

# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## October Number

New Series, Vol. 5, No. 10.

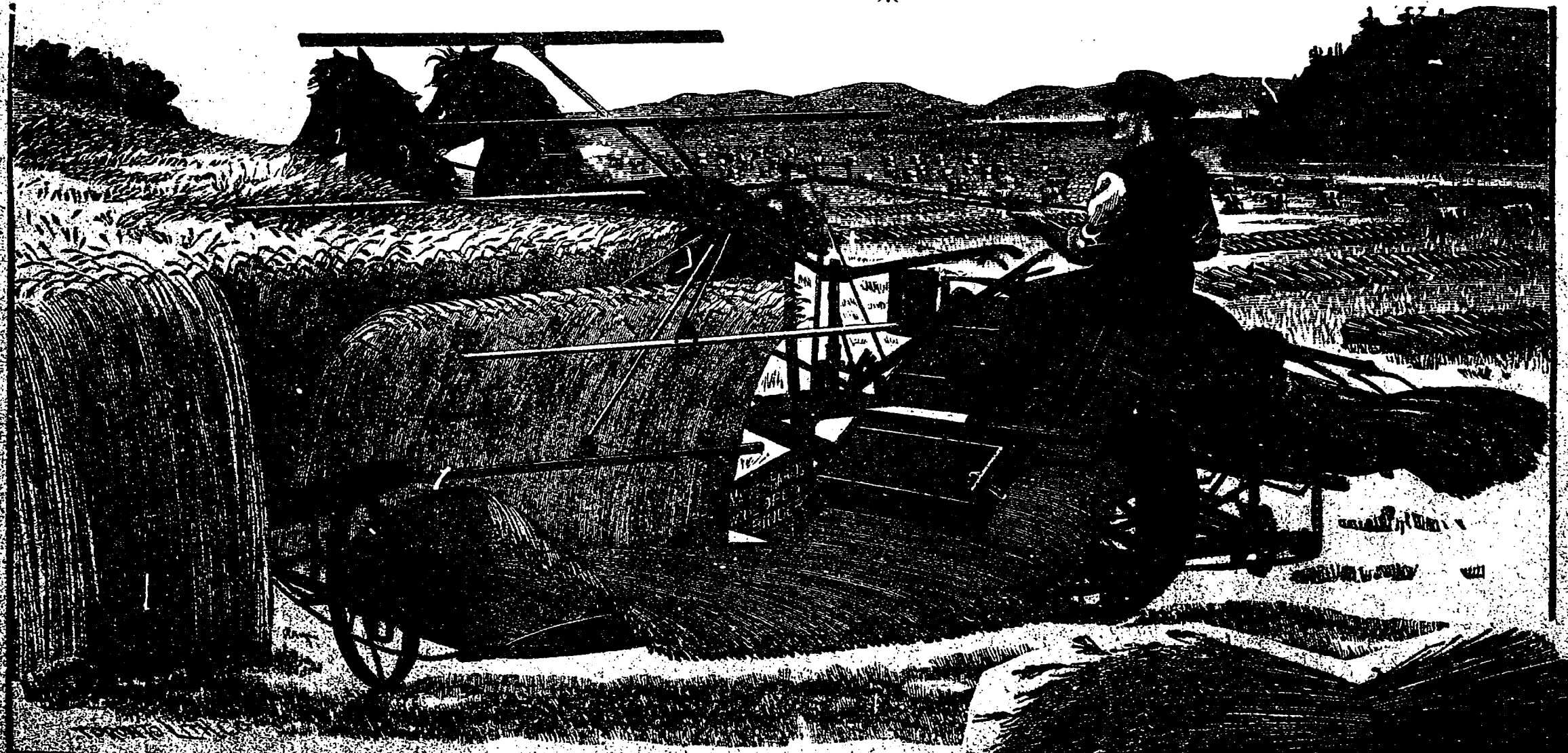
Toronto, October, 1893.



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There can be more suggestive of progress and enterprise than the one above?  
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# • Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

## A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER, 1893.

[VOL. 5, No. 10.]

From the Youth's Companion.

### LOST IN PATAGONIA.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART II.

It certainly would have been more prudent for Valorous and his mates to have followed in the wake of the Picunchee guides with Costello, and returned to the brig, apples or no apples. But it was much like New England boys of the old "pilgrim" stock to do just as they did—stand on the defensive there on the bank of the *barranca*, and let Costello and the guides run away, if they wanted to, without them. Those same sturdy, stubborn traits of character are at the bottom of our national prosperity.

In great anger and disgust, but not without considerable apprehension of danger, Valorous, Pleem Frost and the others sat there in the shade of the bushes, and watched the party of savages. They made out twenty-six or more of them. There were several squaws in the rear of the company, eating apples and pelting each other with the cores. The party did not come directly to the ravine, but turned down a path toward the lake.

They had not seen our sailors, who, on their part, had no desire to attract their attention, for they had come nigh enough for them to see, as Clum had said, that they were "whacking big fellows," who might prove ugly customers in a skirmish, with their long lances and *bolos*.

"We want nothing of them," said Pleem Frost, "and I guess they don't of us. Apples is what we've come for."

As soon as the Twelches had gone out of sight down the high bluffs of the lake shore, our party from the brig set off up the bank of the *barranca*, and after going a considerable distance, found a place to cross.

Immediately after gaining the opposite side, they began to find scattered apple-trees, and after a mile or two, were in the midst of these grand natural orchards, which have, since the seeds were first dropped by the Spanish in the seventeenth century, spread over a vast area of the eastern slopes of the Andes, seeming to find here a congenial soil and climate. Some of the best-flavored apples in the world are said to grow here.

Arrived in this great orchard of now ripening fruit,—for March, be it remembered in this southern half of the world is an early autumn month, corresponding to September with us,—the young sailors ran rapidly from tree to tree, sampling the apples with a bite and a throw, getting hold of many sour ones for a time. They came at last to a fine yellow sweeting.

"Here she is!" shouted Clum. "Here's your sweet Harvey!" and throwing himself on the ground, he began his feast, in which the others joined.

A peculiar kind of large buff squirrel was roaming about the trees, chirruping merrily. There were birds nearly as large as a turkey walking about in flocks, pecking the apples; also an animal about the size of a ground-hog, which fed greedily on the fruit; in short, a great concourse of animal life, all attracted to the great feast of fruit, which here lay unwatched and ungathered by man.

In the hollows were great piles of apples which had rolled together down the hillsides,

while far aloft in the sky enormous hawks, probably condors, were sailing in slow circles, watching the busy scene below.

The sailors found many varieties of good eating apples that afternoon, and, boy-like, fairly cloyed themselves. But a red variety, of the shape and about the size of a coffee cup, pleased them best. It was a very juicy, mellow, slightly acid apple. However, they agreed to fill their sacks partly with each kind.

"Won't the old man's (the captain's) eyes twinkle when he sees one of these lushy red ones?" cried Rummy.

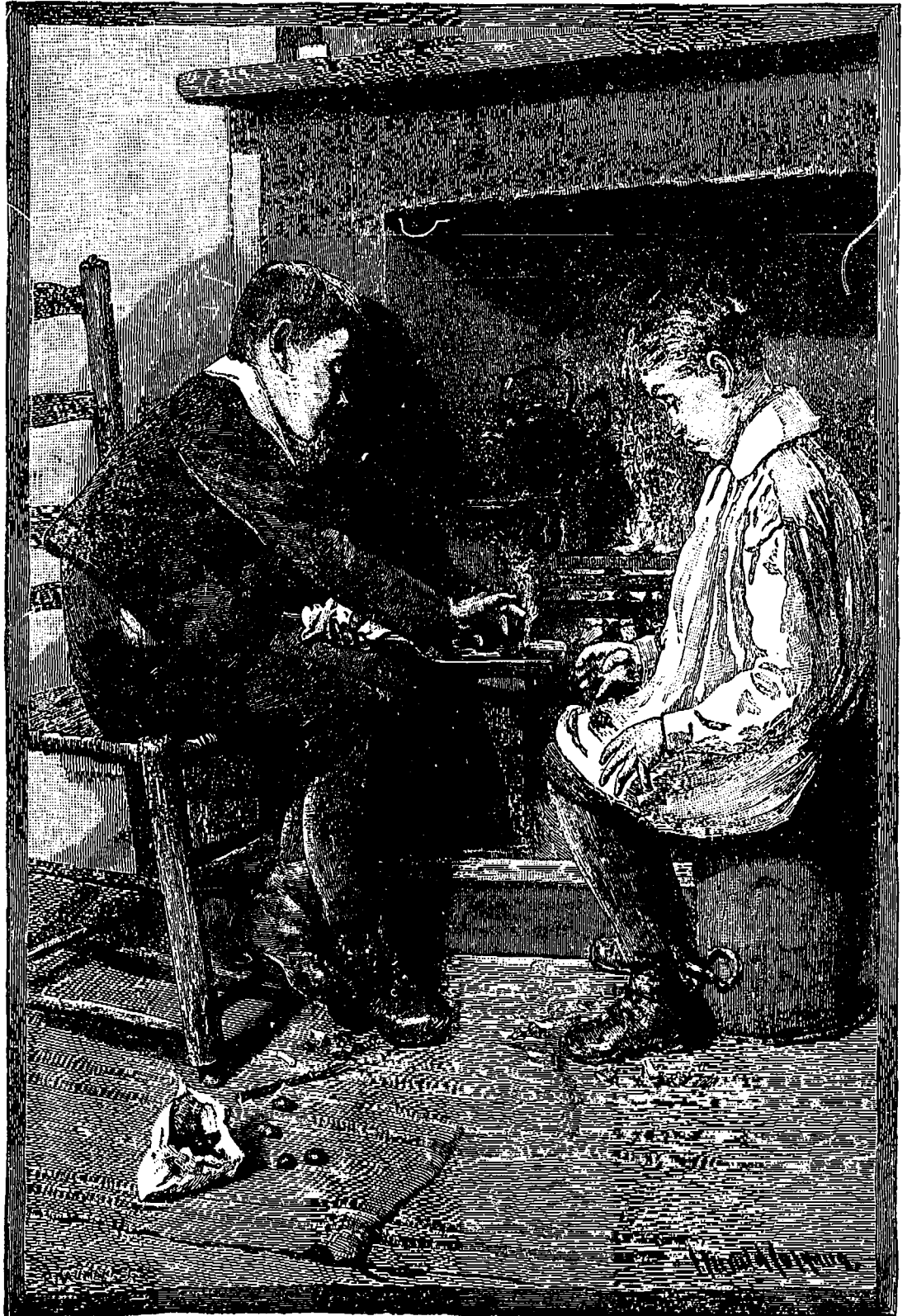
"And won't we give it to old Costello, though?"

said Frost. "He shall not put a tooth to one of 'em! What say, boys?"

"Not one!" they all agreed.

They determined to stay there where they were, and camp among the apples that night; then, after exploring further, to fill their sacks in the forenoon, and set off on their return in the afternoon. They could thus, as they planned it, get back to the brig on the evening of the fourth day, as ordered by Capt. Dustin.

They shot two or three ground-hogs, a number of birds and squirrels, and then built a fire for roasting apples, and also some of the birds' breasts, which furnished white, sweet meat.





In the morning they prepared another similar feast for themselves, and then started off to penetrate the *Manzanillos* still deeper. Apples, apples, on all sides lay out in mellowing heaps and windrows. Sometimes trees were found standing closely together, tall, like forest trees; then again some gnarled old tree, as thick as a hog's head, standing solitary. The forest was in clumps and tracts, and in some places showed thorny thickets, impassable to man or beast. They wandered on, astonished, for it was like fairyland, and several times fired at game.

#### A PRIMITIVE MILL.

By-and-by they heard shouting at a distance. Then Neeze Hartly was for going back, but Pleem Frost and Clum went ahead softly to see who it was; the rest waited, with guns loaded. After a time Clum came back in sight, and beckoned for them.

"It's Injins making cider," he said. "They're down in a hollow, and we can see them at work at it. Come on! there's only four or five of them."

The party stole forward, and, in cover of some apple brush, found Frost peeping into a ravine, and it was an odd sight that met their gaze. A number of Indians, some of them squaws, were shaking trees and gathering up apples in rude wicker baskets. These they poured into a great

hollow log, four or five feet in diameter and as much as twelve feet in height, for it was set up endwise. On a staging built around the top stood a stalwart Indian, with a huge long-handled pestle, crushing the apples to pumice by raising it and letting it fall, like the dasher of an old-fashioned churn. Cider was running out at holes at the bottom of this primitive crushing mill, and two other Indians were pressing the pumice in another trough with a great lever, made from the trunk of a small tree.

The sailors lay and watched them for some minutes.

"Isn't that chap with the pestle a strapper?" exclaimed Valorous. "Only look at those arms and legs! Wouldn't care to have him crack me on the head with that ere big truncheon o' hisn," remarked Neeze. "No more would I," said Pleem Frost. "But they all looked good-natured and clever."

"I'd like a swig o' that new cider," muttered Rummy.

"I, too," said Clum. "And I'm going to ask 'em for some."

"Don't you do it!" muttered Lyme Stowell. "Keep still!"

"Who's afraid of those five or six Injuns, half women, too? *Ahoy there, Mr. Indian man! Gimme a mug o' yer cider!*"

The Indian mashing up apples stopped and turned to look in the direction of the hail; so did the others.

"You've done it," muttered the supercargo, wrathfully.

"It's no use hiding now," said Valorous. "They see us. Let's go down where they are."

So without further ado they went down the side

of the gully, and approached the Indians, who had gathered in a group and were staring at the whites with all their eyes. They seemed amazed, and one or two appeared afraid, drawing back somewhat as the sailors came up. But the large Indian—and on near approach they found that he was indeed a "strapper"—stood grinning, and looked good-natured; he was dressed somewhat like the Picunchees, but had very long hair, braided a massy queue; he also wore armlets and anklets of some bright metal.

Valorous, advancing to him, said, "How de do?" and put out his hand to shake. The big Indian grunted, grinned, and slowly extended his own hand, seeming not to comprehend at first. Valorous shook his hand heartily, whereat the savage laughed uneasily. Then Clum rushed up and shook his hand, and pointed to the cider trough, made a motion as if to drink. They understood that, and all laughed and jabbered in great glee.

Little gourds, from the rind of some kind of fruit or nut were lying about, and the new cider was at once offered the sailors in these, all they wanted, and it was good. A squaw also offered them thin apple sauce, in a little copper kettle; but Rummy, who tasted it, pronounced it "flat."

Two or three children were seen peeping out of a thicket. One squaw was slicing apples with a knife, and had a quantity spread out on

poncho skins, evidently to dry in the sun. There appeared to be nothing sinister about this party, or family; they acted friendly, and gave their strange visitors freely of whatever they had.

"These are good enough folks," Rummy said. "They are no more savages than anybody."

There was not much to do or to say, since they could not understand each other, but they sat down and looked good-humoredly into each other's faces.

After a time three more Indians came along from below; these had the quarters of some creature, freshly butchered, as large as a sheep. Two of them were young men, not fully grown, large boys, in fact; they were more boisterous than the men, and stared rather rudely at the sailors, particularly at Clum, who was examining the cider mill. One of them at length made signs for Clum to wrestle with him.

"I wouldn't do it," Valorous said; so Clum put him off good-naturedly. But he kept teasing him, and trying to take hold in a rude though not ill-natured way."

#### WRESTLING.

"You can *down* him," said Rummy, "if he is the biggest."

They began to wrestle. The Indian boy was much the heavier, but he did not understand Clum's manoeuvres, and got thrown every time. But he showed no ill-temper, and the Indians, gathering around, seemed only amused at the play. Quite a number of other Indians, men, boys and squaws, came up the ravine, and another of the young braves wanted to wrestle with Clum. But the latter was tired of the play by this time, so Rummy took hold of the newcomer, and threw him without much difficulty two or three times. The Indians and whites gathered closely about, laughing; but while the two were on the ground, Clum saw one of the other Indian boys reach out his hand and snatch something out of Rummy's pocket.

