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NO. 9



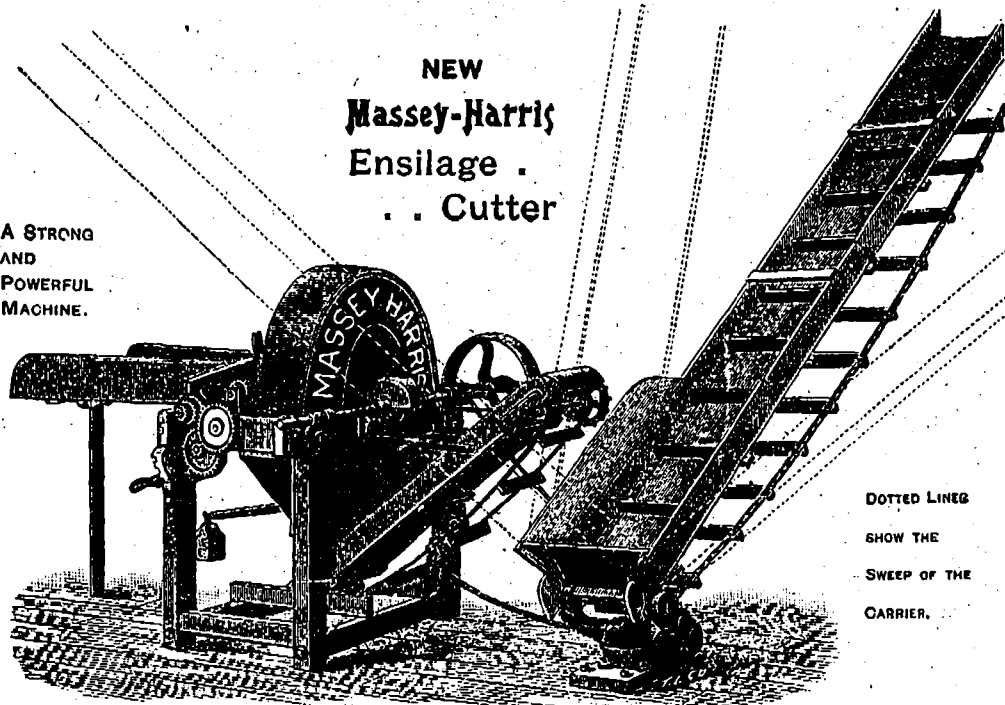
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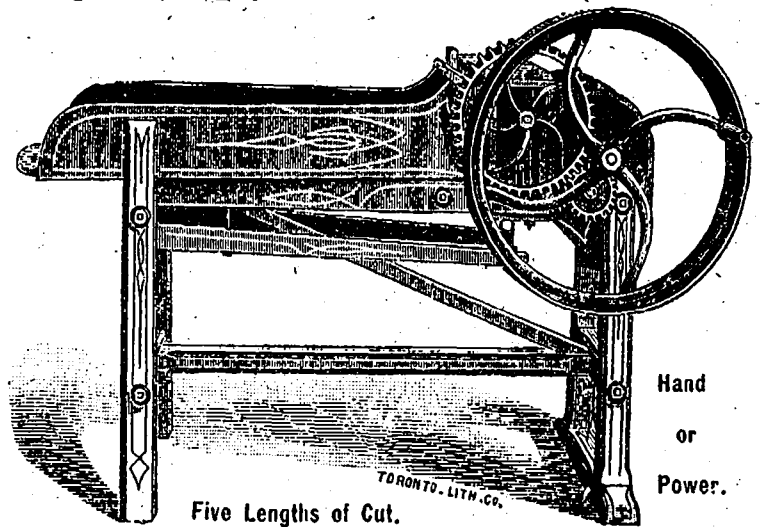
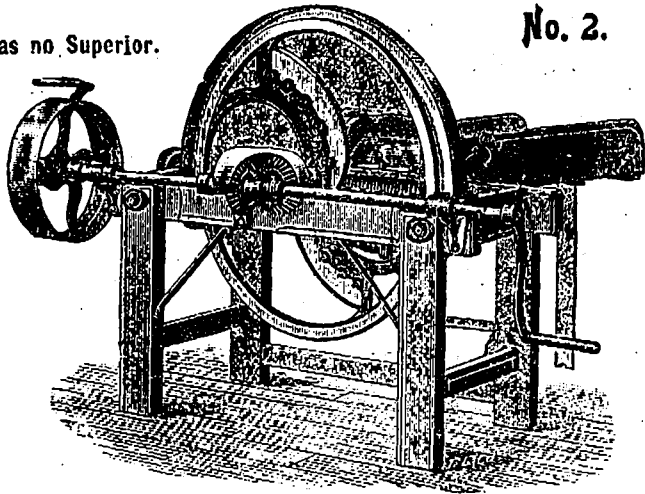


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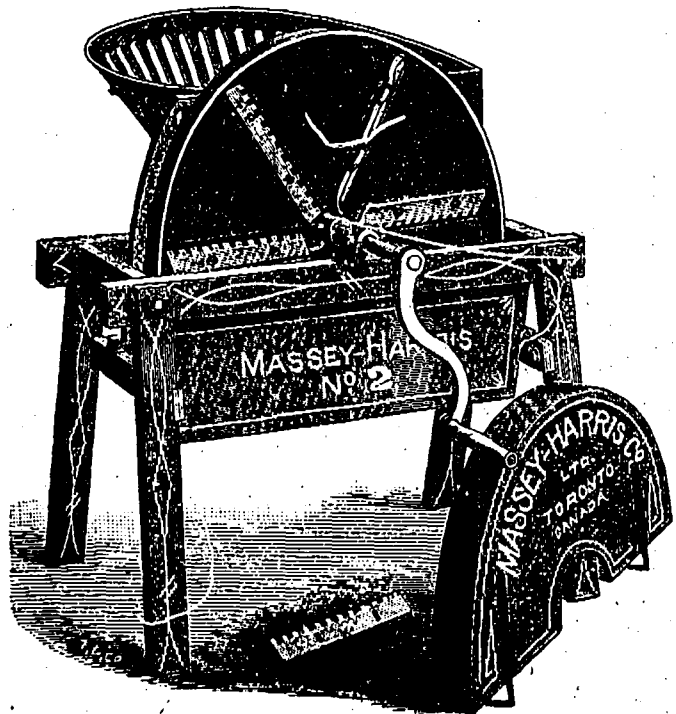
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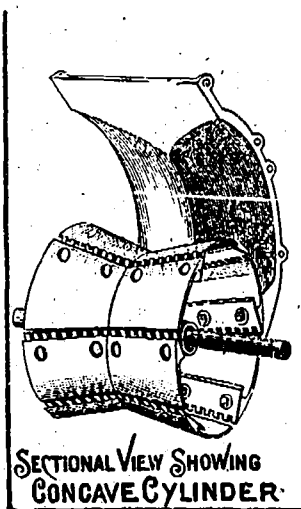


Hand  
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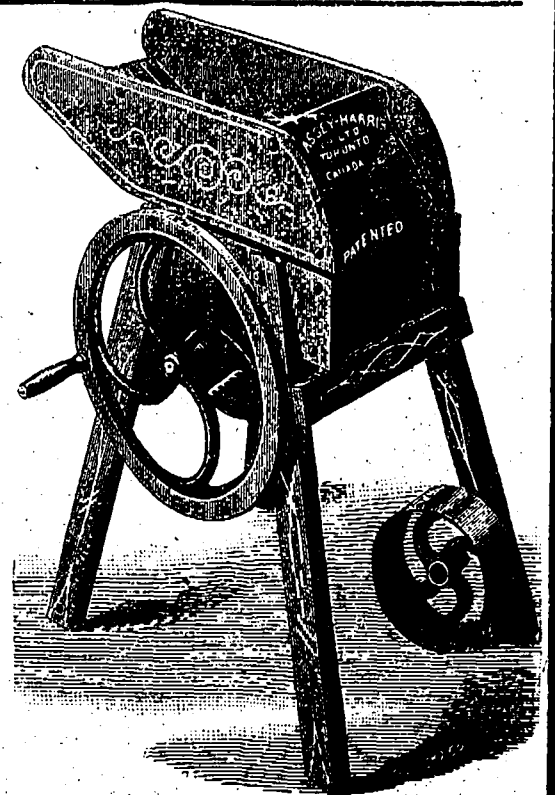
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# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1895.

[Vol. 7, No. 9.

*Written and Illustrated for this Publication.]*

### The Lower St. Lawrence & the Saguenay

FIRST PAPER.

**Q**UEBEC—grand old historic Quebec—we came upon it in the early morn be-

fore old Sol had made his appearance, but while each rose-edged cloudlet was proclaiming the advent of his appearance.

Through the soft grey mists and purple haze that enveloped her we saw the fortress city dimly, as though in a dream. Calmly she lay in the blue distance wearing an ethereal aspect; majestically she reposed on the broad bosom of the mighty St. Lawrence like some sleepy genii of the time of Confucius dozing in an Oriental sea.

Many times had we read of this walled town, this Gibraltar of America; oft had we conjured up mind pictures of her beauty, but always in the same vague way, and now she stood before us in substance, presenting that identical, indefinite form which our fondest imaginings had pre-conceived. We pinched ourselves to see if this were reality, and the pain told us we were fully awake.

Long before our steamer was due her forward promenade became freighted with eager eyes and expectant faces, anxious to catch a first glimpse, like nineteenth century explorers, of the old storied rock that caused such contentions in the past, and which, in 1776, saved the Dominion of to-day from being a constituent part of the American Republic to the south, which then gave to Canada a national existence and a life, and which to-day furnishes her with an eloquent past. It was like a peep at ages long gone by, though as new to our delighted eyes as to the astonished vision of Jacques Cartier when he first discovered the Indian village of Stadacona.

Over the gunwales of our vessel we peered with telescopes and field-glasses, like modern Champlains, reconnoitring for an available landing place.

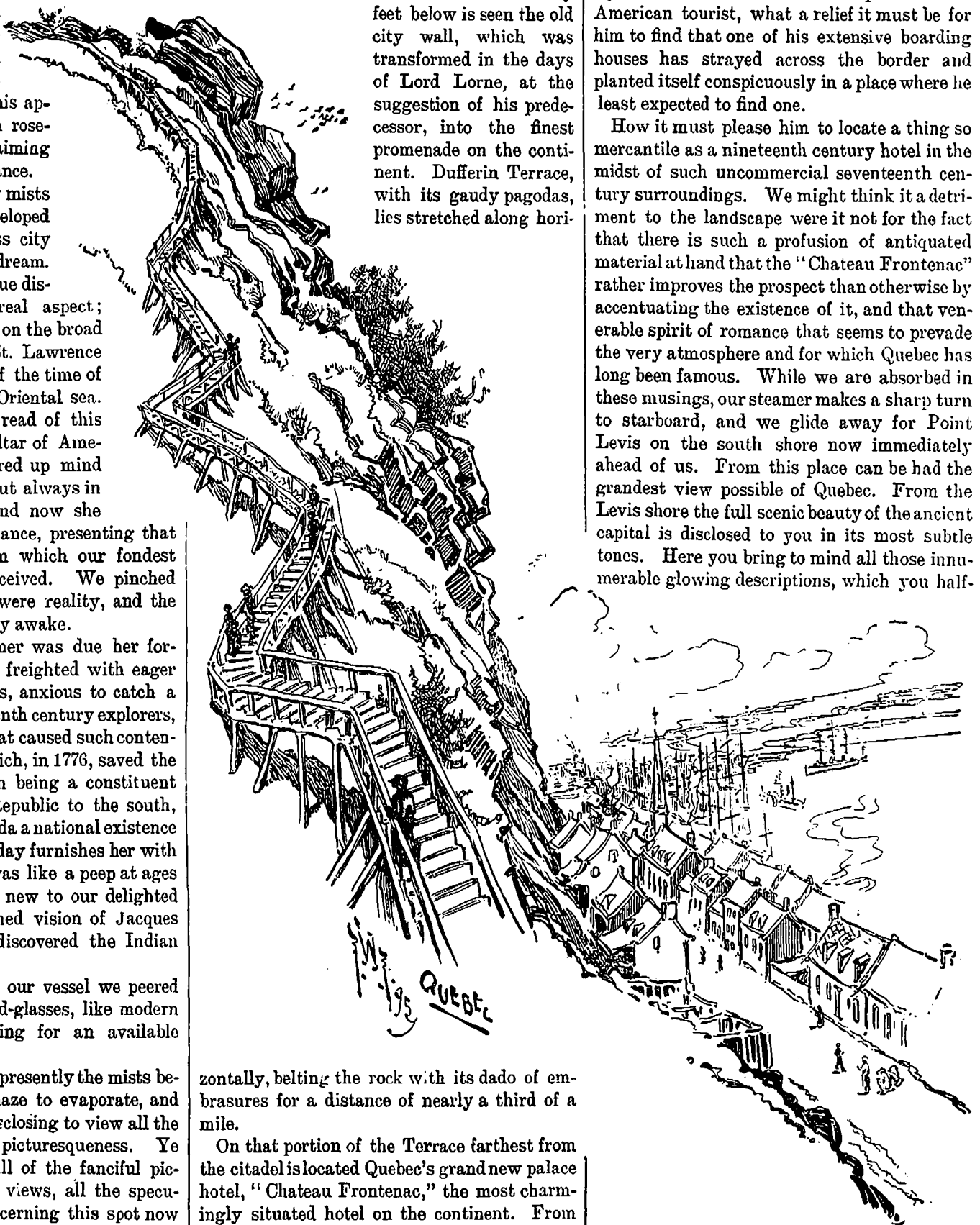
Now we come closer; presently the mists begin to shift, the blue haze to evaporate, and then the veil is lifted, disclosing to view all the generous detail in its picturesqueness. Ye gods, what a sight! All of the fanciful pictures, all the visionary views, all the speculative ideas we had concerning this spot now pale into insignificance in comparison with the reality. We gaze with astonished eyes at the sight before us. Rising three hundred and

twenty-five feet from the water's edge, the old gray citadel rears its frowning battlements in the rising sun, with England's old red cross banner at the summit floating in the morning

breeze. Scarce ninety feet below is seen the old city wall, which was transformed in the days of Lord Lorne, at the suggestion of his predecessor, into the finest promenade on the continent. Dufferin Terrace, with its gaudy pagodas, lies stretched along hori-

pretty park called Governor's Garden, where a dual monument erected in 1828 to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm stands, and which may be seen from the steamer's deck. What a delight this hotel Frontenac must prove to the American tourist, what a relief it must be for him to find that one of his extensive boarding houses has strayed across the border and planted itself conspicuously in a place where he least expected to find one.

How it must please him to locate a thing so mercantile as a nineteenth century hotel in the midst of such uncommercial seventeenth century surroundings. We might think it a detriment to the landscape were it not for the fact that there is such a profusion of antiquated material at hand that the "Chateau Frontenac" rather improves the prospect than otherwise by accentuating the existence of it, and that venerable spirit of romance that seems to pervade the very atmosphere and for which Quebec has long been famous. While we are absorbed in these musings, our steamer makes a sharp turn to starboard, and we glide away for Point Levis on the south shore now immediately ahead of us. From this place can be had the grandest view possible of Quebec. From the Levis shore the full scenic beauty of the ancient capital is disclosed to you in its most subtle tones. Here you bring to mind all those innumerable glowing descriptions, which you half-



zontally, belting the rock with its dado of embrasures for a distance of nearly a third of a mile.

On that portion of the Terrace farthest from the citadel is located Quebec's grand new palace hotel, "Chateau Frontenac," the most charmingly situated hotel on the continent. From any of its windows on three sides a panoramic view of unrivalled beauty can be had, while its west windows on the fourth side overlook the

THE OLD STEPS TO THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

doubted when you read, and you perceive how far short they come of doing justice to the gorgeous spectacle displayed. Now you recall to your mind's vision all the pictures you have seen of this spot, and you reflect how inadequately they portray the grace and loveliness arrayed before you. What a wealth of color is here exhibited; what a treasury of light and shade your range of vision commands; what a storehouse of delicate mists, of soft grays and indefinite neutrals; what an exhibition of rich browns, of velvety reds and atmospheric blues. Quebec at once suggests a palette full of splendid colors. From the gray turrets of the citadel above to the mossy greens of the foliage below; from the emerald slopes beyond the Plains of Abraham to the brown rugged rock in the precipice of Cape Diamond; from the distant blues beyond Laval University on the extreme right to the fringe of shipping in the harbor below, the combination of tones is peculiar and requires an unusual treatment, entailing a rare knowledge of the painter's art to portray it truthfully. The tinselled roofs of the lower town demand a color you have never

Drawn out tortuously along the water's edge in a serpentine form it lays before you basking in the morning sun. Beyond, the white falls of Montmorency tumble two hundred feet over a palisaded precipice into the blue St. Lawrence and lift their curtain of mist high into the piny atmosphere.

