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ROUND THE WORLD,

A Run through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employes of the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. Massey, Esq.)

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

First Letter, dated S.S. "Australia," nearing the Sandwich Islands, Nov. 14, 1887.

Our party, consisting of four, arrived on good time at Owen Sound, where we boarded the C.P.R. steamer *Alberta*, which brought us safely to Port Arthur, after a pleasant two days' sail over the lakes. At Port Arthur we had time before the west-bound train departed, to run over and see old, dilapidated, and neglected Fort William, which, at the present rate of decay, will soon only be a reminiscence. The journey onward to Winnipeg over the rocky and barren wastes with but an occasional spot of arable ground, was without special interest.

You have heard so much, and read so many letters on the great North-West, that there will be little new for me to relate. I was agreeably surprised with Winnipeg, notwithstanding all I had heard of the Prairie City. After traversing so many miles of desolate country, the city, as it suddenly comes into view on the distant plains, presents a fine appearance. I did not look for such a pretty city as it is, and its thrift and business aspect went beyond my conception. Mr. McBride, manager of the Western Branch of the Massey Manufacturing Co., gave us a hearty welcome. Everything was running like clock-work in his splendidly-appointed office and warehouse. We were pleased to learn that Toronto machines held supremacy in every quarter, as one could easily believe after a trip over the C.P.R. to the Rockies, and seeing the numbers of them in use as compared to other makers.

The ride from Winnipeg to the coast was most interesting. The prairie views—the mirage, which I was fortunate enough to witness—the abundance of wild game one sees—and, most important, the immense handsome fields of grain, which was then just ripe and being cut all along the line by hundreds of self-binders—the natural prairie meadows—and further on, the grand mountain scenery—and many other wonders, give constant interest to the passenger as he is hurried past, and would each form a theme for a letter in itself. The fertility of the prairie soil and the ease with which everything is cultivated is marvellous. Wild flowers of great variety grow in profusion. This and the size vege-

tables attain, when one considers the excessively cold winter experienced, is indeed wonderful. When expressing surprise at the size of some vegetables I saw, I was informed "they were small in comparison, and that in some districts carrots are pulled with a stump-puller and the holes used as wells." I will hardly vouch for this statement, however. But of all this you have heard before.

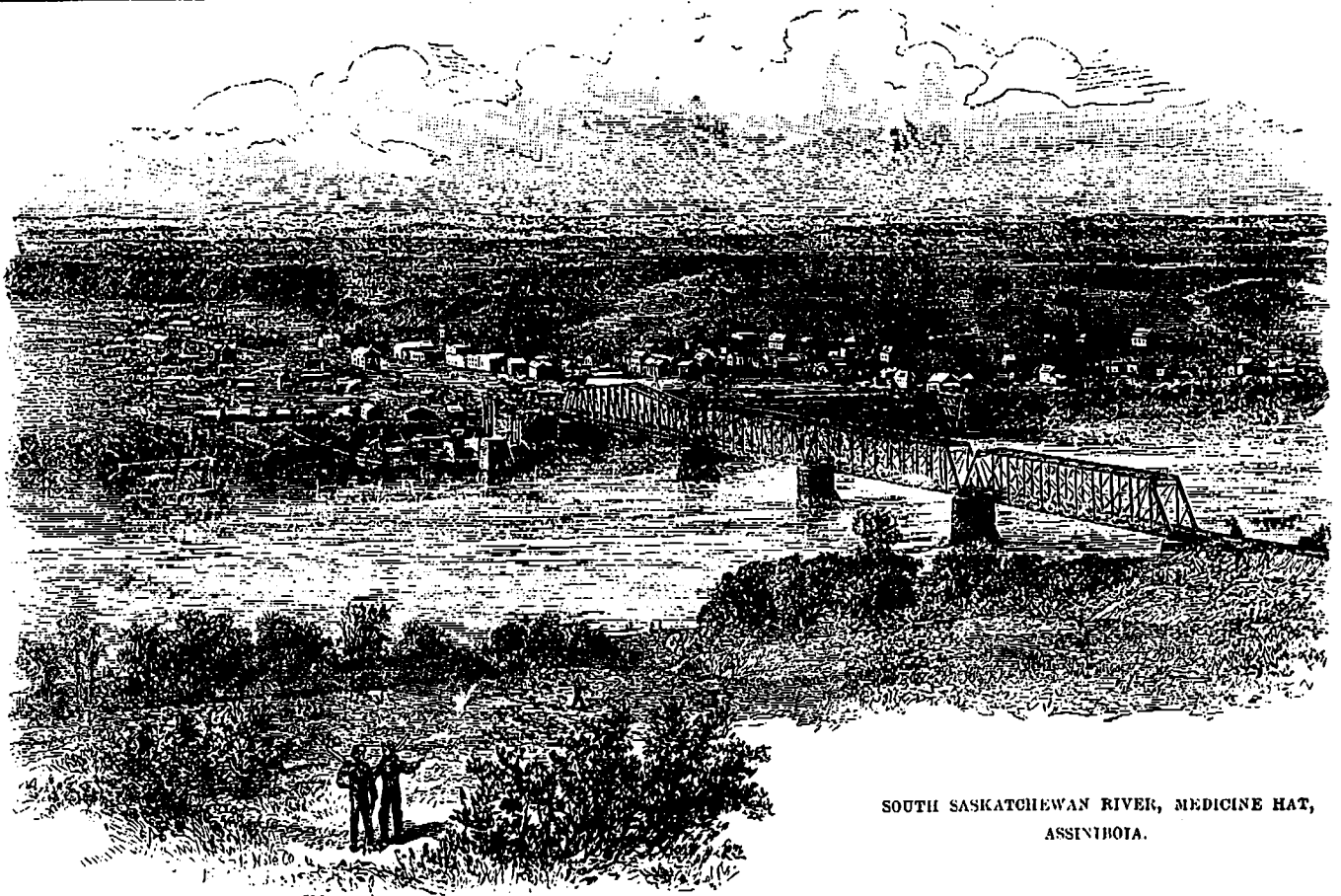
The best farms on the main line of the C.P.R. are in the vicinity of Portage la Prairie and Brandon, after leaving which the settlements are sparse.

One will travel for hours in the North-West Territories without seeing a house of any kind, or even an Indian hut, and cannot but be impressed with the intense loneliness of that vast and as yet unsettled country. However, in its loneliest parts an occasional farm gives evidence of the fertility of the soil, and in time, no doubt, the name, "Lone Land," will hardly be applicable.

Approaching Medicine Hat the road goes over a rolling country, and finally through quite a hilly district, which makes a very pleasant variation



MOUNT STEPHEN, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.



SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN RIVER, MEDICINE HAT,
ASSINIBOIA.

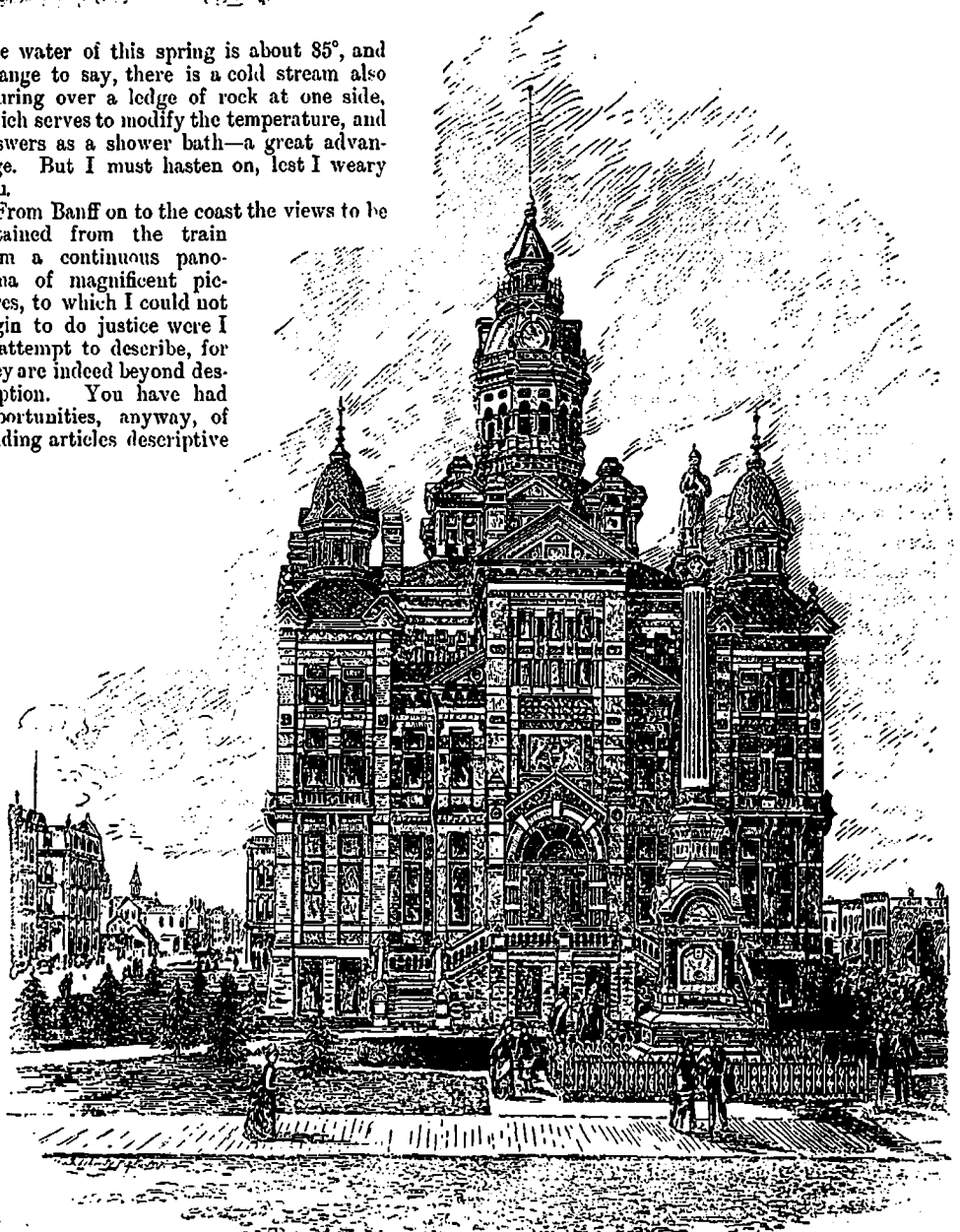
after the long ride over the plains. This village is very prettily situated upon a bend in the South Saskatchewan River. Quite a large number of Indians came to the station, as they also did, in even larger numbers, at Maple Creek station, with trinkets to sell to passengers—mostly polished buffalo horns. They are adepts at polishing them and when well done they make pretty souvenirs, the supply of which must sooner or later fall short, since so effectually have the buffalos been "killed off" by the Indians that only an occasional heap of bleaching bones, here and there on the plains, remains to tell that these noble animals ever existed. Departing from Medicine Hat, after crossing the river by the fine iron bridge, the road rapidly ascends by a steep grade and the view obtained from the train, as it climbs up, of the town and its surroundings, is extremely pretty. But after proceeding for a few minutes, streets and houses vanish and all is prairie again, and the road runs on over a "sea of land"—apparently large enough to accommodate a great nation. At times there would be from 10 to 20 mile stretches of track without the slightest curve.

Calgary, the settled district nearest the Rockies, and the large cattle ranches, we passed in the night, arriving at Banff, Alberta, in the early morning. Here we remained two days. Banff, as you know, is the Canadian National Park, and indeed it is well worthy the name. It is a charming spot, 5,000 feet above sea level, in the midst of the Rockies, and surrounded on all sides with lofty peaks, many of which are covered with snow the year round, forming a magnificent secluded valley. Through it the lovely Bow River winds its way gracefully along, and the series of falls made by this river and the junction of its waters with the Spray River go to form a picture of extraordinary beauty. The splendid groves on the mountain sides and the features named, all combine to make a superb park, the equal of which it would be difficult to find.

One of the attractions of Banff, and one which has done most to bring it into prominence as a health resort, is its Hot Sulphur Springs, of which there are several. One, and the most important, pours forth a large stream, the temperature of which registers 115°. The water from this spring is conducted to the sanitarium baths in large pipes. The most wonderful spring is in a cave some 30 feet in diameter, with a natural arched dome of beautiful rock formation, the light coming in from a small window of nature's own making in the centre above. A tunnel has been made through the side by which bathers enter "nature's own bath-tub."

The water of this spring is about 95°, and strange to say, there is a cold stream also pouring over a ledge of rock at one side, which serves to modify the temperature, and answers as a shower bath—a great advantage. But I must hasten on, lest I weary you.

From Banff on to the coast the views to be obtained from the train form a continuous panorama of magnificent pictures, to which I could not begin to do justice were I to attempt to describe, for they are indeed beyond description. You have had opportunities, anyway, of reading articles descriptive



CITY HALL, WINNIPEG.

of this wonderful route, from pens a thousand times more able than mine.

