

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

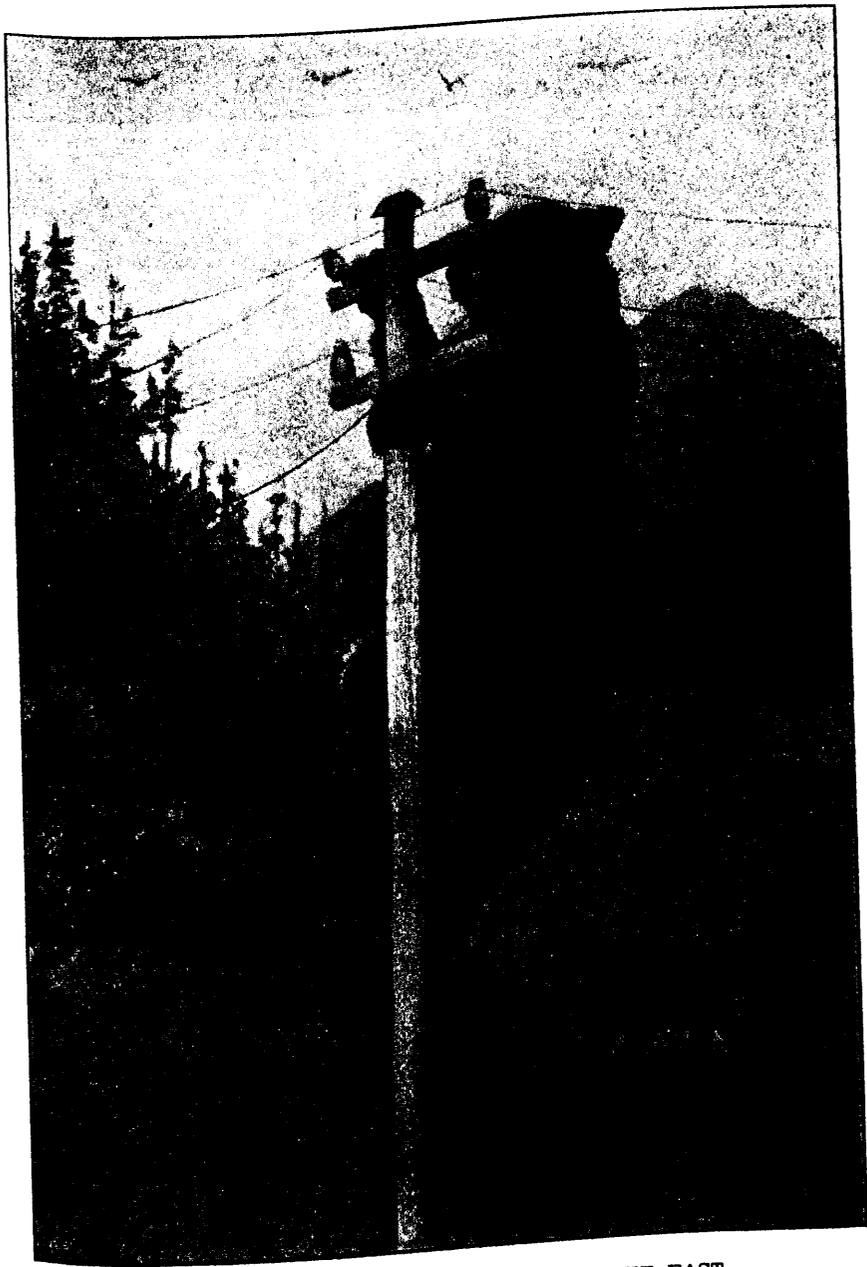
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Massey - Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. III., No. 6.] NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 6.



PESTS OF THE TELEGRAPH WIRE IN THE EAST.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE { 50c. PER ANNUM.
5c. PER COPY.

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST HONORS

HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO



...THE...

MASSEY-HARRIS BINDER

Implement manufacturers in many lands have long endeavored to imitate its many splendid features, but their success has been impeded by the many patents which cover this wonderful machine.

*Thousands of progressive farmers the world over use the **MASSEY-HARRIS BINDER** and will buy no other. This is a sufficient recommendation in itself for any implement.*

The **MASSEY-HARRIS BINDER** is fitted with
PERFECTED ROLLER BEARINGS throughout...



MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Limited . . . TORONTO

Massey-Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. III., No. 6.] NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 6.

AROUND THE WORLD

THE dogs of war are loose, and almost daily the soil of South Africa is enriched by the blood of Boer and Briton, shed in the great struggle for the supremacy of justice and equal rights, and out of which will assuredly be raised another confederacy under the protection of, and rendering willing allegiance to, the British flag. With the various stirring incidents that have already transpired, our readers are doubtless acquainted. News from the seat of war is devoured with avidity in all parts of the world, and nowhere, not even in England, is the trend of affairs watched with greater eagerness than in Canada, whose people are as one in the support of the Motherland, and one thousand of whose sons have readily gone forth to battle for the Empire. The task before Britain is not an easy one. She has to deal with a brave and numerous enemy, led by generals of no mean ability, and equipped with the latest instruments of warfare, and having furthermore the very decided advan-

tage of fighting in a country offering innumerable obstacles to an invading army, but with every one of which the Boers are acquainted. In addition, Britain has to transport her men, horses and munitions of war over 6,000 miles.

It was recognized from the first that Britain would suffer some reverses in the early stages, and such has been the case, although they have in reality been nothing like so severe as was anticipated: while, on the other hand, the achievements of the British at Elandslaagte, Enslin, Modder River, and at other less important engagements, and the staunch and successful resistance

to the enemy at Mafeking, Ladysmith and Kimberley have demonstrated that our officers and men are fully equal to the duty entrusted to them, and that from the present bloody struggle British arms will emerge with greater prestige than ever.

For the command of the largest army Britain has ever placed in the field, it was necessary for the Government to select a general possessing the very highest qualifications, and on all sides in England and abroad it is conceded no



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., G.C.B.
Commanding our Army in South Africa.

of warfare, and having furthermore the very decided advan-

highest qualifications, and on all sides in England and abroad it is conceded no



THE TRANSVAAL WAR.—DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT : A FIELD BATTERY FORGING A RIVER IN A FLOOD.

wiser choice could have been made than that of the authorities in appointing General Sir Redvers Buller, V. C., K. C. B., whose portrait furnishes us with our first illustration.

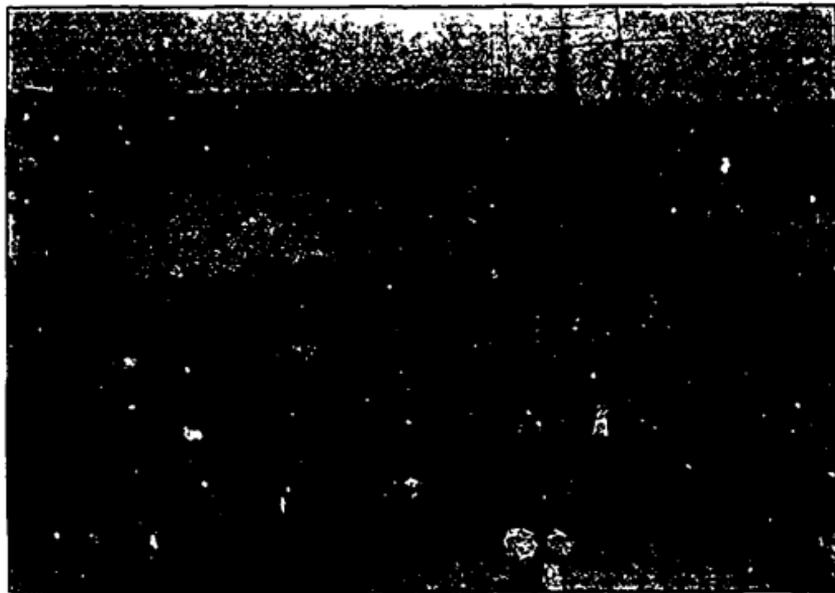
In appearance Sir Redvers is a typical leader of men, with that massive, yet well-formed, figure which denotes great physical strength, and as keen a pair of eyes as ever shone in a human countenance—or reviewed troops. No soldier of the "free-and-easy" type finds favor with him. A very hard worker himself, he has no interest in men



Redvers Buller
Antonia Buller

who are not as keen about work as he is. Sir Redvers began his career in the Sixtieth Rifles, which he joined some forty years ago, and his first campaign was with that regiment in China the time of the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking. It was in the Zulu war that he won that coveted distinction, the Victoria Cross.

Of vastly different mien, though not one whit less a brave soldier, is the commander of the Boer force, General Joubert, a fac simile of whose signature, taken from the visitors' regis-



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF MANCHESTER REGIMENT AT DURBAN AND DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT.

ter at the Massey-Harris head office, Toronto, accompanies his portrait on page 199. It is difficult to realize that this placid-looking, venerable old gentleman, who is close upon seventy years of age, is the leader of the Boer forces, to crush whom England requires a larger army than that with which Wellington broke the power of Napoleon at Waterloo. It was General Joubert who inflicted that crushing defeat at Majuba Hill, the sting of which is as bitter to-day as it was eighteen years ago.

One of the earliest and most stirring incidents of the campaign was the battle of Glencoe, which, while a British victory, and affording gratifying testimony of the valor of our troops, was a terribly costly one, among the mortally wounded being Major-General Sir William Penn Symons, who was in command of the British forces during the early operations in Natal. When it was found necessary to evacuate Glencoe, General Symons and the other wounded were left behind in the hospital, where he died on Oct. 25.



LATE MAJ.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM PENN SYMONS, K.C.B.
Mortally wounded at the Battle of Glencoe.



GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE.
Commanding at Ladysmith.

While General Sir George White manfully declared that he alone was responsible for the disaster at Glencoe, when upwards of one thousand British soldiers were taken prisoners, it is to his skilful generalship and indomitable pluck that Ladysmith has held out against the close siege that has been waged against it for several weeks. In addition to his successful resistance, he has time and again inflicted punishment on the enemy.

On pages 198-201 we present interesting illustrations of scenes relating to the campaign.

Death has visited high quarters in the United States and removed one of that country's most respected public men in the person of the Republic's Vice-President, Garret A. Hobart, who died a few days ago, after a lingering illness.

With the scattering of Aguinaldo's army, the



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

A FIELD BAKERY—BREAD FOR THE SOLDIERS ON SERVICE.

disbanding of the Philippinos' national council, and the doughty leader himself in hiding, the United States will now have an opportunity of putting its newly acquired dominions in order. Our

illustration on page 203 depicts a type of those now brought within the pale of civilization under the aegis of the Stars and Stripes. The Ingorrotes are a warlike but superstitious tribe, living for the



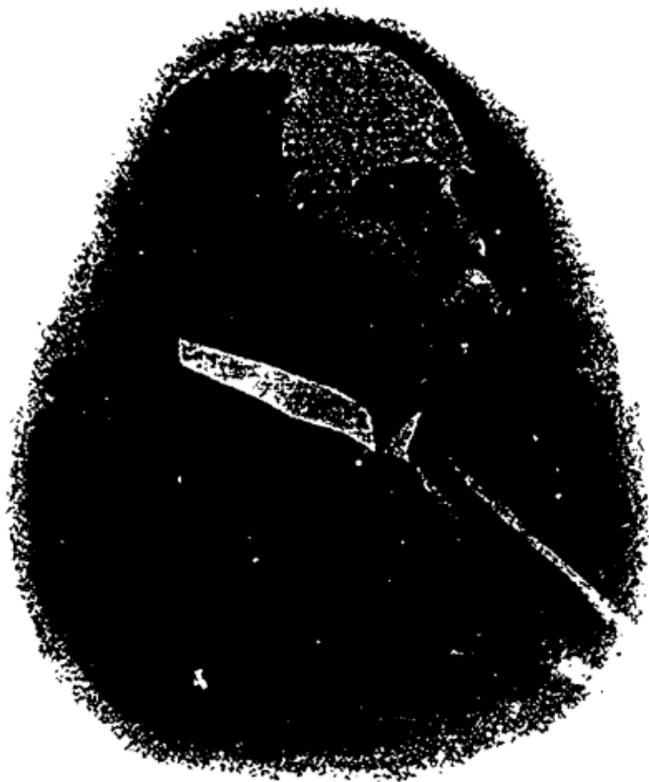
COLONEL PLUMMER'S CORPS OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE AT BULUWAYO GETTING READY FOR AN EMERGENCY.

most part among the mountains behind Manila.

The settlement of the dispute between the Republic and ourselves regarding the Alaskan boundary still hangs fire. The map on page 203, copied from the *Review of Reviews*, shows the two boundary lines as claimed by the United States and Canada.

