

# ◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## August Number

New Series, Vol. 7, No. 8.

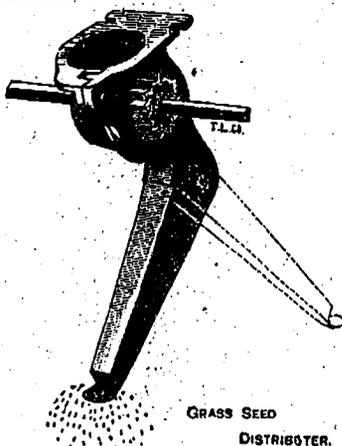
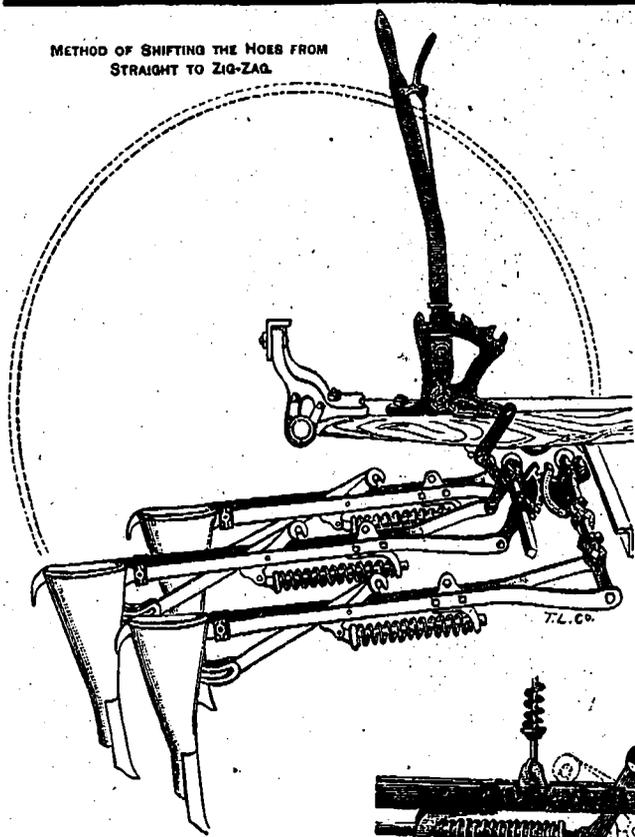
Toronto, August, 1895.



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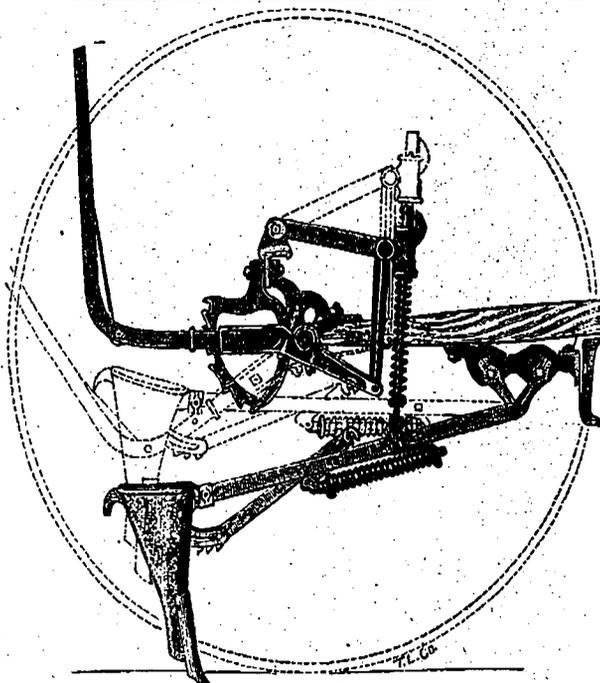
# MASSEY-HARRIS COMBINED HOE DRILL AND BROADCAST SEEDER.

METHOD OF SHIFTING THE HOES FROM STRAIGHT TO ZIG-ZAG.

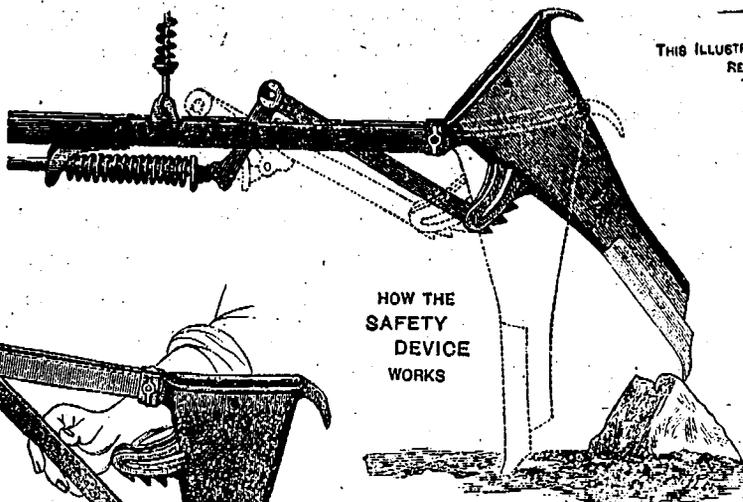


GRASS SEED DISTRIBUTER.

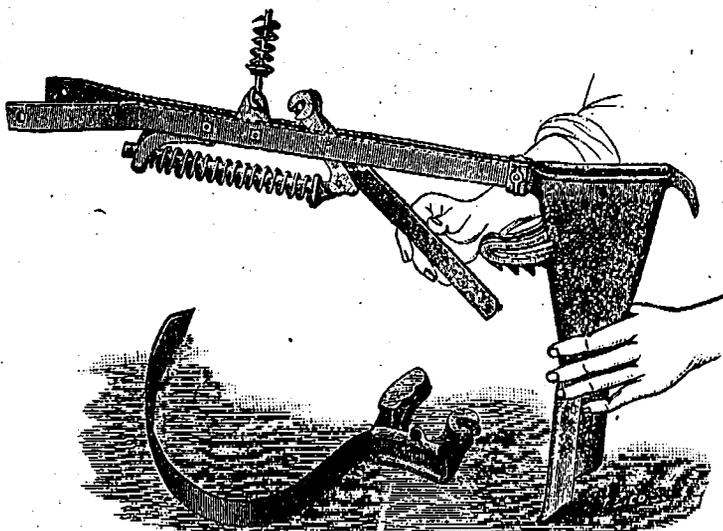
The entire Machine is solidly built, the Frame and Principal Parts being of **STEEL.**



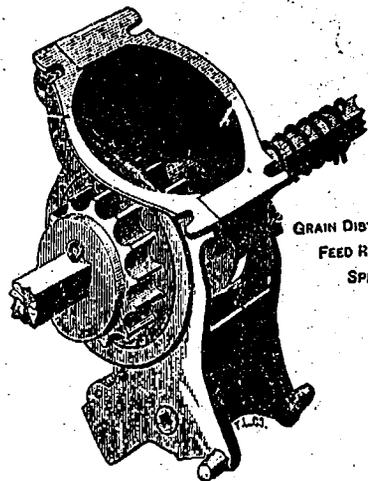
THIS ILLUSTRATES THE OPERATION OF THE PRESSURE LEVER. WHEN THE LEVER IS REVERSED IT LIFTS THE HOES FOR TRANSPORTATION, AS SHOWN BY THE DOTTED LINES.



HOW THE SAFETY DEVICE WORKS

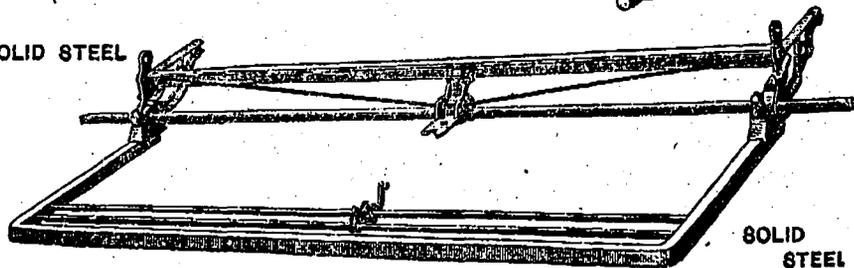


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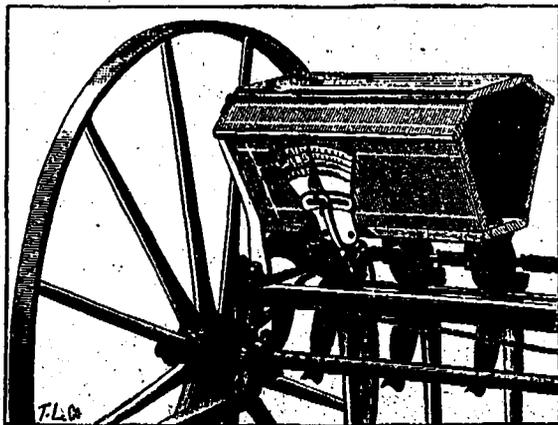
SOLID STEEL



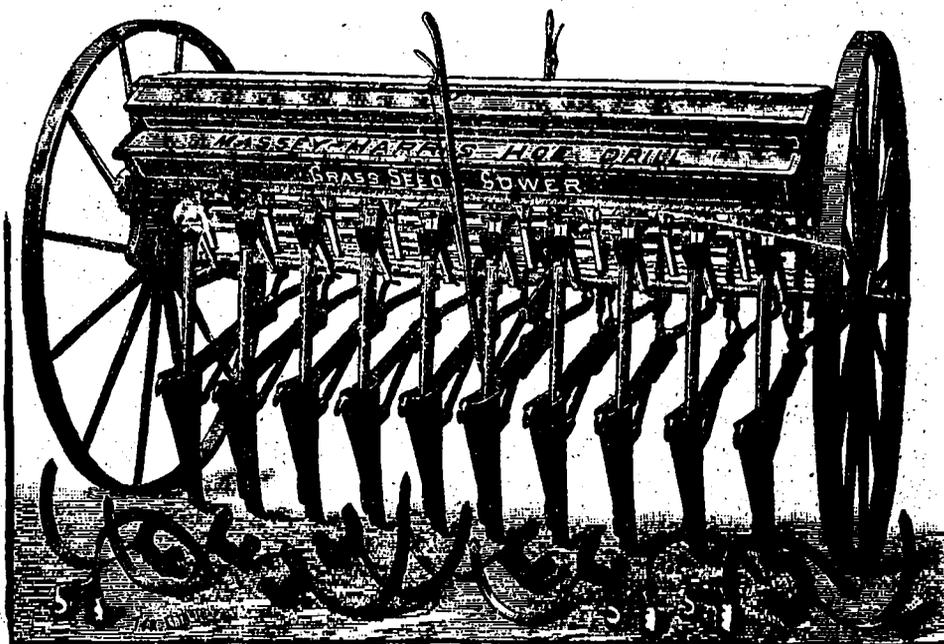
SOLID STEEL

**PERFECTION** has been more nearly achieved in this Combined Drill than any other.

The adjustments are so simple and complete. The change from Drilling to Broadcasting is so readily accomplished. The Teeth and Hoes can be interchanged so quickly and easily without any tools, or even slacking a nut. The Pressure Device is unsurpassed for utility. Its work is absolutely uniform.



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# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST, 1895.

[Vol. 7, No. 8.

## The Prisoner.

ALMOST any one would naturally stop and look over the twig fence at the farmhouse behind the row of Lombardy poplars and the pink azaleas. There was a neatness about the furrows, a fat, sleek contentment about the cattle in the pasture, and the brook under the willows was so pretty. Nevertheless, Adam Hull would have hurried past—for he was expecting to meet his wife at the station two miles away—had not a dog's howls smote his ears. He was a tender-hearted man with animals, and he stopped. His handsome, fair face darkened.

"Well, he is a mean man," he muttered; "if he ain't beating that dog I gave Aggie!"

But he reflected that the train would be due in half an hour, and shutting his ears he lifted the reins. Yet he didn't go on. Instead, with a flushed and knitted brow, he sprang out of the wagon and ran into the yard. The dog's sharp yelps had trailed off into whimpering cries. He lay on the ground, and over him stood a man with a whip, who, in turn, was clasped in the arms of a young woman. She thrust her slight figure between the man and the trembling beast.

"Whip us both, then!" she cried.

"Let go that dog!" the man said, not loudly, but with concentrated passion in his tones.

"I won't!"

"Then I'll make you."

"You coward?" sobbed the woman. "Oh, you mean, cruel coward!"

The man straightened himself up, and as he did so, shifted his whip from one hand to the other. Something flashed silver white when the right hand appeared again. "If you don't let go that dog and let me lick him for chasing chickens, I'll kill him!" said he.

The woman lifted her white face. "It isn't because he chased chickens that you want to kill him; it's because he loves me and I love him. You torment him to hurt me."

The man stood looking at her darkly. Adam hesitated. There were stories afloat about Ned Bruce's temper and his furious disregard of consequences when in a passion. "If he strikes her I'll interfere, gun or no gun!" thought Adam, lingering in the shadow of the poplars.

He did not strike her; he flung out his arms in a gesture of anguish, of anger, of rage dumb and impotent; then he strode away.

Only the sound of the woman's weeping and her broken words of pity and caressing to the dog were heard. "I shall have to, poor Jump," she sobbed; "I can't bear to see him abuse you so, day after day! There's where he threw the hot water on you just because you came into the kitchen. Poor Jump, good Jump! O, Jump, it won't hurt you if I kill you! It would be

"Don't feel so bad, Aggie," cried he, "Give me the dog; I'll take care of it!"

The woman lifted her pretty, tear-stained face and made a piteous effort at composure. "I am just as silly as I can be," she said. "Mr. Bruce wanted to whip him for chasing chickens, but I can't bear to have him punished, he howls so!" She rose to her feet as she

spoke and arranged her disordered dress. Very pretty she looked as she stood there, in her thin gown with its crumpled roses, and her cheeks the color of the printed flowers. But Adam Hull was not thinking of her beauty. Rather ruefully he asked; "Does he chase chickens bad, Aggie?"

"No, he never chased them before to-day," answered she. And he did not notice that her tone had changed; it was colder and quieter. "I think it was a mistake and just for fun to-day, for he went around the yard with me every day and he never bothered anything. But he is just young and playful."

"I guess he won't bother the chickens," Adam nodded, as if reassured. "He's the kind of dog a lady would get fond of, don't you think?" There was a note of irresolution in his voice masked by cheerfulness.

"Oh, yes," said Aggie, eagerly, "she couldn't help it. He knows tricks!"

Adam nodded again. "I guess you better let me take him home. I guess he sorter bothers Bruce."

Bruce, for his better convenience in thrashing the dog, had tied a rope to his collar; by that same rope Jump was led away, to be finally hoisted into Adam's wagon. Neither Adam nor Mrs. Bruce noticed that Bruce, behind the grape vines, directed a burning gaze on every motion.

Adam was now in a desperate hurry, and Agnes Bruce had no

time for more than a single glance at the wistful eyes of the hound.

"Thank you, Adam," was all she said, to which Adam responded in an embarrassed way, "Oh, that's all right, Aggie. Ella will drop in some time and tell you how he gets along!"

Then she was watching the dust and the whirling wheel spokes. Very soon she returned. There was supper to get in the house. The burden of her daily life sank more heavily,



me, no that it will hurt!" The tears were flowing unrestrained while the dog strove to comfort a grief he did not comprehend by wagging his tail and licking her face. Adam Hull stepped hastily forward. His wife afterward told him that he ought to have pretended to come from outside, after a decent interval and plenty of warning noise; but he blundered in, choking with sympathy.

more hopelessly down on her shrinking shoulders.

"I'd like to steal Ned's pistol and shoot myself," she muttered; "I don't believe it would be wicked—the way things are!"

She had begun to set the supper table, wondering drearily how she could ever have been so pleased as she was over the pretty table linen and the new china. "That was before I was married," she thought. "Oh, if girls only knew!"

