

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

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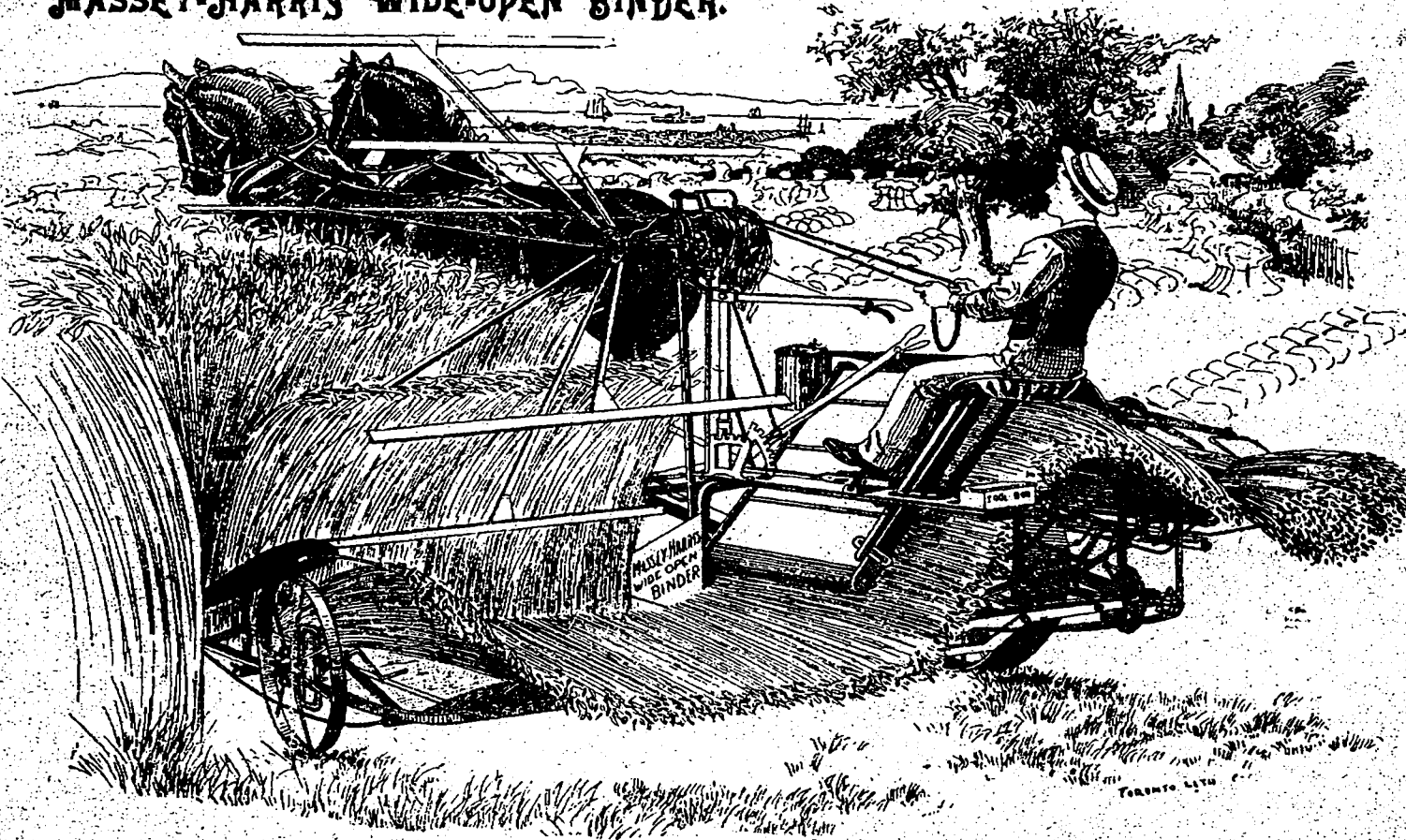


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A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER, 1895.

[Vol. 7, No. 10.

Written and Illustrated for this Publication.]

The Lower St. Lawrence & the Saguenay

SECOND PAPER.

LEAVING the solitary wharf at Tadoussac

in the dead of night, with the angry waters surging around us and the wind shrieking among the halyards of our vessel, so that the living were awakened out of their sleep, and the dead could scarce rest quietly in their graves, we plunged into the black mouth of the terrible Saguenay.

'Twas a night to make men quail. Cold and bleak and blustering; with the breath of icy caverns in the air and heavy low-hanging clouds overhead, which blotted out from view the guiding lights of the heavens.

A night when one could fancy ghosts or goblins playing hide and seek in the shrouds and rigging or chasing each other about the decks in order to keep warm. A night so terrible and so dark that the vessel seemed hemmed in on all sides with a blackness in whose density one might have imagined himself amid either solid walls of substance, or a vacuity of awful space.

In this way, 'midst howlings of wind and writhing of water, our steamer stole cautiously by the towering

rocks of Capes Trinity and Eternity, even as we slept peaceably in our berths and dreamt of fields of yellow grain waving in the golden sunlight, or limpid brooks above which the willows reached down their leafy branches to

bathe in the sparkling waters which frolicked past.

On rising next morning, however, no fairy dream, no peaceful picture, could equal the view which met our gaze as we emerged upon the Saguenay's deck.

A clear California sky without a cloud in sight, a range of purple mountains to port and starboard enveloped at the base in a delicate haze of ultramarine, a soft caressing breath of wind moving slowly across the water, and breaking the tedium of the reflections with dashes of molten gold, together with liquid sunshine, pouring through barriers of vivid green and tumbling in soft yellow splashes into valleys of indigo and purple — this is what we saw as we came in sight of Chicoutimi.

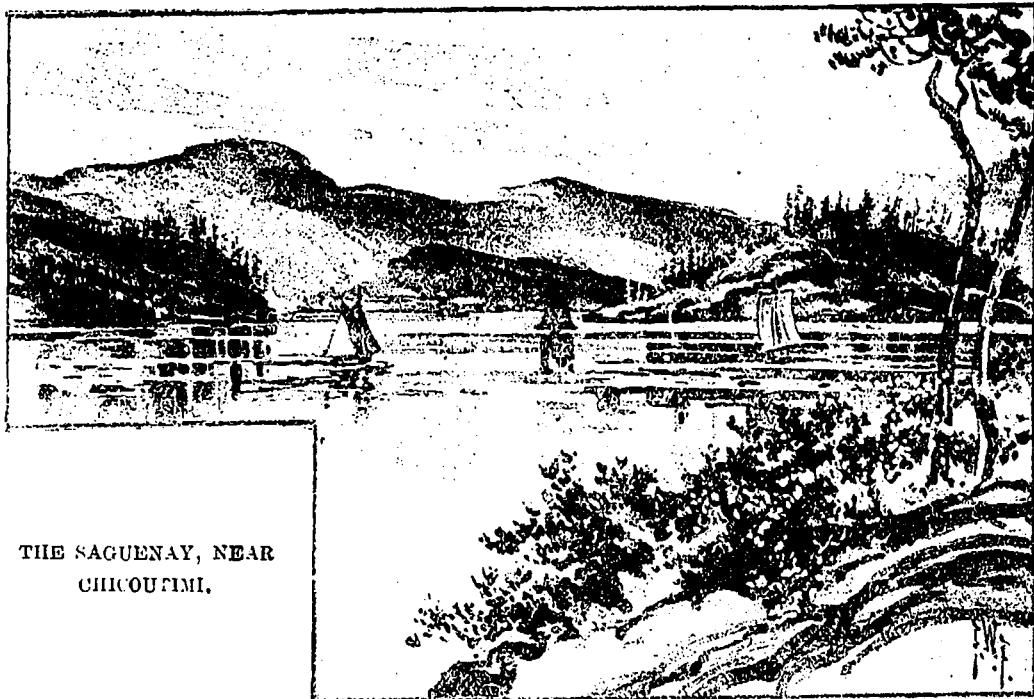
On either hand the scene was rich in colors of the most subtle tone, while ahead, the village lay bathed in misty blue.

A stop of two hours at this little French town, which, by the way, is the head of navigation on the Saguenay, and our steamer starts back upon her tortuous journey down this river of mysteries and of wonders.

Chicoutimi is an incorporated town of some four or five thousand inhabitants. It is the centre of the lumbering world of the Lake St. John dis-



CAPES ETERNITY AND TRINITY.



THE SAGUENAY, NEAR
CHICOUTIMI.

trict, and can boast of having shops and sidewalks, a college, and a convent, besides being the seat of a bishopric with a splendid cathedral, which every *habitant* takes pride in drawing the visitors' attention to as being the greatest point of interest in his town, quite oblivious of the fact that the same thing has been done at each successive stopping-place since the traveller entered French Canada.

The French Canadian is sincerely devout—he is nothing if he is not that. His ideas of religion, like those of many people of another faith, may be often aggressive, his conception of tolerance sometimes limited, but that he is always in earnest and means what he professes cannot be questioned. Much of his originality is due to this. There is no country in this world where you will find more zealous loyalty to religion shown—a misguided loyalty if you will, but a sincere one nevertheless—than in the French Province of Lower Canada. From one end to the other, it is one continuous chapter of implicit faith and undoubting trust. The names everywhere proclaim, the landmarks plainly indicate, the simple faith of this people. The memory of every saint and martyr in the entire religious category is here perpetuated indefinitely by the appellations given streets, counties, and villages. Where else on this continent will you find such eloquent testimony to a nation's belief in theology than that which an enumeration of the many ecclesiastical buildings discloses? No mere latter-day religion is this, nor one of recent growth, but a piety which dates back to the inception of the country—to the days of missionaries and Indian massacres—as the ancient, decrepit chapels still in use in many districts bear venerable witness.

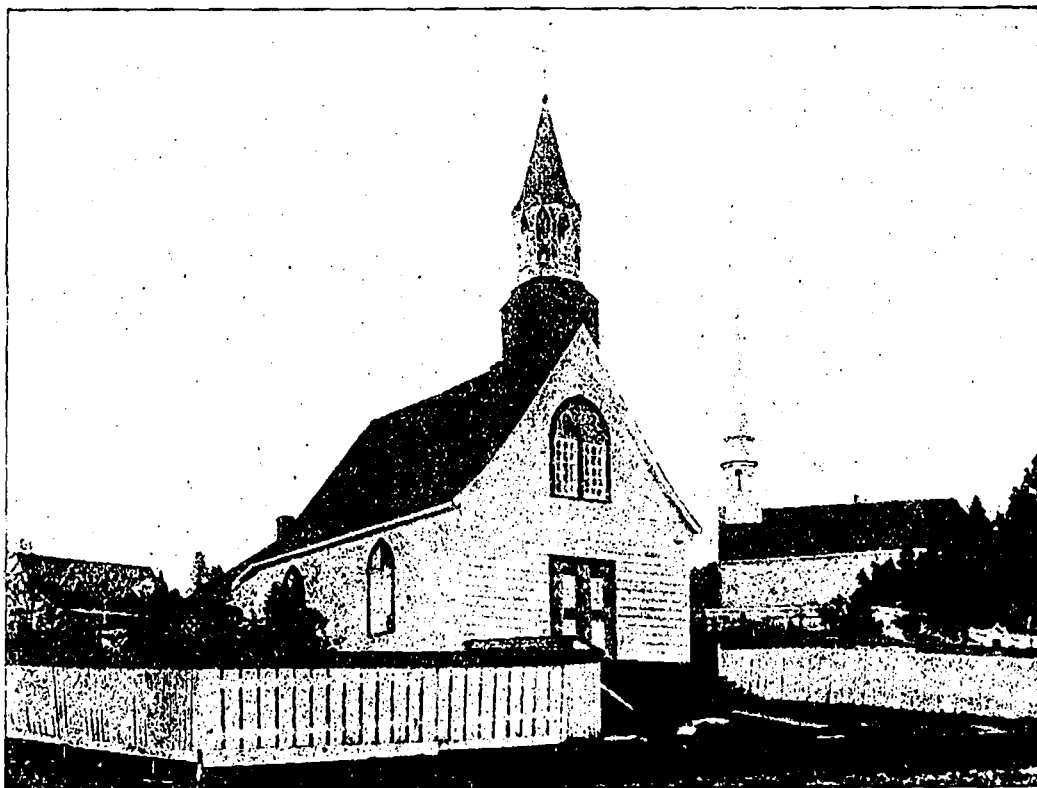
Chicoutimi is a typical French Canadian town; with an old historical past and a not too active present. It was one of the earliest Jesuit missions in the country, and an important fur-trading station when Ontario was a wilderness. Its first chapel was built in 1670, and was replaced by one more pretentious in 1727. This latter has been sadly pulled to pieces by relic hunters until all that remains to-day is the foundation which has been railed in to preserve it from further molestation. At

the end of the main street the Chicoutimi river empties its seething waters into the Saguenay by a misty fall of forty feet. This impetuous current in its course of seventeen miles descends 486 feet by seven falls and a succession of the wildest rapids imaginable. To the American tourist, who has come from the sluggish Hudson, where there is a fall of but four feet in a distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles, its pace seems altogether startling. The Chicoutimi is symbolical of the life and activity which characterize all our Canadian rivers.

