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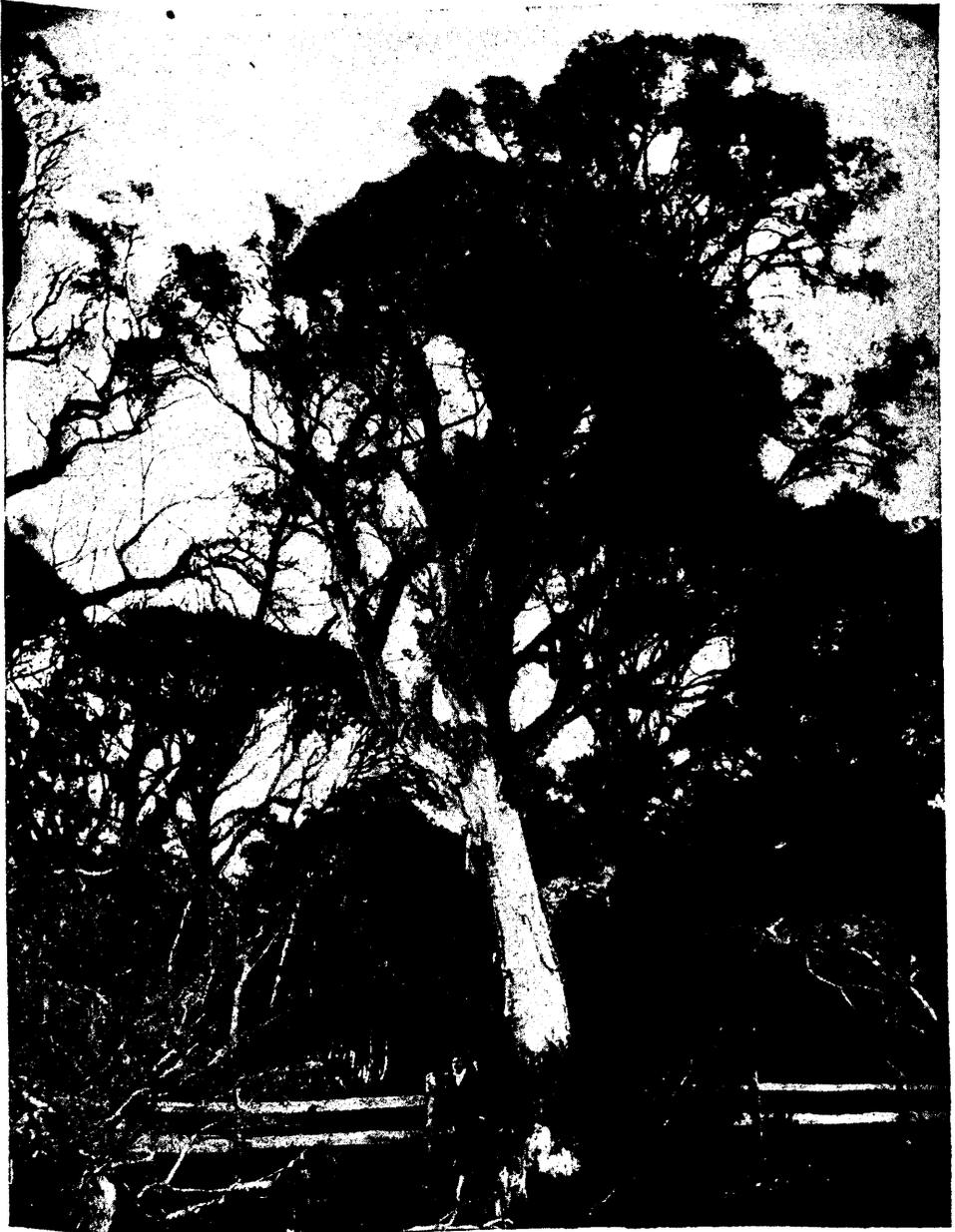
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# Massey-Harris Illustrated

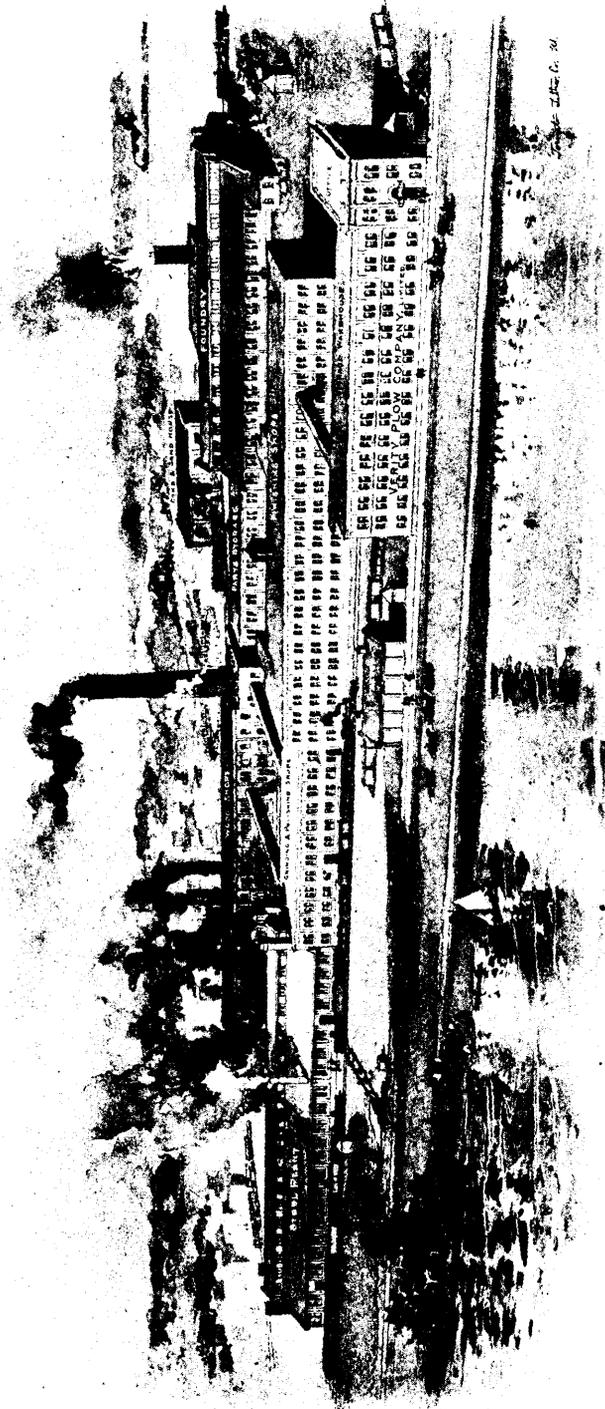
A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. III., No. 4.] JULY-AUGUST, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 4.



IN THE FORESTS OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

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



**NEW WORKS OF VERITY PLOW CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD.**

THE former Works of the Verity Plow Company were almost entirely destroyed by fire in October, 1897, and within twelve months thereafter this splendid pile of buildings was erected, new machinery placed, and the wheels began to turn. This quick

transformation of a farm on the outskirts of the City of Brantford into an immense and handsomely equipped manufacturing plant is noteworthy. The buildings aggregate eighteen hundred and fifty feet—over a third of a mile—in length.

# Massey-Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. III., No. 4.] JULY-AUGUST, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 4.

## AROUND THE WORLD

**F**RANCE still has her great men, and among them we must surely place, and well to the front, Major Marchand, whose intrepidity and

the Soudan Major Marchand's appearance before the public after his two years' wandering in the wilderness was most dramatic, arriving at Fashoda on



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

"WELCOME HOME."—RECEPTION OF MAJOR MARCHAND AT TOULON.

tenacity of purpose were evidenced by his journey of some hundreds of miles in the previously unpenetrated territory in

the Upper Nile as he did almost the same day that the country was reclaimed for civilization by the British-Egyptian



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

**TROOPING THE COLORS AND INSPECTION BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.**

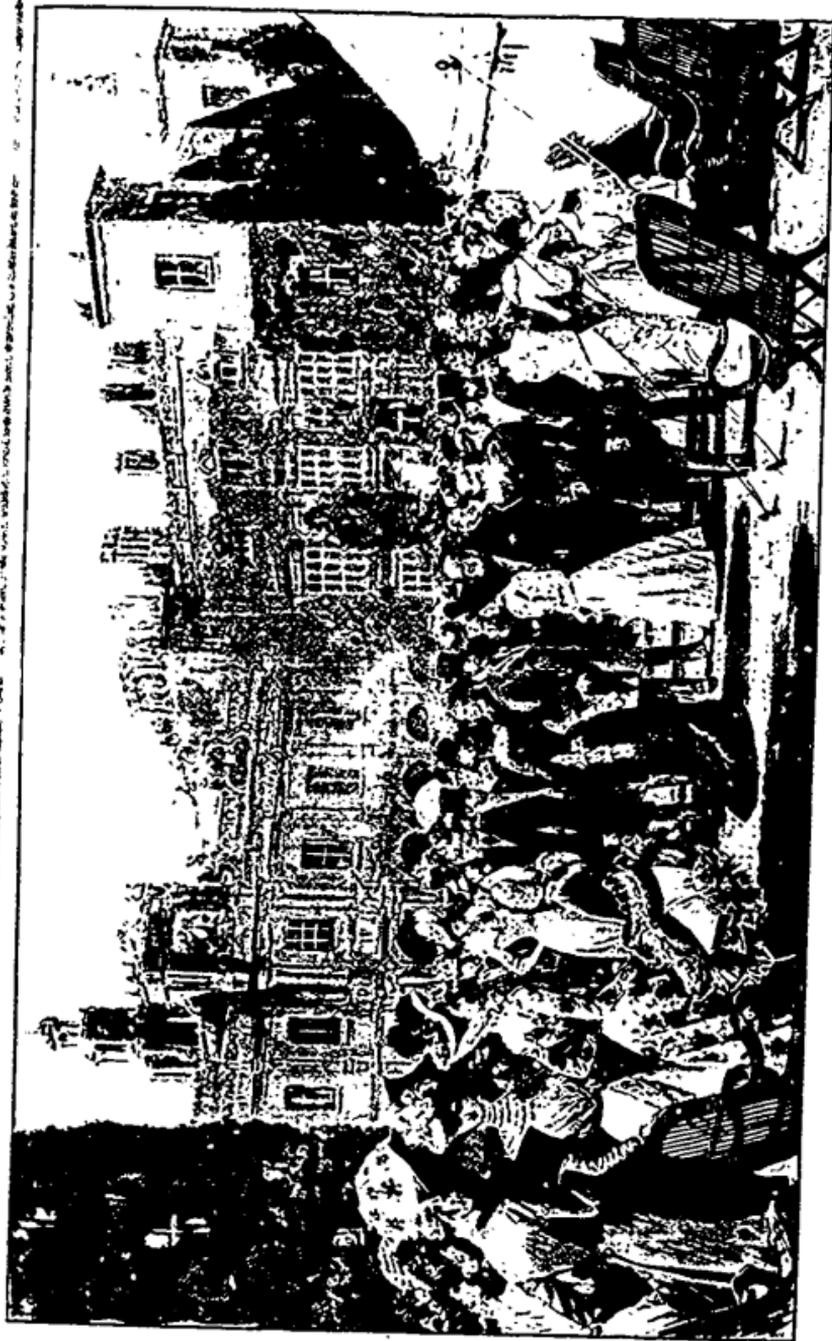
forces under Sir Herbert Kitchener at Omdurman. It looked not improbable for some time that the dramatic incident might have a very tragic sequel, the swamp on which the Major had placed the French tricolor threatening to become a cause of war between England and France. Wise counsels prevailed, however, and although the jingo element

of France, of which every country has its quota, sought to use the gallant explorer's popularity for their own purpose, he proved, what might have been expected, a true patriot, and not the figure piece or tool of any faction. The French people were not slow to realize that their countryman was greater even than they thought him when "he held Fashoda



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

**THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT CAIRO. BRITISH TROOPS SALUTING THE FLAG.**



THE PREMIER'S GARDEN PARTY AT HATFIELD

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

for France"; and his return home was, in spite of his desire and attempts to avoid any undue publicity, made the occasion of remarkable demonstration.

Our opening illustration portrays the arrival of Major Mauchaud at Toulon. The geographical and scientific societies, not only of Paris, but of London, and of other European capitals, hope to be favored with his presence and with his personal account of the remarkable journeys he has performed between the Congo region, the Bahrel-Ghazal, and the countries south of Abyssinia, hitherto imperfectly known.

We in Canada know how to keep the Queen's Birthday, and we honestly believe that no other portion of the Empire celebrates the anniversary of the birth

of the Duke of York, and other members of the royal family. The Princess of Wales and Duchess of York watched the ceremony from the windows of the Horse Guards.

In the succeeding illustration we see the same ceremony in honor of the same event in a distant part of the Empire.

