll stand by ye."

But the work of removal was almost complete, and still his fate was uncertain. No hint had he as to whether he would be taken or left behind, only another boat-load of stuff remained, and in the boat that came for this were Ben and Evil-Eye and the captain of the schooner. Eric stood near the landing-place with Prince at his side, and he knew that his future hung upon what might be decided during the next few minutes.

The boat was laden, the crew stood ready to launch her into the breakers, and now came the critical moment. How far the matter had been discussed already Eric did not know. He saw Ben draw the Captain aside, and engage him in earnest conversation, while Evil-Eye hung about as though he burned to put in a word. His heart ceased to beat as he watched the Captain's face. Evidently he was not unmoved by Ben's arguments, whatever they were. His countenance betrayed that he was wavering—that his opposition was weakening.

With rising hope Eric noticed this. So too did Evil-Eye, but with different feelings. He thought



IN THE DEEP SHADOW HE CREPT WITH THE QUIETNESS OF A CAT.

it time to interfere, and, drawing nearer, began in a loud, half-threatening tone:

"Say, now, Captain—" but before he could get out another word, Ben wheeled round, his face aflame with anger, and rising to his utmost height, he shook his mighty fist in Evil-Eye's face as he roared:

"Curse you! Hold that infernal tongue of yours or I'll tear it out of your throat."

Involuntarily Evil-Eye shrank back from the giant who towered so threateningly above him, and satisfied that he would not venture to interfere again, Ben turned to resume his talk with the Captain, while the other, with a shower of imprecations, slunk off down to the boat, where he sought to vent his venom by abusing Ben before the crew.

For some time longer the conversation between Ben and the Captain continued. What arguments Ben used, or what inducements he offered, Eric never knew, but oh! what a bound his heart gave when the two men separated, and Ben came towards him with his sombre face so full of relief as to appear almost joyful.

"It's all right, my lad," said he, grasping Eric's shoulder with his iron hand. "You're to come with us. Let's hurry up now, and get into the boat."

Eric could not speak for joy and gratitude. His heart seemed to swell within him as though it would burst. A look of unspeakable thankfulness, and a passionate pressure of his hand were Ben's reward, and he—huge and rough-moulded as he was—asked for nothing more.

Evil-Eye scowled terribly when Eric sprang into the boat, but dared only mutter his protests, for, clearly enough, Ben was in no mood for trifling, and the Captain had come over to his side.

Without waiting for an invitation, Prince promptly leaped in beside his young master. The men in the boat laughed at this, and the Captain, noticing the dog, said:

"Let him come. He's too good to leave."

The first attempt to pass the breakers was successful, and in a few minutes more Eric, with a feeling of glad relief beyond all power of words to express, stood upon the schooner's deck, and looked back at the island which for well-nigh half-a-year had been his prison, and was still his beloved parents' grave.

The low broad weather-beaten hut was easily visible.

"How good God was to protect me there!" thought he, as he recalled the many scenes of violence he had witnessed. "I wonder what is to become of me now. But I won't worry. He has saved me from the Island. He will take care of me."

With many a "Yo! heave-ho!" the anchor was raised, the schooner's broad wings set to catch the breeze already blowing, and soon she was speeding away southward, steering for Boston harbor.

The expedition manifested in the embarking had not been unnecessary. With the sunset came heavy lowering clouds, and with the dark a series of squalls, which developed into a storm that raged all night, requiring the best seamanship of those on board the schooner to bring her safely through. As the day advanced, however, the wind abated, and by noon had quieted into a brisk breeze that carried the trim vessel along bravely.

All going well, they ought to make Boston ere dark, and Ben called Eric up into the bows to tell him what had been decided concerning him. Eric was greatly relieved when he heard the arrangement. On their arrival at Boston, he was to be kept in close confinement in the fore-hold until the time for the sailing of a vessel bound for England,

of which the Captain knew. He was to be placed on board the vessel, and to work his passage as cabin-boy. When the ship reached England, he might make his way to his friends as best he could. By that time the wreckers, (none of whom intended to return to Sable Island, for they felt sure that the wreck of the *Francis* would lead to investigation, and the place be made too hot for them) would have disposed of their booty, and scattered beyond all reach of the law.

Ben did not add, as he might have done, that in order to effect this arrangement he had to bribe the Captain by turning over to him one-half of his interest in the schooner's cargo.

But Eric was already so grateful for all that had been done in his behalf by dear big Ben, that even this could hardly have increased his gratitude. He thanked his protector over and over again. The very thought of once more setting foot in England filled him with delight, and blinded him to the many intervening difficulties over which his boyish sanguineness carried him as though they were of no moment whatever.

Ben took his meed of thanks very quietly. The truth was, he had grown very fond of Eric during the months they were so much together. Eric had taken him into his fullest confidence, telling him all about Oakdene, and his life there and at his school. Ben had reciprocated by giving Eric an account of his life, and so they both felt as though they had known each other for years instead of months. And now that the time was drawing near when their ways would thenceforth be far apart, the separation meant a very different thing to Ben from what it did to Eric. To Eric it meant home and friends again, even though that home was shadowed by his parents' loss. To Ben, a relapse into the old evil ways, from which the influence of Eric's presence had for a time delivered him. The giant's heart was heavy, and his rugged, sombre countenance presented a striking contrast to that of the boy beaming with hope and joy beside him.

The favorable breeze held on, and ere the sun sank to rest beyond the Western hills, the schooner was gliding up Boston Bay at a rate that carried her to her place of mooring before the darkness came. The anchor dived with a heavy splash into the swirling water, the chain rattled noisily through the hawse-hole, and the voyage was ended.

A boat was lowered into which the Captain and Evil-Eye got. The former invited Ben to accompany them, but he declined, the truth of the matter being, that he intended to keep watch and ward over Eric until the time came to take him to the English ship.

The boat rowed off to the wharves, and before it returned Eric was sound asleep in the close but otherwise not uncomfortable quarters Ben had fitted up for him in the fore-hold.

He was awakened by the singing of the men as they toiled at the windlass, and the rattling of the chain as it came slowly up link by link out of the water. Then he heard the water rippling against the schooner's bow, and he knew that she was moving, rightly surmising that she was making her way to a berth beside one of the wharves. During all that day there was continual motion on deck, and the imprisoned boy made shift to while away the long hours by guessing what it meant, and what the sailors and wreckers were about. Ben brought him a bountiful breakfast, and dinner, and tea, and stayed with him while he ate, but did not seem much disposed to talk. He did not yet know when the English ship was to sail, but thought it would be soon.

The schooner became much quieter by night-fall, for the majority of those on board had evidently gone ashore, and so complete was the silence at times that the vessel seemed to be deserted. There was a clock not far away which rang out the hours very clearly, and Eric heard seven, eight, nine and ten o'clock strike ere he fell asleep, for he was in a high state of excitement. After he had been asleep he knew not how long, he was roused by two men talking in loud tones on the deck just above him. They were evidently disputing about something, and were much the worse for liquor. Presently one of them shouted:

"It is there. I know it is. I'll prove it to you."

Then came the sound of the fore-hatch being lifted aside, and the light of a lantern was flashed into the hold. Whatever it was the man sought, he soon found it, for triumphantly exclaiming:

"There now. Didn't I say right?" he drew the hatch back again, and with his companion went stumbling off to the cabin.

Eric had shrunk back into a corner on the hatch being opened, for he knew not what the men might be about, but when the restoration of perfect silence assured him that they had gone, he crept to the spot underneath the hatch and looked up.

The instant he did so he saw something that caused his heart to leap to his mouth, and his whole frame to fairly shiver with intense excitement. It was a star shining brightly into his eye out of the clear blue vault of heaven, and whose cheery beam, falling like a spark upon tinder, set him afire with hope. The sailor in his drunken carelessness had left the hatch unfastened and drawn a little aside. The way of escape was open!

With bated breath and wildly beating heart, Eric raised himself softly, and pushed at the hatch. At first it refused to move, but exerting a little more strength it slid away a few inches, making no perceptible noise, and bit by bit he pushed at it until there was an open space large enough to permit him to pass through. Then using extremest caution, he lifted himself until he could survey the deck, and peered eagerly into the semi-darkness to discover if there were any of the men about. There was no moon, but the stars shone their brightest, and accustomed as Eric's eyes were to the darkness he could see fairly well.

Putting forth all his strength he swung himself up on the deck, and then crouched in the deep shadows of the foremast for a few moments. Not a soul was in sight, not a sound disturbed the still air. The black line of the wharf rose but a few feet above the bulwarks. Gliding across the narrow intervening space Eric got upon the bulwarks, and thence with one active spring upon the wharf. The wharf was as deserted and silent as the schooner's deck. Along one side was piled a line of casks and barrels, in the deep shadow of which he crept with the quietness of a cat until the big warehouses were reached. Then, straightening himself out, he moved more rapidly until he came out upon the street.

The street opened to right and left of him, leading away he had not the slightest knowledge whether. Taking the right turning he hastened along, determined to appeal for aid to the first respectable looking person he might meet. By the dim light of the occasional oil lamps at the street corners he could make out that he was in a street of taverns, shops, and warehouses, some of the first named being still open, although the hour must have been very late. There were few persons about, and as these all appeared to be seafaring folk, he carefully avoided them, keeping in the shadows of porches and alleyways until they passed.



He had gone about a quarter-of-a-mile, when just as he approached a tavern that was still in full blast, the door suddenly opened, a broad band of light fell upon the sidewalk, in the midst of which appeared Evil-Eye roaring out a drunken song, as he beckoned to others inside to follow him.

For an instant Eric stood rooted to the spot with terror. His limbs seemed petrified. Then, as quick as a flash, he darted into a dark alley at his right, and trembling like an aspen leaf waited for Evil-Eye to pass. The drunken scoundrel lingered for what seemed an hour of agony to the terror-stricken boy, but at length being joined by his companions staggered off in the direction of the schooner. So soon as he had well passed, Eric emerged from his haven of refuge, and seeing before him a street that led off to the left from the one upon which he had been hitherto, turned his steps that way, hoping to discover a more promising neighbourhood.

In this he was not disappointed. The street turned and twisted in a puzzling fashion, but evidently led to the upper part of the city, and after fifteen minutes smart walking, Eric came out into a fine avenue that was lined with handsome houses on both sides. Here he would surely meet with some one to whom he could safely tell his story.

Feeling very weary from excitement and exertion he sat down upon a door-step which was itself in shadow, but commanded a stretch of sidewalk that was lightened by a near street lamp. He would rest there a while, and in the meantime some one might come along. Just as he sat down the bell of a church tower clock not far away slowly tolled out the midnight hour.

"Oh! how late it is," groaned Eric. "I do hope I will not have to stay here all night."

A few minutes later he heard the sounds of approaching foot-steps, and his heart beat high with hope. The foot-fall was slow and deliberate, not that of an unsteady reveller. It came nearer and nearer, and presently there emerged into the line of light the figure of a man tall and stately, and wrapped in a black cloak over whose collar fell long locks of snow-white hair. Not a moment did Eric hesitate. Springing from his hiding-place with a suddenness that caused the passer-by to start in alarm, he caught hold of the ample cloak, and lifting up his face to the wearer, said, in beseeching tone:

"Oh! sir, won't you help me?"

Quite reassured on seeing how small was this unexpected disturber of his homeward walk, the gentleman looked down at the eager pleading face, and attracted at once by its transparent honesty, put his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, saying: "What is the matter, my son. I will gladly help you if I can."

The grave gentle words with their assurance that he was safe at last wrought a revulsion in poor Eric's feelings, strained as they had been for so long to their highest pitch, which caused him to burst forth into tears, and his new-found friend, realizing that he had no ordinary case to deal with, took him by the arm, saying:

"Come with me. My house is near at hand. You shall tell me your story there."

Directing his steps to a large house in which lights were still burning, the gentleman opened the door, and led Eric into a room whose walls were lined with rows of portly volumes.

"Now, my son," said he. "Sit you down there, and when you feel more composed tell me your troubles."

With a delicious sense of security Eric sank into a big arm-chair, and, checking his tears, proceeded

to tell the grave old gentleman before him his story.

With intense interest and sympathy did Dr. Saltonstall listen to the extraordinary narrative as simply and plainly it was laid before him, putting in a question here and there when he did not fully understand the tale, but otherwise not interrupting.

So soon as Eric had finished, his listener rose to his feet, and resumed his clock which he had laid aside:

"Master Eric," said he, "this is a communication of the utmost importance, and must be laid before the Governor this very night, that measures may be taken without loss of time for the seizure of those scoundrels. I had but left His Honor, when in God's good providence I encountered you. We will repair to his mansion without delay. Haply he has not yet retired for the night."

Forthwith the two set out, and walking rapidly, were soon at the Governor's mansion. Fortunately he was still sitting in his parlor, and at once gave audience to his belated visitors. Before him Eric rehearsed his story. Mr. Strong listened with no less interest than had Dr. Saltonstall, neither was he less prompt to act. His secretary was summoned, and orders given for a force of constables to be gathered together and despatched without loss of time in search of the schooner, with instructions to arrest every one on board. Eric had given the vessel's name, and described as best he could the wharf at which she lay. The finding of her would be an easy matter.

When all this had been attended to, a thought flashed into Eric's mind which gave him great concern. Would big Ben share the fate of the others? He was no doubt on board the schooner now, and would be captured with them. He could not bear the thought. Ben must be saved!

Approaching the Governor he pleaded earnestly that no harm should be done to Ben. Ben had befriended him in his time of sorest need. It would break his heart if in any way he should be the means of putting Ben in peril. The Governor was evidently touched by his passionate advocacy.

"Do not distress your mind, my lad," said he in kindly tones. "I think we can find a way of escape for your friend. He certainly deserves some consideration."

