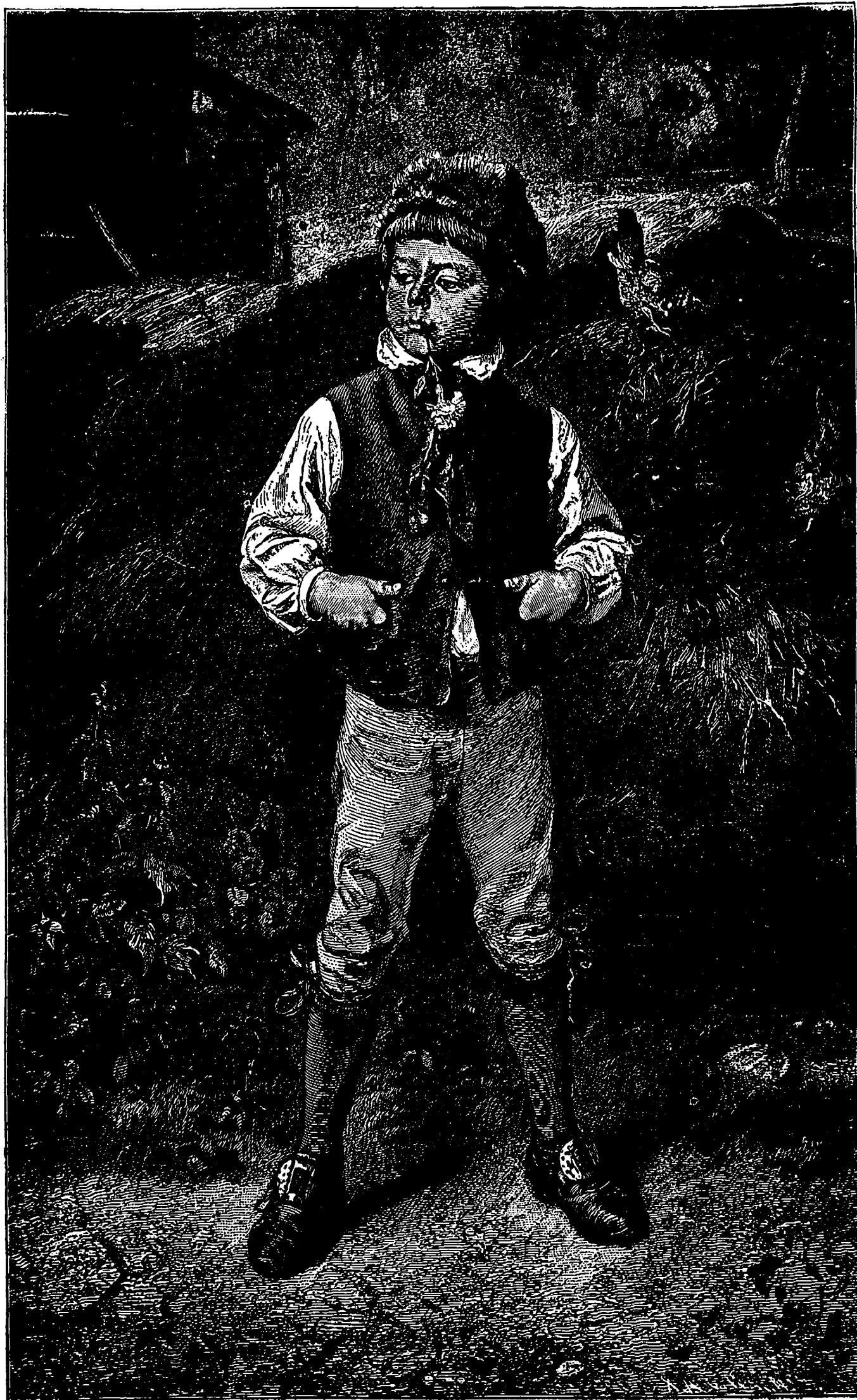


# ◆ Massey's Illustrated ◆

New Series, Vol. 3, No. 11.]

NOVEMBER NUMBER.

[Toronto, November, 1891

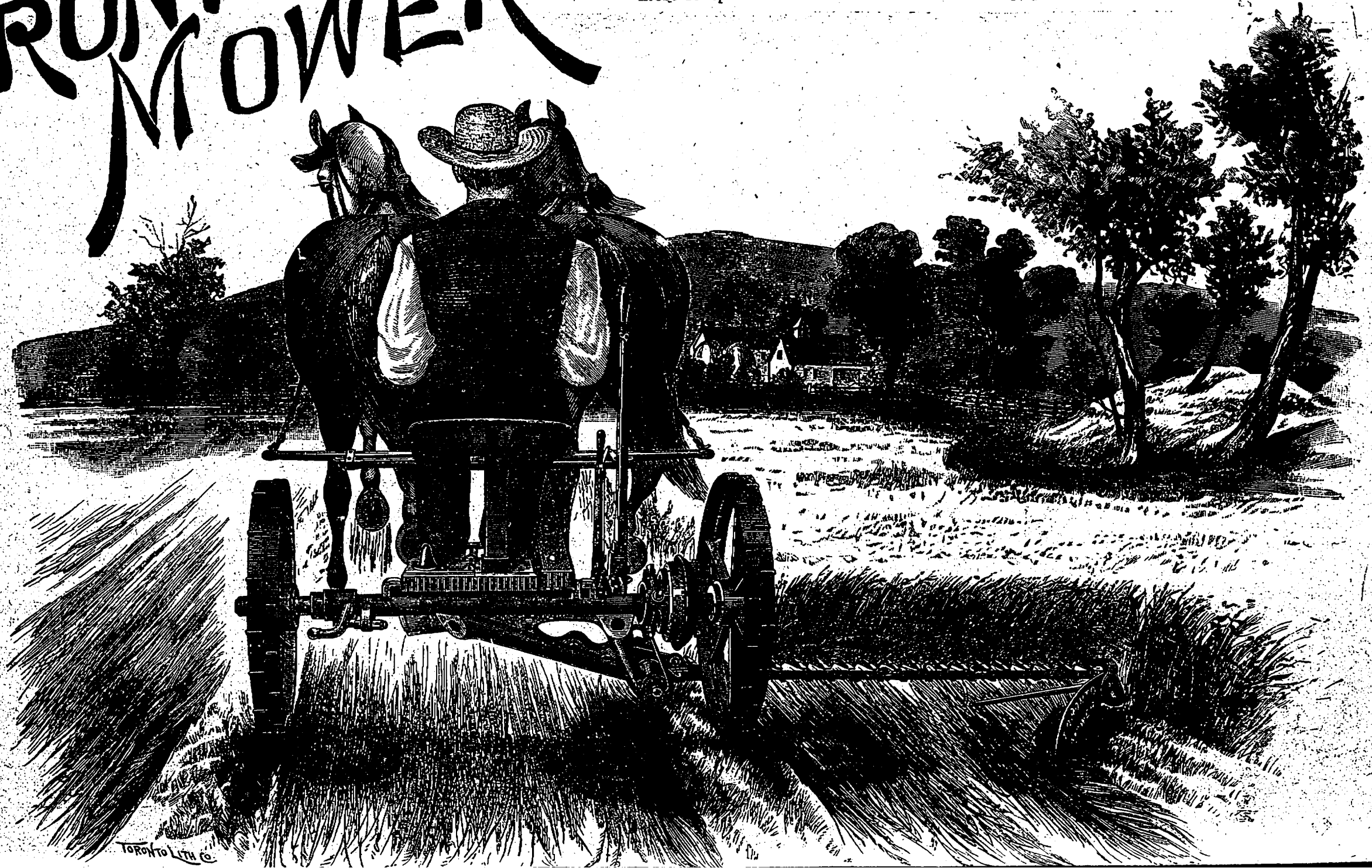


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# Massey's Illustrated

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1891.

[Vol. 3, No. 11.]

Original in MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

## Joe Broggs;

OR,

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

BY D. MCFADYEN.

PART II.

SIX months passed, and we forgot Broggs; but happening to be in Winnipeg, what was our surprise to see Joe foreman in an elevator. How changed he was. He now bore himself like a man determined to succeed.

"Good day, Joe, I am glad to see you."

"Not gladder than me," said Joe, shaking me warmly by the hand. "How are folks about the old place?"

After giving the news, I asked, "Joe, how are you doing?"

"Doing better than I deserve, sir. I am foreman here, getting good wages."

"Your wife; how is she?"

"Oh, she is strong again. You oughter see our little one; she learns like a terror."

"So she goes to school?"

"Yes, sir; every day. And Milly—you remember Milly that came near being burnt at the fire?"

"Yos, what is she doing?"

"Well, sir; yes, doing well. She is a milliner, and gets good wages. She saves near as much as me. And," said he, in a lower tone, "I think she is going to make a good marriage."

"I am glad of that," said I. "But who is the lucky man?"

"The owner of that store, sir," said he, pointing to a large building with "Alex. McKinnon, General Merchant," painted in large letters on the front. Broggs was proud, and indeed he had cause to be, if ever the young man became his son-in-law.

In the evening I went to his home. Alex was there, his kindly eyes lit up with the pleasure of being near his loved one. Mrs. Broggs was there—the same Mrs. Broggs who a year ago had no place of refuge.

Happy family! Many a mansion, with its sumptuous rooms, fine pictures and dainty fare had less true happiness in it than this re-united family in their cosy little cottage. The evening was spent in quiet happiness, and not a cloud appeared to darken their future horizon. When I left for my hotel Broggs came part of the way, and on parting, said, "You see, sir, I have kept my promise, and it is not likely Joe will drink or gamble any more."

But temptations will come, and they will come in unexpected forms. Winnipeg workmen had a holiday, and all was excitement about the races.

The two favorite horses were May Queen and

Roberval. Both had a good record, and the race promised to be a close one.

Broggs was on his way to pay for the cottage he lived in, for, between himself and Milly, they had saved eight hundred and fifty dollars, and so bought this little home. The money was in his pocket.

When passing the race course he thought it would be no harm to stop a while and look on. But his old gambling instincts returned with full force as he eyed the fine horses, pawing and prancing as if eager to win the race.

"Bet you two to one on Roberval," said a sport, approaching him.

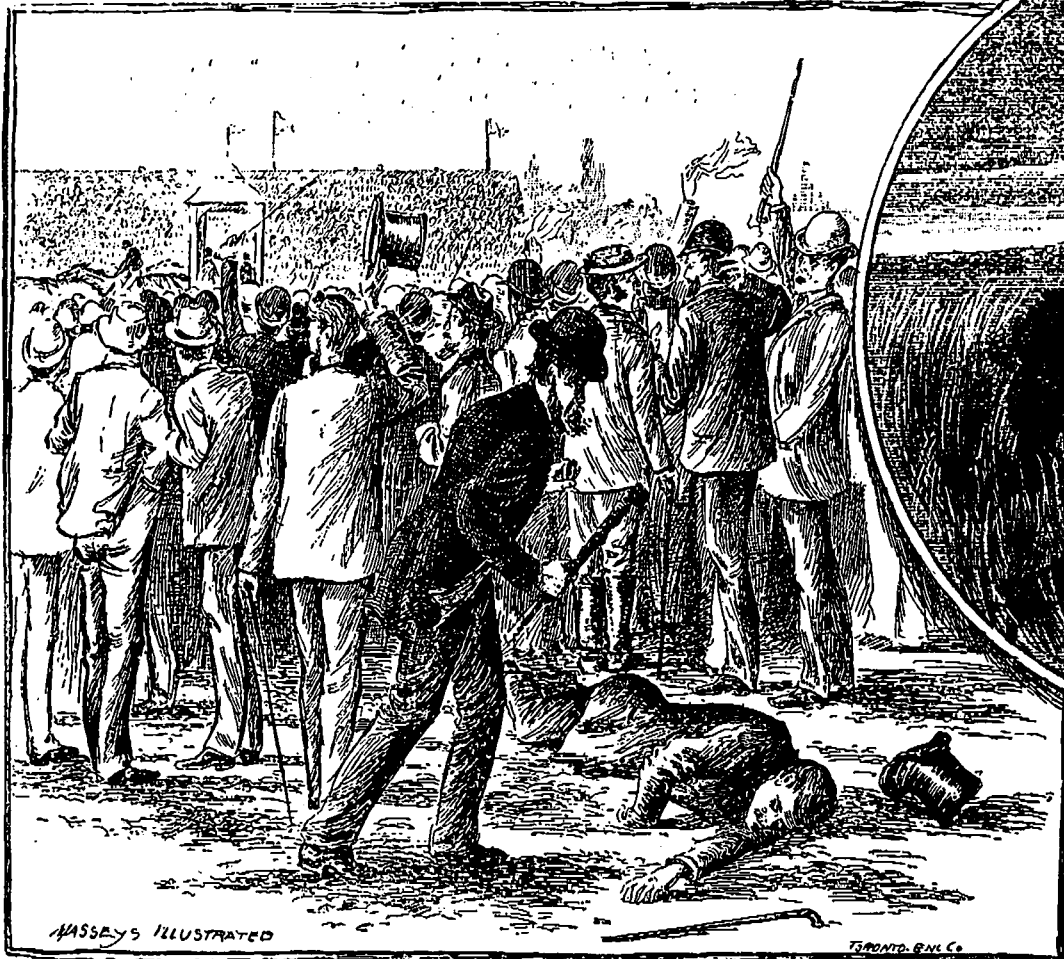
"I'll take you for five hundred," said Joe, forgetful of his promise of everything but the chance of winning.

"Done," said the sport, and immediately the money was handed over.

The crowd gathered close to the ropes, and soon the horses were in line.

Joe, Joe! where are your good resolutions? Think of your course—are you not going into the old path?

But Joe forgot the world he lived in—lost all knowledge of his surroundings. He could not tell you his name. One thought filled his now fevered mind—the chance of winning a thousand dollars. His face was flushed, his eyes sparkled. He watched his favorite horse come abreast of Roberval.



THE "SPORT" FALLS HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.



val and slowly gain ground—throws off his hat and cheers—then stands still as Roberval makes up the gap.

Yes, he is gaining—forward—nearer abreast—together the noble animals keep for a time. Who will win? See, May Queen breaks and gets a full length behind. Joe's face is blanched, a sickly

pallor overspreads his countenance, his hands tremble and cold sweat covers him as he sees chances of loss. Cheers. May Queen is indeed a queen; the fine mare is once more in hand. How she goes! She is gaining ground. Nearer the goal they come. The first heat is over, and May Queen wins.

Joe Broggs is nearly wild; fear and hope strangely mingling to produce the state of mind when all judgment is gone. He bets another hundred on his favorite. Soon after they start on the second heat Roberval gets the inside track. At the last quarter May Queen is up. What a race! She gains (tremendous excitement). Both drivers push their horses to the utmost. May Queen again breaks, and loses the race by half a length.

Broggs, who is now literally beside himself, puts the rest of his money on May Queen at great odds and waits.

His soul seemed to be on the horses. They seemed to become a part of his being, and he feels as if he himself were in the race.

What an agony those moments of waiting were to many who had risked their all with the fortunes of either horse.

But see the signal! Away they go! Men scarcely breathe. Each one is bent forward with strained eyes. Abreast at first quarter. Roberval gains a little. How well he holds his ground! May Queen comes up bravely, but seems at the limit of her speed. "Go it, Queen!" "She can do it yet!" "See, she gains," cries Joe. Yes, she is gaining—but the mark is crossed. Roberval is victorious. Joe is a beggar once more.