From the roofs of diminutive villages, over to the right on the south shore, can be seen tiny specks of silver, scintillating in the sun's rays.

Here the St. Lawrence suddenly broadens, as if the better to display its charms, and in the midst of these charms, reposing on the purple scarf of the St. Lawrence, the Isle of Orleans (which Champlain called Bacchus) stretches its wooded slopes twenty-one miles down the river. On the port side we pass its green meadows, its white villages and its church spires, and point a course for Grosse Isle, the quarantine station, to the north-east. From the lower end of Orleans Isle we catch a glimpse of the fertile Cote de Beaupré, with its rich pastures and fields of waving grain, its orchards and its maple groves, while beyond is the village of

stupendous immensity, spreading away to the horizon like an arm of the open sea. Seventeen miles wide it is—so wide, in fact, that only in places can the southern coast line be determined. With such a panorama around us we are steaming N.E. by N. at the rate of twelve miles an hour for the Baie St. Paul, whither we will arrive two hours hence.

Having introduced the reader to the landscape and placed him in a position to follow up the friendship, if he so desires, let us now acquaint him with the company in which he is travelling, that he may not feel lonely or depressed, for sight-seeing, especially on paper, is a tedious occupation and requires plenty of good company as well as a diversity of scenes to make it at all enjoyable or fairly interesting.

Our passenger complement was the most cosmopolitan one I have ever met with. We had tourists from England, visitors from Texas, excursionists from Florida, and sight-seers from New York. French-Canadians, educated and uneducated, and English-Canadians who, having just returned from a trip round the world, might be said to have come



NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE MONTMORENCY.

used before, while the rich, red tiles above call for every sanguine-hued tube in the sketching-box, so that when you get through with the roofs you have nothing left for your sunsets, not to mention the numerous fences that require painting at every stopping place from here to Chicoutimi.

Pushing off from Levis, which is the terminus of the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways, we point for Quebec, where in five minutes' time our steamer runs up alongside that leaving in a few minutes for the Saguenay. At present we have only time for a cursory glimpse of the historic town; we will survey it more closely on our return journey. Steaming away to the north east on our splendid steamer *Saguenay* (Capt. St. Louis) we pass the heights of Levis, with its modern batteries, to starboard, and casting a lingering glance at the fortress city we now again fairly enter upon the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence. The scene grows more entrancing as we proceed, the aspect becomes grander momentarily. Away to the left can be seen the quaint old village of Beauport, where the remains of Montcalm's fortifications are still visible.

St. Anne de Beaupré—the Canadian Mecca—lying at the foot of Mount St. Anne, which towers two thousand feet above it.

On the horizon a blue, indefinite formation which we have been watching for some time suddenly becomes focused to our sight, and we recognize the bold outlines of Cap Tourmente, with Cap Grisbaune beyond, and from here to the mouth of the Saguenay the banks of the St. Lawrence assume stupendous proportions. For the most part covered with coarse timber, chiefly spruce, they look like gigantic banks of moss, but in many places too precipitous for foliage they present a wild, rugged and barren aspect. Beyond the rock formations, and behind the wooded slopes, can be seen the cloud-tipped blue Laurentians, and the outlying districts of the illimitable pine forests, which have their centre in the Lake St. John district. Wild and gloomy and bleak the broken coastline appears. The loneliness, intensified here and there by a solitary white lighthouse perched meekly at the base of a brooding mountain, over which a screaming bird of prey gyrates leisurely away up near cloudland. A glance seaward shows the mighty St. Lawrence in its

from anywhere and everywhere. Clergymen and priests, professional men and men of business. Young men and old men, middle-aged women and children. In twos and threes, in groups and scores were they scattered about the forward promenade. There was a gentleman from Baltimore with a heavy overcoat and patent leather shoes who talked a great deal to a California lady, and there was a man from Scotland whose history you learnt without his having opened his mouth—the habili-ments about him told of a princely connection with an aristocratic clan and an Inverness accent as thick as your wrist. In our midst we had a newly-married couple from Ottawa, a bride and groom from Kingston, and an old gentleman and his wife all the way from Australia.

Surrounded by a cosmopolitan gathering of this kind one does not usually want for other means of entertainment, but add to this the silver strains of an orchestra and the grandest scenery imaginable and you have at once a programme fit for the kingliest prince. In a trip of this kind, where all are intent upon pleasure, everybody becomes acquainted, and the



numerous little *bon mots* heard on all sides prove continual sources of amusement.

The officers and crew of our splendid steamer were for the most part French, with the exception of an English orchestra, which, dispensing Wagnerian and Italian airs, might also be said to speak to us in foreign accents. Each official connected with the boat was as courteous as he could be, from the head officer to the porter. The genial little captain was ever the centre of an enquiring group of faces, pointing out places of interest and answering all sorts of absurd questions with a thorough good will that we all remarked, while the purser was indefatigable in his efforts to make people comfortable.

Our own little party from Toronto to Riviere du Loup, which consisted of three members, was a unique one, wholly in keeping with the diverse surroundings. Constituted of a correspondent, who did scarce any thing but eat, an artist whose chief aim was talking, and a merry chaperon, whose amiable disposition and sunny buoyancy offset to a degree those adverse conditions noticeable in the other members of the party, we had all the requisites

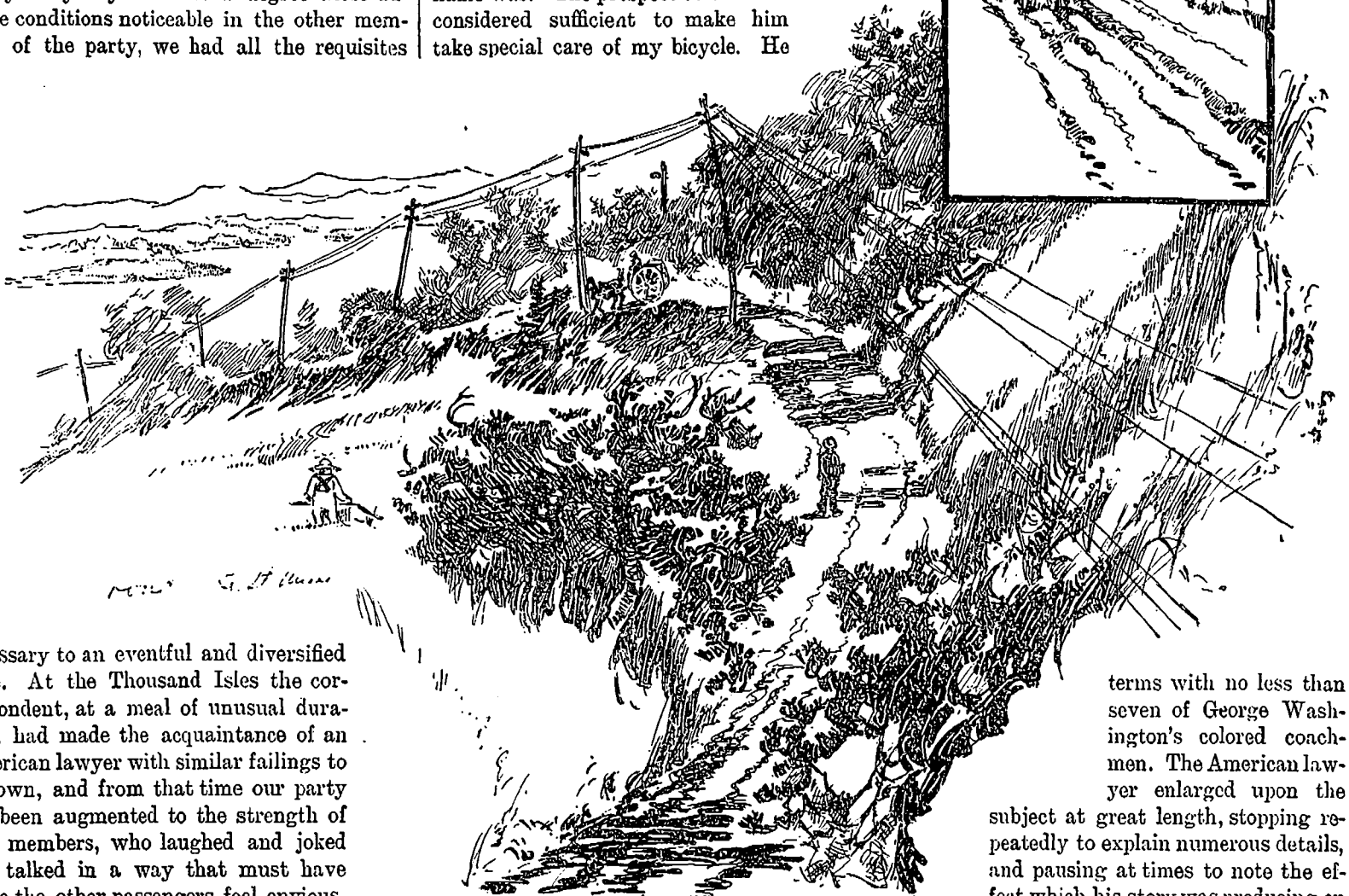
"Mine is the good one, this one here!" said the correspondent.

"That's right, when you have an opportunity always take your choice. In a case of this kind I invariably pick the best." So saying, he removed our correspondent's wheel to a safer corner, with the assurance that he would "keep a special eye on it," and that individual returned to the rendezvous on the promenade deck thoroughly pacified and reassured.

"How did you get along with the baggageman?" queried the chaperon, with a smile.

"Admirably! I fixed him all right. I began by telling him I represented a paper and was going to write a description of the trip, that it was my intention to deal with the civility of the company's employes, etc., and in many ways led him to infer that possibly he would be mentioned. I even went so far as to tell him that we had an artist on board who would doubtless be pleased to sketch him, being careful not to let him know what the artist's name was. The prospect of all this I considered sufficient to make him take special care of my bicycle. He

girl the name of whom he never knew, and being married secretly by a clergyman unknown to both, but who had a parish in the uncertain district of nowhere, and who claimed to be the son of a man who was on intimate



ON THE ROAD TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

necessary to an eventful and diversified time. At the Thousand Isles the correspondent, at a meal of unusual duration, had made the acquaintance of an American lawyer with similar failings to his own, and from that time our party had been augmented to the strength of four members, who laughed and joked and talked in a way that must have made the other passengers feel envious. It was during the run to Baie St. Paul that we were seated on the deck of the steamer, well up in the bow, listening to some old yarns which the American lawyer, in a facetious mood, was presuming on the ignorance of the rest of us by spinning, that our correspondent, who is also a bicycle rider, felt some unwarrantable anxiety concerning his silent steed, and excused himself to interview the baggageman in regard to it. Proceeding downstairs he encountered a big, strapping fellow, whose politeness and desire to please were oppressive.

"Which is your wheel?" demanded that individual, eagerly surveying the half dozen bicycles which stood before him.

looked down at me good naturedly a moment, taking it all in in a mild way, and then answered that it generally paid him best to be civil. I took the hint and handed him a quarter."

The recitation of this event having restored the American lawyer to a reminiscent mood, that gentleman declared his intention of forthwith inflicting the company with the narration of a story which the foregoing experience of our correspondent put him "in mind of," and thereupon began a seemingly inexhaustible yarn, with devious turnings and innumerable side thoughts, about a certain individual whose name he had forgotten falling in love with a

terms with no less than seven of George Washington's colored coachmen. The American lawyer enlarged upon the subject at great length, stopping repeatedly to explain numerous details, and pausing at times to note the effect which his story was producing on his hearers, as indicated by the expression of their faces, but for the life

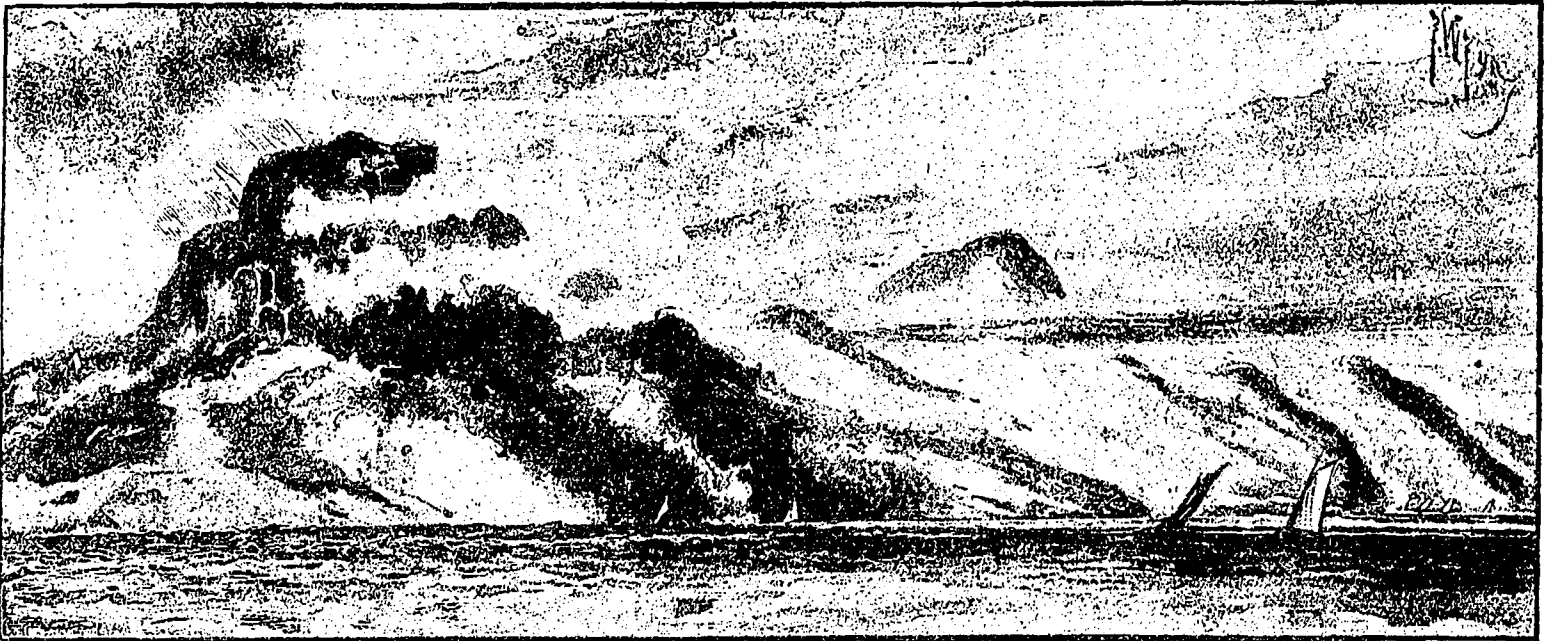
of him couldn't just recollect what the point was, or where the story ended, although it was his best story, which he had been in the habit of telling with great applause for many years past. Just at the moment the patience of the audience seemed to be exhausted, and the correspondent, who has an infallible way of mixing things himself somewhat, called to mind another experience he had while touring in Western Ontario with a fellow cyclist named Brown, the leading thought of which seemed to be as follows. "We had covered about twenty or thirty miles already that day over a very rough road," said the cor-

respondent, "when one of the tires on my comrade's wheel gave out, and while he stopped to repair it I rode on to the nearest village, lying about a mile off, leaving him to follow and overtake me, which he did in due course. Now in every village of any size in Western Ontario there is usually a hotel," explained the correspondent, "and every hotel has its quota of village loungers, often very rough men with protuberant stomachs, who float about like balloons with no perceptible means of support, but who are ever ready, nevertheless, to listen to tales of adventure or stories of athleticism which travellers are frequently wont to dispense gratuitously upon the slightest provocation. Accordingly, it so happened that when my friend rode up he found me deeply absorbed in a fairy tale which I was relating to a group that surrounded me on all sides, of these unsuspecting gentry, in regard to having wheeled one hundred and ninety miles that day already, and expecting to cover the same distance again before nightfall. I was in the middle of a momentous point rela-

The correspondent having been thus reminded that it was dinner-time, we repaired down stairs to where an affable little French man, all smiles and urbanity, received us with open arms and showed us to our seats. The meals the tourist receives on board the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamers are first class and cannot be excelled at the best hotels. Everything is served up in such a dainty, tempting style, the linen is white and the waiters so polite and attentive, anticipating your every want. A delicious surprise in store for those who have not made the trip is the fish one gets on board these steamers. I wish I could give the reader a sniff of the boiled Saguenay salmon, or a taste of the lake trout which they tell me is procured from the little lakes on top of the mountains. Dainty little morsels they are; certainly worth going a long distance to receive; pink in color like the salmon, but with something of the aroma of a kernel, and the flavor of a peach about them, that immediately suggests to an epicure like our correspondent, absolute enjoyment and

fully through this menu sheet, first in English, to make sure that he missed nothing, and then beginning again would pick things out indiscriminately in French with the greatest daring and utmost disregard of conventionality of any man I ever saw. I contemplate sending my friend one of these menu sheets as a Xmas card; I know it will be appreciated.