The remainder of this story is soon told. The schooner was readily found. The wreckers, nearly all of whom were befuddled with drink, proved an easy capture, and by morning all were safely locked up in the city jail.

Their trial excited wide-spread interest, and made Eric the hero of the hour. Ben, being urged thereto by Dr. Saltonstall, turned States' evidence, and having solemnly pledged himself to a complete reformation, was released scathless, but the other wreckers from Evil-Eye to Black Joe paid the penalty of their crimes upon the scaffold.

While these events were transpiring, Eric abode with Dr. Saltonstall, who had conceived a strong liking for him. He made hosts of friends, and could not help feeling much flattered at the amount of interest taken in him, but what pleased him most was that from Evil-Eye's ill-gotten possessions he recovered his mother's ring, his father's watch, and other relics of the loved ones forever lost. After a pleasant stay in Boston he went on to Halifax where he was received by His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, and the garrison, as one that had risen from the dead. There his story aroused unbounded wrath and indignation, and the authorities at once took measures to prevent Sable Island ever again becoming the haunt of wreckers. A staff of guard-

ians were placed upon it, and life-saving stations established, which made it less of a terror to mariners than it had been before.

In due time Eric returned to England and Oakdene. His grandparents welcomed him with mingled smiles and tears,—tears for the father and mother buried in the dreary wind-scourged sandbanks of Sable Island, and smiles for the boy so happily delivered from a cruel fate at the hands of the scoundrels whose crimes had cursed that ocean grave-yard.

THE END.

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

## Marie; or, The Last of the Hurons.

BY WM. A. LAUGHLIN, CANNINGTON, ONT.

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE HURON MISSION.

**R**EADER! history paints in enduring colors the sad fate of the Huron Mission in 1649. The Huron Mission was located in the territory of the peaceful Huron Indians; that is, the section of country lying between Lake Huron and Lake Simcoe. The Hurons supported themselves by hunting and tilling the soil, and evidences of their skill in agriculture were shown by the varied products, both in fruit and vegetables, that graced their storehouses each autumn.

Long years before the Mission was established, the Hurons had lost sight of the fact that "in unity is strength," and as a result they quarrelled among themselves. A rival faction separated from the mother tribe. The French soon gave this rival party the name of Iroquois, derived from the word "hiro" ("I have said"), with which they invariably finished their speeches. Among the Indian Tribes they were known as the Hodenosaunce—"the people of the long house." They vainly termed themselves Ongonhouse—"the men surpassing all others."

After their separation from the Hurons they settled in what is now New York State. Their bourgades or villages soon increased in numbers, till in 1649 they were the most warlike and powerful of all the North American tribes. They were divided into five cantons, namely: Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. However, in time of war, the Five Nations generally united and taking advantage of their situation between the French and English, they made themselves worthy of notice. Such were the fiends with whom the zealous Jesuit fathers had to contend. The Jesuit priests came to Canada with the French explorers, and by their zeal in proclaiming the Cross, they soon won the friendship of the Huron Indians. Soon mission stations dotted the picturesque expanse of the Huron country. The chief fort or station was St. Marie, located on a little river now called the Wye, that falls into Matchedash Bay.

Among the people the Fathers dispensed a bountiful hospitality; there scattered parties of the Algonquins, of the Ottawa region, found shelter. No wayfarer was turned empty-handed from their doors. However, all was not bliss, for the fell Iroquois were resolved on exterminating the Huron Mission.

At this period the priests of the missions of St. Louis, St. Ignace, St. Jean, St. Joseph, and St. Michael, met at St. Marie for grave discussion. The country had grown peaceful, yet the Fathers viewed with disfavor the apathy of their allies, the Hurons, who lived careless and supine, although the security of their country depended on their constant vigilance. Hence the peaceful yet dangerous state of affairs in the Huron Mission.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE FRENCH GIRL.

The sun was setting at the close of a glorious day in June, 1648, and as he slowly disappeared behind the pine-clad hills the scene before him seemed to make him linger in his downward course. There the little river—now the Wye—flowed peacefully

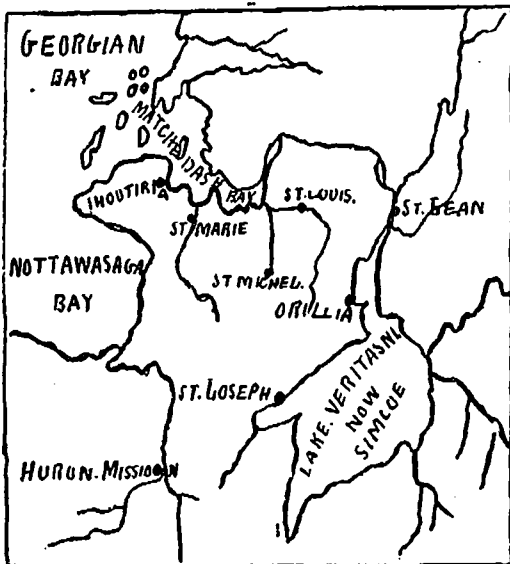
on its course, and, save an occasional murmur of the stream as it glided on its course, nothing broke the solemn stillness of the evening.

Soon, however, the silence was broken by the snap of a twig on the mossy river bank, and in a moment more the tall form of a young girl appeared at the edge of the river. She had a sweet, yet sad expression on her beautiful face, and as she gazed into the calm placid waters, thoughts too deep for words seemed to take possession of Marie, the heroine of this story.

Marie remained gazing for some minutes, but dashing a straggling tear from her cheek, she turned and gracefully paced the beaten path leading to a grove of stately balsams. She soon grew weary, and throwing herself on a rustic seat, guarded by a weeping birch, she poured forth upon the tranquil air a sweet French love song. Soon the dell resounded with the echoes of her song, till lost in the distance they gradually grew less and less distinct.

At the conclusion of her song Marie wept, but drying her eyes she regained her composure, and kneeling on the ground she asked help from Him "who heareth the prayer both of the weak child and of the strong man in agony," and this act seemed to heal the fountain of her sorrow. She arose, and as the setting sun threw his last beam on her face, she looked lovely indeed.

Marie was a French girl, whose parents had been cruelly murdered by the Iroquois. She was their only child, and consequently her fond parents left her at Quebec till they should call for her on their homeward journey to France. But she never saw



STATIONS OF THE HURON MISSION.

them again, for the Iroquois—as we said before—had robbed her of her best friends on earth. Father Breboeuf, of Fort St. Ignace, on a visit to Quebec, received the orphan girl under his care, and he removed her to his home in old St. Ignace. Marie, by her piety as well as by her accomplishments, soon won the love of her Indian associates.

She had often wondered at herself for stopping so long with her dusky friends, for over in sunny France rich relatives would welcome her back to the land of her birth. However, the ties that bound her to her Canadian protectors were stronger than those that bound her to France. Hence, she tarried in the Huron country.

Yet on this delightful June evening she gave evidences of deep sorrow. She thought of her brave father, of her beautiful mother, lost to her on this earth, and she wept.

Soon the monotonous notes of the cluckahoué (a gourd filled with pebbles) reached her ear, and Marie remembered that she was wanted at an Indian dance then in progress. The beautiful French girl retraced her steps, and running swiftly forward she made great progress. But, alas! in her haste she made a misstep, and was thrown headlong into the swiftly flowing river.

When Marie regained consciousness, she found herself at home in the good old Fort St. Ignace, with Father Breboeuf bending over her pillow. Her kind guardian, after complimenting her on a narrow escape from an early death, reminded her that her sprained ankle must needs keep her in doors for some time. Breboeuf, to alleviate her sufferings, told the girl that she owed her life to a stranger, who was awaiting an interview with her.

The French girl resolved to grant his request. He accordingly presented himself and bowed in a graceful manner. Marie thanked the noble stranger in French—the language she loved so well—who, after conversing for some time, desired that he might enliven those present with music. The fathers consented, and bringing forth a guitar, they placed it in his hands.

Manfred Gonzaga—for such was the stranger's name—swept his long tapering fingers over the strings, and sang the same love song that Marie had sang the evening before. He then thanked those present for their kindness to him, and, turning to Father Breboeuf, said, "Farewell, father, till we meet again."

The priest said, "Do not turn from our cheer, gentle Italian—for such I take you to be—but tarry here till the hunters go forth in the autumn."

Manfred thanked him, and accepted the invitation, saying, while directing his dark eyes on Marie—"I hope my time may not fleet too hastily away whilst in the presence of such gentle company, and yet when I turn from your door, I go forth upon the world an outcast, for although of a high Italian family, I am an outlaw from sunny Italy."

Then kissing Marie's hand, he retired to rest.

Marie, on reflecting over the late events, considered that this Manfred was a godsend, sent to while away the dragging hours, as she saw that he would be an agreeable companion. With these pleasant thoughts in her mind, she fell asleep and dreamt of gentle knights and fair ladies.

Marie and Manfred soon became very friendly, as he possessed all the graces and accomplishments of a gentleman. Soon she grew to love the Italian with a deep, silent love, and he, on the other hand, openly pressed his suit. He told her of his brilliant prospects—how that in a few months he would be allowed to return to Italy—to wealth, honor, and fame; and surely the position she now enjoyed was not to be envied—a position as caterer to the Huron savages.

Marie prayed long and fervently for help and guidance from Him "whose eyes are in every place," and she finally resolved to respect the vows she had lately taken, and remain with her dusky friends. Manfred, after this refusal, seemed to be a changed being. No songs did he sing; no compliments did he pay the fair Marie.

After some months had sped, Manfred one day entered Marie's presence with a flustered face, and again demanded an answer to the old, old question, which is always to be "Yes" or "No." Marie again refused, and the Italian grew waxy. After cursing the Jesuit Fathers and their mission, he advanced for the purpose of kissing her. The girl with a bound flew from the couch, and her admirer stumbled and fell on the floor.

The orphan girl in her terror called aloud for help. Father Breboeuf being near, soon arrived on the scene, and looked with surprise on the fallen Italian, whose eyes were now closed. Breboeuf, after examination, concluded that the Italian was intoxicated, and his suspicions were verified by finding a flask of French wine concealed in his pocket. The priest, after exhorting Marie to respect her vows, and not to ally herself into a drunkard, bent his efforts towards reviving him. His efforts were successful, and with a look of shame clouding his dark features, the Italian with difficulty rose. He attempted to palliate his offence to the priest, but Breboeuf was so grieved at his condition that he found it difficult to answer him. Manfred next made overtures to Marie, but with a look of scorn she waved him away. Pale with anger the Italian turned to the priest, and said: "Sir! you forget that your ward was saved from death by me at the risk of my own life, and she now spurns me like dust; not alone that, you have plotted with her to make me a laughing stock of these Huron savages. Nay, I suffer purgatory's torture, if I linger longer in your territory or trespass further on your hospitality, but, before I depart, I warn you and your ward to beware! I go, spurning the loathsome dust of your villages from my feet, and as for you dark eyed gazelle, remember 'the good die young'. Beware!"

Manfred left their presence and the village, and soon the anxious Father, and the still more anxious Marie, lost sight of their fickle guest, and Marie resolved to no longer cloud her young life, but banish him from her thoughts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## A GREAT AMALGAMATION.

MASSEY & HARRIS, Limited.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the alleged "combine" of the MASSEY MANUFACTURING CO., of Toronto, A. HARRIS, SON & CO., LIMITED, of Brantford, and MASSEY & CO., LIMITED, of Winnipeg. There are, however, different kinds of combines, and the question is, what is a "combine" in the common acceptation of the term, and does this new organization come under that head?

We take it as now understood that a "combine" is an association or consolidation of individual or corporate interests for the purpose of controlling the output and prices in a specific line of trade, or in reality for obtaining an absolute "monopoly" of, or "cornering" and controlling the market in, some industrial or other product. In this sense a "combine" and a "trust" are practically synonymous terms—that is, they are organizations with the same end in view.

Now, anyone who will take the pains to read the official statement of this new company (MASSEY & HARRIS LIMITED) as published in the daily press, and which we reprint below from the *Globe* of May 6th, will see that this is no "combine," for several reasons. In the first place, it is not an association of the corporate interests of the three companies concerned, but, on the contrary, these three companies are all going into liquidation and will wind up their affairs, and a new company is to be formed by such of the shareholders of the old companies as desire to enter it. The advantages of this amalgamation of these interests, is briefly mentioned in the official statement below. That this new company is not a "monopoly" and that it will not control the manufacture and sale of Harvesting Machinery in Canada, even were it so disposed, is evident from the fact that there are still seven or eight manufacturers of Self-Binders in Ontario, and many more who make mowing machines and hay rakes etc.

The following comment we clip from the editorial pages of the *Monetary Times*, May 8th (Toronto), which is the leading financial journal of the Dominion:—

### Implement Firms Amalgamate.

AN amalgamation of the interests of the Massey Manufacturing Co., this city, and that of the A. Harris, Son & Co., Brantford, has been completed. The nominal capital is fixed at \$5,000,000. In future the business of these companies will be conducted under the style of Massey & Harris (Limited). This consolidation of interests is an important one, as every one who has paid the least attention to the business of making agricultural implements knows that, as a whole, it has long been unsatisfactory. Few, if any, of the companies made any money the last two or three years. Indeed, several of them have failed, and during the winter two very old and respectable companies thought it best to wind up and save what they had, if anything remained. Under these circumstances, the new arrangement between two important concerns cannot fail to benefit all directly interested. Now the new company will have all the advantages of both the old concerns. It will possess all their patents, their combined experience, and, we presume, the best methods of both will be adopted. Thus the cost of production may be lessened. A larger saving will also be effected in the sales department, for fewer agents will be required, and doubtless only the most efficient will be retained. A corresponding reduction may also take place in the number of warehouses and offices. All the savings thus effected will not reach the shareholders' pockets, much as they may expect it. At least, such has, in the end, proved to be the experience of similar combinations; and it is well that it should

be so. The chief place of business of Massey & Harris, Ltd., will be in Toronto. It appears likely that the old shareholders will practically control the new company, as the provisional directors and applicants for the charter are: H. A. Massey, Alanson Harris, J. Kerr Osborne, Lyman M. Jones, W. E. H. Massey, J. N. Shenstone, C. D. Massey and T. J. McBride.