He turns and with a stroke of the stick in his hand, strikes the "sport" who has won his hard earned savings. The "sport" falls heavily to the ground.

Poor Broggs again ruined. His chances of happiness gone. Poverty and disgrace staring him in the face. Justice, perhaps for murder, follows in his rear. He flies into the prairies and is seen no more.

When evening came, Mrs. Broggs became very anxious about the return of her husband. Going to the door to look, she met Milly, who asked, "Where is father?" "He hasn't come yet. I wonder what keeps him," answered her mother.

Milly was flushed and happy. She had good news for her father. She sat down to think of her future—of her lover. To dream of pleasant days and happy years—never thinking how near she was to sorrow.

Being thus engaged, she neither noticed the passing of the time nor her mother's anxious look, until a step was heard at the door.

Mrs. Broggs opened it, but instead of her husband, an officer walked in and asked, "Is your husband here?" She could not answer, but Milly tremblingly said that he had not come home yet. "He must be found. It is a bad business—perhaps murder," he said, as he turned away.

How joy was turned to sorrow by these few words. The Broggs' family found how changeable a world this is. A happy, hopeful, bright morning—a sad, dismal, dark night. The father a fugitive from justice—the wife and children wringing their hands in hopeless despair.

Shortly after, Alex. McKinnon came, and saw by the sad faces that they had already heard the news. He gave them the particulars just related, and then bade them be hopeful. Told them that the death of the "sport" would be a blessing to the town—that the doctor did not say death was *sure* to follow, and that before long his friend might come

back to Winnipeg without being molested. To Milly he spoke no words of endearment, but their looks, their actions, the tone of voice with which they addressed each other, told the tale of mutual affection better than words. When he left, they were more hopeful and felt the truth that "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

Day after day passed and no news came from Broggs until near winter, when his wife received a letter containing money. By the postmark, they knew it came from Kamloops, B.C., but that was all they knew of him.

Broggs meanwhile went to British Columbia, where, for fear of detection, he went to work in the gold mines under the name of Simpson. Among these rough men he was not asked anything of his home, nor why he came there, for many of them had their own reasons for being secret.

He worked like a slave for some months, but scarcely made enough to support himself. Near spring, he and another miner, named Birch, went farther back and staked out a claim. Day after day they dug and delved until at last Broggs was fain to give up, but the hardy Birch would not hear of it and threatened to shoot Joe if he deserted.

At last when they had concluded to give up, Broggs struck a "pocket." Their excitement knew no bounds. They worked like madmen until at last their little mine was exhausted, and they determined to go to civilization, at least for a time.

Their gold was concealed in bags tied under their clothing, and with fire-arms primed, they turned southward for the railroad. As they wearily toiled to the top of one of the many hills of that land, suddenly Birch dropped flat on the ground and called to Broggs to follow his example. Without knowing why, Broggs did the same, and his companion said, "Simpson, them is Indians; if they see us, we are done for." "Where?" asked Broggs. "To the so'-ward of ye—thar." "But they haven't seen us—" "Can't say, pard, we'll know soon enough."

As they crept nearer the summit, a party of Indians were seen, encamped in the valley by the edge of the stream.

"Simpson," said Birch, "we'll have to wait for night, and if their dogs do not scent us we may escape them."

Night came slowly on, and the two started warily on their march. They took much longer than they otherwise would, for they feared arousing the dogs. Just as they came to the edge of the stream, the loud baying of the dogs told them that they were discovered. They hastily dashed into the water and Broggs was making for the opposite shore, when his companion took hold of him and said, "Is your wits gone, pard? I tell you, we must follow the stream."

Hastily rolling a log into the river, the miner put his arm around it, keeping his body on the opposite side to the bank on which the Indians were encamped. The Indians were astir and their quick eyes soon told them that their prey was human. With a whoop they came to the place our heroes embarked, and began examining the ground to see which way they went. One brave seeing the log floating down stream, shot at it. Then they listened, but no sound was heard. Birch whispered to his companion that his hand was shot through, but he could still hold on.

On rounding the curve, they could hear the noise of rapids, but they determined to risk them rather than the savages who were after them. The Indians seeing the log approach the rapids and no stir

about it, went to search up the stream, while our two friends went silently on to their death should they go over the falls. The raft was in the swift current and whirled round and round. Down—down they go. But they now arise to the situation. They climb one on each side of the log, waiting until some chance brought them near shore—a slender hope indeed. Broggs, at last, lost his hold, and in his efforts to regain it, felt the bottom. "Birch, old fellow, let go the log and walk out," said he in joy.

They were soon wading against a strong current to shore. Safe—with another lease of life.

Nothing more happened to interrupt them on the way and they soon reached civilization. With a grasp of the hand and a fervent "good luck to ye," from Birch, they parted, never to meet again.

Broggs made his way to Winnipeg, where he found the "sport" sporting as gayly as ever. With joy and thankfulness, he made his way to his little home of the past. How changed. Signs of poverty about but not in his cottage. Who lived there? He rapped and an old man came to the door. To his question, he answered, "Mrs. Broggs lives with her son-in-law in yon fine house."

We will only say that Broggs prospered. He bought and sold property—became wealthy and respected—a good citizen and a loving husband.

About the happy days that followed, we will say nothing, but leave the reader to imagine a fine house surrounded by trees and lawns, an elderly lady and gentleman going out for a drive, a young girl of sixteen waving her handkerchief after them. The young lady is Em—little Em, who fell some years ago on the floor of the House of Refuge.

Alex. and Milly are happy. Long may they remain so, and may their little chubby son, Joseph, try to lead an evener life than his grandfather, Joe Broggs.

Visiting the old home some time after this, Mr. Broggs showed me a large frame, in which were worked in threads of gold the words, "Never Too Late to Mend." Said Joe, "That is my motto," and, say we, may Providence whisper into the ears of the many Joe Broggs of our land, "Turn to the path of right, for it is NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

THE END.



## A Thanksgiving Story.

It was in the flush and glow of a gorgeous sunset that you might have seen the dark form of the Pitkin farm-house rising on a green hill against the orangesky.

The red house, with its overhanging canopy of elm, stood out like an old missal picture done on a gold ground.

Through the glimmer of the yellow twilight might be seen the stacks of dry corn-stalks and heaps of golden pumpkins in the neighboring fields, from which the slow oxen were bringing home a cart well laden with farm produce.

It was the hour before supper time, and Biah Carter, the deacon's hired man, was leaning against a fence, waiting for his evening meal; indulging the while in a stream of conversational wisdom which seemed to flow all the more freely from having been dammed up through the labors of the day. Biah was, in those far distant times of simplicity



a "mute inglorious" newspaper man. Newspapers in those days were as rare and unheard of as steam car or the telegraph, but Biah had within him all the making of a thriving modern reporter, and no paper to use it on. He was a walking biographical and statistical dictionary of all the affairs of the good folks of Mapleton. He knew every piece of furniture in their houses, and what they gave for it; every foot of land, and what it was worth; every ox, ass and sheep; every man, woman and child in town. And Biah could give pretty shrewd character pictures also, and whoever wanted to inform himself of the status of any person or thing in Mapleton would have done well to have turned the faucet of Biah's stream of talk, and watched it respectfully as it came, for it was commonly conceded that what Biah Carter didn't know about Mapleton was hardly worth knowing.

"Putty piece o' property, this 'ere farm," he said, surveying the scene around him with the air of a connoisseur. "None o' yer stun pastur land where the sheep can't get their noses down through the rocks without a file to sharpen 'em! Deacon Pitkin did a putty fair stroke o' business when he swapped off his old place for this 'ere. That are old place was all swamp land and stun pastur; wa'n't good for raisin' nothin' but juniper bushes and bul. frogs. But I tell you," proceeded Biah, with a shrewd wink, "that are mortgage pinches the deacon; works him like a dose of aloes and picry, it does. Deacon fairly gets lean on't."

"Why," said Abner Jenks, a stolid plow boy to whom this stream of remark was addressed; "this 'ere place ain't mortgaged, is it? Du tell, naow!"

"Why, yis; don't ye know that are! Why, there's risin' two thousand dollars due on this 'ere farm, and if the deacon don't scratch for it and pay squar to the minit, old Squire Norcross'll foreclose on him. Old squire hain't no bowels, I tell you, and the deacon knows he hain't; and I tell you it keeps the deacon dancin' lively as corn on a hot shovel."

"The deacon's a master hand to work," said Abner; "so's the boys."

"Wal, yis, the deacon is," said Biah, turning contemplatively to the farmhouse; "there ain't a critter in that are house that there ain't the most work got out of 'em that ken be, down to Jed and Sam, the little uns. They work like tigers, every soul of 'em, from four o'clock in the morning, as long as they can see, and Mis' Pitkin she works all the evening—woman's work ain't never done, they say."

"She's a good woman, Mis' Pitkin is," said Abner, "and she's a smart worker."

In this phrase Abner solemnly expressed his highest ideal of a human being.

"Smart ain't no word for't," said Biah, with alertness. "Declar for't the grit o' that are woman beats me. Had eight children right along in a string 'thout stoppin', done all her own work, never kep' no gal nor nothin'; allers up and dressed; allers to meetin' Sunday, and to the prayer meetin' weekly, and never stops workin'; when 'tain't one thing it's another—cookin', washin', ironin', making butter and cheese, and 'tween spells cuttin' and sewin', and if she ain't doin' that, why, she's braidin' straw to sell to the store or knitting—she's the perpetual motion ready found, Mis' Pitkin is."

"Want ter know," said the auditor, as a sort of musical rest in this monotonous talk. "Ain't she smart, though!"

"Smart! Well, I should think she was. She's over and into everything that's going on in that house. The deacon wouldn't know himself without her; nor wouldn't none of them boys, they just live out of her; she kind o' keeps 'em all up."

"Wal, she ain't a hefty woman, naow," said the interlocutor, who seemed to be possessed by a dim idea that worth must be weighed by the pound.

"Law bless you, no! She's a little critter; nothin' to look to, but every bit in her is *live*. She looks pale, kind o' slips round still like moonshine, but where anything's to be done, there Mis' Pitkin is; and her hand allers goes to the right spot, and things is done afore you know it. That are woman's kind o' still; she'll slip off and be gone to heaven some day afore folks know it. There comes the deacon and Jim over the hill. Jim walked home from college day 'fore yesterday, and turned

right in to-day to help get in the taters, workin' right along. Deacon was awful grouchy."

"What was the matter o' the deacon?"

"Oh, the mortgage kind o' works him. The time to pay comes round putty soon, and the deacon's face allers goes down long as yer arm. 'Tis a putty tight pull havin' Jim in college, losin' his work and havin' term bills and things to pay. Them are college folks charges up, I tell you. I seen it works the deacon, I heard him a-jawin' Jim 'bout it."

"What made Jim go to college?" said Abner, with slow wonder in his heavy face.

"Oh, he allers was sot on eddication, and Mis' Pitkin she's sot on't, too, in her softly way, and softly women is them that giner'ly carries their p'int, fust or last."

"But there's one that ain't softly!" Biah suddenly continued, as the vision of a black-haired, bright-eyed girl suddenly stepped forth from the doorway, and stood shading her face with her hands, looking towards the sunset. The evening light lit up a jaunty spray of golden rod that she had wreathed in her wavy hair, and gave a glow to the rounded outlines of her handsome form. "There's a sparkler for you! And no saint, neither!" was Biah's comment. "That critter has got more prances and capers in her than any three-year old filly I knows on. He'll be cunning that ever gets a bridle on her."

"Some says she's going to hev Jim Pitkin, and some says it's Bill," said Abner, delighted to be able to add his mite of gossip to the stream while it was flowing.

"She's sweet on Jim while he's round, and she's sweet on Bill when Jim's up to college, and between um she gets took round to everything that going. She gives one a word over one shoulder, and one over t'other, and if the Lord above knows what's in that gal's mind or what she's up to, he knows more than I do, or she either, else I lose my bet."

Biah made this admission with a firmness that might have been a model to theologians or philosophers in general. There was a point, it appeared, where he was not omniscient. His universal statistical knowledge had a limit.

The Pitkin folk that night sat down to an ample feast, over which the impending Thanksgiving shed its hilarity. There was not only the inevitable great pewter platter, scoured to silver brightness, in the centre of the table, and piled with solid masses of boiled beef, pork, cabbage and all sorts of vegetables, and the equally inevitable smoking loaf of rye and Indian bread, to accompany the pot of baked pork and beans, but there were specimens of all the newly-made Thanksgiving pies filling every available space on the table. Diana set special value on herself as a pie artist, and she had taxed her ingenuity this year to invent new varieties, which were received with burst of applause by the boys. These sat down to the table on democratic equality—Biah Carter and Abner with all the sons of the family, old and young, each eager, hungry and noisy; and over all, with moonlight calmness and steadiness, Mary Pitkin ruled and presided, dispensing to each his portion in due season, while Diana, restless and mischievous as a sprite, seemed to be possessed with an elfin spirit of drollery, venting itself in sundry little tricks and antics which drew ready laughs from the boys and re-proving glances from the deacon. For the Deacon was that night in one of his severest humors. As Biah Carter afterwards remarked of that night, "You could feel there was thunder in the air somewhere round. The deacon had got on about his longest face, and when the deacon's face is about down to the wust, why, it would stop a robin singin'—there couldn't nothin' stan' it."

To-night the severely cut lines on his face had even more than usual of haggard sternness, and the handsome features of James beside him, in their fixed gravity, presented that singular likeness which often comes out between father and son in seasons of mental emotion. Diana in vain sought to draw a laugh from her cousin. In pouring his home-brewed beer she contrived to spatter him, but he wiped it off without a smile, and let pass in silence some arrows of raillery that she had directed at his sombre face.

When they rose from the table, however, he followed her into the pantry.

"Diana, will you take a walk with me to-night?" he said, in a voice husky with repressed feeling.

"To-night! Why, I have just promised Bill to

go with him over to the husking at the Jenk's. Why don't you go with us? We're going to have lots of fun," she added with an innocent air of not perceiving his gravity.

"I can't," he said. "Besides, I wanted to talk with you alone. I had something special I wanted to say."

"Bless me, how you frighten one! You look solemn as a hearse; but I promised to go with Bill to night, and I suspect another time will do just as well. What you have to say will keep, I suppose," she said mischievously.

He turned away quickly.

"I should really like to know what's the matter with you to-night," she added, but as she spoke he went up stairs and shut the door.

"He's cross to-night," was Diana's comment. "Well, he'll have to get over his pet. I shan't mind it!"

Up-stairs in his room James began the work of putting up the bundle with which he was to go forth to seek his fortune. There stood his books, silent and dear witnesses of the world of hope and culture and refined enjoyment he had been meaning to enter. He was to know them no more. Their mute faces seemed to look at him mournfully as parting friends. He rapidly made his selection, for that night he was to be off, and felt even glad to avoid the Thanksgiving festivities for which he had so little relish. Diana's frolicsome gaiety seemed heart-breaking to him, on the same principle that the poet sings:

"How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I see weary, fu' o' care?"

To the heart struck through with its first experiences of real suffering all nature is full of cruelty, and the young and light-hearted are a large part of nature.

"She has no feeling," he said to himself. "Well, there is one reason the more for my going. She won't break her heart for me; nobody loves me but mother, and it's for her sake I must go. She musn't work herself to death for me."

And then he sat down in the window to write a note to be given to his mother after he had gone, for he could not trust himself to tell her what he was about to do. He knew that she would try to persuade him to stay, and he felt faint-hearted when he thought of her. "She would sit up early and late, and work for me to the last gasp," he thought, "but father was right. It is selfish of me to take it," and so he sat trying to fashion his parting note into a tone of cheerfulness.

