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# Massey-Harris Illustrated

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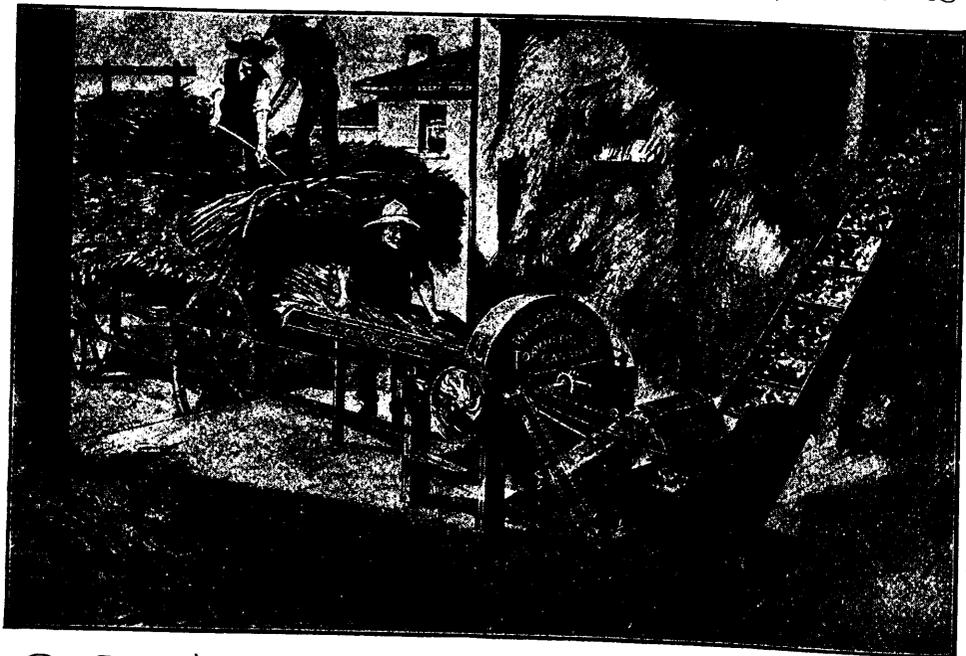
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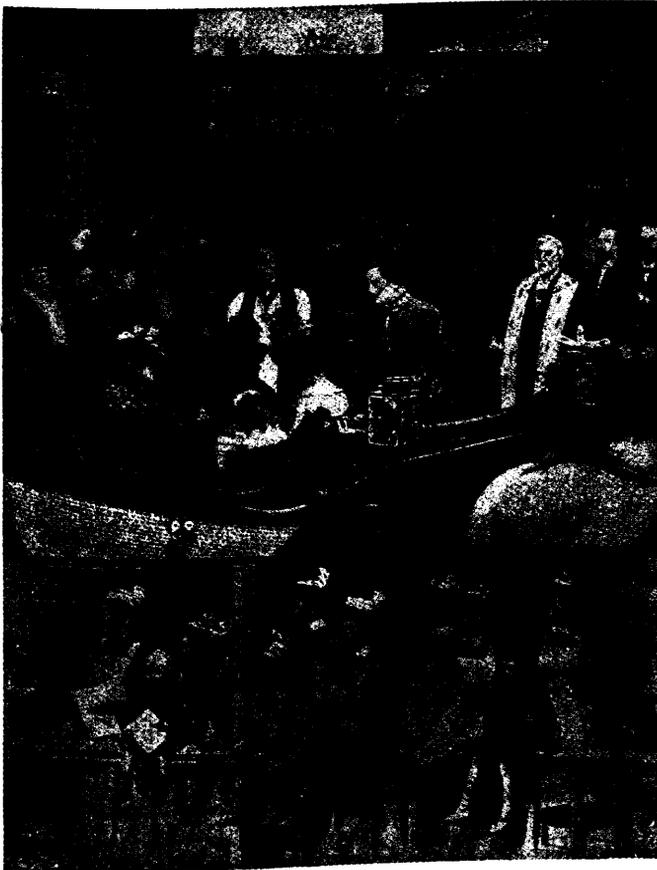
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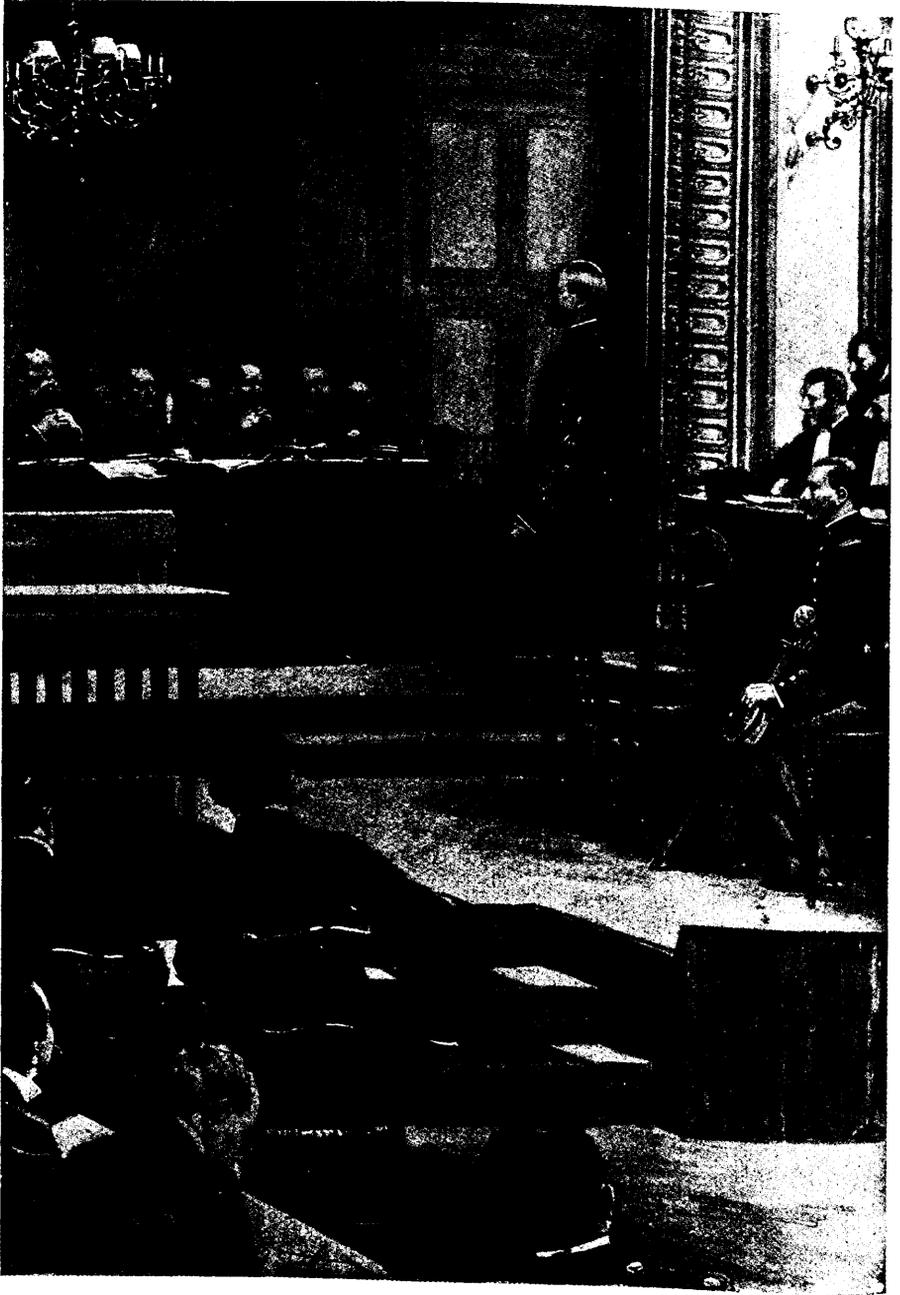
New Series, Vol. III., No. 5.] SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 5.



THE OPENING BY HER MAJESTY OF THE CHILDREN'S WING  
IN THE ROYAL ISLE OF WIGHT INFIRMARY.

**W**E commence our trip around the world this month with one of those incidents in the life of

which Her Majesty derives considerable pleasure, as ever do the truly great from the performance of good deeds; and



CAPT. DREYFUS BEFORE THE COURT-MARTIAL AT RENNES: "I AM INNOCENT!"

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

the Queen which not only occasion much happiness among her people, but from while there is none greater than Victoria in sway of Empire, there is none greater

than she in the performance of those personal acts of charity and kindness, which touch the heart and tell the tale

which Her Majesty is depicted opening. An interesting and unique incident in connection with the event was the official

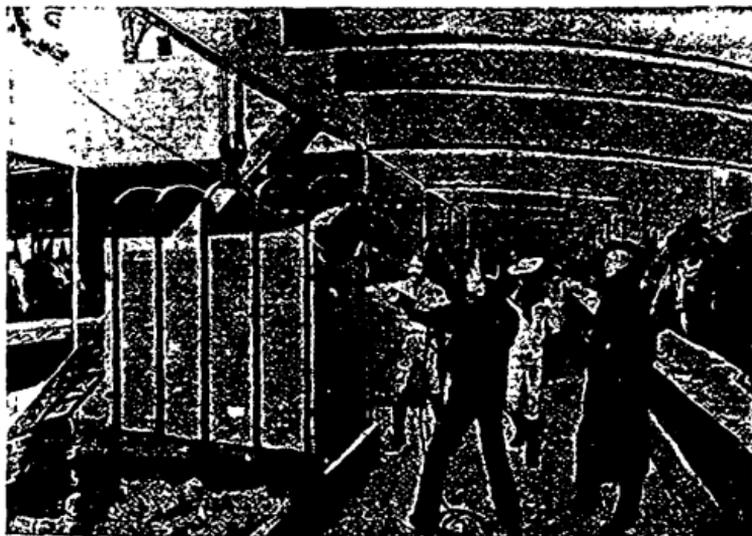


ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

**BOERS PREPARING FOR EVENTUALITIES: COLLECTING TRANSPORT DONKEYS.**

of sympathy far more eloquently than the giving of great riches. Well may we believe that the memory of "the day they

reception of Her Majesty by one of her own daughters. In her capacity of Governor of the Isle of Wight, the duty

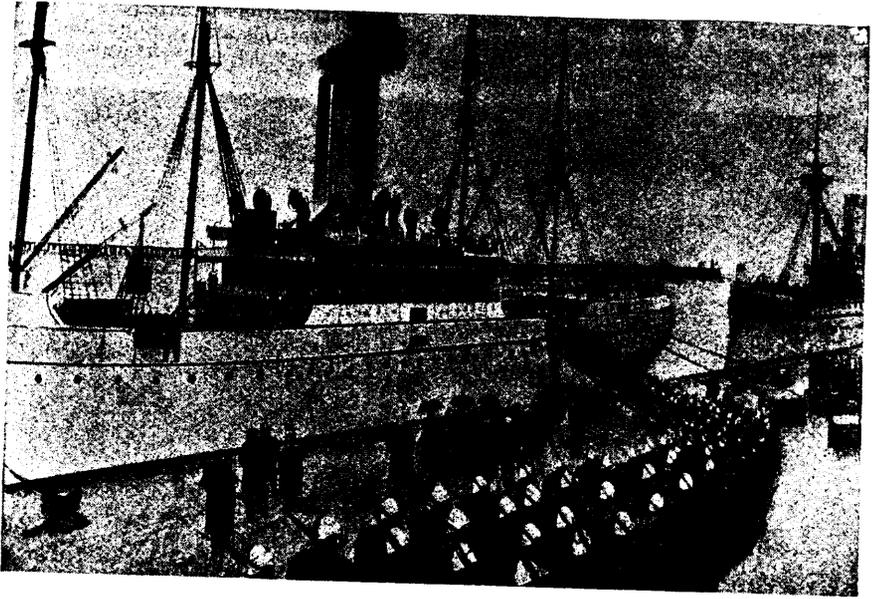


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**SHIPPING MOUNTED INFANTRY HORSES AND TRANSPORT SERVICE MULES ON THE "DOUNE CASTLE" AT CAPE TOWN FOR NATAL.**

saw the Queen" will be cherished throughout their lives by the little folks who were in the wing of the infirmary

devolved upon Princess Henry of Battenberg of giving her royal mother the customary loyal assurance.



EMBARKATION OF THE KING'S (LIVERPOOL) REGIMENT AT CAPE TOWN DOCKS,  
EN ROUTE FOR NATAL. ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

Of the Dreyfus affair there has been a surfeit of reports more or less veracious. We believe that there are not two opin-

ions among our ninety thousand readers about the innocence of the unfortunate man whom in our illustration on page



INSPECTION OF SOLDIERS BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR W. BUTLER AT CAPE TOWN  
PREVIOUS TO THEIR BEING ORDERED TO THE FRONTIER STATE. ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



MAP OF THE TRANSVAAL, SHOWING THE STRATEGIC RAILWAY FROM DELAGOA BAY TO PRETORIA.

ILLUS. LONDON NEWS.

156 we see facing his judges and declaring, for the hundredth time, in tones of bitter agony, "I am innocent."

As we go to press the indications are that war in the Transvaal is inevitable. The English Government has striven to avert this, but the Boers are evidently unable to realize that they cannot treat mankind to-day as was the vogue two hundred years ago. We present four illustrations in which incidents attendant upon the preparations of both sides are depicted. The map on this page will enable our readers to form some idea of the war zone and to follow more intelligently than they otherwise could the course of events in case of war.

Our series of illustrations on page 160 present some interesting scenes in the Sierra Leone territory on the west coast of Africa, to which it was necessary some time ago to send a force.

While in Africa we may as well touch at Assiout on the Nile, our illustrations representing the last views of the Nile floods. With the rise of the river all operations must be abandoned, as the roads will be completely submerged for the next six or seven months.

The ship elevator which forms the subject of the first illustration on page 162 is one of the greatest engineering feats that has been accomplished for many years. Of it the *Illustrated London News* says: "When engineers decided that the fall of water near Meckinghoven was too great to be dealt with by the ordinary lock, the necessity of the moment became the mother of this new invention. The usual drop of level dealt with by locks is about twenty feet, but at this point of the new waterway the constructors had to confront a drop of more than twice that measurement. The ordinary lock-gates having been built at the higher and lower levels of the water, an immense steel frame was constructed between the two to support the basin-lift, which is lowered or elevated, as the case may be, to receive the vessel and to pass it to or fro upon its course. The basin will carry a boat weighing considerably over two thousand tons, and over thirty such vessels can be passed through in a twelve-hour day."