Few engineering feats of the century can surpass the construction of the great waterway known as the Manchester Ship Canal, whereby ocean-going ships and

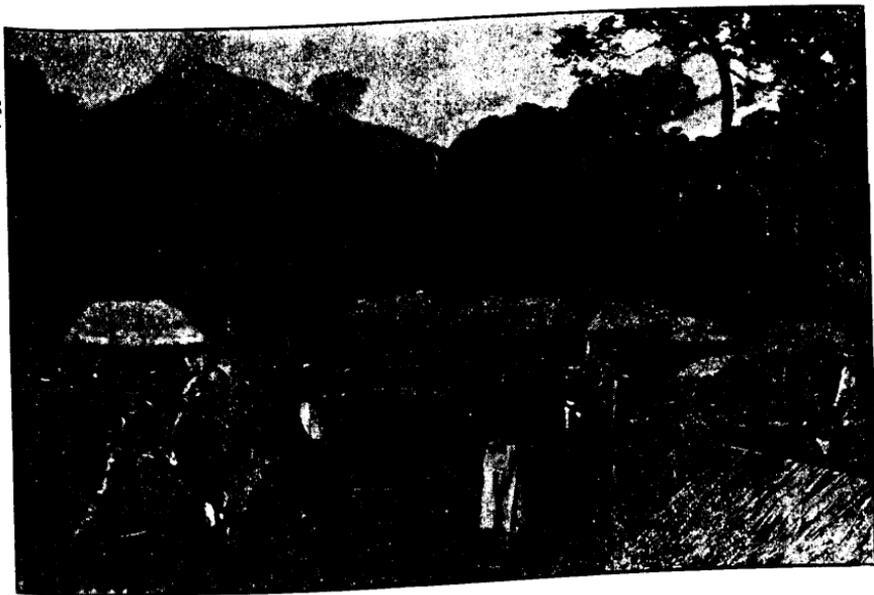
adian cattle had to be landed at Liverpool and there slaughtered within the prescribed limit. All other produce had also to be landed at Liverpool and re-shipped by train to Manchester, which serves a consuming area of over 80 miles, and within that area the population is greater than that within a similar distance from London. In competition with Canada for this vast market for dairy and general farm produce are nearer countries, Denmark and Ireland, and others in lesser degree. How vital



LATE GARRET A. HOBART, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

enabled to travel inland over thirty miles and unload their cargoes at the wharves of Manchester, the metropolis of the North, and the great distributing centre for a district whose population exceeds that of Canada. As we have previously pointed out, the ship canal is of the greatest value to the exporters of Canadian cattle and farm produce, the cost of delivering goods at Manchester being reduced to a remarkable extent. Previous to the opening of the canal Can-

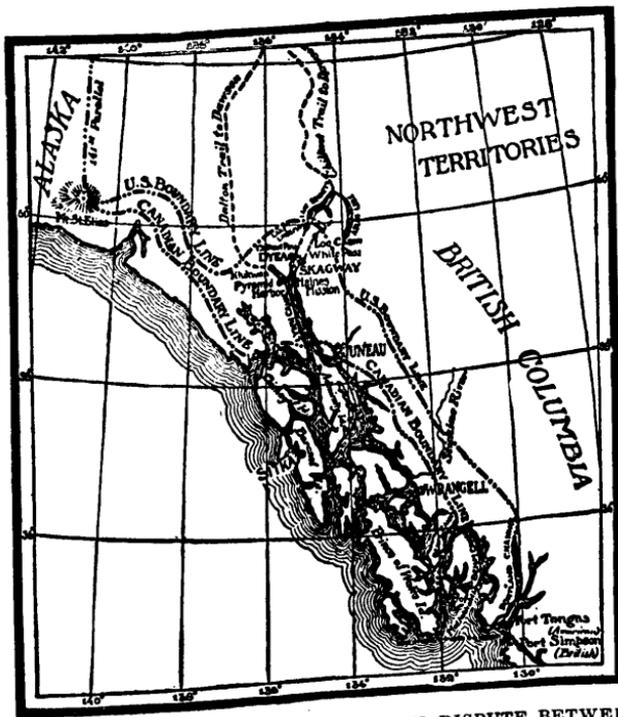
it is then to the Canadian producer to reach the point of distribution with as little delay as possible and at the least expense must be obvious to all. Speaking recently in Toronto, at a lecture on Manchester and the canal, the Hon. John Dryden said he had been deeply impressed with the opportunities that had been opened for the Canadian exporter by the canal. Probably the most interesting feature of the canal, both from an engineer's and a layman's



A NEW VARIETY OF AMERICAN CITIZENS—AN INGORROTE VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS BEHIND MANILLA.

point of view, is the Barton aqueduct, by means of which another canal is carried over the ship canal and its course

stopped and swung round at right angles during the passage of ships on the waterway below. The aqueduct, which is



MAP SHOWING THE ALASKAN BOUNDARIES IN DISPUTE BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.



AQUEDUCT BEING SWUNG ASIDE TO ALLOW VESSEL TO PASS ON SHIP CANAL BENEATH

seen in the first illustration on this page in its ordinary position and a vessel passing through, is a gigantic structure, 235 feet long, 18 feet wide, the depth of the tank being six feet. The aqueduct covers two spans of ninety feet, and weighs when swinging 1,400 tons. It

is worked from a central pier, and moves upon a radius of sixty-four rollers.

In our final illustration the aqueduct is seen as it is being swung round to afford a clear way for the oncoming vessel in the ship canal.



VESSEL IN AQUEDUCT OVER THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

AN ARTISTIC NEMESIS

BEING A SIMPLE STORY WITH A MORAL FOR YOUNG PEOPLE WHO FLIRT.

"SHE is a lovely girl, Tredennis; I don't know when I have seen a more attractive face."

"Yes, she is very pretty, and I also think she is one of the most interesting-looking women I ever came across."

Tredennis smoked in silence for a few minutes, then he asked:

"Do you know anything about the girl?"

Only what I have learned from our excellent landlady, namely, that she comes here for quiet now and then, and hates to be disturbed, and that she works very hard with her pen—too hard, I should say, for so young and delicate-looking an individual. I conclude that she is a newspaper woman, and cannot afford to take a regular holiday, so comes to this cheap and out-of-the-world place for a sort of semi-detached vacation in which she works all the time."

"Poor little girl. She looks pale and overtired," said Tredennis.

Carteret laughed.

"Pretty little girl, I should say. She has the most wonderful blue eyes I ever saw—the eyes of a child who has once peeped into heaven and is now trying all she knows to get another peep, and her heart is breaking because she cannot get in. I mean to paint her as Peri entering paradise."

"Oh, Carteret, I should'n't do that!"

"Why not, may I ask, most wise and tiresome counsellor?"

"Because she seems so young and inexperienced, and it would spoil her life if she fell in love with you—and she'd be sure to do so; your lady-sitters invariably do."

George stroked his handsome moustache with delight.

"I don't know about that," he purred, but he believed it implicitly. "I suppose I'm a good looking chap in my way, but I don't see why every woman should think so. Probably our little blue-eyed friend will be an exception."

"Not she, you won't let her be an exception. You'll make her fall in love with you, and then you'll follow your usual programme and ride away. And what will become of the poor little girl then?"

Carteret shrugged his broad shoulders. "I don't know, my dear fellow, and I don't care. Perhaps I shall fall in love with her."

"Not you—with a newspaper woman! You would never marry a girl without money or position, however pretty she

was! You are far too consistent and devout a man-monger-worshipper for that."

"That is true. My fate deliver me from marriage with a woman who is nobody and has nothing! But I don't mind amusing myself with the species; they are often much more attractive than the eligible young ladies. I think I shall give those wonderful blue eyes another peep into heaven. I should like to see how they look when all the sadness is gone out of them, and that is how they will look when she sits for my Peri."

"For shame, Carteret! Would you break a woman's heart to make your picture more effective?"

"Undoubtedly so. I should feel it my duty to sacrifice a woman's feelings to my art, and when the woman is as pretty as this one the duty becomes a pleasure."

"What is the girl's name?" asked Tredennis.

"Matilda Dunn, so mine hostess informed me, and I gathered from the same source that the old lady in charge of the fair Matilda—whom I take to be her maiden aunt—is known to Matilda by the absurd pet name of 'Nanty,' but to the less favored public by the impressive cognomen of Miss Amelia Cox. I hope the fair Matilda won't bore me to death with talking about her relations; girls of that class generally do. They tell you that 'dear mamma suffers from spasms,' and that 'dear papa is a perfect gentleman,' and things of this kind, don't you know?"

"*Poor bourgeoisie little Matilda! She has my heartiest sympathy,*" sighed Tredennis.

Carteret laughed.

"I hope I shan't make her dissatisfied with the men of her own class," he remarked, with much conceit.

And then the young men arose from the seat in the shadow of the inn, where they had been smoking in the summer moonlight and strolled up the hill to have a final look at the view before turning it.

George Carteret and Will Tredennis were on a sketching tour, and had stopped at Mawgan, that most picturesque of all Cornish villages. They had already been there for three days, and on the morrow Tredennis was going on to Tintagel, while Carteret meant to stay at Mawgan to make some more sketches in that delightful neighborhood. In a week's time they were to meet again at Penzance, and do the south of Cornwall together.

The only other visitors staying at the little rose-covered inn were the ladies

thus freely discussed by the two artists. They were right in saying that Matilda Dunn was attractive. She was tall, and fair, and delicate-looking, but with that capacity for hard work which only delicate-looking women possess. Miss Amelia Cox was neither fair nor delicate-looking, but she was a cheerful, kind hearted soul, absorbed by a passionate devotion to the girl under her charge.

The following day Tredennis left, and then Carteret devoted himself to bringing that look into Matilda's blue eyes which would render her fit to be the model for his Peri. It was not difficult to make friends with Miss Cox—she was only too ready to enter into sociable conversation with any one, as she found Mawgan decidedly dull, and she soon pointed out to George Carteret its obvious inferiorities as a holiday resort to Margate. Of Miss Cox George intended to make a stepping stone to lead to Miss Dunn, and in a few hours he had established most friendly relations between himself and the elder of his fellow tourists.

Having charmed Miss Amelia, George devoted the next day to the conquest of Matilda, and was even more pleased with his success. At first the girl seemed shy and a little in awe of him, but gradually her first reserve thawed, and George found her a delightful companion. She did not talk much, but she listened attentively, and the naive comments she made upon all that he told her showed that there was much intelligence, and also a quaint humour, hidden away under her demure exterior. After this the friendship between the two throve apace. At first the girl was loth to leave her work, but soon she succumbed to Carteret's tender entreaties, and left her writing to take care of itself while she sat by him and watched him sketching.

As they thus sat together during the long summer days George strove his utmost to captivate the girl's fancy, and gradually he was rewarded by seeing the look he longed for steal into her blue eyes. Those wonderful eyes ceased to be sad when he was there, and brightened up at the mere sound of his footsteps.

"Poor little girl! She will mope to death when I am gone," he frequently said to himself. But there was no pity mixed with the thought—nothing but vanity. He was proud to think he was writing his name so indelibly on this tender young heart that no after years would efface the scar. That scars are not unmixed joy to their possessors did not occur to him, and he wouldn't have cared if it had.

"Mattie," he said one morning in his most caressing voice, "I have a favor to ask of my little queen. Do you think she will grant it to me?"

He had taken to call her Mattie. He thought it a prettier name than Matilda.

The girl shyly raised her eyes to his. "It seems funny for you, who are said a great artist and such a clever man, to ask favors of me."

"You sweet simple darling, don't you know beauty makes every woman such a powerful queen in her own right that all men, even the cleverest, are her subjects?"

And George fairly bridled with pride as he said "even the cleverest."

"But you—you are so different from all the rest," Matilda added, timidly.

"Only in your eyes, dearest—the sweetest eyes in the whole world. I am not much better or much worse than other men of my class."

"Tell me, what is the favor you want to ask," she said.

"You know that I am going to paint a great picture for next year's academy."

Matilda nodded.

"I know; the one you read me the beautiful poem about, don't you mean?"

"Yes; and I want to make a sketch of you, so that my Peri's face may be yours. Then if my picture is a great success, as I mean it to be, it will be the triumph of your beauty and of my art in one."

The girl flushed with joy, and almost held her breath.

"Oh, you don't think I am pretty enough for that, do you—for my face to live forever on your canvas?"

"I do, my sweet. I think you are beautiful enough for Michael Angelo to have painted you as an angel. So you'll let me make a sketch of your head, won't you?"

"Of course I will. But it seems almost too good to be true! Nanty will be proud to see me in a picture."

"All the world will be proud of you when they see your face as I will paint it," replied the artist, grandiloquently. But Matilda gazed at him as if his utterances had been those of an inspired prophet instead of a very conceited young man.

"I shall paint you in a blue clinging garment," continued Carteret; "a woman's clothes should always match her eyes."

"Should they? How clever you are to know all these things!"

So George made a sketch of Matilda's head, with the expression in her eyes which they wore when they caught sight of him coming towards her in the old inn garden. And because the artist in a man is something apart from the man himself, George's work was wholly good, and the face on the canvas was verily the face of an angel.

As for Matilda, she put aside her writing altogether and gave herself up entirely to the enjoyment of George's society.

He was happy enough, for he was in the enviable position of people who think they are in love and know they are not. And because he was happy he was attractive. The two frequently go together, so he laid himself out to make the present as full and the future as empty as possible to the girl beside him.

Of course he told Matilda that he loved her, and, of course, he said he could not ask her to marry him till he had talked the matter over with his father, as he was principally dependent on that father's allowance, and of course he had no intention of doing any such thing or ever mentioning the name of Matilda Dunn to George Carteret, père.

But the wondering blue eyes drank in every word he said, and there was no shadow of doubt to cloud their childlike wonderment.

Mattie was very quiet the day before he left Mawgan, but she was not the sort of girl to vex a man with tears and hysterics.

"Tell me your address," she said, as they walked by the stream that last evening, "so that I may know where to write to you."

But George was wary.

"I can't do that, darling, for my plans are so uncertain, but I'll write to you in a couple of days and let you know where I am and what I am going to do."

"Promise that you will write to me soon," Matilda entreated.

"I promise."

"Faithfully?"

"Yes, faithfully."

But still the sweet face looked anxious.

"Will you give me your word of honour that you'll write to me by next Monday at the latest? Because today is only Wednesday and it is a long time from Wednesday till Monday, you know."

George laughed. How deliciously simple she was, he thought.

"I give you my word of honour that I'll write to you before next Monday. There, will that do?"

Matilda gave a little sigh of pure contentment.

"Yes, because real gentlemen always keep their word, don't they? At least, Nanty says they do."

George laughed again. The middle-class female mind was elementary, he decided. "Of course they do, you little Didymus of a child!"

The next morning Carteret said good-bye to Matilda and to Miss Cox, with many promises of future meetings, none of which he kept, or ever meant to keep. So the girl had to take up her work again without him, and Mawgan saw him no more.

When Monday morning came Matilda looked anxiously out for the promised letter, and again on Tuesday and Wed-

nesday. But it never came then, nor on any following Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday.

The next spring found George Carteret on a very pinnacle of "vaulting ambition," for his picture of the Peri was hung on the line, and pronounced one of the best pictures of that year's academy. But in vain did Matilda's eyes appeal to him from the barred gates of paradise. He had forgotten the girl's existence, save as the model of his Peri's face.

Early in the season there was a large ball at Lady Silverhampton's and as George was making his way through the crowded rooms his hostess tapped him on the arm.

"Oh, Mr. Carteret, Lady Maud Duncan has asked me to present you to her. She has seen your picture and wants to talk to you about it."

George's heart fairly swelled with pride. This, he felt, was fame, for Lady Maud Duncan was the only child and heiress of the wealthy Earl of Comleydale, and a celebrated beauty to boot, and she was one of the most brilliant novelists of the day into the bargain. Not to know Lady Maud was indeed to argue one's self unknown, while to be known by her was to be in society.

Lady Silverhampton piloted George to a secluded seat in a flowery alcove, where an exquisitely-dressed young woman was sitting alone, and then pronounced the magic words of introduction and left him. His conventional bow, however, was arrested half way, for the girl sitting on the secluded seat was none other than Matilda Dunn.

"How do you do, Mr. Carteret?" she began, with an easy assurance that had not characterized her in the Mawgan days; "I am so glad to meet you here to-night, for I have heaps of things to say to you." And she made room for him beside her on the settee.

"I—I don't understand," said George, limply, as he sat down.

"Of course you don't. How could you? But I am going to explain."