But in general her state of mind was too stunned for even silent words. She crawled about the room, and, half of instinct, repeated every tidy, usual motion in preparing the table. Once or twice her mind strayed dully after Adam; but his presence, that had once been the centre of a young girl's romance, failed to move her now. "He was afraid of Ned," she thought, "and he was afraid his wife wouldn't like Jump. He never really cared for me. I wish I never had seen him. Maybe then I wouldn't have married Ned!"

Dizzily her thoughts crawled backward through her husband's courtship. First, it was Adam came to see her, driving out from the village, where he kept a store, to her father's farm. Those handsome greys that he was driving to-day used to know the way to Alfred Robbins's gate well enough to traverse it in the dark. One day he brought her a hound with long ears and beamy, dark eyes, so swift and agile of limb that Aggie called him Jump. More than once he brought her candy of a choicer sort than he sold in the store, the boxes decked with paper lace and a flattened pair of tin tongs, to Aggie a truly sumptuous offering.

Aggie's mother went about among the neighbors, incidentally mentioning Hull's presence in the house and his gifts to Aggie. The girl never remembered seeing her mother so cheerful. Mrs. Robbins was a gaunt woman, with more wrinkles than her years needed, an anxious eye and a stoop of the shoulders. By unremitting energy she had kept a thriftless husband's head above water, and, unwelcome as every one save the eldest had been, she had loved and tended all her great family. But Aggie was her idol, and to have her marry well, marry a man who could "do for her," as she expressed it, was the one vivid hope in her colorless life.

Aggie was nineteen, teaching school, and flinging her meagre salary into the hole of the family expenses. To nineteen the first lover who has straight eyes and a good coat on his back is gilded by romance into a hero.

Aggie regarded Adam's narrow shoulders, untanned cheeks and white hands with admiration. She saw how kind was his nature, and she had no doubt that she loved him.

But one Sunday night Adam did not come. Instead, Ned Bruce, who was her father's landlord, followed him into the kitchen. His dark face flushed as he greeted Aggie.

"What's the matter with him?" thought Aggie, carelessly. But he was a lenient landlord and she bestirred herself to help entertain him, although her ears ached, straining after every sound outside which might be twisted into the rattle of wheels. Bruce laughed loudly at her girlish pleasantries. He seemed uncommonly interested in her scholars. After a while, to do honor to the guest, a plate of apples was brought up; and Aggie's mother praised a certain tree in Bruce's orchard.

"They do taste good," said Bruce. "Say, Mrs. Robbins, let me send you over a barrel tomorrow."

The children's eyes were all shining. Each had been provided with half an apple, which



was rapidly disappearing. Mrs. Robbins said she wouldn't have children eat much just before they went to bed, there was nothing so unhealthy. The oldest boy sat near Bruce and furtively smoothed the fur cuffs of his overcoat. "I like you," he said, shyly.

The speech made Bruce redder again. "Well, that makes it even," said he, "for I like you." But he looked up and smiled at Aggie.

The next day the barrel of apples came. Casually, also, Bruce gave little Jonas a new pocket-knife with more blades in it than any Robbins boy had ever seen. Jonas was sure he was "an awful nice man," and frankly demanded of his sister why she wouldn't marry him instead of Adam.

"I'm not expecting to marry either of them," replied Aggie, tartly. Nevertheless, she experienced a certain gratitude toward Bruce because he had diverted her mother's thoughts from Adam's absence. She winced at the thought of her mother's disappointment. In fact she suffered more from the dread of that than from any wound in her own heart.

Since she was ten years old she had been her mother's confidant. She knew every small economy that was practised in the household. It was she who declined the meat always at supper—meat made her have bad dreams.

"Well, I don't see what's become of Adam," Mrs. Robbins did say a few times during the next fortnight, "seems to me he acts awful queer!" But before a fortnight was over an interview with Bruce had changed her approbation of Adam into irritated dread. She only feared now that Aggie cared for him, and she heard with actual relief of his attentions to Ella Rhodes.

"They do say," she told Aggie, "as how he has been courting Ella for a year, but they had a tiff of some sort and they've jist made it up. Mrs. Martin told me, I'm 'bout sure she jist wanted to be hateful. But I matched her. 'He's been awful attentive to Aggie,' says I, 'but I guess it was only tryin' to keep his mind took up. I hope so,' says I, 'seeing how Aggie has another beau she likes better—'"

Aggie's delicate cheek grew hot. "But you know I ain't, ma—"

"I know you have, Aggie. Ned Bruce spoke to me 'bout you this week, and he's a man

Adam can't hold a candle to. Look at the way he's done that farm since his pa died. He owns two big farms and our little one, and there ain't a more respected man. He could go to the Legislature any day if he'd only turn Democrat."

Two months later, Aggie married Bruce. To-day the first months of her married life were passing before her, unformed and shapeless, here a mist, there a startling, vivid scene. "He was good to me, for a while," she said to herself, "but then, they always are, they say, at first."

He was "awful kind," he really was, until that day he came back from town full of the gossip he had heard about her and Adam. He asked her about it, and he asked her in such a tone that she grew angry. And then—she had heard Ned had a temper, but she did not know what the words meant.

On the table stood the pretty cups and saucers sent her by Adam for a wedding present. One by one her husband hurled them savagely at the empty stove. She started up to save them, but he held her at arm's length with one iron hand, while the other wrecked cup after cup.

It was just as he turned away, the last saucer gone, that Jump crept into the room. A snarl, like a wild beast's, escaped Bruce. "He gave him to you—that's why you're so everlasting fond of that dog," he yelled. Remembering, Aggie put her hands before her eyes as if thus she could shut out the vision of the rage-distorted face of her husband, the brutal motion of his foot and the hound's body flying through the window.

That was the first outburst. She was too angry to reason. She locked herself in her room. He did not come to it; maybe because he had read the note she left downstairs. Did

she perchance hope that he would disregard her hot words and plead forgiveness? If so, she was disappointed. When she came down to breakfast she found the fire lighted and the milk strained as usual; and he was standing, very tall and strange looking, by the kitchen table.

"I just wanted to say one word to you," said he, not raising his eyes, glowering at the buckle on her belt. "You don't need to lock your door; I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole, now I know you think more of another man than you do of me!"

Aggie's lips parted, yet she did not speak. She did think more of Adam, who was always kind to beasts, than of this torturer of her dog. And while she hesitated, he darted at her one strange, tormented look and strode away.

Then began a woeful life. Ned threw himself doggedly into work. Most of the time he did not speak to her at all; but occasionally an excess of anger would possess him, making him almost like a maniac. He never laid his hands on her, but once he cruelly flogged Jump because he would not go back to the house at his command. Another time he flung boiling water on the dog for coming into the kitchen with muddy feet. He had said, the last time, that he didn't mean to hit the dog. The first time his only remark was, "That'll teach him to mind next time."

Yet he was not always unkind, though never pleasant and gentle any more. One day she found a great box on the table, and ranged beside it a dozen cups of the exact pattern and size of those that had been broken. A note was open on one of the cups. It read:

"These are as good as those that fellow gave. I would have sent them sooner, but they had to send away for them."

Aggie had experienced a movement of forgiveness, almost of attraction toward him. But at supper he bore the same lowering brow and rigid mouth that she had grown to fear, and her carefully-studied words of kindness ebbed away from her lips, as birds fly at the sight of a hunter's gun. Her hand held the new teacup toward him, trembling.

"I'm obliged for the cups," she said. Fear made her voice cold.

"That's all right," he said. In a minute he added, "Did you count them?"

"No," faltered she.

"There's two extra for those there, holding flowers," said he, "and I want them."

"Why, Ned," she asked, "what's the harm of keeping them?"

"No harm, maybe; it's jest my little notion." So saying, he made two strides to the window where pansies bloomed in a teacup lacking only a handle and a saucer with but a slight nick; cup and saucer he took up in his hand. First he dropped the cup on the newspaper which she saw had been spread on the floor, and ground his heel into plant and china until they were a shapeless mass; next, he flung down the saucer to splinter it, in the same fashion. Something in his face, in his cold fury, frightened his wife. She was silent.

"I don't want any of that fool's truck around!" said he, sitting down at the table. He ate in morose dumbness; but she noticed—what she might have noticed before, had she been older—that he showed her a certain deference and observance. Her plate was never empty that he did not proffer something to refill it. He lifted the heavy teakettle and poured the water into the dishpan after supper. He carried the pans of milk into the icehouse where they were kept. He always filled the icebox in the pantry and the woodbox in the kitchen. And until to-day she had at least kept her domestic misery to herself. In one respect, too, her husband had not disappointed her; his kindness to her people was all she had hoped it would be, and more. There had gone over to the farm, where her father lived rent free, a continual overflow from Bruce's plenty. Jonas had a colt of his own. Her mother had Brahmas and Plymouth Rock fowls among the barnyard plebians of the leaner days. She never wore but she continually gloried in a black silk

bought her by her son-in-law. Every time Aggie saw her mother's face, with its new look of placid satisfaction, she resolved afresh not to complain. And Bruce had helped her. Did Mrs. Robbins come, he would always detain her for the next meal. During the meal he might be grave, but he was neither cross nor sullen, and sometimes he spoke to Aggie almost in his old manner.

"There ain't no need of pestering the old lady with our bickerings," he said.

Afterward she wished she had thanked him for showing her that much consideration, but at the time her misery choked her.

She got up, restless in her agony, and began to walk the floor. As she passed the window, the pictures outside froze her into a state of chill fright. A peaceful picture a stranger might have called it—the old-fashioned garden flooded with tranquil, evening light, and darkly shaped against the glow, his figure rimmed by the setting sun, a man leaning on an axe handle. Over the fence clambered a dog with a weight dangling at his heels. The weight—which was such as is used to hold gentle horses—caught on the fence and kept the dog captive, writhing and howling. Aggie understood it all in a flash. Adam had let the dog out of the wagon while he was waiting for the train, and Jump had dragged his weight all the way home. Her heart was in her mouth, pounding her breath away, as she looked at the faithful, meek creature struggling to crawl up to the feet of the man with the axe.

"He'll kill him! He said he would kill him!" she said. Useless as she knew her intercession to be, she tottered to the door—and stopped.

A most amazing thing had happened. The axe lay on the ground and Ned was patting Jump's head. His hand slipped down to the dog's neck—Jump all the time wagging his tail so violently Aggie could hear the thumps on the ground—and strap and collar fell together.

Bruce waved his hand, saying something at which the hound bounded away, to burst through the spring door and jump joyously on his mistress.

Bruce remained, his head sunk on his breast, in the attitude of one pondering deeply. At last he shook himself and walked briskly up to his own door. He entered, but did not come into the dining room, going directly upstairs. She could hear him moving about in the chamber which he now occupied.

What did it mean? What would he do next? Memories stirred in her heart of the days when he had been kind, when she had not shrunk from him, when even a timid affection and a pride, that was very sweet, in his manly strength and daring had begun to console her. She brushed away thoughts and visions; she cried out that she hated him, and always hated him, but his eyes would seem to shine again as they had once or twice; she felt a kiss timid as passionate on her hair, and, in a mixture of feelings she could not understand, found the tears rolling down her cheeks. His step aroused her. He was passing through the hall. Hastily she dried her eyes. He did not come in. She saw him going through the yard, wearing the good clothes he always wore to town. "He is going to town; I am glad, I am glad," said she. And as she rose and went again to the window she repeated, "I am glad. I wish he'd stay."

But in a minute she had left the window and gone out on the piazza to ring the bell. "He ought to have something to eat before he goes"—so she excused her action to herself.

He was half way to the barn, where a hail had stopped him. Behind the honeysuckle Aggie unseen herself, could see Adam Hull's horses trotting up to the gate. In the wagon beside Adam sat his wife, shielding her new blue outing suit with her husband's linen duster, and slipping her arms out of the duster as she drew in sight of the house.

"She will have to know!" thought the poor wife. She lingered and did not step out; though why she waited she hardly knew. Bruce stepped up to the wagon. He spoke with perfect calmness and civility.

"I was just going to hunt you up, Hull. Good evening, Mrs. Hull." He removed his hat. "Say, Hull, the dog you took came back, and I was glad enough to see him. I got in one of my fool tempers at him for chasing a little sick chicken that's a pet and follows me about; and I wanted to cut the heart out of him. My wife punished me just right by giving him away. But I guess she punished herself, too; and, anyhow, when the feller came back, and, you might say, begged my pardon, I felt all-fired cheap—"

"Did he get back?" cried Mrs. Hull. "I told Adam that was where he'd gone."

"Yes, ma'am. He came back with the weight on him—couldn't keep him, and the happiest dog you ever saw to get back! Now, that's what I'm coming to. I'd like to buy that dog of you, Hull, I've a Hereford calf—"

Adam interposed hastily, with the warmth of a much-relieved man. "Oh, take him, you're welcome—you see, we keep chickens, too."

"We wouldn't have him for a gift if you ain't going to hurt him," chimed in Mrs. Hull.

"I shall never lick him again," said Bruce very sternly, "but look here, you've got to take that Hereford calf. Your wife can take it if you won't. Say, Mrs. Hull, just come over to the barn and look at it once!"

She accepted the calf, which Adam had fain declined; but she would not stay to supper. Ned and his wife ate the meal alone and almost in total silence. Neither of them had any appetite. After supper Ned, as usual, filled Aggie's dish pans and then went out in the yard. He was gone so long that the dishes were washed and his wife's brown head was bent over her sewing in a white halo of lamplight when he stood on the threshold.

He looked at her thus for a few moments—his handsome, dark face working—before he entered. He did not notice, being strongly moved, that she thrust her work into the basket near her; but he did notice her frightened eyes and how she half rose at his entrance, as if for a stranger. His mouth quivered a little. But when he spoke his voice was gentle and sad. "Aggie," said he, "when I get mad I don't know what I'm doing; and I got mad at Jump. I was angry at other things, too. I ain't—I ain't so angry now. I'm sorry. I bought the dog back from Hull. He ain't Hull's dog any more, he's mine. Will you take him for a present from me? I'll never lick him again. Will you?"

Aggie did not look up yet. "Yes, Ned," she said, and she added a timid "thank you."



"That's all right. May I sit down here a minute? What's that you got there, sewing?" He only said it to make talk; he was embarrassed, this young husband, before his estranged wife.

Before she could interpose he pulled the dainty bit of silk and flannel out of the basket. His face changed; his eyes flashed from his hand to her crimsoning face. Slowly the red dyed his own face. He could not speak; but she bent her head, and, not raising it, she lifted the basket and pushed it in front of him.

"Wait—wait a minute," he gasped, "I—I can't—I'll be back pretty soon."

Then she was alone, and he had rushed out into the night. She did not know how he felt; she did not know how she felt herself; but suddenly she found herself at the door calling his name. More than once she called before he came.

"Don't you be running and hollering and exciting yourself," he said, as he came up the steps, and he stood back until she should enter the house. He handed her a chair, but he remained on his feet, and during the conversation that followed sometimes he would walk up and down and sometimes lean over the back of the empty chair in which he had sat, and sometimes talk with his back to her, staring out of the window—in all postures or motions, showing an agitation that was plain likewise in his pallid face, and sombre eyes, and knitted brow, with the wet black hair dropping over it.