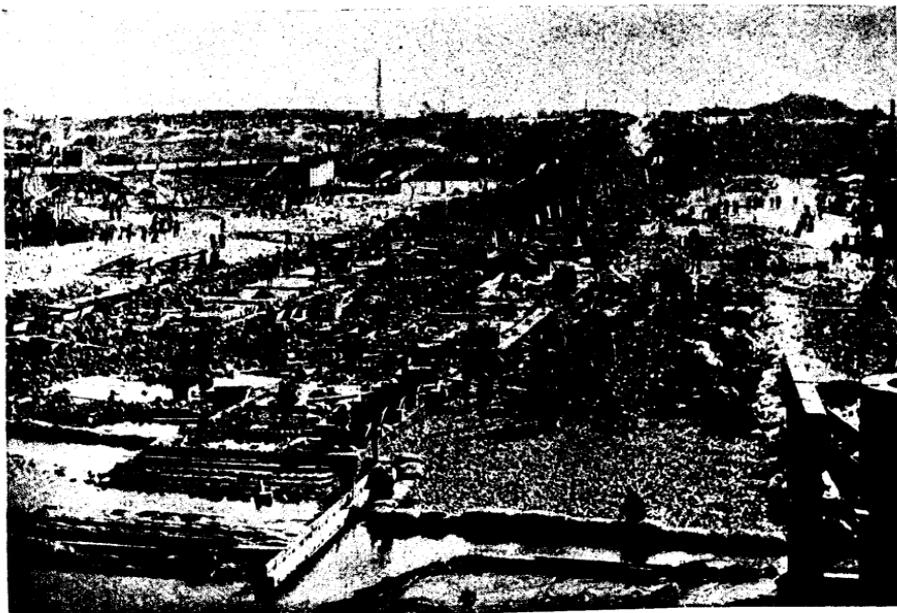
Our last illustration depicts a thrilling scene. Just at the close of the recent naval manoeuvres an untoward accident occurred between



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

## WITH THE SIERRA LEONE FRONTIER FORCE: FROM PREETOWN TO FALABA.

1. The Mabolé River.
2. Frontier Force barracks, from the District Commissioner's Compound, Karene.
3. Carriers disembarking with loads, Port Lokko.
4. Native drummers at Chief Montbrima's Town.
5. Canoe with carriers and loads crossing Mabolé River.
6. Blockhouse at crossing of Mabolé River at Karene.

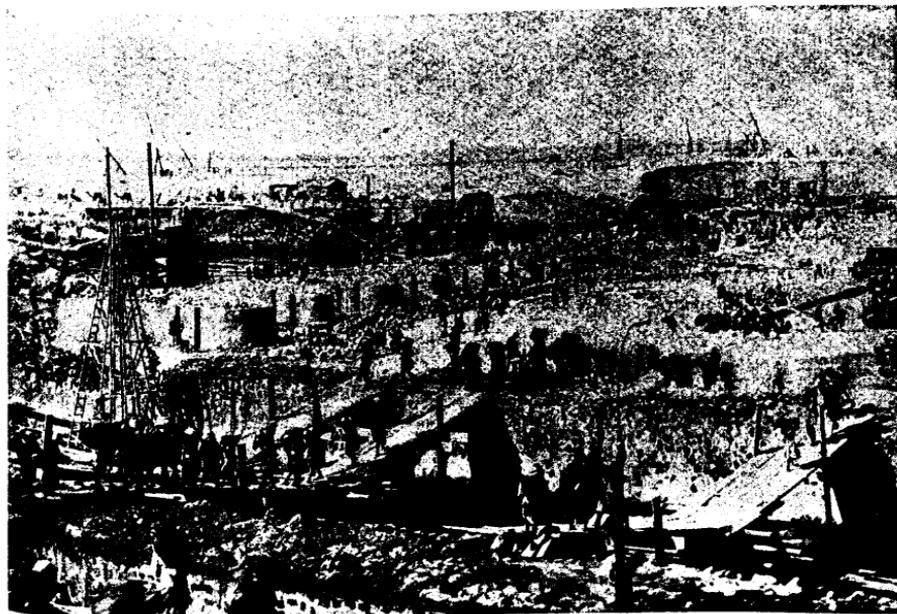


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ASSIOUT ON THE NILE: VIEW FROM THE WEST LOCK WALL, SHOWING  
THE UP-STREAM SIDE OF THE PIERS.

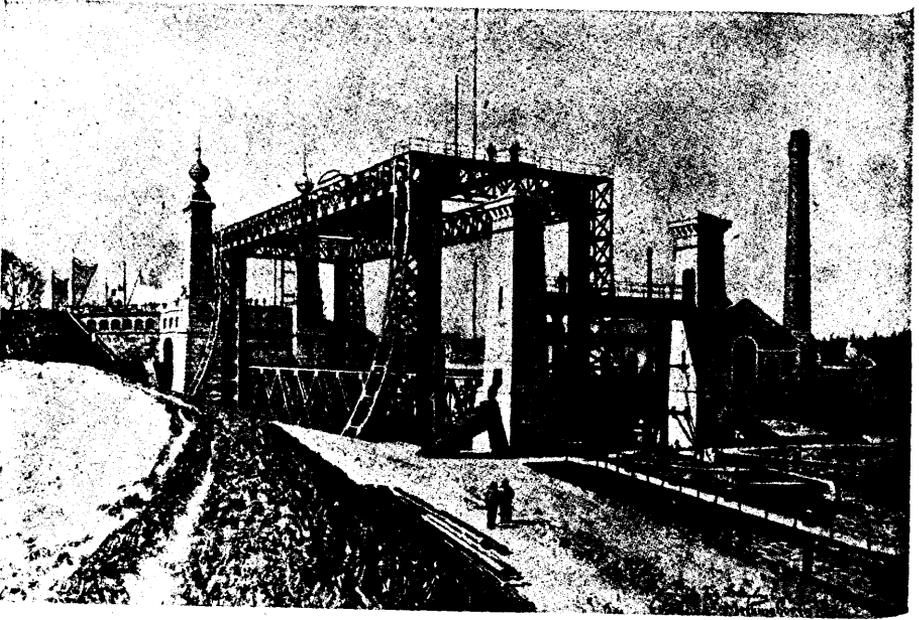
the Woolf and the Eddystone light-house. The fleet was sailing in four lines, one of which was headed by the *Sanspareil* battleship. By some misadventure the battleship came in collision with the *East Lothian*, a Glasgow ves-

sel of 1383 tons, bound from Nantes to Cardiff. It appears that the merchant vessel was not observed on the battleship, although the captain and mate seemed to have shouted an alarm. The *Sanspareil* cut deeply into the *East*



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VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM THE LAST WORKS OF THE PRESENT SEASON.

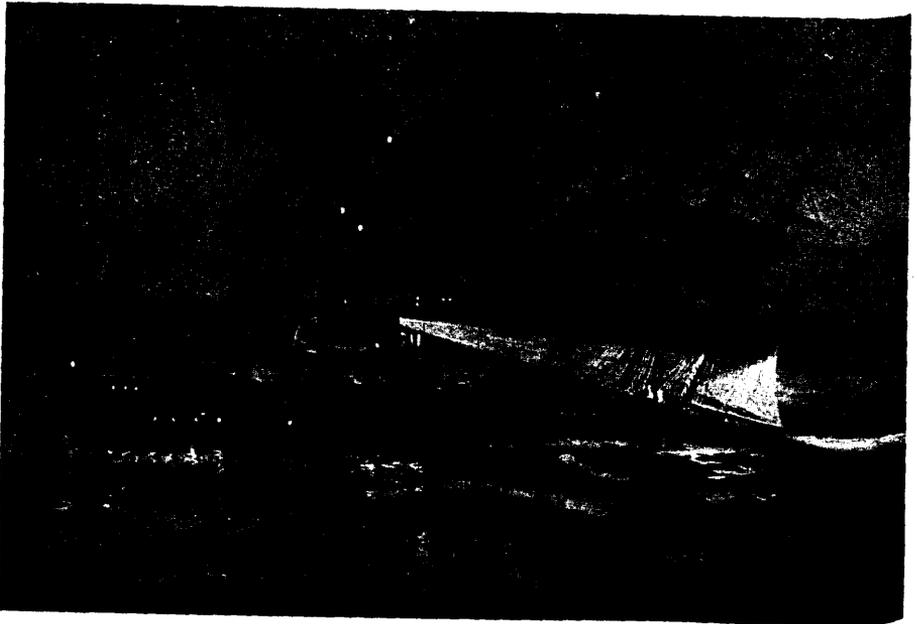


ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

## THE SHIP ELEVATOR ON THE DORTMUND-EMS CANAL.

*Lothian* and damaged her so seriously that in seven or eight minutes after the collision she went down. The captain's wife and son, and all the crew with the

exception of three men, managed to scramble on board the warship. Two of the missing men were picked up by the boats, but the third was drowned.



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

## THE SINKING OF A FULL-RIGGED MERCHANT VESSEL BY H.M.S. "SANS-PAREIL."

# On and Around the Farm

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

## General Notes.

**England's Foreign Trade in Horses.**—The United Kingdom imports annually 30,000 to 40,000 head of horses, and exports two-thirds as many. Shipments are almost exclusively to France, Belgium and Holland, including many American horses reshipped.

and export markets, it is interesting to note that Europe apparently has enough to last until the new crop is available. Recent direct advices from Stettin, Germany, report a good demand for alsike and red clover seeds, but present quotations for the first considered rather high. Very large stocks of timothy are reported. Merchants and outsiders some months ago bought freely for speculative pur-



IRRIGATION SCENES IN COLORADO.

**Australia's Splendid Butter Trade** with foreign countries should stimulate our own exporters. A single steamer recently cleared from Melbourne with 700 tons for England. \*\*

**Argentina's Agricultural Exports.**—In '98, 2,501,000 frozen sheep carcasses were exported, against 2,066,000 in '97; butter 27,647 and 15,866 cases respectively; flaxseed 154,590 and 167,852 tons. Last year's wheat and corn exports were greatly in excess of '97. Argentina is now shipping out fairly liberal quantities of wheat from the latest crop, harvested in Jan. 1899. \*\*

**Europe's Clover Requirements.**—With the prospect in view of a fairly good out-turn of grass seeds available for domestic

poses, and the stored quantities in that part of Europe are now sufficient to last until the new crop begins to move. The outlook for the German crop is generally good, subject to weather conditions at harvest time. \*\*

**Milk Compared to Grain.**—It has been found that 100 lbs. of skimmilk, if fed in connection with grain, will produce about five lbs. of pork; 560 lbs. of milk have been found equivalent to ninety-three lbs. of mixed grain ration. \*\*

**Tender Peaches,** such as Crawfords, can be shipped with safety only when the fruit is packed while yet firm and cooled to a temperature of forty degrees as soon as possible.

**The Number of Sheep** in the world is estimated to amount to 550,000,000. Of this number, between one-third and one-half are believed to be Merinos.

\*\*

**The Advantages of Growing** improved stock do not lie merely in its better adaptation to the wants of the market and to the fact that it will respond more promptly and continuously to feed; the early age at which it matures is one of the sources of profit to its owner.

\*\*

**Last Milk the Best.**—The last milk or strippings of a cow is much richer than that first drawn. The last quart usually contains three times as much butter fat as the first.

**Harrowing Land** sown with clover and barley gave better results than harrowing and rolling after seeding.

\*\*

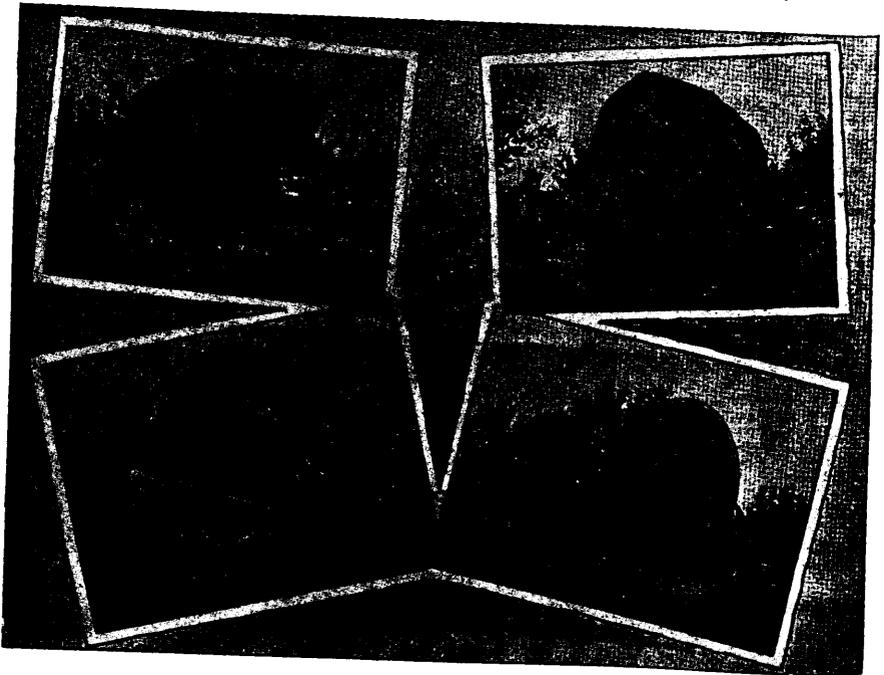
**In Packing Apples**, be sure that it is done in such a way as to keep the apples firm in the barrel.

\*\*

**Rye Should not Follow Potatoes.**—As a rule small grains do not grow well on a field which produced potatoes the previous season. Experiments have demonstrated that this is due, not so much to the mechanical conditions of the soil as to the fact that the potatoes have used large amounts of available nitrogen. Applications of nitrate of soda greatly benefit rye crops grown after potatoes.

### Fumigating An Orchard.

AN EFFECTIVE METHOD DESCRIBED BY AN AMERICAN EXPERT.



THROWING TENT OVER TREE.

PULLING DOWN THE TENT.

READY FOR THE FUMIGATOR.

TAKING OFF THE TENT.

**T**HE only remedy which is absolutely effective for all kinds of scale is that of fumigation. This was first practised in California in the citrus belt to check the ravages of the cottony cushion scale and the red scale. Hydrocyanic acid gas proved most effective, and is now used almost exclusively. C. W. Woodworth, of the California Experimental Station, describes in detail

the process of fumigating trees in an orchard. Briefly, it consists in covering the trees with some sort of tent, generating the gas and allowing it to remain until the scales have been destroyed. The method of throwing the tent over the trees and getting it in full position for fumigating is illustrated. In the upper left-hand corner two men are lifting the tent over the top of a small tree. To the lower part of the tent is attached

a circular ring, usually made out of small iron tubing. With the aid of poles this can be lifted up and placed over quite a good-sized tree. In the lower left-hand corner of the picture the men are pulling the tent down, and in the upper right-hand corner the tent is in position and ready for the introduction of gas. In the lower right-hand corner the fumigation is completed and the tent is being removed.

