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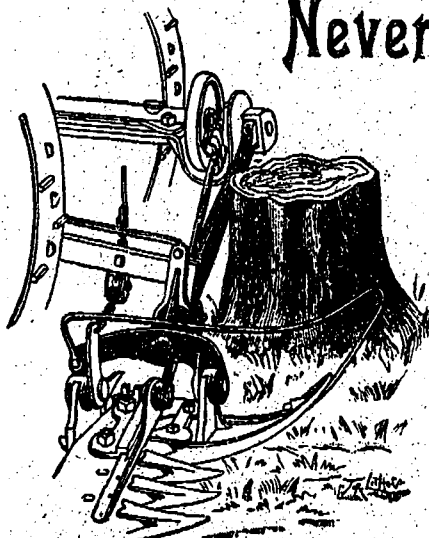
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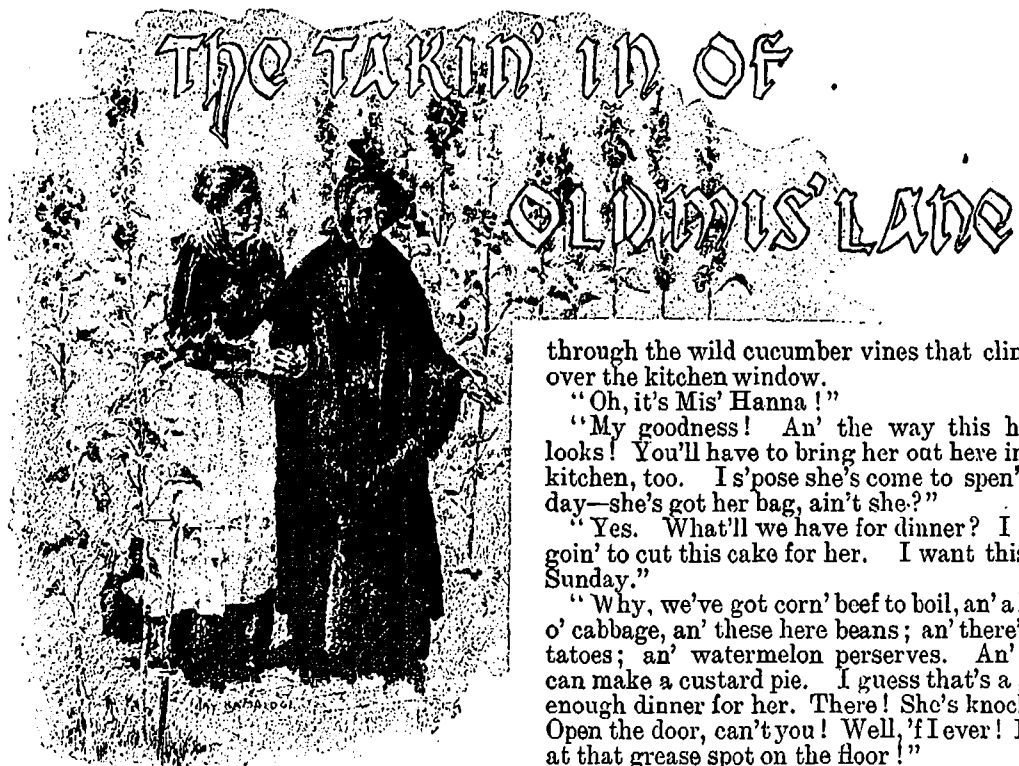
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A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

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[VOL. 7, No. 2.]



“WELL, I guess I might's well string them beans for dinner before I clean up,” said Mrs. Bridges.

She took a large milkpan full of beans from the table, and sat down by the window.

“Isaphene,” she said, presently, “what do you say to an organ an' a horse an' buggy—a horse with some style about him, that you could ride or drive, an' that 'u'd always be up when you wanted to go to town?”

“What do I say?” Isaphene was making a cake, and beating the mixture with a long-handled tin spoon. She had reddish-brown hair, that swept away from her brow and temples in waves so deep you could have lost your finger in any one of them; and good, honest, gray eyes, and a mouth that was worth kissing. She wore a blue cotton gown that looked as if it had just left the ironing table. Her sleeves were rolled to her elbows. She turned and looked at her mother as if she feared one of them had lost her senses; then she returned to the cake-beating with an air of good-natured disdain.

“Oh, you can smile and turn your head on one side, but you'll whistle another tune before long, or I'll miss my guess. Isaphene, I've been savin' up chicken an' butter money ever since we come to Puget Sound; then I've always got the money from the strawberry crop, an' for the geese an' turkeys, an' the calves, an' so on.” Mrs. Bridges stopped, and, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, “Somebody's comin',” she exclaimed.

“Who is it?” Isaphene stood up straight, with that little quick beating, of mingled pleasure and dismay, that the cry of “Company” brings to country hearts.

“I can't see. I don't want to be caught peepin'. I can see it's a woman though; she is just passing the row of chrysanthums. Can't you stoop down an' peep? She won't see you 'way over there by the table.”

Isaphene stooped, and peered cautiously

through the wild cucumber vines that climbed over the kitchen window.

“Oh, it's Mis' Hanna!”

“My goodness! An' the way this house looks! You'll have to bring her out here in the kitchen, too. I s'pose she's come to spen' the day—she's got her bag, ain't she?”

“Yes. What'll we have for dinner? I ain't goin' to cut this cake for her. I want this for Sunday.”

“Why, we've got corn' beef to boil, an' a head o' cabbage, an' these here beans; an' there's potatoes; an' watermelon perserves. An' you can make a custard pie. I guess that's a good enough dinner for her. There! She's knockin'! Open the door, can't you! Well, 'f I ever! Look at that grease spot on the floor!”

“Well, I didn't spill it.”

“Who did, then, missy?”

“Well, I never.”

Isaphene went to the front door, returning presently, followed by a tall thin lady.

“Here's Mis' Hanna, maw,” she said, with the air of having made a pleasant discovery. Mrs. Bridges got up, very much surprised to find who her visitor was, and shook hands with exaggerated delight.

“Well, I declare! It's really you is it? At last? Well, set right down an' take off your things. Isaphene, take Mis' Hanna's things. My! ain't it warm walkin'?”

“It is so.” The visitor gave her bonnet to Isaphene, dropping her black mitts into it after rolling them carefully together. “But it's always nice an' cool in your kitchen.” Her eyes wandered about with a look of unabashed curiosity that took in everything. “I brought my crochet with me.”

“I'm glad you did. You'll have to excuse the looks o' things. Any news?”

“None particular.” Mrs. Hanna began to crochet, holding the work close to her face. “Ain't it too bad about poor old Mis' Lane?”

“What about her?” Mrs. Bridges snapped a bean into three pieces, and looked at her visitor with a kind of pleased expectancy, as if almost any news, however dreadful, would be welcome as a relief to the monotony of existence. “Is she dead?”

“No, she ain't dead; but the poor old creature 'd better be. She's got to go to the poor farm after all.”

There was a silence in the kitchen, save for the click of the crochet needle and the snapping of the beans. A soft wind came in the window and drummed with the lightest of touches on Mrs. Bridge's temple. It brought all the sweets of the old-fashioned flower garden with it—the mingled breaths of mignonette, stock, sweet lavender, sweet peas, and clove pinks. The whole kitchen was filled with the fragrance. And what a big, cheerful kitchen it was! Mrs. Bridges contrasted it unconsciously with the poor-farm kitchen, and almost shivered, warm though the day was.

“What's her children about?” she asked, sharply.

“Oh, her children!” said Mrs. Hanna with a contemptuous air. “What does her children amount to, I'd like to know!”

“Her son's got a good comf'erable house an' farm.”

“Well, what if he has? He got it with his wife, didn't he? An' M'lissy won't let his poor old mother set foot inside the house. I don't say as she is a pleasant body to have about—she's cross an' sick most all the time, an' childish. But that ain't sayin' her children oughtn't to put up with her disagreeableness.”

“She's got a married daughter, ain't she?”

“Yes, she's got a married daughter.” Mrs. Hanna closed her lips tightly together and looked as if she might say something, if she chose, that would create a sensation.

“Well, ain't she got a good enough home to keep her mother in?”

“Yes, she has. But she got *her* home along with her husband, an' he won't have the old soul any more 'n M'lissy would.”

There was another silence. Isaphene had put the cake in the oven. She knelt on the floor and opened the door very softly now and then, to see that it was not browning too fast. The heat from the oven had crimsoned her face and arms.

“Guess you'd best put a piece o' paper on top o' that cake,” said her mother. “It smells kind o' burny like.”

“It's all right, maw.”

Mrs. Bridges looked out the window.

“Ain't my flowers doing well, though, Mis' Hanna.”

“They are that. When I come up the walk I couldn't help thinkin' of poor old Mis' Lane.”

“What's that got to do with her?” There was resentment bristling in Mrs. Bridges's tone and glance.

Mrs. Hanna stopped crocheting, but held her hands stationary in the air, and looked over them in surprise at her questioner.

“Why, she ust to live here, you know.”

“She did! In this house?”

“Why, yes. Didn't you know that? Oh, they ust to be right well off 'n her husband's time. I visited here consid'able. My! the good things she always had to eat! It makes my mouth water to think of them.”

“Hunh! I'm sorry I can't give you as good as she did,” said Mrs. Bridges, stiffly.

“Well, as if you didn't! You set a beautiful table, Mrs. Bridges, an', what's more, that's your reputation all over. Everybody says that about you.”

Mrs. Bridges smiled deprecatingly, with a faint blush of pleasure.

“They do, Mis' Bridges. I just told you about Mis' Lane because you'd never think it now of the poor old creature. An' such flowers's she ust to have on both sides of that walk! Larkspurs an' sweet-williams an' bachelor's-buttons an' pumgranates an' mournin' widows, an' all kinds. Guess you didn't know she set out that pink cabbage-rose at the north end o' the front porch, did you? An' that hop-vine that you've got trained over your parlor window—set that out, too. An' that row of young alders between here an' the barn—she set them all out with her own hands; dug the holes herself. It's funny she never told you she lived here.”

“Yes, it is,” said Mrs. Bridges, slowly and thoughtfully.

“It's a wonder she never broke down an' cried



AIN'T IT TOO BAD ABOUT POOR OLD MIS' LANE?"

when she was visitin' here. She can't mention the place without cryin'."

A dull red came into Mrs. Bridges's face.

"She never visited here."

"Never visited here!" Mrs. Hanna laid her crochet and her hands in her lap, and stared. "Why, she visited everywhere. That's the way she managed to keep out o' the poor-house so long. Everybody was real consid'rate about invitin' her. But I expect she didn't like to come here, because she thought so much of the place."

Isaphene looked over her shoulder at her mother, but the look was not returned. The beans were sputtering nervously into the pan.

"Ain't you got about enough, maw?" she said. "That pan seems to be gettin' hefty."

"Yes, I guess." She got up, brushing the strings off her apron, and set the pan on the table. "I'll watch the cake now, Isaphene. You put the beans on in the pot to boil. Put a piece o' that salt pork in with 'em. Better get 'em on right away. It's pret' near eleven. Ain't this oven too hot with the door shet?"

Then the pleasant preparations for dinner went on. The beans soon began to boil, and an appetizing odor soon floated through the kitchen. Then the potatoes were pared—big, white fellows, smooth and long—with a sharp, thin knife, round and round and round, each without a break until the whole paring had curled itself about Isaphene's pretty arm to the elbow. The cabbage was chopped finely for the cold-slaw, and the vinegar and butter set on the stove in a saucepan to heat. Then Mrs. Bridges began to set the table, covering it first with a red cloth having a white border and fringe. In the middle of the table she placed an uncommonly large, six-bottled caster.

"I guess you'll excuse a red tablecloth, Mis' Hanna. The men-folks get their shirt-sleeves so dirty out 'n the fields that you can't keep a white one clean no time."

"I use red ones myself most the time," replied Mrs. Hanna, crocheting industriously. "It saves washin'. I guess poor old Mis' Lane 'll have to see the old place after all these years; they'll take her right past here to the poor-farm."

Mrs. Bridges set on the table a white plate holding a big square of yellow butter, and stood looking through the open door, down the path, with its tall hollyhocks and scarlet poppies on either side. Between the house and the barn some wild mustard had grown, thick and tall, and was now drifting, like a golden cloud, against the pale blue sky. Butterflies were

throbbing through the air, and grasshoppers were crackling everywhere. It was all very pleasant and peaceful; while the comfortable house and barns, the wide fields stretching away to the forest, and the cattle feeding on the hillside gave a look of prosperity. Mrs. Bridges wondered how she would feel—after having loved the place—riding by to the poor farm. Then she pulled herself together and said, sharply:

"I'm afraid you feel a draught, Mis' Hanna, settin' so close to the door."

"Oh, my, no; I like it. I like lots o' fresh air. If I didn't have six children an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself."

"Take who?" Mrs. Bridges voice rasped as she asked the question. Isaphene paused on her way to the pantry, and looked at Mrs. Hanna with deeply thoughtful eyes.

"Why, Mis' Lane—who else?—before I'd let her go to the poor-farm."

"Well, I think her children ought to be made to take care of her!" Mrs. Bridges went on setting the table with brisk, angry movements. "That's what I think about it. The law ought to take holt of it."

"Well, you see the law *has* taken holt of it," said Mrs. Hanna, with a grim smile. "It seems a shame that there ain't somebody 'n the neighborhood that 'u'd take her in. She ain't much expense, but a good deal o' trouble. She's sick, in and out o' bed, nigh onto all the time. My opinion is she's been soured by all her troubles; an' that if somebody 'u'd only take her an' be kind to her, her temperment 'u'd improve wonderful. She's always mighty grateful for every little chore you do her. It just makes my heart ache to think o' her goin' to the poor farm!"

Mrs. Bridges shut her lips tightly together; all the softness and irresolution went out of her face.

"Well, I'm sorry for her," she said, with an air of dismissing a disagreeable subject; "but the world's full of troubles, an' if you cried over all o' them you would be cryin' all the time. Isaphene, you go out and blow the dinner-horn. I see the men folks ev got the horses about foddered."

"I'm thinkin' about buyin' a horse an' buggy," she announced, with sternly repressed triumph, when the girl had gone out. "An' an organ. Isaphene's been wantin' one, an' I don't believe her paw'll ever get worked up to the pitch o' gettin' it for her. But I've got some money laid by. I'd like to see his eyes when he comes home an' finds a bran new buggy with a top

an' all, an' a horse that he can't hetch to a plough, no matter how bad he wants to! I ain't sure but I'll get a phaeton."

"They ain't as strong, but they're handy to get in an' out of—specially for old, trembly knees."

"I ain't so old that I'm trembly."

"Oh, my—no," said Mrs. Hanna, with a little start. "I was just thinkin' mebbe sometimes you'd go out to the poor farm an' take poor old Mis' Lane for a little ride. It ain't more'n five miles, is it? She ust to have a horse an' buggy o' her own. Somehow, I can't get her off o' my mind at all to-day. I just heard about her's I was startin' for your house."

The men came to the house, pausing on the back porch to clean their boots on the scraper, and wash their hands and faces with water dipped from the rain barrel. Their faces shone like brown marble when they came in.

It was five o'clock when Mrs. Hanna, with a sigh, began rolling the lace she had crocheted around the spool, preparatory to taking her departure.

"Well," she said, "I must go. I had no idy it was so late. How the time does go, talkin'! Just see how well I've done—crocheted full a yard since dinner-time! My! how pretty that hop-vine looks. 'T makes an awful nice shade, too. I guess when Mis' Lane planted 't she thought she'd be settin' under it herself to-day—she took such pleasure in it."