On the editorial page of the *Toronto Globe* for May 6th, the following comment appears:

"As will be seen by an authoritative statement elsewhere, two of the largest implement firms in the Province have amalgamated. There are combines and combines. One class, the predatory class, is too well known to require description. Its reason for being is to prevent competition and regulate prices in its own interest. The other is formed for the purpose of reducing cost of production and effecting other economies in the trade to which it belongs, and is perfectly legitimate so long as it confines itself within those lines and does not squeeze the consumer. The persons interested in the amalgamation of the Massey Companies of Toronto and Winnipeg and the Harris, Son & Co. (Limited) of Brantford state that their sole object is to reduce expenses. "There will be no disposition," they say, "to raise the price of goods." If they live up to this profession of faith, nobody will suffer and they themselves will undoubtedly be benefited. It would be very unfair to accuse them of having designs on the farmer. They must be judged for the present at any rate by their own words and promises. There is a great deal of truth in what they say about the loss of capital that has taken place in this business. The prospect of roaring profits held out by the N. P. attracted too many persons into implement making, while the iron duties and other tariff imposts necessitated a large addition to the capital required for carrying on the industry. The result has been that many of the smaller firms have failed and others been left in a crippled condition."

#### OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

Reprinted from the *Globe* (Toronto) May 6th.

The following official statement in regard to the formation of a new Canadian agricultural implement company, of which inaccurate items have lately appeared here and there in the press, was handed the *Globe* by a representative of one of the principals concerned:—

The new company to be composed largely of the shareholders of the Massey Manufacturing Company of Toronto; A. Harris, Son & Company (limited) of Brantford; and Massey & Company (limited) of Winnipeg, the object in view being a reduction of expenses, saving in management, consolidation of patents, improved methods of manufacture, and, if possible, cheaper goods for the consumer.

The unsatisfactory and critical state of the implement trade of Canada has for some months past been a topic of discussion in commercial and financial circles, and has seriously engaged the attention of those specially interested. In no other country in the world have farmers been supplied with better or cheaper agricultural implements than in Canada. During the past few years there have been from 40 to 50 firms engaged in the manufacture of mowing machines, and from 25 to 30 concerns making self-binders in Ontario, a greater number than has existed in the whole of the United States, where the business has also drifted into an unsatisfactory state. This has led to great over-production and was naturally accompanied by the keenest competition and forced sales, often on ridiculously long terms of credit. The creditors of some of the manufacturing concerns have become alarmed, particularly the financial institutions which were furnishing them large sums of money, and a refusal on their part to make further advances has resulted in the downfall of several old and well-established makers. This has resulted in great loss of capital, much distress among employées, and in many cases has injuriously affected municipalities where the various factories have been located. These

#### FAILURES HAVE BEEN SO NUMEROUS

that it has led those remaining in the business to

seriously consider the causes that have led to them, and, if possible, to arrange affairs to avoid further and similar difficulties.

To those posted in the implement business the weaknesses and their causes are apparent, and how best to overcome existing evils and still be able to give the consumer the best goods for the least money has occupied our individual attention for some time. That hitherto the Canadian farmer has had the best machines in point of finish, workmanship and durability has been amply proven by the rapid manner in which we have been able to build up a large and increasing foreign trade in the face of the long-established business of both English and American manufacturers, and by our unparalleled success at the great international field trials in foreign countries, in which all the principal makers of the world competed. This foreign trade has greatly aided us in maintaining our present position in the home trade, without producing and selling goods of inferior quality, a measure resorted to by some makers, but one of very doubtful expediency.

After much careful consideration it was decided that to effectually ameliorate the condition of the harvesting machinery business

#### FOUR POINTS WERE ESSENTIAL:—

(1) Ample capital to conduct the business. (2) The most modern and perfect facilities for large production. (3) The lessening of the expense between manufacturer and consumer. (4) Shortening the present long terms of credit. At the present time the Massey Companies of Toronto and Winnipeg and the Harris Company of Brantford do by far the greater part of the harvesting machinery trade in Canada. Each of these has a separate management, a separate and distinct organisation, and separate and distinct line of warehouses, and a separate and distinct staff of agents extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Throughout every Province in the Dominion, in every city, in every county, in every township, in every village and hamlet you will find the agents of the Massey and Harris Companies. Not only in Canada but all over the world do these companies run parallel with each other, and in all the great grain-growing countries they each have managers and agents. It is evident, therefore, that if these businesses could be brought under one management, both for production and distribution, it would result advantageously to all concerned, and especially to their customers. With this end in view the

#### FORMATION OF A NEW COMPANY.

to be known as the "Massey & Harris (Limited)" has been decided upon, which will be composed largely of the shareholders of the three companies, viz., the Massey Manufacturing Company of Toronto, A. Harris, Son & Co. (Limited) of Brantford, and Massey & Co. (Limited) of Winnipeg. The new company will take over the entire business of the three companies in the course of the next few months, and will own all the franchises, patents, good-will and experience of the old companies, together with the entire works and plants in Toronto and Brantford, and also their warehouses and agencies all over the world.

The authorised capital of the new organisation will be \$5,000,000, with headquarters in Toronto.

#### THE APPLICANTS FOR THE CHARTER

and the provisional directors will be as follows:—H. A. Massey, Alanson Harris, J. Kerr Osborne, Lyman M. Jones, W. E. H. Massey, J. N. Shenstone, C. D. Massey and T. J. McBride.

It is not intended that any material change shall take place in regard to the employment of labor either in Toronto or Brantford.

The objects of the new company will be to manufacture the best implements that can be made, to sell them at the lowest possible price, and to push the sale of Canadian goods all over the world.

All patents held by the old companies will be owned by the new company. All the best methods will be adopted by the new company. All the combined experience of the former companies will be available to the new. Expenses will be saved in buying, in producing and in selling, and every customer will receive direct and substantial benefit.

There will be no disposition to raise the price of goods, but it is anticipated that the savings effected will enable the company to make a fair living profit without any advance in present prices.

Even *Grip* has its little say. The following is *Grip's* version of "Ow it Came About.":

#### 'Ow it Came About.

"Mrs. 'ARRIS," says I, "there ain't no hearthly use in trying for to go on no longer like wot we are a-going. Suppoge we go into pardnership."

"Which I believe it would be a good thing for us to do it," says Mrs. 'Arris, says she. "There's too many of us a-makin' of these himplements, Mrs. Massey," says she.

"Which that is very true, Mrs. 'Arris," says I, "and you 'ave 'it the nail on the 'ed."

"And wot do you think suppogin' we axes your relation in Winnipeg to come in with us, Mrs. Massey?" says 'Arris.

"She's quite dispoosed to do it, Mrs. 'Arris," says I. "I know it, bein' as I spoke to 'er about it."

"That's hexcellent," says Mrs. 'Arris, "so we will 'ave nothing to do but sit down and draw up a hagreement," says she.

"Take off your bonnet, Mrs. 'Arris, and sit down," says I, "an' I'll get a cup of tea for you. Or you can 'ave a drop of somethink else, which I always keep a little by me on the shelf, if you feel so dispoosed."

"Nothing strong, I 'ope," says Mrs. 'Arris, which she is extraordinary set agin gin, and so am I.

"No," I says, "it won't 'urt you. It's rasberry winegar of my own makin, Mrs. 'Arris. ma'am," says I.

So I got the bottle and glasses, and we set down to bidgness. Hafter a lot of talk and harguments, which it was all pleasant and in good temper, with sups of the rasberry winegar between times, we drawed hup a hagreement. I won't put it down 'ere only just the 'eds of it.

1. We will work 'and-in-'and.
2. All our hagents in all parts hof the world will be rolled into one.
3. All our patents which we 'old will be rolled hinto one.
4. We 'ope by makin' hof better machines an' sellin' hof them cheaper, to enjoy a continuation hof the trade we 'ave 'ad, and more, too.
5. Terms, we don't give no more long credits, please don't ax for it.
6. 'Urrah for the new firm, which is to be called the Massey & 'Arris.

So that's the true facts as to 'ow it came about.—*Grip*.

#### El Tekbir.

"Do ye hear the voice of angel or of mortal  
Chant the praises of the Prophet, far or near  
From the desert round about us, or Heaven's portal,  
Falleth any sound of worship on the ear?"  
Thus the Caliph questioned close of his attendants  
In the still and lonely watches of the night,  
While the crescent of their faith with its splendence  
Rendered all the desert landscape ghostly white.

"Not a whisper low from angel lips or mortal  
In the stillness of the desert do we hear,  
Not a strain of song escaping from Heaven's portal  
Cometh to the eager soul or listening ear."  
Thus the soldiers spake the Caliph;—by this token  
Well their chieftain knew he heard the low Tekbir:  
This it was of which his heavenly guest had spoken,  
Sounding only to his hearing soft and clear.

Glad he was, for in his light, unquiet sleeping,  
In the deep and silent watches of the night,  
All unseen, past guards their faithful vigils keeping,  
To his tent had come a messenger of light.  
By the bedside of the Caliph stood the stranger,  
Bade the troubled sleeper be of hearty cheer,  
For a voice should lead his people out of danger,  
Such a voice as no one else but him should hear.

"Follow," said the stranger, "where that voiceshall call thee,  
Though it lead thee through the desert wild and drear;  
In obedience no evil can befall thee,  
Let thy people also follow without fear:  
Where it ceaseth thou shalt find for them a city.  
War and pestilence shall never more come near;  
Rise and lead the trusting followers in pity,  
Rise and listen for the mystical Tekbir."

At the dawn the Caliph forward boldly riding  
Bore the standard of the Prophet in the van,  
Followed close upon his low mysterious guiding  
Careless aught of earth or sky above to scan.  
When at even the mystic chant no longer sounded,  
There the tired legion halted, horse and man;  
There the Kiblah of the Prophet's faith was founded,  
There was traced the holy city of Kairwan.

—*Youth's Companion*.





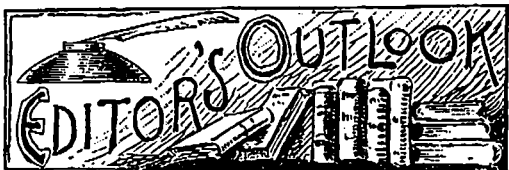
### The Red Breast of the Robin.

Of all the merry little birds that live upon the tree,  
 And a carol from the sycamore and chestnut,  
 The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me,  
 Is the one in coat of brown, and scarlet waistcoat;  
 It's cockit little robin!  
 And his head he keep a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him,  
 For he sings so sweetly still,  
 Through his tiny, slender bill,  
 With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,  
 To other little birdies so bewildering,  
 Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,  
 Singing Christmas stories to the children;  
 Of how two tender babes  
 Wore left in woodland glades  
 By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;  
 But Bobby saw the crime  
 (He was watching all the time),  
 And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,  
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,  
 Robin may be heard on the corner of a wall,  
 Singing what is solacing and gladdening;  
 And sure, from what I've heard,  
 He's God's own little bird,  
 And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;  
 But once he sat forlorn,  
 On a cruel Crown of Thorn,  
 And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.



### The Massey-Harris Amalgamation

MOST of our readers have no doubt been made aware of the fact from the announcements in the press that the firms of THE MASSEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, TORONTO, A. HARRIS, SON & CO., LIMITED, Brantford, and MASSEY & COMPANY, LIMITED, Winnipeg, have amalgamated under the style of the MASSEY & HARRIS (LIMITED). In another column will be found an official statement, which was published in the daily press, giving the reasons for the amalgamation, which will at once appeal to the common sense of every air-minded and unprejudiced man in the Dominion. Such a step was rendered imperative by the depressed condition of the agricultural implement trade. It was absolutely necessary that something should be done to reduce the enormous expenditure entailed by the keen and unhealthy competition among the manufact-

urers in a market where the supply was greater than the demand, and where various evils had been allowed to creep in, which were sucking the very life's blood out of the business. The recent failures among the implement manufacturers amply testify to the truth of this assertion. The amalgamation will have the effect of cheapening the cost of production, thereby giving the company the chance of making a fair living profit, and, at the same time, enabling them to sell to the farmer a machine unrivalled in the markets of the world, without increase in price.

As might have been expected, the consolidation has led some captious critic to ring out the changes of "monopoly," "designs on the farmer," "extortionate prices" etc. Such specious, untruthful and misleading statements could only have been made by one grossly ignorant of the facts or of the condition of the implement trade. Why should these firms who have amalgamated, not with the intention of conspiring against the public weal, but from the merest consideration of personal convenience and facility, be subjected to such attacks? There are different kinds of combinations, but we defy any one to shew wherein the one under discussion will result in evil to the consumer. We unhesitatingly assert that it will have the contrary effect.

Take a simple illustration. Two well-known circus companies not long ago decided to combine their forces with the object of reducing expenses and placing before the public a greater and superior aggregation of attractions without any advance in prices. There was no protest made against this combine on the ground that it might extort money from the public by an advance in prices, but, on the contrary, it met with universal approval. Is there any reason why the combination of the MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANIES should not meet with the same approval, as the results sought after are precisely the same in character: viz., to reduce expenses and

to give to the consumer a superior article through their combined experience, at the same price as before? We think not. It would be just as absurd and illogical to charge the one with extortion and evil design as the other.