Never was I so impressed with the grandeur of nature as when contemplating my surroundings from the rear platform of the train while rounding the side of Mount Stephen—the track winding along on a mere ledge. How small the train seemed! How insignificant I felt in contrast to the wonders of creation about me! Above, on the one hand, was the precipitous side of Mount Stephen, towering into the air 8,000 feet, with a tuft of cloud touching its peak, and away above me, nestled on its slope, was a shining glacier—almost suspended in mid-air. On the other hand, I looked down into the deep valley of Kicking Horse, with its pretty stream rustling through it, while beyond were other mountains with snow-covered peaks. What a picture! It was truly sublime. Who could behold it without recognizing the hand of a mighty Creator?

As the train moves rapidly on the scenery is ever changing, and the windows and platforms are always occupied with charmed on-lookers, for a trip over the C.P.R., through the mountains, is a rare treat and one long to be remembered. Our party stopped off at Glacier, intending only to remain over night, but were detained several days by the sudden and serious illness of my sister, who did not recover till sometime after reaching Victoria, B.C. Glacier is a station at the foot of Mount Donald, the highest peak, and a grand one too, of the Selkirks, and is situated in a lovely little valley at the head of which is the great glacier—a vast field of ice of great depth. This is a most secluded little vale and about the only signs of life in it are a few campers and the C.P.R. Hotel, built to accommodate visitors who occasionally stop over to see the wonderful glacier, the foot of which is but a two-and-a-half mile walk from the station. It is a delightful walk through a magnificent forest, and passes a spot where in ages past a mighty avalanche had wrought fearful havoc—great trees were broken up like match-wood by the immense masses of rock and earth hurled down the mountain's side; some of the pieces of rock measuring from 40 to 60 feet through.

It is an awful wreck and stands there a monument to the power of gravity when given sway. The glacier is a great marvel. When close to it the green tints of the ice are extremely pretty, but in the glaring sun-light it is almost too brilliant to look upon. There are many magnificent views about Glacier, and the twilight of the rising and setting sun on the surrounding mountains is especially beautiful.

After leaving the charming valley, the railway descends rapidly by the wonderful series of "loops," and goes on to the Pacific by a very crooked path, in and out through the grand old mountains, the noble Fraser River lending additional beauty to the latter end of the route.

Upon reaching Vancouver, the busy terminus of the line, we immediately went aboard the steamer *Yosemite* for Vancouver Island, and arrived at Victoria just after dark. The ride across the Gulf of Georgia was a very pleasant one, the numerous small islands and the distant mountains in outline against the sky, making a delightful combination of scenery, which was intensified by glorious sunset tints.

Not until this long journey across our wonderful country did I form a proper conception of Canada and Canadian resources. When I contemplated the vast wealth of her territory—her boundless and as yet sparsely settled prairies, the worth of which for grain and stock raising, time alone can reveal—her mountains and apparent rocky wastes rich in mines, which are just now only being opened up—I felt prouder than ever to be a Canadian, for a country with such prospects must have a brilliant future. Much of the credit of making accessible the greater extent of these undeveloped resources is due to the C.P.R. It is, indeed, a great institution and an enterprise of which we may all justly boast. A ride across the continent over this road is not only a pleasure but a privilege.

Victoria is a city of peculiar make-up and is quite cosmopolitan in its nature. It is unlike any other Canadian city, nor can it be said to resemble either an American or English town, though perhaps it has more characteristics of the latter. There is considerable business activity, and it is

spoken of as a "lively town," although it presents a very quiet appearance. I am sorry to say that, like most Pacific Coast towns, it is a decidedly "wicked city," and there is great need of moral reform. The city is well situated and has delightful surroundings. I was surprised to find Chinamen there in such large numbers. I think, however, they are a better class than the average Chinese at other points on the coast—they seemed a more cleanly lot, were industrious, made good servants, and earned good wages.

British Columbia differs as much from the rest of Canada as Victoria does from other Canadian cities, which is due in a large degree to the isolation of this Province from the others of the Dominion. The climate, too, is much milder, due to the balmy Pacific breezes. To illustrate this, a farmer living near Victoria told me that he could plough every day in the year, and that his neighbor, an extensive market gardener (Chinaman), took vegetables to market fresh from the ground every market day all winter long.

The valuable resources of British Columbia are being developed, though slowly. Its fishing industries are steadily increasing—several new and wealthy mines have been discovered and are being worked—stock-raising is carried on quite extensively—her seaports are of vast importance to the Dominion, commercially and otherwise. The agricultural pursuits of the Province are not great, since it is so mountainous, and the farming districts are widely separated. However, there are tracts of most valuable rich land along the lower banks and at the delta of the Fraser River, which in time will be taken up and cultivated. It would be brought into use more speedily, but the cost of building dykes which are necessary, naturally inclines farmers to make use of the more accessible territory first, even if it is not so fertile.

As elsewhere in the Dominion, Toronto Harvesting Machines hold supremacy there. Owing to their greater simplicity and superior wearing qualities, they are especially in demand in remote districts. I was told by Messrs. Marvin & Tilton (managing agents of the Massey Manufacturing Co. for the territory) that machines were often months



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

en route to their destination. One farmer ordered a Toronto Mower shipped in February last so as to get it to his place in time for haying in June, it being all that time on the way, having been transported by various means, finally reaching its destination after being carried many miles in an Indian canoe. In another instance, a Toronto Binder was sent to a ranch a hundred miles or more north of Kamloops, away back in the Mountains. It was transported the whole distance by "bull team," the freight costing over \$200. And so I might mention other similar cases. The farmers in British Columbia set up their own machines, which they are able to do easily by following the "Instruction Book" accompanying each machine. The experience thus gained helps them to understand the machine and assists them greatly in operating it.

My next letter to you will contain an outline of my trip down the Pacific coast through California and the voyage across the Pacific to the Sandwich Islands, whence this will be posted to you.



Chubby's Christmas Dream.

BY GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

IT was the night before Christmas and swarms of people were hurrying up and down the streets, jostling each other right and left, slipping on the icy walks, squeezing into crowded stores, out again with full pockets and empty wallets; hugging their precious holiday bundles, and smiling all over in happy expectation of the morrow. Chubby was fully equal to the occasion, and entered at once into its spirit. He charged upon the good natured crowd, met every man in his own humor, and kept up a constant stream of newsboy lingo and eloquence.

"Evening papers here! Holiday edition! All about where to buy Christmas presents and save half your money! One million dollars' worth of information for five cents! Paper, sir? Have a paper? Thank you, sir. Trade with our advertisers and you're all right. Great Holiday gift of the season for only five cents! Leading paper of the world, selling here for half a dime! The ladies dote on it, and the children cry for it! Paper, Mister? Better take a paper and make your family happy!"

Chubby took especial satisfaction in standing where the brilliant shops drew off little streams here and there from the great crowds, and driving a brisk competition with the shopkeepers for their customers' small change. At the book stores, for instance, he would cry out: "Don't waste your money for expensive books, ladies and gentlemen, when you can buy the best reading in the world for only five cents!" At the toy shops the argument was, "Better buy something useful and instructive, and not be fooling with play things at your time o' life. Paper here! Great curiosity of the age for half a dime!" With the confectioners' customers he expostulated in this fashion: "Don't give your children candy to spoil their teeth, my dear friends, but get 'em something to improve their minds. Papers here! Papers for old and young, at only five cents apiece!"

But while Chubby thus exhorted the multitude, he really cared just as much as they did for all the fine things he warned them against; and, having delivered one of his harangues, and sold a paper or two, he would turn to the show windows as willingly as anybody. Nobody's mouth watered more quickly in contemplation of gum drops and caramels. Nobody's fingers itched and tingled and snapped more eagerly at the sight of patent tops and bright, new skates. Nobody looked with more hungry eyes at the shelves full of handsome books. I am afraid that Chubby spent a good deal of time at the windows that he ought to have devoted to business. At any rate, the clocks were striking eleven, the streets were getting empty, the shop keepers were putting up their shutters, and Chubby had six papers left unsold when he entered a certain notion-store on the corner and walked up to the counter. The customers had all gone, and the clerks, a little tired and cross, were preparing to leave.

"Clear out!" growled one of them to Chubby. "Off with you!"



"CHUBBY RUFF."

"Don't speak till you're spoken to, young man," said Chubby. "We don't want your papers, I tell you," growled the clerk again, as Chubby drew the bundle from under his arm.

"Oh, you don't! Then I shall feel easy about 'em," retorted Chubby, laying them down on the counter.

A general laugh followed, during which, Mr. Marsh, the proprietor of the store, came from his office, buttoning up his great coat.

"Well, my lad," said he pleasantly, "what can we do for you?"

"I'm looking for Christmas presents, sir."

"Going to give mother something, eh?"

"No, sir; she's dead."

"Father, perhaps?"

"He's dead, too."

"Brothers or sisters, then?"

"Haven't any in the world, sir."

"Who, then?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Marsh, I haven't anybody to give presents to, and there isn't anybody to give any to me, so I thought I'd give myself one."

"Capital plan," said the merchant, "capital. So you know my name, eh? What's yours?"

"Chubby Ruff, sir."

"Chubby Ruff. Good again. Chubby Ruff gives Chubby Ruff, his sole surviving relative, a Christmas present, as a mark of his esteem! Very good. Come this way, Chubby and let us look over the stock. You can go," said he to the clerks; "I'll wait on this customer."

And no millionaire driving to the store in his splendid carriage that day, no grand lady in her laces and silks, had been more politely served than Chubby Ruff was by Mr. Marsh. It is safe to say, also, that no one had been happier in his purchase than Chubby was, when he received, in exchange for his pocketful of nickels, the very thing that he most wanted to give himself—a shiny red sled, striped with gilt, and adorned with a picture of a reindeer at full speed.

"You're very kind, sir," said Chubby gratefully, as he turned to go.

"I don't know as I am," said Mr. Marsh, "though it's a time to show kindness now. Do you know what Christmas is, Chubby?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I learned that at the Mission. It's Jesus' birthday."

"Yes, yes. Well, we must be kind for His sake. Where do you live, Chubby?"

"Nowhere."

"But where do you stay? Where do you sleep?"

"Well, sir, generally, I sleep down at the Hall. We pay five cents for a bed there. But when I haven't any five cents, I know where there's a big crockery crate full of straw, and I crawl in there."

"How about to-night?"

"Well, you see I paid all my money for my sled, so I shall sleep in my crate."

"Not by considerable, my brave fellow! Here's half a dime for your lodging. No, stop, you shall sleep here. Mike," he called to the watchman, "put a rug down by the stove for this boy to sleep on, and find something to throw over him. Good night, Chubby."

"Good night, Mr. Marsh."

"Take good care of him, Mike."

"All right, sir."

Chubby Ruff had a dream as he lay asleep on the rug before the stove. If he had not dreamed, my story would have been shorter; or perhaps I should never have told it at all. Chubby dreamed that he was wandering about the streets at night with six papers under his arm, and drawing his new sled. It was very late, the shops were all shut; and there was not a soul in the streets—not even a watchman. Chubby was trying to find the crockery crate, but he could not; and the more he looked for it the further off he got, and the more bewildered and tired he grew. At last he sat down on his sled in despair, feeling a good deal more like crying than anything else he could think of. That, however, he determined not to do, come what would.

Just then he heard sleigh-bells—the tiniest, dreamiest little tinkle that ever he heard in his life—and in a moment up cantered eight reindeers, just like the one on his sled, only no bigger than gray-hounds, drawing a sleigh made of pearl and tortoise shell, with silver thrills and gold runners, in which sat Santa Claus himself, a funny old fellow, dressed from head to foot in shaggy gray fur, and looking fat and stumpy enough to be Chubby's own brother. As he dashed by, Chubby called out:

"Hollo, you! I say, Mister, gimme a hitch!"

"Whish-sh-sh!" said Santa, and the eight reindeers stopped as quick as a wink, and stood stamping and knocking their horns together in the most impatient manner. "Who's that calling?" cried the little man, standing up and looking all about.

"I did," said Chubby a little frightened, stepping out into the moonlight.

"Oh, you did? Yes, a boy of course! I might have known it was a boy. Can't stop to talk. Got miles and miles to ride. Call around day after to-morrow if you want anything."

"I only want to ask you—"
 "Yes, yes, I know. You want to ask about presents. It's all right, all right. List all made out. Goods packed and labelled. Couldn't change anything now. Run right home and go to bed, that's a good lad."

"I haven't any home," said Chubby; "I'm going to sleep in the crate, back o' the lamp store, and I just wanted a hitch, that's all, sir."

"A hitch! That's a fine idea! Why your sled would be smashed to pieces, and your neck broken, in no time. What's your name?"

"Chubby Ruff."

"Tisn't on my list, that's a fact. Haven't any home, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Wish I'd brought one or two along, I declare. I'd give you one in a minute. Well, jump in here. I'll give you a ride, anyway."

"What shall I do with my sled?" asked Chubby.

"Put it in the magic box," And Santa lifted up the velvet cushion of the seat. "See there!" said he. Chubby looked in and saw a deep box full of miniature Christmas presents. There were rocking-horses of the size of a baby's thumb; and dolls no bigger than pin heads, and tops, balls, books, games, candies, suits of clothes—everything you could think of—but all so very little!