"Aggie, I've got to talk to you. I ain't much hope it will make you feel kindly to me, but I've got to try to make you feel you don't need to be afraid of me like you are! You don't know how I feel, Aggie. I've got to begin at the beginning. Aggie, I've been getting fonder and fonder of you for a year. You thought it was business, that I came over just for a few minutes to see your father. It wasn't; it was you. And at last I made up my mind I'd try to marry you. I knew Hull was waiting on you, but I didn't care; you had a right to choose your own beau. And I came and you married me. I knew you had done it as much because I could help out your family as because you liked me; but I hoped you'd get to like me. Sometimes—at first—he turned his black eyes; which were soft and wistful now, for a single glance at her—"it seemed like you were fond of me. Oh, Aggie, couldn't you see how I loved you then? I loved you so much I was 'fraid of you. But I did tell you, sometimes. I was so happy. You see since mother died I never had anybody to love me, and I didn't know how to say things to women folks. Mother thought everything of me, but she never petted me. I used to wish she would. And, of course, I knew lots of men, and I would get along all right with them, if I do get mad and charge around some. But I didn't know how to handle women folks. I used to ask your mother about what things you'd like to have, and then I'd hustle till I got them—"

"You were always generous, Ned; everybody said that," Aggie managed to say.

"But they all said, too, too, that I had a d— of a temper. That's true. That's what's making me fit to kill myself, I'm so miserable—"

"Oh, Ned!"

"Excuse me, Aggie; I didn't mean to swear—"

"Oh, not that, Ned; I meant—I felt sorry."

He halted in his nervous pacing of the floor. "That's kind of you, Aggie." There was the slightest break before the name, as if he had a tenderer word in his mind that he did not venture to use, but his wife was too agitated to observe. "Yes, I am as miserable a feller as there is anywhere out of the penitentiary, I guess. You saw that dog awhile ago, and the weight on him, holding him so he couldn't get away, not if I had come at him with my axe—well, Aggie, that's just my fix. I got this temper on me and I can't break away from it. Now see. I had it when I was a little feller; but I was the only one, and ma and pa didn't cure me. Sometimes they got mad at me and gave me a good whipping; but they might have whipped the life out of me before I'd give

in. So I guess they got discouraged; and then pa died, and I never crossed ma. I liked her so, and I was a hard worker, so it went on; she humored me, and I didn't often get mad. I truly never got mad at her. But I'd have these fits at other folks and at things. I was like a crazy man in them. Once, when I was a boy, I got mad at another boy, and I beat him so he was sick. He wasn't really very sick I guess; but I thought he was, and that they'd take me to jail and hang me if he died. I never said a word, but I had my little bundle ready for a week to run away. It didn't matter who it was, when the fit came on, that roused it up. The teacher, he tried to punish me once, and I bit and kicked and somehow got away so I could pull my knife. I'd have stabbed him if he'd tried to touch me. He sent me away from school, but he didn't hit me. That's how I'm so poorly educated. Once it was a horse that maddened me. I ain't often unkind to beasts—not very often—"

"I never saw you mean to anything except Jump," said Aggie.

He looked grateful. "That's good of you to say, Aggie. But once—once—I had a balky horse, and I got mad. He was worth \$150, but I pulled out a pistol and shot him dead. I was a fool to carry a pistol." He passed his hand over his forehead, tossing away the damp hair. "I'm just like Jump, Aggie. There's a weight I can't get rid of, holding me down. I run a little way; I pretend I'm free; but it always drags me down. I ain't a free man. I'm a prisoner!"

"No, you're not, Edward Bruce," cried his wife, rising: "you can conquer yourself if you will."

He was at the window, his back to her, and his answer came in a groan. "I thought I could down it. I thought I was free of the cursed thing. I didn't get mad once those two months. Then—then Mrs. Martin told me about Adam Hull's quarrel with Ella, and how he'd made it up; and it came over me that was why you married me—you were mad at him. And she spoke of seeing you and Adam at the postoffice, talking a long while, and—I know I'm a fool, but I remembered how you would go to town that mean, drizzly day—"

"But, Ned," interrupted Aggie, "it was to get ma's silk that came by express; her birthday was the next day, and she never had such a splendid present. It just happened I met Adam, and—and—I was thinking he never would have been so good to ma, and I was glad I had married you."

"And I spoiled it all," groaned the man. "Aggie, I've been in—never mind; that ain't what I set out to say; it was that this morning, when I saw Adam speaking to you, I run away. I didn't dare to stay, for if I'd seen he or you do a thing, like you cared for him, I knew I'd have killed him. I run, Aggie. I went out and chopped wood till I cooled down a little. But, Aggie, what I'm coming at is this: In the worst of it, I wouldn't have hurt you. I'd have

killed him if I'd seen you giving him one kind look; but I wouldn't have touched you. And, Aggie—if—if—you don't know how it makes me feel to think that maybe, sometime—when I saw what you were making—O, Aggie! you don't think, bad as I am, I could be cruel to a little child?"

As he spoke he turned his face to her, and something in it moved his wife as she never had been moved before.

"No, Ned, no!" she cried. He sank down on his knees before her and buried his head in the folds of her dress. His sobs shook him.

"Ned, it was my fault as much as yours," she answered. Indeed, in that moment she believed it was, for she had a generous nature. "And don't feel so bad. I'll help you get rid of—that weight you talk of, and I know I can, for I shall never be 'fraid of you again."

"You needn't be afraid, ever, Aggie dear," he said, "and you needn't be afraid, either, that I'm going to bother you, like I did at first. I'll keep my place."

But his wife, with her eyes shining, and a new, divine courage and trust in her heart, came up to him and laid her head on his breast.

"You won't bother," she whispered; "I guess I missed you all the time. And—dear, it will need us both!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years later a man, a woman and a very active little child were driving along the highway from Ned Bruce's farm to the village. Behind the wagon trotted a fat hound. Presently the man looked back. "I do think Jump's tired," he said, "shan't we let him in?"

"I'm 'fraid he's muddy," said the woman, dubiously. "Ned, you just spoil Jump!"

The man laughed and gave the woman, who was young and very pretty, a playful hug with his left arm. "And I spoil Baby, too, you say," said he; "how about you?"

"Oh, every one knows you spoil me!" returned the young woman, deftly removing the arm. "For shame, Ned, the Hulls are just behind; how it looks!"

"It looks as if I was a happy man, and I am," returned the man stoutly, patting the cheek of the child, who looked up laughing.

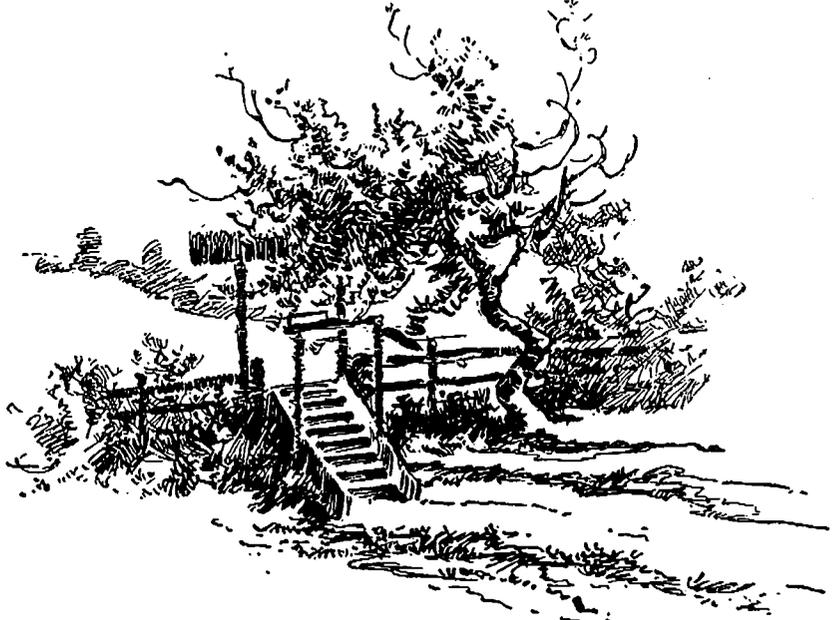
"She's got an awful sweet temper," he continued in a graver tone; "She's got her mother's nature and her ways. Aggie, I'm glad."

"I don't know," the wife answered. "Ned, I'd like her to be more like you."

"Temper and all? Aggie Bruce, I heard of the awful whopper you told at the sewing society."

"That you were the best-tempered man I knew?" said Aggie, fondly. "Ned, you are. Do you know, Ned, I wonder sometimes how you did master your temper the way you have."

Ned smiled. "I loved you, Aggie," said he, "and"—touching the rosy little face at his knee—"I loved her. You did it, not me. But"—drawing a deep breath—"it's been a big job and no mistake! And there's left plenty to do, still!"—*Midland Monthly*.



## Our Farm News Editor in Scotland.

AT THE INVERNESS FAIR.

THERE are two institutions, venerable on account of their antiquity and unique character, which are regarded by British farmers as indicators of the season's prices, and are greatly valued accordingly. They are the Wool Fair, held at Inverness; and the great Cattle and Industrial Show, the latter subject to the rules of itinerancy as to location, and held under the auspices of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. Both have their roots in far antiquity, and in character they are unique. The Wool Fair dates back far into the last century, to a time when the fallow pasture lands were, for the first time, put under the hoof of the droves of black cattle and the flocks of black-faced sheep. The honor of the men who were the principal factors in the trade was of so high a standard that the office of the scrivener was unknown, the sufficient bond being the word-of-mouth passed from seller to purchaser. And this was the more remarkable, as the goods vended were not in evidence at the time the transaction of purchase and sale was transacted. The wool, as a rule, would not have been shorn off the sheep when it was sold, nor were the sheep and cattle that were bought and sold, on the market ground, but grazing on the luscious pasture on the distant hills and valleys.

But a dishonorable transaction was for over half a century unknown, and when a suspicious case did arise, the parties concerned were so ostracised in business that they found it necessary to go to great trouble and expense to clear themselves, which they were eventually able to do and were restored to confidence. Well would it be for the farmers of any country who could point to such a unique record of business integrity and high morals. And the Wool Fair can still boast the old methods and the old honor. It was held last month and no one who could have seen the streets of Inverness during the three days of the Fair could have told the nature of the business of the Fair from the appearance of the crowd, for neither fleece nor hide, sheep nor cattle could be seen; but what were seen were thronged thoroughfares of stalwart farmers of Highland and Lowland origin, dressed in heavy worsted knickerbocker suits and tartan Highland costumes, with peaked caps or Glengarry bonnets; sturdy, stout fellows, with prosperity written across every countenance and an air of comfort which was most satisfactory to observe.

It has often been my fortune to attend gatherings of Canadian farmers at their granges, and latterly at their institutes and picnics, and my impression had ever been that a finer yeomanry the world had never produced. And, indeed, even the knickerbockers and kilts of the cream of the Scottish farmer have not caused me to change that view.

There were several things which my visit to the Wool Fair brought to my notice. First, the prices for wool and live stock were firmer and a considerable percentage higher than those of last year, and almost double the standard of a few years ago. High-water mark had been reached in 1877, and while this year's prices had not reached that point, they were

surging up pretty near. This was felt all round in sheep, cattle, and horses.

And here comes in a notable fact, viz., the English farmer attributes this rise in price to some extent to the restrictions placed on Canadian cattle at British ports of entry. The Scottish grazier does not agree with this, but the fact of its being made use of in England goes towards the confirmation of what the Canadian farmer has believed all along, that the restriction has been imposed, not because of the detection of contagious diseases in Canadian cattle, but because of the exigencies of British party politics.

It would pay the Canadian farmer to urge the Government at Ottawa to bestir itself in this question, and they could do so through the high commissioner's office by distributing authentic reports in Scotland setting forth the facts. For the graziers of Scotland have lost a good trade in the fattening of lean Canadian cattle, and they sympathize with the Canadian farmer on this question. I took advantage of two opportunities I had in publicly drawing attention to the question from this point of view, and I was astonished at the interest my remarks aroused.

The "Ordinaries" is the name given to the various formal dinners held during the days of the Fair. As the business of the Fair is conducted on the open street, or at the tables of drinking apartments in the hotels, there is no organized society nor directors for the formal arrangement of affairs. Hence a committee of citizens is appointed, who arrange the hour of dinner, the chairman and speakers for each dinner, and the toast list, which latter is usually a long and elaborate production. The royal family, the naval and military forces, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the provost and corporation, the industrial and commercial interests of the town, the Wool Fair, the various classes of cattle breeders, the sheep farmers, the wool buyers, the dairy interests, etc., etc., a list which would make President Withrow tremble and Manager Hill think the world had gone crazy. But this list the capaciously proportioned Britisher undertakes complacently, after having done justice to a dinner which has been the *chef d'œuvre* of the hotel for a year, at which real Glenlivet has been the favorite beverage, and which was begun at the unbusiness-like hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, just the hour when the great balloon ascent would begin at the Toronto Industrial. With the toast list comes the speaking, and it at least seldom fails to interest the listener. Among the British farmers there are good speakers. They know their problems and their bearing on the great public questions. They are experts in the intricacies of trade, and the hours devoted to oratory prove to be of great profit to the farmers of the country, for every word is carefully reported by stenographers, and the newspapers publish special Fair editions with the prices, the sales, and the speeches—an enterprise which is in every way praiseworthy and public-spirited, for the canvasser for advertisements is rigidly excluded from the Fair specials.

Just at the time of writing I have been attending the great show of the Highland Society, referred to above. When some of the British Agriculturists in the last century saw

the necessity of improving the agriculture of the country, a few noblemen and gentlemen induced the Highland Society, already in existence and influential, to encourage the spreading of scientific knowledge of farming by holding annual shows and offering substantial prizes.

The success of the society has been phenomenal. It has been at the root of much of the progress in farming to which the British farmer owes his proud position to-day. The annual show naturally draws the best men in the kingdom with their exhibits. There is not an importer of high class stock in Canada whose pedigrees are not rendered the more valuable by the prizes and diplomas of the Highland Society. There is not a manufacturer of implements for the farm who does not regard as a very high order of merit the Society's medals and commendations. This year the show was up to the usual standard in the essential points of a show, the object of which is the education of the farmer rather than the amusement of the multitude. The attendance was good, although it was held in the small town of Dumfries, and it was a real pleasure to inspect the thoroughbred Clydesdales, shorthorns, Galloways, polled angus, Ayrshires, and the various breeds of sheep. The implements were of particular interest to a Canadian visitor, for the best by a long way were those of Canadian manufacture, and it goes without saying that the pleasure was not lessened when the implements were those produced by the Massey-Harris Co., Ltd., Toronto. They really did the country credit and when I was able to gratify the curiosity of the many hard-headed borderers who made enquiries regarding them, and to tell them of the extent of the works, of the world-wide trade, and of the prices at which the harvesting machinery could be sold, their astonishment was as great as my patriotic satisfaction. The Canadian Government had an office on the grounds, with exhibits of products of the field and forest, and some literature. It appeared to me that they were reaching a good class of farmers, and dissipating some of the fallacies to which the misrepresentations of interested parties, and the disappointment of others, had subjected the Scottish farmer.

The chief feature of the show was the prime excellence of the live stock, about which, had space permitted, I could expiate. Next, was very noticeable the close attention paid by the visitors to the stock, implements and grains, etc., displayed. The townspeople as well as the farmers were interested in the show, that is, the substantial display of useful articles and live stock, not the acrobatic performances to be seen from the grand stand, for wonderful to relate there was neither a grand stand to accommodate the thousands of visitors, nor a circus nor a hippodrome, nor rope dancers, camels nor elephants; in short, no extraneous attractions to be gazed at and paid extra for by the curious crowd. It would have been a rather dull affair in a go-a-head, giddy country like Ontario, but there it was, with no such accessories as we have been made familiar with, and yet the show was successful with respect to exhibits and revenue, and to the main object for which such a show should be held.

The same friendly feeling for the Canadian farmer which I observed at the Wool Fair was noticeable at the show, and whatever may be the extremities to which politics may drive the British Government in connection with the cattle trade, the fraternal feeling now existing in Britain towards the Canadian agriculturists is one that will bear the stress of circumstances long before it can be weakened or broken.



### THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE.

Oh! the old swimmin' hole! where the creek so still and deep  
 Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,  
 And the gurgle of the water round the drift just below,  
 Sounded like the laugh of something we one't ust to know  
 Before we could remember anything but the eyes  
 Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;  
 But the merry days of youth is beyond our control,  
 And its hard to part forever with the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days  
 When the hum-drum of school made so many run-a-ways,  
 How pleasant was the journey down the old dusty lane,  
 Where the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plain  
 You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole,  
 They was lots 'o fun on hands at the old swimmin'-hole.  
 But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll  
 Like the rain that ust to dapple up the old swimmin'-hole.

There the bullrushes grewed, and the cattails so tall,  
 And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;  
 And it mottled the water with amber and gold  
 Tel the glad lillies rocked in the ripples that rolled;  
 And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by  
 Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky;  
 Or the wounded apple-blossom in the breezes' control  
 As it cut across some orchard to ards the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,  
 The scenes were all changed, like the change in my face;  
 The bridge of the railroad now covers the spot  
 Where the old divin'-log lays sunk and ferget.  
 And I stray down the banks where the trees ust to be—  
 But never again will there shade shelter me!  
 And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,  
 And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



### The Manitoba School Question.

It has invariably been the practice of this journal to refrain from expressing opinions on political questions, which may from time to

time be agitating the public mind. On questions of this kind it has always been our endeavor to maintain a strictly neutral position, but we have persistently reserved the right to comment upon existing facts, definitely established, especially when they relate to the well being of this country.

The Manitoba School question which is on the tapis just now, is one upon which there may be much difference of opinion as its correct mode of settlement, but one also about which there ought not to be any mistake concerning the harm that is being done Canada by the introduction of it into the field of politics.

Every true Canadian, who has the interests of this country at heart, must deprecate the bringing of religio-racial questions into the political arena.

That the raising of such cries is doing much to keep this country back and retard its growth there can be no disputing. We see this demonstrated in a thousand and one ways. By the bitter feeling which such questions create; by the unsettling of business, and by the intense hatred which is being engendered, causing a want of faith in the country. In these and in many other ways, too numerous to mention, are seen the disastrous consequences which follow the impolitic introduction of race and religious cries.

During the last ten years we have had a multiplicity of these questions brought before the electorate but the outcome of each has been identical. The history of such questions demonstrates that they are originated and called into existence for the sole purpose of advancing and keeping in prominence men who would otherwise have no weight or standing in the community whatsoever. We are convinced that these questions could be satisfactorily settled without recourse to politics at all if unscrupulous politicians would cease to use them as a means of catching votes; but these unprincipled men

are usually prepared to go any length in the advocacy of their violent and immoderate inventions quite regardless of the harm that is being done the country.

It cannot be the wish if any serious minded Canadian that we should be absorbed by the United States, and lose our national distinction and the numerous other advantages which the adoption of such a policy implies our parting with, but the course which many of our politicians are at present pursuing in bringing forward these questions of race and creed, is a sure one to bring about such a state of affairs.

By constantly arraigning the Protestant provinces against the Catholic ones; by continually opposing English Ontario to French Quebec; by perpetually antagonizing one religious denomination with another, the natural outcome must be that each will become so thoroughly disgusted with the hope of ever getting along with the other, that it will cast about for a means of escape from the supposed grievances that exist only in the fertile imaginations of those political humbugs whose creative faculties are certainly more extensive than their knowledge of truth and veracity. The escape, and the only escape, that will then present itself, will be assuredly annexation—a step that no Canadian in the possession of his normal faculties would think twice of advocating at the present day.

It should be the aim of every Canadian to strive to make this country big and great and powerful in the estimation of the nations of the world. It should be our endeavor to present a respectable appearance before strangers; for our future course, for some years at any rate, appears to be to endeavor to induce tourists and capitalists and men having money to pass through our land, in the hope that by so doing they may be induced to leave a portion of their wealth here behind them; of showing them the grand country we possess, in the belief that

they will be induced to invest their money in Canadian enterprises, thus providing occupation for our workmen, and a ready market for our farmers. To this end Canada proposes to build a fast Atlantic service. She is already in possession of the fastest Pacific service, and she controls a system of railways that is unequalled by any in the world. We should have every reason to believe then, that ours will be the popular route to and from the east and west.

But after attracting these speculations and men who often invest their money in enterprises that may be seriously embarrassed by uprisings and disputes, what must be their impression of us when they find us engaged principally in quarrels of race and creed, of sect and denomination? Why, simply that this would be an unsafe country in which to risk their wealth; that if we do not know how to mind our own affairs without causing bickerings and strife, we are not competent persons to manage and look after the important trusts which they would otherwise be willing to delegate to us. In this way Canada is suffering uninterruptedly, and must continue to suffer until such questions as the Manitoba School question cease to be used as stepping stones for the advancement of men to power and office for which they have not the slightest qualification, and whose capabilities consist principally in their thorough incapacity to perform anything likely to be of benefit to anyone but themselves.

We thoroughly believe that no other factor has operated to a greater degree, in retarding the growth of this country during the past ten years, than this practice of saturating our public questions with a spirit of hatred, sectarianism and malice. It is the merest cant to talk about elevating our politics in this way.

The proper course for the people of this country to pursue, irrespective of religion, race and creed, is to discountenance all such questions and discredit the narrow politicians who bring them forward. If the people will do that, and refuse to be cajoled into supporting such men and their schemes, the death note of much that is bad in our politics of to-day, shall have been sounded, and the country will receive a stimulus such as it has not known for many a day.

It lies within our power to silence these impostors completely; for the sake of Christianity and truth, for the sake of the country in which we live, for our own sake, let us make the effort; let us show these people who profess to be the friends of Canada, but who are really its worst enemies, that they can no longer trifle with the affairs of this country.

The Protestants of Canada, and the Catholics too, are not without faults of their own, that must needs be continually hunting in the eyes of their brother for the beam that is supposed to exist there.

This school question is one which directly concerns the agricultural community, especially in the Province of Manitoba, and all must be intent until it is finally settled one way or the other; but when at last is disposed of we shall expect the farmers to lend their support in crushing and keeping out of the field of politics questions of race and creed which are at present doing so much toward keeping this country back.

DURING the last decade, and especially, during the latter half of it, there has sprung up and prospered in this country an industry which bids fair to outdo many another of greater prestige and longer standing—we refer to the industry of bicycle manufacturing. Ten years ago, before the safety came into general use, the wheel was looked upon by rational people as an invention, the sole use of which was the amusement of the intrepid youth or the training of enthusiastic athletes, and one whose practical utility was very far from being apparent. But with the inception of the pneumatic tire, which is now an indispensable adjunct of the rightly constructed safety, there came a favorable change in the public estimation of the "silent steed" which has gradually

developed to a positive craze. To-day we see the professional and the business man, the agriculturalist and manufacturer, the mechanic and the man of letters, flying hither and thither on the erstwhile despised wheel so widespread has been the reaction in its favor and to such extensive proportions has its popularity grown. The benefit of this to the agricultural community may be seen in many ways, but in no particular instance is it so apparent as by the improvement which must eventuate in the condition of every country road. For the bicycle rider is a fastidious man and must have the best of highways to travel upon, nor does he care to ride upon roads which through oft recurring journeys have become familiar, and therefore void of interest to him; he must have fresh scenes to amuse and new roads to conquer, and if he be an enthusiast, he must penetrate to fields where no rider has been before. Where roads are bad to wheel upon he sees that they are put in a fit condition—sometimes at his own expense. The bicycle clubs of our large cities are influential concerns containing hundreds of members within their ranks, and are consequently in a position to effect these beneficent changes. Now a road that is bad for a bicycle to ride over, is usually unfit for travel of any kind, and hence it follows that the improving of any highway for the benefit of the cyclist must result in its being put in better shape for ordinary use. Thus, is the agriculturist in the enviable position of seeing his highways placed in the best possible condition at a minimum cost to himself, the contemplation of which must of course be gratifying to every rural inhabitant who knows how essential good roads are to the successful operation of his business. There is another way in which the bicycle cannot fail to be of service to the farmer, and that is, as a fast and ready means of communication between town and country. It often happens that a doctor is required at the very moment when the horses are away or at work at some distant point of the farm; delay in such cases is often fatal, but yet unavoidable if one does not possess the ready means of procuring one. With a wheel the agriculturist may get to town in a very short space of time, transact whatever business he desires, whether it be registering a letter, or arranging for a shipment of cattle, and return while the day is yet young, with his horses fresh to begin the morning work. Between distant parts of the farm or between farms lying miles apart, but which require daily inspection, the bicycle must prove of the greatest value in the saving of time, and as it consumes no food in the keeping, we may look to its general adoption by the economic and progressive farmers of this country.

THE result of the British elections came as a surprise to no one. It was a foregone conclusion that the Conservatives would carry the country, though it was hardly expected that they would control such a large majority of the seats as the latest returns indicate they will have in the new house. The retirement of Mr. Gladstone and the consequent dissensions which that was the means of creating had much to do towards bringing about the downfall of the Liberal party. To what extent the new government will grant relief to the agricultural classes, which, if we credit the reports that come from England concerning them, are in a deplorable condition there, remains to be seen. It will be a question of moment also, more especially to the farmers of this country, to watch what course the Salisbury government will pursue in regard to the embargo that was placed upon Canadian cattle by the late government. There is no doubt in the minds of all Canadians that the scheduling of Canadian cattle was a most unjust act and wholly unwarrantable by the facts, but whether we can make the new government look upon this question in the same light that we see it by and whether we can bring sufficient weight to bear to induce it to act is also an open question, the settlement of which must seriously affect the interests of the stock-raisers of this country.



1st.—Professor Huxley, the eminent English scientist, is dead... Dr. Buchanan, the wife murderer, was executed in Sing Sing... Mr. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, and Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, were re-elected without opposition.

2nd.—The Japanese have not advanced on Tai-Wau-Fu, Island of Formosa... The first meeting of Lord Salisbury's new Cabinet was held in Downing Street... In the town of Hamned, Sweden, lightning struck a building in which seven were killed.

3rd.—At a meeting of the Midlothian Liberal Association, held in Edinburgh, a letter of farewell was read from Mr. Gladstone... One hundred and sixty union cigar makers in Montreal have gone out on strike.

4th.—The bill ratifying the French treaty was read a third time in the Dominion House of Commons... The School question continues to excite great interest in Montreal.

5th.—The number of sheep inspected for shipment at Montreal to the end of June was 18,729; cattle, 29,830; horses, 4,440, and of swine 128... Dr. Montague, Secretary of State, has reduced his staff.

6th.—The Pullman Palace Car Company has advanced the wages of its employes ten per cent... Thirty houses were washed away and ten people killed by a flood at Winona, Springfield, Miss... Five cloth mills situated near Leeds have been closed.

8th.—A subscription in aid of Irish Home Rule has been started in Montreal... William Barnes, broker, Woodstock, Ont., is dead.

9th.—Fire has destroyed two hundred and thirty houses in the town of Sanbrow, Poland... The new general hospital at Woodstock, Ont., has been opened... Mr. Jacob Wismer, one of the oldest pioneers of Markham township, is dead.

10th.—Severe earthquake shocks have been experienced in the Caspian and Ural districts of Russia... Fire in a livery stable in Detroit resulted in the death of five people... Since 1868 the foreign trade of Japan has increased tenfold.

11th.—The convention of the Christian Endeavourers opened in Boston... Pte. Francis O'Brien, of No. 1 Company, R.R.C.I., London, Ont., committed suicide.

12th.—Dr. McDonald, of Huron, was presented with a silver-headed umbrella by his fellow Liberals... The celebration of the twelfth throughout Ontario was held with great enthusiasm.

13th.—The Globe Hotel, Winnipeg, was destroyed by fire... Emperor William had a good time in Sweden... By a collision between a City of Toronto electric car and a Scarboro' electric car, James Stewart, aged eleven, and Frank Townsend, aged thirteen, received injuries from which they died.

15th.—William Alleyne Cecil, the third Marquis of Exeter, is dead... The War Department of the United States has decided to abandon Fort Pembina... The Canadian passenger steamer *America* ran aground off Rock Island.

16th.—Captain John Saunders, of Kingston, was accidentally drowned at Ogdensburg... Pierce forest fires are raging at Telegraph Bay, Victoria, B.C.

17th.—The Fortieth Annual Communication of the Masonic Grand Lodge commenced its session in Toronto... John Gray and his wife have been committed for trial for the murder of David Scollie.

18th.—The Pan-American Congress held its first session in Toronto... Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Walter Besant and sixteen others were knighted by the queen... The Sir John McDonald statue for the city of Kingston has been shipped from England.

19th.—Mrs. Pictzel visited the city morgue, Toronto, and positively identified the bodies of the two girls found in the cellar of the Vincent Street house as those of her two daughters.

21st.—At the National Rifle Association meet at Bisley, England, Private Hayhurst, of the 13th Battalion, Hamilton, Ont., won her Majesty the Queen's Prize.

22nd.—Fifteen thousand dollars has been subscribed for the testimonial to Dr. W. G. Grace... Prof. Rudolph Grelst, Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Berlin, is dead.

23rd.—William Chambers, a Waterloo veteran, died at Chatham, Ont., aged 108 years... Robert Bateman, a milk-collector at Collingwood, was struck by a train, while crossing the railway track, and killed.

24th.—Fourteen persons were killed by the explosion of a boiler in a mill at Seux... The Humane Society of Pittsburgh has decided that young girls must cease selling papers on the streets.

25th.—The Right Rev. Anthony Wilson Thorold, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, is dead.

26th.—Three boys, aged 8, 9, and 10 years, were drowned at Chatham, Ont.

27th.—Mr. James McIvor, a well known resident of Kildonan, Man., is dead.

29th.—The volunteers of Montreal decided to give a reception to Hayhurst, winner of the Queen's Prize at Bisley.

30th.—The Territorial Exhibition at Regina opened... The sixty-sixth meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America at Halifax, N.S., opened.

31st.—The Cornwall canal re-opened after the break.



Budding Peach Trees.

MR. HERBERT W. MUMFORD, writing in the American Agriculturist, gives some apt suggestions as to budding peach trees. The pits, he says, should be first subjected to the action of frost in order to secure prompt germination. This process is known among nursery growers as "stratifying the seed." The seed is frequently planted in the spring before it sprouts, by scattering the pits and covering them with light soil to a depth of about two inches, following with the roller or other tool to firm the soil. The young stocks should be cultivated often to secure an even and vigorous growth; especially is this necessary in dry seasons. These seedling stocks often get a half inch in diameter by September of the first season, and are then of a good size for budding. Budding should, as a rule, be done two weeks before the growth stops; a favorable time is during the latter part of August and the first half of September. Good results have, however, been obtained by budding as late as October. Buds from bearing trees are most reliable, yet buds taken from younger trees are preferable, being more easily obtained and more vigorous. The buds from near the upper or lower end of the cion should not be used. Care should be taken to select only healthy, plump and well-ripened buds. The leaves should be promptly removed from the cions as soon as cut, leaving only about one-quarter of the leaf-stem as a convenient handle to use in inserting the buds.

A T-shaped cut is made in the bark of the seedling stock, about three or four inches from the ground, taking care not to injure the bark more than is absolutely necessary. Take the leaf stalk—left on the bud for this purpose—between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and insert it in the cut in the bark of the stock, pushing it down until the upper edge of the bud is slightly below the horizontal cut of the stock. The stock should now be wrapped snugly with raffia, two to four times around the stock below the bud, and about three times above it. Unless this is thoroughly done so that union with the stock cannot take place. After two or three weeks the bands should be cut on all stocks where the buds have taken. The illustration gives a clear idea of the entire budding process. At a is seen a cion, at b and c buds, at d a budding knife, at e a bud inserted and wrapped, and at f the seedling stock.

Fantastic Tree Growths.

THE old adage, "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined," has more truth in it than most of the old sayings. The growth of trees and plants, especially if they are of striking form or

FANTASTIC TREE GROWTHS.

