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A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. III., No. 1. | JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 1.



A MONARCH.

IN THE JARRAH FORESTS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

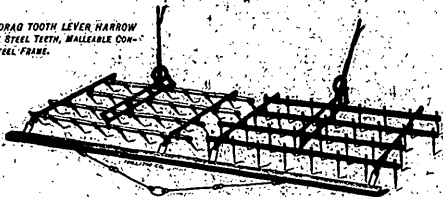
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A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

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AROUND THE WORLD

ONE of the most interesting events of last year was the tour of the Emperor and Empress of Germany to Jerusalem and other parts of

point. Among other gifts bestowed upon the Emperor by the Sultan, was the traditional home of Mary, the mother of our Saviour. Incidentally it may be



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.
THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY ENTERING JERUSALEM.

the domain of the Sultan of Turkey. Oriental extravagance marked the welcome accorded their majesties at every

mentioned that it has since transpired that the Sultan forgot to pay the actual owner of the piece of land he so gener-



THE ARAB CHARGE IN THE GRAND REVIEW BEFORE THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

ously presented to his fellow monarch. The object of the visit was to strengthen German interests in the East and secure whatever advantages were possible for Germany in the matter of markets. There have not been lacking remarks of a caustic and cynical character anent this visit of the sovereign of a Christian nation to, and his paraded friendship for, Abdul the Damned, the perpetrator of

fail to give the former the idea that he has less reason than ever to fear the European concert, is certain. Among the incidents of the tour was a military review at Damascus before the Emperor, and our second illustration depicts a scene of a decidedly thrilling character, and which must have warmed the very cockles of the heart of His Majesty, who is a military-maniac of the first water.

In our third illustration is witnessed the unveiling of the tablet which will provide a permanent memento of their Imperial Majesties' visit to Baalbec.

While the Emperor of Germany has been gadding about in quest of new markets for goods "made in Germany," the authorities of the neighboring republic have been exercising all their wits to keep their political fabric from tumbling about their ears. France's present state of disquietude is the result of an act of glaring injustice perpetrated three years ago by the government of that day against an officer of the army, one Captain Dreyfus, who was charged with betraying vital strategical secrets to a foreign power.

After a travesty of a trial, Dreyfus was sentenced to death, but this was later changed to banishment, the unfortunate prisoner being first publicly degraded. A persistent effort has been maintained by those who believe Dreyfus innocent to procure him a fresh trial, but, arrayed against the mere handful composing these, were all the forces of the govern-

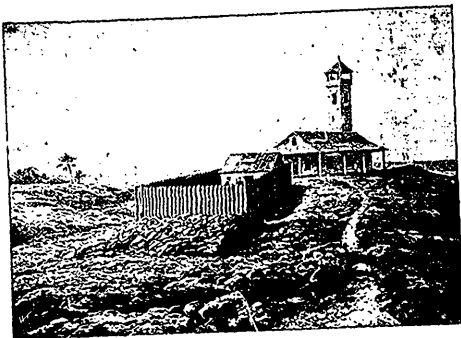


ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

UNVEILING THE TABLET COMMEMORATING THE VISIT OF
THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS
TO BAALBEC, SYRIA.

the worst series of outrages which have marked the bloody record of Turkish rule in Armenia; but "business is business," and, like not a few others of less exalted station, the Emperor of Germany does not let sentiment interfere therewith. That the interchange of "gush" between Sultan and Emperor will not

ment, the influence of the army, and the deeply-rooted hatred of the Jews which prevails in Paris, which, politically, is France. Against such a combination of hostile forces, the friends of the exiled Jewish officer had an almost unsurmountable task, but at last they succeeded so far as to secure a revision of the case against Dreyfus. This is, at time of writing, still proceeding; but even this much has not



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE PRISON OF CAPT. DREYFUS ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

been accomplished without shaking the political structure to its very foundations; and the end is not yet. Unstable, mercurial France, rivalling the repub-

lies of South America in the rapidity with which it changes its governments, is to-day in that condition that she awaits only the appearance of a MAN, be he the



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LAYING A MILITARY TELEGRAPH LINE IN RUSSIA.

head of the last dynasty that filled the throne, or a mere adventurer, to exchange its republican form of government for something—we were going to say worse—but surely there can be no worse form of government than that under which is possible tyranny and injustice such as that displayed against Captain Dreyfus, who, for over four years, has been kept in solitary confinement on Devil's Island, the smallest of an inhospitable group off

the Russian army have been regularly exercised in the expeditious laying of telephone and telegraph wires for military purposes. The men generally work in parties of three, the foremost rider carrying on his back the roll of wire, which unwinds itself as he gallops forward. The two horse-men following him carry lances, on which the sharp point has been replaced by a fork, and with these they catch the wire and dexterously



THE GRAPHIC.

CROSSING THE "BRIDGE OF AL SIRAT." THE EXECUTION OF THREE MURDERERS AT CANVIA.

the coast of South America. "His prison is a little wooden hut surrounded by a strong stockade. Behind is a guard room commanded by a tower, where a Hotchkiss gun is mounted. Captain Dreyfus never gets beyond the yard. His warden is always mute."

Our next illustration on page 4 affords us an interesting glimpse of the way they do things in Russia.

"For some time past the cavalry in

throw it over the branches of the trees which line the highway. In the rare event of there being no trees—for in Russia nearly all the country roads are shaded by a double line of them—the wire is thrown over bushes or hedges, or even, when carried across country, is laid in the furrows of the fields. The wire used is covered with a non-conducting material, so that insulators are rendered unnecessary, and it is sufficiently

heavy to prevent its being blown off the trees. The line can be laid as fast as the horses gallop, twenty kilometres, or over twelve miles an hour, being quite a usual achievement."

While the European powers are "slow in making haste" to take joint action when hundreds of helpless Armenian or

brutally murdered. For this, three men were hanged, and the gruesome spectacle of the condemned men going to their merited doom provides us with our next illustration, although we have a decided objection to providing "horrors" of this kind, as a rule. One of the murderers was a negro, and the other two were

Mahomedan natives. They were blindfolded before being led on to the bridge connecting the platform of the scaffold with some high ground. The executions were carried out without any disturbance.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight was painfully prolific in shipwrecks. Hundreds of lives have been given to the hungry waves, and, let it be remembered, many more have been saved from that watery grave by the heroism displayed by the life-boat crews and coastguardsmen, who practically patrol the shores of England, ever ready to risk their lives to render assistance to those in distress at sea. With their rocket apparatus these coastguardsmen of Britain have done heroic work during the last few weeks.

Our next illustration presents a vivid picture of the Rocket Brigade at work in its task of rescue.

The subject of our following illustration is decidedly novel. At a water *fi*te recently



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE ROCKET BRIGADE AT WORK.

Cretan Christians are being butchered by their Mahomedan ruler, there is no lack of dispatch in administering justice when the victim of fanatical fury happens to be a British subject or a consular representative of Britain. In the trouble that broke out in Candia towards the end of last year, Vice-Consul Colocherino was

ly held at Grunheide, a charming spot in the vicinity of Berlin, a polonaise was executed after nightfall by some sixty swimmers, who carried torches of magnesium wire attached to their caps, the leader directing their movements by a torch which he waved in his hand. The night was dark, and the snake-like



A NOVEL SWIMMING EXHIBITION.

THE GRAPHIC.

movements of the lines of light as the swimmers performed their evolutions, produced an exceedingly curious effect.

to the coast, writes:—"Nulato is a large and interesting Indian village of wooden dwellings, evidently of long standing.



THE VILLAGE OF NULATO.

THE GRAPHIC.

Music was supplied by a band which sat in a boat anchored out in the lake and hung with Chinese lanterns.

The Graphic's special Artist, describing his journey down the Yukon River

Innumerable salmon, split and suspended on poles to dry, shed a fragrant scent over the groups of quaintly dressed women and children. The women were clad in long striped cotton gowns."

AN UNEXPECTED REWARD.

IT was the annual concert of the Army Orphanage for Girls, and, as usual, there was a great attendance for this yearly treat enjoyed the patronage of the "upper ten," and some of our best known artists often took part in it, giving their services freely in aid of the renowned charity.

On this occasion there was probably a greater attendance than ever, as the famous contralto, Madame Trabello, had agreed to give two songs during the concert. And Trabello was at that time the reigning favorite. What a voice she had! How beautiful it was to listen to its sweet cadence!

The celebrated contralto had just finished singing "On the Banks of Allan Water," and the audience were applauding enthusiastically and demanding an encore. She came forward, smilingly, and began to entrance her hearers with "Killarney." There was a great hush fell upon all that immense throng as the notes and the words rang out, but scarcely could the moved listeners restrain their "hurrahs" till the singer had finished, and when the cheers and bravos did come they came with wild enthusiasm.

One of the orphan girls who was selling programmes—a girl about fourteen years of age, with large, brown, liquid eyes and long dark-red hair—stood in perfect rapture whilst the prima donna was singing the lovely song. When it was finished there was a far-away look in the big eyes, and two tears ready to fall. She stood at the end of the seat which had been apportioned to her handing out the programmes as required, but more than once she caught herself singing softly that well-known refrain:

"Beauty's home, Killarney,
Heaven's reflex, Killarney!"

It was during one of these fits of mental abstraction that the rude tones of a young fellow, who sat at the end of the seat behind her, suddenly fell upon her ears.

"For goodness' sake, shut up, you girl!" said he. "Do you suppose that we paid a shilling to hear you sing?"

The tears which had been so long kept back, at the recollection of her old home near Killarney, now fell, but the girl wiped them away and turned aside from the rude young man. At the same time a tall school-youth of about seventeen,

with a fine frank expression in his blue eyes, and who had seen and heard all from his seat behind, leaned over towards the girl and said, in one of those stage whispers that schoolboys are so fond of:

"Look here, little one, don't you take any notice of that impudence. You just sing as much as you like. You know the song, eh? I thought so."

The orphan looked pleased at the youth's kind words, and the boy—for he seemed not much more—noticing her now closely, was struck by her beauty, which he had not at first noticed. A thought crossed his mind.

"Do you sing 'Killarney' at school?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the girl, "but I was born and lived for many years close by the lakes."