"That's the way I carry my load," said Santa. "When I put anything in there it shrinks right up. When I take it out again it is as big as ever." And sure enough he dropped in Chubby's sled, and it changed in an instant to the size of your little finger nail.

"Now we're off," said he. "Tsit!"

The reindeers gave a bound, and up they went, sleigh, Santa, Chubby and all, to the roof of the nearest house. Santa filled his pack from the magic box, and disappeared down a chimney. In a quarter of a minute out he popped again, like a jumping jack out of his box, leaped into his sleigh, hissed to his team, and with one spring they had cleared the street and landed in the next block.

And so he went on with his work.

The magic box seemed to be inexhaustible. Santa Claus filled his pack from it hundreds of times, until, as he told Chubby, he had taken forty-seven car-loads of presents from it. He would reach in and pick up a little mite of a thing—a tip cart, perhaps, or a drum—that he could hold between his thumb and finger, when, presto! the instant it came out of the box it would be as big as ever. Chubby never grew tired of watching these changes, and often laughed outright to see what looked like a wooden mosquito suddenly swell out into a wooden ox or an elephant.

Sometimes as Santa was loading his pack, he would tell Chubby who the different gifts were for, and what sort of people they were. And Chubby was greatly perplexed to find that many of the nicest things were for very naughty children, and that many of the most costly things were for the rich, who did not need them, while good boys and girls were often put off with a very meagre gift, and the poor, too, often with nothing at all. But when he asked Santa about it, the old man shook his head, and said that he couldn't go into that question then; that it had perplexed wiser folks than Chubby; and that he did not rightly understand it himself. The good Lord, he said, had seen fit to make some rich and some poor; and it was not for an old saint like him to try to undo his Master's work.

"Besides," added he, "you must understand that the true worth of these things is not the store-price of them, but the amount of happiness which they bring; and I have seen many a poor lad more pleased with a two-penny toy watch than many a rich man's son was with a gold one. Once," continued Santa, "when I was quite young and inexperienced—I think it was on my four hundredth or four hundred and first Christmas trip—I thought it would be a bright idea to equalize things a little. So I gave a diamond ring to an old apple

woman's son, and a penny whistle to a young millionaire. The police found the poor boy trying to sell his ring, and believing he must have stolen it, put him in prison. The young millionaire was so enraged at the meanness of his gift, that he got black in the face, fell down in a fit, and became an idiot. Since that," said Santa, "I never meddle with folks' circumstances, but just adapt myself to them."

"There is one other question I should like to ask," said Chubby.

"What is it?"

"I should like to know why your pack seems sometimes to be very light when there are heavy things in it, and very heavy when there are light things in it?"

"Now you have hit upon my greatest secret," said Santa.

"Oh, don't tell me if you would rather not," said Chubby.

"I don't mind telling you," Santa replied, "though I never mentioned it before. You see our sort of people have different weights and measures from what your sort of people have. Things are light and heavy to us, according to how much they are good for. Now, here is a package marked Sam Rothschild. It contains a chest of tools, a pair of skates, a croquet set, and so on—all what you would call heavy articles. But to me the whole concern doesn't weigh as much as a good sized goose-quill, because they will do that unhappy, discontented, unreasonable Sam no good at all. But here is a bundle marked Tommy Jones, containing a tippet and a pair of mittens knit by his grandmother, a new knife from his mother and a sugar heart from his little sister Meg; all what you would call light things, you see, yet they are so heavy to me that I fairly stagger under them, for I know they'll make Tom so happy that he can hardly contain himself. Why, it seems to me I'm carrying about five tons of happiness in that bundle."

And sure enough, Santa had all he could do to lift Tommy's presents into the pack, but tossed Sam's in as if they were so much thistle-down. After a night of hard work, Santa finished his task just before day-break. Chubby was glad to see the last load taken from the magic box, for he was getting tired and cold. Santa felt a little tired, too, as well he might; and the last load was a pretty heavy one, for they were in a neighborhood now where a great deal of happiness went with a present. Chubby noticed something more than fatigue in the old man's look as he came slowly back with his empty pack. He was troubled about something, that was plain.

"Did we take everything out of the magic box, Chubby?" he asked.

"Everything but my sled," said Chubby. "Don't you know we picked a violin and a pair of copper-toed shoes out of the crack in the left hand corner?"

"So we did," said Santa, "and fished that microscope out of the nail-hole on the right."

Yet he looked the box all over again, holding his lantern close down, and hunting every corner. There was nothing there but Chubby's sled.

"Have you lost anything?" said Chubby.

"No; but there's poor Phil, the lame boy in the next house. I wish I had brought something for him."

"I suppose he couldn't use a sled if he's lame?" said Chubby.

"Just the thing he wants. Then his big brother Jack could draw him to school. But we haven't one for him, that's clear."

"There's mine," said Chubby.

"What are you thinking of?" said Santa Claus.

"I was thinking," said Chubby, "of what Mr. Marsh said when he was so kind to me in the store. He said it was a time to do good for Jesus' sake, because Christmas was Jesus' birthday; and I should like to do some good for His sake; and I think He would like to have me give Phil the sled; and I would like to, too. It would be a real Christmas present, then; and I should like to see how it would be then."

Santa looked at Chubby for a moment with glistening eyes. Then he stooped and took the sled from the magic box. It was the heaviest load that he had carried that night, and Chubby saw how he staggered under it as he walked off with

it toward Phil's house. When he came back he walked very briskly, and the sober look was gone from his face.

"Chubby," said he, "would you like a home for a Christmas present?"

"I should like it very much if it was a good one," said Chubby.

Santa Claus took his seat and spoke to his reindeers. Off they went like a shot, through miles and miles of streets, turning corners, crossing bridges, never slackening their pace for an instant till they came to a handsome old mansion on the outskirts of the city. Here, at a "whish-sh-sh," from their master, they stopped still.

"This is the place," said Santa. "Climb into my pack."

Chubby climbed in.

"Am I very heavy?" he asked.

"As heavy as an elephant," said Santa. "I can't carry you. I'm glad of it, though; it's a sign they're going to like you."

"What shall I do then?"

"Carry yourself."

"Which way?"

"Up the rain-spout."

"Inside or outside?"

"Outside, of course. Follow me."

Santa climbed nimbly up, and Chubby followed him as well as he could; but when he had got about thirty feet from the ground his strength began to fail, and he felt sure he would have to drop. He looked up and saw Santa looking down at him over the edge of the roof.

"Climb a little higher," said he, "and you can reach my hand."

"I can't," said Chubby; and with that he woke up. It was broad daylight. Mike was taking down the shutters, and Mr. Marsh, who had just come in, stood by the stove looking down at Chubby.

"It was only a dream, after all," said Chubby, jumping up and rubbing his eyes.

"What was a dream?" asked Mr. Marsh. "Will you tell it to me?"

Chubby related the dream, and Mr. Marsh listened with great interest, all the while studying Chubby's face, and thinking very hard.

"There's stuff in him, that's clear," said the merchant to himself.

"What, sir?" said Chubby.

"Chubby," said Mr. Marsh, "do you like selling papers for a living?"

"It's the best I can do, sir."

"But suppose I could help you to do something better—to become a merchant, for instance?"

"I should like that very much, sir."

"Well, I've been thinking about it since last night, Chubby, and I have taken a notion that you might make a pretty fair merchant. If it would suit you, I'm—"

"Oh, it would suit me, sir, I'm sure."

"Well, then, I'll give you a place right here in my store."

"You're very kind, sir."

"That remains to be seen. I may be doing you a kindness, and I may be doing myself one; perhaps both; perhaps neither. We can tell better by and by."

And so after more talk than is necessary to relate, it was arranged that Chubby should become a clerk in the store; and better still, that he should, for the present at least, board in Mr. Marsh's family.

"And how about the sled?" asked Mr. Marsh.

"I think, sir," said Chubby, "that I would like to do as I did in the dream, and give it to somebody that needs it more than I do."

"Do you know such a one?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There's limping Peter, that used to belong to our club, and got run over by a dray. I shall give it to him."

And so Chubby Ruff's dream came true—the best part of it at least. He got a Christmas present of a home, and began his more prosperous life by doing a little good for Jesus' sake.





The Critic.

A gronze drummed a roll-call below
While a robin piped up in a tree;
A fig for that tune said the gronze, with a croon,
For a high-born critic was he.

With a twitter a sparrow flew down,
The wasp and the beetle came too;
The bee left the rose and the frog from a doze
Was aroused by the loud tattoo.

A grasshopper perched on a straw,
A bobolink paused on the way,
And the burrowing mole peeped out of his hole,
To hear what they all had to say.

"What's the row, Mr. Grouse?" croaked the frog,
"What's to pay?" said the bluejay and wren,
While the geese with a squawk shouted back to the hawk
And were joined by the quarrelsome hen.

"Alack!" said the grouse with a frown,
"I am sick of that malapert's song,"
"What matters to me," piped the bird from the tree,
And he sang there the whole day long.



SALUTATORY.

MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED in its new dress makes its bow to the public and craves their hearty and generous support. For seven years past it has been known to Canadian farmers, and we have every reason to believe that it has been appreciated. This led us to think that there was a wide field open for an illustrated journal devoted to the interests of the farming community, and we have decided to supply the want. Whether the new venture will prove a success or not remains to be seen. This much we can say, that it will be our earnest endeavor to make MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED worthy of the confidence of its subscribers, and to that end we will bring to their homes, month after month, the best thoughts and the ripest experience of farmers and others thoroughly conversant with agriculture in all its phases. Happily for Canada, the agricultural scientist and the every-day farmer are coming closer together, and the former is every year doing more and more for the latter in aiding him with hints, suggestions, and carefully tested experiments, so that the struggle for a living, which with many farmers is at best an up-hill task, shall be made easier. In this laudable task we will heartily join. We solicit and will always welcome the experience of intelligent farmers everywhere in the Dominion in the shape of letters or special articles. This is a practical age and we will always be glad to give "the floor" to practical men. With the object of brightening up our readers and giving them something to think over we will in each number give articles of general interest, many of them treating of matters more or less allied to agriculture. We intend to make a

special feature of the Household, and mother and the girls will always find under this heading something worth knowing and treasuring up. The young people will also have a column for their special enjoyment. There will be notes on travel, news of the month in a condensed form, wit and humor, and whatever sketch or article can be made more clear and graphic by pictorial art will be illustrated. In fact everything will be done to make these pages bright, entertaining and instructive. We will make MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED the best farmer's and farmer's family paper published in Canada, and we confidently expect that ere long it will be read in every farmer's home throughout this fair Dominion. With this number we issue a handsome Illustrated Premium List which fully explains itself. We are expending a large sum of money upon this enterprise, and we ask our friends to help us make it a success. We know they will, and in that hope and belief we calmly and confidently await the result. There are always certain defects incident to a first issue which we ask our readers to overlook, and we promise that any such will be rectified in subsequent numbers. Our motto shall be "Reliability, Truthfulness, and Loyalty." In closing this Salutatory, we cannot do better than wish you all A MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON is to send a message to Congress recommending the annexation of Canada to the United States. Next!

THE Provincial Legislatures and the Dominion Parliament will soon assemble. It is to be hoped that legislation beneficial to the farming interests will receive due attention.

It is a matter for congratulation that the number of settlers in Manitoba and the North-West this season is double that for 1887. The total number of foreign arrivals since last spring is approximately given as exceeding 9,400.

THE Chicago bulls, led by "Old Hutch," have lost their grip and the wheat market is now being run by the bears. The decline in prices has been rapid. What a pity it is that the rise in price only goes into the pockets of a few shrewd speculators and does not benefit the grower one cent.

"Two tramps broke into the barn of D. Quick, of Harrow, and his cattle got in and ate so much grain that they all died." The genus tramp is a nuisance of the first water. They are a curse to the farmers and to the community at large. A dose of buckshot is the best medicine for these gentry.

THE appointment of Mr. Thomas Shaw, of Hamilton, as Professor of Agriculture in the Agricultural College, Guelph, in succession to Prof. Brown, has given general satisfaction. The students are highly pleased with him, which is the main consideration. Mr. Shaw is an intelligent, honest, straightforward man and a hard worker.

MR. PILLSBURY, the wealthy miller of Minneapolis, believes that before the next harvest, flour and wheat prices will be much higher than at present, independent of speculation. Mr. Pillsbury may be right and he may be wrong. It would be well, however, for farmers not to swallow the pill offered but to try and get the best price they can at present.

THE Manitoba railway difficulty has been transferred to the legal tribunal for settlement. People will watch with interest the result, not only on account of the importance of the questions involved, but also from the fact that Hon. Edward Blake and Hon. Oliver Mowat are arrayed in legal conflict against each other. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

THE statistics published elsewhere from the report for November of Mr. Blue, of the Ontario Bureau of Industries, will be read with interest. Taken altogether the yield of the various crops per acre has been considerably in excess of the previous year. The reports indicate for the acreage of the new crop of fall wheat considerable falling off in the south-western part of the province and a large increase in the other sections.