The ladies were sitting in the front porch. It was cool and fragrant out there. The shadow of the house reached almost to the gate now. The bees had been drinking too many sweets—greedy fellows! and were lying in the red poppies, droning stupidly. A soft wind was blowing from Puget Sound and turning over the clover leaves, making here a billow of dark green and there one of light green; it was setting loose the perfume of the blossoms, too, and sifting silken thistle-needles through the air. Along the fence was a hedge, eight feet high, of the beautiful ferns that grow luxuriantly in western Washington. The pasture across the lane was a tangle of royal color, being massed in with golden-rod, pink-weed, yarrow, purple thistles, and field daisies; the cottonwoods that lined the creek at the side of the house were snowing. There was a wild syringa near the gate, throwing out spray upon spray of white, delicately scented, golden-hearted flowers.

Mrs. Bridges arose and followed her guest into the spare bedroom.

"When they goin' to take her to the poor-farm?" she asked, abruptly.

"Day after to-morrow. Ain't it awful? It just makes me sick to think about it. I couldn't 'a' eat a bite o' dinner 'f I'd stayed at home, just for thinkin' about it. They say the poor old creature ain't done nothin' but cry an' moan sence she know'd she'd got to go."

"Here's your bag," said Mrs. Bridges. "Do you want I should tie your veil?"

"No, thanks; I guess I won't put it on. If I didn't have such a big fam'ly, an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself b'fore I'd see her go to the poor-house. If I had a small fam'ly an' plenty o' room, I declare my conscience would'n't let me rest no way."

A dull red glow spread slowly over Mrs. Bridge's face.

"Well, I guess you need'nt keep hintin' for me to take her," she said, sharply.

"You!" Mrs. Hanna uttered the word in a tone that was an unintentional insult; in fact, Mrs. Bridges affirmed afterward that her look of astonishment, and, for that matter, her whole air of dazed incredulity, were insulting. "I never once thought o' you," she said, with an earnestness that could not be doubted.

"Why not o' me?" demanded Mrs. Bridges, showing something of her resentment. "What you been talkin' about her all day for, 'f you wasn't hintin' for me to take her in?"

"I never thought o' such a thing," repeated her visitor, still looking rather helplessly dazed. "I talked about it because it was on my mind, heavy, too; an', I guess, because I wanted to talk my conscience down."

Mrs. Bridges cooled off a little, and began to

drum on the bedpost with her rough fingers. "Well, if you wasn't hintin'," she said, in a conciliatory tone, "it's all right. You kep' harpin' on the same string till I thought you was; an' it riles me awful to be hinted at. I'll take anything right out to my face, so 's I can answer it, but I won't be hinted at. But why"—having rid herself of the grievance she at once swung around to the insult—"why *didn't* you think o' me?"

Mrs. Hanna cleared her throat and began to unroll her mitts.

"Well, I don't know just why," she said, helplessly. She drew the mitts on, smoothing them well up over her thin wrists. "I don't know why. I'd thought o' most everybody 'n town—but you never come into my head *onct*. I was 's innocent o' hintin' 's a baby unborn."

Mrs. Bridges drew a long breath noiselessly. "Well," she said absent-mindedly, "come again, Mis' Hanna. An' be sure you always fetch your work an' stay the afternoon."

"Well, I will. But it's your turn to come now. Where's Is'phene?"

"I guess she's makin' a fire 'n the cook-stove to get supper."

"Well, tell her to come over an' stay all night with Julia some night."

Mrs. Bridges went into the kitchen and sat down, rather heavily, in a chair. Her face wore a puzzled expression.

"Isaphene, did you hear what we was a-sayin' in the bedroom?"

"Yes—most of it, I guess."

"Well, what do you s'pose was her reason she never thought o' me takin' Mis' Lane in?"

"Why, you never thought o' takin' her in yourself, did you?" said Isaphene, turning the damper of the stove with a clatter. "I don't see how anybody else 'ud think of it when you didn't yourself."

"Well, don't you think it was awful impudent in her to say that, anyhow?"

"No I don't. She told the truth."

"Why ought they to think o' everybody takin' her exceptin' me, I'd like to know?"

"Because everybody else, I s'pose, have thought of it theirselves. The neighbors have all been chippin' in to help her for years. You never done nothin' for her, did you? You never invited her to visit here, did you?"

"No, I never. But that ain't no sayin' I wouldn't take her 's quick 's the rest of 'em. They ain't none of 'em takin' her very fast, he they?"

"No, they ain't," said Isaphene, facing her mother and looking at her steadily; "they ain't one of 'em but's got their hands full—no spare room, an' lots o' children or their own folks to take care of."

"Hunh!" said Mrs. Bridges. She began chopping some boiled cold beef for hash.

"I don't believe I'll sleep to-night for thinkin' about it," she said, after a while.

"I wont neither, maw, I wish she wasn't goin' right by here."

"So do I."

After a long silence Mrs. Bridges said, "I don't s'pose your paw d' hear to our takin' her in."

"I guess he'd hear to 't if we would," said Isaphene, dryly.

"Well, we can't do it, that's all there is about it," announced Mrs. Bridges, with a great air of having made up her mind. Isaphene did not reply. She was slicing potatoes to fry, and she seemed to agree silently with her mother's decision. Presently, however, Mrs. Bridges said, in a less determined tone, "There's no place to put her exceptin' the spare room, an' we can't get along without that, no ways."

"No," said Isaphene, in a non-committal tone. Mrs. Bridges stopped chopping and looked thoughtfully out the door.

"There's this room openin' out o' the kitchen," she said, slowly. "It's nice an' big an' sunny. It 'ud be handy in winter, too, being right off the kitchen. But it aint furnished."

"No," said Isaphene, "it ain't."

"An' I know your paw wouldn't furnish it," Isaphene laughed. "No, I guess not," she said.

"Well, there's no use a-thinkin' about it, Isaphene; we just can't take her. Better get them potatoes on; I see the men folks comin' up to the barn."

The next morning after breakfast Isaphene said suddenly, as she stood washing dishes, "Maw, I guess you better take the organ money an' furnish up that room."

Mrs. Bridges turned so sharply she dropped the turkey wing which she was polishing of the stove.

"You don't never mean it," she gasped.

"Yes, I do. I know we'd both feel better to take her in than to take in an organ,"—they both laughed rather foolishly at the poor joke. "You can furnish the room real comfter'ble with what it 'ud take to buy an organ; an' we can get the horse an' buggy, too."

"Oh, Isaphene, I never meant but what you should have an organ! No, I won't never spen' that money for nothin' but an organ—so you can just shet up about it."

"I want a horse an' buggy worse, maw. We can get a horse that I can ride, too. An' we'll get a phaeton, so's we can take Mis' Lane to



POOR OLD MIS' LANE.

church an' 'round." Then she added with a regular masterpiece of diplomacy, "We'll show the neighbors that when we do take people in, we take 'em in all over."

"Oh, Isaphene," said her mother, weakly, "Wouldn't it just astonish 'em!"

It was ten o'clock of the following morning when Isaphene ran in and announced that she heard wheels coming up the lane. Mrs. Bridges valed a little and breathed quickly as she got her bonnet and went out to the gate. A red spring wagon was slowly coming toward her, drawn by a single horse. The driver was half asleep on the front seat. Behind, in a low chair, sat old Mrs. Lane; she was stooping over, her elbows on her knees, her gray head bowed.

Mrs. Bridges held up her hand, and the driver pulled in the not reluctant horse.

"How d'you do, Mis' Lane? I want you to come and in an' visit me a while."

The old creature lifted her trembling head and looked at Mrs. Bridges; then she saw the old house, half hidden by vines and flowers, and her dim eyes filled with bitter tears.

"We ain't got time to stop, ma'am," said the driver, politely, "I'm a-takin' her to the county," he added, in a lower tone, but not so low that the old woman did not hear.

"You'll have to make time," said Mrs. Bridges, bluntly. "You get down an' help her out. You don't have to wait. When I'm ready for her to go to the county I'll take her myself."

Not understanding in the least, but realizing, as he said afterward that she "meant business" and wasn't the kind to be fooled with, the man obeyed with alacrity.

"Now you lean all your heft on me," said Mrs. Bridges, kindly. She put her arm around the old woman and led her up the hollyhock path, and through the house into the pleasant kitchen.

"Isaphene, you pull that big chair over here where it is cool. Now, Mis' Lane, you set set right down an' rest."

Mrs. Lane wiped the tears from her face with an old cotton handkerchief. She tried to speak, but the sobs had to be swallowed down too fast. At last she said, in a choked voice: "It's awful good in you—to let me see the old place—once more. The Lord bless you—for it! But I'm sorry I stopped—seems how's if I—just *couldn't* go on now."

"Well, you ain't goin' on," said Mrs. Bridges, while Isaphene went to the door and stood looking toward the hill with drowned eyes. "This is our little joke—Isaphene's an' mine. This'll be your home 'as long 's it's our'n. An' you're goin' to have this nice big room right off the kitchen, 's soon as we can furnish it up. We'll have to put you in the spare room for a week or two, though. An' we're goin' to get a horse an' buggy—a *low* buggy, so 's you can get in an' out easy like—an' take you to church an' all 'round."

That night, after Mrs. Bridges had put Mrs. Lane to bed and told her good-night, she went out on the front porch and sat down; but presently, remembering that she had not put a candle in the room, she went back, opening the door noiselessly, not to disturb her. Then she stood perfectly still. The old creature had got out of the bed and was kneeling beside it, her face buried in her hands.

"Oh, Lord God," she was saying aloud, "bless these kind people—bless 'em, oh, Lord God! Hear a poor old mis'erable soul's prayer, an' bless 'em! An' if they've ever done a sinful thing, oh, Lord God, forgive 'em for it, because they've kep' me out o' the poor house—"

Mrs. Bridges shut the door, and stood sobbing s if her heart would break.

"What's the matter, maw?" said Isaphene, coming up suddenly.

"Never you mind what's the matter," said her mother, sharply, to conceal her emotion. "You go to bed, missy, an' don't bother your head about what's the matter with me."

Then she went down the hall and entered her own room, and Isaphene heard the key turned in the lock.—*McClure's Magazine.*

THE FORSAKEN FARMHOUSE.

AGAINST the wooded hills it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken light on wasted lands
Where old time harvest grew.

Unplowed, unsowed, by scythe the unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom-clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms,
Beside the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track in mound and dust of drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on hark'ing eyes;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its signs;
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine!

Uncle Ben tells his Experience.

HOW AND WHY SOME BOYS ARE DRIVEN FROM THE FARM.

SUGGESTIONS WORTH NOTING.

THE following contribution has been sent us for publication by an old friend and regular reader of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, who has climbed high on life's ladder of success, and who now stands at the head of one of the great manufacturing institutions of the United States. It cannot fail to interest our subscribers.

In order to make clear what we wish to express, we will not be sparing of words, for we agree with Charles Dickens, who said, "words are plenty, but many people's ideas are scarce." You will therefore allow me to take you back some fifty years, more or less, and note the progressive picture that we will draw, and which will, we have no doubt, be a familiar one to many a grayhaired man and woman of to-day.

The scene is at a farm house in one of our "down Eastern" homes, pleasantly situated on 180 acres of up-land, about 100 acres of which is tillage, and the balance wood and pasture land.

Saturday night at the supper table. Father, mother, two sisters and three boys, the youngest one in his 13th year—time of the year, latter part of July.

"Now, my son," said the father, addressing the youngest boy, "Monday morning we will commence haying," and where there were from 60 to 80 tons of hay to be gathered, this meant business, at least so thought this little boy.

Now you must remember at this time most of our agricultural tools consisted of the old fashioned cast-iron plow with a clumsy wooden beam and two V shaped harrows, and a scythe and sickle for each man—nothing for the boys; therefore all the harvesting was done by hand; wear and tear of bone and muscle. At this home no work was done on Sunday that could be done any other day of the week.

We will not stop to describe what was done

or when it was done by our would-be little farmer, suffice it to say on Monday morning the little boy was the first one up at the old farm house and had all the scythes out under the apple tree where stood the grindstone the year round, with an old paint keg suspended to a limb of the tree, over the stone, filled with water ready for business, when the boy's father made his appearance on the scene ready to grind the scythes, which was entered into with a will by our little ambitious farmer boy.

The three long scythes were soon ground, notwithstanding one of them was a new one; but were these three long scythes all there were there that morning waiting to be ground? No we think not. A short one, or one that had the point broken off the year before, was there and had been re-pointed, after a fashion that would have made the manufacturers envious of the genius that pointed it. In the manner it was hung to the snath, with only one handle, but it was there awaiting its turn to be ground with as much pride as the rest; at least so thought the little boy. When the father had finished grinding the long scythes this little ambitious boy exclaimed with surprise, "Aint you going to grind my scythe, father?" "Oh no, my son, you help your mother, and then you can bring out into the field a jug of sweetest water and the two tined pitch-fork and spread the grass that we have cut." The next morning this boy had to be called; and the third morning he despised the very ground on which that grindstone stood, and why? because he had had no encouragement to become a farmer. He had been made to feel—unconsciously no doubt by his father—that he was a part of that grindstone—a machine. In fact there was quite an analogy existing between the grindstone and the boy, both "gritty," for he had been made to feel that he and the grindstone were simply tools—machines—to be used at the pleasure of his superiors.

The next September there was a scene of home tie breaking at this farm house, and from that time to the present our would-be farmer has had in his employ hundreds of his fellow beings of both sexes, and requiring dozens of grindstones on which to sharpen their cutting

tools, all rotated by the old faithful servant the steam engine or a water-wheel.

Now our ambitious farmer boy has grown to be a gray-haired man, and he looks forward with pleasure to the time when he is to spend a few weeks—the shortest out of the year—at the old farm, and once more participate in the pleasure of harvesting. But where are the scythes that used to lay the tall grass low? Gone never to return, except one; and this one has the place of honor on a limb of the old apple tree over the grindstone, hung to the same old scythe snath with only one neb, both of which are now housed in the winter and are brought out to their accustomed place just before the little boy returns to the old homestead, and again returned to their resting place after his return to other fields of employment where duty calls him.

On the old farm to-day are to be found the latest, best and most improved Massey-Harris machines in such numbers that in one week the farmer now puts into the barns 100 tons of hay that used to require three or four weeks by hand. Two twine binders, three of the celebrated Toronto mowers, three sharp rakes, and two tedders, aside from loaders, un-loaders, steel plows, harrows of various kinds are there—in fact farming has now become a pleasure rather than a humdrum life as it used to be before the Messrs. Massey & Harris took the reins of progress into their hands and have revolutionized the mode and manner of tilling the soil.

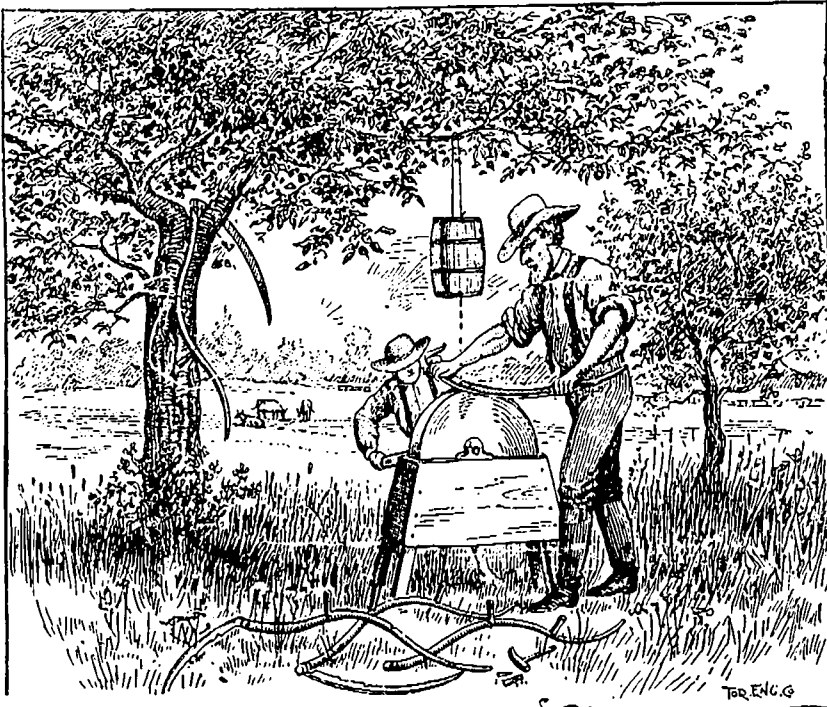
One word more to my brother farmer. We have been engaged for the past fifty years or more other than farming (for this work we do by proxy and machinery) in civil and mechanical pursuits, and we are prepared to make this statement—after looking over the Massey-Harris Company's works at Toronto, Ontario, that there is not manufactured on this globe a piece of machinery of any description that has required so much thought and outlay of capital to perfect, and is to-day sold for so little money, as the Massey-Harris Self Binding Harvester. This has been brought about by the concentration of thought which assists the farmer to gather in his crops while the sun shines, and this, too, for the smallest amount of money expended for any class of machinery manufactured.