"Ah! I see," said he. "So you're an Irish girl? Well, I like Irish girls—that's straight—better than English ones. They have some 'go' in them, and are always jolly, at all events. Now, just you look here, little girl," he went on patronizingly, "take this shilling and buy the song for yourself; then you can sing it whenever you wish without hurting the great musical sense of our friend here."

And the boy said the latter part in a way which made everybody who heard it smile. But the rude man, feeling that the tables had been turned against him, sat silent and sullen.

The orphan took the shilling which the youth placed in her hand and thanked him warmly. That night, when she went to her room, she looked at the shilling with a smile; then she kissed it, and put it away carefully in her own little box. After which she gazed for a moment out of her narrow window; and then, as if she had just resolved on a great thing, she said softly to herself:

"Yes, I will be a singer, too! My mother always said that I had a fine voice, and she ought to have known. I'll be one!"

And when Evelyn Dorrington made up her mind to do a thing, she had the real Irish nature and meant business.

The girl really had a fine voice, though, of course, it needed training to fully develop it. Her mother had, in her younger days, been one of the sweetest singers in the West of Ireland, but misfortune and ill-health had dogged her later life, and at last brought her to a premature grave. Then it was that Evelyn, having no parents, was, through the kind offices of some influential persons who had known

her mother in better days, placed in the Armley Orphan School, near London, till she was able to earn her own living.

Evelyn's chance came when, one day, a director of the school brought a visitor to look over the institution. For the visitor was a friend of the director's, and one of the professors at the famous conservatoire at Leipzig. He asked to hear the choir sing, and soon picked out Evelyn Dorrington's voice as being one much above the ordinary.

"You should let that young lady have special training," said he. "Unless I am greatly mistaken, Mr. Broughton, she would do wonderful things. It is long since I came across so promising a voice!"

Mr. Broughton was a very kind gentleman, wealthy, and much interested in his orphan work. He quickly made up his mind.

"And you really think that the girl would do well?" asked he of the professor.

"With proper training there is no saying what she might do!" replied the other, enthusiastically.

"Then take her back with you, professor," said Mr. Broughton; "I'll stand the expense. Only one condition: make a singer of her that shall do us, you and me, credit!"

Six years had passed during Evelyn's study under the greatest masters of singing in Germany. They were all in raptures at the result of their work and tuition on the beautiful Irish girl, and prophesied for her a veritable triumph when she should appear at her first concert in London. Mr. Broughton was delighted at the success of his scheme, and had kept his part in Miss Dorrington's training quite a secret from his friends, and even those at his own home. And now when his wife was giving an "at home," he simply told her he was going to bring her a singer who would electrify her guests; for he had arranged that Evelyn should make her first appearance at his house, and the young lady of twenty-two was only too glad to please her benefactor, to whom she was never tired of acknowledging how much she owed him.

As for Evelyn herself, she was much changed with the development from girlhood into womanhood; but there was still the same beautiful eyes, the same lovely face that we know so many years ago. A somewhat wistful look lingered about the face, as of one who loves what Longfellow calls, "a long-lost love."

And, in truth, the singer had never forgotten that schoolboy figure, whose

shilling she had kept through all these years as if it were a fetish. She hoped to meet him again one day; then she would sing "Killarney" for his special benefit. Only, he might have forgotten the poor orphan-girl! He might even be married! And at that thought Miss Dorrington felt a sinking of the heart, though she would have scorned the idea that she was in love with a man she had only seen once in her life, and that years ago!

The great day had come when Miss Dorrington had to appear before an English audience in the drawing-room of Mr. Broughton, at "The Willows," Kensington. To hear her there was gathered a notable company of the best people in town, and Evelyn had some natural nervousness before the concert began. But when she faced the audience it had almost passed away, and she felt that she should do herself justice.

She took little notice of those around her till her song was done. Then, when a great wave of bravos swept over the room, and greetings from all quarters were interspersed with inquiries if she was at liberty to sing at such-and-such a place, together with many wishes to be presented to her, Evelyn felt that the triumph had come. There were loud calls for an encore, and she bowed in acknowledgement, and began to look through her other pieces of music for a suitable song.

Just as she was doing this, Mrs. Broughton, who had been most delighted at the success of her husband's surprise, came up to the singer, accompanied by a gentleman.

"Miss Dorrington, my son, Mr. Eric, whom I don't think you have met before, wishes me to present him to you. Miss Dorrington—Mr. Eric Broughton."

Evelyn looked up. Before her was a rather young-looking man, of apparently about twenty-four years old, with a pleasant face, and frank blue eyes that looked straight into hers. But what was it that made the great singer cast down her own eyes and seem confused? She recognized her long-lost school-boy, who had been so kind to the orphan girl.

But he, naturally, did not recognize in the lovely lady before him the maiden whose little episode had long ago been forgotten by him. He put out his hand frankly, and congratulated her warmly on her success; and she took his hand quietly, and felt all her pulses beating as she answered him smilingly, but in conventional tones. Yet the young man made no effort to conceal his admiration and pleasure.

"And what are you going to favor us with next, Miss Dorrington?" asked he.

"What would you like, Mr. Broughton?" she inquired, with a gay laugh,

"Something classical from the operas or oratorios? Some Italian air?"

"Oh, no, Mademoiselle," said he, trying to look dubious; "let us have something English, for goodness' sake. I am afraid you will think me an awful Philistine, but I really do prefer our own native ballads. But whatever you choose I know I shall like it! There, are you not flattered?"

Evelyn smiled, but she turned to the music as if seeking for a song, though it was in reality to hide her face and those tell-tale blushes.

She sang "Killarney," as was only to be expected; and it, in the expressive words of the stage, "brought down the house." Her triumph was complete. But she had not been singing the ballad for the audience; she had sung it for herself and for Mr. Eric Broughton—though he little guessed it, as he sat there in undisguised love with the charming singer.

There was another gentleman, too, amongst the persons in that room who was in love with the new star. And this was Sir Burnet Ascham, a baronet of about forty years of age, who was on the look-out for a wife who would do him credit and had some beauty; and who had in that one afternoon come to the conclusion that Miss Evelyn Dorrington was just the lady he was wanting. And he never feared but that she would jump at the chance of securing, at the very outset of her career, such a flattering alliance!

So Sir Burnet was not long in finding a moment when the lady was alone, a few days after, to have a chat with her, and put the fateful question. But he was startled to meet with a point blank negative. And he would persist in asking the lady for her reasons.

"My reasons are soon given, Sir Burnet," she said, "for they are not many. I simply decline to marry any man who is destitute of ordinary politeness."

She fairly blazed with indignation, and the baronet looked as if he did not know what to make of this extraordinary woman, who actually did not think him—him, Sir Burnet Ascham—good enough for her!

"I do not know what you mean, Miss Dorrington," said he.

"Do you remember telling an orphan girl at the Orphanage concert at Aimley, some years ago, to 'shut up that noise,' when she was singing to herself 'Killarney,' the ballad of her old home? Ah! I see you do. Well, I was that girl—I who have sung 'Killarney' many times since then to thousands of people in Germany. Now, Sir Burnet, that is all I have to say, so I must ask you to excuse me further."

"That pays off one old score," said Evelyn, as the door closed on the baronet. "There is a debt yet owing."

Need we say what the debt owing was? Not many days after the abrupt dismissal of Sir Burnet Ascham, Miss Evelyn Dorrington made her first appearance at the Albert Hall, London, and scored as great a success as she had done in the Kensington drawing-room.

Next day Mr. Eric Broughton called upon her, and they had an interesting conversation.

"I have loved you, Miss Dorrington," said he, in the course of his avowal, "ever since I heard you sing at my mother's. And, somehow, I seem, though for the life of me I can't tell how, to have loved you before that! And yet that was the first time I ever saw you!"

The lady smiled.

"Not quite, Mr. Eric," said she, softly.

"Why, where ever did I see you before?" asked he, while the blue eyes opened wider.

Evelyn took out from her bodice a small paper that she kept always there. She opened it and gave it to him.

"Do you know that?" she asked.

He looked at it wonderingly. Then a recollection, sudden and striking, came over him.

"No!" said he, half inquiringly—

"You?"

"Yes, Mr. Eric," said the lady, with blushing face.

He leant towards her.

"Then you have never forgotten me, Evelyn?"

"Never, Mr. Eric!" said she.

"Not 'Mr. Eric,'" said the gentleman "Say 'Eric,' and then, Evelyn, I shall know that you are mine!"

And as he bent and kissed her she whispered, "Eric—my Eric."

—*Woman's Life.*



On & Around the Farm.

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

General Notes.

Sheep as Brush Destroyers.—The cheapest way to clear a piece of land covered with small brush is to pasture sheep upon it. If the brush is cut with a scythe before turning in the sheep, the tender sprouts will be kept down about as fast as they appear. The roots will dry off and decay in one or two years. Cleared in this way, a field will not again grow

Just so. Honesty is the Best Policy.—A leading American Agricultural Journal says: It has for years been generally conceded by the trade that a not unimportant portion of Canada's cheese exports are made up from goods manufactured in the U. S. and shipped across the line, where possibly the Canadian brand has been added. Too bad that our own export trade is still obliged to suffer through the fact of the heavy shipments years ago of filled cheese.



FROM A GERMAN PHOTOGRAPH.

THE BACON PIG AS RAISED IN GERMANY.

up to brush if allowed to remain idle a few years. Not the least benefit to the land is the fertility added in the droppings of the sheep and the unusual freedom from weeds for several years.

Barley Meal is a very desirable dairy food in every respect.