The tent used in the illustration is what is known as a hoop tent. These range from eight to fourteen feet in diameter. The hoop itself is of three-quarter inch gas pipe, but one-half inch will do for smaller sizes. The manipulation of the tent varies according to its size. If the trees are small, it can be easily thrown over a tree, put in place and then taken off. If the trees are of considerable size some effort will be required. In Fig. 1 the method of changing from one tree to another is shown. After the fumigation is completed, the hoop is lifted until it is in the position shown at *b*. Two men, holding the sides of the tent, carry it to the next tree and place it in the position shown at *c*. Then, without pausing, and while the tent is full of air, the upper end of the hoop is forced over the tree and down the other side to about *d*. The hoop can then be easily pulled down to the ground to *e*. If there is any trouble in pulling over the cloth, the third man with the pole goes round the tent and lifts the cloth away from the tree, relieving some of the friction and enabling it to adjust itself to the top.

Common duck is used for making the tents, most of them being of 8-oz. canvas. After the tent is made, it is rendered gas-tight by one of three methods. The

first is coating it with thoroughly boiled linseed oil, applied with a brush until the entire cloth becomes saturated. If properly done, the tent remains strong and tight and is not too stiff. The second method is the use of sizing and paint. The sizing is applied in the same manner as oil, and penetrates the fibre in the same way. As soon as this coating is dried, it is followed by a coating of flexible paint, usually on both sides of the tent. The third method is to saturate the cloth with a decoction of chopped leaves of common prickly pear cactus. This is made by filling a barrel two-thirds full of chopped stems and adding cold water until the barrel is nearly full. Allow the stems to soak for twenty-four hours, and then draw off the solution, which is ready for use. Tents treated in this way are liable to mold, but by adding to the solution a little tannin this is prevented. Soak the tent in the solution over night and then raise in the morning and allow to dry. The cloth is scarcely stiffened and seems to be very satisfactory. Potassium cyanide, in an earthen vessel, is introduced under the end of the tent, sulphuric acid is added, and the hydrocyanic gas is generated. The amount of cyanide will vary with the size of the tree. A tree four ft. high, three ft. in diameter, will require  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of dry cyanide, one-third oz. acid and one-half oz. water. If the tree is seven ft. high and four ft. in diameter, use one oz. of cyanide, one and a half oz. acid and two oz. of water, and so on in proportion. Forty minutes are required for the gas to do its work effectively. The fumigation is best done at night. The gas is a deadly poison, and great care must be used when fumigating.

### Everyone Can Have Bees.

**A**NYONE can manage bees. One must simply understand bee nature take advantage of it to control them and protect himself. There is no more need of being stung than of being kicked or run away with in the management of horses. It is not necessary that one should have a farm or garden in order to keep bees. It is generally more convenient to locate them on the ground, but an apiary may be conducted on the flat roof of a city house, or a few hives may be placed at an attic window. One or two colonies may be kept with profit almost anywhere if there are no others kept within a mile of them. There are few localities that will not support that number, even in the poorest seasons.

One can keep bees without buying expensive hives and fixtures, although they are much more convenient. One who

knows how can get good results from bees hived in a nail keg or butter tub. He can cut out honey for family use and eat or sell it in the comb, or secure it in liquid form without an extractor by melting the comb in a warm oven and running off the honey. Many that would fail if they attempted to follow modern methods do quite well with box hives, better than if they attempted to strike a higher key.

Smoke is the best agent that can be used to make bees submit to your wishes. The most satisfactory arrangement is a bellows smoker, which consists of a fire box, to which is attached a bellows worked by hand, to enable one to make a draft at pleasure and force the smoke through the nozzle for a long distance. All sorts of material may be burned in these smokers, but rotten wood and pine planner shavings are the most used. There is a great difference in the dispo-

sition of bees. The so-called native or black bees are more apt to sting persons that pass in front of their hives than other races. When the hives are disturbed they are more easily subdued by smoke. When the combs are being handled they also become panic-stricken and rush pell-mell over the combs and mass in clusters or bunches. Italian bees pay little attention to passers-by, but are more quick to resent a decided affront. If handled gently they submit with the use of very little smoke, and frequently none is required. They remain quietly and evenly spread over the combs when they are manipulated. If angered they are more determined in their resentment than the blacks and must be given more smoke. Carniolans are even gentler than Italians, but less desirable. They are more like common black bees in appearance.

Pure Italians are active honey gath-

erers and gentle. They gather more honey than the blacks as a rule, and defend their hives more energetically from moths. They do not live through cold winters so well and do not produce as attractive looking comb honey. When crossed with blacks, they are still better honey gatherers and make handsome comb honey than Italians. The progeny of the first or second crosses are usually as gentle as the Italians, but latter mixtures are not only energetic honey gatherers but the most energetic stingers that can be found. It is well to introduce an Italian queen in all cross bred colonies after the second year, or queen an apiary with Italian every third or fourth year if black bees are plenty in the vicinity. We prefer black bees to Italians for the production of the finest comb honey, and pure Italians for their high grades for the production of extracted or liquid honey.

### Blanching Chicory.

**U**PON many farms may be found chicory or succory, which is considered by most farmers a nuisance pure and simple. It is, however, a fine salad and pot herb. In spring the young leaves may be used like spinach or dandelion and in the autumn the roots may be made to furnish two delicious vegetables by the two methods of growing I will mention. Select well-grown roots and lop off the leaves and side roots. Plant them in a dark, warm place in moist soil. For *barbe de capucin*, as it is called, lay them in horizontal layers with the soil between. A large number may be piled one above the other if the sides of the pile be made to slope. In a few weeks, without any further attention, save an occasional application of water, the white leaves may be cut for the first time. If this be carefully done,

two or three cuttings may be made.

For the other vegetable, plant the roots in a perpendicular position and cover with tanbark, moss, sawdust or other loose material, to the depth of three to six inches. If the temperature of the place is likely to be low, spread fresh manure above the sawdust to insure heat. In from three to six weeks the covering may be removed and the cabbage-like heads cut close to the crown of the root. If the covering be not replaced a crop of single leaves may be gathered later. These vegetables may be cooked like spinach or served as salads. The first is usually served as salad. The second, known in Europe as Witloof, may be boiled like Brussels sprouts or cabbage. Some of the cultivated varieties are highly ornamental, being pink, curled-leaved and cut-edged. If you have chicory, try it this way.—*M. G. Kains [Ex.]*

### MAINTAIN THE PHOSPHATIC BASE.

#### AN ILLUSTRATION.

**"M**ANITOBA is the place for me. I have been and seen for myself. While I drudge away at school-teaching here for about ten or twelve hundred a year, my cousins and friends are building homes and getting rich out there growing wheat on the rich soils. I am going to pull up stakes and take all the money I have saved and skip West and take up farming."

The young man who said this was brought up on a farm, but considering the chances in that line poor, gave it up for teaching. He was, of course, educated, and certainly considered himself

above the average farmer in intelligence, yet he has not displayed much depth of thought, and, as I listened to his eulogies of the western lands I mentally calculated that, while a man in stature, he is but a child in thought. The point in favor of Manitoba lands on which he laid most stress was that they did not require manuring, and that by the time they did there would be plenty of cattle in the country to supply it. Now, let us weigh this matter up. This man proposes to take this soil, a portion near the surface of which is, from the accumulation of ages of decaying vegetation, in a condition of organized plant food, and

he will grow wheat, grass and roots, perhaps, to build bone and flesh in man and beast all over the world as well as at home. A portion will undoubtedly be consumed on the land, and all but the bone and other portions of the animal body largely built and maintained by phosphates, will be returned to the land in manure by and by, perhaps. But how will the land be restored in its phosphatic base? Part of the produce will go abroad, and no manurial return be made for it. He will accumulate a few thousands of dollars in house, stock, furniture and machinery, and make a good living for a while.

When I suggested that a portion of the income he derived yearly from that land must be used to partially return the elements removed, he said it was time enough to think of that many years hence. Now, we are often told that the surest way of proving this to the farmers is by practical illustrated experiment; yet, here was a man who had the proof just that way. He is leaving lands once as rich as any he is going to, and in a much more favorable climate, because those lands have become partially exhausted just as he proposes to exhaust 160 acres in Manitoba. Here we have a young man, strong and well educated, considered capable of teaching others, leaving the farm which has become partially exhausted through ignorance by his parents and himself, and going to repeat the experiment quite regardless of the future results. I told that man, and

I reiterate it here, that he had better inform himself on the principles of true cultivation, and take up the land already brought under the plow, and by the application of common sense methods, and less energy than he will need to expend in Manitoba, he can soon double discount the crops of that far-off land. If he has the money to go West and establish himself, he has an abundance to do it here much more easily and surely.

The old English soils which have been renovated by manuring with phosphates and clover, or phosphates and farm-yard manure, are now giving much larger crops of wheat than any in Canada. The reports from the old worn-out lands of our own Province of New Brunswick, where fertilizers are more freely used than in Ontario, also show much larger yields of wheat now than they did years ago, and larger than Ontario and Manitoba crops on an average. I have much admiration for the pioneer who suffers privation in settling new lands. He builds up with the country, and, if he is the right kind of a man, succeeds; but as a rule, I believe our farmers can do better at home, where they have cultivated fields, fences and buildings, the comforts of civilization and educational and religious institutions about them. I should have more faith in the man who goes pioneering in the wild West if he first made an intelligent success at home.

T. C. WALLACE.

Fernside Farm, September 20, 1899.

## In the Poultry Yard.

**Let the Hens have Liberty.**—No damage will be done to the garden at this season if the hens are turned loose. It is only on ground that has recently been plowed or spaded that the hens are induced to scratch. If the crops are under growth and well advanced, the hens will busy themselves with insects and the seeds of grass and weeds. There are no better insect destroyers than poultry if they are allowed to do service in that direction, and they will prove beneficial if they are not fed with grain and are compelled to work and seek their food.

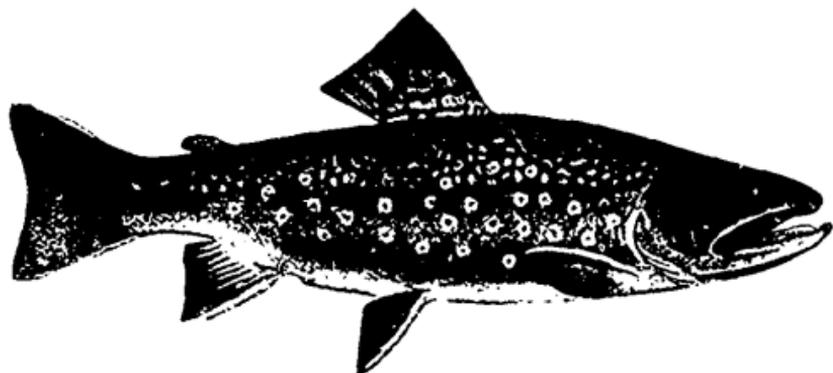
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**When to Hatch Broilers.**—September is not too soon to hatch chicks for broilers that are to be gotten into market by Christmas. If the incubators are started in September the chicks will be out in October, which leaves them just about the proper length of time to make growth by Christmas. The strongest competi-

tion will be in frozen stock, but buyers will always purchase the broiler in preference to the late chick that has been kept in cold storage. It is true the prices will not be as high as in the spring, but the cost of raising the broilers in the fall will be much less, and then profits will be fully as large.

\* \*

**Dark-Egg Breeds.**—The Brahmas and Cochins are the two breeds that lay very dark-colored eggs. All others produce eggs that are dark to a certain extent or are pure white. Even among the two breeds mentioned there will at times be hens that will not produce eggs as dark as others, but it may be depended upon that dark eggs are never obtained from the non-sitters. The hens that lay dark eggs may not be the best layers, but where the market requires a special article they are the ones that should be used for supplying it.



THE BROOK TROUT (*SALVELINUS FONTINALIS*).

## AT DENTONIA PARK FARM.

### The Trout Ponds and Hatchery.

AS we pointed out in our introductory article some months ago, it is not within the power of the majority of Canadian farmers to conduct every department on the same scale that prevails at Dentonia Park, but the principles which they obtain can be applied on any average farm with assured proportionate success. The introduction of a fish hatchery as a feature of the farm is dependent, however, upon natural conditions—proximity to a stream, and so forth, and—of vast importance—upon the aptitude of the farmer or some member of his family for studying along lines which may have been altogether unnoticed previously.

Our first illustration affords a splendid view of the hatchery proper; this is a room—the basement of the building in the background in illustration No. 4—thirty by fifteen feet. Down one side of the chamber, and about three and-a-half feet from the ground, run the troughs seen to the right of the illustration; in these are placed in tiers running the full length of the trough the small trays about fifteen inches long which contain the eggs. The trays are covered by the stream of water which flows from, and

can be regulated by, the taps at the far end of the chamber.

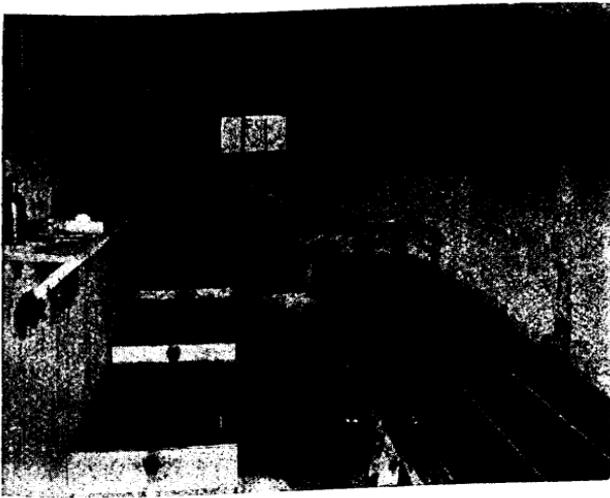
The troughs at Dentonia will accommodate about 500,000 eggs, which are ready for immersion about from the middle of October to the end of November. The period of incubation varies from seventy to one hundred and twenty days. The temperature of the water during this time is kept at from 38° and 45° Far. When the embryo develops into a life the newly hatched fish is about half an inch in length. Attached to it is a small sack, the yolk of the egg, by absorbing which he attains nourishment for the first month of his existence which is spent in one of the tanks which can be seen on the opposite side of the chamber. Here he remains until the sack is absorbed, which is a very critical period, as, if unable to feed he soon perishes. From the tank he is removed to entirely new quarters, the rearing cages, which are situated in close proximity to one of the ponds, and consist of a series of cages about three feet deep, through which a constant flow of water is maintained by gravitation, water in its fall being aerated. Fine wire netting at the inlet and outlet prevent the fish being washed away or the

introduction of any larger specimens of the finny tribe.