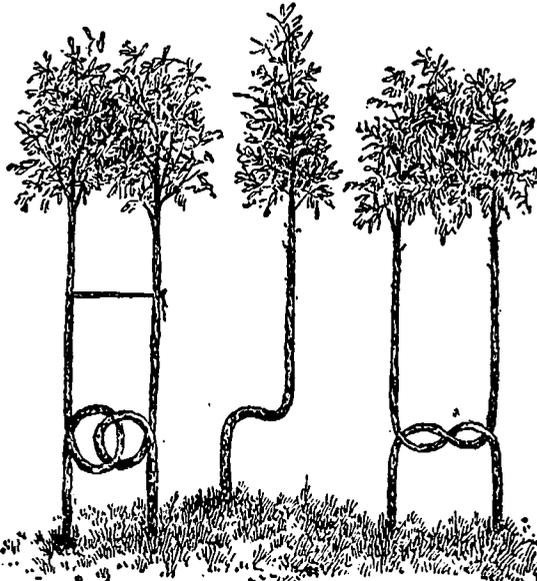


FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

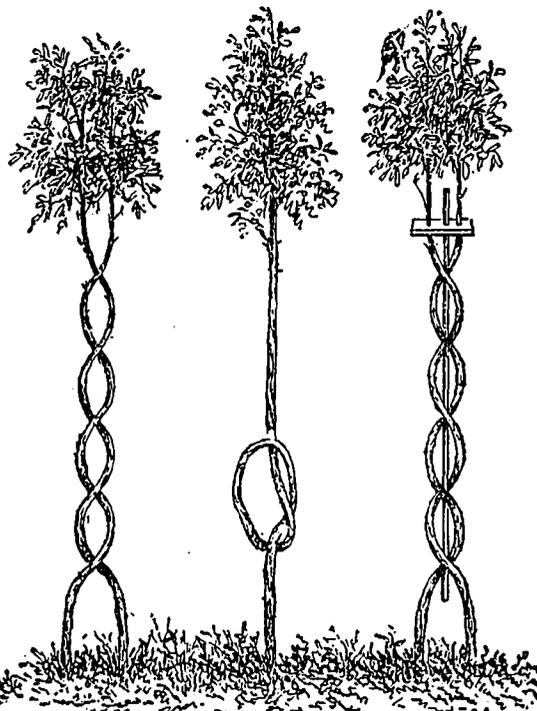


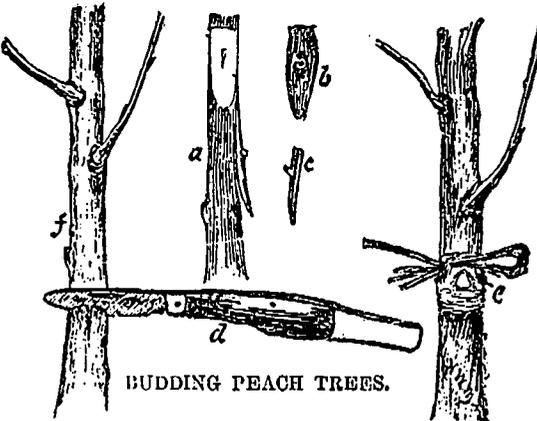
FIG. 4. FIG. 5. FIG. 6.

color, interests all country residents. Various forms of peculiar tree growth are clearly shown in the illustrations. Some kinds of young trees may be shaped into almost any form desired. This work is best done in the nursery rows, where there is plenty of material to select from; yet on many farms, there is a hedge row in which plum, cherry, and other sprouts grow unmolested, furnishing good subjects for experiment if a few curiosities are desired.

To produce the form shown in Fig. 1, select two young shoots, bending them as in the engraving, and tying their tops together so that the stems are parallel. That in Fig. 2 can be produced by bending the stem over the frame, or by driving stakes and tying in the shape desired. This knee, or bench shape, should be placed within a foot of the ground, and is adapted for an apple tree planted near the house so that the horizontal portion may serve for an out-door seat. For Fig. 3, select two last season's sprouts, growing about two feet apart, tie them in a knot as indicated, bend the tops upward, tying them together so that they will assume an upright position, and after one season's growth, these and the other forms will retain their position without tying. To produce the form in Fig. 4, the sprouts should grow within eight inches of each other, and are simply twisted together. Stakes should be driven at each side, and the tops tied together to prevent untwisting. That in Fig. 5 is quickly made, but care must be taken not to make the loop too small. In Fig. 6, an iron rod, or tough round wooden stick, three quarters of an inch in diameter, is placed upright, and the sprouts are twisted about it. At the top a strip of board with three holes in it is placed at the point shown in the illustration. Other forms of growth can be obtained, but the foregoing are the simplest, and are easily produced. If tied low, the form in Fig. 3 will give an excellent rest, and is one of the most desirable shapes shown, for if one of the trees should die, the one remaining will still serve its purpose and furnish a good seat.—S. Penter.

Blanching Celery.

THE new celery culture does away, to a certain extent, with artificial blanching, but many people do not follow this method of close planting; while, moreover, some kinds of celery will not blanch, even with close planting, unless banked by earth, boards or something of the sort. Earth is objectionable in many cases, while the use of boards is expensive and cumbersome if one's celery rows are somewhat extensive. The accompanying illustration shows a device that may be found useful. The cheapest of cotton cloth is bought and torn into strips of the required width, when it may be hemmed upon a sewing machine. The whole, when dipped in a ten-cent package of black dye, is ready to be tacked upon slender sticks, sharpened at one end. It is a simple and very easy matter then to place these strips of cloth along the sides of the celery rows, turning at the end and going back upon the other side of the row. Sufficient shade may perhaps be afforded in most cases without dyeing the white cloth.



BUDDING PEACH TREES.

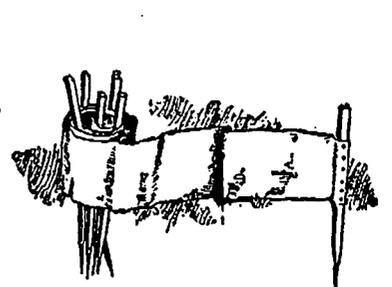
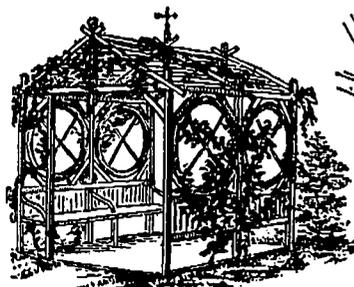
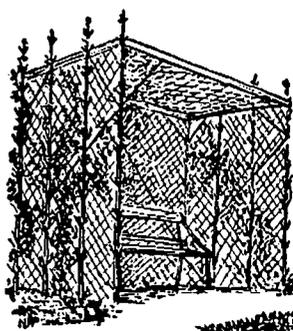
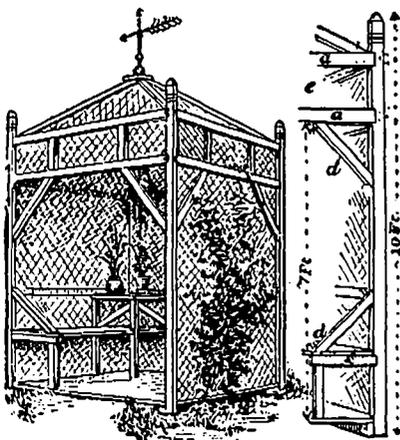


FIG. 2.—LIGHT FRAME SUMMER HOUSE.

FIG. 1.—RUSTIC BOWER.

FIG. 3.—ARTISTIC GRAPE ARBOR.

BLANCHING CELERY.

### Cheap and Neat Summer Houses.

A FEW designs for summer houses and arbors will perhaps serve to bring some added grace to the grounds about the farmer's home. The easiest summer house to construct is a half rustic bower, Fig. 1, suited for a quiet nook at the foot of the garden, or alongside of the fence, or in the orchard, as its simple square form is not so pleasant to the eye in a more conspicuous place. To build this requires eight small straight tree trunks or poles, cut about eight feet long; trim off the limbs about five inches from the trunk, strip off all the bark, and when dry paint them; or leave the bark on for a more rustic effect. Mark out a space on the ground four by eight feet and set the poles carefully in post-holes, fifteen inches deep, along the ends of the plot; then nail together firmly an oblong frame made of inch boards four inches wide, the sides being eight feet long and the end pieces four feet; raise this seven feet from the ground, and fasten the poles securely to it with nails or staples. Cover the top with wire fence netting. Train heavy vines like the Wistaria or Woodbine upon the poles and lighter ones along the netting.

ANOTHER summer house, Fig. 2, is constructed with a light frame of four inch square and two by four inch scantling with floor, table and seat of one and one-half inch planks, all of planed lumber. The size of the floor are seven and one-half feet each way; at the corners lay some good foundations of heavy stones, and level them up to about the surface of the ground; upon these foundations will rest the two sill pieces, mortised out at the ends to receive the posts. The sides of the house may be framed together before erecting according to the diagram given (Fig. 2), afterwards putting in the cross-pieces and braces of the front and rear framework and finishing with the roof-frame; make the mortises in the seven and one-half foot corner posts one inch deep to receive the cross pieces of scantling *a a* seven feet in length. The piece *b* is eleven inches long and *c c* seventeen inches; *d d* are mitered off from an extreme length of twenty-two inches.

ANOTHER design (Fig. 3) is appropriate for a grape arbor or to train heavy vines of any kind upon its sides and roof. This is framed together of six scantling posts, with an extra one set in afterwards at each end of the seat, and strips of inch boards three inches wide. The floor area is six by eight feet; the back of the seat and a similar section opposite are made of strips of board with narrow laths between; the height of the roof above these panels is four feet. The general construction is easily understood, as the frame is mostly of overlapping strips of board, measured according to the location. Transverse laths cover the roof. After the braces are set in to form the octagonal panels in each side, take one-fourth inch strips, one inch wide and twelve and one-fourth feet long, bend and fix them into the frame, forming the circles in the design; after securing one such hoop in place fit another inside this, very closely, to strengthen and make the curves even. This arbor makes an attractive feature in any part of the grounds. Any one of these houses will last several years, if well painted and cared for. They should always be placed on ground naturally well drained, and will doubly repay the cost and labor required to construct them, in the enjoyment derived by all the members of the family.—*D. Comings.*

### Live Stock.

If a few acres of Dwarf Essex rape are sown for the sheep to graze off in autumn, when the pasture fields are eaten close, it will furnish a vast amount of excellent food when needed most.

FREQUENT change of pasture is of great benefit to sheep, and is to be recommended even though they have to be removed from a field where the grass is good into one where it is poor.

IN the event a cow does not give down her milk, the best scheme, because so easily carried out, is to lay a weight across the loins, such as a heavy chain or a bag with sand in it. Or to divert her attention it might be well to give her a particularly appetizing food.

WHEN a heifer has a teat from which no milk can be drawn, it is possible that no change can be effected, but it is recommended that a milking tube be used, inserting at the same time a small quantity of extract of belladonna into the teat at natural opening.

THE entire flock should be carefully dipped a few days after being shorn, and again in autumn before going into winter quarters, as it does not pay to fatten ticks, and any good dip will improve the health of the sheep and increase the quantity and promote the growth of the wool.

It is often true that simply a lack of pure, clean water causes loss, varying in degree from loss of one animal to that of the plague and annihilation of a herd. Pure, clean water for drinking, in the hog yards, into which the pigs, even, cannot wallow, and which flows cool and fresh from spring or fountain, at a temperature which the animal relishes the soothing draught during the hot and dusty weather of a good share of the year, has value incalculable.

ALL swamps and stagnant pools should be either thoroughly drained or fenced in so that the sheep cannot get to them. The earth and manure from under trees where sheep are continually lying through the hot days of summer should be removed down to the solid clay, and spread over truck patch or garden, as it is almost sure to contain the larvæ of parasites injurious to the flock; and it is not good for them to lie long upon their own accumulated filth.

Good quality of stock, in fact, the best to be obtained, is required for uniform success in meat production. Breeding and feeding, when conducted intelligently, are prime factors in good results. There is always a defect in the one or other or both, if good quality is not realized. In machinery, often a single "nut" lacking renders powerless the whole effort of the craft and crew. With live stock a single point lacking in the proper make-up of the sire in a herd, may mean the loss of all profit on a herd for the season, and even more than this.

DEFECTIVE form in the pigs is, however, not a complete bar to average success if one is master of the feeder's art. During the next six months the question of profit and loss hinges on feeding and management. Having secured all the seemingly important articles of food, without the important small quantity of flax seed products (or an equivalent—difficult to name) the element of profit is liable to be lacking in the returns when the hogs are marketed. Without a factor to regulate and invigorate the digestion, waste often attends feeding.

SUMMER is here, and so will be stagnant water, mire holes, contaminated, dusty stables, fields without shade, filthy yards, full of worms and miasmatic poison, which will bring a procession of diseases, including lame loins and stiff limbs. And if I were possessed of all the veterinary science known, I would not be able

to remedy by prescription the damage these things do. But now give the stiff and sick pigs a warm and easily digested food, to repair digestion, and for stiffness of joints give saleratus, or same saltpetre, and write over the door of every hog pen: "Constipation is the first step towards disease, and proper feeding will prevent it."—*Ex.*

IN '88 I had a herd of horned cows (says W. L. Anderson, in *Orange Judd Farmer*) I did not want to cut off their horns, but determined to get rid of them in some manner. I bred them to a polled bull whose mother was a horned cow. To my surprise but one in ten had horns. In '91 I had a fine herd of polled heifers, having sold all my horned cattle. These polled heifers thus produced from horned mothers by a bull from a horned mother never have had a horned calf, although all my bulls have been from horned mothers. This shows how easy it is to breed off horns. True, it takes time, yet I think it the best way. In my experience I find horned cattle require as much again stable room as polls, for I herd all my young cattle in a large pen, like sheep, until they are ready to drop their first calves. All the older cattle are kept in another shed in the same way unless I milk them; then for convenience I put them in stalls. They gather at the feed troughs as thick as they can crowd, none disturbing the others. It is not one-fourth the labor to stable them since I use no chains, stanchions or halters. None are vicious or wild, though some of their horned mothers were.

### The Poultry Yard.

A board floor is best for young ducklings, as dampness is apt to give the cramps.

THROW air-slacked lime in the chick coops. It will act as a disinfectant and vermin destroyer.

THERE may be farms that are too far from market for profitable poultry breeding. Every farm, however, should have plenty of poultry for the table.

SMALL waste potatoes, boiled or steamed till soft, form a cheap and useful occasional food; but the fowls soon become tired of them, and they should only be used at intervals.

WATER fowl, ducks, geese, etc., do not require large bodies of water, as has been generally supposed. Some of the most successful duck raisers provide no water save for drinking.

TURKEYS require and must have a considerable range, and they must also be allowed full liberty with their young after they begin to feather, else they will surely not be kept in good health. The same may be said of pea and guinea fowl.

SCIENTIFIC analysis tells us, says the *Farmer's Guide*, that there is as much nutriment in a new laid egg as in a four ounce mutton chop. It is unwise, therefore, to neglect the fowls and feed them nothing but worthless screenings. The birds must more than live.

SUCCESS in all kinds of business is secured by attention to details. The man who succeeds usually acquires his impressions and habits in youth, and where is there a branch of industry so well calculated to stimulate a boy, and which will impress him with the importance of attending to every particular department of the business more than raising poultry.



### The Wild Turkey.

THE Wild Turkey (*Meleagris Gallopavo*), the origin of our domestic turkey, was once common throughout Ontario and the United States, but it has so diminished in numbers as settlements increased that it is now rarely seen in the Eastern and Middle States. It is still found, though in yearly decreasing numbers, in Western Ontario, west of the Ohio, and some few in the South and far West. Audubon and Thompson say this bird was found in the southern part of Vermont, but most likely it never bred there, and it is extremely doubtful if any stragglers even are left there now.