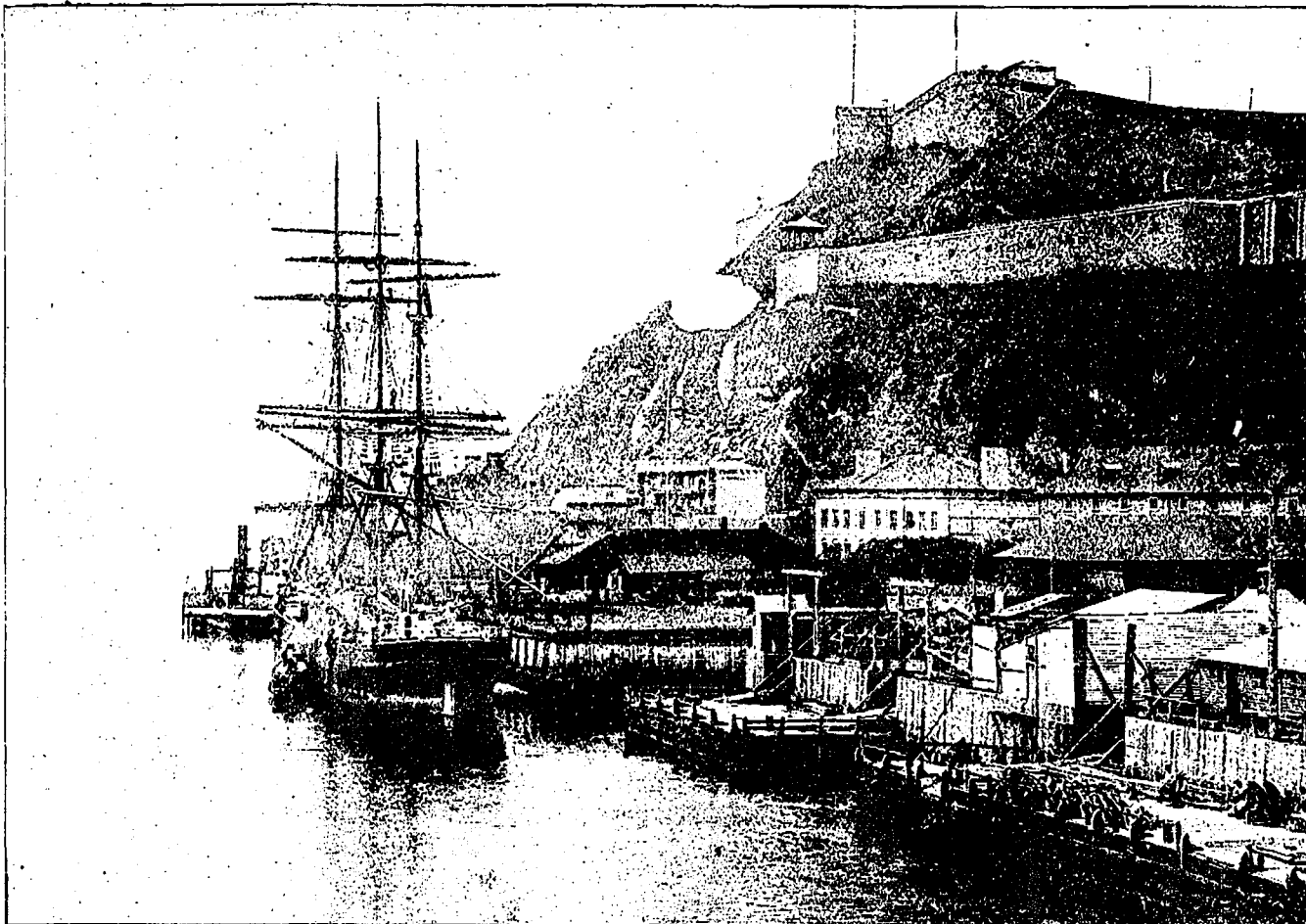
The sun had got clear of all mountainous obstructions, and was sending his rays at us obliquely, and the piny air from the forests was playing about the water in a tantalizing way, provoking its placid surface to a tender quiver with its kisses, as our steamer turned the bend of the river, which obstructed from view the old town we have just referred to, for the run to Ha-Ha Bay.

No word-picture could give the remotest conception of the grandeur of the scenery through which we passed for hours. Miles and miles of Salon canvasses and Royal Academy paintings lay stretched before our delighted vision, composed of colors which no ordinary artist dare set upon canvas. Never before had I seen such rich combinations of soft yellows and vivid greens. Nowhere save here had I come across such delicate blendings of royal purples and French blues. The tints need to be seen to be appreciated, for in that way alone can any fair idea be had of their gorgeous beauty. I shall never forget the effect they produced upon me as we wound in and out among them. You are impelled by a desire to reproduce them, and yet you realize how difficult would be the task, even if your steamer waited while you made the attempt; for these charming tints are most elusive, changing and varying every moment with each capricious breath of wind, while every successive turn which the vessel makes brings you upon a picture more diversified than the last, until, so to speak, you are artistically bewildered, and so your sketch book is, in this way, starved with plenty.

Now we run close to mossy banks of spruce, with here and there a soft indenture where blue haze and purple mists lie hidden in the recesses which the sun has not yet found, and the wind has overlooked. Again we see vast slopes of solid rock well nigh bereft of foliage, running back until their summits seem to cleave the sky. Presently the landscape widens and the scene extends to distant mountain ranges with cloud-tipped peaks one rising above the other like enormous steps, and looking as though they might be huge ant-hills or the humps on gigantic camels. Then we pass on to a perfect complexity of rugged cliffs crowned here and there by a solitary pine, guarding like good sentinels the approach to the rich timber lands beyond. Smiling and brooding nature here go hand in hand, and the scene is



TADOUSSAC CHURCH, ERECTED 1647.



QUEBEC—THE CITADEL, FROM ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

constantly changing so that one never tires of surveying it.

Ha-Ha Bay, so called because of the exclamation which escaped the French explorers who discovered it, is ensconced in a rich valley of arable land, extending some miles back to the mountain foothills which recede from the river's bank at this spot.

The small settlements, with their white cottages strewn along the water's edge, the little hamlets of St. Alphonse and St. Alexis seem lost in the vast amphitheatre.

Below this point the river widens, the banks grow higher and more precipitous, and the foliage becomes tall and sturdy. As our boat plows along the scene takes on an impressive grandeur we had not noticed before. The immensity of everything is forced upon us. Broad bays without number skirt the river, walls of solid rock rise a thousand feet above our heads, the craggy sides of which are gray with lichen, blotched with mossy cushions and belted fantastically across by long seams, out of which grow underbrush and hardy saplings that none can ever hope to touch with human fingers.

A sprinkling of clouds has sprung up, intensifying the artistic possibilities of the landscape, not hazy, indolent clouds, but active, cumulus ones, fleet of wing and very dense.

The Saguenay is a most moody river. When it is wrapped in sunshine no more peaceful scene can be found anywhere, but let the clouds intervene and the view suddenly changes to one of awful barrenness and waste. It is mostly painted in its gloomy mood, for it is in this aspect that it is singularly unique, but the reader must not infer because of this that it is a place where the sun never shines, the winds never cease and the storms are unabating. No fairer sight can be had anywhere than that

which the Saguenay discloses on a clear day. The broad river stretches along invitingly between acres and acres of trees, miles and miles of timber of every shade of living green. The dark water reflects the blue sky and the innumerable little cascades which come tumbling down nearly two thousand feet over the brown rocks, while the clouds make pretty pictures on the hills all day long: The mind can recall no more beautiful picture than that which a sunny afternoon on the Saguenay will create to be forever treasured in the inmost

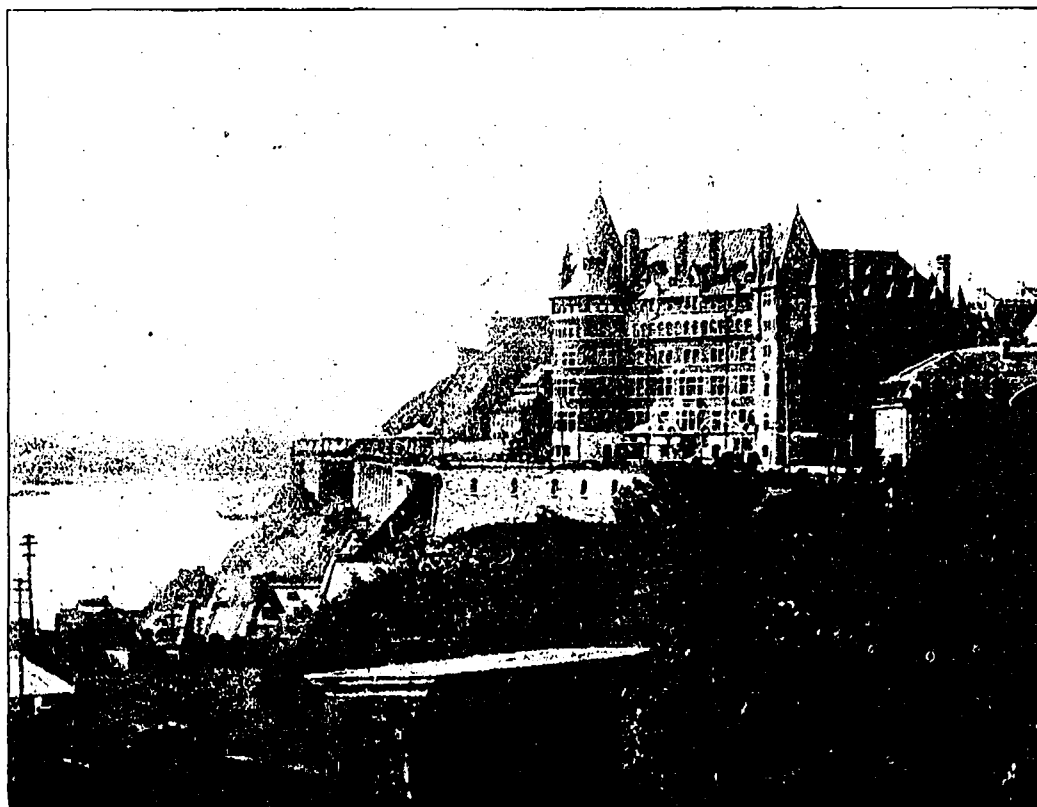
the water's edge fifteen hundred feet, whose sinuous seams take on the strangest contortions imaginable.

And now the triune cape appears before us, with its three component ledges surmounted by crests of spruce and pine. Beyond lies its shadowy sister, Cape Eternity, with her waving plume of green immersed in sunlight and standing out in clear relief while the base lays bathed in mist, giving to her the appearance of a picture suspended in mid air. Presently our steamer turns sharply to starboard, and we

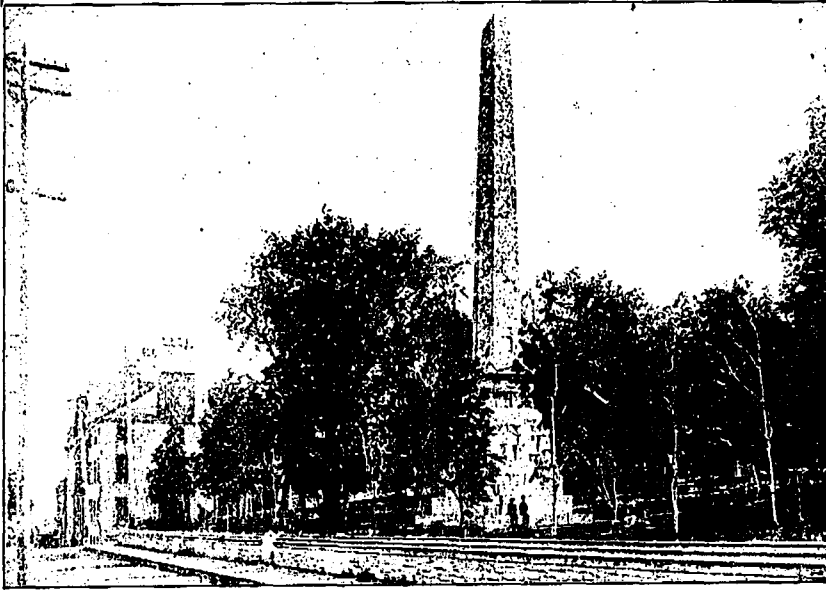
recesses of one's memory.

But let the landscape assume its portentous air. Bid the elements take on their mood of strife, and the wildest confusion reigns supreme. No pen-picture will adequately portray the rugged grandeur or the awful turbulence of this singular stream during a storm. A very chaos of precipice in savage confusion, a multiplicity of echoes in a clamorous chorus, a tempest of black waters lashed to foam, winds shrieking about you and tall giants of the forest bending over as if they were saplings — this is what one sees when the Saguenay is sullen.

As our steamer approaches Cape Trinity the river broadens, the trees grow larger and the banks rise to an altitude simply alarming. Ledge upon ledge of craggy granite tower up from



CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.



WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT AND GOVERNOR'S GARDEN.

are brought close in under the former promontory. Oh, the stupendous immensity of this frowning precipice! Rising tens, hundreds, it might be thousands of feet from the water's edge straight up through the unsullied ozone atmosphere until its top seemed to cleave the sky, this triune rock towered above us apparently into infinity. Huge, gigantic, enormous—the words are small to convey the meaning. Quebec rock, three hundred and twenty feet in height, compare this, if you can, with Cape Trinity, rising nineteen hundred feet above you to the clouds, and then consider that the river has been sounded to a depth of two thousand feet and no bottom reached, and you will have but a faint conception of the gigantic scale on which this part of the world is built. Back through a primeval wilderness hundreds and hundreds of miles 'mid cloud and wind and tempest lies a distorted country, the lines of whose moulded face are measured by similar figures. Here volcano, flood and tempest have left their work unfinished. Here the warring elements fought, creating a waste of debris. By the grace of geologists we learn that in ages long gone past a terrible convulsion of nature's forces occurred opening the dykes of some mighty inland sea, and letting loose in a moment a flood of icy torrents which carried all before it, leaving the face of the earth disfigured, seared and scarred.

How near the Creator seems as we pass these stupendous capes. A solitary steamer, a pigmy sailboat, a canoe winding its lonely way under the shadow of the cliff—these works of man, what are they but infinitesimal fragments in the gigantic picture.

Below Cape Eternity the river broadens to a width of two miles, and here we pass several rocky islands. An island in the Saguenay means the peak of a submerged mountain. For half an hour the steamer runs amid scenery without sign of life on either side, and then unexpectedly we pull up at a saw-mill. Leaving that ruthless destroyer of beauty, and casting again a lingering glance upon the virgin forest with thoughts akin to those everyone experiences when he hears the sound of the scythe being whetted to mow down a star-sprinkled field of daisies, we start on our long trip to Tadoussac. The foliage now becomes scarcer, the rocks self-assertive, and the threatening

meets the eye forbiddingly, disfigured here and there by deep declivities, and thinly sprinkled by coarse shrubs which seem to cling in consternation to the sparse soil from which they derive their subsistence. Here the forest conflagrations have not left a living tree to relieve the monotony of gloom. Presently the river contracts in width, and the massive walls of rock cast dense shadows from shore to shore. In places a gaunt skeleton of the vanished forest rears its ghastly branches o'er the dwarf underbrush; whitened by age and weather it stands accentuated in the midst of a black *milieu*. Oh, the terrible solitude of this awful place! Broken only by the swish of the steamer's paddle and the waves of the black waters as they lap at the base of the cliff—waters which are so cold and deep that in the warmest season the bodies of persons drowned in them are said never to rise. This is the river which Roberval, the "vice Roi et Lieutenant-General" in the first years of "La Nouvelle France," is said to have sailed up and never to have been seen or heard of again. Tradition has it that he was murdered by a mutinous crew, but this rumor has never been verified. The most diligent search for his body, however, availed nothing, and all trace of the expedition seemed blotted out completely. Just what one might expect from the forbidding aspect of this river—the Saguenay would never tell a secret.