THE good work goes bravely on. Premier Fielding, of Nova Scotia, is starting an experimental farm in connection with the School of Agriculture at Truro. The tuition will be free and the students will be paid wages for their work, sufficient almost to cover the cost of their board and class books. With the Dominion Model Farms at Ottawa and in the North-West, and the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, the outlook for agriculture is bright indeed.

TESTS of frosted wheat are being made at the Ottawa Experimental Farm by Prof. Saunders, with the object of showing to what extent it is adapted for seeding purposes. Farmers throughout the Dominion are invited to send samples of any doubtful grain for experiment and an official and reliable report will be furnished, free of charge, as soon as possible. By this means farmers will be in a position to know whether any grain they are sowing is possessed of vitality or not, and they will also be able to estimate, what yield they will have and if it will pay to sow certain grain.

THE annual Fat Stock Show, usually held in Toronto about the middle of December, has been postponed till shortly before Easter, when it will be held in conjunction with the Clydesdale Stallion Show, that is, if a suitable building can be procured. What's the matter with Ald. Frankland's scheme to get a permanent and commodious building in Toronto for these purposes? About the beginning of the year there was a great deal of talk about it but surely it is not to end in a fizzle. If the worthy alderman waits till the new drill shed is built, so that he can get the present one, he will wait a precious long time. Ald. Frankland's laudable efforts should be heartily and practically aided by the citizens of Toronto. Why don't they do so? Will somebody answer this question?

HON. CHAS. DRURY, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, has been making things "hum" since his appointment. He intends to do all he can to place the college on a first-class working footing, complete in all departments. It is understood that he will attend meetings of Farmers' Institutes and Agricultural Societies during the winter, and so, by knowing all the wants of the agricultural interests of the country, he will be enabled to put himself in a position to aid them in so far as that can be done by legislation, or by assisting the various societies in other respects. It is his earnest desire to make all work together—Dairymen, Fruitgrowers, Beekeepers, Poultrymen, and the various agricultural societies of the country—and by securing such co-operative work among them, to promote their general as well as particular interests.

THERE is a strong possibility that the Dominion Government will abolish the grinding of wheat in bond. It is urged that Manitoba and North-West wheat is equal, if not superior, to the wheat produced in the North-Western States, and as Canada is rapidly becoming the largest wheat producing country in the world—notwithstanding Mr. W. E. Bear's pamphlet recently issued under the auspices of the Cobden Club, to the contrary—there is no reason why millers should not use Canadian wheat to grind instead of importing from the States. It might be wise for the Government, while they are at it, to make a radical alteration in the duty on flour, and thereby do away with the existing injustice to home interests. Talking of flour, it may be stated that the millers of Minneapolis, owing to the glut in the United States markets, have decided to run only half-time until January 1st, which they expect will relieve the pressure and give the market the required stimulus.

A PHILADELPHIA scientist believes that the sense of smell will disappear, and that, as nature never preserves useless organs, the nose must go. The theory is based upon the fact that the smelling sense has not been developed by the processes of evolution, but has declined, and is stronger in savages and animals than in civilized races. But the nose, whether Grecian, Roman, bulbous, or snub, is an organ, which occupies a conspicuous position in the human countenance, and, regardless of its power to smell, it would be difficult to replace it with anything that would look better. The loss of smell might be borne with resignation, as it is often a serious disadvantage, but most persons would prefer to retain their noses on the mere ground of personal looks. Perhaps the scientist had in his mind's eye the savage races who salute each other by rubbing noses. It might have occurred to him that, as they have flat noses—no doubt caused by the centuries of friction whilst saluting each other—in course of time their noses will get flatter and flatter till they will altogether disappear. So long as the civilized races cling to the good old custom of shaking hands or kissing each other on the cheek, lips or ear there is little chance of the nose going. What this Philadelphia scientist doesn't know about noses is apparently not worth knowing.

GENERAL BEN. HARRISON, of Indianapolis, the Republican candidate, has been elected President of the United States by a handsome majority, and Grover Cleveland, in March next, will retire into private life. It is claimed that the campaign was fought on the issue of Free Trade against Protection and that Protection won. That may be so, but twisting the British Lion's tail for the purpose of catching the Irish vote formed no unimportant feature of the contest. This "twisting the tail" business was conducted on the same principle as a game of chess. The Republicans, who had a majority in the Senate, made their first move by rejecting the Fisheries Treaty. President Cleveland went them one better by threatening retaliatory measures against Canada, which so far checked the shrewd move of his opponents. But they were not beaten. A Republican, under the guise of an American-Englishman, wrote a letter to Lord Sackville-West, British Minister at Washington, asking his private opinion on the retaliatory threat against Canada. Not suspecting the trap set for him, Lord Sackville-West innocently wrote in reply that he considered it was purely an election dodge. Although the letter was marked "confidential" it was flashed over the wires and published in every daily paper in the United States. This completely flattened out the Democrats, and aroused such a storm of indignation against the unfortunate British Minister that his recall was demanded, and he and his family have shaken the dust of the United States off their feet. Lord Sackville-West can well exclaim, "For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain, the American politician is peculiar."

ONE of the progressive signs of the times is the affiliation of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, with the University of Toronto. The recent Convocation of the University was memorable from the fact that five graduates were granted the degree of B.S.A.—Bachelor of the Science in Agriculture. This should be an incentive to the sons of farmers. Farming nowadays, with its mowers, binders, and reapers and other improved farm machinery, is a science, and there is no more honorable calling. To be a successful farmer, however, skill, intelligence, industry and unremitting attention are in constant demand. We were talking the other day to a practical and successful farmer. Said he, "I have three grown-up sons and all have, of their own free will, taken to farming and are doing well. I cannot help contrasting my own family with my father's. There were seven of us, four boys and three girls. My three brothers who, in their teens, displayed more intelligence and smartness than myself were sent to college, and each chose one of the learned professions. I was told by my father that farming was good enough for the dunce of the family. Well, I became a farmer, and although I did not get a University education I applied myself energetically to bettering myself to the utmost of my ability, and you know how well I have succeeded. Times are changed now. The learned professions are overcrowded, and why should the sons of farmers aspire to enter them and live for the rest of their days on a beggarly pittance. Far better for them to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, as there is a wide field for them in this broad Dominion. And you can rest assured that they are beginning to fully realize this fact. Farming, sir, is a science, and it's the dunce of the family who should now be selected to enter the learned professions. Is it more honorable to be a doctor, lawyer or clergyman than a farmer? No, sir, the farmers are the backbone of the country, and a successful farmer can hold up his head amongst the best in the land and be honored and respected of all men."



Reward.

If farmers, who have discovered ingenious methods in connection with their work which would be of use to their fellow farmers, will write us and describe the same, furnishing a sketch when practicable, we will reward them by publishing them over their names, with an illustration when possible; and further, when we consider the plans or ideas advanced have special merit we will remit them amounts varying from 75c to \$5.00, in proportion to our estimate of their value to our readers.

THE rainy fall has not been without its blessings.

THERE seemed to be a great scarcity of turkeys on the Toronto market at Thanksgiving time.

WHY not sit down now and write the ILLUSTRATED a letter on some subject you think would be of special interest to its readers.

YOU can easily earn some beautiful and useful Christmas presents by heeding the suggestions in our Premium List. Look it over carefully.

Now, while outside matters do not require much attention, it is a good time to look over implements and tools, and put them in repair ready for use. It is a good time, too, to do fixing about the house. Put up that shelf for your wife and fix that cupboard she has spoken about so many times.

As Christmas time draws near and the fairer sex make an effort to beautify the home for the occasion, and make other preparations for the greatest and most interesting holiday season of the year, do not discourage them and grumble at what little time and money they may spend to further Christmas joys, by making home a little more attractive than usual, and by the exchange of little gifts. Rather take hold and assist to make this the most joyful Christmas tide your family has yet seen. A little money expended in this direction will be well spent. Try it and see what happiness it will bring you. The worth of the gifts and the money expended fortunately do not make up the joy of Christmas; it is the heart and willingness with which we participate in its pleasures.

We are at a loss to know how some women, in spite of the continued complaints of their unfair husbands about "time wasted," "money foolishly spent," and other constant discouragements to their efforts to decorate the home and make it attractive, still go on in their patient endeavors to keep a few plants at the window, make up ornaments, and otherwise beautify the house. We have had such cases brought to our notice though we hope they are few. It is the duty of every husband to lend all the encouragement he can to his wife and daughters on this line. The house is where they spend nearly all of their time, and that, too, at rather monotonous work; and the home should, therefore, be made as comfortable and beautiful as possible. If you have children, so much the greater reason for making home attractive, that they may become attached to it, and not wish to leave it before the proper time.

Is it any wonder that some farmers make a miserable failure of their business? You look about their farm and everything is left in a slipshod manner; fences in bad condition, roadways poorly kept, machines left out and uncared for, tools scattered about—literally a place for nothing and, therefore, nothing in its place. Show me a well kept farm and I will show you a successful farmer. We do not believe the elements necessary to successful farming are so widely different to those of successful manufacturing. What is the usual cause of failure amongst manufacturers? Visit the establishment of a manufacturer who has failed. In nine cases out of ten you will find the factory in a state of chaos. Materials poorly stored and in no regular place. Tools poorly kept and allowed to get out of repair. No regular system for doing anything. Go to the books and, as a rule, the same state of chaos exists. Records few and poorly kept. No systematized methods for doing anything. Now, we contend that the economical and successful farmer will keep things in ship-shape order about his place. He will not allow things to run down. He will keep records, too, and know what he is doing, and why should the farmer not keep books? We believe it would freshen his interest in his work to do this. We shall probably have more to say on this line later on.

When to Cut Trees.

WE are inclined to the opinion that there is much truth worth heeding in the following article from the *Maryland Farmer*. Since farmers have more time during the winter season for their work, custom has doubtless led people to think winter the proper time for tree cutting:—

It is generally considered that the best time to cut trees is in the winter; but experiments have proved this to be a mistake. The best time is during the last period of growth, or during the time of rest immediately following it—from the middle of July to the first of September. If the trees are cut at this time, the limbs allowed to remain, the wood

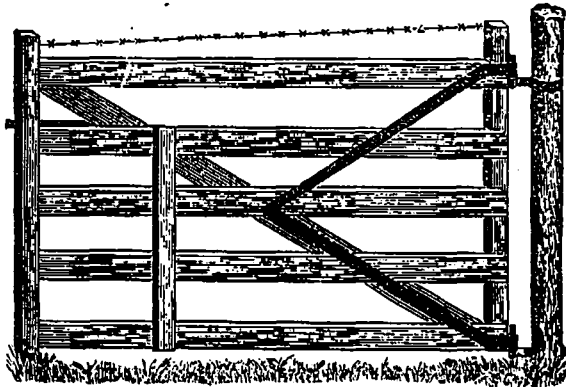
will be seasoned in two or three weeks, so that it will become tough and very durable. In those parts of our country where frosts come late, the seasoning will be almost as rapid and the wood nearly as durable if cut as late as the first of October; but the very best results are in August cutting of trees.

We have seen a great many estimates given as to the durability of different woods; but a great deal depends upon the time when the trees were cut, and the management after cutting. For posts, trees should always be cut during the last stages of active growth; then the limbs should be allowed to remain just as when fallen for several weeks, then work up the wood for your posts. They will last at least three times as long as if treated in any other way. The moment you strike the axe into such a piece of wood, you will realize the difference between that and common winter felled trees. It will be entirely free from sappy, spongy, soft layers; it will be uniformly tough and solid; it will contain none of the elements of rapid decay visible in the sour smell of other wood. It will require good, honest, hard strokes to work it up.

How to Utilize an old Wagon or Buggy Wheel.

Below we publish two clippings which suggest good use for worn out wagon or buggy wheels. Farm gates being necessarily very wide, they generally sag down and drag, taking considerable time and patience to open and close them. The first paragraph suggests an effectual means of overcoming the difficulty cheaply. The idea advanced in the second paragraph is ingenious and will be highly appreciated by large land owners and prairie farmers, who may wish to possess a means of quickly laying off their farms for sowing, fencing, etc.:

STRONG GATE HINGES AND BRACE.—Among the many purposes to which old wagon tires may be applied is the gate-hinge illustrated below. An old tire, too much worn for further service in its original capacity, is cut in two at the middle, and one end of each piece is turned with an eye or socket to form half of a hinge. Then four inches from the socket the bar is bent to an angle as shown in the engraving. The other ends of the two pieces are then welded together in the form of a V, the width of the open end being governed by that of the gate. The lower hinge is made in the usual manner, with

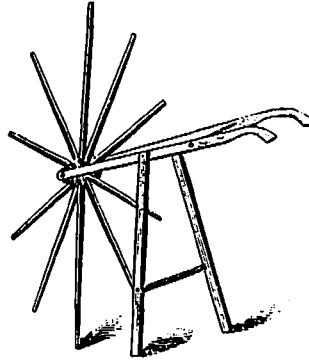


A WELL-BRACED GATE. (Fig. 1.)

an upright pin at one end, and a thread and nut at the other (see Fig. 1). The upper one may be made in the form of a band which is driven over the gate-post and fastened by nails driven through holes punched for the purpose in the band. This form of hinge and brace was devised by Leon Hay, Kankakee Co., Ill., who furnished us the sketches for our illustration.—*American Agriculturist*.