"That fellow has got your jack-knife, Rummy," said Clum.

Thereupon Rummy turned upon the young savage, and extended his hand threateningly. The boy backed off; Rummy followed him up, and the Indian kicked at him. Upon that, Rummy closed with him, and threw him down. The knife was dropped in the scuffle; Rummy took it up and put it in his pocket again. The young Indian was angry at being thus exposed, probably, for the others jeered at him; and so far as the whites saw, they appeared to think none the worse of them for thus standing for their rights.

But Valorous thought they had better go on. "We may get into some fuss with 'em," said he.

So they shook hands with two of the largest Indians, then withdrew up the bank of the hollow, and went back to where their sacks were. These were now filled in part,—as heavily as they deemed it prudent to attempt to carry,—and then they turned their faces coastward, for the brig. But considerable time had been spent; they were hungry and soon stopped to prepare some food, and it being now towards sunset, they concluded to camp for the night. They had come no more than three or four miles from the place where they had met the Indians, and as the wind had come on to blow, they built their camp-fire in one of the *barrancas* where there was a small brook.

#### ATTACKED.

I am at a loss to understand why the Patagonians should have attacked them here; for they seemed so friendly and good-natured in the afternoon that neither Valorous nor the others felt themselves in any danger from them. It may have been cupidity, to possess their knives or muskets, or some freak arising from superstition.

Just after it had grown dark, while the New Englanders were sitting round their fire in the ravine, they heard the Indians—a considerable party of them, apparently—on the top of the bank or bluff above them. Valorous called out to them but received no answer.

"They're up to mischief, I believe," said Pleem Frost. "They mean to make trouble."

It was impossible to see just where the savages were, or how many they were; they appeared to be gathering along the border of the ravine. The boys got their muskets ready to fire; then Neeze Hartly shouted to the Indians again. He asked what they wanted, but they, of course, understood not a word of his English.

There was silence for some minutes. "What's best to do?" questioned Pleem. "Had we better go up and see what they want?"

"No, hold on a while," said Valorous, seriously. "No knowing what they're up to. I am afraid, boys, that they mean to attack us."

He had hardly spoken these prophetic words when a shower of stones, bolas, and lances was thrown down at them. Neeze Hartly was hit and probably stunned.

"Run back out of the light of the fire!" ordered Valorous, and they all did so, except Neeze. Some of the others were slightly hurt.

Seeing them run, as many as twenty Indians came rushing down the bank, brandishing their bolas and lances.

"Stand fast here by the brook!" cried Valorous; "and give 'em cold lead!"

Frost, Clum and Rummy discharged the three muskets and probably did execution, for the Patagonians were close upon them; but next moment a deadly *meelee* began there among the rocks of the brook. The savages had now the advantage of their long lances, which they drove at the Americans from all sides. There was no time to reload the muskets after once discharged, and they could only be used as clubs. The young sailors appear to have fought desperately. Valorous, who had a cutlass, sprang across the brook, into the midst of their assailants, and brushing aside the lances, cut down one or more of the Indians. Had the other boys been equally well armed, the result might have been different. "Come on! come on!" he shouted to them.

A lance thrust at him, by an Indian standing behind the foremost, struck him in the face and he fell back over a rock. But he sprang to his feet, and striking aside several lance-points, was making at his foes again, when a bolas wound itself about both his body and arms. While thus entangled, struggling desperately, he was pierced with lances and borne to the ground. Still again he raised himself a little and called out, "Run, boys: Put for the brig! They're too much for us!" Those were his last words. Thus perished a brave fellow.

#### PUT TO FLIGHT.

The others were meantime fighting, hand to hand, trying to beat off the Twelches with their gun-butts and get up with the mate. Lyman Stowell, the supercargo, having no weapon, snatched up two large stones, one in each hand, and jumping the brook, threw them with all his strength at the savages around Valorous. But he was instantly set upon by three or four Indians who drove him backwards into the brook and speared him there. He called out in agonizing tones at almost the same instant that Valorous shouted "Run, boys!"

Hearing that, Clum, Rummy and Pleem Frost ran for their lives up the side of the gulley, hotly pursued by the Twelches, who flung bolas at them by the score. They were nimble enough to gain the top of the bank, and ran as fast as they could. There were dark clouds, and the wind was blowing hard, making the trees sway and rustle loudly. Panic-stricken now, the boys fled, but managed to keep together, calling to each other in low tones as they ran from one clump of trees to another. Frost and Clum had dropped the heavy muskets, but Rummy still had the barrel of his in his hand; the stock had been broke off while fighting.

The Indians were chasing them; four or five kept pretty close after them for as much as a mile. It had begun to rain a little from a squall that was passing over. Thinking that the savages had given up the pursuit, the three lay down in the bed of a gully to get breath a moment.

"For heaven's sake, where can we go?" panted Pleem Frost; "where can we go?"

"Find our trail and make for the brig," whispered Rummy.

Just then they heard steps, and then, against the faint light above the edge of the bank, they saw the form of an Indian, with his lance; he was alone. They held their breaths as the Indian stopped to listen. The savage had been close upon their track probably all the time.

There were loose stones in the bed of the gully; Frost and Clum instinctively clutched each a stone. In doing so, they made a slight rattling noise which the Twelche heard; he thrust his long lance down among them. Clum seized hold of it in an instant, and rising to his feet, threw the stone at the savage. Rummy was up with equal alertness. They snatched his lance and a set of bolas which he had wound around his body, and ran on again. The lance was twelve or fourteen feet long, but not heavy; Frost trailed it after him as he ran.

By this time it was raining furiously, and so black was the night that they could not see the tree trunks a foot before their eyes. They were compelled to feel their way forward. Suddenly they arrived on the brink of a great *barranca*, and Rummy, who was a step in advance, fell over the edge of the bank—down for twenty or thirty feet, but fortunately struck in a slide of loose dirt.

"Drop down!" he called out to Clum and Frost, who had heard him fall and had stopped. "Drop right here!" They slid down, and coming to the bottom of the ravine, found a brook there.

Frost was now lying by there in the shelter of the *barranca*. "No," said Rummy. "As soon as 'tis morning the whole crew of 'em will be tracking us. They'll find our tracks in the dirt here. We must get such a start that they can't overtake us."

Shortly after, they came where the *barranca* was not so deep, and climbed out. The ground was very rocky, and there were pine trees here, as they ascertained by feeling of the "needles." They took a course as nearly right to get on the path they had followed from the coast, as they could judge in the night; and walked as fast as possible, but soon found that they were in a valley between two high mountains.

Clum felt sure that this valley, or "pass," was taking them to the westward of their proper course. But they dared not go back, and so hurried forward through the pass. The shadows of the mountains seemed to grow higher on either hand as they went on, and as it grew light, they found themselves in a vast gorge, with precipitous crags rising high into the sky on both sides. The ravine was peculiar for the vast slides of rocks and coarse gravel which lay banked against the foot of the precipices on either hand. In places, there were thousands of cart loads of little flat stones, no larger than one's fingers, lying in loose "shoots" as they had slid down the mountains.

They pushed on along this desolate pass till sunrise. They had nothing to eat save one apple which had by chance remained in Frost's pocket; but there was water in the gorge. Frost now became exhausted, and all three, indeed, were in great distress, though the two younger boys thought they ought to push on; Frost sat down, declaring that, come what would, he could go no further. Then they concealed themselves behind a large boulder and lay there for an hour or two. But

Rummy got so uneasy that he went back a little way along the gorge, and sat watching from the corner of some stones. His presentiment of danger was well-grounded; he had been on the lookout for no more than half an hour, when he saw four Patagonians less than a mile distant, back in the pass. He ran where Frost and Clum lay, exclaiming, "The Indians are coming! We must run!"

"I can't," said Frost, despondently. "They'd overtake us anyway. There is no chance to escape. We might as well fight it out with 'em."

"We'll surely be killed," said Rummy. "We stand no chance."

But Frost would not stir; he was very faint, and trembled from exhaustion.

Then Clum said, "I've a notion they wouldn't find us if we were to cover ourselves up in those little stones and smooth ourselves over. I'm going to try it."

He walked out on the steep "shoot," scooped a hole in the loose, yielding mass, and covered himself over. The stones sliding down nearly or quite obliterated his tracks on the "shoot."

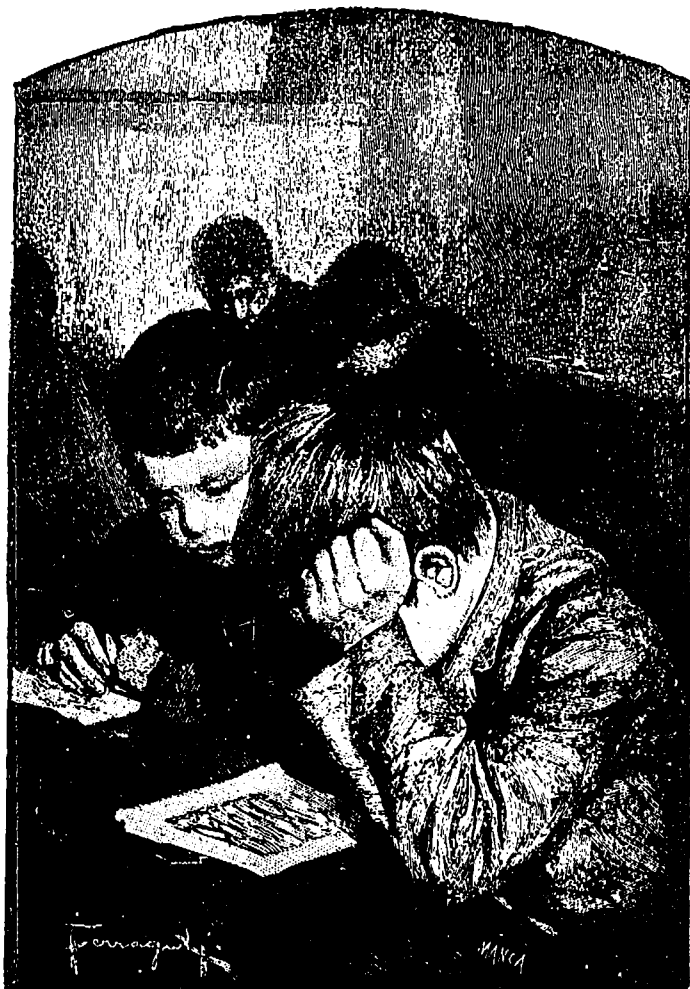
It looked to be so good a plan that Frost and Rummy did the same. They covered their faces all save a few chinks about their eyes.

They had no more than fairly buried themselves in the "shoots," when the Twelches were heard coming rapidly along the pass,—evidently following on their tracks.

(To be continued.)

A house should be thoroughly aired in the early morning by opening opposite doors and windows and allowing a free circulation of air for half an hour. It should then be kept closed during the middle of the day and aired again at evening.

If the kitchen floor is white, give it a coat of raw linseed oil to which has been added a little turpentine and dryer. Applied with a rather stiff brush after dinner (if not a first coat, rub dry with a flannel cloth), it will be ready for use next morning, and easily cleaned with tepid water. There is cleaning enough that must be done to insure healthful conditions without scrubbing floors.



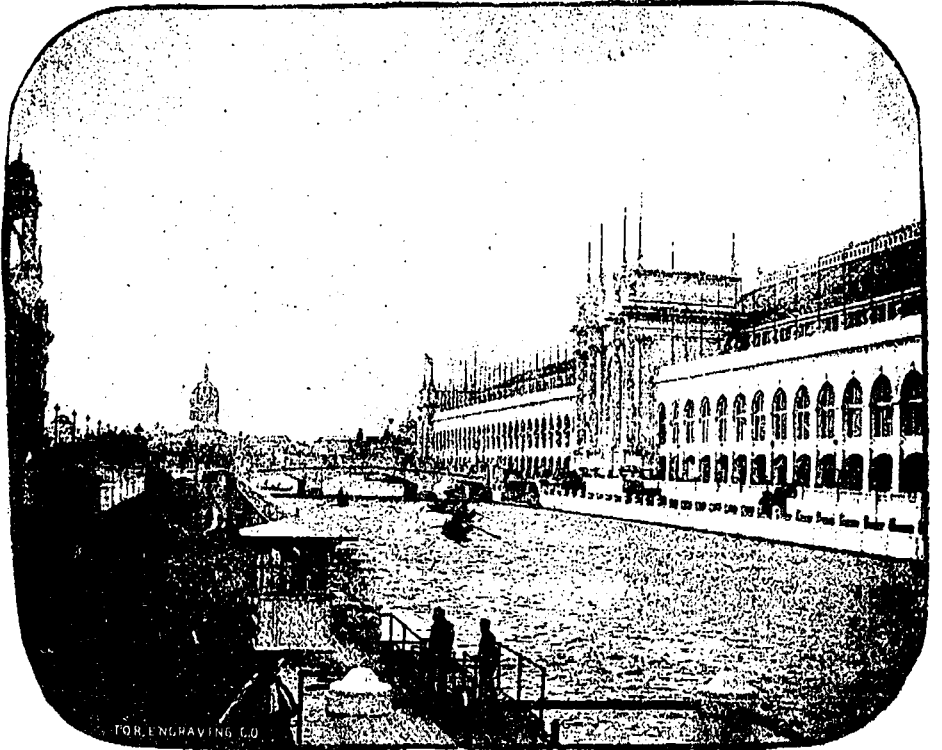
## Our World's Fair Illustrations.

SPECIALLY ENGRAVED FOR MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

THE beautiful views of the World's Fair which appeared in our last issue attracted a great deal of attention. So great was the demand for the September issue, that long before the end of the month copies had become scarce. The publishers of a leading Chicago journal having seen a copy at once wrote and purchased a set of the splendid half-tone pictures from us. A set was also sold the Toronto "Globe" for their illustrated Saturday supplement of September 30th, and two leading Canadian monthly magazines have also arranged with us to use these much admired photo-engravings.

We are glad to present in this issue another group of illustrations also made from "snap-shot" photographs taken by Mr. W. E. H. Massey while at the Columbian Exposition in May last, and it is our intention to reproduce a still further set in the November number.

In addition to views of the Fair, on the following page

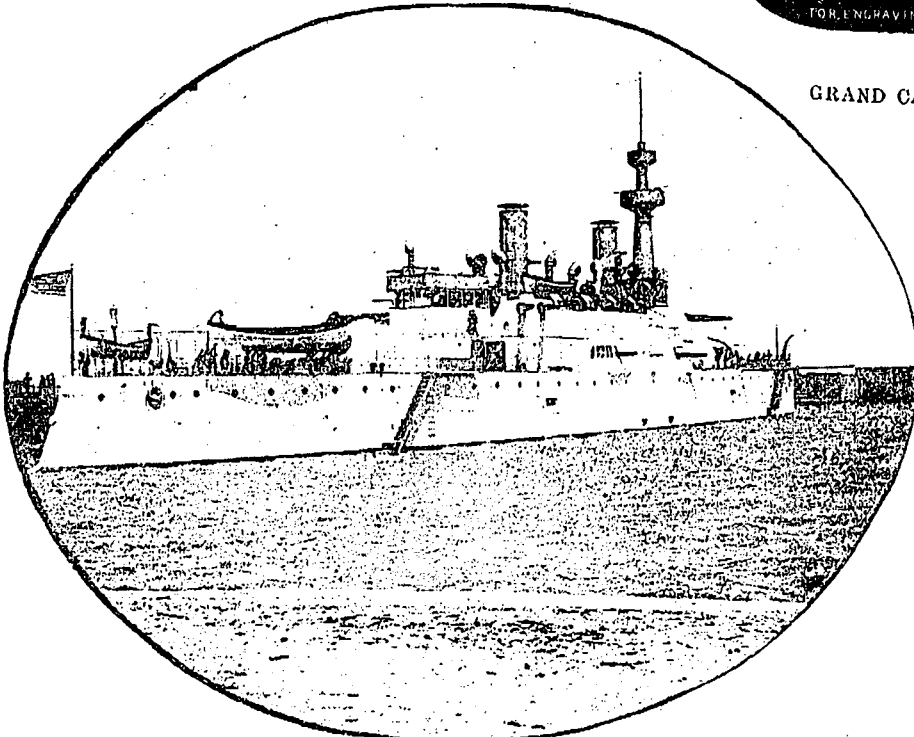


Specially engraved for Massey's Illustrated. Photo. by W. E. H. M.  
GRAND CANAL BETWEEN THE MANUFACTURERS' AND ELECTRICITY BUILDINGS.