When our party appeared on deck again we could see that our steamer was entering St. Paul's Bay. This is one of the few places which Boucher in 1663 writing to Colbert, the Finance Minister to Louis XIV, says are at all inhabitable from Cap Tormente to the mouth of the Saguenay, and even it is a barren looking place. From the rugged hills, where in pre-historic days nature's mighty forces wreaked their vengeance with devastation and waste, to the water's edge the scene is a forbidding one. Deposited in a cleft that one of the numerous earthquakes, for which this district has long been noted, made in the gaping hills it looks like the pictures one sees of primitive Scanidnavian settlements.



CAP TOURMENTE.

CAP GRISBAUNE.

tive to the number of prizes I had won, and concerning my intention of challenging for the world's championship, when Brown, who was ever known to be rash and indiscreet, rushed in upon me all out of breath, exclaiming, 'Say, old man, that's blame slow riding, only thirteen miles in seven hours. I expected to be in [Sarnia to-night!]' Well, we were thankful to leave that town alive, that all," said our correspondent, with an emphatic blow upon his knee.

At this juncture the conversation turned to the relative merits of the Hudson River and the St. Lawrence. Our vivacious chaperon gave it as her opinion that the scenery was very similar. Our correspondent said that the heat of the former was too oppressive for him, while our artist expressed the view that the water of the St. Lawrence, being much clearer than that of the Hudson, he would rather, if it came to a choice of evils, be drowned in the waters of the former than bathe in those of the latter, which drew forth the retort from the American lawyer that he supposed it was a matter of taste.

recreation, perfect contentment and peace.

The menu card also presented a tasty appearance. On one side the long list of edibles appeared in French and on the other it was written in English. When we wanted a very fancy meal we of course ordered in French. In this way we got some very unique dishes indeed—I mean, when the waiter by some extraordinary chance caught a distant glimmering of what we meant to say. To our correspondent this menu sheet at first proved a very great source of worry because by paying too much attention to that side which he didn't understand he found himself through his meal rather sooner than he expected. But that unsatisfactory state of things did not last long. He suddenly developed an abnormal taste for French and every lone moment was spent in studying a purloined copy of that bill of fare with an assiduity that was alarming, until finally, before we parted company with him, he had a very decided opinion that the system should be adopted generally throughout Ontario. At every meal he would, without feeling any inconvenience whatever, go care-

The country from here through to Hudson Bay has been the scene of many eruptive disturbances which have left their effect upon the landscape in wild and barren tones. In 1638, 1658, 1663, 1727, 1755, 1791, 1860 and in 1870 have shocks been felt in the district of Baie St. Paul.

It is one of the oldest French settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence, having been inhabited originally in the time of Louis XV, but the continual encroachments of the river, the volume of which of late years has steadily decreased above Quebec, have sadly diminished the size of the ancient village and almost all that is left to-day is to a degree modern.

The mode of landing at this quaint place proves a source of novelty to the passengers. Our steamer draws up at a lighthouse pier in the middle of the bay, where those wishing to disembark are transferred to a small sail-boat which comes up alongside the dock. This diminutive vessel runs in as far as it can to shore, and from there the sailors carry their passengers to the beach in their arms; certainly a unique experience, but one gets used

to unusual things in this part of the world.

Opposite Baie St. Paul lies the Isle aux Coudres, the scene of numerous illicit latter-day trading operations. It was here that Capt. Bouchard, chief of St. Lawrence smugglers, who has become quite a legendary personage, had his headquarters.

The run from Baie St. Paul to Murray Bay is a delightful one of three hours' duration through air, water, and scenery that beggars description. The rough indented shores take the form of a succession of broken ridges and spruce-covered mountain tops, such as we remarked on the run to St. Paul's Bay, with here and there a perpendicular promontory jutting out to turn our vessel out of her straight course. The atmosphere seems heavily charged with oxygen, with the breath of the sea, and the forest's perfume. The slanting rays of sunlight (for it is getting late in the afternoon) are reflected in wriggling gleams and golden shimmers upon the blue St. Lawrence, and the porpoises sun themselves before your eyes as the vessel glides along.

Between St. Paul's Bay and Murray Bay our party was entertained by a jolly little Frenchman from Quebec, whose fund of anecdotes and reminiscences seemed as gigantic and inexhaustible as the elements that surrounded us. He chatted to us most charmingly about his early exploits in bear hunting, the adventurous descent of the rapids of the Saguenay, which he made when a boy with his elder brother in a birch-bark canoe, his snow-shoe journeys, and the points of interest about his native city. And all the time he talked there was not a breath of egotism about him, nor a suggestion of self-importance. While he discoursed upon the scenery and the historical events connected with it to our coterie which clustered about him on the forward promenade, the view appeared to grow more beautiful momentarily—the mountains assumed glorious moods we had not noticed before—the clouds and vapors formed quaint pictures which we previously lacked the power to discern—and the little bays took on lovely aspects hitherto undiscoverable to our prosaic eyes.

But all the poetry was dispelled a few moments later by the vulgarisms of some coarse-grained Yankee, who wanted to know what the cost of building material was in this district—whether much money could be made in "Ketchin' Snt. Larrance seals"—and regarding the porpoises, "wether their hides wuz weth moer 'an ther oil?"

There is something deliciously luxurious about the soft, silvery pronunciation of an educated Frenchman when he speaks to you in English—something intensely beautiful and harmonic. I never dreamed that the Anglo-Saxon language contained such scope for melody; nor had I thought it capable of such a pretty construction until I heard this little man converse.

To sit and listen to his charming table-talk at dinner, sparkling with the iridescence of freshly uncorked champagne—to hear the most vivid description of landscape embellished with brilliant similes—or to perceive his numerous little shafts of wit and side-thought, like so many dainty relishes and bon-bons—was to feast the intelligence with an eloquence one

rarely meets with in Ontario. We Anglo-Saxon Canadians, speaking our own language, felt like pigmy Lilliputians beside this master of English. Of all the members of our cosmopolitan gathering, the French Canadians were in greatest demand.

About ten miles from Murray Bay we came upon what looked to be, in the distance, migratory shoals of chalk with intermittent fountains playing interruptedly among them. There were numerous guesses between us as to what this could be. Our correspondent, who had read the guide books profusely, and was considered an authority in literature of that kind, and who prided himself that he knew more about the subject than the rest of us, said he thought it was a hot spring, but the idea of finding a hot spring in the lower St. Lawrence where the water is as cold as ice at all seasons of the year seemed too preposterous to us, and in the light of after events, our misgivings seemed well founded, for the hot spring turned out to be a school of timid porpoises sporting themselves near the beach by spurting water which they sent up into the air for a considerable distance but who fled precipitately at the approach of our steamer. Thereafter we called our correspondent "Geysers."

But now our boat draws near land again and an immense line of vehicles can be seen on a distant wharf; the hawsers are made ready and the gangways cleared mid a long, deep blast from the whistle. There is much shouting and some confusion, and then our boat with a slight concussion draws up alongside the end of a lengthy dock, and we find ourselves moored at Murray Bay.

Murray Bay with its fashionable hotels and its simple *habitant* cottages, with its aristocratic air 'mid democratic surroundings, with its English speaking visitors and its host of French inhabitants. Murray Bay, the rendezvous of wealth and the home of penury; it is a most heterogeneous place. Up the uneven road one sees the affluent American visitor riding contentedly in an antiquated vehicle he would not look upon when at home. On the flimsy wharf may be seen the daughter of opulence from English Canada fishing, under the superintendence of the son of French Canadian indigence; while through a vista of flat-bottomed fishing smacks with patched yellow sails, we catch a glimpse of the snowy wings of a racing yacht as she lays over in the breeze showing her keel to windward. There are a thousand discordant things about Murray Bay which often approach to the incongruous. The old wharf was literally freighted with decrepit calèches. There must have been eighty of them strung out in line down the long dock, each waiting for its load of pretty girls and their portly papas.

Turning the high promontory that juts out in the river and separates the village from its landing place, we had a view of the bay itself with its line of cottages fringing the water's edge and nestling at the foot of green slopes running up behind, and then we pointed for Riviere du Loup on the opposite shore. What a mighty body of water the St. Lawrence at this point is. Stretched away as far as the eye can see it looks like the blue Atlantic. Twenty miles broad at this spot; to all appearances, it might be Lake Ontario.

At Riviere du Loup our party divided, our correspondent disembarking in quest of "material" and our chaperon accompanying him, while our artist whose time was more limited proceeded direct to Tadoussac and then up the Saguenay. A further description of their joint labors will be furnished the readers of this magazine in our next issue.

### Farming in Argentina..

THE Argentine has now become an important wheat producing country, for which it has many advantages. The very large, fertile tracts of prairie land—the pampas—lie adjacent to rivers navigable for ocean steamers. The farmers are thus enabled to ship their produce to Europe at a far less cost than we can. The wheat is not so good a quality as the Manitoba hard, but the difference in the cost makes it a formidable competitor. The competition will not be so keenly felt now that our farmers are paying more attention to the beef, wool and dairy industries. It is an healthy sign that each year sees so great an increase in the production of beef, hides, wool, and dairy produce in our country—meaning, as it does, the export of our farm products in a concentrated form.

The following extract from the *Winnipeg Commercial* will doubtless be of interest to our readers:—

MANITOBANS will be interested in learning something about farming in the great agricultural country of Argentina, South America. At a meeting of the British Royal Commission on Agriculture recently, D. J. Brett, a ranch-owner in the province of Santa Fe, Argentine Republic, was examined. He stated that he had been in Argentina 35 years. Wheat growing in the Republic was for the most part in the hands of Italian colonists, though Swiss and French immigrants were also engaged in this industry. The women worked on the land. The soil was easily worked, and no manuring was necessary. Laborers were very little employed in the wheat growing districts, except for a few weeks during harvest. Occasional laborers went out from Italy to Argentina for the harvest and returned home when the work was over. Their wages were about \$2.50 a day. Machinery and implements were generally obtained on a year's credit from storekeepers, and paid for in a certain percentage of the crop to be produced. The older colonists who owned the land worked were not in debt. As regarded the cost of production, the Italian colonist could grow wheat to be sold on his farm at a price equivalent, at the present rate of exchange, to 11s per quarter, (8 bushels), and he would gain more by doing this than as a wage-earner in the Republic. Twenty shillings a quarter in London would encourage the extension of wheat growing in the Republic under present conditions. Many wheat growers had recently devoted more attention to the cultivation of alfalfa. As an instance of the value of alfalfa he stated that ordinary wheat land in the Republic could be bought for 15s per acre, whereas the same land when laid down to lucern would at the end of a single year be of the value of £7 per acre. Attention was now being directed to the possibility of developing a large export trade in cattle and sheep to the United Kingdom. One great advantage possessed by the Argentine breeder was the fact that his stock never required housing or feeding. The sheep were to a large extent crossed with Lincolns, and there were also a large number of merino. A steer three years old could be raised in Argentina and sold on the farm with profit to the breeder at a price equivalent to £3 in gold. He was of the opinion that at the present time a beast of the weight of 720 pounds could be landed in this country and disposed of without loss at a price of about £13 or £14, but this would leave an extremely small margin for profit. As a matter of fact Argentine cattle were not yet of so good a quality as American beasts. They hoped in future to send animals to Great Britain which would fetch a price approaching that at which the cattle of the United States were sold in London—viz. £18. He considered Argentine sheep as fine as could be produced in any country. Their dead weight was from 60 to 65 pounds. The present freight on live stock from the Republic was about £5 10s. on cattle and 12s. on sheep.





THE WHISPERING CORN.

Have you e'er walked at early morn  
Beside a field of stately corn,  
Just while the red sun crossed the rim  
Of this round world, mist wet and dim?  
Often have I, if but to hear  
Mysterious whisperings far and near.

'Tis just at nature's waking time,  
While hillsides yet are wet with rime,  
And while the first lark rising, flings  
Dew spray from off its early wings,  
And now and then a faint sound tells  
Where cattle rise and shake their bells.

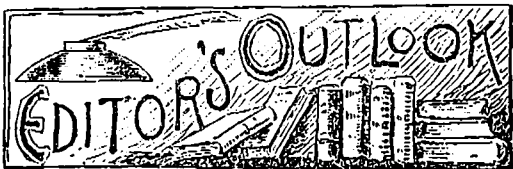
"Hush," says the corn, "with dog and gun  
I see a hunter hither run,  
Oh, trembling hare, far inward lie;  
Lie close, oh, partridge, do not fly."  
The hunter lists. It seems to say:  
"No game is lurking here to-day."

Sometimes the farmer comes to see,  
And then it says, "Here's gold for thee,  
Which sun and air and sky and soil  
Have gathered to reward thy toil,  
Ten thousand sentinels in line  
Guard each his gift for thee and thine."

Or if some Dives walks for health,  
Worn out with care of useless wealth,  
It whispers, "You make gold of tears,  
Of hunger, curses, prayers and fears,  
But here are alchemists whose gold  
Must feed the hungry, warm the cold."

Sometimes with heavy heart there goes  
A love-lorn swain along the rows;  
Then "List," it lisps, "at hushing bee,  
When rafters ring with rustic glee  
Of brown cheeked maids and merry men,  
Ah, you shall kiss her, kiss her then."

Thus oft in low mysterious wise  
Soft voices from the tall corn rise—  
Lulled lisplings, as though unknown tongue  
Whispered the long lush leaves among,  
They tell me secrets sweet and true;  
They'll whisper, if you wish, to you.  
George Horton.



It is most gratifying to learn that, although the crops in Ontario have greatly suffered as a consequence of the delayed rains, the prospects for a good harvest in the Province of Quebec have not been brighter for years than they are this season. Advices from Lower Canada, state that everything is looking bright and green there in spite of the dry weather that has been so general throughout Canada. There is more moisture in the atmosphere of the lower St. Lawrence than we are favored with from that of the lakes; this together with the occasional rains which have descended there and have studiously avoiding gracing Ontario with their presence, have been the means of guaranteeing to the farmer of Quebec a bounteous harvest at a time when such things are comparatively rare in other portions of the country. We congratulate our French-Canadian brother on his good fortune, and hope that things may continue as bright for him as they at present appear to be.

Those who have been watching the course of events respecting the dead meat trade between the great centers, have noted as a significant

fact the suspicion cast on the quality of the article supplied, implied in the question raised in the House of Commons by the member for North Hampshire. The question had its origin in an article in the London Times to the effect that a bullock might be condemned at Chicago as unfit for food, yet that the tongue of the diseased animal might be preserved and exported for food and its fat manufactured and exported for oleomargine. The answer to these questions was that the Foreign Office was cognizant of the complaints and was investigating them. The importance of the enquiry lies in the evident truth of the complaints and should an exposure follow, the United States' meat business will be greatly injured. Nothing pays like honest dealing.