Let the farmer consider for one moment some of the evils that the past keen competition has forced upon him. He has been persistently drummed by agents to purchase machines which he may not have actually been in need of, and has been compelled to give way to their pleadings, against his better judgment, by the inducement of ridiculously long credit. The money he had to lay aside to meet this obligation could have been utilized to much better advantage in other ways, and he ultimately found that instead of being benefitted by the acquisition of the machine or machines, he was considerably out of pocket. The farmer, as a rule, gets cash for his produce, and should not require long dating. Long credits have a pernicious effect on business; the purchaser, through this system, buys what he could do very easily without, and the seller, through the increased drain upon his capital, cannot be expected to lower prices. The consolidation of the MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANIES will have the effect of remedying these evils, for the very simple reason that their expenditure in the shape of management, production and distribution of their goods will be considerably curtailed. Farmers may rest assured that if the expectations of the members of the new firm are realized in this regard—and they are thoroughly sincere in the matter—the result will be of great benefit to the entire community. It would be suicidal policy on their part to do anything to antagonize their possible customers. They will still have the competition of other manufacturers to contend against, as they disclaim being organized for the purpose of gobbling up other concerns, but they will now be placed in such a position that they will not only be able to keep the prices of their own machines down to the lowest possible figure, but a corresponding degree of benefit must result to the consumer from their competitors, who would have to do likewise. The fact is, a fair share of the saving accomplished by the amalgamation will necessarily fall upon the consumer—at least, that is what the new firm state, and they are sensible enough to know that it would be folly to do anything that would result otherwise.

While on this point, we take the liberty of giving the views of Appleton Morgan, a gentleman who is in a better position to speak on the question than any one else in the United States. He says:

"So far from raising, it is to the immediate interest of a combination of small business interests into a large one to at once cheapen the prices of its products to the very minimum margin of profit at which manufacture can be carried on. Otherwise, the crop of new combinations to be bought out would be endless. For, surely, so long as the product in which the combination deals can be manufactured at a profit, just so long will there be manufacturers. The fact is, that the very first thing a successful manufacturing combination does, and must do, is to put the price of its product down to a figure, where it will not pay for designing speculators to form new stock companies for it to 'crush' at a hundred or more cents on the dollar. For, did it keep up its prices, either one of two things would inevitably happen; either new factories would be started, or the inventive genius of this people would invent a substitute for the product they furnished, and so ruin the combination beyond resurrection."

Here we have the whole thing in a nutshell.



The logical deductions of Mr. Morgan are unanswerable, and need no comment on our part.

It seems to us almost superfluous to enter into any lengthened defence of the consolidation of these companies. The practical intelligence of our farmers will naturally lead them to appreciate the fact that, in view of recent developments, it will be beneficial to the whole country, that there should be, at least, one thoroughly sound firm in the agricultural implement trade. The new MASSEY & HARRIS COMPANY is being started with abundance of capital and the most modern and perfect facilities for large production, which will enable them not only to prosecute a vigorous and increasing home trade, but to widely extend their ramifications in foreign markets. The foreign business of both the MASSEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY and the HARRIS COMPANY had assumed large proportions, and the consolidation will have the effect of so enlarging that branch of their trade that in every grain-growing country in the world the names of "Canada" and "MASSEY & HARRIS" will soon become household words.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED wishes this new organization every success, and expects to live to see the day when, as we now prophecy, the farmers of the Dominion will not only look upon this move favorably (as most of them do already), but will highly commend the course of the individuals who have been able to effect this sensible business arrangement.

MESSRS. SAWYER & MASSEY CO., LIMITED, of Hamilton, Manufacturers of Engines and Separators, etc., have nothing whatever to do with the new Company to be known as MASSEY & HARRIS, LIMITED, referred to above, neither are they in any way influenced by it, as some people have supposed.

#### Sir John Macdonald.

CANADA'S Grand Old Man, Sir John Macdonald, at this writing (June 5) lies at the point of death. His last appearance in the House of Commons was on May 22nd. He had been in poor health for some days previous, and against the urgent request of his medical adviser that he should give up work entirely for some time, he continued to look after the affairs of State till Thursday the 28th, when he was seized with a slight paralytic stroke. This was followed by another and more dangerous stroke on Friday, from which he has not rallied. He has been looked upon, and not without cause, as the father of his country. Sir John entered the Parliament of Old Canada in 1844, as the representative of Kingston, and the city which was his political birthplace he has ever since continued to represent with two short intervals. Few men have been more highly honored than Sir John. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1815; was called to the bar in Kingston in 1836; entered Parliament in 1844; became a Minister of the Crown in 1847; was made a D.C.L. of Oxford University in 1865; a K.C.B. in 1867; a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Royal Order Isabella la Catolica of Spain in 1872; was called to the Imperial Privy Council in the same year, and was created a G.C.B. in 1884. He presided at the Quebec confederation conference of 1865 and the London convention in 1867. He was one of the High Commissioners appointed to negotiate the Washington Treaty of 1871, and in 1880 with Sir Tupper and the late Hon. John Pope, he carried on the negotiations in London which resulted in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Sir

John's political life is too well-known to every Canadian to need to be referred to, even if space permitted.

Sir John Macdonald died at his residence, Erncliffe, Ottawa, on Saturday, June 6th, at 10.15 p.m.

Canada mourns the loss of her greatest statesman—one who has been the head and front of every movement tending to her commercial growth and her political and intellectual development.

THERE is every prospect of a large and growing trade with Great Britain in Canadian hay. Large shipments have been already sent this season from Montreal to Glasgow, and a cable received from there a few days ago gave the quotation for hay at 57 shillings, with the market very strong.

It seems to us that the Minister of Education must have lost his head while speaking to the resolution regarding the education of farmers' sons referred to in our last issue. We are charitable enough to suppose that he did not mean to insult the whole farming community, although it looked very much like it, when he placed the calling of a farmer upon the same plane as that of a laborer, or a domestic, or a seamstress, or a blacksmith. The whole tenor of the honorable gentleman's remarks showed that his soul was vexed within him, because the credit of introducing the matter into the Legislature was due to a member of the Opposition and not to the honorable gentleman himself. Hence his supercilious treatment of the question. The arguments adduced by the mover of the resolution and other members who supported it, would have convinced any man not blinded by partyism of the absolute necessity of better educational facilities being given to farmers' sons, who are to follow the calling of their fathers, to enable them to keep abreast of the times. In other countries every facility is given them for becoming thoroughly grounded in the science and practise of agriculture, and no expense is spared to that end. The tremendous importance of this question appears to be fully appreciated in all civilized countries, but here in Ontario the government treats it with supreme indifference and its mouthpiece argues that the recognized "backbone of a country"—the farmers—are no better than laborers or domestics, and do not require any better educational facilities for their calling. It will not do for the farmers of Ontario to tamely submit to such flippant and discourteous treatment. They must sink party differences on this question and rise as one man and demand from the government a just recognition of their rights. Let the matter be vigorously discussed at the next meetings of the Farmers' Institutes, and such action taken as will bring the Minister of Education to his senses. The Public School Inspectors have passed resolutions favoring the teaching of agriculture in our rural schools and surely it will be admitted that they should know whether it is essential or not. The cost would not be great, and we know of nothing to prevent the matter from taking definite shape at once. The first thing is to get some teachers specially trained to teach agriculture in the schools. This training could be obtained at the Agriculture College, Guelph. Then let these teachers give short lectures, as occasion demands, upon such topics as will direct the youthful mind in proper grooves and above all encourage the development of the power of observation. A large number of our leading professional and business men have spent their youthful days on a farm. They are able to get an education fitting them for their work, but the boys who remain on the farm have no training in the schools to fit them for their life-work. One thing we are convinced of, and that is, that if better facilities were afforded farmers' sons for learning the rudiments of the science and practise of agriculture in our rural schools there would be less cause for the constant cry of "How can we keep boys on the farm?"



1st.—Death of Patrick Purcell, ex-M.P. for Glengarry, Ont. . . . Serious labor riots at Rome and at Fourmies, France; several men killed and a large number wounded.

2nd.—J. B. Snowball, of Northumberland, N.B., called to the Senate. . . . The Prince and Princess of Wales open the Naval Exhibition at Chelsea.

4th.—The Ontario Legislature formally prorogued. . . . Heavy frost in Northern Minnesota does much damage to growing crops.

5th.—Death of Dr. Magee, Archbishop of York, from influenza. . . . C. C. Chipman, secretary to the Minister of Marine, appointed Commissioner for the Hudson Bay Company as successor to Mr. Wrigley.

6th.—Captain Verney, an English M.P., sentenced to one year's imprisonment for conspiring to procure young girls for immoral purposes. . . . French duty on wheat reduced to three francs for one year.

7th.—Death of Senator Haythorne, of Prince Edward Island, at Ottawa.

8th.—Death of Madame Blavatsky, the well-known theosophist. . . . The village of Alliston, Ont., almost totally destroyed by fire; loss over half a million dollars.

9th.—Andrew McGuire sentenced to imprisonment for life at the Cobourg Assizes for attempting to murder a young lady by thrusting her in front of a moving Grand Trunk train at Cobourg. . . . A C.P.R. train from Montreal to the Pacific coast goes through a bridge over a creek near Straight Lake; one passenger killed and five wounded.

11th.—Eight persons killed and twenty five injured by an explosion on board the steamer Tancarville while undergoing repairs at Newport, England. . . . Great destruction of property and loss of lives by forest fires in the states of Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.

12th.—A Japanese attempts to assassinate the Czarewitch of Russia at Lakebima, Japan. . . . The English House of Commons expels Capt. Verney in consequence of his sentence for immoral conduct.

13th.—Premier Mercier, of Quebec, created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by the Pope. . . . Seventy members of the English House of Commons reported to be suffering from influenza. . . . Very satisfactory report presented at the tenth annual meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

14th.—Clifford Sifton, member for North Brandon, Man., sworn in as Attorney General in the Greenway Cabinet. . . . Death of Senator Leonard, at London, Ont.

15th.—The Bowmanville Agricultural and Carriage Company's works destroyed by fire; loss heavy. . . . Annual statement of the Bank of Montreal, issued to-day, causes a sensation in financial circles, as it exhibits a startling falling off in profits.

16th.—Heavy snowstorm in Wales and the northern part of England. . . . Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, mobbed by a gang of Socialists in Sheffield, England. . . . Death of Sir Edward Kennys at Halifax, N.S.

17th.—The Duchess of Fife, daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, gives birth to a daughter.

Mr. MacDonnell, Conservative, elected M.P. for Algoma. . . . A. A. Macdonald, of Prince Edward Island, appointed to the Senate in succession to Mr. Haythorne.

19th.—Train containing a large quantity of dynamite blown up near Tarrytown, N.Y., and ten laborers instantly killed and many seriously injured. . . . Prorogation of the Nova Scotia Legislature.

20th.—First division taken in the new Dominion Parliament, giving the Government a majority of 27. . . . The Toronto street railway taken over by the city corporation.

21st.—Dr. MacLagan, Bishop of Liebfeld, appointed Archbishop of York. . . . Col. Taylor, commandant of the School of Infantry, Winnipeg, struck down by apoplexy while heading the troops, and expires shortly afterwards. James Kane hanged at Belleville, Ont., for murdering his wife.

22nd.—Mr. Bergeron, M.P. for Beauharnois, elected Deputy Speaker of the Dominion House of Commons.

23rd.—Reported that Lord Lansdowne, Viceroy of India, will be recalled owing to the Manipur affair. . . . Lord Romilly and two of his servants burned to death in his London residence. . . . Destructive fire on De Brecoles Street, Montreal; loss, \$100,000.

25th.—Celebration of Her Majesty's 72nd birthday. . . . Rev. T. W. Campbell, Toronto, elected Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church for Canada.

26th.—Lieut. Grant, the Manipur hero, decorated with the Victoria Cross and promoted to the rank of major. Christian missions at Nankin attacked and pillaged by the Chinese.

27th.—The King of the Belgians confers upon Premier Mercier the title of Commander of the Order of King Leopold.

28th.—Judge Breckenridge, of St. Louis, while addressing the Presbyterian General Assembly at Detroit, falls dead from heart disease.

29th.—Sir John Macdonald stricken with paralysis, and his case considered hopeless. . . . Dr. Oronhyatekha, London, Ont., elected R. W. G. Templar at the Templars' Congress, Edinburgh.

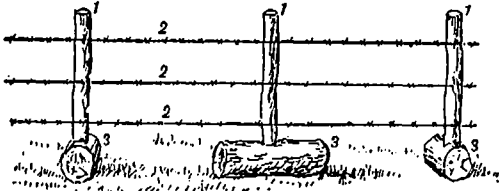
30th.—Sir George Stephen, of Montreal, Que., raised to the English peerage.

31st.—Death of Chief Justice Dorion, at Montreal. . . . Disastrous fire in Craig Street, Montreal; loss about \$40,000.



### Portable or Movable Fence.

MR. JOHN HENRY, Oak Farm, Minnedosa, Man., writes us: Receiving as I have some enjoyable hours from the perusal of your paper, I thought perhaps you would receive from me as a slight return a sketch of a new portable or movable fence, which I think supplies a long felt want in this country, as it can be moved easily, is very strong, and is much more durable than when the posts are driven into the ground. I find it very service-



able when feeding green fodder in the fall, as little by little the stock eat it off. 1 and 2 are the wire and posts; 3 I call the bunks, which are logs 4 ft. long by 8 in. diameter, with a 2½ in. hole bored through the middle. The posts are axed round to go into the holes, the post and bunk are fixed as shown in cut, and the staples driven home, making a good solid fence. Secure the ends firmly. I have repaired considerable wire fencing this winter by this method. To remove, pull out the posts, lay all down, roll up the the wire and posts together, lift into your wagon, put in the bunks and take away. The bunks just stand on the ground. It is not patented.