Tadoussac, situated at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, bears the enviable notoriety of having been the capital of the earliest French settlements on the St. Lawrence. It was a fur-trading post as far back as 1599, when Chauvin made his headquarters there. It can also boast of having been the

clouds overcast the water, until it looks like ink. At times part of the adamant barrier seems cut with artificial accurateness, and in places a forest clearing deludes the eye with the belief that a huge sod has been lifted from the mossy bank.

As we near Tadoussac the trees grow scanty and the country seems denuded of its forest growth. A great waste of contorted granite

site of the first stone and mortar building erected in America—the home of Father Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi. To this day there stands, in an excellent state of preservation, the second oldest church in North America. This antiquated edifice, which is built of wood, was erected by the Jesuits in 1647. It contains fourteen pews and a great lumbering balcony, the cumbrous steps of which seem out of all proportion to the narrow confines of the building. The bell in the miniature belfrey was a gift to the French colonists by the then King of France.

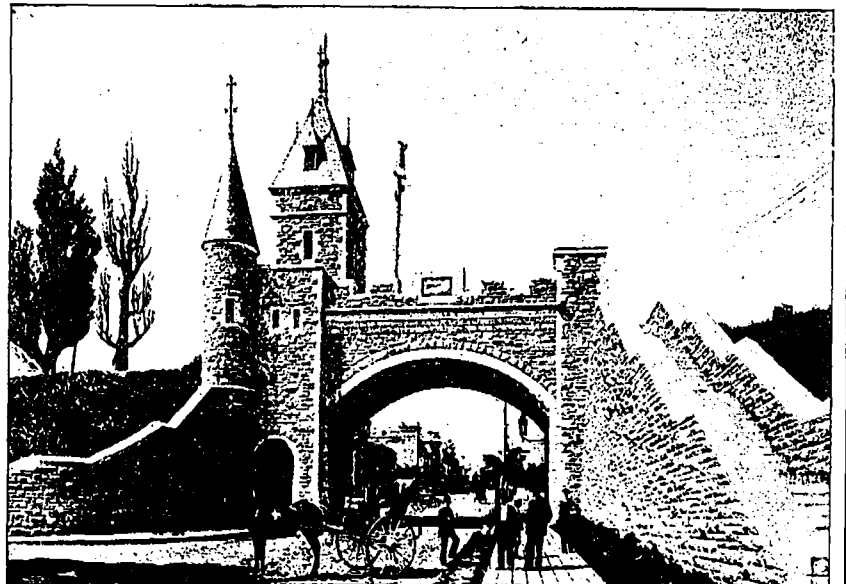
At Tadoussac the Dominion Government's salmon hatcheries are located, and a tour of these, where fish the size of minnows to those four feet in length, can be seen, proved interesting and instructive.

Not much of the village is discernible from the wharf but flanking a narrow promontory which juts out to obstruct the view, a delightful little bay reposes, with white cottages nestling about it like huge pebbles on the beach and handsome villas on the hill above overlooking a large hotel, where a small piece of ordinance is discharged to salute our vessel as she passes.

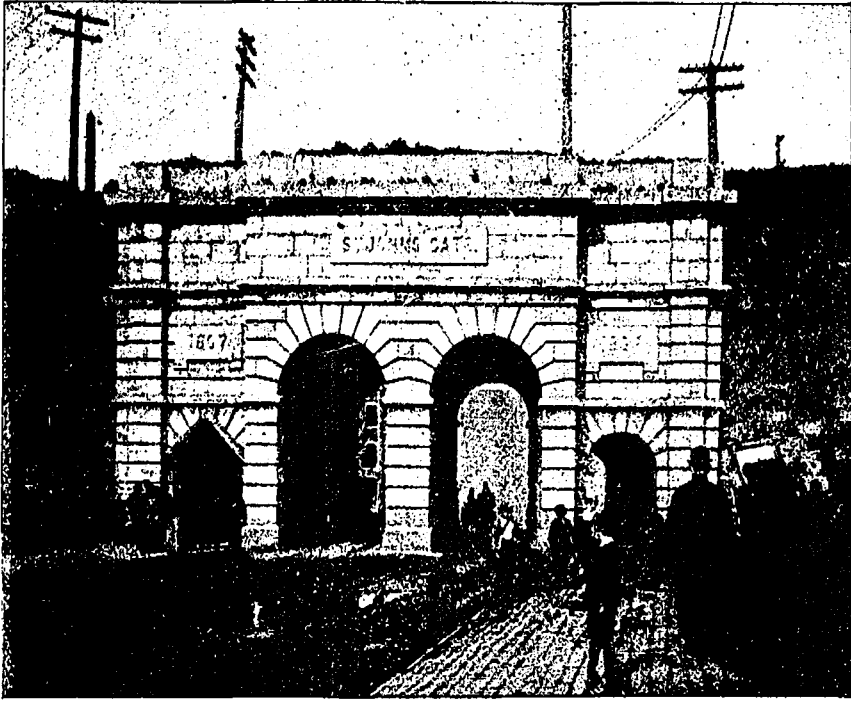
The view of Tadoussac from the water is majestic. Flanked on the east by the cold barren mouth of the Saguenay; bounded to the west by tall pines and yellow cliffs of sand; bathed in the Atlantic's waters of salt on the south and girt about by spruce and birch its quaint cottages and primitive church look as though they might have just stepped out of some seventeenth century romance. About its secluded paths the sun seems to frolic incessantly while the shadows never tire of chasing over its hills.

A last lingering survey shows Tadoussac calm, peaceful and quiescent, and then a glance seaward reveals, in the distance, the far shore fringing with a band of blue the sunlit waves of the broad St. Lawrence.

At six o'clock on the following morning our steamer pulled up at Quebec, and we were given until five in the afternoon to inspect the old military town. What tender memories we have now of the old place as we look back upon it. What a lasting impression its complex civilization, its venerable spirit of age and its historical associations made; leaving



QUEBEC—ST. LOUIS GATE.



QUEBEC—ST. JOHN'S GATE.

afterwards upon our minds that tender play of color and brightness, so to speak, which is called among the Alps the afterglow. To ramble 'mid its narrow streets and old decrepit buildings, to make a cursory inspection of its battlements, to rove among the effete guns of the Grand Battery, to saunter in and out the old city gates, to mount again for the twentieth time to the promenade of Dufferin Terrace—to feel ourself irresistibly drawn to this grand rendezvous—far above the distracting rabble and *canaille* of the lower town—these were factors calculated to affect the senses of the most unobservant. Those who have scanned from the bastions of its gray citadel the environments of the ancient capital; or watched with never tiring eyes the St. Lawrence wind its tortuous course between steep banks in the dim distance; or observed the far away hills of New Hampshire, which the eager guide never fails to point out from the old rickety *diligence*; or caught sight of the white mist from Montmorency rising high into the air and forming a lacy veil to the blue Laurentians far beyond, can never fail to associate the most pleasant memories, the happiest of reminiscences about this ancient city. Quebec—ever old, yet always new. Quebec—about which volumes of verbiage have been written, and concerning which unending chapters must continue to be penned while man is influenced by things beautiful and romantic, or while literary aspirants continue to give the world the benefit of their impressions. Old patriotic Quebec, where in revolutionary times

"France's sons, on British soil,
Fought for their English King,"

driving back the invader when every other post had capitulated. Quebec—the abode of romance, the habitation of patriotism, the haunt of picturesqueness and historic beauty—what an impressive frontispiece it would make to the mediaeval volume! Older and more quaint than many parts of France, for the revolution wiped out much of the grand past of the motherland, and, in comparison with Quebec, left her approximately modern. Of greater interest to the historian to-day than any other

world of babble, the continental boast of whose people is that they do not sleep at all.

The Mackenzie River Eskimos.

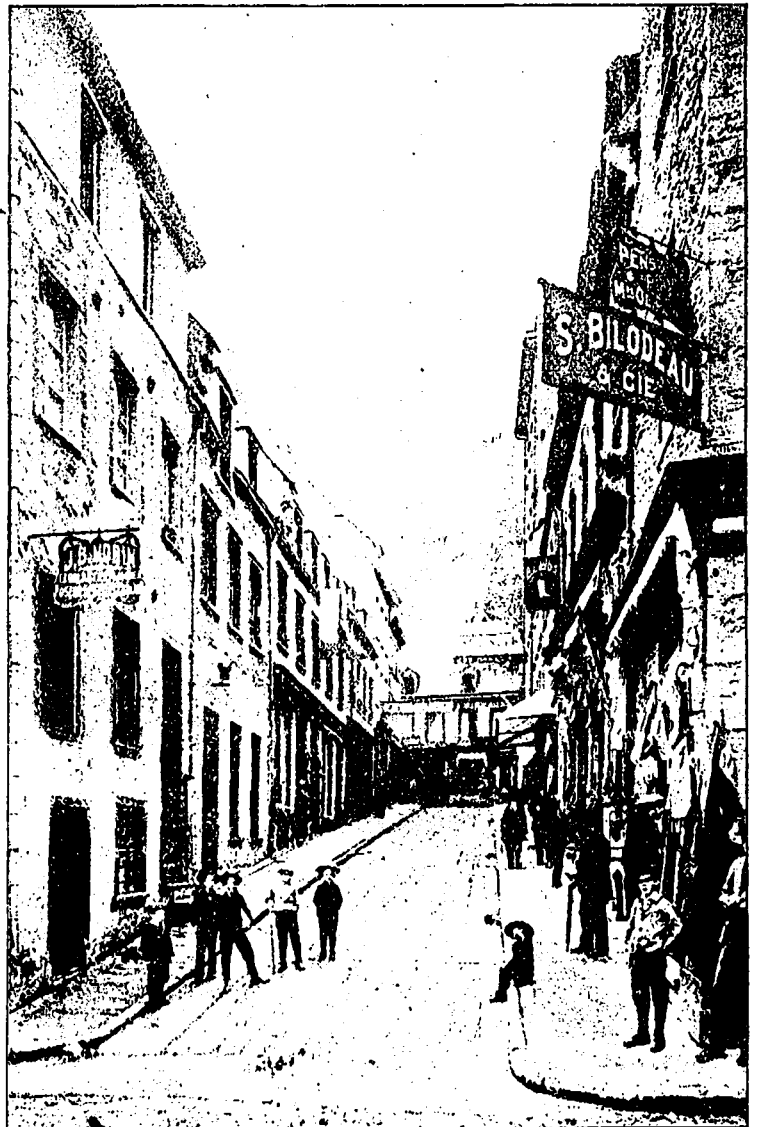
THE Mackenzie River Eskimos differ in many respects from those of the country east and west of the Delta. They are larger, more warlike, and more treacherous and suspicious, but they seem in many ways a fine, intelligent race. They are skilled in metal working, and more industrious and provident than most native tribes. Those of the Mackenzie River have their homes on the Bay, and live in comfortable houses made of the driftwood which the river brings down from above. Indeed, the great stream is like a fostering-mother to these people. It furnishes them with material for houses, sledges, tent-poles, and fuel. By extending the limits of the forest almost to the shores of the sea, it attracts the fur-bearing animals nearer their homes, and its waters supply them with whitefish, herring and inconnu. They are thus better nourished, and life is not so difficult as for those on the more barren stretches near Point Barrow and far to the eastward. Perhaps these conditions also favor a more warlike disposition, for it

spot on this continent, because the great battles for supremacy in the new world were fought at its gates. Of more traditional moment to Canadians than any other portion of this Dominion; for does not all of Canada's past centre round this storied rock? Long will Quebec linger in the memory of the visitor as a place of dreams and sentimentality—charming rarities, indeed, seldom found nowadays in this conventional nineteenth-century

is certain that the River Eskimos have always borne an unenviable reputation. They are more difficult to deal with, moreover, than the Indians. No credit is allowed them at the post, for they would always be dissatisfied and would claim more than was their due. A trade is always effected on the spot, or, if an Eskimo does not see what pleases him, he will carry off his skins until another time. In trading he will not hand over his whole pile of furs, as the Indians do, to be counted and value given as the buyer selects the articles wished, but he holds on tightly to his property, watchful and suspicious.

In winter the Eskimos live in their driftwood houses, but as the spring approaches and the time for hunting seal draws near, they move far out on the ice-floes. There they build circular huts of blocks of snow, as the eastern Eskimos do, and live in them until the thawing of the snow brings the shelter down around their ears. When the spring fairly sets in, they go up the streams to the hunting grounds to shoot reindeer and the wild fowl. Once a year only they come to trade at the post. Quite a large number had waited for some days for the boat, but, tired of the delay and wishing to be off on their summer hunt, most of them had left the fort only a few days before our arrival.

Many whales are found in the vicinity of the Bay, and one killed in the latter part of the short summer will insure comfort to all the inhabitants in the vicinity.—*Elizabeth Taylor in OUTING.*



A STREET SCENE IN LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC.



OCTOBER IN CANADA.

AFTERNOON of autumn lies a'ween me and the hill
Rising like a giant amethyst a mile away,
Dimmed by opal-tinted airs that intervene, until
All looks like a cobweb mist of purple and of grey.

Lying where the pebbles sprinkle all the river sands,
I can dip my fingers in the water warm and clear.
Watch the sunlight shimmer in the waves above my hands
Watch a snowy little sail that lazily floats near.

Far beyond the flats where some are husking Indian corn,
I can see the oval, yellow stacks of straw uplift,
Hear the hum of threshing; for, since early hours of morn,
Round the barns a cloud of amber chaff has been adrift.

Flocks of crows at random fly within the upward air,
Ebon tufts that dot the clouds athwart a pinkish sky;
Far away the stubble fields are stretching dun and bare,
Edged with golden rod and flecked with leaves a-blow-
ing by.