Canada's Cheese Exports during the season closed Dec. 1, amounted to 1,900,000 boxes, worth \$12,000,000, compared with 2,103,000 boxes in 1897. The falling off is said to be due to the increased attention paid butter making, owing to the relative profitableness of the last named. Exports were chiefly to Liverpool, London, and Bristol, and were mostly loaded at Montreal

The World's Wheat Crop.—If the latest estimate for the United States, 650,000,000 bushels, be accepted, and the total Russian production proves equal to the indication to be derived from the preliminary report of the Ministry of Agriculture for the greater part of the Empire, the totals of the world's crop put forward some weeks ago by certain authorities, will have to be greatly increased—by 160,000,000 to 200,000,000 bushels. It is true one authority estimated the American crop at 650,000,000 bushels many weeks ago; but the Russian yield was put far too low—by 160,000,000 bushels; while another authority made the crops of the two countries 200,000,000 bushels less than the reports referred to represent them to be. Thus the world's total, instead of 2,606,000,000 to 2,610,000,000

bushels, seems likely to be 2,760,000,000 to 2,810,000,000 bushels; whereas the greatest previous totals, given for 1894 by the same authorities, were 2,530,000,000 to 2,583,800,000 bushels. Corrections may be necessary hereafter both in the official and unofficial reckonings; but there seems to be no doubt that the world's wheat crop in 1893 has beaten the record.

**

Trees and a Compact Subsoil.—One of the chief difficulties found in planting trees in many parts of the west is that the soil is underlain with a compact subsoil through which the roots of the trees do not readily penetrate. As a remedy for this, large holes about six or eight feet across and deep enough to go through this hard underlying layer are dug. These large holes or wells are then filled with mellow surface soil, in which the trees are planted, the object being to afford opportunity for deep rooting and also to conserve moisture.

**

Manure Preservatives.—About the stable and the compost heap much valuable ammonia escapes and is lost. This can be largely prevented by the application of materials which will absorb and hold the volatile gases. Possibly the best and cheapest is dry earth containing a considerable quantity of humus. Every farm has plenty of this, the only cost being the placing under cover. Gypsum or land plaster is highly recommended, but its influence is not very marked. Sprinkle the absorbent over the manure pile and about the stalls when the stable has been cleaned. Disagreeable odors will be prevented and fertility saved.

**

Is Sweet Clover Valuable?—To answer this question something must be known of the character of the plant. It grows

spontaneously along tramped roadsides, even to the wheel ruts in abandoned roadways, and in tramped or sodden land anywhere. When found in meadow lands it appears not to occur except when the ground has been tramped by stock when wet. It grows by preference in old brickyards. It may be grown in fields by proper tillage. Viewing it in no other light we thus see that sweet clover grows luxuriantly in places where few or no other plants flourish. But it belongs to the great class of leguminous plants, which are capable, by the aid of other organisms, of fixing atmospheric nitrogen and storing it in the plant tissues as at Ohio experiment station. It belongs with the clovers and it may thus be used to improve the land upon which it grows, and this appears to be its mission. It occupies lands that have become unfitted for good growth of other forage plants. Its rank then is as a useful plant, capable of increasing fertility of land.

How shall sweet clover be treated? The plant is the farmer's friend, to be utilized and not to be outlawed. The plant grows and spreads rapidly. So do red clover, white clover, timothy, blue grass and other forage plants, but sweet clover grows where they do not. Its presence indicates lack of condition for the others. Viewed in this way it is to be treated as preparing unfitted lands for other crops. It may be mowed a short time before coming into bloom and cured for hay. Stock will thrive upon it if confined until accustomed to it. The roadsides, if taken when free from dust, may be made almost as profitable as any other area in clover by cutting the sweet clover and curing for hay. If this is regularly attended to while stock is kept from other land that it invades, sweet clover will be found doing always the good work for which it is adapted.

OUR POSSIBILITIES IN THE BACON MARKETS.

THERE is surely no more impartial testimony, when it is favorable to ourselves, than that which comes from a competitor, and it is with considerable satisfaction we quote extensively from a recent article in the *Breeders' Gazette*, by Mr. C. F. Curtiss, of Iowa Experiment Station, upon the way we do things in Canada in the matter of hog raising, and upon the potentialities Canada possesses in that line:

"The tendency of pork production in Canada is at the present time decidedly toward the bacon hog. The Canadians are after the English market for choice bacon products, and they are determined

to possess it as completely as they have already captured the market for cheese. Canadian bacon is rapidly gaining ground in England, while the Danish pork products are being displaced. An English authority, writing in the report of the Royal Agricultural Society during the past season, says: 'It is safe to say that the coming rival of all other countries in the production of bacon is Canada.'

"During a recent visit to Canada, I attended the Provincial Fat-Stock Show at Brantford and the Guelph Fat-Stock Show, familiarly known as the 'Smithfield of Canada.' At both of these shows, particularly the former, the bacon hog was very much in evidence. The plan

of conducting the Brantford show displays the characteristic Canadian thoroughness in the mastery of whatever they undertake in the way of furnishing high-class products for the foreign markets. Recognizing the need of more exact information and a better understanding concerning this important industry, liberal prizes were offered for the best type of bacon hogs and the best carcasses as well. The government makes an annual appropriation for the support of the Provincial Fat-Stock Show and for conducting the work of the live-stock associations. The bacon hogs and carcasses were judged by a committee representing three of the leading packing houses of Canada. After the work was completed, the thirty-eight carcasses were brought into the building where the Show was held, and a platform erected where one of the judges, with a model live hog of the bacon type in front of him and these carcasses behind him, mounted the stand and delivered a lecture on the demands of the market, and was subjected to a rigid questioning by farmers and breeders present. Representative carcasses were also taken into the hall where the evening meeting of all of the swine-breeders' associations was held, and the subject was there discussed at length in all of its phases, from the Canadian farm to the English market. Prof. Robertson and Minister Fisher spent a part of the summer abroad studying the foreign markets, and they were both present at this meeting.

"The discussion developed many interesting points. The bacon hog should range from 170 to 220 lbs. live weight, 190 lbs. being the most desirable size. They should be neither too fat nor too lean. When slaughtered, the covering of fat on the back should present a uniform thickness of about one inch all the way down the median line. The hog must be long and deep, and the flank and sides firm and thick. Thin, slabby sides are at once rejected. The packers stated that there is always a large percentage of carcasses that come out of the pickle 'soft,' particularly in summer-time, and that they were unable to detect this failing in the live hog. The cause of this defect has not been discovered. The Danish feeders and others have attributed it to corn-feeding, but this theory has been shown to be erroneous.

"Prof. Robertson stated that the best grade of bacon now going to the English market was coming from Scotland, where the grain ration consists of one-half corn. The recent experiments by Prof. Day, of the Ontario Agricultural College, also confirm the view that corn may be used to the extent of one-half of the grain ration, if not more, in finishing bacon hogs of the best type. The by-products

of the dairy are everywhere conceded to be an important factor in the production of the finest bacon, and a fair degree of exercise for the growing pig is also considered essential. Too close confinement is detrimental. The hogs may have grass or green feed, but must be finished on grain. 'Canadian Pea-Fed Bacon' has won marked favor in the British market, but, as a matter of fact, that is only a catchy name. Many of the Canadian bacon hogs never see any peas at all, and scarcely any of their bacon can be said to be made on peas. While I was in Ontario, choice bacon hogs were netting the farmers \$1 per 100 lbs., and last August they sold as high as \$6.10 at the packing-houses—fully \$2 per 100 lbs. higher than our Western farmers were realizing at the same time. Mr. J. E. Brethour, a prominent breeder of pigs in Ontario, spent some time abroad last summer purchasing breeding stock and studying English bacon markets. Concerning the price of bacon abroad, he wrote in the *Toronto Sun*: 'I saw American hams sold at three pence, while Canadians sold at six pence on the same day.'

* *

Soil Fertility.

SHALLOW COVERING OF MANURE.

Farmyard manure should be kept as near the surface of the soil as possible. The rain water as it percolates through the soil has a tendency to carry the soluble plant food downward and out of the reach of plants. Consequently an attempt should be made to delay the downward progress of plant food instead of assisting it by plowing the manure in deeply. Then again, nitrification is most active near the surface of the soil. Therefore, manure kept near the surface is under more favorable conditions for having its plant food made available, and, consequently, gives quicker returns.

When a heavy application of manure has been plowed under deeply, it is no uncommon thing to see lumps of manure brought to the surface by subsequent plowing, showing that it had never become properly incorporated with the soil. It is quite probable, too, that this deeply buried manure has lost considerable nitrogen through denitrification. Economical manuring consists in obtaining quick returns over as large an area of the farm as possible, and this is accomplished by moderate applications incorporated with the surface soil. Shallow covering of manure also increases the humus of the surface soil. As a result, the soil does not bake and crack in dry weather; it absorbs and retains water much more satisfactorily and works up into a fine tilth more easily.

Well Spent Labor.

A Hay Puller.

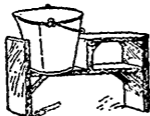
Many a climb up the ladder in the hay mow will be saved by having a hay puller inserted in the end of a curved stock as shown in the illustration. Any old used-up fork will answer for the



puller. Have threads cut on the end of the shank so a nut can be put on, and in this way the fork can be securely attached to the stick. One can reach away back on the mow and pull down hay without going to the top of the pile.

A Milking Stool for Restless Cows.

The accompanying sketch is of a milk-stool that was found to be very convenient in fly time or in milking restless cows. The two upright pieces forming the legs and end of the stool are made of two by fours, about a foot long. The



support for the bucket and the seat are made of inch boards. It is well to put three cornered blocks under the seat and bucket boards as stays or braces. The most restless cow cannot upset a bucket on this stool.

Handling Apples and Potatoes.

One must often handle barrels of apples or potatoes alone. In such a case a de-



vice like that shown in the cut will be of service. An old buggy wheel is fastened between the ends of two handles, which have a cross-piece and a "sling" of

boards, as shown in the cut. The frame is pulled up to the barrel, which is tipped up to one side, and the "sling" slipped under it. It can then be wheeled away with ease.

Utilizing Roof Water.

On many farms the watering of the stock involves not a little hardship both to the owner and to his stock. If the watering place is at a distance, the inconvenience is doubly felt in rainy weather. It is an easy matter to store up the water that falls upon the roof, so that in stormy weather at least, the stock in the barn can be watered without exposure.



FIG. 1.

Bring the water from the eaves troughs in through the siding, as shown in Fig. 1. If the barn has a cellar, a brick cistern can be built in one corner and the water drawn off by a faucet into a tub beside it, or raised

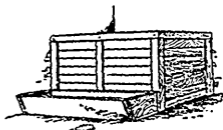


FIG. 2.

to the first floor by a pump. If there is no cellar, build a plank tank, as suggested in Fig. 2, in one corner of the barn and locate a trough beside it. It will prove a convenience the whole year around.