The rearing cages are provided with hinged doors or lids, and our illustration No. 5 conveys a very good idea of its appearance. The door or lid of the end compartment is open, and the custodian, Mr. John Steen, is seen feeding his young charges, whose diet consists of cow's liver ground very fine.

After leaving the broodery, there are three grades of promotion through which the fish must pass before being deemed fit for the angler's attention. These are three ponds, which we will call pond 1, pond 2 and pond 3. Pond 1 is on a higher level than pond 2, with which it is connected by a flume, or tunnel, provided

animals, and of the bird tribe an occasional fish hawk and many kingfishers, of which species over 100 have been trapped and killed the present season. With this exception they lead not only a life of safety, but of luxury, being fed on the morsels dearest to the fish-heart. At the end of the year the flume connecting with pond 2 is opened, and pond 1 is drained, the wire netting, however, preventing the egress of the fish, which are again counted and then passed on to pond 2, which is seven feet deep, and where for another period of twelve months they ably second the efforts of the man in charge to attain to presentable proportions. At the end of this period the process of transferring to pond 3



NO. 1.—INTERIOR OF PART OF THE HATCHERY, DENTONIA PARK.

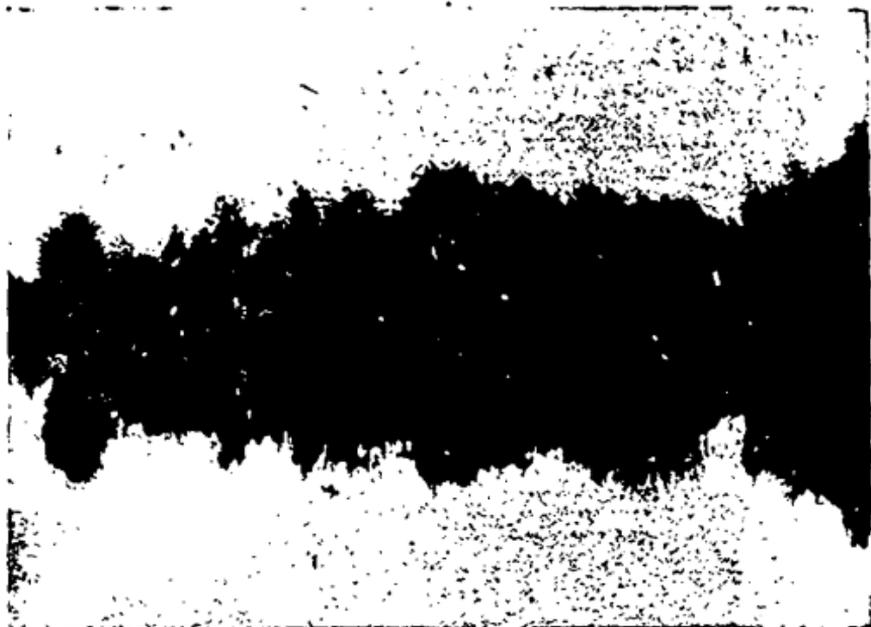
with shutters and wire netting. Pond 2 is on a higher level than pond 3, with which it is also connected by a flume. A good view of the flume is seen in illustration No. 2, directly over "F."

When the fish have been nine months in the rearing cages they are deemed sufficiently advanced to enter upon a wider field—or sea—of effort, and they are lifted out, counted, and given the freedom of pond 1, which, by the bye, has a depth of five feet. In these waters they pass a year, free from many of the dangers which beset their brethren in the water-world at large; but even the Dentonia trout have their natural enemies in the musk rat, mink, and other fish-devouring

takes place. Here in water of a depth of nine and-a-half feet the now well-grown trout disports in a state of happiness and comfort, until the duly accredited angler jerks him upwards and landwards to the accompaniment of "Here's a beauty."

The average weight of the fish whose earthly—we mean watery—days are thus terminated, is half a pound, although some have weighed as much as two pounds. The average weight when they leave pond 2 is seven oz., and when they pass from pond 1, four oz.

An addition to a very interesting feature in the equipment of the Dentonia fishery is in course of erection. This is a



NO 2.—DENTONIA PARK—THE LARGEST TROUT POND.



NO. 3.—DENTONIA PARK—PARTIAL VIEW OF THE CHAIN OF PONDS.

second spawning-bed, which consists of a gravel-bedded trough or tank about fifteen feet by four feet by three feet deep. It is situated on the bank of pond 3, it is



A GLIMPSE OF ONE OF THE DENTONIA PONDS.

practically an annex of the pond, to which it is open at its lower end, where there is stationed a wire netting which allows the fish to enter the spawning-bed but prevents their return to the pond. At the other end of the spawning-bed is a small flume, through which a stream of water flows—this stream, of course, passing out through the wire netting at the other end, into the pond. To understand the object of this it must be remembered that trout always go up stream to spawn. Thus they lend themselves to the plans of man as in operation at Dentonia, and find their way to the spawning-bed.

To procure the spawn requires a dexterity and delicacy of touch which only

the greatest care and constant practice, plus natural aptitude, can bestow. The female fish is seized, and by a thumb and finger pressure relieved of the spawn. The male fish is similarly treated, and fertilization is procured by the products being placed in a suitable vessel for half an hour. The eggs are then washed and placed on the trays in the hatchery, from which point to the dinner table we have already traced the various stages of development.

The commercial side of the Dentonia Fisheries department consists in market trout in season and in supplying eggs, fry and trout for stocking streams and ponds, in which quite a little business is done. Information on this head can, of course be obtained by addressing the Farm at Coleman P.O., Ontario.

An article on the Dentonia Park Trout Ponds would not be complete without reference to their scenic attractions. Situated in a valley, to the left of them rises a steep ridge of land topped with stately trees, through the branches of which can be discerned the picturesque residences of the proprietor, Mr. W. E. H. Massey, and Mr. C. D. Massey. On the opposite side the ascent is more



MAKING A NEW DAM—DENTONIA PARK.

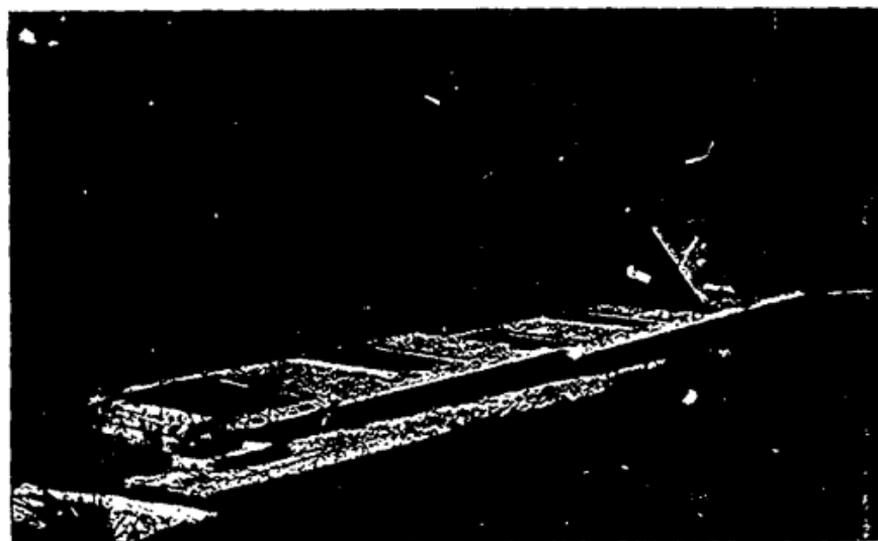
gradual, and the entire surface of hill-side and hill-top is hidden by trees, which form a magnificent background



No. 4.—POND FOR TWO-YEAR-OLD TROUT AND HATCHERY, DENTONIA PARK.

to the chain of lakelets with their rustic bridges and solitude-suggesting aquatic plants—the water's edge being softened and shadowed by willows, while the necessary touch of vigour and contrast

is supplied by the sturdy trunks of birch, poplar, hemlock, spruce, and maple, whose variegated foliage presents a combination of color tones of remarkable warmth and beauty, and adds



No. 5.—FEEDING FRY AT THE UPPER CAGES, DENTONIA PARK.



EAST BRANCH OF THE RIVER DON—DENTONIA MEADOWS.

much to the enjoyment of the angler and picturesquely-surrounded waters of  
who casts his line in the well-stocked Dentonia.



SHADED NEVER-FAILING SPRING CREEK, DENTONIA PARK.

## DETECTING THE REAL CULPRIT.

SOME three years ago, said a well-known detective, I was sitting alone in my office, when a fine-looking, well-dressed man, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, entered, and asked to see Mr. Carbon, the detective.

"I am the person named, and at your service, sir," I replied. "Please to be seated."

"I do not wish to be interrupted in what I propose to tell you," he said, glancing around; "nor do I wish to have any listener except yourself."

I arose and locked the door. He hesitated a little, colored somewhat, and then said:

"From my air of mystery, I suppose you think I have something to relate of great importance; but though it is important to me, and will be to you, if you trace out the real facts, yet I assure you, to begin with, it is nothing more serious than the loss of a diamond ring. However, I prize the ring far beyond its nominal value as an heirloom of the family, which has come down to me through several generations, it having been presented to one of my ancestors by the then Duke of Cambridge.

"The ring," he proceeded, "came into my possession as the lineal male heir, on my twenty-first birthday; and though I have since worn it at times, I have always watched it with the most jealous care, and never left it out of my sight except when locked up in my safe, where I keep most important papers and a few valuables.

Now comes the mystery. My safe has a combination lock, and that combination not a living mortal knows except myself—not even my wife. I am positive that the last time I had the ring, showing it to a friend, I returned it to the safe. That was a week ago to-day, and when I yesterday unlocked the safe to get a private paper I missed the ring from the little iron box where I always keep it. Startled at this, I began to search for it. I took out everything in the safe and examined it with the greatest care, but without finding the precious jewel. The ring was the only thing missing, and I found nothing else disturbed. The loss of the ring grieves me, and the mystery perplexes me; and so I have come to you to see if you can suggest anything to relieve me. Understand that I intend to pay you well for your advice, and if you ever succeed in recovering the ring your reward shall be four hundred pounds."

"Was the ring so valuable as that?" I asked.

"Intinsically no," he answered; "and yet to me invaluable for the reason I have named. The actual cash value of the ring would not exceed two hundred pounds, and yet I would give a thousand—nay, two thousand—rather than lose it. Besides, there is a legend in the family that whoever parts with it will suffer some great misfortune."

"You had it a week ago, you say—you showed it to a friend—you locked it up in your safe—and you have not seen it since?"

"That is my statement."

"Who was the friend to whom you showed the ring?"

"Godfrey Percy, who has been spending a few weeks at my house as my guest."

"Is he with you still?"

"He is. I will be frank with you. My sister and I met him in London a few weeks ago, and he is now engaged to her, and will remain my guest until after the wedding, which is fixed for a week from to-day."

"Was he with you when you locked the ring in the safe?"

"Why this question, Mr. Carbon?"

"Well, for anything you like. If you are to question my questions I fear we will not get on very fast. If he was with you, of course he saw you lock it up, and you have proof that you did what you think you did."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carbon. I thought your question might imply some suspicion of my friend on your part, and I would just as soon have you suspect my own wife. Yes, he was present, and saw me place the ring in the iron box, lock that, and afterwards lock the safe, and he is as anxious as I am to have me solve the mystery by the recovery of the precious jewel."

"So far so good. Now, then, you have servants, of course?"

"Yes, six—two men, a boy, and three females."

"You do not suspect any of them?"

"How can I, when no one knows the combination of my safe lock but myself?"

"It is a mysterious affair," said I, "and I can get no clue from anything you tell me. To make a start in the matter, it might be necessary for me to be an inmate of your house for a few days, and even that might amount to nothing."

"I would like to try anything that would give even a shadow of hope," he

anxiously rejoined, with an air of depression.

"Then suppose I become your guest for a few days?"

"If you will."

"But not as an officer—not in my real character," I proceeded. "You must introduce me as a friend of yours just come to town—say William Perkins from Boston—and not even your wife must know to the contrary."

"Very well, I will arrange it; to-morrow, at three o'clock, I will meet you and escort you home to dinner."

For three days I was an honored guest in the mansion of Mr. Howell; and during that time I closely studied every inmate, got the minutest details from my host concerning everything I wished to know, and then took my departure in an open and informal manner, without leaving a suspicion behind that I was other than what I seemed. I then set my agents at work among the pawnbrokers of the city, and the day before that fixed for the wedding of Godfrey Percy and Miss Virginia Howell I called upon the brother of the latter and handed him the missing ring.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, fairly clutching it in his excited eagerness. "It is, indeed, the coveted prize! Where did you find it?"

"At a pawnbroker's."

"Then it was really stolen?"

"Yes."

"And have you any surmise concerning the thief?"

"Yes. I could put my hand on the thief."

"Who is he?"

"I did not say it was a man."

"Man or woman, who is the party?"

"Perhaps, for your own peace of mind, you had better never know," I said.

He turned deadly pale and trembled.

"I understand you," he gasped; "but, even though the purloiner be my second self, I must have the truth from you! It was my own wife, then?"

"No, it was not your wife."

"Ah! thank heaven for that, at least!" he cried, with a sigh of relief. "My sister?"

"No, it was not your sister."

"Who then? Speak without fear."

"You will have it?"

"Yes, I must now."

"Can I not prevail upon you to let the secret remain with myself? For no other human being possesses it."

"No, Mr Carbon; I must and will have it!"

"What say you to your friend, then?"

"What friend?" he exclaimed in amazement.

"Godfrey Percy!"

He fairly staggered, as if he had received a blow.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"It is true."

He sank down upon a seat, and for some time held his head in his hands.

"Are you sure you have not made a mistake?" he asked at length, in a hollow voice.

"I am certain of what I assert."

"You can prove it?"

"I can."

"Then you shall prove it. Ah me, poor, dear Virginia! It will break her heart. Willingly would I give half my fortune to have these miserable circumstances otherwise."

"It is not too late, Mr. Howell," I said. "She need never know."

He bounded from his seat, his eyes blazed like a madman's, and he turned upon me with a haughty rage that I had never seen equalled, not even on the stage.

"For what do you take me, sir?" he cried, his ashy lips now fairly quivering.

"If this man is guilty, were he even a prince of the realm, my own hand should blow his brains out sooner than make my beloved sister the wife of a dastardly thief. Step into my private room, Mr. Carbon. I will send for him. You must face him before me, and make your accusation good, or take the consequences."