"My dear mother," he wrote, "this will come to you when I have set off on a four year's voyage round the world. Father has convinced me that it's time for me to be doing something for myself; and I couldn't get a school to keep—and, after all, education is got other ways than at college. It's hard to go, because I love home, and hard because you will miss me—though no one else will. But father may rely upon it, I will not be a burden on him another day. Sink or swim, I shall never come back till I have enough to do for myself, and you too. So good-bye, dear mother. I know you will always pray for me, and wherever I am I shall try to do just as I think you would want me to do. I know your prayers will follow me, and I shall always be your affectionate son."

"P.S.—The boys may have those chestnuts and walnuts in my room—and in my drawer there is a bit of ribbon with a locket on it I was going to give to cousin Diana. Perhaps she won't care for it, though; but if she does, she is welcome to it—it may put her in mind of old times."

A light ripple of laughter came up from below, and a chestnut thrown up struck him on the hand, and he saw Diana and Bill step from out the shadowy porch.

"There's a chestnut for you, Mr. Owl," she called, gaily, "if you will stay moping up there! Come, now, it's a splendid evening; won't you come?"

"No, thank you. I sha'n't be missed," was the reply.

"That's true enough; the loss is your own. Good bye, Mr. Philosopher."

"Good-by, Diana."

Something in the tone struck strangely through her heart. It was the voice of what Diana never had felt yet—deep suffering—and she gave a little shiver.

"What an awfully solemn voice James has sometimes," she said; and then added with a laugh,

"it would make him his fortune as a Methodist minister."

The sound of the light laugh and little snatches and echoes of gay talk came back like heartless elves to mock Jim's sorrow.

"So much for her," he said, and turned to go and look for his mother.

He knew where he should find her. There was a little, low work-room adjoining the kitchen that was his mother's sanctum. There stood her work-basket—there were always piles and piles of work, begun or finished; and there also her few books at hand, to be glanced into in rare snatches of leisure in her busy life.

James stood and looked in at the window, and saw her sorting and arranging the family mending, busy over piles of stockings and shirts, while on the table beside her lay her open Bible, and she was singing to herself, in a low, sweet undertone, one of the favorite, minor-keyed melodies of those days:

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home!"

He opened the door and came in, sat down by her on the floor, and laid his head in her lap.

"Mother, you never rest; you never stop working."

"Oh, no!" she said gaily, "I'm just going to stop now. I had only a few last things I wanted to get done."

"Mother, I can't bear to think of you; your life is too hard. We all have our amusements, our rests, our changes; your work is never done; you are worn out, and get no time to read, no time for anything but drudgery."

"Don't say drudgery, my boy—work done for those we love *never* is drudgery. I'm so happy to have you all around me I never feel it."

"But, mother, you are not strong, and I don't see how you can hold out to do all you do."

"Well," she said simply, "when my strength is all gone I ask God for more, and he always gives it. 'They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.'" And her hand involuntary fell on the open Bible.

"Yes, I know it," he said, following her hand with his eyes—while "Mother," he said, "I want you to give me your Bible and take mine. I think yours would do me more good."

There was a little bright flush and a pleased smile on his mother's face—

"Certainly, my boy, I will."

"I see you have marked your favorite places," he added. "It will seem like hearing you speak to read them."

"With all my heart," she added, taking up the Bible and kissing his forehead as she put it into his hands.

There was a struggle in his heart how to say farewell without saying it—without letting her know that he was going to leave her. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"Mother," he said, "if I ever get into heaven it will be through you."

"Don't say that, my son—it must be through a better friend than I am—who loves you more than I do. I have not died for you—He did."

"Oh, that I knew where I might find Him. You I can see—Him I cannot."

His mother looked at him with a face full of radiance, pity and hope.

"I feel sure you *will*," she said. "You are consecrated," she added, in a low voice, laying her hand on his head.

"Amen," said James, in a reverential tone. He felt that she was at that moment—as she often was—silently speaking to One invisible of and for him, and the sense of it stole over him like a benediction. There was a tender silence for many minutes.

"Well, I must not keep you up any longer, mother dear—it's time you were resting. Good night." And with a long embrace and kiss they separated. He had yet fifteen miles to walk to reach the midnight stage that was to convey him to Salem.

Seven years had passed and once more the Thanksgiving tide was in Mapleton. This year it had come cold and frosty. Chill driving autumn storms had stripped the painted glories from the trees, and remorseless frosts had chased the hardy ranks of the asters and golden-rods back and back till scarce a blossom could be found in the deepest and most sequestered spots. The great elm over



the Pitkin farm-house had been stripped of its golden glory, and now rose against the yellow evening sky, with its infinite delicacies of net work and tracery, in their way quite as beautiful as the full pomp of summer foliage. The air without was keen and frosty, and the knotted twigs of the branches knocked against the roof and rattled and ticked against the upper window panes as the chill evening wind swept through them.

Seven long years had passed since James sailed. Years of watching, of waiting, of cheerful patience, at first, and at last of resigned sorrow. Once they heard from James, at the first port where the ship stopped. It was a letter dear to his mother's heart, manly, resigned and Christian; expressing full purpose to work with God in whatever calling he should labor, and cheerful hopes of the future. Then came a long, long silence, and then tidings that the *Eastern Star* had been wrecked on a reef in the Indian Ocean! The mother had given back her treasure into the same beloved hands whence she first received him. "I gave him to God, and God took him," she said. "I shall have him again in God's time." This is how she settled the whole matter with herself. Diana had mourned with all the vehement intensity of her being, but out of the deep baptism of sorrow she had emerged with a new and nobler nature. The vain, trifling, laughing Undine had received a soul and was a true woman. She devoted herself to James's mother with an utter self-sacrificing devotion, resolved as far as in her lay to be both son and daughter to her. She read, and studied, and fitted herself as a teacher in a neighbouring academy, and persisted in claiming the right of a daughter to place all the amount of her earnings in the family purse.

And this year there was special need. With all his care, with all his hard work and that of his family, Deacon Silas never had been able to raise money to annihilate the debt upon the farm.

There seemed to be a perfect fatality about it. Let them all make what exertions they might, just as they were hoarding for a sum that should exceed the interest and begin the work of settling the principal would come some loss that would throw them all back. One year their barn was burned just as they had housed their hay. On another a valuable horse died, and then there were fits of sickness among the children, and poor crops in the field, and low prices in the market; in short, as Biah remarked, "The deacon's luck did seem to be a sort o' streaky, for do what you might there's always suthin' to put him back." As the younger boys grew up the deacon had ceased to hire help, and Biah had transferred his services to Squire Jones, a rich landholder in the neighbourhood, who wanted some one to overlook his place. The increased wages had enabled him to give a home to Maria Jane and a start in life to two or three sturdy little American citizens who played around his house door. Nevertheless, Biah never lost sight of the "deacon's folks" in his multifarious cares, and never missed an opportunity either of doing them a good turn or of picking up any stray item of domestic news as to how matters were going on in that interior. He had privately broached the theory to Miss Briskett, "that arter all it was James that Diany (he always pronounced all names as if they ended in y) was sot on, and that she took it so hard, his goin' off, that it did beat all! Seemed to make another gal of her; he shouldn't wonder if she'd come out and jine the church." And Diana not long after unconsciously fulfilled Biah's predictions.

Of late Biah's good offices had been in special requisition, as the deacon had been for nearly a month on a sick bed with one of those interminable attacks of typhus fever which used to prevail in old times, when the doctor did everything he could to make it certain that a man once brought down with sickness never should rise again.

But Silas Pitkin had a constitution derived through an indefinite distance from a temperate, hard-working, godly ancestry, and so withstood both death and the doctor, and was alive and in a convalescent state, which gave hope of his being able to carve the turkey at his Thanksgiving dinner.

The evening sunlight was just fading out of the little "keeping-room," adjoining the bed-room, where the convalescent now was able to sit up most of the day. A cot bed had been placed there, designed for him to lie down upon in intervals of fatigue. At present, however, he was sitting in

his arm-chair, complacently watching the blaze of the hickory fire, or following placidly the motions of his wife's knitting needles.

There was an air of calmness and repose on his thin, worn features that never was there in days of old; the haggard, anxious lines had been smoothed away, and that spiritual expression which sickness and sorrow sometimes develops on the human face reigned in its place. It was the "clear shining after rain."

"Wife," he said, "read me something I can't quite remember out of the Bible. It's in the eighth of Deuteronomy, the second verse."

Mrs. Pitkin opened the big family Bible on the stand, and read, "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep his commandments, or no. And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

There was a sound of rattling wheels at this moment, and anon there came a brush and flutter of garments, and Diana rushed in, all breezy with the freshness of out-door air, caught Mrs. Pitkin in her arms and kissed her first and then the deacon with effusion.

"Here I come for Thanksgiving," she said in a rich, clear tone, "and here," she added, drawing a roll of bills from her bosom, and putting it into the deacon's hand, "here's the interest money for this year. I got it all myself, because I wanted to show you I could be good for something."

"Thank you, dear daughter," said Mrs. Pitkin. "I felt sure some way would be found, and now I see what." She added patting her rosy cheek, "a very pleasant, pretty way it is, too."

"Well now," said Diana running to the window, "I should like to know what Biah Carter is coming here about."

"Oh, Biah's been very kind to us in this sickness," said Mrs. Pitkin, as Biah's feet resounded on the scraper.

"Good evenin', Deacon," said Biah, entering, "Good evenin', Mrs. Pitkin. Sarvant, ma'am, 'to Diana—'how ye all gettin' on?'"

"Nicely, Biah—well as can be," said Mrs. Pitkin. "Wal, you see I was up to the store with some o' Squire Jones's bell flowers. Sim Coan he said he wanted some to sell, and so I took up a couple o' barrels, and I see the darndest big letter there for the Deacon. Miss Briskett she was in, lookin' at it, and so was Deacon Simpson's wife; she came in order some cinnamon sticks. Wal, and they all looked at it and talked it over, and couldn't, none o' 'em for their lives think what it's all about, it was sich an almighty thick letter," said Biah, drawing out a long, legal-looking envelope and putting it in the Deacon's hands.

"I hope there isn't bad news in it," said Silas Pitkin, the color flushing apprehensively in his pale cheeks as he felt for his spectacles.

There was an agitated, silent pause while he broke the seals and took out two documents. One was the mortgage on his farm and the other was a receipt in full for the money owed on it! The Deacon turned the papers to and fro, gazed on them with a dazed, uncertain air and then said:

"Why, mother, do look! Is this so? Do I read it right?"

"Certainly, you do," said Diana, reading over his shoulder. "Somebody's paid that debt, uncle!"

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Pitkin, softly; "He has done it."

"Wal, I swow!" said Biah, after having turned the paper in his hands, "if this 'ere don't beat all! There's old Squire Norcross's name on't. It's the receipt, full and square. What's come over the old crittur? He must a' got religion in his old age; but if grace made him do that, grace has done a tough job, that's all; but it's done anyhow! and that's all you need to care about. Wal, wal, I must git along hum—Mariar Jane'll be wonderin' where I be. Good night, all on ye!" and Biah's retreating waggon wheels were off in the distance, rattling furiously, for, notwithstanding Maria Jane's wondering, Biah was resolved not to let an hour slip by without declaring the wonderful tidings at the store.

The Pitkin family were seated at supper in the

big kitchen, all jubilant over the recent news. The father, radiant with the pleasantest excitement, had for the first time come out to take his place at the family board. In the seven years since the beginning of our story the Pitkin boys had been growing apace, and now surrounded the table quite an army of rosy-cheeked, jolly young fellows, who to-night were in a perfect tumult of animal gaiety. Diana twinkled and dimpled and flung her sparkles round among them, and there was unbounded jollity.

"Who's that looking in at the window?" called out Sam, aged ten, who sat opposite the house door. At that moment the door opened, and a dark stranger, bronzed with travel and dressed in foreign-looking garments, entered.

He stood one moment, all looking curiously at him, then crossing the floor, he knelt down by Mrs. Pitkin's chair, and throwing off his cap, looked her close in the eyes.

"Mother, don't you know me?"

She looked at him one moment with that still earnest look peculiar to herself, and then fell into his arms. "O my son, my son!"

There was a few moments of indescribable confusion, during which Diana retreated, pale and breathless, to a neighboring window, and stood with her hand over the locket which she had always worn upon her heart.

After a few moments he came, and she felt him by her.

"What, cousin!" he said; "no welcome from you?" She gave one look, and he took her in his arms. She felt the beating of his heart, and he felt hers. Neither spoke, yet each felt at that moment sure of the other.

"I say, boys," said James, "who'll help bring in my sea chest?"

Never was a sea chest more triumphantly ushered; it was a contest who should get near enough to take some part in its introduction, and soon it was open, and James began distributing its contents.

"There, mother," said he, undoing a heavy black Indian satin and shaking out its folds, "I'm determined you shall have a dress fit for you; and here's a real Indian shawl to go with it. Get those on and you'll look as much like a queen among women as you ought to."

"Oh, what's that?" said Sam, as a package done up in silk paper and tied with silver cord was disclosed.

"That's—oh—that's my wife's wedding-dress," said James, unfolding and shaking out a rich satin; "and here's her shawl," drawing out an embroidered box, scented with sandal-wood.

The boys looked at Diana, and Diana laughed and grew pale and red all in the same breath, as James, folding back the silk and shawl in their boxes, handed them to her.

Mrs. Pitkin laughed and kissed her, and said, gaily, "All right, my daughter—just right."

What an evening that was, to be sure! What a confusion of joy and gladness! What a half-telling of a hundred things that it would take weeks to tell.

James had paid the mortgage and had money to spare; and how he got it all, and how he was saved at sea, and where he went, and what befell him here and there, he promised to be telling them for six months to come.

"Well, your father mustn't be kept up too late," said Mrs. Pitkin. "Let's have prayers now, and then to-morrow we'll be fresh to talk more."

When all had left the old kitchen, James and Diana sat by the yet glowing hearth and listened to the crickets, and talked over all the past and the future.

"And now," said James, "it's seven years since I left you, and to-morrow is the seventh Thanksgiving, and I've always set my heart on getting home to be married Thanksgiving evening."

"But, dear me, Jim, we can't. There isn't time."

"Why not?—we've got all the time there is!"

"But the wedding-dress can't be made, possibly."

"Oh, that can wait till the week after. You are pretty enough without it!"

"But what will they all say?"

"Who cares what they say? I don't," said James. "The fact is, I've set my heart on it, and you owe me something for the way you treated me the last Thanksgiving I was here, seven years ago. Now don't you?"

"Well, yes, I do, so have it just as you will." And so it was accomplished the next evening.

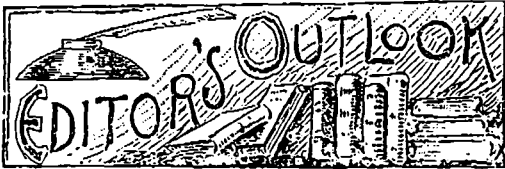




#### THE TOUCH OF THE FROST.

SUMMER advancing through the unawaked day  
Turns slowly, knowing some strange fingers stay  
Her garments, trailing through the lowland corn.  
"Who in this blinding press of leaves hath shorn  
The strength and vigor from my swift-pulsed heart?  
The darkness hides thee, but soon Dawn shall part  
Her curtains." While she spoke the waiting earth  
Was thrilled and quickened by a day's new birth,  
And in the sudden light she bent her face  
That this strange, numbing guest she now might trace.  
But only in the low-cropped grass the sheen  
Of filmy whitened footsteps might be seen,  
And with the shadows in her deep, still eyes,  
Of coming pain, she turns in startled wise  
And sadly lifts an aster's drooping stem  
And smitten corn leaves from her garment's hem.