A word to the wise brother farmer—keep your powder dry when you can do so by so small an outlay for such valuable labor-saving machines.

Yours truly,

Cleveland, Ohio.

UNCLE BEN.



UNCLE BEN'S EXPERIENCE.

THE report of the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States shows that more than 72 per cent. of all the exports for the fiscal year 1894 were farm products. This is a figure not many think of when they consider the great manufacturing centres of the States, and the vast population which has to be fed by home product. It is also instructive to remember that to some of these industrial centres, mutton is imported from the saleswoman of the world, Great Britain. Wherever there is money, the best quality of farm product will be in demand, and the Secretary's report proves that notwithstanding the large surplus of last year, there is still a market for imports in the United States, which the British or Canadian farmer can and ought to supply.

The Red Cross in Japan.

SOME forty governments in all are bound together by the compact known as the Red Cross, or the International Convention of Geneva of 1864.

The one word *neutral* signifies the whole essence of this treaty; it defines the condition of all sick and wounded soldiers, all surgeons, nurses, and attendants, all hospital, ambulances, and other appliances while they display the Red Cross arm-badge or flag duly authorized and inscribed by the military power of the army to which they are attached; and furthermore, all inhabitants of a country in the vicinity of where a battle is raging, as well as their buildings, are sacredly regarded as neutral while they are administering to the wants of the wounded and disabled, or being employed for hospital purposes.

Wounded soldiers falling into the enemy's hands are *neutral*, and *must* be sent to the frontier for delivery to their own army as soon as possible, provided, of course, that the country to which they belong is an adherent to the Red Cross treaty.

By applying the foregoing principles one will readily grasp the reason why Japan is doing such effective and commendable work as a humanitarian nation. She is carrying out to the letter the spirit and the obligations of the Geneva Red Cross Treaty, to which she gave her adhesion in 1886, while her Emperor stands at the head of her civil Red Cross Society.

In six great wars the Red Cross has been conspicuous. Written history records the beneficent work it has done, but only unwritten history can relate the prevention of untold misery and suffering on every field.

In the present war Japan, as a Red Cross nation, meets difficulties and dangers unknown in any former war where the Red Cross has worked, from the fact that her enemy, China, is not a nation signatory to the Treaty of Geneva, hence humanity is shown on one side in the treatment of sick and wounded, while inhumanity runs riot on the other.

Great injustice has been done to the Red Cross internationally and to Japan by the sensational announcement in recent newspaper reports to the effect that Japan had refused the Red Cross—had turned it back at Port Arthur.

The facts are as follows: A number of humane and worthy gentlemen—Americans, Englishmen, Germans, and citizens of other nations, clergymen, physicians, and government officials residing in China—formed a Red Cross Society and obtained the sanction of Li Hung Chang to go to the relief of the Chinese wounded. They procured the steamship *Toonan*, entered Port Arthur, announced themselves as belonging to a private Red Cross Society, and asked the Japanese commandant for the Chinese wounded, for the purpose of taking them back to Tien-Tsin, from whence the steamer had come. The duty of the Japanese commandant was plain. China is not a party to the Red Cross treaty, consequently the Tien-Tsin Red Cross Society, however praiseworthy its object, had no governmental identity or authorized existence. While its intentions were noble and laudable, it was unfortunately irresponsible, from the fact that it had no government to become responsible for and authorize its action.

The society was courteously received, and its good intentions acknowledged and appreciated, but its request was properly declined, and it was requested to leave the harbor. The Chinese wounded in the hands of the Japanese were prisoners of war, and while they were receiving merciful treatment in the Japanese Red Cross hospitals, there was no authority for delivering them to a private society, even though it had with the countenance and sanction of consuls of neutral nations. The national responsibility that attaches to a member of the treaty was entirely absent.

Had China's civilization reached the point where she could appreciate and recognize the humanity of the Red Cross, and had she joined

the treaty, her wounded, as soon as they were in a condition to be removed, would have been delivered to her by the Japanese.

The above incident is thus specifically dealt with in order to explain the difficulties in the way of correct judgment on the action of the Red Cross. The public and press generally refer to it as an ordinary charitable society for good works, free to make its own conditions, and so follow the judgment of its own private officials, like societies in general, forgetting, or rather never knowing, the fact that it is a treaty, bound by stringent and delicate laws, the disregard of which would impair its validity as materially as any other treaty, and consequently it is not the will or desire of individuals that must control or become responsible for its actions, the law of nations, framed and confirmed by the highest authorities of the countries of the world.

When this fact shall be better known or more fully realized the reports of our well intended press will be less misleading, more reliable, instructive, and satisfactory, than to-day.

New Railroad Trackage in 1894.

THE *Chicago Railway Age* has compiled a table which conveys the surprising information that in spite of the business depression following the panic of 1893, intensified by the tariff legislation and culmination in the Debs insurrection, nearly 2,000 miles of new railway track have been laid in the United States during the year 1894. This is a total which, as the *Age* remarks, is considerably larger than seemed likely to be reached when the end of the first six months, in the midst of the anarchy of the great strike, showed only 525 miles laid. The work of the last six months is nearly treble that of the first six. Can it be doubted, in the face of this fact, that the prompt and courageous action of the government in putting down the violent manifestations of that strike, had a reassuring effect upon capital invested in railway enterprises, as well as all other enterprise? Following is the table:

TRACK LAID IN THE YEAR 1894.

State.	Lines.	Miles.
Alabama	5	14.50
Arizona	4	193.49
Arkansas	5	34.75
California	2	32.20
Colorado	3	65.35
Florida	6	85.95
Georgia	3	30.00
Illinois	8	147.70
Indiana	3	58.20
Kansas	1	3.30
Louisiana	7	91.00
Maine	4	111.70
Massachusetts	1	4.00
Michigan	6	112.00
Minnesota	6	69.12
Mississippi	3	20.00
Missouri	5	59.00
Montana	1	101.17
New Hampshire	1	7.00
New Jersey	3	33.13
New Mexico	1	75.20
New York	5	40.33
North Carolina	5	3.50
Ohio	12	93.90
Oregon	1	1.79
Pennsylvania	28	128.87
South Carolina	3	58.90
Tennessee	2	14.00
Texas	7	97.60
Utah	2	19.00
Virginia	1	5.00
West Virginia	7	49.65
Wisconsin	4	46.43
Wyoming	1	20.80

Total in 34 states and territories.....153 1,919.13

In addition 322 miles of new track were laid in Canada and 75 in Mexico.

The new trackage built in the United States is unexpectedly large considering all the depressing circumstances, yet it is the smallest for twenty years. The outlook for new construction for 1895 is as yet uncertain, but it may be confidently predicted that it will exceed that of 1894.

When the finger nails are dry and break easily vaseline rubbed on after the hands are washed will do good.

Bicycle Riding.

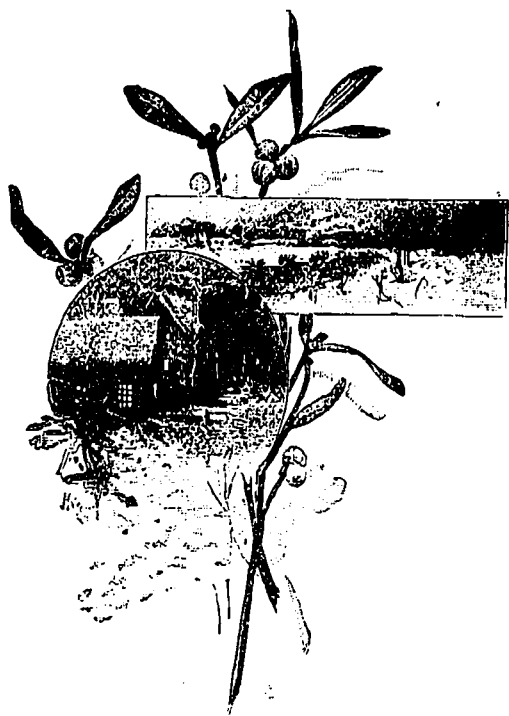
THE bicycle is the fastest vehicle propelled by animal power. As for the distance that may be gone over in a given time, the bicyclist and his machine have far outstripped both trotters and runners. Bicycling, moreover, has great charms for those who have neither the capability nor desire to attain great bursts of speed. The exercise is as pleasant as horseback-riding, and very much cheaper. But no matter how general the use of the bicycle may become, walking is not likely to lose its devotees. Daily walks must be taken within a limited horizon, however, while the regular bicycle-rider's area is extended amazingly. It has been asserted with some authority that the same effort that is required to walk one mile will propel a bicycle six miles. Bicycle-riders, at least, will not dispute this assumption. Now let us see what are the consequences of this increased capacity. A man who lives in a suburban district, in his walks around his home, if he be an average walker, will go two and a half miles out and the same distance back, making his walk five miles. In his various excursions he is likely to explore the district about his home for two and a half miles in every accessible direction, and if roads be plenty he may become acquainted with the general features of the landscape within an area of about twenty square miles. The same man on a bicycle will extend his radius to six times two and a half miles, and will therefore make fifteen miles out and fifteen miles back. He will thus have so broadened the domain of his observation that he may explore the country embraced with 707 square miles. Vigorous walkers who go five miles out and back enjoy a territory of seventy-eight miles; but this vigorous and ambitious man, if the six to one assumption hold good, would on the bicycle extend his excursions to thirty miles out and thirty back, so that he in time would have for his own all there is of beauty and instruction in 2827.4 miles.

The cheapness of bicycling as compared with horseback-riding is worthy of consideration. A bicycle costs from \$100 to \$150; a horse costs from \$200 to very much larger sums. The keep of a horse is at least \$30 a month, including the charges of the farrier and veterinary; the cost of a bicycle for repairs ought not to be \$3 a month; indeed, many of the makers guarantee them for a certain time, and make repairs without charge. So first cost and maintenance are both in favor of the machine.

With good roads in this country the rule, instead of, as now, the exception—and we shall surely have good roads before the new century is very old—the bicycle will enable its riders to learn their land more intimately and extensively than they dream of knowing it now.

—Harper's Weekly.





OUR INSTITUTE.

Yes, neighbor, I've been to the ins'tute,
Been there for two whole days.
An' I tell you, I'm mighty pleased, sir,
With some of their new faugled ways.

Their speakers are rather peart fellers,
They know exact where to hit;
An' they strike right out from the shoulder
An' don't nuince matters a bit.

They told us all about butter
From the time it comes out of the land,
How to feed, an' to churn, an' to handle,
Till you get the cash in your hand.

An' how to feed pigs at a profit,
Was told in a mighty neat way;
The pig's a machine for consumin'
The surplus, an' makin' it pay.

The sheep with its wool an' its mutton,
Has a duty to do, an' to pay
T'wards keepin' the farm an' the farmer,
Whate'er politicians may say.

Even the hen, that pesky old critter,
That scratches creation all o'er
Might be made to pay for her keepin'
An' perhaps a lectle bit more.

The farm's a machine for producin'
The products that all of us eat;
An' the farmer that don't feed his farm, sir,
Will find in the end that he's beat.

To be sure, I have made some money
Out of my old farm, that's so.
But dame Nature gives rather grudin',
An' dollars piled up mighty slow.

But these fellers' ways are more winnin';
They flatter the old dame, some way,
An' she yields up her treasures more handsome,
An' that's what makes farmin' pay.

Yes, there are drawbacks in farmin',
An' some things that don't seem quite fair;
But then we have freedom and sunshine,
An' oceans of pure fresh air.

All trades an' professions have drawbacks,
Every business takes watehin' an' care;
An' it's labor, push an' endurance
That gets to the front every where.

The cities are teemin' with lab'ers
Who are beggin' for work in the street,
While the farmer has work in abundance,
With a home an' plenty to eat.

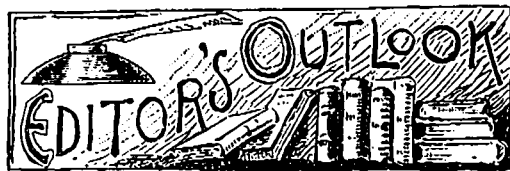
Of course our towns an' our cities
Are centres of wealth an' of trade,
But it's on the farm, after all, sir,
That the wealth of the nation is made.

Than the singin' was fine, now I tell ye,
It just riz me out of my seat;
An' then there was girls that spoke pieces
In a way that was hard fur to beat.

Yes, indeed! I think that the ins'tute
Was worth much more than it cost;
But, of course, if a man hasn't been there,
He don't know just what he has lost.

—Ohio Farmer.

OUR lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever the rhyme or meter,
And if it is sad, we can make it glad;
Or, if sweet, we can make it sweeter.



HON. JOHN DRYDEN, Minister of Agriculture, has been unwearied in his efforts during the past month to reach the various organizations which grow around his department. At Gananoque he made one of his most effective speeches. It was to the Eastern Dairymen. Among other good things to come which he announced, he said:—"The Ontario government has decided to ask the Legislature at its next session for a small grant with which to establish what I shall call a Pioneer Dairy Farm, in one of the districts of North-Western Ontario that is not now settled. We shall choose a location on the line of the Canadian Pacific railway, where we shall find in one block sufficient good land to make two or three townships. Here it is proposed to demonstrate by actual test what are the possibilities of that district in the dairying industry. A country that grows naturally white and red clover, that will grow immense crops of timothy, and also produce good crops of ensilage, heavy crops of oats, and the very finest of roots, must be, in my judgment, suitable for this purpose. The roads used in the construction of the C.P.R. fifteen years ago are now found covered with a rank growth of clover. It is not proposed to put up expensive buildings, but such as may be taken as models by any farmer coming into the district. They will be built of the timber found there, and pains will be taken to make them comfortable and convenient. They will be such that anyone looking at and examining them will be able to say that they can go and do likewise. I have already had samples of the soil from some of these points sent to Toronto. I find it to be of great depth, and composed of very rich clay, free from stone. I also find that this northern country is extremely well watered, abounding in rivers and lakes in every direction. As a further encouragement to those who desire to settle in that part of Ontario, I may say that these lakes are full of fish, and that the industries carried on in that connection will eventually be very large. In 1894 there were three and a half million pounds of fish shipped from Rat Portage alone. It is not, however, proposed to locate this pioneer farm quite as far west as Rat Portage, but somewhere between Port Arthur and that point, probably near the crossing of the C.P.R. at Wabigoon river. Besides Wabigoon lake, which is near at hand, there are other large lakes in the district, some of them ninety miles in length, and others from ten to twenty. Various scale fish abound in these lakes, notably lake trout, whitefish, pickerel, etc. I mention this because these things will be helpful to the settler who may be induced to locate in the district. Portions of the district have been burned over, and the large timber burned off. It is now growing up with smaller timber, but this is not of sufficient size to interfere seriously with clearing operations. I am told by those acquainted with the district that after the underbrush is cleared off there is no difficulty in ploughing considerable portions. Green standing timber is to be found within easy reach, which can be utilized for fencing and building.