Canadian firm heads all countries in its output of agricultural machinery, and in its high quality and excellence, and that in doing so it reflects the highest credit on itself, on the country wherein its vast interests are centred, and on the great nation to which Canada belongs.

There was an additional fitness in this exhibit at the World's Fair, because the company practically deems the world its field, and the extent of its operations is graphically illustrated by the four lines of flags radiating from the giant Union Jack that surmounts the centre of the MASSEY-HARRIS exhibit. Each of these foreign flags indicate that this company do business in the country or state thus represented, and when it is stated that there are upwards of one hundred of these pennants, the reader will understand, as has been said, the enormous extent of the business of this great company, and of the processions of implements that emanate from their several factories at Toronto, Brantford and Woodstock. Their total output of machines and implements this season has, in fact, nearly reached the 50,000 mark. Such a fact aptly emphasizes the foregoing.

Their exhibit is situated in what is known as the Annex of the Agricultural Palace—a structure not surpassed by



Specially engraved for Massey's Illustrated. Photo. by W. E. H. M.  
FULL-SIZE MODEL OF U.S. CRUISER "ILLINOIS."

will be seen the portraits of two of the Canadian commissioners—Mr. J. S. Larke, Executive Commissioner for the Dominion Government, and Mr. N. AWREY, Commissioner for the Province of Ontario.

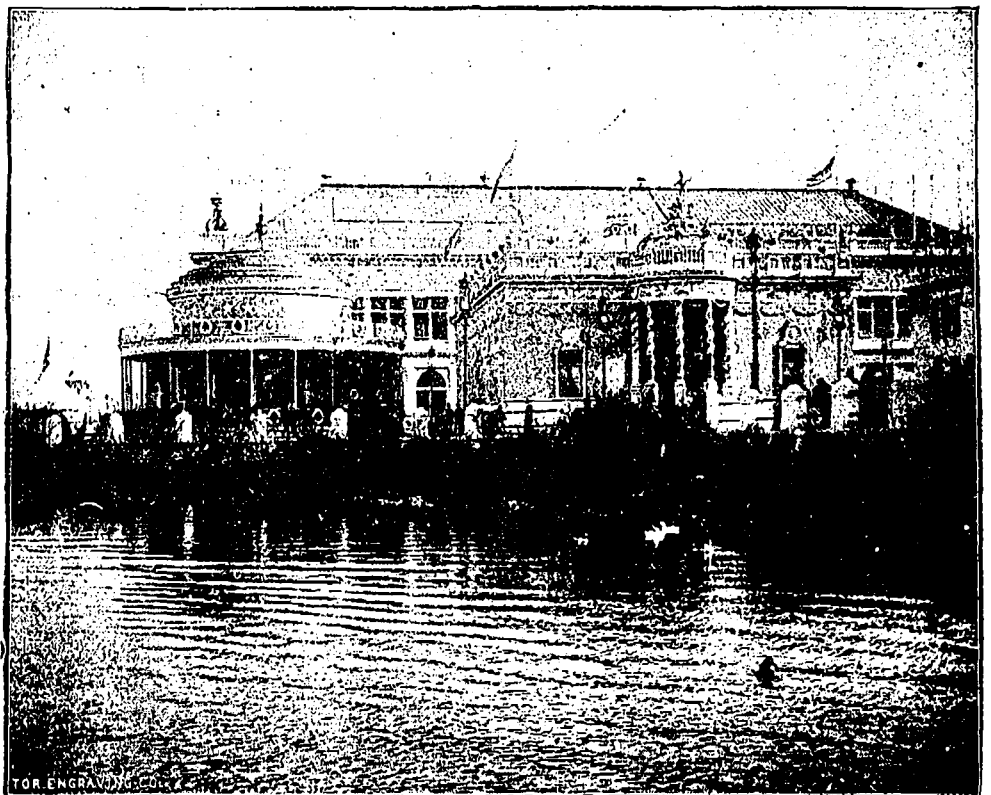
Great credit is due Mr. Larke for the efficient manner in which he has performed the arduous duties of his office, and both he and Mr. Awrey have certainly made good use of the limited appropriations made by the respective Governments for which they were acting.

It must be exceedingly gratifying to all Canadians to hear from people of every nation the continual praises of the magnificent exhibit of MASSEY-HARRIS CO. LTD.

Below we append another good description of this far-famed display of implements which we clipped from the Toronto "Globe" of Saturday, September 30th, which appeared under the heading of

### CANADA AT CHICAGO.

That the leading manufacturers of agricultural implements in Canada should have the leading exhibit of such goods at the leading Fair in the world's history, was to be expected by those who are acquainted with the MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY and their enterprising methods of doing business. Equally fitting was it that a firm that is able to boast of being "the Largest Makers under the British flag," as the legend on their great banner reads, should show the world that this



Specially engraved for Massey's Illustrated. Photo. by W. E. H. M.  
"WHITE STAR" AND "PUCK" BUILDINGS. END OF HORTICULTURAL PALACE IN BACK GROUND.



MR. N. AWREY, COMMISSIONER FOR ONTARIO.

any of the great buildings in Jackson Park for external beauty and interior spaciousness and adaptability for its intended purposes. The MASSEY-HARRIS COMPANY were fortunate in securing the largest space allotted to any one firm of implement makers, the area comprising nearly 4,000 square feet, with the decided advantage as to location in that it faces three wide aisles or avenues. Even this space was none too large to accommodate the goods shown, and the general effect, as seen from any one of the many vantage points, is striking and effective.

The articles shown are an epitome of the wide range of manufacture of the MASSEY-HARRIS firm. Before referring specifically to them, however, mention should be made of the handsome and artistically designed structure erected

windows are richly draped, and surmounting the cornices of the structure are gilded reaper finger bars. Surrounding this office is arranged the company's large exhibit of sixty or more implements, on a carpeted floor, the Court being inclosed by a handsome nickel railing. The implements are of much beauty of design, and are very richly finished. The machines attracting special attention are the Massey-Harris Wide-Open Binder, Toronto Mower, Brantford Mower, Massey-Harris Cultivator, Sharp's Hay rake—all of which are elegantly plated and beautifully finished. The wood entering into the construction of these machines is all native Canadian, and, being finely polished, attracts much attention. The other implements are all handsomely painted in the same colors which they are usually painted for sale. Many of the machines are shown in full motion.

Adjoining the office a large showcase contains scores of medals and trophies

tion of the handsome Separator by incandescent electric lights, by means of which the working parts are plainly seen as they run almost as noiselessly as a watch. It is not to be wondered at that it attracts a great deal of notice.

In the foreground of the area, at one side, tiers of plows are placed, made by the Verity Plow Co. (Ltd.) of Brantford.

It is needless to add that visitors at the stand receive the most courteous attention, and a large number of comfortable chairs have been provided for their convenience. Canadians are



Specially engraved for Massey's Illustrated. Photo. by W. E. H. M.  
THE CANADIAN BUILDING. GERMAN BUILDING IN BACK GROUND.



Specially engraved for Massey's Illustrated. Photo. by W. E. H. M.  
THE BRITISH BUILDING ON THE LAKE FRONT.

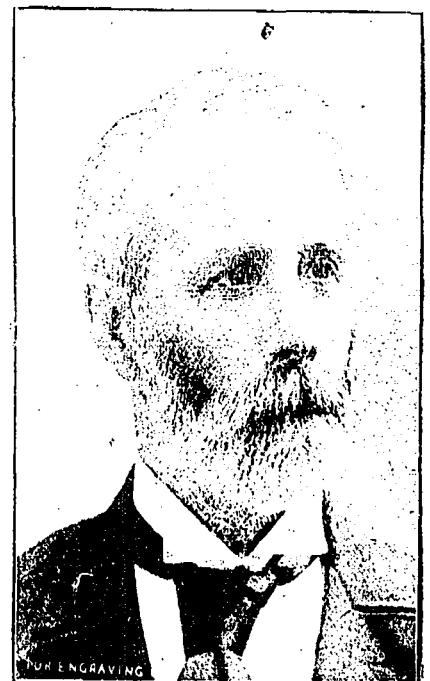
in the centre of the Court as an office. It is made of native Canadian wood, and is thus a unique forestry exhibit in itself. The panels below are artistically filled in with specimens of various woods and also iron and steel parts which enter into the construction of the machine, including specimens of castings, steel forgings, knives and knife sections, which are made by the company from raw materials. The plate glass

won by the company in field tests in home and foreign countries, many of them having been keenly contested.

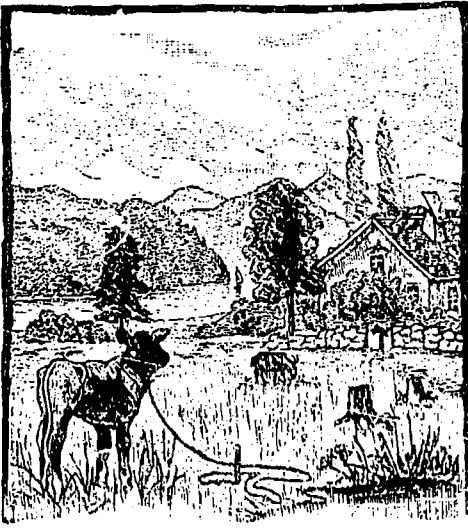
The exhibit also numbers among its contents a highly finished engine and thresher made by the Sawyer & Massey Co., of Hamilton. The silver-plated and polished brass parts of the former and the panels of bevelled plate glass and the wood and birch fittings of the latter, are an unusual feature, as is the interior illumina-

tion cordially invited to make themselves at home at the company's stand, which is conveniently located and a desirable place to make appointments, etc. A visitor's register is kept.

The exhibit as a whole, in conclusion, is not only one of the chief attractions in a great building where many marvels are to be seen—is not only a great credit to Great Britain and her richest daughter—but it is one of the most effective advertisements Canada has at the great Columbian Exposition.



J. S. LARKE, ESQ.  
Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada.



### Oh, Fairest of the Rural Maids.

Oh, fairest of the Rural maids!  
Thy birth was in the forest shades;  
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky  
Were all that met thy infant eye.

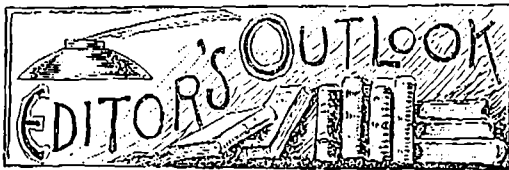
Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child  
Were ever in the sylvan wild;  
And all the beauties of the place  
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight on the trees and rocks  
Is in the light shade of thy locks;  
Thy step is as the wind that weaves  
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs in whose serene  
And silent waters heaven is seen;  
Their lashes are the herbs that look  
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths by foot unpressed  
Are not more sinless than thy breast;  
The holy peace, that fills the air  
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

—Wm. Cullen Bryant,



### Toronto Exhibition.

WITH the first two weeks of this month the Canadian Fall Fairs will have been a thing of the past. On the whole they have been fairly successful, some of them particularly so and others about the average of previous years. The palm is always easily carried off by the Toronto Industrial Fair. Anything like serious competition with this great fair is not attempted, although in some of the departments the exhibits at Montreal, Hamilton, Ottawa, Kingston and London made a very excellent second to the corresponding exhibits in Toronto. At the latter fair the entries in almost all the sections exceeded in number those of any former year, and in quality, the merits have been seldom, if ever, surpassed. The attendance during the first week was much smaller than had been expected, but the last week brought the people from all over the country and the receipts went up until they exceeded last year's drawings. The weather was superb. With the exception of a few showers of rain on Thursday of the first week, there was nothing left to be desired; sunshine and clear skies favored the visitors of whom there were no lack. The biggest day on record was Wednesday, Farmers' Day, when it was estimated that over one hundred thousand people passed the turnstiles. Among the visitors were some illustrious statesmen and business men who were impressed with the growing magnitude of the fair, and with the lively interest manifested in the concern by the public. One of the features was the daily lunch at which the directors entertained distinguished guests and representative exhibitors. As in former years these little gatherings were taken advantage of for suggestions as to im-

provement of certain departments of the fair, and several influential speakers took occasion to complain of the undue prominence given to the special attractions of the circus ring.

It was satisfactory to observe the great improvement in the stables and byres. The accommodation was ample and of a most comfortable character. Now that the live stock has been comfortably and amply housed, it remains to extend and improve the accommodation provided for other classes of exhibits. No doubt the Association will give attention to the matter as soon as funds will permit and that in a few years at most, the buildings all along the line will be in keeping with the high character of the exhibition. The first week was devoted to the industrial and mechanical departments, to the display exhibits from the factories and warehouse and to horticulture. The second week was largely absorbed by the live stock. As usual the display of agricultural implements was the great object of attraction to the crowds of visitors. Coming fresh from harvesting operations, it was natural that the farmers should desire to find out for themselves the latest improvements in farm machinery, especially in the machinery connected with the harvesting of grain. There were many fine machines and implements to be seen, the great Massey-Harris exhibit containing in itself many specimens of the latest and best designs and improved machinery. The illustrated catalogues supplied by that firm were eagerly sought after and the interest manifested around the stand was most gratifying. The grain and roots were a fine display but not very much in excess in quantity of former years, but the quality was better in many respects than last year. The dairy products might have been made more of. Indeed the fair was weak on this point. Advantage ought to be taken of the fair to bring into the utmost possible prominence those lines of product which are destined in Ontario to be the staple articles of trade for the farmer. The manufacture of butter and cheese, it is evident, is becoming yearly of more importance to farmers whose wheat yield them small returns, and the exhibition is a time when experiments could be seen under way and when prizes ought to be offered for practical tests and work done on the grounds. It ought to be educational in its aim. Then the exhibit might well be ten times as large as it was. In future years steps in this direction ought to be taken, and indeed, must needs be taken, if the fair will fulfil its highest and legitimate purposes. The live stock, notwithstanding the absence of many celebrated animals at the World's Fair, was up to the standard of former years. Among the cattle were fine herds of shorthorns from Exeter, Seaforth, Salem and Fergus, the last named being one of the finest exhibits of shorthorns at the show. The exhibit of Herefords was not large but there were several very fine animals. The same may be said of the Devons, and Aberdeen Angus polls. Galloways were in better evidence and some beautiful animals were shown. Coming to the Holsteins, the finest display ever made on the grounds was there without doubt. The high quality was remarkable, and the competition was so keen that many most excellent animals failed to get prizes. Guernseys were popular also, there being many fine animals of great milking capacity. Ayrshires and Jerseys ranked with the Holsteins in number and quality and lovers of these breeds were more than gratified with the signal success of the exhibitors. The various breeds of sheep were very fully represented and the pens contained specimens of as fine sheep as were ever shown in Canada. It was a pleasure seldom experienced on an exhibition ground, to go from flock to flock and at every step to see animals of superb quality and high class breeding. There was nothing strikingly new to be seen except so far as the standard of quality was high. Swine and poultry made admirable displays, larger and better than last year. The exhibitors are to be congratulated on the fine stock they have shown, and the directors of the fair for the admirable collection they induced owners to bring together.