Bad Ventilation

in the cow stable is often the cause of bad butter. The cow breathes the foul air and the milk becomes tainted.

If Silage is Fed to Cows

a short time before milking, an odor will be observed in the milk, but if fed shortly after milking the silage smell cannot be detected.

Sunflowers Make Poor Butter.

In some German experiments cows were fed sunflower seed cake in connection with roots and bran. The resulting butter was very soft and difficult to handle even in winter.

...AT THE...

Editor's Desk

AROUND the Empire for a penny—in a letter, of course—is an accomplished fact; and we rejoice accordingly, as becomes a long established and persistent advocate of the new order of things, from which we expect the very best results.

It has surprised us not a little to find there are some journals and individuals who claim there will be no material benefit from the reduced postage rate; that, indeed, so far as Canada is concerned, there will be a direct financial loss; that "the whole thing is a mere matter of sentiment."

Very well; let it pass at that. The sentiment is a decidedly healthy one, and take sentiment—the wholesome, genuine article—out of any movement, out of life itself, and what is left? Greed of gain, sordid selfishness, all that harshness of thought, word and action embodied in that euphemistic phrase: "strictly a matter of business." From the nation, as from the individual, that looks upon life, and everything to be performed therein, as "strictly a matter of business," we pray to be preserved as fervently as from a smallpox or other pestilential visitation.

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We have yet to learn, however, that due deference to the claims of sentiment by nations or by individuals does mean material loss. On the contrary, instances abound on every hand where the *ultimate* result of such recognition has been material success of the most pronounced character. It is a "mere matter of sentiment" that has maintained the different countries comprising two-thirds of the

territory of the world as a single political entity, known as the British Empire; yet there is not a single section of that Empire from Canada—half a continent—to the smallest red-marked island on the map, that is not in a stronger financial position among the nations of the world than it could possibly have been standing alone.

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It was a mere matter of sentiment that prompted the jubilee festivities in London nearly two years ago, and Canada's active participation therein; yet the increased trade between Canada and England as a result of the more intimate knowledge the latter country acquired of Canada at that time, has been a subject of congratulation by men and journals of both political parties here, and one that has caused not a little uneasiness among our competitors. Only two days ago, a despatch from Washington stated that Mr. James Boyle, the American Consul at Liverpool, "remarks" in his report "upon the great development of Canadian competition with the United States in the meat, grain, provision and fruit trade, and he says that 'this competition *threatens* to become keener.'"

The italics are ours. As we read the American Consul's report, it means that that astute observer has not failed to notice that the "mere sentiment" displayed by Canada in matters of Imperial importance is fostering the steady growth of a sentiment in England in favor of giving Canadian goods the preference wherever possible. That this desirable state of affairs will be strengthened by the part Canada played in bringing about the Empire penny postage, is not difficult to foresee; and the good work will not be retarded by the novel and widely scattered little advertising sheet provided by Mr. Mulock in his commemorative two-cent stamp.

While the stamp may possess one or two little defects from a philatelic point of view, it will do all that a merry wag of a poet, masquerading as a cockney in

a recent issue of the *London Daily Chronicle*, claims for its English counterpart:

One st.,

It pyes fur the lot, yer see—

It pyes fur the 'ole of the bloom'n' egspense of the
goin' to 'er from me,

Pyes fur the orns an' pyes fur the sacks,

An' the man an' the cat an' the scall'n'-wax;

Pyes fur the trine (though trines come dear),

Pyes fur the coal an' the driver's beer,

Pyes fur the steamer an' bucks up agins

Ter pye fur more men an' another nice trine,

Pyes fur the lot

Till it touches the spot,

An' a perille official (thur's no letter-manner'der)

'Auds ar: my letter at somewhur in Canerder.

* * * *

One penny stamp,

An' clap it on damp,

An' yer pal in Natal, whorf left 'ome, ull think of

it—

Thur's a chine 'twixt us all, an' that stamp is a
link of it.

**

THE Anglo-American Commission at Washington drags its weary length along. Reports of the sacrifice of Canadian interests have been promulgated freely by those who seem to think that party or personal interests justify any and every method of scoring off an opponent. Semi-official denials of the less preposterous stories—the others carry their own condemnation with them—have satisfied those who doubted, that Canada will not be the lamb whose life-blood is to be offered as a sacrifice on the altar of Anglo-American cordiality. The worst that need be feared is that the Commission may prove another case of the mountain in labor bringing forth a mouse.

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The English government last year erased from the statute book the enactment making vaccination compulsory. It is now optional; that is, any person will be granted a certificate of exemption upon appearing before a magistrate and taking an affidavit that he or she has a "conscientious" objection to vaccination. In the short time the new law has been in existence, the "conscientious objectors" who have claimed exemption number over 50,000. This sop—practically the whole loaf—was given to the anti-vaccinationists in spite of the unani-

mous protest of the medical fraternity. The inevitable result of the wholesale manner in which conscientious objections are arising is, according to the leading physicians in England, that within a very few years the present generation, who do not know what an epidemic of smallpox means, will witness a visitation similar to those of twenty-five and thirty years ago. Strange that the same steady, statesmanly hand that has guided England safely through the political perils of the last few years, and kept her free from the horrors of war, should, at the bidding of a few fanatics, place her at the mercy of a foe more relentless, more death dealing than the bloodiest of wars!

**

We have heard the charge levelled against our own governments, both Dominion and Provincial, that they have a weakness for "grandmotherly" epidemic legislation. The immunity which we have enjoyed for fourteen years from anything approaching an epidemic—excepting, of course, the inevitable and fashionable grippé—justifies a continuation of the grandmotherly policy. Let those who think that our government should legislate on as "broad" lines as the English government has done, remember Montreal in 1835—and shudder. Apparently, there is only too much reason to fear that by the memory of some such year of death and pestilence yet to come, will the English people of the future be taught the danger of allowing the conscientious objection of the ignorant individual to remove the safeguards which the acquired knowledge of scientific research and medical experience has demonstrated to be absolutely necessary.

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WE are not given to undue timidity, but we must plead guilty to a decided tremour as we introduce our patient readers to Canada's latest acquisition in "desirable immigrants"—the Doukhobors, 2,000 of whom arrived at Halifax on the 20th. We can generally find our way out of the labyrinth of letters which make up an Indian name; we never give up a Chinese puzzle of the same order

until we have found the answer; while our tongue rovels in Welsh nomenclature; but at DOUKHOBORS our very pen halts and splutters as if it had an attack of palsy. Fear that our tongue might be similarly smitten prevents us *attempting* to pronounce it.

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In spite of the appalling alphabetical burden they have brought with them, these former subjects of the Czar of Russia are welcome to Canada. By experience and desire they are well adapted for the life before them. They are a people of simple habits, accustomed to plod steadily on from year to year. In their religious beliefs and in other respects they are not unlike the Quakers of last century. They have a conscientious objection to war, and their refusal to perform military service brought down upon them the wrath of the powers that be. It is hardly credible that a prominent Canadian journal has detected in this aversion to war, symptoms of cowardice which render the Unpronounceables undesirable as Canadian settlers. The critical scribe with such pro-military propensities loses sight of the fact that he must be a fairly brave "coward" who for conscience sake, or any other reason, will hold his ground against the autocratic power of the Russian authorities.

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With exile the only alternative to constant prosecution and persecution, the Doukhobors scanned the British Empire for the most promising portion in which to commence life anew. That their choice fell on Canada is well for them and well for Canada. What they require—an opportunity to spend their lives in patient industry, reaping the just rewards of their own labor, free from all restrictions except of those of loyal citizenship—Canada offers. What Canada requires—muscle and brain to transform her acres of virgin soil into produce and wealth-giving farms—they supply.

The bargain is an equitable one. The only danger of it proving an undesirable one lies in the possibility of the newcomers constituting a "foreign settlement." It appears to us that an object that

should be kept prominently in view by the Department of the Interior when dealing with large numbers of immigrants of one nationality, is the assimilation of the new-comers to the rest of the community. While we accord a warm welcome to the workers of all nationalities, we do not wish them, or at least their descendants, to cling to the idea that they are a people by themselves. We wish them to become Canadians, realizing that the interests of the country as a whole are their interests. This will not be done, or its accomplishment will be prolonged for generations, by forming colonies of individual nationalities. The more cosmopolitan a community the sooner will Anglo-Saxon principles prevail; for the simple reason that if a settlement is composed of fairly equal proportions of, let us say, three nationalities, each section must give up some of the customs and ideas distinctly its own; and all for the sake of convenience and conduct of commerce, must acquire knowledge of a common language.

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In this way British ideas will be absorbed even by such foreign foreigners as the Doukhobors; but herd them all together without the leaven of other nationalities, and they will be foreigners for generations—a nation within a nation.

It is with pleasure we note that the Minister of the Interior has done all in his power to prevent this undesirable contingency.

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FIRMNESS and courtesy on the one side, and common sense and courtesy on the other, have overcome serious difficulties between England and France in Asia, Europe and Africa; and in spite of the uneasy feeling that prevails in many quarters, the same commendable qualities will, we feel sure, prove equally effective in settling the difficulty which has arisen in regard to Newfoundland.

Under the treaty of Utrecht, France was accorded certain fishing and other privileges. As a matter of fact these privileges, although deemed considerable a hundred and twenty years ago, are practically valueless to France under the altered conditions of to-day. The

only purpose they serve is to create ill-feeling between the Breton fishermen and the Newfoundlanders. The latter have appealed to the Imperial authorities to secure them immunity from interference with the conduct of their main industry.

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As France has nothing to lose in reality by abandoning her treaty-granted privileges it is more than likely she will accept the recent suggestion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary for the Colonies, and formally renounce them in exchange for a consideration, which may take the form of concessions in Africa or the payment of a certain sum of money. Poor France has troubles enough to contend with at the present juncture without antagonizing Britain by seeking to perpetuate an intolerable condition of affairs in Newfoundland. Of course the Chauvinists in France like the jingoes or big-talkers in any country are crying out against any surrender of "ancient rights;" but the French government is not likely to be led astray by such a hollow cry, particularly when for the "ancient rights" will be substituted modern ones of ten times greater value. And once the Newfoundland question is settled we shall soon see England and France again pulling together for the promotion of civilization.