Another event whereby the Sovereign's birthday was honored was a garden party at the ancestral home of the Premier of England. A more representative gathering of the leading men in all walks of life has not been known for many years. Among the guests were the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Crown Prince of Siam, Prince Francis of Teck, the French Am-



HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SAMOA.—INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT FIGHTING OVER THE KINGSHIP.  
MALIETOAN TRENCHES CLOSE BEHIND THE TOWN.

of our good Queen with more whole-souled enthusiasm than the Dominion in the Old Country "the 21st" is not the national holiday that it is in most of the colonies, but it is recognized in different ways at the Empire's headquarters, and one of the most striking events of the day is the Trooping of the colors. Our next illustration depicts the historic ceremony in progress on the Horse Guards' Parade. Officially the Queen's Birthday was kept on June 3rd, and typical Queen's weather prevailed. A great concourse assembled on the Horse Guards' Parade. The Prince of Wales attended with the Headquarters Staff and was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge,

the Spanish, the Turkish, and other Foreign Ministers, the Dukes and Duchesses of Westminster, Somerset, Buccleuch and Montrose, many others of the nobility, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, the Lord Chancellor and other Cabinet Ministers, distinguished members of the House of Commons, notable authors, artists and dramatic performers.

The three next illustrations depict stirring incidents during the trouble in Samoa two months ago, when the followers of Matafua, the former king, made an effort to replace him on the throne. It looked at one time as if serious complications might arise, owing to the attitude of the German consul and

the German residents, who took no pains to conceal their sympathy with the Matafians who raised an armed rebellion against the government organized under the auspices of England, Germany, and the United States. A body of English and American sailors were caught in ambush on a German plantation and

ing young warriors as those we see in our first illustration on page 120. It appears that every Chinese banner regiment has its troop of boy soldiers, carefully drilled and far better disciplined than the rest of the army. They carry old flintlocks. The evolutions here represented took place in June at the great



SAMOA.—AMERICAN BATTERY AT WORK ON MULINU'U.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

several were killed. A very fierce onslaught was made on the British consulate on one occasion, and it was necessary to land an additional armed force from the ships of war in the harbour. Before the insurrection had time to assume very serious proportions, the fol-

triennial review of the forces of the Southern Provinces.

Toronto has lately been extending its hospitality to the young Cadets of Chicago, who last winter gave such a royal welcome to the Toronto soldierlets, when the latter represented Canada at the



SAMOA.—AMERICAN TRENCH AND SHELTER ON THE MAIN STREET, MULINU'U.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

lowers of Matafia realized they were playing a losing game, and handed over their arms.

It is hard to realize that China is in such a state of general decay and military incompetence as is generally reported when we gaze upon such promis-

great Tampang gathering. We thus know pretty well what a Western Cadet can do, why not Toronto prove its enterprising spirit by extending an invitation to the prototypes of our illustration? Their appearance would be a novelty, and perhaps our boys might learn something



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

THE BOY SOLDIERS OF CHINA IN REVIEW ORDER.

from the little "heathen Chinese," who, to judge by his portrait, is not lacking in those qualities which make for success whether in white man or yellow man.

Before we leave China we present our readers with a view of a Chinese printing

establishment. The subject to be engraved is written on thin paper resembling tracing-paper, which is placed face down on the surface of the block and engraved through. The block is inked with a dabber, the paper placed on the



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE BOY SOLDIERS OF CHINA AND ONE OF THEIR COMMANDERS, WONG KWOK TING.

top, and by quick rubbing an impression is secured. One man can produce about 2,000 sheets a day.

for some time in our cities, with the electric trolley cars and the ever-evident bicycle, and in Toronto, at



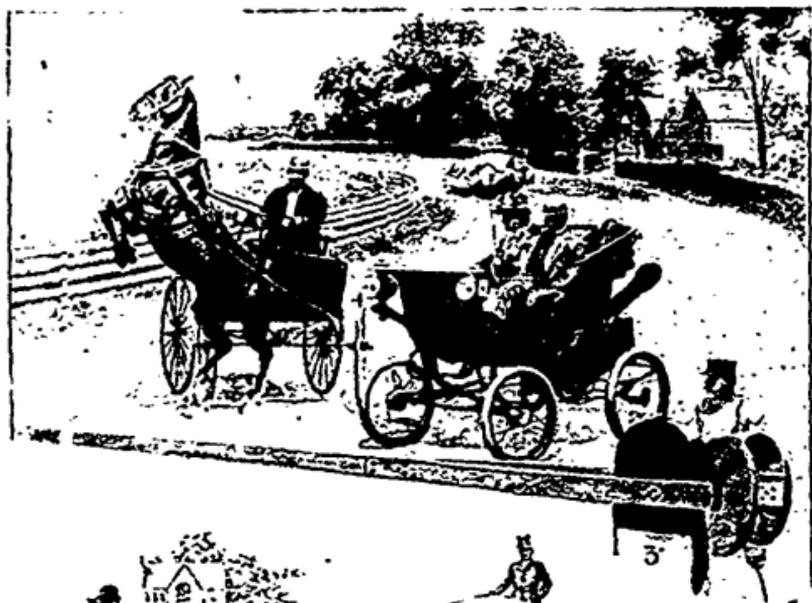
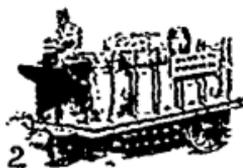
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.  
REPRINTING THE CHINESE CLASSICS.



ENGRAVING THE CHINESE CLASSICS

Our final illustration reveals at a glance the progress of the automobile movement. We have not yet reached the advanced stage of general usago in Canada, but the knell of the livery horse is ringing. His existence has been a precarious one

least, the automobile is gaining strength, and the visitor from the Old Country in a year or two will be heard to ask, "Don't you grow horses here at all? How queer!"



THE SPREAD OF THE AUTOMOBILE—TYPES OF SELF-PROPELLING VEHICLES.

1. Electric Delivery Wagon. 2. Compressed-Air Truck. 3. A Study in Nerves at a Grade Crossing.  
 4. Private Electric Hansom Cab. 5. Electric Cart on Steel Tracks for Common Road.  
 6. Gasoline Carriage. 7. Type of Electric Carriage.

# On and Around the Farm

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

## General Notes.

**Treat the Cow Kindly.**—There must be a friendly feeling between the cow and the milker, and the milker should not be changed oftener than is absolutely necessary. A cow will give more milk to a milker that she likes than one she is afraid of.

**Lambs that are Profitable.**—Lambs destined for early market must come early and must mature rapidly. To secure these, adopt a breed which matures at an early age. Have sufficiently warm stables so that the lambs may be dropped in February or early in March.

**Sand Injurious to Horses.**—In some countries attempts have been made to prevent sandy soil from blowing about by growing upon it plants which tend to form a sod and hold the sand in place. In New South Wales horses grazed on this kind of crop were so seriously injured by eating large quantities of sand that they died.

**Air the Cream.**—Immediately after separating the cream it should be aired and cooled down to 60 degrees. It should be held at this temperature until churning time, which is indicated by the cream becoming slightly acid. The usual temperature for churning is 58 to 60 degrees.



A HARD BARGAIN.

**Keeping up Fertility of Pea Land.**—It is a mistake to continually crop land with peas, unless some method is adopted to restore the elements which are removed. We suggest sowing a cheap pea after the crop for the cannery has been taken off, and plowing under the second crop in the fall.

**Soft Coal for Hogs.**—Hogs must have some sort of condiment. Where charcoal cannot be had, ordinary bituminous coal answers very well, and hogs eat large quantities of it. The ordinary coal slack, which is too fine for use, can be obtained from the mines, if they are close at hand, for nothing.

**The Wheat Crops of Eastern Europe.**—Reports from Russia, Roumania, and some other countries in the East of Europe as to the wheat crops are worse than ever, and there is now no doubt of a great deficiency.

**Dairying and Morals.**—There is a moral side to dairying. Regular habits are required. Men who keep cows must be home at milking time. Home is a good place. Very few good dairymen are whisky drinkers. Dairying communities, as a rule, furnish but little business for lawyers. Dairying is educating and elevating if intelligently followed. This is especially true of home dairying.

**French Forestry.**—Comparing the area under forests with the agricultural surface of France, this amounts to nearly 19 per cent., the woods belonging mostly to private persons. The state woods are subject to strict forest control, and are jealously regarded as capital investment administered with a view to permanent improvement. The actual revenue from them is limited during the first 25 years, at least, to the value of the underbrush and thinnings.

**Dehorning with Caustic Potash.**—Caustic potash should be applied to the horn button as soon as it can be felt, which is usually about a week after the calf is born. With scissors cut away the hair at the base of the little horn. Wrap a piece of paper about the stick of caustic potash so that it will not come in contact with the hand. Dampen the exposed end and rub this over the horn button until an inflamed appearance results.

#### Co-Operative Bull Buying.

THE necessity for improvement in the type of cattle maintained on the average farm is apparent, and the practical way of bringing about such improvement is the introduction and use of good bulls of various established types. Those who are engaged in feeding for the great beef markets find increasing difficulty each year in procuring steers of the requisite quality, and there is an equal necessity for animals better adapted for the purpose in districts where dairy products find a ready market. The average butter product of the cows of this country does not exceed 180 lbs. per annum; whereas it has been demonstrated time and again that it is possible to increase this output in large herds to an average of from 300 to 400 lbs. per cow yearly. The beef-making capacity of the thriftless, flat-ribbed,

As a rule, this will check all further growth, and the calf will suffer little inconvenience. If, however, after two or three weeks it is apparent that the horn has not been completely killed, repeat the operation. Two applications are amply sufficient, and, as a rule, one is enough if well done.

**Good Sheep Pasture.**—Clovers are excellent for sheep pastures, and a mixture of the white, medium red, alsiko clovers with some timothy can scarcely be improved upon. Provide pure fresh water in the pasture, and have some soiling crop, as rape, peas or oats, on hand, so that any shortage of pasture may be bridged over.

**Communicable Diseases** are due to the introduction of infected stock and exposure of animals to diseased stock of neighbors, infected drinking water, and such miscellaneous agencies as men, dogs, birds, insects, etc. Proper isolation and the use of water from deep wells, runs or pastures of sufficient size and disinfection of pens, all contribute to the control of animal maladies.

**When to Discard Old Ewes.**—Old sheep are more profitable than young ones as long as they are healthy. The age at which a sheep becomes unprofitable depends upon the way it is kept and its constitution. Some will go down in vitality sooner than others. Any sheep that fails to regain her flesh properly after her lamb is sold should not be kept as there is danger of not living through the next lambing.

unimproved "native" is almost nil. No matter what particular branch of cattle-growing may be followed, the necessity for breeding to good sires is obvious.

Some are deterred from grading up their cattle by the first cost of a bull of the right stamp. Indeed, on many farms the number of cows kept would not justify the purchase of a high-class sire. As a matter of fact, however, there is no excuse even in these cases in breeding to "scrub" or grade bulls. It should be a comparatively easy matter in any good farming community for two or three neighbors to join in the purchase of a first-class pedigreed male in such way that the cost to each would be reduced to a comparatively small sum. The increased value of the first lot of calves from such a bull as compared with a crop from an inferior sire would much more than return the outlay the first year.

The plan of forming syndicates or "pools" for such purpose is frequently resorted to in the case of stallions, and we desire to suggest that this same idea may be satisfactorily applied to the bull problem. The type to be selected must be settled by the particular requirements of different sections. In some cases it would be best to breed for a pronounced beef form, in others special dairy sorts may profitably be maintained, and throughout other portions of the country the dual-purpose kind will be found best of all. In any case, it will not be difficult to find a satisfactory bull for the desired purpose, and those who are un-

able to make the investment individually should take the matter up with their neighbors and arrange for the ownership of a first-class bull in common. The idea is, of course, not a new one. It has been adopted in a great many instances in different parts of the country in the past. Nevertheless it is true that there are many places at the present time where this practice could be inaugurated with great profit to all parties concerned. We hope that such of our readers as are confronted with the problem of how to obtain the service of a good bull will give this idea serious consideration.—*Breeders' Gazette*.

#### About Feeding Calves.

**D**ON'T overfeed. Calves are very greedy at feeding time, and there is often a great temptation to give more milk than the calves can properly handle, thus causing them to scour. Overfeeding is undoubtedly the main reason why so many farmers are unable to raise good thrifty calves on skim-milk. At the college we find that calves from three to four months old will not stand more than eighteen to twenty pounds daily per head; from seven to eight weeks old, fourteen to sixteen pounds; and three to five weeks, ten to twelve pounds. (One quart equals two pounds.)

Kaffir corn-meal is proving an excellent feed for young calves at the agricultural college. It is constipating, and aids materially in keeping calves from scouring. They commence to eat the meal when ten days to two weeks old. At first a little of the meal is placed in their mouths after drinking their milk, and in a short time they go to the feed boxes and eat with a relish.

Never put corn, kaffir corn meal or any

other grain in the milk for calves. The starch of corn has to be changed to grape sugar before it is digestible. This change only takes place in the presence of an alkali, and is done chiefly by the saliva of the mouth. When corn is gulped down with the milk the starch is not acted upon by the acids of the stomach, but remains unchanged until it comes in contact with the alkaline secretions of the intestines. With hogs, the stomach is small and the intestines long. This allows starchy matter to be digested in the intestines. The opposite is true with the calf, the stomach being large and the intestines short. Unless the starchy matter is largely digested by the saliva of the mouth, complete digestion will not take place in the intestines, and the calf scours.