A REVIEW of the crops over all the provinces of Canada shows that they were fully up to the average and that harvesting operations were, on the whole, conducted under favorable weather conditions.

THE prospect of the live stock trade in Canada are good, for the coming season. Farmers express themselves as more hopeful of better prices and better stock than last year, and are beginning to provide warmer barns for the more efficient feeding of their cattle during the coming winter.

A RUN through the country last week revealed a satisfactory state of affairs generally among the farmers. Not a grumbler was met on a round of three hundred miles. It was an exceedingly pleasant thing to visit well-kept out-houses. We noticed that where the farm was neatly fenced and the crops carefully garnered, the barns were comfortable and clean and the dwelling-house of an attractive and substantial character. The object lesson was obvious.

HONOURS are still heaped upon Mr. Thomas Shaw, late professor in the Guelph Agricultural College, whose appointment to an important professorship in the West was lately recorded. This time the recognition of his abilities as a learned and scientific agriculturist comes from an important body in the State of Pennsylvania, and it takes the form of election to the membership of the "Society for the Promotion of Science" in the State College of Pennsylvania, an honour only given in cases of undoubted claim on scientific grounds.

THE Bancroft Company, Auditorium Building, Chicago, are early in the field with what bids fair to be the most beautiful as well as the most practicable reproduction of the great Chicago Exposition in book form. The plan is to embody in 1000 imperial folio pages, print and pictures in the highest style of art, all the prominent and representative features, historical and descriptive, of the grand display, buildings and their contents and surroundings, giving enough of every class of exhibits fully and fitly to represent the whole, with minor mention of the others. The work is entitled "The Book of the Fair" and the author is Hubert Howe Bancroft.

THE troubles arising from the want of harmony between Principal Mills and members of the college staff have culminated in the appointment of a new set of men to several positions in the Agricultural College, Guelph. Mr. Wm. Rennie, Markham, will be Farm Superintendent in the place of Professor Shaw; Mr. G. E. Day, Guelph, will be lecturer on Agriculture; Mr. H. L. Hutt, South End, Welland county, will be lecturer on Horticulture; Mr. J. B. Reynolds, B.A., Oshawa, will be the assistant resident master. These appointments will take effect from the beginning of this month. Many farmers will be pleased to know that Prof. Shaw, whose services will be lost to Ontario, will still be employed in giving his skill and knowledge to the cause of agriculture, having been appointed to an important professional position under government in one of the western States, and our readers will have an occasional contribution from his versatile pen.

IN the good old days before the new era of agriculture began a farmer trudged along all day beside his team, he swung the scythe and wielded the sickle. With pick and shovel he wasted the strength of his manhood, and literally by the "sweat of his brow" wrested from



the stubborn earth a bare subsistence. How different in these modern times. A farmer can now sit on a seat and drive the harvester and binder over the fields, accomplishing in a few hours, unaided, as much as formerly required as many days, and that, too, with considerable outlay and assistance. Instead of the rake and shovel there is the modern cultivator, on which he can ride, with ease to himself, and accomplish the labor more effectually than by the former waste of strength. In every way has manual labor been reduced to the minimum. Oh yes, the farmer is better off to-day than he was in the good old days, even if wheat is cheaper.

Do not thresh your grain too early in the season. Often the grain is not sufficiently dry. A great deal is not threshed out, and it is very slow work to put the straw through the machine at all. The sweating of the grain after threshing will be much greater and make it harder to keep from molding and heating. There is far more loss from grain threshed too early than from that threshed out late. Modern science has perfected the binder now so that it will put up straw much greener than formerly. And where clean, sweet straw is wanted, the threshing must not be done until the grain is dry and partly sweated out. Where a farmer owns his own machine, whether it is run by horse or steam power the work can be profitably deferred. We know very many farmers who have not their own machines are induced to thresh too early because some public threshing machine comes near the farm, and those near must have the work done at once, or run the risk of not getting it done for maybe a long while. These perambulatory threshing machines are troublesome and unprofitable. The owners want to make a long season of it, and they begin early—too early for most grain, and the farmers have to submit. The new "Columbia" Separator is just the thing for the farmers' own use. This little thresher (made by Sawyer & Massey Co., Ltd.) is cheap and good. It does thorough work, takes little power and is very small and convenient. It is intended to meet the difficulty we have mentioned. We know it is often necessary for the farmer to get his grain to market early for pecuniary reasons, but where possible postpone your threshing till your grain is at least partly sweated out.

DURING the past month death removed one of Canada's brightest and greatest statesmen, who, although for a few years before the end of his life, in the obscurity of private life, was a power to be felt in the thoughtful minds who could not forget his brilliant services and his wise, public-spirited policy. We refer to Sir Alexander Tullock Galt, K.C.M.G., who died on the nineteenth ult. He was a son of the celebrated Stottish writer, John Galt, who came to Canada in connection with the operations of a land company. After him was the town of Galt named. Sir Alexander entered business in the Eastern Townships and entered parliament when still a very young man. He rose to prominence by sheer ability and was not long in coming to the front. He was a leading figure in the deliberations which resulted in establishing the Dominion, and few of the Fathers of Confederation have a more distinguished part than he. He was Minister of Finance for the Dominion, and was a brilliant minister. He afterwards became High Commissioner for Canada in London, a post he vacated in the interest of Sir Charles Tupper, to the great regret of a wide circle of British public men, who appreciated the statesmanlike qualities of the cultured, high-souled Canadian, and who parted with him as if with a most valued friend and public man. His farewell tour in Britain was like a triumphal progress. He was feted, banquetted and entertained in the large cities of England and Scotland and complimentary addresses of a most flattering character were heaped upon him from civic and commercial and from professional bodies. One

after another our old statesmen are falling off and Sir Alexander's death reminds us once more that time is passing swiftly, that with us our country is rapidly passing from youth to mature manhood, leaving the primitive log-house and reaping-hook behind and decking out the country sides with the material signs of beautiful comfort which took the accumulated savings of two or three generations to furnish.

LAST month brought a new Governor General to our shores. Since confederation Canada has been fortunate in the choice made for her of Governor Generals. Lord Dufferin is a prince among ambassadors, Lorne is the Queen's son-in-law, a man of caution and solid worth. Lansdowne was a member of the Imperial government, and succeeded to the vice-royalty of India. He is one of the strongest statesmen among the peers of Britain. Derby made a prudent chief officer, and if quietly disposed and retiring, his interest in the affairs of state was deep and intelligent. No mistakes can be laid to his door. Now comes Aberdeen and his countess, both of the very highest repute as public personages. They have been greeted with the most cordial possible salutations and these were richly deserved. Their advent is justly regarded as of special significance to Canada, and there is little doubt they will use the opportunities of their high position to the best account. They are thus coupled together, for Lady Aberdeen has a distinguished personality of her own. She occupies a unique and distinct place in the social and philanthropic life of her country and her name will stand on its merits among those of men and women who have done much in this generation to beautify and elevate the life of the people—rich and poor. Lord Aberdeen is a practical agriculturist and our farmers may expect to hear from him often on topics in which they and he are mutually interested. Moreover he is a Canadian farmer with a personal interest in our soil. That the high expectations formed of the vice-regal couple may be amply fulfilled is the sincere desire of the people of Canada.

AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun  
And count the things that we have done  
And counting find  
One self-denying act, one word  
That eased the heart of him who heard,  
One glance most kind  
That fell like sunshine where it went,  
Then we may count the day well spent.  
  
But if, through all the livelong day,  
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;  
If through it all  
We've done no thing that we can trace  
That brought the sunshine to a face;  
No act, most small,  
That helped a soul and nothing cost,  
Then count that day as worse than lost.  
—Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.

Principal Canadian Fairs.

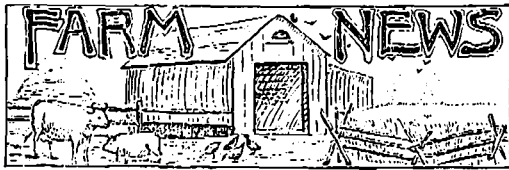
FOLLOWING are the dates of the chief fairs to be held in Canada this month:—

Aylmer.....	Oct. 2nd and 4th.
Cayuga.....	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Paris.....	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Arthur.....	Oct. 3rd and 4th.
Stayner.....	Oct. 3rd to 5th.
Almonte.....	Oct. 3rd to 5th.
Chatham.....	Oct. 3rd to 5th.
Markham.....	Oct. 4th to 6th.
Esora.....	Oct. 5th and 6th.
Beachburg.....	Oct. 5th and 6th.
Otterville.....	Oct. 6th and 7th.
Ridgetown.....	Oct. 9th to 11th.
Woodbridge.....	Oct. 17th and 18th.
Smeoe.....	Oct. 17th to 19th.

THE crop bulletin issued by the Manitoba government notes the scarcity of female help on the farms. The problem of female help is a knotty one, and one that seems far from solution. Immigration agents ought to give this question their special attention.



- 1st.—Principal Cunningham, of St. Andrews, Scotland, died. . . . Mrs. Jas. Morton, St. Mary's, Ont., died from injuries received in a runaway accident. . . . Port of Grimsby, England, declared infected with cholera.
- 2nd.—Messrs. Mercier and Robideaux retreated to the Trappist monastery at Orléans, Que., for eight days. Mr. King, inspector of the Montreal Post Office, retired. Business reviving throughout Australia and New South Wales.
- 4th.—Ten thousand miners in South Wales and Monmouthshire have gone back to work. . . . Floods are causing great damage in the province of Behar, Bengal. . . . Provincial Exhibition, Montreal, open to-day.
- 5th.—The C.P.R. issued a new grain tariff to take effect to-day. . . . Toronto Industrial Exhibition opened. . . . Mr. Wilfred Laurier opened his Ontario tour at Newmarket. . . . Trades and labor congress of Canada opened at Montreal.
- 6th.—Mr. Mackenzie Bowell left for Australia. . . . Parade of all Canadian live stock exhibited at World's Fair, at Chicago. . . . Mr. Wilfred Laurier was the guest of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition at luncheon.
- 7th.—Lord Aberdeen embarked at Liverpool to-day for Canada. . . . The third annual convention of the Federated Association of Letter Carriers met at Montreal. . . . During the storm to-day many barns were struck by lightning and all the season's crops destroyed.
- 8th.—Premier Greenway, of Manitoba, reported seriously ill. . . . The striking colliers in Yorkshire are doing great damage to mining property. . . . Sir Howard Grubb has finished an object glass for the new equatorial at Greenwich observatory.
- 9th.—A banquet tendered to Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., ex-Attorney-General of England, at St. James' Club, Montreal. . . . Mrs. Cleveland, President of the United States, gave birth to a daughter.
- 11th.—Prince Bismarck's condition causing serious alarm. . . . The miners of North Staffordshire have resumed work at their old wages. . . . Sir Charles Tupper and lady visited the mines near Rat Portage.
- 12th.—The transfer of the Columbian emeralds from the Queen of Spain to the United States Government. . . . Insect plague in England. . . . The alleged heresy case against Prof. Campbell resumed to-day.
- 13th.—The Dominion Tariff Commission met in Cornwall to take evidence of farmers. . . . Fears are entertained of another South African rising among the Matabeles.
- 14th.—The rebel Brazilian fleet commenced to bombard Rio de Janeiro. . . . Sir John Thomson attended a Conservative demonstration at Ste. Rose, Laval Co., Que. . . . The second day proceedings of the Anglican General Synod took place in Toronto.
- 15th.—Benoit Malon, the well-known French socialist author, died. . . . The Bank of England reduces its rate of discount from five to four per cent.
- 16th.—Cholera increasing in Hungary and Galicia. . . . The town of Villa Comas in the Province of Toledo, Spain, is devastated by floods; about forty lives lost.
- 18th.—The royal mail steamer *Sardinian* with the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen on board arrived at Quebec on Sunday the 17th. The new governor made his official landing at nine o'clock.
- 19th.—Serious outbreak of typhoid fever at Carleton Place. . . . Bishop Mackray, of Rupert's Land, elected first Primate of Canada by the Anglican General Synod. . . . Sir Alexander T. Galt, K.C.M.G., died in his 74th year.
- 20th.—Sir Henry Tyler, President of the G. T. Railway, visited Stratford. . . . Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick visited the Whitby fair. . . . Mr. Wilfred Laurier met with an enthusiastic reception at Port Elgin.
- 21st.—Archbishop Cleary dedicated the new Catholic Church at Picton. . . . At Windsor John Vrooman was found guilty of manslaughter of James Hickey. . . . Cornwall, Ont., has a curfew bell.
- 22nd.—Meeting of delegates to fix the grain standard for the territory west of Lake Superior. . . . The bullion in the Bank of England increased \$283,000. . . . Senator John Boyd sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick.
- 23rd.—Snow fell heavily in the North of England to the depth of four inches. . . . The Ontario Government offer a reward of \$150.00 for the apprehension of the murderer of Angus McLeod, Napanee.
- 25th.—Vice Regal party arrived in Ottawa. . . . Rev. John Fraser, A.A., a former well-known missionary of the Presbyterian Church, died at Montreal, aged 75. . . . The British flagship *Camperdown* which collided with the ill-fated *Victoria* is aground in Valetta harbor, Malta.
- 26th.—Prof. Henry Drummond, Scottish author, arrived in Montreal. . . . Rev. Paul Larocque, Canon of the diocese of St. Hyacinthe, was appointed Bishop of Sherbrooke.
- 27th.—Newmarket show opened to-day. . . . A. Cowan, of Toronto, elected grand commander of the Knights of St. John and Malta at Philadelphia.
- 28th.—Clifford Calverley, of Toronto, the high wire walker, fell in Trenton, N.J., eighty feet, breaking both arms and suffering internally, which may prove fatal.
- 29th.—The battleship *Nisao* badly injured in collision with a dredge at Portsmouth.
- 30th.—The Derbyshire miners refuse to discuss a reduction of wages with the mine owners. . . . Ald. George R. Tyler elected Lord Mayor of London.



**Hints on Plowing.**

A SHORT chapter on plowing is given by the *American Agriculturist* which will be read with interest by our readers. It has been furnished by Mr. Charles E. Benton, Massachusetts:—A plow is simply a wedge, which is forced between the furrow slice and the land, to separate the two. Like all wedges it is most efficient, when the force is applied most nearly in line with the direction of its work. To accomplish this, the clevis and the traces should be adjusted until the required depth is attained. Or if a wheel is used let that be placed at the proper height, adjust the clevis and let out the traces until the wheel runs on the ground all the way. A plow properly adjusted will run flat, and will not bevel its point; while if it is

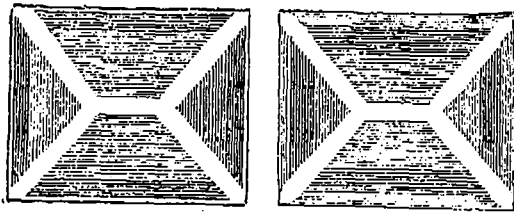


FIG. 1. SOIL PLOWED TOWARDS THE FENCE. FIG. 2. BACK-FURROWING FROM THE FENCE.

adjusted with a high clevis and short traces it will bevel its point by continually running on its nose, and will jump itself out of the ground at every slight obstruction. The side adjustment is governed by the same principles, and there should be no undue pressure on the land-side. Some soils will bear deep plowing, and are positively benefited by it, but others are injured.