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Recently asked by an English editor for an expression of his opinion in Great Britain's Imperial policy, Rear-Admiral Dewey, the victor of Manila, replied: "After many years of wandering, I have come to the conclusion that the mightiest factor in the civilization of the world is the Imperial policy of England." We remember that great naval authority, Captain Mahan, saying something similar to this some years ago. The opinions of these men of travel, research and action, are in pleasant contrast to the utterances of the prominent senatorial light who a few days ago speaking against the annexation by conquest of the Philippines, said, when-

over territory had been so acquired oppression had invariably followed, as for instance in "England's rule of Ireland," but, continued the speaker, he was in favor of expansion in the natural direction—northwards, and he would gladly see the barrier of custom houses along the Canadian frontier blown into the great lakes, and the Canadians brought to realize that their proper destiny was "amalgamation with us," but even that should be brought about peaceably.

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What a depth of culture that Senator must possess! What keen foresight! What an observant reader of history! How he would revel and gormandize on a thistle patch! And we suppose, nay, we know, there are a few others of the same genus to whom Canada is the longed-for carrot, "so near and yet so far." One of them brayed—we mean orated—this month in the old familiar strain of the days before England held back the projected interference of Europe in the war with Spain. "As England says she feels so friendly disposed towards us, let her prove her friendship by giving up Canada to us."

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If this is the kind of sentiment that has oozed out, in however much diluted form, at the Washington Conference, it will be little wonder if Sir Wilfred Laurier and his confrères return with practically nothing accomplished for closer relations between Canada and the United States. We are in warm sympathy with the movement making for Anglo-Saxon unity, but it really looks as if that ideal will never be attained until the American Senate is recruited from the American navy.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DENTONIA PARK FARM.

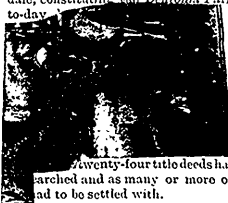
BY FRANK VIVOND.

OVER a year ago we referred to our intention of, at some distant date, publishing a series of articles relating to the Model Farm established at East Toronto by Mr. W. E. H. Massey, President of the MASSEY-HARRIS Co. We believe this to be a very opportune time to commence our long-projected task; it is the season of the year when the farmer has more opportunities, and is most disposed, to devote his attention to suggestions for perfecting the economy of his little kingdom; and so much has now been accomplished at Dentonia Park Farm in the matter of tests relating to stock, soil, buildings, and methods of administration, that an intelligent farmer cannot fail to be interested in the results thus far obtained from the policy laid over two years ago by the proprietor, and so carefully carried out in the interim.

As we purpose dealing individually with each department or feature of this unique agricultural enterprise from which anything of a profitable and useful character may be derived, these articles will extend through several issues of *THE ILLUSTRATED*, and we think that we cannot do better than open the ball with a brief description in general of the farm, its location, general equipment and more salient features.

It is interesting to note that the establishment of Dentonia Park Farm, involved a reversal of the old order of things in the procurement of the land. Canada, like all new countries, and old countries for the matter of that, affords innumerable instances of farming land being split up into small lots for building purposes. Before the onward march of Town, Country always makes a graceful step backward. But we doubt if Canada ever witnessed previously a gathering together of a number of small lots on the outskirts of a metropolitan city that they might be welded into a territorial entity to be devoted to agri-

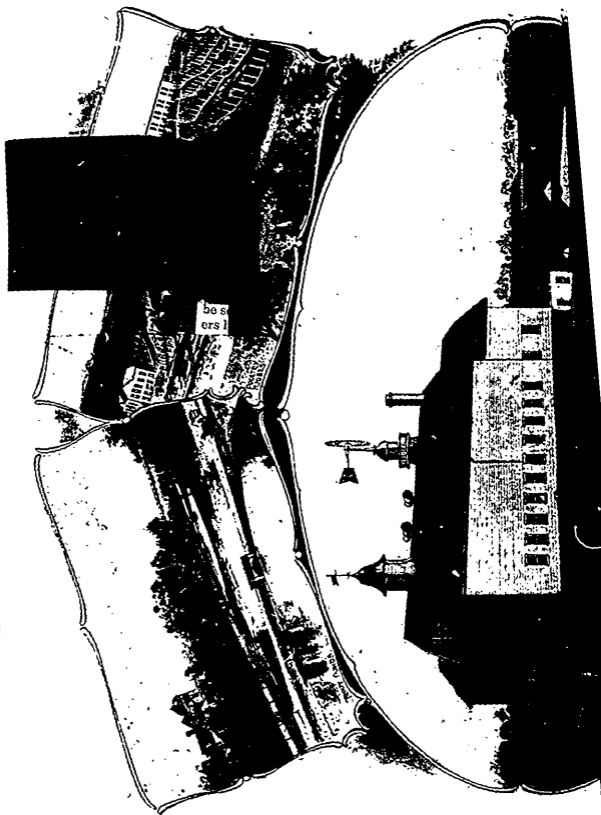
cultural purposes. Two years ago the greater portion of the 230 acres of plain and woodland, lake and stream, hill and dale, constituting the Dentonia Park of to-day

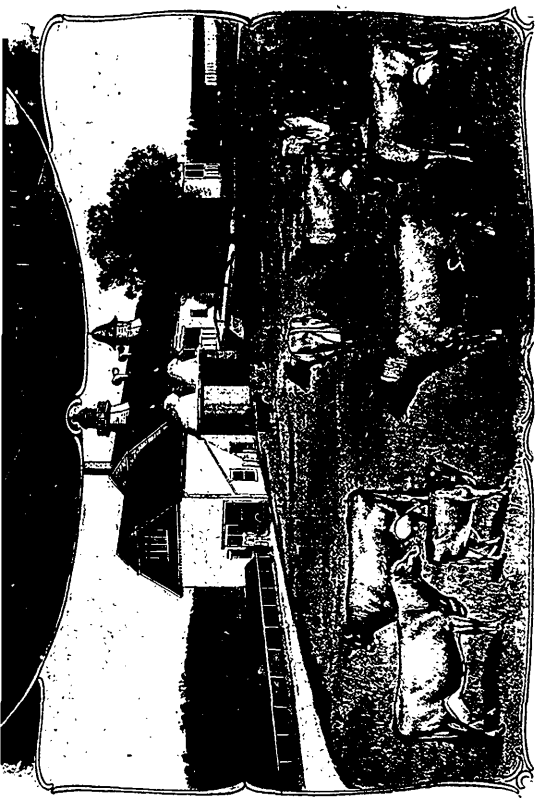


twenty-four title deeds had to be searched and as many or more owned had to be settled with.

That Mr. Massey has been well repaid for the labor and expense incidental to this initial difficulty none will question who have gazed upon the pleasing spectacle presented by Dentonia Park in all the glory of its summer garb or in the grandeur of its winter mantle. While the pine-topped bluffs give a distinctly Canadian color to the outlook at all seasons, there is, in the undulations of the land; in the shrub-backed ponds and streams; in the similarly endowed circuitous walks; in the location and substantial character of the out-buildings; and in the home-like air of the whole place, a strong suggestion of "the Squire's farm" of the midland counties of England. The Canadian feeling predominates, however, as the visitor wanders through the buildings and examines some intricacy of modern agricultural machinery, and watches the morning milking—it is winter time—by the aid of electric incandescent lamps.

The remembrance of the decent-sized mob of John Hodges and of the candle lighted lantern, still such important features of the English farm, discourages the imagination, and we realize more than ever that we are in the younger but assuredly not less virile and progressive country. The electric lamp, however, is not a mere, isolated instance of the installation of science in the home of agriculture. A very vital truth impresses itself upon you before the tour of inspection is half over. It is that *Science is the handmaiden of Agriculture*. Turn where you will you cannot get





SCENES AT DENTONIA PARK FARM.

away from this idea. It is written in every building, if not in letters of fire, in characters that are none the less striking, and in their reflexion upon everything around they spell Success.

The main barn, with which, as with other features now merely glanced at, we shall deal in detail in a subsequent issue, is the outcome of much arduous study on the part of the proprietor of Dentonia, the object sought to be attained being threefold: economy of cost in construction and maintenance, convenience and efficiency, plus, as is all else on the farm, a pleasing effect to the eye. Four stories high, and built on the side of a hill, the great desideratum in stables is obtained on the ground floor, a place naturally cool in summer and warm in winter; although at Dentonia nature is not altogether depended upon for either a warm or a cool temperature. Science plays her part in this; revolving funnels on the ridge of the roof conveying a constant supply of fresh air into the stables, the points at which diffusion commences being in front of the mangers; while the foul air is carried up to the roof by the chutes referred to later on. The stable on the ground floor is devoted to young animals or cattle which require fattening. On this floor, in specially constructed pens, ensuring cleanliness even in the home of the pig, are to be seen the small herds of picked Berkshires and Yorkshires swine, willing consumers of the by-products of the dairy queens. In another barn here adjoining the main building, are the equally *recherché* herds of Shropshires.

On the second floor two rows of superb Jersey thoroughbreds lead a life of bovine luxury. Opening a heavy fireproof door, we pass into what is really another building, the dividing wall being eighteen inches thick, occupied by the dynamo room and working dairy—two chambers illustrating to a nicety the principle of "much in little." The third story of the main barn is occupied by the horses and carriages, the workshop, groom's, herdsman's and other employees' rooms. The top story is the barn proper, wherein are stored the feed and straw for use of the live stock below, to whom it is conveyed by means of chutes. In addition, there are two circular stave silos, of Rocky Mountain cedar, twelve feet in diameter and thirty feet deep, for the preservation of ensilage. There is no fear of the Dentonia cattle suffering from thirst, for under the basement is a well from which water is pumped by windmill to a 5,000 gallon tank situated in the uppermost gable, whence it flows by gravitation through pipes leading to all the stables and individual stalls.

Springs in the ravine also provide adequate protection in case of fire, 250 to

500 gallons per hour being forced into a tower-tank by a hydraulic ram.