ON all sides an agitation is setting in against the barbed wire fence, that expensive and dangerous expedient, which ought never to have been extensively adopted.

IN Bulletin No. 36 issued by the Illinois Experiment Station, are reports from 108 live stockmen, describing their methods of feeding. The bulletin makes interesting reading and may be profitably perused by breeders.

THE Atlantic steamers encountered exceptionally severe weather last month from beginning to end, and in one case in particular, that of the *Dominion*, great loss of live stock was sustained. She experienced rough weather and lost thereby 22 bullocks, 5 horses and 11 sheep, and her cattle pens were greatly damaged. She was compelled to lie to for sixteen hours, during which time she labored and rolled heavily.

IN many respects the Australians can claim to be a progressive people. They value well-bred animals, and a strong desire is publicly expressed to tax stallions so as to discourage the keeping of inferior animals. How such a tax would work if imposed, it would be difficult to predict, but it seems that the law of supply and demand ought to be powerful enough to regulate the quality of breed in antipodean horseflesh.

THE German government has closed its ports to United States' cattle, probably not any too soon. There is little doubt that the immunity from strict enforcement of live stock regulations prevailing beyond the border has had a good deal to do with the British restrictions on Canadian cattle, and it is well that the United States should be dealt sharply with by the European powers in this matter. When the great Republic can show a clean sheet, Mr. Gardner's statements against Canadian live stock will lose much of their force, and the political bias of the schedule will be the more easily exposed.

IN a letter dated Cape Town, Cape Colony, South Africa, from Mr. J. D. Patterson, who has gone to that distant land in the interests of MASSEY-HARRIS CO., he writes:—"I saw yesterday the field upon which Massey binders first worked in Africa, and saw also the first old 4B pioneer cutting its seventh harvest. It looks good for another two or three seasons." This speaks well for the lasting qualities of the machine to stand its work so well in so hot a country and without a skilled operator. Since this machine was built, however, many improvements have been made which greatly add to the life of the machine and the latest Massey-Harris Wide-Open Binder should outlast two of the old style machines.

THE Christmas Examinations at the Experimental Farm and College at Guelph have been very successful, and the results are most creditable to the students and professors. The honor lists in Agriculture, Dairying and Live Stock are as follows:—First year.—Agriculture.—Class I.—1, Pollard. Class II.—1, Devitt, A. W. Macdonald, Oakville, Ont., and Parker; 4, Higginson; 5, Cunningham; 6, Ratcliffe and Hodgetts; 8, Christy, Kennedy, and Wilson; 11, Gadd; 12, Reinke; 13, J. E. B. Leiman, New Lowell, Ont.; 14, McKenzie, M. Ross, and W. D. Steele, Toronto, Ont.; 17, Bard and Oastler; 19, Leavitt; 20, Bell, Brickwell, and A. R. Evans, Newmarket, Ont.; 23, Benning, E. Pierheller, Mount Elgin, Ont.; R. Fyfe, Laurel, Ont.; Harris, G. W. Morgan, Kerwood, Ont., Nasmith, and Roblin. Dairying.—Class I.—1, Hodgetts; 2, Devitt; 3, Hutton; 4, Higginson; 5, Shields, Steele and Wilson. Class II.—1, Gadd; 2, Leavitt; 3, McKenzie and Oastler; 5, Cunningham; 6, Yuill and Bard; 8, Ratcliffe; 9, Christy and Nasmith; 10, Charlton; 12, Harris, Kennedy, and M. Ross. Second Year.—Live Stock.—Class I.—1, Clark; 2, Paterson; 3, Lang; 4, Butler. Class II.—1, Campbell and Knight; 3, McCallum; 4, Chadsley and G. A. Smith; 6, E. A. Ponting, Moweaqua, Illinois; 7, Kipp; 8, Payne and Thompson; 10, Edelman. Dairying.—Class I.—1, Clark. Class II.—1, Paterson; 2, Lang; 3, Campbell; 4, Butler.

ADDRESSING a deeply interested audience, and an influential one, in London, Eng., Sir Henry Wrixon, one of the delegates from Victoria to the Intercolonial Conference held at Ottawa, spoke in high terms of the public institutions of Canada, saying that the Australians were impressed greatly with Canada's oneness, and felt the full value of federation and unity. He said that upon their return to their homes they would urge union with renewed sincerity. It might be that Canada having saved herself by patriotic spirit and political intelligence might assist Australia by her example. He bore testimony to the fact that the remarkable features of the movement manifested at Ottawa were the warm feeling of brotherhood shown by Canadians toward the Australians, and the intense pride in the Empire and loyalty to the Sovereign.

ONE of the most destructive and disastrous fires which ever occurred in Toronto took place on January 6th, a Sunday morning, when the building occupied by the *Globe* newspaper, and other buildings, notably that just recently completed at great cost, and occupied as a warehouse by Mr. S. F. McKinnon. The fire brigade suffered severely, a number of the men having been injured, one, Mr. Bowrey, fatally and the chief, Mr. Ardagh, who, after a few weeks hovering between life and death, succumbed on the 26th ult. There was much sympathy with the sufferers and steps were originated for public help to the family of the bereaved fireman, Bowrey. The *Empire* gave temporary shelter to the *Globe*, and no issue was missed. A few days later the embers of the fire fanned to flame again and buildings on the same block were destroyed to a greater extent than those burnt by the first outbreak.

THE Secretary of the Dominion Board of Health has been in communication with Mr. J. R. Anderson, statistician of the Department of Agriculture of British Columbia with reference to an outbreak of tuberculosis on the coast. Mr. Anderson states that the subject has become a very serious one in that province, as the disease was found to have developed to a remarkable degree in some districts before its presence was even suspected. Since it has been known to exist, measures have been taken for its suppression. Tuberculin has been applied very freely, and has been found to be reliable. In all cases where animals have been killed, the consent of the owners has been obtained, and compensation denied by the Government, as it is understood that the Dominion Government has assumed the responsibility in the matter. It is, according to the letter, the intention to press the matter in conjunction with the other provinces, in order that the Dominion Government may take the matter up.

THE schedule restriction on Canadian cattle has eventually assumed the form of a live question in British politics. The High Commissioner, members of the government and of the House of Commons, are engaged in a wordy warfare in the powerful columns of the *London Times*, where the case of Canada is strongly put by Sir Charles Tupper, who is endorsed by the press of Scotland irrespective of party. In England the conservative papers favor a continuance of the schedule in the interest of home farming, but the government reverse in Forfarshire at the recent by-election where the issue was very largely that of the free admission of Canadian cattle, will, it is supposed, weigh heavily against the contentions of Mr. Gardner. A few of Sir Charles Tupper's arguments will indicate to the reader the line of defence he is working. He makes a strong point of the fact that pleuro-pneumonia has not appeared in Canada either before or since the first suspicious cases occurred in 1890, and he claims that no veterinary expert attached to the Board of Agriculture, or any independent

authority, will venture to deny that if any of the alleged cases had been pleuro-pneumonia, considering its fatal and contagious character, the disease must have appeared in many parts of Canada before now, as four years have elapsed since the first suspicious cases were reported. He further mentions that the Canadian lung affection, as it appears here, cannot be investigated in Canada, for it is caused by the conditions under which the animals are conveyed across the Atlantic; hence the description of it as transit-pneumonia. Mr. Gardner, in his letter, claimed that the future rested with the Canadian Government, and that they ought to carry out the suggestions made by the Board of Agriculture in July, 1893. In this connection Sir Charles Tupper points out that all the machinery exists in Canada for the detection and stamping out of any contagious or infectious disease that may be found among the flocks and herds of the country, and that it is hardly to be expected that any cases of disease can be reported or investigated if none exist.

A CHANCE for the Canadian sheep breeder is noticeable here: "It is a fact that should be remedied in some way, nevertheless it is true, that fast Atlantic steamers are supplying the hotels in many of the Eastern cities with lamb and mutton from the British Isles. It is more tender and juicy, fatter and more nutritious," so writes a United States contemporary who does well to object to imports of mutton, "more tender and juicy" and better in every respect than that raised in the States! A wealthy country will buy and pay for the best article in the market, no matter whether it be a home product or not. Hence it is that Canadian cheese can be well sold in London and New York. We can sell our first-class goods anywhere; it is a question of quality, and we ought to compete with our British competitors in the large cities of the United States, for it is a fact that we can raise prime mutton in Canada and the sooner we look around for the high markets of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, etc., and prepare our sheep for them the better for our farmers.

WHILE the severe storm interfered with the attendance at the Beekeepers' meeting at Stratford, it did not spoil the interest of the proceedings nor the enthusiasm of those present. It is safe to say that much good will result of the interchange of views between experts, and from the valuable papers read. The following officers were elected for the current year:—President, Mr. J. B. Hall, Woodstock; Vice-President, Mr. J. K. Darling, Almonte; Board of Directors, District No. 1, Mr. W. J. Brown, Chard; District No. 2, Mr. J. K. Darling, Almonte; District No. 3, Mr. M. B. Holmes, Athens; District No. 4, Mr. Allen Pringle, Selby; District No. 5, Mr. J. W. Sparling, Bowmanville; District No. 6, Mr. Wm. Couse, Streetsville; District No. 7, Mr. A. Pickett, Neessagaweya; District No. 8, Mr. F. A. Ross, Balmoral; District No. 9, Mr. S. B. Pettit, Almonte; District No. 10, Mr. A. E. Sherrington, Walkerton; District No. 11, Mr. F. A. Gemmill, Stratford; District No. 12, Mr. W. A. Chrysler, Chatham; District No. 13, Mr. Hughes, Barrie. Mr. Wm. McEvoy, of Woodburn, was re-appointed foul brood inspector, and Mr. F. A. Gemmill, Stratford, sub-inspector. The auditors are:—Messrs. John Meyers, Stratford; and R. H. Smith, St. Thomas.

THE project of cable communication between Canada and Australia is making quiet but substantial progress. One fact which will tell in its favor, almost immediately, is the withdrawal of Victoria from the guarantee to the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, to be followed, not unlikely by others of the Australian colonies who have been paying an annual amount to the company as an offset for loss of revenue consequent on a reduction of cable rates.



1st.—The Cruiser *Blenheim* arrived at Halifax with the remains of Sir John S. D. Thompson.... Ontario Poultry Association met at New Hamburg.... Henry Lyne Stephen, of Montreal, died at Monaco.

2nd.—Mr. Thomas Gilroy, after a re-count, was sworn in Mayor of Winnipeg.... Annual meeting of West Wellington Farmers' Institute held at Drayton.... Rev. Father Dawson, Ottawa, buried.... Eighteenth Annual Meeting of the Eastern Dairymen's Association met at Gananoque.

3rd.—John D. Rockefeller donated \$115,000 to the Chicago University.... Funeral of Sir John S. D. Thompson took place at Halifax.... Judge McDougall's report as to civic corruption in Toronto presented.

4th.—The opening of the Kingston Dairy School and Mining Laboratory took place.... Sir MacKenzie Bowell's health pronounced greatly restored.

5th.—Temperature at Saratoga Springs fell to 18 below zero.... Capt. Alfred Dreyfus found guilty of revealing war office documents and was drummed out by the Army of France.

7th.—Warring Kennedy elected mayor of Toronto.... The *Globe* newspaper office was burnt to the ground yesterday.... Rev. Wm. King, the founder of the Elgin Settlement, died at Chatham yesterday.... General Ponsonby, private secretary to the Queen, stricken with paralysis.... Hon. S. L. Shannon died at Halifax.

8th.—Severe storms experienced in Britain.... The waters of the Pennsylvania rivers began to recede.... Four hundred employes of the C. P. R., at Montreal, laid off on account of dull times.... Tenth annual meeting of Ontario Creameries Association opened at Chesley.

9th.—Smallpox discovered in the township of Elma.... Annual meeting of the South Perth Farmers' Institute held at Mitchell.... A grip wave is epidemic in New York.

10th.—All gambling houses in Brussels were closed by the Magistrates.... Mr. John Popham, Montreal, died suddenly to-day.... The Anchor Line steamer *Anchoria*, grounded in the Clyde.... Fire in Toronto damaged property to extent of nearly a million dollars.

11th.—The Argentine crop is estimated at 1,500,000 tons.... Kenneth Campbell appointed Police Magistrate of Brandon.... Mr. Laurier confined to the house by severe illness.... Death announced of Lady Sassoon, wife of the famous Bombay merchant and banker.

12th.—The Quebec Legislature prorogued.... Tuberculosis discovered at Winnipeg.... President Debs, of the A. R. U., has appealed his case to the Supreme Court.... Jos. A. Chisholm, brother-in-law of the late premier, was nominated for Antigonish, N.S., vacant by the death of Sir John Thompson.

14th.—Great fire at St. Catharines, Ont., in which the Masonic Temple was destroyed.... In New South Wales the unemployed are threatening to destroy property.... The discharged C. P. R. employes at Winnipeg decided to found a farmers' colony.

15th.—The President of France resigned.... Fraser River floods are subsiding.... Cornelius Donoran, Inspector of Separate Schools, Hamilton, died.... Seventy-five persons killed in an explosion at Butte, Montana.

16th.—The annual meetings of the South Ontario and Durham Exhibitions were held to-day.... Demonstration made by over three thousand unemployed in Montreal.... The Duke of Argyll has retired from public life.

17th.—Mr. Felix Faure elected President of France.... Senator Tasse died at Montreal.... Rumoured resignation of the Methodist missionaries engaged in Japan.... Mr. Andrew Pattullo re-elected president of the Western Dairymen's Association.

18th.—Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, nominated for the Commons by the West Huron Conservatives.

19th.—The Police Barracks at Bauff destroyed by fire.... Dr. Baxter was unanimously nominated for the Ontario Legislature by the Liberals of Haldimand.... Mr. A. M. Smith, one of Toronto's merchant princes, died.

21st.—John Alexander Bryson, Ottawa, died.... The Kingston nomination for the Legislature took place.

22nd.—Germany's desire to negotiate a treaty with Japan, announced.... The Ontario Beekeepers met at Stratford.

23rd.—Lord Randolph Churchill died to-day.... Loss of the S. S. *Chicora* on the Upper Lakes confirmed.... Chief McKinnon, of Hamilton, resigned.

24.—The twenty-fifth annual convention of the Y. M. C. A. of Ontario and Quebec opened at Belleville.... Report of large immigration of settlers from Kansas to Manitoba confirmed.

25th.—Lord Aberdeen elected a vice-president of the Anti-gambling League.... The Newfoundland Government discussed confederation with Canada, in caucus.

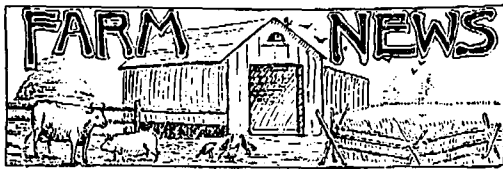
26th.—M. Ribot succeeded in forming a French Cabinet.... Chief Ardagh, of the Toronto fire brigade, died from injuries received at the great fire on 6th inst.

28th.—The Winnipeg Grain Exchange has arranged with the railway to carry seed grain for farmers at half rate.... A snow blockade interrupted Ontario railway traffic.... Lord Randolph Churchill's funeral took place.

29th.—Death of Marshal Canrobert, of France.... Funeral of Fire Chief Ardagh, Toronto.

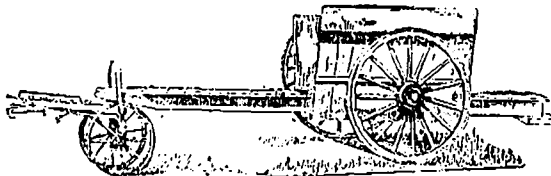
30th.—Privy Council of Great Britain allows appeal in Manitoba School case.... The steamer *Elbe* sunk by collision off the English coast; 350 lives lost.

31st.—Mr. F. W. Stone, the well-known stock breeder of Guelfh, died; aged 81 years.



Farm Wagon.