The government of Germany has inaugurated a new plan for exterminating troublesome weeds with which that country is infested. It consists in educating the people to understand the real harm that comes from indifference to harmful plants. Wall maps are hung up in schools illustrating the weeds in their natural colors, and showing how the seeds become scattered. Pupils are instructed as to the evils that follow the allowing of these oft times hardy visitants to go unchecked and also as to the easiest and most inexpensive mode of exterminating them. In this way it is confidently expected that the German, whether urban or rural, will wage war upon the weed every time he comes in contact with it, where otherwise through ignorance and want of knowledge he would allow it to pass unscathed. We think the plan a good one, which might be adopted with advantage to this country.

PERHAPS the passages in the report of the Royal Commission appointed by the British Government to inquire into the effect of food derived from tubercular animals on human health, which will be most popularly discussed and popularly useful, are those touching the infectiousness of milk. This is a subject on which the public mind has been agitated for years by opinions swaying from the opposite extremes with the mechanical regularity of a pendulum. The result of the enquiry is as interesting as it is surprising. It practically resolves itself into this pregnant sentence: "We think it probable that an appreciable part of the tuberculosis that affects man is obtained through his food." When the alarming reports made by medical authorities, as to the danger arising from tuberculosis in milk, are taken into account, the conclusions arrived at by the Royal Commission are re-assuring. It is true that the evidence taken is not entirely satisfactory, yet there are portions of it unmistakably so. For instance, there can be no doubt as to the meaning and value of the statement that "tuberculosis is found far more frequently in full-grown cattle than in calves." It is pointed out that calves are fed almost entirely on milk, and if the tuberculosis it contains had an injurious effect, it would appear in the calves rather than in grown up cattle to which milk is rarely or never fed. The clear inference is that if comparatively harmless in the case of the calves it is equally so in the case of human beings. It must not be supposed by this that tuberculosis in milk is free of danger to human health. What the report of the commission satisfactorily establishes is that the alarm sounded by a section of the medical profession, and which has gone so far as to imply that tuberculosis conveyed by cow's milk is the fertile cause of consumption, is groundless, and that milk which has obtained as a food for centuries, should not be tabooed without the most conclusive proof of its deleterious qualities. A contemporary sums up the case as follows, and we may say in terms concurring entirely with the Commission's report: "This is not saying that the bacilli of tuberculosis may not be found in the milk of tuber-

culous cows. Neither is it saying that tuberculosis cannot be conveyed through the milk of a diseased cow to man. What we particularly insist upon is that the evidence shall not be taken for more than it is worth, that the cows of the country as a whole, and their products, shall not be condemned, or be put under undue suspicion. As long as the percentage of tuberculosis among cattle slaughtered for food (it is said to be even greater among dairy cows) is forty or more times greater than among sucking calves, how infinitesimal must be the proportion of human tuberculosis that can with any degree of probability be attributed to cow's milk."

Nor long ago a post-card was received asking information regarding the Irish butter trade. At the time no facts bearing on the question were to hand, but in answer to an enquiry in Ireland, a statement made to the Royal Dublin Society's Board has reached us. It is substantially as follows: It was estimated that the number of milch cows in Ireland at present amounted to one and a half million. Taking the average produce of a cow to be \$35, the total value of Irish dairy produce would amount to \$52,500,000 per annum. According to the statistics compiled from the audited returns of thirty-three co-operative creameries in 1894, the average yield of milk from an Irish cow was 435 gallons for the seasons. This would produce 145 pounds of butter, where the milk was set in the farmers' own dairies. Estimated at 16 cents per pound, this would amount to \$24.16, add for value of skim milk and buttermilk \$10.60, and each cow on the home dairying plan would return \$34.76. These same statistics showed the average price paid for milk in co-operative creameries in 1894 to be 7 cents per gallon, and the comparative return of a cow whose milk had been sent to such a creamery would be as follows:

435 gallons new milk at 7c.....	\$30 45
368 gallons separated milk (returned free), valued at 2c.....	7 36
26 gallons buttermilk at 4c., say.....	1 04
	\$38 85

or a gain in favor of the creamery of \$1.09 per cow, or a little over \$6,000,000 a year to Ireland, were it practicable to start creameries in every dairy district. The Irish dairy industry had declined—any improvement which had been brought about had been by the introduction of the creamery system and the system of training carried on in the Munster Dairy School and Glasnevin. Many persons abuse the creamery system, but suggest no alternative, and until they could find a better they were determined to hold on to it.

Creameries were first introduced into Ireland it might be about 15 years ago by the late Canon Bagot, to whom, as a pioneer of Irish dairy reform, the thanks of the country were due. They were first worked on the cream gathering plan, which was open to many objections, but chiefly because the cream frequently became tainted before it reached the creamery. The cream gathering system had been completely superseded by the introduction of the centrifugal separator. Several of the early creameries failed—like most experiments of the kind, they had been started without much regard to practical details. Some failed because their water supply was defective, and there could be no greater defect than this; others because their situation was ill chosen; but the majority of failures were directly attributed to bad management, or to the lack of identity of interest between the proprietors and the milk suppliers. A very fruitful source of trouble also lay in defective drainage. Creamery sewage, from the nature of the solid matter which it contained, was exceedingly difficult to render innocuous, and if allowed to decompose it became terribly offensive. One co-operative creamery was negotiating with the Oxygen Sewage Purification Co. for the use of their patented system, and this experiment would be watched with great interest.



In order to lay before the British public the advantages of settlement in Canada, the Minister of the Interior has prepared a paper setting forth the special features of the country, and indicating the class of settlers who are most likely to succeed. This document has been forwarded to the Imperial authorities, who, by command of her Majesty, have presented it to both Houses of Parliament. It has been printed, and is being circulated throughout the United Empire as a Government paper. The class of immigrants specially invited are persons with capital, agriculturists, tenant farmers, young men desiring agricultural experience, male and female farm servants, and domestic servants. Before coming to Canada mechanics, general laborers, and navvies are advised to obtain special information as to their respective callings.

THE question of a fast Atlantic service between England and Canada which has been in abeyance for some months past, is likely to be revived again. In regard to this it is worth while noting that before leaving office, Lord Ripon left a memorandum strongly urging the matter upon Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the new Colonial secretary. The successor of Lord Ripon is a man who has a decided friendship for Canada, and is looked upon as a likely man to further any plan that will advance the interests of the colonies. We have every reason then for hoping that the Imperial authorities will favorably entertain the idea of subsidizing the new Canadian line. That the establishing of a fast service would be of immense value to Canada there can be no doubt. With the farmer it would have the effect of reducing the rates which at present are enormously high between this and the old country, for although it is not anticipated that the new line will carry freight to any great extent still it can be expected to control the passenger service; this will have the effect of confining the already existing lines to the handling of freight almost entirely as a means of attaining a revenue and the competition this is bound to follow will probably have the desired effect.

THE following recipe for tuberculosis has been found effective: "(a) Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), one ounce in about eight gallons of water (one-tenth per cent.) The water should be kept in wooden tubs or barrels and the sublimate added to it. The whole must be allowed to stand for twenty-four hours, so as to give the sublimate an opportunity to become entirely dissolved. Since this solution is poisonous, it should be covered up and well guarded. It may be applied with a broom or mop and used freely in all parts of the stable. Since it loses its virtue in proportion to the amount of dirt present, all manure and other dirt should be first removed and the stables well cleaned before applying the disinfectant. After it has been applied the stable should be kept vacant as long as possible. Before the animals are allowed to return it is best to flush those parts which the animals may reach with their tongues to remove any remaining poison. (b) Chloride of lime, five ounces to a gallon of water (four per cent). This should be applied in the same way. (c) The following disinfectant is very serviceable. It is not poisonous, but quite corrosive, and care should be taken to protect the eyes and hands from accidental splashing: Crude carbolic acid, one-half gallon; crude sulphuric acid, one-half gallon. These two substances should be mixed in tubs or glass vessels. The sulphuric acid is very slowly added to the carbolic acid. During the mixing a large amount of heat is developed. The disinfecting power of the mixture is heightened if the amount of heat is kept down by placing the tub or glass demijohn containing the carbolic acid in cold water while the sulphuric acid is being added. The resulting mixture is added to water in the ratio of one to twenty. One gallon of mixed acids will thus furnish twenty gallons of a strongly disinfectant solution having a slightly milky appearance.

List of Fall Fairs.

Toronto.....	Sept. 2nd to 14th.
Winchester.....	Sept. 10th and 11th.
St. Thomas.....	Sept. 10th to 13th.
Elora.....	Sept. 11th.
Williamstown.....	Sept. 11th and 12th.
Berwick.....	Sept. 12th.
South Mountain.....	Sept. 12th and 13th.
Harrowsmith.....	Sept. 12th and 13th.
Montreal, Que.....	Sept. 12th to 21st.
London.....	Sept. 12th to 21st.
Cornwall.....	Sept. 13th and 14th.
Humberstone.....	Sept. 16th.
Lyndhurst.....	Sept. 16th and 17th.
Niagara Falls, S.....	Sept. 17th.
Wellesley.....	Sept. 17th and 18th.
Newington.....	Sept. 17th and 18th.
Cobourg.....	Sept. 17th and 18th.
Dixon's Corners.....	Sept. 17th and 18th.
Spencerville.....	Sept. 17th and 18th.
Hanover.....	Sept. 17th and 18th.
Owen Sound.....	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Unionville.....	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Guelph.....	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Perth.....	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Whitby.....	Sept. 17th to 19th.
Belleville.....	Sept. 17th to 20th.
Vankleek Hill.....	Sept. 18th to 20th.
Listowel.....	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Renfrew.....	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Clarksburg.....	Sept. 19th and 20th.
New Hamburg.....	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Stoney Creek.....	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Niagara.....	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Victoria Road.....	Sept. 19th and 20th.
Port Perry.....	Sept. 19th to 21st.
Niagara.....	Sept. 20th.
Bowmanville.....	Sept. 20th and 21st.
Ottawa.....	Sept. 20th to 28th.
Tavistock.....	Sept. 23rd and 24th.
Exeter.....	Sept. 23rd and 24th.
Palmerston.....	Sept. 23rd and 24th.
Deshboro'.....	Sept. 23rd and 24th.
Peterborough.....	Sept. 23rd to 25th.
St. Catharines.....	Sept. 23rd to 25th.
Strathroy.....	Sept. 23rd to 25th.
Mildmay.....	Sept. 24th.
Stirling.....	Sept. 24th.
Milverton.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Paisley.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Cayuga.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Berlin.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Wingham.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Delta.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Huntsville.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Napanee.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Uxbridge.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Ridgeway.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Ripley.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Mitchell.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Walter's Falls.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Sarnia.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Ancaster.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Georgetown.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Dunnville.....	Sept. 24th and 25th.
Prescott.....	Sept. 24th to 26th.
Chatham.....	Sept. 24th to 26th.
Orillia.....	Sept. 24th to 26th.
Cape Vincent.....	Sept. 24th to 26th.
Collingwood.....	Sept. 24th to 27th.
St. John, N.B.....	Sept. 24th to Oct 4th
Woodstock.....	Sept. 25th and 26th.
Lindsay.....	Sept. 25th to 27th.
Stratford.....	Sept. 26th and 26th.
Brampton.....	Sept. 26th and 27th.
Cannington.....	Sept. 27th and 28th.
Paris.....	Oct. 1st and 2nd.
Walkerton.....	Oct. 1st to 3rd.
Goderich.....	Oct. 1st to 3rd.
Stayner.....	Oct. 2nd to 4th.
Markham.....	Oct. 2nd to 4th.
Almonte.....	Oct. 2nd to 4th.
Beachburg.....	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Elora.....	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Otterville.....	Oct. 4th and 5th.
Ridgetown.....	Oct. 7th and 9th.
Tilsonburg.....	Oct. 8th and 9th.
Burford.....	Oct. 10th and 11th.
Woodbridge.....	Oct. 15th and 18th.
Simeoc.....	Oct. 15th to 17th.
Bradford.....	Oct. 17th and 18th.



1st.—Mr. Louis Papineau, a descendant of the great French-Canadian leader, has subscribed one hundred dollars towards the Chénier monument in Montreal. The annual matches of the Manitoba Rifle Association began at Winnipeg.

2nd.—At the meeting of the Supreme Court of Independent Foresters in London, Eng., it was decided to hold the next meeting in Toronto in 1898. Dr. Clark, Superintendent of the Rockwood Asylum, Kingston, agrees with Dr. Anglings that Shortis, the Valleyfield murderer, is insane.

3rd.—The British Government has accepted the nomination of Mr. Gully as speaker of the House of Commons. The Prince and Princess of Wales opened the new graving dock at Southampton.

5th.—Lord Aberdeen has appointed Inspector Macpherson, son of Sir David Macpherson, an honorary A.D.C. Emperor William of Germany arrived at Cowes on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern.

6th.—A successful firemen's demonstration was held at Welland, Ont. At a meeting of the Ontario Cabinet the appointment of Mr. G. R. Parkyn as principal of Upper Canada College was confirmed.

7th.—A Millers' Association for Manitoba and the Territories organized at Brandon. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, has issued a manifesto appealing to the Irish members of Parliament to end the dissensions in the ranks of their party.

8th.—The very Rev. Monsignor Hughes, of Hartford, Conn., is dead. The New Zealand Government has granted an annual subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars to the Pacific steamers for calling on both inward and outward voyages.

9th.—Canadian-Australian steamship Warrimoo went ashore four miles east of Garmanah Port. The passengers and crew are all safe.

10th.—The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen McCombs was celebrated at their home in North Ridge, Ont. Pte. Hayhurst, the Queen's Prize man of the Bisley team, arrived in Montreal.

12th.—The Imperial House of Parliament opened. Mr. George Luxton, a well known grain buyer of Hamilton, Ont., is dead. Mrs. Goforth, wife of the Rev. Jonathan Goforth, left Toronto to join her husband in China.

13th.—The fiftieth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. Wardrop's ordination to the Presbyterian ministry was celebrated in Chamber's Church, Guelph. The Ontario Government has decided to move the School of Pedagogy to Hamilton.

14th.—Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, the new President of the Grand Trunk Railway, arrived in New York. The Earl of Lonsdale and his guests, including Emperor William, made a tour of the Cumberland Lake District. The corner stone of the Sarnia General Hospital laid with Masonic ceremonies.

15th.—The Association of Executive Health Officers of Ontario concluded their meeting at Belleville. The Governor-General, accompanied by Lady Aberdeen and suite, have arrived at Victoria, B.C.

16th.—Annual meeting of the Ontario Registrars held in Toronto. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Holmes in the inquest on the body of Nellie Pitzel. Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Mr. T. M. Daly arrived at Victoria, B.C.

17th.—The Christian Brothers of St. Patrick's and St. Bridget's schools, Ottawa, whose resignations were recently accepted by the Separate School Board, have been recalled to Toronto.

19th.—Two thousand five hundred union vest makers, including seven hundred women and girls, are on strike in New York. The first regular meeting of the Board of Customs was held in Ottawa.

20th.—The Merryweather fire engine, which has been built in Greenwich, Eng., arrived in Toronto. Mr. William Kenney has been appointed Solicitor General for Ireland.

21st.—The annual games of Peel County District Scotchmen held at Brampton, Ont. Mr. Lewis Swift, astronomer of the Echo Mountain Observatory, Cal., discovered a new comet in the constellation Pisces.

22nd.—A fire in Milwaukee destroyed property to the value of half a million dollars. An earthquake in the town of Coin in Andalusia, Spain, has done much damage.

28rd.—Judge Cowan placed \$400 at the credit of the fund for the Sir John A. Macdonald chair of political science in Queen's University.

24th.—The first shipment of new wheat was made from Gretna to Keewatin.

26th.—The Ottawa river has risen several inches during the recent rains. The University of California has been bequeathed \$400,000 by Mr. J. C. Wilderming.

27th.—The State Commissioners for the promotion of uniform legislation throughout the United States opened their annual meeting at Detroit.

28th.—Dr. J. McMaster, B.A. of Toronto, has been appointed principal of the Toronto Technical School.

29th.—Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk, left Montreal for the west on a tour of inspection.