"Hark you, Mr. Howell," I said, "he may deny it, and convince you that his word is better than mine; but mark this, if he does deny it, and you accept his denial, I will have him arrested for felony, and all the trickery exposed from first to last."

"I accept the condition," he said; and he at once conducted me to his private apartment in which stood the safe that his friend had opened to rob him.

A servant was despatched for Godfrey Percy and in a few minutes he made his appearance, looking quite unconcerned. I had arranged to have everything my own way, and as I now appeared without my disguise, the young gentleman did not know me. He glanced at the two of us inquiringly, but I did not keep him in suspense. Stepping up to him, I placed my hand rather roughly upon his shoulder and said, with sharp severity:

"Godfrey Percy, I arrest you for stealing your friend's diamond ring, and pawning it at Isaac Jacob's. You will at once accompany me to the office of a magistrate and confront the witnesses."

He turned white as death, threw up his hands, and then fell down on his knees and begged for mercy.

"Spare me!" he cried. "Spare me! It was the first and only time I had ever done such a wicked thing. I wanted a certain sum of money, and was too proud to ask you, my dear friend, for it. Intercede with this officer, and save me from public disgrace and utter ruin!"

"You did take my diamond ring then?" said George Howell, in a quiet even tone of voice, that surprised me by its natural calmness.

"Oh, yes, I confess it."

"How did you open my safe?"

"I watched you one day when you were working the combination, and was able to make it out. That then became my temptation."

"But the ring was also locked in the iron box!"

"You had a duplicate key to that which was in another drawer that was not locked. Oh, my dear friend, George—"

"Call me Mr. Howell, and leave off the friend," calmly interrupted the other. "Godfrey Percy, you were to have been married to my sister to-morrow. Only

think of the disgrace which she, a Howell, has escaped from you, a Percy! In only another twenty-four hours she would have been the wife of a thief! Go, without saying a word to any soul in this dwelling! I give you twenty-four hours' start. If after that time any police officer can find you, I will never rest until you are in goal!"

He pointed his finger imperiously towards the door, and the condemned culprit in silence arose from his knees and slunk out of sight. Both the brother and sister are now dead. I never knew what the interview was between them. She died in a madhouse in less than six months, and he was drowned on a river excursion in less than a year.

—*Woman's Life.*

#### Personal Paragraphs Pertaining to Prominent People.

WHEN the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal were children they were taken by their parents to Paris on a visit to the French Emperor. They enjoyed their stay so much, that at the end of it the Prince of Wales asked the Empress whether she could not persuade the Queen to let them stay a little longer.

"I am afraid the Queen could not do without you," said the Empress.

"Not do without us?" promptly replied the Prince; "don't fancy that, for there are six more at home, and they don't want us!"

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MR. F. C. BURNARD, the well-known English humorist, when preparing in his youth to enter the Roman priesthood, was ordered by the novice master at his college to clean the windows. He humbly consented to do so, if the master would give him a lesson in the art, but directly the man got outside the window on to the ledge Burnard fastened the catch, and left him out there. For this Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning severely rated the novice, telling him he would make a better shoemaker than a priest.

"Well, you leave me at any rate the cure of soles," is said to have been the witty reply.

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AMONGST the Queen's aversions are coal, gas, tobacco, and cats. All Her Majesty's fireplaces burn beech-logs only. Of late years electricity has been sparingly introduced into Windsor Castle, but most of the artificial light required is still produced from wax candles. Smoking is strictly forbidden in the Castle. Among all the varieties of pet animals owned by the Queen there is not to be found a cat of any descrip-

tion, and it is against the regulations of the Royal Palaces to keep such an animal where it may be seen by the Queen.

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MR. RUDYARD KIPLING tells a good story of himself. One day, he says, I was sitting in my study, in London, when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two school boys. "Is this Rudyard Kipling?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," I answered.

He turned round.

"Boys this is Rudyard Kipling."

"And is this where you write?" he continued.

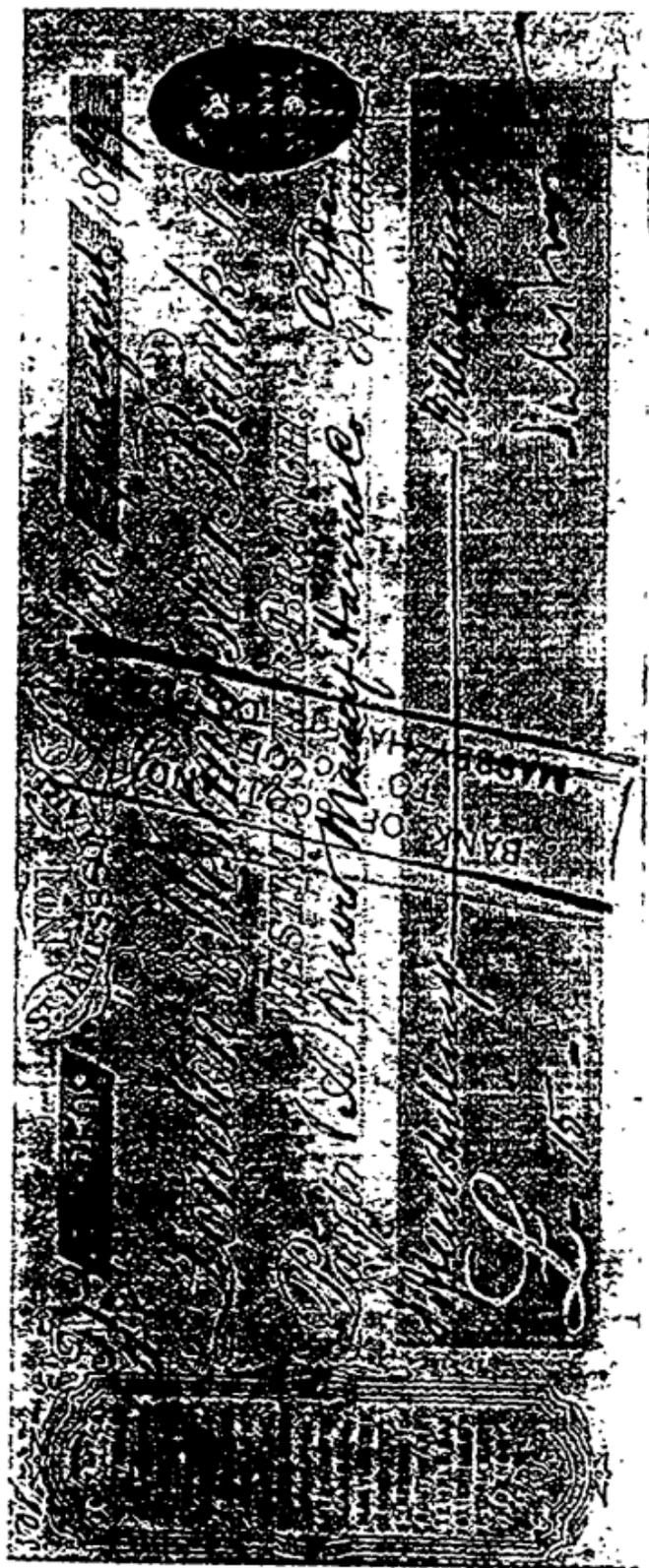
"Yes," I replied.

"Boys, this is where he writes."

And before I had time to ask them to take a seat they were gone, boys and all. I suppose they had all literary London to do in that way.

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THE late Mr. Robert Bonner, who recently died in New York, was quite a celebrity. He gave away about \$1,000,000 for religious and benevolent purposes. His wealth was derived from one of the greatest family journals in the world, the *Ledger*. Among his contributors was Henry Ward Beecher to whom he paid \$6,000 for his novel, "Norwood." Mr. Bonner spent enormous sums in advertising his paper, and it paid handsomely. He began life as a compositor in the office of the *Hartford Courant*, and acquired such speed in type-setting that wagers were laid and matches made for him with other printers. "Comps" will appreciate the statement that on one of these occasions he set 25,500 ems of solid type in 20 hrs. 25 min.



FACSIMILE OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY'S CHECK IN PAYMENT OF SMALL BALANCE OF ACCOUNT.

Lord Salisbury has for many years used Massey-Harris machines on his estate in England. Notwithstanding the enormous duties and anxieties pertaining to his position, the Marquis still looks after all the details of his personal affairs.

...AT THE...  
**Editor's Desk**

ALL the world stood aghast at the terrible perversion of justice presented in the conviction of Captain Dreyfus in his second trial by court-martial on a charge of treason. While, no doubt, technically it was right that Dreyfus should be tried before a court of military officers, it was, to British ideas, at least, eminently unfair that his judges should be practically the plaintiffs in the case; for the question really at issue was whether the general staff of the French army had been guilty of a more heinous offence even than that with which Dreyfus was charged.

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THROUGHOUT the trial it was made manifest that the object of the military judges was not to probe to the very root of the matter that justice might be established, but to sustain their chiefs in their action of five years ago. Well might the truly patriotic Frenchman in bitterness of heart say of his beloved France in that hour when Dreyfus was again declared guilty, "Ichabod."

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THAT the President of France and his colleagues, as well as a large majority of the people, were earnestly desirous that justice should be done, there can be no doubt. Unfortunately, the bulk of the populace knew not which way justice lay. The veneration of the French people for their army is second only to their passionate love of their country, and when the chiefs of the army said Dreyfus was guilty of treason to his and to their country, reason vanished from, and passion ruled in, the minds of the citizens of France. There was unconscious injustice; that of the general staff

was of the most revolting and criminal character.

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IN the face of such fearful odds it was well-nigh impossible for the President and Cabinet to perform the one act which at that late hour could alone save to France something of her old-time glory. The conscience of the world had been aroused, however, and it worked in a way that very materially strengthened the position of the Government and brought the French people to a realization of the fact that a position of dismal isolation awaited their country if it persisted in snapping its fingers at every other member of the family of nations in a matter where justice, the common heritage of all, which knows nothing of township lines or national frontiers, was at stake.

Dreyfus was pardoned—for an offence which he never committed.

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THERE is a lesson for the peoples of all nations in this; it is that "Mind your own business" has a much wider significance in matters of morals to-day than it had in the days when the telegraph, the cable and the press had not brought the nations of the world into daily, into hourly, contact one with another.

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FIFTY years ago an event had become a matter of history in the land where it occurred before a knowledge of it reached another continent, and knowledge of events the most exciting in those days merely trickled from one country to another. Now-a-days knowledge of a momentous episode bursts on all countries simultaneously, and the result is that when an event has transpired that does violence to the interests of mankind at large, morally or materially, the offending nation or individual is subjected to

an avalanche of censure from all quarters of the globe, before which no human being, or aggregation of human beings, could maintain their composure.

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WHILE the press of every nation has had its fling at France, that of the United States has excelled in sensationalism, and one cannot get rid of the feeling that there is a tremendous amount of cant in the big Republic. President McKinley was requested to enter an official protest against the conviction of Dreyfus, and the most scathing invectives were used to express abhorrence of those who were accountable for Dreyfus' ill-treatment when in prison.

We share in the horror which the story of that officer's suffering excited in the minds and hearts of the American people, but we have experienced the same sense of loathing and revulsion, when we have read, not once but many times, the sickening accounts of negroes being bound to the stake and subjected to the most damnable cruelty that man or devil could devise, for offences for which they had never been tried, and of which, in not a few cases, there was abundant evidence of innocence—except that the burnt, roasted, hacked and mutilated wretches had been born with a skin not quite as black as their executioners' hearts.

That is the great unpardonable sin in the eyes of the free American citizens down south, and we never yet heard of an honest effort on the part of the American Government to mete out adequate punishment to the country's multitude of negro-murderers. Justice is not blind in the United States: she is only color blind, and the American people hope to hide this defect by sensational exhibitions of horror and indignation when another country gives symptoms of being afflicted with a less virulent form of the same disease. The Jew-baiter of the old world is a brute at best, but he is only a very poor second to the negro-baker of the United States, and not half such a hypocrite.

Verily are our neighbors disposed to

"Compound those sins they are inclined to  
By condemning those they have no mind to."

THE teaching profession is too often entered by those who regard it only as a temporary stopping place in their journey towards one of the "higher professions." While it is very commendable, of course, for a young man to raise himself by his own efforts to prominence in those callings which offer greater opportunities for securing recognition of his genius, the benefit of his sojourn among the ranks of teachers is for him only, and not for the educational system of the country.

He views scholastic duties merely as a means to an end, not as a life work to which he shall give the concentrated effort of his developing intellectual powers. He doubtless does his duty conscientiously from his point of view, but his eyes are always on the future when he shall be financially and educationally equipped to abandon his present vocation for the one of his desire. He, consequently, does not acquire, and does not seek to acquire, that mastery of his pupils' hearts and minds which is absolutely essential in the really successful educationist. The pupils are inevitably affected by the lack of sympathy; their interest in their work lacks enthusiasm, and school becomes to them nothing more than a mental workshop where they attend to absorb in a perfunctory manner a certain amount of academic knowledge. Beyond this their school life benefits them not at all. It adds not one iota of culture, tone or character to what a lad may possess innately or from home environment. When they leave school to engage in some occupation or to enter upon a college course, they find themselves heavily handicapped. They chafe to find themselves lacking an undefinable something which others of their age and station possess, and the absence of which militates against them socially and materially.

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ON the other hand, the pupils from a school where the master is heart and soul in his work, and who understands his duty to be to bring out, to educate, all the best traits in a boy—to develop not only his mental, but his moral and physical, faculties—pass from stage to stage

of their careers by a process of natural development. Different conditions present themselves, of course, from time to time, but they are properly equipped to cope with them. They have been educated in the true sense of the term.

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A PROMINENT English statesman, speaking at the annual dinner of one of the large public schools, said a few weeks ago: "I care not what subjects you teach so long as you *make men*." To do this the schoolmaster must make "boy" his life study, just as the physician makes medicine, the surgeon surgery or the lawyer law, their life study.

Unfortunately, although education in Canada is recognized as a duty of the State, the inducements offered by the State are not commensurate with the qualifications that a really first-class schoolmaster should possess, and what is practically the most important profession of all—that of man-making—is the most poorly paid, and, consequently, is tabooed ground to many who are pre-eminently fitted for the work, but who seek in other fields that acknowledgment, social and financial, to which their abilities entitle them.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the teaching profession contains a number of educationists in the highest sense of the term, who have not allowed themselves to be turned from their chosen sphere by mercenary considerations; but—there are others; and one of the most respected public men in Canada, who has spent over fifty years in helping to advance the intellectual life of Canada, expressed the opinion in conversation a short time ago that there is a vast deterioration in the culture of the public school of to-day compared with forty years ago. He attributed this regrettable state of affairs largely to the causes to which we have referred.