ONE of the most convenient of farm wagons is represented by the following illustration. The general plan of construction is pretty clearly shown. The front wheels are very low, and the forward end of the body rests on the bolster. The hind wheels are the ordinary height of hind wagon wheels, and the axletree may either pass directly through and the frame hung to it, or it may be of iron and bent, passing under, thus putting it out of the way, and leaving the platform entirely clear. Planks or boards according to the strength required, are nailed across, and a stout plank bolted to the under side of the bed pieces at the rear end forms a step for easily getting upon the platform. The sides opposite the hind wheels are to keep the load from obstructing the latter. The plan of this wagon is very simple, and almost any one should be able to construct it. The front wheels are supposed to turn under the bed pieces, making short turns possible.



THE HICKS LOW DOWN WAGON.

The uses to which such a wagon may be put on a farm are various. One of the most common is the carting of green corn, either for ensilage or soiling purposes. One man can load and unload articles on this that would tax the strength of two men with the ordinary farm wagon. Mr. Hicks illustrated this by saying that when drilling grain, one man would load the fertilizer and bags of grain on his wagon, hitch the drill on behind, and go to the field and unload alone. With the ordinary wagon, two men were required. For drawing potatoes in sacks, boxes or baskets, apples in barrels, in short, anything heavy requiring a wagon, for its transportation, this wagon is just the thing, saving the high lifting and straining necessary to load the common wagon.

Eaves, Troughs and Hangers.

ALL farm, or other buildings, should have eaves troughs, especially over all doors or passage-ways. Not all house owners can afford to provide metal troughs, but serviceable wooden



FIG. 1. BENCHES FOR MAKING EAVES TROUGHS.

ones may be supplied at little expense. The best ones are usually made from a long, straight sapling of some durable wood, such as pine, cedar or chestnut. A stick is obtained of the desired length, and not over five inches in diameter at the top, one side is flattened down to at least four inches across the small end, and all bark removed, and if the large end is more than seven inches in diameter, it should be

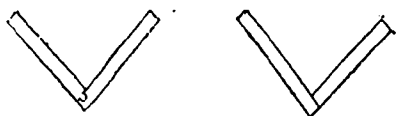


FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

EAVES TROUGH MADE OF TWO BOARDS.

shaved down to that size or even smaller, which can be easily done by the use of a clamp to hold

it on the benches shown in Fig. 1. When the proper size is obtained, it is clamped in the position shown, and, by the use of a light axe-hatchet and gauges, a channel is excavated. With straight-grained timber, free from knots, this work is quickly done, and should be finish-

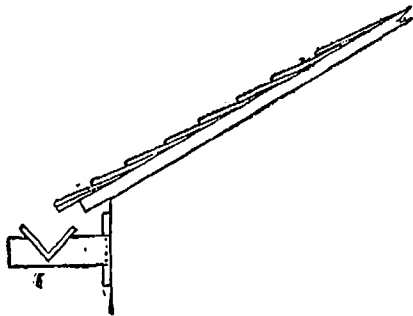


FIG. 4. WOODEN BRACKET FOR TROUGH.

ed smooth inside by the use of a short plane. When completed, it should be kept under shelter for several months, or placed bottom up out of doors. Care should be taken that it does not twist or warp. After it is seasoned, apply two coats of oil, and it is good for at least twenty-five

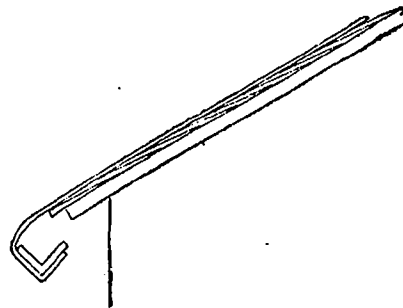


FIG. 5. INEXPENSIVE IRON HANGER.

years' service by simply applying a coat of oil to the inside, and paint to the outside every ten years. If no suitable timber is at hand, obtain well-seasoned pine, or other durable lumber three quarters of an inch thick and five inches wide. Make a tongue and groove, putting together with nails in the form shown in Fig. 2, filling the grooves with paint before it is put together. Another manner is shown in Fig. 3, paint being applied at the junction before nailing. Use tenpenny wire nails, placing them about eight inches apart to prevent all danger from leakage. All forms of eaves troughs may be cheaply attached to buildings by the use of wooden brackets, as in Fig. 4, care being taken to secure the end of the bracket firmly to



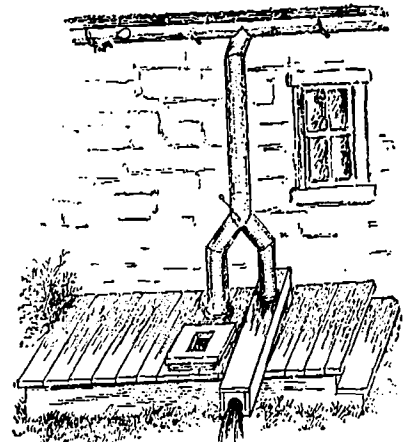
FIG. 6. EXCAVATED EAVE TROUGHS.

the building. A worn-out buggy tire, bent in the form as indicated in Fig. 5, makes a neat looking and secure fastening. A hole should be made in the iron where it comes in contact with the trough for putting in a screw or nail. Fig. 6 has sectional views of the solid trough, which may have either a circular or V-shaped cavity. An active man can make these in a very short time and at small expense.—L. D. SNOOK, in *American Agriculturist*.

Overflowing of Cisterns.

FARMERS often have trouble during heavy rains in keeping their cisterns from overflowing. A dampness near the house causes a damp, wet cellar, which should be strenuously avoided. The accompanying illustration, from a sketch by J. W. Caughey, presents a plan for avoiding such overflowing cisterns. A forked pipe is fastened into the rain gutter or receiver from the roof. At the junction of the two arms or switch pipes there is a shut-off which is operated by a wire rod, which, as it appears in the

illustration, turns the obstruction plate within the pipe and stops its entrance into the cistern when the latter is considered full enough. The

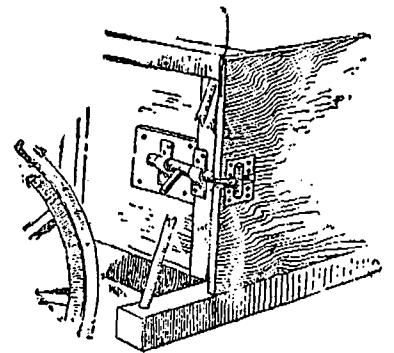


DEVICE FOR PREVENTING CISTERNS FROM OVERFLOWING.

other pipe carries the water away into a drain or ditch that is properly made and covered. This keeps everything dry about the house, and the annoyance so often seen on the farm in wet weather is avoided. The cistern is located back of the kitchen, under the platform and step of the porch, being at hand when water is wanted, adding much in the convenience to the housewife and saving the labor of carrying it from a barrel or other receptacle near the house, set out to catch the water. This arrangement can be made at any tin store. It is best made of galvanized iron, which will not rust or wear out as easily as tin, and will last for years.

Tail Board Fastener.

THE accompanying illustration was recently seen in use upon a cart that was made for the carriage of heavy loads, and worked so well that its general use is commended. Where the



"tail-board" is fitted in behind two upright rounds of wood, a heavy load presses out so hard upon the board as to make it difficult to move. One end may be retained in the old way, and the device that is shown, made of half-inch round iron, placed upon the other end, the convenience of which will be appreciated when it is in use.

It will pay to be always on the lookout for new varieties of potatoes, but not to discard the kinds in use until satisfied with the new

On small tracts of land it is possible to keep bees, poultry and fruit trees on the same location with profit, but such work can only be done by those who are experienced, and who well understand what is required for success.

WATERING with a liquid composed of one bushel of lime and one bushel of soot, in 100 gallons of water, proved a valuable remedy for the carrot grub, according to the claims of an English gardener. The mixture was well stirred, allowed to stand over night, and the clear water then applied with a watering pot.

Live Stock.

ONE hundred sheep regularly folded will fertilize eight acres of land in one year so as to increase the yield 100 per cent.

THE handling of the cream and the making of the butter is to-day as different from what it was ten years ago as day is different from night.

It is said of the Cheviot sheep that it will live and thrive on the poorest keep, and when taken to better range will increase its profits accordingly.

OBSERVE regular hours in feeding. The stock that is fed at stated times soon learn not to look for feed at any other time and are more contented than they would be if fed whenever it comes handiest.

How many miles do you walk every winter carrying staw or bedding? Wouldn't it be better and pleasanter to have a supply convenient, and wouldn't your stock be better bedded if you had.

MAKE your stables light. The horse or cow that it is kept in semi-darkness not only suffers pain when brought out into the bright light, but is liable to suffer in health. Sunshine is the best disinfectant known.

DON'T guess about the amount of feed your stock requires. Feed carefully and test results on the scales. If you haven't the scales you do entirely too much guess work. Guessing spoils profits a good many times.

A CREAMERY in a community where there are 300 good cows will pay to its patrons in a year from \$15,000 to \$16,000. Would the same number of cows under the old method result in such an income? Here is progress.

IN 1892 Prof. Robertson established a cheese factory on Prince Edward's Island, under the auspices of the Dominion Dairy Department. In 1893 nine factories were built and equipped, and now sixteen factories are in operation, producing a total output valued at \$8,000.

THE cheese maker and the butter maker can only do his best to manufacture the milk into the best possible cheese and butter and to sell these in the best possible market, but there his power has its limit. He can not regulate the prices which the hard but all-powerful law of supply and demand alone can do.

THE creamery has done much to lift the burden off farm houses, nor has it resulted in less, but more cash. Creamery butter sells for enough more than dairy butter so that the entire cost of collecting the milk and manufacturing is saved, and the farmer gets from twenty-three to twenty-four cents for his butter and saves the labor.

PROF. C. F. CURTIS, of Ames, Iowa, says that in his experiments with feeding separator skim milk to calves he would give them small doses of rennet (one or two tablespoonsful) as often as needed to correct derangement of digestion. Salt was kept constantly accessible. Mr. C. L. Gabrielson used to prevent trouble by giving the rennet regularly.

THE question is asked what to do with a breeding sow which after littering shows weakness in her hind parts, staggers about and does not seem to have any command of the legs. The answer is given: Bathe the loins every other day, with a liniment of equal parts of sweet oil, strong aqua ammonia and oil of turpentine well shaken together. Give twice daily in the feed 20 grains of the powdered nux. After a week increase the dose of nux to 30 grains; and if necessary to continue the third week to forty grains.

TO-DAY we are utilizing the various waste products of the great milling centers of the West as food for our cows. We are adopting and extending the silo system; we are feeding rations that cost less, but are more efficient as time goes on. If you could see the letters that I get week after week asking about this and that grain, about this and that ration, you would realize as I do how much of progress has been made in the past five years. Men here and there to-day know what they are feeding for, and study into the cost, as well as the effectiveness of a ration.

SOME time ago the bacilli of diphtheria were found in some cheese which were seized by the New York Board of Health. We are pleased to see that the *American Agriculturist* is able to write as follows: "The cheese was all right and may be safely eaten. We refer to the New York cheese which was seized by the board of health in that city, because it was suspected that the ferocious bacilli of diphtheria were lurking therein. And it was. The bacteriologist of the board found it. He then cultivated it, and raised a brood. Next he inoculated guinea pigs and rabbits with it, but the animals obstinately refused to get a sore throat. The microbes were of no use. So the cheese has been given back to the owner and the health of the city is safe."

DEHORNING will not entirely take the "he" out of the bull. We have repeated this frequently. It doubtless makes them more respectful and less dangerous. Their chief weapons are gone, and they know it, and generally conduct themselves accordingly. But never push a dehorned bull until he learns that he can do damage with his denuded head. Haaf, the original dehorner, has always uttered this warning. Neither is it safe to give a dehorned bull any chance, whatever, to work mischief. C. B. Goodrich, a farmer near Bloomington, Ill., was trampled to death last week by one that had been dehorned. The bull can fight and kill with hoof and head after horns are gone. Oh, of course, you are not afraid. You know how to handle them. The obituary of such a man is always certain to be first written.—*Breeders' Gazette*.

MR. JOHN JACKSON, of Abingdon, dealing with the subject of sheep husbandry, at a gathering of sheep breeders, said: One reason for following sheep breeding was that other crops were falling in price. The climate and soil of Canada were well adapted to raising sheep. Besides, it paid the farmer to keep sheep with which to retain the fertility of the soil upon the farm. To grow sheep successfully the first point was to select good dam and sire, use good feed, a constant supply of good clean clover hay. Sheep should have roomy stables, as they were better for exercise. Directions were given as to the treatment of yearling ewes. Sheep should be treated kindly. The treatment of lambs, shearing, etc., were dealt with in detail. In the spring turn out sheep—at first only part of the day—feeding inside, too—to make the change gradual. The best breed of sheep to grow was the one that one could make the most out of from a certain amount of food.

The Poultry Yard.

Convenient Henhouse.

THE henhouse shown in the illustrations Figs. 1 and 2, is built of matched siding. All the inside fixtures are movable, and monthly, during warm weather, everything can be taken out and the whole inside, including the roof, is

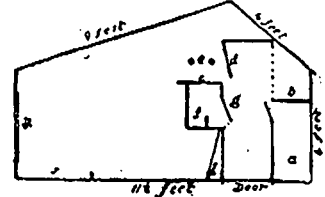


Fig. 1. Cross Section of Poultry House.

given a shower bath of lime water and carbolic acid, applied with a spray pump. The roost-poles are covered with cloth which is occasionally saturated with kerosene. Near the right, as seen in the diagram, Fig. 1, is the entrance door, and *a* is a bin four feet high and 18 inches wide, running the whole length of the building, with a hinged lid, for storing droppings. Above this box is a shelf, *b*, for holding feed, shells, gravel, etc. At the left of the door is a tight platform, *c*, one foot beneath the roost poles, *e*, for catching the droppings. At *d* is a hinged door opening on a level with the platform, through which the droppings are shoveled once a week into bin *a*. The nest boxes, *f*, are one foot square and fifteen inches high, leaving an eight inch passage for the hens to enter their nests; a small crack is left at the top in the back, so that the light strikes the eight inch alley, but not the boxes. Each nest is a separate box, and when a hen becomes broody the nest box is pulled forward close to the drop door, thus shutting up the alley and locking biddy on her nest. As the nests are all alike, it makes no difference which nest she chooses to brood in—it can be moved to the end and thus does not obstruct the passage. About two inches of moist sand are put into the bottom of each nest before the hen is set; the straw nest is built thereon and the eggs are given her. The door, *g*, is then shut down. Every morning the hatching hens are let out for 15 minutes to eat, drink, wallow, etc., after which they will usually take their own nests, if not they can be easily changed. The eggs can be gathered through the door, *g*.

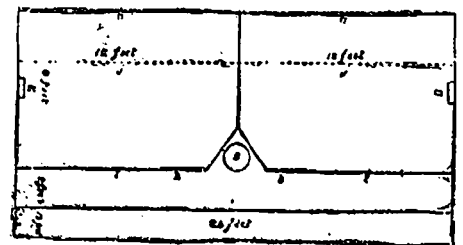


Fig. 1. Ground Floor of Poultry House.

At *l*, under the nest boxes, is a long trough with partitions for soft feed, water, milk, etc., running the whole length of the building. The space between this trough and *d* in Fig. 2 is slatted up with common lath running from the front side of the nests to the back side of the trough, thus leaving the trough in the alley where the fowls cannot get into it—the lath being far enough apart to allow the fowls easy access to the feed. The lath are nailed to narrow strips at top and bottom, to be movable. At *j* is a dust bath the whole length of the building in front of the windows, which face the south. In Fig. 2, at *s*, is an oil stove which is used when the temperature gets too low. At *m, m*, are ventilators with slides to gauge them. The doors, *h, h*, are for access to dust baths, etc., and *n, n*, are windows. Each of the two apartments will accommodate 25 fowls.—*American Agriculturist*.