### Aids to Better Roads.

WERE it not for the cost of handling by the expensive process of slow shoveling, gravel would be employed much more extensively in road making. Two cheap devices suitable for universal use commend themselves to the road builder. In practice they save twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the time required for shoveling, while men and teams experience less fatigue than by the old-time process. The first help, shown in Fig. 1, is merely a platform of boards with cleats beneath, like a door, six feet long, having wings at the ends, which are held in an upright position by an iron rod running

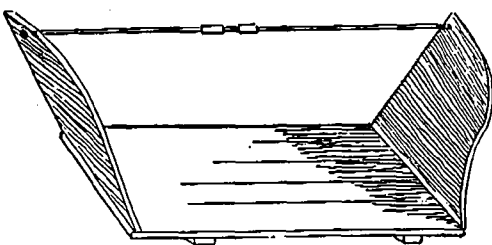


FIG. 1. WINGED PLATFORM.

from one to the other. It is laid flat on the gravel to shovel on while working into the bank. By using a hoe the gravel may be cleared from behind it, a few inches at a time, and the platform pushed up. As the bank caves, it falls on the hard, smooth surface of the platform, and each shovelful may be taken up with much less strength and time than if shoveling in the bank with nothing to aid the edge of the shovel. The wings, projecting outward, catch additional quantities, and shoot it on to the floor for the shoveler. The second help is made in two ways, as shown in Figs. 2 and 3. Fig. 2 is a platform the length of a wagon box, or longer, if the gang of shovelers be large enough. It has legs in front that are high enough to raise it above the wagon. Its rear side rests in the bank. Men stand on it and rapidly fill each wagon that drives under it, and without lifting any of the gravel. If the bank does not hang over this platform, the gravel may be expeditiously loaded by being thrown on it, and hauled off into the wagon by one or two

men with large hoes. The other form of this device, Fig. 3, is built much heavier. Its legs are made in the form of braces, so that it cannot be pulled toward the wagon, and instead of resting on the sloping bank, heavy legs support it. These are

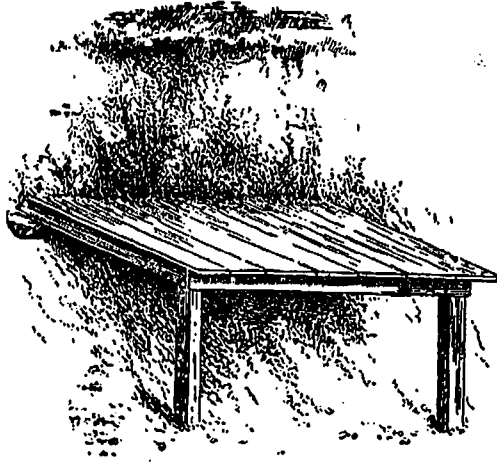


FIG. 2. PLATFORM WITH PERPENDICULAR LEGS.

first buried in the gravel as a further protection against force. All this precaution is taken because the wagons are to be filled by horse power; and an extra horse or team will be required. A common scraper does the work, but the team is not used on the platform. Its place is on the ground beyond the wagon being filled, and a heavy rope connects it with the scraper. A pulley on a convenient tree can be made to lighten the draught and elevate the rope above the wagon. With wagons enough to keep the scraper-team at work, highways may be very rapidly graveled and swamps filled. Loose planks for sides and bottom should be used on the wagon instead of the regulation box. These may

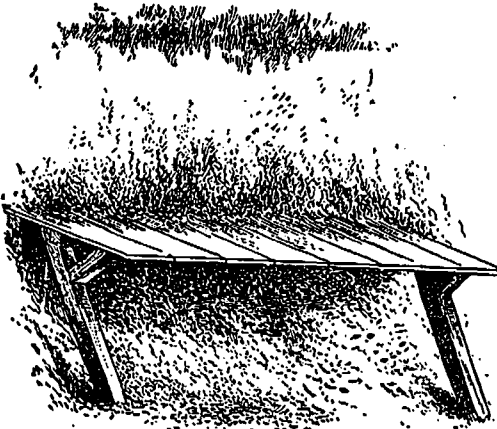


FIG. 3. BRACED PLATFORM.

be removed piecemeal, allowing the load to fall where it is wanted, without handling. Where a team and scraper are employed, the winged platform, shown in the first figure, will be found useful as a chute to lead the gravel from the platform to the wagon if the bank is high, or when it becomes difficult to get the wagon close to the platform. When road makers become accustomed to the cheap handling of gravel, the system of scraping up loam from the gutters for teams to wade through will be given up, and good country highways, better teams and larger loads will become common.—*American Agriculturist*.

A QUICK, safe and cheap way to destroy the apple-tree caterpillars' nests is given as follows: Take a suitable pole, say ten feet long, and attach to the end a coarse woollen cloth by winding it with strong twine, so that it will not slip either way. Take from one to three quarts of wood ashes, pour on hot water, and thus get a strong lye. Take an old pail, turn in the lye, adding one pint or more of soft soap, and stir well. It is then ready for use, and is warranted to deal the death-blow instantly to all caterpillars by thrusting the saturated swab straight into the nests.

THERE are four purposes for which evergreens and evergreen screens are especially valuable.

First, and nearest home, to shelter the exposed sides of a dwelling against winter winds; secondly, and on the score of comfort and economy, on the windward side of cattle yards; thirdly, shielding orchards and fruit gardens from sweeping storms; and fourthly, as timber screens on farms exposed to the long sweep of continued tempests. The shelter of the dwelling protects the occupants from cold, and saves fuel; cattle-yard protection saves fodder; fruit trees live longer and bear heavier; and timber belts on farms protect crops and furnish fire wood and valuable lumber.

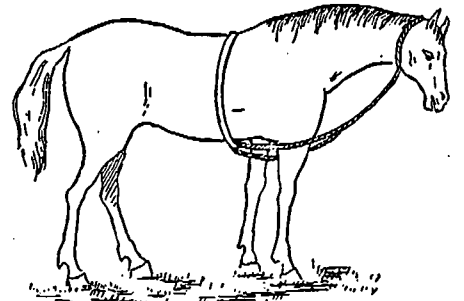
ONE of the great and most frequent mistakes made by gardeners is to delay the thinning out of plants too long. Instead of leaving this work till the plants have made a second or third pair of leaves, the thinning out should be done as soon as the plants are nicely up, and before the true roots of the plants are formed. If done early, the plants that are removed will not disturb the remaining ones, as the first root is perfectly smooth, while, if left until it is a mass of fibrous roots, it will disturb all the adjoining plants, so that growth is checked, and, in many instances, to such a degree that the plant never recovers its full vigor. This is particularly true with root crops; and "fingered" carrots and parsnips can be attributed to this more than any other cause.

By cutting early for hay, a much better seed crop can be got than if the cutting is deferred; and clover seed is a profitable product. Outside of the harvesting and threshing, very little cost is involved in the crop. The haul is readily converted into an excellent fertilizer. The chances of a seed crop, as well as the crop itself, are increased by early cutting of the first crop; and this would justify early cutting, though the hay was somewhat reduced in value thereby. But early cutting increases, rather than diminishes, the value of the hay crop. The quality of the crop deteriorates very fast after full bloom, and the quantity is usually less on account of the loss of the foliage, and other delicate parts that are the most valuable portions. It should not be forgotten that as cutting is delayed, more of the clover will lodge, especially as it is subject to storms; and when clover is lodged, the parts in contact with or near the ground are rapidly damaged, and soon rendered worthless. Better weather is often had for curing by cutting early; and the sun soon becomes too hot for the best curing—burning out rather than drying out the clover.

### Libe Stock.

#### Tethering a Breachy Horse.

FOLLOWING is a sketch and description of a method for restraining a breachy horse while at pasture. A rope nine or ten feet long, according to the size of the horse, is knotted around the neck of the horse: one loose end is passed through between the forelegs, under the surcingle, and tied

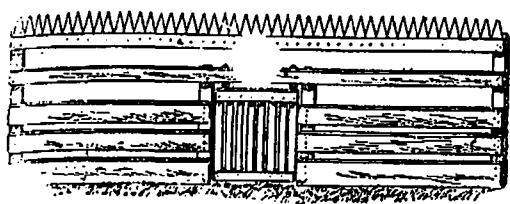


TETHER FOR A BREACHY HORSE.

to the other end of the rope, outside of one foreleg. The rope is drawn just short enough to restrain the horse from raising its head higher than the withers. It does not interfere with grazing or drinking, but keeps the head so low that the horse will not try to jump a fence when thus equipped.

### Swinging-Door for Hog-Yard.

A VERY simple and effective arrangement to protect swine from constant raids of poultry while feeding is shown in the accompanying illustration. Pickets are nailed to the top boards of the fence all



round the yard or pen. A slatted door, made of light material, is hung by stout screw-eyes, as shown in the engraving. The pigs can pass readily through the door, which closes by its own weight, while it is too heavy for the fowls to move.

A FARMER gives the following warning: "Cows coming in on grass should be closely watched, and if udder is caked or milk is red they should be milked before calving. Neglect of this ruined a good dairy cow for me last year."

BROOD animals should always be in the soundest and most vigorous condition, receiving the kindest and most gentle treatment, and the young should be well fed with the best and most suitable food, so as to secure a continuous and rapid growth from birth to maturity.

BRAN is one of the best foods for cows that are expected to calve in a month or more. Bran abounds in phosphates, and will largely contribute to the growth of bone of the embryo calf. Many cases of abortion in cows arise from lack of a proper supply of the necessary food elements that support the dam and young.

ALL sheep are subject to both external and internal parasites. Feed them occasionally a little hard-wood ashes, or finely pulverized tobacco, which will free them from worms and improve their general health. Turn off the sheep while young that you do not wish to keep. Fatten the sheep as it grows, and when it has reached mature size sell it; it is then at its best, is really "spring lamb," regardless of season, and is a quality of meat that will popularize itself and make everybody big mutton eaters.

To make the greatest profit from pigs they must be pushed and got into market at from six to eight months old, and to do this they must be fed for at least five months on bone and muscle-making food rather than on corn. The best possible food is milk, and even a small amount of it for each pig mixed with the other food will be a great help, and so if the pig raiser can combine dairying with pig growing it will be good for the pigs. Next to milk is a slop made from bran, ground oats and oil meal mixed at the rate of one bushel of bran to one bushel of oats and one gallon of oil meal. Some shorts and a little corn meal added will not be objectionable, and after five or six months old, these should be substituted for the oats.

SOMETIMES milk has a "cowy" odour and the cause is little understood. Cows drink large quantities of water and not half of it passes off through the kidneys. When in health and the skin clean, by far the larger part finds an outlet through the pores of the skin and takes along with it effete matter and offensive odours, which are thrown off through the fine capillaries with the perspiration. Proper action of the skin is as necessary for the purification of the blood as is the healthy action of the lungs. When milk has a cowy odour, it is certain that the skin is not working right, allowing the impurities to be thrown back into the blood, whence some of them find their way into the milk,

making it smell of the cow. This suggests that to have pure milk and sweet butter, the skin must be kept clean and free from scurf which fills up the pores. Frequent grooming is the easiest way. Clean cows do not give "cowy" milk.

SOME breeders practice mixing a little pulverized copperas with salt and placing it in boxes where the colts can help themselves as they like, as a preventive of worms. Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized copperas to a pint of salt is sufficient. Horses suffering from worms can be cured in time by feeding a tablespoonful of powdered gentian every night for two or three weeks. It can be mixed with oats or turned down the throat from a bottle. Copperas and gentian is an excellent tonic. It is well to keep a small quantity on hand. Get the druggist to put up four ounces each, compounding them in his mortar so as to mix thoroughly. Put the powder in a small box or wide-mouthed glass jar, label it, and when needed give to a grown horse a teaspoonful in feed at night. A yearling will require about one-third as much as a grown animal, and weanings a much smaller quantity.

COLTS until they are put to work require no shoes, but their feet must be occasionally attended to in order to prevent deformity arising from irregular wear. It sometimes happens that when pastured on soft ground the wear of the ground surface of the hoof is disproportional to the growth, and this occurs chiefly at the heels where the natural slope of the wall is more nearly perpendicular, and a tendency to contraction is thereby induced. If neglected, this is likely to lead to permanent contraction or deformity of the hoof. The remedy consists in removing the excess of growth at the heels with a knife and restoring the hoof to its proper proportions. The opposite condition does not often occur in unshod colts, the growth at the toe by its direction in reference to the ground tending rather to spread outwards and lead to vertical cracks or fissures. To prevent the extension of these to the soft tissues above, it is necessary to trim off this superabundance occasionally, either with the knife or a chisel. These abnormal conditions are most common in the fore feet. Colts object to having their feet and limbs handled, and therefore their education should be begun early so that their timidity in this respect may be gradually overcome. When the colt is put to work on the farm, it is customary to leave the feet unshod for some time, and, unless the ground is hard and stony, this practice has advantages. It enables the colt to acquire command over his limbs while at work, and to obtain a steady gait before being cumbered with shoes to which he is unaccustomed. After a little experience in work, the fore feet should be shod while the hind feet in ordinary soil may be left bare during the summer. There can be no evil results from this unless the colt is used on graveled roads, in which case shoeing all around is imperative.

### The Poultry Yard.

EXAMINE the little chickens for lice. Dust pyrethrum over the hens.

DON'T feed rice pop-corn to hens. The points are too sharp and will irritate their throats.

BY making new nests often and burning the old, you foster cleanliness, and prevent the parasites of the poultry germs from gaining a foothold.

A "SCURV" hen that will lay 150 eggs a year is worth more than a "thoroughbred" that will not lay 75—that is, if you are in the egg business.

INCUBATOR-HATCHED chicks do not require food until twenty four hours after they are hatched. Keep them in a comfortably warm brooder away from light or drafts.

"TURN the chicks in the garden," doesn't mean the old fowls. The young ones will destroy bugs and insects, but as soon as they are old enough to damage the growing crops, they must be hustled out.