Flax-seed meal made into jelly or gruel is good to mix with skim-milk to take the place of butter fat. Oil meal is frequently used for this purpose, but, like skim-milk, it has a large amount of fat removed, and is not as good as meal with the fat in it.

#### Preserving Surplus Summer Butter.

**A**BOUT the most convenient way of preserving a small quantity of butter for future family use is to wrap each lump of butter by itself in a clean and moistened piece of thin muslin and then pack in stone jars. Tubs will do if perfectly sweet and not leaky. Keep the butter covered with a clear brine made by bringing to boiling point and holding for some minutes a solution of salt in water. It should be made of good butter salt, free from odor, and pure water, and the solution should be saturated, i.e., there should be as much salt added as will dissolve. After boiling slightly for eight to ten minutes, set in a cool place, and when thoroughly cooled the brine may be poured over the butter.

Be sure to keep the butter well under the brine by means of a slight weight placed on top of it. If the butter is allowed to float it will come in contact with air and be injured. The boiling removes the air from the brine and destroys the ferments which may be present in the salt or water. Keep the jars covered and on the bottom of the cellar or other cool place. If tubs are used put them on a board or a stone to prevent the hoops rotting off. It ought to be understood that butter for long keeping must have the buttermilk very thoroughly removed at the time it is made. Treated in the manner indicated, there should be no difficulty in preserving the summer butter surplus for the following winter and spring consumption.—*Ex.*

### The Maryland System of Fumigation.

THE method of fumigation for the destruction of the San Jose scale in Maryland, as carried out under the direction of the State entomologist, is worth notice, because it may be applicable to various insect and fungoid diseases of hothouse plants. The nursery plants or trees to be treated were placed in a large room tightly closed. Into this chamber a jar containing water was introduced, and some sulphuric acid was first dropped into the water, after which some cyanide of potassium was added, and the operator hastily withdrew, as the white fumes of hydrocyanic gas began to arise, these being fatal to the life of any man who inhales them for a few minutes. It is important to be precise in the quantities of the ingredients of the mixture, as too much of the cyanide might injure the trees or plants; and these should not be left in the fumes for more than half an hour without the

house being ventilated. The proportions found by experiment to be satisfactory are, one-fourth of a gramme of the cyanide for each cubic foot of air space in the fumigating room, with 50 per cent. more sulphuric acid, and 50 per cent. more water than acid. For example, in a room containing 100 cubic feet of space, 50 grammes of cyanide of potassium, 75 grammes of sulphuric acid, and 112 grammes of water are used. There are 28½ grammes to the ounce avoirdupois. It is obvious that only skilled operators should use this dangerous gas; but under proper conditions it might well be tried on an experimental scale for the destruction of pests in hothouses. In one case, 10,000 young peach trees were fumigated at one time. It is clear that if this method of destroying insects in hothouses can be applied without injury to vines, tomatoes, or various pot plants, it would be very much cheaper and less laborious than spraying with insecticides.—*Agricultural Gazette (Eng.)*

### Commercial Agriculture.

#### SHIPPING SMALL FRUITS PROMPTLY.

EXPERIENCED fruit growers understand the great importance of shipping small fruits as soon as they are gathered and placed in proper packages. It is those new in the business who make the mistake in this matter, often picking one day and shipping the next. Such mistakes should not occur, but due preparation for gathering a certain amount by a given time should be planned. If delayed, send promptly what has been secured, even if obliged to make a shipment the next day, or sell at a lower figure at home, or even give away the small amount remaining upon the vines or bushes to those who will pick them.

In the warm days of July and August, one day's delay in reaching the market after the fruit is picked often means a lower price when offered in the market in competition with that which is a day later from the field. When grown extensively, arrangements should previously have been made for evaporating

or canning when the market prices for the fruit in baskets or crates is not satisfactory, and in case of a prolonged rain, causing overripeness, this manner of disposing of the amount secured in that unfavorable condition is the best. The evaporating can be done on the farm and in fruit sections there is a canning factory in most of the large towns, thus giving the choice of three markets for the fruit.

At all times place the fruit in new and clean packages. While the crate may be used several times, the baskets should not be, unless the fruit is extra fine, both in color and size, and even then the new baskets will prove a good investment. Furthermore, take pride in shipping only goods of a fine quality and appearance, upon the packages of which are stamped name and address. In this way a demand for a special brand is often established. This pleases three persons—the customer, dealer and the grower. It is the finest fruit that establishes and brings the highest prices.—*Ex.*

### Summer Horticulture.

#### HOT WEATHER ORCHARD WORK.

JUNE, July and August are three months during which the orchard and fruit garden need special attention. The orchard is then peculiarly subject to weather conditions. If there is much rain insects destroy the fruits.

The grower should be provided with spraying pump and insecticides, and use the remedy promptly and according to directions. If the weather is dry the insects will be found at work on the trees, either eating the leaves, young growth, or webbing or tenting through the head,

and then the white grub and woolly aphis will be getting in their destructive work on the roots. Although an apple tree may look healthy one week, it may be found dead the next. The trouble is caused by the growth being cut by the insects and excessive dry weather.

These points are of importance, and the orchardist should become familiar with the different conditions and be able to diagnose the disease and apply a remedy from the general appearance of the tree. Apply ashes, lime, concentrated lye or salt, either separate or mixed. If mixed, take two parts lime, one-fourth concentrated lye, one-fourth salt and one-half wood ashes. Sift this on the ground thick enough to make a good showing as far out as the reach of the limbs. This application is more for trees standing uncultivated. For eating insects, spray with Paris green, London purple or white arsenic, and for all in-

sects that suck or use their proteoasis, apply kerosene emulsion. Foot rot is most common with the cherry trees, but sometimes attacks plum, pear apple and other trees. This disease is usually the result of overfeeding with strong fertilizer, accompanied by successive rains and warm weather. To overcome this disease, carefully remove the top soil, going as deep as possible without cutting the roots. Fill in ordinary top soil, giving proper drainage, that there may be no water left standing about the roots.

Thinning fruit is of vital importance where trees are set too heavily. This work should be done just before the seed hardens, or can be done at any time after the fruit sets, but there is no strain on the vitality of the tree until the maturing of the seeds. The fruit pulp is the receptacle of the seed and is largely water.—*Ex.*

### A BIG EVENT.

IT is a marvel to many, that the management of Toronto's Industrial Exhibition is able, year after year, to record larger attendances than previously. To our mind the secret is a simple one; while there are people of course who are content with mediocrity, there are yet tens of thousands in Ontario whose ambitions are not so bounded and who are ever ready to support a project that ensures the best obtainable; and the "best all round," aptly describes the programme which Manager Hill is preparing for the delectation of visitors to Toronto's Fair, which opens August 28th, and closes September 10th. The facilities for showing stock have been increased and several desirable improvements have been made, ensuring additional comfort for man and beast. The list of

special features far eclipses that of any previous years.

The pyrotechnical display promises to be a record for the continent. From Africa to the Phillipines is a far cry, but the stirring scenes recently enacted at Omdurman and Illilo will be reproduced side by side with the full regard to detail, that has made these "pictures" so popular during the last few years.

The educative possibilities of the exhibition are never lost sight of by the management, and exhibitions of wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony, are among the features that add incalculably to the value of the Great Fair, in attending which we would strongly urge our friends not to restrict themselves to a flying visit. Three, four, or five days even, could be profitably and enjoyably spent in the many different departments.

### "WE."

THE doctor helps you make a start unto the light of day;

He then sends in his little bill which somebody must pay.

The lawyer gives you wise advice, and then makes out his bill,

The size of which is sure to give your bank account a chill;

And every other man you meet attempts to pull a fee,

The editor's advice alone is given full and free;

He hands it out from week to week, in large and mellow slice,

And like as not your comment is—it isn't worth the price.

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## AT DENTONIA PARK.

### Among the Egg Producers.

**N**O department of farming offers a better opportunity for demonstrating what a difference there will be in the income of a farmer who works on scientific lines instead of on the old popular "let it go" principle than the poultry yard. The egg producers have at last attained some measure of

to those which have demonstrated their practical value at Dentonia. At this experimental farm there may be said to be three separate features of the poultry department—the incubator house, the brooder house and the plant for layers. In addition, there is a double isolation pen, of which more later on. The first of



NO. 1.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE DENTONIA POULTRY YARDS AND BUILDINGS.  
BROODER HOUSE HIDDEN BEHIND THE TREES.

the recognition which is justly their due as profit-makers for the farmer who devotes to the feathered tribe the same attention that he bestows on larger live stock. While it may not be possible for the average farmer to conduct poultry operations on a scale as extensive as that prevailing at Dentonia Park Farm, it is certainly within the power of the majority to work on parallel, if reduced, lines

these that the visitor reaches when entering through the western gates to Dentonia is the incubator house, a view of which is seen in illustration No. 2. Here in the basement are modern hatching machines of Canadian make with a total capacity of 1000 eggs, and destined to be the birthplace of feathered stock whose fame will be known in the land. The rear portion of the building provides a

home for the ducks, while other parts are put to good use for office, storage, packing and other necessary purposes.

From the incubator to the brooder house is the next step, naturally, and, in our humble opinion, the brooder house is the most interesting show point the poultry lover can see at Dentonia. The brooder house, which is 112 x 15 feet, has accommodation for 600 young birds. Fourteen pens, twelve feet deep, occupy

tank on the hill which can be seen in our illustration No. 1.

"What about temperature?" we asked our guide, Mr. Webber, to whose care has been confided the poultry interests of Dentonia, and who is known throughout Ontario among poultry fanciers as the raiser of some of the finest birds ever exhibited. "I always keep the brooder house at from 80° to 85°," was the reply, and the means whereby this was done in



NO. 2.—DENTONIA INCUBATOR HOUSE.

the length of the building, and in these pens the young birds are graded to a nicety, and they live a life of luxury. At the rear of each pen is a run forty-eight feet deep and of the same width as the pen. Behind these again are three more larger pens, offering opportunities for a grass feed, and to which the older birds of the young stock are admitted in turn. Pure water is supplied from the

winter stood revealed: a hot water furnace in the basement of the centre building feeding some hundreds of feet of inch-and-a-half iron piping, which runs under the floor of the brooder. There is ample provision made for the storage of feed in the basement and feed bins in second storey.

Arrived at maturity, the egg makers go up the hill to the department of which

a good general view is seen in illustration No. 3, as well as of the brooder house at the foot. The main building is situated on the crest of the hill; the back

grinding bone, and other similar purposes. The same windmill pumps the water to the large tank on the crest of the hill.



NO. 3.—BROODER HOUSE IN THE FOREGROUND, MAIN BUILDING AND PLANT FOR LAYERS ON THE CREST OF THE HILL.

wall is of brick, and the roof is on a level with the ground at the rear. The square building at the west end of the long series of pens has three stories, the basement being the culinary department,

The main floor is divided into sixteen pens; in the floor of each pen is a trap door leading to a scratching pen, whence again entrance can be obtained to large yards, each about a quarter of an acre



NO. 1.—AISLE OF THE MAIN BUILDING FOR LAYERS.

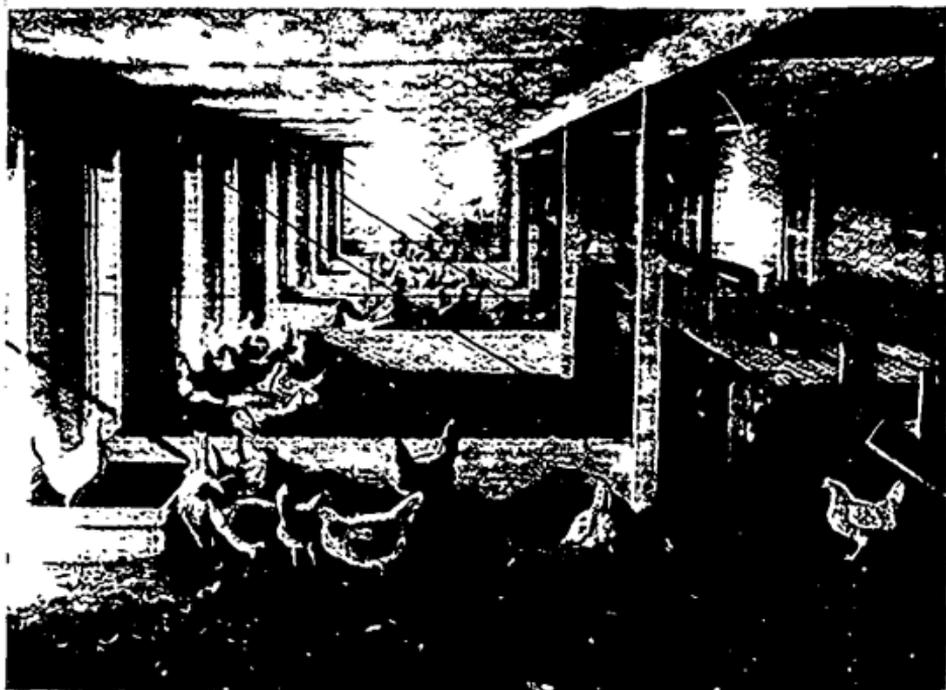
duly provided with cooker and heater; the middle flat is devoted to fowls, while the one above contains the machinery, driven by wind power, for cutting hay,

in extent, wherein are planted young fruit trees and grape vines, thus preventing any unnecessary waste of space, and giving excellent and requisite shade.