Luke Smith's Fortune.

If you look at your school maps you will notice that the State of Florida projects out into the ocean like a great thumb, and that off its southern limits, in what is known as the Straits of Florida, there are a dozen or more islands. Some of these are inhabited by fishermen, shell-gatherers and turtle-catchers, and some are not visited once a year by anybody. Some of the islands are only banks of sand, with here and there a shrub or tree, while others are covered with luxuriant vegetation and are veritable gems of the sea.

In the spring of 1873 a boy 14 years of age, named Luke Smith, who was an orphan and had lived for several years at Columbus, Ky., managed to make his way down to New Orleans on a steamboat. He was disappointed in finding anything to do after his arrival, and for two or three weeks lived by begging on the streets. Being threatened with arrest for this, and being now as anxious to leave the city as he had formerly been to reach it, he hid himself away on board of a small schooner loaded for Charleston. He did not discover himself to the crew until the craft was well on her way, and until he was near perishing with hunger and thirst. The schooner had a small crew and the boy could have been of use, but both the captain and mate treated him in a shameful manner. He was flogged and cuffed until he tried to jump overboard to escape his persecutors, and the food he got was hardly enough to sustain life.

The only offence he had committed was in hiding aboard, but the officers, who were both hard drinkers, looked upon this as a crime punishable almost with death. They would probably have driven him to suicide but for the interference of the crew, who threatened to report their conduct and their cruelties as soon as they entered port. This made them let up a little, but it also set them to planning. Learning that they might get into the clutches of the law if they carried Luke to Charleston, where he could make a complaint, they determined to maroon him.

A course was steered for the cluster of islands mentioned, and on reaching them the captain had himself and Luke pulled ashore on pretence of seeing some shell-gatherers.

The island that the captain had selected was about five miles from her nearest neighbor, and entirely uninhabited. It was only about a mile across in any direction, but fairly well wooded and contained a fine spring of fresh water.

Shortly after getting into the woods, out of sight of the sailors in the yawl, the captain informed Luke that he was to be left there, and threatened to kill him if he attempted to regain the boat. Luke was rather pleased than otherwise, and the captain finally showed up on the beach and reported the boy to have run away from him and concealed himself. The boat was ordered to pull off at once, and when Luke Smith crept down to the beach it was to behold the schooner three or four miles distant. The

first thing he did, as he afterwards told me, was to hunt for fresh water. He not only found the spring, but he discovered an abundance of wild fruit in the woods, and along shore he found oysters in plenty. One of the sailors, probably mistrusting the captain's intentions, had secretly furnished the boy with a sheath-knife, some matches, a fish-line and a handful of salt.

It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when Luke was left ashore. Before night he had satisfied his hunger for the first time in weeks and built himself a shelter. That was his introduction to a Crusoe life which lasted till the 11th of October. During the six months no one landed at the island and he saw no sail within 3 or 4 miles. His bill of fare consisted of fruits, berries, roots, oysters, fish and wild onions. He caught several turtles, but not knowing how to prepare them he could not use them. Now and then, to vary his diet he killed a bird, but the only species he could lay hold of were rather rank in taste.

The 8th day of August was a memorable day to Luke Smith. A heavy sea had been beating on the west side of the island for two days previous, and the tides had also been unusually high. Along the western shore, just at average high-water mark, was a continuous bluff five or six feet high. As Luke walked along the beach on the forenoon of the 8th, with the tide out, he noticed that this bluff had been badly cut into in places. At one spot a great tree had been uprooted and carried off by the waves, and as the boy looked into the hole thus left, he saw what appeared to be a wooden box about sixteen inches square. It took all his strength to lift it out on the sands, and searching about he soon discovered four more just like it. They were iron-bound cedar boxes, and they were full of gold and silver coins, and had no doubt been buried for twenty years or more, by those whom probably death had overtaken.

The money was nearly all Spanish, and counted up about \$9,000 to the box. Who buried it will never be known, but there are those who connect it with a Cuban filibustering expedition of years ago.

Luke Smith was taken off the island by a revenue cutter on the date I have named, and of course his money went with him. If it had

it been almost any other craft he would probably have been robbed of a goodly portion. The captain of the cutter not only landed him at Pensacola, but stood by him until the courts appointed a legal guardian.

Luke was at once sent to school, and in due time to college, and to-day he is one of the brightest lawyers in Louisville. The captain who left him on Doubloon Island, as it is now called, expecting him to die of starvation, heard of the treasure find as did hundreds of others, and it was said that he never got over being mad to his dying day.—*Detroit Free Press*

Oranges and lemons will keep well if hung in a wire net in a cool and airy place.





In the Sick Room.

There are very few men or women upon whom will not devolve at some time in their lives the care of the sick. The best intentions and the kindest and tenderest heart may utterly lack the elements of a good nurse. It is a great mistake to suppose that all good women make good nurses. One of the best men and dearest of husbands I ever knew was the poorest nurse. In fact, his wife often said it was worth her life to be taken suddenly ill in the night and call him up to relieve her. The first attempt would be to light a coal oil lamp, and that was a terror, because he would break the chimney and upset the lamp, which might burn the house down. If she wanted to take medicine in a spoon or wine glass, the bed was generally deluged with water before he would get through. Thus it is with many lovely men and women; they are kind and gentle to their loved ones, but cannot nurse them when sick. The first thing to be considered in a sick room is, if possible, to let it be remote from street noises, if you live in a city; the sunny side of the house is better than medicine. Even slight and unimportant noises are very bad for a sensitive, nervous invalid, and with a little forethought and care can be entirely done away with. If you have coal to put on the fire, have it wrapped in a piece of paper and lay it all on together. Oil the hinges of creaking doors; fix a wooden stick or peg, in rattling windows; keep rocking chairs out of the room, and never whisper in your sick friend's room. The first and greatest requisite is fresh air, and this can only come from the outside. Opening a transom, or door, does not provide pure air from outdoors. A screen is valuable in a sick room to place in front of an opening door, to keep out drafts, sunlight, or firelight, from the face or eyes. Let the room be as cheerful looking as possible. Growing plants are better than cut flowers. Keep all medicine bottles out of sight; all bedding should be frequently renewed. If you have ever been sick long, you know how painful certain details of the furnishing in a room becomes to you—it is well to bring in a new picture or remove one from the parlor; it affords such relief. Always serve the food in as attractive and dainty a form as possible. If not fine, the dishes can be scrupulously clean. The patient should have no responsibility about the taking of medicine, or the preparation of food, but should be spared all possible anxiety.

Bag for Handkerchiefs.

This bag for soiled handkerchiefs has proved a very useful as well as ornamental addition to furnishing of a bedroom. It is made of heavy linen or moccasin-cloth, twelve inches wide and thirty long. To each end of this strip sew a piece of yellow satin twelve inches wide and nine long.

Fold the strip together and sew up the sides into a bag. Turn down the satin at the top, and shir so as to hold a ring of wood or whalebone six inches in diameter, and leave a standing frill.

Sew small brass ornaments to the bottom of the bag, and attach ribbons to hang it by.

The linen may be embroidered in any fanciful design, and any other color may be substituted for the yellow.



A Work Basket.

A WORK-STAND can be made of a round basket lined with yellow India silk, and fastened to supports of bamboo twenty-three and a-half inches long. A square of silk to match or har-



monize with the lining and ribbons is gaily embroidered to serve as a cover. Any round basket can be used for this, and a square one be made similarly with four rods instead of a tripod. The little bamboo canes are very pretty for the purpose.

Half a yard of satin, velvet or plush, lined with a pretty contrasting color, will make a bag both odd and graceful if put together in the following way:—Say you use plush or silvery



light blue, and line it with pale gold satin, finishing the edges neatly. Now fold over and join one side only; then gather the other side, drawing it toward the top; this will form a three-cornered bag, as shown in the illustration. Tie the gathered end with ribbon to match the lining, carry it across and fasten neatly on the other side, thus making a loop by which to suspend. Select the prettiest of your small shells, and drill a tiny hole in each with the point of your penknife. Sew these along each side, allowing them to fall loosely like a fringe. This bag was designed to hold photographs, but it may be placed to various other uses.

A simple way to remove grass stains is to spread butter on them, and lay the articles in hot sunshine.

Dust and the marks of children's fingers can be removed from windows by rubbing with a sponge which has been dipped in ammonia and water.

A pinch of black pepper gathered up in a bit of cotton batting moistened in sweet oil and inserted in the ear, for earache. It is a sure remedy.

Why People Call Her "So Nice."

LOOKING at people and speaking pleasantly although she may feel disturbed.

Making a sacrifice cheerfully whenever one is made.

Inquiring after the friends and families of those whom she meets.

Showing "small courtesies" to humble people without an air of patronage.

Making no unnecessary allusion to any subject which is known to be disagreeable to another.

Taking no notice of accidents which happen to others unless she can give aid.

Avoiding discussions in the presence of a third party.

Expressing an interest in that which she sees is interesting to others.

Always repressing criticism when there is anything to praise.

Conforming her tastes, when visiting, to those of her hostess.

Dressing suitably, with consideration for the feelings and the wardrobes of those about her.

Avoiding jokes of a personal nature likely to wound another's feelings.

Showing herself happy when she is enjoying herself, remembering it is a pleasure to others to make her happy.

Writing letters to those who have benefited her in any way or to whom she may give help or cheer.

Apologizing without reservation when an apology is needed.

Drawing checks on her own happiness to bridge over the impending bankruptcy of another.

Never refusing a gift when it evidently comes from the heart and is bestowed with pleasure.

Always shielding others at her own expense.

Wearing the breast-plate and shield of "malice toward none, love for all."

Well bred, refined women never wear their gowns cut so as to cause comment.

Clean brass with hot water, rubbing then with soft cloth and lemon juice, rinsing in hot water and polishing with chamois.

To render shirt fronts glossy, put 2 oz. of powdered fine white gum arabic in a basin, and pour over it about a pint of boiling water. Cover it, let stand all night, and next morning pour off the clear liquor into a bottle and cork it for use. A tablespoonful of the gum water stirred into a pint of starch which has been made in the ordinary way will give a beautiful gloss to shirt fronts.

REVIEWS.

Harper's Weekly takes top rank amongst the American illustrated weeklies. The four January numbers are excellent, and are replete with interesting matter.

The death of the late Count of Paris gives the January *Harper's Magazine* an opportunity to review "The Fortunes of the Bourbons," which it does in its leading article for the month.

Scribner's for January opens a new volume and gives a foretaste of many of the important projects for the year. A series of papers by Robert Grant on "The Art of Living," begun in this number is an attractive feature.

Outing for January well maintains its place among the leading magazines. In running through its pages one seems to hear the ring of skates, the creak of snow shoes, the crack of rifle—for all the sports of merry winter receive attention.

THE historic landmarks of London furnish the subject for an entertaining and instructive article, the opening one in the January issue of *The Chautauquan*.

THE *Century* for January continues to emphasize as its chief feature, the life of Napoleon, by Prof. Sloane. It has also an article by Maxim on his "Experiments in Aerial Navigation."

THE *Cosmopolitan* is one of the best of the American magazines, and also one of the cheapest. The articles and stories in the January number are of special merit. "The World of Art and Letters" and "The Progress of Science" are excellent departments.

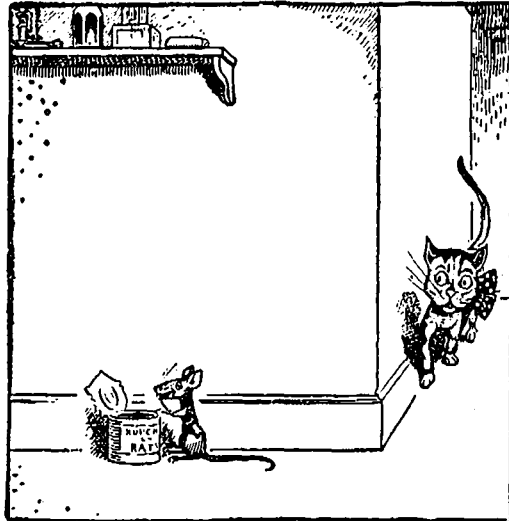
"WHAT Paul Bourget Thinks of Us," by Mark Twain, is the title of the leading article in the *North American Review* for January. Another of great interest is "Historical Political Upheavals," by Ex-Speaker Reed. Still another is, "The Future of Gold."

All the above first-class magazines are on our Clubbing List. See list on another page.

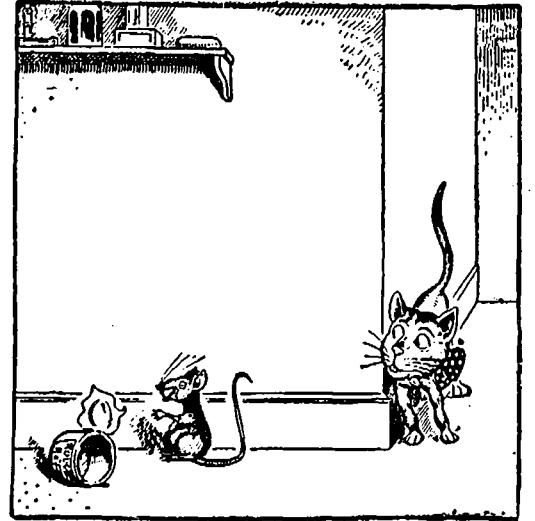
A VICTIM OF DISOBEDIENCE.



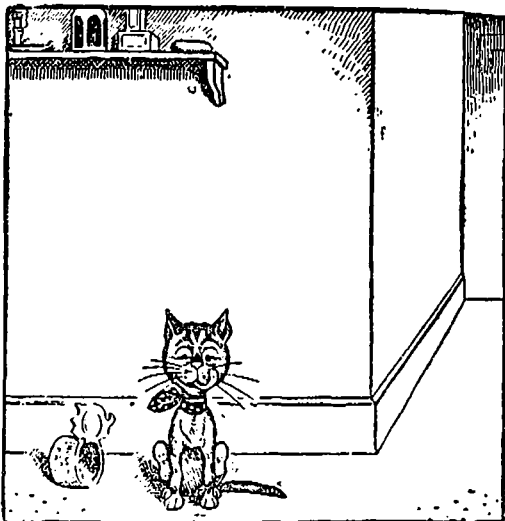
MAIDEN.—I wish my Tabby never to eat nasty rats and mice. This stuff will kill them.



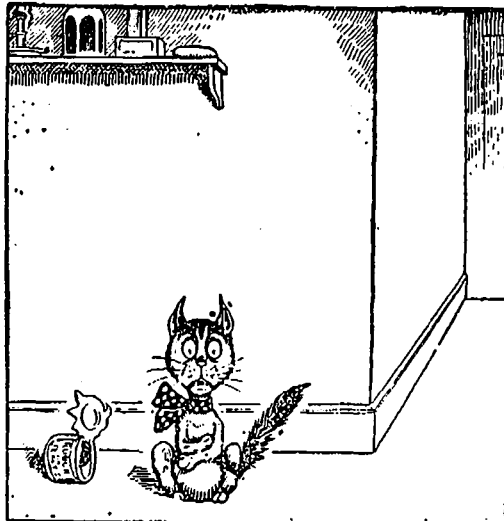
MOUSE.—Great whiskers! That's the best stuff I've ever tasted!



TABBY.—Oh, say! This is a dead cinch! She'll never know I ate it, either.



What a fine flavor that fellow had!



Heavens! Kidney stew never made me feel this way.



—!!—!!—!!**!!**



IT IS DIFFICULT.

It is difficult to rebuff a person who can adapt himself to any circumstances. A man who applied for a position as teacher in a public school was informed that there was no vacancy. He was not in the least discomfited.

"What did you say it was your schools ain't provided with?" he asked.