DON'T try to doctor or force a hen into laying: it is easily done, but you will regret it when you review your season's hatch. A mild tonic sometimes does a world of good, but, like many other things, it can be carried to excess.

THE following plan is recommended to country poultry breeders who suffer from ravages of hawks: Tie a bunch of feathers on the tongue of a steel trap, set it and tie on the top of a ten or fifteen foot pole and set it up high among the outbuildings. It is said to prove a great decoy and a good way to catch hawks.

NOW is the time to do a little cultivating of the ground where fowls are confined. Spade up the yards—turn up a portion of them every day, and if the hens need encouragement to scratch, sprinkle a little grain among the earth. If you keep them hungry enough, they will find every grain and be the better for the exercise.

MAKING the feed of young chicks one-third sand is said to be a sure preventive of gapes, and prevention is the best remedy. Protect the chicks from the rain and dew, give them dry quarters at night, and see that all their surroundings are clean and wholesome. Keep them so busy growing that they will have no time to get sick.

ONE of the best uses to which the hens may be applied, is that of scratching in the manure heap. They not only find worms, grubs, grain and much other edible matter, but they render the manure fine, and keep themselves in needful exercise. If the fine manure be removed occasionally so as to expose the under layer of coarse material, the hens will make it much more serviceable for garden purposes, especially where fine, small seeds are to be sown.

EGGS selected for hatching should be symmetrical in shape, neither under nor very much over in size—round eggs being preferable to those that are unusually long, which are said to hatch ungainly or misshapen chicks. When the eggs are from mixed breeds, those indicating by their color and size the purest blood should be chosen. The fresher the eggs the better; if only 24 hours' old, it is said the chicks will hatch in 20 days. On this account it is important that all the eggs given to one hen should be of one day's laying, as the chicks will then break the shell within a few hours of each other.

SHADE will now soon be a prime necessity in every run, for when the sun will pour down its fierce rays, the poor birds need shelter of some kind. Place the coops under shade trees or shrubbery. If you have none on the place, fix up a temporary shade with old boards, green branches, hay or old canvas. Make it high enough, so that the air will pass under freely, and if rain-proof, so much the better, as it will prevent dampness and sourness of the earth where the fowls congregate. Secure the coops at nights from prowling enemies, as there is much danger on warm nights, owing to the openings for air being much larger, and the habit of the chickens sleeping close to the front.

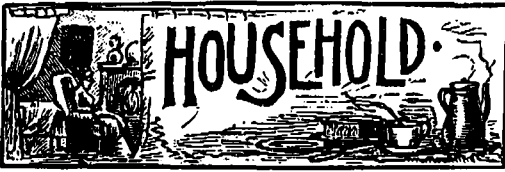
### Medicinal Vegetables.

SPINACH has a direct effect upon the kidneys.

Tomatoes act upon the liver and asparagus purges the blood.

Common dandelion used as greens is excellent for kidney troubles.

Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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

**Embroidered Book Cover.**

Book covers are extremely fashionable at present, they are used to cover defaced bindings upon books, and also to add to the effect when placed upon a drawing-room table. Many materials are used—handsome brocades, velvets, plushes, satins, or whatever fancy may select; or pieces left over from other work can be utilized. Our model has a

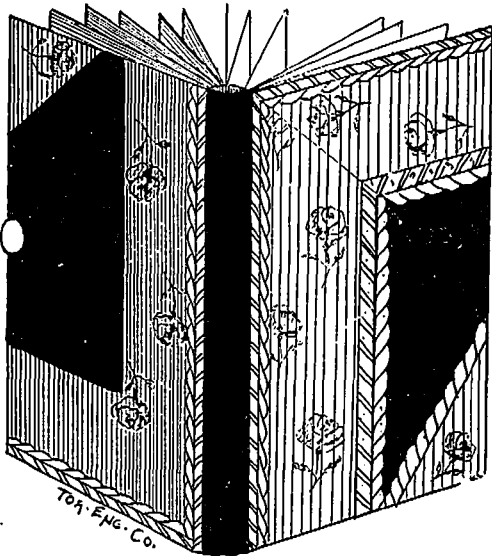


FIG. 1.

foundation of upholsterer's canvas, enhanced at the back and in the centre of the two panels with light colored plush, trimmed with bands and angles in pea-green embroidered faille, and edged with gold lace to hide the joints of the pieces. A strap with a button-hole is fixed inside between the lining and the cover, and fastens to the opposite flap over a large artistic button. The lining is sewn on and folded in such a way as to form a pocket, in which are secured the first pages of the book, unless elastic bands are preferred. Fig. 2 gives the details of the flowers. These blossoms, flatly em-



FIG. 2.

broidered in passé stitch, given full-sized, are arranged exactly as they appear on the faille band. The colors shown are three shades of Venetian red, from dark to light, whilst the leaves and the stems are worked with autumn green tints.

**Tray Cloth for an Invalid.**

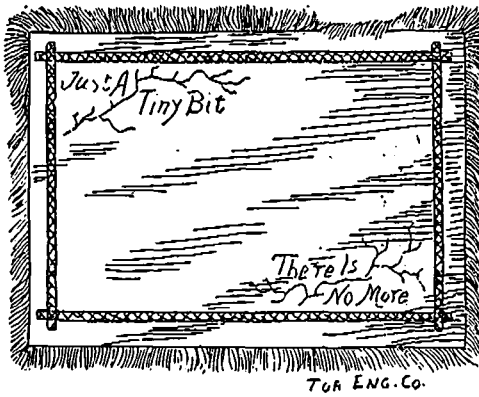
TRAY cloths are so popular and numerous that it is not necessary to speak a good word for them or call attention to their beauty or utility. The one herewith illustrated is much like many of them—made of twilled linen, fine and soft, yet heavy enough to stay in place well, is fringed, and has a cross-cornered border of drawn work. But in the upper left hand corner the first line of—

“Just a tiny bit,  
There is no more.”

is embroidered in outline stitch, and in the lower right hand corner the remainder is placed; the

sketch shows how the words are arranged and ornamented by rustic branches.

This cloth was designed especially for an invalid, and was measured to fit her own tray, which was large enough to hold all required for a meal in the sick room. Those who have “been there” can judge of her pleased surprise when she first saw the inscription—in cheerful red letters among the



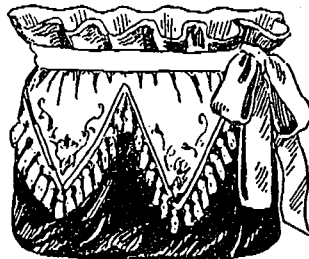
THE ENG. CO.

brown branches—peeping up at her from either side of a dainty bit of game and toast. It was not used at all times; only when failing appetite called for a bit of delicate cookery was this brought forth to add zest to the meal; therefore, it never failed to please. A spray of forget-me-nots instead of the branches would be dainty and suggestive; if worked in blue with wash stitching silk, olive would be pretty for the stems, scant foliage and letters.

**Cover for Flower Pot.**

THESE ornamental covers are very fashionable to put over the common red flower pot, in place of the fancy earthenware ones; they are made like bags, with a circular foundation of cardboard, sufficiently large to put the saucer in.

Our model is of terra-cotta plush; the top frill



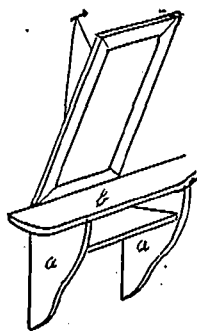
THE ENG. CO.

COVER FOR FLOWER POT.

is lined with pale electric-blue Indian silk; the vandykes are electric-blue satin, embroidered with tinsel thread, and edged with chenille fringe; when the cover is on the flower pot, a ribbon is tied around it one and a half inch from the top, and arranged in long loops at the side.

**A Convenient Home-made Mirror-Shelf.**

A NEAT mirror shelf, quickly and cheaply made, consists of two wooden brackets (a a) fourteen inches long and eight inches wide at the upper end; the upper shelf (b) is ten inches wide and eight inches longer than the mirror is



wide, with a shorter and narrower shelf placed underneath, as shown. The upper or mirror shelf can be used as a lamp shelf, or for books, papers, toilet articles, etc., while the shelf underneath will be a convenient catch-all, especially if located in the kitchen or other much used room. A third shelf may be added if desired, but it should not be as wide as the one above. Cover the top with some dark cloth, dropping it six or more inches at the front and ends. This screens the contents of the lower shelf from view. Those who have never used a shelf of this kind would hardly do without one if once introduced.

**Hints to Housekeepers.**

Never turn an omelette, as it makes it heavy.

If sassafras bark is sprinkled among dried fruit, it will keep out the worms.

Sour should not boil very hard, as that has a tendency to toughen the meat.

Chop suet very fine, then rub it to a cream; this will prevent lumps of suet in the pudding or pie. Before chopping remove every bit of membrane.

When your face and ears burn so terribly, bathe them in very hot water, as hot as you can bear. This will be more apt to cool them than any cold application.

If doughnuts are cut out an hour before they are fried, to allow a little time for rising, they will be much lighter. Try cutting at night and frying in the morning.

A good remedy for cold, moist hands is four ounces of cologne water and one-half ounce of tincture of belladonna. Rub the hands with this several times a day.

To make candy from honey, boil one cupful of honey, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of water, and a large teaspoonful of butter. Test in water and pull while cooling.

Gravy will generally be lumpy if the thickening is poured in while the pan is over the fire. Set the pan off until the thickening is well stirred in; then set it on the fire and cook thoroughly.

Late in the season, when turnips, parsnips, carrots, etc., begin to lose their sweetness, they may be greatly improved by adding a teaspoonful or two of sugar to the water they are boiled in.

Steaming the face at night over a bowl of very hot water, and then bathing it with very cold water, is a simple method of giving it a Russian bath, and will tend to make the skin whiter and smoother and the flesh firmer.

Solution for cleaning silver and brass: To one quart of rain water add two ounces of ammonia and three ounces of precipitated chalk. Bottle and keep well-corked, and shake before using. Wash silver in hot, soapy water and rinse in clean, hot water.

Rice is very nice for dessert when prepared with strawberry jam. Put a layer of rice, cooked rather thick, on a plate; spread the rice with jam and cover with another layer of rice, then a layer of jam, and lastly a layer of rice. Sprinkle the top with fine sugar. Serve with cream.

A good egg beater may be spoiled by ill-treatment. If washed in hot soap and water which takes the oil out, it will not work well. To keep it in good order, wash it by beating a dish of cold water or hold it under the cold water faucet; this will remove egg, cream or dough better than hot dishwater.

Fish should always be perfectly fresh when cooked. To select fresh ones observe the eyes; if they have a bright, life-like appearance the fish is fresh; if, on the contrary, the eyes are sunken and dark-colored, and have lost their brilliancy, they are certainly stale. Some judge by the redness of the gills, but they are sometimes colored to deceive customers.

Colored tennis flannels should be washed in water about the temperature of the room they are washed in, with good white soap of any kind, and rinsed thoroughly in water of the same temperature, and wrung out as dry as possible. They may be hung up for a short time in the house, but should be taken down while still damp and ironed dry. Some laundresses never hang them up, but wring them so dry that the iron completes the drying.

A receipt for washing flannels, recommended by an old English housekeeper, is said to be thoroughly satisfactory to those who have tried its effects. To a gallon of hot water take one teaspoonful of the triple or strongest ammonia, and add enough soap to make a strong suds. Dip the flannels in the suds without rubbing them with soap, and then rinse them in clear, hot water. Washed in this way they will be white and firm, not inclined to shrink or “mill,” as in other methods of washing.





### Funny Definitions.

BY OUR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

- "Repugnant, one who repugs."
- "Obelisk, one of the marks of punctuation."
- "Ironical, something very hard."
- "Epoch, a ruler, or son of a king."
- "Mastification is moving the jaws all round."
- "Gladiators grow in my ma's garden."
- "An incendiary is when you go round preaching and singing hims."
- "David charmed Saul with a harpoon."

A new light is shed over arithmetic in the following:

- "If there are no units in a number, you have to fill it up with all zeros."
- "Units of any order are expressed by writing in the place of the order."
- "If fractions have a common denominator, find the difference in the denominator."

There are these on grammar:

- "A pronoun is when you don't want to say a noun and so you say a pronoun. It is when it is not a pronoun but a noun."
- "The accidents of a noun is what happens to it."
- "Pronouns agree with gender number and numbers in the passive voice."
- "Adjectives of more than one syllable are repaired by adding some more syllables."
- "An adverb is used to mortify a noun and is a person place or Thing."
- "Sometimes an adverb is turned into a noun and then becomes a noun or pronoun."
- "Nouns denoting male and female and things without sex is neuter."
- "The cow jumped over the fence is a transitive verb because fence isent the name of anything and has no sex."
- "He speaks lowly lowly is a adjective of how he speaks and is deprived from low and compard low lowing loyerest."

### From a Girl's Composition on Boys.

Boys is men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls is young women that will be young ladies by and by. \* \* \* Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than He did Adam that there has been more women in the world than men ever since. \* \* \* Boys are a trouble. They are very wearing en everything but soap. \* \* \* If I could have my way half the boys in the world would be little girls and the other half would be dolls. \* \* \* My papa is so nice to me that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy.

### Told of the Little Shavers.

A GENTLEMAN attempted in a horse car to become acquainted with a child who sat next to him. The little one wore a crimson plush cloak and had long yellow curls, so the gentleman began with confidence: "How do you do, little girl?" "I'm not a little girl," was the shy reply. "Oh! aren't you? Well, then, how do you do, little boy?" "I'm not a little boy," came the unexpected answer. "Indeed! Who are you then?" "I'm my papa's little man," said the small stranger, with much dignity.