Night comes steadily and thieves the color from the hill,
Nought she leaves upon its brow of amethyst or blue;
Day will soon be over, and the twilight grey and still,
Whispers very gently that my dreamland darkens too.

—E. Pauline Johnson.



Toronto Industrial Fair.

FOR years the superiority of Toronto's Annual Exhibition has been a thing of such proverbial recurrence that to again remark on its

high excellence seems but wanton tautology; the success of Canada's great fair is something that might be taken for granted. We cannot, however, refrain from alluding to the magnificent display which the agriculturists of this country made on the occasion of this the sixteenth annual fair of the Industrial Exhibition Association of Toronto. The large attendance of farmers was a constant topic of conversation on the part of visitors, while the high standard and the number of farm product exhibits exceeded all previous years in the history of the Association. The appended table shows the relative proportion of the various live stock exhibits for this year as compared with last:

	1891.	1895.	Increase.
Horses	1218	1259	41
Cattle	608	720	112
Sheep	472	487	15
Pigs	395	435	40
	2693	2901	208

Not only did the number of live stock exhibits exceed that of last year, but the cereals and root crop display was better and larger than on previous occasions, while the apiary and dairy departments were fully up to their usual high standards. Again must we congratulate the farmers on this splendid showing, but in doing so let us draw attention, in the interest of still

greater achievements, to a few things which in our estimation have tended more than others toward the furtherance of such desirable results. To begin with, the work of the Government Experimental Farms both at Ottawa and Guelph has had a most appreciable affect upon agriculture in this country. The value which attaches to modern scientific apparatuses and up-to-date principles cannot be overestimated. By these means alone can we, in agriculture as in everything else, ever hope to reach that high standard of excellence which competition and civilization demand in this nineteenth century of inventions. It is being demonstrated more clearly every day that the man who refuses to make use of approved modern ideas is being left steadily behind his more progressive brother who agrees to adopt them. In the natural course of events this cannot be avoided, for the moment a man makes up his mind to stand still he begins to fall back; that moment dates the time of a retrograde movement in his life, and this backward motion, however imperceptible at first, is something that is difficult to check if not arrested at the start. The Agricultural College and Experimental Farms have always recognized the necessity for the adoption of newest methods, and the great success of the farming community of Canada to-day is in no small measure due to the principles which these institutions are daily inculcating in the minds of young Canada. Then, again, the willingness of the farmers themselves to take advantage of the opportunities afforded them to advance their profession, must also account in no small degree for the success that was obtained this year. It is a common thing in other countries to find the agriculturists indifferent to progress and advancement. Friendly Governments offer all sorts of tempting offers and inducements; private corporations and public concerns unceasingly endeavor to encourage the languishing rural industry—that backbone of every country—but their efforts are but feebly responded to. In Canada, however, things are different. Here the agriculturist is invariably the first to demand the highest point of perfection in machinery as in everything else, and will not be put off with inferior appliances. Here he must master the latest achievements of science or he is not content, nor is he satisfied with any but the most enterprising journals. The Canadian farmer is not willing to sit idly by and see the grass grow under his feet; he makes the effort and battles for himself, he aims high and is rewarded by success. It is this spirit of perseverance, energy and self-respect that has qualified him for the exalted position which he occupies to-day and enabled him to make such an admirable showing last year at Canada's Industrial Fair—this spirit of "not to be outdone by others." Pessimists may decry the country as they like and optimists find delight in everything to their heart's content, but neither can deny the fact that the avocation of the farmers of Canada is exceptionally situated in the matter of adventitious and natural advantages. When we look around us and behold the condition of the rural population in other countries, we must arrive at that conclusion. When we consider the empty homesteads and vacant farms of Vermont, New Hampshire and Connecticut, when we bear in

mind the tempest-ridden wastes of Dakota and Minnesota, when we look across the water and read the painful accounts of distress and poverty as reported by the Royal Commission on Agriculture in England, we cannot but feel gratified that the lot of the Canadian farmer is so bright. A tour through Ontario at any time during the summer season shows broad smiling fields, undulating hills and fertile valleys, with here and there a grove of trees to break the wind and find shelter for the cattle. Everywhere the land is arable and requires but little fertilizing, while devastating tornadoes are something quite unknown. That the farmers of Canada have been alive to these advantages, we want no better proof or testimony to demonstrate than that which the Toronto Exhibition reveals.

Another factor which must not be disregarded, and one which we think has greatly influenced the splendid exhibit which the farmers had at this year's Fair, is the desire shown by the management to co-operate with the agricultural classes in perfecting their display. The erection of buildings, the handsome awards and prizes, and the prominence given to rural exhibits, exemplify the good will of the management toward the agricultural community. That their efforts are appreciated is demonstrated by the kindly expression of sentiment which each branch of the industry feels called upon to pronounce. This year the management saw fit to erect more commodious quarters for the sheep, and the breeders gave utterance to their appreciation of these services by a four-page typewritten document on foolscap to President Withrow, detailing their gratitude, and expressing an earnest wish for the continued success of the exhibition. This good-will on both sides is pleasant to behold, and must rebound to the benefit of each. The management realize that the success of the Fair depends almost entirely on the exhibits of the farm, and the agriculturists in turn are not slow to recognize the courtesies shown them and respond accordingly. In the interest of the Province, it is to be hoped these cordial relations will continue.

It is most gratifying also to learn that in spite of the break in the conduit and the consequent limited water supply, which Manager Hill affirms kept away many intending visitors, the net receipts were over two thousand dollars in excess of last year, while the total number of exhibits of all kinds also exceeded to a correspondingly large degree the entries of the year previous.

The management is to be commended for the stand it took in allowing no side-shows upon the grounds this year. As a result the impostor and the swindler suffered, but the unsuspecting public were the gainers.

Taken altogether, the show was a most creditable one, reflecting great credit upon the management. The fireworks were good, the attractions in the ring were good, and the exhibits were the best that have been displayed in this city since the inauguration of the Toronto Industrial Fair.

We are pleased to welcome the initial number of *Farming* in the field of agricultural journals of Canada. *The Canadian Live Stock Journal*, in its new form, is delightfully attractive and interesting, and we trust will have the successful record and career which it enjoyed in the old one. Our contemporary is well edited, well illustrated, and cannot fail to be of interest to the farming community generally.

With the report that the Salisbury Government has refused to remove the cattle embargo placed upon Canadian cattle by the late Liberal Ministry, comes the unwelcome news that Germany is about to adopt a law also enforcing the strictest quarantine measures against foreign cattle and hogs. Although it can be reasonably supposed that the latter country has

been influenced in her determination by the sustained action of England, yet the direct cause of this new hostility to foreign cattle is undoubtedly due to the many importations of diseased animals that have taken place for some years past from the United States. There is an erroneous opinion in England, which has taken a firm hold in the minds of the people and the administrators of the laws, that cattle from the United States is shipped abroad through this country in the name of Canadian cattle, and therefore the only way of placing a check upon these infected importations is to exclude—or practically so—the bringing in of cattle from either of them. There is no excuse for supposing that pleuro-pneumonia exists generally throughout Canada. There have been a few isolated cases of it discovered, but these have generally been traced back to and shown to have come from cattle imported from other countries and not bred here; but unfortunately these exceptional cases have come to the notice of the English press, which has not been slow to make a grievance out of a supposed wrong. The opponents of Canadian cattle argue with apparent reason and logic that we cannot prevent our cattle becoming contaminated if we permit the transit of infected American cattle in bond through this country; they maintain that to bring about this disastrous result it is not necessary that the animal should be brought in contact, but hold that the use of the same stables, same cars and same vessels to convey them abroad is sufficient to accomplish this end. On the other hand, Canadian cattle breeders will not admit this danger of infection. Theoretically our English censors are possibly correct, but in practice they are lamentably mistaken, for the reason that the utmost care is taken to prevent any such contamination. Canadian cattle is not shipped in the same cars as cattle from the United States, nor is the same stabling accommodation made to serve for both. It is true that the same steamers that convey American cattle abroad carry that from this country also, but the steamship companies are under the strictest governmental supervision, and every vessel undergoes a complete disinfecting after every consignment has been landed, so that the danger from this source has been minimized. In addition to this the Canadian customs officers have the fullest instructions to stop any consignment of cattle that shows the slightest signs of sickness. We may naturally conclude then that no real danger exists from this source, namely, contagion from American cattle; and as pleuro-pneumonia is practically unknown here, we know of no reason for the continuance of discriminating legislation against the cattle breeders of this country unless it be a disguised effort to protect the struggling agricultural classes of the old country. The action of Germany in the matter leads us to this belief, for the Fatherland has always been protective and never been backward at making a boast of it.

List of Fall Fairs.

Omence	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Blyth	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Petrolia	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Smithville	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Milton	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Tilsonburg	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Norwood	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Drumbo	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Rockton	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Woodville	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Newmarket	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Shelburne	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Elmvale	Oct. 8th to 10th.
Dresden	Oct. 9th and 10th.
Clifford	Oct. 9th and 10th.
Conher	Oct. 9th and 10th.
Stouffville	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Stouffville	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Becton	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Burford	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Port Elgin	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Rockwood	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Caledonia	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Woodbridge	Oct. 15th and 18th.
Simcoe	Oct. 15th to 17th.
Wellandport	Oct. 14th and 15th.
Grand Valley	Oct. 17th and 18th.
Bradford	Oct. 17th and 18th.
Schomberg	Oct. 17th and 18th.
Erin	Oct. 22nd and 23rd.



- 1st.—The Academy of Music, Buffalo, burned; loss \$25,000. Slight earthquake at Philadelphia. George Marks, Bruce Mines, died.
- 2nd.—Labor Day generally observed in Ontario. Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson inspected the Grand Trunk shops at Lindsay.
- 3rd.—Toronto Industrial Exhibition opened to-day by Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick. Mr. J. C. Patterson sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. The first boats passed through the Canadian Canal at Sault St. Marie.
- 4th.—Sven Loven, the Swedish naturalist, died, aged 80 years. The shops of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. to be rebuilt at Sorel.
- 5th.—Great damage by hurricane and flood in the vicinity of Lisbon. Imperial Parliament prorogued. Steamer *St. Maquet* burnt at Port Dalhousie. Private Hayhurst, winner of the Queen's prize, presented a silver medal by Lord Dufferin.
- 6th.—Outbreak of scarlet fever in Winnipeg. Slight earthquake shock in Montana. Heavy rains in the North West. Archduke Ladislas, of Austria, died from injuries received by the accidental discharge of his gun.
- 7th.—The *Defender* beat Lord Dunsraven's *Valkyrie* by eight minutes. City of Hamilton refused the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway a further bonus.
- 9th.—Eight business men of Montreal arrested on a charge of arson. Unsuccessful attempt to blow up the Congregational Church at Greenville, Michigan. Trial of Napoleon Demers commenced at Montreal.
- 10th.—Frank Moosely and Co., long-established leather merchants of Montreal, assigned; liabilities \$450,000. The report that adulterated Canadian cheese has been placed on the English market declared false by the directors of the Ontario Creameries Association.
- 11th.—Meeting of the Toronto Good Roads Association. Plot against Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria discovered. Electric and cyclonic storm in Kingston and vicinity did great damage; two young men killed and several injured.
- 12th.—Fire at the Western Fair Grounds, London, Ont.; the poultry and carriage buildings destroyed. Holmes, the alleged murderer, indicted in Philadelphia for the murder of B. F. Pitzeel.
- 13th.—Western Fair at London, Ont., opened. Toronto Industrial Exhibition concluded.
- 14th.—Col. John Warren, leader of the Fenian movement, died. Sir Mackenzie Bowell left Winnipeg for the east.
- 15th.—Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, arrived at Montreal. Mr. Thomas Young killed near Hamilton by a Grand Trunk tram.
- 16th.—Fire on the steamer *Iona*; six women and one child burned to death. Geo. D. Ferguson, of Fergus, Ont., died. The British Association accepts the invitation to hold their next meeting in Toronto.
- 17th.—Electric Street Railway at Guelph opened. Sir Mackenzie Bowell opened the Bay of Quinte district fair at Belleville.
- 18th.—Canadian Electrical Association decides to hold its next convention in Toronto. Cholera raging in Southern Russia.
- 19th.—Death of Jas. S. Winter, of Lindsay. Toronto City Council engaged Mr. Mausegh, of London, Eng., to come to Toronto to report on the best system of water supply for the city.
- 20th.—Reports from China and Japan that cholera is making great ravages in those countries; deaths in Peking average 2,000 a day. Elgin Fair to be discontinued.
- 21st.—Hottest day of the year in New York; the thermometer registered 97° in the shade at three o'clock in the afternoon. Opera house at St. Catharines burned.
- 22nd.—The Michigan Central Station at Windsor, Ont.; destroyed by fire, also the bridge over the track.
- 23rd.—Snow storm in Nebraska. Norman Chittick, of Walkerton, Ont., fell eighty feet from an elevator at Winnipeg, and was killed. Rumored plot in Constantinople to blow up the palace of the Sublime Porte.
- 24th.—Forest fires in Quebec are doing great damage. Annual matches of the Guelph Rifle Association. Mysterious death of P. C. Leonard in Toronto.
- 25th.—Sir Herbert Murray appointed Governor of Newfoundland. The monument at Chrysler's Farm, in memory of the heroes of 1813, unveiled by Hon. John Haggart.
- 26th.—Serious illness of President Faure of France. The Dominion steamer *Mariposa* on shore in the Straits of Belle Isle.
- 27th.—Rev. Dr. Williamson, Queen's College, Kingston, died. Dr. McKay and his family left Toronto en route for Formosa.
- 28th.—Pasteur, the distinguished French chemist, died. General Gaseoigne, the chief commander of the Canadian forces, arrived at Quebec.
- 30th.—Church raided at Varna, Bulgaria, by the Moslems; ten Armenians killed. Germany is enforcing a strict quarantine against foreign cattle and hogs. The United States Treasury gold reserve is under \$93,000,000.



A Capacious Octagon Barn.