"There is no vacancy."
"No vacancy!" he exclaimed with an engaging smile, "Jes' so! Exactly! I comprehend. Well, you see I never did teach in a school that had a vacancy. In the country, you know, the schools don't have 'em. I'd just exactly as soon undertake the school without one. Fact is, I shouldn't have no use for one, if only the salary's paid reg'lar."

This tale should have as a companion piece another about a musician who thus answered an advertisement issued by a colored school:

"Gentlemen: I noticed your advertisement for organist and music-teacher, either white or colored. Having been both for several years, I wish to offer my services."

Mr. James Payne tells the following good story about Dean Burgon's refusal to christen a male child Venus. The Dean was officiating as curate at West Ilsley in Berkshire. Mr. Payne thus re-tells the story of the "christening business."

"Venus?" I suppose you mean Venus. Do you imagine I am going to call any Christian child after that abandoned female, and least of all a male child? The father of the infant urged that he only wished to name it after his grandfather.

"Your grandfather!" cried Burgon. "I don't believe it. Where is your grandfather?" He was produced; a poor old soul of 80 or so, bent double, and certainly not looking in the least like the goddess in question. "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that any clergyman ever christened you Venus, as you call it?" "Well, no sir; I was christened Sylvanus, but they always calls me 'Venus.'"

"When a man's wife tells a funny story I'd like to know how he's going to know when she's got to the point."
"Easy enough. The point's the part she tells half an hour after she's finished the story."



MAIDEN.—Oh! why was I so careless!

"What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?" Freddie—"I think 't would be awful nice to be an orphan."

Inquirer—"Does a fish diet strengthen the brain?" Perhaps not; but going fishing seems to invigorate the imagination."

Figg—"Did I understand you to say that Impeccable was meeting his bills now-a-days?" Fogg—"Yep, on every corner."

Little Miss Mugg—"Dr. De Fashion is often at our house, but I never see him at yours." Little Miss Freckles—"We don't owe him anything."

Pastor—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking." Topper—"So do I when I drink what they do."

When a retired railroad magnate started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.

"A man who read Coxe's speeches is now an inmate of an insane asylum," replied the horse editor. "Well," replied the snake editor, "what are insane asylums for?"

"Sunday School Teacher—"What is charity?" Boy—"It's a feeling that folks used to have before tramps got so thick."

"What did the lecturer say when the cabbage hit his breath?" "He said that such attentions quite took his breath away."

"Is Dr. Pellet going to make a success here, do you think?" "No; he hasn't the least idea of the latest styles in diseases."

"Do you let your wife have her own way in everything, Mr. Henpect?" "I suppose I would if she asked me, but she never asks me."

"My husband is absurdly afraid of fires." "Has he ever suffered from them?" "Yes, he had to make one in the kitchen stove once."

She—"How fearful it must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice." He—"It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it."

Visitor—"I should think you would be afraid to give your children so much cake." Hostess—"I am. Those are my next neighbor's boys."

"You don't seem as well known in this city as you were at home," said the visitor. "I'm not," answered the young man proudly. "I don't owe anybody here a cent."

Teacher—"Now, children, you have heard the talk on flowers. Who can name one of the perennials?" Jimmie—"I can." "Well, what is it?" "A blooming idiot."

Johnny—"Pa, what's the difference between cannibals and other folks?" Pa—"Cannibals, my son, eat their enemies; other people generally go no farther than to live on their friends and relatives."

Mrs. Houser (hearing tremendous noise in the kitchen)—"Great Goodness, Bridget, what was that, an earthquake shock?" Bridget (cautiously picking up the pieces of glass)—"No, mum, only a fruit jar."

Patient (complainingly)—"I can't make out a word of this prescription, doctor." Doctor (grimly)—"Never mind. You'll find my handwriting perfectly legible, I'll warrant you, when I send in my bill."

"My son," said the economical father, "these cigars are better than I smoked at your age." "Father," replied the youth, "it pains me to do it, but I am compelled to state that they are better than the cigars you smoke now."

Stranger—"Will you kindly show me the way to the cathedral?" Intelligent Native—"That is not difficult to find. You just walk down that street yonder, and at the farther end you will see a small provision shop on your left. The cathedral is exactly opposite."

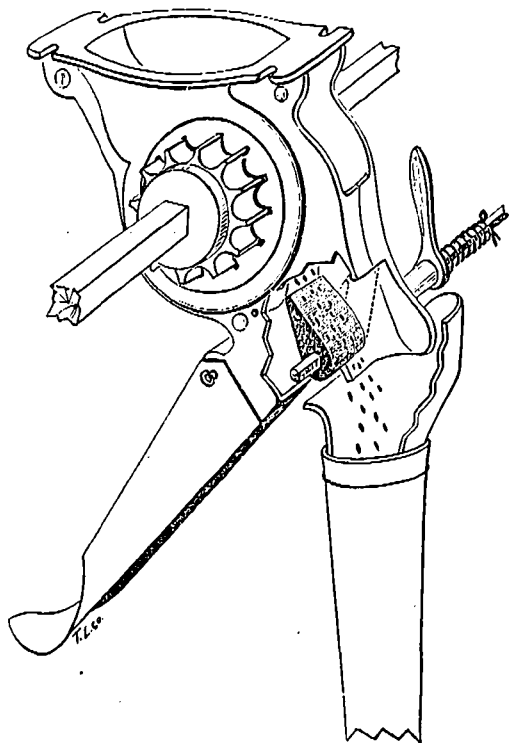
ABOUT COMBINED DRILLS

SOME FEATURES NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

FACILITY in changing from drilling to broadcasting, or *vice versa*, is all important in a combined machine—facility not only for diverting the streams of grain instantly from the hoes to the scattering tubes, but also a quick way of interchanging the hoes and teeth is essential to success. The most convenient combined machine yet devised is the new Massey-Harris Combined Hoe Drill and Broadcast Seeder.

THE SPRING HOE is perfectly automatic in action. When a hoe strikes a stone or other obstruction the safety device allows the hoe to unlock and pass over it, thus avoiding a break, and then it instantly flies back to position again. Simple—safe—perfect. (*Patented.*) **FIG. 2.**

HOES OR TEETH AT PLEASURE.—If you are using hoes and want to change to teeth, or *vice versa*, you don't need a box of tools to do the job with a Massey-Harris Drill. Simplest thing possible. Just push out the brace and unhook the hoe, putting the tooth in its place. No wrench, bolts, nuts, pins or keys required. Fully patented, of course, for nothing was ever thought out so simple for interchanging the



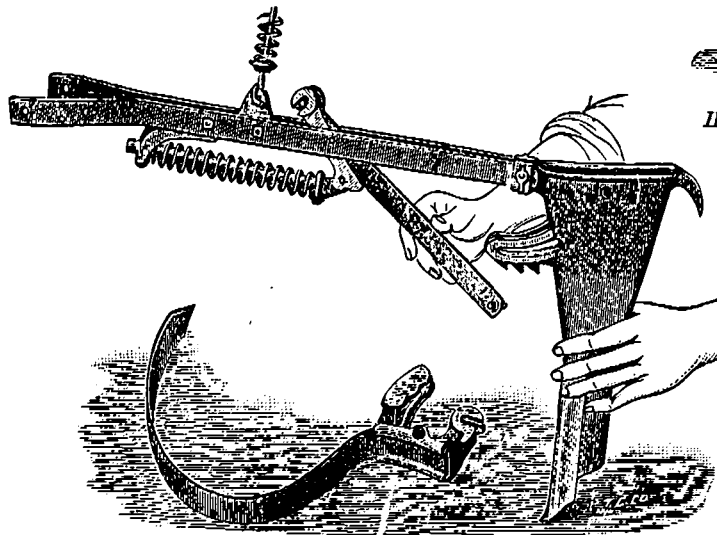
Method of Instantly Changing from Drilling to Broadcasting Illustrated. (FIG. 1.)

hoes and teeth; yet without a ready means for this purpose a combined machine is a nuisance and wholly impracticable. Don't overlook this point when you purchase. (FIG. 3.)

BROADCASTING.—Merely turning a small handle diverts the streams of grain (as they come from the distributors) from the rubber conductors to the scattering tubes, thus instantly changing to broadcast. (FIG. 1.)

THOUGHT IN IT—But very few people are aware how much thinking is required to successfully complete a machine like this. Every minor point has to be carefully studied out. Not even a rivet or screw enters its construction without much thought as to its size, quality required, desired strength, etc.

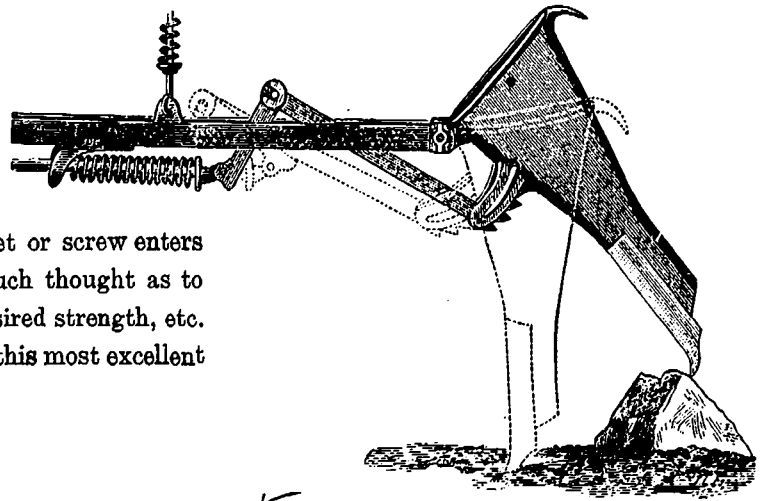
THE PRESSURE LEVER of this most excellent



Observe how the Hoes or Teeth are quickly and easily detached and changed without the use of Bolts, Nuts, Pins or Keys. (FIG. 3.)

Combined Machine is the pride of the inventor and the joy of the user. Besides the ordinary method of regulating the depth of seeding by this lever, a uniform even pressure can be applied to the hoes (or teeth), thus making perfect work. Examine this feature before you

Nothing could be more complete than this device. The parts are all of steel and malleable iron. The hoes when drilling, or the teeth when broadcasting, can be instantly set from straight to 3½ or 7 inches zig-zag, as desired; or *vice versa*.

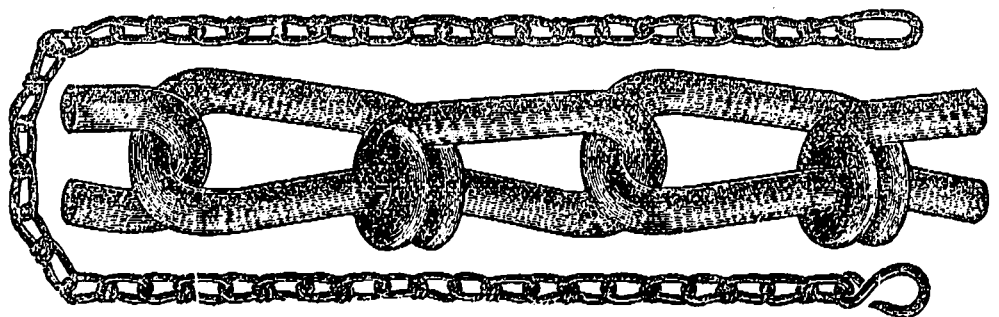


How the Safety Device Works. FIG. 2.

purchase a drill or you will regret it. There is nothing to approach it for utility. The same lever which lowers the hoes to their work, applies the pressure and throws the machine into gear. When reversed it stops the gear and lifts the hoes, making the operator's task an easy one.

THE ZIG-ZAG LEVER or Hoe Shifter works like a charm.

PATENT BLUE TEMPERED STEEL WIRE TRACE CHAINS



A Pair of these Trace Chains have a Breaking Strain of 6,000 lbs. Lightest, Strongest and Best on the Market.

—FOR SALE BY—

ALL HARDWARE MEN.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE

ASSETS, \$5,169,135.

INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$145,691,920.

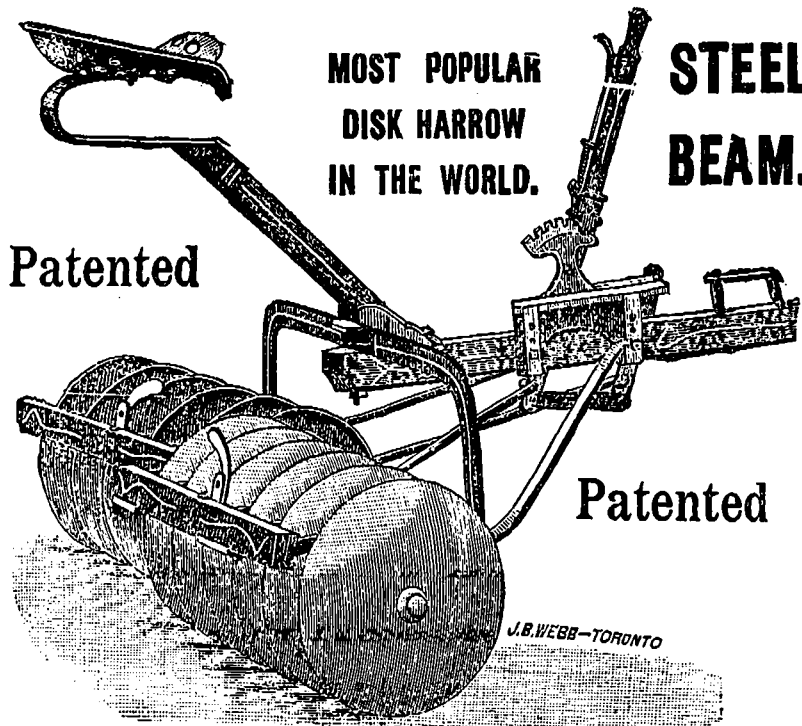
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Massey-Harris Corbin Disk Harrow



**MOST POPULAR
DISK HARROW
IN THE WORLD.**

**STEEL
BEAM.**

Patented

Patented

J.B. WEBB—TORONTO

Corbin Non-Reversible Steel Beam Harrow—the most Popular Style.

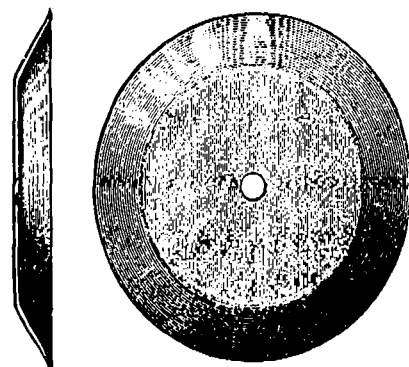
The 'Backbone'

of this Harrow is one solid steel piece. Compare this with the frame of some harrows made of several parts of wood and iron.

THE VERY LATEST.

THE VERY BEST.

SOFT CENTRE DISKS. —PATENTED—



THE SLICER DISK, SHOWING FULL VIEW AND CROSS SECTION. **PATENTED**

TEMPERED DISKS.

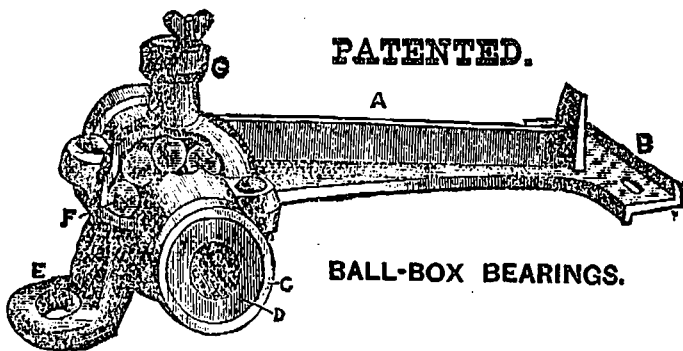
By a newly patented process, we are enabled to produce soft-centre disks, with very hard hard cutting edges. These **TEMPERED DISKS** greatly enhance the life of the Harrow, to say nothing of doing better work. A mower or binder knife section is made soft in the centre and hard on the edges. If soft all over it soon wears out, and if hard all through it soon breaks to pieces. The same principles apply to a disk. With the centre left soft, the strength and elasticity of the steel is retained, while the cutting edge can therefore be made hard without danger of rendering the disk brittle, and the hard edge will then do double the amount of work without dulling and wearing.