LAND MEASURING: AN EASY METHOD.—It is simply an old wheel having ten or twelve spokes, the rim being removed and the spokes left in such shape as to have just one foot between the outer ends. A short axle is passed through the hub, and is fastened to pieces which form the handles, and which latter are then supported by light legs for keeping the machine in an upright position. One spoke is painted different from the others or may have a tag tied to it for ease in counting. It will be seen that by each revolution of this wheel, it

counts ten or twelve feet, according to the number of spokes, and forms an easy and rapid method of



(Fig. 2.)

getting the dimension of any desired land area.—*Popular Gardening*.

The Harvest of 1888.

As a matter of record and for ready reference, we append a portion of the report from the Ontario Bureau of Industries regarding the crops of 1888. The estimates are based on reports from 870 correspondents.

The returns cannot, of course, be taken as absolutely correct, but as approximations to the truth they may be useful. The compilations for the different years being all made out in the same way, the comparisons may be taken as relatively correct.

Crops.	Acres.	Bushels.	Bush. per Acre.
Fall Wheat:			
1888.....	826,537	13,830,787	16.7
1887.....	897,743	14,440,611	16.1
1882-8.....	948,041	18,778,659	19.8
Spring Wheat:			
1888.....	367,850	6,453,559	17.5
1887.....	484,821	5,633,117	11.6
1882-8.....	589,210	9,248,119	15.7
Barley:			
1888.....	895,432	23,366,569	26.1
1887.....	767,346	17,134,830	22.3
1882-8.....	757,525	19,766,436	26.1
Oats:			
1888.....	1,349,868	65,466,911	35.4
1887.....	1,682,463	49,848,101	29.6
1882-8.....	1,569,372	53,997,425	35.7
Rye:			
1888.....	84,087	1,295,302	15.4
1887.....	68,362	894,887	13.1
1882-8.....	110,760	1,814,636	16.4
Pease:			
1888.....	696,653	14,269,863	20.5
1887.....	726,756	12,173,332	16.8
1882-8.....	635,414	13,123,509	20.7
Corn (in the ear):			
1888.....	222,971	17,436,780	78.2
1887.....	163,893	8,404,752	51.3
1882-8.....	182,084	12,290,797	67.5
Buckwheat:			
1888.....	57,528	1,222,283	21.2
1887.....	64,143	1,025,353	16.0
1882-8.....	61,685	1,367,427	22.2
Beans:			
1888.....	22,700	534,526	23.5
1887.....	20,275	275,975	13.6
1882-8.....	22,060	465,182	21.1
Potatoes:			
1888.....	153,915	22,273,607	144.7
1887.....	140,233	10,678,000	76.1
1882-8.....	153,766	18,919,185	121.5
Mangel-wurzels:			
1888.....	21,459	10,020,659	467.0
1887.....	17,924	5,695,761	317.8
1882-8.....	17,906	7,826,216	437.1
Carrots:			
1888.....	11,524	3,898,534	338.3
1887.....	9,110	2,105,686	231.1
1882-8.....	10,162	3,590,993	353.4
Turnips:			
1888.....	113,188	45,466,183	401.7
1887.....	105,322	31,413,456	298.2
1882-8.....	100,171	39,246,211	391.8



A Summary of News for the Past Month.

- 1st.—The monument erected to the memory of the Ottawa sharpshooters, Osgoode and Rogers, unveiled at Ottawa by the Governor-General... W. A. Foster, Q.C., a prominent Toronto citizen, died, aged 48.
- 2nd.—Small-pox cases reported in Buffalo.... A German war vessel bombards a Zanzibar village.
- 3rd.—The Catholics of Australia and India present the Pope with \$1,000,000.... Eighty miners killed in a French colliery explosion.
- 4th.—Forty men massacred by pirates at a French post in Tonquin.... A Scandinavian steamer sunk in collision off Cowes; twenty persons drowned.
- 5th.—Birmingham, Eng., was en fete in honor of Mr. Gladstone's visit to that city.
- 6th. Gen. Harrison and Levi P. Morton, Republicans, elected respectively President and Vice-President of the United States.
- 7th.—A ferry steamer sunk in collision at Calcutta; sixty persons drowned.... A disastrous fire occurs at Melbourne, Australia.
- 8th.—Manitoba Legislature opened.... Five men shot dead in a political melee at Livingstone, Ky.... Yellow fever increasing in Florida.
- 9th.—The Whitechapel murder fend adds another to his list of victims.... Twenty-one lives lost in a Rochester fire.
- 10th.—A mine explosion at Pittsburgh, Kan., caused the death of over forty persons.... The *Umbria* sinks the Fabre steamer *Iberia* in collision off the American coast.
- 12th.—The Earl of Lucan, a Crimean hero, died.
- 13th.—Work on the disputed railway crossing in Manitoba has been stopped for the winter.... The Senate of Victoria University at Cohourg declared itself in opposition to the principle of federation.
- 15th.—Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain married Miss Mary Endicott at Washington.... Duke Maximilian of Bavaria died of apoplexy.
- 16th.—Heavy gales cause loss of life and great damage to property in Great Britain.... Neil C. Love, a well-known druggist and magistrate of Toronto, died, aged 69.... Serious revolution reported to have broken out in Venezuela.
- 17th.—Manitoba Legislature adjourned till January.... Heavy earthquake shock at Guayaquil.
- 19th.—The eminent New York surgeon, H. B. Lands, dropped dead in his carriage.... Miss Macdonald, sister of the Premier, died at Kingston, aged 70.... The immigration to Canada during the ten months of the year was 146,667 persons, over 18,000 more than the corresponding period last year.
- 20th.—The North-West Assembly carried a motion calling for a plebiscite on the liquor question.... England has taken possession of the Cook Island in the South Pacific.
- 21st.—Opening of the celebrated Manitoba railway crossing case before the Supreme Court at Ottawa.... Mr. Cochrane, Conservative, elected M.P. for East Northumberland.
- 22nd.—Emperor William opened the German Reichstag in person.... Many children injured in a Long Island school in a panic created by the cry of fire.
- 23rd.—T. V. Powderly re-elected General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.... Lord Sackville-West, British Minister at Washington, and his daughter, left New York for Europe.... Disastrous fires at Aylmer, Que., and Hamilton, Ont.... Pocomoke City, Md., almost wholly destroyed by fire.
- 24th.—O'Connor, the Toronto oarsman, won the sculling championship of America, beating Teemer by ten boat lengths in a race on the Potomac.... The first railway in China officially opened.... The Judson Female Institute at Marion, Ala., destroyed by fire, loss \$100,000.... Mrs. Amanda Truitt, of Ozark, Mo., killed two of her young children with a hatchet and then cut her throat with a butcher knife.
- 25th.—Steamer *Neurburgh* of Leith, Scotland, foundered in the North Sea and sixteen persons drowned.... The steamer *Mariposa*, which arrived at San Francisco, brings news of a sad state of affairs in the Island of Samoa, and that a decisive battle was expected on November 6 between the armies of the two rival Kings.
- 26th.—A fearful gale raged along the Atlantic coast; many vessels wrecked and sailors drowned.... Great Britain also visited by severe storms.... Duchess of Sutherland dead.... Petition filed asking for repeal of the Scott Act in Victoria Co.... Large barns connected with the Ontario Model Farm, Guelph, destroyed by fire, loss about \$20,000.
- 27th.—Diphtheria prevalent in Chicago.... Edward Hanlan, the oarsman, is again defeated by Beach in a race on the Paramatta.... Decided at a meeting of Council to call the Dominion Parliament for the despatch of business on Thursday, January 31st.
- 28th.—Mrs. General Sherman died.... Ex-Assistant Commissioner Munro appointed Chief of the London police, in succession to Sir Charles Warren.... Vanbront, a village in France, totally destroyed by fire.
- 29th.—Thanksgiving Day in the United States.... Dunkin Act sustained in Richmond County, Que., by 500 majority.... Baron Hirsch, of Vienna, donated \$5,000,000 for schools for the Jews in Galicia and Bukovina.... Mr. Bruce, Conservative, elected for the Holborn District of London, defeating Lord Compton, Gladstonian, by 965 votes.
- 30th.—The Governor-General and Lady Stanley visit Toronto to attend the St. Andrew's Society hall.... McClary Manufacturing Co.'s works at London damaged by fire to the extent of \$100,000.



Proper Care of Harvesting Machinery.

Is it not strange how persistently some farmers neglect and leave their expensive implements uncared for?

It is a very common thing to see self-binders, reapers, mowers, and rakes standing out all winter—and generally, too, under some old tree, where they can get full benefit of the drippings. Occasionally an old bag or sack will be tucked or tied over the knotter, which is sure to hold the dampness in.

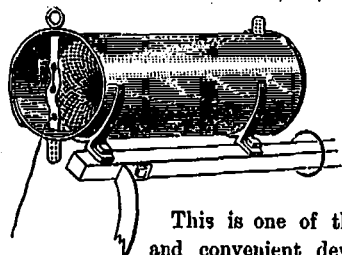
It is wonderful how after, even such usage, the well-made Toronto machinery—left out in the rains of the fall; snow, ice, and frosts of winter, and the thaws and dampness of spring—will still perform its functions. No reasonable man will expect a machine to do as good work under these circumstances, nor can he hope, no matter how well it is constructed, that it will last many years. The manufacturers are, of course, glad to have farm implements used up rapidly for obvious reasons, hence they say little about the proper care of them. A farmer is very foolish to neglect to take proper care of a machine like a Toronto Self-Binder, which he can thereby make last from two to three times as long.

There are cases, of course, where a new settler may not have facilities for providing proper storage for his implements. In any case he can at least take the canvas belts of the binder and the machine knives into the house. The binder attachment, too, is not so large but most settlers could find a dry corner for it and cover it with an old cloth, if in a dusty place. If the harvester part has to be left out, get a few yards of factory cotton, soak it in linseed oil, and make a covering for it. Place it on a knoll or high part so that the water will run from it. This is a good thing also to use in harvest time when the machine is in use, to protect it from rain and dampness. The horse rake might better be taken apart and thus stored in a small space rather than to leave it out.

Economical farmers should, of course, and generally do, look after these things, but the amount of negligence on this line is startling; and it was this fact that called forth this sensible paragraph in the *Rural Canadian*:

There are some careless farmers who leave their machines outdoors over night, either in the field or in the barnyard. Sometimes a rain storm comes up, and they get completely drenched. Rust, swelling of the wood-work, and injury of various kinds are the results of exposure to the weather. The machine soon goes wrong, does not work so nicely as it did at first, the pleasure of operating it is marred, and it wears out before its time. A self-binder should have a tight little house or small room all to itself, where it can be shut in away from dust and dirt. Some keep it on a barn floor, which is, of course, much better than out of doors or in an open shed, but it should be protected from damp and dust as carefully as possible. Not only does economy demand this, but the well-working of the machine greatly depends upon it.

The Toronto Twine Box.



NEW EXPANSION
HALF-DAY'S SUPPLY
TWINE BOX.

This is one of the most useful and convenient devices of recent invention in connection with self-binding harvest-

ers. The twine box is apparently a simple thing and therefore its importance is frequently overlooked by both manufacturers and buyers. Almost every manufacturer sells and urges his customers to use one particular brand and size of ball. He makes his twine box to carry this size and kind of twine. Therefore the farmer is in a way compelled to buy the twine he sells, and, of course, at the manufacturers' price. If the farmer runs out during harvest and gets some other brand from the hardware store which is smaller in size, it rattles about and shakes down before spun out and is, of course, wasted; and if it be larger it will scarcely go into the box at all. A twine box, to be of good use, must be made to hold the ball very firmly, and in such a position that it cannot fall when partly used up. It should hold a sufficient quantity to avoid the trouble of "running back to the corner for more," as otherwise the driver is most likely to be on the opposite side of the field when he finds the supply exhausted: in other words it should carry at least a half-day's supply. The Toronto twine box fulfils all these conditions, and is, we believe, the best thing of the kind yet discovered. It is constructed of sheet metal with spring wire turned in each, and thus making it hug tightly around the balls. Therefore it will take any size ball made from 6 to 9 inches in diameter, and by means of the adjustable fastenings at each end hold them solidly. It is fed from the back end, and a ball partly used may be pushed forward and not disturbed by inserting others. The box is located on the binder attachment and feeds the twine to the machine very smoothly and evenly.

CORRESPONDENCE

This being the initial number of the ILLUSTRATED this department presents a meagre appearance, though we confidently expect it to be one of the most important. We look to our readers to help us in this particular. If you have suggestions you think would be of value to our general readers, we will endeavor to give you space here for them.

The answering of questions sent in we anticipate will be a special feature of our paper, and in this column we furnish a means to the public of securing information free of charge, that would otherwise cost them considerable time, and perhaps money, too, to secure. We will not, of course, bind ourselves to answer any and all kinds of questions sent in, nor to publish all communications we receive; nor, again, can we in any way be held responsible for the opinion of our correspondents.