—Lucy E. Tilley.



We invite the attention of our readers to the Clubbing List on page 13. As will be seen, the prices at which the different periodicals can be obtained through the medium of the ILLUSTRATED, are remarkably low. A more extensive list will be sent on application. Our Clubbing List comprises the leading publications of their class in Canada and the United States.

THE Canadian apple crop this season is reported to be the largest on record. The export of this branch of Canadian produce has been unprecedentedly large, so much so that there will not be sufficient steamship space before navigation closes to carry over the surplus. Towards the end of last month every available inch of space had been taken, and shipments to some ports had to be refused. The rush of grain for export has also been tremendous, which had the effect of stiffening freights considerably.

THE postponed conference between representatives of Canada and the United States on the question of reciprocal trade relations was to have been held at Washington, on October 12th, but has been again indefinitely postponed at the request of President Harrison, on the ground that the condition of Mr. Blaine's health would not permit him to undertake the arduous duties of the conference at the present time, and that the United States Government deemed it essential that the Secretary of State should represent it on that occasion. It is now hoped that the third attempt will be successful.

THE belief that smudges were effectual in preserving growing crops from damage by frost has sustained a shock by a report of an experiment made by Mr. Angus Mackay, of the Indian Head Experimental Farm. He reports that on the evening of September 12th everything pointed to frost, and having a flower garden that he particularly desired to save, he had straw and wet manure placed in heaps, so that when lit every portion would be covered. Thermometers were used to

test the result. As soon as the temperature fell to 33 degrees, or one above freezing, the smudges were started, and for two hours and a half one continual volume of smoke enveloped the garden. During the two and a half hours no break occurred in the volume of smoke, yet the four thermometers went down together, and whether in the smoke or out of it there was not a particle of difference. When they recorded 23 degrees he gave up, feeling satisfied that smudges were useless in saving flowers at least. He found out afterwards they were equally as useless in saving grain, for the smoke, after passing from the garden, hung over a large field of late oats for hours with no good result, for the grain, like the flowers, was frozen.

THE earlier reports of the deficiency of the wheat yield in France have been confirmed by a recent statement issued by the French government. It states that there was altogether under wheat 14½ millions of acres, or three millions less than the average of the previous year. The estimated yield of wheat is about 225 million bushels, showing a deficiency of 96½ million bushels as compared with last year. According to these figures, the wheat growers of France will lose on the year's operations about \$106,000,000. There is a falling off of over three million bushels in the yield of mixed wheat and rye. The area under rye alone was less than last year but the yield per acre was about six per cent more, making a deficiency of eight and a half million bushels.

DEATH has stricken down two great political leaders in one day in the persons of Mr. Smith, the Conservative leader in the Imperial House of Commons, and Mr. Parnell, whose genius earned for him the name of the "uncrowned king." The death of Mr. Smith was not altogether unexpected, as he had been in poor health for some time, but the news of Mr. Parnell's demise came as a shock, no one outside of his own family circle being aware even that he was a sick man. It was a singular coincidence that simultaneously with the death of Mr. Parnell should have occurred that of Sir John Pope Hennessy, the man who successfully fought the first electoral contest after Mr. Parnell's disgrace, against his candidate, Mr. Vincent Scully, in Kilkenny in December last.

REPORTS of great crop yields come from all parts of Manitoba and the North-West. At Springhill the wheat is of fine quality and is yielding from 26 to 33 bushels to the acre. At Sheppardville 50 acres yielded 1,766 bushels, and in another case 27 acres yielded 963 bushels, and other similar yields are reported. From Deloraine reports come that 67 acres yielded 3,300 bushels, or over 49½ bushels per acre, and from the same district reports of from 40 to 45 bushels per acre are common. At Pilot Mound stacking will be in progress until the snow falls, and it is thought that owing to the scarcity of threshing outfits, much of the threshing will have to stand over until spring. The yield is frequently from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. The same state of affairs is reported at Neepawa. Prices are most satisfactory.

THE ground will soon be putting on its white mantle of snow. Everybody observes its fall; but very few people give themselves the trouble to enquire into its nature and uses. Snow is formed by very subtle vapours, which being congealed in the atmosphere, fall down in flakes more or less thick. It is remarked that the flakes are greater in proportion as the cold is less severe, and they become less when it freezes strongly. In Lapland they are sometimes so small, as to resemble a fine, dry powder, which is doubtless caused by the extreme cold which prevails there. The little flakes generally resemble hexagonal stars; sometimes, however, they have eight angles, and at others ten, and some of them have an irregular shape. The best way of observing them, is to receive the snow upon white paper. Hitherto, little has been said of the cause

of these different figures. The whiteness of snow may be accounted for thus: it is extremely light and thin, and consequently full of pores, and these contain air; it is further composed of parts more or less thick and compact, and such a substance does not admit the sun's rays to pass, neither does it absorb them; on the contrary, it reflects them very powerfully, and this gives it that white appearance which we see in it. Snow, as it falls, is twenty four times lighter than water, which may be proved by melting twenty-four measures of snow, and they will be found to produce but one of water. Snow evaporates considerably, and the greatest degree of cold does not obstruct this evaporation. It is well known that high mountains are never entirely without snow, and though a small portion of it is sometimes melted, new flakes soon replace it. The air being much warmer in the plains than it is on the mountains, it may rain on the one, while it snows on the other. Snow has several uses. As the cold of winter is much more destructive to the vegetable than to the animal kingdom, plants would perish if they were not preserved by some covering; hence it has been designed that the rain, which, during the summer, descended to refresh and reanimate the plants, should fall in winter like soft wool, to cover and protect them from the injuries they must otherwise have sustained from the frost and the winds. When the snow melts, it becomes a fruitful moisture to the earth, and at the same time washes away from the winter seeds and plants, everything that might prevent or injure their growth, and any superabundance of melted snow that then remains, goes to supply the rivers and springs that suffered during the winter.

SOME interesting statistics are given in the annual report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries for 1890, recently issued. Amongst them are the following:

	1889	1890
Value, farm land .....	\$632,329,433	\$622,886,000
„ farm buildings .....	192,464,287	193,438,820
„ farm implements .....	51,685,706	50,515,580
„ farm live stock .....	105,731,288	104,186,620
Total farm property .....	\$982,210,664	\$970,027,025

This shows that there is a decrease in value of \$11,283,629 in 1890 as compared with the previous year, which is divided as follows: farm land \$9,443,433; implements \$1,170,123, and live stock \$1,644,662. It will be observed, however, that there is a net increase in the value of buildings of \$974,859. Outside of the newly settled Northern Districts, the Georgian Bay is the only group that does not show an increase in the value of farm land over last year's figures, while in the matter of implements the Northern Districts alone report an advanced value. Live stock has declined in value in every group excepting the Lake Erie and West Midland and the Northern Districts. The Lake Erie group is the only one of the older districts which has an increase in the total value of farm property: but of course the Northern Districts show a great gain. The value of the farm land of the province is about two per cent below the average derived for the nine years 1882-90, but owing to additions in the values of buildings, implements and live stock, the total value of farm property is about one per cent higher than the average annual value. In regard to the value per acre occupied, the statement for the province is very discouraging. Land has decreased in value 87 cents per acre in the year, buildings 10 cents, implements 9 cents and live stock 15, making a decline of \$1.21 per acre in the total value of farm property, viz; from \$44.52 to \$43.31. The greatest relative decline in the value of all farm property occurs in the East Midland group, while an increase upon their figures of 1889 is observed in the Lake Erie countries. The Lake Ontario group shows the highest figures in the value per acre occupied of farm land, buildings and implements, but in the item of live stock it is surpassed by the West Midland district, which has made a considerable increase in the value of this class of farm property. The number of chattel mortgages registered against farmers on January 1st, 1890 was 8,877, amounting to \$2,647,558, which had increased on December 31st, to 10,529, amounting to \$3,218,291. The average mortgage on the farmer, who borrowed on his chattels, was \$298 on January 1st, and \$306 on December 31st, as compared with \$660 and \$782 respectively for all other occupations. This, of course, refers to chattel mortgages only.



### Provincial Ploughing Match.

THE ploughing match under the auspices of the Ontario Agriculture and Arts Association and the South Wellington Ploughing Association, was held on October 22nd, upon the Experimental Farm at Guelph. The day was fair, though excessively cold; but notwithstanding, the match was considered a great success. There were some 60 ploughmen engaged in the competition, and a number of others were at work handling ploughs sent for exhibiting purposes. The ploughmen and visitors came from far and near, and of the latter there were fully 3,000 present. Among the visitors were: Hon. John Dryden, N. Awrey, M.P.P., J. Brown, M.P., James Innes, M.P., and J. Moore, M.P. The visitors included a large number of ladies from Guelph and other places. About \$500 was distributed in prizes. The arrangements generally were considered very complete. An eating tent had been erected on the ground under the auspices of the association, which was greatly patronized, and was an especial source of comfort because of the cold. Hot tea and lunch was distributed among the ploughmen, very much to their satisfaction. After the judging a comfortable lunch was provided by President Mills at the college. Mr. B. Tolton, the president, was unwearied in his efforts, and Prof. Shaw and J.E. Story gave every attention in their power to the visitors. The whole affair was very creditable to all concerned. The students of the college were on the ground most of the day, and observed with minute care the work that was being done. They are very proud of the fact that Mr. James Atkinson, one of their number, won first prize in his class. Mr. E. B. Fleury, of Fleury's Sons, Stouffville, made a gift to the farm of one of the two-wheeled Tinkler ploughs.

#### LIST OF WINNERS.

The following is a list of the winners:

**Class for long ploughs**—First prize, first for best finish and gold medal for best ploughed land by long plough, John Dickinson, Eramosa; second prize and first for best finish, John McQueen, Rockwood; third prize and first for straight ploughing, A. Milne, Marden; fourth prize, William Tweedle, Tweedside; fifth prize, J.F. Richardson, Fergus. The judges were: George Robertson, Eriu; George Duncan, Victoria; James Kerr, Woodburn, and William Robertson, Maple.

**Single sulky ploughs**—First prize and special for best finish, John Marshall, Elfrida; second prize, Bart. McPherson, London; third prize, George North, Marden. There were four competitors. The judges were the same as in the class for long ploughs.

**Jointer ploughs**—First class—First prize, first for best finish, first for best ploughing, and silver medal for best ploughed land by Jointer plough, Samuel Hildreth, Woodburn; second prize, John Mounce, Eramosa; third prize, Charles Head, Guelph; fourth, and first for best feering, F. Mounce, Eramosa; fifth, William Sharp, Everton. There were 15 competitors. The judges were: James English, Ancaster; Andrew Richardson, Peepabun, and Richard Gilmore, Strabane.

**Second class**—First prize and first for best feering, George Dix, Fergus; second, A. Sheriffs, Winterburne; third, Wesley Jessops, Eramosa; fourth John Taylor, Rockwood; fifth, Hugh Cameron, Rockwood. The judges were the same as in the previous class.

**Third class**—First prize and first for straight ploughing, William Dix, Fergus; second and first for feering, E.H. Davis, Marden; third prize and first for best finish, A. Burnet, Winterburne; fourth prize, R. J. Elliott, Marden; fifth prize, William Rodick, Rockwood. The judges were: T.D. Moore, M.P.P., Galt; John McNabb, Ayr; and Alexander Yuill, Winterburne.

**Fourth class**—First prize, James Atkinson, Ontario Agricultural College; second prize and first for best feering, J.R. Watson, Armstrong's Mills; third prize and first for best finish and for straight ploughing, R.C. Thompson, Eramosa; fourth prize, F. Martin, Speedside; fifth, J.A. Armstrong, Marden. The judges were the same as in the previous class.

**Class for double-sulky ploughs**—There was but

one competitor, viz., W.J. Ross, who was awarded first prize.

**Special class for oxen**—In the special class for oxen there was but one competitor, Mr. A. Bolton, Eramosa, who well deserved the first prize awarded to him. He performed very successfully the unique feat of finishing his land with a single ox.

The gold medal was donated to the society by D. Martin, Wellington hotel, Guelph, and the silver medal by J. McAteer, Western hotel, also of Guelph.

**RAIN-MAKING** by artificial means has become an established industry in some parts of the United States. The first attempts were so unsuccessful that the idea was ridiculed, but later reports would indicate that gratifying success has attended the experiments. It is reported that at San Diego, Texas rain fell in torrents after four hours' experimenting, and continued for about an hour, the rain gauge showing that half an inch had fallen. And now Frank Melbourne, the rain-maker, has signed a contract to produce crop rains in North-western Kansas, during June, July and August 1892, at ten cents an acre for the area watered, and it is understood a series of meetings will be held in the various counties of the State, for the purpose of thoroughly arousing public interest in the matter. It is said that the rain-maker will attempt to make a similar contract with twenty counties of Colorado, as he asserts that he can easily water every county in the State from one point, but that the irrigation companies will fight the scheme on the ground that the Irrigation Act does not cover a proposition such as he has submitted.

THE ravages which the approach of winter makes in the forests and in the gardens begin now to be perceived. All plants, with the exception of a very few, lose their most beautiful ornaments, the leaves. What is the cause of this change? The most natural seems to be the cold; for as soon as the first frost sets in the leaves begin to fall, and the vegetables to lose their verdant hue. This is owing to the circulation of the sap being checked by the cold. But this is not the only cause of the fall of leaves, for it takes place in mild winters when there is no frost, and in those trees which are preserved from the effects of the cold in green-houses. Other causes are therefore instrumental in stripping the trees of their leaves. Perhaps they wither because their transpiration is not supplied by the necessary quantity of sap from the root, for it is certain that the branches increase in thickness after they have ceased to grow in length. When therefore, at the time when the branches still daily grow, the stalks of the leaves do not increase, their fibres must necessarily be detached from the fibres of the branches, and consequently the leaves will then fall. But it is well known that these fallen leaves are not entirely lost and no longer useful, but on the contrary that they are of some use. They grow putrid, and become manure for the earth. Snow and rain separate the saline particles from them, and convey them to the roots of the trees; and when the leaves are thus strewed upon the ground, they preserve the roots of young plants, form a shelter to seeds, and retain round them the necessary degree of heat and humidity. This is particularly remarkable in oak leaves; they furnish an excellent manure, not only to the tree itself, but also to the tender shoots, and they are particularly useful to pastures, by promoting the growth of the grass which they cover. Leaves may serve as manure in various ways. They are laid in stables instead of straw, and thus make a very good litter for cattle, or they may be mixed with other kinds of manure. The mould they produce is particularly useful in gardens, where beds are made of it, which contribute much to the growth of fruits and young trees.

EVERY farmer will find it to his advantage to keep all farm stock well littered, not only for cleanliness and comfort of the animals, but also to increase the amount and value of manure. Manure should be so managed that no loss will occur through heating or leaching, and it should be used for the benefit of growing crops at the earliest practicable opportunity.