BALL-BOX BEARINGS.

The admirable bearings of this Harrow are specially protected by letters patent.

ELEVEN BALLS
ARE PLACED IN EVERY BOX.

No rocking of the gangs will throw these bearings out of alignment. They make the draft very light. Bands protect them from dust and dirt.



PATENTED.

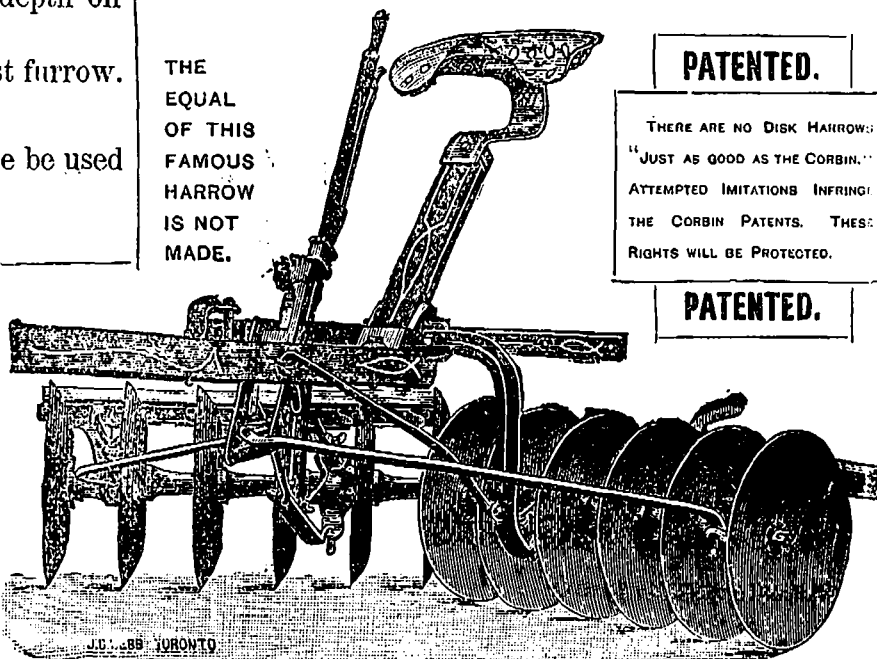
BALL-BOX BEARINGS.

**TWO STYLES FOR 1895:
REVERSIBLE and
NON-REVERSIBLE.**

POINTERS FOR HARROW BUYERS.

- It is well balanced and every disk will cut an equal depth on rough land or hard clay.
- It is very flexible and fits the highest ridge and deepest furrow.
- It has chilled bearings, with balls covered in from dirt.
- It is the only harrow made reversible, and can therefore be used in hop yards and vineyards.
- It has a steel "back bone" and is solidly braced.
- It has steel scrapers to clear the disks, and clod catchers to cut the soil from between the disks.
- It is lightest in draft, having chilled and ball bearings which cannot twist.
- It cultivates and covers the entire width, and does not leave a comb in the centre uncut and uncovered, as other harrows.
- The rock of the gangs can be limited to any desired degree. No other harrow has this feature.
- It has an easy riding spring seat.
- It is made to cut 6 or 7 feet wide, as desired.

Manufactured under the Original Patents of
Corbin & Hill.



THE
EQUAL
OF THIS
FAMOUS
HARROW
IS NOT
MADE.

PATENTED.

THERE ARE NO DISK HARROWS
"JUST AS GOOD AS THE CORBIN."
ATTEMPTED IMITATIONS INFRINGE
THE CORBIN PATENTS. THESE
RIGHTS WILL BE PROTECTED.

PATENTED.

MASSEY-HARRIS CORBIN DISK HARROW.

Rubber Belting!

THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL

Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.

ASK THE MERCHANT YOU DEAL WITH FOR THEM, AND TAKE NO OTHER.

RUBBER

WESTERN BRANCH:

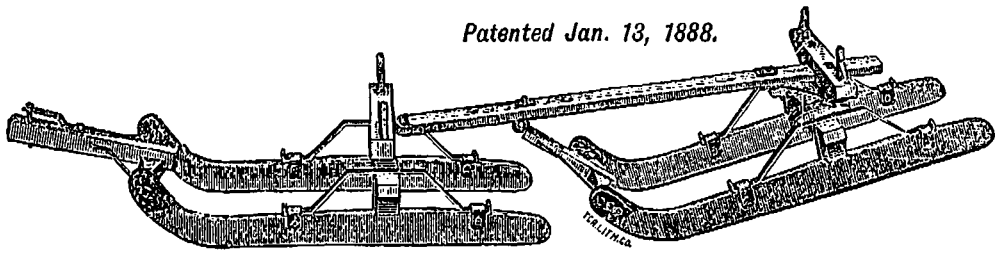
Cor. Front & Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

BELTING

Progressive Farmers Buy



Patented Jan. 13, 1888.



CUT SHOWS HIND BOB PASSING OVER AN OBSTRUCTION.

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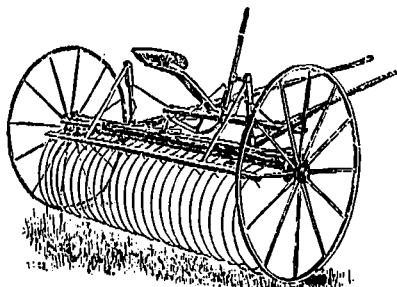
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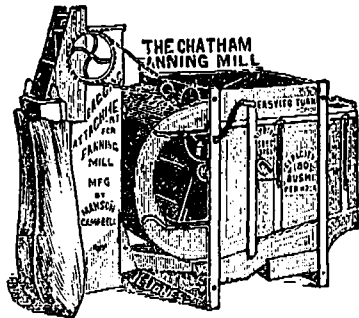
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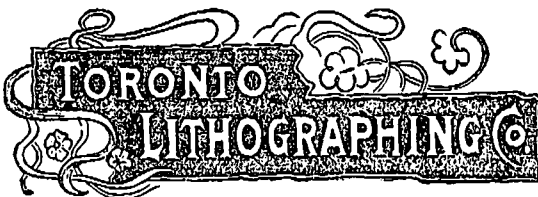
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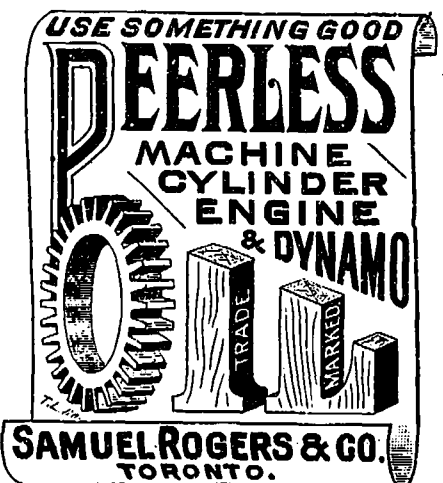
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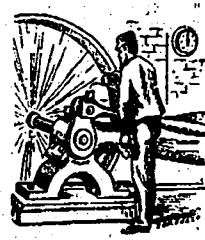
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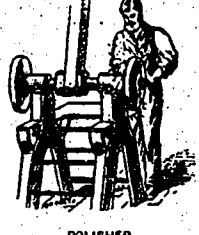
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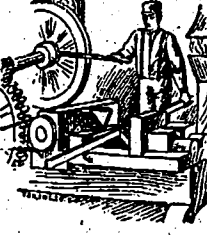
CORE MAKER.



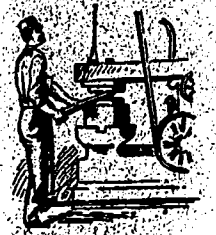
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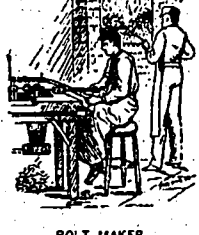
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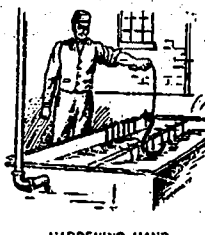
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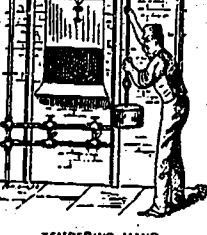
FURNACE BUILDER.



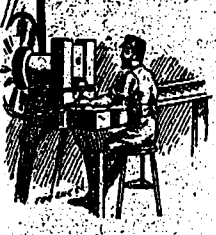
BOLT MAKER.



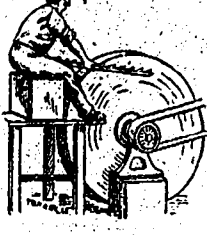
HARDENING HAND.



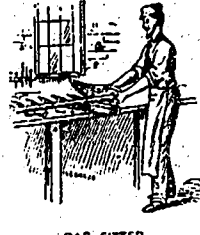
TEMPERING HAND.



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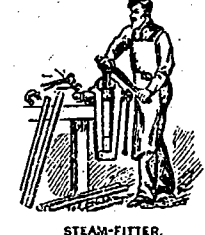
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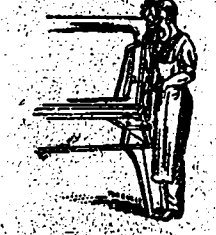
CARTIER.



STEAM-FITTER.



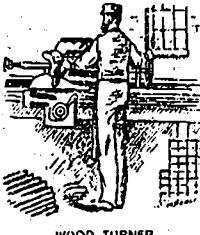
MACHINIST.



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WOOD WORKER.



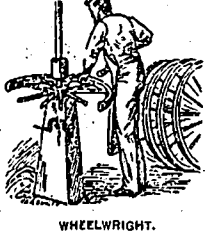
WOOD TURNER.



CARPENTER.



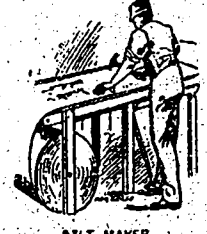
ERECTING EXPERT.



WHEELWRIGHT.



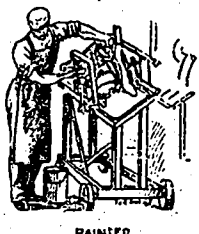
TYPHIST.



BELT MAKER.



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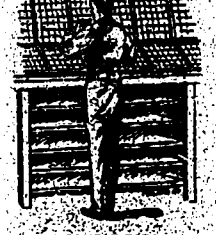
PAINTER.



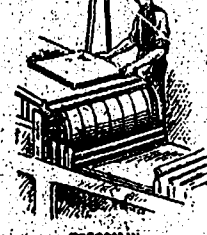
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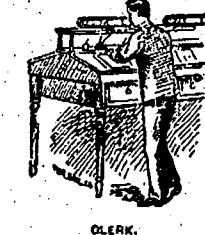
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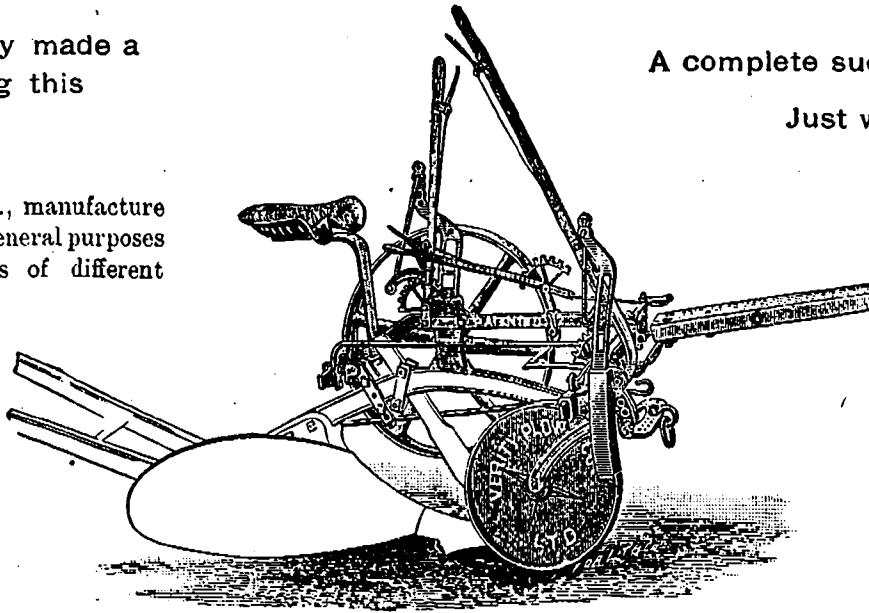
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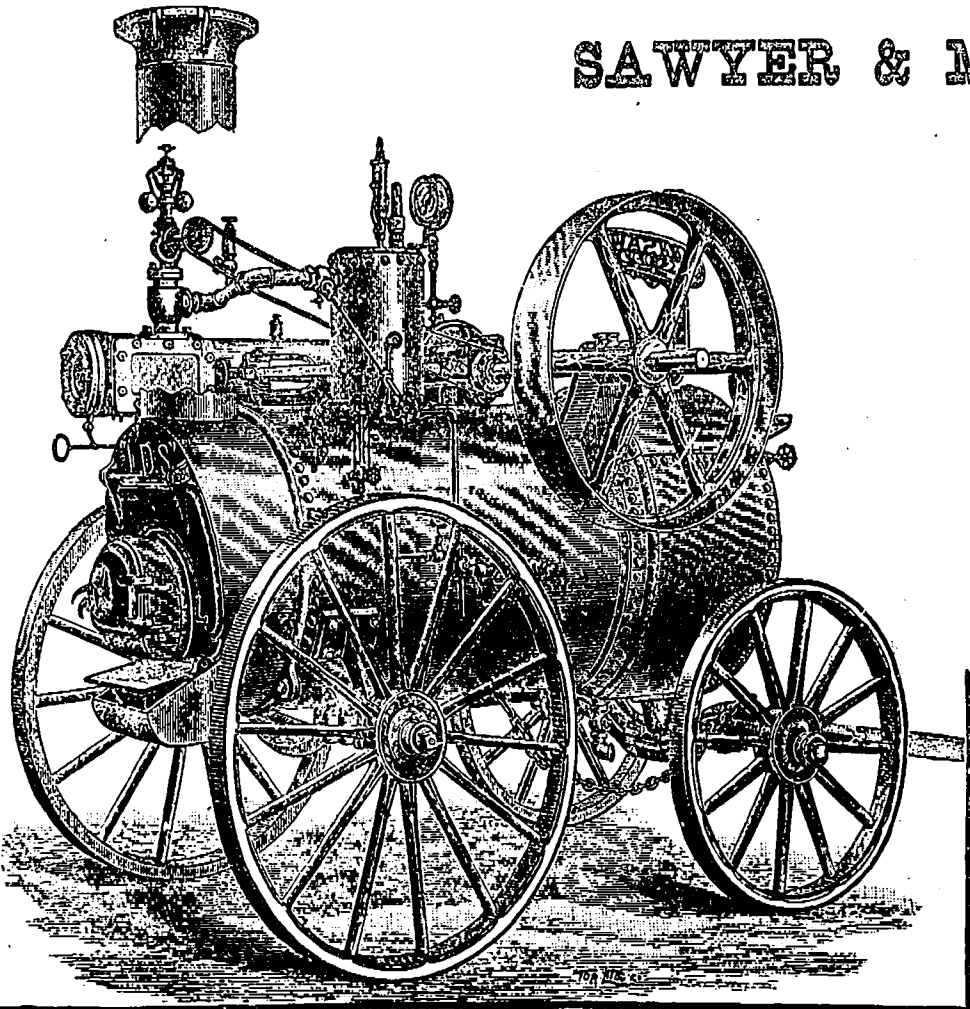
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