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THE editor of *Toronto Saturday Night* draws attention to several cases which have recently come under his notice of Canadian cheese in England being found to contain short letters of a nonsensical character, presumably placed there by

some one in the cheese factory. We suppose every establishment has at least one specimen of the "funny man" <sup>gen</sup> the fellow whose attempts at humor parallel the efforts of an elephant trying to walk on its hind legs.

As the criminal code and laws of lunacy make no provision for the detention in secluded quarters of those who be wits, we have to put up with the presence as best we can. It is bad enough when their ponderous, lead-laden jokes only affect our nerves, but when they are carried to the extent of doing serious damage to a national industry some relief is necessary. These cheese jokes which, according to *Saturday Night*, in some cases have taken the form of a pipe, and, in one instance, a revolver, are likely to prove anything but a joke for Canadian cheese-makers.

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THE dark clouds of war which have been gathering over South Africa for months are apparently about to burst, and Boer and Britisher will settle by force of arms those differences which have baffled the efforts of diplomacy. England has sought by every means her power to bring about a peaceful settlement, and the war that is impending will as assuredly be a war of civilization against the forces of tyranny and despotism as any that are recorded in the annals of British arms, and it will afford one of the most remarkable illustrations of the strength of sentiment as an Imperial factor that the world has ever seen. Volunteers from Canada, from Australia and from New Zealand, and native regiments from India, will stand shoulder to shoulder with the regulars of England on the veldt of the Transvaal to protect the interests of the Empire. In this spontaneously offering their assistance, Australia and Canada have merely performed a simple duty, but their action will, nevertheless, tell an eloquent tale of the Empire's might to those who look with jealous and wakeful eye for an opportunity to strike England below the belt.

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THAT persecution of the negro in the United States is not confined to the South

or consists only of those revolting cruelties which it is often claimed in their extenuation are the spontaneous acts of a frenzied mob maddened by an act of outrage on the part of their victims; but is practised systematically by the North and by the East and by the West, is again placed beyond the possibility of question by Miss Elizabeth Banks, a well-known magazine writer, who, in a recent article to the *Nineteenth Century*, practically proclaims her own people, for she is an American, to be as unconscious of the meaning of the word liberty, and as utterly lacking in the sense of justice, as the most bigoted tyrant in the days of the Inquisition.

Miss Banks, among other instances of the power of prejudice, mentions the case of a young woman who graduated from Vassar College, "that exclusive and aristocratic seat of American learning." The college life of this young woman was full of happiness for four years. She was a handsome girl of about eighteen, and had been introduced to the faculty by the noted evangelist, Mr. Dwight L. Moody. "Few of the girls at Vassar could surpass her in beauty, cleverness or in good taste in dress, and in a few months she became a general favorite." Eventually her room-mate learned the fatal secret: there was negro blood in her veins. The now miserable beauty interviewed a member of the faculty and confessed she had entered the college under false pretenses; the blood in her was "one-tenth African." "A special meeting of the faculty was called; the *confession* of the young woman, who was within a few months of graduation, was discussed in all its bearings, and it was finally decided that she should remain to finish her course."

Another case recorded is that of a young girl who had "colored blood" in her, in spite of being to all appearance a white woman. She said she desired to go to college, but had been refused entrance in every case except by a "com-

posite" college, where she would be required to register as a "colored person."

To test the truth of these statements, Miss Banks assumed the position of the girl and wrote to the leading colleges of America and England: "Might I be received into the college—on what terms?" Not one American seat of learning (!) proved willing to receive the applicant. "Even Oberlin College, almost the birth-place of the abolition movement, would only allow her to reside with a mulatto woman along with other mulatto girls."

\* \* \*

Can the world's history furnish more glaring instances of ignorance clad in the garb of culture: of tyranny and prejudice doing their devil's work under the mask of liberty? Well may Aguinaldo and his fellow Philipinos prefer the chances of death in battle to placing themselves under the control of the American republic, where the very men who should be the first to acknowledge the Liberty of Learning, the Equality of Knowledge, and who should preach the gospel thereof at all times, say in effect: "We have given the people of your color physical and partial political freedom, but it is too much to ask us to aid in freeing them intellectually."

What a glorious contrast is afforded in the replies Miss Banks received from the principal of English colleges, who "wrote presenting their compliments to the girl in America, telling her when the new term began, enclosing their catalogues and pamphlets, and assuring her that there was no necessity for her to have stated anything concerning her slight mixture of African blood. It could make no difference in any possible way."

*Vi*

# SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL JOTTINGS.

**The Wyoming** scientific expedition have discovered the remains of twenty extinct monsters. In two days they unearthed three tons of bones, a great feat when we consider the scientific value of the bones.

\*.\*

**An American** manufacturer of machine tools has introduced a magnetic chuck for use with planers, lathes, or grinders. The work in hand does not require to be bolted, strapped or otherwise fastened down.

\*.\*

**Herr Montag**, of Mannheim, is said to be making artificial coal from ordinary soil with chemicals added. It does not emit poisonous gases, and leaves but little soot or ash. Patents have been applied for in seventeen countries.

\*.\*

**Copper Casting.**—The demand for pure copper in electric engineering has stimulated efforts to discover a method of making castings of that metal. Such a method, it is announced, has recently been discovered by an American chemist, Mr. B. S. Summers. On account of the difficulty in casting copper, it has been customary heretofore to saw the shapes needed out of the rolled metal.

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**Telephonic Fences.**—In Kansas the ranchmen are utilizing wire fences for telephone-lines. It is found that the wires are sufficiently insulated by the wooden posts to carry electric currents without perceptible loss. From the nearest telegraph station, at Liberal, fence telephone-lines have been run all over Seward County, as well as into the adjoining counties of Morton and Stevens, and across into Oklahoma and Texas.

\*.\*

**Duration of Human Life.**—The average duration of human life is about thirty-three years. One-fourth of the inhabitants die before they reach their seventh year, one-half before their seventeenth year. Of every 1,000 persons, only one reaches the age of 100 years; of every 100, only six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 500 lives to see the eightieth year. There are about 1,500,000,000 inhabitants on the globe. Of these 50,000,000 die every year, 137,736 per day, 5,595 per hour, about ninety per minute, or three in every two seconds.

**The Age of Steel.**—In a recent address to the Iron and Steel Institute in London, Professor Roberts-Austin said that steel plates are now rolled more than 300 feet in area and two inches thick, and that steel girders have been made of such a size as to "justify the belief of Sir Benjamin Baker that a bridge connecting England and France could be built over the channel in half-mile spans."

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**Wave Clouds.**—The atmospheric ocean surrounding the earth is frequently disturbed by gigantic waves, which are invisible except when they carry parts of the air, charged with moisture, up into a colder atmospheric stratum where sudden condensation occurs. In this manner long, parallel lines of clouds sometimes make their appearance at a great height, marking the crests of a ripple of air waves, running miles above our heads.

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**Growth of the Penny-in-the-Slot Gas System in England.**—The penny-in-the-slot gas-meter introduced into London by the South Metropolitan Gas Company three or four years ago, has been an astonishing success, and a further development of the idea is now being tried. The penny customers bring into the company's exchequer somewhere about £200,000 a year, so that this development has done much to neutralize any injury the electric light may have inflicted. So satisfied are the company with their new departure, that they are now getting out "shilling-in-the-slot" and "half-crown-in-the-slot" meters for customers a cut or two above the penny people. One great advantage the company have in this system is, of course, that there is no trouble and no difficulty in getting in money. "No penny, no gas," is the principle, and it will be the same with the shillings and the half-crowns, though these, at present, are only in the experimental stage.

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**Cost of Producing Liquid Air.**—Dr. Ostergren, a New York physician, who has made exhaustive experiments with liquid air, has invented an apparatus which has proved equal to turning out liquid air at the rate of 1,500 gallons daily. The product registered 400 deg. below zero. It can be made at a cost of five cents per gallon. The basis of Dr. Ostergren's present apparatus is a steam-engine of 100

horse-power. He believes that with a more modern engine he could produce liquid at two cents a gallon, at which price he could enter the market with a view to the wholesale exportation of liquid air, both as a refrigerant and as a motive-power. Mr. Brady, of Chicago, announces that he has patented a cask in which liquid air may be safely carried.

\*.\*

**A Russian Pile-Driver.**—In the Russian engineer corps an ingenious pile-driver, which acts with great speed, is used. On two sides of the pile one-inch gas-pipes are placed in longitudinal grooves. At the lower end the pipes are furnished with nozzles inclined inward toward the point of the pile. A force-pump drives water into the pipes, and the water, issuing from the nozzles under a pressure of 70 pounds to the square inch, removes the dirt so rapidly beneath the pile that it sinks three times as fast as if hammered by a pile-driver.

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Lloyd's Register shows that of the world's shipping, 1,141 vessels, of 820,725 tons, excluding all vessels of less than 100 tons, were lost or condemned during 1898. Of this total 322 vessels, of 463,211 tons, were steamers, and 819, of 857,481 tons, were sailing vessels. As regards steamers, the present return exceeds the average of the preceding seven years by 5½ vessels and 135,257 tons; as regards sailing vessels, it is below the average by 31 vessels and 29,551 tons. Similarly the figures relating to steam tonnage owned in the United Kingdom are above the average, while those relating to sailing vessels are below.

\*.\*

**A Woman's Invention.**—A woman inventor of Bradford, Eng., has designed an ingenious apparatus for the removal of wool from skins by electricity. This is an interesting example of what a woman inventor can do when she sets her mind at work on some practical problem. The machine consists of an electric cautery or fleshing knife in such a handy form that the wool may be shorn or cut rapidly from the skins without injuring either the wool or the pelt. Electric

cables pass through the handle and are connected to the two terminals. From this the current is passed through a wire of platinum-iridium, which is thus rendered incandescent. The wire is fastened to and supported by a highly refractory substance specially made for the purpose, the current requiring about sixty amperes at a pressure of four volts. The method of removing the wool, says the *Electrical Engineer*, is to push the cautery along the surface of the skin. The red hot knife mows down the wool, and the only limit to the speed with which the work can be done is the deftness of the operator. The work is performed so quickly that the heat in no way injures the skin or the wool. It is, without doubt, a very ingenious and valuable invention.

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**Röntgen Rays and Disease.**—The practical application of the Röntgen rays to the needs of medicine and surgery formed the subject of the presidential address recently delivered before the Röntgen Society by Dr. C. M. Moullin. Dr. Moullin points out that the fluorescent screen has now reached a degree of perfection that, with suitable apparatus, the minutest movement of the heart and lungs, and the least change in the action of the diaphragm, can be watched and studied at leisure in the living subject. In short, Dr. Moullin testifies that there is scarcely any change in connection with the lungs and the heart and great vessels which cannot now be seen and photographed, scarcely a disease of the chest or of the organs which it contains concerning which the most valuable information cannot be obtained. To such an extent has the fluorescent screen been improved, and so easy has investigation with it been made, that it is probable that some day the examination of a patient's chest with it will be considered as much a matter of routine and as little to be neglected in all doubtful cases as an examination with the stethoscope is at the present time. Valuable as are the indications given by the ophthalmoscope in obscure diseases of the brain, they are not to be compared with those which can be obtained by systematic and skilled use of the fluorescent screen in diseases of the heart and lungs.

## 1899 ~ SEPTEMBER ~ 1899

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

## 1899 ~ OCTOBER ~ 1899

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	THU	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

# IN THE HOME



## The Fire of Home.

HEAR them tell of far-off climes,  
And treasures grand they hold—  
Of musty walls where stained light falls  
On canvas rare and old,  
My hands fall down, my breath comes fast,  
But ah, how can I roam?  
My task I know: to spin and sew,  
And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds,  
Of words that move mankind,  
Of willing hands that to other lands  
Bring light to the poor and blind  
I dare not preach, I cannot write,  
I fear to cross the foam;  
Who, if I go, will spin and sew,  
And light the fire of home?

My husband come, as the shadows fall,  
From the fields with my girl and boy—  
His loving kiss brings with it bliss  
That hath no base alloy.  
From the new ploughed meadows, fresh and brown,  
I catch the scent of the loam;  
"Heart, do not fret, 'tis something yet  
To light the fire of home."

## ARTISTIC EFFECTS FOR THE HOME.

### Decorated Door Panels.

FIRST of all, thoroughly cleanse your selected door, which for preference should be painted a light color, by gently rubbing with a wet cloth, which must be steeped frequently into a solution of whiting and water. This preparation will cleanse the paint in an astonishingly quick manner without causing the paint to rub off in the cleaning process. While the door is drying, place a glue-pot upon the fire in readiness for use at the proper time. We next require a sufficient quantity of natural leaves and large, brilliant-hued flowers, pressed and dried; a stock of which you doubtless have accumulated during your last summer's holiday. Failing this, an assortment of prettily-colored leaves and flowers should be purchased at your nearest florist's, when, with careful pressing and drying, they will be ready for use.



FIG. 1.

Fig. 1 at once offers a pretty design in conventional roses with a forget-me-not border. The leaves must be added separately, care being taken to ensure your design having a natural look, otherwise

the artistic effect is apt to be destroyed. It is better to indicate the stalks by thin strips of paper tinted to match the per-

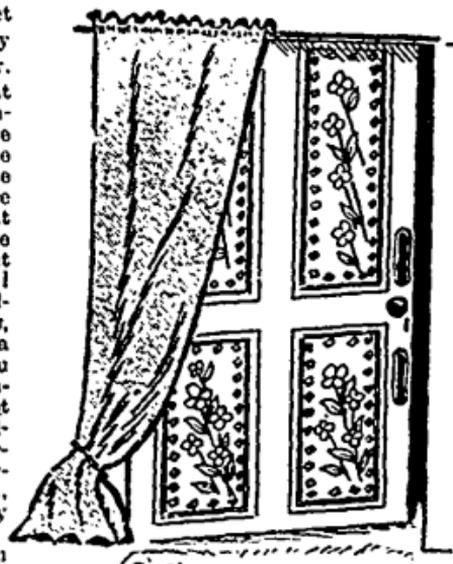


FIG. 2.

vading shades; although, to those who love reality above all things, the natural

stalk may be split in twain, one-half sufficing for the purpose. Now carefully conceal, with the aid of water-colors, any joints which may be a shade too apparent, touching at the same time a blemished leaf. After two coats of best white varnish has been added to the whole design, your decorated door, Fig.

2, will be complete. Some of our many readers may perhaps find natural flowers and leaves too elaborate for the purpose, yet we need not despair on this point, for a careful selection of tinted papers cut to the desired shape and pasted upon the door panels will have a very artistic and pleasing effect.