All the starch had suddenly gone out of George, so he remained silent, and waited for further revelations.

Lady Maud continued:

"You see, it is impossible for me to find time either in London or at Comleydale to write my books, we have so many visitors and know such heaps of people. So when I am working at a novel I fly incog. to some remote country place and there go on with my writing in peace. On these occasions I always call myself Miss Matilda Dunn, and my old nurse, Amelia Cox, goes with me to take care of me."

"Oh, I see!"

George looked strangely ill at ease for so distinguished an artist.

Lady Maud began to laugh.

"Now I am coming to the amusing part of my story. I happened to be sitting at my open window that evening at Mawgan when you confided to Mr. Tredennis your praiseworthy intention to trifle with the youthful affections of poor Matilda Dunn, and I thought what fun it would be to fool you to the top of your bent, and use up all the idiotic things you might say as 'copy' for the story I was then writing. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly, thank you."

Carteret's face was very white.

"At first you bored me a little, I must confess. You were so very conceited and had to have your flattery laid on so awfully thick. But after a time I warmed to my work, and immensely enjoyed hearing you make an idiot of yourself. I have often wondered what sort of silly things silly men say to girls whom they think silly. Now I know."

George's lip trembled.

"Do you think such treatment was fair, may I ask?"

Her ladyship shrugged her white shoulders.

"Most certainly. You meant to make a fool of me for the sake of your picture; I meant to make a fool of you for the sake of my books. In what were we not quits?"

"Is it your custom, then, to caricature the men who love you?"

"Never—never! If I sank as low as that I should be on a par with you, Mr. Carteret. I consider that a woman who plays with a man's affections is as contemptible a creature as—the man who plays with a woman's. If I could put it stronger I would, but I can't."

George's brow was damp with misery.

"I can't think how I came to be such a confounded ass."

"And I can't think how you came to be such a—confounded cad." And Lady Maud went off into a peal of silvery laughter. "It is really horrid for you,"

she continued, through her merriment; "I cannot deny that it is. For every one will recognise you when my novel comes out—which will be in a week or two from now; and, as every one will recognise me as the woman in your picture, the world will say that Mr. Carteret laid his heart at the feet of Lady Maud Duncan, and that she laughed at him. That is what the world will say if I know anything of the world. And the world despises people who are laughed at, my dear Mr. Carteret."

George was silent; this misery was becoming almost too terrible for a vain man to bear.

"The fun of it all was," Lady Maud went on. "that you thought me so awfully young and I blessed you for this in the midst of my disgust at you. As a matter of fact, I am turned six-and-twenty; but with my light hair and my thinness, added to a simple girlish toilet, your behaviour and my looking-glass tell me I can still pass for eighteen. This is very satisfactory."

"You are the most heartless woman I ever came across."

"You misjudge me; I am only taking a leaf out of your book for the time being. And I'll let you into a secret. I made up my mind that if, after all, you repented and wrote the letter you promised I would let you down as gently as I could, and would not put you in my novel at all. I looked out for that letter on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday; and I looked out anxiously, for I was dreadfully afraid that you would behave like a gentleman at last and so render me incapable of making any use of one of the cleverest and most amusing character studies I ever portrayed. But, fortunately for me, you didn't disappoint me, and all the world will be laughing with me at you by this time next month."

George mopped his brow with his pocket-handkerchief. He felt positively sick.

"There are just a few more things I want to say to you," Lady Maud rippled on, her voice shaking with half-suppressed merriment. "You said to Mr. Tredennis that you never should dare to trifle with the affections of a woman of fashion. You haven't. Also I can assure you that you have not—as you feared—made me at all dissatisfied with the men of my own class. Oh, it is really all too funny!"

And the girl gave way to a fit of unrestrained laughter.

As for George, he was past speaking, and could only bury his face in his hands and groan.

"There is the Duke of Carnstaple looking for me," said Lady Maud, rising from her seat. "This is his dance. Good-bye, Mr. Carteret. I'm so glad to have met you again and had this nice, long talk with you. And you were quite right; I have got the artistic temperament, and I enjoyed the pastime quite as much as you did—if not more."



SOME DARING LADY EXPLORERS.

GENTLEWOMEN WHO RIVAL THE BRAVEST FEATS OF MEN.

IT is, perhaps, little realised that there are several ladies living quietly to-day who have done feats of daring and brilliant exploration which the most intrepid of our male explorers have scarcely excelled.

In sheer daring none have surpassed Miss Mary Kingsley, niece of the great Charles Kingsley, who has risked her



MISS MARY KINGSLEY.

life a hundred times in the fiercest and darkest corners of Africa. Unlike many of our famous explorers, Miss Kingsley took no armed escort with her, but accomplished her journeys in the company of a mere handful of unarmed native boatmen and carriers.

During her last journey she paid a visit to a nation of the fiercest cannibals in Africa. She mixed fearlessly with them, although she was the only woman in the small party, and the bones of their victims were lying everywhere along her route. She even inspected their larders, where human joints were hanging like so many joints of mutton; and she taught them how to play cricket and other English games.

In the Cameroon district she was fiercely attacked by a gorilla larger than herself, and her canoe was upset many times in dangerous rapids. And yet this fearless explorer is one of the most gentle and refined of women, whose natural sphere would seem to be her drawing-room rather than African wilds.

The most distinguished of our women explorers is Mrs. Bishop, who began her life of exploration as a young girl of twenty-two, fresh from her father's

rectory in Cheshire, England, more than forty years ago. The barest outline of this brave woman's journeyings would fill a column.

Long before her marriage she had travelled through the wildest parts of North America and Asia, had been captured by brigands, and had been the first woman to climb the almost inaccessible Long's Peak, in Colorado, almost as high as Mont Blanc, and much more difficult to scale.

Her married life only lasted four short years; and in her early widowhood Mrs. Bishop's nomadic blood began to reassert itself, and she returned to her beloved Asia, travelling into the most dangerous recesses of Persia, Kurdistan, and Thibet, carrying her "life in her hands" for many months at a time. She has explored every nook of Japan, has been a "female Crusoe" for six months in the Sandwich Islands, and knows the Korea and Western China as well as she knows Belgravia. Of all her good work for science and medical missions she alone knows the full history.

Mrs. Bishop is now resting from her travels in quiet retirement in Argyll-



MISS A. TAYLOR.

shire, and finds her recreation in her pen and her microscope, her camera and her rowing.

Miss Gordon-Cumming has another magnificent record of daring adventure in strange lands; and there are few dark corners of the earth into which she has

not penetrated with as brave a foot and heart as her ancestor, the great traveller, Gordon-Cumming.

From California to Ceylon, and from Thibet to Africa—Miss Cumming has been everywhere. She has "played at Crusce" on almost every island in the South Pacific; she has checked a rebellion in Samoa; she has climbed the Himalayas and feasted with the Fijians; she has explored New Zealand and climbed Californian crags. In fact, it would be easier to say where she has not been than where she has been. Her travelling days—which began thirty-two years ago—are now presumably over, and Miss Gordon-Cumming is devoting her leisure at Crieff to perfecting a "numeral type"

for the Chinese among whom she wandered so long.

Among other lady-explorers are Lady Florence Dixie, who has risked her life and discovered a new race in the wilds of Patagonia, has travelled in Africa, the "land of misfortune," and actually acted as war-correspondent in the Boer war of 1880-81.

Miss Anne Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, has penetrated farther into Thibet, the land of mystery and danger, than any other woman; while Miss Alice Balfour, sister of the First Lord of the Treasury of Great Britain, has travelled twelve hundred miles in a bullock-wagon through the least-known parts of South Africa.

Personal Paragraphs Pertaining to Prominent People.

THE late Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was head of the family of millionaires, whose best-known representative was his father, the old "Commodore." The Vanderbilts share with the Goulds and the Astors the distinction of being the wealthiest families in America, or, with the possible exception of the Rothschilds, in the world. Commodore Vanderbilt died in 1877, leaving a fortune estimated at \$100,000,000. This vast sum for the most part descended after the death of the eldest son William to Cornelius, and in his hands the dollars have increased and multiplied. William died in 1887, and since that time Cornelius has managed the property. The late Mr. Vanderbilt was fifty years of age.

MANY stories are told of Mr. Kruger's prowess as a young man. He trekked over the Vaal when he was about nine, and was fighting the natives a few years later. He was a field cornet at twenty, and rose to be Commandant-General in the Boer forces. He became a member of the Executive in 1872, and has been President since 1882.

IT seems that His Holiness Leo XIII. in the matter of eating and drinking is most frugal. A correspondent at the Vatican states that the Pope's breakfast consists of a cup of goat's milk with a dash of coffee in it. At his dinner he consumes a basin of broth and one plate of roast or boiled meat, followed by an orange—the latter at all seasons of the year. For supper he takes a second basin of broth and a boiled egg.

THE Queen, says a gossip, intends to add one more to the list of tea-houses on the Balmoral estate. Each of these retreats is decorated to represent some particular country. For instance, there is "India," which is furnished with bamboo and Indian matting; while "China" is decorated with the Celestial emblems in beautiful colourings. The new tea-house is to be "America," and will be put up in readiness for next year.

MR. John D. Rockefeller, the American millionaire, asserts that the chief weakness of his fellow-countrymen is over-eating. He himself indulges in but one substantial meal a day, which is his dinner, taken at about seven in the evening. His moderate luncheon is represented by a glass of milk and a few cracknel biscuits, to which he adds a little fruit.

MRS. Kruger, the wife of the President, is a woman of very few words. In this she resembles the majority of her countrywomen, silence being one of the most marked characteristics of the Boer "frau." Though a devoted mother, she takes absolutely no interest in her husband's schemes or affairs of State. She has an extraordinary aversion to medical men, though she is ever in search of a patent remedy for her chronic complaint—rheumatism—and anyone who succeeds in recommending even a temporary cure earns her most profound regard. She drinks an inordinate amount of coffee, a custom that amongst some of her country people commences at dawn and ends only with daylight.

GENERAL Joubert, the Commandant-General of the Boer army, though within a few months of his seventieth year, and despite his adventurous life, is still a magnificent type of a Boer farmer-soldier. He stands erect and his steely eye is undimmed, although his long, full beard is white. As commander-in-chief of a farmer army he is unique, and he is venerated by those who have served under him.

.

A SPLENDID trait in the character of the Queen is her goodness to the tenants on her estates at Balmoral and Windsor. On the eve of Her Majesty's departure from Scotland she gives informal audiences to many of her older tenants, and never fails to give help where it is needed. The Queen has a most remarkable memory, not only for the facts which concern her immediate household, but also for those which concern the families of the poor people in whom she takes an interest. She is always informed of every birth, engagement, marriage, and death on the Balmoral estate, and the apparently insignificant facts which she remembers regarding her tenants are a startling testimony to the clearness of her memory. Not unfrequently Her Majesty has her carriage stopped in order that she may speak to some old man or woman whom she sees hobbling along the wayside.

.

SIR Thomas Lipton has recently given to the world his recipe for success in business. The advice is characteristic of the man who offers it, and is excellent. He says: "Work hard; deal honestly; exercise care in judgment; advertise freely and judiciously."

.

THE Duke of York is described as having been "a free-spoken, happy-hearted, gallant lad, full of the liveliest interest in everything that was going on, and bent on learning as much as he could from his travels." He was fond of practical jokes, and was very popular with his shipmates, as he had no special indulgence, and had to do his full share of work, and gave himself no airs. He won more than one prize for boat-sailing, and, during the time he was in the *Britannia*, under Mr. Lawless, his tutor, he studied science, the history of the British Navy, as well as modern languages.

THE Queen of Italy's prowess as a mountain climber is well-known, and also the fact that she is one of the most beautiful of royal women. But it is not so well known that she is the most learned royal woman in Europe. From her earliest childhood Queen Margaret has had a passion for books, and early set herself to master the different languages in which the best of them are written. She studied English in order to make Shakespeare's acquaintance, and to this day he remains her favourite author, followed closely by Ruskin and Darwin. Among German writers she loves Goethe best; among French, Racine and Chateaubriand. She knows Spanish well, and Latin and Greek are familiar tongues. Add to this a wide range of "ologies," of which she has a practical knowledge, and the Italian Queen's title to the reputation of being the most learned of queens is obvious.

.

LABOUCHERE is one of the wits of the English Parliament. A funny story (says *English Humour*) is told of his interview with a gentleman who had been hearing his uncle (Lord Taunton) in the House of Lords, and was under the impression that he was Labouchere's father. On meeting Labouchere in the dining-room he said, "I have just been listening to your father." "Indeed! Where?" "In the House of Lords." "I am so glad to hear you say so," said Labouchere, "My father died about eighteen years ago, and we've always been anxious to know where he had gone."

.

MRS. Kendal, the oldest living actress, has just celebrated the thirty-fourth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage as Miss Madge Robertson. Probably no other actress has ever had such a varied experience on the stage as Mrs. Kendal and her reminiscences, which are to be published in a few months' time, will certainly be worth reading. I hear that she will deal with the question of the present day prospects of young girls who wish to become actresses, and certain it is that there are not many members of the theatrical profession better qualified to speak on this subject than the veteran actress.

On and Around the Farm

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

General Notes.

Richness in Nitrogen may be measured in a large degree by the humus contained in the soil. Of course the stage of decomposition of this organic matter is an important factor in determining the availability of nitrogen.

Molasses, when used as a portion of a ration fed to pigs, steers and sheep results in a rapid increase in live weight. When molasses is fed to milch cows the amount of fat and sugar in the milk is increased.

Hens are Safer than ducks for a beginner. Hens will lay some eggs under neglect, but a duck will eat its head off except in the hands of a skilled grower, besides being a great deal of a nuisance unless managed just right.

Skilful Grading.—In Denmark, eggs are graded carefully according to size. There are six grades ranging from 13 to 18 lbs. for 120 eggs. So skilful do the operators become that they are seldom wrong more than 2 oz in grading the 10 doz. eggs.

Keeping Tools Bright.—Kerosene is the best remedy to prevent rusting of tools. Keep a supply in a convenient place, dip a soft sponge in it, squeeze the sponge and moisten the implements with kerosene. It will save the implements from loss by dampness, and also lessen labor by keeping them bright and clean.

Crops in Manitoba.—The Government crop bulletin issued a few days ago shows that there are 1,629,995 acres of wheat under crop, the average yield being 20½ bushels per acre, with a total yield of 83,501,766 bushels. The total yield of oats is 23,003,126 bushels, with an average of 40 to the acre. The total yield of barley is 3,532,972 bushels, with an average of 30 to the acre. The total yield of flax seed is 296,208 bushels; of rye, 65,626 bushels; of peas, 26,637 bushels.