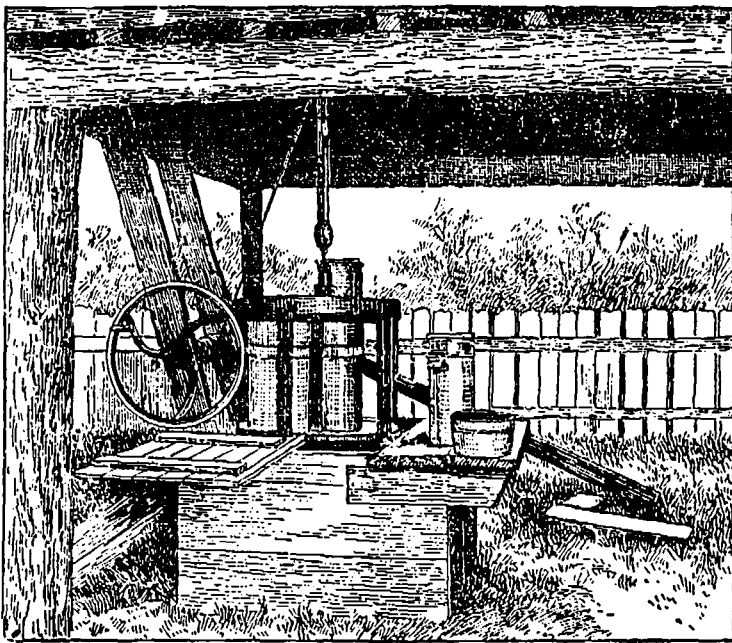
30th.—Fire at Mechanicsville, a suburb of Ottawa; 17 houses burned.

31st.—Wheat cutting about finished in Manitoba; yield much above the estimate.



### Well Creamery.

Mr. J. S. FOWLER writes:—"Over a well of cool water I erected a suitable covering to protect it from the hot sun, and the dairy operator and his appliances from inclement weather as well. A three-block fall and tackle is fastened in the roof over the centre of the well. Two pieces of wood 2 x 6 inches are nailed one end to the well curb and the other end to the roof frame; these are set parallel 2½ ft apart and have holes of suitable size into which are inserted the ends of an iron pipe 2½ inches in diameter and three feet in length. To one end of the pipe is attached an old cutting box balance wheel with handle. The rope from the pulley block is secured to the iron pipe and, turning the wheel, very easily lowers or raises the cage, which is fastened to one of the pulleys. The cage or elevator is constructed of wool (galvanized iron would be better), as follows: To a 4 x 4 timber, four feet long, are attached two circular platforms three feet in diameter; these platforms are 22 in. apart. On the lower one the cans containing milk and cream are placed, on the upper one crocks of butter or other articles that one desires to keep cool. The cans are made of heaviest tin 8½ inches in diameter and 20 in height. To them are secured handles five inches from the top; on these handles set the can covers, which are nine inches in diameter at the closed end, flaring to 10 inches at the other end. These covers are six inches deep, and when in proper place on the cans there is considerable air space over and around the top of the cans, allowing the gas and odors to escape, but preventing the water from entering when all are submerged in the well. Milk is set for 24 hours. Each morning and evening the cage is raised, new milk is put on, and that which has been on for 24 hours is skimmed. This skimmed milk is always sweet. To the handles of the cans are hooked small wooden tags marked respectively M, E, C, standing for morning, evening, cream, which enables one at a glance to determine the contents of a can and age of milk. The cage is weighted with brick attached to the bottom so as to give the necessary weight to sink cans and contents as deeply as desired, and assist in



HOMEMADE DEVICE FOR COOLING MILK.

maintaining their upright position. This apparatus was used all through the hot summer months of last year and continued this winter, with the result of always obtaining firm, sweet, and high colored butter.

### Farm Outhouse.

The accompanying illustration shows an arrangement by which the poultry, grain and



CONVENIENT COMBINATION FARM BUILDING.

hogs can be brought into proximity,—an arrangement calculated to lessen the work of caring for both kinds of stock, for both are, to no inconsiderable extent, fed on grain. The plan calls for a story and a half building with two wings,—one of the wings for the accommodation of hens and the other for the hogs, pens for each being arranged along the sunny side, with a walk extending the length of the other side. The central grain building has a chamber where a part of the grain can be stored in bins, the latter having chutes to convey the grain to the first floor. If this central building can have a cellar, so much the better, for in this can be stored roots and vegetables for the use of the fowls and hogs, the cooking of these being done in a boiler set on the first floor. The building should be so arranged that runs and outside pens can be arranged in front of corresponding inside pens in the two wings. The building should be upon well-drained ground.

### Barn Silo.

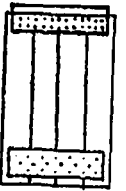
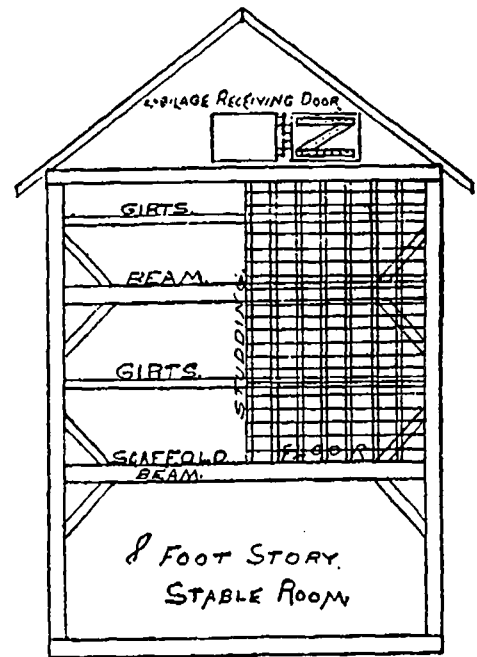
SILOS built in barns, either in the bay or on second floors; studding 2 x 8 or 2 x 10, according to size of timber in barn, and put them only 12 inches apart; there is great lateral pressure to ensilage. The usual bay part of a barn—12 to 16 feet by 80 to 36—had best be made into three silos, making silos 10 to 12 feet wide, and large enough for twenty to thirty head of cattle. Feed doors space should be 2 feet wide, and from bottom to top of silo, on front side, little doors, three to four feet high, should be made to fill up this space, and take out from top, one at a time, as you feed down the pit. Use 2 x 4 stuff for cleats to these little doors, letting top cleat project one inch above the boards, and the lower cleat be two inches from bottom. Then let ceiling boards be used for the doors and three or four inches wider doors than the space. The doors when made will then fill the 2-foot open space, placing one above the other as you fill the silo, thus: The cleat on top of door will hold the bottom of the next door in place, so ensilage will press the door against inside ceiling hard enough to make it air-tight, and the cleats being on the outside of the little doors, hold them in place, because they just fill the 2-foot open space. I am not a draughts-

man, but I guess your man can get my idea from the description. Any man could make silos perfectly first time trying if he could see my silos ten minutes.

### Crimson Clover.

CRIMSON CLOVER seems to have succeeded very well in some of the States, if we may judge by the reports in American agricultural paper. From New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, and other states, very favorable reports have come as to its ability to pass through the winter unharmed.

In Canada however, it has yet to prove itself a success as being able to stand the winter. From some parts we have fairly favorable reports—from others the reverse. When sown in the spring at the Experimental Farm, Guelph, it has not done well.



Small door.

BARN SILO.

### Novel Flower Pot.

AMONG the old trees about one's house there is often one with a great hole near its base. A twin trunk has been removed, or a low branch lopped off, and the wound has rotted away and left the unsightly cavity. Just the thing for a flower pot! The rich soil put into it will keep



NOVEL FLOWER POT.

moist in its shady resting place. Plant vines, and almost before you know it they will be winding about the old tree, and making it the most beautiful feature of the lawn. Hardy vines that will winter well are to be chosen, the beautiful woodbine coming in for first choice perhaps, on account of its autumn glories and perfect hardiness.

## Butter Stock.

By washing all of the buttermilk out the butter will keep better.

It is better not to wash butter at all than to use water that is not pure.

IRREGULARITY of feeding and milking is one cause of unprofitableness in the dairy.

ONE of the most important items in the making of good butter is the temperature.

THERE is a close relation between good pure water and pure good-keeping dairy products.

SELECT a cow that gives a good quality of milk and then assist her in the quantity with good care.

THE salt used should be pure and clean, of uniform sized grains that will dissolve rapidly and completely.

THERE is a combined richness and delicacy in fine butter that while it is indescribable it is also indispensable.

WHILE low grade butter can often be used to a good advantage in cooking, tainted or ill-flavoured butter should not be used.

THERE are a few things that are now wanted. We want herds that yield 400 pounds. We want a milking machine. We want a cheap but safe and efficient source of power for running cream separators. We want effective means of keeping skim milk sweet. We want a perfect package for butter in sizes from one to five pounds, and we want a spirit of co-operation which will place our creameries in the same self-protecting attitude that prevails in the State of Vermont.

HORNS are not particularly ornamental to cows, and often become positively dangerous on bulls. While we are waiting the slow process of "breeding off" horns, it may be well to know that horns may be easily and with little pain removed when the animal is young. As soon as the horn becomes prominent under the skin, raise the flap of the skin with a sharp knife and remove the embryo horn, which will be found beneath. A little tar over the slight wound will protect it from the air, and it will soon heal.

It is an old adage among shepherds, count your sheep every time you see them. And this is merely the inevitable result of experience, by which the shepherd knows that a sheep is always liable to risks of many kinds. It is more than ever needful to keep this watch of the flock at the present time. The sheep, turned on the young and succulent grass, possibly all too quickly and without due preparation, will suffer from diarrhoea. This disease, neglected a few days, will become dysentery, one of the worst of the diseases of the flock, for it may carry off the lambs or the ewes, before danger is suspected. As soon as a sheep is seen with the marks of excessive looseness on the soiled wool, this mixture should be given without delay: Prepared chalk, 1 ounce; catchu, 4 drachms; ground ginger, 2 drachms; opium,  $\frac{1}{2}$  drachm; and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of peppermint water; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of thick boiled starch. Give 2 ounces night and morning to a sheep, and feed dry food a few days.

## The Poultry Yard.

### Convenient Hen's Nest.

THE illustrations here given show an easily constructed and very excellent movable hen's nest and also a device that permits the eggs to be gathered from outside the henhouse. The nest boxes have no backs and are hung by hooks against the wall, as seen in Fig 1. They can be taken down and emptied in a moment, in this way avoiding all chance of harboring vermin. The opening in front should be just

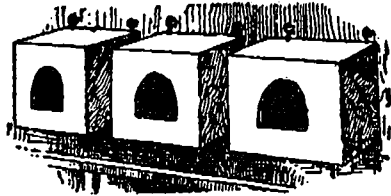


FIG. 1. MOVABLE HEN'S NEST.

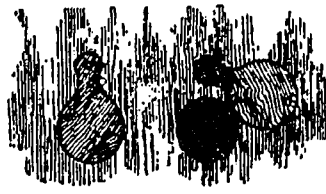


FIG. 2. REAR SLIDES.

large enough for a hen to enter. An alighting pole may be placed in front of the nests. If there is a passageway at one side of the fowl house, or a room adjoining it, the nests can be hung against the partition, and the eggs gathered from the outside without going into the pen. Let round holes be cut behind each nest in the partition, and these openings covered by a slide as suggested in Fig 2. The same arrangement could be used upon the outer wall of a henhouse standing by itself.

Do not yard chicks and ducklings in the same flock, it means destruction to the chick.

WHENEVER table fowls are required for the market, it is always well to have a little Dorking blood in their veins, as the crossbred birds will have nice long breasts, as well as shortness of leg, and both these qualities are required in good table fowls.

COCKERELS can be caponized at any age, but it is not advisable to perform the operation after they are six or seven months old, as their organs have become too firmly established in performing their functions. Neither is it wise to caponize chicks when too young, as the frame is too tender to handle without injury. Active roosters cannot be caponized without fear of loss.

THE cockerels come of a mixed color, and are ready for the table at an early age. Many of the eggs from the crossbred pullets come tinted or brown, and seventeen out of every twenty birds will come evenly marked like an Indian Game. Some have white legs, others brown. They make excellent sitters and mothers, are fair winter layers, but when the hot weather comes on they are a lot of trouble, as they come on so broody.

INDIAN Game-Brahmas make a splendid cross for the table; the pullets come a beautiful color. If an Indian Game cock is crossed with light hens, the pullets come very handsome and even. When dark Brahma hens are used, many of the pullets will come black or very dark; the skin and flesh are very yellow, but they fatten wonderfully well when put in a coop. Although they cannot be called a first-class table bird as regards the quality, they have an immense cut of meat upon them.

The droppings are worth fifty cents per hen a year. The best way to preserve them is to clean out the house every alternate day. Mix one bushel dry earth, one bushel of droppings, and half a peck of kainit (crude German potash

salts) together, and put away in a dry place. Kainit can be bought by the bag at any fertilizer store, and it is not only cheap, but of itself a good potash fertilizer. In the mixture it forms sulphates, and fixes the ammonia. If it cannot be procured, use dry land plaster instead, but kainit is much better.

INDIAN Game-Orpingtons are fine table fowls, nearly as good as an Indian Game-Dorkings. Only a few come with black legs instead of white. Eighteen out of every twenty of the pullets will come black or show a little mottling on the breast and hackle feathers. They are excellent winter layers, and, if hatched the same time as the Indian Game-Dorkings, they will often lay three weeks earlier. Most of the pullets come about the same shape as the Indian Game, only grow out bigger birds and lay very brown eggs. If hatched fairly early they will lay right through October and November, and usually come broody in December and January. They are good sitters and mothers, and, as a rule, will lay from twenty-five to thirty-five eggs more per bird in twelve months than the Indian Game-Dorkings. Many of them come with a pea comb like the latter breed.

Houdans and Dorkings in their pure state both lay white eggs, therefore the pullets lay eggs of the same color. They are usually in full lay at six months old, and will lay well during the winter months. Birds of this cross will sometimes produce 180 eggs in the twelve months. The cockerels come a mixed or splashed color, more like that of a Dorking, but they have a little topknot on the head. The pullets come very handsome. They are nearly all one shape, and, as a rule, nearly every one is black. They have a small top-knot fitting close to the head, and a bib under the throat. Some of the pullets come white, and a few come the color of a Dorking.

"Can the poultry business be started with \$350?" asks a *Farm Poultry* subscriber.

Yes, says the editor, it can be started, but we can read between the lines that in the start and for the amount of investment our friend expects to be supported, and of course wants all the other expenses net. It cannot be done. Three hundred and fifty dollars is no amount of money to invest in any business unless the operator expects to "find himself." Three hundred and fifty dollars at 6 per cent interest would only earn \$21 a year.

Is it not a good business that would give 12 per cent interest? Yet that would only give \$42 a year. How many businesses are paying 12 per cent. Poultry will, but \$12 not being enough for a living, the capital must be increased.

How much of a henhouse can be built for \$100? At \$2 a running foot, it is easy to figure out a 50-foot hennery. Divide this into five pens, and put ten fowls in each pen, and there will be quarters for just 45 hens and five cockerels.

Fifty fowls at \$1.50 each would cost \$75, and this amount, added to the cost of the house, would take just exactly one-half of the capital. Double the capacity for the full amount of money in hand.

One hundred hens at \$2 profit each would give but \$200 a year clear money on the entire collection. Could one live on that amount?

But there are more who only make \$1 a head profit than double the amount. It requires experiences to bring out the big results, just like any other business.

Now, as if our inquirer has some other occupation for a living and will start as we suggest he can gradually build up a paying business.

Moral.—Begin small; go slow; not expect too much with little. Rather reverse it.





### Saved by an Elephant.

Mohun and Radha had grown up together. Radha was the elephant, named after the wife of one of the many Hindoo gods, and Mohun was the son of the old Mahout, Radha's own particular attendant.

Radha, young and only half-trained, was brought in from the "Keddah" in the forest, where they catch and tame the wild young elephants, and chained by his foot to a peg in the ground, or the nearest tree, in the long row of elephants in the Government Yard, destined to work for our sovereign lady the Queen.

Little Mohun, not a bit afraid of the beast, would play about around him, within reach of his huge paws and twisting, twirling trunk. He would feed Radha with one of the great flap-jack cakes which, along with sugar-cane and dry grass, made up his meal. Meanwhile Radha would whisk himself with a wisp of grass in his trunk to keep off the flies, swaying the while gently from side to side, as an anchored ship sways in the tideway; or, if the sun were very hot, try to cool his burning hide by pouring over it little powderings of dust.