We shall publish such letters and answer such questions as we think will best meet the interest of our readers.

We have upon our tables the leading journals and magazines of the world on all subjects; and further, we have free and easy access to the largest and best libraries in the country. Hence it is with these splendid facilities for reference we feel our ability to make the question drawer of the ILLUSTRATED a most interesting and desirable department.

Communications for this column should be written plainly on one side of the sheet only, with a margin of one and a half inches at the left. Always address MASSEY PRESS, Massey street, Toronto, Ont.

Can you give a simple cure for roup in fowls?

A good cure for roup, and one that is within the reach of every individual, is kerosene. Separate the sick ones, feeding them corn saturated with kerosene. A chick must be very sick if it refuses to eat corn. If eyes and head are slightly swollen, inject kerosene with a sewing machine can up the nostrils, and grease the head and eyes with sulphur and lard. If very bad, and unless the bird is very valuable, chop off its head and bury deep.



CONDUCTED BY J. B. HARRIS.

This column will be devoted principally to matters and things concerning the employes of the Massey Manufacturing Co. This does not mean that its sphere will necessarily be a contracted one, bounded by the walls of the works. While personal items of interest to the employes will find a suitable place, it is hoped that the space will be used more for the interchange of thoughts and ideas among the employes on questions which concern working men generally than as a vehicle of mere news items. And as there are few questions of any moment to anybody that do not concern the working man, our scope may be said to be tolerably wide. We shall be glad to receive news items of general interest; if the facts are given us, we will put them in shape. Be brief. Use the nutshell measure as much as possible. Short essays on profitable subjects will find a place if up to the standard. We hope to make this an interesting department of the magazine, not only to the employes themselves, but also to many people who have a warm interest in all that concerns labor and the many problems connected therewith.

It will be remembered that some months ago a prize was offered by Mr. W. E. H. Massey for the best essay on the "Toronto Binder." This prize was duly awarded but has never been called for, and must now be considered forfeited. The same amount, \$5.00, is now offered for the best paper on "Self Culture," on the following conditions:—

- 1.—Must be written by an employé in the works (not office or publishing department).
- 2.—Must be in essayist's own handwriting.
- 3.—Must not exceed 500 words.
- 4.—Must be sent in, addressed, "J. B. HARRIS, MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED," before six p.m., on Monday, Jan. 14th, 1889.
- 5.—It should not be necessary to say that it must be the essayist's own composition.
- 6.—Essays may be signed either with a fictitious name or a number.

They will be judged on the following basis:

Handwriting.....	maximum, 10 points.
General Appearance...	10 "
Grammatical Construction ..	20 "
Spelling.....	20 "
Knowledge of Subject. ..	20 "
Treatment	20 "

Judges—Mr. C. Morrison and Mr. J. B. Harris. Their decision will be final.

An incipient blaze in the Massey Works on Nov. 4 was promptly sat upon by the fire department of the establishment. The "devouring element," which is, we believe, the proper editorial term, never had the shadow of a chance against the discipline and energy of the "boys," and was ignominiously squelched in a few moments.

LARGE game is plenty, it would appear, in the backwoods of this country. Mr. Shaw, one of the employes of the Massey Co., had the fortune to start an enormous specimen of the plantigrade species on Sunday evening, the 18th Nov., in Parkdale, a small hamlet west of Toronto. Mr. Shaw had escorted his lady love to her home in the

melancholy forest, underneath the moaning hemlocks, and was returning to his own shanty, when, at the intersection of two deer tracks, he suddenly found himself in an embrace compared with which his recent experience in the bower of his beloved was tame and colorless. It is said that in the science of hugging the brown bear of Canada is without a peer, of which truth Mr. Shaw now received a striking proof. But although a certain amount of compression may be agreeable, there is a point when it becomes irksome. In Mr. Shaw's case this point was reached so quickly that he had scarcely time to shout for help before all the breath in his body was squeezed out of him. When this result had been brought about, the bear proceeded to regale himself on Mr. Shaw's legs. Interrupted in his meal by persons who had heard the shouting, Bruin attacked the rescuers with most determined ferocity, but by means of revolvers and axes was at length persuaded to be quiet. Mr. Shaw was conveyed to his home in an unconscious state, but recovered shortly and is now doing well. When you come to think of it, it must require an extraordinary amount of cheek, or selfishness or impudence (or whatever word will best describe that state of mind which simply ignores the existence of our fellow-creatures) to keep a ferocious wild animal, even securely chained, in the midst of a civilized community. The town has had at least one warning about this animal, but the warning was unheeded. The result will be, no doubt, heavy damages.



CONDUCTED BY AUNT TUTU.

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

THE "Household Department" of the ILLUSTRATED makes its appearance amongst its stern companions with pure maidenly modesty. While the masculine part of the Editorial staff are endeavoring to aid and instruct by helpful suggestions, our fathers and brothers in the outside life at the farm—the household page will do its utmost to entertain and assist the mothers and daughters in their, we were almost going to say, monotonous every-day cares and labors. It will be our aim to show how it will be made less monotonous and more pleasant—and feel sure that our hints and suggestions will not come amiss in any rural home as we purpose only to publish such items that, we believe, will be useful and attractive. We are especially anxious that "the sisters" should correspond freely with "Aunt Tutu" in this department—asking questions (which will be published, answers being solicited from our readers) and also sending us directions for making fancy articles, receipts, ways and means of making work easy, etc., etc., in fact any item of interest for the housekeeper from the garret to the cellar. Our first number appearing at the time when the young folks are thinking of Christmas gifts, we present a few suggestions in that line which we are confident will please—of course, girls, you cannot all give what you would like—usually our gifts are bounded by our purse rather than our desires. But taste, time and ingenuity will effect a good deal in this line, and the gifts here illustrated and described will, when made and completed by you, amply repay, we think. The Household Corner wishes all great success and a very Merry Christmas.

Pretty and Useful Christmas Gifts.

Duster Bags.—Take a piece of silk or cretonne about three-quarters of a yard long, double over and sew edges together, that is, the bag is almost a scarf in shape, with an opening about the middle of one side—two curtain rings slide along the opening, confining the bag in the middle—a pretty ribbon bow on one of the rings will add to the already pretty bag. For a bed-room duster bag one can make a very dainty one of *écru* lace-striped srip, lined with any pale tint of silesia—use brass rings, and ribbon to match the lining. If one more elaborate is desired, pongee silk, tan color, is effective with bands of brown velvet across each end, a simple design outlined on the velvet and gilt bangles on the end, with a bow on the rings of tan and brown ribbon. These bags are so convenient in any room, and in this old-fashioned, purse-shaped style are often thrown across the back of a chair or hung in some angle of the room.

Wonder Balls.—Have you ever heard of the "Wonder Ball"? No? Well, then, you have missed something worth knowing—it will make a charming present for an older or younger sister, and you see if by their use the stocking or mitten does not grow much faster than ever before. It is a favorite birthday gift in German families. Here is the scheme. Get some pretty shade of worsted or yarn that you know will be useful—take a pretty present for the foundation of your ball and wind on the yarn until the present is covered—then put in another, cover that, and so on until all the presents are hidden. Of course the gifts cannot be found until the yarn is knit off. Such a ball will afford amusement for the whole family, especially if the gifts are from different individuals and no one has seen any except his or her own.

Boot and Slipper Case.—Figure 1. A most useful receptacle for boots and slippers is here portrayed. It is very easily made, and may also be quite decorative: for cretonne in all its pretty colorings in floral and other patterns, tickings, which are now obtainable in such artistic combinations of colors, canvas, towelling, etc., may be used for its construction. A square of the material forms the back of the bag, and upon this two rows

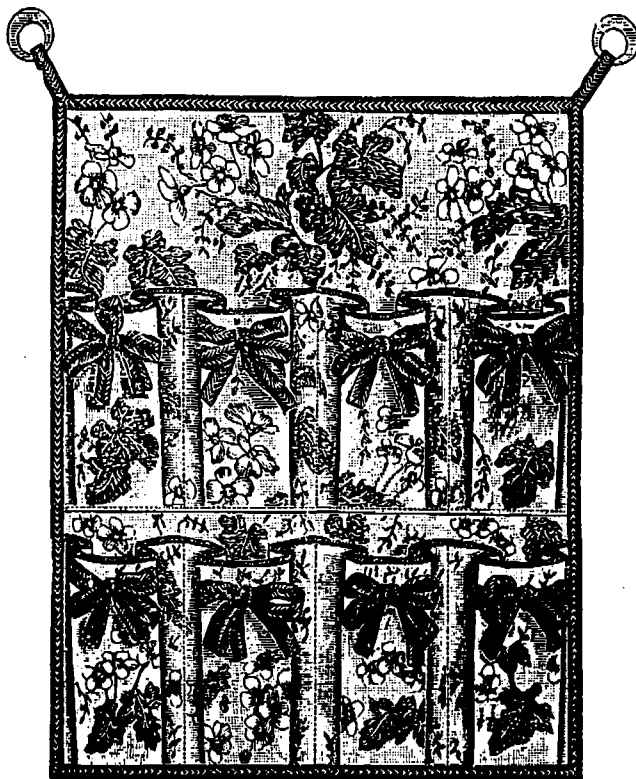


FIGURE 1.

of pockets are arranged. Each row is formed of a straight section of the material, laid in four broad box plaits and stitched across at its lower edge to the back; a row of stitching is also made mid-way between the box-plaits, and the lower edge of the lower row of pockets is placed even with the lower edge of the back. The tops of the pocket portions are bound with braid, and a row of braid borders all the edges of the bag. A full bow of braid is tucked near the top of each pocket, and to each upper corner of the bag is fastened a loop of braid that holds a metal ring to be passed over nails in the wall or door. The braid may be of any color that will match or contrast pleasingly with the material. When ticking in two colors is used the lighter stripes will frequently show fancy stitching of floss or worsted in different colors, that produce quite an oriental effect.—*Household Companion*.

Double Sachet—This engraving (figure 2) illustrates a double sachet, which is made of a Japanese

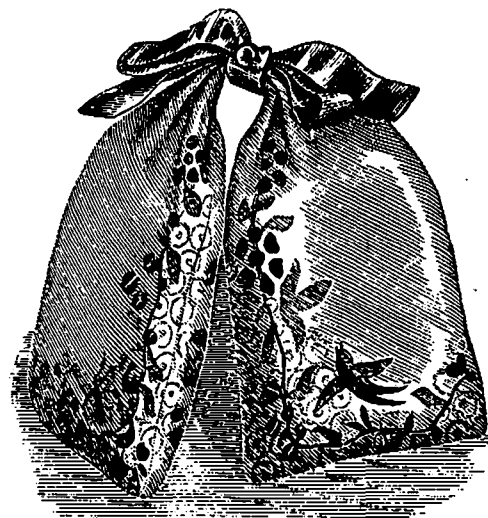


FIGURE 2.

napkin showing an artistic design in pretty colors. The napkin is folded double, joined at the sides and

ends, and lightly filled with cotton well sprinkled with the favorite sachet powder. A ribbon is tied tightly in a bow about the centre of the napkin, and the filling is pushed toward either end, the ribbon dividing the sachet into two parts. The napkins may be procured in a great variety of sizes and designs, and they cost very little. Such sachets may be used like a chair scarf, or they may be fastened wherever they will be effective. The ribbon may be of any preferred color, violet and heliotrope being used with sachets of those perfumes.—*Household Companion*.

A Kitchen Table Transformed.—A kitchen table, when used as such, should never have any attempt at decoration; neither paint nor varnish can add to, but must necessarily interfere with, the beauty of its usefulness. Cleanliness is the poetry of the kitchen; and the only beauty to be wished for in the table upon which our meals are prepared, is the snowy whiteness brought about by frequent and hard scrubbing. In attempting to beautify our homes, we must always bear in mind the use to which the article in hand is to be put, and be sure to have everything in perfect keeping. Although asserting that, in the kitchen, the kitchen table should be left in its original simplicity, I do not say that, out of the kitchen, it may not be made pretty and suitable for other purposes. A library table is an expensive piece of furniture, but in a prettily and inexpensively furnished room, a kitchen table transformed like the one shown in our illustration, will be a pleasant object, and answer every purpose of a much more costly one.

The first thing to do in undertaking this piece of work, is to select a small-sized, smooth table of common, unpainted wood.

Be sure the legs stand firmly and evenly on the floor, otherwise it will always appear unsteady. In all cheap, unfinished furniture of this kind, there are apt to be some rough or splintery places; smooth them down carefully with sand paper.

If you want a shelf underneath, a carpenter will put it in for you at a trifling cost.

Buy a small can of cherry wood stain, which comes already prepared, and is sold at any paint shop, and stain all of the table except the top. Go



carefully over the whole three times with the stain, letting it dry each time, and make sure there are no white spots left visible in any joint or seam; then varnish it.

Cover the top smoothly with dark felt, maroon, green or olive, as may be preferred, bringing the edges over, and tacking them under the edge of the table.