The gates leading into the yards, as well as the trap doors, can be shut or opened by the attendant from the alley in the aisle of the large building, a partial longitudinal sectional view of which is seen in illustration No. 4. This also shows the arrangement of the doors of the pens and the doors which are let down when the eggs are collected, the nesting accommodation being sufficient for 500 layers.

double isolation pen, with scratching pen extensions. This is a model house, with every contrivance for keeping its contented occupants in a healthful condition.

In a future issue we purpose dealing with the feathered stock who inhabit the quarters we have cursorily described. In the meantime we would urge our poultry-appreciating friends to take advantage of Mr. Massey's invitation and visit the Dentonia yards, and make a



NO. 5.—GENERAL VIEW THROUGH THE PENS—MAIN BUILDING FOR LAYING STOCK.

Illustration No. 5 is a general view of the interior of the pens, and shows the arrangement of grit boxes, water cans, dust boxes, roosts, etc. All of these are so constructed that they can be easily removed for cleaning; and cleanliness is one of the most striking characteristics of the whole place.

Illustration No. 6 affords a view of the

personal inspection and careful study of the buildings which even such authorities as Mr. Gilbert, the present poultry chief of the Ottawa Agricultural College, and Mr. Jarvis, who held the corresponding position at Guelph, declared to be the most complete hen-home they had seen in Canada. Visitors are welcome to Dentonia any day except Sunday.

## POULTRY NOTES.

**PRESERVING EGGS.**—Water glass for preserving eggs has been tested at the Dominion experiment farms. Poultry Manager Gilbert finds the water glass

solution over them, covering well. Keep the eggs in a cool, dark place. If the eggs are kept in too warm a place the silicate is deposited and the eggs are not properly protected. Do not wash the eggs before packing for by so doing you injure their keeping quality. For packing use only perfectly fresh eggs, for stale eggs will not be saved and may prove harmful to the others. The lime water may be made by putting two or three pounds of good, fresh lime in five gallons of water, stirring well at intervals for a few hours and then allowing to settle. The clear supernatant fluid can then be poured over the



No. 6.—DENTONIA MODEL ISOLATION DOUBLE PEN.

no better than lime pickle, although it is rather more costly. The results of the preparations were, in fact, much alike. Water glass costs 50 to 60c. per gallon.

eggs, which have been previously placed in a crock or water-tight barrel. By either method the flavor and color were somewhat injured as compared with



No. 7.—VIEW LOOKING SOUTH FROM ROOF OF MAIN BUILDING, SHOWING BROODER HOUSE AND LARGE FISH POND IN DISTANCE BEYOND.

enough for five dozen eggs. To each ten quarts of water add one quart of water glass. Pack the eggs in the jar and pour

fresh eggs. To prevent bursting when being cooked, a pin hole may be made in the blunt end of the egg.

...AT THE...

## Editor's Desk

WITHOUT entering into the merits or demerits of the restriction of Japanese and Chinese immigration, there can be but one opinion of the stand the Premier took when, a few days ago, he stated in the House that he and his colleagues had felt it their duty to deal with this much vexed question, that was so much to the fore in British Columbia, not from a local, or even a purely Canadian, point of view: Canada's position must be that of a portion of the Empire, and Imperial interests in the East, interests which were Canada's materially as well as sentimentally, demanded that the most cordial relations be maintained with Japan. It was not enough, said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that they should sing "God save the Queen" on holidays as proof of their loyalty; they must be prepared to make sacrifices some times, and the present was an occasion when such a sacrifice was required of them. It spoke volumes for the ability of Canadian legislators to rise superior to party considerations that the statesmanly utterances of Sir Wilfred were endorsed by members on both sides of the House.

\* \* \*

LET science advance as she will, she still has fresh fields to explore. The conquest of disease and other death-dealing agencies engages the constant attention of some of the most brilliant and best equipped minds in the world, and on these now devolves the discovery of a means of eradicating a parasite which has recently appeared in the United States. This new enemy of mankind is known colloquially as the "Kiss-

ing Bug." Its "kiss" appears to be as fatal as that of the mythological syren of old. Two deaths occurred in St. Louis within a few hours of the victims, children, being "kissed" or stung. The parasite chooses the lips for its point of attack, and these immediately swell to fearful proportions. The instant application of alcohol in several cases prevented fatal results. So far the kissing bug has confined his undesirable attentions to one or two States, and we have no desire to see him on this side of the line.

\* \* \*

ATTENTION has again been drawn by the Canadian High Commissioner in England to the demand there is in that country for raspberry pulp to be used in the manufacture of raspberry jam. Enquiries have been made at the High Commissioner's office regarding the possibility of Canada supplying this commodity. Here is another splendid opportunity for the Canadian farmer who has learned by this time that ultra conservatism in the uses to which he puts his soil does not conduce to superfluous prosperity. Raspberry-growing on a large scale can easily be carried on in conjunction with other crops. The greatest difficulty would be in maintaining the fruit and the pulp in a sound condition, and this difficulty is not so great as it appears at first sight. We have on previous occasions contended that the question of cold storage must be placed in the same category as road-repairing, street-lighting and the supply of water. Local cold storage is fast becoming as important a factor in the prosperity of the farmer as transportation. No railway or other transportation company considers its equipment complete without cold storage chambers; but between the cold storage chamber of the

transportation company and the orchard or dairy of the farmer is an interim of high temperature which too frequently proves fatal to the arrival of his products before the consumer in a desirable condition.

\*.\*

AN attempt to meet the demand in England for raspberry pulp, unless accompanied by every safeguard against decay *en route*, would be folly. The system that would require to be adopted appears to us to be that which is in vogue for the manufacture of cheese. The pulp factory, where the necessary process of transforming the ripe fruit into the desired condition can be carried on, must be within comparatively easy reach of the raspberry-grower. The co-operation of half a dozen farmers in a district would quickly place within their hands the entire machinery needed for developing an industry whose possibilities are unlimited. The picking of the fruit, its transformation into pulp, the packing of the latter and its conveyance to the point of shipment, are the features, to which the local growers working in co-operation should give their personal attention. Beyond that point, the road to the Old Country buyer is easy. Many of our readers may not be aware that a strenuous effort is being made to direct shipments of Canadian produce to Manchester. The opening of the Manchester ship canal five years ago transformed that previously inland city into a port. The importance of this to Canada will be realized when it is remembered that Manchester is the distributing centre for food stuffs and live stock to a district whose population is considerably greater than that of the whole of Canada. A fleet of steamers, known as the Manchester Liners, has been especially built to meet the exigencies of the Canadian export trade, and a regular service between Canadian ports and Manchester is now assured. The steamers, according to the accounts in the English newspapers, possess every facility known to shipbuilders and scientists, for the preservation of perishable products. It only remains for the Canadian farmer to say whether he will enter, and reap a rich

harvest in a market that is not only open to him, but where his arrival is being eagerly looked forward to; or whether he will abandon this golden opportunity to the less favorably situated farmer of the United States, who, we may be sure, will not be slow to take advantage of the demand that exists in England for a commodity that can be produced in his country as in Canada in practically unlimited quantities.

\*.\*

SINCE the foregoing was written, the Minister of Finance has laid before the Dominion House the budget for the forthcoming year and among the items is one of \$25,000 from the Department of Fisheries, for cold storage. The amount is not heavy, but the presentation of the item to the House is a recognition of the principle we have referred to above, that the provision of cold storage is bound to become a public question. We shall not be surprised, in fact we shall be much disappointed, if in a year or two, we do not see the Minister of Agriculture follow the example of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and demand for the fruit-growers and dairymen the same kind of support, on a larger scale, that Mr Fielding has procured for the fishermen.

\*.\*

A COLORED man recently declined the postmastership of a town in the southern States, giving as his reason that his acceptance of the proffered position would place his life in danger from the white population. Another southern town is without a postoffice because the last postmaster was murdered and his wife and child maimed for life by a mob, and the townspeople refuse to make any attempt to bring the murderer to justice. The offence committed by the murdered man was—that he was born a negro, and had been deemed worthy to hold the office of postmaster. And yet American journals and American politicians express surprise and indignation that the Phillipino leaders should hesitate to place themselves and their colored countrymen under the protection of the great American people!

To American enterprise there is no limit. We recently received the prospectus of a syndicate formed for the development of Cuba. The offers of the syndicate ranged from a city lot to a fortune-producing plantation, the price of both and of all intervening attractions being *nil*! All that was required was that a certain amount of the company's stock, from \$50 to \$500, be taken by the would-be possessor of a slice of the earthly paradise described in the prospectus. Not one single disadvantage or discomfort did our eye light upon in the whole of the thirty odd pages. On the other hand, we read of a climate, to live in which was to be assured of health for evermore; of profits gigantic that could not fail to materialize—the climate attended to that also. Saw mills and other industries were to be established by the syndicate, and every thing was to be conducted "on the American plan"—we forgot that when we said there was not a single disadvantage. We suppose there are some who will swallow the bait so temptingly dressed, and part with their hard-earned dollars to the kind-hearted gentlemen who compose the syndicate; and the believing ones will probably exhaust the remainder of their means in proceeding to Cuba to discover that for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, Ah Sin was a cherub compared with the Yankee speculator.

\* \*

ALAS for the hope that the United States' entrance upon a wider field of political effort, as one result of the war with Spain, would bring to the fore, men of a correspondingly wider conception of the responsibilities of office! The smoke of the last gun fired at Spanish ship or fort, by the American navy, has hardly cleared away before that curse of modern democracy, the professional politician, who attains his fullest growth in the big republic, appears on the scene ready to reap the fruits of the work performed by the navy, the only element in American official life that can hold the respect of either Americans or of other nations.

ALL kinds of stories have been afloat regarding the appointment, to positions requiring military experience and a special capacity for administration, of men utterly lacking in every qualification—except the possession of a "political pull." Reports of this character must be received, with caution until verified, or evidence is forthcoming to free them from the suspicion of being made out of whole cloth. Unfortunately for the dream of those who thought a new and brighter era was dawning in the States, the evidence already adduced is sufficient to show that the methods so long in vogue in New York and Chicago, have reached the Philippines, and incompetence, except at drawing the stipend attached, appears to be the characteristic of the majority of office holders, "supporting" General Otis, in his long-drawn-out attempt to subdue the Philippines. The commander of the American forces himself does not appear to be very well equipped with those administrative qualities which his present position requires, and it is a pitiable commentary upon the freedom that exists (?) in the great republic, which is accustomed to go into hysterics over the autocratic censorship exercised by some old-world monarchies, that the newspaper correspondents at the seat of operations have signed a round-robin to the United States President, protesting against the interference of General Otis in their legitimate duties, who not only declined to allow them to send despatches to their respective papers, describing the actual condition of affairs, but whose reports to the Government, for the consumption of the American people, are misleading and untrue. The correspondents say, that instead of the Philipinos being almost subdued, they are stronger than ever, whilst the American forces are in a very disorganised state. It is true General Otis denies the allegations made against him, but it is hardly likely that a body of trained journalists, who, as a matter of fact, have had more experience in the field than the American general, would one and all so completely blunder in weighing up the situation. If the question resolves itself into one of veracity,—well, the world must choose, un-

til definite evidence is forthcoming, between one man who has everything to gain by hiding the facts, if as represented by the correspondents, and probably two dozen other men whose mission is to report the actual conditions obtaining, wether pleasant or otherwise.

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THE aftermath of the Spanish-American war promises to be a big political scandal and the public washing of a considerable amount of dirty linen marked "U.S." The resignation of the Secretary of War at a critical moment like the present is more than enough to indicate that stormy times are ahead of the Administration of the Republic.

\*.\*

IN its desire to detract attention from the revelations yet to come ament the Phillipine fiasco, we attribute in no small measure the inconsistent attitude of the American government in its refusal to submit the vital points in the Alaskan boundary question to arbitration. Arbitration to the U.S. politician evidently means "we will submit to arbitration when we know we are right and are sure to win, but when there is a probability of our losing, our ineradicable Americanism asserts itself and we prefer 'bluff.'"

Unfortunately England has been bluffed too often by the United States, and the greatest bluff of all was when England believed that the Republic's politicians cared one iota for an Anglo-Saxon understanding, except so far as that understanding aided the United States. Even English patience and English belief in the good faith of "our American cousins" is waning now. English opinion, official as well as public, is solidly in favor of insisting on Canada's position in the Alaskan boundary dispute being maintained "at any cost." The phrase "at any cost" means a great deal in English journalistic and political circles, where indulgence in extravagant threats is not the vogue, and how serious the situation has become was demonstrated a day or two ago when Sir Charles Tupper raised the ques-

tion of the Alaskan boundary in the House.

\*.\*

No one in Canada will question the accuracy of Sir Charles's contention that Britain had time and again allowed the United States to take liberties which she would not have tolerated for a moment were the offender any other nation. In replying, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke words that were full of significance. "It is clear," he said, "that there are only two ways by which the difficulty may now be settled, arbitration or war."