If any stranger had dared to feed him or order him about, it would have been the worse for the stranger, for the elephants know but one master. In Radha's case, however, it would seem as if he recognized Mohun as a sort of deputy-master. He would let the boy stand close to him, and lay his head against Radha's long, tender trunk, calling him pet names such as Radna piyari, love, or darling.

Great was Mohun's delight when, as he grew bigger, he was allowed to assist in Radha's toilet.

The process of Radha's toilet was as follows: First he washed close to the brink of the well, where he was gradually trained to be useful, and to draw up his own water by working the bucket with his trunk. Then he was made to lie down, raising head or leg at a word, while Mohun and his father climbed about him with—not a sponge, but a brick-bat rubber, which was just the thing for Radha's rough hide.

He was, however, generally inattentive during the process, blowing clouds of vapor from his trunk, lifting up the wrong leg, rolling over at the wrong time; and he had to be scolded, and even slapped. But when the washing was over, he would sling his nurses up on his neck with his trunk, or give them a "leg-up" behind in a friendly fashion, and shuffle back to the yard to be dressed in the howdah pad, girthed on with cotton ropes over flaps of leather, to prevent his skin chafing, and be thus made ready for his work.

It was Mohun's great ambition, when his father was too old for work, to be allowed to succeed him as Radha's attendant. Great was his joy, therefore, when Radha having been sent to a Government engineer who was building a bridge over a river at the foot of the mountains, he was permitted to accompany him. Radha was of as much help as a hundred coolies. In the heavy toil of carrying the timbers he was unrivalled. He piled the logs, carrying the small ones on his tusks clipped over and held by his trunk.

By way of a holiday, the engineer determined one day

to have a day's sport tiger-shooting; and it was absolutely necessary that Radha and the other elephants should help them in their play, as they did in their work, for they were wanted to beat the jungle for the game. A tiger had been heard of that had killed a cow in the forest not far off, and sportsmen and servants and coolies were eager to be off after him. Mohun hoped against hope that he might be allowed to accompany Radha, but, alas! there was small chance. He was not the Mahout, and would not be wanted.

When the morning dawned, damp and misty, the great mountains looming large overhead, the elephants stood ready saddled with their howdahs outside the sportsmen's tents, on each elephant its attendant, in each howdah a servant to load for the sportsman. Disconsolate, poor Mohun stood and looked up at his favorite beast. The signal to move on had been given.

"Good-bye, Radha piyari!" exclaimed the lad. "I hope you'll have a pleasant—"

He never finished his sentence, for Radha whisked his trunk around him, and had seized him and deposited him on his back before Mohun knew what he was about. Evidently Radha did not want Mohun to be left behind, and so he was allowed to stay where the elephant had placed him.

The great beasts waded through the forest and the tall elephant grass till they came to a patch of jungle where the tiger was taking a nap. Then some of the elephants were sent in to beat the jungle by marching through it and driving him out; while ten others, of which Radha was one, each with a sportsman on his back, waited at the far end to watch for the tiger when he emerged.

They had not long to wait, and they waited motionless, for Radha evidently knew something was going on, and smelt the tiger. Presently a patch of tawny color was seen flashing on the outskirts of the grass. There was a shot from the sportsman on the other elephant, and before any one could prevent it a wounded tiger sprang on Radha's back holding on to the trappings of the howdah by its claws. It sprang on the side of the elephant on which Mohun was sitting, and might have dug its claws into him had he not slipped off on to the ground with all the haste he possibly could.

Quicker than it takes to tell, a shot from the sportsman in the howdah—shooting in peril of his life—had dislodged the unexpected passenger, who, dropping wounded and enraged to the ground, turned on the nearest victim he could see, who happened to be Mohun.

The latter, in his hurried descent from Radha's back, had fallen headlong into the grass, and before he could pick himself up, the tiger would have sprung upon him, had not the elephant interfered.

Once more, quick as lightning, the agile trunk swooped down upon Mohun, and, picking him up, deposited him again in safety, while Radha, who had no mind to carry a tiger pick-a-back, bolted off through the forest, with uplifted trunk, trumpeting with fright, and a final shot stretched the tiger dead upon the ground.

Radha had a treat for his supper that night—a reward for saving Mohun's life—a sort of tipsy cake; brandy, ginger, clover, pepper, treacle, mixed with flour, such as elephants love.

Milk will remove ink stains from cloth if used immediately.

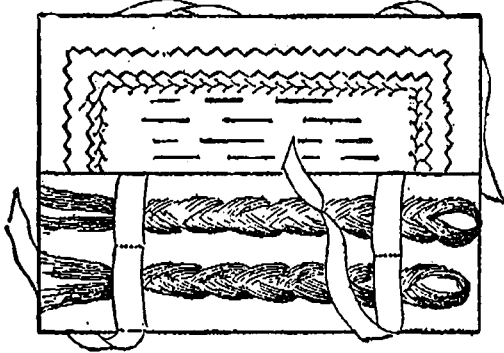
Charcoal is of great value in keeping ice-chests, storerooms and food sweet. Place a shallow dish of fine charcoal in the ice-chest. In milk-rooms and other rooms where food is kept set dishes of charcoal. If poultry or birds are to be hung in a cool room for a few days remove the internal organs and partially fill the body with charcoal. Now wrap the birds in paper and hang up. If the outside of the poultry is rubbed with black pepper, before being covered with the paper, it will be still farther protected from flies. Small birds, livers, kidneys, sweetbreads, etc., may be wrapped in paraffine paper and then be buried in a bed of charcoal. For keeping large pieces of meat and poultry here is a simple device: Have a large barrel half filled with charcoal. Put meat hooks in a strip of joist and place across the top of the barrel. Have a netting to spread over this. This barrel may be kept in a cool place and pieces of meat hung on the hooks. The charcoal will keep the atmosphere dry and sweet, and the netting will be a protection against insects. Should there be danger from rats or mice, use wire netting. Fresh fish may be rubbed with salt, wrapped in paper and buried in a bed of charcoal. Of course the charcoal in boxes and barrels should be changed at least once a month. It can be used for lighting fires or for broiling meats or fish.





### Darning Cotton Book.

THE ever ready materials for "mending the holes and preserving the soles" encased in a compact form as here illustrated, will be found particularly convenient to carry about in the satchel or for the big brother that is out of home reach. The dimensions of the book are six and a quarter by six inches. For the cover



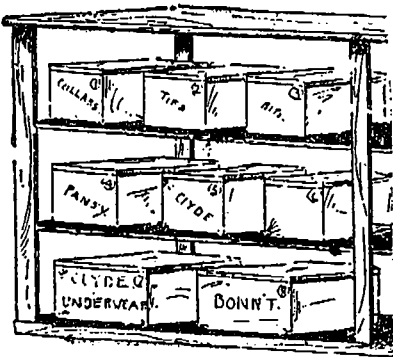
cut two pieces of cardboard the above size, cover them neatly with gray linen, fasten two bands of golden brown ribbon across the inside of one and the outside of the other half, and over-hand the remaining space together on the back. Attach a couple of leaves of light brown flannel on the opposite side. Decorate the cover with fanciful gilt lettering and circles and tie it together.

### The Home Counter.

"THOU shalt not covet."

I know it, of course; but notwithstanding I think I have never beheld the inside arrangement of a storekeeper's counter without experiencing some such feeling as the one forbidden! Hence it was that, while waiting in a country store for the clerk to find an article among the varied assortment ranged along his counter-shelves, an idea was borne to me. This I shortly carried into practical working, and hasten to explain, that others, who may have the same wants, may obtain the same relief which came to me from the adoption of a new piece of household furniture.

I call it the "home counter," by way of contradistinction to the merchant's counter; and yet serves the same purpose in household "business," and is as much a necessity, I conceive, as in a store.



The counter shown in the engraving gives a very clear conception of the manner of its construction. A long table on "legs" might explain it, the top being a board or boards, thick enough and kiln-dried to prevent warping. The supporting pieces need not be wider than three inches, and about three-quarters of an inch thick. The same material may be used for shelving, this being covered with screen

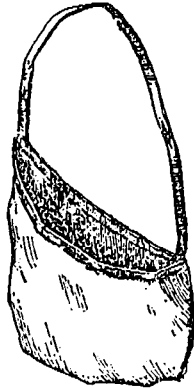
wire. The wire is better than boards, because dust cannot collect on it.

The boxes shown may be utilized in a thousand and one ways. I got the medium-sized green pasteboard boxes used by milliners for laces, hats and such things, and on the corner I placed a figure, numbering from one up. Now whatever I place in one of these receptacles can be easily kept track of by indexing in a small blank book. If the garret admits of it a counter may be made to extend its entire length, and boxes of all sizes made to serve various purposes, which will suggest themselves to one bent on systematizing things. I venture to warn her to begin in a small way and see which is the wisest way to expand.

The top should be built to project in front and under it a curtain may be suspended to cover all from the dust; the ends being boarded in and the back covered by tacking paper over it, or by setting the counter snugly against a wall. Underclothing, wraps and other winter goods may be stored in these boxes (in company with camphor), paper being pasted around the cover cracks, if desired. If there are several children in the family, each may have his or her own "number" in which to keep the "clean change," etc. Or a small section of counter may be made for the different rooms, as most convenient. The application of this idea may be varied, the object of my article being to put the reader to inquiry and experiment.

### An Improved Clothes-pin Bag.

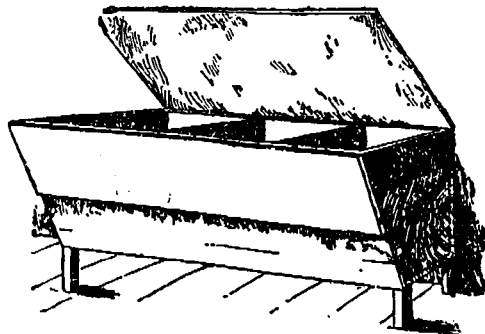
THE accompanying illustration shows a clothes-pin bag which has two distinct improvements over the apron bag usually used for this purpose. It has a shoulder strap, so that its



weight can be supported by one shoulder, as a postman supports his letter bag. The weight of a clothespin bag, when full of pins, is too great to be supported in the usual fashion about the waist, while great inconvenience is experienced in attempting to put clothespins with one hand into a bag whose "mouth" is continually closing.

### Tubs and Ironing Table Combined.

Set tubs make easier the weekly washing day, and they can be made by a carpenter at no great expense or by the man of the house



himself, if he be handy with tools. The illustration shows a combination of tubs and ironing table, the space on the top of the tubs being increased by the raising of a hanging shelf

which is hinged to the top of the front so as to come flush with the cover proper when raised to a horizontal position. To secure solidity, two legs can be inserted under this shelf when it is to be raised. The three compartments make it possible to put the clothes through the customary three waters without first emptying one compartment to make room for the final rinsing. If there is not running water in the house the tubs should be fitted with stop corks at the outer corners to draw off the water.

### Design for a Pen-Wiper.

THE two outside covers of the pen-wiper shown in the engraving are made of bark cloth, each two inches wide and four long, cut in the shape of a pen. Four thicknesses of



chamois skin are cut to match, and fastened between the covers by a few invisible stitches at the point of the pen. The lettering is done in silk, and the name of the person to whom it is to be presented is added below.

### Hints for Housekeepers.

Old kid gloves make excellent penwipers.

To clean papered walls tie a soft cloth to a broom and gently brush.

When the hands are stained, use salt and lemon juice; this will take off stains and render the hands soft and white.

TO CLEANSE BLACK CLOTHES.—All traces of mud can easily be removed from black clothes by rubbing the spots with a raw potato cut in half.

Light curtains have a vexatious way of flying out open windows, or across the room; this may be remedied by small weights sewed into the hem.

HUSKINESS.—If the throat is husky from dust or weariness, an excellent gargle can be made of a teaspoon of spirits of camphor in a glass of hot water.

If grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, flour or fine meal should be sprinkled over it as soon as possible, and let remain for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

Steel knives which are not in general use may be kept from rusting by covering the steel portion with mutton tallow, then wrapping them in paper and putting away.

Lard will remove wagon grease. Rub the spot with the lard as if washing it, and when it is well out wash in the ordinary way with soap and water until thoroughly cleansed.

NEW brushes that are an improvement on the feather duster have long handles with the brush of lambs' wool, which gathers the dust and holds it. These brushes can be washed after using, whereupon they are again made as white and soft as wool.

RUBBER RINGS.—The rubber rings of preserve jars will recover their elasticity if soaked for a while in weak ammonia water. This is quite an item when canning is being done, and the rubber rings are found to be stretched out of shape.

Wash your cans clean if you want the creamery butter sweet. A scrub brush is much better than a cloth to get the sour milk out of the creases where it sticks so. Try it once, if you don't believe it, then take a good smell of your can after it is scalded out.



BEWILDERED.

FARMER—You've shot my cow!  
DOOLEY—Be gobbs, an' I told ther grocer-mon as plain as cud be to give me  
du-r-r-d shot!



FOR FUTURE USE.

A readiness to apologize for an offence is not worth much unless it is accompanied by a disposition not to repeat the injury.  
Johnny and Jenny were quarrelling, and Jenny began to cry.  
"Oh, well," said Johnny, "don't cry—I'll take back all the mean things I've said."  
"Yes, you'll take 'em back," sobbed the girl, "so you can have 'em just ready to use over again!"

THE SCORNER SCORNED.

A skeptic, engaged in a religious discussion with a country pastor, thought to end the whole matter by declaring that there was no such place as heaven, and that, for his part, he believed in metempsychosis.  
"You believe, then," said the pastor, "that your soul may enter the body of a beast after your death?"  
"Certainly."  
"And you expect to feel quite at home, I suppose?"  
Thereupon the skeptic decided that the last word was with his antagonist.

ENGLISH SHOES.

The remark that Americans, while in England, often send home to buy shoes, because the English shoes are of such poor quality, called out from one American present this story:  
An American in England, who had bought a pair of shoes of a fashionable dealer, carried them back soon with a protest.  
"Look here!" he said, "I've had these shoes only two weeks, and they are completely out of shape, and the leather is giving way in two places."  
The Englishman looked at the shoes an instant.  
"Dear me! dear me!" he said, "you've been walking in these shoes!"  
"Walking in them? What else should I do with them?"  
"That's it, sir! Our shoes are made only for carriage people, sir!"  
And the dealer loftily bowed the American out of the shop.

"Now, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."  
He—"I'd just as lief be hung fer a sheep as a lamb."  
She—"Well, you'll be hung for neither; you'll be hung for a calf or nothing."  
Jimmy—"Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him' a bicycle." Micky—"Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tires."  
Johnny—"Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve." Mamma—"And what comes after twelve, Johnny?" Johnny—"Recess."

One woman can live together and not quarrel.

Willets—"What's Blobson doing now?" Gillets—"He isn't doing anything. He's got a government position."

A German scientist says that thinking is one of the chief causes of wrinkles. Perhaps this explains how our Congressmen preserve their good looks.

"I want a thermometer," said the old lady to the clerk, as she mopped her damp brow with a big handkerchief; "and please set it at 60 degrees."

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other, they haven't any business.

"What do you know about the dissolution of Parliament?" the editor asked of the new man. "Nothing," he said, innocently; "I did not know it was dissolute."

Jones—"I hear that you have a good organ at your lodgings. Do you know how many stops it has?" She—"Only about three a day, and those are not long ones."

Mr. Droppin—"Is Mr. Baite in to-day?" Mr. Baite's Partner—"No, sir; he's down at the Rangleys." Mr. Droppin—"Ah! Catching fish?" Mr. B.'s P.—"No, sir; fishing."

She—"It must have been an awful storm to blow away the lighthouse." Cholly—"Terrible, my dear! But it could only have been through carelessness that there was a lighthouse in such an exposed place."

"I'm very much afraid," his mother said, "that this pie needs more shortening." "Mamma," said the boy in an audible undertone, "that isn't what my piece needs." "Isn't it?" "No'm. My piece needs lengthening."

"I have kinder had my doubts," said Mr. Jason, as he removed his Sunday best coat after his visit to the city, "I kinder have my doubts whether brother Bill's son tuk me around and showed me the town, or whether he showed the town me."