Prepare the Barn for Winter.—It will now be a timely thing to do. Fill the windows with glass wherever this has been broken. The barn should be provided with tight shutters outside, which will be

a great protection against the cold, making a dead air space, which is one of the best non-conductors of heat, and these should be closed in the coldest weather. Double sash in the windows of the stables result in a great saving of heat. It has been found that one-third of the heat from fuel consumed in a dwelling house is lost by passing through the glass. And this waste is wholly prevented by doubling the sash, which is easily done by screwing a second one over the permanent one on the inside. In the spring these extra sash may be easily removed for the summer. This of course applies to the house as well as to the stables.

Agricultural Returns of Great Britain, 1899.—The following is the preliminary statement issued by the Board of Agriculture as to crops and live stock in Great Britain for 1899, compiled from the returns collected on June 5th; and comparison with previous years.—

CROPS AND LIVE STOCK	1899.	1898.	1897
	Acres	Acres	Acres
Wheat	2,707,881	2,702,206	1,882,132
Barley	1,582,318	1,503,666	2,005,706
Oats	2,579,773	2,817,769	3,076,766
Potatoes	517,682	521,201	501,511
Clover and Rotation Grasses—			
For Hay	2,314,883	2,381,551	2,263,843
Not for Hay	2,503,008	2,579,732	2,507,743
Total	4,807,891	4,911,330	4,838,387
Permanent Pasture—			
For Hay	4,239,625	4,536,313	4,710,523
Not for Hay	12,201,692	12,023,677	12,042,526
Total	16,441,317	16,559,990	16,753,049
Horses	41,831	41,755	50,552
Cows and Heifers in Milk or in Calf	2,671,200	2,587,100	2,522,379
Other Cattle—			
2 years and above	1,341,316	1,381,500	1,223,220
1 year and under 2	1,388,511	1,315,844	1,370,710
Under 1 year	1,394,628	1,307,733	1,291,131
Total of Cattle	6,795,729	6,622,361	6,506,067
Ewes kept for breeding	10,160,837	10,137,332	10,006,025
Other Sheep—			
1 year and above	6,040,600	6,203,858	6,210,031
Under 1 year	10,739,727	10,401,104	10,111,317
Total of Sheep	27,539,164	26,742,194	26,327,373
Sows kept for breeding	375,211	392,300	331,211
Other Pigs	2,217,902	2,080,226	1,618,653
Total of Pigs	2,593,113	2,472,526	1,949,864

The World's Wheat Crop.—According to the estimates of the Hungarian minister of agriculture, issued on Sept. 1st, the world's wheat crop of 1899 is 2,471,207,000 bushels, or only 169,000,000 bushels less than last year's great production, which he put enormously too low. The tables are so full of obvious errors that they are scarcely worth detailed criticism.

.

A New Use for Swamp Lands.—Patents have been taken out all over the world by an Austrian concern for the process of making paper, cardboard, etc. from peat. Several factories for the purpose have been already established in Europe, affording a profitable home market for otherwise worthless peat, and turning out large quantities of various grades of paper, which have sold at prices that make the business highly profitable. Samples of these papers have been submitted to us, and are certainly attractive in appearance and price, and if they can be produced from this material at low cost, it ought to result in developing a large industry in the United States and rendering valuable what thus far have been worthless swamps.

The peat used is that filled with fibrous roots, not the stuff commonly called muck. The most valuable peat beds are the "raised bogs" that have been grad-

ually built up in mound form, also certain kinds of swampy vegetation, such as reeds, moss, grass, heather, etc. There are large tracts of just such peat bogs in various parts of the northern and eastern states. If they can be thus utilized for the manufacture of paper, the inventor will be a blessing to farmers. We are assured that a paper mill and all its appurtenances for this process represents an investment of a million dollars, and will pay out large sums for labor, as well as for peat.

.

Milking Three-Teated Cows.—Probably there are many cows in this world with but three teats. Some have been ruined on the wire fence, some by garget, freezing, etc., but no matter how, the average milker finds it tedious and tiresome work milking with one hand when he has been used to milking with both at the same time. Why does he do it? Because he doesn't reason enough. Now if he would milk at one teat with, say the left hand, until finished, and at the same time with the right hand milk the other two alternately, he will have two teats half done when teat No. 1 is finished, then he can finish up these at the same time. Thus you can milk three teats with both hands and have them end up at the same time.

Sleeping Out-of-Doors.

WHEN the mercury's at ninety, and the
dying breeze reminds me
That I'm slowly suffocating, if not suf-
focating more,

Then my thoughts will go a-roaming, as I strive to
pierce the gloaming,
Pierce the deep and sombre gloaming that's with-
out my chamber door.

Then my fond imagination wrestles with self-
abnegation,

For I long to stretch my anatomy and tune my
summer snores

Out there in the grass and clover, but I sort of
think it over

And am not quite sure I'm really fond of sleeping
out-of-doors.

For I look upon the screening in my windows, in-
tervening

'Tween my chamber and the coolness, lack of
which my soul deplores.

And the tuneful she mosquito interposes there a
veto

To my comfort and my happiness while sleeping
out-of doors.

Then come more night-goging creatures, having
each peculiar features,

That are creeping, crawling, flying to one's sleep-
ing place by scores,

There to creep and crawl and wiggle up and down
one's spine and wriggle

Into ears and nose and mouth and eyes, while
sleeping out-of-doors.

Too, nocturnal sleepers are crampish, for nocturnal
dews are dampish,

And the dread of influenza's shortly closing up
my pores,

Coupled with the "crawly creatures," make objec-
tionable features,

So I stay inside and roast me 'stead of sleeping
out-of-doors.

A CHAPTER ON HOME-MADE WINDMILLS.

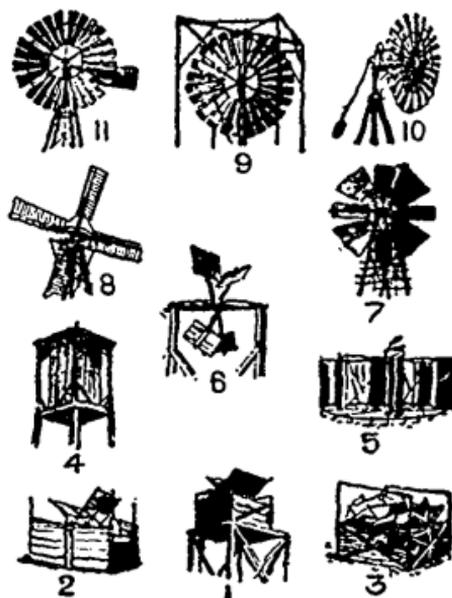
THE amount of work which a properly constructed windmill will accomplish is almost incredible. Not every farmer is in a position, financially, to purchase one or more of the great steel structures from the manufacturer, but a little work combined with a little ingenuity, and a very little cash, will produce a machine eminently suited for special uses, or one to serve as a general purpose power on the farm. The Nebraska Experimental Station, through its geologist, Professor Erwin H. Barbour, has published an interesting pamphlet on the subject of homemade windmills, from which the accompanying

rudder. With this brief preface, the cuts with this article and one to follow in our next issue, will be found self explanatory.



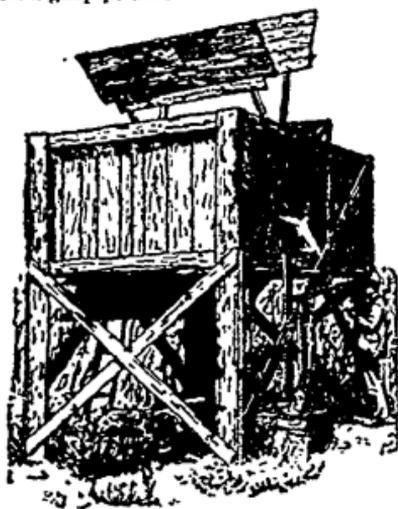
A REMARKABLE LITTLE JUMBO

It cost but 150, yet it pumped sufficient water to irrigate and save the garden truck, the strawberry patch and small fruit during the most trying season of drought ever recorded in the state. Box, 3 ft. wide, 9 ft. long, 6 ft. high. Eight fans, 3 ft. wide by 1½ ft. long, supported on a gaspipe axis



(1) Baby Jumbo windmill; (2) Ordinary Jumbo; (3) Screw Jumbo; (4) Merry-go-round, mounted; (5) Giant Merry-go-round; (6) Battle ax windmill; (7) Giant battle ax; (8) Holland mill; (9) Giant turbine windmill; (10) Mock turbine, rudderless; (11) Mock turbine, with rudder.

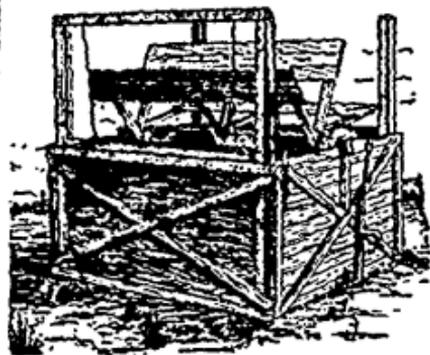
figures are taken. The material used in these ranges through almost every form of waste lumber on the farm, including lath, shingles, split rails, old packing boxes and barrel staves, as well as old coffee sacks and tin from old tin roofs. The Jumbo is the lowest and least efficient of the mills, followed in order of progression of the merry-go-round, battle ax, Holland or Dutch mock turbines and reconstructed turbines with and without



A SIX-FAN JUMBO WINDMILL.

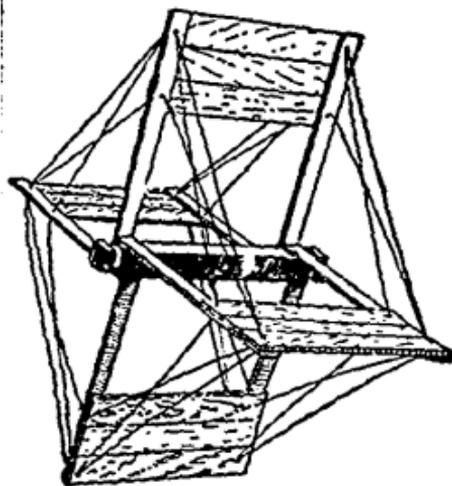
Used in watering a six-acre patch of eggplants for the Lincoln market. The fans are each 9 ft. long, with arms

6½ ft. long. Jumbo box 9x11 by 6 ft. high, with door below for the escape of dead air. Extra well built. Axis of damascus steel. Total cost, \$8.



WIND GUARD OR CUT-OFF

A model to show how the wind guard or cut-off may be the side of the Jumbo box itself, which raises or lowers on the uprights. It would be easier still to hinge it so as to lie flat upon the ground, thus stopping the mill.

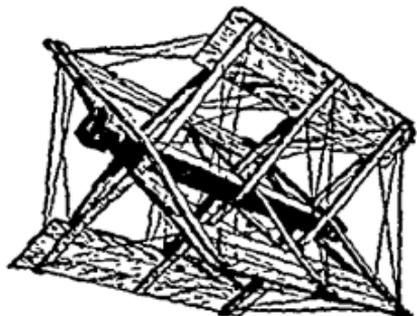


PLAN FOR THE WORKING PARTS OF THE BABY JUMBO

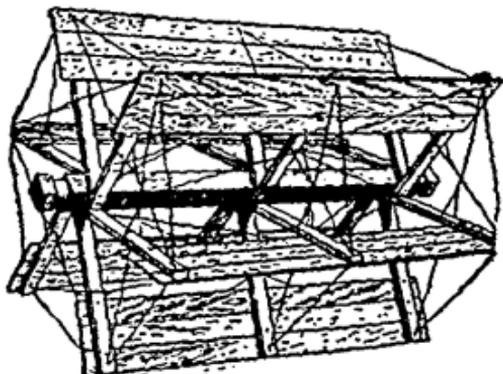
Arm 3 ft. to 5 ft. long, axis 4 ft. to 6 ft., to be made of wood or gaspipe as preferred. Fans to be 3 ft. to 5 ft. long, and 2 ft. to 3 ft. broad, according to the length of the arms. The fans should cover about one-third of the arms. Six fans are preferable.

ATTACHING THE ARMS

Our next figure shows how the arms may be attached to the axis without

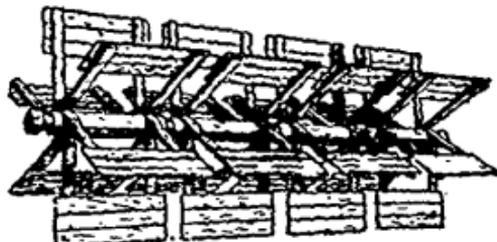


weakening it. The fans may be given great rigidity by cross-bracing with twisted wire.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SIX-FAN JUMBO.

With a wooden axis, cross-braced by twisted wire. Size 12 ft. to 14 ft. long, 10 ft. to 12 ft. in diameter.



CONSTRUCTION OF GANGS OF JUMBOS.

Diameter 12 to 14 or more feet; length whatever desired. Thus Jumbos of unlimited size are possible. Each section is designed to be 6 ft. or 8 ft., with a support, instead of 18 ft. long, as is a common and very misguided practice. The writer would suggest two sections for ordinary Jumbos, with a support in the middle; thus the axis would not sag or break so readily, if at all. This is a means of making powerful Jumbos as the writer believes, especially if chain and bucket are used instead of pump. In regions of shallow wells, these might

be used for irrigation on a larger scale than is possible with the ordinary Jumbo.

MOUNTED ON A SHED

Our figure shows that an indefinite number of Jumbos may be ranged in a gang, and that corn cribs and sheds may be used for their support, thus reducing the cost merely to the lumber in the fans, arms and axis. Powerful Jumbos may be built in this way at small expense. Diameter 12 ft. to 14 ft., length of axis 28 ft. to 30 ft., support at five points. The fans are slowed down by a brake, and are then tied as is a common practice. Cut-offs or wind Guards are omitted, it being assumed that the mill is built well enough to breast storms and wind.



JUMBO MOUNTED ON A SHED.

Why Soils are Poor.

THE improved results obtained from land when dairying and stock raising are practiced led many to the conclusion that the whole manuring problem in maintaining fertility of the soil could be thereby settled. Investigations by our experiment stations of soils, manures and requirements of any crop show such a conclusion to be based on very weak foundations. Stable manure is recognized the world over as an all round plant food, supplying not only the directly important fertilizing constituents—ammonia, potash and phosphoric acid—but more largely humus matter, by which the fertility applied is held in the soil and made more readily soluble through the humic acid produced. But while stable manure may be an all-round manure, it certainly cannot be accepted as a well balanced manure. The losses occurring since its excretion from the animal till applied to the soil show very forcibly by chemical analysis its deficiency as a means of fully keeping up the soil's fertility, proportionate to the average crop produced.