The first consideration in plowing a field, is how to lay out the work. An old-time custom, still all too common and popular, because it requires only the minimum of brain labor, was to simply go around the field and forever and forever turn the furrows outward toward the

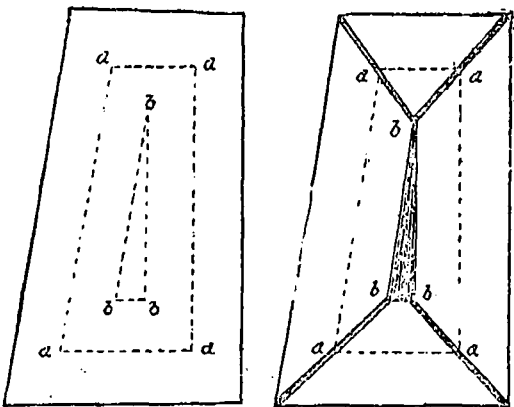


FIG. 3. DIAGRAM FOR PLOWING TOWARDS THE CENTRE. FIG. 4. FIELD PLOWED AND CORNERS BACK FURROWED.

fences. The results may be seen in many an old field in the accumulated depth of soil near the fences, while a gaping central dead furrow with its attenuated corner dead furrows reaching to the fences, is enough to make the cold chills run down the back of a tidy modern farmer. The effect of this kind of plowing is shown in Fig. 1, the shaded portions showing the accumulations of soil near the fences by the "round and round" system.

As a partial remedy for this evil, some have practiced a system of "back furrowing" away from the fences. The effects of this are shown in Fig. 2, where it is seen that, while it keeps the soil from accumulating near the fences, as under the other system, still the evils are only transferred to another part of the field, the

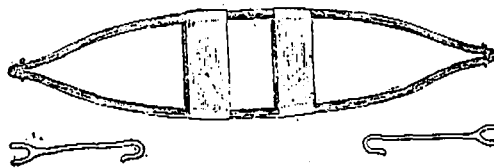
center of the field being still denuded, while the soil continues to be piled in ridges. Even when the back furrows are laid out of unequal width, the unequal distribution of the soil is only a little more spread and less apparent.

To avoid all these imperfections, I plow my fields toward the center. Begin by providing a few dozen light stakes, and a twine a hundred feet in length. Now, with an assistant, measure the length of the string from the fence, and set a few stakes, as shown by the outer dotted line *a* in Fig. 3. Beginning at these stakes measure inward again and set stakes as before, and repeat the process until you have reduced the field to a small center or core bounded in the figure by the inner dotted line *b*. Now begin to plow at the middle of this center piece, turning the furrows toward the center, and being careful to finish even to the stakes. Then back-furrow from each corner of this central piece, to the corresponding corner of the field, going out and back twice on each corner.

The field will then appear as shown in Fig. 4, and you can begin plowing all the way around the central piece, turning the furrows toward the center until the field is completed. The different sets of stakes will serve as guides by which the different sides of the piece will be kept even, and the whole will finish even to the fence. A labor-saving expedient, is to simply back-furrow the corners of the field, as shown in Fig. 4. If it is sod you are plowing, when you reach the back-furrowed corner of the field, without stopping the team you simply roll the plow over on the mouldboard, and while the team makes an easy turn, you guide the plow to its place and let it take its furrow on the other side without pause or hindrance. In fact the corner is turned in this way much easier and quicker than in the ordinary manner of going around the land.

**A Useful Yoke,**

THE following illustration is from the pen of Mr. W. Donnell. It will be found very convenient upon a farm for the carrying of heavy



pails of milk, baskets of fruit or vegetables, or other burdens which otherwise would fall upon the unaided arms. Two-inch strips of ash or other pliant and tough wood are bent and secured by a bolt and nut at either end, these bolts securing also to the ends of two swinging rods of iron, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, with hooks at the ends, or a light chain, or even a rope with a hook at the end can be used instead of the iron rods. Across the yoke are stretched two bands of canvas, or webbing, four inches wide and secured to the wood. If stretched completely around the yoke, the latter can be used on one side as well as the other. These bands rest upon the shoulders and support the weight of the articles being carried. The yoke, when completed, should be about four feet long and very light, yet strongly made.

**Farm Tool Chest.**

A NEAT combination tool chest and bench is shown herewith, engraved after a sketch by Hollister Sage, which anybody can make who is at all handy with tools. An excellent feature about it is that it occupies but little room when closed, and is neat enough to stand anywhere. Of course it can be made of walnut or ash, and of new material as expensively as desired, but if it is for utility and one only wishes to make it as cheaply as possible, pay ten cents for a strong, new dry-goods box about two feet square by three feet long. Take off one side, cleat it for a door, hinge it in place, and the chest is begun. The hinges must be so strong

that when the door is opened wide it will support a portion of the top, which is to open and lie upon it. Next cut boards and nail them to the bottom of this box, so that they will project two inches beyond it on all sides. Now chamfer and sandpaper their edges smooth, then procure some cheap molding and nail it to the box and bottom to conceal the bruised edges of the box and the crevice between the two. The top must now be served in the same manner, excepting that instead of having one thickness of boards there must be two thicknesses hinged

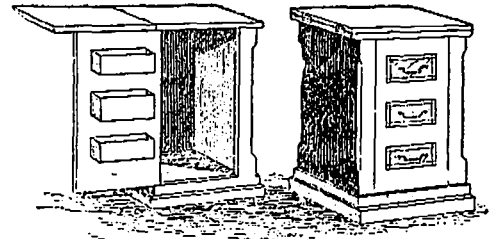
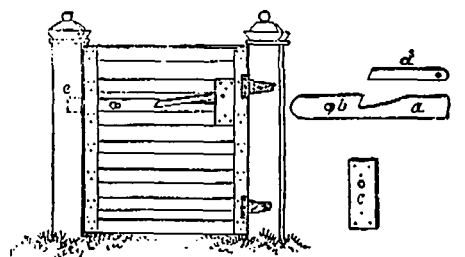


FIG. 1. TOOL CHEST OPEN. FIG. 2. TOOL CHEST CLOSED.

together at the left, so that when open the upper portion, which should be of one broad, handsome board, will lie upon the open door of the chest top side down. These top boards must not be nailed to the top of the box. The top must be attached by hinges at the right side, and a heavy cleat must be put upon its under side, just within the chest at the left. This allows one in search of a tool to lift the top at the left and stand it up to the right. Saws, mallets, chisels, gauges and planes may be placed on end, hung on brackets, or placed in deep compartments six inches from the front of the chest. This front portion of the chest is occupied by the door, and trays attached to it for holding nails, screws, bolts, and small tools like rivets, scratch-awl, punches, files, chalk, or twine. If made of pine, the chest can be neatly stained to resemble cherry or black walnut, and after it is completed and sandpapered, the sides may be paneled, and the door adorned with handles and squares in imitation of drawers if desired.

**A Good Farm Gate.**

IN the far West a barnyard is called by the Spanish name, corral. A gate to a corral that is proof against being opened by swine or cattle should always be provided. One that is excellent for security, and that can be easily constructed by any farmer, is shown in the illustration. It may be of any desired width, but if over three feet wide, it should be provided with a diagonal brace, extending from the lower hinge corner to the opposite upper corner. The gate is made of one-inch lumber, four inches wide, with bottom pieces six inches wide. The vertical cleats on the sides are double, and secured by wrought or wire nails, driven clear through and clinched. A sliding bar, *a*, with



SECURE GATE LATCH.

peg, *b*, extending through for a handle, is notched on the upper side, and placed between two of the gate bars. Two cleats, *c*, of one-by-six inch stuff, are nailed across two bars on the hinge side of the gate. To these cleats a drop catch, *d* is fastened by a wooden pin, so that it will allow the sliding bar to traverse beneath. When the sliding bar is pushed forward into a mortise in the post, the catch falls into the notch, and no cow or horse can possibly remove it.—*J. L. Townshend.*

## Livestock.

### Pig Pens.

THE following illustrations will be found interesting to farmers who raise pigs in large numbers. Fig. 1, represents a house about 12 feet wide and of any desired length, according



FIG. 1.

to the number of pigs. A portion of it is represented by Fig. 2, divided into compartments, and these into eating and sleeping apartments.



FIG. 2.

A series of these pens extends as far as may be desired; and the sides may be a separate wall of the building, or they may be a high stone wall, or a high board fence. Fig. 3 represents

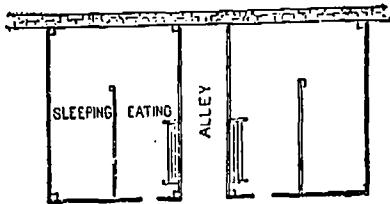


FIG. 3.

a portion of this line of compartments, needing no special explanation. The division between the sleeping and eating apartments will be sufficient if only six inches high, as they will keep the contents carefully separate. Harris says that "pigs will go to their own pens as readily as cows to their stalls. There is no more docile or tractable animal on the farm than a well-bred pig. It is true that he will not be driven—there is a good deal of human nature about him. A cross-bred man will soon spoil a lot of well-bred pigs." For this reason, the pen should be so constructed as to allow the pig to keep his pen in perfect order.

It is important that a pig-pen be placed on rather rising ground, so that the water from rains may flow off freely in all directions, and the forming of mud prevented. The floor should descend several inches, and the manure be wheeled off at least once a day. The doors for wheeling it out should of course be large enough to admit a free passage. The feeding apartments may be about 6 feet wide and 7 feet long, and sleeping apartments 4 by 7. Some persons would have them larger. They may be varied indefinitely.

Some successful farmers, instead of a plank floor, form a bed of dry peat, procured from a peat swamp and thoroughly dried. This absorbs all the animal matter, care being taken to draw it out and spread it as manure before it becomes too moist. This mode of management requires particular care to keep it perfectly neat and clean.

EARLY maturity involves feeding from the start. To allow an animal to make a slow growth, and when a sufficient development has been reached in this way to feed it for market, will add to the cost to such an extent that in many cases no profit will be obtained. Stock must be kept thrifty and growing in order to procure early maturity.—*Indiana Farmer.*

SHEEP whose noses have a dip of tar are seldom troubled by the gad fly.

EACH feeder must in a great measure determine the ration that he can most economically supply, as with one some materials must be used which with others would prove too costly. The feeding must be done regularly, liberally and systematically, working to accomplish the end in view in an economical, business-like manner.

THE wise stock farmer is always endeavoring to have a variety of feeding stuff and to guard against suffering from drouth. Grain crops sown for pasturage, or to be cut early for hay, sometimes help wonderfully.

If meal whether corn or oil meal, is fed to cattle, it should in all cases be fed in connection with other materials in order to lessen the waste especially that from improper digestion.

FARMERS as a rule feed too much hay to horses and not enough grain. A good horse will ruin itself three years after maturity if given all the hay it can eat.

THE best plan of salting horses is to keep a lump of rock salt where they can help themselves daily, then there is no danger of their eating too much.

THE ram should always be secured sufficiently early to get accustomed to your plan of bedding, and managing, before being used for breeding.

THE pig that is ready at eight months old yields more profit to the grower than does the one which is kept to a greater age and a heavier weight.

PIGS pay better than hogs, but to make them marketable early they must be well bred and well fed from the start.

IT is not a wise treatment of the horse to allow him to stand over night with his legs encased in mud.

COLTS should be trained to walk fast before there is an attempt to improve them in any other way.

IN nearly every case it is best to allow the pigs to run with the sow until she weans them herself.

A LITTLE hemp or sunflower seed in the ration, it is claimed will help to bring the sow in heat.

BE careful not to stunt the sucking colt; his future value depends upon the care given now.

AFTER the sucking period is over sheep should be put in flesh before sent to the ram.

A MARE that is in foal should have plenty of opportunity offered her for taking exercise.

WHENEVER an animal does not feed well, cull out and market as soon as possible.

IT is impossible to keep a flock of sheep up to the standard by using grade sires.

THE best condition powder for a horse, is good, wholesome, nutritious food.

GROUND feed is best for the colts after weaning.

## The Poultry Yard.

THE crow flies at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour.

IN teaching young pigeons to fly, do not urge them prematurely to fly.

YOUNG pigeons may be removed from the parent birds when they are six weeks old.

TURKEYS can be fattened very rapidly on thick boiled corn meal and oatmeal mixed with suet.

FEED the turkeys regularly. This is the surest plan of having them come home at night.

SPENDING a dollar's worth of time in the attempt to save a fifty cent chicken is very poor business.

A GOOD place for short hay and seed is in the chicken coop. It will induce the fowls to take exercise.

BRAN make a good feed for all kinds of poultry, but should in all cases, be well scalded before feeding.

FEED your poultry on raw onions chopped fine mixed with other food about once every other day for curing various diseases.

WHOLE wheat is the most complete grain that can be given hens, but wheat alternated with oats is better—wheat one night oats the next.

KEEPING fowls on hard floors or runs will frequently cause swollen feet and legs; they must have some loose ground to scratch over. It does them good in various ways.

FOR scaly leg paint the chickens legs with crude petroleum or the black oil used for lubricating machinery. Two applications will cause the legs to become smooth and soft.

THE hens will be molting freely this month. They should be generously fed during this period. Hens fed on oats and an ounce of lean beef daily will molt much more quickly and with less evident distress than those fed on corn alone.

A SMALL hen often lays as large eggs as a large one, and the size of the hen is no indication of the size of the egg she will produce. The Light Brahma hen is the largest of her kind, yet she does not lay a larger egg than the Leghorn; while the Sebright Bantam, weighing twenty-two ounces, lays eggs nearly as large as those of Hamburg hens.

THE *New York Tribune* thinks that the theory that eating broken shells superinduces the habit of breaking and eating their own eggs is absurd. The effect is in the opposite direction by satisfying cravings for shell-making food. No hen ever learns to break eggs from eating broken shells; but having broken an egg in the nest, by treading upon it or in tumbling it around, she easily learns how to break another. The feeding of more shells and other shell-making food is the best, and so far as known, the only remedy for the habit of breaking eggs. Egg-eating is a disease not a vice.



### A Queer Playground.

"Ring-around-a-rosy  
Pocketful of posy.  
Ring-around-a-rosy  
Pocketful of posy,  
Ring-around-a-rosy,  
And all squat down."

The words were in Russian, and they were sung by ten little Russian boys and girls, who, with linked hands were circling around one of the queerest playgrounds of the ground. It was in the Great of the great city of Moscow, right under the tower of the famed "Sacred Gate of the Redeemer," and within a stone's throw of the famous church of St. Basil. With not a thought of the historic earth under their feet, nor with an idea of the terrible associations which clung to the old buildings about them, they danced as merrily as though they were little Americans on some village common, and their voices rang out above the chimes of the great tower behind them. As I watched them I could not but think of their strange surroundings. The gate of the tower leads into the Kremlin, the vast walled enclosure which is filled with Russia's most famous churches and its holiest shrines. Through that gate no one, not even the Czar, passes without taking off his hat, and the foreigner, who will presume to do so, would have his hat knocked from his head by the indignant people. Years ago it was one of the unwritten laws of the empire that the man who attempted to go through this gate without uncovering his head, should be made to bow to the ground fifty times, and during the reign of Peter the Great every man who passed through this gate with a beard on his face had to pay a fine. Above the entrance there was an icon, or sacred picture, which is known as that of the "Redeemer of Smolensk," and criminals in times past were brought here to be executed, in order that they might pray to this picture before dying. This picture is considered one of the holiest of Russia, and it was discovered at Smolensk five hundred years ago. It is the picture that makes the gate sacred, and it is said that when the Tartars stormed Moscow, they attempted to take it down, but that every ladder which they put up against the tower broke when they tried to climb it, and the French when they came here under Napoleon and attempted to shoot the picture down, had their powder wet by an angel. The picture has hung there for over four hundred years and the Russians reverence it more to-day than ever.