The turkey was sent from Mexico to Spain in the sixteenth century, and was introduced into England, France and other parts of Europe about the same time. Its bill is yellowish-brown, shortish, rather obtuse, covered with membrane at the base; head small, flattened above with a blue and red conical, pendulous, erectile caruncle on the forehead. Neck, slender; body, short; feet, longish and strong; hind toe elevated half the length of lateral toes, which are much shorter than the middle one. Legs and toes light purplish red; a conical, obtuse spur on tarsus.

Conical papilla of the forehead rugose, sparsely covered with bristles. The skin of the head and neck is of various tints of blue and purple; the wattles of the latter are bright red, changing to blue. Plumage, short, compact, glossy, with metallic reflection. Feathers, double, generally oblong and truncated. A pendulous tuft of long, brownish-black bristles from the upper part of breast. Thighs, shortish, convex, rounded. Tail, long, rounded of eighteen broad, rounded feathers, capable of being erected and expanded in a prominent manner when the bird is excited, and reaching nearly to the ground when the bird is standing erect at rest.

Upper part of back and wings, yellowish-brown, of a metallic lustre, changing to deep purple; tips of feathers broadly edged with velvet black; large quill coverts, same color but more bronzed; primaries dusky banded with white; lower part of back and tail coverts deep chestnut, banded with green and black. Tail feathers same color, bronzed undulatingly and sprinkled with black, with broad, blackish bar at tip. Under parts, duller; abdomen and thighs, brownish-gray, under tail coverts, blackish, glossed with bronze; tip, bright reddish-brown. Length of male four feet. The female is considerably smaller, having smaller wattles on neck and the tuft on breast small and only on the old ones; color of plumage duller, lower parts brownish-black. The young, before fledged, are pale brownish-yellow, pale yellowish-gray below.

The female makes her nest in some secluded spot and is very guarded in her approaches to it, seldom using the same route twice in succession, and if discovered uses various wiles to draw the intruder from the spot. As soon as the young are hatched she takes them under her charge, and they go wandering about to great distances, at first avoiding marshy places, and returning home at night; but after a little their journeys are increased and they spend the night wherever they can find agreeable roosting places.

The turkey is a very migratory bird, and in its tamed state gives no small trouble to its owner on this account. Audubon thus describes one of these migrations:—"About the beginning of October, when scarcely any of the seeds and fruits have fallen from the trees, these birds assemble in flocks and gradually move toward the rich bottom lands of the Ohio

and Mississippi. The males, or, as they are more commonly called, the gobblers, assemble in parties from ten to a hundred, and search for food apart from the females, while the latter are seen either advancing singly, each with its brood of young, then about two-thirds grown, or in union with other families, forming parties often amounting to seventy or eighty individuals, all intent on shunning the old cocks, who, when the young birds have attained this size, will fight with and often destroy them by repeated blows on the head. Old and young, however, all move in the same course, and on foot, unless their progress is stopped by a river or the hunter's dog force them to take wing. When they come upon a river, they betake themselves to the highest eminence and there often remain a whole day and sometimes two, as if for the purpose of consultation.

"At length, when all around is quiet, the whole party mount to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal consisting of a single cluck given by a leader, the flock takes flight for the opposite shore. The old and fat birds get easily over, even should the river be a mile in width, but the younger and less robust frequently fall into the water—not to drown, however, as might be imagined; they bring their wings close to their body, spread out their tail as a support, and, striking out their legs with great vigor, proceed rapidly towards the shore, and, approaching which, should they find it too steep for landing, they cease their exertions for a few moments, float down the stream until they come to an accessible part, and by a violent effort generally extricate themselves from the water. It is remarkable that immediately after crossing a large stream they ramble about for some time as if bewildered. In this state they fall an easy prey to the hunter."

There appears to be no very sportsmanlike means employed in hunting wild turkeys, the commonest modes of killing them being shooting them on their roosts in moonlight nights and decoying them up to an ambush by imitating their cry with a call made of the pinion-bone of this bird. Enormous bags are sometimes made by both methods, and they are also trapped in various ways. Frank Forester says, "The nearest approach to fairness, or sport, that is ever attempted with regard to these birds, is to train a part yelping cur, or terrier, to run at them on full cry, flush them, and after forcing

them to rise in different directions, chase them, still yelping, to the trees, on which they alight, and out of which the hunter picks them one by one with his rifle or BB shot." In his *Sportsman's Manual* he speaks of their being hunted with beagles, the sportsmen being mounted on active ponies. The little hounds force the birds to take wing and they are shot flying, or from the trees on which they take refuge.

### Thackeray and His Daughters.

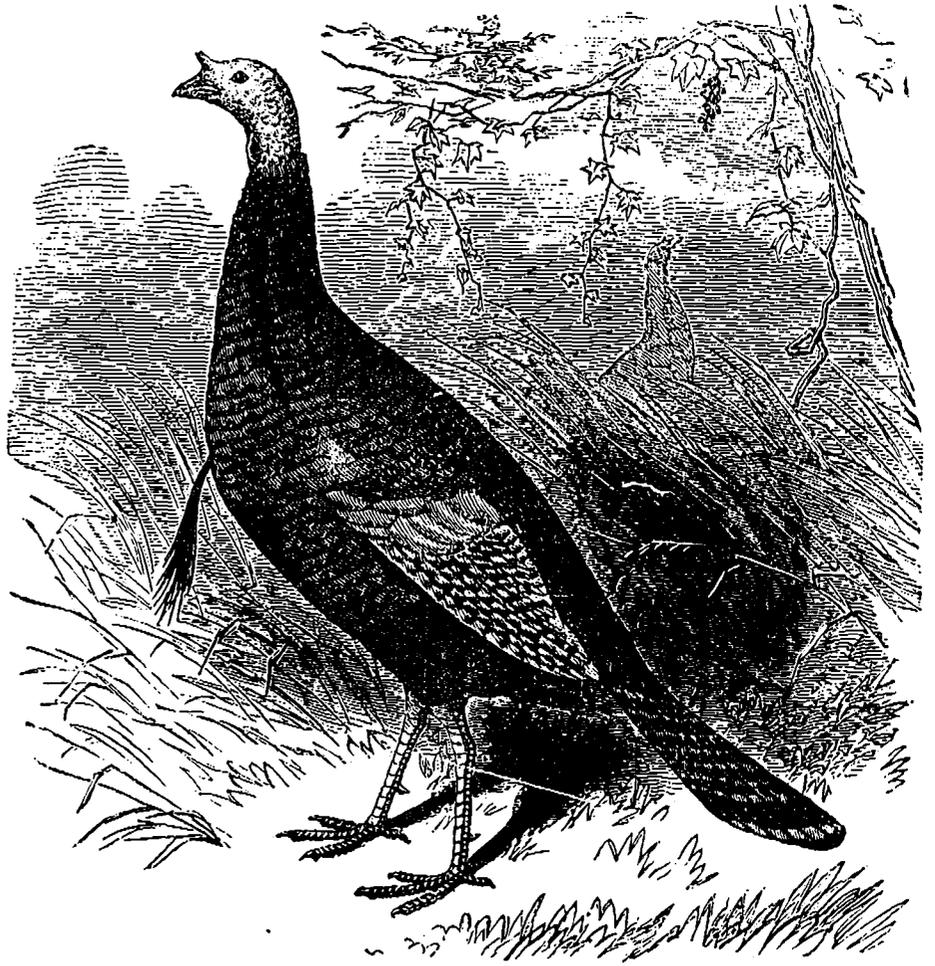
THE more Mrs. Ritchie—Thackeray's daughter Anne—gives to the public of her early recollections, the more it becomes evident that her famous father was at his best and most delightful in the company of his children, who gave him in return an adoring and admiring affection, and considered him the most wise and wonderful of men.

In a recent magazine article she describes the journey of the great novelist into Italy with his two little girls. The delights of travel began at Marseilles, where the eager eyes of the children gazed in excited bewilderment upon the streams of strange people—Turks, Jews, Frenchmen and Italian sailors, who passed them in gay and novel garb, chattering, laughing and quarrelling in the streets.

They went down to the wharves to see the shipping, and she remembers how a barge laden with heaps of great golden onions floated past upon the bright blue water, guided by a lone woman in picturesque blue rags; and how Thackeray exclaimed:

"There goes the Lady of Shalott!"

"We knew nothing of onions and very little of Tennyson in those days," says Mrs. Ritchie, and it was not until he had explained to them that shalot was a kind of an onion that they were able to understand the pun and the fun; for they did not know enough of Tennyson to have read the poem whose marvellous flowing melody has charmed many children younger than they, too young often to understand anything of it beyond its music. When at last the comparison dawned on them of the mystic lady's melancholy voyage, and the progress of the woman with the onions, they "in his little joke feeling that nobody ever thought of such droll things as he did."





**Baby's Bib.**

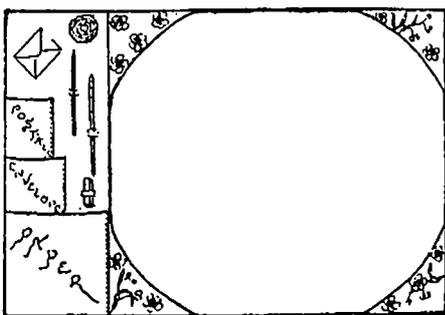
A BIB appears to be quite an important feature to a baby's wardrobe nowadays, and a freshly laundered one certainly adds to the little one's appearance, and often saves the necessity of changing a slip. The linen ones are inexpensive and easily made. The heavy soft linen is used for this purpose, the edge finished with a buttonhole stitch done in white linen. The ordinary bib pattern can be varied by cutting the edge in different designs, some in the leaf point pattern, others scalloped or left plain and worked in an irregular stitch. "Baby" or some conventional design can be outlined on with linen if desired. A tiny pearl button and loop is used to fasten it around the neck. For more elaborate bibs to be worn over a coat, a large white silk handkerchief cut in two diagonally with a slit cut in middle of the bias edge two inches deep, hemmed with the briar stitch and trimmed with lace, will found very pretty, dainty, and easily made.

**Lap Tablet.**

A WRITING pad that can be carried about and used on the lap, will be found very convenient, particularly in summer, when one likes to carry all possible work out of doors. For the foundation of the pad, shown herewith, cut two pieces of pasteboard the desired size; cover them with gray linen, drawing it smoothly over one side and gluing it down on the back. The pockets and corners are covered in the same manner over buckram, leaving the outer edge loose to fasten over the upper half of the pad. Stitch them on the inner side and bottom, and add loops of blue satin ribbon to slip the pencil, penholder and rubber under. Above them fasten a penwiper made of light blue felt or flannel, and to the left a blue envelope to hold stamps. A sheet of blue blotting paper, slipped under the corner, completes the upper half of the pad. Glue the two pieces together and place the pad under a heavy pressure. Decorate it with a few flowers on the corners, and fancy lettering on the pockets.

**A Windmill Quilt.**

THIS quilt pattern is suitable for either silk or cotton scraps and quite small pieces may be used. It is made up of two different kinds of squares, one formed by the windmill and the

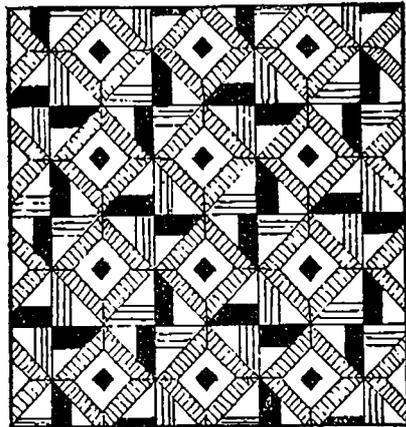


CONVENIENT WRITING PAD.

other of squares within squares. These must be alternated to make the windmill shape plain. The best effect will be gained by using white, light colors and dark colors, as any medium shades would break up the design.

In the accompanying sketch the dark goods is made dark, the light goods is suggested by stripes across the pieces and the white is left plain. The windmill square is made of four quarters cut from corner to corner. Two of these quarters are made of the light goods and

white, and two are made of the dark goods and white. These must be placed together so that the dark quarters shall be opposite each other, which will make the light quarters also opposite. The square of squares should have the darkest goods for its centre, next the white, and the light colored goods around the outside. This square and the windmill square should be alternated, like the two colors on a checkerboard. This will make the windmill squares just touch at the corners and when in one, the



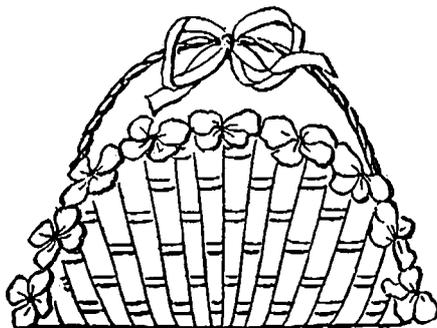
A WINDMILL QUILT.

dark quarters lie crossways, the dark corners of the four joining it at the corners should be placed up and down. Should all of the dark quarters be placed one way they would form a distinct diagonal line across the quilt, which would destroy the windmill effect.

The squares of squares and the windmill squares must of course be the same size, and from 4 to 6 inches or more are the best dimensions, though the size of the squares mainly depends on the size of pieces used.

**Receptacle for Dust Cloth.**

A UNIQUE device for concealing a dust cloth is here portrayed, in the form of a basket to be suspended on the wall or a door knob. To make one you will need a round piece of "Art linen" or duck, twelve inches in diameter. Draw a border of blossoms around this, fold it together and mark the lines as seen here to imitate a basket; these lines are done in the stem or outline stitch, and the border in an irregular buttonhole stitch. It is then laundered very stiff, folded together, and handles sewed on it of heavy linen cord. The embroidery is done in linen floss—shaded pink for the flower border, and straw color for the basket. A bow of pink ribbon is tied on the handle.



DUST CLOTH HOLDER.

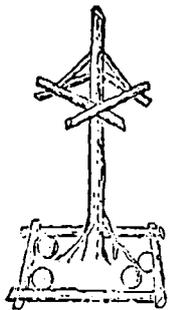
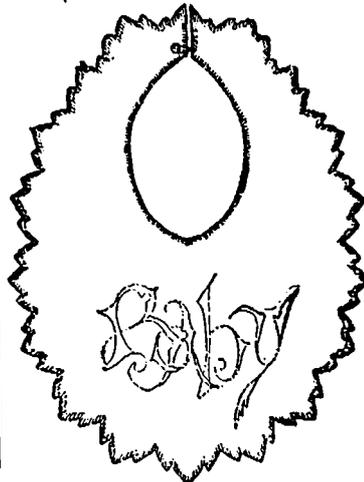
**A Convenient Stand for Croquet.**

SET the rustic trunk of a small tree firmly in the ground, and surround it at its base with a decorative fencing of four small rails or branches of a tree, inside of which the balls are to be kept. Leave the bark and lichens on all of these, to give the best effect. Build a rack for the mallets, also of branches with the bark on. A little taste displayed in the selection of the wood and in the manner of joining will add

much to the beauty of this useful article. Croquet is an old favorite, which is renewing its popularity, and seems destined to continue in favor, neither tennis nor any other game taking its place.

**Hints to Housekeepers.**

A good remedy for sunburn is a wash made of 12 ounces of elder flower water, 6 drachms each of soda and pulverized borax.



A NEAT AND INEXPENSIVE BIB. CROQUET STAND.

Thorough and frequent bathing is the best means of keeping the complexion pure and clean.

Lemon stains on cloth may be removed by washing the goods in warm soap suds or ammonia.

Spirits of camphor, applied with flannel cloth, will remove unsightly white spots from furniture.

If soot is dropped on the carpet, cover thickly with salt, and it may be swept up without blacking the carpet.

Mahogany furniture should be washed with warm water and soap; then give an application of beeswax and sweet oil, with a soft cloth, and polished with chamois to a rich finish.