The ammonia, or nitrogen, may be largely lost through fermentation, the potash may be lost by bad drainage in the barn-yard, and the phosphoric acid is very deficient through lack of feeding more concentrated foods than hay, straw and ensilage. A combination of all three conditions may result in a still greater deficiency in the manure as a balanced plant food. Even where the above conditions may exist to the lowest extent, it must be evident to the average farmer that all the manure produced and obtainable is not capable of keeping up an increased or maximum crop-producing power in the soil. The best gardeners anywhere in their practice emphasize the importance of putting a great deal more back in the soil than was taken away. This principle may have been acted upon by the farmer who was re-

ported recently as having raised 77 bushels of wheat per acre in 1898, and in another case the production of 8 tons of clover hay per acre in two cuttings in one season. (The writer by personal correspondence direct in one of the cases mentioned was fully convinced of the above principle being extensively practiced.) The principle of having a large available reserve to produce the maximum result is one well illustrated in nature, and especially on the farm. By keeping up the large reserve less effort and expense is required than where the opposite principle of a deficiency is followed. A good-conditioned horse will do more work on less food than a poor-conditioned horse. It is always harder to catch up than to keep up with any condition once attained, but the desired end cannot be reached in one month or a year, after months and years of neglect.

The average amount of stock kept on the farm may be doubled, the area of clover crop may be quadrupled and plowed under more frequently, and even then the soil may fall far short of producing the maximum crop desired. These two methods will undoubtedly supply the humus matter, potash and nitrate desired for the production of weight and growth in the crop. The quality and quantity of grain or other produce to be sold must then depend upon intelligent manuring with some reliable source of phosphatic material, since grains or the seed part of all plants are largely dependent upon the presence of phosphatic matter in the soil. Extra feeding of bran, oil cake, and other foods rich in phosphatic material, may go largely to supply this deficient constituent in manure and clover. If this is too expensive the buying of phosphatic manures may be followed with profit if intelligently carried out.

Bronte, Ont

W. J. THOMPSON.

THE SUGAR MAPLE.

BY PERMISSION, FROM "MAPLE SUGAR AND THE SUGAR BUSH," BY A. J. COOK.

THIS magnificent tree is known as rock maple, hard maple, and sugar maple. While the first term is perhaps most used, I much prefer the last, as it certainly is the most significant. While as will appear all our maples will yield sugar-producing sap, and are used by sugar makers, still the sugar maple is the sugar producer par excellence.

These trees are often very large. They are sometimes three or four feet in diameter and eighty feet high. It is common to see them sixty feet high;

and when out where they are not crowded they are large and spreading, and are justly admired as among the finest of our ornamental trees. Indeed I think no other tree is so generally a favourite for roadside and special planting. What greatly adds to its attractiveness is the brilliancy of its autumnal foliage. The leaves often ripen and turn to the most gorgeous orange and crimson, long before the first frosts. The glory of an autumnal landscape where maples are thickly interspersed is simply indescribable. The intermingling of varied tints of orange with all the shades of red from flaming scarlet to richest crimson, and all encircled by the deep green foliage yet unchanged, presents a picture such as no hand except that of the great loving master Artist can ever paint. Truly there is no wonder then that even those whose tastes are the most uncultured choose this magnificent tree for home decoration and roadside planting. Aside from its economic importance, its matchless forms and proportions, its exquisite symmetry, its beautiful foliage, and to crown all, its wealth of beauty as it displays its resplendent robes of autumn, are sufficient in themselves to continue this tree as the universal favourite.

If we take a cross section of maple we shall find, as in the case of exogenous stems, that there are four well marked

parts (Fig. 3). The center or axis is known as the pith (Fig. 3 D.); next comes the heart wood, which is compact and usually dark coloured, and last of all the bark (Fig. 3 C.). We also notice distinctly marked rings (Fig. 3 A. B.); these are the annual rings of growth. As we closely scrutinize such a cross section with a high power microscope, we see, as is shown in the figure, that everywhere the material is made up of minute microscopic cells. It is said that a cubic inch of maple contains 100,000,000 cells. To give an idea of what a cell is we may say that the yolk of an egg is

a true cell. The pith is composed of soft cells, or rather, very thin-walled cells, which seem to die after the first year. The cells of the heart wood are thicker-walled, thickened by age and seem to have become so aged that little of the work of the tree devolves upon them. They are the "gentlemen of leisure" which is earned as they have done their life-work. The sap wood consists of cells with thinner walls, though these walls are ligneous or woody. These, as will be seen, form the track which the crude sap takes in its transit from the roots to the leaves. Through the wood are seen elongated cells, which are

known as ducts or vessels (Fig. 3 L. L.). These ducts are formed by the union of the ordinary cells. There are also layers of cells which extend like rays from the pith to the outside of the bark (Fig. 3 EE.) These cells, barring accident, remain intact all through the life of the plant. They are known as medullary rays, and often glisten like silver, and form the silver grain of the wood. They are sometimes spoken of as "the woof of the plant," and are said to "have much to do with the distinctive peculiarities of different sorts of timber." In a cross section, these show as mere lines; but in radial longitudinal section, as glistening sheets.

The inner part of the bark is known as the liber, or fibrous bark, which contains



FIG. 1.—FLOWERS OF THE SUGAR MAPLE.

bast cells. The outer bark is purely cellular. It consists of two parts—the inner, or green layer, which serves in part the same purpose as do the leaves, and the outer or corky layer so called as it is the source of cork. It gives the color peculiar to each tree, and often becomes thick and much roughened, as seen in our oaks. Outside of all is the epidermis, a thin layer of "thick-sided empty cells." This disappears in stems after a few years of age.

A narrow space between the bark and wood is the seat of growth. It is called the "cambium-layer" or primary meristem, and is made up of small thin-walled cells, which are capable of still further division, or growth, to form a new layer of wood and of bark. These are richly stored with nutritious sap or protoplasm, which is thick and mucilaginous. This does not really separate the bark and

possible. There is no question but that the roots absorb the required moisture. Cut off the roots, and how soon the leaves wither, which simply means that the supply of water to keep the cells turgid is shut off. If roots are cut off

and the cut end, away from the tree, is connected with a mercurial gauge, the pressure of the sap will often exert astonishing force. It seems to me that this force is osmosis. Osmosis is simply the passage of liquids through organic membranes. The rate of flow quantity passed and direction, depend upon the membrane and the liquids which bathe its two surfaces. We see then, that the roots of maple absorb water with force suf-

ficient to carry it to the highest twigs. As already stated, the water with its load of nutriment, passes up in the sap wood. It is proved that this flow passes through the cell-walls and not through



FIG. 2.—LEAF OF THE SUGAR MAPLE.

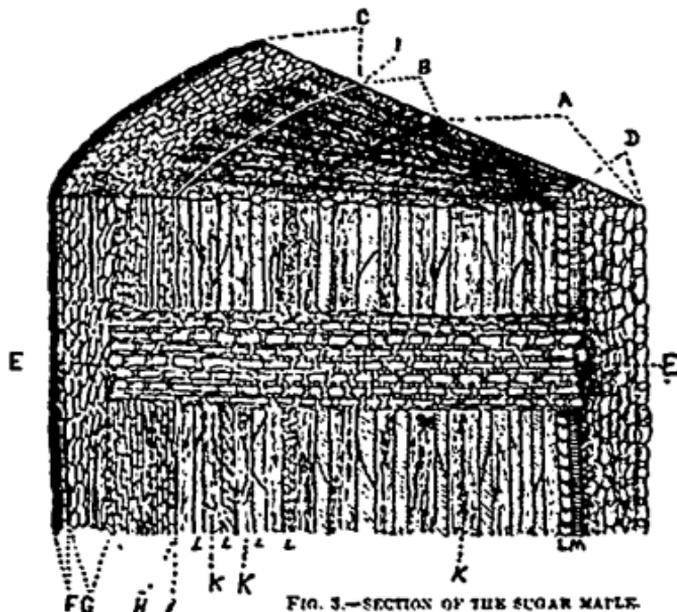


FIG. 3.—SECTION OF THE SUGAR MAPLE.

the wood, as most country boys have learned in those happy days of whistles and pop-guns.

THE FLOW OF SAP.

The service of water to the plant is even greater than to animals, if that is

the cells. If this is so, then as fast as the water transpires from the leaves it pushes up from the roots to supply the deficiency. We may say then, that the cause of flow through the trunk is the lifting force of osmosis from the roots and the force of suction from the leaves.

THE FLOW OF SAP FROM WOUNDS.

The flow of sap from wounds as seen in the maple, is quite a different thing from that already described, which is a universal phenomenon in plants and ever attendant upon plant growth. This is confined to a few species and is limited to certain seasons of the year. Of these the sugar maple bleeds, under certain conditions, from October till May. As is well known to all sugar makers, to have a free flow of sap we must have a freezing night followed by a warm day. The bleeding occurs when the cut branch or piece of stem, previously cold, and saturated with water is rapidly warmed. The air which is inclosed with the water in the cells and vessels of the wood, expands, and forces the water out where it can find an opening. If the piece of wood is again cooled the air contracts, and the water which is in contact with the section is again sucked in. It is evident that these expansions and contractions of air in the wood must also take place when the woody substance of the tree is uninjured, and hence currents are set up from the parts which are becoming warmer, to those which are becoming cooler, and tensions are brought about. All this, however, happens only so long as air as well as water is found in the cavities of the wood, as is the case in the winter and spring, before the leaves unfold and transpiration begins.

We know that air and water are in the cells, and we know that tension is caused by heating confined air, hence the above explanation is wholly philosophical.

AMOUNT OF SUGAR FROM A SINGLE TREE.

The probable average amount of sugar per tree is from two to three pounds. In some cases 30 lbs., and even as much as 40 lbs., of sugar are reported from a single tree. From what has been said, it will be seen that the amount of sap for a pound of sugar can not be definitely stated—some say 16 qts., some say 20.

(To be continued.)

A Thought Indicator.—The nearest approach yet made to an apparatus for recording thought and feeling, or states of mind, is the pletysmograph of Hallion and Courtier, the French physiologists. We all know that some emotions cause the heart to beat faster, the limbs to tremble and the face to flush or pale. Quickening of the circulation also increases the bulk of the members. Few of us are aware, however, that states of mind, emotions which do not manifest themselves by any outward changes, have an influence on the circulation, and, consequently, on the size of the members.

President W. I. Chamberlain states that 16 bbls. of sap will make 100 lbs. of sugar. In all these cases, however, we must remember that the percentage of sucrose varies greatly in sap, and, more, the evaporation may be carried further to make sugar. Thus, in cako sugar the water may be reduced to 6 per cent, while in softer sugar may be 12 per cent. of water. I think that, on an average, we may say that 16 qts., or 4 galls., of sap will yield 1 lb. of sugar. Syrup, when cold, should weigh about 11 lbs. to the gallon; then we find that, while it is thick enough to give satisfaction, it is not so concentrated that it will crystallize in the bottom of jars or vessels, and thus trouble those who use it. I find that one gallon of this 11-lb. syrup makes eight to nine pounds of fine sugar, though not very hard; while if reduced to seven pounds it is hard, and cakes nicely.

OZONE AND SAP.

It is now well known that ozone, or active oxygen of the air, has a powerful influence on coloring matter. It is believed that it is this which renders the sunlight so potent in the fading of carpets and delicately tinted clothing. It is known, also, that ozone is what changes the fresh white cut of our fruit to the dark stained condition which we note in the same fruit when dried. This ozone not only darkens the pulp of the apple, but the cider, or juice, when pressed from the ground pulp. Likewise, sap is affected in the same way. Thus, if we could reduce sap to syrup instantaneously as soon as it is exposed to the air, or runs from the tree, then we should have syrup as white and clear as the fresh sap or water, and so, the longer the liquid is in passing from sap to syrup, the darker will the product be. Would we get a premium article of syrup we must keep the sap from exposure to ozone, or air, which always contains more or less of this allotropic gas in the active state.

This has been illustrated by the pletysmograph in the hands of M. Binet and others. Thus, fear of going to the dentist made the pulse of a child to sink away; fear of having his flesh pricked made the pulse of a grown man do the same, although he laughed at himself for it; fear of having to administer a reproof to a student diminished the pulse of a professor, who was outwardly quite calm. The joy of receiving presents had a contrary effect on the pulse of a child, making it swell rather than shrink. Music of any kind, but especially gay music, quickens the beating of the heart and stimulates the circulation.

...AT THE...

Editor's Desk

PEACE on earth, good will to men." Thus the message to mankind at the nativity of its great Exemplar; and thus the spirit in which, for very nigh two thousand years, individuals and nations have been enjoined to mould their lives and shape their policies; and yet within the dominion of that nation which, as a nation, has been above all others identified with the spread of Christian doctrine, the carols commemorating the Nativity will have for accompaniment the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the whiz of lyddite shell, as these instruments of warfare send forth their messengers of death and mutilation; with the peans of joy and thankfulness that will be poured forth on the eighteen hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of the first deliverance of that message of peace and good will, will mingle the cry of battle, the groans of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded.

.

It seems strange in very deed that such should be, and that war should still have its place in the argument of nations. But that such is the case does not warrant the assumption that nations and individuals have not imbibed the spirit of that message of long ago; that Christianity is a dead letter in fact. On the contrary, what an active, living force it has been and is, is demonstrated in the fact that war undertaken in a mere desire for conquest or for the acquirement of military glory—the two great motives of former ages—is now practically impossible; that no matter how strong a nation may be it abstains from an appeal to arms until it has exhausted all other resources for the settlement of dispute; indeed, the more powerful the

nation the more loth it is to place itself on trial before the conscience of the world as the destroyer of life

.

THE closing years of the century have witnessed an apparently sincere attempt by the leading countries of the world to establish a system of universal international arbitration whereby opportunities for war shall be still further reduced, if not banished altogether. While there is little likelihood of the accomplishment of the latter, it is full of significance and of testimony of the spirit by which the governments of nations are influenced, that a conference of the nations to take such questions under consideration was possible.

.

THAT some of the nations participating in the Peace Conference may not have been sincere in their efforts to make the chances of war more remote, as has been charged; that they sent representatives merely to avoid the censure of the rest of the world, does not rob the Conference of its significance as an indication that the world is striving for a higher ideal of national and individual life. The action of such countries merely proclaimed the power of the world's conscience, for, as an old maxim has it, "hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue."

.