The extent to which Mr. Massey intends to devote attention in the raising of poultry may be gauged from the fact that four carefully planned buildings have just been finished, the main building being 170 feet x 16 feet, and divided into 16 pens, capable of accommodating 500 laying hens. On the ground floor are a root-house, a heater and a department for killing and dressing birds for market. The second flat, on a level with the hens, is provided with feed, water and feed-mixing troughs. The grain storage, grain and bone grinders, clover cutter, meat cutter and root pulper are on the third flat. These machines are all run by windmill power.

Fish culture as a private enterprise is not altogether a novelty in Canada. A visit to Dentonia will convince the most indifferent that it is a remarkably interesting feature, while a short conversation in the right direction with the custodian of this department fills one with the idea that there is a fresh source of revenue awaiting the attention of the painstaking farmer; although we must not be understood to suppose that fish culture on the comprehensive scale in operation at Dentonia is possible to the many. As we hope to be able to demonstrate later on, the average farmer could undertake, with good chances of success, "fish raising" from a certain point and on a comparatively moderate scale. The absolutely reliable data which we purpose placing before our readers in regard to this and other problems, arising within the sphere of extended agricultural effort, and which are being subjected to the most carefully conducted research and exacting practical tests at Dentonia, will, we feel sure, materially assist the progressive farmer in his efforts to make the most of the opportunities which the possession of land—plus brains—gives a man in a country like Canada. We know that one of the chief motives animating Mr. Massey in undertaking the establishment of an experimental farm of so complete and comprehensive a character, is an earnest desire to join in the movement for raising agriculture in Canada from the rut of custom, and placing it upon a basis which shall make it not only more profitable, in a merely mercenary sense; but in the development of the intellectual potentialities of the younger generation of farmers, who, without some such stimulus, either drop into the rut and mechanically follow a vocation for which they have little interest and no enthusiasm left, or else abandon it for a "half-life" in town or city.

"—a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."



PINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP RIBBON
ON THE WINNER.

THE GREAT AUSTRAL WHEEL MEET.

MASSEY-HARRIS WINS 1st AND
2ND PRIZES.

On the tenth day of December, when the thermometer in Toronto registered ten degrees of frost, the people of Australia to the number of thirty thousand turned out to see the final of the great Austral Wheel Race, held in Melbourne.

The views on the following pages serve as an indication of the interest manifested by Australians in bicycle racing.

On the day in question, the prize money to be divided among the first three to

cross the tape was 400 sovereigns. The winners of first and second places were mounted on Massey-Harris wheels.

Many bicycle manufacturers have made a specialty of catering to the requirements of the racing community, in many cases spending hundreds and thousands of dollars in expenses of their racing men. Massey-Harris Company have kept aloof from this sort of thing, preferring to let their wheel—a wheel for every day use by the business man—prove its superiority by its excellent wearing qualities and superior workmanship, rather than by competition on the race track.

Notwithstanding our conservativeness, however, many racing men have made the Massey-Harris their choice, and the winning of the Austral Race is but one of the many instances where the Massey-Harris has achieved success.

It is interesting to note that several of the men who have ridden the Massey-



W. McDONALD WINNING THE "AUSTRAL DERBY" ON HIS MASSEY-HARRIS.



THE AUSTRAL WHEEL RACE—THE START.

Harris to victory have been comparatively unknown to the racing world, as in the present instance, demonstrating the fact that for easy running qualities the Massey-Harris cannot be equalled.



THE AUSTRAL WHEEL RACE—THE FINISH.



EDITED AND SELECTED BY MRS. JOHN HOLMES.

Correspondence is invited on all matters pertaining to the Home; questions relating to any feature of domestic life, or of interest to women generally, will be readily answered, when possible, in this department.

While the Days are Going By.

There are lonely hearts to cherish,
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish,
While the days are going by;
If a smile we can renew,
As our journey we pursue,
Oh, the good we all may do,
While the days are going by.

All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

MAKING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Some Effective Brackets.

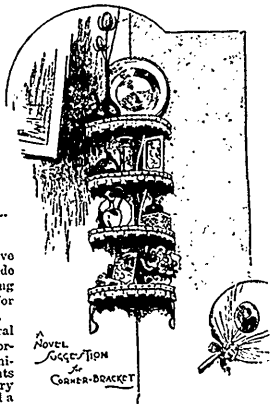
A N easily-made, cheap and effective corner bracket may be made without any skill in handling tools or ingenuity in devising plans for wood-work and in putting it together.

The requisites are few. Buy several of the common wooden brackets for corners to be bought at small fancy or furniture stores for the cost of a few cents each. Do not choose those of the very roughest and cheapest kind, but spend a cent or two more in obtaining such as are a little more accurately proportioned and finished off. Four or five of these will make up a corner ornament of substantial and effective size, and will cost about fifty cents.

Next decide on the method of ornamentation. Several ways are open to you. The wood may be stained with a varnish-stain, or enamelled any desired color, or covered with Japanese leather paper. This having been satisfactorily accomplished, the edge of each must be finished off with an edging of some sort. This may be of coarse guipure lace, string-colored, or a frill of Liberty silk. Either of these look well, but other devices will suggest themselves.

The several brackets must now be affixed to the wall corner, one above the other, the support of each resting immediately on the top of the succeeding bracket. Thus placed, they form an attractive ornament for any room, and may be used as resting places for vases of cut flowers, curios, old china, or photograph frames.

A similar plan may be adopted with brackets of semi-circular form, to be placed against the open wall. These are not to be bought quite so readily or cheaply as the former, but can be made at trifling cost by one's relations of the sterner sex who dabble in joinery, or by



a handy carpenter who is willing to do odd jobs cheaply. A hanging bracket which may also be used as a small book-shelf is both useful and ornamental. Take two pieces of strong board about eighteen inches long by eight inches broad. Bore a hole in each corner of each board. Next stain the boards with a varnish-stain. One or two coats may be needed, as the wood sometimes absorbs a good deal of the liquid.

If preferred, the boards may be covered with Japanese leather-paper, or other material. Take some picture-cord in four lengths of about a yard each. Make a knot at one end of each, and pass each strip of cord through corresponding

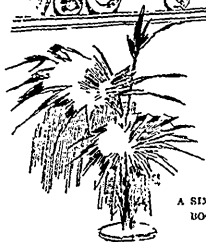
holes in the two boards. Regulate the height desired by means of a knot tied in the cord under each hole of the top board; then gather the four ends together, tie tightly, and suspend from a strong nail in the wall. If gilded with one of the very numerous makes of gold paint, the cord looks very effective. Vases of flowers and bric-à-brac look well on this sort of bracket. If liked, the edges of the wood may be decorated with a lace edging of coarse guipure, or a gathered frill of Liberty silk. A large bow of similar silk may be used to conceal the nail and knotted cord at the point of suspension.

The Blessings of To-day.

If we knew the woe and heartache,
 Waiting for us down the road,
 If our lips could taste the wormwood,
 If our backs could feel the load,
 Would we waste to-day in wishing
 For a time that ne'er can be?—
 Would we wait in such impatience
 For our ships to come from sea?

Strange we never prize the music
 Till the sweet voiced bird has flown,
 Stranger that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone,
 Stranger that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one-half so fair
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake their white down in the air!

Let us gather up the sunbeams
 Lying all around our path;
 Let us keep the wheat and roses,
 Casting out the thorns and chaff;
 Let us find our sweetest comfort
 In the blessings of to-day,
 With the patient hand removing
 All the briars from our way.



A SIMPLE
 BOOK CASE
 BRACKET.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

Some Winter Coats.

THE short coat of "the end of" winter is undoubtedly that with the spade-shaped front. It is fashioned in a variety of ways, sometimes with the "spade" portion the same length as the rest of the coat, sometimes with it longer, as shown in our illustration. This smart specimen fits at the back and sides, but comes up to the front in semi-fitting fashion. Revers of velvet turn over and conceal the break between the front piece and the shoulder cape. A high collar faced with velvet stands up at the back of the neck, which otherwise is left collarless, free for the display of jabots. A heather mixture of tweed, with gold buttons and stitchings of one of the most

prominent tints, would look well. For coat and skirt (the latter of one seam shape), six yards of 50-inch goods would be required.

Over-bodices of cut-out cloth, otherwise called cloth lace-work, are one of the newest features of the season, and break gently to us, as it were, the decrease of the blouse. We can have a skirt with such a bodice to match, and wear the latter over a contrasting silk blouse, and be quite in the height of fashion.

* *

A NEAT sergo costume, having many virtues from the home dressmaker's point of view, is depicted in our second illustration.

The skirt just clears the ground and has one seam only, made up with a fine

gored foundation. The dainty little Eton coat is open in front, showing a full front of silk checked flannel with swathed band to match. The revers are faced with velvet, and bordered with cream chiffon, pleated upon a band of orange silk, very narrow passementerie is laid over the edge of the velvet facing. The buttons are of crystal with a nail head centre of gold. Velvet is used for the collar band, and chiffon with lace

Talk Happily.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your utter ed ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

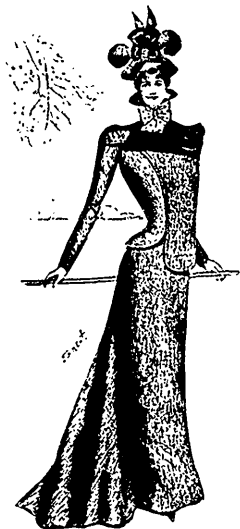


FIG. 1.

edging for the neck band; the gauntlet cuffs have the same trimming as the revers. The advantage of these Eton coats or jackets is the ease with which they are made, though many amateur dressmakers make the great fault of cutting the back with a sort of upward curve at the lower edge. This is fatal to the general appearance. A good lining is also a great item in both Etons and Boleros, and should by no means be overlooked.



FIG. 2.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of fatal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Ex.

CHIT-CHAT.

If We Only Understood.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better
Purer than we judge we should;
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the slamer
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts, all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would thou grin, external roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder,
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source,
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grain of good;
Ah! we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

—Rudyard Kipling.

About the Children.