We can well believe that the Dominion Government will make every effort in conjunction with the Imperial authorities to bring about a final settlement by peaceful means, *but*—let every true Canadian who believes in Canada as a factor in the future of the world, remember that Canada has reached the turning point in its career, and that we must emerge from the present dispute with the Republic either a recognized potent force in determining the policy of the Empire and, therefore, of the world; or a national nonentity—the mere political servitors of that unwieldy aggregation of political and racial factions known as the United States of America.

Sooner than that, war with all its horrors would be readily accepted by every Canadian young and old. It is a bitter disappointment; it is humiliating, to have to discuss the possibility of such a contingency after all that has been done and said by Canadians, and other British subjects, during the last eighteen months to convince Americans of our desire to maintain the most cordial relations with them.

We in Canada can no longer be deceived, and the United States must understand there is but one opinion in Canada, and that is, an immovable determination to maintain Canadian rights to the very death.

## DISCUSSION ON IMPORTANT TOPICS OF MUTUAL INTEREST.

**E**VERY true and loyal Canadian must necessarily be interested in the welfare of his country. The best means of developing Canada is for each of its citizens to patronize home industry. Keep your factories full of men and you will reduce your national debt; patronize foreigners and you will increase the number of your poor and lessen your consuming population by having your countrymen seek employment in a country antagonistic to Canadian interests.

If you want to buy a plow, wagon, thrasher, engine, binder, mower or whatever it may be, you can get just as good, if not better, quality for the same price from a Canadian as from a foreigner, therefore, buy from the Canadian.

The Canadian buys your butter, eggs, meat and flour. The foreigner buys the produce of his own countrymen. We have further evidence of the ability of Canadians to compete with foreign manufacturers abroad as well as at home in interesting field trials of mowing machines held in Cremona, Italy, in May last, full details of which have only recently reached us.

Forth to the meadow on the 19th and 20th of May last, in presence of the scrutinizing judges and before a throng of interested and expectant onlookers, thirteen mowing machines, of different makes and from various countries, were driven for trial. England, Canada, United States and Germany, each had contestants in the field. After two days of tests—each of the thirteen drivers having done his utmost to prove the working of his respective machine to be the best—the judges, as a result of their thorough examination and test, threw out ten machines and selected three—MASSEY-HARRIS, Osborne and Deering—for further trial. This second trial, held on June 16th and 17th, resulted in a triumph for the skill of Canadian artizans, and the MASSEY-HARRIS Brantford Mower was awarded the Gold Medal and First Diploma, the Deering machine being placed second and Osborne third.

High-class Canadian workmanship—the light draft of the MASSEY-HARRIS Perfected Roller and Ball Bearings—the simple, yet strong and powerful mechanical principles of the Brantford—were thus proven at the great International Trial to be the best in the world!

Another trial and another victory took place at Colboug, Germany, early in June last, when thirteen different Companies sent in their machines for test, amongst those competing being MASSEY-HARRIS, Adriance, Buckeye, McCormick, Deering, Plano, Wood, Albion, etc. The judges threw out five machines, and declared four machines first-class and three machines second-class:

*First-class Machines*—MASSEY-HARRIS, Adriance, Buckeye, and a German-made machine.

*Second-class Machines*—Plano, McCormick, Deering.

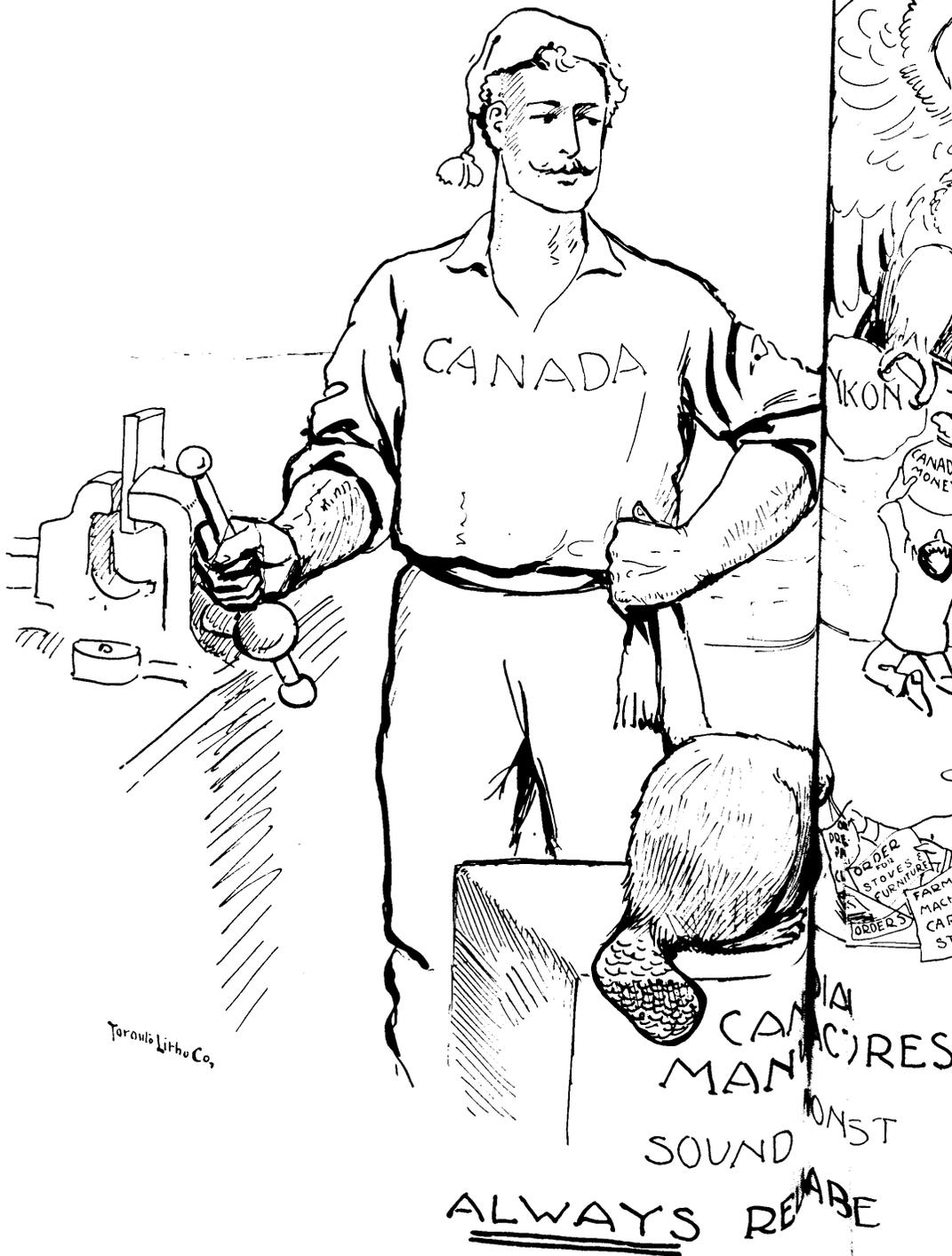
This is not, by any means, the first time that MASSEY-HARRIS implements have been declared superior in workmanship, construction and operation to the products of all implement manufacturers the world over, and Canadian farmers should rejoice in the fact that they have in Canada a concern whose fame for making farm implements is so world-wide.

The judges who officiated at the trials in Italy and Germany above recorded, recognized the excellent work done by the MASSEY-HARRIS Mower, and awarded the highest honors to the machine which in their estimation was the best.

The MASSEY-HARRIS Works at Toronto are in excellent shape for filling the voluminous orders which have been pouring in of late. Last year several extensive additions and improvements were made to the plant to enable the Company to continue to lead in the race for supremacy.

The factories are filled with expert Canadian workmen, and every machine that is made is carefully put together under the supervision of experienced superintendents.

Which will you fee



Toronto Litho Co.

CANADA  
MANUFACTURES  
SOUND CONSTRUCTION  
ALWAYS REPAIR



DUMPING GROUND  
FOR  
UNITED STATES SURPLUS.



ALL TRUE CANADIANS USE  
HOME MANUFACTURES.

...PIA  
...NACRES  
...ONST  
...REMBE

## IN THE HOME



### The Will is Mine.

**I** ASKED for wealth to aid the poor,  
 Whose pitted wounds I may not heal,  
 Whose presence I but ill endure,  
 So helpless is the grief I feel;  
 When thus methought the Lord replied:  
 "The world with all its wealth is Mine;  
 My hand of love if opened wide  
 Would need no trembling aid from thine."  
 "Oh! give me wealth," again I said,  
 "That I may taste the sweet employ  
 Of giving orphan children bread,  
 Of filling widowed hearts with joy."  
 And knowing well my deep distress,  
 His pitying voice replied to me;  
 "The whispered prayer, the wish to bless,  
 Is all I now require of thee."

Yet once again I dared to sigh:  
 "The rich who love Thy work are few;  
 Let me but pass 'the needle's eye'  
 To bear thy gifts securely through!"  
 The voice replied in accents mild:  
 "Both good and evil work for Me;  
 If thou wert rich, repining child,  
 Thou, like the rest, might faithless be."  
 "Mourn less, yet combat more the ill  
 Thou dost not cause and canst not cure;  
 'Tis thine to bear thy Father's will,  
 'Tis His to aid the helpless poor.  
 And e'en in this desponding hour,  
 Thou feel'st that 'tis the better part  
 To have the heart devoid of power,  
 Than having power, to lack the heart."

### Pretty Things all around—Photograph Frames Made at Home.

**A**MONG all the variety of photograph frames seen this year, none are more popular than those of embroidered white linen. The linens, already stamped, with mountings and glass complete, can be purchased very cheap, or, with a little ingenuity, can be made at home. A variety of shapes are liked, from the tiny little circular frame for holding miniatures, to the large ones for holding two and even three cabinet photographs.

Illustration Fig. 1 shows a white linen frame, about 8½ by 10 inches. The design, a conventional one, is the delicate pink sweetbriar. For working this design use the shades of pink filo silk for the blossoms, shading to the faintest yellow toward the centre. Work the centres in a bright yellow, and the leaves in pretty soft shades of green, not too bright. The stems may be embroidered in either green or brown filo floss.

Frames made of two colors of linen are novel and exceedingly pretty. Yellow and white, green and white, Delft blue

and white make effective combinations.

Illustration Fig. 2 represents a frame of this description. The materials used are yellow linen and white linen, and the design is the ever-popular buttercup. Stamp or draw your design on both the yellow and white linen. Now with a pair of sharp embroidery scissors cut away all that portion of the white linen outside of the rococo corner and border. Place the white linen over the yellow, being careful that all parts of the design on the white linen shall match the corresponding parts on the yellow linen exactly, and baste them very carefully together. Work the buttercups in bright yellow filo floss, and the rococo design in the same color. The leaves and stems are to be worked in shades of glossy green.

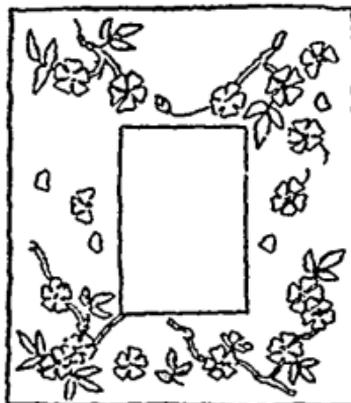


FIG. 1.

Illustration Fig. 3 is a charming little circular frame, measuring about 6½ inches in diameter. The material is fine white linen, and the embroidery forget-me-nots and ribbons in the Dresden style. Work the flowers in a delicate shade of blue, and the buds in the palest pink. Place two sheets of wad-

ding between the linen and the cardboard used for mounting. In fact this will be found a great improvement in mounting linen frames of whatever shape.

Illustration Fig. 4 is a frame of white linen, measuring about 10½ by 12½ inches, and is intended to hold two cabinet photographs. This design, which is also conventional, should be embroidered in shades of yellow filo floss, shading the blossoms from white to a deep shade of buttercup yellow. The leaves, stems and tendrils should be embroidered in delicate shades of a greyish green.

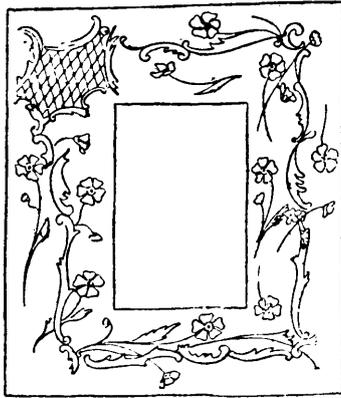


FIG. 2.

This design is also very effective done in shades of pink.

Oiled holland, the material used for window shades, makes very attractive frames and is one of the easiest of materials to paint on. A very pretty frame recently seen was of sage green holland, with a conventional design done in silver and gold paint. This is work that even an amateur could do well, as a knowledge of painting is not at all necessary, and one is constantly delighted with the effects to be obtained from these simple materials.