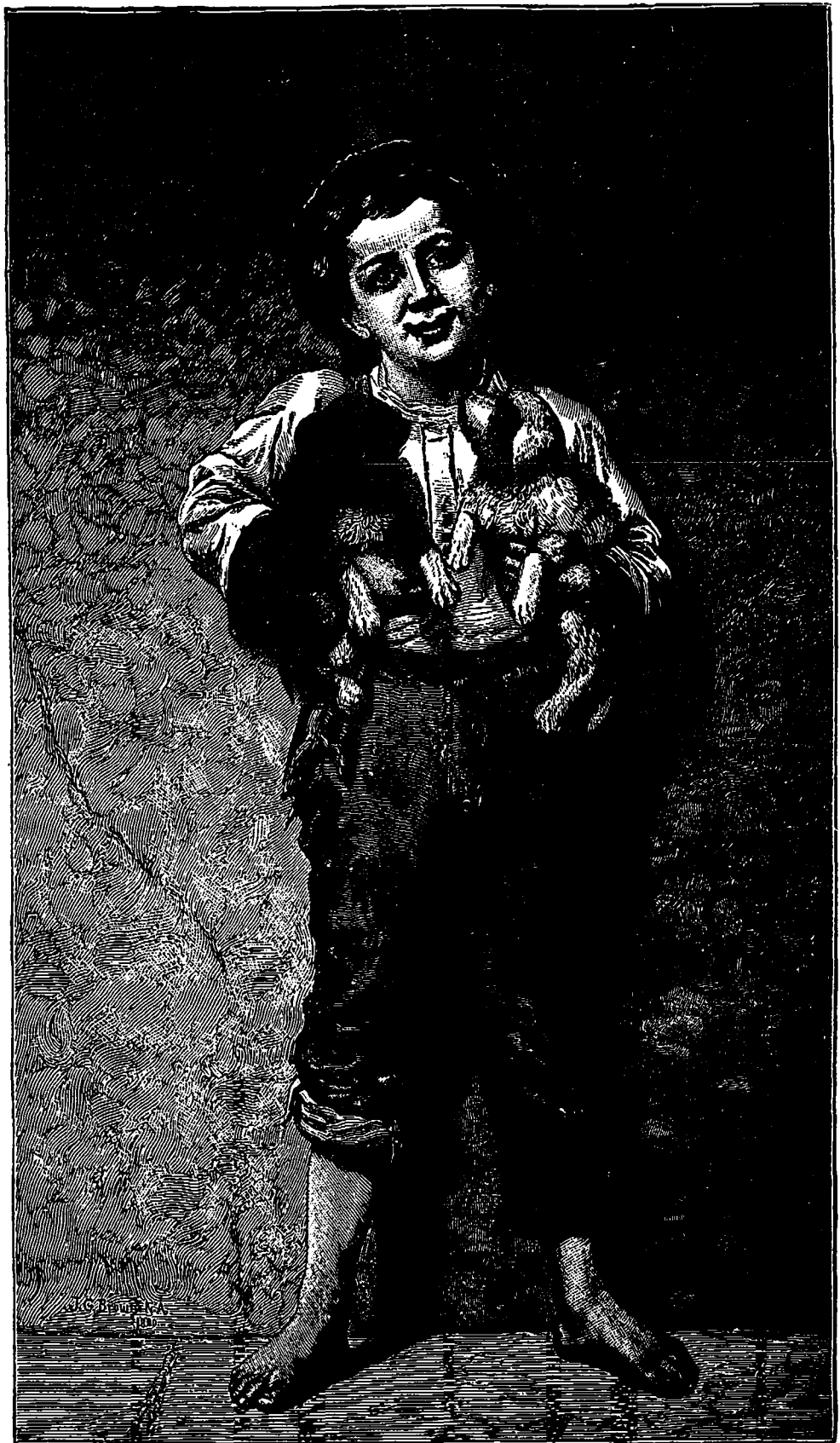
A little maid recently graduated from the infant class in the Sunday school, to pass examination being her ability to say the Ten Commandments. A while afterward a friend of the family happened in and asked the young lady if she could say the Ten Commandments. "No, I can't say the Ten Commandments," said Miss Rose with a toss of her head. "I've nothing to do with the Ten Commandments now. I'm out of the infant class."

The small boy, aged about 5 years and 6 months, had been out shoveling snow. "Did it make your back ache, my son?" "No-o," responded the small boy, in the most approved base ball tone. "Did you ever have the back-ache?" continued the fond parent. "No, but I've had the frontache."

Fond Father (to-Bobby, aged five)—Now, Bobby, what is the hardest stone in the world? Bobby—Don't know. Fond Father—Can't you think? Bobby—Yeth, thir; but I can't think hard enough.

### Mary's Little Pup.

Mary had a little brute, as fat as it could waddle, and everywhere that Mary'd scoot this little pup would toddle. It tagged her down the street one day, close up behind her buggy; oh, how it loved to run away, this naughty little puggy. 'Twas always doing something wrong when Mary turned her back; and all the time he seemed to long to walk the railroad track. One day, when Mary was at church, this frisky little scamp thought he would leave her in the lurch and go and play the tramp. So down upon the ties he trod, the one the poor tramps use, till worn out on the track he squats and drops into a snooze. He, fast asleep, did not observe—ah, sad indeed the story—the fast express come around the curve; that pup went up to glory. There came along a butcher man who once had loved that pup, and with a brush and big dust pan he swept that poor dog up. Next Wednesday Mary got him back; he did not look the same; he would not come when she called "Jack!"—Bologna was his name.





Homeward Bound.

WITH APOLOGIES TO "PUCK."

He has been on a "toot" with the rest of the "boys;" Had plenty of fun and made lots of noise; And when from the last glass he has scattered the foam,

Then this is the way the young boys go home.

Through the play they have sat, snuggled up warm and tight, Till at last it is over—until the next night— Then out in the moonlight and onward they roam,

And this is the way the young boys go home.

To the Premier folks come to get situations; He looks them all over; chooses friends and relations; The rest turn their backs on the Parliament dome,

And these are the ways different boys go home.

There is no one so foolish as an old fool, and no one so wise as a young one.

"How can a tariff of five cents per dozen on eggs inspire my lay?" queried the perplexed hen.

As a rule women have poor memories, but they never forget the people who say nice things about their bonnets.

A man can be fairly charged as being a bigoted temperance man when he will have nothing to do with hope, because hope is so often dissipated.

Weeke—"Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie Aristotle yet?" Wentman—"No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup."

Garrulous stranger (on a train)—"My wife's name was Wood. What was yours?" Crusty old bachelor—"I guess mine's name was 'wouldn't.' I didn't get her."

A philosopher declares that the reason why newspaper men have such clear and sensible ideas on all subjects is because they are never wearied or broken down by the cares of wealth.

"Delinquent subscribers who care for the good health of their daughters," writes a Kansas editor, "are hereby warned not to let them wear this paper for a bustle, as there is considerable due on it."

"I have conscientious scruples," began the druggist. "Then you ought to get some conscientious ounces and pounds, too," interrupted the customer, who had been complaining of short weight.

Lieutenant—Showing young lady through Navy Yard Foundry: "This is where we cast our cannon." Young Lady—rapturously. "Oh isn't it lovely. And this is where you cast your anchors, when you want to land your ships?"

Landlady—"That new boarder needn't try to make me think he is a bachelor. He's either married or a widower." Millings—"How can you tell?" Landlady—"He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocket-book to pay his board."

Mr. Bingo (rushing in): "The barn is burning down! Quick, where is the fire extinguisher?" Mrs. Bingo (excitedly): "It's locked up in the closet, and the key is in the pocket of my other dress upstairs." Bingo (resignedly): "Then let the barn burn."

Constance—"I care not for your poverty, George. Let us wed at once. We can live on one meal a day if necessary." George—"Can you cook, love?" Constance—"I attended a cooking-school for two months." George—"Then we will wed. I think one meal a day will answer."

CORRESPONDENCE

"FARMER'S DAUGHTER," Dunnville, Ont.:—Your fowls are evidently suffering from roup. Carefully separate all affected fowls from the healthy ones. Dissolve an ounce of chlorate of potash in a quart of water; add ten drops of carbolic acid, and thoroughly swab the nostrils and mouths of the sick fowls with the solution three times a day. Keep them in a warm, dry place, and give soft food.

Mrs. BAKER, Smith's Falls, writes: A friend made me a present of a useful little article that may be made beautiful as well. Eye-glasses that have been laid aside for a time need polishing, and a cleaner will be very handy if kept in a convenient place. The one I have is made of two circular pieces of chamois skin cut about twice as large as a silver dollar. The edges are worked around with shaded pink embroidery silk, and on one circle a small design in roses is worked. The two pieces of chamois are tied together by narrow ribbon, by which it may be suspended. Paint may be used instead of embroidery silk, with an equally good effect. The edges, in case the ornamenting is done with paint, may be pinked or scalloped.

W. G. R., Goderich, writes: As an additional means of educating the farmer without all the cost of experience—as that is, in nearly all cases, the dearest of all lessons—let me suggest that the farmers should meet occasionally and discuss farm questions, relate experiences, and in this way get at many practical results. Our colleges and experiment stations are doing a good work, but much of it is above the average farmer's knowledge of technical terms, and he fails to derive the benefit he should. True, we have our Farmers' Institute meetings, but something more is needed than meeting once a year. The agricultural press is also doing a grand work. But there is one fact in connection with all this, and that is, what is good for our locality is not best in others. By reading books and papers every farmer of ordinary intelligence will be able to derive a large amount of benefit in the way of suggestions and information. While this is true, yet he must also be able to determine with at least some degree of judgment, what part is applicable to his case. One advantage of these meetings will be, that the information received from farm papers, books and experiment stations can be read, talked over, and the experience of the different members stated, and a much larger benefit derived than if the farmer depended upon his own judgment.

A "FARMER'S DAUGHTER," Napanee, writes: Some people are at a loss to know how to keep cut-flowers fresh. Some time ago I read in a periodical about how to do this, and as I have tried it successfully, I send it to you for publication, so that others may benefit thereby like myself. The article reads: "There are two important points to be observed in keeping cut-flowers, viz: to keep the water pure and to cut off the ends of the stems as they harden. The water may be kept pure by frequent change, but it is easier to use some antiseptic—ammonia, nitrate of soda, or salicylic acid. The last-named is the best. Be careful not to use too much. The ends of the stems should be cut off each morning, at least, as they harden and close the sap vessels, and water cannot be absorbed; and, also, the ends of the stems should not rest on the bottom of the vessel. The vessel should be so large that the stems are not crowded in it. The flowers can be kept longer by removing them from the vessel overnight, sprinkling them until quite damp, and wrapping them in several thicknesses of paper or putting them in a pasteboard box, and placing them in a cool place. Flowers may be revived by cutting off the ends of the stems and placing them for ten minutes in water almost boiling hot then in cold water to remain."

A WELL-TRAINED DOG.



1. Mind, dah! Brutus.



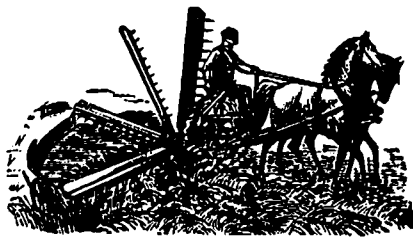
2. Pull 'em in!



3 Well done! try again.



4 Gracious me! that must 'ave been a dwag fish!



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## THRESHING MACHINES AND HORSE POWERS (ONE, TWO, AND THREE-HORSE.)



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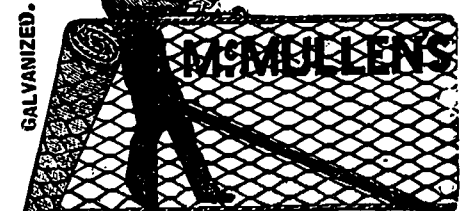
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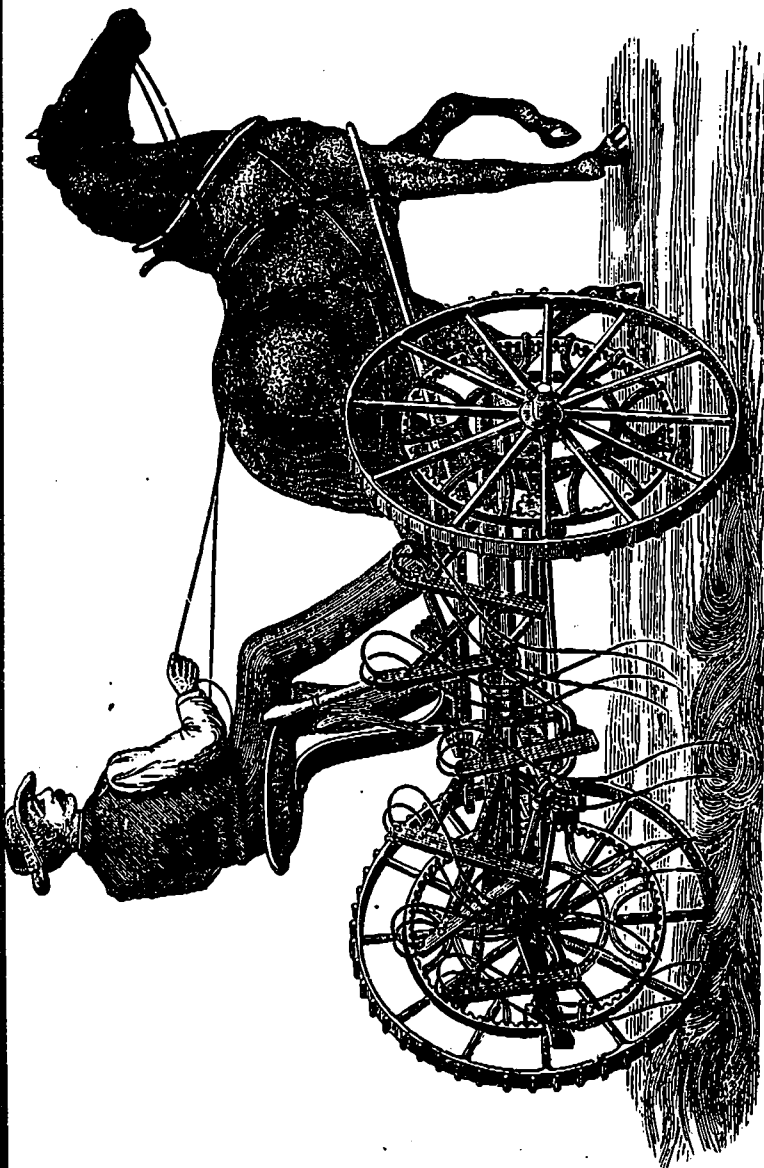
**The ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO.,**  
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Hamilton, Montreal.