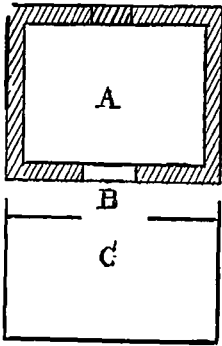


- 1st.—The Continental Unity Club adopt a resolution at a meeting held at Windsor, Ont., declaring for political and commercial union between Canada and the United States. . . . Outbreak of smallpox reported from Carleton, Bonaventure, Que. . . . Conflagration at the wharves, Halifax, N. S.; loss about \$250,000, insurance \$123,000
- 2.—S. J. Dixon, photographer, Toronto, and famous tight-rope walker, accidentally drowned in Wood Lake, Muskoka. . . . Three feet of snow reported to have fallen at Red Lodge, Montana.
- 3rd.—Archibald Chisholm, a prominent member of the Congregational church, Winnipeg, arrested on the charge of ruining girls under 14 years of age. . . . Seven men killed and others seriously injured in Chicago through a boiler explosion on board the steamer, "C. W. Parker."
- 4th.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wife of the ex-President of the United States, gives birth to a daughter.
- 5th.—Convocation of Toronto University in the restored building. . . . Four persons burned to death in a tenement house in New York.
- 6th.—Death of Right Hon. William H. Smith, leader of the Imperial House of Commons, in his 66th year. . . . Death of the King of Wurtemberg. . . . Thousands of persons reported as dying of starvation in Russia. . . . Disastrous fire in Ottawa, Ont.; loss \$31,500. . . . Royal Commission of enquiry into the Baie des Chaleurs railway affair enters upon its duties at Quebec. . . . Death of Charles Stewart Parnell, the "uncrowned king," after a brief illness, in his 44th year.
- 7th.—Opening of the Second Ecumenical Council of the Methodism of the World in Washington, D. C. . . . Peter Redpath, Montreal, undertakes to erect a library building for McGill University, capable of containing 200,000 books.
- 8th.—Death of Alvy Morden, the first settler of Morden, Man.
- 9th.—Briefs filed in the United States Supreme Court contending that the McKinley tariff is unconstitutional.
- 10th.—Reported that thirty-two million peasants are now destitute in Russia. . . . Death of Mr. John Eastwood, Sr., one of Toronto's pioneer merchants.
- 11th.—Severe earthquake shock experienced in San Francisco, Cal.
- 12th.—President Harrison gives a special reception at the White House in honor of the delegates to the Methodist Ecumenical Council.
- 13th.—Terrific gale throughout Great Britain and Ireland causes great damage to buildings and shipping and loss of life. . . . The Liberals of Lambton county give a big demonstration at Sarnia, Ont., in honor of Mr. Lister, M.P.
- 14th.—Rev. Phillips Brooks, Boston, confirmed as Bishop of Massachusetts. . . . Opening of the new buildings of Upper Canada College, Toronto.
- 15th.—The tubular bridge between Chambly Canton and Richelieu, Que., and the Richelieu paper mill, destroyed by fire; loss \$53,000. . . . Death of Mrs. Frances Laura Mountcastle, at Clinton, Ont., who, with her husband, settled in Huron county in 1832.
- 16th.—Formal opening of the John Carruthers' Science Hall in connection with Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.
- 17th.—Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland, appointed leader of the Imperial House of Commons. . . . Death of Capt. J. Herbert Beatty, who was well-known in political circles, at Toronto.
- 18th.—Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, resigns as a result of the defeat of the Government. . . . Action entered against Andre Senecal, formerly superintendent of the Government Printing Bureau, by the Minister of Justice, to recover \$15,000 obtained by him as commissions. . . . Judge Doherty retires from the Montreal Superior Court bench and is succeeded by his son.
- 19th.—Ten houses and the St. Jean Baptiste school, in the Chaudiere flats, Ottawa, Ont., destroyed by fire; loss \$12,000.
- 20th.—Western Ontario cricketers defeated by Lord Hawke's English team at Toronto by an innings and 54 runs.
- 21st.—Philip Herbert Carpenter, the distinguished English scientist, commits suicide.
- 22nd.—Mr. Dibbs, leader of the Opposition in the New South Wales Legislature, forms a Cabinet. . . . Owen E. Murphy and Robert H. McGreevy, prominently identified with the frauds on the government, leave the country to escape arrest.
- 23rd.—Three children of John Cummings, farmer, near Penetanguishene, Ont., burned to death.
- 24th.—First fall of snow this season in Quebec city.
- 25th.—Mr. Chapleau, Secretary of State, sends in his conditional resignation. . . . The Provincial Deaf and Dumb Institute, Winnipeg, Man., badly gutted by fire.
- 26th.—The Supreme Court at Ottawa gives judgment disallowing the Manitoba School Act. . . . Destructive fire in Virdeu, Man.
- 27th.—James Trow, M.P. for South Perth, Ont., unseated for bribery by an agent. . . . Serious election fights in Ireland; many people injured.
- 28th.—An Association of the Patrons of Industry formed in York county. . . . Trouble between Chili and the United States reaches an acute stage.



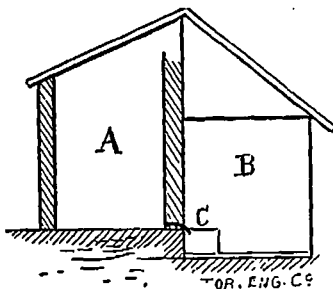
### Dairy and Ice-House.

A CONVENIENT combined ice-house and dairy may be constructed as follows: The ice-house is made in the usual way, with an annex under the same roof, but separated by a passage-way for the purpose of avoiding the usual frowy smell of the packing round the ice, which would affect the milk. The plan would be as below:—



A—Ice; B—Passage; C—Dairy.

The ice-house would be filled from the rear, but the ice would be taken out in the passage through which a current of air would pass by the windows, one at each end. This passage might be used for various purposes. The tank would be made in the dairy, and water from a cistern or pump would be used to supply it. It might be too great a cost to use the ice for the water supply, although this has been done by an arrangement of this kind, as follows: The dairy is connected with the ice-house as above, but is sunk three feet below the level of the floor of the ice-house, thus:



A—Ice; B—Dairy; C—Tank.

The ice-house has a water-tight, cement floor, painted with best gas tar, and slopes slightly toward the front, and also from the sides to the centre, thus forming a channel by which the water from the slowly melting ice runs into the tank in the dairy. Where ice can be procured in abundance and cheaply, this plan might be adopted, and if the flow of ice-water is at any time deficient, ice can be procured and put into the tank from the attic above. The tank in either case should be provided with drop doors to close it in, to maintain as even and low a temperature as possible.—*Country Gentleman.*

### Convenient Bottom Plank for Wagons

IN many sections of the country, farmers and teamsters who haul sand, earth, and stone employ a strong and cleated bottom board, made in one heavy piece. Such a large and strong bottom

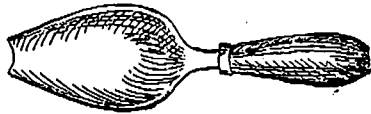


board is objectionable in several respects. It is heavy and inconvenient to handle when it is to be put on or off a wagon. More than this, much more labor will be required to remove a load than if the bottom consists of six or more single pieces of plank, not held together by cleats. The accompanying illustration represents a single piece of a wagon

bottom. These planks should be made of strong and straight-grained lumber, two inches thick by five or six inches wide. A handle should be made at each end (as shown in the illustration), both on the same side of the plank. The usual practice is to make a handle at the middle of the plank. When the handles are at the middle the teamster cannot unload any loose material so readily as when the handles are at one side of the plank. Every intelligent person can readily perceive the advantage of making the handles both at one edge of the planks. Small cleats can be nailed to each plank on the underside to keep them from moving forward and backward when the wagon is moving up or down a hill. The handles should be made only four or five inches long. If made long they will be liable to split off when the planks are thrown down.—*American Agriculturist.*

### Improved Garden Trowel.

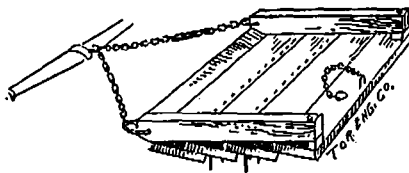
SOMETIMES a slight change in the form of an implement or tool will make it more convenient and better adapted to the work for which it was intended. This is very prominently proven by simply grinding or filing away the end of a common garden trowel. All who have had experience in that line know how extremely difficult it is to cut off with



the common garden trowel a weed that has a strong taproot. By using a trowel modified as shown in the engraving, the work is readily accomplished. Grind down until it is three-quarters of an inch from point to point, leaving the edge concave. It is plain that in pressing into the soil any root coming in contact with the trowel between the two points is readily severed. This does not in the least detract from the common use of the implement but greatly adds to its usefulness. Should the concave surface be kept sharp it will prove more effective in every way.—*American Agriculturist.*

### Pulverizer and Clod Crusher.

THE implement depicted here is very effective for thoroughly pulverizing fall plowing after the cultivator, and for following the corn planter a few days after planting; nothing could leave the field in a more desirable condition. The implement is very simple in construction, and can be made by anyone



in a couple of hours; the cost need not exceed two dollars. Take two planks, two-by-eight inches, and sixteen ft. long; cut each in two in the middle, which will give four pieces eight feet long. Then take two pieces of two-by-four scantling a little more than two feet long, to these bolt or spike the planks, lapping them two inches, as shown in the engraving. Slant off the front ends of the two pieces of scantling, and nail a piece of board six inches wide on these ends, to prevent dirt from shoving on top of the crusher when working. Bore a hole in the front end of each scantling and put a clevis in each, attach with a chain to doubletree. Go to your blacksmith, and have him take some three-eighth inch square bar steel, and cut this into six-inch lengths, and sharpen these like harrow teeth. It will need about four dozen. Now with a three-eighth inch bit bore holes four inches apart in the front and second planks just in front of where the second plank laps on. This will require twenty-four

holes in each plank, and will of course take as many teeth, which should be driven in so as to project four inches below the bottom of the plank. Make the holes in the second plank so that they will break joints with the other row, that is, so they will not track after the others. These will cut and comb the ground in a remarkable manner,

and the small lumps that pass between will be ground to powder by the sharp edges of the planks that follow. The driver stands on the crusher while working, or a seat may be firmly attached to it. Should there be much rubbish, this will bother very often, but this can be obviated somewhat by driving a staple near the back edge of the rear plank; into this tie one end of a small rope two or three feet long, and the other end into a ring to be held in the right hand. To dump rubbish, step with the left foot upon the slanting board at the front and at the same time lift up with the rope, which is easily and quickly done, and the obstruction will be drawn from the teeth as the crusher moves forward. In using the tool after the corn planter, the teeth should be driven back so as not to run so deep as to disturb the seed.—*American Agriculturist.*

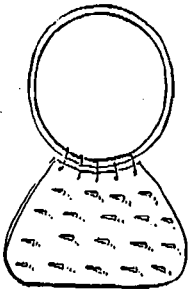
A MISTAKE often made by men inexperienced in draining, is in joining the laterals to the mains. They should always come in at an acute angle—never square or at right angles to the main drain, and they ought to enter at a little higher level than the bottom of the drain, so as to give a fall of one or two inches. The mouth of a drain should always be carefully finished, as the success and durability of the drain depends much on this. It will always pay to build a stone outlet, and to grade so that the water can neither flow over it to wash off the soil nor back up into the drain. The neglect of this and allowing hogs and cattle to tramp over the mouth has ruined many a drain after a few years' service. When a drain must be laid in a depression where the water collects in a heavy rain, avoid putting it in the lowest part, as there will be a danger of its washing out.

THERE are two sides to the question of spraying trees to preserve the fruit. It is as yet something of an experiment. While the advocates of the practice can give examples of apparently great benefits derived from it, its opponents can point to failures of sprayed trees to bear well, and to great crops where no insecticide had been used. There can be no doubt that all leaf-eating enemies of our fruit trees can be destroyed by spraying, if it is effectually done. The number of applications will necessarily depend very much on the amount of rainfall, and the kind of insect one may wish to kill, and also on the thoroughness of the spraying and the immediate surroundings. For instance, if we spray for the tent caterpillar, but neglect the wild cherry and some other trees, we must expect to have to spray often, and not always quite satisfactorily. For the curculio we must spray almost before the leaves start in the spring, and if it rains the work will have to be repeated. The codling moth is at work very soon after the blossom falls, or before, and continues busy for some days. Spraying for the scab is a long and somewhat expensive operation for late varieties, and to make the work thorough, it should be done, on an average every ten days. It is hard to get it done, as the majority of farm hands and fruitgrowers look on it as a humbug, and think it will make no difference how much it may be slighted. There is no doubt that the codling moth can be killed, and it is to be hoped that the curculio can also, by the use of the arsenical poisons. There is reason for thinking that the copper solution is beneficial in preventing the scab, and also that the destruction of the cedar balls is a preventive of the rust. The main reason why orchardists do not spray is that, as a rule, they raise grain, and when spring comes help from some cause or other is not plentiful. Attention to the fruit trees is accordingly put off from one day to another, and finally they are given over as among the things that must be neglected. Spraying, therefore, will be left undone almost always unless especial provision has been made for the work. The injury is not apparent until it is too late to prevent it. In fact, the years in which the work pays best are those in which the fruit grower thinks he has no fruit to spray. It would be well for all orchardists to get an inexpensive force pump before spring opens, along with some London purple, carbonate of copper and ammonia, and spray all the trees which time will permit, and keep spraying for the scab after every heavy rain until the fruit is fit for gathering, or, in case of most trees, until the beginning of August.

## Livestock.

### A Bovine Nose Jewel.

THE device shown in the engraving is designed to restrain the propensity which some heifers and cows have for drawing the milk from their associates in the herd. It consists of an ordinary bull-ring, to which a thick piece of leather is at-



tached by wires. The leather is filled with tacks driven from the lower side, so that their sharp points project above. The ring is slipped into the cartilage of the animal's nose, a hole having first been made for the purpose with a trocar or some similar instrument. This device, while it answers its purpose completely, does not interfere with the feeding of the animal.

BREAD made of linseed meal, corn meal, wheat middlings, bean or pea meal, malt combs, bran, and ground oats, equal parts, and with salt to season, and well baked, will keep calves and colts hardy, healthy, and growing. This bread or cake should be given in small quantities night and morning as extras. It will be found when spring comes that the calves and colts are strong, lusty, and sleek, and that they are gentler than lambs. It is no trouble to break young stock thus fed and tended.

HORSE stable floors should be made tight and level. Absorbent beddings and thorough cleaning will remove any objectionable odor from urine that cannot be got rid of in slatted floors. Sand, sawdust, and ground plaster are excellent cleansers of the stable. A horse with tender feet or ankles suffers from standing on sloping floors. A horse, from a sprained stifle or hock, or bruised knee, is kept in perpetual torment by sloping floors and knuckled horses owe much of their ailment to the same cause.

It does not pay to keep any sheep until they are one year old except breeding stock. Keep the lambs growing as fast as possible, and turn them off while they are lambs. The meat is worth more and it can be made at less cost than when they are over a year old. Through the winter a flock of store sheep do not need much care—a dry field for exercise, a good shelter (not too warm) from storms, a dry bed, proper feed three times a day, a dish with one-third sulphur and two-thirds salt, and their drinking trough cleaned once a day.

WHITE sand is a valuable absorbent of urine, it is cooling to the horses' feet, and may be moistened to remove the feverishness of tender feet, and even relieves the heat and tenderness of founder. It prevents staining of the coat of light colored or white horses, and it is an admirable means of thoroughly cleaning the legs and feet by rubbing it up and down in handfuls. It gives a smooth and uniform surface for the horse to lie upon. An iron-toothed rake readily removes litter and droppings, while a few handfuls of clean sand renews the bedding.