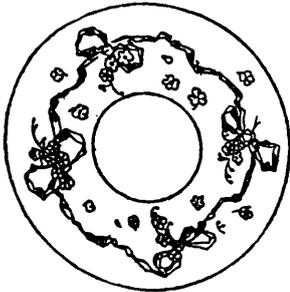


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

### The Dangers of Broken Needles.

Few things in common use are more dangerous than needles. This is especially true if they are broken and dropped carelessly on the floor. It is hard to get rid of a broken needle. The only sure way is to put it into the fire; but even then it has a fashion of dropping down through the bars of the grate and reappearing when least expected. "I throw mine into the open register," says one

woman. "Whether or not the sweep runs across them when he cleans the flues I cannot say, but I have never heard any complaints, so I am well rid of them." Did you ever try a magnet for drawing out a broken needle that had become so embedded in the flesh that a deep cut seemed necessary in order to remove it? Well, it is a bit of information which it is well to keep in mind, for it has been tried and found effectual.

### Homely Proverbs.

Suspicion has a key that will fit every lock.  
 Don't pull the house down because the chimney smokes.  
 If you give me a knife, give me a fork, too.  
 Give me a drink but drench me not.  
 A hole in the purse, and the cupboard the worse.  
 The fuller the hand, the harder to hold.  
 Stroke the dog but beware of his bite.  
 Heap on the coals, and put out the fire.  
 The fool kept the shell, and threw away the kernel.  
 One cock is sure to crow if he hears another.

In comes the fiddler, and out goes the money.  
 The shorter the wit the longer the word.  
 Saw off any branch but that you are sitting on.  
 My partner ate the meat and left me the bone.  
 If you break your bowl you lose your broth.  
 Don't wait till it is dark before you light the lamp.  
 Every bell must ring its own tone.  
 If you shoot one bird you scare the whole flock.  
 Beware of pride, says the peacock.  
 You must shut your eyes if the dust blows in your face.

# CHIT-CHAT.

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

### My Little Son.

II HAVE a son, a little son, with happy, loving eyes,  
The color of the soft, brown dusk, drawn over  
starry skies;  
A mouth that's meant for kisses, and a nature  
meant for love—  
The sweetest thing God ever sent from His fair  
home above.

And, oh! that I might always keep my baby just  
like this!  
Not grown too big for rocking, or too tall for  
mother's kiss—  
A little, merry, toddling boy, with very broken  
speech,  
And silent wonder for the things that lie beyond  
his reach.

But, little son, I know full well that some fine day  
you'll be  
A man—perhaps a father, and grown far away  
from me,  
But mother's hearts are prison cells, and we do  
not forget,  
And so, perhaps, in future years, I'll have my  
baby yet.

A VERY clever woman—clever, be-  
cause she knew how to hold her  
tongue—was once heard telling a  
friend, in confidence, when asked why  
she had not taken part in a conversation  
of the previous evening, in which nearly  
everyone had joined, that she had kept  
quiet because she was ignorant of the  
subject under discussion. "Whenever I  
am not thoroughly informed on a subject,  
and feel incapable of talking intelligently,  
why, I just hold my tongue. I believe I  
have the reputation of being a good  
talker, but if I talked about what I did  
not understand I should soon lose it."  
"But then one appears so stupid to sit  
still and say nothing when everyone else  
is talking," was the reply. "I do not  
mind that in the least," she answered:  
"I am willing to run the risk."

This establishes an excellent precedent  
in the art of conversation. If one finds  
oneself suddenly, and without warning,  
surrounded by a lot of people "who know  
it all," it is far better to keep silent than  
to launch forth into the discussion of an  
unexplored subject.

\*.\*

"MA," remarked the small boy, "isn't  
it funny that everybody calls my little  
brother a bouncing baby?"

"Why do you think it is funny, Wil-  
liam?" returned his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the  
floor this morning he didn't bounce a  
bit. He cried."

\*.\*

A HUSBAND and wife should study  
each other's character. The  
true wife may not be able to tell  
you in words all about her husband's  
peculiarities, but she has a wonderfully  
quick way of adapting herself to them,  
and she does it so perfectly that he—  
possibly, she herself—does not think it

an adaptation, only a natural act that  
could hardly have been done differently.  
An appreciative husband orders his  
words, his movements, his life, so that  
the quick sensibilities of a sensitive wife  
are so delicately met that they vibrate  
only tunelessly. Every one has some  
peculiarity of disposition or tempera-  
ment. These are what make individual-  
ity. The wise husband and wife find  
them quickly out, and, like skilful musi-  
cians, pitch the music of their life by  
them. If your husband is not all that  
you picture him, remember that you are  
not the angel you once appeared; if your  
wife is more ungraceful in faded calico  
than in lace-trimmed silk, and more tart  
in temper now than when you saw her  
for an hour or two on her good behaviour,  
do not forget that you, in your uncoated  
sleeves, unwashed face, and possibly not  
sunny humor, are not the noble being  
she took you to be. Therefore, remem-  
ber, you have both something to bear as  
well as enjoy, and the bearing will make  
life happy.

\*.\*

"WHAT are the holes for?" asked little  
Edna, looking at the porous plaster that  
her mother was preparing to adjust on  
Willie's back.

"It's funny you don't know that, sis,"  
interposed Willie. "They're to let the  
pain out, of course!"

\*.\*

THE young housekeeper buying  
her outfit of table linen will find  
it an economy to provide a gen-  
erous supply of tray cloths and carver's  
cloths. Those for general use need not  
be embroidered, and are preferable,  
indeed, to hem-stitched finish or fringed.  
They are a genuine saving to the large  
cloth beneath, and being much more  
easily laundered, can be renewed with  
great frequency. It is the practice of

an old housekeeper, who is an adept at fine hem-stitching, to cut up the best parts of a fine tablecloth which shows signs of wear into a set of cloths. Where the art of such decoration is unacquired, the cloth may be neatly hemmed and finished with an edge of linen torchon.

\*.\*

SISTER: "There! you have candy all over your new suit. What will Mamma say?"

LITTLE BROTHER: "Well, Mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled."

\*.\*

It is a common excuse with over-indulgent mothers for omitting to correct even glaring improprieties of feeling or of conduct that the child is "too young to listen to reason," and that it will be time enough to check such aberrations afterwards. This is a great mistake. In infancy we are governed not by reason but by the well-directed affection and kindness of our guardians; and to wait till the development of a child's understanding before we commence its moral training is to wait till years of unregulated indulgence shall have strengthened its more selfish and powerful appetites and passions—to wait, in short, till the weed has ripened and shed its seed before attempting to extirpate it from the soil.

\*.\*

MOTHER: "Instead of beating the cat, Willie, I wish you would amuse yourself with your doll." WILLIE: "Yes, but when I beat the cat he howls, and the doll doesn't."

\*.\*

CHILDREN are often worried because their mothers are too attentive, and continually reprove the small ones without reason. A child should be left alone, and be allowed to play or amuse itself in its own way without the constant direction of a nervous mother. A boy, for example, enjoys more a few simple toys and something which his own ingenuity has worked out than the most elaborate plaything which has been bought. In

### The Island of Dreams.

H, I had such a pretty dream, Mamma,  
Such pleasant and beautiful things,  
Of a dear little nest in the meadows of rest,  
Where the birdie her lullaby sings.

A dear little stream, full of lilies,  
Crept over the green, mossy stones,  
And just where I lay its thin sparkling spray  
Sang sweetly in delicate tones.

the same way the little girl will lavish her affections on a misshapen doll, probably made at home, while the most artistic production of the toy shop will lie in state, to be taken up on rare occasions. Keep children well, clothe them sensibly, let them understand they are to amuse themselves, and don't "fuss" them.

\*.\*

"JOHNNY, did you take your cough medicine regularly in school, as I told you?" "No, Ma, Johnny Budds liked it, an' he gimme an apple fer it."

\*.\*

IN Lapland the crime which is punished most severely, next to murder, is the marrying of a girl against the express wishes of her parents. When a suitor makes his appearance he says nothing to the girl, nor does she often know who he is, but her parents inform her that her hand has been applied for. Then, on a day appointed, the girl, her parents and friends, meet together and sit at meat, with the suitor and his intended opposite to one another, so that they can view each other's face and converse freely. When the feast is over the company repair to an open space, where "the race for a wife" is to be run. The usual distance is about a quarter of a mile, and the girl is placed a third of the distance in advance of the starting point. If she be fleet of foot, and does not care for her suitor, she can easily reach the goal first, and if she accomplishes this he may never trouble her again. If, on the other hand, she wishes to have him for a husband, she has only to lag in her flight, and so allow him to overtake her. If she be particularly struck with him, and would signify to him that his love is returned, she can run a short distance, then stop and turn and invite him with open arms.

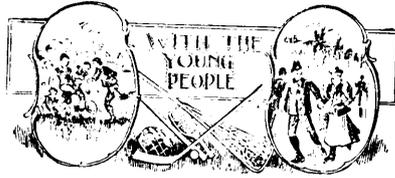
\*.\*

GRANDPA: "Don't get scared, Willie; the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump and roar so."

WILLIE (easily): "Oh, I ain't afraid of him, grandpa. Papa's the same when his meals ain't ready."

And as it flowed on toward the ocean,  
Through the shadows and pretty sun-beams,  
Each note grew more deep, and I soon fell asleep.  
And was off for the Island of Dreams.

I saw there a beautiful angel  
With a crown all bespangled with dew!  
She touched me and spoke, but I quickly awoke.  
And found then, dear Mamma, 'twas you.



"I love God and little children."—JEAN PAUL.

**A** TUTOR who tooted the flute  
Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.  
Said the two to the tutor,  
Is it harder to toot, or  
To tutor two tooters to toot?

\* \*

### Marvellous Feats of Marksmen.

**T**HERE are probably no marksmen in the world whose aim is so accurate and deadly as that of the horn Texan. Even in Texas, where a boy abandons his toys for a rifle or revolver, there has never been such a marvellous marksman as Joseph Tumlinson, whose name inspired such terror years ago. No man who "stood up against" him ever lived to fire a second shot, and it used to be said, grimly enough, that he had several private graveyards of his own.

Many of Tumlinson's shooting feats would be incredible, if they were not witnessed by so many. A favorite feat was to throw two Mexican dollars into the air and with a revolver in each hand send a bullet through both before they touched the ground. Riding at a gallop he would "write his initials" on a tree with a six-shooter; and with a Winchester he would send a bullet through the head of a quail, a duck, or a goose in full flight.

At a distance of fifty yards he could bore a hole through the centre of a card thrown into the air, and he could, at the same distance, strike the edge of a plate with half a bullet. With such a marksman as this, it was quite sufficient for an opponent to say which particular button of his coat he wished the bullet to hit for his wish to be gratified.

Another marvellous Texan shot is a youth called Petmeekey, the son of a gunsmith. As a single-ball shot, there is probably no man living who can compare with him, unless it be another Texan, Adolph Toepperwein, who is astonishing the world by drawing portraits by a rapid succession of bullet-shots.

Young Petmeekey thinks nothing of snuffing a candle fifty yards away with a ball from his Winchester rifle. At the same distance he can hit the edge of a knife, or bore a hole through a silver dollar. His most difficult feat, however, is probably unrivalled. He throws a brick into the air, breaks it with one shot,

and with two succeeding shots shatters the two separate fragments before they reach the earth. His rapidity of firing is so great that, as the Texans say, he almost "melts the bullets together in the barrel."

\* \*

### The Mistake of the Middle Division.

**T**HE youthful gentlemen who figure in the good story below, taken from a recent book concerning amateur acting and actors, were taught a salutary lesson which undoubtedly served them well in all their future histrionic attempts.

Once "The Corsican Brothers," a standard English drama, was given at Eton with great success. The parts were so well taken by the young amateurs that even the masters were pleased.

One master in particular was highly delighted with a scene in which a snow-storm of paper was a highly effective bit of realism. Subsequently he missed a bundle of the Middle Division Trial papers, which he had left on the pupil-room desk. He asked sternly if anyone had seen them.

"Please, sir," came a quavering voice; "the snow."

"The what?" said the master, much mystified.

"The snow, sir, for 'The Corsican Brothers.' We needed a great deal, and we asked you if we might have the paper in your room and you said we might."

"Well," said the master, dryly. "I can only say that it was not my intention to contribute so largely to the success of the evening."

But that was not all he said. A little later all the Middle Division were told that they would take that exam. again!

\* \*

### A Puerto Rican Lad.

**T**HE *Indian Helper*, a paper published by the boys in the Indian Industrial School in Carlisle, recorded the other day the arrival of the first Puerto Rican scholar in the United States in search of an education.

He was a boy of about sixteen, by name Juan Sultano, an eager, wide-

awake lad, who was anxious to proclaim himself "an Americano."

In his first interview with the master of the school, he made a set speech. "Mo come Boston; mo come Concord; mo here!"

When he saw the snow falling for the first time, he thought it was ice-cream, such as he had tasted in Boston, and caught it on his tongue, exclaiming dolefully, "No sweet!"

Naturally, the first scholar from our new territory excites much interest, and advice as to his training pours in from every side.

Perhaps the most original is to be found in the same little paper which we quoted above. An Indian chief lately went to a fort near an agency to see the smokeless powder used. Coming back, he thus described what he had seen:

"Old gun, he shoot, heap smoke?" waving his arms in a great circle. "Other gun, he shoot, no smoke. But—pst! Heap push. He hit mark!"

The lesson drawn from the story by the young Indian editor was that the red-skinned boys from the West or Puerto Rico should work in the world like smokeless powder, without noise or show, but with that "heap push" which is sure to hit the mark.