Just opposite this gate is the wonderful church of St. Basil, which was built by Ivan the Terrible. It is a curiously shaped architectural monstrosity with domes covered with knobs, and made in the shape of onions turned upside down. When it was completed the Emperor asked its architect whether he could make another one like it, and upon being told that he could, he ordered the man's eyes put out at once that this might be the only church of its kind in the world. The art lovers of to-day, however, have pronounced it ugly rather than beautiful, and when Napoleon came to Moscow he ordered it to be destroyed, but, for

some reason or other, his orders were not carried out.

Upon a big stone table, surrounded by a low wall near this church, and overlooking the playground of the little Russians, was, for years, the place of execution of Russia. This is a circular stone about thirty feet in diameter, and it has grooves upon it so arranged to carry off the blood of the executed. Its history is as full of terrible stories as is that of the Tower of London, but, like the Tower, its day of being a participant in the tragedies of the empire has passed. The civilization of the 19th century prevents a repetition of the cruelties of the emperors of the past, and the cheerful laugh of the little children on the green is a better index of the future than all of these horrible surroundings which I have described.—*American Agriculturist*.

### The Earth's Population.

The latest estimates make the total population of the earth 1,410,000,000. It is also set down that the languages spoken now number 3,000. The Lutheran Kirchenzeitung states that the Bible is now accessible to fully two-thirds of the human race. It is true that the Scriptures have been translated into not more than 187 languages, but those are the dominating tongues of the world, and through them Christianity reaches the bulk of mankind—or may do so. England and America are immeasurably ahead in the production of translators and translations.

### "Getting Into a Scrape."

THE red and fallow deer which formerly roamed through the English forests had a habit of scraping up the earth with their forefeet to

the depth of several inches, sometimes of even half a yard. The stranger passing through these woods was frequently exposed to the danger of tumbling into one of these hollows, when he might be said truly to be "in a scrape." The college students of Cambridge in their little perplexities, picked up and applied the phrase to their perplexing matters, which had brought a man morally into a fix.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HOW THE LITTLE TURKS BEHAVE.—There are ten little Turks in the Turkish village of the World's Fair. Yet if you pay a visit to the house where they are living you would refuse to believe that there is a child in the neighborhood, says the *Ladies' Home Companion*. All is perfectly quiet, and you never hear a sound to tell you that there are any fun-loving boys and girls in this little Turkey-in-America. Now this is not because Turkish children are stupid or do not know how to enjoy themselves. It is simply because their way of having a good time is different to ours, as well as their ways of playing. When the little Turks play they all sit in a semi-circle, and then they pass a nut from one to another, like the Indian game of "hunt the Nut," or they softly roll pebbles back and forth, or braid straw into baskets.

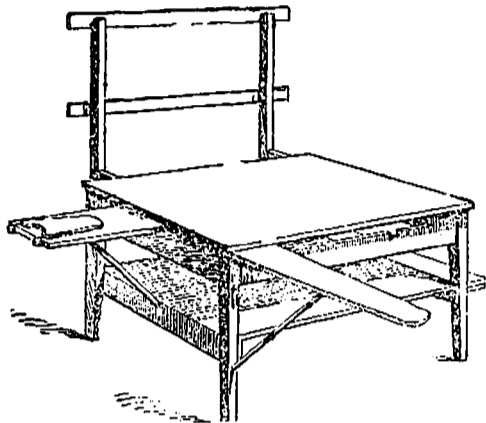
THE first locomotive engine passed through Jaffa Gate into the Holy City (Jerusalem) on a recent Sabbath. One old Jewess declared "it was possessed of the devil." A party of young Arabs was pressed by curiosity to approach a little nearer, when all at once the engine uttered a shrill whistle. At this hideous shriek the Arabs started back with horror, lifted up their hands and cried: "Ma scha Allah," "What is the great God doing? This is the work of Satan!"—*Farmer's Home*.





**A Patented Ironing Table.**

THE illustration below shows another device that has been found worthy of a patent. This is for the "Assistant Boss" or wife to use in the house. It is an ironing table with a rack



at the back on which to hang clothes and differently shaped boards to pull out, on which sheets, collars, cuffs and other garments can be easily ironed.—*Rural New Yorker.*

**Ornamental Pin-Roll.**

THE accompanying sketch illustrates a very dainty little pin-roll, handsome and ornamental, when suspended by the side of a mirror, or from any convenient hook that may happen to offer appropriate support, among the ornaments or furnishings of one's room. It is as neat and attractive as it is useful. To copy the design, make a solid roll of curled hair, two inches thick and four and a half long, and cover it smoothly with soft flannel or muslin, gathering and drawing in the cover of each end, as a bolster is covered. Slip this inside a cover made of pretty silk or satin, six inches wide and seven inches long, on which two floral sprays have been embroidered. Turn in a seam's width at the edge of one end, gather with strong, double silk, draw up closely and fasten in the centre of the end, finish the other end in the same way, but do not break off the silk. Change the needle for a long, slender



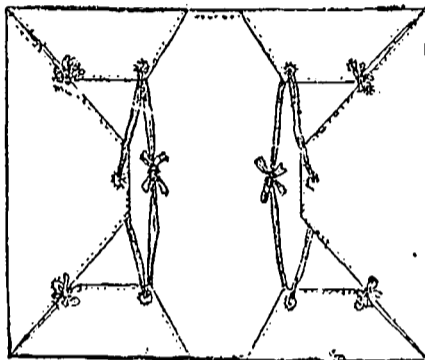
HANGING PIN CUSHION.

darning, run this straight through the middle of the roll from end to end, pull the thread short enough to give the ends a slightly puffed appearance with a depression in the center, and fasten it. Around the roll, midway between the ends, tie a silk cord, tipped with fluffy silk tassels, drawing it in closely, and knot the ends in front,

as seen in the sketch. The arrangement of the cords by which it is suspended is also shown. The full cluster of loops ornamenting each end is tacked securely over the centre gathers, entirely concealing them. Stock the roll with nice assorted pins, black and white, large and small, and suspend it as suggested and it will be found so pretty and handy that it will soon become indispensable. Figured or brocaded silk would make a pretty cover for such a roll, and ribbon might be used in place of the cord if one chose.—*American Agriculturist.*

**A Book Cover.**

A BOOK cover can be used for two very different purposes, either to protect an elegant binding when a book is being used, or to hide a worn and shabby cover when the book is on the table. Sometimes when the book has a paper cover it serves as a binding.



The sketch shows a convenient style of cover, one that is easily put on and that can be used on different sizes of books. When making such a cover it is best to cut a paper pattern first and then from this shape the material selected. For a handsome cover, a bit of quaint brocade of rich velvet would be appropriate, the edges bound with a narrow ribbon of a harmonizing color, using the same for the lacing and bows. A narrow gold or silver braid is pretty used instead of the ribbon.

Heavy linen is the most desirable material out of which to make a cover to be used for protection; for binding, lacing and bows, a fancy tape is appropriate. If desired, these covers could be ornamented by embroidering a monogram or some pertinent sentence on one side.—*Country Gentleman.*

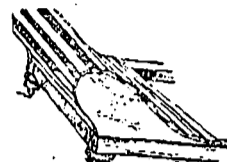
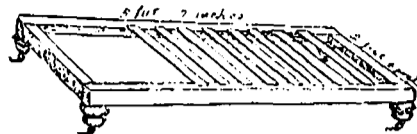
**A Neat Sweeping Cap.**

To make a sweeping cap, take a circle of cambric or silesia 18 inches in diameter. Make a casing an inch from the edge and run in a piece of thin elastic. Draw up to fit the head and fasten. The edge may be pinked all around or bound with a contrasting color. Aside from wearing this when sweeping, use it when cooking or baking; also when taking care of butter. Its advantages are manifest and its daintiness detracts nothing from the handsome appearance of the wearer.

**A Home-Made Couch.**

THE "settle," which was a feature of the habitations of our grandfathers, was of home manufacture, and it was strong—so much at least can be said for it, but when it comes to eulogizing those old settles on the score of comfort, a very vivid imagination is required. Its angularity and hardness, however, were probably not noticed in those days as they would be at present, because the people were not then familiar with many of the comforts and luxuries that pertain to living in the latter part of the 19th century. What a sigh of contentment "gran'-sir" would have given could he have stretched himself out for an evening's nap, after a hard day's toil, upon such a couch as is

figured herewith! There were no springs, covered with soft material, in the rough affair on which he stretched his weary limbs, but



there are in this one. The slats across the frame are thickly set with the spiral springs that can be bought of the upholsterers, and these are then covered with a firm piece of "ticking" or burlap, and over this is evenly spread the material of which hair mattresses are made, or the finest and softest excelsior, or even a fine quality of a "springy" variety of meadow hay.

Then comes the cover; but first it may be found best to secure the hair, excelsior or hay with a cover of calico or cotton cloth to keep it properly in place, and to make it feel softer beneath the outer covering which may be put on as suggested in the illustration, the simplicity of the shape making the covering an easy matter, or, what is still easier, a portiere curtain can be bought and spread over the couch with its ends and sides hanging gracefully down about it. They are used in this way at present, and can be bought in rich, soft and handsome patterns, the portieres of the material known as "raw silk" being excellent for this purpose.

The frame work is so plainly shown that explanation is hardly needed, and the young person or the older person who has some ingenuity and a bit of skill in handling tools ought to be able to make a couch of this sort, that if not "a joy forever" will certainly prove a joy for no small number of years.—*Country Gentleman.*

**Hints to Housekeepers.**

The holes around lamp burners should be kept clean of grease and dust to admit air.

Plants should be watered at night, and never when the sun is shining directly on them.

Turn down the wicks in lamps after they are cleaned and trimmed, or they will draw oil over on the lamp.

Cut flowers can be preserved for several days by keeping them in an ice-box, or directly on ice, at night.

That as cheap as clothes pins are, it is extravagant to stand and fasten two garments on the line with one pin.

If there is no iron foot scraper at the back door, utilize a large-sized horse-shoe by fastening it to the edge of the steps by screws.

When loose old kid gloves are too dilapidated to wear in ironing, blacking a stove or working in the garden, cut them in strips and use them for tacking up growing vines.

When the furniture has been removed from a room preparatory to thoroughly sweeping the carpet run a sweeper over it first and see how much less dust follows the broom.

If overworked and a touch of the "blues" are imminent, go out in the sunshine and work among your flowers, and in a half-hour's time carking cares will have "folded their tents" and stolen away.



ALMOST UNANIMOUS.

COURT ATTENDANT—The Judge wants to know if the jury's agreed yet.  
FOREMAN—Tell him we'll probably reach a unanimous verdict in about four minutes.

A WAR TALE.

IT WAS TOLD BY THE TALL CORPORAL OF THE OLD SOLDIER CLUB.

The veteran had just finished a lecture to the old soldier club on military exactness and had been rather severe on some who were disposed to be lax in their methods, particularly a tall corporal with one arm off. When he had finished the corporal stepped out in front of the soap box on which he had been sitting.

"May it please your honor," he said mockingly, "I have a story to tell which may in some measure excuse my fault. You see this arm," and he held out the stump. "Well, that is the result of too much exactness."

The veteran shewed his surprise and asked how it happened.

"Well," went on the corporal, "it was this way: Along in 1864, when I was in the army of Potomac, I was, as you know, a cavalry man, and one day one hundred of our regiment were ordered out to act as a reserve for a small sortie that was to be made to stir up the enemy. Every officer we had had been so raked over by our crusty old colonel for not having everything just right that life on duty was a burden. A captain was in command of our force and he had us ranged up in exact line as if we were on parade, and that, too, after the enemy had begun to sling shells over our way and a man wanted to dodge in spite of himself. The captain wouldn't have it though, and there we sat, every head on a line, everybody's hand as straight with every other bridle hand down that line as if fixed by a spirit level. It was hard, I tell you, but it didn't last long, for all at once a gun, over on our right, that had evidently just got into position, blazed away with a solid twenty pound shot and, as I stand here holding up this evidence"—and the stump went up again—"so help me gracious that shot swooped right down our line and snipped off fifty hands as smooth as if it had been done with a knife. Since that I haven't been so confounded particular about being so confounded exact," and the corporal sat down amidst great applause and the overwhelming confusion of the veteran.

WATER AND MILK.

Two cultured Detroit girls were at a country house for a month, kept by an honest old farmer, and just after supper they sat down to talk over their pleasant surroundings.

"Just think," said one, "what lovely milk that was. Nice and rich, and so much better than that blue stuff we get in town."

"It's too good to last, I'm afraid," responded the older one.

Next morning they were up early, walking through the garden before breakfast.

The farmer and his hired man were in the cow-lot adjoining.

"Bill," they heard him call out, "did you water them cows before you milked 'em?"

The girls looked at each other with quick understanding.

"There," exclaimed the elder, "didn't I tell you it was too good to last," and they went slowly and sadly into the house expecting to find blue milk for breakfast.

HE WAS RIGHT.

"So you think you will choose the occupation of a diver?"

"Yes."  
"I think you make a mistake."

"Why so?"  
"I never knew one yet who could keep his head above water in his business."

A SUGGESTION.

The office boy was slow, very slow, to catch on to the less agreeable tasks of his office, and he did not always have the floor swept as neatly as it might have been, or the furniture as carefully dusted. His employer was good-natured, how-

ever, and tried to teach him by gentle means. The other morning he came in and the place was untidy.

"Frank," he said to the boy as he looked at some papers under the desk, "when you see such things as that on the floor, don't they suggest something to you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank affably.  
"What, Frank?"  
"That some careless person has been around the desk," said Frank, and he got the bounce from the careless person on the spot.

DON'TS FOR PEDESTRIANS.

Don't walk in one direction and look in another.

Don't carry an umbrella at such an angle that it may be ruined by colliding with human eyes.

Don't talk in the middle of the street and expect the street cars to turn out for you; singular as it may seem, the cars have the right of way.

Don't speak above a whisper when you step upon a loose brick, and it flies up and hits you right where your shin is the tenderest.

Don't try to walk on both sides of the street at once after you have been celebrating your grandmother's birthday; other pedestrians have rights which you are bound to respect.

Don't walk into the arms of a policeman unless you are prepared to prove an alibi.

Don't walk at all if you have the price of a street car ticket.—*Washington News.*

OBSERVING THE RULES.

The visitor at Chicago's chance was seated at a table in one of the high-priced restaurants on the exposition grounds thinking over various things as he read over the bill of fare and observed the prices.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed to the waiter, "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon," replied the haughty servitor.

"Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience—don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare and began looking it over.

"I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have, it's on the bill; if we ain't you've got to pay extra for it. Them's the rules, sir."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The smart man was getting off a train, when he saw a couple ahead of him, who at once challenged his attention and indignation. The husband was walking off with his hands in his pockets, while the wife carried a baby and a large basket and valise.

This was too much for the smart man and, stepping up to the overloaded woman, he said:

"Let me assist you, madame," and, seizing the basket and valise, he ran after the husband, whom he grabbed without ceremony.

"Here, sir, carry these things for

your wife. I should think you would be ashamed to call yourself a man and permit your wife to bear all the burdens in this way. Let this be a lesson to you, sir, to—

"Hello!" interrupted the stranger indignantly. "she ain't my wife. I never saw the woman in my life till now."

At the same time the woman was shrieking at the top of her voice, "Stop thief," and it took the smart man's utmost eloquence to convince the depot policeman that he was not a sneak thief, instead of a self-appointed reformer of other people's morals and manners.

THEY COME HIGH.

Jalap—"We've got a new cook at our house. My wife says she is first-class."  
Squills—"Do you notice any difference?"  
Jalap—"Yes, about \$2.25 a week."

What the farmer's boy sighs for is the last rows of summer.

"What is a confidence man, papa?" "A man unworthy of confidence."

The fine wheat crop will insure the farmer and the English sparrow full crops.

It won't be long until the coal dealer's victims find him lying in weight for them once more.

Thieves may break through and steal, but they can not rob the telephone girl of her rings.