WHEN war is finally undertaken nowadays, it is conducted in a manner that renders impossible many of its old-time horrors and much of its old-time hellishness. Horrible and hellish the slaughter of human beings must ever be, but the old saw that "all is fair in love and war," holds good no longer.

The general of an army who subjected his prisoners to ill treatment, or who failed to accord the wounded of the enemy that fell into his hands the same measure of attention that his own wounded received, provided the facilities were at his command, would bring upon himself the execrations of the world. And facilities for nursing and caring for the wounded are now as important a part of the equipment of an army as those for destroying the enemy.

Paradoxical though it may appear to speak of the slaughter of human beings being conducted humanely, it is an accepted article of faith to which all civilized nations subscribe, and, we believe adhere—making due allowance for paroxisms of passion in individuals—that war shall only be carried on by the most humane methods possible.

.

THAT some kind of police protection is necessary in a community does not indicate that the community at large is disposed to evil. The presence of the means to suppress evil indicates the contrary, and that the law-abiding have the courage of their convictions. If they abuse their power and turn it to base use—to accomplish that which it was established to prevent—assuredly will such prostitution react to their own degradation.

It is as a police force, as peace preservers and as punishers of evil doers, on a large scale, that a Christian nation can justify the existence of its army; and while there are not wanting those, even a few of our own race, who proclaim that England is using her army to-day for vastly different purposes—for rapine and conquest—we can rest assured that in the long ages to come the present war will be universally recognized as a righteous act on the part of England for the establishment in South Africa of those principles which embody not only the heritage of every Briton, but the right of every human being: to enjoy the fullest measure of individual liberty compatible with justice and morality and the safety of the State—the last limitation only applying when it is synonymous with the others.

.

SOME months since we published an illustrated article on rural mail delivery in the United States, our object being to bring as convincingly as possible before our readers the feasibility of adopting the system in this country, and the great benefit the farmer and others residing outside town and city limits would derive therefrom. There is no doubt that the experiment in the United States has been closely watched

here officially, and that it is only a matter of time before we follow our neighbors' example. In a recent issue the *Toronto Globe* deals at length and dispassionately with the question in its different phases, the main one, of course, being the expense. The *Globe's* conclusions are not only that the movement is practicable, but that it will have far more important results than may be apparent at first glance, either to those whose advocacy of a rural mail delivery is based merely upon a recognition of the convenience such an institution would be to the farmer, or to those whose opposition has its origin in an erroneous conception of the expense involved.

.

THE *Globe* is not given to committing itself to reforms, the carrying out of which would be embarrassing to the Government—at least when its own party is in power; and we look upon it as a happy augury for the rural mail delivery project that it has received the support of the leading Government organ, which, we are not afraid to say, exercises a greater influence on matters which are not party questions than any other journal in Canada.

.

THOSE who look askance at the scheme on the ground of expense must bear in mind that the establishment of a postal delivery service in a district means that the one delivery wagon will cover territory at present served by several post-offices, a large proportion of which would become unnecessary and could be abolished. Thus, according to the report published by the United States Post Office Department, in one county in Maryland the work previously done by eight offices at a cost to the Government of \$1,600 a year, was accomplished by one postal wagon at a total cost, including wages of clerk and driver and maintenance of horse, of \$1,375, or a clear saving of \$225; to which add the convenience enjoyed by the residents of the county in having their letters and other mail matter delivered at their gates instead of being compelled to journey to the post-office as of yore.

THE institution of a daily mail delivery would have other and very far-reaching effects. We have on several occasions pointed out in these columns the importance of placing within the reach of the young people on the farm as many of the advantages enjoyed by their city brothers and sisters as possible, as an antidote to, or preventive of, the already ominously strong tendency of farmers' sons and daughters to migrate from the farm to town and city.

.

ONE of the greatest causes of the discontent in which this migratory movement is born is, in our opinion, the difficulty the members of the average farmer's family experience in supplying themselves with periodicals and other literature. We have already entered our plea for the establishment of travelling libraries, and we hope yet to see those in operation, but hardly less potent as a factor for contentment with farm life will be facilities for carrying on correspondence with distant friends, and for receiving daily papers and other periodicals, without the, at present, necessary drive or walk of three, four or more miles at the close of a hard day's work.

.

WE quoted in our last issue an article from an American source showing the tremendous difference between the cost of haulage of grain, hay and other farm produce in Europe and the cost in Canada and the United States. The difference was in favor of Europe, where, owing to better roads, the farmers are enabled to haul loads twice and three times as heavy as the American and Canadian farmers. The rural postal delivery project bears strongly upon this question of good roads inasmuch as the Government could only undertake to provide postal wagon service where the roads were maintained in a fairly good condition. This is one of the conditions upon which the United States authorities insist before a district is provided with a wagon service, and it is interesting to note, as indicating the high value the farmers place upon the mail delivery, that in one county they spent over \$2,500 in repairing

and grading a road to meet the requirements of the authorities.

.

THE case for the free delivery of mail in rural districts in Canada, in our opinion, is this:

It can be operated practically without any additional cost to the Department, any extra expense in the early stages being more than balanced by the additional revenue that will accrue from the largely increased sale of stamps.

It will add very materially to the comfort and convenience of the farmer's family, thereby checking the disastrous tendency which is robbing the country each year of thousands of wealth producers who swell the already congested ranks of the wage-earners in towns and cities. In so doing they make the struggle for existence more keen and reduce the standard of living for themselves as well as for others, rendering inevitable a deterioration of the race physically and intellectually:

It will enforce the making and maintenance of good roads, whereby the farmer will save several dollars every time he hauls a load to market, by being able to haul twice as much as he did formerly, and by very considerably increasing the life-time of both horses and wagon.

.

As our Post-Office Department has shown itself of recent years not afraid to make a departure from the rut of custom when there were indications that such departure would prove beneficial to the community at large, we are not without hope that before the end of the century our friend the farmer will receive his mail as regularly every day and with as little personal inconvenience as do the merchant and the manufacturer.

.

TO say that the French Canadians as a people are lukewarm in their loyalty to the British Crown because one or two more or less prominent politicians have given utterance to statements which hardly fit in with the generally accepted idea of imperial patriotism, is the height of absurdity, and is an act of gross injustice against

people whose loyalty was tested, proved and stamped with the hall mark of life blood, readily shed for the maintenance of British rule on this continent, over eighty years ago at Chateaugay and Chrysler's Farm. And be it remembered the French Canadians of that day had not had several generations' experience of the beneficence and racial impartiality of British parliamentary rule; they were living near enough to the time when the English flag had supplanted that of France in Canada to feel the sting of conquest and to cherish the hope that they might yet, if not give Canada back to France, at least undo the work of Wolfe to the extent of assisting in placing the country under the dominion of a nation at war with England.

Negative loyalty in the shape of passive neutrality was the most that could be expected of them, as it is all that the British Government has dared to hope of the Boers in Cape Colony and Natal at the present critical period of affairs in South Africa. But the loyalty of the French Canadians when British dominion was threatened did not stop at passive neutrality. They fought side by side with British soldiers as bravely as their fathers had fought against British soldiers at Quebec.

Since that time the council of the nation, and, therefore, the welfare of the Empire, has been strengthened by the presence of many ministers of French-Canadian birth. It has been conceded by political opponents as well as by friends that Sir Wilfred Laurier has contributed in no small measure to a quickening of English sympathy with Canada in the latter's task of building up a nation of various peoples who shall yet be one with Britain—"one flag, one fleet, one throne."

* * *

CANADA is big enough to allow a few millions each of every race in Europe to live in peace within her borders, and we have sufficient faith in the unifying power of British principles to accord to every member of that prospective host the fullest measure of political liberty enjoyed in any part of the British Empire, and to place the chief executive

power in the hands of the man who, in the opinion of the majority, is best qualified to exercise it, no matter of what race or creed he may be. We are strong enough to do this, but we are not strong enough, and no nation is strong enough, to allow racial or sectarian jealousies to dominate, or have any part, in national questions.

Hardly less suicidal, and certainly no less idiotic, than such unstatesmanly policy, is that of making a people responsible for the vagaries of a few individuals. Only within the last few weeks an Irish member of the Imperial Parliament, declaring with all the passionate invective of which an Irish member is capable, against the British Government for going to war with the Boers, declared that the sympathies of the whole Irish people were with the Boers and that the soldiers of Irish regiments should, and probably would, turn their muskets against the British, the foe alike of Boer and Irish. The speaker's hearers received his outpourings with roars of derisive laughter, while the answer of the Irish soldiery to their countryman's twaddle is to be found in the gallant work already performed in the Boer campaign by the Dublin Fusiliers—a regiment with a record unsurpassed in the annals of British arms for deeds of daring and unflinching adherence to duty in the face of odds which meant certain death to the many.

* * *

WE decline to measure the loyalty either of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens or of the Irish regiments by the attitude of a few of their countrymen, who have no authority to represent them on such a question; and we have nothing but censure well saturated with contempt for the opportunism which seeks to make political capital by damning the race for the faults of a few.

Vi



AT DENTONIA PARK FARM.

The Ayrshire Herd.

THE thorough agricultural experimentalist is ever on the look-out for channels of development. He looks not only for the perfection of the

which he can carry the results of his enterprise, labor and investigation; and that the field thus to be exploited by the up-to-date farmer is a wide one, is being



SILVER PRINCE.

various features or departments of his establishment, but for new fields to more conclusively demonstrated every year.

It is no longer a question of controversy that science is the handmaiden of successful farming; and, as if in a spirit of reciprocity, farming is in more ways than one assisting science to a fuller development of the latter's possibilities. That branch of science which devotes itself to medicine and hygiene has in particular a close relationship with the produce of the farm, and of all such produce none plays a more important part, from a hygienic and medicinal standpoint, than milk. Its disease-dealing properties when produced amidst unsanitary surroundings, or from animals themselves

that of infants denied from birth that first natural food of nearly all animals, the milk of the mother.

Recourse in such cases, altogether too frequent for the good of the human race, has been had to cows' milk, or that of the goat or ass, but medical men have always realized that none of these possessed the essential qualities of human milk. Recent investigation and experiments, however, have demonstrated that by submitting cows' milk of a certain quality to a process whereby the milk is "modified," the component parts being separated and again re-combined in such



LADY STERLING 3RD.

tainted with disease, are known to all, and it is generally known that precautions are being taken by the governments of this country to prevent traffic in, or consumption of, milk obtained under such undesirable conditions. It is to be hoped that with such precautions effectively carried out there is less danger now of a community being stricken with disease originating in its milk supply. But medical science is not content with ensuring this negative species of assistance in its fight for mankind against disease. Among the many conditions which demand the use of milk for purposes of nourishment none is more general than

proportions and in such a manner, it is possible to produce a food practically identical with human milk.

In Boston and other cities, where this conversion of cows' milk has been carried on for some time, the results have been of a remarkably satisfactory character, effecting a large reduction in the rate of infant mortality. With the process by which a genuine substitute for mothers' milk is procured, we shall deal in a subsequent issue. At *Dentonia* preparations are being rapidly pushed forward for the installation of the necessary plant and for carrying on the work in every particular under antiseptic condi-

tions—one of the most vital requisites. The establishment of a herd of pedigree Ayrshire stock at Dentonia is part of the programme, notwithstanding the presence there already of one of the finest herds of Jerseys on the continent. The very merits of the milky mothers of the Jersey stripe militate against their usefulness in "milk conversion," the richness and size of the butter globules of the Jersey being less digestible for young infants.

The herd of Ayrshires at Dentonia thus destined to play an important part as pioneers in the cause of Canadian

C.A.B.A. 5809. She is a magnificent animal, red and white, seven years old and a splendid milker, yielding sixty pounds daily. She took first prize in "Aged Class" at Toronto, London and Ottawa.

Of exceptional merit is Loantaka, C.A.B.A. 5987, by Duke of Park Hill, C.A.B.A. 4666, a beautiful four-year-old who was in the first-prize herd at all Canadian fairs. Her yield is fifty pounds daily.

Snow Flight of Burnside, C.A.B.A. 7114, by Silver King, C.A.B.A. 5809, contributes generously to the herd's reputa-



LOANTAKA.

infants, consists of sixteen beasts, twelve of which, including a magnificent bull, are thoroughbred pedigree stock. The massive build and splendid proportions of Silver Prince will be recognized in the accompanying portrait of his bullship at a glance. He is a blue blooded beast, being son of Silver King. He took the first prize in the Ayrshire four-year-olds at Toronto Exhibition last September, and carried off the sweepstakes at the same place. He also took the first prize at Ottawa.

Among the milk givers, the first place may be accorded to Lady Stirling III., C.A.B.A. 6230, by Silver King, imported,

tion. She distanced all competitors in the three-year-old class at Ottawa last year.

A similar success was secured in the same year at Toronto and London by Effie Glenn of St. Annes, C.A.B.A. 7208, by Glencairn III.

May of Rotherland calved recently for the first time, being a handsome two-year-old of great promise.

Rosebud of St. Annes, C.A.B.A. 7918, by Glencairn III., is a well-marked, brown and white, 3-year-old. At Ottawa in '98 she secured first prize in two-year-old class. She contributes fifty pounds daily to the milk supply.

Of generous yield also and a thoroughly good cow in all respects is Springbrook Maggie, C.A.B.A. 6022, by Chief of Beauharnois. Her age is six years.

Heather Bell of St. Annes, C.A.B.A. 9331, by Glencairn III., took the second prize in the five-year-old class at Ottawa in '98. She is prettily marked in red and white, and justifies her selection by a daily yield of forty-five pounds.

Ranking with her is her twin, Heather Blossom, C.A.B.A. 9332, brown and white.

Miss Dawes, a four-year-old, red and white, is fulfilling the promise of her pedigree.

The last of the Ayrshire thoroughbreds is also the least. Mabel, a heifer seven months old, of whom much is expected.

It is needless so say that the same careful attention bestowed on the feeding and housing of all live stock at Dentonia

obtains in regard to the Ayrshires, of which the Superintendent, Mr. J. B. Ketchen, an associate of the Agricultural College, with an extensive experience of high class stock, is justly proud. He is of opinion that by proper feeding he can to some extent increase the already high percentage of butter fat, which has averaged five per cent. The Dentonia Jersey Herd, however, when over two dozen of them were milking, have attained the phenomenal average of 6.2 per cent.

With such a splendid source of supply on which to draw for "raw material," and with unsurpassed facilities for carrying out the undertaking in every particular, there is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Massey's entrance into the arena of medicinal dairying will be productive of results not only profitable to himself but to the community at large.

Music of the Milk-Pail.