Good advice for all people, whether red or black or white.

\* \* \*

#### The Queen's Bear-Leader.

**Q**UEEN Victoria is very fond of her grandchildren, and their presence with her quite softens her heart toward all sorts of suitors in whom they take an interest. An amusing story which illustrates this statement is told by the London papers:

One day, not long ago, the Queen, accompanied by her grandsons, the children of Prince Henry of Battenberg, was driving out of the grounds of Balmoral Castle, when just outside the gate they encountered a man who had a dancing bear, in order to exhibit which he had been waylaying the royal carriage. The boys at once demanded the performance, and the Queen, somewhat against her own inclinations, caused the carriage to halt while the animal went through its paces.

When the performance was over, the Queen sent her footman with a sovereign for the man, which she was surprised to see him refuse. Asked what he wanted, the man said:

"I should like much better a certificate just showing that my bear had had the honor to dance before Her Majesty."

The Queen was not at all inclined to grant this somewhat presumptuous peti-

tion, but one of her grandsons again intervened.

"I don't see," he said, "why a bear should not have a royal patent. In Rome a horse was once appointed consul!"

This display of schoolboy erudition delighted the aged Queen, but she wished to test his knowledge further.

"Well, well," she said, "tell me the name of the emperor who committed this act of stupidity, and your bear shall have his royal certificate."

"It was Caligula!" shouted the prince.

A servant ascertained the name of the bear exhibitor, and that very evening a messenger brought him a document, sealed with the royal seal, which constituted him "bear-leader in ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India." This appointment has already resulted in large profit to the astute owner of the bear.

\* \* \*

#### His Mother's Son.

"**M**Y niece Mary was always a well-meaning girl, but she would say the wrong thing almost every time," said one old gentleman to another; "and she's got a boy that's going to be her very counterpart."

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled, and his ugly, good-natured face was puckered with enjoyment as he drew from his pocket-book a small sheet of note-paper.

"I sent Hal a toy monkey that plays all kinds of pranks when it's wound up," said he, chuckling. "Sent it to him for Christmas. Now you listen to this letter of thanks I got from him to-day. He's just eight years old:

"DEER UNCLE NED: I am delited with the munkey, thank you. He makes me think of you very offen. And whenever Mamma winds him up, and he begins to jump, Mamma and I feel as if we were back at your house where all those toys are, and Mamma will look at the munkey and say, "That's your Uncle Ned all over."

"Good-bye, from

"your greatful Hal."

\* \* \*

#### A Shilling A Word.

**T**HE Boston Herald tells a good Kipling story.

They are telling of a certain wag who hearing that Rudyard Kipling received at the rate of a shilling a word for his stories, sent him a shilling and asked for a word.

Mr. Kipling replied, "Thanks."



and hardened by a display of emotion. The combination of a large thumb with a broad palm shows courage to the point of rashness; with a long clear head line, an absolute lack of fear, and great calmness and decision in the moment of danger. A small thumb always indicates a sentimental, impressionable nature, incapable of forming any very high aims, or of executing work of any value. The opinions of subjects are formed for him, never by him, although he will believe himself to have thought them all out, and will quote them as his own.

A thumb easily bent back shows extravagance of thought, adaptability, and a tendency to "fad."

The first, or nailed, phalanx of the thumb represents will power; the second, logic. If the first is long and the second short the subject will be self-willed and violent, having no restraint whatever over his passions. If the second is long and the first short he will be logical, calculating, and will rule every action by reason; but the energy and desire for action will be materially decreased. To have a really good thumb the two phalanges should be of equal length; then reason and will combine, and the highest results for a happy future should be forthcoming.—*Woman's Life.*

ALL KINDS OF YOUNG FOLKS.



MASTER: "What do we see above us when we go out on a clear day?"

BRIGHT SCHOLAR: "We see the blue sky."

"Correct; and what do we see above us on a rainy day?"

"We generally see an umbrella."

\*\*

FIRST BOY: "Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots!"

SECOND BOY: "He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth!"

\*\*

FATHER: "Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail."

TOMMY: "I'm only holding the tail; the cat's pulling it."

\*\*

SCHOOLMASTER: "So, then, the reptile is a creature which does not stand on feet, and moves along by crawling on the ground. Can any of you boys name me such a creature?"

JOHNNY: "Please, sir, my baby brother."

\*\*

"ROBBIE," asked the visitor, "have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No," replied wee Robbie, solemnly; "I'm all the children we've got."

\*\*

"Now, Violet, can you give me any reason why I should not punish you for being so naughty?"

"Yes, Ma. The doctor said you weren't to take any v'ilent exercise."

DICK: "I wish we had a great big dictionary in the house."

FATHER (proud of his son's thirst for knowledge): "Do you want to look for something?"

DICK: "Yes; there's some jam on the shelf that I can't reach standing on the chair."

\*\*

LITTLE ETHEL: "I wish I had a new doll."

MAMMA: "Your doll is as good as ever."

LITTLE ETHEL: "Well, I am just as good as ever, too, but the angels gave you a new baby."

\*\*

BOBBY: "Mamma, am I a lad?"

MAMMA: "Yes, Bobby."

BOBBY: "And is my new papa my step-father?"

MAMMA: "Yes."

BOBBY: "Then I am his step-ladder?"

\*\*

"MY son," said his father solemnly, "when you see a boy loafing about the street corners at all hours, what place in life do you think he is fitting himself for?"

"To be a policeman," replied the young philosopher, promptly.

\*\*

"WHY, Tommy, you're at the jam again, and only whipped for it an hour ago!"

"Yes, mamma; I heard you tell auntie you thought you had whipped me too hard, and I just thought I'd make it even."



## AIMEE'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A FRENCH RAILWAY STORY.

**A** LITTLE white house seems asleep among the blossoming apple-trees. The door opens, a man appears at the threshold, a smile on his face and an expectant look in his eyes. There is a movement behind the trunk of an apple-tree. The man's smile grows broader, and from the tree like a diad rusher a charming little flaxen-haired girl, who throws herself with a burst of laughter into his arms.

"May I take the little one, Celine?" asks the father.

At these words a lovely blonde, the mother of the child, made her appearance.

"Again!" she said, with a shade of annoyance.

"Oh, we shave her fairly," said the man, with the kindest and most paternal smile. "If you knew," he resumed, "how quickly the hours pass when she is down there with me?"

"Don't you think I know, when I find them so long in her absence? Aimee grows more restless and troublesome every day. It is dangerous to let her go with you."

"What do you mean?" said the man, turning pale.

"I mean that I am afraid of your railroad, with its trains and locomotives."

"You are very foolish."

"Leave her here. I can hardly breathe while my little girl is down there. It is frightful to think of, but she might get away and be killed!"

"Don't talk so, Celine."

"She might run away while you are at the points, and it you left them to look after her you would fail in your duty, and might be the cause of a dreadful disaster."

"Oh, Celine, I beg of you, don't!" cried Laurence, who shuddered at the idea. The young woman did not insist. The pointsman gradually recovered himself. "My poor Aimee!" he cried, embracing the child frantically. "It is too bad, Celine; it is a shame to frighten me so." Celine smiled, and the conversation ended as usual with these words from Laurence: "You will come for her at noon."

Little by little their terrors faded away. Laurence reasoned with himself:

"The child," he said "is familiar with the passage of the trains, it is true, but she is old enough to comprehend the danger." And his apprehension gradually vanished.

One evening, however, when he went home he found he had been preceded by the rumor of an accident which had occurred at a neighbouring station. A brakeman had been crushed by an express train. Celine questioned her husband while they were at supper.

"Is it true that Simon is killed?" she asked.

"No," replied Laurence, "he was in great danger, but he escaped, thanks to his wonderful coolness."

"Then he is not dead?" said Celine.

"No; and yet the whole train went over him. When Simon saw it was too late to save himself he laid down flat in the middle of the track, and when the train passed by he got up again safe and sound. I saw him, and asked him how it made him feel. At first he said, when the engine went over him, he was very warm; after that the time seemed long. That was all. You know Simon is not easily frightened. He is ready to go to work again," added Laurence tranquilly.

But Celine's anxieties were aroused afresh. Some time after that the hours of service were changed, and Laurence took the night duty. He could no longer think of taking Aimee with him. One evening, however, a poor woman in the village was taken very ill. The doctor who came wrote a prescription, and said to the neighbors he found there:

"These medicines can only be had in the town, and you must not wait for them. Let one of you go to the railway station, where there is a portable pharmacy, and ask the station-master on my account for a little laudanum. That will quiet the pains till you can have the prescription. Which of you will go?"

"Celine! Celine!" said several voices. It was certain that the station-master would not hesitate to give her the medicine.

The young woman thought at first of leaving Aimee but, as she had been particularly restless all day, Celine concluded to take her. They had to pass Laurence's post to go to the station. He saw them coming, and as soon as they were within hearing began to question them.

"Old Gertrude is very ill, and I am going to the station for medicine."

"That's right. But let me have Aimee, I will keep her till you come back."

Celine lifted the little girl over the fence to her father, who took the precious burden in his arms and returned with her to his box, before which a lamp was

burning. All around darkness covered the tracks, which crossed each other in every direction. It would not take Celine more than twenty minutes to go to the station and back. The child was in one of her most frolicsome moods; she ran suddenly into the garden. Laurence ran laughing after her.

"You can't catch me," said she.

"Yes, I can."

But the little witch evaded Laurence's pursuit, leaving laughter behind her.

"Here, here!" she said, and rushed to the track and began to cross it.

"Don't go there, darling!" said her father. It was very dark—the pointsman could hardly see his daughter.

"You can't catch me!" repeated the child.

"Come—come here!" said her father.

"Look for me," answered the child.

"Aimee, Aimee—don't play any more—I shall be angry! Come here!"

"Oh! you say that because you can't catch me."

"Come back, I will give you a cake."

"That isn't true; you haven't one. You want to make me come back."

"Yes, I don't want you to stop there. The Express train is coming."

"Oh, I shan't let you catch me! The train has gone by."

"There is another."

Instead of replying the child said:

"Run after me, papa."

Laurence saw there was nothing to be done but to run after her and take her out of danger. He rushed towards the place where he heard her voice. It was dark, and Aimee escaped him still. His alarm increased. At any instant the whistle of the on-coming train might be heard, and Laurence redoubled his appeals.

His voice was hoarse with fright; the fatal moment approached, and still the child laughed and repeated, "You can't catch me!"

Now the whistle sounded. The lugubrious call paralysed the poor man, and he lost his head completely. The train would have two victims if he did not regain his composure. Two victims! It would be a catastrophe with incalculable consequences, for a train was stopping at the next station a little way ahead, and if the express was not turned off there must inevitably be a collision. Laurence shook off his torpor.

"Aimee!" he cried, in thundering tones.

"Here, papa!" And the child continued to give sharp little calls, which mingled with the roar of the approaching engine.

The instinct of duty rather than will urged Laurence toward the points. He seized the instrument which ought to turn the train.

"No," he cried, "I must save her.

Aimee, Aimee, where are you?" and his eyes sought to pierce the darkness.

The pointsman, with hair on end, thought of throwing himself before the iron monster. But one chance remained, that Aimee was not on the track over which the train must pass. He looked again, and this time he saw her. She was there, standing on the very track the train must take if he altered the points. If the iron tempest did not change its true course the child was saved. The train would go on to crash against the one at the next station. What matter? Aimee would be alive! All this went through his mind like lightning. There would be killed and wounded—twenty families in despair, but Aimee would be safe and sound. There would be an inquest; he would be condemned, to prison, dishonored, ruined! But his daughter, his Aimee, would live and be happy. Ah, how quick one can think in such terrible moments!

The train came thundering on, but it could not be seen on account of a sharp curve in the road. There was still time to save Aimee, but the child would not stir. It seemed to her father that she waited for the train with an air of defiance.

"Aimee!" he repeated, in a voice strangled by fear, "Aimee, come here!—you will kill me!"

Suddenly the advancing lights of the engine appeared. The train was upon him; it was here. The man felt his whole being shake. He was bewildered—could see nothing; thought did not stop, however, but travelled faster than the train. He recalled in a second his honorable soldier's life, when he had sacrificed everything to duty. He saw in the station the frightful accident he would have caused, and heard the cries of the wounded, the last gasps of the dying. The problem was before him—his daughter or others? There was no alternative without a miracle.

With astonishing promptitude the sentiment of duty became most powerful, and he seized mechanically the handle of the iron bar. The stoical soldier at this moment was uppermost, and effaced the father. He pushed, hardly knowing what he did, and the express train crossed the points.

On it went, and he could see it passing before the station, going by as if happy to escape a danger, and disappearing in the darkness. Duty had been strongest. Stupefied, staggered, speechless, Laurence was rooted to the spot, holding still the cursed handle which had helped him to kill his child.

"Now," he said, "it is my turn to die." The other train was about to pass. He stepped forward, crossed his arms, and awaited it. The whistle sounded,

the heaving engine puffed. Bewildered, thinking of nothing, there he stood.

But at that instant a burst of laughter sounded behind him. He turned wild with hope.

"Oh, naughty papa—he won't play with Aimee!" said the most beloved of voices.