WHILE March pigs make the most profitable feeders for early market, yet it is not advisable to raise them, unless one has proper shelter—warm, light, airy and roomy—with good feeding floors. If the pigs are to be exposed to storms so frequent

in March, or confined to dark, small pens, the loss from thumps and other ailments will cause much disappointment. No one should undertake the business of raising such pigs unless he is willing to attend to all the little details of caring for them; for such attention to small things is a guarantee of success. On farms where no milk can be spared for the pigs, the first aim should be to have a strain of good milking sows. There is as much difference in the milking capacity of sows as of cows. The next essential thing is warm feed. March pigs must learn to eat with their dams at an early age. The troughs should be shallow, and V shaped; pigs seldom attempt to get into them. On sunny days they should be kept out of doors, and inside on stormy ones.

THE following rules for the care of in-lamb ewes are taken from the personal experience of a successful breeder of Shropshire sheep: Do not feed much of any grain to the in-lamb ewes; rather make a nice variety of the several coarser foods. Clover hay, topped corn stalks, oat straw and such, with only such light feeds of oats and bran as may seem necessary to keep the flock thriving. Variety is one of the most essential features of successful sheep feeding. Sheep love a change of feed if even to a poorer sort; this fact should ever be in the shepherd's mind the year round. A couple of weeks before the lambs are expected in the spring the bag of each ewe should be carefully trimmed of all loose locks of wool which might be sucked and swallowed by the lambs, sometimes causing death. After the ewes have lambed, their feed ration should be judiciously increased, and as the lambs grow and begin to eat with the ewes, there should be a pen fixed with a small passage to it through which the lambs can pass to a feed box kept well stored with a mixture of crushed oats, bran, oil cake and other relishes to which the lambs should have free access at all times.

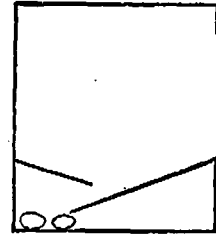
A PROMINENT dairyman says:—"I aim to have one-third of my dairy cows come fresh in October and November, and rely mainly on pasture for a forage crop. As soon as frosts come in the fall, or the pastures get short and dry, I commence to feed milkers from three to ten pounds each of corn meal, bran, and ground oats in equal parts, per day. About three weeks before a cow comes fresh, I commence feeding her, once each day, a pint of the above feed, with a handful of oil meal added, and this ration is gradually increased until she is eating from two to four quarts, according to her age, per day, when she drops her calf. A cow that is fed a little oil meal and is gaining slowly in flesh when she comes in, very rarely, if ever, fails to do well. My cows feed on the pasture during the day time, but are kept in the stables on frosty or cold and rainy nights, and are fed through these two months all the bright, early cut clover, or clover and timothy hay they will eat, the pasture furnishing green feed enough to keep up a good flow of milk, and I rely upon the green food in the silo as soon as winter sets in, and the cows are stabled night and day. Through these two months, I usually have apples, or pumpkins, or both, to feed to cows, each getting a daily allowance of from 10 to 20 pounds of chopped apples and pumpkins, and from three to six pounds of bran and corn meal in two rations.

### The Poultry Yard.

A LITTLE red pepper mixed in the fowls' food during cold, damp, or very inclement weather, cannot possibly do them any harm and may perhaps exercise a most beneficial and exhilarating effect. A few small lumps of copperas put in their drinking water is also an excellent tonic and appetizer, and if a box of broken bits of charcoal be kept within reach, much bowel derangement, the result of indigestion, would doubtless be prevented. Fowls and all other lower animals have a natural instinct suggesting proper remedies for their various indispositions, and as a rule it seems better to place simple remedies within their reach, than to begin dosing them indiscriminately.

### A Safety Hen's Nest.

OUR illustration is a sectional view of a device which, though not new, is quite effective in preventing the unprofitably prompt conversion of agricultural products which is involved in the habit which some hens have of eating their own eggs. A false bottom is fastened in the nest-box, consisting



of two boards, sloping to the center, with a space between just wide enough to admit an egg. When the hen turns to cackle over the new-laid egg and then to devour it, she is naturally astonished to find an apparently empty nest. It is not expected that this will work upon her feelings so much that she will resume her place and lay another egg, but it will at least place the one already laid beyond the reach of her beak.

THE hen is not a vegetarian. Both she and her chickens are better for a partial meat diet.

SPADE the yards over before the ground freezes. Plan, if you can, to have the yard on the other side of the hen house next year and plant vegetables in the old yard.

AN old stove in an outbuilding is a very convenient thing for poultrymen to possess. If the out-house be one suitable for young, early chicks, so much the better.

A GOOD way to feed in the morning, if grain is used, is to scatter it over a wide area and let the hens get exercise by hunting it out; they will lay better, and it will do them more good.

AN English poultry writer says that in comparing the "Rocks" with Light Brahmas he found that the former would come to laying in six months, and the latter at eight months, and that the former would lay eggs enough to pay the cost of their raising, before the latter had begun to lay at all. As a rule, however, the Brahmas will lay at a time when eggs are worth more than their weight in silver.

A FROZEN comb stops eggs. But why have frozen combs? They are always caused by some fault or failing of the owner of the flock, such as giving the birds poor houses, or allowing them to roost in trees in winter. A frosted comb should either be trimmed down with a sharp knife, as is done in the case of the games, or, what seems quite as good, just let it alone unless it festers; then it must be trimmed severely.

WARM food for the hens on cold days invigorates them, and will greatly tend to induce laying. Milk is excellent for laying hens, but cold milk will not be as readily relished as fresh and warm. To make an excellent mess for hens, on a cold morning, put a pan of milk on the stove, and while it is warming add corn meal until the mess becomes thick, when it should be fed warm. If desired, a little ground oats and bran may also be added, or mashed potatoes may be warmed in the milk at the same time. It will not be out of place to add a little salt also, as it may be essential. If milk is scarce, add half water. At all events let the hens have a warm mess early in the morning, even if nothing but water is used with the ground grain, as it will strengthen and invigorate them.





CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

(Communications intended for this Department should be addressed to AUNT TUTU, care MASSEY PRESS, Massey Street, Toronto.)

### A Warm Bed-Gown.

FOR mothers with little children who are restless at night, for invalids who are often in and out of bed, for those who have the care of the sick, or for any one liable in any way to be exposed to sudden changes of the atmosphere after disrobing for the night, the bed-gown herewith represented is invaluable. It may be made of any quality of flannel from blanketing to soft, warm dress flannel—even dark or mixed blue shirting flannel being very pretty, when finished with contrasting blue or cardinal cashmere collar, cuffs, pocket-laps and foot border. Unbleached Canton flannel trimmed with Turkey red twill is very warm, pretty and inexpensive; it may be made up either side out, as preferred. The twill collar, cuffs and foot-border—which turns up an inch or more on the wrong side like a binding—protect all of the edges which would otherwise be easily soiled, and, if a thin cotton nightdress be worn inside, the gown may be used a long time without need of cleansing. Any home dressmaker can cut one. The two fronts are straight, with four shallow plaits each side of the neck opening,

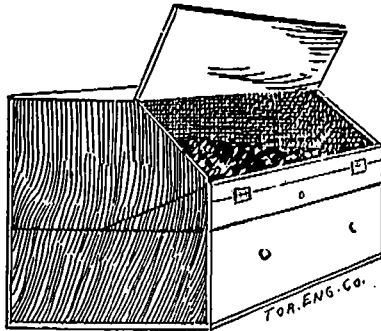


and are about twenty-five inches wide at the bottom. There is an underarm gore, about half as wide at the bottom. The back has a full, double box-plait in the centre and is slightly gored off at the sides to fit the side gores; it is twenty-seven inches wide at the bottom, or it may be wider if one chooses, and the cloth allows. The sleeves have but one seam and are well arched over the shoulder. The back and front linings extend an inch or two below the arm's-eye (which is quite large), the latter reaching only to the front plaits; the back box-plaits fall loosely below the lining. The cuffs may be turned down for warmth, or for convenience when at work. There is a breast pocket for the handkerchief, and a handy pocket on the right side. The fastening is performed by safety or spring hooks, so there are no buttons to hurt the wearer or the one cared for, or to catch into tangled locks or baby's trimmings. The gown should be amply large enough to slip on easily over undergarments or other nightdresses; and a hooked belt, of the trimming goods, will be found a convenient addition when the wearer is not lying down.

### Combination Coal and Wood Box.

The coal box illustrated herewith will be found very convenient, and will be appreciated by the tired housekeeper, as she will not have to stoop to the floor every time she wishes to put a shovelful

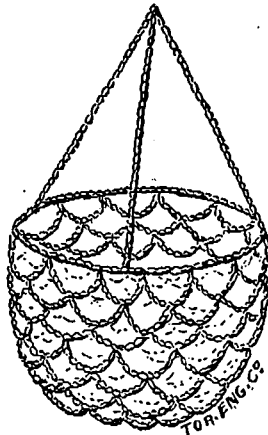
of coal in the stove. The drawer underneath the coal is a much nicer place for wood than under the stove or behind it, and it is much cleaner. The space between the coal and the wood drawer can be used for the stove polish and scouring tools. The box should be made out of dry planed and grooved boards, except the drawer, which can be made out of nice broad pine or poplar boards. I made mine



out of narrow flooring boards, as the joints will not open wide enough to let the coal through, and it is almost impossible to get boards so dry that they will not shrink and split when set beside the stove all the time. The box is two feet high, two feet long, and just as wide as you wish it; eighteen inches is a convenient width.

### Sponge Bag.

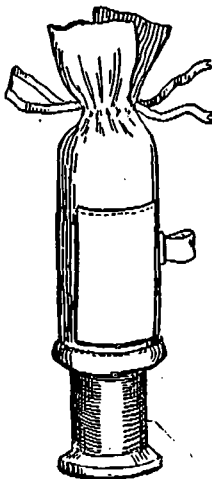
For holding your bathing sponge and allowing it to dry quickly, an open mesh crocheted bag is a useful article. Crochet in simple chain-stitch,



making long, loose loops to form the bag, and stiffen at the top with a piece of galvanized wire. Use strong coarse cotton for knitting and crochet a cork by which to suspend.

### Useful Button Bag.

TAKE three-quarters of a yard of ribbon about two inches in width or wide enough to encase the spool; satin on one side of some pale or bright color is much used. Cut it in half and turn over



two ends about one and a half inches, so the satin covers both sides, draw in at the base with narrow ribbon of the same or corresponding color; below this overcast on each side with silk for about two

inches and sew across the bottom, which completes the bag. Sew the ribbons across an inch below the base of the bag, leaving a space for the needle case which is made by cutting a piece of thin cardboard to fit the space, covering it with some of the ribbon if you have any left, and sewing a little piece of flannel on one side; in this quilt several needles, finish by a loop of the narrow ribbon on one end and slip in the case. Begin where this case ends and overcast the ribbon together until a bag large enough for the spool is made, about two inches, leave the ends of the ribbons a quarter of an inch long, turn under, making on each a hem an eighth of an inch wide. Take two pieces of whalebone the length of each hem, slip in and overcast the four ends. This prevents the spool, which you slip in, from falling out, and by leaving the end of the thread hanging it can be easily unwound.

### Hints to Housekeepers.

Common salt is said to be one of the best agents for cleaning marble, such as wash basins, sink fixtures and the like. It requires no preparation, and may be rubbed directly upon the tarnished surface, removing any incrustations or deposits at once, leaving the marble shining and clean.

A useful cement for mending earthen or stone jars, stopping leaks in the seams of tin pans or iron kettles, or tightening loose joints of iron or wood, is made by mixing litharge and glycerine to a thick cream. This will resist acids, heat, and cold, if the article is not used until the cement has hardened.

To separate the yolks and whites of eggs, break the shell on the edge of a dish, then pass the yolk several times quickly from one half-shell to the other, letting the white fall to the dish; in this way the yolk will remain unbroken in the shell. When eggs are to be beaten separately, beat the yolks until creamy and light colored, and the whites until dry, or so that they will not fall from the bowl if it be turned upside down.

To remove fresh-spilt ink, take up as much as possible of the ink with a teaspoon. Then pour cold milk on the spot and take up as before; repeat until the milk is only slightly tinged with black. Then rinse with cold water and dry with a cloth, rubbing lightly. Another authority says, when ink has been spilled on a carpet to immediately cover the spot thickly with salt, and in five minutes the stain will have entirely disappeared.

To remove old paint from wood work, use a solution of equal parts of soda and quick lime. First dissolve the soda in water, then add the freshly slaked lime, stir well together and apply with an old paint brush. In a few minutes the paint will break and become brittle, and then wash off with hot water, leaving the boards clean as when new. To effectually kill the alkaline solution, wash the clean wood with vinegar or other kinds of acid, even old hard cider will answer.

The inside of a range, including the oven flues, ought to be cleaned by the kitchen maid regularly once a month. Do not employ a man to do this work, as it is something that should not be neglected for five or six months, as it generally is. If done once a month, the soot in the oven flues being raked out into a newspaper, held so as to prevent the cloud of dust flying out into the room, there is no hardship in this work. If the stove is kept clean, the ashes regularly taken out with care, into a covered ash pail, there will be no trouble in the kitchen with the dust of the stove, which is the source of the dingy look of so many kitchens.

It is not generally known that a delicious jelly may be made from the parings of any ripe peaches. Put the parings in a jar and set the jar in boiling water. Let them boil for half an hour, or until all the juice is drawn out of them. Strain and measure this juice, and allow a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Boil the juice for twenty minutes, and then add the sugar, which has been heating in the oven, and continue the boiling for a minute or two, or until it jellies. If you are tired, as you are likely to be after preserving peaches, simply extract the juice from the parings and set in the refrigerator until the next day. It will not be injured by keeping twenty-four hours, and some people think it will be improved.



Village Boys and Girls.

It has been my lot to spend much time in villages and to observe many circumstances in village life. One is, that although children have many more advantages than in the rural districts, they are not half so much appreciative. Another is, that the girls in villages are more refined and far better educated than their brothers. This may seem strange to say concerning children who are brought up by the same father and mother, and subjected to the same home influences; nevertheless it is true.

I believe that much of the lack of refinement seen in boys who have pleasant homes and refined parents and sisters, is due to the use of tobacco, caused by having too much leisure—the fault of fathers and mothers who do not provide constant employment or amusement for the active brains and bodies of their children. For some reason that I could never understand, a boy seems to think that he cannot be a man until he has learned to smoke. That work accomplished, he regards himself as fitted to associate with the men about town, from whom he gets many ideas without which he would be better off.

In some families there is a prevailing idea that boys need a great deal more recreation than girls. Absolutely nothing to do for several hours in the evening is necessary for boys, while a change of occupation is the proper recreation for girls. One instance in particular came under my observation. I was once boarding with a family consisting of a father, mother and two children—a son and daughter, both grown. They were bright children, and were earning their own living—the girl being employed as a telegraph operator, and the boy in a bank, where he slept, made fires, and did some writing. The daughter of the house began her duties at six o'clock in the morning, when a train was dispatched, after which she came home, made the kitchen fire, and assisted her mother in the preparation of breakfast. Meantime the son, whose duties did not begin until eight o'clock, was allowed to lie in bed until breakfast was ready. After breakfast, when both children had gone to their respective tasks, the mother put the house in order and prepared for dinner. The daughter had two hours at home in the middle of the day, during which she dined, washed the dinner dishes, donned her afternoon dress, then went back to her work, which detained her until seven o'clock in the evening. If upon her return, she found her mother very tired, she insisted upon reading the weary one to sleep. That work accomplished, she came back to the sitting-room to read for herself, or to make a pretty hat, or to work upon a dress for her mother or herself. Occasionally her young friends came in for a merry time, or she spent the evening at a friend's house. Sometimes a concert or a lecture provided a little rest and change for the earnest girl.