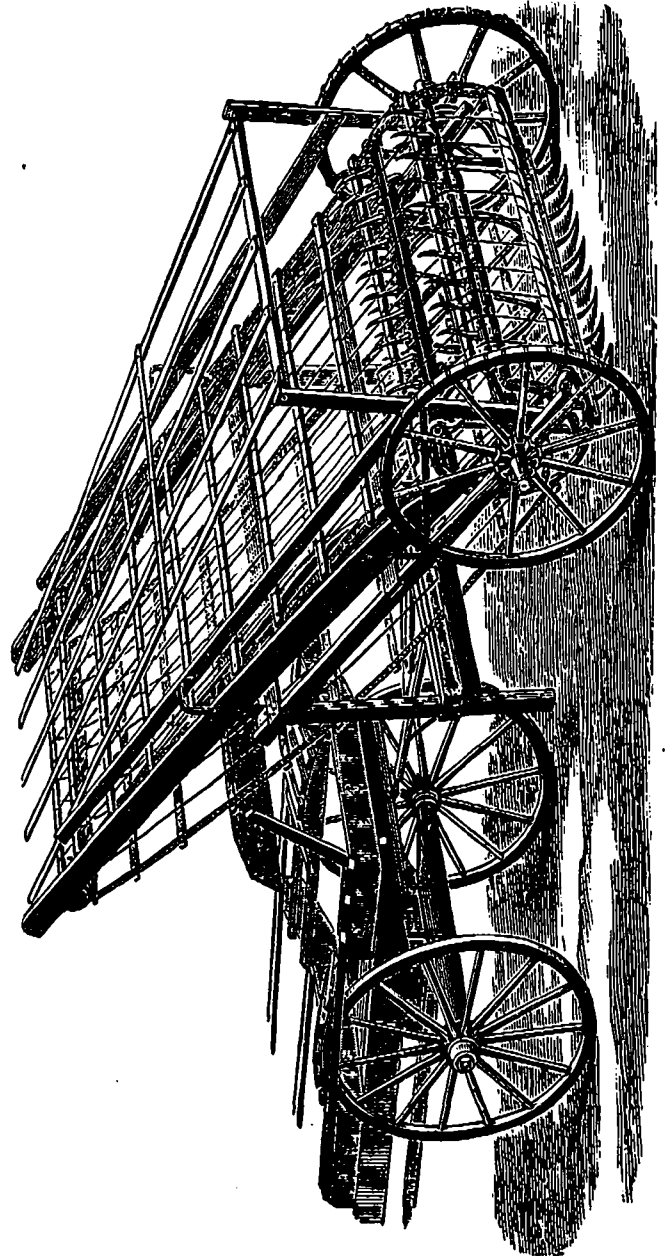
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Practical experiment has proven that a ton of hay made of grass cut as near the time of flowering as possible, when it contains all its nutritive properties, is without doubt worth at least one-third more than when cut at the usual time. Without the HAY TEDDER, unless a large amount of hand labor is used, it is almost impossible to make good hay from grass cut early.

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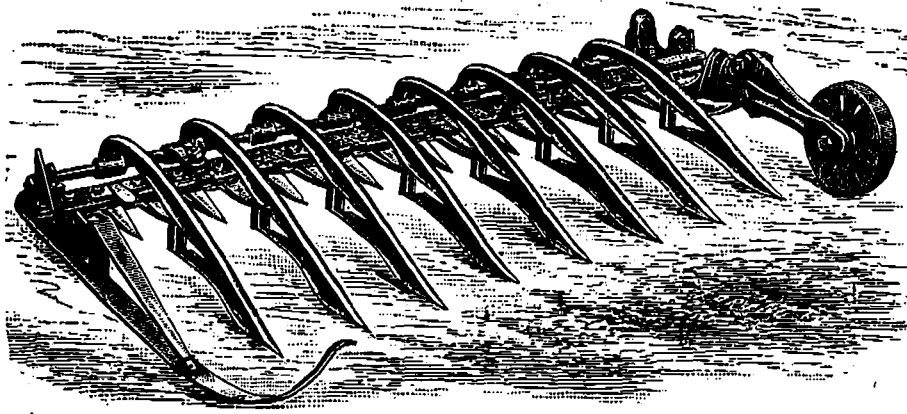




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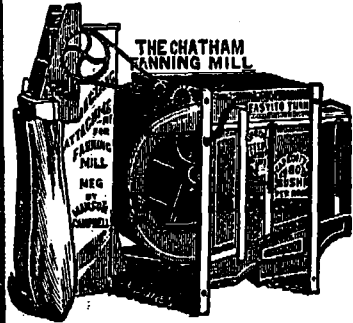
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with Bagging Attachment (run with Chain Belt that cannot slip, and with Elevator Cups attached to Endless Chain Belt that cannot slip nor clog) still takes the lead in all parts of Canada, as the following sales will show—



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More than have been sold by any ten Factories in Canada put together.

Over 4000 Bagging Attachments now in use.

The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of Grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger.

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MR. M. CAMPBELL, CHATHAM.

DEAR SIR,—I am well pleased with the Fanning Mill I bought from your agent one year ago. It is the best mill that I ever used. It does its work well and easily.

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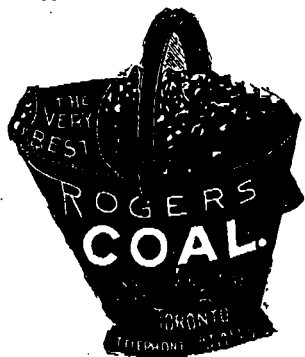
Light, strong, durable, and efficient. This is the seventeenth season for Sharp's Rake, and the number manufactured now totals up to

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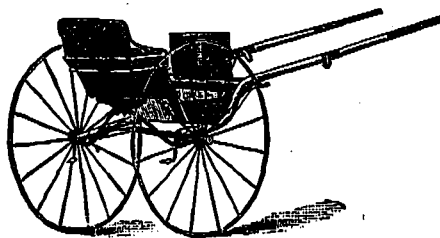
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Three of the Methods of Settlement now offered to the Assured.

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A return in cash of \$176 for each \$100 paid in premiums. This is equal to a return of all premiums, with simple interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum added.

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

**N.B.—It must not be forgotten that these results are in addition to the protection furnished by the assurance for twenty years.**

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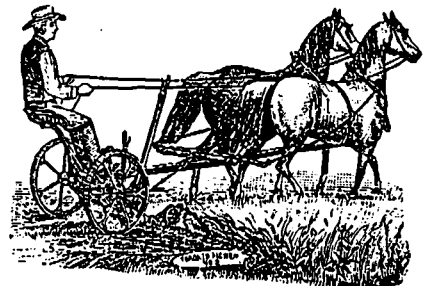
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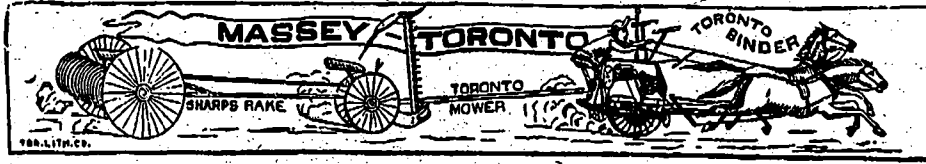
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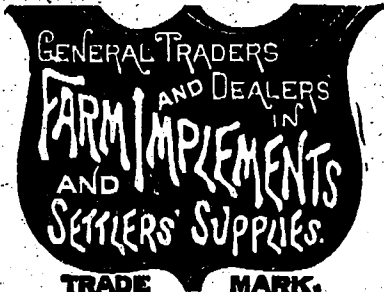
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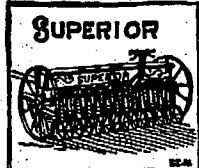
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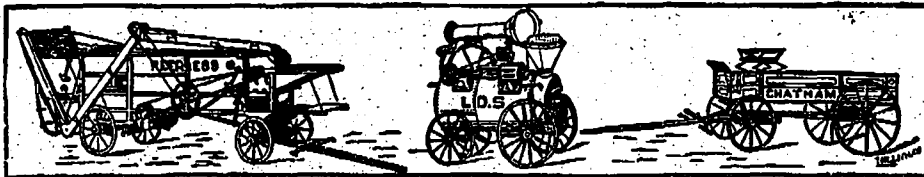
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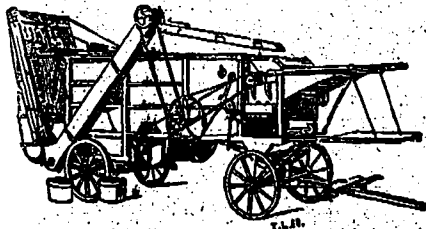


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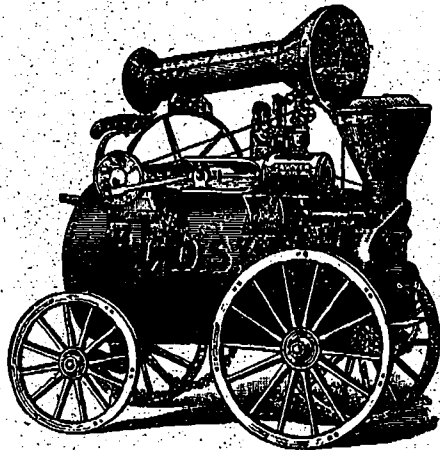
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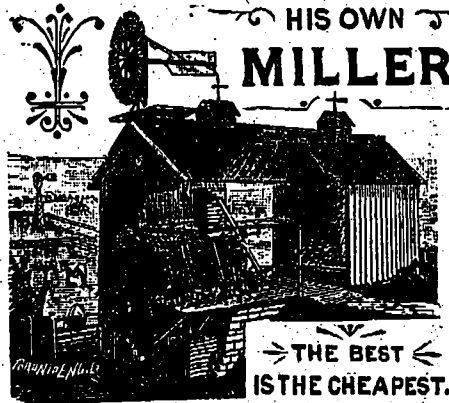
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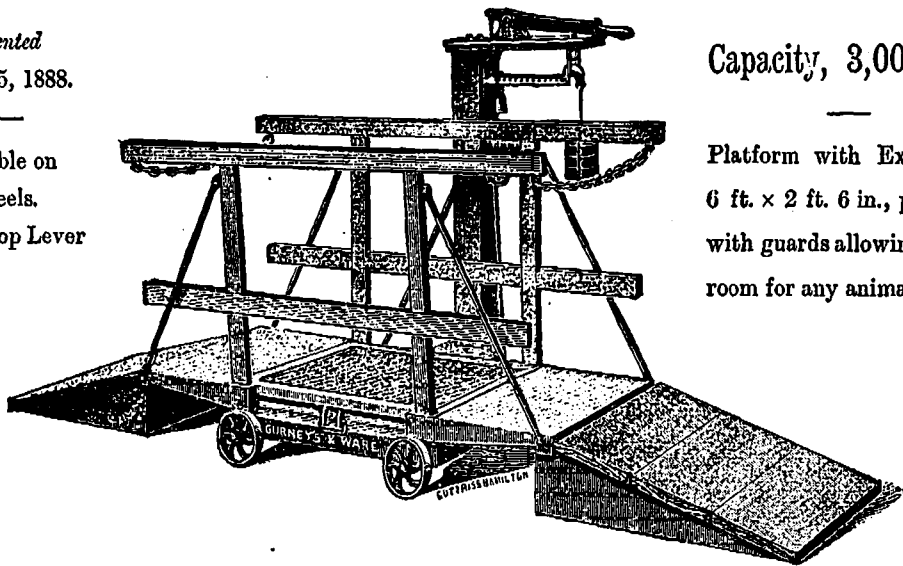
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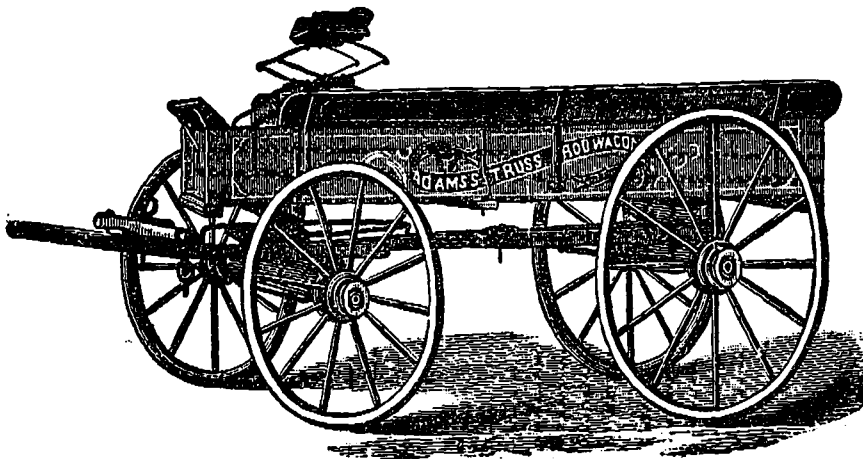
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