The child was clinging to him. Laurence did not seek to know how the child came there alive. He seized her and fled with his treasure into his little cabin. Then he put her on the ground before the lamp and looked at her. He could not bear so much joy, and fell fainting beside his daughter, who, in her turn, screamed with terror.

At this moment Celino arrived. She heard Aimee's voice, and hastened her steps. Then, becoming impatient, she called:

"Aimee!"

The child ran to meet her, crying.

"Mamma, mamma! I'm frightened!"

"What is the matter?"

"Papa has fallen down."

Celino rushed toward the signal-box and found her husband completely insensible, and stretched on the ground. She sent for help, and the doctor, who had not left the village, came and restored the poor man to consciousness.

The next day when Laurence rose his wife looked at him in terror. Instead of his former bright color he exhibited a corpse-like pallor, which never left him to the end of his days. Laurence was forced to tell his wife all. When he had finished, the poor father turned to Aimee and said:

"But darling, why weren't you killed?"

"Why," said the child, "I did what Simon did."

—*Woman's Life.*

### Sparks from the Anvil.

THE following clever couplets are from a selection written some years ago for the editor of the ILLUSTRATED by one whose contributions of vigorous verse to Canadian poetry justly entitle him to a foremost place in the ranks of Canadian poets. A volume of the poems of the author—"The Blacksmith"—was published and was accorded a gratifying reception twelve years ago, but the volume did not contain "Sparks from the Anvil," which consist of over six hundred pointed epigrams in verse, written at different times and published in various journals. As will be seen from the selections printed below, there is nothing of malice in the satire and sarcasm with which the author hits off the weaknesses and foibles of mankind:

*Sparks from the Anvil! Horn is nigh and we  
Are one day nearer to Hermitry.*

There is no clock for lovers, Happy dower!  
Time is Eternity in Love's blest hour.

We view the Fire King's majesty at night,  
His desolation by the morrow's light.

Boast not thy lineage, lest thou chance to rub  
'Gainst jack and shovel, or the washing-tub.

Not what thy forebears were, the wise men say,  
But judg'd by what thou art thyself to-day.

What boots our pride, when Mary Anne or Madam  
But trace to the same source—old Father Adam?

There are nosects in Heaven, for were such there,  
Farewell to Angels ever bright and Fair.

Pale sorrow waits on gluttony. Alas!  
To every fatten'd pig comes Martinmas.

The skillful raconteur lest he grow stale,  
Changes his audience with his once-told tale.

Who would be well received of the reason's clear,  
Must suit his story to his listener's ear.

The dawn of Manhood yearns for nobler blows  
Than pulling cuffs dealt out by youthful foes.

Whose ears are dulled save to the voice of Greed  
Weeds choke his pathway to each kindly deed.

Each argues to convince the other man;  
Ergo they flinch just where they began.

Yes! Gambling's a sport where it is twenty to  
three

That Ruin's your port, and Disgrace consignee.

Preconception's genius adds in mental growth—  
The stouter timber boasts the slowest growth.

Normal the pulse where interest has waned;  
We thrill no more at heights already gained.

Another's fault—how readily we sing;  
Our own—God bless me!—that's another thing.

A perfect Heaven a sister's life could be,  
Could brothers only think as lovers see.

Simplicity is breeding's better part:  
Simplicity has now become an Art.

Passion, oft held at check, burns with increasing  
fire;

Possession's the first step to clogment of Desire.

Better the first man of a mushroom family  
Than the fag-ender of an ancient pedigree.

That which men practise makes men good, not  
what they preach;

Not what you eat makes flesh, but that which you  
digest;

Not what you earn, but what you save, will make  
you rich;

Not what you read, but what you learn's remem-  
bered best.

*Silent the Anvil! In the waning light  
God, shield us thro' the solemn hours of night!*

## SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

The Rome correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* states that since the beginning of May Prof. Koch and his assistants have installed themselves at the Municipal Hospital of Grosseto, where they are continuing their researches on malaria. Grosseto is a town situated in the line between Genoa and Rome, and is surrounded by an extensive plain, which in olden times was the Lacus Prelius of Cicero. This lake gradually became a morass and caused malaria. By skilful drainage and other means, the Italian Government has converted nearly the whole of this morass into valuable pasturage, and has thus lessened greatly the malaria. It is said that Prof. Koch intends to go to South Africa to continue his studies there when he leaves Grosseto.

\*.\*

Dr. L. O. Howard has recently summed up the good and bad qualities of insects so far as it is possible to do, and he finds that the insects of 116 families are beneficial, and the insects of 113 families are injurious, while those of 71 families are both beneficial and harmful or their functions have not been determined. The injurious insects are made up of 112 families which feed upon cultivated or useful plants, and one family, the members of which are parasitic, upon warm-blooded animals. Of the beneficial insects, those of 79 families are valuable as preying upon other insects, 32 families are of service as scavengers, two families are pollenisers, and three families as forming food for food fishes.

\*.\*

In Anticipation of the total eclipse of the sun May 28, 1900, the United States Navy Department has arranged with the Secretary of the Treasury to have admitted free of duty the instruments of foreign astronomers who may go to the country to observe the eclipse. To this end, astronomers who contemplate an expedition to the United States are invited to notify the Superintendent of the Naval Observatory of the probable date of their arrival, with the name of the port at which they propose to disembark. The Superintendent of the Observatory will be glad to hear from each of the proposed expeditions, in order that he may render such assistance as lies in his power. The path of totality extends through a thickly settled portion of the country, including some principal cities. Facilities for transportation are excellent, but it is recommended that instruments be

securely packed and marked "delicate instruments—handle with care." The climate at that season is warm. The chances for clear weather are good.

\*.\*

**The Future of Liquid Air.**—The first ounce of liquid air produced by Professor Dewar cost something like 600 guineas. A pint has since been obtained for 100 guineas. Mr. C. E. Tripler, of New York, has invented a method of getting it at about 10d. per gallon, and with his plant can make fifty gallons a day. He has magnificent anticipations as to the future use of liquid air. He argues that if a small engine can be operated by its aid, larger ones can be worked in the same manner. Plant for the production of air in the liquid form will supersede the use of boilers in engines, and coal, wood and water will be required no longer. Atlantic liners will at once be relieved of the enormous weight represented by these items, and the space devoted to coal bunkers will be very profitably utilized in other ways. Factories all the world over, it is said, will be run by air instead of by steam, and this source of energy can be drawn from a store which is inexhaustible.

\*.\*

Dr. Edward Thorndike, of the Western Reserve University, U.S., has made some interesting experiments on mental fatigue. We are, says *The Globe*, used to think of the mind as a machine, and our inability to work as a sign of its loss of energy. Sleep is supposed to restore the energy, as an accumulator is re-charged with electricity. The incorrectness of this view might be questioned by the fact that mental action is too complex for such simplicity, and that some minds do not tire with large amounts of work. Dr. Thorndike's experiments show that certain persons are as fit for hard mental work after a day of it as in the morning, and seem to have no analogy with a charged accumulator. They indicate that desire of rest is due not from the running down of one factor, such as mental energy, or whatever we may call it, but rather because ideas of taking it easy, or feelings of boredom, sleepiness, or physical strain and discomfort cause us to desist from what has produced them. This tired feeling does not, however, correspond to loss of mental energy and capacity of work, because many have it who are quite able to work well. One is not a measure of the other; but nature warns us by the feeling not to work more some time before we are really unable.

# Horse Owners! Use



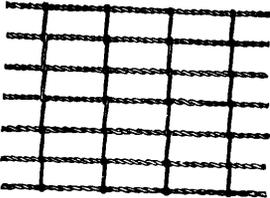
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FIRST DISPUTANT: "Then I'm a liar?"  
SECOND DITTO: "On the contrary, my dear fellow—you have just spoken the truth."

MR. FOWLER (in a great rage): "You're no longer a spring chicken, Maria."

MRS. FOWLER: "You're still the same old goose though."

PATIENT: "I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory."

DOCTOR: "Ah—yes—why—er—in cases of this class I always require my fee in advance."

INTERESTING TO HUSBANDS.—CHILD: "And how do they know it's a man in the moon, mamma, dear?"

MOTHER: "Because it's always out at night, darling!"

CALLER: "Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment?"

CITY MAN: "You can't; she's engaged."

CALLER: "That's all right—I'm the fellow!"

THE OLD VETERAN: "Yes, children, I made the enemy run."

THE CHILDREN: "And did they run fast enough to catch you' gran'pa?"

FATHER: "I wonder what makes that dog afraid of me! He always behaves as if he thought I was going to kill him."

SON: "I expect he's seen you whipping me."

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SHE: "It's no use you promising—your promises are like pie-crust."

HE: "Yes, my dear, like your pie-crust."

SHE: "What do you mean?"

HE: "Practically unbreakable."

SNOOKS: "I am celebrating my golden wedding to-morrow."

CHOOKS: "Golden wedding! Why, you've only been married two years."

SNOOKS: "Yes; but it seems like fifty."

MRS. SKIM: "Do your boarders pay promptly?"

MRS. SYRE: "They did at first."

MRS. SKIM: "Why don't they now?"

MRS. SYRE: "They've got so fat they can't get their hands into their pockets."

CHEMIST: "Bad to take! Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children will cry for it."

CUSTOMER (father of nine—hastily): "Then give me some other preparation, please."

WHAT A perfect idiot I am," wailed Slumper.

And for the purpose of consoling him his wife absent-mindedly remarked—

"No one is perfect, William."

WHAT! fifteen ounces make one pound? I always thought it was sixteen."

"Not in our shop, ma'am, it ain't—never!"

A STORY is told of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "fine by degrees and beautifully less"), who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked.

"Who's there?" asked the lady within.

"The baker," she was answered.

"What do you want?"

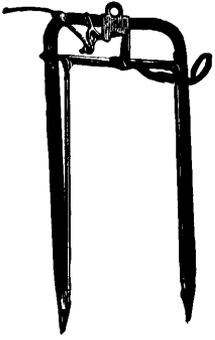
"To leave your bread."

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole."

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**FIRST PASSENGER:** "Would you be good enough to lend me your spectacles a moment?"  
**SECOND PASSENGER:** "Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

**FIRST PASSENGER:** "Oh, thanks. Now as you can no longer read your newspaper, will you please have the kindness to pass it over to me?"

**MR. SPELTER:** "Oh, you may talk as you please, Jane; but you were an ignorant woman when you married me."

**MRS. SPELTER:** "Yes, that probably accounts for it."

**WILLIE:** "I say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?"  
**AUNT:** "Why love, of course."

**WILLIE (meditatively):** "H'm. Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, auntie?"

**NEW MISTRESS:** "Now, Bridget, when I have company, I shall expect you to stay out of the room."

**BRIDGET:** "Yis, mum, an' O'p'll Ixpiet the same of you."

"**MARRIED** yet, old man?"  
 "No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better if you only knew it."  
**MRS. RILEY:** "Are yez on callin' terms wid our neighbor?"  
**MRS. MURPHY:** "Ave coorse I am. She called me a thafe, and I called her another."

"I TELL you what it is," said the silly little fish to his long-headed mother, "I have been following your advice and letting those nice, plump, juicy worms alone long enough. I am now going off on my own hook."  
 And he did.

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Threshing Machine and all kinds of Agricultural Machine Bearings. Buy the COPPERINE at the hardware stores and make your own boxes if repair shop is not handy. Don't take anything else.

THERE are some things in the world that one cannot understand. One is, that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run it stays with you, and if you stop it it goes away.

"WHAT are the last teeth that come?" asked a school teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just woke up on the back seat.

**YOUNG BRIDE** (breaking in at housekeeping): "What miserable little eggs again! I really must tell the grocer to let the hens sit on them a little longer."

**HOTEL GUEST:** "Now, are you sure that this bed is quite clean?"

**MAID:** "Yes, sir. The sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em, they ain't dry yet!"

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A RECORD DIVING FEAT.—The greatest diving feat ever achieved was in moving the cargo of the ship *Cape Horn*, wrecked off the coast of South America, when a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of over 200 ft., remaining at one time forty-two minutes under the water. An authority states that the greatest depth to which a man has been known to descend does not exceed 220 ft., which is equivalent to a pressure of  $88\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to the square inch.

\*.\*

THE principal meal of the busy, work-filled day, says a prominent doctor, should be eaten during the evening, when the nerves, muscles and whole physical system need resting, strengthening and stimulating after the day's demands upon them. Sleeplessness rarely troubles the healthy, cheerful person who has dined wisely and well at any time from seven to nine o'clock.

\*.\*

THE average mental and physical strength of the women of the royal families of Europe is greater than that of the men.

AN experimental race was recently made between a skilful typist and an expert penman, the test being the number of times a phrase of eight words could be reproduced in five minutes. The typist scored thirty-seven and the penman twenty-three.

\*.\*

THE Indians of Guiana have a queer system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is, therefore, a "hand and first finger"; seven, a "hand and second finger"; ten is "two hands"; but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is "a man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger."

\*.\*

A GERMAN doctor who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons finds that the majority of those who attained old age indulged in late hours. Eight out of ten persons over eighty never went to bed till well into the small hours, and did not get up again till late in the day.