Tommy—"Paw, what is an egotist?" Mr. Figg—"He is a man who thinks he is smarter than any one else." Mrs. Figg—"My dear, you have that wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than any one else. All men think that way."

Judge—"Do you mean to say, sir, that you prosecute this man for theft when you have no better evidence of his guilt than that he had \$10 on his person?" Attorney—"Yes, sir." Judge—"How dare you ask a conviction on such evidence?" Attorney—"The man is a poet, your honor."

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

Little Micky (who has made a mistake in his spelling)—"What dif'rence does one letter make, anyhow?"  
Mr. O'Toole (wishing to impress a severe lesson)—"It jist meks a dommed soight av dif'rince sometimes! Jist because there haint thot little letter "R" in the months av May, June, July an' August, we don't git no oysters, Thot's phwhat!"

HIS PROFESSIONAL INSTINCTS TOUCHED.

Irate lawyer—"See here! have you been fishing again?" Office Boy—"Yes, sir; but there are extenuating circumstances connected with the case."  
I. L.—"What are they, sir?"  
O. B.—"I didn't catch any fish, sir."  
I. L.—"Sentence suspended, sir."

And the girl with the city's flavor  
To the country takes her flight,  
To ask as shyly as yesteryear  
If the dreadful cows will bite.

"What's the latest thing in bloomers?" "The most modest girl will be."

"The coming woman doesn't seem to arrive," said Binks. "No," said Tubley. "She's probably putting on her hat."

"I see that John's speakin' on the financial question." "Oh, yes." "What's the old man doin'?" "Furnishin' the finances."

Tramp—"Say, boss, could yer give a feller a dime for a square meal?" Kind gentleman—"Certainly, if the meal is a good one. Where is it?"

Peddler—"That little book on 'How to Preserve the Hair' is the key to the entire situation." Baldy—"I am very sorry; but I haven't a single lock that it would fit."

First Tramp—"What would you do if you had a hundred thousand dollars?" Second Tramp—"In that case I think I'd feel it absolutely necessary to go to work to make it a million."

"A mortal can never tell where he's going to be next in this life," said the moralist. "No," replied the man with a bandage over his eye, "especially if he's learning to ride a bicycle."

Roddster—"I say, old fellow, can you lend us a pair of scales for a few days?" Married Chum—"We have a pair, but sorry to say they are out of order; they weigh heavy." Roddster (excitedly)—"The very thing; we're going fishing!"

"You will have to get somebody to identify you," said the paying teller. "But that's impossible!" exclaimed the presenter of the check. "Since I've had this check in my possession I've been so proud that my own mother wouldn't know me."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Why is it, I wonder, that a woman will always turn to the end of a novel and read the last page before reading any other part of it?" Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Her propensity to get the last word, I suppose, leads her to do it."

The postmaster's boy and the professor's boy were playing together. A question of precedence arose, and the professor's boy exclaimed: "You ought to let me go first! My father's an A.M." "Huh!" replied his companion, "that's nothing. My father's a P.M."



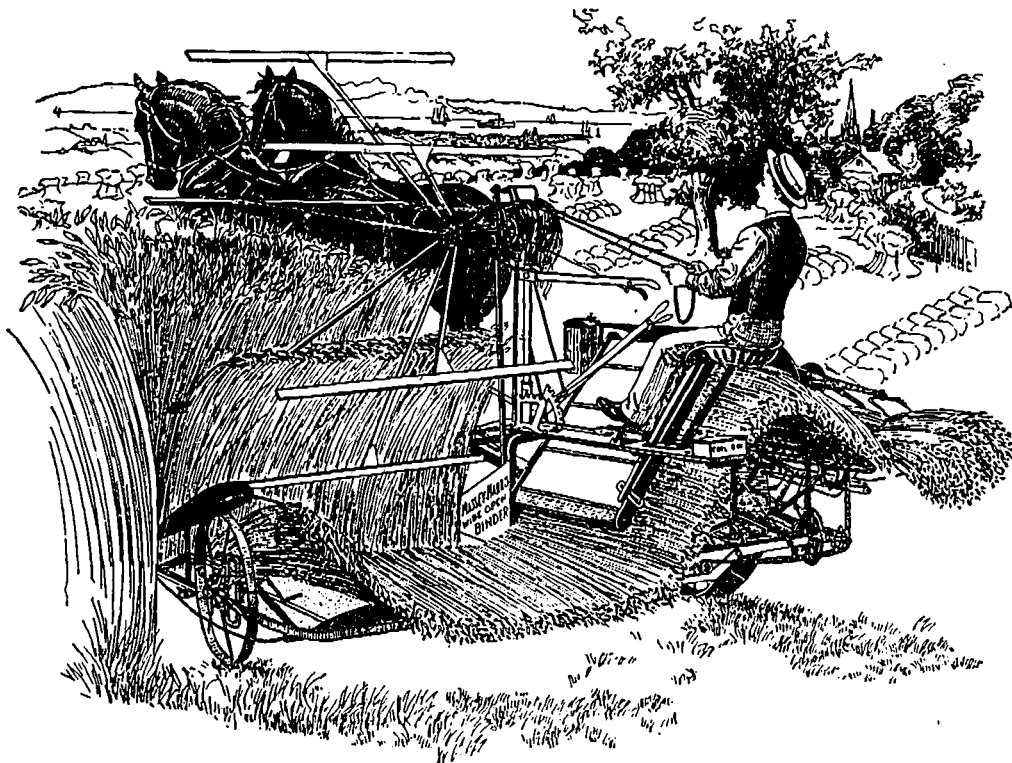
PRECAUTION.

PATIENT—I wish to consult you in regard to my utter loss of memory.  
DOCTOR—Aw—yes—why—er—in this class of cases I always require my fee in advance.



# The Massey-Harris Wide-Open Binder

# TRIUMPHANT



The only Machine which could successfully cope with the enormous crops in Manitoba and the North-West in the present harvest.

United States and all other machines choked up and gave constant trouble. The following extract from a letter just received from Neepawa is a specimen of the splendid communications coming into the MASSEY-HARRIS Head Office regarding the working of the Wide-Open Binder in the magnificent and heavy harvest of the North-West :

"I never heard so much praise of any one implement in the same time before as I have heard for the MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER since I came to this Province. Both Agents and Farmers are loud in its praise, and really it deserves it all. She goes right along with six feet of this big grain when no other machine sold here can do it. The United States machines can't begin to follow her, and the farmers are quite free to say so. Yesterday, a farmer said the worst day's work he had done in ten years was the day he bought the McCormick. With three good horses he was trying to cut a swath about three feet wide; while his little boy, twelve years old, with the MASSEY-HARRIS and three very inferior horses, were cutting six feet and no trouble. He said the worst of it was that the boy was kept waiting while he was fixing the 'McCormick.'"

Buy the "MASSEY-HARRIS" and you are all right!

**ANOTHER TRIUMPH.** Word has just come that at the Russian Government Field Trial, held at Marievka, the MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER defeated the McCormick Binder, made in Chicago.

If you want the best, order a MASSEY-HARRIS "WIDE-OPEN."

## Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

# BINDER TWINE!

## CONSUMERS' CORDAGE CO., LTD.

MANUFACTURERS OF

# Red Cap AND Blue Ribbon

### BRANDS OF BINDER TWINE.

These Brands are acknowledged by the Farmers of Canada to be ahead of all others, and this year's output will be equal, if not superior, to that of former years.

**HEAD OFFICE, 283 St. Patrick Street, MONTREAL, QUE.**

## IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

When placing your order for a Wagon this Spring see that you get one of the **LIGHT RUNNING BAIN WAGONS.**

**NONE BETTER.**

THOUSANDS IN USE.  
ALL SIZES OF ARMS.  
ALL WIDTHS OF TIRE.



**NONE MORE POPULAR.**

DEMAND STEADILY INCREASING.  
LOW, MEDIUM, OR REGULAR HEIGHT WHEELS.

We have TWO LARGE FACTORIES—one in Woodstock, the other in Brantford—consequently a large assortment of wagons on hand. Orders filled promptly. **ONLY HIGHEST GRADE MATERIAL** used, thoroughly seasoned. **BEST IRON**, well finished. **PRICES RIGHT.** **TERMS LIBERAL.** Agencies established everywhere. Give us a call. For further particulars address **BAIN BROS. MFG. Co., Ltd. (HEAD OFFICE) BRANTFORD, ONT.**

## LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE

ASSETS, \$54,200,752.

INSURANCE CO.

LOSSES PAID, \$152,224,789.

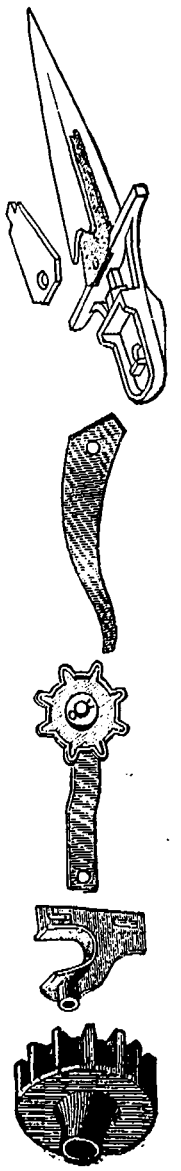
THE LARGEST FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD. Insures Commercial, Farm and Dwelling House Buildings and Contents at current rates, on Ontario Government conditions. All losses in CHICAGO, BOSTON AND ST. JOHN CONFLAGRATIONS, as well as ordinary losses, paid promptly in cash without discount or delay. **YOUR INSURANCE SOLICITED.**

G. F. C. SMITH,  
Resident Secretary, Montreal.

OFFICE:  
20 WELLINGTON STREET EAST.

JOS. B. REED,  
Agent, Toronto District.

**Don't Leave it** till you want to use your machines. Now is the time to clean them up and repair them before they are put away for the winter. Then you are ready. **MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd.,** Agents keep all kinds of Repair Parts.



# Rubber Belting!

**THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL**

**Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.**

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

**RUBBER**

**WESTERN BRANCH:**

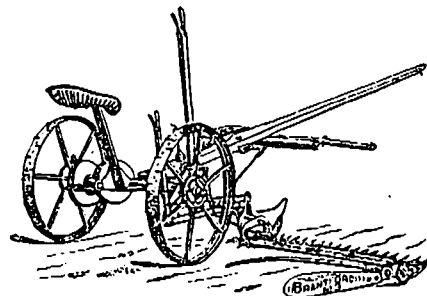
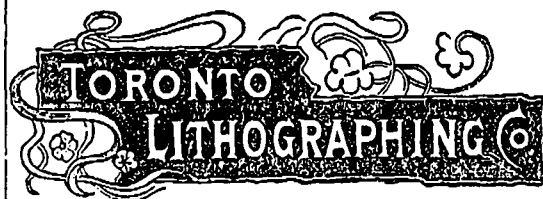
Cor. Front & Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

**BELTING**

## BICYCLES

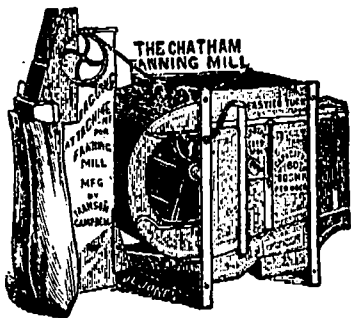
Wait till you see the new Massey-Harris Wheel before you make a purchase. Our grand new Factory is rapidly nearing completion.

**BICYCLE DEPARTMENT,  
MASSEY-HARRIS Co. LTD.  
921 King Street West, TORONTO.**



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

## THE CHATHAM FANNING MILL.



1390 sold 1885  
2000 sold 1886  
2500 sold 1887  
2500 sold 1888  
3600 sold 1889  
4000 sold 1890  
4500 sold 1891  
5000 sold 1892  
6000 sold 1893

More than have been sold by all the factories in Canada put together & doubled.

I manufacture and solicit orders for Perforated Zinc, all sizes of holes, for Threshing Machine and Clover Mill Riddles. Also Wire Cloth for all purposes.

40,000 Chatham Mills now in use.  
Over 14,000 Bagging Attachments now in use.

Bagging Attachment is run with a chain belt that cannot slip. The Elevator Clips are also attached to endless chain belt that cannot slip nor clog.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE CLEANING OF ALSAC CLOVER SEED, MARROWFAT AND BLACK EYE PEAS. The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger, though it is not wise to be without a Bagger.

For prices and full information apply to

**MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham, Ont.**

For Sale by all Agents of MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., in Manitoba and North-West Territories.



**TO BEE KEEPERS**

Send for our Circular and Price List of Bee Keepers' Supplies; also sample copy *Canadian Bee Journal* free. Four awards received at Chicago World's Fair.

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Send for our Circular and Price List of "Ideal" Spraying Pumps.

**TO DAIRYMEN**

And all interested in the cheapest method of pumping water, send for description and prices of Steel Wind Mills.

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and value of E. B. Eddy's Matches, experienced by thousands, and which your father and grandfather used, has culminated in their being known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the

# Only Reliable Matches.



### BOYS FOR FARM HELP.

The managers of Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES desire to obtain good situations with farmers throughout the country for the boys they are sending out from time to time from their London Homes. There are at present nearly 5,000 children in these homes, receiving an industrial training and education to fit them for positions of usefulness in life; and those who are sent to Canada will be selected with the utmost care, with a view to their moral and physical suitability for Canadian farm life. Farmers requiring such help are invited to apply to  
MR. ALFRED B. OWEN, Agent Dr. Barnardo's Homes  
214 Farley avenue, Toronto.

# Windsor Salt

PURCHASERS OF

## WINDSOR DAIRY OR CHEESE SALT

should examine the labels on the barrels to make sure that ordinary fine salt has not been sold them instead of special Dairy or Cheese Salt respectively.

All Dairy and Cheese Salt Barrels are paper lined.

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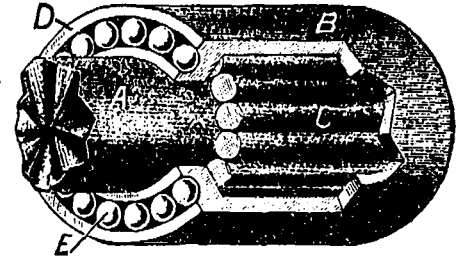
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:  
To all parts of Canada and United States, only 50 cents per annum, postage prepaid. Stamps taken.

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GALVANIZED.

Patent Roller and Ball Bearings.



Galvanized Steel Towers and Wheels, the Best in America.

Ideal Spray Pumps, Iron Pumps, Water Tanks, Piping, etc. The Ideal Solid Power Mill, with Roller and Ball Bearings, is a Wonder.

Send for Circulars and mention this paper.



### SPECIAL OFFER,

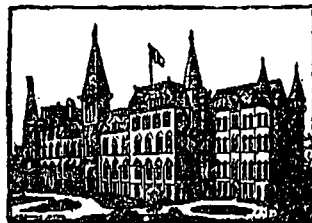
Every farmer must feel the need of a real helpful agricultural paper like The Rural New Yorker.

Get a sample copy by all means. It will be sent free.

Agents wanted. Address:

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, NEW YORK.

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# PEERLESS

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Our COLORS and VARNISHES are used by the MASSEY-HARRIS CO., and will stand any climate.

If interested, see our special Exhibit at the Toronto Fair, Main Building.

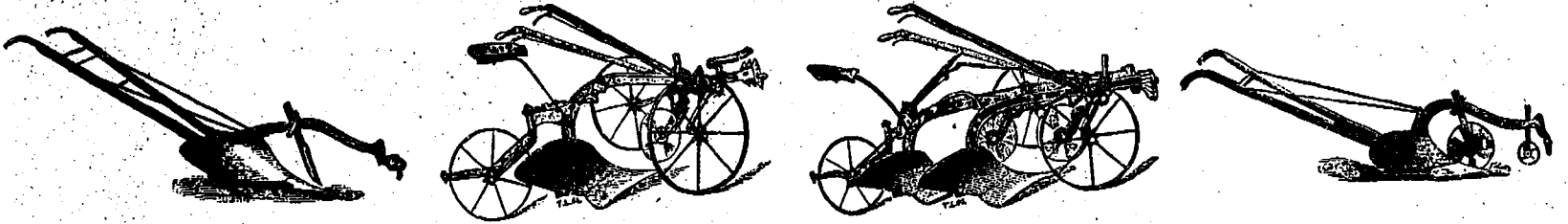
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PROMPT SHIPMENTS.