**A Good Use for Discarded Slippers.**

Even the best regulated households an unsightly collection of miscellaneous boots and shoes rapidly accumulates, and in what serviceable and profitable manner this discarded footwear may be disposed of, more often than not, sorely taxes the ingenious brain of the housewife. Happy thought! Transform some of these same despised boots and shoes into pretty oddments to decorate shelf and cupboard. The small amount of labor expended in their manufacture is little indeed, when such pleasing results can be obtained.

A really serviceable pin-cushion is always in much request, and our first illustration pictorially offers a practical suggestion in this direction. A pretty "promenade" shoe should, for choice, be selected. Enamel the body of shoe some pretty shade of brown, and when thoroughly dry, proceed to fill the interior with sufficient bran or sawdust to enable a goodly portion to appear on top when covered with a scrap of satin or some other pretty stuff to harmonise with the enamel. The edges of the cushion cover may easily be fastened inside the shoe with the aid of glue. Now ornament with gold the fastenings of the shoe front, finishing off with a couple or so of brilliant buttons or buckles as you wish. A neat bow of bright red ribbon at the side of the shoe will complete this useful accessory to any lady's work-box.

From one of baby's tiny cast-off shoes may be fashioned a useful and ornamental paper or letter clip—an article always handy for straying papers. As baby's shoes are always dainty objects enough, this article needs slight decoration. Upon the sole of the shoe should be fastened a neat hook, or, for the more ingenious, a wire spring clip may be fashioned and affixed. Detach the tiny heel in order that your novel paper clip may hang flatly against the wall, and

attach at the heel end a stout hook, or, if preferred a length of dainty ribbon, to serve as the means whereby to suspend this useful nicknack.

From paper to pens is not a far cry, and from another small button-up shoe may be made a useful penholder. First, neatly button the shoe and firmly glue the fastenings into position. When this is satisfactorily accomplished, proceed to stuff the toe of this article with wadding until the shoe is nearly filled.

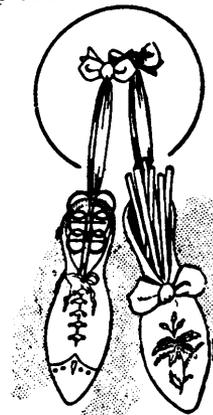
You will now require a sufficient quantity of short bristles to fill the remaining space, and for this purpose an old bristle brush may be sacrificed. Now pour into the shoe a layer of liquid glue, upon which tightly fix in the bristles. When the glue has become dry, enamel or paint the outside of shoe a good ebony black, and you have as neat and useful a penholder as could be wished.

Our illustration, Fig. 2, shows a serviceable scissors case, which, although entailing a little extra labor, will quite repay the time expended in its making.

One of your discarded tennis shoes will offer an admirable article upon which to commence work. Enamel the canvas body of the shoe, covering the leather parts with a tasteful brown. Now neatly fill the toe and halfway to the top with wadding, insert three miniature slots (fashioned of cardboard, covered with an oddment of stuff) one upon the other. Fit all this neatly into the shoe, filling up any remaining cavities with wadding, and carefully stitch or glue the escaping ends of cloth to that part of the shoe which comes under observation. Insert a dainty brown lace or piece of ribbon into the holes placed for that purpose, and firmly tie with a bow. At the heel end a loop of ribbon, terminating in a bow, should be attached, upon which to suspend this useful case. The heel should be removed, as this will allow the shoe to hang flatly upon the wall.



A DAINTY PIN-CUSHION



A SERVICEABLE SCISSORS HOLDER

## Decorations made with Brass-Headed Nails.

**V**ERY pretty and effective results can be brought about by the use of brass-headed nails for decorating the tops of tables, boxes, stools, chairs, trays, or, in fact, any of the useful wooden articles which can now be procured at a trifling cost.

Conventional designs, or ones similar to those used for braiding, will be found the most suitable, and care must be taken always to select those with graceful curves.

For transferring the design to light-colored wood, carbon paper can be used; but, for a dark surface, draw the pattern on thick tracing paper and prick the design with a thick needle, then place it in position on the article about to be decorated, and by rubbing the design with some powdered chalk tied up in a muslin



bag you will get an impression on the wood, as the chalk will pass through the pricked holes. Or an even simpler way is to trace the design on tissue paper and lay it on the article chosen, and after the nails are in position the paper can be torn away.

The best effect is given by using a variety of different sizes and patterns of nails, or in a border alternating large and small ones, but this is where individual taste can be brought into play. No difficulty need be experienced in judging the distance each point should be from the last nail, as it can be easily and accurately measured by a ruler according to the size of the head of the nail.

I would suggest that a sample set of all the different kinds of nails should be kept on hand, so that one can see when each will fit into the design to best advantage, for, in this case, variety coupled with uniformity is charming.

The wooden articles can be stained or painted and varnished, if desired, before beginning operations.

The chief charm of this work is the fact of its being durable and effective, as well as simple to accomplish and cheap.

## My Mother's Hair.

**M**ORE precious than the locks of gold  
Or than the auburn strands more fair,  
Because, forsooth, she's growing old,  
Is mother's silvering hair.

In youth the filtering sun rays lost  
Themselves amidst the tangle there,  
Where now is spread old age's frost,  
In mother's silken hair!

More beautiful than raven braid,  
Or plait of brown, tho' these be rare,  
Is the pure venerable shade  
Of my old mother's hair!

## Simple Recipes for Tasty Dishes.

**Cheese Savoury.**—Rub two ounces of bread through a sieve; mix it with half a pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, pepper, salt, a pinch of cayenne, four ounces of grated cheese, and a small bit of butter. Bake in a small, well-greased pie-dish, and sprinkle over with bread-craspings.

**Apple Charlotte.**—Butter a small cake mould; cut rounds of bread less than half an inch thick and the exact size of the tin. Cut enough "fingers" (the same thickness) of bread to go round the sides; soak all these in oiled butter. Put a round at the bottom of the tin, and place the "fingers" overlapping round the sides. Peel, core, and slice a pound and a half of apples; stew them with three ounces of butter, the juice of half a lemon, and six ounces of sugar. When they are quite soft beat them to pulp, mix them with two tablespoonfuls of

apricot jam, and put the whole in the centre of the shape. Cover with the second round of bread. Put a plate with a small weight on top, and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Turn out and serve. Cream or custard sauce is a nice addition to this sweet.

**Stewed Cucumber.**—Method: Peel some young cucumbers and cut them in quarters lengthwise; remove the seeds, dip them in flour, and fry till brown in hot fat. Drain well, stew in good gravy until tender, add a little chili vinegar.

**Kensham Pudding.**—Method: Stew some raspberries and red currants with a little sugar, and pour into a basin lined with fairly thick slices of bread. Fit a round piece of bread on the top, and cover with a plate, on which put a three or four pound weight; leave until the next day. Turn out, and serve with custard poured over.

## THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

Quantities of materials: 10½ yards of single-width cotton material, or 6½ yards of French cashmere will make a full-size costume, two yards of sateen for the tight-fitting bodice foundation, 1½ yards of double-width limerette for the skirt lining, 1½ yards of glacé or velveteen for trimming the left side of dress as indicated. Lining and material are cut the same size and then seamed-up together.

### School Dress for a young Girl.

THERE is nothing more suitable for early autumn wear than a costume of this kind, and as the blouse and skirt can be made of separate materials, various economies can be effected either by using up odd remnants of navy serge or blouse hannels or by the alteration of larger size garments. For this reason the skirt is made in three separate pieces, *i.e.*, a front and two backs; by this means alterations can be more readily effected.



French Cashmere Morning Gown.

THIS is a very useful style of plain dress, and could be made entirely of cotton or ordinary woollen dress material. The bodice fastens up the left side, and has a seamless back and one side piece each side. Silk or lace could be arranged over the material in the manner shown in sketch, and in such a way as to allow of its being easily removed.

The skirt is a comfortable shape for ordinary wear, and is suitable for making up in either single or double-width material, as it is in five separate pieces, *i.e.*, a front, side piece each side, and two backs, the left-hand side piece could be of pleated glacé silk, or velveteen would look very stylish, with cross lacings of No 5 satin and velvet ribbon. Each angle could be ornamented with a small rosette of velvet or a jewelled ornament of some kind.



## CHIT-CHAT.

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

### Half-past Three.

**H**E sat on my knee at evening,  
The boy who is "half-past three,"  
And the clear blue eyes from his sun-brown-  
ed face  
Smiled happily up to me.  
I held him close as the twilight fell  
And called him "my dear little son;"  
Then I said, "I have wondered for many days  
Where it is that my baby's gone."

"I'd a baby once in a long white gown  
Whom I rocked just as I do you;  
His hair was as soft as yellow silk,  
And his eyes were like violets blue,  
His little hands were like pink tipped flowers—  
See, yours are so strong and brown—  
He has slipped away and is lost, I fear  
Do you know where my baby's gone?"

Did my voice half break as the thoughts would come  
Of the sweet and sacred days  
When motherhood's first joys were mine?  
Was a shade of regret on my face?  
For close round my neck crept a sturdy arm,  
And the boy who is "half past three"  
Said, "The baby—he went to Boyland,  
And—didn't you know—he's not!"

**I**T is significant to observe how some men fail to know how to treat their wives and sisters when they meet them. It seems to be too much trouble to lift their hats or to give them nearest the courtesy they would freely render any woman outside of the domestic circle. This should not be, and the sooner a revolution is accomplished the better. The ablest and most persuasive treatise on the etiquette of the home will not be able by itself to work the change, although it would be helpful towards that end. What is needed is the right training of boys and girls. Courteous behaviour should be enforced by parents in the same way as other good qualities are taught. One of the most successful instructors of the young in our days bears this testimony: "People complain of the way children behave, and lay the blame of their behaviour on the day school; but if they would only make the children do at home as they are required to do in school, matters would be different. They laugh at the child who lifts his hat, or says 'Please' or 'Thank you,' forgetting that others are trying to make up for their neglect of duty." This word in season should stir up parents to a sense of the importance of cultivating by precept and example the requirements of domestic etiquette.

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VISITOR: "What are you crying about, my little man?"

LITTLE WILLIE: "All my brothers hez got a holiday, and I hain't got none."

VISITOR: "Why, that's too bad! How is that?"

LITTLE WILLIE (between sobs): "I—I—don't go—to school yet."

**W**HEN a Chinese baby takes a nap people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course, the baby will never awaken. Sometimes men are sent out in the streets to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So, whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.

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LITTLE ETHEL: "Oh, Mamma! you mustn't let baby lie in the sun." "Why not, dear?" asked her mamma. "'Cause it'll melt," said Ethel. "Melt, child?" "Yes, Ma; mine did."

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**A**NY small affection of the eyes is apt to develop dangerously, and should receive prompt attention. A child suffering from a chronic headache, which cannot be traced to any other cause, may be troubled with defective sight. This is often noticed in school children; close application of the eyes to the printed page will bring out defects in vision unnoticed before, and strain weak eyes. An oculist should be consulted, and proper glasses obtained.

The smallest railway journey will upset a child and make him sick, no matter what precautions be taken—and this, again, may often be traced to defective eyesight. If the eyes be simply weak and sore, try bathing in lukewarm milk and water or very weak tea, and do not allow too strong a light to enter the nursery. If possible, every child should have a bed to itself, and the sleeping-room should contain nothing more than the necessary furniture, and very little drapery. The bed should be placed in such a position that the light from the window does not fall directly on the eyes.

\*.\*

TOMMY (inquiringly): "Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?" MAMMA: "No, that's glue." TOMMY (nonchalantly): "That's why I can't get my hat off."

\*.\*

HOW few women realize the true value of attention to the details of their work. A man in business gives to them his careful consideration, but a housekeeper often, from lack of time, perhaps, or physical strength, will neglect what she feels is the trivial part of the machine work.

This is a great mistake; better undertake less and do it thoroughly. It is the people who do the great things who have given attention to the little ones as well.

There are great societies that would never have been formed, great congregations of women that would never have been brought together, but for the possession by some woman of the habit and facility in writing and correspondence.

These things are not put on, and cannot be acquired, all at once; they must be a part of the habit of one's life. Attended to as a duty they are a most important element in success; indeed, it is doubt-

ful if a genuine success in life can be achieved without attention to little things, for neglect of them gives the impression of unreliability, a reputation fatal to any kind of achievement.

"Want of time" is a modern fiction glibly employed by those who rarely put any portion of their sixteen waking hours to any useful purpose.

\*.\*

MOTHER; "Now, Johnnie, I don't want to ever catch you in that jam closet again."

JOHNNIE (sobbing): "An' I don't want you to, neither."

\*.\*

IF a woman is to protect herself from the ravages of worry, and so retain her youth for a longer period, she must come into more frequent contact with other people—as her husband does—and read good books; she must relieve the monotony of her duties and the limiting influence of confinement within four walls by taking outdoor exercise—a walk every day, or a spin on a bicycle; in short, she must exercise the body and mind in a healthful manner, and she will find the bloom of youth and health remain with her for years after it has faded in other women of the same age.

"The ordinary woman," says a celebrated physician, "leads such a monotonous existence that her mind has no occupation but worry; she is almost made up of worry upon worry. What she needs is to come out of herself much more than she does. She must have intercourse with more people and take more exercise. This can be done without neglecting home, and every right-minded man will do his best to secure for his mother, or his sister, or his wife, these aids to the retention of youthfulness of body and mind."

### Going Home.

A DIEU, sweet friends; I have waited long  
To hear the message that calls me home,  
And now it comes like a low, sweet song  
Of welcome over the river's foam.  
And my heart shall ache, and my feet shall roam  
No more—no more! I am going home.

I am going home. O'er the river's side,  
Crystal white in the noontide sun,  
I see the friends on the other side  
Who the beautiful pearly gates have won;  
And far and sweet from the shining dome  
They call to me still—come home! come home.

Do not weep for me, friends; but lay  
Peacefully over my silent breast  
The hands whose labor is done, and say:  
"He hath entered in at the gates of rest."  
And God is merciful—God knows best,  
And sweet to the weary is rest sweet rest!

Why should I linger? I long to go,  
And though "no price in my hand I bring,"  
The Christ who died for us loves us so!  
And simply still to His cross I cling.  
Never more from that cross to roam,  
I am going home! I am going home!

Home! where no storm and no tempest raves  
In the light of the calm, eternal day;  
Where no willows droop over lonely graves,  
And tears from our eyes shall be wiped away.  
And my heart shall ache, and my feet shall roam  
No more—no more! I am going home.