THE barn, of which Figure 1 gives a perspective view, is forty-four feet across from side to side, with a wing twenty-eight by fifteen feet. The basement, Figure 2, is of stone, laid in

lime mortar, but in situations where gravel and cement are abundant it may be built of concrete. Passage ways, A, are provided with tramways upon which a feed-car may be run, affording ready communication between the feed-room, B, and the various stalls, of which those marked C are for horses and F for cattle. At the intersection of the tramways is a turn-table, I, by means of which the feed-car may be run upon either lateral track. The spaces marked H may be used for box stalls or pens for pigs, sheep or calves. The feed-room, B, is provided with the boiler, K, a chest, L, for cooking and steaming feed, and the water-tank, M, which may be supplied by rain water from the roof or a pump operated by a windmill. In the rear of the horse stalls at the left of the main entrance is a harness closet, D, well lighted and roomy. Adjoining are the calf-pens marked E, and at the ends of the further range of cattle stalls are two others. The inner and outer doors are all indicated by a letter J. The basement of the wing, N, is devoted to corn-cribs and the storage of wagons and implements. Adjoining it and beneath the inclined driveway is a root cellar, O. One section of the roof is extended downward to form an open shed, P.

through it any feed may be dropped directly into the feed-car below. The shuttes marked E lead to the hay-racks of the horse stalls in the basement. A large ventilator, D, extends to the cupola on the apex of the roof and also serves as a shute for hay and straw. The doors on the floor are all marked F. In the wing, the large room, H, is for tools and small machinery, and G is a general repair shop with a chimney, L. A narrow corn-crib, K, extends across one side of the larger room. The drive-way and bridge are respectively marked J and I.

The barn was designed by Sheldon F Smith,

ness free from dust and ammonia, and a work-bench may be put in for repairing harness when there is not much else to do. There can be no excuse for allowing machines and tools to lie out in the fields or about the out-building, as there is ample room on the two floors of the annex. On lower floor one can drive in with large machines and wagons, unhitch, and allow the horses to go directly into the stable. In the drive-way to the barn floor an opening should be made, through which to unload roots right into the cellar. The latter being near the feeding-room they can be fed with no waste of time. Between the tool-room on the second floor and the

work-shop is a wide sliding-door, which allows any machine or tools to be repaired or painted with little trouble. A stove can be put in during the winter. The granary being over the feeding-room and connected with it by shuttes, all feed can be dropped direct into mixing-box. In threshing, the grain can be easily put in by one man." — *American Agriculturist.*

EXCESSIVE gum on cherry trees seems to be due to lack of potash. At least a bushel or so of unleached wood ashes worked well into the soil about the roots of a tree that was badly affected caused it to heal over smooth, grow vigorously and bear abundantly.

THE acidity of soils, or their sour condition, has to be taken into account in judging of the effects of lime, potash and soda.

The *American Agriculturist* has already published some interesting results at the Rhode Island station on the value of lime in correcting this acidity. Another year's results with vegetables indicate that soda is inferior to potash, but to what extent, if any, it is important as a plant nutrient in connection with potash in addition to the soda already existing in our soil, can only be ascertained by a repetition of the

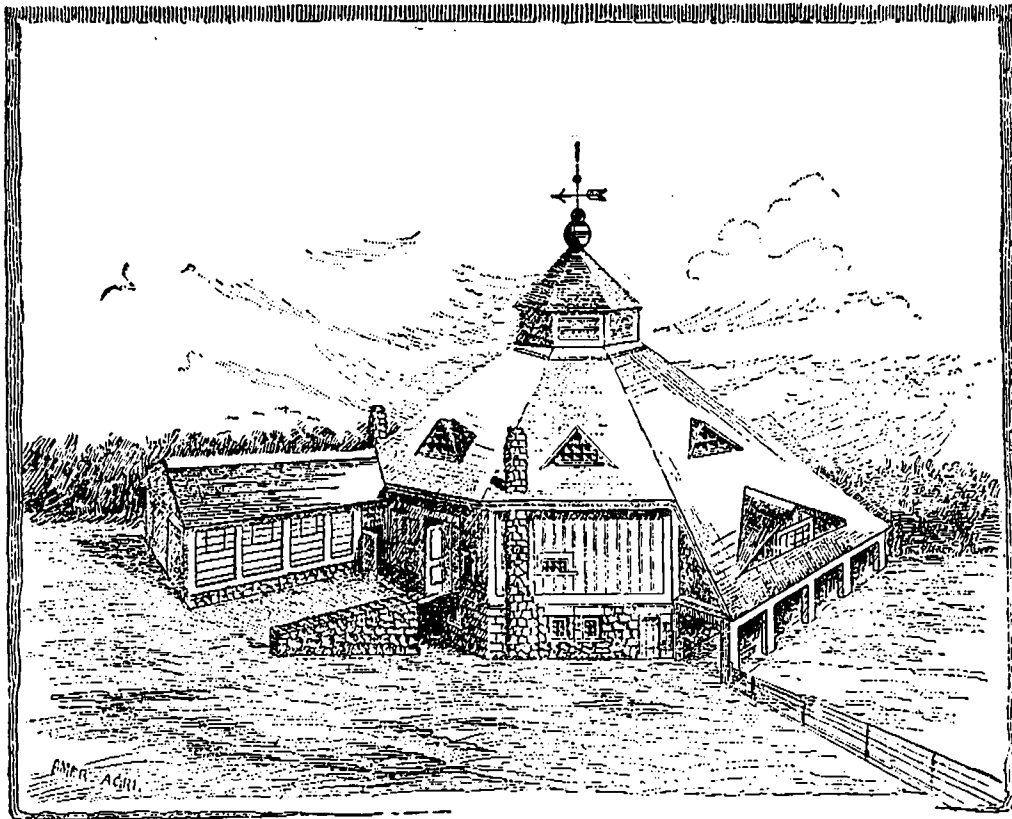


FIG. 1.—PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF OCTAGON BARN.

York Co., Pa., who writes us as follows concerning the general plan: "The live-stock of whatever kind can be fed from the alleys conveniently and in the least possible time. If desired a tank can be built over the work-shop in the wing, and water run to the feeding room and each stall, which will give the stock water at all times. This is better than to allow milch cows in winter to go to the watering trough in

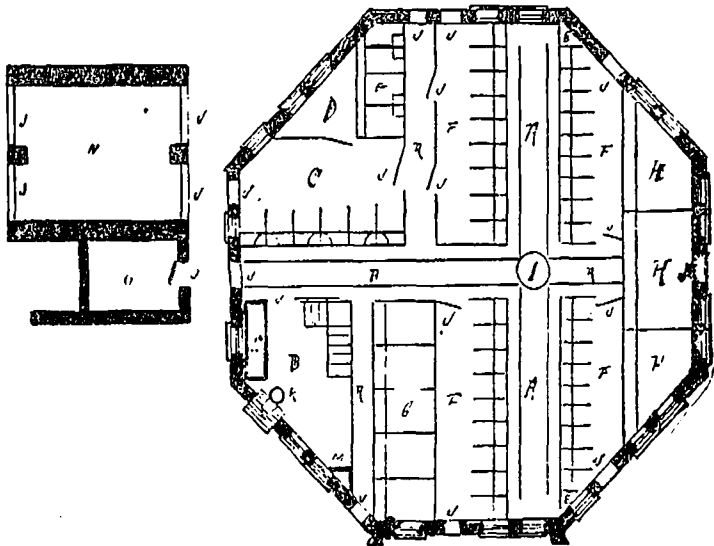


FIG. 2.—PLAN OF BASEMENT.

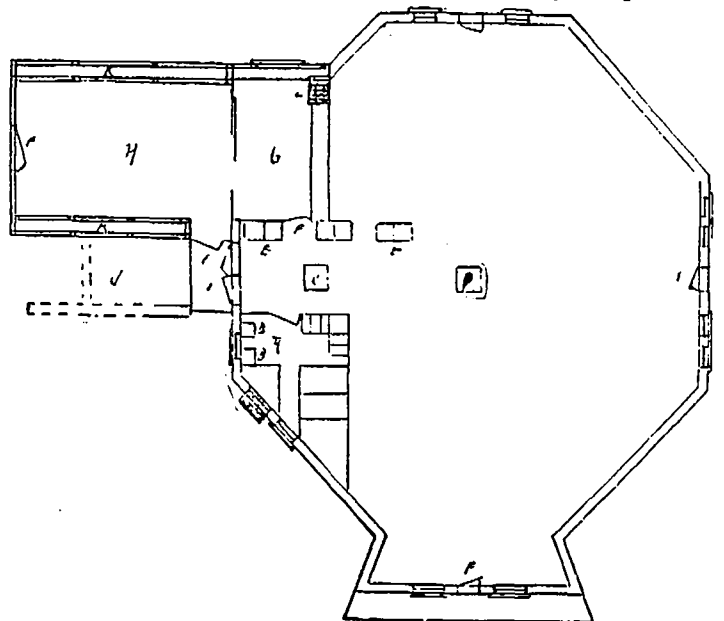


FIG. 3.—PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

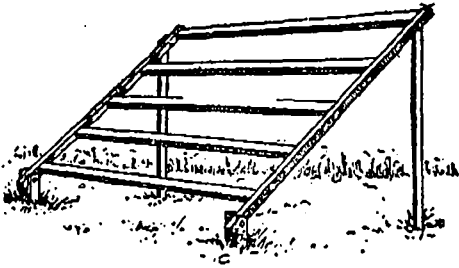
The main floor, Figure 3, is devoted principally to the storage of hay and grain. The granary, A, is furnished with bins for various kinds of grain and feed, and two shuttes, B, B, lead to the steam box in the basement. A hatch-way, C, opens directly over the tramway and

the barn yard, waiting to have the ice broken before they can get any water, which then chills their system and seriously checks the flow of milk. The partition between the horse and cattle stable should be made to separate them entirely. The harness room keeps the har-

periment, perhaps for a number of years. Though the direct object of the experiment was not to compare the action of the chlorides and carbonates of potassium and sodium, it was evident that the latter produced much greater yields with certain crops than did the chlorides.

Movable Plant Trellis.

THE illustration shows how a trellis may be made upon which some tender variety of fruit or flowering vine may be trained. The difficulty of properly protecting climbers during the winter has often led to the abandonment of

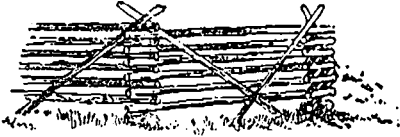


MOVABLE PLANT TRELLIS.

many tender varieties that, given protection in winter, would have proved highly desirable. With such a swinging trellis as that shown herewith tender grapevines or other tender climbers may be laid upon the ground and carefully covered during the winter, then placed upright again when the cold weather is passed.

Fencing Stacks.

IDEAL farming does not require stacks to be fenced to protect them from cattle, for it is not good practice as a rule to pasture meadows in the fall. But it sometimes happens that it is most convenient to place stacks in fields where they are obliged to be protected from stock by a temporary fence of rails around each stack. When this is done, if the corners of the tem-



SECURE STACK FENCE.

porary fence are cross-staked and capped when the stack is wanted in the winter, the stakes will be found frozen in the ground, which generally necessitates breaking or chopping them off. A better way of securing the corners of such a fence is to bind them by placing a rail on each side of a corner, one end resting on the ground close to the fence and the other locking into the corner as shown in the illustration. By this means the fence is well secured against severe winds and the crowding of cattle, and when moved is not found frozen in.

Saltpeter in Cornstalks.

THE fine white crystals which are sometimes seen in the butts of cornstalks grown on rich land, have been found to be nitrate of potassium or saltpeter. For a number of years a few Kansas cattle have mysteriously died from apparent poison. Dr. W. S. Mayo, of the state experiment station, investigated some of the cases, and found that there was so much natural saltpeter that the cattle were poisoned by it. In one case green fodder grown upon an old hog yard was fed. The butts were so full of the crystals that they would burn like a fuse. In another case the dried fodder from an old cattle corral proved fatal. In a third case the stalks were grown on the ordinarily rich prairie soil. It would be well to examine all corn fodder for the white saltpeter crystals, and test some with a lighted match in a safe place. The leaves do little or no harm, but the cattle get the saltpeter by eating the stalks clean.

Do not believe all you hear until you have tested it for yourself. Knowledge gained from experience is expensive sometimes, but it is valuable just the same.

Libe Stock.

Care of a Colt

UNTIL the colt is two weeks old no effort to hold it should be made. During this first fortnight of its life, if possible, not more than two or three different persons should approach it. It is still better if but one man goes up to it. Coax it to come up to you at first if possible, rather than to follow it and catch it in a resisting disposition in the first handling. By petting the dam and feeding her a little bran or grass from the hand the youngster's curiosity is usually aroused. If you can have a little sugar to offer when it first approaches you, the coaxing will be easy after the first taste.

At the fifth or seventh day of age it should be enough acquainted to come up to its trainer, and by daily petting during the following week the fact that man is a friend is well established, provided the little fellow learns from patting and rubbing the neck, body, nose, and limbs that man means to be familiar with it, and that by feeding from the hand a little bran and meal mixed, it is dependent on him for good things.

After the second week, proceed as kindly as possible to surprise the colt with your strength. After a treat from your hand of something it enjoys, take careful hold of it with one arm around the breast and the other back of the trunk, so that it can not get away by forward or backward movement. Hold till it nearly ceases to resist, then remove the hand back of trunk and begin to pat and rub gently. During all the "fracas" talk to it mildly, kindly and with assurance, and if the resistance is prolonged more than three minutes let it walk slowly to the side of the dam that it may realize that the dam approving of the proceeding it need not have serious fears.

Repeat the holding daily, or as often as possible, not to exceed three times daily, during the third and fourth weeks of age. Ordinarily by this time a submissive spirit should be fairly established.

During the following week it should be haltered and tied for fifteen minutes, morning and evening, beside the dam. Some man should be near to guard against possible trouble during this first week with the halter. Halter once a week after this while the dam is being fed; and when working the mare, about once a week, halter the colt and hitch beside her (for an hour only) until three months old. This will teach it to lead as well as making familiar with the noise of the vehicle; but single journeys should be limited to less than a mile (going), with the return, after reasonable rest for the colt, should it show weariness.

After three months of age a colt can be taken, hitched by the dam on round trip drives of five miles or more according to the warmth of the weather. It will thus learn by the dam's example not to fear any of the ordinary apparently frightful things which the "unbroken three-year-old" so often dread for a whole year. Feed well after a trip, as well as every other day during the third and fourth months. The colt is thus accustomed to meal, grain grass and hay, and can dispense with the dam's nourishment as her needs demands.