Ten Broke—"Why do you call that your poker chair?"  
Miss Dashing—"Because it has so often held a pair."

She—"Un-un-hand me, Sir! O, George, have I broken your heart?"  
He—"No, only the crystal of my watch, but it was worth it."

There, I knew something was in the wind," said the western farmer sadly to himself as, through a crack in the cellar wall, he saw his new barn sailing along on the crest of a cyclone.

A gentle maiden, young and fair  
Of loveliness a dream,  
And she just dotes on—no, not me,  
But caramels and cream.

"This baby of yours seems pretty solid," said Hankinson, holding Tompkins' baby up in his arms. "Of course he is," retorted Mr. Tompkins; "did you think he was plated?"

First lawyer—"Do you know old Miserly is dead?"  
Second lawyer—"No; is he? What did he die of?"  
First lawyer—"Heart failure."  
Second lawyer—"Ah, trying to find it himself, I suppose."

"The inventor of the alphabet must have been a modest man," said Hawkins. "Why so?" asked Lawson. "Because he began it with A," said Hawkins. "Most men would have begun it with I."



HIS LAST RESORT.

SUBURBAN POLICEMAN (at 3 a.m.)—Coom down out av that now, befoor I cloob the legs aff yez!  
HOWSON LOTT'S—Oh, confound it, go away! I'm no burglar. This is the only time I can trim these trees without being advised and questioned by the whole neighborhood.

# Rubber Belting!

## THE CANADIAN RUBBER CO. OF MONTREAL

### Manufacture the Best Threshing Machine Belts in America.

ASK THE MERCHANT YOU DEAL WITH FOR THEM, AND TAKE NO OTHER.

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1000 sold	1884
1330 sold	1885
2000 sold	1886
2300 sold	1887
2500 sold	1888
3600 sold	1889
4000 sold	1890
4500 sold	1891
5000 sold	1892

More than have been sold by all the factories in Canada put together & doubled.

WOLF ISLAND, Frontenac Co.  
MANSON CAMPBELL—  
Dear Sir.—Your Mill gives entire satisfaction. It is one of the best Mills in the country.

Yours truly, W. B. McDONALD.

34,000 Chatham Mills now in use.  
Over 10,600 Bagging Attachments now in use.

Bagging Attachment is run with a chain belt that cannot slip. The Elevator Clips are also attached to endless chain belt that cannot slip nor clog.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO THE CLEANING OF  
ALSAC CLOVER SEED, MARROWFAT AND BLACK EYE PEAS.  
The Mill is fitted with Screens and Riddles to clean and separate all kinds of grain and Seed, and is sold with or without a Bagger, though it is not wise to be without a Bagger.

For prices and full information apply to

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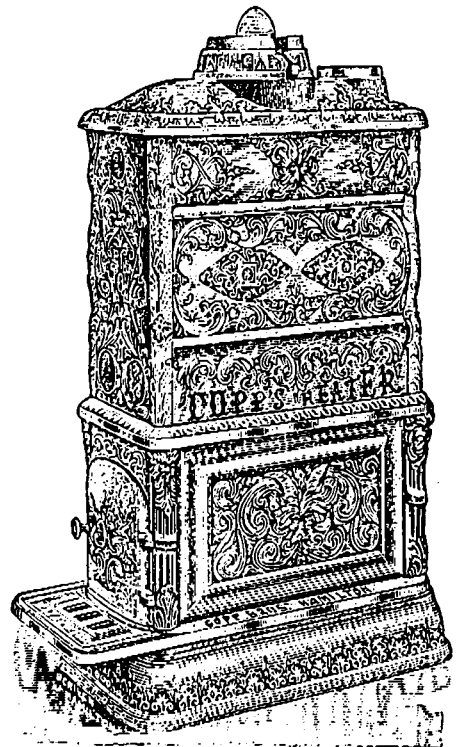
For Sale by all Agents of MASSEY-HARRIS Co., Ltd., in Manitoba and North-West Territories.

## Gearless G. S. M. Fanning Mill,

MANUFACTURED BY

**THE GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO., LIMITED,**  
BRANTFORD, ONT., CANADA.

The old-fashioned cog wheels are done away with. The operator stands where he can see the grain passing through the mill. The bagger and mill is driven altogether by a chain specially made for it. Without doubt it is the best fanning mill on the market.



**COPP WARRIOR HEATER.**

A short explanation of this magnificent and powerful heater may be useful to many who do not wish to go to the expense of a Furnace, and yet obtain a like result.

The fire box, as shown in cut, is large and roomy, and will take 32-inch wood. The heat and smoke pass from it to the upper section, and are conducted through eight horizontal steel pipes, each 5 inches in diameter, with a total length of 15 feet. The passage of combustion through these entirely exhausts all heat before reaching the smoke pipe.

Cold air is conducted under the centre ring, and comes directly in contact with the several heated steel pipes, and then passes to the central exit at the top intensely heated. The hot air then can either pass through pipes to different rooms, or be thrown directly into the room in which the heater stands.

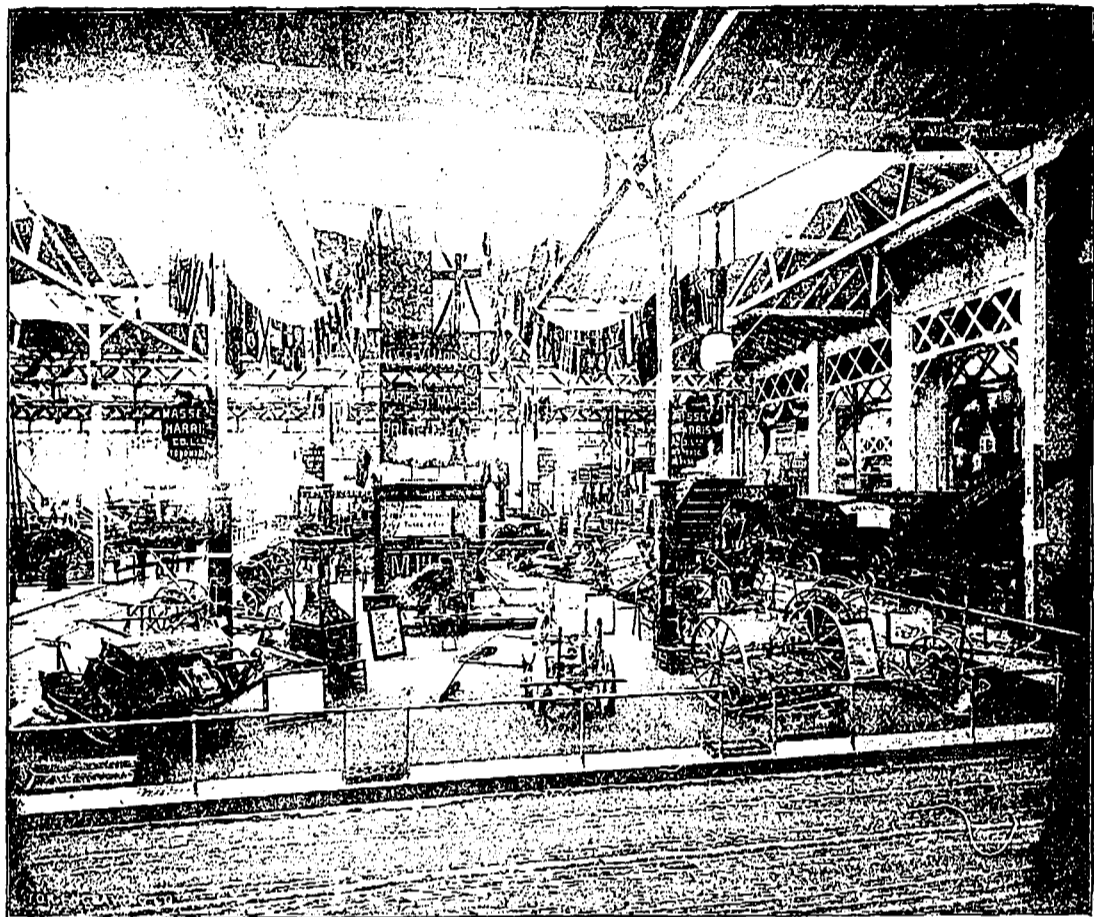
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Your letter of enquiry will have our immediate attention.

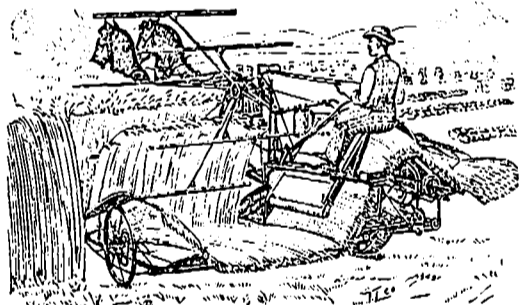
**THE COPP BROS. CO., LTD., HAMILTON.**

# Massey-Harris Co., Ltd. AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

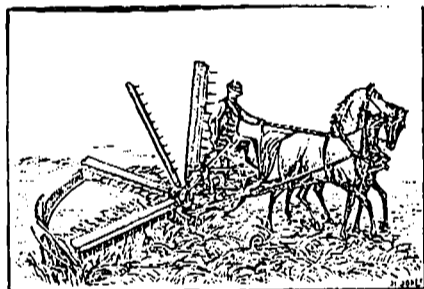
SOME OF THE MACHINES ON EXHIBITION.



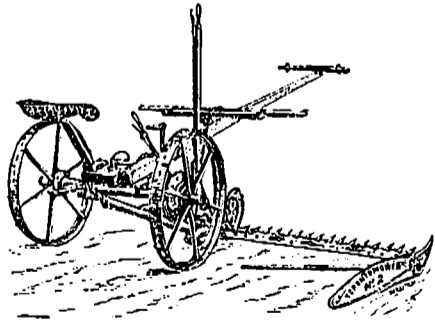
GENERAL VIEW OF THE COMPANY'S MAGNIFICENT EXHIBIT.



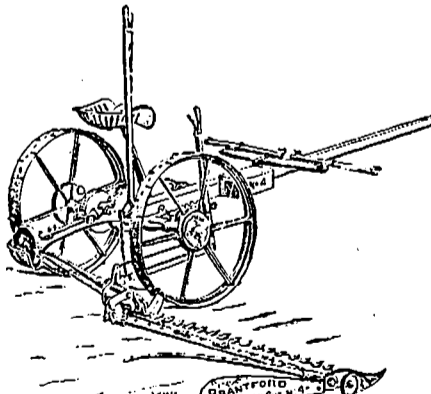
MASSEY-HARRIS WIDE-OPEN BINDER.



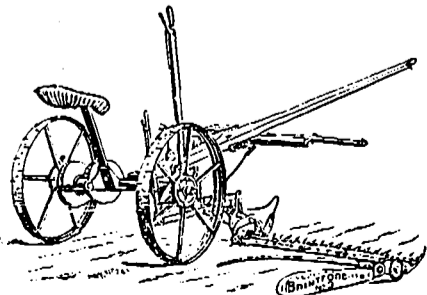
MASSEY HARVESTER AND BRANTFORD REAPER.



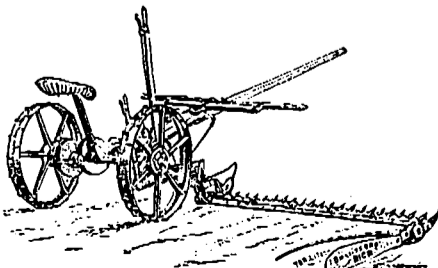
TORONTO MOWER No. 2.



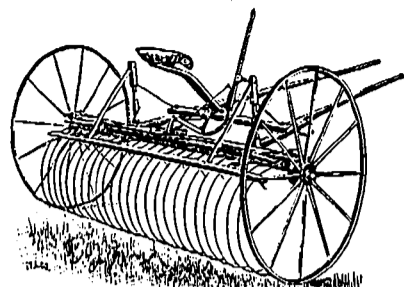
BRANTFORD No. 4 MOWER.



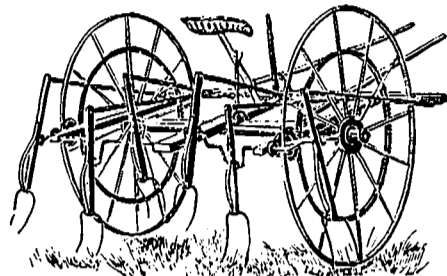
BRANTFORD MOWER No. 3.



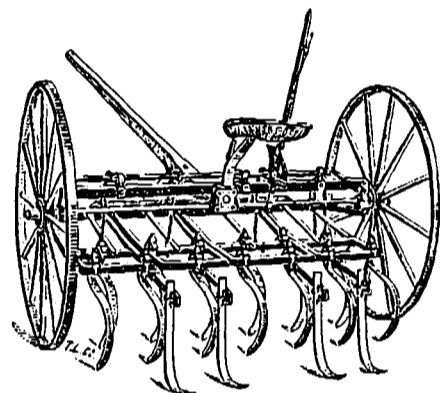
BRANTFORD BIG B MOWER.



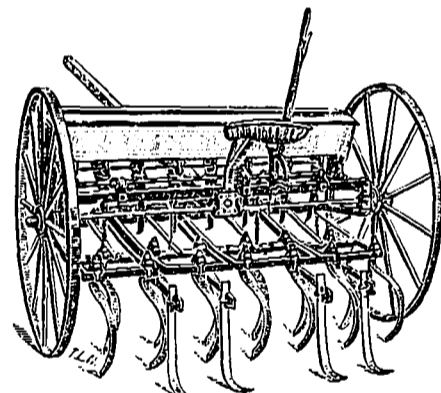
SHARP'S AND ITHACA RAKES.



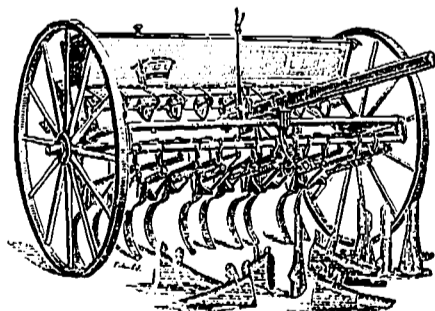
MASSEY-HARRIS HAY TEDDER.