THE first evidences of ill-temper should be checked, for nothing makes a child so disagreeable as full liberty to be so. Ill-temper grows by what it feeds upon, and the oftener it passes unnoticed and unchecked the more frequent and the more violent are its demonstrations.

Little children should be impressed with the danger of sitting down in damp or wet places. It is very easy to teach a child to be careful in this matter. Tell a child that if it sits down on stones or in the wet grass it will grow sick and have to go to bed and take medicine and not to go out to play, and it will soon be impressed with the meaning of the penalty involved and avoid mentioning it.

Tell little children to be very careful not to drink cold water when they are hot, and impress upon them that the penalty will be going to bed sick, and taking medicine, and not being able to go out of doors to play with their mates.

.

When to Eat Fruit.

Fruit should be taken on an empty stomach, or simply with bread. In the morning, before the fast of the night has been broken, it is not only exceedingly refreshing, but serves as a natural stimulus to the digestive organs. And to produce its fullest, finest effect, fruit should be ripe, sound, and in every way of good quality; moreover, it should be eaten raw. What is better than a bunch of luscious grapes, some pears, or a plate of bananas the first thing on sitting down to breakfast, or a fine, ripe apple, rich and juicy, eaten in the same way? In our climate, fruit, and especially apples, should con-

stitute not the finishing, but the beginning of the meal, particularly the breakfast.

.

Care of Cuts.

The treatment of small cuts is usually considered a minor point in household surgery; but when we consider the theory of germs, and the antiseptic treatment of wounds, we come to see that every small scratch or pin-prick has its danger if not properly treated. Cleanliness is all important in the treatment of wounds, large or small. The scratched or torn skin should be at once bathed in water as hot as can be borne, in which a few drops of carbolic acid has been mixed. In this way all dirt which might otherwise endanger the health of the sufferer is removed by the hot water, and the wound is purified by the carbolic.

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Develop a Graceful Carriage.

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.



I lost God and little children.—JEAN PAUL.

Encounter with Lions.

CAPTAIN the Hon. Arthur Lawley contributes to "Blackwood" a paper on a journey from Bula-wayo to the Victoria Falls, in which he relates the following incident.

"My orderly, a man named Bland, was on duty as grazing guard when one of the horses strayed and was lost. Taking two horses, one for himself and the other as a pack-horse with two days' rations, he took the road by which he had come, following, as he thought, the spoor of the missing horse, which as a matter of fact, turned up in camp just after he had started. After going for two days, he camped on the second night on a small scherm 80 miles from where he had started.

"All night he could hear two lions prowling round the scherm and so kept a good fire going. They got so close that he unluckily thought that he would try a shot with his gun at close quarters, and went outside his scherm. Here he was at once attacked by one of the lions, and badly scratched and bitten about the arms and thigh. Fortunately for him, horse-flesh was what they were after, so they left him to turn their attention to the two poor brutes that were tethered to a tree. One was badly mauled, the other broke his halter and fled into the veldt, with both lions after him, and it is not difficult to imagine his fate. Wounded as he was, Bland set off at once on foot, leading the other horse to retrace his steps.

"At dusk he reached one of my old camps, where he spent a miserable night. His gun had jammed, and being, therefore, useless, had been left behind. All through the night he had the same close companionship of two hungry lions, probably the same two that had visited him the night before. About 3 a.m. the moon went down; his stock of firewood was exhausted, and as the fire died out and all was dark, he was knocked down by a lion jumping over the fence into the scherm. Again the horse was their object, and quickly fell a victim, but luckily Bland was able to reach a tree, up which he scrambled, and there awaited the coming day.

"As soon as it was light he set off with only a water-bag, which he was,

fortunately, able to keep filled, and for three more days and two nights he pluckily held on his road to the camp. Each night he was obliged to spend up a tree, owing to the constant presence of lions. On the evening of the third day he was met by a relief party, who carried him back in a state of complete exhaustion and delirium. In six weeks' time he had almost entirely recovered."

* *

An Indian Child's Prayer.

MISS MARY P. LORD, a teacher on the Sioux Reservation, North Dakota, relates this touching little scene of wigwam life:

The infant daughter of Ono Bull lay in her father's arms, sick unto death. The face of the stoical Indian gave no sign, but the tender grief of a parent was as keen in his breast as in the heart of a white man.

A little daughter a few years older stood by, looking pitifully at the sick baby. Presently she said:

"Papa, little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let me pray."

She knelt at her father's knee, and prayed in her Indian tongue: "Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen."

Miss Lord's little pupil is one example of the education that begins with the children to Christianize a pagan race. This tiny girl is a grand-daughter of the famous Sitting Bull. He was a capable warrior and chief, but a ruthless man and a savage. Her father, Ono Bull, is one of the so-called "good Indians," who have felt the influence of civilization, and the child herself, only three removes from barbarism, has declared herself a young disciple of the Great Teacher, who seeks the highest welfare of men, whether civilized or uncivilized, "bond or free."

* *

Still at the Front.

IN Richard Harding Davis' description of "The Rough Riders' Fight at Guasimas," in *Scribner's Magazine*, there is a story of a cowboy, good to read and remember.

One trooper, Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs. He was ordered by Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing-station, but *their Surgeon Church told him there was nothing he could do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney.*

Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked, restlessly, "I don't seem to be doing much good here," and picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he demanded.

"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn't seem to be much doing back there."

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, uphill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen, and cartridge-belt.

"I thought you were in the hospital," Colonel Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered sheepishly, "but I didn't seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan hills with the hole still through his ribs.

* * *

An Innocent Law Breaker.

INNOCENT culprits do not always escape punishment on account of their ignorance. One such offender did, however, pass unmolested, although she had, all unknowingly, grievously broken the law.

It was over in Japan, and she was an American girl. Unwittingly she committed the offence of looking upon royalty. She had gone to the temple of Kevannon, the goddess of mercy. The temple is on a hill, and is reached by many steps. Ascending these steps, she sat down in a little tea-house to rest. What happened while she thus rested,

she herself narrates in the *Buffalo Express*.

She had closed her eyes and was taking her ease, when she was suddenly aroused by a policeman, who came very near and glared at her. His words she could not understand. She turned and saw a gorgeously robed priest, followed by an old man who led by the hand a little girl about eight years old. Several ladies were in attendance.

The visitor was interested in what she saw. As for the policeman, she imagined that he had told her she could not enter the temple to-day because of some priestly function.

Soon another policeman came up and glared at her, but as before she was in ignorance of what he meant. She watched the party ascending the steps, and thought what a delicate-looking child the little girl was, and admired the fine old man who was with her.

It was not until she reached the hotel that she learned what a sin she had committed. She had had the effrontery to look on royalty. That was the cause of the black looks. She had not only looked on royalty, but she had looked down on royalty from her position above the steps.

Nothing but her ignorance of the language and customs of the country had carried her through. The two little princesses are now in Kamakura, and if they walk on the beach the whole place is cleared. No common eye is allowed to see any of the family.

YOUNG FOLKS IN A CERTAIN LIGHT.



UNCLE: "Well, and what are you going to be when you grow up, Johnny?"

JOHNNY (aged ten): "Well, I hope to be a man, uncle."

* * *

NERVOUS EMPLOYER: "I don't pay you for whistling."

OFFICE BOY: "That's all right, sir, I can't whistle good enough to charge extra for it yet."

* * *

"WHAT are you doing, you young rascal?" said a farmer to a remarkably small boy, on finding him under a tree in his orchard, with an apple in his hand.

"Please, sir, I was only goin' to put this ere apple back on the tree, sir; it had fallen down, sir."

* * *

"DAN," said a four-year-old to his brother, "give me ten cents to buy a monkey."

"We have one monkey in the house already," said his brother.

"Who is it, Dan?"

"It's you," was the reply.

"Then, Dan, give me ten cents to buy nuts for the monkey."

The brother could not resist this appeal.

* * *

"ELLEN, has George come home from school yet?" called Mrs. Snaggs to her servant.

"Yes, ma'am," came back the answer.

"Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him."

"How do you know, then, that he is at home?"

"Because the cat's a-hidin' under the dresser."

* * *

"THE gentlemen who came to see papa said I was one of the most intelligent children they ever saw," said little Jack.

"Indeed," said the proud mother. "Did you recite 'Little Drops of Water'?"

"No'm. I refused to."



A Woman's Friendship.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman.

In woman there is at once a suitable delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man.

A woman, if she is really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honour, and repute.

She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time, her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him.

But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap in even the strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the ideas of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have.

We may have female friendships with those much older and those much younger than ourselves.

Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds in Marie de Gournay an adopted daughter—"certainly beloved by me," he says, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solicitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my being."

Female friendship is, indeed, to man the bulwark, sweetener, and ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it, all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

Anticipating the Empress—All Husbands Alike.

THE salient point to note in the following story, now creating much amusement in the Old World, is the striking resemblance Germany's Kaiser bears to less illustrious husbands in his quickness to explain, excuse and make amends for a short-coming before his wife has a chance to question him about it.

Not long before he started on his journey to the Holy Land, he paid an unexpected morning visit to the Austrian ambassador, Her von Szogyeny-Marich, and after seating himself comfortably in an armchair, his majesty said:

"Come and have a chat."

The conversation which followed was most entertaining, and when the Emperor thought of the time, he suddenly jumped up, looked at his watch, and exclaimed:

"I didn't know it was so late! Have you a telephone? I must say good-bye to the Empress, as I have only just time to catch the train for the manoeuvres."

The ambassador offered to do the telephoning, but the Emperor insisted upon doing the ringing and the hallowing himself. Then, speaking to the Empress, he said:

"Don't be angry, dear. I chatted too long with Szogyeny, and must drive direct to the station, so I cannot give you my parting kiss, for which I am sorry. Good-by, dear."

Traffic at London Bridge.

It is computed that about 200,000 pedestrians and 20,000 vehicles cross London Bridge every day. Each leaves behind a little shoe leather or a little iron—just a trifle. But when litter and dust are added to these minute losses the whole fills between three and four carts. The most surprising fact of all, however, is that the incessant traffic across the bridge reduces to powder about twenty-five cubic yards of granite every year.

RUSSIAN railways are the most dangerous in the world. Thirty persons in every million passengers are either killed or hurt.