WHEN a calf scours it is advised that a teaspoonful of tincture of opium be given three times a day, or oftener if necessary. Also substitute of bismuth in 20-grain doses three times a day after ceasing to give tincture of opium.

The Poultry Yard.

Autumn Preparations for Poultry Farms.

ONE of the singular things about poultry farms is that harvest time is in winter. There must be hard work done in these splendid,

vigorous autumn days if the best crops at Christmas, and broiling chickens in March, are to be gathered. Now is the time to put things in order—to mend cracks which let in cold air where it is not wanted, and to make ventilators which give air where it ought to be. Now is the time to visit model breeder houses, or if that is not possible, to study plans of them, and find how much cheaper it is to have hot water pipes in a floor than to lose nine-tenths of the chickens hatched, after two weeks of listening to their crying from the cold.

If the poultry work is in the usual two branches—forcing eggs for market and raising early chickens—two separate supplies of eggs will be needed. Eggs from hens which are urged to lay by much heat, meat and wheat are often no better for hatching than stones would be, and when chickens do succeed in getting out of the shells, they usually die in their first week. That is one of the dozen reasons why eggs bought in the ordinary market seldom do well in incubators.

The hens in the breeding yard should be simply encouraged to lay by good food and kind care. [The word "yard" in poultry language means flock, and may not have anything to do with fences.] There is the interest of speculation in working for winter eggs. From the manageable number of two hundred hens one may clear fifty dollars' profit a month, or, under apparently the same conditions, one may lose all the money spent for food, stock, and buildings. Good food, proper ventilation, and a temperature not under forty degrees, are the important points. The dangers are of overcrowding and under-cleaning. Each hen ought to be allowed at least three square feet of floor space, and one square foot of window glass. A glass house, for day use only, is often a paying investment. In such roomy quarters they can be imprisoned through cold weather without danger of the moping which is sure to stop their laying. The hens should be strong; young or "youngish," if pullets, not late ones; of good strains of winter layers. All ailing birds should be quickly taken from the flock. Roup should be watched for and guarded against—especially as spring approaches. It will not be surprising if the best layer in the forcing yard drops from her roost with a stroke of apoplexy, for that is caused by just the conditions under which she is living. They should have boxes of the gravel, charcoal, glass china and other things that they yearn for, and plenty of dust for baths; and they should have a feeding platform, to be used only at meal-times. The layers of eggs to be hatched must be kept happy and hardy. They should go out-doors when they like, and should be fed in the open air whenever that is possible. Better a dozen eggs from such a yard for one's incubator than a hundred from the other. Many more cocks are needed in the breeding-yard in early winter than in spring and summer.

In autumn food is cheap, and it is wise to buy stores of corn and buckwheat. Small cabbages, which farmers scorn, will help bring eggs in December, and if possible, winter rye should be sown as green food for the breeding-yard. Clover, lettuce and canary grass should be planted indoors for the use of the young chickens. Those young chickens are usually the best worth working for, but unless one realize what obstacles there are to raising them, disappointment is certain. Beware of too large a brooder-house. Cold is deadly for very young chicks, and more broiling chickens can be raised in a thoroughly-heated house ten feet square than in a draughty one fifty feet long. See, too, that the heat is down where the chickens are running; not up where their owner's head is. Many a brooder-house records seventy degrees on the wall, and barely fifty on the ground. In such houses chickens are only hatched to shiver and die. But no matter how small the house is, the chicks of different ages should be kept apart, for their bigger brothers and sisters are sure to domineer.



His Safeguard.

SOME years ago two boys, brothers, named Lockyer, established themselves in a singular business in Lake County, California; and an adventure befell one of them in connection with it, which is of so odd a character as to be worth notice from a naturalist's point of view, if from none other.

At the time of which I write, the Lockyer boys were under twenty years of age, Henry being the elder and Eastman the younger of the two. Like most young Westerners, both were keenly alive to any chance for making money and getting a start in the world; but not having good prospects at home they had started to go to Mendocino County for the purpose of working in a steam saw-mill, situated on a small river flowing down from the mountains to the Pacific. The exact distance which they had to go is not known to the writer, but it was considerable, through a mountainous tract of country, for the most part uninhabited; and either while going or returning, they passed through a very rocky valley, with a high range of peaks on either hand.

But it was not the geologic features of the valley which arrested the attention of the young explorers, but a reptilian feature, remarkable for its rarity on this coast, in the shape of a squirming, hissing mass of rattlesnakes. There were scores of them, all coiling over each other, upon a single ledge slope on the creek bank.

It certainly required an acute business eye to see anything pleasant or profitable in that unsightly and repulsive mass of venomous life, but Eastman Lockyer surveyed it with such an eye, having in mind a fact that within a few months he had learned and stored away in his memory. The fact was this: he had once seen an ounce of rattlesnake oil sold in a San Francisco shop for a dollar—a high price—by a druggist, by whom it is sold as a supposed remedy for deafness and rheumatism.

To his boyish intelligence, the large price seemed enormous, compared with the small amount of oil, and this was a sufficient inducement, for he had been told by the dealer from San Francisco that he would be glad to buy all that anybody would fetch him at seventy cents per ounce. From a rattlesnake's standpoint, it was an evil day when that fact entered the consciousness of Eastman Lockyer.

"We have struck it!" exclaimed his brother, as his eye wandered speculatively over the wriggling herd. "There's oil by the gallon there! And all the outfit we need is some tin cans to put it in."

They prospected the valley sufficiently to ascertain that a great many snakes bred and hibernated there. Then, with that unhesitating faith and enthusiasm in a new idea which is characteristic of young Americans of the Western type, they hurried to the nearest stage route, where they first communicated with the San Francisco dealer, and then secretly fitted out for a raid on the snakes.

Their method of operating was to steal upon a snake, and with a forked stick, pin the reptile to the ground till its head, or at least that part of

the jaw containing the poisonous fangs, could be severed with the hatchet. The reptile was then carried into camp, skinned, and hung up by a string to a horizontal pole resting in two crooked stakes. The warm May sun soon "tried" the carcass thus exposed; and to catch the oil as it dripped, a tin trough was set underneath.

The result of these two weeks' operations in May was fifteen quarts of oil, with which—a ten-quart can in each hand—Henry Lockyer walked to the nearest stage station. Not long after this the boys purchased a mule and pack-saddle, for transporting their stock in trade and provisions. A quart of oil at the rate they then received was worth nearly, or quite, sixteen dollars.

In July and August, too, during the so-called dog-days, the snakes were much abroad, and being blind at this season, from sloughing off their skins (including that of the eye), they were spiteful and venomous. Protected, however, by very thick boots, with tops reaching above the knees, the hunters stood in no great fear of their fangs, though they had several unpleasantly narrow escapes.

But later in the fall they were able to find but few snakes, for the reptiles remained in their coverets. Eastman now had recourse to a stratagem to call them from among the rocks, his device being what he called a "rattle-stick," consisting of the rattles of several huge snakes so fixed, or strung, on a bended stick that by springing the bow of the stick in his hand, the rattles would give forth that peculiar sound characteristic of the snake's tail when alive.

Provided with this novel counterfeit and his stick for pinning down the snakes, the young hunter would go cautiously about the moraines, till arriving at what he deemed a favorable place, he would begin "rattling," often with the result of luring a *bona fide* "rattler" to crawl forth and raise his head for a look around. A good many were thus secured, and contributed their fat to fill the insatiable cans of their enemies.

It was while out one day in September, with his "rattle-stick," that the adventure previously mentioned befell the young man. He was alone, Henry having started for the settlement that morning; Eastman had gone out to discover new "snakeries." He reached the summit of a range of hills shortly before noon, and proceeded along the crest of the ridge to the northward for a mile or more. Then he descended on the west side to a little pond which he saw, through the trees, a thousand feet or more below the summit crags, on the west side. The pond proved to be a most delightful little pool of cool water, lying on beds of pebbles and yellow gravel, fed by clear mountain springs.

Tired and rather hot from his long tramp, the young man lay down on a rock and drank of the cool water, then after resting awhile, ate his lunch and started to walk around the pond.

About half-way around it he came to a rick of redwood trunks, where three or four trees of large size had fallen partly into the water. Together these formed a barricade, seven or eight feet high. Jumping on the lowermost of the trunks, our explorer was about to vault upon the topmost lop, when, attracted by a sudden stir in the brush on the other side, he glanced down and saw a large, fierce-looking creature in the very act of springing at him.

It was a red panther, or "California lion," of the largest size, the first of its species that young Lockyer had ever seen. Confronted so suddenly by an animal of such ferocious aspect, he leaped backward off the logs and, stumbling, partly fell. At the same instant the panther jumped upon the logs, and with a growl crouched to spring upon him, before he had time even to regain his feet.

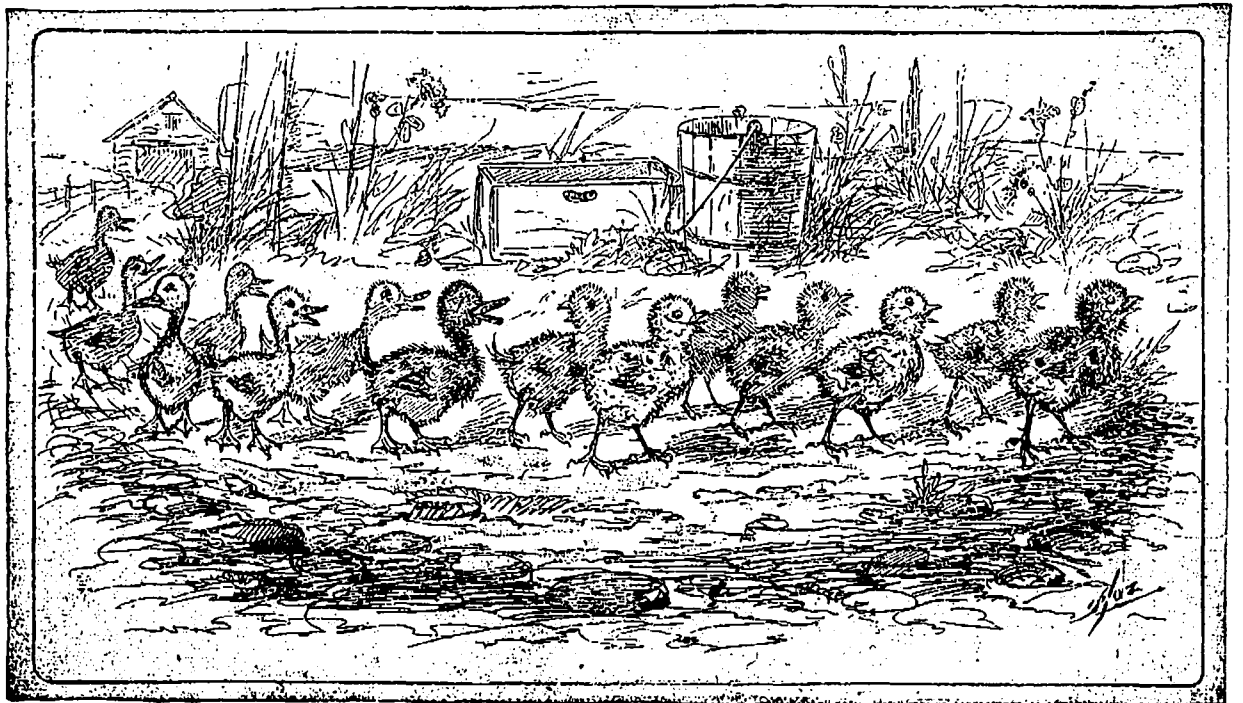
In his frantic scramble, Eastman instinctively raised his stick, and in so doing, by chance, "rattled" it. He says that the animal jumped just as the rattling noise was made, but that it seemed to "squirm round in the air" and landed to one side of him; and that on touching the ground, it bounded off for several yards and there crouched with its round yellow eyes fixed upon him, growling and switching its tail.

Alarmed as he was, the young man had sense to realize that it was the sound of the snakes' rattles that had deterred the animal from pouncing upon him. He rattled again; and at every sound of the rattles, he asserts that the panther would quiver as if greatly excited, making a kind of whining noise. Evidently the dread inspired by the rattlesnake's note of warning had its responsive chord in the instinct of the creature.

Lockyer now began creeping away, backwards, rattling as he moved, and the beast showing no disposition to follow him, he was able to get away and make good his escape.

After the return of his brother Henry, two days later they went over to the pond together, taking a rifle belonging to the latter, and on approaching the redwood rick, discovered the same panther, as Eastman thinks, lying on one of the logs.

Henry fired and shot it; and feeling some curiosity as to the reason of the animal's remaining so long in the same locality, they now examined the rick to ascertain whether there was a den or lair, about it. No den was discovered, but they at length came upon a little wee panther cub hid away in some brush. The tiny creature spit, growled and snapped its teeth, defying all prudent attempts to secure it—till knocked on the head.





Household Economies

SALLIE J. WHITE, writing on this head in *Comfort* says:—"A word as to household economies. I don't mean in money matters, for there are other economies which may be quite as important in their results, and which after all, are financial economies in an indirect way. I mean economies of strength, of nerves, and of time.

The woman who has not learned the practice of these economies has not learned one of the important secrets of home life.

These economies are so small and so easily practised that they do not seem to have the importance which they really possess, and they are often entirely lost sight of. Take for instance, the question of the kitchen table. How many of you have thought to trace the origin of the aching back to this useful piece of furniture?

And yet it is responsible for many and many a one.

Every kitchen table is of a uniform height with all the rest, but the women who work over them vary in height. Some are tall, and have to bend to their work, until the back almost breaks.

The remedy is simple enough when once the cause is understood. If you cannot have a special table made to suit your individual needs, surely your husband or your son can get some blocks to put underneath the legs of the table which you use that will raise it to the height for you to work at it without bending.

A little thing, isn't it? And yet how much of relief and ease it will bring you will not realize until you try it.