 UR hired man, Mike, he's the best ol' man,
 he can do 'most everything.
 I follow him 'round 'most every day to
 hear him whistle an' sing.
 He's a gray ol' man, but can do more tricks 'n any
 boy I know,
 An' he's jest ez short and stunted—says he "didn't
 have time to grow."
 He's jest ez good to cows, to horses an' everything,
 That they do jest what he says, 'most as if he was
 a king.

But when night comes an' the field work's done I
 have the bestest fun,
 For Mike calls "Co-o-o, Boss," to the cows an
 they come on a run.
 Then I go out to the barn an' set a-watchin' on the
 hay,
 While Mike gives them their feed in big forkfuls
 from the bay,
 Then he goes in the stable, an' picks up his stool
 an' pail,
 Which he always keep right near my seat a-hangin'
 on a nail.
 N'en he steps up to ol' Brindle, says, "Now, git
 over! So!"
 An' sets down an' starts a-milkin' an a-whistlin'
 soft and low.

He keeps right on a-whistlin' an' a-milkin' like the
 dickens,
 An' everything that hears him, the ducks an' geese
 an' chickens,
 Jest flutter 'round an' squawk an' chatter jest ez
 loud,
 An' the peacocks make that awful noise an' strut
 an' look so proud.
 Every bird that's in the trees may sing in sweetest
 tones,
 The niggers may twang their banjos an' dance an'
 shake their bones;
 Any minstrel show I ever saw, or tent show, either,
 fails
 To be as good to me as the music in Mike's
 pail.

<p>SELECTED AND EDITED BY MRS. JOHN HOLMES.</p>		<p><i>Correspondence is invited on all matters relating to the Home. Questions pertaining to any feature of domestic life, or of interest to women generally, will be readily answered, when possible, in this department.</i></p>
---	---	--

The Old Hymns.

THERE'S lots of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago,
And when my gray-haired mother sings the ones I used to know
I somehow want to take a hand—I think of days gone by,
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye!"

There's lots of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where men're, dreaming, stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways;
And I want to hear the music from the dear old cottage rise
Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come—
Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb,
If I can hear 'em sing them then, I'll pass without a sigh
To "Canaan's fair and happy land where my possessions lie."

NEEDLEWORK FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

The New Flax Embroidery.

A VERY pretty and new way of using flax threads is seen in our illustration, Fig. 1. Flax threads can be had in many sizes and numerous shades of numbers of colors. They are inexpensive, and having the additional charm of washing well, are particularly suitable for such articles as may require washing.

The corner seen in our illustration is intended for a tea-cloth, and if embroidered on colored linen it would do very nicely for a table-cover. The necessity here is to get your shades consecutively. By this we mean that each shade of flax has its number, and you should, in buying a set to work with, get consecutive numbers. For example: Five shades of heliotrope flax are used in this spray. The shades are used as they come, one number after another. Do not, for instance, use a number—we can call it 24, and then 27. But use 25 after 24, and so on. The same in shading. If you are working a shaded leaf take the shades as they go, and then they blend into each other, and there is no sharp, hard line.

The corner here is done thus: Each petal is worked in one shade of flax.

The petals nearest the stalk are of the lightest shade, and the succeeding petals are in the successive shades. The middle of the flower is done in a light shade, just a satin-stitch ball. The stem is done in an intermediate shade, and the sprays of the leaves have several of the shades in each, though there is only one shade in every leaf.

In working a spray of leaves, always do the topmost leaf of the lightest shade and graduate the shades to the darkest. The scallops are worked in alternating shades of dark and light. You can trace the scallops very easily yourself by pencilling round half a coin, a penny or half-penny, according to the size you want the scallop to be. Under the scallops is a band of satin-stitch done in old gold colored flax. This is a color which always goes well with heliotrope. After the satin-stitch is done, then you make a line of old gold stem-stitch between the band and the scallops. The scallops are done, of course, in satin-stitch.

Another way of doing them is to make the scallops outward, and if this is done they must be done in button-hole stitch, the thread being held under the needle. Damp and iron your work before cutting out the scallops. In the illustration, where the satin-stitch band forms the

edge, it is intended to turn the linen under it closely, and then to run lace all along.

You can work flax upon all kinds of materials, but art linen is about the most satisfactory of any. Torchon lace is very suitable for this work.

For washing flax-work and art linen, dissolve some good neutral soap in boiling water, then reduce in strength and temperature by adding cold. Do not rub any soap on the linen, but work

Embroidered work on linen must on no account be boiled or allowed to lie in a wet condition after being washed, nor must common soap, soda or washing powders be used. If needful, iron on the back with a moderately hot iron, the work being laid with its finished side upon a soft blanket with a piece of fine linen interposed.

Fig. 2 shows how plait-stitch, used for the leaves and petals, is worked. Work your stitches alternately right and left,

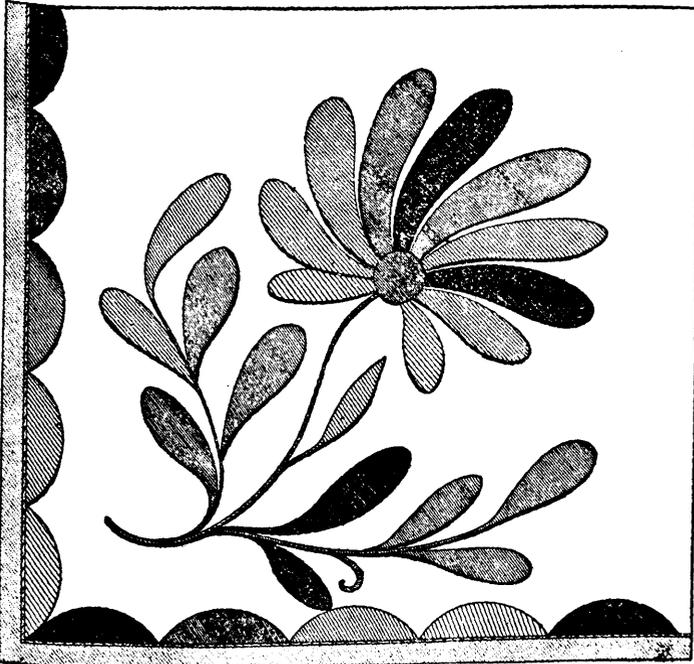


FIG. 1.—COMPLETED DESIGN.

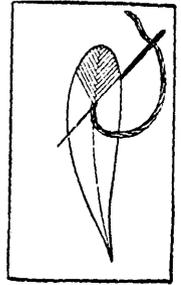


FIG. 2.

the material well in the lather with as little rubbing and friction as possible. Rinse in warm water to remove soap, then in cold, in which a tablespoonful of table salt (to each half gallon of water) has been dissolved. Squeeze gently in the hands, but do not wring; then dry at once quickly.

always keeping your thread over your needle. Bring your needle to the right of the centre line if you are doing the right-hand stitch, and a little to the left if you are doing the left-hand stitch. This forms the plait where the lines cross.

1899 ~ NOVEMBER ~ 1899

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
Nov Mon 24	First Quarter 10th		1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	Full Moon 11th	Last Quarter 23rd

1899 ~ DECEMBER ~ 1899

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
Nov Mon 24	First Quarter 10th				1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

New Styles in Blouses.

VELVET blouses are coming very much to the front; the same fabric is likewise fashioned into plain skirts for morning wear. They have the advantage of being easily con-



FIG. 1.

vorted into a dressy bodice by the addition of a smart silk cravat or lace collar such as we have often given examples of in these pages. Good velveteen is seldom used in the ready-made article, therefore it is far better to make up such bodices at home, or entrust them to a dress-maker whose charges are on a moderate scale. The fine cord velvet skirt is sold at such a low figure that it will soon become common.

Amongst the prettiest styles may be mentioned the velvet replica of the silk skirt that had very full double silk frills either side of the buttonhole band, and around the small collar and cuffs which turned back from deep collar and wristbands. In the velvet ones these frills are still made of silk, but matching in color, except in the case of one black and white checked velvet, where they were in black, making an effective contrast.

Two other pretty models are illustrated in Figs. 1 and 3; Fig. 1 having a shaped yoke of tucked silk, into which the velvet is gently eased, brought full into the waist, where the folds are kept in place

by occasional stitchings to the fitting lining. A transversely tucked buttonband, and a shaped and tucked waistband, are both of silk, outlined, like the yoke and collar, with tiny fancy edging. The sleeves are very uncommon, but their make is sufficiently and clearly set forth in the sketch to obviate the necessity of further description.

The best effect is gained by having this blouse carried out with velvet a couple of shades darker than the silk employed, but matching in color. There is here, too, a possibility for utilizing the best portions of an old silk blouse, which, by the aid of two yards of velveteen, could be converted into a fresh edition. The other style for fashioning the same material is set forth in Fig. 3, where we have tucked fronts set into shaped and embroidered shoulder pieces. A plain buckle at throat and waist complete a handsome design.

Embroidered velvet blouses are sold ready-made at very moderate prices, and the quality of material is better in these kinds than the plain shirt variety.

Flannel and felt cloth shirts are much to the fore. A pretty novelty is having the fronts and sleeves trimmed with bands and tabs of checked material, generally of black and while. This



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

is sketched in Fig. 2, and is given because of the idea for renovation which it suggests. Perhaps we should say

"smartening up" instead, as, of course, the blouse so treated must be in fairly good condition.

Striped flannels are worn as much as last year, but the palm for popularity must be given to the velveteen editions of that bodice whose decrease has been prognosticated for years, but which still flourishes as profusely as ever.

All sorts and conditions of ribbons have been brought out. Besides the velvet ribbon for gathering, we have an

extremely pretty one of silk of the kind known as alpaca ribbon, edged with fine chenille, and having the draw string in the centre. For the decoration of evening costumes this will certainly be very fashionable, for the chenille edge gives it altogether a very novel and soft effect. Varieties in bébé ribbon are likewise being shown, and braid of all kinds shadows forth the existence of much decoration of this kind on the winter toilettes.

Simple Recipes for Tasty Dishes.

Potato Chips.—Method: Wash, peel and slice some potatoes lengthwise, put them in cold water till wanted, then wipe them dry, and fry in deep, hot fat. Drain on kitchen paper, sprinkle over with salt and serve.

Liver Sauce.—Method: Make half a pint of melted butter sauce. Boil the fowl's liver for a few minutes, and chop it finely; scald a bunch of parsley, chop and mix a tablespoonful to the liver, and stir both liver and parsley to the sauce. Boil up and serve.

Flemish Soup.—Method: Cut up two onions, two heads of celery and five potatoes. Simmer them gently in an ounce and a half of butter or dripping for an hour. Add a quart of stock, and boil till the vegetables are soft. Rub through a sieve; stir in half a pint of milk. Warm up, and serve with fried croûtons.

Tapioca Pudding.—Method: Simmer an ounce of tapioca in a pint of milk, with two ounces of sugar, for twenty minutes. Line a small pie-dish with pastry; stir an egg to the tapioca, also an ounce of butter, pour it into the dish, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. Serve hot or cold.

Damson Pudding.—Method: Line a buttered pudding-basin with suet crust, fill with the damsons, sweeten them well. Cover with more pastry, pinch the edges together. Tie with a scalded cloth, and boil for two hours and a half. Serve with cream or custard. When cooked, let the pudding stand for a minute or two before turning it out.

Pressed Chicken.—Cut the chicken up and boil it in as little water as possible. It must be cooked until the meat drops from the bones. Then chop it fine, season it with pepper and salt, and press it into a bowl, putting slices of hard-boiled eggs here and there through it. When the bowl is nearly full, add the chicken jelly, made by boiling down the water in which the chicken was cooked, after having added a large pinch of gelatine. There should be just enough jelly to cover the meat, and it must be strained through a coarse cloth before pouring it over the

meat. Set in a cold place to harden, then cut it into thin slices and serve.

Fish Cakes.—Method: Flake the remains of the haddock, first removing any skin and bone; mix it with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, a dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, an ounce of butter, well beaten egg, pepper and salt. Form into balls or small cakes, egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat or bake in a moderate oven. If cooked in the latter way use browned bread crumbs.

Stuffed Haddock.—Method: Clean the haddock, make some stuffing according to the directions given for veal forcemeat, and fill the opening in the fish with it. Sew up and skewer in an S-shape. Rub over with flour, brush with beaten-up egg, and sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour, with an ounce or more of dripping. Baste frequently.

Lemon Cheesecakes.—Method: Line some patty-pans with puff or short pastry, half fill them with cheesecake mixture, and bake for a quarter of an hour. For the mixture, mix two ounces of butter, half a pound of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, and the rind of one and the juice of two lemons. Stir over the fire till thick. Use when cold for the tartlets.

Hashed Goose.—Method: Cut the remains of the goose into convenient sized pieces. Put the bones and trimmings left over in a stew-pan with an onion previously fried in butter, cover with water and boil for an hour. Thicken this stock with brown roux; season with pepper, salt and ketchup. Add the pieces of meat. Serve when hot with sippets of toast as a garnish.

Stuffing for Roast Goose.—Method: Peel four onions, and simmer them in boiling water for five minutes; put ten or twelve sage leaves in the water for a minute or two after the onions have been taken out. Chop both finely; mix with six tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs and an ounce or more of butter, season with salt and pepper, and bind all together with a well-beaten egg.

CHIT-CHAT.

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

The Old Wedding Ring.

WHAT a symbol of love is that circle of gold
By the token of which our devotion was
told!
How our youthful affection shines out, as it seems
In the light of the romance around it that gleams,
And it knows no beginning or ending or why
Its continuing course should not run till we die.

And a sign and a seal of our reverence, too,
Had a part in our creed, when that old ring was
new,
When a slender, light hand was upraised to our
lips,
And our kisses were pressed on its little finger-tips;
For that circle of gold seemed a hallowing pledge
Of a homage profounder than words dared allege.

But the metal that's purest wears quickest away,
And that old wedding ring has grown thin
to-day;
Yet the hand which it graced graces it in lister
With a smile the alchemist valuably would learn;
For sweet charity's touch has so filled it with love
That that hand never failed to hunger and cook.

And the summers may come and the summers
may go,
And the winters may whiten the hair with the
snow;
Still the hand which a lover delighted to kiss,
Wears the signet of just half a century's bliss,
And no promise of joy in the heavens above,
Is more sure than that ring and its cycle of love.

THE origin of the pretty custom of
placing the wedding ring upon
the finger of the bride seems to
have sprung from the Egyptians, who
presented the bridal ring as a token of
entrusting the wife with all her husband's
property. The custom was adopted by
the early Christians, and thus it has
reached us in the present day, when the
ring is placed upon the bride's finger
with the words, "With all my worldly
goods I thee endow."