1899 JANUARY 1899

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

1899 FEBRUARY 1899

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.	Sat.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28				

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At Last!

A Remedy has been Discovered that will Permanently Cure Catarrh.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

This is not merely the words of the makers of this remedy, but the assertion is backed up by leading physicians and the honorable testimonials of hundreds of cured ones. And more, there is an absolute guarantee to cure in every package, or money will be refunded. We will also send a two week's trial quantity free to any person suffering from this dangerous disease. Japanese Catarrh Cure is a new discovery, being a prescription perfected by one of America's most successful specialists in treating this disease. It is a soothing, penetrating and heating pomade, prepared from stainless compounds of iodine and essential oils to be inserted up the nostrils. The heat of the body melts it, and the very act of breathing carries it to the diseased parts. It reaches, soothes and heals every part of the mucous membrane, curing invariably all forms of catarrh of the nose and throat, and all forms of catarrhal deafness. Mr. Joseph Little, the well-known mill owner of Port Essington, B.C., writes: "Japanese Catarrh Cure completely cured me of catarrh, which had troubled me for 25 years, during which time I had spent over \$1,000 on remedies and specialists in Toronto and San Francisco. About two years ago I procured six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and soon completing this treatment had not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I can highly recommend it. Relief came from the first application. We always keep a supply in the mill for cuts and burns, and consider it superior to any other remedy for healing."

Sold by all druggists, 50 cents. Sample free. Enclose recent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Room 31, 121 Church Street, Toronto.



PHOTOGRAPHER: "Great Scot man! try and look happy and cheerful!"

CLERK: "I don't. This photograph is for my wife, who is away on a visit. She would come back to-morrow if I looked happy and cheerful."

"Look here!" said a young lieutenant, "this uniform you have made for me is entirely too large!"

"That's all right," explained the tailor; "when you get it on you'll feel so big that it will be a perfect fit."

WHAT difference one small letter makes!

You'd scarce believe it true;

Forebodings fill my heart when e'er

I think of I O U.

But these all vanish quick away,

As does the morning dew,

If I but occupy my mind

With thoughts of Y O U.

OLD LADY: "I say; I sent my little boy down here ten minutes ago to get a porous plaster, and you sent this thing home by him."

SHOPMAN: "Yes, ma'am; that's a porous plaster."

OLD LADY: "You can't palm off an old plaster that's full of holes on me. If ye aren't got a good one, I'll go somewhere else."

"I think we have met before."

"Quite likely; I used to be a bill collector."

"Why don't you get out of debt?"

"I haven't time. It keeps me busy getting in."

CLARA: "I'm so fond of music. I want to play the piano awfully!"

LAURA: "Well, you do play it awfully!"

A teacher having asked his class to write an essay on "The results of laziness," a certain bright youth handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

PROFESSOR (soliloquizing): "Hang it all! Here's one of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory forgotten to pay me, and the worse of it is I can't remember the name."

MISTRESS: "Why are you so very untidy? Why don't you follow the example of your friend Mary, over the way? Her mistress tells me that she washes her face three times a day."

DOMESTIC: "I dare say she does, considering her sweetheart is a sweet!"

LITTLE DOT: "Mamma, I was playing with your best tea-set while you were away, and when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it, but it isn't a hair."

MAMMA: "What is it?"

LITTLE DOT: "It's only a crack."

PATENT MEDICINE MAN: "I know whether that is to publish this testimonial or not."

HIS PARTNER: "What is it?"

PATENT MEDICINE MAN (reads): "Your cough syrup has been used with wonderful success on my boy, aged ten. He confesses that he would rather go to school any time than take your preparation."

Horse Owners! Use


**GOMBAULT'S
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Varnish "	Horse & "	Stable & Brooms.
Kalsomine "	Carriage & "	Factory & "
Roofing "	Household "	Hair Floor "
Tollet "	Furnace Flue "	

THOS. BRYAN,

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LONDON - - CANADA.

FAITH IN THE DOCTOR.

An exchange quotes a story said to have been told at a "charity dinner."

A man was brought into the accident hospital who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said, "He is dead," but the man raised his head and said, "No, I'm not dead yet," whereupon his wife admonished him, saying, "Be quiet, the doctor ought to know best."

ALNTH: Another time, Tommy, when you yawn keep your mouth shut."

LITTLE VICTOR: "Mamma, my hands are dirty; shall I wash them, or put on my gloves?"

JUROR: "You say that the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"

INTELLIGENT WITNESS: "The dog."

"Is this a fast train?" asked the travelling man of the porter.

"Of course it is," was the reply.
"I thought so; would you mind my getting out to see what it is fast to?"

DISCERNING CHILD (who has heard some remarks by his father): "Are you our new nurse?"

NURSE: "Yes, dear."

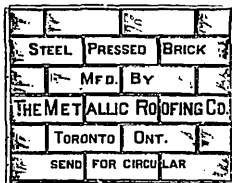
CHILD: "Well, then, I am one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness, so you had better get some sponge cake and oranges at once."

LIFE INSURANCE AGENT (filling out application): Your general health is good, is it not?

APPLICANT: Never had a sick day in my life.

AGENT: Um! You do not contemplate entering upon any hazardous undertaking, I suppose?

APPLICANT: Well, yes, I am afraid I do, I am going to get married next Wednesday.



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Metallic Roofing Co., Limited

1183 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

TUFMAN: "I hear you are building a new house?"
SNODGRASS: "Yes, I couldn't very well build an old one, you know."

Two men, a German and a Frenchman, who met in New York, had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a State governor had an official title or not. One contended that she should be addressed as "Mrs. Governor So-and-so." The other stoutly insisted that she was simply "Mrs. Blank, wife of Governor Blank." They finally agreed to leave the matter to the first man they met. He proved to be an Irishman. They stated the case to him, and asked for his decision.
"Nayther of yez is right," he said, after a moment of severe cogitation: "the wife av a governor is a governess."

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ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

Orange Blossoms.

THE custom of using orange blossoms in connection with the bridal robe originated in Spain, according to legendary lore. An African king presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used every possible means, fair or foul, to accomplish his purpose, but all his efforts coming to naught, he gave up in despair. The fair daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artisan, but lacked the "dot" which the family considered necessary in a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. Seeing the coveted prize in the girl's hair, the wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on her way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another bit of the lucky tree to adorn her hair. Whether the poor court gardener lost his head in consequence of his daughter's treachery the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonder tree, and ever since that wedding day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

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A Living From Poultry and Bees.

THE following contribution to an American contemporary contains very "Much in little," that is worthy of the

close attention of many of our friends.

The italics are ours.

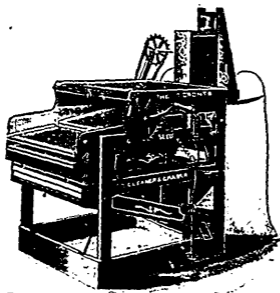
"A living can be made on a small plot of ground by keeping poultry and bees but the person *must study to learn the conditions of success and then faithfully carry them out in detail.* His plant must be large enough to give him constant employment, and he should have a taste for the work, so that instead of its being onerous to him he will enjoy doing it. In this business, as in any other, what leads to success is a large capacity for painstaking work.

In my little farm in the village, I have four large poultry yards. In these yards are planted small fruit and apple trees, which make a shade for the hens and furnish me with fruit for family use and for market. In each yard, as fast as they increase, I shall set 12 or 15 hives of bees. These do not in any way disturb the hens, and with good management are a source of considerable profit. I have been able to pay for my farm and many improvements upon it, besides saving some money, because our poultry have nearly made a living for my little family, so we could save about all the receipts from my special money crops grown on the farm. Our poultry and bees and the three acres on which strawberries and celery are grown for market, I know are more profitable to me than would be a good dairy farm of 100 acres.

.

Stopping a Large Ocean Steamer.

EXPERIMENTS seem to show that a large ocean steamer, going at nineteen knots an hour, will move over a distance of two miles after its engines are stopped and reversed, and no authority gives less than a mile or a mile and a half as the required space to stop its progress.



THE "TORONTO" GRAIN AND SEED CLEANER AND GRADER.

This Implement has no equal for CLEANING, GRADING and SEPARATING all kinds of GRAIN and SEEDS. It will be seen from the cut that it is entirely different from the ordinary Fanning Mill, both in construction and motion. THE "TORONTO" GRAIN & SEED CLEANER AND GRADER possesses many points of advantage over the ordinary mill now in use which our limited space prevents us from describing, but the closest inspection is solicited from farmers and others who are interested in CLEAN GRAIN AND SEEDS.

We build Power Mills of any capacity, for Elevators, Grain and Seed Dealers, Breweries, etc. Prices on application:

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Bravo Acts.

On Jubilee day, which commemorated the discovery of gold in California in 1849, a squad of Battery I, of the regular army, was firing a salute at Lime Point Fort, near San Francisco. One load—the charge was fifty pounds of powder enclosed in a woollen bag—did not go off, and the officer in command ordered it to be pulled out of the cannon.

The charge was withdrawn and, as it dropped to the ground, it was seen that one corner of the woollen bag was on fire. In an instant the powder would have caught and the seven men with their officer would have been killed. Private John M. Jones jumped toward the smoldering bag, rolled it in the mud, and with his bare hands plastered the singed edges with damp earth.

It was a quick, brave deed, and had the hero been a British soldier, it would have brought him a Victoria Cross to wear on his breast.

In the Crimean War, Captain Peel of the Royal Navy and son of the former prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, commanded a naval battery in front of Sebastopol. One day a large shell, its

fuse burning, fell into the battery, near where Peel was standing. Picking it up, he carried it to the rampart and tossed it over. It exploded before it reached the ground.

Tombstone Orthography.

The summit of bad spelling in an epitaph seems to have been reached by the following inscription in English, found on a gravestone in the Caroline Islands put up to the memory of two brave sailors:

Sacred to Wilm. Collis
Boat Steerer of the SHIP
SaiNT george of New BED
ford who By the Will of
Almighty god
was sivrily injured by a
BULL WHALE
off this Island on
18 March 1860

also to

Pedro Sabbanas of Guam
4th MaTE drowned on
the SAME Date his
Back broken by WHALE
above

MenTioned