There is a kitchen table that has been devised that is a great convenience. It is higher than the usual table and is placed on casters that it may be easily moved from place to place. On one side is a swinging shelf, or leaf, that may be raised when needed, almost doubling the room on it. At the opposite side is a little cupboard, about one third the width of the table, with a shelf, and under that hooks on which may be hung the articles that are in most frequent use. It is not only easy for the worker on account of the added height, which makes it possible to do the work without strain on the back, but having so many of her utensils at hand she is saved many steps, thus lessening the burden of fatigue.

Another saving will be found in sitting down to do much of the work which is now done standing. Always sit when it is possible, and both feet and back will thank you in grateful relief. Here the old habit will come in; and for fear of being called shiftless, a woman will often stand when she might sit, and at last only avail herself of the relief in a most shamefaced fashion, and jump up when she hears an approaching step with as much consternation as

though she had been discovered in breaking one of the commandments.

My dear sisters, don't be afraid of taking care of yourselves, sit down to do everything you can. When you are preparing the vegetables for dinner, when you are creaming butter and sugar for cake, when you are ironing the small pieces, and even when you are wiping dishes. You will be surprised at the end of the day how much less tired you are, and you will also find that you have more inclination to enter into the family pleasures from which you were debarring yourself by allowing yourself to become so fatigued over the duties which you must perform daily.

I know that I am laying myself open to much criticism from those who believe in the old-fashioned methods, but if the critics will only try the experiment for themselves—just as an experiment you know—I am sure they will

mothers—are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation?

There are other sins than those mentioned in the decalogue, and surely none is greater than that of robbing a child of its heritage of health and strength, which belongs to it by right. And come to think, does not that come under the head of stealing? And isn't it covered by the commandment:

"Thou shalt not steal?"

Now don't for one moment think that I am advocating careless housekeeping, and that I am decrying domestic duties. Not at all. No one likes a well-kept home better than I do, but I want it a home and not merely a house. I want the mother to be Queen regnant, and the rest of the family her willing and loving subjects, acknowledging her sway and being loyal to it. She can only do that by making herself of importance, and insisting on her right of

making things pleasantly easy, and not sinking her individual needs as so many do in the mistaken idea of avoiding selfishness, and so making herself a victim of the selfishness of others.

I didn't start to preach, nor did I think that an adjustable kitchen table would prove such a fertile text; but there is a higher morality in the subject of kitchen economies, such as I have talked of, than appears on the surface of things.

So don't be afraid to practice them. Look upon the saving of the body and nerves as a duty, quite as important as the cooking of a dinner, or the sweeping of a floor. It involves more than the saving of your own strength; it means enjoyment for you, a completeness of living, and added comfort and happiness to those whose comfort and happiness are more to you than your own.

Apples are more healthful as an article of diet than potatoes.

REVIEWS.

The September *Century* carries the narrative of Napoleon's life to the period of the supplanting of the Revolution. It is a valuable history, fully and carefully illustrated.

Harper's for September is an excellent number. Among the contributors are Ian Maclaren, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, Julian Ralph, R. H. Davis, Poulney Bigelow, and others.

Fiction and travel are strong points in the September *Cosmopolitan*, which illustrates better than any previous number the perfection of its plant for printing a high-class magazine.

The *Bookman*, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, is a neatly printed, well edited and very readable magazine devoted to the interests of the bibliophile and litterateur.

The problem of deep water communication between the great lakes and the Atlantic is ably discussed by E. V. Smalley in the September *Review of Reviews*.

The *Chautauquan* keeps up its high standard of excellence, and is a well-equipped auxiliary of the world-famous institution from which it takes its name.

The *Illustrated London News*—the great English illustrated weekly—publishes an American edition which is fully equal in paper and press work to the English edition, and contains practically the same matter.

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come to my way of thinking. I only hope they will be honest enough to acknowledge their conversion.

Seriously, though, this has a far deeper import than that of saving fatigue for the worker. It means added strength of body and nerve to coming generations. Every woman owes something to the generation which follows hers, and of which she is one of the mothers. If she is continually tired and works beyond her strength, or even up to its limit, what has she in reserve to give to her child? This is a phase of the subject that every mother—yes, and every father, should consider.

I often wonder how many women, even now, with all the light of the revelation of science that has been thrown upon the world, understand the full significance of the olden prophecy, that the sins of the fathers—which includes

CONSIDERABLY BIFURCATED.



CUSTOMER—What size would you recommend for a beginner?
DEALER—Well, young feller, if you're a beginner, I'd say you'd have a better time on a rainbow than anything else.—*Wheelmen's Gazette.*



RESENTED PROMPTLY.

Friend—“Ah! This is the little one, eh?”
Papa (indignantly)—“Little one? He weighed fourteen pounds when he was born, and he's been growing like a weed ever since.”

QUEER TASTE.

Jimson—“I can't understand why the dagger should be such a popular weapon in Italy.”
Billson—“It is very effective.”
Jimson—“True; but I should think that in a country where garlic and onions are so largely consumed the people would prefer to stand off from each other and shoot.”

CHOOSING THE LEAST.

Singlebliss—“But say, old fellow, if you hate the theatre so, why do you take your wife so often?”
Fox Marters—“Well, you see, if I don't go with her she insists on telling me all about the play when she gets home.”

An arm of the sea—The Cutlass.
The Silver Question—“Got any change, John?”
The worst of climbing the ladder of fame is that there is nothing at the top.
To feed upon one's greatness is to become a victim of cranial gout.
The street car company is the only institution that makes anything from its hangers on.
Contentment consists in the temporary forgetfulness of the thing we would like to have next.
The man who claims that the world owes him a living usually has no other assets worth mentioning.
Mrs. Peastraw—“How on earth did you get yourself so dirty?”
Johnnie—“I was in swimmin'.”
Mother—“Goodness, Tommie, won't you ever learn to be a good boy?”
Tommie (with confidence)—“Yes'm, when I'm growned up.”
Boy—“I want to buy some paper.”
Dealer—“What kind of paper?”
“I guess you better give me fly-paper. I want to make a kite.”
Winks (who keeps house)—“We had an old-fashioned potpie for dinner to-day.”
Minks (who boards)—“We had an old-fashioned chicken.”
He—“My views of bringing up a family are—”
She—“Never mind your views, I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal.”
Extract from historical lecture—“In those stormy times the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, and that slender thread was Charles the Fat.”

“Say,” said the city editor, “it seems to me that this expression of yours about showing a clean pair of heels is not just the thing in the report of a bicycle race.”
“All right,” answered the lazy reporter. “Just stick in a ‘w’ and make it a clean pair of wheels.”

Bragg—“Oh, you can't get ahead of me.”
Synnex—“I don't know as I care to get ahead of you if the one you exhibit is a fair sample of your stock in trade.”

Old lady (to motorman on trolley car)—“Ain't you afraid of the electricity, Mr. Motorman?”
Motorman—“No, ma'am, I ain't got no call to be afraid; I ain't a conductor.”

Father—“What was your mother talking about awhile ago?”
Son—“I don't know.”
Father—“Why you sat and heard it all!”
Son—“Yes, but she was talking to the baby.”

Visitor—“Life must be very monotonous to you.”
Convict—“Yes, sometimes.”
Visitor—“When does it seem most tiresome to you?”
Convict—“Just now, for instance.”

“Well,” said the camel in the circus parade, “there's some comfort for me after all.”
“What do you mean?”
“My hump is pretty bad, but it might be worse. I don't ride a bicycle.”

“What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the arctic regions?” asked the inquisitive man.
“Getting back home,” was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.

Clerk—“That gentleman you sold a bottle of hair dye to three weeks ago was here again to-day.”
Druggist—“Was he after another bottle?”
“No, sir. He wanted to know if we kept wigs.”

Guest (angrily)—“What has become of that waiter I gave my order to 'most an hour ago?”
Head waiter—“I don't know, sah, but most likely he's waitin' on some gent wot tipped him, sah.”

Bellefield—“I understand that Mrs. Spiffius claims to be a self-made woman.”
Bloomfield—“It isn't quite true. My wife has seen her add the finishing touch—put on her complexion.”

Hoax—“That horse of mine sets a good example that some men would do well to follow.”

Joax—“Why, the nag is no good. He interferes.”
Hoax—“That's just it. He interferes, but only with himself.”

Cobble—“I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar House liked what I said to him before I went in bathing.”
Stone—“What was that?”
Cobble—“I asked him if there were any other sharks around.”

Friend—“I'm told that most prescriptions cost little or nothing to make up.”
Druggist—“Yes, but we charge for deciphering the penmanship and translating the Latin.”

“I think,” said the unsophisticated man, “that Groggins must be quite a power in city politics; I was passing his place yesterday, and I noticed in big letters the word ‘pull’ on his door.”

Working Bee—“A fellow came around here hunting for our nest to-day.”
Queen Bee—“What did you do?”
Working Bee—“Those of us who happened to be around at the time gave him a few points.”

“She has learned all she knows,” said the mother of the musical infant prodigy, “in four lessons.”
“Yes,” replied the eminent musician; “but think of the hundreds of lessons it will take her to forget.”

“This place,” observed the guide, showing his American visitor through the moldy castle, “is over 600 years old.”
“Is that all?” said the American, sniffing the air incredulously. “It smells a thundering sight older.”

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)—“Oh, mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?”
Mamma—“Why do you say that, my dear?”
Little Elsie—“Look at all its freckles.”

You may spend a week by lake or coast,
But you'll find, when you have had your fun,
That the time you need vacation most
Is when you just returned from one.

Husband—“We must be more economical in the use of coal.”
Wife (a Vassar graduate)—“There are untold billions of tons of coal just beneath the earth's surface, and—”
Husband—“And one or two big corporations just above.”

Magistrate—“Prisoner, what do you do for a living?”
Bunko Man (from Boston)—“Your honor will pardon me if I seem to take undue liberties, but your honor's grammar is much at fault. ‘What’ can never be a synonym for ‘whom.’”

Mr. Shanghai—“Am I to understand, my dear, that you do not intend to sit this year?”
Mrs. Shanghai—“That is it, exactly! If you want any sitting done around here you can do it yourself. I have joined the Hens' Advanced Club, and we have firmly determined to let the males take their share of domestic cares.”

A boy was seen one day industriously pumping away on a small bellows with the nozzle stuck into a stream of water. Upon being asked why he was blowing air into the water he exclaimed: “I've noticed that fish can't live in the air, so I thought I'd give them some air in water, and when they die and come to the top I can catch them. You see, it's much easier than fishing.”

Mr. Robert Ganthony once asked Mr. Weedon Grossmith to read a play he had written. Mr. Grossmith took the comedy, but lost it on his way home. “Night after night,” he said, “I would meet Ganthony, and he would ask me how I liked his play. It was awful. The perspiration used to come out on my forehead, as I'd say sometimes I hadn't had time to look at it yet; or, again, that the first act was good; later that the second wouldn't ‘quite do,’ but really I couldn't stop to explain. So sorry—must catch a train! I didn't so much mind lying, only it was difficult thinking up new lies appropriate to the case.”
Some months passed, and Ganthony still pursued without mercy. At last, Mr. Grossmith searched his house once more, before it occurred to him that he might have left the comedy in his cab going home. He went down to Scotland Yard and enquired. “Oh, yes!” was the reply—“play marked with Mr. Ganthony's name sent back to owner four months ago, as soon as found.”

AN ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN.

Mrs. Brown—“What do they mean by saying that the wealth of the country is so much per capita?”
Brown—“Well, that shows how much one would have if the money was divided among those who haven't any.”

THE SONG OF THE CYCLE.

(With apologies to Tom Hood.)

With shoulders up to his ears,
And head to handle-bar bent,
Headless of people walking, goes
A cyclist, on speed intent.
Speed! speed! speed!
To the right and left sending the mud,
While the fall of they who are in his way
Is marked by a sickening thud.

His legs going round with his wheel,
His eyes 'gainst the wind does he close
No warning gives he of his coming,
For fear he a moment might lose.
Speed! speed! speed!
'Tis all he can think of or know;
No pity he feels for those lacking wheels
Who foot it wherever they go.

It's so! to be a pup,
To lie in the road and doze,
That I might turn the cycle up,
And bruise the cyclist's nose.
Speed! speed! speed!
He thinks it the best of jokes.
My one desire is to burst his tire
And tangle him up in his spokes.

Oh, cyclists on bicycles high!
Oh, riders on Rapid or Rover!
It isn't pavements you're riding on—
It's corns you're running over.
Speed! speed! speed!
With never a tinkle of bell
Till pedestrians wrath
Who come in your path
Wish cycles and cyclists to—well,

Anywhere out of their way,
The warmest possible clime
Is not too dry for those who try
To ape old cyclist Time.
And speed! speed! speed!
Till the whole town stops to pray
That the wheel may break
And a shutter may take
The scorer home some day.



MR. ELEPHANT—Say, I ut this is a



—snap!—Judge.



THE following terse sayings are worthy the consideration of all thinking people:—

- “Time is money.”
- “Labor consumes time.”
- “Money saved is money gained.”

No one in possession of his normal faculties would think twice of disputing the truth of these simple statements—statements which have come into such universal use of late years that they are sometimes very appropriately termed “Business Proverbs.” To the profession of Agriculture these business proverbs are specially applicable, as demonstrated below:

If it be granted “that time is money,” and “labor consumes time,” it must necessarily follow “that whatever saves labor saves money.” But it has been already admitted that “money saved is money gained;” therefore the machine that saves the greatest amount of labor makes the most money for its owner.

Now it has long been a self-evident truth that the implements of the MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., are not only the lightest and most durable, but that they also save the greatest amount of labor of any that have yet been invented, which of course signifies that these machines make more money for their owners than those of other firms. At Paris, London, Australia and Chicago, and wherever else they have come in competition this fact has been amply borne out. The handsome trophies awarded the MASSEY-HARRIS Co. everywhere bear unmistakable evidence to the truth.