The boy, whose duties ended for the day at 4

p.m., might have split kindlings, sawed wood, brought coal, raked the yard, or might even have improved his mind and manners by good reading; but no, he *must have recreation*, and accordingly stood around every day for six mortal hours with a cigarette, cigar or pipe in his mouth, his mind apparently a perfect blank. While his sister was assiduously cultivating every talent, the most he had to show was a pool of tobacco juice expectorated from his weak but handsome mouth, and unpaid bills for smoking and chewing tobacco. His parents seemed to think his course a proper one.

During the five years that I spent with them that boy did not make one inch of progress; on the contrary he retrograded. Being a bright boy and in the line of promotion, he might have risen in business, but he began as "the boy" and remained "the boy" as long as I knew him. The girl's assiduity was not lost. Her intelligence, refined manners, energy and business ability secured her regular promotion until she reached the position of chief operator in the superintendent's office; when, seeing her admirable management of his business affairs, the superintendent asked her to become his wife, and to manage him and his home. This is only one case. I could quote a dozen that have come under my observation and that differ only in details.

I believe that the fault is with the parents, and that, therefore, the remedy lies with them. Parents, a change of occupation will not hurt your boy any more than your girl. Boys are not versatile enough. Men would make much better husbands, consequently better members of society, if they were early taught to assist in the thousand efforts that are necessary to make the ideal home; there would be less time to kill, less smoking, fewer stunted minds, better fathers and better children.

Like many other vital questions, this one depends upon the mothers of our land, who, to attain the highest success, should teach their children, *both boys and girls*, every art that will tend to make home ideal. With such training, refinement of taste and thoroughness and energy in business will be the natural consequences.

#### Teach the Boys to Cook.

A boy should be able to recognize a flour-sifter when he sees one. When he becomes a man, and his wife, if he is so fortunate as to have one, is sick, and there occurs one of the not infrequent interims between the departure of one hired girl and the arrival of another, if such help is kept in the family, he ought not to be the helpless individual that he usually is when he attempts to prepare a supper or breakfast. There are many circumstances, other than sickness, which may place such work upon the future head of the family, both in the economy of home life, and in the matter of pleasure. He may be camping out in his vacation, and so need some knowledge of the culinary art. Once a United States senator was camping in the Maine woods, and being fond of boiled rice, attempted to prepare some. He placed in the kettle as great a bulk of the dry rice as he thought he should need, not dreaming that this article has a tendency to swell. Soon every dish in camp was running over with rice.

Boys who have to work their way through school and college are often compelled, of necessity, to board themselves. The value of some previous home instruction in preparing food then becomes apparent. The underdone potatoes, burnt steak, and sour, fallen bread that such students have essayed to eat, would surely make a big mountain of indigestion. Such a state of things is the more to be deplored because active brain work requires that the body be nourished by good and properly cooked food. It is foolish to think that a knowledge of the way to prepare food for the table is unmanly. If so, it is also unmanly to eat it. One of our most noted public men is said to be an expert cook, and to prepare every dish with his own hands, or at least under his own supervision, when he gives a dinner to his friends. It is often urged nowadays that we "send the *whole* boy to school"—that we give him a training in most of the things that pertain to his every-day life; so that, for instance, he

can go forth into life able to saw off an inch board without either hurting himself or breaking the saw. Among his other practical attainments the ability to do plain cooking will be found to be a serviceable accomplishment.

#### The Well-Bred Girl.

SHE never accepts a valuable present from a gentleman acquaintance unless engaged to him.

She never takes supper at a restaurant with a gentleman, unless accompanied by a lady older than herself.

She does not permit gentlemen to join her on the street, unless they are intimate acquaintances.

She never accepts a seat from a gentleman in a street car without thanking him.

She never snubs other young ladies less popular than herself.

She never laughs or talks loudly at public places.

She never wears clothing so striking as to attract particular attention in public.

She never speaks slightly of her mother.

#### A Good Investment.

SEVERAL winters ago a woman was coming out from a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"D'ye hear that," said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady said 'thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, the lady turned and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you," awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He went and applied for a situation as office boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns most satisfactory.





We know that cats and dogs on earth  
Are constantly in strife,  
That 'twixt themselves and wicked boys  
They lead a sorry life.

Perhaps, in some far distant land,  
Beyond this earthly sphere,  
There is a heaven for cats and dogs  
Themselves, nor boys to fear.

Some place that's free from scratch and bite.  
From gun, and stick, and stone,  
Where every cat shall have its mouse,  
And every dog its bone.

There may their spirits roam around,  
Though veiled from mortal sight,  
And every dog there have its day,  
And every cat its night.

**A WIREPULLER**—The telegraph line man.

It is the gold beater who is always on the strike.

Some men will keep everything but their distance.

Dog stealing in the second degree—Purloining sausages.

The three gauges of railroad—Narrow gauge, broad gauge and mortgage.

A lady, describing an ill-tempered man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

"The shoemaker who breathed his last" should not be pointed to as a man of phenomenal lung power.

"How do they spend their afternoons at the summer resorts usually?" "The ladies go to their rooms for naps, and the men go to the bars for nips."

Husband—You do not seem to love me the same as you used to. Wife—Of course not. You say that this visit to the seaside has made a new man of you.

"Is your uncle an extensive farmer." "You bet," answered the little city boy, who had just returned from a vacation in the country. "He weighs 348 pounds."

"You shouldn't snub that boy. He's a stockholder in the concern." "What are you giving me?" "Yes, he holds the cows while they are being milked."

OLD CYNIC—"That girl hasn't a pretty smile." Innocent Pupil—"Why, she hasn't smiled once since we've been looking at her." Old Cynic—"That proves what I said."

He—"The post says that ladies' looks should be our books. Will you let your eyes be my teachers?" She—"Thanks, but I believe both of them are already supplied with pupils."

"I'm—that young man of yours—is he worth anything financially?" "Why, yes, papa. He is worth at least \$25 a week to the store, he says, though they only give him \$10."

Wing—After we had gloriously defeated the enemy the audience assailed us with eggs. Flies—What was that for? Wing—Because "to the victors belong the spoils," I suppose.

You may catch the mosquito  
And crush it if you will,  
But the place where he bit  
Will be sensitive still.

"I sometimes think," began the Rev. Simpersermon to a group of young ladies at a parish gathering. "Then your sermons do you injustice," interrupted a saucy minx in the party.

"Pa, why does water run down hill?" "Why, my son, it has to yield to the force of gravitation." "You're 'way off, Pop! That isn't the reason at all." "Indeed! And what is the reason?" "It can't walk!"

Elder Toots—"I am beginning to fear that Elder Quicket's faith is none too well grounded." Elder Berry—"Upon what do you base such an uncharitable belief?" Elder Toots—"His suspiciously poor exhibit of rocks."

HUNKS—"I wonder that your son should be such a spend thrift." Closefists—"I can't understand it, either; send that boy away to spend the summer, and he'd do it in less than a week."

IMPOSSIBLE—"Could you make a water color sketch of me?" asked Mr. Soaker. "All but the nose," returned Palette. "I couldn't get that color in water any more than you could."

# CORRESPONDENCE

A. J., Madoc, Ont., writes: I get a great deal of useful information from your poultry items, which are always brief and to the point. A few days ago I was talking with a prominent poultry fancier, and he gave me the following as marks of a good hen: She should have a small head, bright eyes, a tapering neck, full breast, straight back, full, ovoidal-shaped body, medium length of gray-colored legs, broad rump and red comb. Color of feathers is of but little matter, but yellow-legged fowls are said to have coarser flesh, though yellow legs and skin look richer and sell better than clay-colored. A fat hen has plump breast and rump, and fat under the wings.

"FARMER'S WIFE," Stayner, Ont., writes: There are various ways for pickling hams and sides, and I would like to hear from some others what way they have. The method I have used for a number of years and with good results is this: make a saturated brine sufficient to cover the meat when packed, and it should be strong enough to float an egg or a potato. For each one hundred pounds of meat, add two pounds of sugar and two ounces of saltpetre. Dissolve thoroughly and then mix with the pickle. The hams should remain in pickle from four to six weeks, according to size. As soon as the hams are cut and trimmed, they should be rubbed lightly with fine salt and laid in a cool place until the animal heat is entirely removed before putting into pickle. If the hams are large, it is well to sprinkle lightly with Turk's Island salt. The barrels should be well cleaned before using. Place a light sprinkling of salt on the bottom of the barrel and a well arranged layer of meat laid in, then another light sprinkling of salt and a layer of meat until the barrel is full, when a weight is put on and the pickle poured over the meat entirely to cover it.

Mrs. M., Brandon, Man., writes: It costs only a little forethought to have always at hand such remedies as are most helpful in case of a burn. A small bottle of sweet oil, a small box with finely powdered baking soda or starch, a good-sized bottle of lime water, a roll of cotton batting, and a bundle of soft old linen. Indeed, a pair of scissors, a thimble, a spool of thread, and a ball of coarse darning cotton should be kept with the above-mentioned articles, because, even in well-ordered households, it takes some time to collect all these things. Lime water is easily made by pouring three pints of water over half a pound of unslaked lime. Stir for a few moments, and then set away for half a day; then pour off as much of the lime water as is perfectly clear and free from sediment, bottle it, and provide with a stopper that may be pulled quickly. This should be made freshly every few months. Cotton batting for this purpose should be purchased at the druggist's, where a fine and superior quality may be had. Scalds are of frequent occurrence in families where there are small children. A baby plunges its hand into a cup of coffee, and, if the mother cannot quickly apply the proper remedies, the poor child must suffer until a physician can be called. The treatment is simple and plain. Pour sweet oil over the burned part, and sprinkle with soda or starch; lay on soft, old linen, and wet with the lime water; keep the cloths constantly wet with lime water. In case of a very bad scald or burn, a thin layer of cotton batting is saturated with oil and laid over the linen. If placed directly over the wound it is almost certain to adhere to the burned flesh and cause much pain. If a child falls into a tub of hot water, or pulls a kettle of it over on its body, the first thing is to remove the clothing, which, being saturated with the hot liquid, keeps in the heat, thus causing the burn to become deeper. By pouring cold water over the patient the clothing is at once cooled, and should then be taken off as gently and rapidly as possible, after which cover all the burned parts with oil and soda, and then with linen and lime water.