**REVIEWS.**

*Harper's Weekly* continues to be the most representative American paper of its class. Its illustrations and articles are always timely and good.

"What is the good American to do with himself or herself in the summer?" is a query uniquely answered by Robert Grant in his article on "The Summer Problem" in the July number of *Scribner's*.

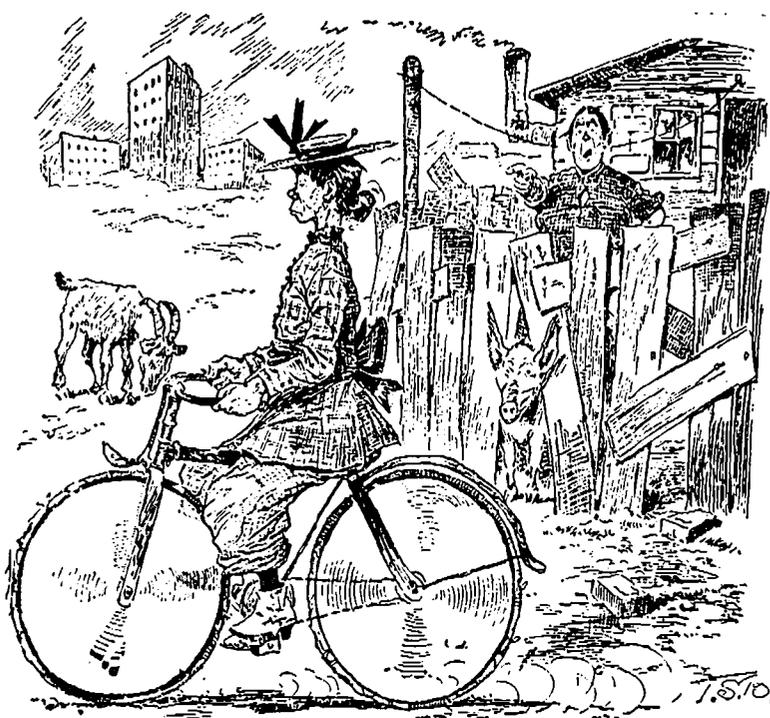
*Harper's Magazine* has a second picture of China by Julian Ralph, a grizzly bear hunting story by Remington, and many other articles and stories of considerable interest and excellence.

*The Chautauquan* has the publication of the entire program to be given at Chautauquan, N.Y., during July and August as a special feature for the July number.

*McClure's Magazine* announces a reduction of price to ten cents a copy and one dollar a year. They claim that they are able to produce a magazine of the highest quality at this price—and theirs is a good one.

All the above first-class magazines are on our Clubbing List. Send for our List.

Every home should have a trustworthy dictionary. It is a good thing, for young people especially, and also for those who are older, to make themselves familiar with the correct meanings of the words they read and hear in daily life. This can only be done by having a book of easy and ready reference close at hand. It will pay to do without something else that such an important means of home education should be supplied. And of course in the case of a dictionary, as in every other case, the best is the cheapest in the long run. We have examined the splendid work published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, of London, New York and Toronto, named THE STANDARD DICTIONARY, and are glad to recommend it for such a position in the homes of our Canadian readers. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to speak in detail of the many surpassing excellences of this work, but a few may be mentioned: The standing of its long array of editors and contributors is undoubted; its vocabulary is by far the most comprehensive of any; its methods of arrangement and classification are most complete; it contains the different spellings of words where such differences exist; its list of synonyms, in which one may find many words to express different shades of the same thought, are some of the distinguishing features of this remarkable production. Add to this the fact that its binding is both substantial and beautiful, and nothing more need be said in its praise.



ENVY.

Mrs. DOOLAN—"It's too proud yez are t' talk, Norah Foley, since yez won th' bicycle in th' tin cint raffle; but if thim ain't yer ould man's pants Ol'm a nagur." (This is not a Massey-Harris bicycle or Mrs. Doolan's envy would have been inexpressible.)



AN UNPARDONABLE FAULT.

He—"I consider Mrs. Harrower as the best of our modern society novelists."  
She—"Oh, how can you say so? Why, in that last book of hers the heroine's dress didn't match the furniture!"

Wiggles—"I have just one cigar here. You haven't any objections, have you?"  
Waggles—"Not if I smoke it."

Doctor (shaking his head)—"Well, my dear sir, I can do nothing more for you—"  
Patient—"W-h-a-t! Good gracious, doctor."  
Doctor—"No, really, my friend, you are in perfect health."

Mrs. Pancake (suspiciously)—"Why are you hanging around my back window so long?"  
Ma'am, those apple pies are as pretty as pictures, an' I'd like to be the frame o' one o' them."

Yager—"Now that Smallpay has fixed him up an elegant home he may be supposed to have some definite plan for the future."  
Simnick—"Um, yes; instalment plan. That's the way he bought his furniture."

He—"They say you are something of a mind reader." She—"Do they?" He—"Yes. I am going to test you. What am I thinking about?" She (looking at the clock)—"You are thinking of going home."

"Well, you may talk as you like about Mrs. Lessner, but she's a woman that knows her business." "I admit that, and have no objection to her knowing it, but I object to her wanting to know mine."

"I's gwine to write poetry," said Erasmus Pinkley. "Who's gwine ter do de spellin' foh yer?" "I's gwine ter do mer own spellin'." "I's gwine ter stah wif dialeck same ez de uddah poicks does."

"We don't," shouted the impassioned orator, "we don't want nothing else but the English language spoke in this country, and don't you forget it!" And the hearers promised themselves to remember what he had spoken.

Mrs. Bordroom—"That boarder with the musical tastes is a nuisance. We used to make him wake up in the morning by dropping coal scuttles down stairs." Star boarder—"And now?" Mrs. Bordroom—"And now he's taken to attending Wagner opera and we can't wake him up at all."

Ah, how these rain clouds do oppress  
The blithesome summer girl;  
They fill her soul with gloom because  
Her hair won't stay in curl.

The owner of a German menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a lamb, which he labels "the happy family." When asked confidentially how long these animals had lived together, he answered, "Ten months, but the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."

MAKING HIM USEFUL.

Colonel Handy Polk, the prominent real estate agent of Hawville, Oklahoma, recently purchased a spirited horse, and, a few days later, cordially invited Dr. Slade to take a ride. All went well for a time, and then the horse began plunging and kicking, and wound up the performance by overturning and smashing the buggy and disappearing over the hill in the general direction of Nova Scotia.

"Confound you, Handy!" roared the physician, as he extracted his head from one of the wheels, through which it had been thrust without regard to the safety of his ears. "What in the dickens did you mean by inviting me to ride behind such an infernal horse as that?"

"Why," returned the colonel, struggling to his feet, "I was afraid the brute would run away and break something, and I thought I'd be on the safe side and have a doctor along in case I needed one."

"Father," said the boy, "what is insolvent?" "Insolvent," was the reply, "is merely a long word used to describe a short condition."

LANDLORD LOGIC—Prospective Tenant—"I like the top floor best. Why doesn't the fire escape go lower than the third floor?" Agent—"It isn't needed. The first three floors are empty."

"I hear, Miss Impeccate, that you have the bicycle craze." "Yes. That is, I have th' craze, but I'm sorry to say that I haven't the bicycle."

New boarder—"What's the row upstairs?" Landlady—"It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening."

Debtor (apologetic)—"The payment of that account is a source of constant anxiety to me, I assure you." Creditor—"Very likely. You're afraid you might forget yourself and pay it."

Outertown (enthusiastically)—"Citily, old man, you ought to move out to Lonelywood. Its peacefulness and quiet would make you live twice as long as you will." Citily—"But if I were living out there I shouldn't care to live twice as long."



HE WAS SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.  
BEFORE MARRIAGE.

"Since I have known you, Miss Fairweather, I feel that henceforth no other girl will ever have the power to make my heart beat faster."

"Have you heard that the big sleeves are going out, George, dear?" "Yes, my love, I have, but I don't believe it." "Why not, pray?" "I don't believe they can get through the door."

A Mount Washington school teacher told her pupils to write a sentence containing the word "toward." This is what one small boy produced after a great deal of mental exertion: "I tored my pants yesterday."

Mr. Busy Body—"If you hang those turkeys by the feet you will keep them longer." Mr. Butcher Business—"That ain't what I'm trying to do. I want to sell 'em."

DURING THE FLURRY.

First Boarder—"What is the latest quotation on beef?"  
Second Boarder—"Four points tougher than yesterday."

IDEALIZED BY DEATH.

Johnny—"Pa, is there any difference between a statesman and a politician?"  
Pa—"Yes, my son—a great difference; the statesman is dead."

AN ACCIDENT UNFORESEEN.

"My name is Brown," said the short, thick-set man, as he entered the main office of the Non-Combusto Company. "I am a dealer in hardware and supplies, and I would like to give an order for five hundred kegs of your Flame-Proof Paint."

"I am very sorry," said the head salesman, gravely: "but it will be impossible to deliver the goods to you for at least ten days. You have doubtless heard," he went on, "that our main warehouse was burned down last week, and all our stock on hand was completely destroyed."

However, Mr. Brown said he could wait, and left his order.

POOR PROSPECT.

A pathetic thing, if one looks at it from an indulgent point of view, is the haste of certain young men to possess a beard. An undergraduate at college, who was quite innocent of any sign of beard, grew confidential one day with the barber who was cutting his hair.

"Don't you think I'm going to have a pretty good beard?" the young man asked.

"A, well—perhaps so," said the barber, seeing no reason to commit himself.

"Well," the young man went on, "you know my father had a splendid beard."

"So he did," said the barber. "But do you know, I've always noticed that you resemble your mother more than you do your father!"

Proud father—"This is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know." Friend—"Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

Author—"I've got a great scheme to make a fortune. I am going to write a book on the financial question." His friend—"Well?" Author—"And then I'm going to write a reply refuting it."

Little Miss Muggs (haughtily)—"My sister never goes out without a chaperon." Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully)—"My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister."

The doctor—"Queer saying that about truth lying at the bottom of a well." The lawyer—"You wouldn't think so if you knew the amount of pumping we lawyers sometimes have to do to get at."

Mrs. Malaprop—"Who are the two young ladies playing that duet on the piano?" Herr Strawitzki—"One is the daughter of the hostess." Mrs. Malaprop—"And, pray, who is her accomplice?"

"Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it." "Perhaps," was the thoughtful reply; "and yet I've noticed the more I owe people the gladder they always seem to see me."

Hobbes—"My stenographer is invaluable. I couldn't get along without one." Neilly—"But you don't have enough correspondence to keep a stenographer busy!" Hobbes—"I know; but do you suppose I'm going to let the men with whom I do business know that?"



AFTER MARRIAGE.

The first girl they had not only made his heart beat faster, but made his teeth chatter, as well.



**Winner of the Queen's Prize.**

ALTHOUGH Canada has for many years been competing at the Annual Rifle Association matches, it was not until this season that she succeeded in capturing the Queen's Prize for superior marksmanship at the Bisley ranges—a fact which places her in the front rank and on the same footing as a crack-shot producing colony that she has held for many years past as an agricultural implement manufacturing country.

It is many years since the Masseys won their triumph at Paris at the great international contest for binders, but since the happening of that event this firm has persistently held the first honors wherever its machines came in competition with those of other firms.

Wherever an honest trial has been given the Massey-Harris Machines, whether in Europe, Asia, Africa or Australia; in the Maritime Provinces or in British Columbia, at home or abroad, in the South African wilds or on the mountain sides of Norway and Sweden, their machines have always carried off the prizes from competitive rivals.

To the farmers of Canada this means a great deal. It means simply that in no other country is the agriculturist in so fair a position to procure the requisite machinery necessary to the successful operation of his business, as he is in Canada, where the best machines are manufactured within the country. When the fact is considered that nearly five hundred car loads of implements are exported annually by the MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., to the farmers of other lands, who seek them eagerly in spite of the extra cost which the distant transportation entails, it will be seen how favorably situated are the agriculturists of Canada in being able to purchase the finest implements at home.

In the carrying on of their business the MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., employ hundreds of workmen, clerks and employes of many other kinds, all of whom require to be fed like other human beings, and the farmer, who really feeds the world, of course reaps the benefit.

Thus the MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., while providing the farmers of Canada with the very best implements at a minimum cost, is also aiding to furnish a market for the consumption of the products which the farmer has for sale.

An institution of this kind is of the utmost importance to all Canadians, and should receive the hearty support of all intelligent farmers.

**Massey-Harris  
: Cultivator.**

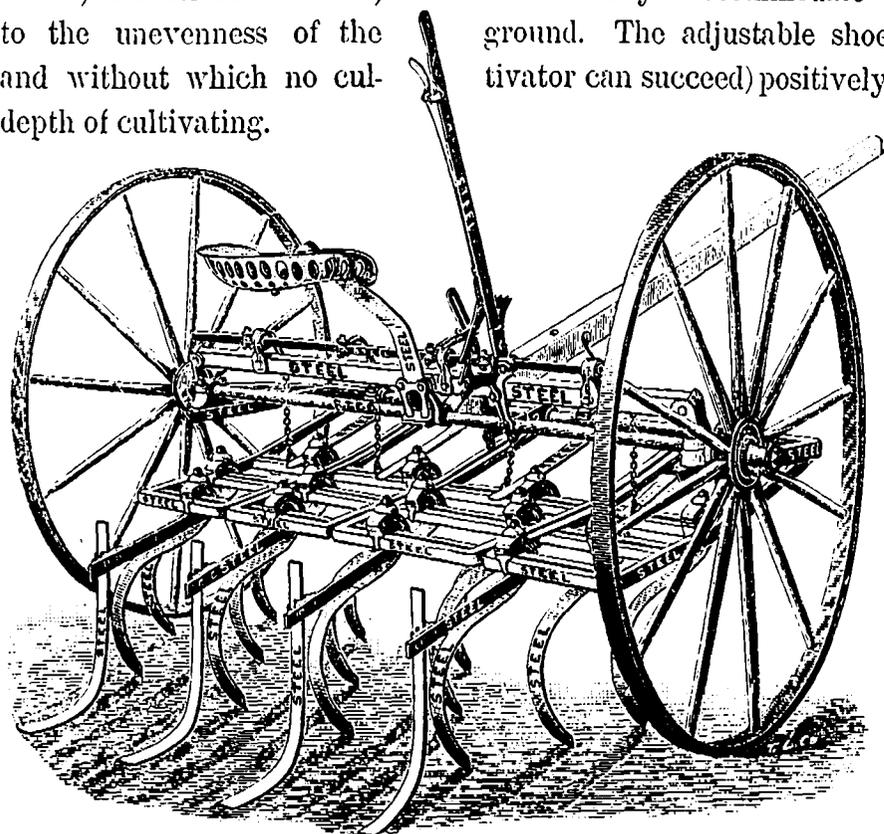
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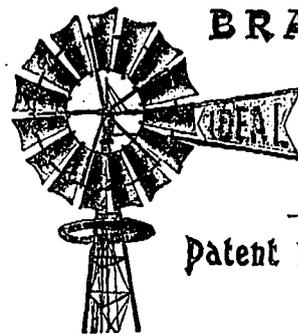
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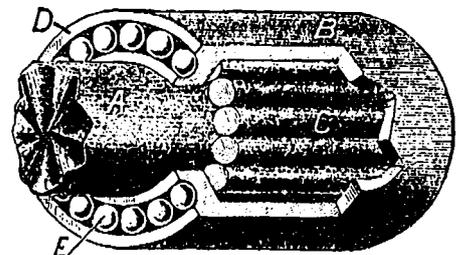