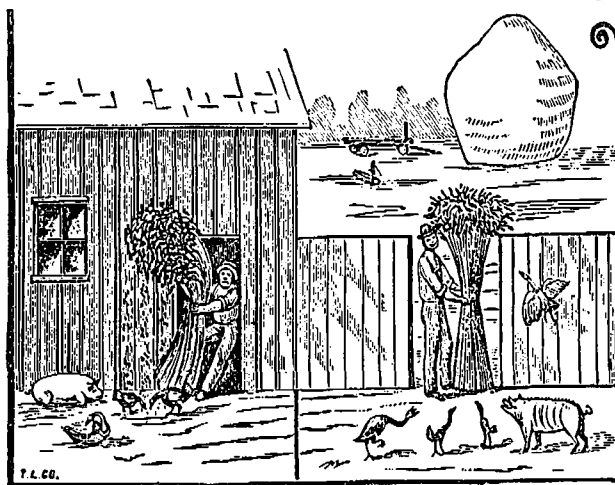
But the MASSEY-HARRIS Co. are not content to rest on the laurels already gained; they

are as wide awake as ever, they are perpetually striving towards perfection, they still wish to retain the foremost position among agricultural implement makers of the world. To this end the Company employs a large corps of the most eminent implement inventors in the country; with this object in view it has established a thoroughly equipped department solely for the registration and filing of the numerous patents which frequent changes and improvements demand constantly to be filed at Ottawa—patents covering every minute portion of their numerous devices. The Company recognizes that in this way alone can it expect to retain the splendid confidence which the public has hitherto shown in the lightness, durability and labor-saving qualities of its farming implements; and the public in turn see clearly how impossible it is for the implements of other firms to overtake the improved machinery which this progressive institution places, at a minimum figure, upon the markets of the world.

The man who contemplates the purchase of farm implements should bear these facts in mind and consider how they affect him. If he thinks for a moment, he will see that the purchase of MASSEY-HARRIS machinery will save him time, labor and money, besides giving him that universal satisfaction for which the machines of this firm alone have been long remarkable. All thinking men cannot fail to be influenced by such facts as these.

MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER.

Competitors scoffed at the Open End Binder when the “MASSEY-HARRIS” was first introduced. They said, “It’s a foolish experiment,” “It can never succeed,” “It’s only a novelty,” “It will not last long,” etc., etc. But the “Massey-Harris” Wide-Open has come to stay, and has achieved the greatest success of any Binder ever invented. These same competitors are now trying their best to make a successful open end machine, which they cannot do without infringing MASSEY-HARRIS patents. They argue for and strive to sell closed back machines against their better judgment.

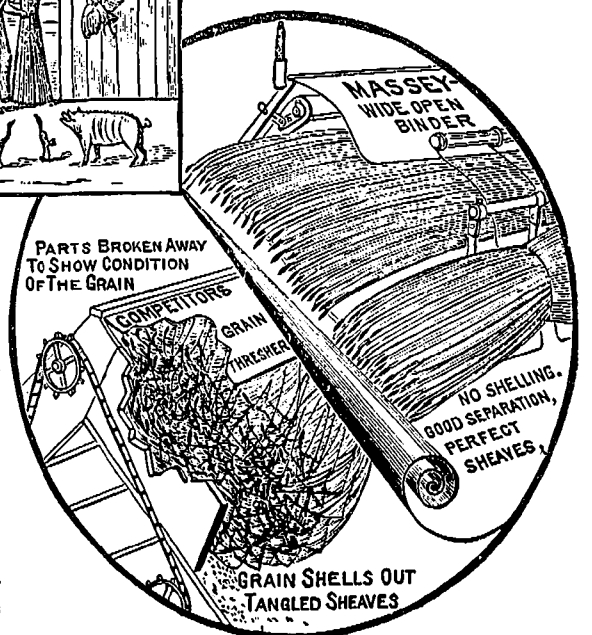


See that Fellow pulling the tall sheaf through the barn door and shelling out the grain. Why doesn’t he carry it through the wide open gate, like the other sensible fellow is doing?

Competitors are asking the farmers to put their grain through closed-back tucked-up elevator Binders.

The Massey-Harris Wide-Open Elevator is the only common sense method in theory or practice.

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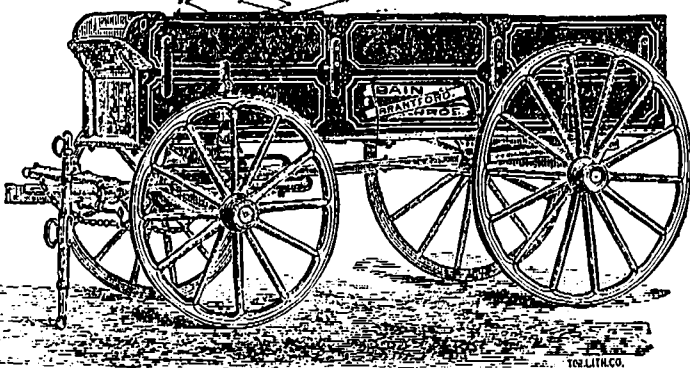
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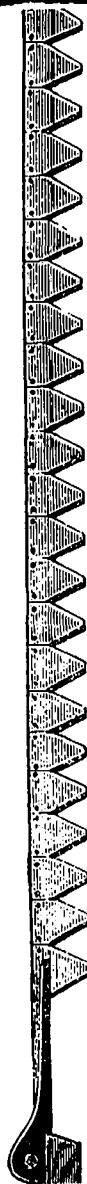
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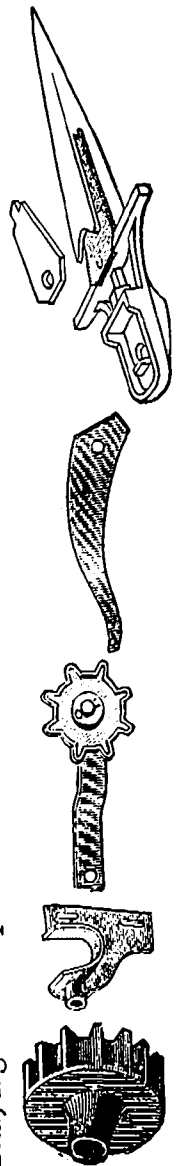
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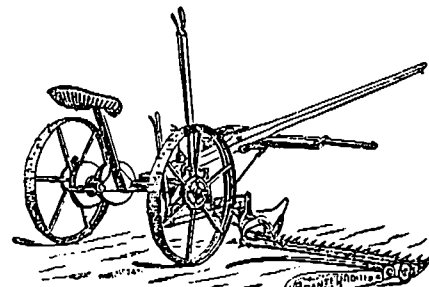
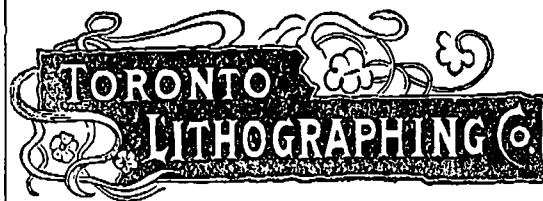
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**BRANTFORD MOWER No. 3,
MANUFACTURED BY
MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited,
TORONTO, CANADA.**

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2000 sold 1886
2300 sold 1887
2570 sold 1888
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More than have been sold by all the factories in Canada put together & doubled.

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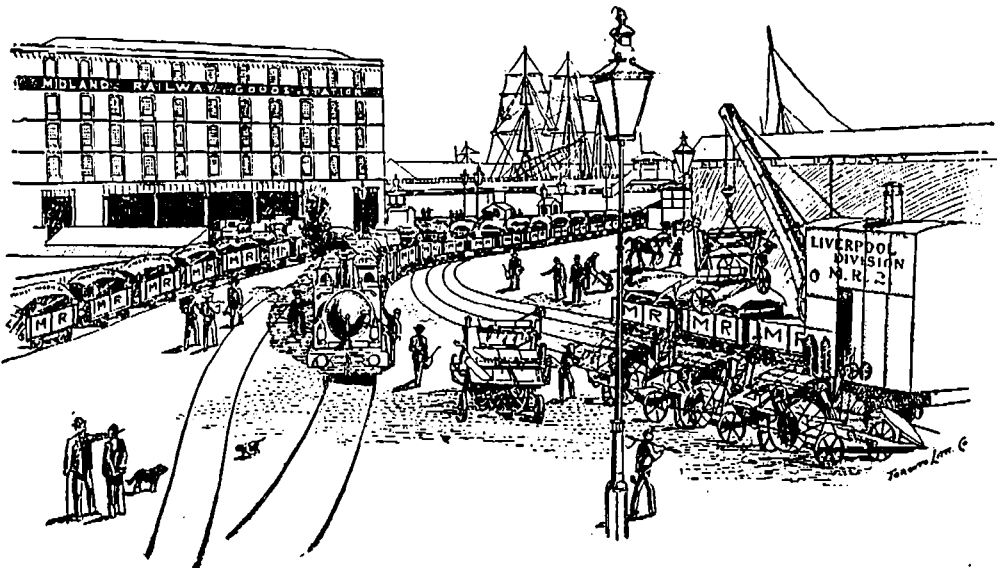
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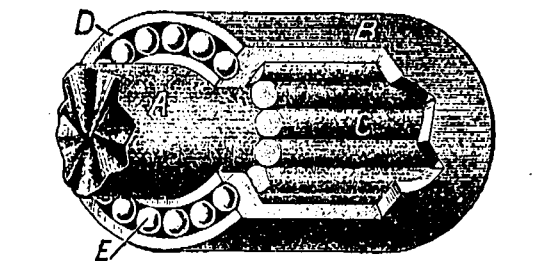
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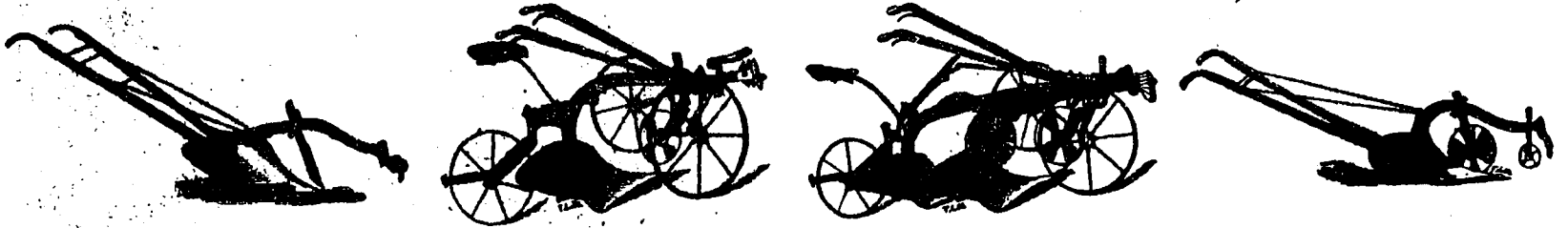
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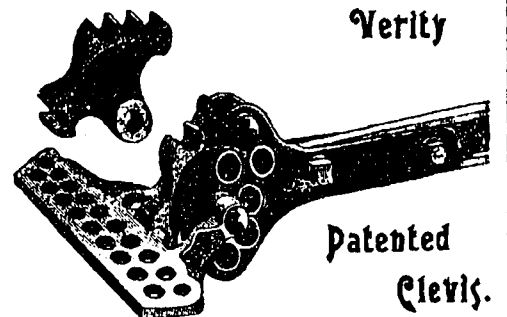


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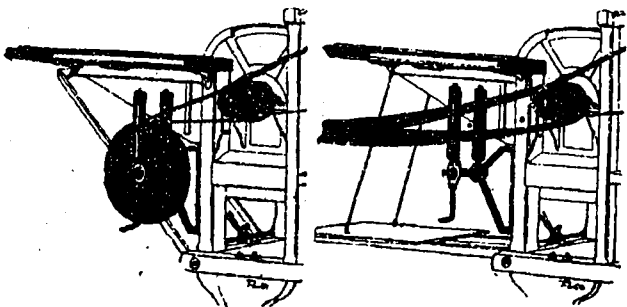
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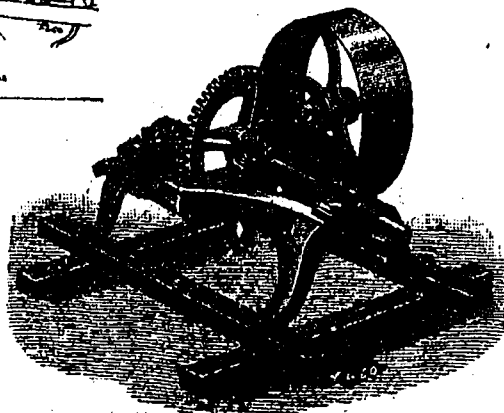


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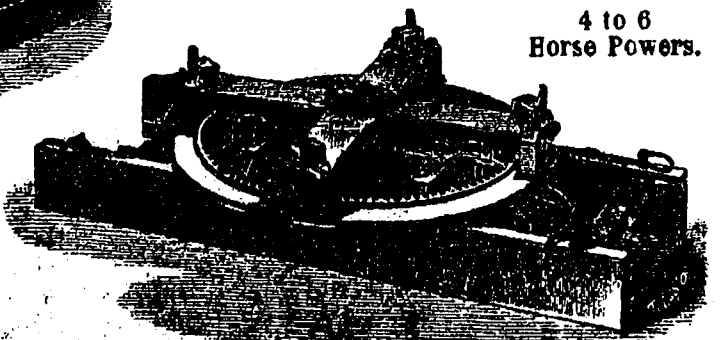
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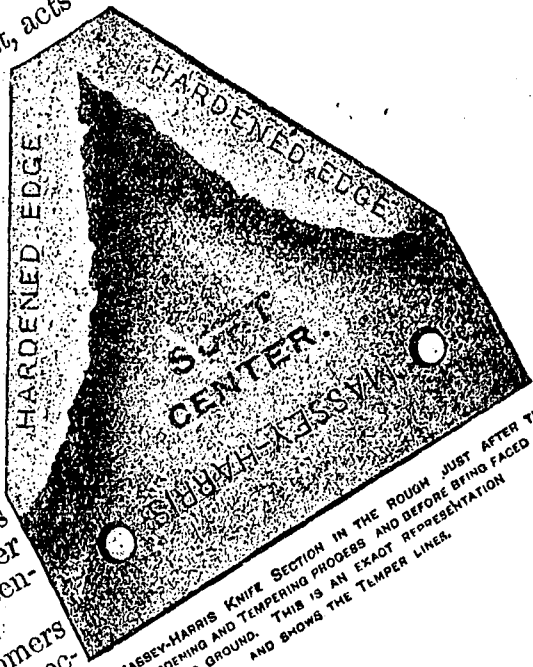


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