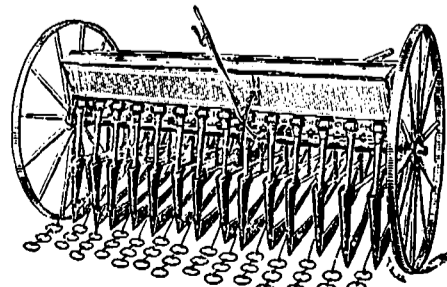
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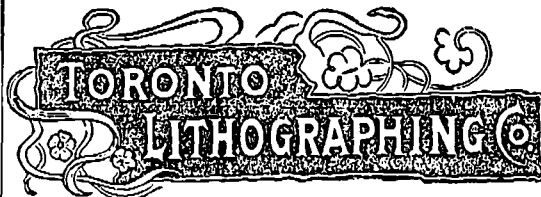
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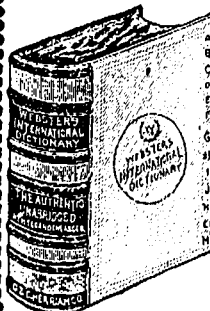
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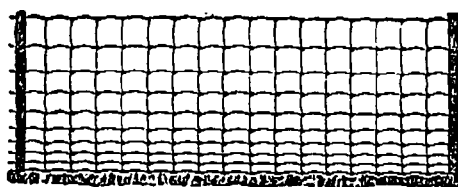
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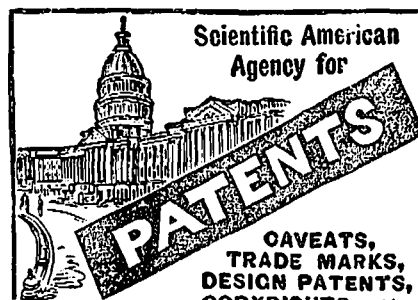
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I, said Coiled Spring,  
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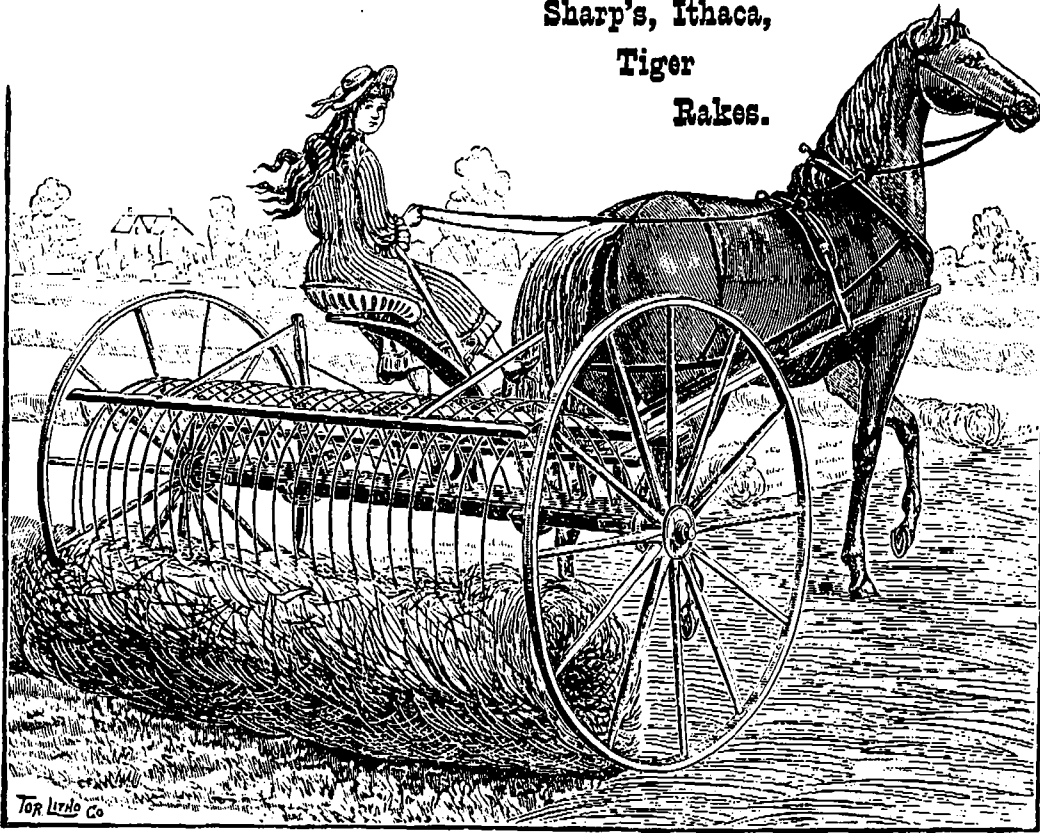


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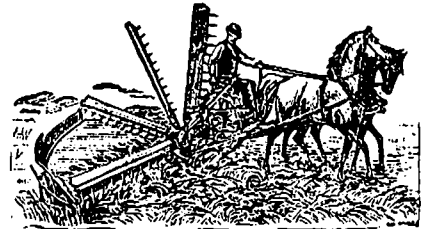
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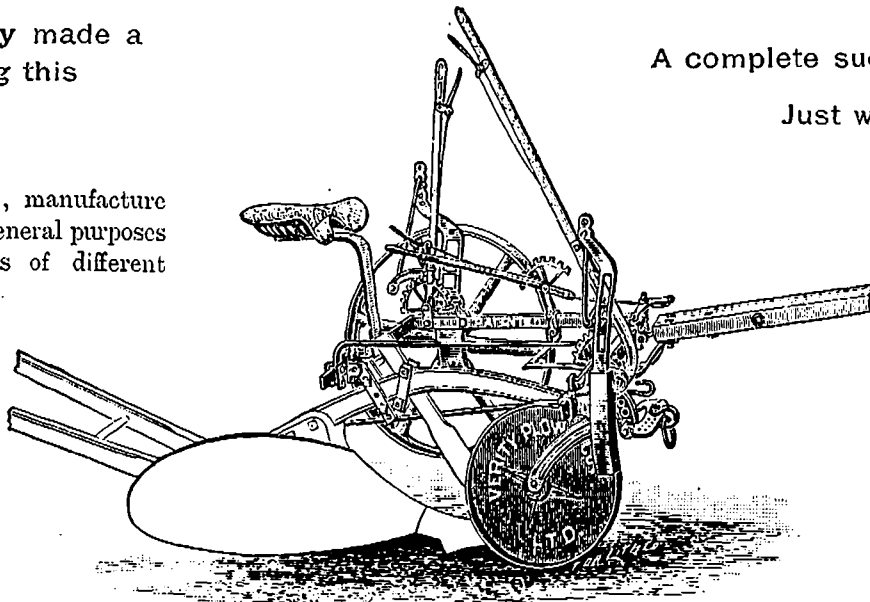
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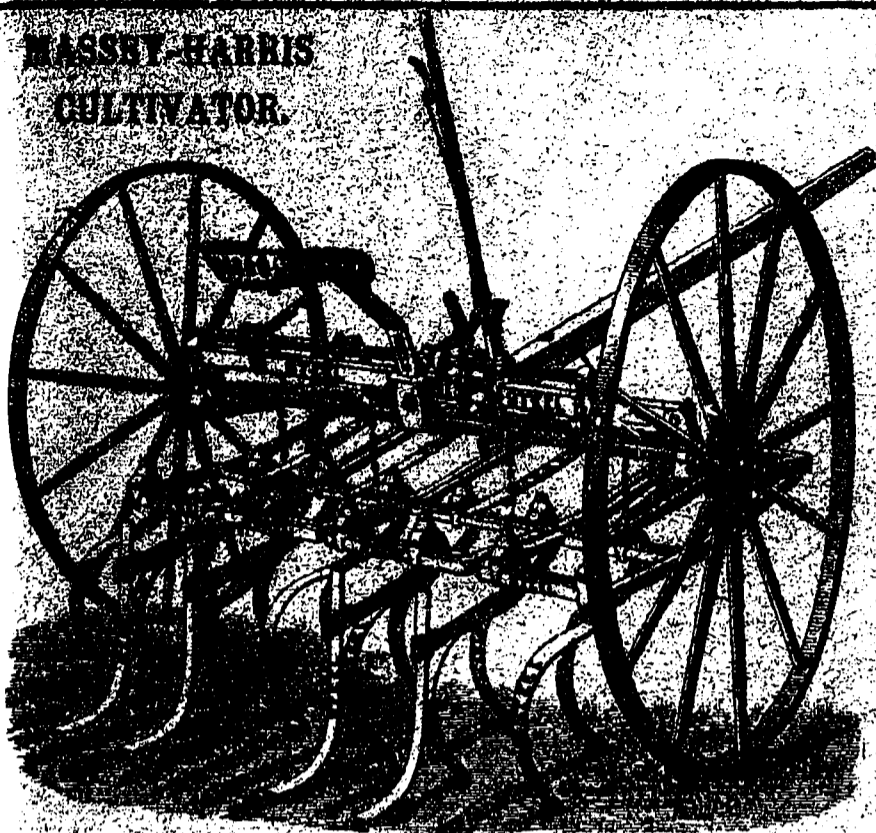
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Will cultivate the hardest clay land with great facility.

The patent "Helper" prevents the breakage of teeth.

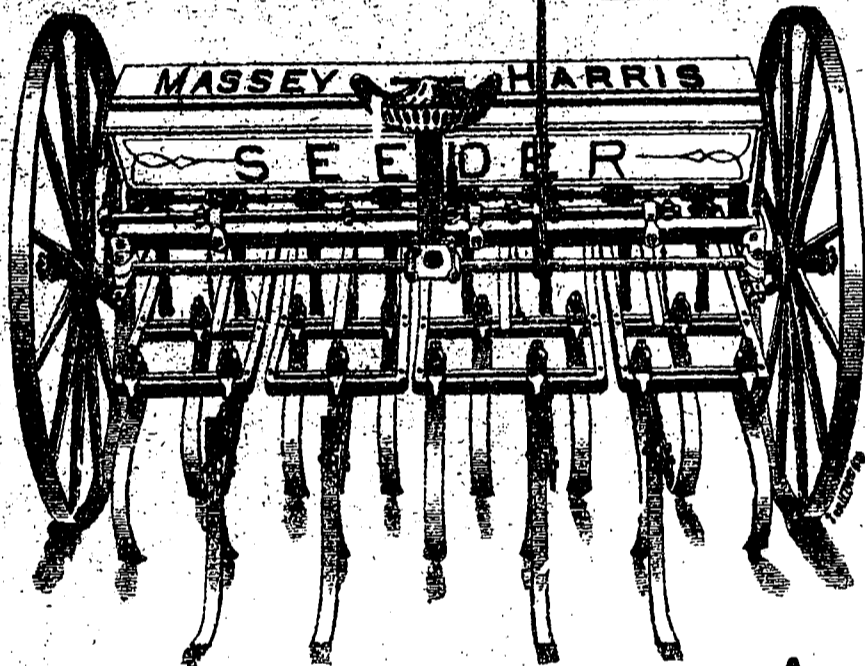
The Steel Sections are perfectly flexible, even when full pressure is applied.

The depth of work can be easily and perfectly regulated.

One lever does it all—puts on the pressure or, when reversed, lifts the teeth up for transportation.

This Machine is a  
Massey-Harris Cultivator  
with Seed Box attached.

- 
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- 
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- 
- STEEL  
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- STEEL SHOES.



**ALL STEEL.**

—  
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AND  
SECTIONS  
ARE OF  
ANGLE STEEL.

**ALL STEEL.**

Four Steel Sections carry the Teeth.

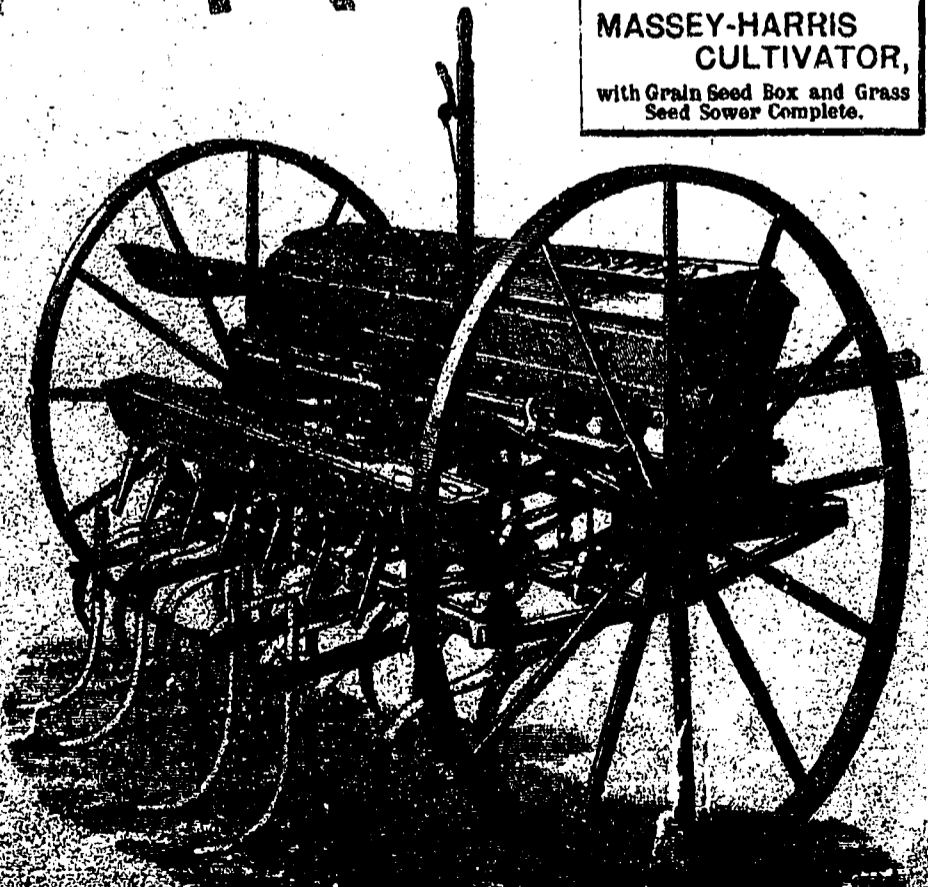
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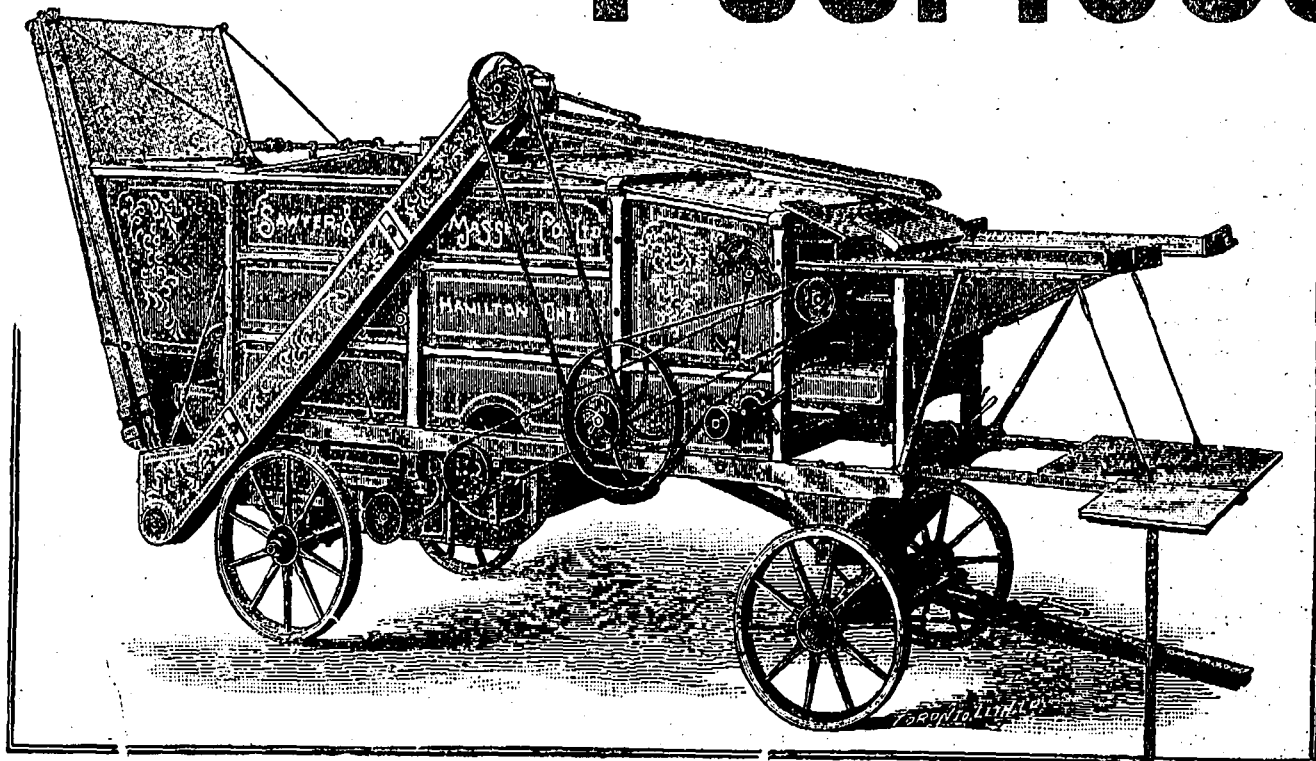
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