Cut a strip of the felt six inches wide, and long enough to reach around the table; then cut this in strips half an inch wide across the felt—to within one inch of the other edge. Tack the fringe made in this way around the edge of the table with brass tacks.

If you wish rollers on the table so that it may be easily moved, they can be bought at any hardware shop, and it is a very simple thing to screw them on the legs of the table.

An old, unused table may be substituted for a new, unpainted one; but in this case the table will need to be painted in any desirable color before varnishing, instead of stained.—*Youths Companion*.

GIRLS, you can earn some very beautiful holiday presents by getting a few new subscribers to the ILLUSTRATED. It will be easy work. Try it. Look over the handsome Premium List carefully.

RECEIPTS.

The following receipt for doughnuts has been thoroughly tested and is pronounced by Prof. Scrub "to beat the world."

Doughnuts.—Two quarts sifted flour, six teaspoons baking powder, two cups white sugar, three eggs, two cups sweet milk, four tablespoons butter (melted). Sift flour and baking powder together.

Holiday Pudding.—Thirteen crackers rolled fine, four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, two quarts of milk, one pound of raisins, one-half teaspoonful of cassia. Boil five hours, stir for awhile to begin with, or till the pudding begins to "set."—*Household*.

Household Suggestions.—A teacupful of lye in a pail of water will improve the appearance of black goods.

The foot of a coarse cotton stocking is superior to a sponge for bathing purposes.—*Good Housekeepers*.



True Words Well Said.

A father taking his careless daughter aside, said, "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl, she kissed your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kiss, with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work during the past ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovers over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days; the burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done too many unnecessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your baby kiss will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother's love when it will be too late."

A Problem.

We will publish the names of the boys and girls who will send us the correct answer to this problem before the February ILLUSTRATED goes to press. State age.

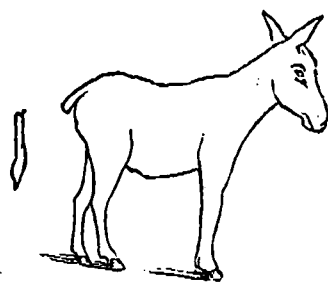
Figure it out. It can be done.

I sent to a dealer 20 cents for 20 pencils, and he sent me three kinds. Some were 4 cents each, some 2 for a cent and some 4 for a cent. How many of each did I receive? Remember, I received 20 pencils for my money.

A CLERGYMAN in a rural parish was remembered at Thanksgiving with a monster turkey, one of the kind that hang at the door of the markets Thanksgiving time. The family was small, and meal after meal that turkey "hobbed up serenely." At last one day that minister's young boy manifested a prodigious appetite. Again and again he passed his plate, until his father and mother be came alarmed and asked him what he was eating so much for. With his mouth full of turkey he answered:

"Father, I mean you shan't have to say grace over that old turkey again."

The Game of Re-tailing the Donkey.



This is one of the most amusing games of the present time, though it can scarcely be called instructive. However, the season of jollity is now at hand, and "re-tailing the donkey" will

be found a valuable means of promoting good humor, so we give a description of the game. So popular has the game become we occasionally hear of "Donkey Parties." Take a large sheet of paper about 24 x 40 inches, and draw in outline a donkey like the one above. Take some more paper; cut out a dozen or more tails of the proper shape and size, according to the number playing, and give one to each person with his or her number written on it. Hang the sketch of the donkey on the wall; get some pins and the equipment is ready.

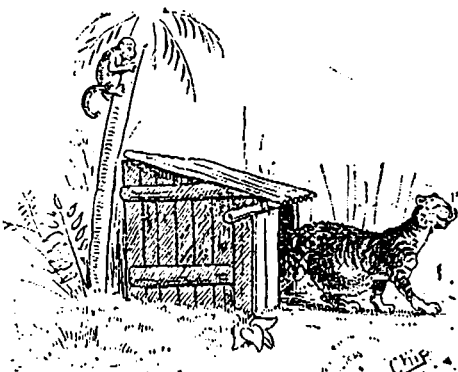
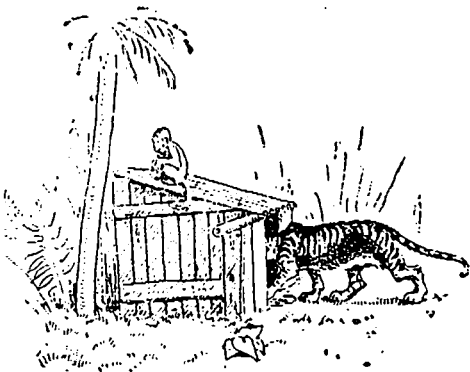
One person plays at a time, he is blindfolded and placed ten or twelve feet from and facing the donkey. He now turns around three times and advances with hand extended holding a pin that is stuck through the upper part of the tail. He endeavors to pin the tail in its proper place; but must stick the pin wherever it first touches—no groping about being permitted.

At the finish of the game, while the donkey may be covered with tails—hanging from his ears, his nose, his legs, and the majority not on him at all—rarely will he be properly "re-tailed."





A Tragedy without Words.



SHE glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk.

"I have written a poem—" she began.

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate, but she wouldn't annihilate worth a cent, and resumed:

"I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh!" interrupted the editor with extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how relieved I feel. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn I'll stop and read the poem. Good evening, Miss."—*Omaha Herald.*

To young people: Don't marry for love—of money.

AGRICULTURAL PURSUIT.—Chasing after a runaway pig.

A MAN may sow and another reap, but the sower of wild oats usually reaps the harvest himself.

A WOMAN'S "shoo" is generally less efficient in scaring hens out of a garden than a man's boot.

"I CAN'T go that far," said a trapper when informed there was a skunk in his trap five miles off.

DID you ever notice how surprised you were when you put your foot on the next step and found there wasn't any.

IT was a wise tradesman who said that he didn't mind how much his customers kicked against his bills as long as they footed them.

THERE is a man in New York who, it is said, can eat nine pounds of steak at a sitting. He is the greatest steak-holder we ever knew.

IF you want to get cold facts out of a woman contradict her and make her mad. It fetches the truth every time, but usually it isn't complimentary to you.

A ZULU woman is equal to eight cows. How these ancient values do survive! An American dude is equal to one calf, jackasses not being legal tender.

WHEN your mother interferes with your play, Johnny, by spanking you with a trunk strap, you are perfectly justified in alluding to the affair as a leather meddle.

CAMBRIDGE, England, has established a college of carpentry for women. Any woman of ordinary intelligence can learn how to split wood in one course of thirteen weeks.

First Turkey (a youthful bird)—Well, thank goodness, we've escaped the Thanksgiving Scylla. Second Turkey (of mature experience)—Yes, but I tremble when I think of the Christmas Charybdis.

A CONTEMPORARY makes the following very important correction: "The line 'Twaddle like a bum on some late spree,' in our poem of last Saturday, should have read 'Twitter like a bird on some lone spray.'"

EMERSON says, "All the world loves a lover." Possibly, but the love of all the world doesn't make the lover any more contented so long as one little snip of a seventeen-year-old girl says that she can be to him only as a sister.

WHAT'S the difference between a mistake and a blunder? Well, if you visit a friend's house during a rainy day and leave with an umbrella not so good as your own, that's a blunder, but if you leave with one considerably better than your own, that's a mistake.



CONDUCTED BY R. HARMER.

THESE are days of severe competition in all lines and branches of trade, amongst which the farm holds the highest and most important position, the products of which have to compete with the whole world; and whilst the celebrated Chicago Produce Exchange, with its grain rings and pork corners, etc., etc., serves to create excitement in the world's markets, supply and demand must, as it always has done, govern its legitimate values. There is no country under the sun equal to Canada as an agricultural country, and there is no reason why it should not, within the next decade, be able to become a factor in the ruling of the world's prices. However, to insure success, it is equally as necessary for the farmer as the business man to watch carefully the supplies and the demands of each country, to obtain information at all times as to the acreage of grain that there is under crop in every grain producing country of the world; and, as we

now have established a staff of most reliable correspondents in every grain growing country, we purpose to give our readers of this department the fullest and latest statistics obtainable. Whilst our reports may not be so full of information as we would wish at this time, we promise in our future issues to make them more complete, and as the world's harvest season is never at an end, we hope to be able to make this department one of great interest to the farmers of Canada. We append a schedule of the harvest season's of the world:—

JANUARY.—Australia and New Zealand.

FEBRUARY.—New Zealand.

MARCH.—Mexico.

APRIL.—Mexico, Texas, and California.

MAY.—Texas, California, Georgia, Missouri, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Arizona.

JUNE.—Kansas, Missouri, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, Italy, and Spain.

JULY.—Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Maryland, Indiana, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Wisconsin, New York, Ohio, Michigan, France, Austria, Russia, and Asia.

AUGUST.—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, Minnesota, Dakota, Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho, France, England, Russia, and Asia.

SEPTEMBER.—Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, Montana, Dakota, and Scotland.

OCTOBER.—Northern portions of Dakota, Montana, and Manitoba.

NOVEMBER.—South Africa, Argentine Republic, Uruguay, and Australia.

DECEMBER.—Australia, Argentine Republic, New Zealand, and South Africa.

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Telegram from Melbourne, of November 15, reports that the drought still continues, and at least a partial failure of the wheat crop is anticipated.

ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.—Advices from Buenos Aires, dated September 30, report that the prospects in all the agricultural districts are very favorable—the oldest and most experienced colonists looking forward with confidence to a good harvest.

JUDGING from the large number of cablegrams the Massey Co. have received within the last few months, there is promise of an abundant harvest in the southern world. Cable messages have arrived from South America, Australia, and New Zealand asking for large additional shipments, which plainly indicate fine prospects.

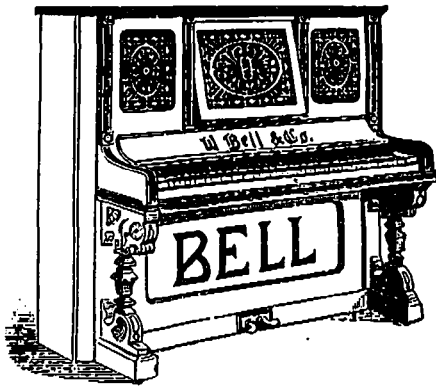
EXTRACT from our New Zealand correspondent's letter, under date of Oct. 4th:—

"The sudden rise in grain has induced most of our farmers to put in as much grain under crop as the season would permit, and we expect, in consequence, a very large demand for the Toronto Binders. So far the prospects are good, in fact we have not had such a grand season for eight years, and it was that year when we reaped one of the grandest harvests and had a very heavy acreage all round, beating the highest record. Let us hope that this will be another such season."

We are indebted to Messrs. Friedlander Bros., of Ashburton, for a copy of the Christchurch (New Zealand) *Weekly Press*, giving a full illustrated account of the recent earthquake. The earthquake occurred early Saturday morning, Sept. 1st last. Though of longer duration, the shock was not so severe as that of 1868. Considering the number of stone and brick buildings in Christchurch the damage was comparatively small. But what is looked upon by the citizens as a national calamity was the injury to the cathedral, 26 feet of the spire having fallen. It was a beautiful work of architectural ornamentation, built by the generosity of an old citizen of Christchurch. The surrounding country suffered but slightly.

**"BELL"
PIANOS,**

With Improved Plate and Scale, are in Tone and Durability superior to all other makes.



**"BELL"
ORGANS,**

Pure and Sweet in Tone, and made of best material, are known throughout the world as strictly first-class.