Rings, however, have had other associations besides those of marrying and giving in marriage. Some Roman rings were hollow, and filled with poison, obviously for the purpose of suicide—a crime then considered a virtue. A modern instance of this carrying of death upon the finger is that of Condorcet, who, when arrested by the notorious Convention, tore the jewel from his ring and drank the poison which lay in the hollow.

MOTHER: "I don't like the look of that boy I saw you playing with to-day. You rausn't play with bad little boys, you know."

SON: "Oh, he isn't a bad little boy, mother. He's a good little boy. He's been sent to a reformatory two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good behaviour!"

AN interesting ring story is told of the Duke of Wellington. He was seated at dinner one day opposite Miss Dawson Damer, and was observed to be looking intently at a ring which that young lady wore upon her finger. Suddenly he said, "Where did you get that ring?" and learning that it was a gift from the late Mrs. Fitzherbert, he asked, "Have you ever opened it?" "Opened

it?" replied the lady, "I did not know; was made to open." Thereupon the late Duke took it, touched a spring, and disclosed a tiny miniature of the Regent. "There were two of these rings. The fellow-ring enclosed the portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and was worn by the king. He gave it to me on his death-bed, and instructed me to place it on his breast at his burial. I did so."

GRANDMA: "Ah, my dear, the men are not what they were fifty years ago."
ETHEL: "Well, granny, you know fifty years will change any man."

A FACT that should increase the marriage rate is that married people live a great deal longer than those who remain single. This can be easily explained in the case of the average man; he is removed from the tender mercies of a lady and her primitive notions of upon what sort of cooking a human being can best sustain life. His wife studies his comforts, his meals are not only eatable but served at regular hours, and she makes him a home in the sense that he has not known since he left his parents' roof. It is no wonder that his life is lengthened by all this; indeed, it would be strange if it were otherwise. It seems very curious that matrimony, with its many cares of housekeeping and all its attendant worries, should undoubtedly be the means also of prolonging a woman's life. One would have imagined that the cares of husband and children and the worry of housekeeping would have been far more likely to shorten her days, but the fact remains that it is not so. It behoves a man who wishes to prolong his life and live to a ripe old age, to take unto himself a wife without further loss of time.

ONE of the most important points in the culture of physical beauty is the attainment of a graceful carriage. Children cannot begin too young to learn how to balance their bodies and pose their heads gracefully. All kinds of bad habits may be guarded against if deportment is taught early, but it is no easy matter to overcome a slovenly gait when the child is grown up. The most beautiful woman loses more than half her charm if she strides rather than walks, swings her arms from side to side, or awkwardly moves her shoulders and hips when walking. Grace of expression is as important as grace of movement. With some people these little charms seem to be natural possessions, whilst others can only acquire them by careful education; therefore, no woman should neglect the cultivation of charm of manner.

.

A VOICE IN THE DARK.—“Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty.”

“No; you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep.”

A pause.

“Mamma, won't you please give me a drink? I'm so thirsty.”

“If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and whip you!”

Another pause.

“Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?”

.

NO matter how busy one may be, it is quite possible always to attend to one's toilet at night. One should not simply drop her clothes and tumble into bed, else neither one's self nor the clothes will look attractive in the morning. Have plenty of hot water and a dash of eau de Cologne, and give your face a thorough laving. The result will be as refreshing as an hour's sleep. Brush the hair for twenty minutes. It will be glossier and thicker for the trouble, and your nerves will be soothed by the process. Then, after the exercise,

robe yourself in a warm dressing-gown, and drink a glass of hot milk, weak cocoa, or even hot water, eating a biscuit or bit of toast if you like. When the small supper is finished you will be ready to go to sleep without any insomnia cure, and in the morning you will waken refreshed and thoroughly in good humor with yourself and the world.

.

LITTLE BOY: “Please, I want the doctor to come and see mother.”

DOCTOR'S SERVANT: “Doctor's out. Where do you come from?”

LITTLE BOY: “What! Don't you know me? Why, we deal with you—we had a baby from here last week.”

.

WE all know how some women, after a year or two of married life, get careless about their dress, says a lady novelist. They seem to think that their fortune is made, and it isn't necessary to arrange the hair becomingly, and put on a pretty gown, just for their husbands. This is all wrong, and it is an error that arises from laziness. Men like to see their wives look pretty just as much as they did when they were but sweethearts. Take a woman's advice, and if you can have but one attractive gown, let that be the one to wear indoors. Endeavor to have daintily-arranged hair and a neat and simple costume for breakfast. Have well-fitting boots or slippers, as the case may be, and, in fact, study to make yourself just as winsome after the fish is landed as when you were not so sure of him.

.

“Put your tongue out,” said the doctor to four-year-old Gilbert.

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

“No, no, put it right out,” said the doctor.

The little fellow shook his head weakly and the tears gathered in his eyes.

“I can't, doctor,” he ventured at last: “it's fastened on to me.”

Forgive Me Now.

WAIT not the morrow, but forgive me now!
Who knows what fate to-morrow's dawn may bring?
Let us not part with shadow on thy brow,
With my heart hungering.

Wait not the morrow, but entwine thy hand
In mine with sweet forgiveness full and free;
Of all life's joys I only understand
This joy of loving thee.

Perhaps some day I may redeem the wrong—
Repair the fault—I know not when or how.
Oh, dearest, do not wait—it may be long—
Only forgive me now.

The Princess of Wales and Her Daughters.

H. R. H. the Princess of Wales ranks as "second lady in the land" by order of precedence, but were the position one decided by order of popularity it would still be accorded to Her Royal Highness. Undoubtedly, the kindness, consideration, and universal popularity of the beautiful and esteemed wife of the Prince has



H. R. H. PRINCESS OF WALES.

earned for her the right to the distinction, for she has long since endeared herself to the nation, and gained a lasting place in the hearts of the people.

There is not sufficient space here to give anything like an adequate appreciation of the good qualities of the Princess or of her three daughters, who share so very largely in her popularity. It is thirty-six years ago now that the Princess Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark, was married to England's future King, and it took but a very little time for the people who welcomed her to realise that the Princess possessed all the good qualities beloved of the British nation.

As is well known, the Princess of Wales is the smartest and most neatly dressed woman in England. She never goes to any extreme in fashion, and always designs her dresses herself, making sketches of them either in pen and ink or pencil. These sketches have never been seen, however, for the dressmaker directly she has made use of them is commanded to return them, on receipt of which they are destroyed. As many as over 200,000 photographs of the Prin-

cess are sold during the course of a single year—one remarkable proof of her popularity, were such needed.

Sandringham, the favorite residence of the family, is a quiet and secluded spot, beautiful in its simplicity and attractive in its homeliness, though visitors cannot help but be impressed by the dignity inseparable from its owners and associations. It is in the home life spent here one realises what a typical happy English family is that of the heir to the throne. The Princess and her daughters are constantly engaged in charitable works and in looking after the poor and sick. Indeed, at Sandringham every child seems to know and to love the "beautiful lady," and every man and woman seems almost to worship her.

Upon one occasion the Princess was induced to write her "confessions" in one of the albums people used to be so fond of keeping for their own and their



H. R. H. DUCHESS OF FIFE.

friends' edification, and she recorded her favourite dish as being Yorkshire pudding; her favourite art, millinery; and her favourite occupation, minding her own business.

The Duchess of Fife, the eldest daughter of the Princess, started from her home on her wedding morning as Princess Louise; the ceremony at the altar made her Countess of Fife, and during the breakfast the ducal patent was handed

to her husband and she became the Duchess of Fife, thus changing her name three times in an hour. "Your Royal Shyness" is Princess Maud's nickname for the Duchess of Fife; the Duchess is so very nervous in public, though she manages to conceal it wonderfully well. It may be said that she is the most domesticated and retiring of all our Royal

Princess Maud of Wales—or Princess Charles of Denmark, as she now is—has always had the reputation of being the most humorous as well as the most inventive member of the family. She is very fond of out-door life, and her emulation of the accomplishments of her brothers brought upon her the name of "The little Tomboy" from the Queen when she used to hear rather frequent accounts of her childish escapades. Among her brothers and sisters she is still called "Harrie."

The Prince always carries about with him a combination cigar-case, match-box, card-case, pen-wiper, and pin-cushion, invented by his clever daughter.

Princess Maud invented, too, a combination sofa, reading-desk, and book-case, which is always used by the Princess of Wales when at Sandringham. She never wore a ring of any sort until Prince Charles of Denmark placed an engagement ring on her finger.



H. R. H. PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Family. Publicity of any kind and State ceremonies are her special horrors, and she spends her happiest hours playing with her little girls in the nursery, fishing with her husband in Scottish streams, or tramping over the moors by his side. The feminine enjoyment of shopping is one of her chief delights; and, thickly veiled, she may often be seen with her husband peering through shop-windows in the West-end with all the pleasure of a stranger from the country.

Princess Victoria of Wales is the daughter who is still to be found at her mother's side, although rumours of her engagement have so often been foolishly circulated. She largely assists her mother in her many charitable works, and is greatly beloved by the Norfolk people. Princess Victoria arranges flowers beautifully, and usually prepares the dinner-table decorations at Sandringham. It is Princess Victoria, also, who frequently makes up the button-holes so much worn by the Prince of Wales. She is a good swimmer, an accomplishment which is shared by her mother and her sisters



H. R. H. PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

Princess Charles, even after her marriage, maintained her reputation for humour. Noticing on a certain occasion that a gentleman was taking notes, she waited until he looked towards her, and then wrote very deliberately on a piece of paper, twisted it up, and throw it away. The observer, seizing the first opportunity that presented itself, and quite oblivious of the watchful eyes of the Princess, picked up the slip of paper and read it. On it was written, in her characteristic hand-writing, "How I should like to be a reporter!"

Wise and Otherwise

CONDÉMNED MAN (to his lawyer): "It's a long sentence—sir, to be sent to prison for life."
LAWYER (inclined to a more hopeful view): "Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while."

AGENT: "This is the finest protection in the world. The burglar no sooner enters the house than he gives you the alarm."
MR. HESSLEY: "Haven't you got one that will alarm the burglar?"

At a christening, while the minister was making out the certificate he forgot the date, and happened to say: "Let me see, this is the 10th."
"The 10th!" exclaimed the indignant mother.
"Indeed, not; it's only the 11th!"

"No, Fred, I cannot marry you, but I will be—"
"Don't say 'a sister Annie, please'! I'm tired of hearing that."
"No— I was going to say I would be an aunt, as I accepted your uncle Tom last night."

EMPLOYER: "You put that note where it will be sure to attract Mr. Smith's attention when he comes in, didn't you?"
OFFICE BOY: "Yes, sir, I stuck a pin through it and put it on his chair."

"This climate disagrees with me," said Mr. Meekton's wife.
 And Mr. Meekton, who was reading, absently exclaimed, "How does it dare?"

GENTLEMAN (indignantly): "When I bought this dog you said he was splendid for rats. Why, he won't touch them."
DOG DEALER: "Well, ain't that splendid for the rats?"

"I want an engagement ring for a young lady."
"Yes, sir. About what size?"
"I don't know exactly; but she can twist me around her little finger, if that's any guide."

MARGE: "I always select tragic stories for hot weather reading."
MABLE: "Oh what principle dear?"
MARGE: "They make my blood run cold."

"Max wants but little here below," remarked the landlady.
 "And here is the place to get it," continued the factious boarder.

MRS. BOGGS: "Don't you find it a great relief to have the children at school again?"
MRS. GARLZ: "Well, any place you go where you don't let yourself think it is as cold as it is at home."

HUSBAND: "You sharpened your lead pencil last night, didn't you?"
WIFE: "How did you know?"
HUSBAND: "I've just been trying to shave myself."

HE: "Is she good looking?"
SHE: "No; but she will be when her father dies. She's an heiress."

"What is a winter resort, Uncle Jim?"
"A winter resort? Well, any place you go where you don't let yourself think it is as cold as it is at home."

MRS. PAWSTEIN: "What are you going to get little Mosey on his birthday?"
MR. PAWSTEIN: "I will let him look at der diamonds in der show-gase mit an opera glass."

FAT LADY (in the park): "I am going to ride on one of the donkeys, and I'll pay for one for you if you like to accompany me."
SMALL BOY: "Thankee, mum, but I'd rather sit here an' laugh."

"Pa, did you know ma long before you married her?"
"No, my boy, I didn't know her until long after."

"My good woman," said the clergyman to the sadly told matron, "did you ever try heaping coals of fire on your husband's head?"
"No, your reverence, but I've thrown a lighted lamp at him once or twice."

MRS. TUBBS: "Were you ever lost, Mr. Tubbs?"
MR. TUBBS: "Once."
MRS. TUBBS: "When?"
MR. TUBBS: "When I first saw you I was lost in admiration; and I may add that I have not since been found."

"Are Mr. and Mrs. Green at home?" was asked of the little girl who answered the bell.
"Are they engaged?" The small girl looked horrified as she answered, "Why, they're married!"

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (travelling incog on his own line): "They say there has been some fault found with the lamps in these trains, owing to the dim light they give. Do you see anything wrong with them?"

PASSENGER: "No, sir. On the contrary, they are exactly the kind of lamp I like to see used in the carriage."

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (highly pleased): "I presume you are a professional man?"

PASSENGER: "Yes, sir. I am an oculist."
BROWN: "How do you like your new house, Jones?"

JOHNS: "Oh, very well. There's only one objectionable feature about it."

BROWN: "Well, what's that?"
JOHNS: "The landlord's."

CAREFUL PARENT: "Before I can give consent to your proposed marriage to my daughter, I must know something about your character."

SUITOR: "Certainly, sir, certainly. Here is my bank-book."
CAREFUL PARENT (after a glance): "Take her, my son, and be happy."

MRS. MCANDREW: "I could have married six of the wealthiest men in Edinburgh."
MR. MCANDREW: "Why didn't you? The whole six might have been able to buy your dresses."

MR. BROWN: "Good morning, Mr. Jones: how's your wife?"

MR. JOHNS (who was deaf, and thought a remark had been made about the weather): "Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning."

OLD GOTROK: "What's that? Marry my daughter? Bah!—marriage is an insane desire on the part of a young man to pay a young woman's board."

CHOLLY HARNUP (rattled): "Not with me it isn't Mr. Gotroks; nothing is further from my thoughts."

MASSEY-HARRIS ILLUSTRATED

An Independent Illustrated Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS.

PROV SCRUB, - - - - - Editor-in-Chief.
 FRANK VIXOND, - - - - - Acting Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

To all parts of Canada and United States, Only 50 Cents Per Annum, postage prepaid. Stamps taken.

Always address:

MASSEY PRESS, 327 King St. W.,
 Toronto, Canada.