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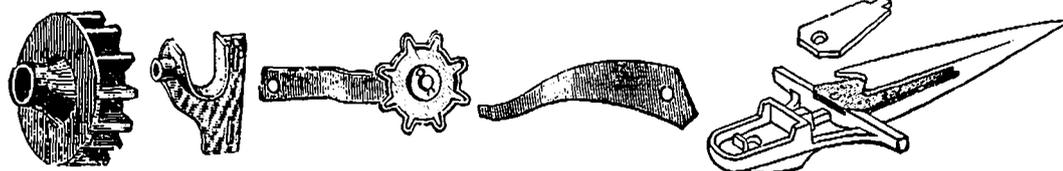
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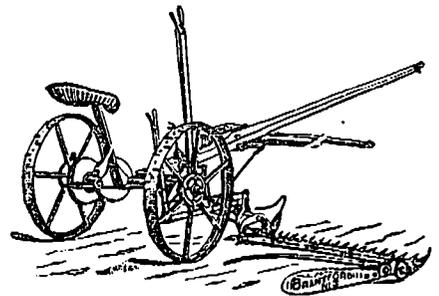
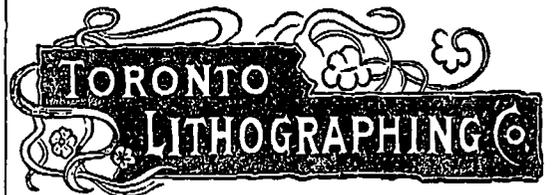
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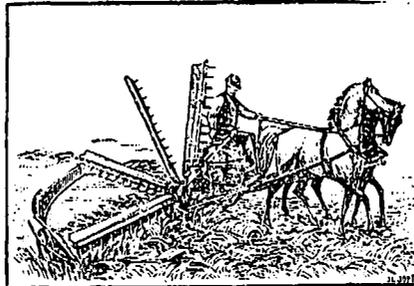
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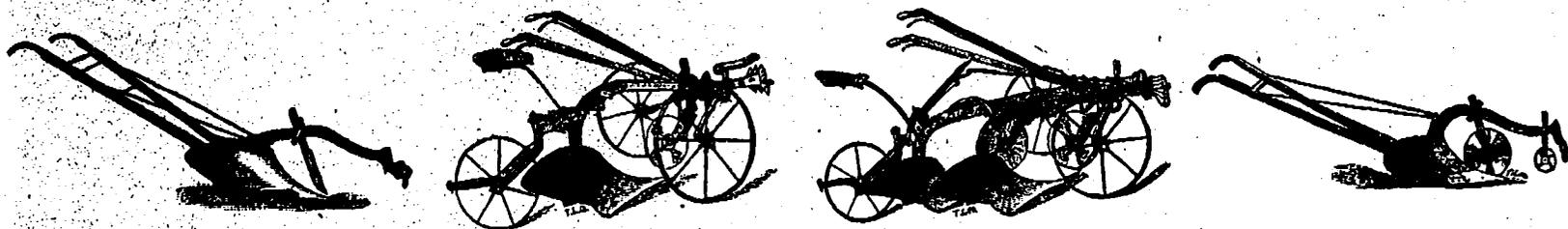
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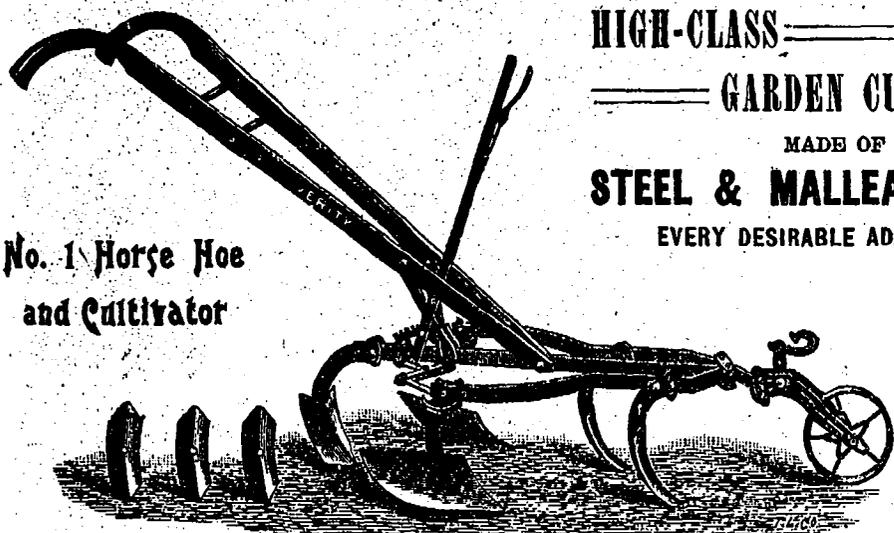
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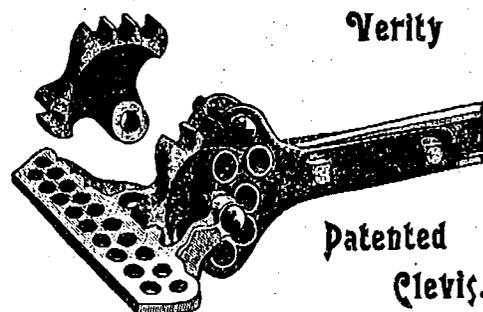
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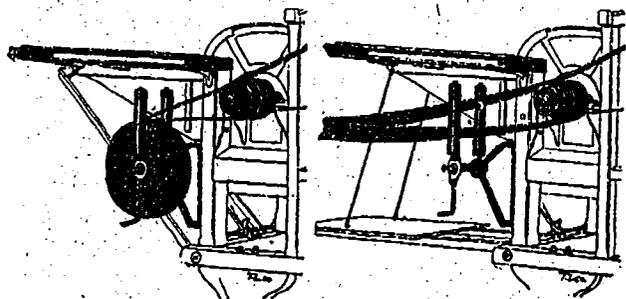
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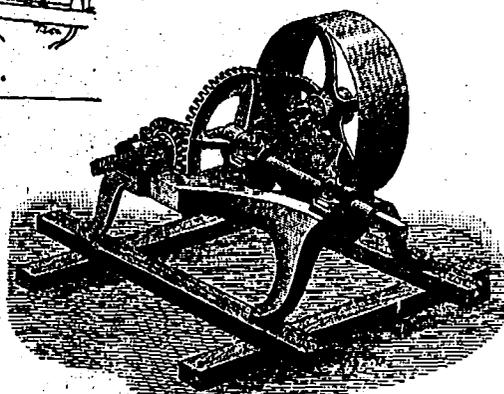


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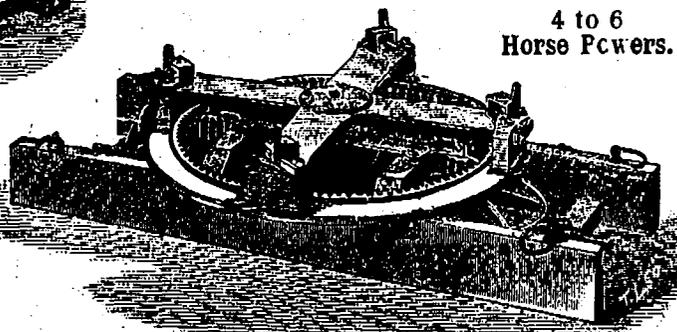


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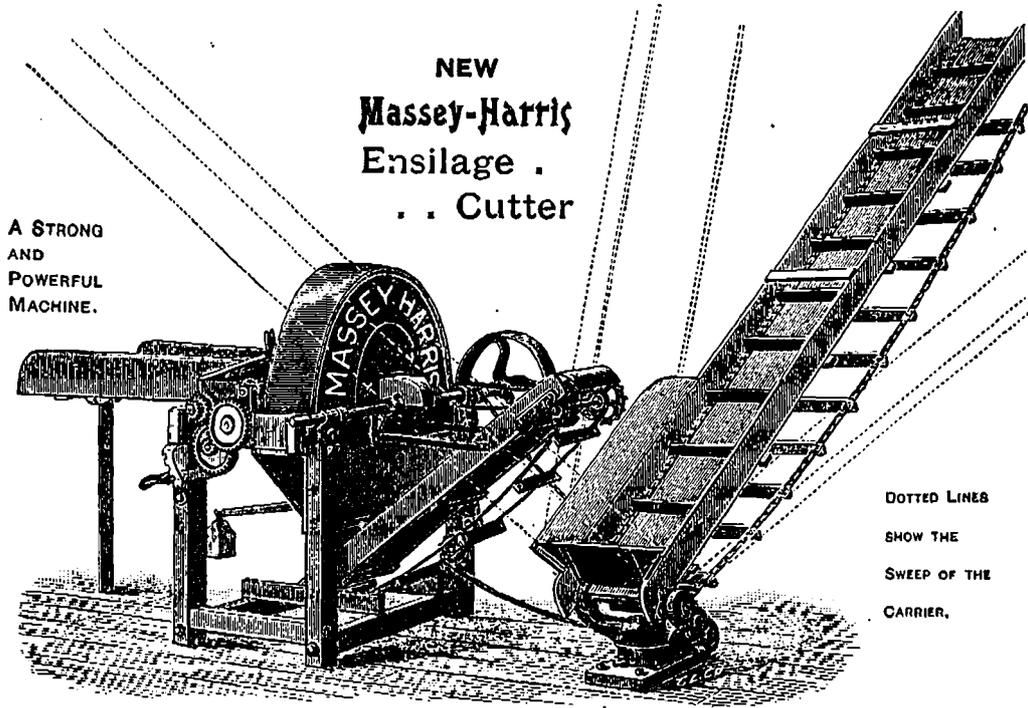
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MACHINE.

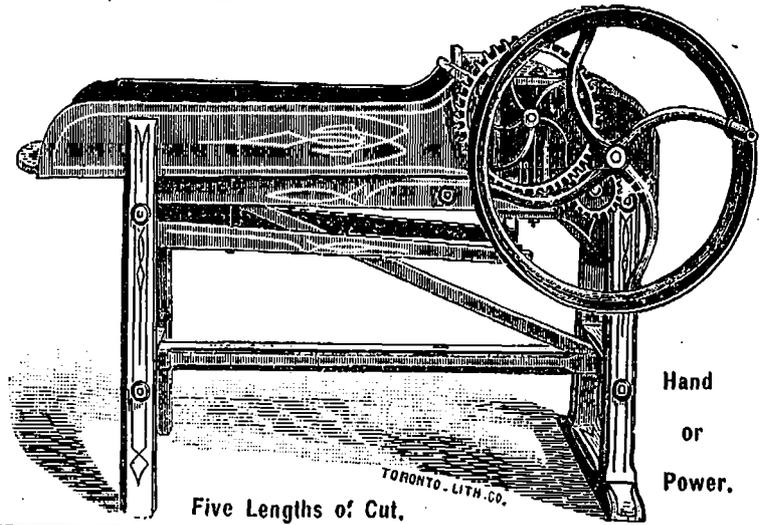
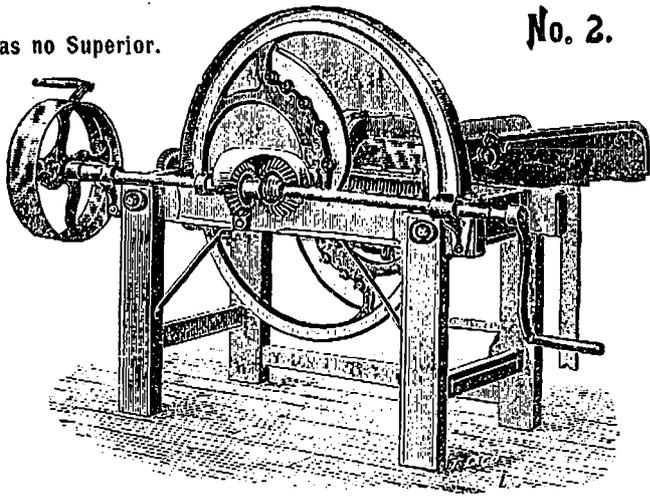
NEW  
Massey-Harris  
Ensilage  
Cutter

**VARIOUS  
STYLES  
AND  
SIZES  
FOR  
HAND OR  
POWER.**

DOTTED LINES  
SHOW THE  
SWEEP OF THE  
CARRIER.

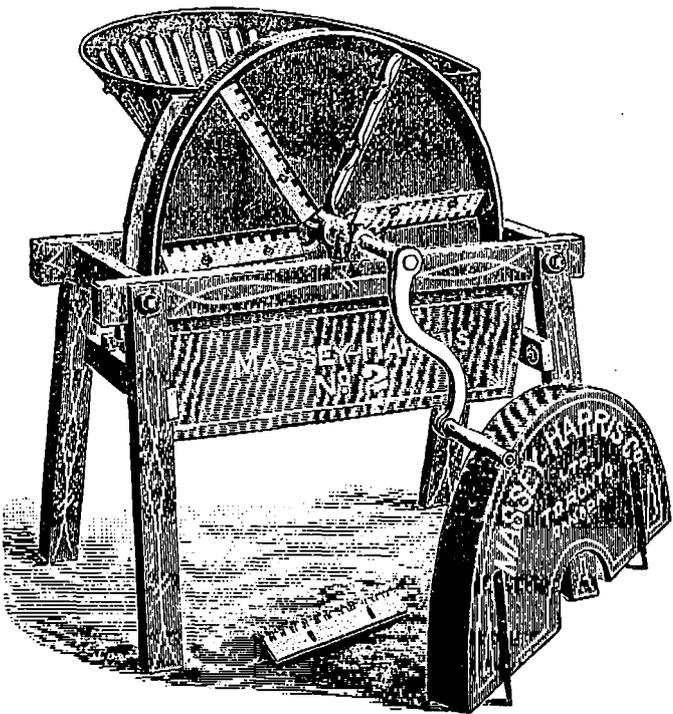
Has no Superior.

No. 2.

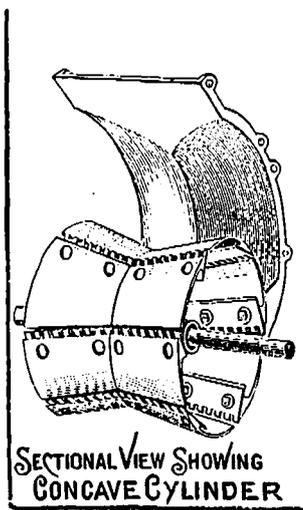


Hand  
or  
Power.

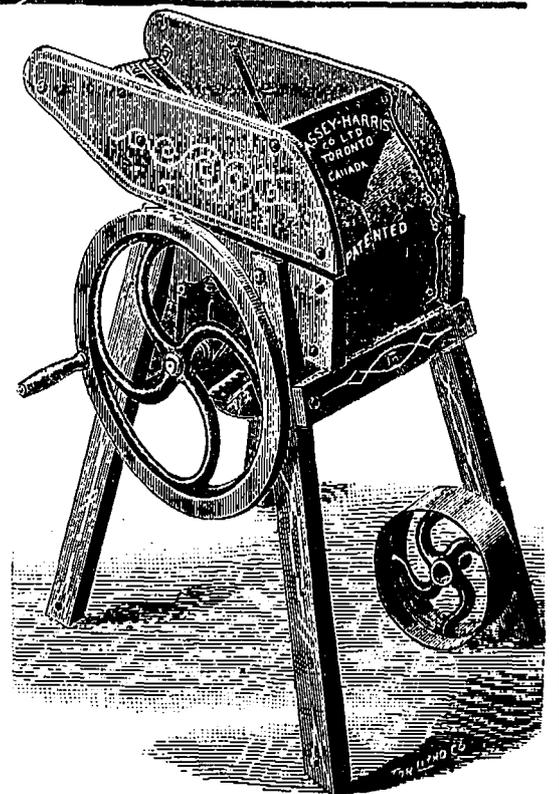
Five Lengths of Cut.



SIDE WHEEL ROOT CUTTER AND PULPER No. 2.



SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING  
CONCAVE CYLINDER



CONCAVE CYLINDER ROOT CUTTER AND PULPER No. 1.

# Massey-Harris Root Cutters & Pulpers