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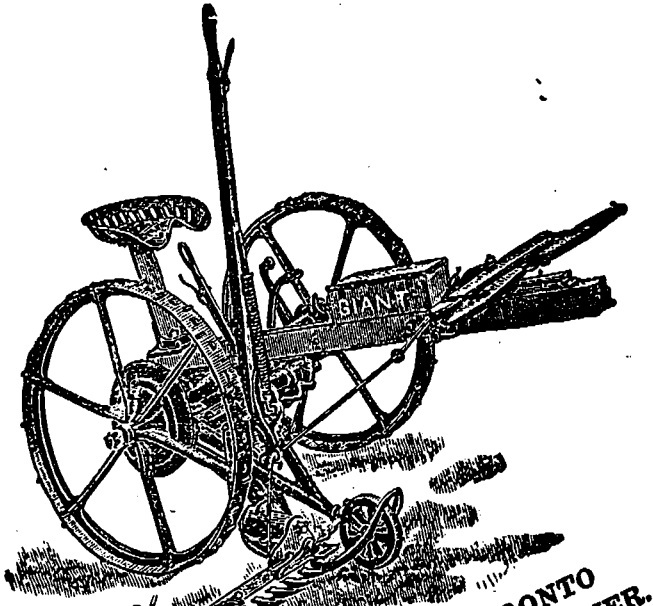
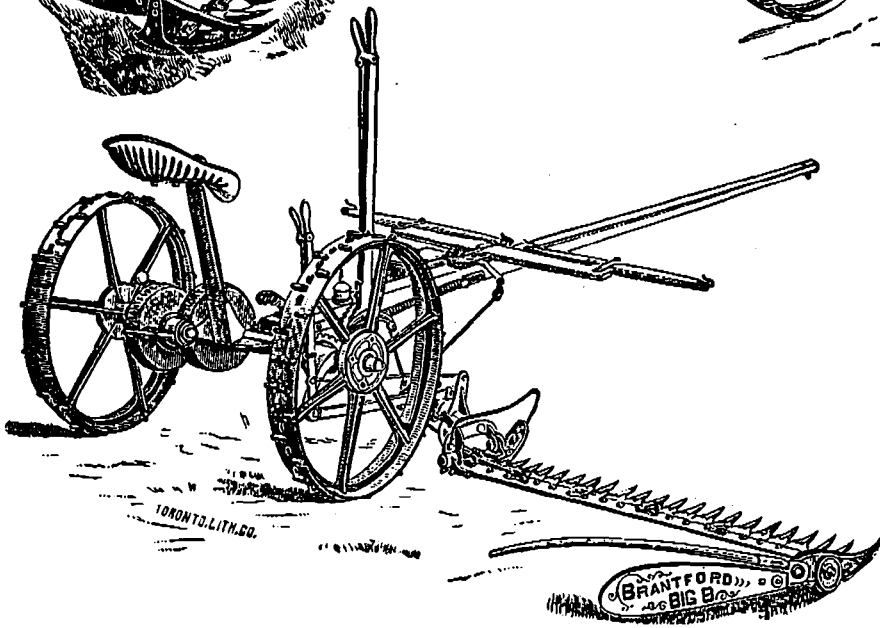
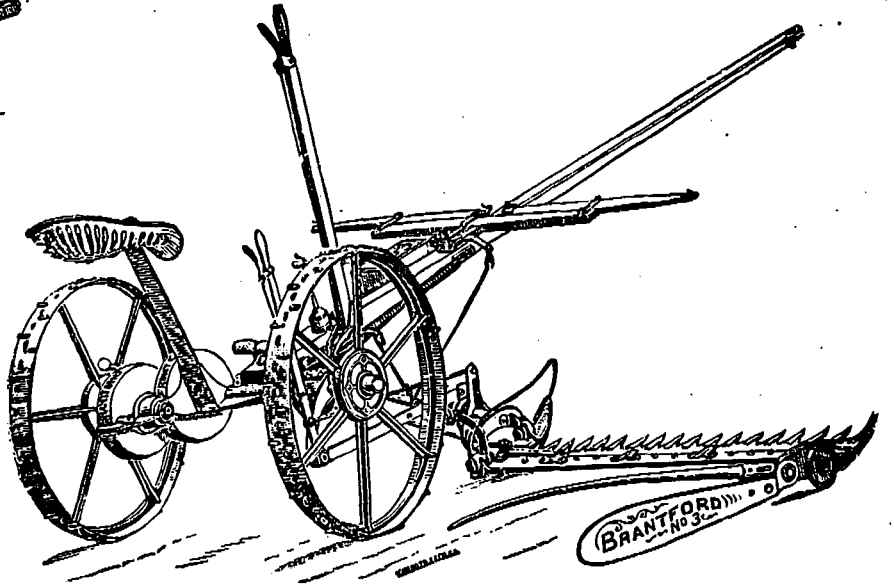
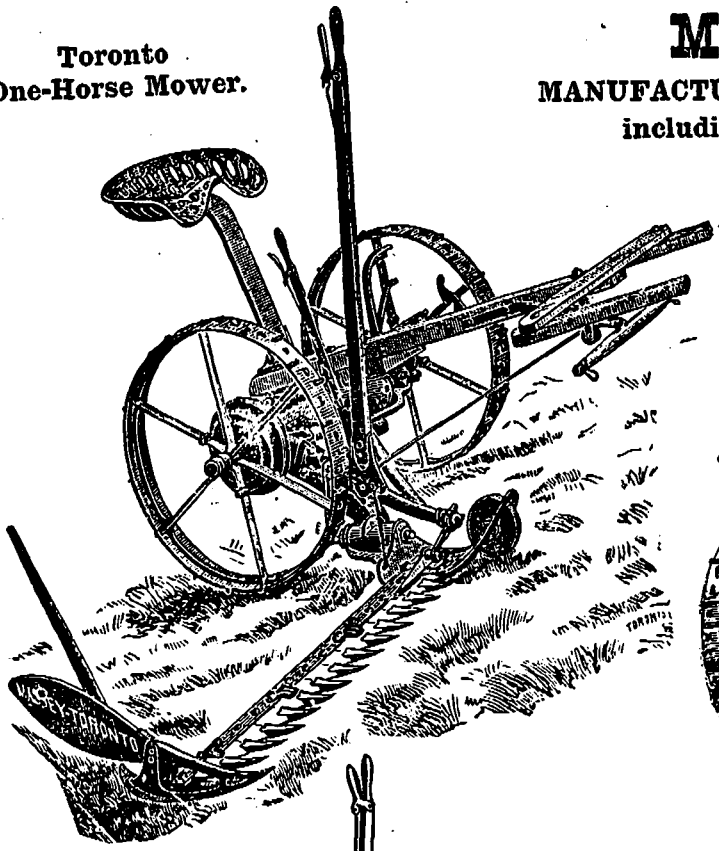
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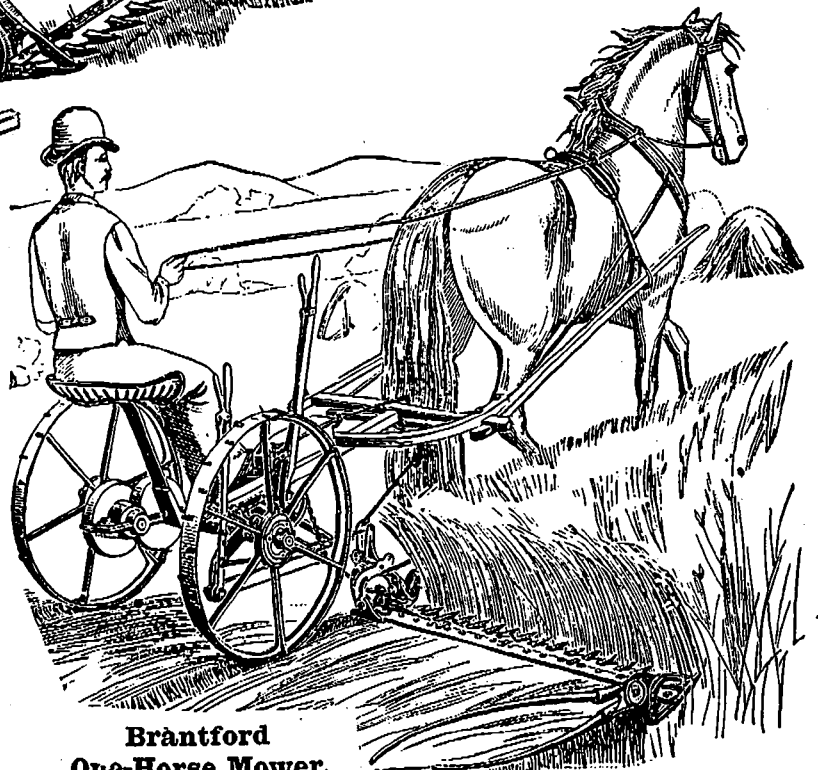
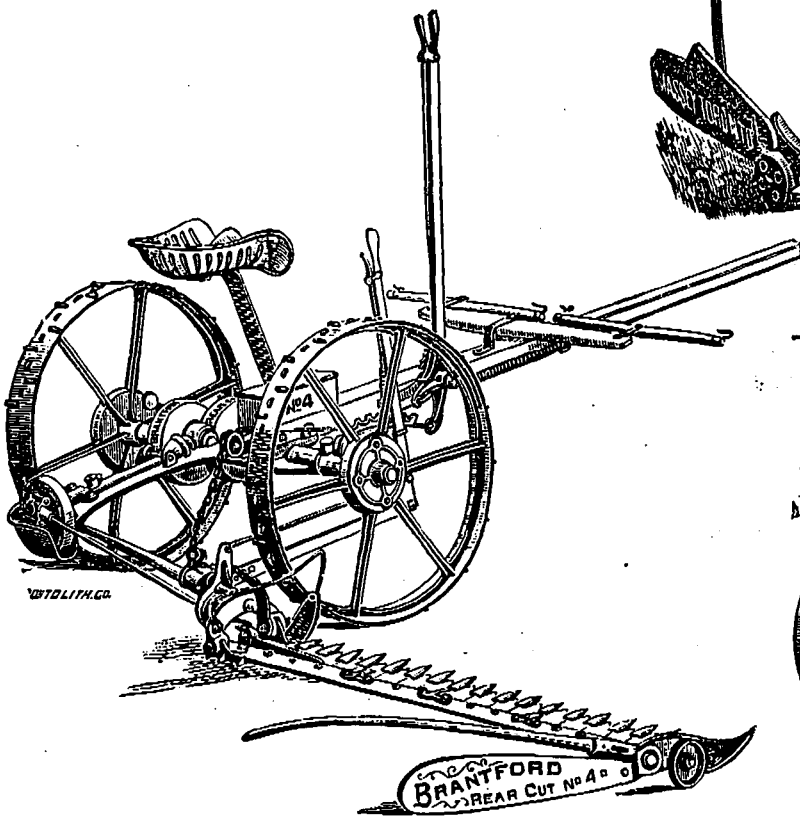
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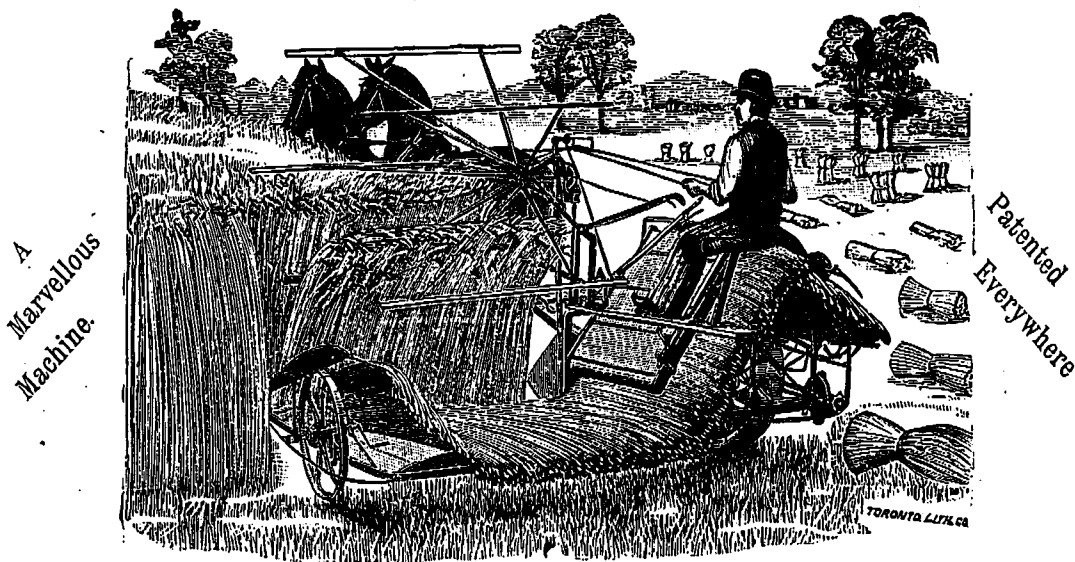


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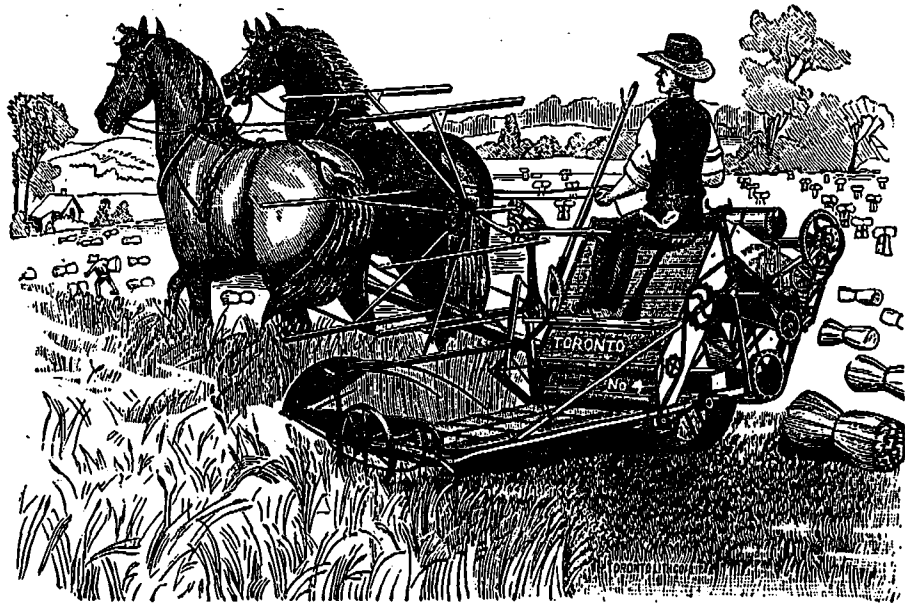
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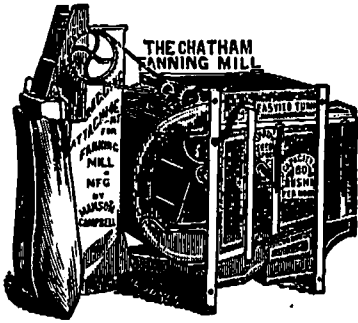
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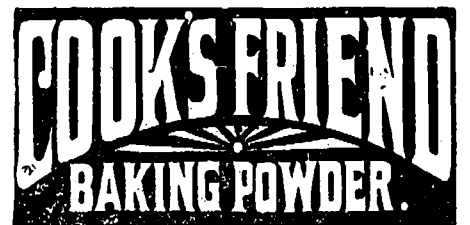
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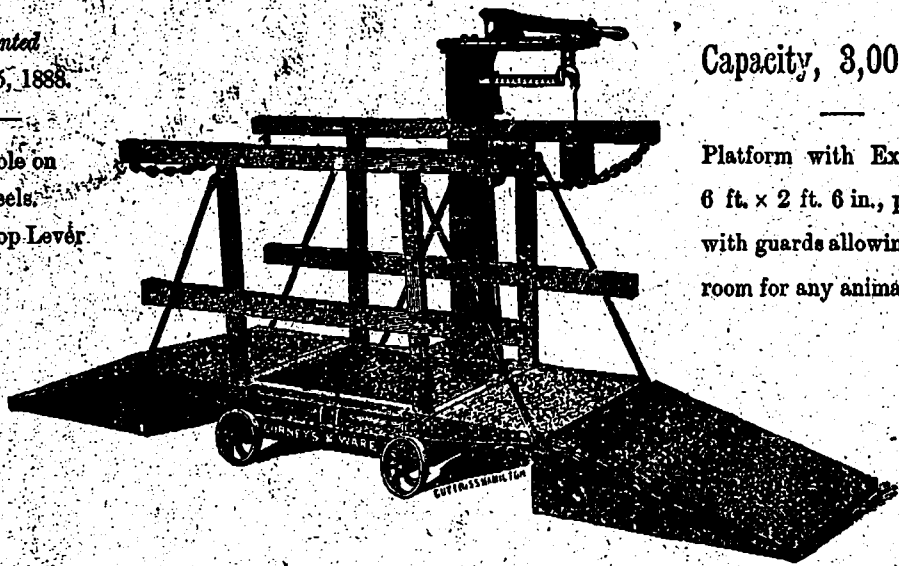
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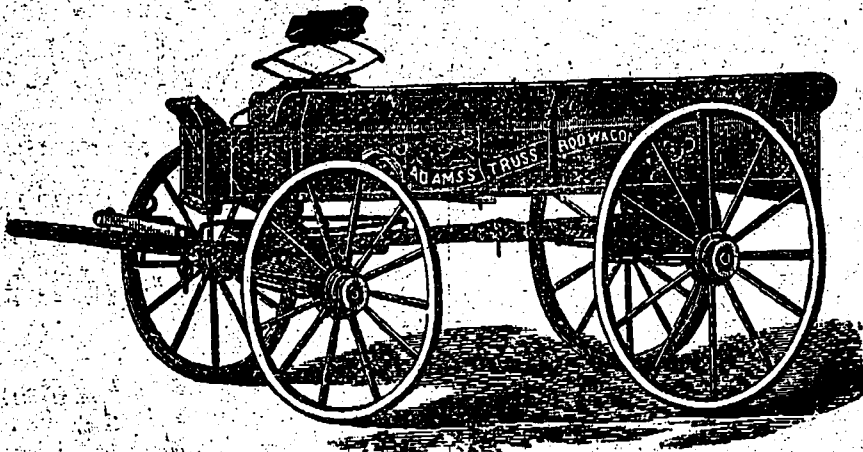
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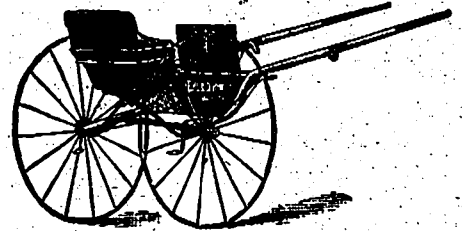
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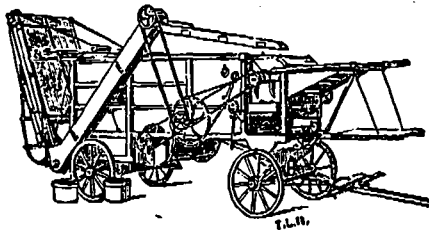
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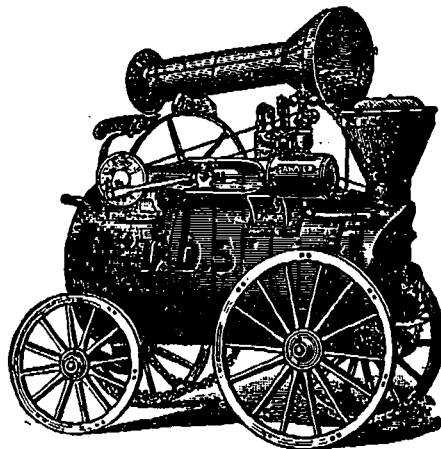
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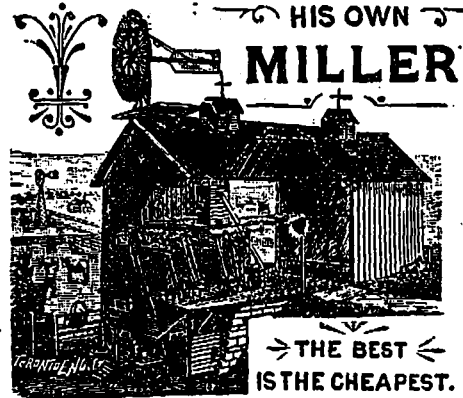
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