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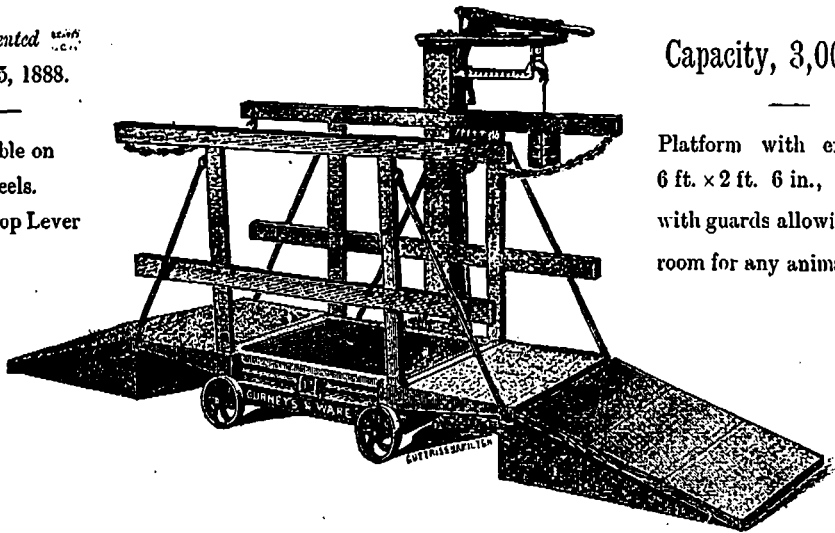
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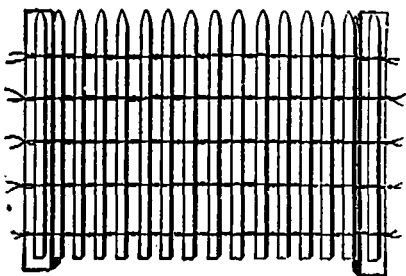
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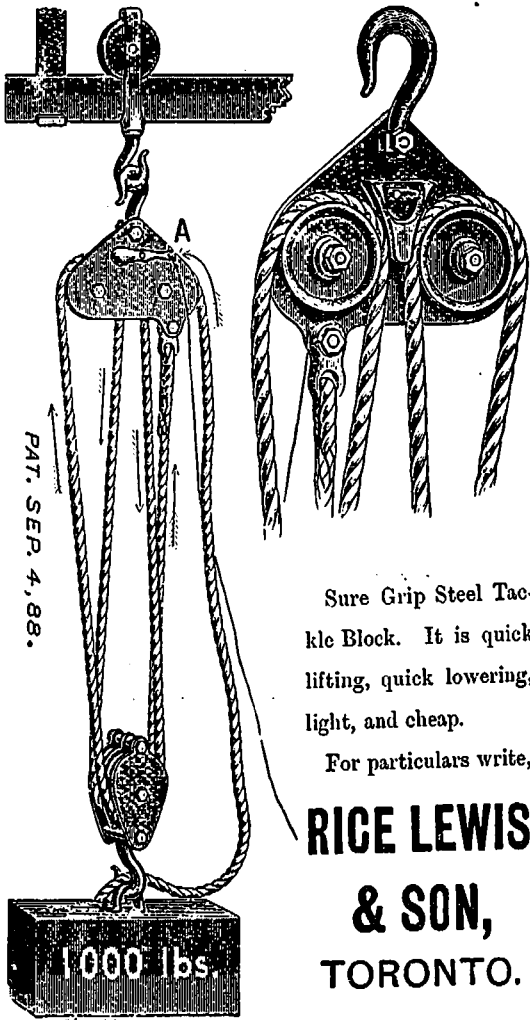
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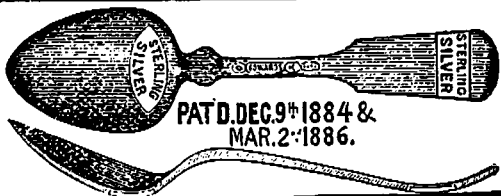
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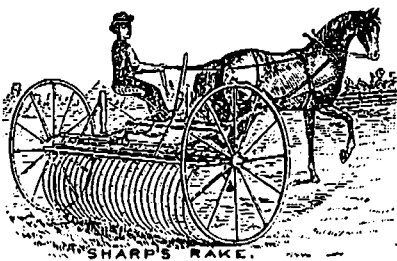
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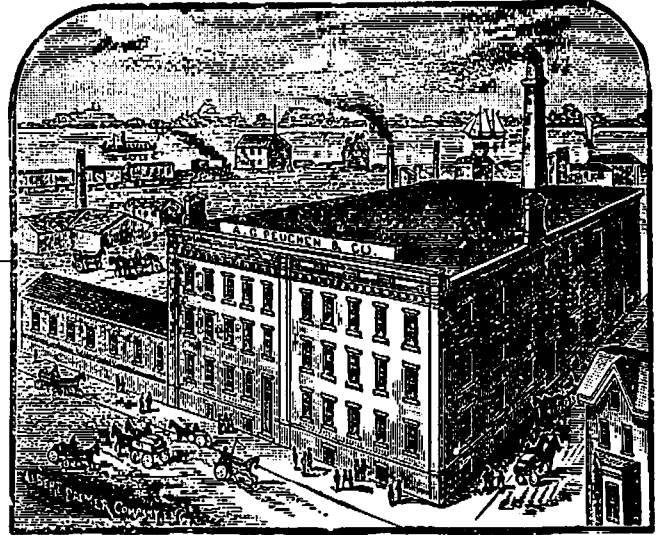
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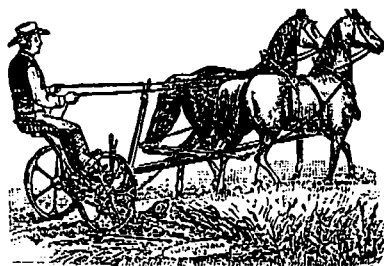
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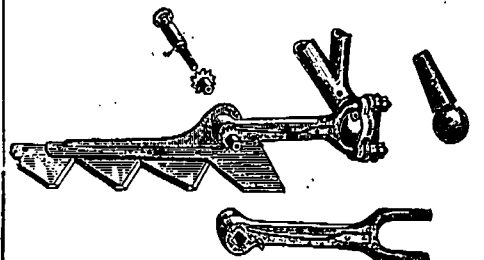
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THE TORONTO MOWER



Splendid Pitman Connection of the Toronto Mower—Ball and Socket, with provision for taking up slack from wear.

SEVENTY DOLLARS seems a big price to pay for a Mowing Machine when some machines can be bought for forty-five or fifty. But suppose that the Seventy Dollar Mower wears twice as many years owing to its superior construction; that a few cents will keep it in repair for a decade, while other machines cost dollars annually for repairs; supposing, too, that it does better and more work than any other machine will do, and is easier on the horses, being so much lighter in draft; further, supposing that its axle, shafting, and cutter bar are of cold rolled steel, instead of a common grade of steel, or even iron, at one-third lower price, used in other mowers; that malleable parts are used extensively where other makers use cast iron, at less than half the cost; would not the maker of the Seventy Dollar Mower be entitled to a considerably higher price? This is the case of the Toronto Mower vs. cheap machines, and the reason the Massey Co. ask a higher price for their vastly superior Mower.

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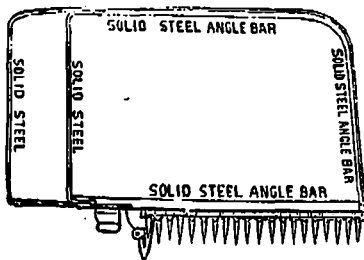
The only genuine
All-Steel Frame Machine.

Having made a grand triumphal march through the trying harvest fields of the great grain countries of the world during the season of 1888, it stands in the front rank—a greater monarch than ever before—ready for the Harvest of 1889. Beginning with January, when some 300 to 400 of them will begin cutting the crops of Australasia, they will be gathering the golden grain during almost every month of the year in some one or other of the great wheat raising countries of the globe.

It is not without a pardonable pride the Massey Co. review the remarkable reports of its unparalleled success in our Canadian Harvest—in some sections, the worst to handle for years past; in the British Harvest, the heaviest, greenest and worst to reap Britain has about ever known; and also in the European grain fields, where many makers gave up in despair, while the "Toronto" won medal after medal and prize after prize, defeating the best known makers of the United States.

It challenges any machine in the world to show as good a record for 1888.

The reasons for its success are these: *It is adapted to any and all kinds of grain. It is the most easily operated self-binder*

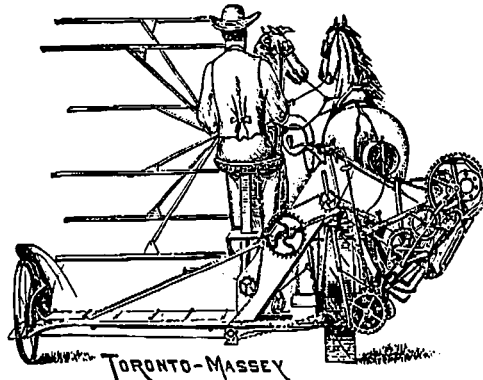


GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF THE TORONTO.

in the world. *It is the simplest*, having less parts to accomplish the work, and is the most easily comprehended of any Binder yet invented.

To illustrate this an ordinary man will erect from two to three "Torontos" while experts are putting one machine together of another make. There is no troublesome rattling butter, no complicated raising and lowering traps, no long trains of gearing to wear out. *It can be adjusted to any height of grain in an instant* without leaving the seat—a mighty boon to the man who has uneven crops to cut. It will save enough lodged grain in this way, that the farmer will not otherwise trouble to gather, to pay the difference between the cost of a "Toronto" and a cheap machine. *It is practically single geared, and therefore the lightest running Binder to be had.* You can run a "Toronto" through a long harvest without your horses looking fagged out and

TORONTO LIGHT BINDER.



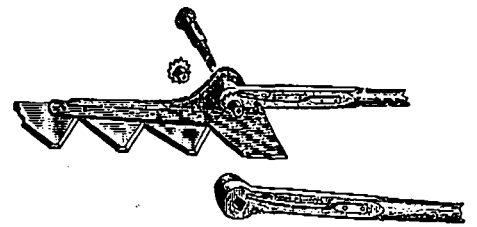
TORONTO-MASSEY
MONARCH OF THE HARVEST FIELD.

covered with sores at the end of it. *There is less machinery to drive*—another reason why it runs light;—*it is more perfectly fitted, and its mechanical principles are the simplest and most practicable.*

It will make any sized sheaf desired, and the knotter can be adjusted to use either hard or soft twine while the twine box will hold solidly any sized ball of any make, thus freeing the farmer from an obligation to purchase any particular make of twine.

The "Toronto" will cut lower than any other machine and just as high. It will last many years longer, cost very much less to keep in repair, and altogether requires less attention than any Harvesting Binder ever made.

For a substantiation of the statements above, we beg to make reference to the thousands of farmers who bought Toronto Light Binders last season; or better still, to those who have used them for years and can testify to their great durability, for the "Toronto" *is the most durable Binder.*



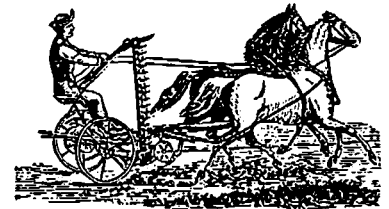
Pitman Connection to Knife—used on Toronto Binder and Toronto Mower, also on Massey Mower.

In point of finish the "Toronto" will be found to excel. It is beautifully painted with the "Massey Olive Drab"—a color made up of nearly 90° best English dry white lead—and finished with a special quality varnish.

Every detail about the machine will be found to have had scrutinizing attention on the part of its makers.

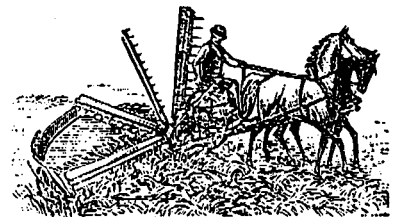
It is made to cut 5, 6 or 7 feet.

Please call and see sample at any of our agencies throughout the Dominion.



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This substantial machine has the patronage of some of Canada's wisest and best farmers. Its principles are easily comprehended, and it is adapted to all kinds of mowing. The tilt of the cutters is excellent, draft is light and it has all the points of a first-class machine.



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The fact that it is the most widely-sold Reaper in Canada is sufficient proof of its great popularity. Not only in Canada, but in foreign lands—Europe, Africa, Asia, and even on the Plains of Sharon in Palestine—the humming of its gearing may be heard. It is a self-raker in every sense, and automatically at the will of the operator ejects the grain ready for binding. The main bearings are all fitted with brass bushes. The rakes are driven directly from the main axle. It can be adjusted—raised, lowered, or tilted—to suit any kind or condition of crop, from the seat. The draft is remarkably light.



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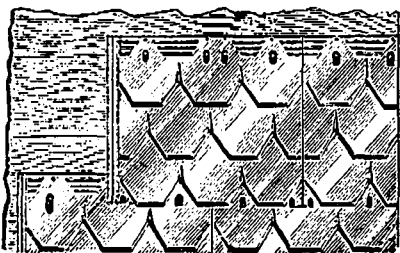
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"Yes, sir."

"I called to ask you a few questions, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not. About Retaliation?"

"Oh, no; we are writing up the Harvesting Machinery business, and want some definite information from yourself. There are some very extravagant statements being circulated regarding the number of machines manufactured, so we would like you to state frankly, if you will, the number of machines put out by your concern this season."

"We have made and sold for use this harvest 10,602 machines, and hundreds of orders had to go unfulfilled."

"You have had a very successful season, then?"

"Yes, our sales have been enormous our machines never made a better record—and altogether we consider it the best season in the company's history."

"How is it so many orders had to go unfulfilled? You claim such an enormous capacity for your works?"

"Simply because farmers delay ordering till so late in the season. We built and sold 500 Binders after the season's supply was, as we thought, amply met, and then did not nearly meet the demand."

"Your Self-Binder is very popular, then?"

"Beyond all question it is the lightest running, simplest, most easily operated harvesting binder made. In New Zealand alone it was in the field with 47 different machines at eleven different trials and swept everything before it, coming out victorious every time."

"What about Canada?"

"There are more Toronto Binders in use in Canada than any other pattern by some thousands—this speaks for itself."

"Are farmers meeting their obligations promptly this fall?"

"Yes, thus far returns are very prompt. But as we sell to the best farmers only, a bad season is not so likely to affect us."

"Do farmers count this a bad season?"

"There has been a shortage in crops, but prices, we think, more than even it up."

"Much obliged to you, sir. Good afternoon."—*Exhibition Daily Paper.*

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