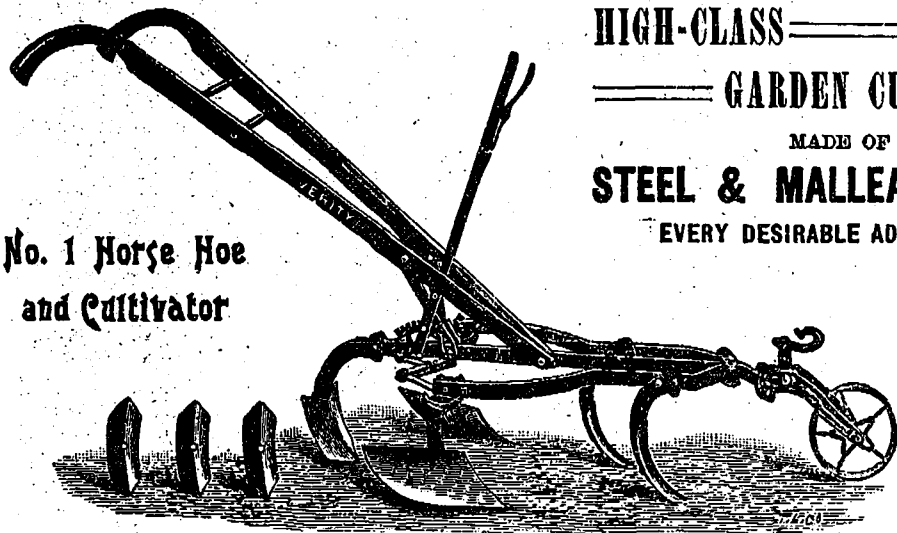
# VERITY PLOW CO., LTD., BRANTFORD, CAN.

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Holding Plows.    Riding Plows.    Garden Cultivators.



## AMERICAN SOFT-CENTRE STEEL MOULDBOARDS.

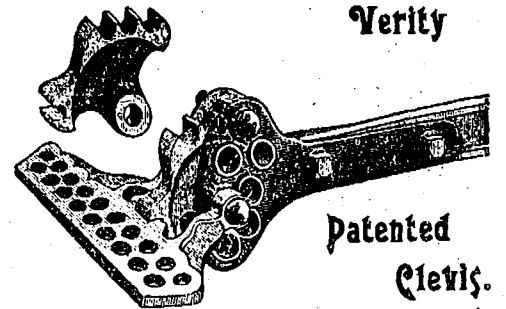


No. 1 Horse Hoe  
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HIGH-CLASS  
GARDEN CULTIVATORS  
MADE OF  
STEEL & MALLEABLE IRON.  
EVERY DESIRABLE ADJUSTMENT.

ALL THE  
LATEST  
ATTACHMENTS.

LOOK AT THIS.

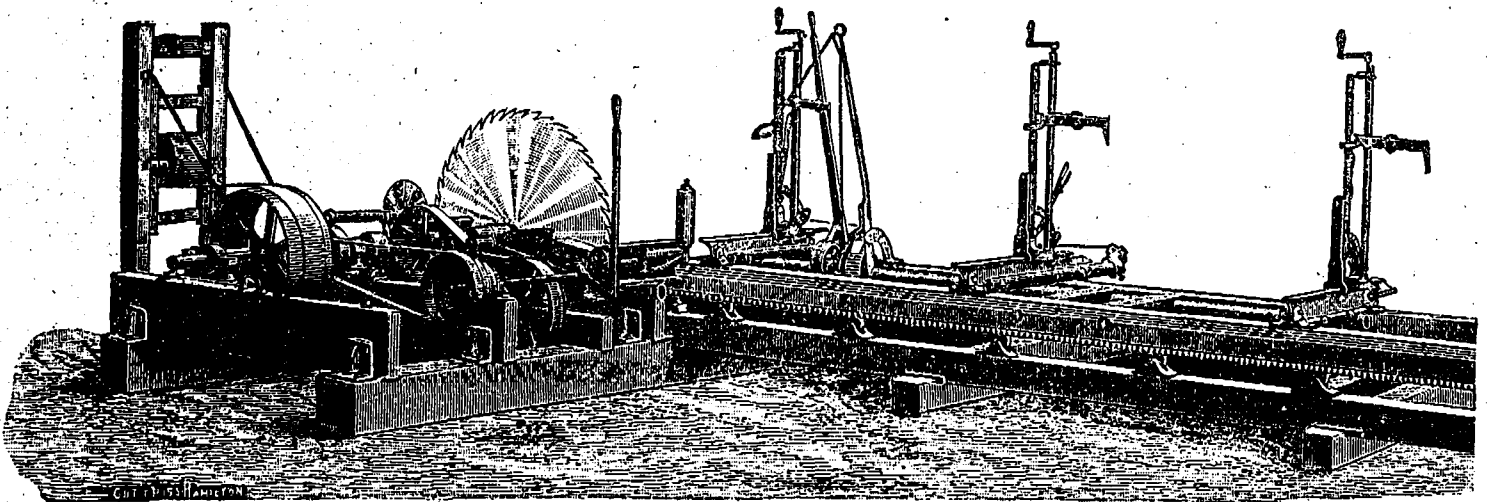


Verity

Patented  
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Used on all Verity Plows.

# NEW PORTABLE SAW MILL



This Mill is designed to meet the wants of those requiring a Mill adapted to a wide range of work, using either light or heavy power. It is simpler and has fewer parts than other mills. It is easier to set up and keep in order—in fact it can be set up in a few hours. Is a Perfect Portable Saw Mill in practice as well as in name. The Frame will take saws up to fifty-six inches diameter. There are three heavy boxes for the Saw Mandril, one box on each side of Main Drive Pulley. All shafts are steel and larger in diameter than are generally found in other mills. Pulleys are large, with wide faces, so as to ensure no

slipping of belts. The Lever for controlling the Friction Feed and Giging Back are one, by simply throwing the Lever back or forwards. it throws the Giging Back in or out of gear.

The track ways are made of well-seasoned lumber, coupled together with cast iron couplings so as to bring the track in perfect line when brought together.

We recommend for Threshing Engines a 50-inch saw and that it should run 400 revolutions per minute, and pulleys will be made for all our mills to give this speed.

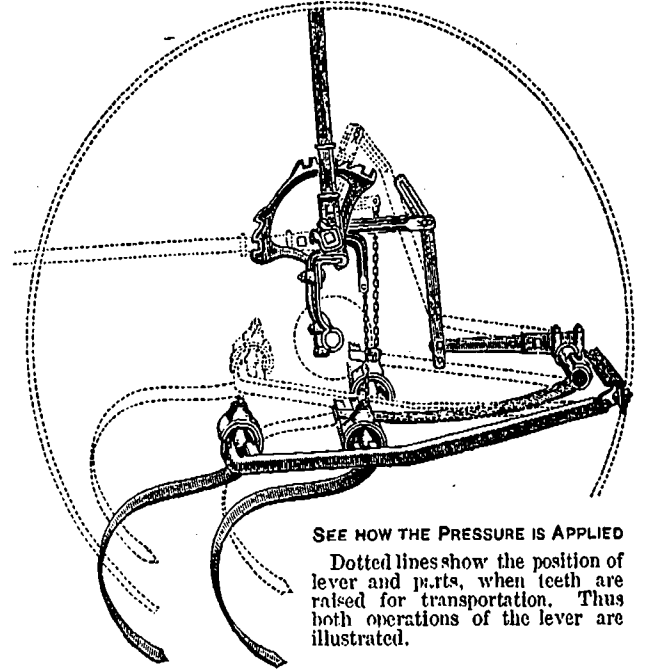
SAWYER & MASSEY CO. Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

# STEEL

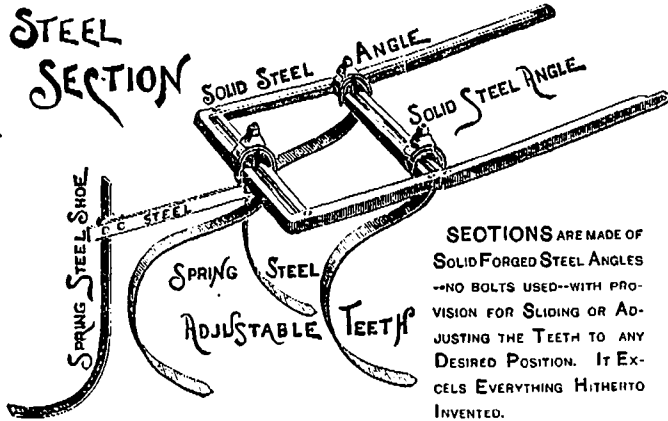
IS ABOUT THE ONLY MATERIAL USED IN A

## MASSEY-HARRIS CULTIVATOR

ONE LEVER DOES IT ALL.



SEE HOW THE PRESSURE IS APPLIED  
 Dotted lines show the position of lever and parts, when teeth are raised for transportation. Thus both operations of the lever are illustrated.



- STEEL TEETH, OIL TEMPERED
- STEEL PRESSURE SPRINGS, OIL TEMPERED.
- STEEL HELPERS, OIL TEMPERED.
- STEEL SHOES, OIL TEMPERED.
- STEEL ANGLE FRAME, SOLID.
- STEEL SECTION FRAMES, SOLID.
- STEEL AXLE.
- STEEL SEAT SPRING.
- STEEL LEVER.
- STEEL CHAINS.
- STEEL ARMS FOR SHOES.
- STEEL PRESSURE SHAFT.

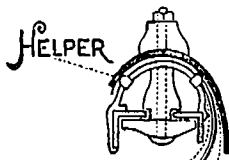
SECTIONS ARE MADE OF SOLID FORGED STEEL ANGLES—NO BOLTS USED—WITH PROVISION FOR SLIDING OR ADJUSTING THE TEETH TO ANY DESIRED POSITION. IT EXCELS EVERYTHING HITHERTO INVENTED.

GREATEST SALES ON RECORD.

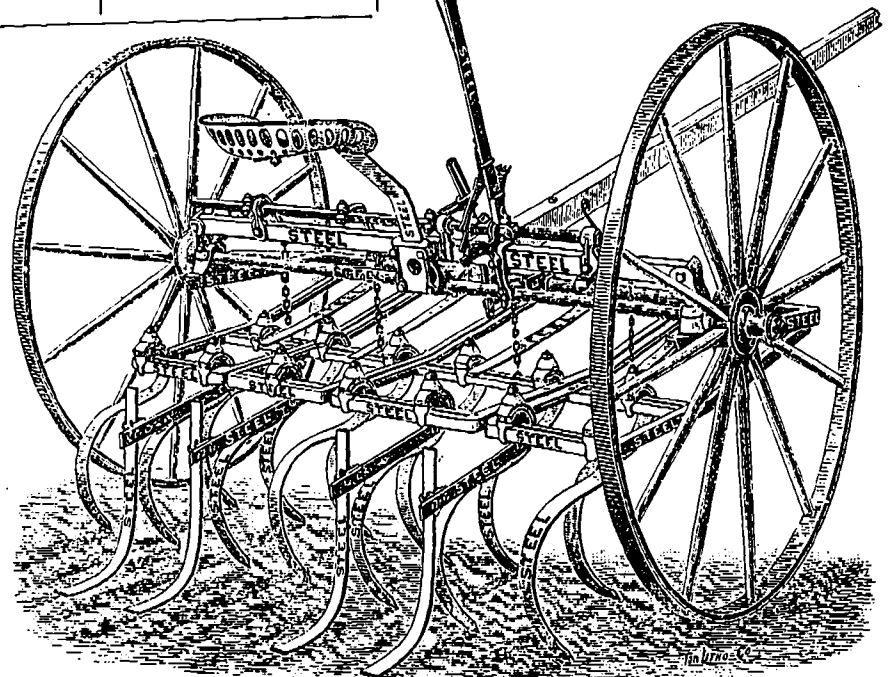
IN ONE YEAR from the day the first sample was erected in Melbourne, over 1000 were shipped to Australia.

THOUSANDS NOW IN USE THE WORLD OVER.

No Cultivator can be a success without this HELPER.



THE HELPER SAVES THE TEETH (PATENTED) THE TEETH ON A MASSEY-HARRIS CULTIVATOR WILL NOT BREAK.



THE MOST WONDERFUL CULTIVATING IMPLEMENT EVER INVENTED.

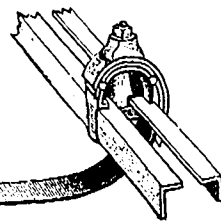
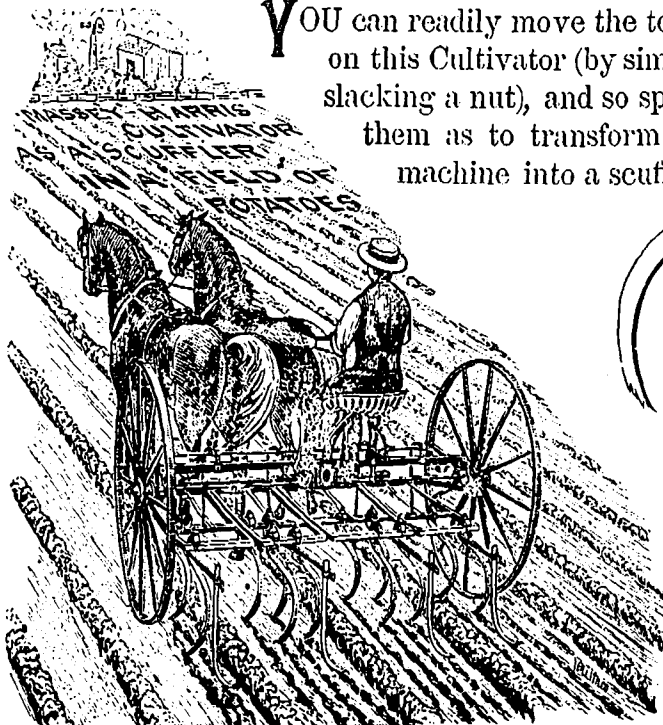
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IT WILL WORK WELL IN ANY LAND.

Solid Angle Steel Frame.

Fully Patented in all Leading Agricultural Countries.

YOU can readily move the teeth on this Cultivator (by simply slacking a nut), and so space them as to transform the machine into a scuffler.



MOVABLE TOOTH SEAT

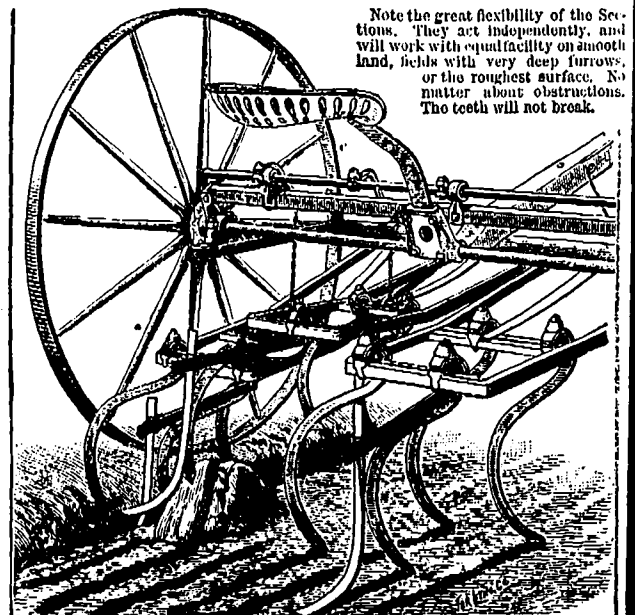
\$ A FEW \$  
 DOLLARS \$  
 EXTRA

will buy a complete Seed Box, with Distributors and Scattering Tubes, which four bolts will attach to this Cultivator, thus forming a

MASSEY-HARRIS SECTIONAL SEEDER.

MARVELOUS FLEXIBILITY OF THE SECTIONS

Will do good work on any kind of Land.



Note the great flexibility of the Sections. They act independently, and will work with equal facility on smooth land, fields with very deep furrows, or the roughest surface. No matter about obstructions. The teeth will not break.