## How Some Sovereigns Amuse Themselves.

**A**FTER the worries of State troubles nothing is more refreshing to the regal mind than to have some hobby upon which to fall back for amusement. Thus Queen Victoria finds solace in music, and has a thoroughly practical knowledge of the art, which she acquired while a girl. She can play the piano with exquisite touch, and even at her present age reads music very well.

and fishing, and more than one set of verses have been written in his notebook while sitting beside a stream with his rod across his knee.

Literary talent, however, abounds in Royal circles. Queen Marguerite of Italy has written many beautiful songs, some of which have been translated into our language. The Sultan of Turkey has also expressed some ambition as a playwright, for he has recently penned a drama which is about to be produced.



IN JAPAN: THE MIKADO'S GARDEN.

There is nothing she loves more than a good concert, which perhaps accounts for the repeated visits famous musicians make to Windsor.

The German Emperor has many hobbies, the chief of which is shooting. He is very fond of deer-stalking, and is an admirable shot. There is, however, a soft corner in his heart for the army, and when he has nothing else to do he frequently pays an *incognito* visit to the officers' quarters to see how things are progressing. Music, play-writing and verse-making are only a few more of the offsprings of his versatile nature.

King Oscar of Sweden takes first among Royal poets, some of his effusions being remarkably brilliant. In order to gain inspiration, he indulges in hunting

He is not taking part in it himself, although he has personally allotted the rôles. Everyone knows that our own Queen is a writer of no mean ability, as is testified by her "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." Many of her children, too, are gifted in the same manner.

The Czar's mania for stamp-collecting is proverbial, and was known to the nine year-old English boy who not long ago dispatched a parcel of stamps to His Majesty, with the request that he would exchange. This the Czar did, and rumor says that the English lad had much the best of the bargain. The collection which the Czar owns is undoubtedly a fine one, and he loses no opportunity of adding to it. But he is not alone in his hobby, for

it is shayed by the Duke of Edinburgh, whose collection is also of great value.

Cycling naturally finds many admirers among members of the Royal families. The Czar is an ardent cyclist, to say nothing of an automobilist, and during the summer months he sets aside a certain portion of the day for the pursuit of this hobby. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is devoted to the wheel, and may be seen taking a spin every morning before breakfast. The German Empress and King George of Greece are also great cyclists, but the favorite hobby of the latter is undoubtedly swimming, and he has on more than one occasion saved some of his subjects from drowning.

King of Greece, the Queen of Holland, and her mother are anything but amateurs at the art.

Pugilism cannot claim many disciples, but among them is numbered the Kaiser. The late Czar was a great boxer, and in his younger days, so was President McKinley.

Needlework has many devotees among the Queens. The Czarina is very expert with her needle, and some of the work she turns out is of the highest value so far as merit is concerned. The same may be said of the Queen Regent of Spain, the Queen of Belgium, and the German Empress, but none of them are so expert as the late Empress of Austria.



IN JAPAN: A STORE IN YOKOHAMA.

Queen Marguerite of Italy holds chief honours among regal swimmers of her sex, and never misses a chance of having a dip in the sea whenever occasion permits.

Photography attracts a good many, but no member of any Royal family is so expert at the art as is the Princess of Wales. Her studio is lined with many volumes, containing prints of all her work each bearing underneath in a neat handwriting the subject it represents, with the date. But she has studied photography scientifically, and "knows the ropes" as well as any professional photographer. The German Emperor occasionally blossoms out into a photographer, but does not count it as one of his hobbies. The Queen of Spain, the

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria considers no hobby comes up to that of rowing; the Emperor Franz Joseph says the same of walking, an opinion partly shared by Presidents McKinley and Loubet, but the latter gives the first place to shooting. The Sultan of Turkey and the Shah of Persia expend their energy on collecting jewels, those of the former being valued at eight millions sterling, while the latter owns the largest emerald in the world.

♦♦

CALLER (to little Bobby): "Bobby, what makes your eyes so bright?"

BONNY (after a little thought): "I 'spects it's 'cause I ain't had 'em very long."

# THE WORLD'S TOILET.



# Wise and Otherwise

## The Humour of Marriage Lines.

It is a little strange that, while the muse of poetry should exercise herself in framing cheerful, if pathetic, verses to the memory of the dead, she should be coy in celebrating nuptials in appropriate measures.

There is quite a small mine of wit and amusement hidden in what we may, perhaps, be allowed to call "marriage lines," often written by waggish friends, and rarely seen in print. Of the following examples, some have "blushed in type"; others, the majority, are kept in private archives; but all, we think, are redeemed by humour.

Some years ago, when a Mr Harry Miller married Miss Magdalene Wolf, the happy occasion was celebrated in these lines:—

Wolves sometimes take our sheep by night,  
And Millers take our grain;  
And when these two their trades unite,  
Where is our safety then?  
A gleam of hope springs o'er my brow  
In this dark dismal gulf:  
The Wolf has caught the Miller now,  
The Miller stole the Wolf.

When Mr White, a counsel of some repute, a few years ago met his destiny in Miss Ida Black, a friend penned these lines to accompany his wedding present:—

Tho' clever lawyers may not prove  
In court that wrong is right;  
The veriest fool can demonstrate  
For once that Black is White.

When Mr D Ross, a surgeon in the Midlands, and Miss Beatrice Gold to the altar, the reflections of a possibly jealous friend were embodied in this quatrain:—

True love is told by sacrifice  
In cases manifold;  
Alack! the day when selfish swains  
Give Dross while taking Gold.

The mutability of human affection was illustrated when Mrs. Susan Stone, a young and charming widow, who had worn her weeds less than the regulation period, was led to the altar by Mr. Thomas Wood

The widow saw it was not good  
For her to dwell alone;  
And so the heart she gave to Wood  
Was hardened to a Stone.

When Captain Rich, a well known society man, married Miss Marie Gould, a few years ago, one of the bridegroom's fellow-officers was inspired by the following rhymed sentiment:—

Alas, for beauty shorn of self,  
For sad's the tale that's told;  
I must loveless live and die when e'en  
The Rich will Marie Gold.

The marriage of Mr. David H. Cook to Miss Louise Mariner suggested quite a lengthy inspiration:—

A Mariner unfolds the chart,  
By storms of love o'ertook;  
Fearful of shoals—with beating heart,  
Calls on the faithful Cook.

But much retarded by the wind,  
He calls the chaplain's aid;  
And quickly leaves the storm behind,  
And Hy-men's port is made.  
Let those who navigate Life's brook  
Ne'er shrink nor be dismayed;  
But, like the Mariner and Cook,  
Call in the chaplain's aid.

This effusion is distinctly better in intention than in execution, and cannot for a moment compare with the following witty lines written to celebrate the wedding of Mr. Day, a tutor, to Miss Week:—

A Day, be more, a Week the less,  
Yet Time must not complain;  
There'll soon be little Day enough  
To make a Week again.

In a column headed "Hymeneal," in a transatlantic paper, the following announcement appeared many years ago:—

MR. HENRY M. LOCKE

TO

MISS CATHARINE STORMS.

What darling fate the ardent youth performs  
Who bares his bosom to resistless Storms;  
And like the fabled heathen god who chained,  
And in a cave the roving wind restrained;  
So Henry bids the very name to cease:  
Secured by Locke, the Storms now smile in peace.

The facility of marriage vows is amusingly illustrated in the following lines, suggested by the marriage of Mr. Isaac Will to Miss Ida May:—

Alas! the vows at altars made  
Oft vanish in a day;  
For when the bride should say "I will,"  
She only said "I may."

The marriage of the Rev Harry Collet, a north country clergyman, to Miss Beatrice Leaf was commemorated in this wise:—

Love changes creeds as well as hearts,  
We find it to our grief;  
For when it entered Harry's breast,  
Faith turned to Miss B. Leaf.

By one of "Life Little Irons" Mr Henry Monk some time ago won the hand of Miss Ethel Nunn, and the bridegroom himself expressed the obvious humour of the situation in these lines:—

Young Cupid's thoughts, the wicked boy,  
In mischief often run;  
And mightily he chuckled when  
He wedded Monk to Nun.

\* \*

A MAN made a wager with a lady that he could thread a needle quicker than she could sharpen a lead pencil. The man won—time, fourteen minutes and forty seconds. It is thought the result would have been different if the woman had not run out of lead pencils inside of five minutes.

"Now, John, don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream?"  
"It's more than a dream; it's a genuine nightmare."

MISS ELDERLY: "Don't you think I carry my age well?"

MISS SMART: "You ought to. You've carried it long enough."

HE: "Darling, you'll have a lot of responsibility when we are married."

SHE: "Yes, Freddie, dear, I shall have you!"

SHE: "They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages."

HE: "That's why I'm looking for a girl with money."

"A SWAN washed overboard," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, as she read a newspaper headline; "but he perhaps was so dirty they had'n't enough water on the ship."

EDITOR'S WIFE: "Who wrote this beautiful article on 'How to Manage a Wife'?"

EDITOR: "Young Penman."

EDITOR'S WIFE: "Oh! I didn't know he was married."

EDITOR: "He isn't."

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[CUT THIS OUT]

### Death of A Famous Donkey.

**A**N English exchange of recent date announces the death of England's champion mare donkey. Flying Scud, so well known and beloved of the metropolitan coster world, has just died in her comfortable quarters in the Southwold road, near Lea Bridge, Essex, after a brief, but painful illness. Death is ascribed by the skilful veterinary surgeons who attended the famous donkey during her last few hours of agony, to the accidental twisting of a vital part of the internal anatomy. The case was from the beginning hopeless. Flying Scud first saw the light of day some twelve years back in Stepney, and her earlier years were spent in the service of a dust contractor. Seven years ago, for the sum of £20, she passed into the hands of James Spencer, an enterprising coster, fruiterer, and green-grocer, residing in the Southwold road. Flying Scud was destined soon to make a big reputation. Her rare ability as a flier speedily made itself manifest to the new owner, and the autumn of 1892 saw her matched for £100 and the Championship of England against the well-known flyer, Crooked Tail Billy, a crack animal belonging to Mr. R. Thornton, of Manchester. The race came off in due course at Loughborough, in Leicestershire, before a crowd of spectators, es-

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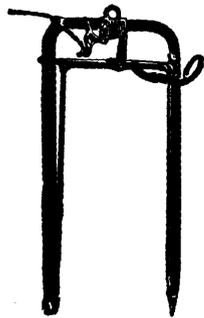
timated at nearly 800, on September 6, 1892. It proved, according to general anticipation, an easy win for the South country mare, which broke all previous records by covering the mile, with light coster cart, in the quick time of 3 min. 18 sec. Ever since that event, Flying Scud has remained in undisputed possession of the donkey championship. The owner has repeatedly challenged the assuine world without any response being forthcoming.

In the beginning of the present year, viz., February 20, he inserted the following notice in the *Sporting Life*:—"Donkey racing.—Jim Spencer to J. Horncastle.—Seeing that J. Horncastle fancies his donkey against any in England, Jim Spencer will match his donkey to concede Horncastle's donkey 25 yards start in a one mile straightway race. Spencer will give Ted Tweed's donkey the same start, or any other donkey in England can have a level race, for £50 or £100 a side. By covering Spencer's deposit a race can be ensured." The deposit money remained in the hands of the stakeholders for a considerable period, but was never covered; indeed it was only recently returned in consequence of Mr. Spencer's utter failure to get anyone to make a match with him. Invincible as a racing donkey, Flying Scud was likewise never beaten when a prize com-

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petitor at the various shows for which she was entered. The prizes and certificates won by this splendid animal since 1892 would suffice to fill a long catalogue. A first was the invariable rule. The records of the Animals' Institute Donkey Show, the now familiar Costermongers and Street Traders' Donkey and Pony Show at the People's Palace, and the Industrial Exhibitions at Lower Clapton, all go to prove this. As a matter of fact, so great a reputation was achieved by the Flying Scud as a prize show donkey that within quite recent times the executives of shows at Dulwich and Herne Hill declined to allow the mare to be entered on the ground that it would deter others from attempting to compete. When the championship race above referred to was over, Peter Jackson, the pugilist, offered the owner £60 for the winner, his intention being, it is stated, to take her to America on tour for exhibition. The offer of course was refused. Only a few weeks back Spencer also declined to take £100 for his pet, and the sad death of the favorite has been the occasion of much legitimate sorrow in the coster's little household in the Southwold road. The knacker's ruthless knife closed in unceremonious fashion the eventful page of Flying Scud's unchecked career of victory in life.

**Old Europe Shows Us The Way.**

**T**HE *Toronto World* in a recent issue preached the following pointed sermonette on the evils of poor roads: "As the result of an inquiry made by the United States Department of Agriculture, replies were received from over 1,200 counties, giving the cost of hauling crops in various parts of the United States. The average load hauled was found to be 2,002 pounds; the average length of haul, 12.1 miles; the average cost of hauling a ton of crops to market was \$3.03; while the average cost of hauling a ton for a distance of one mile was 25 cts. In order to compare the roads of the United States with those of Europe, the bureau, through its consuls, made careful inquiry on the subject of cost of hauling in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland. The average cost of hauling one ton one mile was found to be in England 10 cts.; in France, 10 cts.; in Germany, 8½ cts.; in Belgium, 9½ cts.; in Italy, 7½ cts., and in Switzerland, from 6 to 8 cts., the average for all these European States being 8.6 cts. per ton per mile. More than one cause may enter into this determination of cost, but that the great cost in America is due to our poorly-made dirt roads is proved by the fact that while over the superb roads of Europe a farmer will



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haul three or four tons at a load, our farmers are able to haul only a ton, or less than a ton, over the ‘plow and scraper’ ridge of soil, which even at this late day is dignified by the name of road in many parts of the country.”

### Covering Tree Wounds.

EVERY little while a recipe for making a shellac wash for this purpose appears, and one would think, if he did not know otherwise, that this was the preparation most commonly used. I doubt if one person in 100 who have occasion to use such a wash ever uses shellac. It is troublesome to apply and expensive to make. The shellac must be dissolved with alcohol, which costs too much for any such purpose, and in applying it with a brush the alcohol evaporates so quickly that the brush soon becomes like a stick. Then we sometimes see recommended, and often see in use, gas tar, which has no place and never had for any such purpose. Many are the trees that have been killed by it. It is too penetrating, and contains injuri-

ous ingredients. Whenever the application of tar reaches clear around the body of a thin-barked tree it may be expected to kill the tree outright.

Grafting wax is good when it is plastic enough so as not to peel up in cold weather, but this is slow of application. Best of all for all ordinary purposes for a covering for wounds and bare places is common linseed oil paint. It is easiest of all in application, it lasts for years on the dead wood, it does not kill the tender bark or check its growing.—*N. S. Platt*, [*E.x.*]

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